

Official Paper of the Village.

Published Monthly by

SAMUEL H. LITTLE,

Editor and Proprietor.

To whom all communications should be addressed.

Terms, \$1.50 a Year, in Advance.

No paper discount given, unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid.

Northville Record.

Terms: \$1.50 a Year.]

Car-Air-The People's Welfare.

[Always in Advance.

VOL. VI.—NORTHVILLE, WAYNE CO., MICH., MARCH 13, 1875.

NO. 18.

Selected Miscellany.

MARCH.

March! March! They are coming in troops, to the tune of the wind; Red-headed woodpeckers drumming; Gold-breasted thrushes bawling; Sparrows in brown jackets hopping; Past every gateway and door; Pictures with crimson capes stopping. Just where they stopped, year before.

March! March! They are slipping into their places at last— Tattling like busy chirrupps; Under the showers that fall fast; Buttercups, pink roses; Snowdrops and blue-bells pink; Trailing upon threads of sweet posies; Bending the drowsions to drink.

March! March! They will return to the wild, wild sound— Pictures in all kinds of fury; Pictures in all kinds of grand; Pictures in all kinds of white; Shaking our red tassels, tassel up from year to year!—Hear who is calling you—March! Long farewells to the Nymphs of Vert.

A LONG-LOST UNCLE.

I love her, and yet she is not beautiful; nor has she any of the freshness of youth which often possesses the attraction of beauty. Neither is my love of that blind nature which invests objects with attributes existing only in the imagination of the worshiper. On the contrary, I am able to state candidly that she is old, and that her appearance is certainly not prepossessing. I do not love her for her virtues. She is not wise or learned, and her disposition is none of the most amiable. It is true she is pious, but I fear I do not value her more on this account. I should not be sorry if her piety were less, and if it were less benevolent and less aggressive. My affection is not of that romantic and exciting nature which is never happy save in the presence of its object. On the contrary, I am fond of her when she is fatigued away. Yet I can understand the feeling with which I regard her will entitle many more force and pretentious attractions.

The reader will understand my sentiment when I inform him that the lady I refer to is my wife's aunt, and that the esteem with which we both regard her is founded on her perception of a considerable sum in ready money and consolations, and a comfortable and easily increasing balance at her banker's.

At the present moment we entertain toward her feelings of peculiar tenderness, for it is but only the other day that we had nearly lost her. No, she had not been ill. We had no fear that she was going to die. We could have borne that it is the lot of all and resignation is sweet.

It was noon when I first noticed her had just escaped to her different salutary abode, exhorting me to think how I would be at home. But, thank Heaven, it is past, and the tears which blot this page are tears of gratitude and happiness.

I have an office in the city. I do a little business, and occasionally travel in tea.

I am a married man with a small family. My income, I regret to say, is also small. The winter, of late years, has been increasing, the father has not. My Emily is an excellent manager, and, I honestly believe, lays out to the best advantage the limited amount that I am able to allow for our household expenditure. But we are exceedingly pinched.

The "future" of my business obliges me to reside in a general neighborhood, and we are frequently forced to sacrifice comfort for the sake of appearance.

My wife's aunt lives in the country, but she is good enough to visit us two or three times during the course of the year, and spend a week or two with us.

On these occasions I need not say that we do all in our power to make her comfortable. This is not always a task attended with difficulty. Like many elderly maiden ladies in easy circumstances, she possesses a special talent for making other people uneasy. The remarks which she frequently feels herself called upon to make concerning our domestic arrangements are generally more distinguished for freedom than politeness. And though the spirit of piety which prompts the utterance may be unfeigned, it is not pleasant for a man to be told that he is "a heathen," and that he is "leading his family in the broad path of destruction." This, too, when my conscience acquits me of any such improper designs.

"But we must bear with her little weaknesses," says my wife. "You know, Samuel, she does not possess the blessings which we do in these dear children. Besides, we are her nearest relations, and—"

"Ah, true," I return. "The old girl will eat up well, one of these days, no doubt, and in the meantime we must be civil to her. I suppose. This is what you mean to say, my dear?"

"I mean to say nothing of the kind, sir, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

I was sitting at home one evening in a rather melancholy mood—for I had just been reading a letter from "our" aunt, in which she announced her intention of coming to see us in a day or two and making a "long, long visit"—when there came a loud ring at the street-door bell.

I started up.

"That can't be her, surely!" I said to my wife.

"Oh, no, that is not Aunt Jane's ring," replied Emily. "Besides, I did not hear any carriage drive up to the door."

I felt comforted. It could not very well be Aunt Jane. No, the idea was absurd. But, you see, I had just been reading her letter and I felt nervous and easily startled.

Presently our little maid of "I-work" came upstairs and informed me that there was a gentleman below who wished to see me.

