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Selected Miscellany.

SUMMER ROSES.

When a rose-bush [illegible] clambers,
Up the old house's crannied wall,
Where the redbird's clustering gather,
Round a window of the hall—
There, from out the casement leaning,
Is the sweetest rose of all.

[illegible] and joyous maidens,
Full of life as early morn,
Have a care lest, plucking roses,
Little hands perchance be torn!
Lest those little lily fingers
'Midst the roses find a thorn!

What reck you of thorns 'mid roses
While around all's bright and fair?
In the dawn of early morning,
Naught but sunshine fills the air,
O that, till the gloaming cometh,
No dark clouds may gather there!

Not but that, from out the roses,
Little thorns must sometimes peer;
Not that all the sunny heaven
Can be ever bright and clear;
To no mortal is it given
Ne'er to know a single tear.

Yet, O gladsome, bright-eyed maiden,
May the tears of grief be few—
Few the misty clouds of sorrow,
Dimming thy life's Orient blue—
But enough to keep thee spotless—
Ever pure in heart, and true.
—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE LIGHT-HOUSE AT AVONDALE.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

A wet east wind came blowing across the moor that stretched eastward from Merideth House. A wet wind that blew nobody good but was full of miasma and heavy with the odor of decaying nature. I sat in the window and looked out upon the dreary autumn landscape, almost hidden now by the shadows of the dreary autumn gloaming.

Mamma moved the lamp upon the table so that its rays fell upon the window near which I was sitting, and out upon the gravel walk, revealing a small space with [illegible] of day I [illegible] cut hastily. A figure came out from the dark shadows into the lighted space. The erect figure of a man and [illegible] at the window, the blaze of the [illegible] upon his handsome, dark face. I put my lip to keep back a scream and my heart beat so [illegible] I feared [illegible] would hear it. The man [illegible] and made a gesture which signified "I [illegible]." But I turned my face away, determined not to betray by a [illegible] of his presence. Why did he haunt me when he knew I had determined to forget him—when he knew [illegible] that I should put all thoughts of him out of my mind now and forever.

Mamma's voice broke the oppressive silence. "I hope this is not the forerunner of the equinoctial storm," she said. "I feel almost fear it is. It will be no place for ships to cross the lake if the storm comes on with its usual force [illegible] wrote and this is Saturday. I hope the storm will blow over in a day or two. I should not like to have your wedding postponed on any account. It's an evil omen."

"My wedding!" Yes, I was to be married the following Friday to Rollin Weatherbee, heir of the Weatherbee estates and the Weatherbee pride, and [illegible]. I had been engaged to him two years, and all that time it had been understood that I should wed him on my eighteenth birthday, and the day drew very near. I had loved him very dearly, I thought, and was very proud of him. But three months ago, a few weeks after our arrival at Merideth House, where we had come to remain until after the wedding, I met with a little adventure which had altered the whole matter, so far as I was concerned, and put my foolish young heart in a tumult. I was out for a gallop on my pony, Sinbad, when a gale of wind came up and my hat was blown from my head. I felt it going, and threw up both hands to stay it. Sinbad, with a snort gave a leap which unseated me, and I toppled over his side and down upon the ground, and lay stunned for a moment, while Sinbad galloped away. I was not seriously hurt, only stunned, and soon rose to my feet and brushed my tangle of brown hair out of my eyes to see Sinbad struggling to free his bit from the iron grip of a more handsome young man, with a lithe, erect figure dressed in a hunting suit that well displayed the tiger-like grace of his person. He held the frightened animal until he ceased to plunge and rear, and then led him, touching his cap lightly as he neared me, and looking me through with his dark eyes.

"[illegible] the accident that befell you, and was just in time to catch your beast by the bit as he plunged by. I hope you are not seriously injured."

"Not at all," I answered; "only a little bruised. Thank you for saving me a two-mile tramp home, to find mamma frightened to death at the return of Sinbad without me."

He assisted me into the saddle and walked by my side on toward Merideth House.

"I am going to see you safe home, unless you forbid it," he said. "You may have received injuries that you do not know of, and I do not think it safe for you to ride home alone. You are very pale, I assure you, and your hand is unsteady at the rein."

I did feel nervous and weak, and was not at all unwilling the young stranger should walk at my side. He looked so handsome, with his gun slung carelessly over his shoulder and his rather reckless face turned up to me. He walked by my side to the house and assisted me from the saddle, and, at my urgent request, came in and received mamma's thanks for what he had done. He bowed with princely grace, saying: "Breece Rogers, madam, is highly honored in having the opportunity to do you or your daughter a service." And then he left us, with one last glance of his dark, passionate eyes.

The very next day he came back, bringing my scarf which was lost when I fell from the horse. And after that he came off and on, whenever he could find a pretext or excuse, until mamma became annoyed at the frequency of his calls, and, fearing that he was not a suitable person for an associate, made inquiries of the man who had taken charge of Merideth House all the years we were absent. What he told her did not help the matter any.

"Breece Rogers, ma'am! Yes, I know him. His father was old Squire Rogers, and a fine old gentleman he was, with a good property that he had amassed by hard work. But Breece was a wild lad from the first, and as soon as he came of age he grew worse instead of better, and in three years [illegible] all his property, and then his father died, leaving him his. That was scarce two years ago, but the fine estate is nigh used up with fast living, and the young man is going for the bad, ma'am, as quick as he can go. He is a handsome lad, but a wild one, and will ever be a ne'er do-well, I fear."

"And now, Rose," mamma said after reporting this conversation to me, "you must discourage any further attentions from this Breece Rogers. He is no companion for you, the betrothed of Rollin Weatherbee. I think we have been sufficiently kind to him for the service he did you, and I do hope the acquaintance, or at least the familiar footing on which he has placed himself, will be discontinued in future. It is not proper for a bride-elect to be associating so familiarly with a strange young man of whom she knows no good. You should tell him of your approaching marriage and then his attentions would undoubtedly cease if he has any sense of honor whatever."

The necessity was saved me. That very afternoon my mother took the task upon herself. Breece came to Merideth House, and found me absent gathering moss. He sat down in the cool parlor and fell to chatting in his light, careless, easy way with my mother. How it happened I do not know, but mother happened to speak of my approaching marriage.

It was almost dark when I reached [illegible] Merideth House. A lithe figure [illegible] way as I [illegible]. "Good evening," I said, coldly. "Will you walk up with me?"

He did not answer but stepped forward, [illegible] down toward the lake.

"We will go this way," he said, and I felt the fire of his eyes burn my cheek [illegible]. We walked on in dreadful silence for a moment, then Breece [illegible].

"Is this thing true your mother tells me?" he asked.

"What thing?" I almost whispered.

"You know," he answered, fiercely. "Is it this that you are to be the bride of a white faced aristocrat next [illegible]? That you are here to make your preparations?"

"Yes." The word came reluctantly and with a gasp. He took my hands in his and looked down upon me.

"You shall not! You shall not!" he hissed. "I love you, you are mine, now and forever!"

Before I could speak or cry out he had taken me in his arms and was raining kisses upon my lips. I was young, romantic, impulsive. This man had aroused a strange feeling in my breast, that now, as I lay in his arms, I believed must be love. I could see the reckless beauty of his face as it bent above me and almost unconsciously I clasped my arms about his neck, sobbing wildly, and whispering, "Oh, if I had known you sooner—if it were not too late!"

"It is not too late!" he cried, passionately [illegible]. "You are mine, now and for all time. You must be my wife!"

"But I cannot!" I sobbed. "I am bound to another—the wedding day draws near."

"I care nothing for that. You love me and no other. I cannot give you up."

His impetuous manner, his impassioned [illegible] tion. He seemed like some knight of olden romance to me, beside whom Rollin Weatherbee with his patrician beauty, was completely overshadowed. We walked long in the gloaming, he pleading, I hesitating, almost yielding, but leaving him at length with no definite decision. For three weeks I met Rogers clandestinely each day and listened to his words of passionate devotion, and let him imprint warm kisses upon my lips. Day after day he urged [illegible] I loved him better than I had ever loved Rollin Weatherbee. I hesitated to make him any promise, and a strange fear of him held me back from flight. Yet each day my resolution grew weaker, each day the man's hold upon me and power upon me became stronger. At last came an afternoon late in September. I was to meet Breece that evening, and stood looking out at the gorgeous sunset with a heart full of contending emotions, when mamma came in [illegible]. "Rose," she said, "you remember Breece Rogers, who came here so often some time ago?"

Remember him! but I only said: "Yes, mother," in a very low voice.

"Well. Harwood tells me a painful thing in connection with him. She says her husband tells her it is the neighborhood talk now. It seems there is a very lovely young girl, a gardener's daughter, Cora Smith by name, whom Breece has been very attentive to for some months. The girl's father says she is betrothed to him. At all events he has been a most ardent lover for a year or more, and now, without a word or any apparent cause he has deserted her—has not been near her for two months, and the girl is very ill—calling for him constantly, but he does not go near her. It is thought she will die. She is a poor, frail, childish thing, and never knew what it was to suffer before. [illegible] what a heartless villain he must be."

My heart seemed to die within me. A rush of emotion, shame, anger, grief, misplaced love and wounded pride fought together in my breast. Oh! how mean the man was whom I had placed above Rollin Weatherbee in my heart's affection. How I despised him for that moment. Then I began to think it might not be so—there might be some mistake. "I will go to him to-night," I thought, "and I shall know."

I did go when the shadows of the gloaming settled down over the earth. I found him waiting for me. He held out his arms, but I stood aloof.

"Go to Cora Smith," I said. "She is entitled to your caresses—she wants them—I do not."

I needed no further proof of his guilt. His face turned crimson from brow to chin, and then pale as death.

"What do you know of her?" he cried, hoarsely. "Who has been telling you lies?"

"No one," I answered. "Your face is a proof of the truth of all I have heard. I will make this our last meeting. My eyes are opened in time, thank God! I do not want to set them upon you again. Do not try to see me, for it will be useless. [illegible]. Go back to the only person who believes you worthy of love—who is dying for you."

I turned and sped back to the house, and for two weeks scarcely stepped outside its walls. I was ill in mind and body. My unreasoning, romantic folly that I had called love, died suddenly at one blow, and I knew there was only one man in the world I loved, or ever had loved, and that one man was Rollin Weatherbee. But my heart was filled with regrets for my past folly, and fears for what might follow. But two weeks passed by and I heard no word and saw nothing of Breece Rogers until that chill October night when my story opens.

I turned my face away lest the light of those dark eyes should bring back the old delirium. For at that one glance I felt the blood leap through my veins, and a strange glow shoot through my heart. I thoroughly despised this man yet he had a power over me still. At length I arose and moved away from the window. A second later something struck the glass with a sharp click.

"What was that?" asked mamma.

"The wind hurled something against the window-pane," I answered. A moment later and it was repeated. "Why, it sounded like something thrown against the glass," mamma said. "Tell Harwood to see what it is, Rose."

I got up and went out of the room—[illegible] Breece Rogers' summons [illegible]. I must go and see what he wanted. I threw a dark cloak over my shoulders and went out. He heard the door open, and glided into the [illegible].

"What do you want?" I asked, icily. "Why are you here? I told you never to approach me again."

