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# Northville Record.

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One Aim—The People's Welfare.

[Always in Advance.

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NO. 3.

**THE LIGHTNING TRAIN.**

With song of iron and wings of flame,  
With sword and shears of quivering steel,  
With robes of darkness and a giant's frame,  
He sweeps the earth with an angry heel.  
Through the midnight black,  
His eyeballs stare,  
On the startled track,  
And he rends the sky with a scream of pain,  
Of a monster riding in the lightning train.  
The legend tells of a mile-wide flood  
That carried Mohammed from earth to  
heaven.

As swift as the hand of light her speed,  
And leather shoes to her feet were given.

As where bath sight,  
A blinding star,  
And a stream like the stream that the comet  
Left behind in its wake.

A wonderful sight was that of old  
That bare Saint Lazarus through the land.

It was scattered with light and barbed with  
Industries by the touch of Apollo's hand.

With a glad heart,  
That shamed alone,  
And a smile to his bosom,  
From the prophet side.

The Sellan's cap and magical wand,  
Bore Fortunes to let me ride.

The calman took blonde every load  
And to every sky in my boat;

But the gleaming shaft  
From the archer's arm,  
Aladdin's charm,

And the stony raft.

And the flood it claimed the fair place  
Are all gathered in the fiery train.

It devours the forest and drinks the lake,  
That ploughs down the wild ravines.

With the wealth of the world on its burdened  
back;

A costly man from the Pacific team,

And a rocky streak

At the side of the fall.

And the chisel is in the fair game.

Oh, a monster ride is the lightning train.

N. F. Gray.

**OUR CROQUET CAMPAIGN.**

There was the duece and all  
the time—but you know it hap-

pened—when I first had it.

Smith was in my room. Not

there was anything—nothing—that

we were “tired” of long-standing.

In early days, when we roamed

the land of that old running-god Brown in

company, climbing the tree by turns and

giving the other “up,” getting the

same amount of dogging by the doctor’s

directions in consequence, and by strange

ways of inciting the same direction,

and so on, till very day morning, when

as Smith remarked—

We have been along together,

Oh, what shall I do?

a pathetic question somewhat muffled in

effect by his faltering. The Sister at

strength, while I recited the proceedings

of this member of the tribe, and looked

sadly at the couple, peers.

We had sheltered in the vicinity of the

Treasury, but were not, I may say, out

to visit that locality, and come across a

couple of fine-looking, broad-shouldered

young Englishmen, & it is an expression

worthy of universal courtesy for “call

way business,” you will know us. From

the fact of having a great uncle Chan-

cellor my father passed on there being a

vast amount of legal talent in the family,

and the boy I had learned to sing “The

anchor’s weighed” in anticipation of a

success in inciting the same direction,

and so on, till very day morning, when

as Smith remarked—

You will see, Ned, how I stand.

Gen. Eliot intrusted her to me with the

understanding that she should have no

opportunity of falling in love—no one, in fact. There is no accounting for the

absurd ideas men get into their heads, but

she will be quite as business-like, but

I can not absolutely shut her up, so I invited

her to come in, and I saw either you nor

your friend will betray my confidence.

I would not have allowed Fred to bring

Cape Bruce here had I not seen the above-

lately made to him, and I feel it is a great

responsibility together.

And my aunt looked like one of Fox’s

martyrs in modern guise. As she con-

fessed her explanation I felt that she

possessed the faculty of saying the most

possible things in the mildest possible

manner. “Men” I looked in the glass;

but my indignation subsided as I

reflected it would be as well that Smith

should benefit by her confidence—and that

it would be my duty as a relation to in-

crease upon her the fact of her requiring

obedience to the wishes of the in-

terior of the house.

Cape Bruce of whom my aunt had

spoken, was a fine soldierly fellow, with a

sunburnt face, fair hair and blue eyes,

and a greater alliance of brains than

boldness to go with it. In the army,

he was a decided coolie, existing be-

tween two extremes.