I went down and saw a man standing in the hall. He was a tall, stout, "deaf" man, with a weather-beaten face. He was well dressed and displayed a quantity of jewelry about his person. But

his clothes suited him badly. He seemed like a man who had been got up to look like a gentleman, but the attempt had failed somehow.

He advanced toward me, holding out his hands.

"Are you Sam Courcy?" he said.

"My name is Samuel Courcy," I replied, drawing back.

For I disliked the tone of familiarity with which he addressed me.

"Then tip us your finger, my boy. Lord love ye, don't you know your old Uncle Joe?"

I looked at him, but I did not recognize him. This was not extraordinary, as I had never seen him before. However, I had heard that I had an Uncle Joe at the antipodes somewhere—bomby the by, I had always thought of as Uncle Joseph. But it was all right.

So this was my Uncle Joe at once.

I tipped him my finger, and introduced him to my wife. This dear creature, whose impressions of people are always very quickly formed, did not seem to be greatly delighted with my relation. And I must confess that after the enthusiasm of the first greeting had subsided—and cold indeed must be the heart of him who is not moved when he grasps the hand of a new-found uncle—I myself was disposed to receive him somewhat familiarly. His language was coarse, and the man's manner exhibited a peculiar mixture of self-assertion and indifference that was not prepossessing.

But as he warmed into confidence, and as he related to us the simple story of his life and his wanderings, our hearts turned toward him, and we felt how base had been the prejudices which had caused us to be repelled by a rough and homely exterior. He had not been to England for twenty years. During that time he had traversed many strange and distant lands. He had undergone numerous privations. He had been a soldier in Mexico. He had been shipwrecked on the bleak, inhospitable shores of the Accidental Islands, in the far South Seas. He had crossed the wide ocean to the boundless prairies of the West. He had dug for gold in the deep, and sunless mines of California. He had been a steward to the last of his fathers to lay his bones with theirs, and to leave his cold, the fruit of long years of toil, to his friends and relatives.

It was at this point of his narrative that my wife, who is of a very tender disposition, was affected to tears.

"My master, and this my old saying, that love is thicker than water, and though he don't reselect it many's the time I have daidied your husband in my love when he was no bigger than little sonny there. Come, Tommy, and kiss your poor old uncle."

Uncle Joe and Aunt Jane became great friends, and the change that this relationship wrought in the old lady surprised us. When I had found him to be of a very staid and sober disposition, with a fondness for tea and gossip, but with a horror of all luxuries and more frivolous amusements. Now she would accompany Uncle Joe to theaters and concerts, and encouraged me to give parties at which music, cards and whisky and water were leading features. And in the two latter deportments Uncle Joe distinguished himself.

"I say, Courcy," said my friend

"No thank you, master; I don't seem to have any taste for another cup o' tea. But if you have a dram of anything handy I think I could take a drop along with my pipe. That's my favorite nipple, master—not to put you to inconvenience."

He was actually smoking a pipe in our drawing-room, and my wife was looking on and smiling.

"Oh, certainly," replied my wife, in trouble, I assure you. I think we have some in the house."

"Of course we have, Emily," I said.

"Whisky rum is our favorite nipple, you know."

My wife said nothing, but she gave me one of those peculiar looks with which she sometimes favored her devoted slave.

She went down stairs, and shortly afterward I heard the front door close, by which I understood that our guest had been dispatched to the nearest public house for a bottle of rum.

I was not mistaken. In a short time she returned with a bottle and two glasses.

"And now, master, I will leave you two together while I go and put the children to bed. Say 'good-night' to your master, Tommy."

"Good-night, little one," said Uncle Joe. "Will he take a little of this rum?"

"Oh, no," said my wife, hastily, drawing the child toward her.

But Tommy had seen the rum in the glass, and liked the look of it; and he declared stoutly that he would have some.

"A little drop won't hurt him, master," said Uncle Joe.

And before my wife could interfere the child had the glass to his lips, and had drunk it all up!

It nearly choked him; and, after a brief interval, during which his countenance presented a somber picture of surprise and consternation, he was led out of the room, howling.

Uncle Joe remained some days with us, during which he developed some pleasing traits of character.

"I like you, Samir, my boy," he would say to me. "I have more money than I ever will have any care for, and you won't forget your kindness to your old uncle."

Still his presence in our household was productive of some inconvenience. He had a great fondness for rum, which he drank from morning till night; and this, with his continual smoking, made our parlor begin to smell like a tap-room. He had a great partiality for cards, and he initiated me into several strange games. There was one of them, I recollect, called Blind Hookey, in which you bet on a card; and another styled Poker, in which you anted up, and saw your opponents half-crown, and went five cards better.

I betted on a card, and saw my opponent's half-crown, and in a very short time I found that I had lost five pounds to my relative. This sum, of course, was a mere trifle to him; but it was more than I could afford, and I had to decline to make up in future.