"Yes, but you were angry then. You have had time to think more kindly of me since, and I came to tell you that Cora is dead. She died last night, and with her dying lips she forgave me whatever wrong I have done her. I was with her and caught her last breath. If she could forgive me, surely you ought. I know that I did her a great wrong, but I repented of it and she has forgiven me, will not you do the same and come to me?"

He took a step toward me, but I retreated. "I have nothing to forgive," I answered, coldly. "If she whom you so wronged has forgiven you, well and good, I owe you no ill will, but I do not love or respect you now, and never can."

"Rose!" he cried, "you are cruel! Oh come to me and fly before it is too late!"

"Hush!" I said, sternly. "All that is past, and forever. I shall be the wife of Rollin Weatherbee next week, Thursday, and far from being the wife of the only man I ever loved. That mad fever I conceived for you died as suddenly as it sprang to life, and can never live again. Go away now and leave me. Good night and good by."

I sped back into the house and locked the door behind me, leaving him alone in the darkness. I found mamma had fallen to sleep in her chair by the stove and was relieved that I would thus be spared answering any questions.

The wind blew colder and harsher across the moorlands. A dreary rain began to fall, and the night settled down desolate and lonely. Merideth House was oppressively quiet and my heart was full of sad forebodings. What if the dreadful autumnal storms should come on just after Rollin embarked for Avondale? What if his ship went down in the waters of the lake and he never came to me? Would it not be a just punishment for my wild folly? Had I not been untrue to him in thought, and almost broken my vows, and fled with another, and that other a base-hearted, unprincipled villain? Had I not let his kisses fall on my lips and listened to his words of love? Oh! I was ashamed [illegible] my hands, praying God to forgive me and send Rollin to me in safety.

The days that followed were damp and chill, with mist and wet east winds. But the dreaded storm did not come on. Each night I went to rest, with a heart full of anxious fear; each morning I arose, thankful to find only wet winds and somber skies. Thursday morning came, gray, cold, chilly, like the ones that had preceded it. That day night the ship Cora [illegible] Weatherbee would come to me.

I was restless and uneasy all the long day. No glimmer of sunshine lighted the dull, gray skies. A damp mist fell, and the cold east wind blew over the moor. By night I was almost hysterical, and my heart was like lead in my breast. "[illegible] faced child, [illegible] be ill if we dinna brighten up a bit," Harwood said to me, and I did not wonder as I caught sight of my dead-white face in the mirror.

The evening came on dark and desolate. No moon, no stars, only a gray sky, varied here and there with dense, black clouds. I could not stay in the confines. It seemed like a prison to me, and seizing a cloak I threw the hood over my head, the cape over my shoulders, and walked down the avenue, and leaning on the stone pillars of the gate looked out toward the lake. Suddenly something caught my eye; it was a bright light high up in the air. "A light-house, of course," I said mentally, "but why here. I never seen it before? That is not the light-house that directs ships to Avondale landing, for the landing is exactly opposite Merideth House. I have seen the light night after night from my chamber window." I turned my eyes in the direction of the landing. It was dark as pitch. But to the left, full half a mile, shone that brilliant light. Suddenly a thought struck me. "My God, it is the light house on the rocks." I cried, and my heart seemed to stand still. I remembered that I had been out there once in my boat. An old fisherman, sitting on the rocks and dropping his line in the water, had answered my queries concerning the light-house. "It is where the red light is hoisted of a very stormy night," he said. "Not often used, miss, for the beacon at Avondale guides the ships safe to the landing. But this is lighted sometimes to show where the danger lies if the night is o'er dangerous."

His words all came back to me now with dreadful distinctness. The light seemed to burn into my very eye-balls—the light that shone clear, and white—not the red signal of danger—high up on the cruel rocks. Quick as lightning it all flashed through my mind. Some one had lighted [illegible] the Cora Bell upon the rocks [illegible] Breece Rogers! He knew Rollin Weatherbee was coming to me on that ship, and he was fiend enough to wreck a hundred lives for the sake of killing one man. What could be done? how could the danger be averted? Without even a glance back to the house I opened the gate and sped toward the lake. I knew every inch of the ground.

On I went till I reached the hut of a fisherman. I gave a loud knock at the door, then burst it open without waiting to be bidden. A stalwart man and his burly son sat over the grate. Both started to their feet at the sight of my deathly face and staring eyes. "Why, Miss Rose—but—"

I stopped them.

"For God's sake," I cried, "come with me! The beacon at Avondale landing has not been lighted, and the house on the rocks is burning a white light, and the Cora Bell will be a wreck unless something is done. One of you go to Avondale and see why the keeper has neglected his duty, and one of you come with me to the light-house on the rocks."

"With you, Miss Rose? Why—"

"Yes, with me—I can't stay here. I must go with you in the boat and see that the light is put out. I am not afraid. The night is dark [illegible] the lake is not rough. The only danger is threatening the Cora Bell. We must be quick."

On we hurried, I keeping pace with the long-limbed fisherman. Down to the landing [illegible] sprang into the boat which the old man unlocked and, scarcely waiting for him to seat himself, seized an oar and rowed with all my might. How slowly we went—how slowly! Would we never reach the rocks? And all the time that wicked, hateful light burning into my very eyelids. There at last! The light made the landing less dangerous than I had thought. The old man fastened the boat and I climbed up the rocks.

"Careful, miss," he continued, "these rocks are wet and slippery," but I reached the light house, and entered with a heart so wild with fears for the Cora Bell that I forgot all danger for myself. I ran like a squirrel up the stairs, up the ladder—on—up—up—till I reached the tower. I opened the door, I leaped into the loft, where the lamp gleamed and flashed its white light into my very eyes. A man with a dare-devil face turned at the noise. He had been so intently gazing through a glass out upon the waters that he had not heard my approach. "Fiend!" I cried, "what would you do?" and with one bound I dashed my whole force against the lamp, shattering it in pieces and extinguished the baleful light. For one moment we were left in utter darkness and Breece's voice hissed: "Girl, you shall rue this. I have you in my power now." I felt his iron grip upon my wrist and screamed outright. Then the door burst open, the light of a lantern flashed into the tower and the burly form of the fisherman entered and stood behind us. "Seize him—bind him!" I cried. "He will kill me."

The burly fisherman set down his lamp and caught the arms of Breece Rogers, and quickly as thought pinioned them at his back. I tore up the skirt of my dress and twisted it in a short cord that securely fastened the villain's limbs. He scarcely moved—so sudden had been the fisherman's attack, so iron-like his hold. "Now bring him down," I said. "I will lead the way with the lantern." He took Breece Roger's lithe, slender figure in his arms as if it had been a child's, and followed me down the ladder. It was a treacherous descent, but we landed safely upon the rocks and took our seats in the boat. Breece was not gagged, yet he had said no word—made no sound. We had not rowed half the distance back to the landing when, joy of joys! the light flashed out from Avondale beacon house, reaching far over the waters, and I knew the Cora Bell was saved.

The strain upon my nervous system had been too great. As we reached the Avondale landing I fell in a dead faint, and knew no more, till I woke in my room surrounded by a crowd of anxious faces. Harwood was rubbing my hands, mamma bathing my forehead, some strange faces were scattered about the room, and—Rollin, my Rollin, bent over me, with tears in his blue eyes. When I was strong enough they told me all. How I had been brought back by the fisherman hours and hours before, and the story of my adventure briefly stated by him. How the fisherman's son had found the keeper of the light-house in a dead stupor, a drugged sleep, and the lamps so tampered with that it took him a full half hour to right them and make them burn. How they did burn at last, in time to guide the Cora Bell safely to shore and bring Rollin and the guests in season for the morrow's bridal.

I was a pale bride and had to be supported by my husband's arm, but it was a glad bridal for all that. We left Avondale, mamma, Rollin and some few of the wedding company, that very day, and I have never set foot there since. Breece Rogers was tried, convicted, and sentenced to prison, where he died two years later. Rollin knew the whole story of my folly before I became his wife. He did not censure me—since I had risked my life to save his and to atone for my error.—*Peterson's Magazine.*

A SUBSTITUTE for ink has been devised in Berlin, which consists of points, like the leads of ordinary pencils, that can be fitted into holders. The writing at first very much resembles lead-pencil marks, but when moistened immediately assumes a violet tint, and then adheres to the paper like ink. As many as six good copies can be taken from it by means of an ordinary copying press.

The Insanity of Robert Dale Owen.

ROBERT DALE OWEN, in company with his two sons, Julian Dale and Ernest Dale, arrived in this city last night *en route* for the Indiana Insane Asylum. They registered at the Occidental, and this morning I called at their rooms. Julian and his father had gone out for a short walk, but Ernest, the younger son, received me kindly, and requested that I should remain until his father's return. He seemed very ready to converse about his father's ailment, and during the half hour which elapsed before the old gentleman's return I learned the particulars of his recent severe illness and the probable cause of his insanity.

"About one month ago, while at Dansville, N. Y.," said Mr. Owen, "my father was prostrated with a severe attack of nervous bilious fever, with typhoid symptoms, and for a week or ten days was very dangerously ill. Prior to his sickness he had commenced writing a new work on theology, which he desired to finish as soon as possible; and several days before he had sufficiently recovered to do any brain work, and while still confined to his bed, he resumed work upon it, dictating to my sister Rosamond, who acted as his amanuensis. The more he did the more he seemed determined to do, and as soon as he had the strength to lift himself out of bed he would get up at any hour of the night and jot down an idea that might occur to him. One night my sister ascertained that he had written upward of four hours. During the day he elaborated and put into shape for the printers what he had blocked out the night before, so that no time was taken for rest. Of course this aggravated his disease, especially the nervous affection, and very soon his mind seemed to lose its balance. He couldn't concentrate it for any length of time upon any one topic, and seemed to have lost the power to control and range his thoughts. My sister first noticed this while writing at his dictation. He wandered from point to point and completed no line of thought or argument. This was our first intimation. But presently it took a more tangible form and left no doubt in her sister's mind that he was out of his head. He imagined himself immensely wealthy and the heir to the earldom of Breadalbane. He had been reading from his autobiography, and coming upon that part of it in which he speaks of John Campbell, of Glenorchy, who was created first Earl of Breadalbane, he seemed to catch the idea that he was the last of the family, and upon him had descended the title and estate of Breadalbane. He talked much about it and was continually planning how he would found institutions of learning, provide homes for the poor, and give his children beautiful homes, with carriages and fine horses and servants. He seemed to have no idea of time and space. New York and Philadelphia could be reached *in a few moments*, and he was anxious to visit his friends there.

"After he reached his home in New Harmony he became more restless and uneasy, and left no doubt in the minds of any of us that he was insane. We were obliged to [illegible] him in almost everything, and could not leave him night or day. He never became angry, nor attempted to resist us. But his mind was continually wandering, and he wanted to wander with it. He complained of accomplishing nothing. 'I must be at work,' he would say, 'for my life will soon be at an end.' And yet his idea of work seemed to be only *action*, for when riding or walking he was perfectly contented. When he took the cars with us yesterday morning he was exceedingly happy. He seemed to think he was accomplishing something, because he was going somewhere."