Feeling that she had done the duty ex-

pected of all chapters as regarded “deci-

ments,” my aunt left me to seek out

Smith and impress him into action.

“Nice little girl,” Miss Elton, I ob-

served, after one or two equally wise ob-

servations, with a view of sounding him,

and in case his admiration should be

too deep, determined to represent Gen.

Eliot as a sort of Bengal tiger of the worst

type. “Yes, I am asseverated, with an air of in-

difference that could not impose on me.”

“That reminds me, Jules. Your coat—

I noticed it this morning, walking behind

you and Miss Elton—is a masterpiece.”

It was Greek meeting Greek. I fell into

the trap, and surveyed myself anxiously in

the glass. That coat I had considered a

model in cut, in shape, in form; neither

long nor short, and only remarkable for

combining the properties of being strong

enough for croquet with an air of propriety

for the morning service.

“I think—does it strike you as being

too tight?”

“The fact is, you are getting fleshy,”

returned Smith with brutal asperity. “I

wager six to one you are six pounds

heavier than you were this day six

months ago.”

“Getting fleshy.” The subject would

not admit of levity, and I responded tart

ly. “I’ll defy anyone who is fit for me

to return it.” (I have a suspicion that

Smith is occasionally coarse.) “in your

company.”

Determined to bring in the Bengal tiger

“All right,” said he after he had read

it; “what time do we go?” Here, he after this, and wishing to impress Smith I really feel relieved; he was so very agree-

able, and has nothing but his pay, and it really would not do. The General would be furious. Poor little Dot has such a distinct idea how to finish, when Smith explained:

“Of course—I thought I knew the name well! Why, we are connected, if not related. Her mother was a——

Dot did not make, and made my escape.

Dot is a friend of mine, and I am fond of her.

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## The Northville Record

TO ADVERTISERS.—No advertisement will be accepted from persons who do not pay in advance. Therefore it is best to send all to this office with the end of each month.

### BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

#### PHYSICIANS.

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

JAMES HUESTON, M. D., PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Once a Doctor of the Faculty of Edinburgh's Royal College, Scotland.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

TRAIN LEAVES NORTHVILLE.

WINT & PERE MARQUETTE R. R.

DETROIT, 10 A. M.

MICHIGAN CITY, 12 P. M.

DATTA, 12 P. M.

DETROIT, 12 P. M.

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. GENL.

DETROIT, 12 P. M.

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. GENL.

DETROIT, 12 P. M.

JACKSON, 12 P. M.

JACKSON,

## A Chicago Boothlack Becomes a Marquis of France.

The death a year ago last May of a well-known and prominent Board of Trade man, Monsieur Belloy, by suicide, as has always been supposed, is well remembered by many people in Chicago, especially by those who were acquainted with the history of the unfortunate man. He was a Frenchman, and son of one of the oldest and first families of France. His name and title in full were the Marquis Armand de Belloy. He was a man of fine education, refinement and good business ability. In his early life he was a wild, adventurous youth, who spent his fortune at home and came to America, say twenty years ago. For a few years, he obtained his livelihood by teaching, keeping his room to himself and going under the unassuming name of Monsieur Marchais. About this time the Marquis concluded that all his wild oats were sown and he would abandon the fast life he had previously led. He became acquainted with a handsome country girl from Michigan, with whom he fell in love. She was only fifteen years old, and from the standpoint of the adventures and high-toned Frenchman was untrained and inexperienced. But he was "captured" by her very innocence and want of knowledge of the world, and married her. They lived happily together up to the time of his death and sickness, which were the result of the union. As might have been expected the noble family of the Marquis turned up their tilted noses at this marriage with a backwoods girl in America, and refused to recognize it or her. He several years ago became a member of the Board of Trade in Chicago. He never showed the same wayward, reckless traits that had been the cause of his checkered life. He was on the top wave of prosperity and again lived in a care of gloom. During one of his periods of depression he took his own life, as is generally believed, leaving his wife and six children in poverty. He had an insurance of \$10,000 on his life, which has, however, never been paid, the company resisting payment on the ground that he took his own life. A subscription among his associates on the Board of Trade realized \$1,500 or \$2,000, which was used to defray his funeral expenses and the rest given to the family. A widow with six young children and no means is a discouraging lot in Chicago or elsewhere. The eldest boy, of whom there is more to be said hereafter, contributed what he could to the support of the family by blacking shoes and selling papers. He was a barefooted, ragged, dirty-faced boot-blacker, newsboy, gambler, his associations being with that class, and his education received on the streets. The widow and her half-dozen children were as poor and comfortless as the widow and fatherless could well be. After a time, finding it impossible to sustain life here, the widow, who is an excellent lady, took her family and went to reside with a relative in Genesee, in this State, where she is now living in seclusion and still pinched for means to make life comfortable.