I went down and saw a man standing in the hall. He was a tall, stout, "deaf" man, with a weather-beaten face. He was well dressed and displayed a quantity of jewelry about his person. But

one thing gave me serious annoyance. Uncle Joe had contracted a habit of using very powerful expletives; and Tommy, who is a very observant child, began to repeat some of these most unnecessary words.

One day I heard a dispute between the boy and his mother.

"I want some more cake, ma."

"You have had enough. Too much cake is not good for little boys."

"Then tip us your finger, my boy. I will have some more cake."

"Well, give it to me. I will say 'dam,' like Uncle Joe."

The lawyer looked puzzled.

"Know," said I, "that he whom you so easily designate as an impostor has conferred upon me the greatest of benefits. He has promised to make me heir to all his wealth."

The lawyer laughed.

"So he has been nimbuzzing you too, boy! I don't believe the fellow has five pounds in the world."

"I am sure he has," I said. "He has more than that of me at cards."

"I begin to feel uncomfortable."

"But this is not the worst. I fear he has designs upon your aunt, Miss Lillicrap."

"How? What?"

"Then the lawyer told me all. Miss Lillicrap, accompanied by Uncle Joe, had called upon him the previous day, and informed him that she wished him to sell out certain shares which she possessed. She intended to invest the money in some Australian mining company, which was paying large dividends, and which had been strongly recommended by her friend, Mr. Joseph Courcy."

The lawyer was naturally curious to know something of Mr. Joseph Courcy, and was rather surprised to learn that he was then in that gentleman's presence, and that he was a man. Further, he was informed that Miss Lillicrap was to become Mrs. Courcy very shortly; but that for the present it was to be a secret. He had made no remark, but told Miss Lillicrap that her business would take some time to transact, and that she had better call upon him in a couple of days.

"I expect," he said, "that they will be in my office at two o'clock to-morrow."

"And now," said Mr. Sawyer, "I will tell you shortly what I know of the

lawyer's conduct. Some minutes and I could not but admit that the lawyer's conduct was just.

"Nevertheless," I said, "I must still regard him as an uncle—as more than an uncle. Alas! how few real uncles deserve the name."

The lawyer looked puzzled.

"Know," said I, "that he whom you so easily designate as an impostor has conferred upon me the greatest of benefits. He has promised to make me heir to all his wealth."

The lawyer laughed.

"So he has been nimbuzzing you too, boy! I don't believe the fellow has five pounds in the world."

"I am sure he has," I said. "He has more than that of me at cards."

"I begin to feel uncomfortable."

"But this is not the worst. I fear he has designs upon your aunt, Miss Lillicrap."

"How? What?"

"Then the lawyer told me all. Miss Lillicrap, accompanied by Uncle Joe, had called upon him the previous day, and informed him that she wished him to sell out certain shares which she possessed. She intended to invest the money in some Australian mining company, which was paying large dividends, and which had been strongly recommended by her friend, Mr. Joseph Courcy."

The lawyer was naturally curious to know something of Mr. Joseph Courcy, and was rather surprised to learn that he was then in that gentleman's presence, and that he was a man. Further, he was informed that Miss Lillicrap was to become Mrs. Courcy very shortly; but that for the present it was to be a secret. He had made no remark, but told Miss Lillicrap that her business would take some time to transact, and that she had better call upon him in a couple of days.

"I expect," he said, "that they will be in my office at two o'clock to-morrow."

"And now," said Mr. Sawyer, "I will tell you shortly what I know of the

The Star.

BATES.

Space	Time	Space	Time
1/2 column	10c	2/3 column	20c
2/3 column	25c	3/4 column	35c
3/4 column	40c	1 column	50c
1 column	60c	2 columns	75c
2 columns	90c	3 columns	100c
3 columns	120c	4 columns	130c
4 columns	150c	5 columns	175c
5 columns	200c	6 columns	225c
6 columns	250c	7 columns	300c
7 columns	300c	8 columns	350c
8 columns	400c	9 columns	450c
9 columns	500c	10 columns	550c
10 columns	600c	11 columns	650c
11 columns	700c	12 columns	750c
12 columns	800c	13 columns	850c
13 columns	900c	14 columns	950c
14 columns	1000c	15 columns	1050

SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor.

SATURDAY MAR. 13, 1875.

Pioneer Sketches.

BY DAVID CLARKSON.

NORTHVILLE POSTMASTERS.

A post office was first established in Northville, in 1831, and Jas. M. Mead was the first post master. The mail arrived once a week. The

principal mail route in the Territory, was from Detroit to Chicago. Detroit was a small village on the west bank of Detroit river, a few miles below Lake St. Clair, and Chicago was a

stepping-place at the head of Lake Michigan, where there was a tavern and two or three stores. The mails were put into small leather bags, and securely locked with large iron padlocks; each post master had a key. The Michigan stage company had the contract for carrying the mail.

They used large heavy coaches, hung on leather springs with a seat in front on the outside for the driver and the mail bags, and a large boot behind for the trunks, and seats inside for eight to twelve passengers. They were drawn by four horses.