"Did he know you were intending to take him to the insane asylum?" I asked.

"No, and he does not know it yet," replied Mr. Owen; "but we shall tell him some time this forenoon, and take him over there this afternoon, if possible. He realizes, however, that something is wrong with him. Two or three days after he reached home from New York I heard him talking to himself. 'Either I am wrong,' he said, 'or those about me are wrong. Now who is it that is wrong? If this is 'wrong' (mentioning something we had forbidden him to do), 'then I am wrong; but, if it is right, I am right, and the boys are wrong.' He then cited numerous other illustrations about which he reasoned in the same manner, and summing these all up came to the conclusion that the preponderance of 'wrong' was on his side and that 'the boys' were right."

"Does his insanity reveal itself in his conduct as well as in his conversation?" I asked again.

"Very rarely. Although his general health is much improved, he is thin and looks worn out, so that a close observer might detect his disease in the wild, weird expression of his face and eye, but in no other way, for he acts rationally. But anyone would soon detect it by his conversation. He is continually talking, and sometimes in the wildest manner. This morning, for instance, he harangued a waiter at the breakfast table on the slight difference which the color of the skin should make in our estimation of men. He laid it down from a Republican standpoint, to the great merriment of all present. He is never violent or boisterous at such times, but his queer way of reasoning, and the laughable conclusions often arrived at, very quickly reveal the fact that he is not in his right mind."

"Does he ever talk about Spiritualism?"

"He has mentioned the subject but once, I believe, since his return from Dansville," replied Owen, "and then only casually. We do not talk with him on that subject."

"How about the Katie King matter? Did not this contribute to his insanity?" I asked.

"I have had this question asked me several times," answered Owen, "but I do not think it had the least to do with his trouble. At the time he was very much chagrined and thoroughly indignant at the deception practiced upon him; but long before his sickness he had forgotten all about it; at least he hadn't mentioned the matter for several weeks. For some time before his sickness he was wholly occupied with his new work on theology, entitled 'The Unity of God,' I believe, which he wished to finish before his death, for he has an impression that he shall not live a great while longer."

In reply to an inquiry as to whether a physician had been consulted in regard to his condition, Mr. Owen stated that the best medical advice had been sought, and that while the physician at the asylum regards his case as a difficult one, he thinks it is by no means hopeless, unless there is incipient paralysis. He has not been able to determine this yet.—*Indianapolis Cor. Cincinnati Gazette.*

MULTUM IN PARVO.

COWS ARE no longer allowed to run at large in the streets of Toledo, and they get together and resolve to hold on to their milk until they are restored to liberty and [illegible]

IT is said that the ants have gone to work chewing tobacco. The growers in East Granby, Conn., complain that they have attacked their plants, and in some cases have entirely destroyed them.

A LADY made a wager of a box of candy with a gentleman the other evening that he could not pronounce the word *vagary* correctly the first time trying, and she won the sweetmeats. He pronounced it *vagary*, while the right way is *vagary*.

THE Springfield *Union* says it is a cheering sign that the farmers of Western Massachusetts, who of late years have been diverted from the raising of corn and potatoes by quicker profits on tobacco, are returning this year to growing those orthodox crops.

A LARGE hole in the roof of a barn in Pottsgrove Township, Montgomery County, Pa., supposed to have been the result of a thunderbolt, was discovered to have been made by the farmer's daughter, who wanted to get on the roof to pick some fine cherries that could not be reached in any other way.

AT the Saturday night meeting of the [illegible] Maryland Regiment, a letter was read from a lady of Boston, living opposite the public gardens. Though not desiring to be considered a strong-minded woman, she expressed the wish to become a member of the gallant Fifth. She was accordingly elected a life honorary member amid loud applause.—*Baltimore Gazette.*

A GENTLEMAN in Atlanta, Ga., has a two-headed snake, which was captured in 1872. It is one of those venomous species of snakes commonly called the copper-bellied moccasin, and measures nine inches in length. It has two clearly defined heads, two mouths, a forked tongue in each, four eyes, two in each head, and eight fangs. The heads diverge from the neck, there being but one neck-bone.

CONSIDERABLE stir has been created in fashionable circles at Portland, Me., over the exploits of a young man who recently disappeared, after running through a large property, but soon returned in greater style than before. He was much courted until his mother suddenly appeared on the scene and charged him with stealing several thousand dollars from her bank account, and now he has gone for good.

THE cutting and dressing of stone is now done by the new diamond-toothed saw, which is regarded as one of the most important mechanical inventions of the age. It is said to "execute in stone almost what the common circular saw does in wood." The speed of this saw may be varied from five to five hundred revolutions per minute. Stone may be sawn to any length up to fourteen feet and of any angle or depth to five feet. It is claimed that one circular saw in this machine will do the work of more than 100 hand saws, and this accurately, true and out of wind. The machine has already sawn 125 superficial feet of actual cutting in one hour, of the hardest kind of Beuren sandstone.

THE wife and daughter of Henry Norton, who resides in East Berlin, Conn., went into the cellar of their house recently and were [illegible]. Searching for the cause they found an immense rattlesnake coiled up in the coal-bin. His head was erect and his tongue was darting out furiously. The ladies went out of the cellar in a hurry and called the men folks, who, armed and equipped, went in to kill his snakeship. The old fellow wasn't in a hurry about dying, however, and therefore glided into his hole in the cellar-wall. The men watched for him from ten a. m. until four p. m., when they shot him as he put his head out of the wall. He proved to be an old settler, having eleven rattles, and was fourteen years old. The body was skinned and stuffed; the head was too badly damaged to be made available.

DR. KENEALY has taken a sweet revenge upon his foes—his fellow-members of the House of Commons. Not long since he moved for leave to bring in a bill to limit the duration of a Parliament to three years. The members all left the house as soon as he began speaking and the result was a "count out." Not abashed by this, he at once repeated his motion, and late that night, or rather early the next morning, he brought it forward again. He spoke until 2:30 a. m., and as some other business remained to be done a house was kept. At 2:50, however, an attempt at a count-out was again made, but the necessary forty members rallied and he kept on speaking until 3:05. Then he sat down, the house voting by 68 to 1[illegible] that they did not approve of triennial Parliaments. The doctor was defeated, but then he had kept the Speaker, the officers and seventy-nine members out of bed all night long.

THE "Black Crook," as property, fell equally to the four brothers of Charles M. Barras, the author, and has been traded among them until Alfred owns three-fourths of it and Washington the other fourth. John sold his interest to the administrator, Hiram, for $1,000, and Alfred bought the half, then owned by Hiram, for $3,600. In relation to Barras' death, it will be remembered that the railroad train which was carrying him to the lady he loved stopped only at the next station beyond the village in Connecticut in which she lived. As the cars were swiftly passing the residence of his betrothed he forgot danger, and, thinking only of her and happiness, leaped from the steps, and his lifeless body was picked up from the foot of a clay embankment. The unromantic part of it, like the disrobing of the silk-skirted dancers and their return to old clothes when the play was over, is that the papa of the young lady put in a claim of $3,300 against the estate for services on that occasion.

The Northville Record

SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor.

SATURDAY. JULY 31, 1875.

ANOTHER disaster has occurred in a financial point in the failure, a few days since, of the banking firm of Duncan, Sherman & Co., of New York, with liabilities at some six million dollars. This great house, than whom no surer was supposed to exist, had lost heavily in decline of cotton the past year as well as suffering severe losses in bad accounts etc. The supposition is, however, that although it just now brings about a rise and fall of stocks, it will not materially effect the interest of money markets like the late crash of Jay Cooke & Co.

IF ANY ONE doubts the lawlessness and murderous inclinations of that abominable class, Mormons, let him read the details of the Mountain Meadow Massacre now being brought to light in the daily papers. The developments made by one Lee, a participant in the horrible crime, (who desires to save his own skirts by turning state's evidence,) are likely to implicate those high in the church.

THE Detroit *Evening News* has a good thing on hand in its $20,000 libal suit. A good thing from the fact that ere its termination that paper will be known from one end of the country to the other. It matters not in what manner publicity may be given there's nothing like advertising, you know, and to achieve great notoriety is to be well advertised; particularly so in the case of newspapers. Therefore the *News* can truthfully claim that "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

This suit is brought about through a mistake in names unintentionally made by its Albion correspondent in referring to a case of larceny, and was properly corrected in the next issue of the paper.

IT is a general remark with those traveling that the conductors on the F. & P. M. are a gentlemanly set of fellows; always ready to give any deserved information, answer a thousand and one questions, or assist one on and off the cars, particularly so in case with the ladies and children. These and many other truthful facts gives the road its present popularity.

Marcus Stevens & Co.

Perhaps no business house in Detroit, is better known throughout the State than the furniture establishment of Marcus Stevens & Co., occupying the large brick building on Monroe Ave., near the opera house. This house has been well and favorably known for a period of thirty years or more, being established and conducted originally by Mr. Stevens.

The several floors, extending the width of two stores, Nos 15 and 17, are crowded with every manner of furniture from the simplest and cheapest to the most elegant and costly. Here the artisan or millionare can alike be suited, and indeed what can not be found here is not worth the while looking up.

A large trade comes from country dealers who have found it convenient and profitable to deal with an honorable firm and be able to choose from the largest stock. Some 50 hands are employed at this establishment.

Pleasantries.

A man who cheats in whiskey, is a rogue in spirit. If by falsifying his accounts, then he is an unaccountable rogue. If he gives a bad title to land, then he is a rogue indeed. If he gives short measure in wheat, then he is a rogue in grain.

Poor Daisy was tearful and sadly perplexed,
Her mother was angry, her father was vexed,
All because she had spoiled such a beautiful plan
In firmly refusing an excellent man.
"Dear mother, I know just as well as you do
That his habit's are good and his principles too:
I know that his love is sincere, and all that,
But why does he wear such a shocking bad hat?"

"Now, then, children," said a parish schoolmistress showing her children off on examination day, "Who loves all men?" "You, miss-us," was the unexpected reply.

She tried to sit down in a street car, but was pinned back so tight she couldn't. Old lady peeped over her specs and asked her, "How long have you been afflicted that way?" The young lady blushed and made "a break," sitting down sideways, and holding her knees together so tight that she looked as if she had on a one-legged pair of breeches. Old lady noticed her sitting in this sideways cramped position, and whispered, "Bile, I s'pose; I have had 'em that myself."

STATE NEWS.

BUSINESS ENTERPRISE.

News from the Michigan "bonanza," the silver mines, intimates that the companies in the Rifle river district have "struck it rich," and that mining in that locality will soon be vigorously prosecuted.

The new Pomona house at Fruitport is to have 304 feet frontage on the lake, 500 feet of verandahs, and is to cost about $100,000.

Coal has been discovered in Osceola county, and Prof. Winchell pronounces it of superior quality.

FARMING AND FRUIT INTERESTS.

It is reported that wheat in the southern Ottawa and the northern part of Allegan counties will be the best crop known for years. Oats are also heavy, and the small fruits fairly represented.

The Coldwater Republican says that the wet weather in that locality has caused the grapes to mold so badly that on some vines one-third of the crop is ruined.

The Gratiot Journal says that the wool clip of the county will aggregate 40,000 lbs.—an increase over last year of 8,000 lbs.