The story that is one of early rock-jawness and waywardness, of self-sacrifice from home, of an early marriage, of a premature death, and subsequent watchfulness to the family. The concluding chapter can now be written, and it is as romantic as anything in fiction, and it is true. It is an sudden transition from despair of hope, from obscurity to high position, from poverty to affluence, as was ever dreamed of. Intelligence has just reached Chicago that the Marchioness de Belloy, the mother of the family and of the Chicago boy, has just died. The Chicagoan was the offshoot of the family. All that is wanting now is for the proof of a legal marriage according to the American law to be forwarded to France, which can be easily done. The French law recognizes foreign marriages contracted in friendly countries, according to the law of those countries. Consequently the marriage with the Michigan girl will be held valid, and not only do the titles of the family, but one-third of the fortunes descend to the widow and her family, now residing in Genesee. The widow herself becomes a Marchioness, holding the same relative position to the family as did the deceased Marchioness. The oldest boy, who sold papers and blacked boots, becomes a Marquis.

He is the head of this proud aristocratic French family—he and his mother, whom they have always contemptuously refused to recognize. The family is one of the most distinguished in France. It dates back to the Crusades; it has furnished two Cardinals and two Marshals to the nation. And yet a girl brought up in the backwoods of America who never was at court, who was a comparative nobody, and her boy who has been brought up in a school of hardship and poverty, will now take upon themselves the highest honor which a connection with this ancient family entails. They will henceforth sit at the head of the table, have precedence at all the family gatherings, and the ladies and gentlemen who have seen their lives in the midst of the brilliant and fashionable society of Paris will have to bow and scrape to these plebeian Americans in a manner that will doubtless be highly distasteful to them. But this Yankee wife and children not only take the houses and titles of the family, Monsieur de Belloy, but also a good share of the houses, lands, country-seats, city residences, money, books, and all that belongs to him. This same Louis de Belloy, the average American understanding his last feature is the best of all. The young Marquis with now quit selling papers, and will give all his time to some fellow who is not so highly connected. He will throw aside his patched pantaloons and get a pair that are in at the knees, and will also doubtless indulge in the luxury of a clean shirt. When he gets married his wife will also be a Marchioness. Of course he will marry an American girl, and she will be a chance for some more titans for Americans. And all his brothers and sisters will come in for their share of all this good fortune, and if they are not the happiest family in Illinois when the news reaches them it is not very clear what would make them so.

The news of the sudden change in prospects will probably reach the widow and her family at Genesee to-day. The formalities necessary for the realization of their good fortune are few and simple, and there is not the slightest doubt that they can be easily completed with. The charm of this story is that it is true in every particular, and who will not now set that as a serious, real action?—Chicago Journal, July 27.

The thorax, teeth, beret, worth less, is about to become a thing of naught. It has been ascertained by experiment that its pulp is especially adapted for the manufacture of paper.