The driver had a whip, the stock of which was made of tough Michigan hickory, and long lash of buckskin,

with a skein of silk braided on the end, for a cracker, and when he wanted to wake up his leaders, he would crack his whip, which sounded like the firing of a pistol.

Whenever the stage approached a post office the driver would blow a tin horn, so as to give notice of his coming. He would drive up to the post office, throw out the bags which the post master would take in, and unlock, empty out on the floor or

his office, place the rest back in the bags, lock it securely and throw it back to the driver. No driver, or other person was allowed to handle the mails, without first being sworn to support the constitution of the United States &c. After J. M. Mead, H. M. Perin was post master for a while, then David H. Rowland held the position some time, when Wm. H. Remondell was appointed, after him D. H. Rowland again. Then Wm. H. Remondell a second time, afterwards David H. Rowland was appointed again and held the office a long time, when W. D. Whalen took the office, after Whalen our present popular post master Edward S. Horton who has served the country in that capacity.

When the office was first established, the entire receipts, would not pay the post master for the time he had to give the wages of the carrier. Now the receipts of the office pays the government a large sum of money and the salary of the post master is several hundred dollars.

At first the postage on letters was from 6 to 25 cents according to distance and it was not required to be prepaid. Those that received letters than, had to pay the postage, and the post master frequently trusted those who received letters for their postage.

What a contrast between then, and now. Then we could send darning letters and receive them pay the postage to the amount of twenty five cents. Now we can send letters any distance for three cents and we cannot dun a man and make him pay the postage.

Then we had to wait a month to get an answer from a letter to New York or Boston, now we can do so in forty eight hours.

Up to 1800 letters and newspapers was the only mailable matter in this country. In 1861 maps, engravings, seeds and cuttings not weighing over eight ounces, and books not over thirty two ounces were included.

Now we can send by mail any thing, not exceeding four pounds in weight. This is considered a great convenience by the people, and a great nuisance by post masters.

What changes a few years bring about don't they? Yesterday the citizens of Arbor Hill were aware of a woman madly tearing along, potato masher in hand, giving chase to her husband who was flying from her presence like a deer. Eight years ago the same female took a medal at an Eastern seminary for a graduation essay on "Repose of Character."

A school in Vermont is presided over by a cross-eyed teacher. A few days ago he called out: "That boy that I am looking at will step out on the floor." Immediately twenty-seven lads walked out in front of the astonished pedagogue.

Fuze! young man. You want to get married, and it is about time you did! But recollect that unmarried men don't have to sit up all night once a week with a shot gun, watching the clothes line.

A negro woman in Pitt County, N.C. recently gave birth to triplets. The first was white, the second mulatto, and the third black. This all comes from Civil Rights.

A draymaker's apprentice speaks of his cross-eyed master as the fellow whose looks are cut hair.

STATE NEWS.

BUSINESS EXTRAPOL.

Many of the lumbermen in the northern counties have closed operations for the winter and are breaking up their camps.

Detroit boasts of a stone-cutter who keeps ready-made tomb-stones with the name Smith cut upon them.

A company has been organized at Three Rivers for the manufacture of printing paper from straw.

Detroit is agitating the question of a house of industry for the unemployed poor.

The Detroit & Milwaukee railroad company has reduced its tariff.

FARMING AND FLEET INTERESTS.

A company of grangers have visited Bay City for the purpose of contracting household supplies for 400 families in that county for the coming summer.

A Mr. Fry, of Ogden, Lenawee county, took a ton of pure white honey in boxes to Adrian one day last week.

The average yield per acre of hay in Michigan in 1874 was one ton, potatoes 3 bushels, oats 2 bushels.

The loss to the peach-growing region of the state by the severe cold is estimated at over \$1,000,000.

A tree cut near Ithaca a short time since made five 16-foot logs.

The St. Louis Herald says that the closing of the only whiskey shop in Ithaca has caused such a run on the wells that they are all dry.

The Grand Rapids Times anticipated celebrating the 4th of July by a skating carnival.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

The baptists of Charlotte are advertising their creed in the Charlotte papers. They will find that advertising pays.

The Methodists of Port Huron are building a church to cost \$30,000. It is intended to be one of the finest pieces of church architecture in the state.

Dr. Schetky, rector of Trinity church, Bay City, is holding ten-minute services Wednesday and Friday evenings for the benefit of business men.

The high-school museum of Battle Creek contains 3,500 specimens, all scientifically labeled and arranged.

The "Knights of Mudrock" is the name of a secret society of which a lodge has been formed in Detroit. Birmingham, village of 200 inhabitants, has a Methodist church which cost nearly \$30,000.

PERSONAL.

Prof. John, a music teacher of Alpena, got intoxicated Feb. 19, laid out in the cold, and froze his feet. It is thought some of his toes will have to be amputated. He was taken to the county house.