PERSONAL.

Charles Foster of Grand Rapids has been appointed trustee of the Mansfield, Coldwater & Lake Michigan railway, with authority to collect subscriptions and complete the road to Napoleon, Ohio.

Gov. Bagley pardoned two prisoners from the state prison, July 15, named Geo. Chase and Wm. Hutchinson. They were both consumptives.

The Niles Republican says that Mrs. Caroline Painter of Oronoke township picked 225 quarts of strawberries in one day this summer.

Dr. Macan of Ann Arbor made a new lip last week for a man from AuGres, Bay county, who had his bitten off in a fight.

W. S. Wilcox of Adrian has been superintendent of the Sunday school of the Broad street Baptist church for 35 years.

DEATHS.

At Byron July 14 Samuel Huffoker was killed by lightning striking an oak tree against which he was leaning. Several others were shocked, and the house of Mr. Reynolds was struck and considerably damaged.

On July 12 a man named Handford, while intoxicated, ran upon one of the railway crossings, at Jackson when a yard engine struck end so injured him that he died in the afternoon.

Mrs. J. J. Newell, one of the oldest settlers of Adrian, died of paralysis July 18.

CALAMITIES.

The house of John Schneider of Scio, Washtenaw county, was struck by lightning while the family were at supper. It entered at the front door and went through the house, tearing the back wall to pieces. The family were stunned but not injured.

A fire at the Edwards iron mine, 27 miles from Marquette, July 14, destroyed $25,000 worth of buildings and machinery. The mine was doing a good business and the damage by stoppage of work will be very great.

At Marshall July 15 a portable engine used for sawing wood on the railroad exploded, blowing a boy who was holding down the valve, 40 feet over a fence, hurting him badly. The sawyer and engineer were also injured. The engine was a total wreck.

At Adrian, July 15, as Mrs. Henry Cosart was ironing, a can of kerosene hanging near the stove exploded, setting fire to her clothing and burning her in a frightful manner. Her daughter was also burned. By prompt action the house was saved.

A heavy hailstorm passed over the town of Lyndon July 15, blowing down buildings and beating the crops into the ground.

The Detroit Sun says that the statue on the soldiers' monument is out of place and may topple down any time.

The loss of pine timber in Alpena county by the recent fires is estimated at 100,000,000 feet.

The Mitchell house at Clam Lake was burned July 13. Loss $6,000; insurance $4,000.

Mr. Marvin of Muskegon has had three horses, valued at $700, poisoned recently.

Two ladies of Ypsilanti had a fight one day last week. Weapons parasols.

The Ypsilanti light guards lost $150 on their celebration July 3.

East Saginaw has a two-headed child.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Escanaba Tribune, in telling pleasure-seekers how to get there says they must pass through "Death's Door," and they will reach there about 8 o'clock P. M.

The Jackson county sheriff is seizing and selling saloons that do not pay their taxes.

The Jackson county poor-house has an inmate 105 years old.

There have been 350 marriages in Kent county during the last six months.

The Detroit cadets late at Orchard Lake have gone home.

Van Buren county is erecting a fire-proof county building at Paw Paw.

A New stock of

Sheet-Music,

Just Received at

Record Office.

E. P. EARL.

44 Woodward Ave., Detroit.

FRENCH GLASS & SHOW CASES

Constantly on hand all sizes of

FRENCH GLASS,

FOR STORE FRONTS & DWELLINGS.

SHOW CASES!

I Manufacture the best quality of WHITE METAL CASES, with double thick French Crystal and French, PlateGlass. Also Make

Mahogany Walnut &

CHERRY CASES.

Put together with PATENT METALIC JOINTS Very nice and strong.

ONLY MADE AT THIS SHOP.

Orders by mail or otherwise promptly attended to.

E. P. Earl.

POPULAR SONGS.

Angels Guard Your Treasures There.

One of the most beautiful pathetic songs extant. Liked by all who hear it. Fine chorus and easy accompaniment.

Price 30 Cents.

A leading piece in the sentimental style is the song and chorus,

I Loved Thee Once.

Price 30 Cents.

Both songs are within the skill of the simplest player; printed from engraved plates, on the BEST paper.

Both songs sent, post-paid, on receipt of 60 cents by addressing owner of copyright and publisher,

SAMUEL H. LITTLE,
Northville, Mich.

FURNITURE

Those wishing to buy Furniture will consult their interest by calling on the undersigned, at the Old stand of Ovenshire & Sands, where will be found a full assortment of

FURNITURE,

Chairs, Mattresses, and Spring-Beds, Chamber, and Dressing-Case Suits In Ash and Walnut,

Which will be sold for Cash at Bottom prices. Call and see before buying elsewhere

N. B.—Undertaking done as formerly.

JOHN SANDS.

Northville, April 16th, 1875.

Do the citizens of Northville and vicinity want the best of

Fruitand Ornamental

TREES.

If so, save time and money by sending to, or calling at the

Monroe City Nursery,

MONROE, Mich

In packing greatest possible care is taken; so that trees sent from the Nursery can be carried to any part of the country without the least injury.

Address

REYNOLDS, LEWIS &Co.
Proprietors.

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Newcomb, Endicott & Co.

OPERA HOUSE BUILDING.

DETROIT - MICH.

Invite special attention to their stock of

SUMMER SILKS.

AND WORSTED

DRESS GOODS

Which they are offering at very low prices to close also a larger stock of

THIN FABRICS

AND

LINEN AND BATISTE SUITS.

Seasonable Goods in Every Department.

SEND FOR SAMPLES.

Agents for

KEEP'S PARTLY MADE

DRESS SHIRTS,

ASK TO SEE THEM

NEWCOMB, ENDICOTT & CO.

JAMES NALL JR. & CO.,

SPECIAL SALE!!

REMNANTS & SHORT LEANGTHS

DRY GOODS & CARPETS

Previus to securing our Fall Stock of goods, We have Marked all REMNANTS and SHORT LEANGTAS of DRY GOODS and CARPETS at an

IMMENSE SACRIFICE

to insure their Sale. Customers will do well to make their purchases early and secure the BEST BARGAINS found in the city.

JAS. NALL, JR., &CO.

87 WOODWARD AVE., Corner Larned Street, DETROIT.

LIGHT WEIGHT

CLOTHING.

WE ARE PREPARED TO MEET THE WANTS OF THE MILLION! LIGHT WEIGHT CLOTHING. EVERYTHING THAT IS NEW AND DESIRABLE IN

SUMMER CLOTHING.

WE CAN SHOW YOU AT PRICES THAT WILL BE SATISFACTORY ALL THE NOVELTIES IN

ULSTERS & LONG SACKS,

For Traveling. All Styles in Flannel, Alpaca and Linen Goods.

White Vests, White Vests, White Vests, White Vests,

To suit everybody, superior to Custom Work. Prices from $1 to $6. Largest Assortment in The City.

5,000 Striped Coats, Well Made, 50c Each.

1,000 Alpaca Coats, Well Made, 50c Each.

ALL CLOTHING RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

124 and 126 Woodward Avenue.

C. R. MABLEY.

THE CHAMPION
PARLOR ORGAN
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PARLOR ORGAN

containing all the latest improvements suitable for

SMALL HALLS,
CHURCHES,
SUNDAY SCHOOLS,
LODGE ROOMS,
SOCIETIES,
CONCERTS AND

Parlor use.

Everybody who intends to buy an organ will certainly save money by getting my styles and prices before purchasing elsewhere. MY MOTTO IS QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS. Consult your own interest and address me before you buy. Organs of all kinds at $50, $65, $75, $80, $100, $105, $110, $125, $150, $175, $200, and upwards to $1,500, each.

CHOICE VOCAL MUSIC:

☞ The following vocal pieces (except such as are designated as "ballads") have a chorus:

Tell me truly little darling.	40c.
Jim Fisk; or he never went back on the poor.	40c.
Will you sometimes think of me	35c.
Oh, isn't he a tease.	50c.
Only in fun. (Song with Photo.	60c.
Let me dream of home sweet home	45c.
Don't go near the bar room father. } Temperance Songs.	40c.
Father drinks no more. }	40c.
I love thee still the same. As sung In divorce.	35c.
Mother let the angels in.	40c.
Sadie darling (song and chorus.)	35c.
Remember deeds of kindness.	35c.
Darling Aroon. (Irish song and chorus.)	35c.
Silver threads are often seen.	35c.
Pretty as a little butterfly, (song and dance.)	35c.
Down by dot orchard, (comic song.)	35c.

Latest Instrumental.

Champion Schottische	30c
Riding Gallery Schottische	35c
Mag's Waltz	30c

Any of the above pieces, can be played on the organ or piano and will be sent to any address upon receipt of marked price by addressing

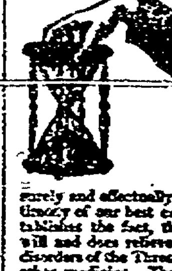
F. W. Helmick,

MUSIC DEALER and PUBLISHER,

Cincinnati Ohio

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping-Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.



Among the great discoveries of modern science, few are of more real value to mankind than this effectual remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. A vast trial of its virtues, throughout this and other countries, has shown that it does surely and effectually control them. The testimony of our best citizens, of all classes, establishes the fact, that CHERRY PECTORAL will and does relieve and cure the afflicting disorders of the Throat and Lungs beyond any other medicine. The most dangerous affections of the Pulmonary Organs yield to its power; and cases of Consumption, cured by this preparation, are publicly known, so remarkable as hardly to be believed, were they not proven beyond dispute. As a remedy it is adequate, on which the public may rely for full protection. By curing Coughs, the forerunners of more serious disease, it saves unnumbered lives, and an amount of suffering not to be computed. It challenges trial, and convinces the most sceptical. Every family should keep it on hand as a protection against the early and unperceived attacks of Pulmonary Affections, which are easily met at first, but which become incurable, and too often fatal, if neglected. Tender lungs need this defence; and it is unwise to be without it. As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of childhood, CHERRY PECTORAL is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued from premature graves, and saved to the love and affection centred on them. It acts speedily and surely against ordinary colds, securing sound and health-restoring sleep. No one will suffer troublesome Influenza and painful Bronchitis, when they know how easily they can be cured.

Originally the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, no cost or toil is spared in making every bottle in the utmost possible perfection. It may be confidently relied upon as possessing all the virtues it has ever exhibited, and capable of producing cures as memorable as the greatest it has ever effected.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

SEND 30 CENTS AND GET THE

Popular Sentimental Song,

I LOVED THEE ONCE.

Music by John Post, Poetry by Sam'l H. Little,

I loved thee once, with joy was filled,
The smiles to me were treasures rare,
At thy sweet voice my heart was thrilled
And beat anew at prospects fair.

Address the Publisher.

S. H. LITTLE,
Northville, Mich.

WAYNE JUNCTION

RESTAURANT,

A first class place of entertainment for the travelling public. Meals at lower prices than anywhere else on line of railroad

23oc73. P. H. STELLWAGEN, Prop.

RAILROADS.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD

On and after July 13, 1875 trains will

Leave Wayne Junction.

CHICAGO TIME.