A Baltimore man has invented a balloon in which he expects to cross the Atlantic in fifty hours.

## FARM AND HOME.

Oak timber loses about one-fifth of its weight in seasoning and about one-third of its weight in becoming perfectly dry.

Scald a quart of gooseberries in water until they are soft, drain, and when cold work them smooth with a spoon. Add half a pound of powdered leaf sugar, four ounces of fresh butter, four ounces of bread crumbs, and the yolks of four and the whites of two eggs—more eggs may be used if liked. Beat all together for a quarter of an hour. Stir, sifted sugar over and serve hot or cold.

Morning-Glow Tent.—Describe a circle eight or ten feet in diameter. About one foot distant from each other place poles about twelve feet high, meeting at the top; fasten them by a wire running through them. Between the interstices are tacked twice from the wire to stake driven down even with the surface of the ground. Plant vines, the various kinds of poppies, all around, having set the sod up for the purpose, making a bed six inches wide running around. The vines will soon grow and conceal the wood, and you will have a morning glory tent, a marvel of beauty and comfort.

Many a woman's happiness would be enhanced, yes, her life prolonged, if she could only have time to devote to the culture of a few roses in boxes set out in the garden, in a majority of cases, she can have the time if she will only decide to neglect that which is of indefinitely importance. We know that the cares of a farmer's wife are manifold and continuous, still we know, too, that life is given us to make the most, and it is the duty of every wife and mother to live as long and happy as she can, not for her own sake alone, but for the inducement it will have over the lives of the children, whose remembrance of early home should be the happiest that can be recalled.—Detroit Free Press.

Set posts firmly in the ground, sixteen high and eight feet apart. Take No. 9 wire and stretch from post to post, one side, fastening with staples made of wire driven into posts. Place three wires one inch apart, one foot from the ground; another three at top of posts. Take common laths and weave in, leaving three inches space between sides of each. This makes the fence four feet high. Then take other laths, picket one end, charmer the other like a chisel-blade, and interweave the top wires, then shave the

bottom lath,lapping under wire two inches. This makes a cheap, durable and pretty fence, seven feet and ten inches high, and is light. The wire should be left somewhat slack, as interweaving the laths will make it up.—*Poultry World*.

## Buckwheat.

Buckwheat, as a cultivated crop, is as widely distributed throughout the world as wheat itself. It is found in nearly all civilized countries of the globe, and in

the following important parts of the country.

Its unusual adaptability to all kinds of soils, and especially the power with which its culture attended to poor and inferior soils, recommend it to the attention of farmers everywhere.

No other crop can equal it in enabling an

otherwise too well known to the intelligent reader to require repeating. Not

withstanding it will grow and produce well on moist soils, it undoubtedly does

best on a yellow, sandy soil. The rich

and especially moist lands it does not

grow well, though running principally

to straw. On rough lands and dry hills it

is as poor stalk a crop as can be cultivated.

It is usually sown the latter part of this month or the first of next. When the season proves favorable it fills better late in autumn, but the risk of frost is too great,

and we advise sowing as early in July as possible.

Some brook-lot a bushel per acre

is plenty, with a drill, half that

quantity will do. A drill sowing with lime or ashes, or both, will sometimes almost double the crop, where lime is deficient in the soil.

A light dressing of gypsum

or guano on poor soils will always pay.

Buckwheat generally commands a paying

price, and this year, in view of the ex-

istence of the wheat crop, there will be no risk in culture whatever.

The usual way of harvesting buckwheat

is to cradle it, rake and set up its small

bunches, twisting the tops together, and

when dry enough, haul to the barn and

thresh it on the floor. By this method of

threshing many grains are crushed and wasted.

A better way is to build plain

of small poles or narrow boards set

up edgewise and elevated six inches above the barn floor. As the grain is threshed out it falls through between the boards, and is safe from injury. Many thresh it

in the fields, on similar platforms, with

sheets or quilts underneath. It is decidedly

better to haul it to the barn. The straw is

saved, the grain can be cleaned, and

handled more conveniently, and there is

less liability to get "grit" in it.