Adrian boasts of having the oldest hotel keeper in the state, - Mr. S. Sammons, who is 80 years old and never engaged in any other business.

W. D. Williams, a lawyer of Marquette, and formerly a member of the legislature, is to be a candidate for judge in the 12th judicial circuit.

The new colored poet of Dowagiac is said to be second cousin of Henry Clay and grandson of an ex-governor of Alabama.

Diane Doty resigned his position as superintendent of Detroit schools Feb. 25, and Prof. J. M. B. Still takes the place.

Lyon, Ionia county, has a centenarian, Capt. Elias Scott, who was born Feb. 12, 1775.

CRIMES AND CALAMITIES.

At Greenville, Feb. 26, the Potter block was damaged by fire to the amount of about \$3,000. The fire caught from a kettle of ashes in the second story.

David Potter of Augusta, Washtenaw county, thought he would give his horse and oxen some condition powder Feb. 16, and by mistake administered Paris green. The animals all died.

Three barns, belonging to P. Francisco, two miles east of Grass Lake, were burned Feb. 24, together with seven horses and all his hay and grain. Loss \$6,000; insurance \$4,000.

A dead and dumb man walking on the railroad track near Flint, Feb. 13, was struck by a locomotive and received injuries from which he died Feb. 21.

Messrs. Curry & Merrile's shingle mill, about four miles from Midland, was burned Feb. 24. Loss \$4,000; insurance \$1,000.

Saginaw boasts of a grasshopper sufferer who walked all the way from Nebraska.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A bald eagle measuring six feet three inches from tip to tip, was killed recently on the farm of Wm. Sturkey near Marine City.

The name of the postoffice at Tuscola village has been changed from Wo-lu-ha to Tuscola.

Postoffice war in Port Huron. Four candidates in the field, one of them a lad.

A woman in Bronson has cut and corded up 110 cords of shore-wood this winter.

Detroit is organizing a colony for the San Joaquin valley, California.

Messrs. Sandborn of Port Huron, lumbermen on the Au Sable river, have 17 horses by poisoning.

These look like cut hair.

A draymaker's apprentice speaks of her cross-eyed master as the fellow whose looks are cut hair.

These look like cut hair.

The Northville Herald

TO ADVERTISERS.—No advertisement will be inserted in this paper except from parties who have been attending school at Ypsilanti. From our exchanges we learn that the young lady has been very successful in Readings, at Mason and other places.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY,

PHYSICIANS

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

JAMES HURSTON, J. D., PHYS-
ician and Surgeon. Office at corner of Main
and Court Streets, Northville, Mich.

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any person who sends a paper regularly from his house or office, and has no subscribers, is entitled to receive payment for the same. 2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears due, the publisher may deduct the amount paid him until payment is made, and can then deduct the amount, whether the paper is taken longer or shorter than the time specified. 3. The courts have decided that referring to the newspaper and calling them recalled for, is prima facie evidence of intended recall.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE

TRAINS LEAVE NORTHVILLE

DETROIT, NOV. 11.—

Northville 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Detroit 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

East 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

West 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

Midwest 12 P.M. 125 P.M. 125 P.M.

<p

CURRENT ITEMS.

WHAT'S about—it's snow matter.
"GUITAR" of assault—with intent to
frighten is a late Utah verdict.

A TENNESSEE bridegroom of seven-
teen presented his bride, eighteen, with \$25,000 as a marriage gift the other
day.

WHAT is the longest word in the English language? Smiles; because there is a mile between the first and last letter.

You have not fulfilled every duty unless you have finished that of being pleasant.

Cards and dominoes are becoming playful in Nevada, and in some places are supplanting horses, mules and oxen as beasts of burden.

AT a recent masquerade ball in Chicago one of the city papers says there were enough "Nights" and "Mornings" to make a new month in the calendar.

A newspaper learned and placed inside the waistcoat will keep out cold far better than a large quantity of clothing. Now is the time to subscribe.—*It was Saturday*.

MARY LEFEVRE said in her lecture in Washington that man's inhumanity to man cannot compare in severity to woman's "inhumanity to woman."

A VIBRANT lady, Mrs. McGruder, claims to have a feather bed eighty-eight years old, and upon which three of her husband have died. It is the secret that they died.

The latest collars and cuffs in colors are made of solid blue, pink, lavender, brown, and other shades. The collars are high, with flaring corners, and the cuffs have to match.

IT is such an uncommon thing to have good order in a Texas court that recent Judge Hare, of Dallas, published a card thanking the people for their quiet and orderly behavior.

It is declared by authority that braids of all kinds—Hercules, Tisian, and the rest—will be much used on spring co-
lumes; the braid in all cases matching the color of the material.

Since the complete success of the suicide who jumped from the dome of the Capitol at Washington, "Suicide" is let loose in her praise of the new bridge as a point for suicides.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

The difference between the sexes may be stated thus: A man gives forty cents for a twenty-five-cent thing he wants, and a woman gives forty cents for a twenty-five-cent thing she does not want.