WEST.		EAST.	
Mail	7.57 A. M.	Mail	4.65 P. M.
Day Ex.	10.26 A. M.	Day Ex.	5.48 P. M.
Jackson Exp.	4.53 P. M.	Jackson Exp.	9.33 A. M.
Even's Exp.	6.37 P. M.	Night Exp.	7.05 A. M.

WM. B. STRONG, General Supt., Chicago.
H. B. LEDYARD Assist. Gen. Supt. Detroit.
H. C. WENTWORTH, Gen. Pass. & Tick Agt Chic'o

FLINT & PERE MARQUETTE

On and after July 18, 1875, trains will

Leave Northville.

DETROIT TIME.

NORTH.		SOUTH.	
Mail	1.37 P M	Mail	4.36 P M
S. & B. C. Ex.	9.36 A M	D&T Ex.	5.18 P M
D& B.C. Exp.	7.35 P M	D&W Accom	10.26 A M

SANFORD KEELER, Asst. Supt.

Det. Lansing & L. M. R. R.

On and after June 20, '75, Trains will leave as follows:

Detroit Time.

TRAINS WEST.

Detroit, leave	3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.
Plymouth	4.32	9.12
Howell	5.41	10.30
Lansing	7.00	12.05 P. M
Ionia	8.50	2.06
Greenville	9.50	3.02
Howard City, arrive	11.00	4.35

TRAINS EAST.

Howard City	4.45 a m	2.35 p m
Greenville	5.45	3.37
Ionia	7.00	4.30
Lansing	8.20	6.19
Howell	9.40	7.35
Plymouth	10.55	9.24
Detroit, arrive	12.00	10.15

Stanton Branch.

	GOING WEST.		GOING EAST.	
Ionia	5.00 p m	8.00 a m	6.52 a m	4.00 pm
Sheridan	5.50	10.20	6.02	2.09
Stanton	6.13	10.45	5.45	12.25

J. B. MULLIKEN, General Supt.
C. SANDERS, General Fr't and Pass. Agt.

Det. Hillsdale & Ind. R R

Time Table Taking Effect July 11 1875.

TRAINS WESTWARD.

	Ev'g Exp.	Mail
LEAVE Ypsilanti	7.15 P M	8.25 A M
Saline	7.45	9.30
Manchester	8.33	10.31
Brooklyn	8.53	11.25
Jerome	9.35	[illegible]
Hillsdale	10.26	1.36
Bankers	10.15	1.48

TRAINS EASTWARD.

	Det. Exp.	Mail
LEAVE Bankers	8.15 A M	2.15 P M
Hillsdale	3.30	2.28
Jerome	4.21	2.56
Brooklyn	4.36	3.33
Manchester	6.21	4.27
Saline	7.30	4.45
Ypsilanti	8.15	5.13

Trains run by Chicago time.

Connecting with Michigan Central R. R. at YPSILANTI.

At MANCHESTER With Jackson Branch of L. S & M. S. R. R.

At HILLSDALE with L. S. & M. S. R. R.

At BANKERS with Ft. W. J. & S. R. R.

W H HANCOCK, Gen'l Frt Agt Ypsilanti Mich

WM. F PARKER, Superintendent, Ypsilanti, Mich

GEO. C. CHANDLER,

370 Jeff. Ave., Oppo M S Smith's

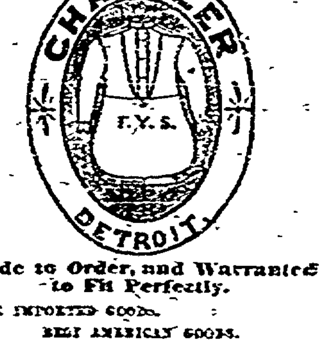
Detroit, Mich.

DEALER IN

Men's Furnishing Goods,

Gloves, Hosiery, Underclothing, Scarfs and Neckties, Toilet Articles, Traveling Bags, Umbrellas, Canes, Etc.

French Yoke Shirts.



Made to Order, and Warranted to Fit Perfectly.

FINE IMPORTED GOODS.

BEST AMERICAN GOODS.

ASSORTMENT VERY LARGE.

KINGSFORD'S

Oswego

Pure

AND

Silver Gloss Starch,

For the Laundry.

MANUFACTURED BY

T. KINGSFORD & SON,

THE BEST STARCH IN THE WORLD.

GIVES A BEAUTIFUL FINISH TO THE LINEN, and the difference in cost between it and common starch is scarcely half a cent for an ordinary washing. Ask your Grocer for it.

KINGSFORD'S

OSWEGO CORN STARCH

FOR PUDDINGS, BLANCMANGE, ICE CREAM, Is the original—Established in 1848. And preserves its reputation as PURER, STRONGER and MORE DELICATE than any other article of the kind offered, either of the same name or with other titles.

STEVENSON MACADAM, Ph. D., &c., the highest chemical authority of Europe, carefully analyzed this Corn Starch, and says it is a most excellent article of diet and in chemical and feeding properties is fully equal to the best arrow root.

Directions for making Puddings, Custards, &c., accompany each one pound package.

For Sale by all First-class Grocers.

27au75

25 CENTS sent to the undersigned will get a receipt for an article needed in every family in the land, and worth many times its value.

Address S. H. Little, Northville, Mich.

The Northville Record

TO ADVERTISERS—No advertisement will be inserted in this paper (except from parties we know) without pay in advance.—Therefore it is useless to send an "ad" to this office with the request to "insert and send bill at the end of each three months."

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

PHYSICIANS.

J. M. SWIFT, M. D., PHYSICIAN, and Surgeon. Office at residence, on Main street, Northville, Mich. 3-1f

JAMES HUESTON, M. D., PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Office a Center street, one door north of Hungerford's store, Northville, Mich. 1-1

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

TRAINS LEAVE NORTHVILLE.
FLINT & PERE MARQUETTE R. R.
DETROIT TIME.

NORTH.		SOUTH.	
Mail	1 27 P. M.	Mail	4.24 P. M.
S&BC Exp.	8.26 A. M.	D&T Exp.	5.13 P. M.
Detroit Exp.	7.25 P. M.	Det. accom.	10.20 A. M.

TRAINS LEAVE PLYMOUTH.
DET. LANSING & LAKE MICH. R. R.
DETROIT TIME.

EAST.		WEST.	
Mail	1.53 P. M.	Express	4.20 P. M.
Express	9.24 P. M.	Mail	8.17 A. M.
Freight		Freight	

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH CENT.
CHICAGO TIME.

EAST.		WEST.	
Mail	4.45 P. M.	Mail	7.57 A. M.
Jackson Exp.	9.23 A. M.	Jackson Exp.	4.52 P. M.
Night Exp.	2.08 A. M.	Even'g Exp.	6.43 P. M.

Home and Vicinity.

Hot.
Sultry.
Cloudy.
Cool nights.
Dust and flies.
Huckleberrying
Wheat cutting yet.
Rain very acceptable.
Woolclip holds out yet.
Good time for rusticating.
But little sickness about here.
Folks tornadous at every wind.

A little child of C. R. Stevens is lying very sick.

Mrs. H. H. Jackson, of Detroit, with her children, are here visiting.

Pitts Johnson has just recovered from a severe illness of several weeks.

Saturday, July 31st, and yet so cool that an overcoat would be acceptable.

A couple of runaways and two fights were the sensational topics last week.

Mrs. S. Gardner left this week for a visit to her sister, Mrs. J. Welsh, at Parma.

Geo. W. Newman started for the South this week in the interest of the Sutter Bros. of Detroit.

Miss Susie Smith of East Saginaw, is lying sick here at the residence of her sister, Mrs. H. D. Clark.

Rev. S. Clements and family returned last Saturday from their camping excursion of two weeks at Silver Lake.

J. A. Dubuar and family of Detroit, are rusticating at Orchard Lake, where also are numerous other Detroiters.

Mr. George Wicks of the Cady Hotel contemplates giving a harvest party ere long, the tickets for which will be visible soon.

Peter Lignian has laid the foundation for a new dwelling on center st. north. He will probably have the building completed during the fall.

The odd-fellows of Milford and Plymouth propose to unite with the Northville Lodge in a picnic and good time in this vicinity some day next month

Camilla, the wife of J. A. Dubuar, was taken sick at Orchard Lake, and Dr Swift being sent for, brought her home this week. She is said to be improving.

A young lady, Miss C. E. Whitaker, from Bronson, Branch County, in the southern part of the State, made a visit of a few days here during the week past.

Henry C. Hart started this week for a few months trip through a few of the southern states and will give the Record's readers a sketch of his travels, possibly in our next.

Croquet is of such an exciting nature in Northville, that one family, a few nights since, could be seen going through the pastime after ten o'clock, the grounds being lit up by two kerosene lamps.

The fence at the cemetery has been extended in front of the new portion lately added on the east. An entrance gate similar to the other also appears at the east end. Considerable work has been done towards improving the grounds.

One day last week the horses of Mr. John Thompson, living near town, broke loose from the fence near his house, and ran to the village here knocking down on the way, a Mr. Avery of Novi, breaking one of his ribs and otherwise injuring him.

The Baptist social was held Wednesday evening at the residence of N. C. Spencer (having been postponed the previous evening on account of the rain storm. A good number are said to have been in attendance and the affair enjoyed by all—particularly the ice cream etc.

We learn that Rev. C. H. Richardson, now located at Romeo Mich., as pastor of the Baptist church, there, starts next week on a trip through Ohio in the interest of D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit; thus combining business with pleasure as the time he is to be gone was allotted to him as a vacation.

A FAMILY REUNION.

Reunion of the Morehouse family in Holly—Particulars of an interesting meeting.

To the Editor of the Northville Record.

Unions and reunions of regiments, students of Colleges and Union schools printers, mechanics, religious societies, people who have emegrated from foreign lands, as well as families of our own country, have of late years been of frequent occurrences throughout our State and country. Soldiers come together to talk over scenes which transpired in camp life and upon the field of deadly strife—to tell of their imprisonments and sacrifices made for their country in the days and years of its peril—many meet with their classmates of college days, to talk over reminiscences of the past—people of all nationalities have their reunions so that each may be reminded of the scenes of their early days in the homes of their fathers—brothers, sisters, children and grandchildren with their children, often assemble under the roof where their childhood days were spent, to meet those from whom they have long been seperated, then and there refresh their memory, by recalling the happy days of childhood and home life.

Such a reunion as the last mentioned, occurred on Saturday and Sunday, July 17th and 18th, at the home of Mathew Morehouse, who resides in the town of Holly, six miles from the village of Holly, at which place many of the families of the children of Lyman and Eunice Morehouse assembled, and on which occasion it was the privilege of the writer to be present. This meeting was both pleasant and sad, as similar gatherings must always be, for they had not all met together in many years.

They went from under the old home roof in Western New York, years ago, in all the strength and expectation of early manhood, they came together again, some with the gray locks and care worn brows of nearly three score years and ten. Recalling the scenes of early days formed a pleasant feature of this meeting, while yet it was sad to remember, that it was not only possible, but probable that not all present would mingle their voices in another family gathering upon the shores of time.