If a large crop is raised the machine should

be used for threshing it.

Buckwheat straw contains lime, mag-

nesia, potash, soda, phosphoric and sul-

phuric acid—all essential elements to plant

growth, and hence arises its importance as

a grain-maturing plant, in connection

with the fact that it is a very rapid grow-

er, and, like clover, draws its growth largely from the atmosphere. The straw

of buckwheat after it is threshed, should

be carefully saved to augment the manure pile.—*Ohio Farmer*.

## The Farmer's Vegetable Garden.

RESIDENTS of cities are apt to think that farmers' tables are always well supplied with the freshest and choicest vegetables. Who should have an abundance of such things? If not the farmer? Land is cheap, and all the materials and conveniences for producing such things are at hand in the country, and one may well think it strange that failures in this direction should ever occur. But it is an old adage that "shoemakers' wives" will be barefoot, and the same rule holds good with regard to farmers' gardens, and a short supply of vegetables is more common with them than a superabundance.

It must be admitted, however, that the farmer frequently has a very good excuse for neglecting the vegetable garden to a certain extent, inasmuch as held crops, which are usually of more importance, re-

cure attention as well as vegetables de-

signed for home use. Still, we are inclined to think there is want of nearer acquaintance with these important adjuncts to home life in the country. The vegeta-

ble garden on the farm should be consid-

ered as indispensable, not only on the

score of health to the entire household,

but as a matter of convenience to the

women of the family who may have to

superintend the getting up of the meals,

if they do no more. The meat, flour and

similar necessities of life are usually sup-

plied to be on hand constantly, but vegeta-

bles and fruits are ever varying in kind

and quality, requiring more care and fore-

thought to keep up a supply, hence the importance of special attention.

In autumn spinach should be sown for early spring greens, and the asparagus and rhubarb plants must be attended to, or there will be a failure. In sowing beets in spring for household use, or for stock it is well to remember that the plants thinned out while small can also be used upon the table, in place of spinach. Young beets, with the leaves boiled and served as greens, are relished by most persons and would be refused by few, especially farm laborers during hay-making and harvest. Far too many farmers depend upon one sowing of beans, peas and similar quickly-maturing vegetables, and the result is a "fix" for a week or two and a dearth the remainder of the season.

Green corn is managed in the same manner, go early and late, plantings being

made to prolong the season, and we re-

member to add to the sowing of beans,

peas and similar vegetables, a

second sowing of beans, peas and similar

vegetables, a

third sowing of beans, peas and similar

vegetables, a

fourth sowing of beans, peas and similar

vegetables, a

fifth sowing of beans, peas and similar

vegetables, a

sixth sowing of beans, peas and similar

vegetables, a

seventh sowing of beans, peas and similar

vegetables, a

eighth sowing of beans, peas and similar

vegetables, a

ninth sowing of beans, peas and similar

vegetables, a

tenth sowing of beans, peas and similar

vegetables, a

eleventh sowing of beans, peas and similar

vegetables, a

twelfth sowing of beans, peas and similar

vegetables, a

thirteenth sowing of beans, peas and similar

vegetables, a

fourteenth sowing of beans, peas and similar

vegetables, a

fifteenth sowing of beans, peas and similar

vegetables, a

sixteenth sowing of beans, peas and similar

vegetables, a

seventeenth sowing of beans, peas and similar

vegetables, a

eighteenth sowing of beans, peas and similar

vegetables, a

nineteenth sowing of beans, peas and similar

vegetables, a

twentieth sowing of beans, peas and similar

vegetables, a

twenty-first sowing of beans, peas and similar

vegetables, a

twenty-second sowing of beans, peas and similar

vegetables, a

twenty-third sowing of beans, peas and similar