THE "prominent and acute" of the boxes of San Francisco young women have attracted the attention of a California writer, and he fears that female suffrage will begin to raise its hide-

head there presently.

A POCONOKEWIC parent lately induced a country youngster to make quite a hearty meal of buckwheat cake, and "maple molasses," but the latter proved to be nice syrup of quills. The boy said he thought something ailed the molasses the very minute his father told him to eat all he wanted.

A HARTFORD clergymen was to the middle of a sentence in his morning sermon on a recent Sunday when the clock struck for noon. He immediately closed his manuscript, remarking: "That's a good enough ending," and brought the service to a speedy close.

MR. BREWER was arrested in Milford, Mass., for starving a horse to death. Upon the trial it was shown that he had a memory so defective as to nearly amount to mental incapacity, and actually forgotten that he owned a horse. The animal was a valuable one, which fact in itself was strong proof of the theory of defense, and he was acquitted.

THE poor brutes have suffered worse than mankind during the severe cold weather. The Rochester *Democrat* says it will cost the New York Central Railroad \$50,000 to pay for the forty car loads of cattle frozen and injured by the cold near that city lately, and that a similar case of the wholesale freezing of cattle to death also occurred on the Erie Road near Hornellsville. The *Democrat* calls upon Mr. Horan to investigate these cases and punish the inhuman culprits responsible for this terrible suffering.

A CERTAIN eminent lawyer is celebrated at the bar for the following mode of examining a witness: "Now pray listen to the question I am going to ask you. Be silent; remember, you will answer as you please; and remember, I don't care a rush what you answer. How are you?"

A MISERABLE HUSBAND.—Wednesday evening a Detroit business man saw his wife walking alone on the avenue. Not being accustomed to see her on the street in the evening, he concluded to follow her. He went into a grocery store on Congress street east to make a purchase, and took a position on the opposite side of the street until the same o'clock, when he recrossed, and followed closely behind her. As soon as she discovered that a man was following her, she hastened her steps, not even stopping to see who it was. On the arrival of her gate she saw that his face was muffled, and rushing up the front steps rang the bell. Just then a policeman came along to whom she pointed out the prowler. He at once arrested him, and upon being confronted with the wife she recognized him by his scar and called him by name. The policeman was dumbfounded, but after an explanation on the part of the husband and a handsome apology to his wife the officer concluded to let him go, and he sneaked silently into the house.—*Detroit Free Press*.

MR. HARRY BECKETT, the comedian, has a fund of humor upon which he draws in every emergency. In the house where Mr. Beckett resides a melancholy-looking individual occupies a room just above him, and for a week past has annoyed the comedian by walking the floor all night. When Beckett could not stand it any longer he jumped out of bed about daylight one morning, mounted the stairs and pounded upon the door of the perturbing nuisance. It was opened, and a sepulchral voice cut its way through the early gray of morning with the inquiry: "Well, my friend, what is the matter?" "See here, old man," said Beckett, "you are keeping me awake walking the floor here night after night for weeks. I can't stand it any longer. What's the row?" After a slight pause the fellow drew a sigh and said: "My friend, I am the most miserable of men. I owe a man \$500 and can't pay it." "Oh," exclaimed Beckett, "what's the trouble?" "Well, my friend, I have to pay it." "Why don't you let me do the walking?"

then, you've got the beat of him!" A new light broke upon the mind of the unhappy debtor, and there was no more door walking after that night.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

—Aunt Eliza's Tapioca Cream—Soak a half coffee cup of tapioca in a pint of milk over night; next morning add one quart of milk, the yolks of three eggs well beaten; sweeten and salt to taste and cook it by standing in a kettle of hot water; stir the tapioca every few minutes until about as thick as cream; when done flavor with vanilla or lemon, pour out in dishes or forms, then lay on the top a beaten egg; the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth; stand away to get cold.

Cream Cakes.—Take one cup of butter and one pint of water and bring them to a boil; while boiling, stir in slowly two cups of flour, mix thoroughly and when cold break into the batter seven eggs; be sure not to beat the eggs before putting them into the batter; stir until the lumps are thoroughly mixed, drop from a spoon into a pan and bake in a quick oven. This quantity will make two dozen cakes; you will find the mixture pretty thick.—*Our Home Book*.

How to Prevent Damp From Entering Into Stone.—The following ingredients melted and mixed together and applied while in a hot state to the surface of a stone will prevent all damp from entering it, and also vegetable substances from growing upon it. One and one-half pounds of roses, one pound of Russian tallow, one quart of linseed oil. This simple remedy has been proved upon a piece of very porous stone made in the form of a basin, and two coats of this linseed being applied, caused it to hold water as any earthenware vessel.