The father and mother of the families represented at this meeting (Lyman and Eunice Morehouse) emigrated from Orleans county, New York, to Michigan, in 18[illegible], settling upon the farm now owned by Mathew Morehouse in the town of Holly A family of nine children were born to them, all of whom are now living but one, and their respective ages range from 49 to 69 years. Their names and residences are as follows; viz. Mrs. Luther Herricks, Holly; Mrs. Samuel Williams and Mrs. Joseph Yerkes, Northville; Mrs. George Owens, Goodrich; Mrs. Jefferds Price, Lapeer, Mich; Mrs. Lucy Phelps, deceased; D. L. Morehouse, Leroy, Ill; Myron Morehouse, Johnsonsburg, N. Y. and Mathew Morehouse Holly, Mich. The total number of the descendants of Lyman and Eunice Morehouse, now number 70. One incident occurred on Sunday, which will not soon, if ever be effaced from the memory of those who were present. As the day was dark and lowery and thought to be too unpleasant to attend church, an hour was spent both pleasantly and profitably in sacred song and other religious worship which consisted in reading the 116th Psalm and 14th chapter of John, after which a number engaged in fervant prayer. It was a memorable occasion and strong men broke down and wept like children. The meeting must have resulted in great good and will not soon be forgotten by any who participated in it. We cannot but conclude that if such gatherings are pleasant and profitable to us in this life, that we may anticipate a brighter and more pleasant and enchanting scene, where friends and loved ones—where fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters with all their dear ones meet upon the bright shores above, where all is peace and joy, where there is no sickness—no death and where there is no parting. It is always sad to part with friends, especially those with whom we are connected by the ties of nature and of affection, because we cannot but think that it may be our last meeting and parting, as death may sever the brittle thread of life before we can meet again, but if friends and loved ones are not permitted to gather around the old homestead again the Christian may not only anticipate but reasonably expect to meet departed friends in the bright mansions above, where meetings will endure throughout a never ending eternity.

L. G. N. RANDOLPH

A NEW STREET LAID OUT.—The new street about which so much controversy has been held of late, was finally surveyed last week by Mr. Geo. Kator, extends from the Lignian house on Twin street direct north to the east and west street running from the Elwell place to Center street, coming within ten feet of Elwell's house on the east side.

Copy was out. The devil picked up a paper and said, "Here's something 'About a woman'—must I cut it out?" "No!" thundered the editor; "the first disturbance ever created in the world was occasioned by the devil fooling about a woman."

Golden Wedding.

The old and worthy methodist devine, Rev. Dr. Luther Lee, celebrated the fiftieth anniverary of his marriage Thursday last, at his residence here, on which occasion there were numerous ministerial gentlemen from different portions of the state, who in unison with the Dr's friends here aided him to the extent of several hundred dollars. This effort was made with a view of liquidating an endebtedness on the Dr's home in this place, and the amount received will undoubtedly answer the papreso.

Since the above was in type we learn that the amount received was $446, and from other localities it is expected that sufficient will be forwarded to make up the sum to $500. The endebtedness on the Dr's property is said to be about $350.

THE FELLOWS' CASE.—Mr. David Fellows and wife are said to have seperated owing to some domestic misunderstanding. Such little mishaps in family affairs are much to be regretted and it is to be hoped that (which will undoubtedly be the case) the couple may yet live together harmoniously and prosperous.

School Roll of Honor.

MR. EDITOR.—Will you be so kind as to publish the following in your next issue. Names of those in the Intermediate Department who have not been absent during the term:

INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT.

Louis Beal	Mattie Van Valkenburgh
Hattie Clark	Sammie Clements
Cora Davis	Belle Sands
Lkon Thompson	Harmon Yerkes

PRIMARY.

Myrta Richardson	Bertha Richardson
Annie Wilkenson	Sammie Wilkenson
Nellie Wald	Harry Boyce
Cora Boyce	Flora Davis
[illegible]	[illegible] Fellows
Lulie Elliot	Edith Johnson
Hattie Lowden	Melvin Lignan
Melville Pratt	Ettie Rayson

Ueber Shafer

PROMOTIONS INTERMEDIATE DEPT.

Cora Greer	Lkon Thompson
Flora Wald	Willie Ambler
Freddie Wilcox	Louis Beal
Georgie Yerkes	Julia Downer
Hattie Clark	Avery Downer
Jennie Jackson	Willie Hutton
Frank J Anson	Emma Ingalls
May Johnson	Charlie Kent
Maggie Pickett	May Loomis
[illegible]	Alice Sackett
Vincent Loomis	Georgie Wilber
Willie Yerkes	Willie Kate
Harmon Yerkes	Clemmie Yerkes

Mattie Van Valkenburgh

PASSED TO ACADEMIC ROOM.

Cora Kator	Susie Hueston
Anna Lewis	Lydia Logan
Hattie Wills	May Wilbur
George Scott	Ella Sackett
Belle Sands	Anna Sayre

And oblige
M. E. FARLEY
ANNA N. SMITH
Teachers

During last week a Mr. Theodore Fellows and wife, of Bronson, (no relation to the Fellows' of this place) also judged it better to part, on account of the too intimate relations of the husband with a traveling circus woman. The gentleman has a pension of a dollar per day, on account of the loss of an arm in the war, so he will be likely to survive the ordeal.

On Monday evening his wife asked him where he was going, as she observed him putting on his overcoat. "I am going to sally forth," he replied; and she warmly rejoined; "Let me catch you going with any Sally Forth."

With this number we present an advertisement of a new grocery firm, Johnson & Wheeler. The latter gentleman went into partnership a short time since and as both are enterprising young men and worthy of patronage, it is but likely they will find the union mutually beneficial.

A young man of 19 yrs named Martin Marker, a brakeman on the M. C. and resident of Wayne, caught his foot in the "frog" on the track near Charlotte, while coupling cars a few days since, and was run over, the wheels severing his legs near the trunk of the body. He lived but a few moments.

A Detroit mother sent her boy to the store the other day to get her a linen dress, and he returned with fourteen yards of black cambric. "I told you to get linen!" she exclaimed, standing aghast. "I know it, but this is cheaper, and the clerk said that if any of us should happen to die you'd have a mourning dress in the house!" was the cool reply.

"I think I have seen you before, sir. Are you not Owen Smith?" "Oh, yes, I'm owin' Smith, and owin' Jones, and owin' Brown, and owin' everybody."

"Well, Mr. Miller," said a Yankee, proudly, to a traveling Scot, as they stood by the Falls of Niagara, "Is it not wonderful? In your own country you never saw anything like that." "Like that!" said the Scot; "there's a far mair wonderfu' concern no twa miles fra whar I was born." "Indeed!" exclaimed Jonathan, with an air of supercilious skepticism, "and pray what kind of concern may it be?" "Weel, man," replied Sawney, "it's a peacock with a wooden leg."

"Lizzie aren't you going to church this morning?" "No, dear, the pews are so narrow, you know, and I couldn't think of going without my bustle," and she did—not go.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

SHEET MUSIC of all the different publishers for sale by S. H. LITTLE.

You can have any piece of music desired at regular rates, at S. H. LITTLE'S

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER.

It is natural for people suffering with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint or any such derangements of the digestive organs, such as Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Habitual Costiveness, palpitation of the Heart, Heart burn, Water-brash, gnawing and burning pains at the pit of the Stomach, Yellow Skin, Coated Tongue, and disagreeable taste in the mouth, coming up of food after eating, low spirits, &c., to put off from day to day buying an article that they know has cured their neighbor, friend, or relative, yet they have no faith in it until it is too late.—But if you will go to your Druggist C. B. Stevens & Co. and get a bottle of GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER your immediate cure is as certain as you live. Sample Bottles of this medicine can be obtained for 10 cents to try its superior virtue.

Regular size 75 cents. Try it, two doses will relieve any case.

STORE FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers her store for sale, which she now occupies corner Main and Center streets, Northville. Terms easy. Good location for any business. For particulars apply to her, or E. S. Woodman, Atty., (whose office is in the building.)

M. H. WHEELER.

Northville July 13, 1875. x13oc

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—HOUSE & LOT. I will sell or exchange for property in Northville, a two story house and lot 20 ft. deep by 40 ft. front, at No. 282, 6th street Detroit, (but two blocks north Grand River Ave.

MRS. NEVIUS.

Detroit July 15, 1875.

FOR SALE—HOUSE & LOT. One story house in good location; Upright 16 x 18, Wing 9 x 15; ½ acre ground with good orchard of choice grafted fruit, half interest in a good well. Will be sold on the most favorable terms. Apply to [illegible], Agent.

$500 PART DOWN, WILL BUY A good one story dwelling, size 18x20 located in close proximity to the depot ½ acre ground which can be divided into two or three good lots, fruit and shade trees, good well water and whole well fenced. Apply to E. S. WOODMAN, Northville.

THOMAS HOLT,

[illegible] to inform the people of Northville and vicinity that he is prepared to take jobs in

HOUSE PAINTING
GLAZING
GRAINING
PAPERING

A specialty in the popular art of

KELSOMINING

Give him a trial and judge of work.
Can be found at Mrs. Cady's place, Center street.

ARE YOU GOING TO PAINT!

If so, use none but the Averill Chemical Paint.

It is sold by the gallon only; One gallon covers 20 square yards, two coats; or 15 square yards, 3 coats.

Its *Durability*, which is far in excess of that possessed by any other paint—*its Readiness for Application* from the package in which it is furnished—*its Resistance to Water*—*its Beauty and Retention of Color*—together with its *Cheapness*, (as it costs no more than pure lead and oil which is unmixed and not ready for use,) make it by far the most economical Paint ever made.

SAMPLE CARDS AND PRICE LIST SENT FREE ON APPLICATION TO

BOOTH & HART,
41 *Mich. Ave. Detroit.*

A. S. LAPHAM & CO.

BANKERS,

Northville, - - Mich

Do a general Banking and Exchange Business.
Allow Interest on Special Deposits.
Make Collections in all parts of the United States.
Remittances for Collections made on day of payment at current rates of Exchange.

A. S. LAPHAM. [2-2f] E. S. LAPHAM.

American Wash Blue
For Laundry and Household Use,
MANUFACTURED AT THE
American Ultramarine Works,
Newark, N. J.

Our Wash Blue is the best in the world. It does not streak, contains nothing injurious to health or fabric, and is used by all the large laundries on account of its pleasing effect and cheapness. Superior for whitewashing. Put up in packages convenient for family use. Price 10 cents each. For sale by grocers, everywhere. Always ask for the AMERICAN WASH BLUE if you want the cheapest and best.

AMERICAN ULTRAMARINE WORKS,
Office, 72 William Street, New York.
27je75

"Angels guard your treasures there."—Price, 30 Cents.
"'Mong the trees where birds are singing,
And the flowers are blooming fair,
Angel forms are watching o'er them,
Guarding well your treasures there."
Poetry by S. H. Little, Music by M. H. McChesney
Sent for above price by addressing
S. H. LITTLE, Northville, Mich.

"Angels guard your treasures there."—Price, 30 Cents.
"'Mong the trees where birds are singing,
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HIRAM GAY & CO.
PROPRIETORS OF THE
ALHAMBRA DOLLAR STORE,
92 Woodward Avenue, Detroit.
The greatest variety and the finest goods of any house in the State of Michigan.