Boiled Chestnuts.—Peel off the shells of the chestnuts with a sharp knife, cover them with water and boil them until the skin can be peeled off readily. Peel this off, return them to the water in which they were previously cooked (unless it be very dark), cover close and dry gently until they are very tender, driving the water nearly or quite out. They are much whiter and sweeter if the hard "shanks" are taken off before boiling and they are nicer to handle. Serve warm for breakfast. If, however, this requires too much time, boil them in the shucks until tender, then rinse them thoroughly with boiling water and dry them with a soft cloth. In this case every slice should be provided with a sharp knife.

Kept Plants Over Night Without Fire—I have kept many plants nicely all winter without any fire at night in the following manner: I have made of wood or zinc a tray of average size, and

placed it about four inches deep, with a

handle on either end, water-tight, paint it outside and put it in a corner as high as the tallest of your plants, and it is ready for use. Arrange your pots or pots in it and fill between them with sand; this absorbs the moisture falling from the plants when you water them and retains the warmth acquired during the day keeping the temperature of the roots ever. When you retire at night spread over the tray a blanket or shawl and there is no danger of frost.

Keep Plants Over Night Without Fire—I have kept many plants nicely all winter without any fire at night in the following manner: I have made of wood or zinc a tray of average size, and

placed it about four inches deep, with a

handle on either end, water-tight, paint it outside and put it in a corner as high as the tallest of your plants, and it is ready for use. Arrange your

pots or pots in it and fill between them with sand; this absorbs the moisture falling from the plants when you water them and retains the warmth acquired during the day keeping the temperature of the roots ever. When you retire at night spread over the tray a blanket or shawl and there is no danger of frost.

Keep Plants Over Night Without Fire—I have kept many plants nicely all winter without any fire at night in the following manner: I have made of wood or zinc a tray of average size, and

placed it about four inches deep, with a

handle on either end, water-tight, paint it outside and put it in a corner as high as the tallest of your plants, and it is ready for use. Arrange your

pots or pots in it and fill between them with sand; this absorbs the moisture falling from the plants when you water them and retains the warmth acquired during the day keeping the temperature of the roots ever. When you retire at night spread over the tray a blanket or shawl and there is no danger of frost.

Keep Plants Over Night Without Fire—I have kept many plants nicely all winter without any fire at night in the following manner: I have made of wood or zinc a tray of average size, and

placed it about four inches deep, with a

handle on either end, water-tight, paint it outside and put it in a corner as high as the tallest of your plants, and it is ready for use. Arrange your

pots or pots in it and fill between them with sand; this absorbs the moisture falling from the plants when you water them and retains the warmth acquired during the day keeping the temperature of the roots ever. When you retire at night spread over the tray a blanket or shawl and there is no danger of frost.

Keep Plants Over Night Without Fire—I have kept many plants nicely all winter without any fire at night in the following manner: I have made of wood or zinc a tray of average size, and

placed it about four inches deep, with a

handle on either end, water-tight, paint it outside and put it in a corner as high as the tallest of your plants, and it is ready for use. Arrange your

pots or pots in it and fill between them with sand; this absorbs the moisture falling from the plants when you water them and retains the warmth acquired during the day keeping the temperature of the roots ever. When you retire at night spread over the tray a blanket or shawl and there is no danger of frost.

Keep Plants Over Night Without Fire—I have kept many plants nicely all winter without any fire at night in the following manner: I have made of wood or zinc a tray of average size, and

placed it about four inches deep, with a

handle on either end, water-tight, paint it outside and put it in a corner as high as the tallest of your plants, and it is ready for use. Arrange your

pots or pots in it and fill between them with sand; this absorbs the moisture falling from the plants when you water them and retains the warmth acquired during the day keeping the temperature of the roots ever. When you retire at night spread over the tray a blanket or shawl and there is no danger of frost.

Keep Plants Over Night Without Fire—I have kept many plants nicely all winter without any fire at night in the following manner: I have made of wood or zinc a tray of average size, and

placed it about four inches deep, with a

handle on either end, water-tight, paint it outside and put it in a corner as high as the tallest of your plants, and it is ready for use. Arrange your

pots or pots in it and fill between them with sand; this absorbs the moisture falling from the plants when you water them and retains the warmth acquired during the day keeping the temperature of the roots ever. When you retire at night spread over the tray a blanket or shawl and there is no danger of frost.

Keep Plants Over Night Without Fire—I have kept many plants nicely all winter without any fire at night in the following manner: I have made of wood or zinc a tray of average size, and

placed it about four inches deep, with a

handle on either end, water-tight, paint it outside and put it in a corner as high as the tallest of your plants, and it is ready for use. Arrange your

pots or pots in it and fill between them with sand; this absorbs the moisture falling from the plants when you water them and retains the warmth acquired during the day keeping the temperature of the roots ever. When you retire at night spread over the tray a blanket or shawl and there is no danger of frost.

Keep Plants Over Night Without Fire—I have kept many plants nicely all winter without any fire at night in the following manner: I have made of wood or zinc a tray of average size, and

placed it about four inches deep, with a

handle on either end, water-tight, paint it outside and put it in a corner as high as the tallest of your plants, and it is ready for use. Arrange your

pots or pots in it and fill between them with sand; this absorbs the moisture falling from the plants when you water them and retains the warmth acquired during the day keeping the temperature of the roots ever. When you retire at night spread over the tray a blanket or shawl and there is no danger of frost.

Keep Plants Over Night Without Fire—I have kept many plants nicely all winter without any fire at night in the following manner: I have made of wood or zinc a tray of average size, and

placed it about four inches deep, with a

handle on either end, water-tight, paint it outside and put it in a corner as high as the tallest of your plants, and it is ready for use. Arrange your

pots or pots in it and fill between them with sand; this absorbs the moisture falling from the plants when you water them and retains the warmth acquired during the day keeping the temperature of the roots ever. When you retire at night spread over the tray a blanket or shawl and there is no danger of frost.

Keep Plants Over Night Without Fire—I have kept many plants nicely all winter without any fire at night in the following manner: I have made of wood or zinc a tray of average size, and

placed it about four inches deep, with a

handle on either end, water-tight, paint it outside and put it in a corner as high as the tallest of your plants, and it is ready for use. Arrange your

pots or pots in it and fill between them with sand; this absorbs the moisture falling from the plants when you water them and retains the warmth acquired during the day keeping the temperature of the roots ever. When you retire at night spread over the tray a blanket or shawl and there is no danger of frost.

Keep Plants Over Night Without Fire—I have kept many plants nicely all winter without any fire at night in the following manner: I have made of wood or zinc a tray of average size, and

placed it about four inches deep, with a

handle on either end, water-tight, paint it outside and put it in a corner as high as the tallest of your plants, and it is ready for use. Arrange your

pots or pots in it and fill between them with sand; this absorbs the moisture falling from the plants when you water them and retains the warmth acquired during the day keeping the temperature of the roots ever. When you retire at night spread over the tray a blanket or shawl and there is no danger of frost.

Keep Plants Over Night Without Fire—I have kept many plants nicely all winter without any fire at night in the following manner: I have made of wood or zinc a tray of average size, and

placed it about four inches deep, with a

handle on either end, water-tight, paint it outside and put it in a corner as high as the tallest of your plants, and it is ready for use. Arrange your

pots or pots in it and fill between them with sand; this absorbs the moisture falling from the plants when you water them and retains the warmth acquired during the day keeping the temperature of the roots ever. When you retire at night spread over the tray a blanket or shawl and there is no danger of frost.

Keep Plants Over Night Without Fire—I have kept many plants nicely all winter without any fire at night in the following manner: I have made of wood or zinc a tray of average size, and

placed it about four inches deep, with a

handle on either end, water-tight, paint it outside and put it in a corner as high as the tallest of your plants, and it is ready for use. Arrange your

pots or pots in it and fill between them with sand; this absorbs the moisture falling from the plants when you water them and retains the warmth acquired during the day keeping the temperature of the roots ever. When you retire at night spread over the tray a blanket or shawl and there is no danger of frost.

Keep Plants Over Night Without Fire—I have kept many plants nicely all winter without any fire at night in the following manner: I have made of wood or zinc a tray of average size, and

placed it about four inches deep, with a

handle on either end, water-tight, paint it outside and put it in a corner as high as the tallest of your plants, and it is ready for use. Arrange your

pots or pots in it and fill between them with sand; this absorbs the moisture falling from the plants when you water them and retains the warmth acquired during the day keeping the temperature of the roots ever. When you retire at night spread over the tray a blanket or shawl and there is no danger of frost.

Keep Plants Over Night Without Fire—I have kept many plants nicely all winter without any fire at night in the following manner: I have made of wood or zinc a tray of average size, and

placed it about four inches deep, with a

handle on either end, water-tight, paint it outside and put it in a corner as high as the tallest of your plants, and it is ready for use. Arrange your

pots or pots in it and fill between them with sand; this absorbs the moisture falling from the plants when you water them and retains the warmth acquired during the day keeping the temperature of the roots ever. When you retire at night spread over the tray a blanket or shawl and there is no danger of frost.

Keep Plants Over Night Without Fire—I have kept many plants nicely all winter without any fire at night in the following manner: I have made of wood or zinc a tray of average size, and

placed it about four inches deep, with a

handle on either end, water-tight, paint it outside and put it in a corner as high as the tallest of your plants, and it is ready for use. Arrange your

pots or pots in it and fill between them with sand; this absorbs the moisture falling from the plants when you water them and retains the warmth acquired during the day keeping the temperature of the roots ever. When you retire at night spread over the tray a blanket or shawl and there is no danger of frost.

Keep Plants Over Night Without Fire—I have kept many plants nicely all winter without any fire at night in the following manner: I have made of wood or zinc a tray of average size, and

placed it about four inches deep, with a