A. HELLER,

125 WOODWARD AVE., DETROIT,

Directs attention to his rich and elegant assortment of

CONFIRMING SUITS.

More beautiful and durable than any offered to the public heretofore. These goods are also manufactured to order. Many years of experience in the clothing business enables the subscriber to employ the most elegant and durable material in the manufacture of

Latest Styles
OF
CLOTHING.

My store is always so well stocked with the finest ready made clothing, and

Cloths of Every Description

that no one in the same business can surpass me. All the clothing is thoroughly and substantially made under my personal supervision.

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

A. Heller, The Little Giant Clothier.

125 Woodward Avenue Detroit.

Mr. P. Wollenweber asks his German friends and acquaintances to favor him with a call.

Another New Firm

in the corner store.

JOHNSON & WHEELER

Request the people of Northville and vicinity to look at their

GOODS AND PRICES,

before purchasing elsewhere. As has been the policy of the late firm, we purpose to keep a large and well assorted stock of

GROCERIES
PROVISIONS
FLOUR
ETC.

which will be sold at the

Lowest Cash Prices.

N. B. all goods delivered to any part of the village.

Give us a trial and judge of goods and prices.

JOHNSON & WHEELER.

Northville July 31 1875.

NORTHVILLE MARKETS.

Northville July 31, 1875

APPLES, Dried, ⅌ lb.	[illegible]
BEANS, ⅌ bu.	1.50
BUTTER, ⅌ lb.	[illegible]
CORN, ⅌ bu.	[illegible]
CLOVER SEED, ⅌ bu.	[illegible]
DRESSED BEEF, ⅌ cwt.	[illegible] to 7.50
DRESSED CHICKENS, ⅌ lb.	[illegible]
DRESSED HOGS, ⅌ cwt.	[illegible]
DRIED BEEF, ⅌ lb.	[illegible]
DRIED PEACHES, ⅌ lb.	[illegible]
EGGS, ⅌ doz.	[illegible]
FLOUR, ⅌ bbl.	[illegible]
HAY, ⅌ ton.	[illegible]
HAM ⅌ lb.	[illegible]
LARD, ⅌ lb.	[illegible]
OATS, ⅌ bu.	[illegible]
POTATOES, ⅌ bu.	[illegible]
SHOULDERS ⅌ lb.	[illegible]
SALT, Onondaga, ⅌ bbl.	[illegible]
Saginaw,	[illegible]
TALLOW, ⅌ lb.	[illegible]
WHEAT, Extra	1.35
No. 1	1.35
No. 2	1.25

GENERAL BUSINESS CARDS.

TREMONT HOUSE,
Wayne, Mich.
A. S. BRADT, - - PROPRIETOR.

The best accommodations at Reasonable rates. Good Sample Rooms for Agents. Free Bus to and From the Trains.

HOWARD HOUSE,
[illegible]
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
HAMILTON & CLARK, Prop'rs.
Jno. BARNARD, Clerk. v6n18y1

CHAS. B. HOWELL.
LAW and COLLECTION OFFICE,
14 MOFFAT BLOCK, DETROIT, MICH.

Special attention paid to All matters coming before the Probate Court. [v7y1?

1874. 1874

BISSELORD'S HOTEL
Corner Cass and Lewis Sts.,
DETROIT, MICH.

The House has just been overhauled and changed throughout, Bedrooms enlarged, Parlors added—extending now the whole length of the block—and everything for the comfort of the guests.

Board per week, with room $5.00
Day board, per week 3.50
Terms per day 1.50
1jan75

FOR THE LADIES!

I would say to my Friends and former Patrons that having entered into partnership with Mrs. S. Gardner, in the line of

DRESS MAKING,

I would be pleased to receive their patronage. Satisfaction guaranteed.

ELLA J. BEALE.

Northville, June 3, 1875

CALIFORNIA

Have you any thought of going to California?

Are you going West, North or North-West?

You want to know the best routes to take?

The shortest, safest, quickest and most comfortable routes are those owned by the Chicago and North Western Railway Company. It owns over two thousand miles of the best road there is in the country. Ask any ticket agent to show you its maps and time cards. All ticket agents can sell you through tickets by this route.

Buy your tickets via the Chicago & North-Western Railway for

SAN FRANCISCO,

Sacramento, Ogden, Salt Lake City, Cheyenne, Denver, Omaha, Lincoln, Council Bluffs, Yankton, Sioux City, Dubuque, Winona, St. Paul, Duluth, Marquette, Green Bay, Oshkosh, Madison, Milwaukee, and all points west or north-west of Chicago?

If you wish the best traveling accommodations, you will buy your tickets by this route, and will take no other.

This popular route is unsurpassed for Speed, Comfort and Safety. The Smooth Well-Ballasted and Perfect Track of Steel Rails, Westinghouse Air Brakes, Miller's Safety Platform and Couplers, the celebrated Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, the Perfect Telegraph System of Moving Trains, the regularity with which they run, the admirable arrangement for running Through Cars from Chicago to all points West, North and North-West secures to passengers all the COMFORTS IN MODERN RAILWAY TRAVELING.

PULLMAN PALACE CARS

Are run on all trains of this road.

This is the ONLY LINE running these cars between Chicago and St. Paul or Chicago and Milwaukee.

At Omaha our Sleepers connect with the Overland Sleepers on the Union Pacific Railroad for all points west of the Missouri River.

On the arrival of the trains from the East or South, the trains of the Chicago & North-Western Railway leave CHICAGO as follows:

For Council Bluffs, Omaha, and California, Two through trains daily, with Pullman Palace Drawing Room and Sleeping Cars through to Council Bluffs.

For St. Paul and Minneapolis, Two through trains daily, with Pullman Palace Cars attached on both trains.

For Green Bay and Lake Superior, Two trains daily, with Pullman Palace Cars attached, and running through to Marquette.

For Milwaukee, Four through trains daily. Pullman Cars on night trains.

For Winona and points in Minnesota, One through train daily.

For Dubuque, via Freeport, Two through trains daily, with Pullman Cars on night train.

For Dubuque and La Crosse, via Clinton, Two through trains daily, with Pullman Cars on night train.

For Sioux City and Yankton, Two trains daily. Pullman Cars to Missouri Valley Junction.

For Lake Geneva, Four trains daily.

For Rockford, Sterling, Kenosha, Janesville, and other points, you can have from two to ten trains daily.

For Rates or information not attainable from your home ticket agents, apply to

MARVIN HUGHITT, Gen'l Supt.
W. H. STENNETT, Gen'l Pass'r Agt.
*31d75

"Angels guard your treasures there."—Price, 30 Cents.
"'Mong the trees where birds are singing,
And the flowers are blooming fair,
Angel forms are watching o'er them,
Guarding well your treasures there."
Poetry by S. H. Little, Music by M. H. McChesney.
Sent for above price by addressing
S. H. LITTLE, Northville, Mich.

The Lash in Canada.

JAMES WARREN was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and forty lashes, to be delivered in two batches of twenty each, for an outrage perpetrated upon a little girl. Yesterday morning the prisoner received the first twenty lashes. A little after nine o'clock the triangles were erected in the central hall, and at 9:30 o'clock the prisoner, James Warren, was brought from his cell. He walked into the hall with a firm step, and removed his coat, waistcoat and shirt, and stepped to the triangle, to which he was hung, strapped so that he could not move a limb. The prisoners were then called in and ranged round three sides of the hall. There were present the Sheriff, the Deputy-Sheriff, Dr. Richardson, the jail surgeon, and the reporters of the morning papers. At 9:30 the Sheriff took the cat, which consisted of nine lashes of whip-cord, each having a knot at the end, and handed it to the executioner, who was one of the prisoners of the jail. Time was given by the Sheriff, and Mr. Ewing, turnkey, was stationed as counter. The executioner showed some nervousness, but on receiving encouragement struck the first blow upon the prisoner's shoulders, high up and close to the leather collar which was placed round his neck. The second blow, which was delivered with the full strength of the executioner's arm, fell in the same place, and the executioner, who now appeared to have full control of his powers, delivered the third blow to him in the same locality. The Sheriff here whispered to him to strike lower, and the next blow was given below the former ones. The fifth was given still lower, and the sixth was struck in the same place. Up to this time the prisoner remained silent; but his heavy panting showed that he was suffering severely. On receiving the seventh stroke the prisoner moaned, and he continued moaning during the rest of the punishment, and kept moving his head from side to side with a quick, mechanical motion. His sufferings were intense; his muscles were distended, and he struggled to free himself from the iron grip that held him to the triangle as stripe after stripe of the cat descended upon his back. No cry escaped his lips but his agonizing moans showed what he was suffering, and when the turnkey announced twenty his back, from the neck to the waist, was one living mass, red, swollen and bleeding. Every knot on the lash had cut into the prisoner's back, producing a wound about an eighth of an inch in length. As soon as the punishment was over the culprit was released, and, trembling in every limb, he was led back to his cell.—*Toronto Leader.*

Summer Dresses.

SOFT-FINISHED glazed percale is a favorite material for summer suits to be worn for semi-dress both in the house and street. Indigo blue is the fashionable color for these suits, and there are many shades of the "Centennial" brown and of gray. Two patterns appear in each dress, one part of the costume being plain, the other part plaid. Blue is barred with brown or ecru or white. Plain blue is used for the sleeves and lower skirt. The basque and long, round overskirt are of the plaid, cut bias, and trimmed with knife-pleatings of plain blue. The lower skirt has a bias plaid flounce, on which plain bias bands are laid. The basque is close-fitting, though usually worn with a belt. The back is in the French shape (with but one seam and no side bodies), and the large plaids when cut bias meet in this seam. White cambric or coarse white linen that has been well shrunk is used for lining these basques. This lining is cut off at the waist, leaving merely the percale on the hips. Sometimes more elaborate overskirts than the round one just mentioned are preferred. For instance there are two bias tabliers, very fully draped, with long sash-ends behind, tied in voluminous loops and edged with pleatings. Indigo blue with white cross-bars makes up very prettily, though the fancy at present is for bars of ecru with a few scarlet threads. At a little distance these suits can scarcely be distinguished from silk. They are very warm-looking for summer dresses, but at present they are the favorite caprice. How they will look after washing has not yet been tested, as every lady keeps them out of the laundry as long as possible. The material costs forty cents a yard, and can scarcely be found at all, since the furor for it has made the best plaids sell rapidly. Furnishing houses charge from thirty to forty dollars for such costumes.

Among imported dresses are Scotch ginghams, suits of endless variety, made in cool gray and white stripes and in Centennial brown striped with blue. These are sold ready-made for $30, but ingenious needle-women can make them at home at far less expense and in styles equally good that will not vex the patience of the laundress. They invariably have a basque like that just described and an over-skirt. Their pretty effect is given by making this basque and apron bias, so that the stripes will meet diagonally in the back and front, and the plaids will appear to be set bias. Pleatings are not easily ironed, but they add style to the suit, especially to the striped ginghams, where a certain stripe is arranged on top of each pleat. White pearl buttons or shaded ones of buffalo horn, with shank and ring, are used on these dresses. Imported suits are cut low at the throat in V shape, but those made to order are very high around the neck and finished with a pleating, or else a Byron or an English collar. Pale blue and white plaid gingham suits are cool and fresh-looking for summer mornings, and are preferred by some to the dark indigo blue; these look very pretty also over black silk skirts. In some cases white open Hamburg-work is used for trimming them instead of pleating, while others have bias-gathered ruffles with scalloped edges neatly overcast in button-hole stitch. Plaid and striped pleatings are now often cut bias, and are very pretty. Brown and white gingham and percale suits in small checks, blocks and in broken plaids are very stylish, and are used for short journeys or for morning shopping or strolls in the country, instead of the gray linen suits so much worn for two years past.

Batiste remains in favor for summer dresses, and is most popular in dark blue, gray and ecru shades. Blue batiste—which is sheer lawn, not to be confounded with heavy glazed linen—is trimmed with ecru guipure insertion and lace, white guipure, Irish lace and also with open English embroidery on white muslin. A row of ecru insertion and lace around the belted basque and deep over skirt is sufficient trimming for these dresses, and is very effective; the lower skirt should have one or two side pleatings. One very unique suit has the sleeves and flounces of white cambric, wrought all over with open compass patterns, while the basque and both skirts are of blue batiste. Neat and useful suits for $18 have two skirts and a double-breasted English walking jacket with pockets on the sides.

French gray batistes of sheer quality make charming dresses, when trimmed with self-pleating, white lace or embroidery, and ornamented with long-looped bows of violet ribbon. Pale ecru batiste is now made as light as the fashionable cream-white, by wearing it over white, instead of putting brown or black silk underneath it, as has been the custom. Simple dresses of this kind for the house are given an air of style by decorating them with bows of dark scarlet or crimson. There is a coquettish fancy just now for using many bows of gros grain ribbon in long loops, irregularly and carelessly tied. The ribbon is two inches and a half wide and is now sold very cheaply. A bow is placed at the throat, at the nape of the neck and on each wrist; a cluster of loops with two streaming ends fastens the belt on the left side. Three or four bows are down the middle of the apron and a large cluster of loops is on the back, either on the basque just below the belt or else lower down in the drapery, on the tournure; sometimes there are three or four bows down the middle of the back, if the skirt is a demi-train and the costume is very dressy. Scarlet, navy blue, or black velvet bows are on cream-colored and white dresses; pale blue or rose ribbons are not now as stylish with white dresses as are these darker shades.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Who Is the Successful Farmer?

The most improvident farmer may occasionally get a good crop when everything is so favorable to its growth as to need but little artificial assistance, but when extreme wet weather, or drought, or damage by insects occur, the man of skill and enterprise will find himself doubly rewarded, for the reason that so many fail in the things wherein he succeeds. Farming is a trade as much as any other business, and one requiring pluck, guided by scientific application and thought, as much as any other.

The successful farmer must, and does so conduct his operations in a way that his crops are affected in the least possible manner by the contingencies of climatic influences, insect depredators, etc. His land may be so drained that the desolating floods to the many may percolate through the soil, leaving hidden treasures of fertility, therein gathered from the atmosphere, and which would otherwise be lost in the great ocean were they not invited thither by artificial means to enrich the land and assist the growth of crops. Or in case of drought, the surface of the ground is kept thoroughly pulverized, that evaporation may be retarded so much as to keep an adequate supply of moisture for the growth of vegetation.

The farmers are now in the midst of the busiest season of the year, the time requiring the most skillful management to leave the corn in proper condition for the harvest, for when that time comes the cultivated crops must be left, whether they have received thorough cultivation or not. Machinery, too, must be put in readiness, so that there may be no unnecessary delay when the reaper is put into the field. Promptness in all these matters indicate to a certainty the entirely successful farmer; for it is not the man who puts no thought into his business, but merely plods along in the rut made by the primitive tideness of agricultural appliances of early days, who succeeds, but it is he who keeps himself advised of all that is new, adding whatever is good to his own experience, which brings the best results.

—The recent rains which have occurred over large portions of the country will no doubt give the weeds a luxuriant growth which will do great damage to the growing corn, unless all available force is applied for their extermination during the short time now left for this work. The old custom of being careless in the early cultivation of corn, with the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning after harvest, is a wrong idea, late plowing often doing great damage to the crop by breaking the corn roots, destroying the conditions which the plant had accepted as normal during the long interval of rest, etc.

—The necessary machinery to be supplied should be bought early, great care being exercised in the selection. A light, combined reaper, one easily changed and adjusted, is better adapted to a small farm than perhaps any other, being more economical and operated with less labor and expense than one cutting a wide swath and not capable of doing all kinds of cutting.—*Western Rural.*

Hints for the Harvest.

AS THE harvest will soon be ready for the reaper throughout the whole breadth of the country it will be well for the farmers to anticipate a little in preparing the things belonging to the work of the harvest. The machinery must be put in thorough repair in advance of the time when it is wanted to be used. All kinds of small grain are much better in quality and will weigh heavier if cut early than when cut after becoming dead ripe. A great gain also is found in the increased value of the straw which adds to the winter supply of food for stock. This is becoming more valuable each year for this purpose. The dough state is about the proper time for cutting wheat, the proper consistency varying according to climatic influences. A little more promptness seems necessary in the hot, dry latitude of Central Illinois than in the better wheat-growing region further north.

The work of putting a large harvest safely into the stack is one requiring a great deal of skill and persevering endurance; promptness often puts it out of danger of heavy storms, which add greatly to the labor of cutting and do great damage to the grain when allowed to stand uncut after becoming ripe or in the shock before it is stacked.

The work of the cutting may be pushed forward more rapidly where binders are few by cutting three or four "rounds" in advance of the binders, so that each man may take two or three rows of gavels at a time and thus save a great deal of travel and admit of the sheaves being thrown into shock-rows. Three men in this way can do as much as four in the ordinary way. The speed required for running from sheaf to sheaf may be put into the movement of the hands in doing the work. The stacking may be done in a much more satisfactory manner if the binding is well done. The straw should be gathered up as straight as possible and bound with a good-sized band about one-third of the length of the sheaf from the butt.

It is better to put two dozen sheaves in a shock than one, if well capped; and the straw is in condition to dry out. The shocks stand up better, and in case of heavy rains the grain and straw are much better protected than in small ones.

Oats to be of good quality in grain and straw should be cut before fully ripe and have at least a half day's sun before being bound. It is one objection to a reaper that it will not admit of this. When the top of the gavel is dry it should be rolled up so that the dry straw will be inside of the sheaf.—*Western Rural.*

FARM AND HOME.

—Be kind to your sheep; use no loud and boisterous language nor allow others to do so. Never frighten them. Treat them kindly, and they will show an appreciation of it and will pay you, in wool and mutton, more than an hundred fold.

—Ice Cream.—One quart of milk, four eggs, half a pound of sugar, one tablespoon of corn starch. Mix the starch with a little milk, boil the rest, and while boiling stir in the starch, eggs and sugar, well beaten together. Cool before freezing.

—Anything which is kept from air is preserved indefinitely, and if it is kept dry the effect is measurably the same. Paint upon buildings prevents the contact of air and moisture. If the whole fence cannot be painted, the heads, at least, of the nails therein should be touched.

—To make pepper-sauce take two dozen pepper and cut them up fine, with double the quantity of cabbage; one root of horseradish grated; one handful of salt, one tablespoonful of mustard seed, one tablespoonful of allspice, one dessert-spoonful of cloves, two table-spoonfuls of sugar and a little mace. Boil the spice and sugar in two quarts of the best cider vinegar, which, as soon as removed from the fire and while yet boiling, pour over the other ingredients. When cold, put it in jars, cover close and keep in a cool place.

—In driving cattle from the pasture to the stable they should never be hurried or made to go faster than a walk. Good cows at this season have well-filled udders, which makes it painful to move over the ground faster than a walk. Besides, in warm weather, by hurrying the animal there is always danger of overheating her blood and milk, and thus not only injuring it, but all the other milk with which it comes in contact. Dogs should never be allowed in a dairy. They are the source of infinite mischief.—*New York Herald.*

—An earthy compound for removing grease-spots is made as follows: Take fuller's-earth, free it from all gritty matter by elutriation with water; mix with half a pound of the earth so prepared half a pound of soda, as much soap, and eight yolks of eggs well beaten up with half a pound of purified ox-gall. The whole must be carefully triturated upon a porphyry slab; the soda with the soap in the same manner as colors are ground, mixing in gradually the eggs and the ox-gall, previously beaten together. Incorporate next the soft earth by slow degrees, till a uniform thick paste be formed, which should be made into balls or cakes of a convenient size and laid out to dry. A little of this detergent being scraped off with a knife, made into a paste with water and applied to the stain will remove it.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

—The following method of starching linen is recommended by a German journal: Make a liquid paste with good fine wheat starch and cold water, and then stir in boiling water until a stiff paste is formed and continuously boil while wax or stearine, say about one ounce of wax to a pound of starch, the exact proportions, however, in any case can only be determined by experience. If it is desirable that the linen should be very stiff, powdered gum arabic may be added to the cold water with which the starch is mixed. The strained starch should be thoroughly rubbed into the articles after they have been well wrung out, after which they should then be placed between dry cloths and passed through the mangle, and then rubbed on an ironing board in one direction with a soft rag, to distribute any lumps of starch. Collars, etc., should be ironed dry with a hot iron and considerable pressure. The sticking of the iron may be prevented by drawing it while hot over wax, and wiping it with a rag dipped in salt.

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—Most fruits yield juices which, owing to the acid they contain, permanently injure the tone of the dye; but the greater part may be removed without leaving a stain if the spot be rinsed in cold water in which a few drops of aqua ammonia have been placed before the spot has dried. Winestains on white materials may be removed by rinsing with cold water, applying locally a weak solution of chloride of lime and again rinsing in an abundance of water. Some fruit-stains yield only to soaping with the hand, followed by fumigation with sulphurous acid; but the latter process is inadmissible with certain colored stuffs. If delicate colors are injured by soapy or alkaline matters the stains must be treated with colorless vinegar of moderate strength.

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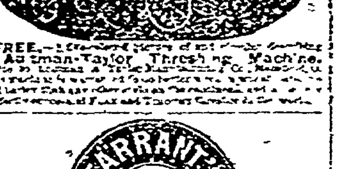

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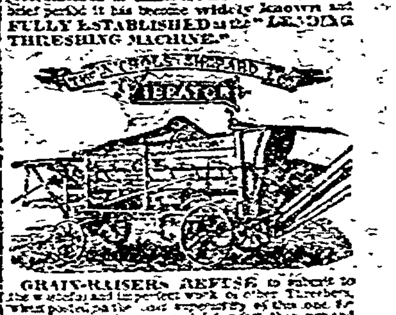

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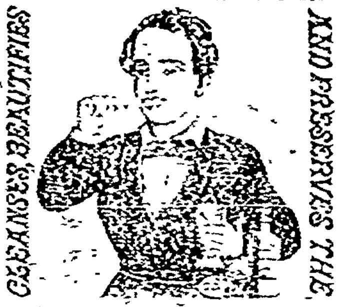

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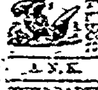

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