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Selected Miscellany.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

This following beautiful poem may be familiar to many of our readers, but it will bear to be read again and again:

"Which shall it be? Which shall it be?" I looked at John—John looked at me. (Dear, patient John, who loves me yet.) As well I thought my looks were fair; And when I found that I was weak, My voice seemed stricken, and my heart—

Tell me again what you said!

"This is his letter, I will give

A name and land which you shall have. In return from out your seven."

I looked at John's old garments worn;

I thought of all that John had borne;

Of poverty, and work, and care;

Which I, though willing, could not share.

I thought of seven months to feed,

Of seven little children's need;

And then of this—"Come, John," said I,

"We'll choose among them as they lie

Asleep," so, walking hand in hand,

Dear John, and I surveyed our hand—

First to the cradle, last to the bed.

Went Little, the boy, sleep,

A girl, the girl, pale white,

Goldie, his father, stooped to lay

Her rough hand down in hiving way,

When dream or whisper made her stir,

And hushly he said: "Not her, not her."

We strolled round the trundle-bed,

And one long ray of lamp-light shed

Abwart the bojish faces there,

In sleep in pitiful and fair;

I saw on Jamie's round, red cheek

A tear unshed. Ere John could speak,

It's her, a toy, too, said I.

And kissed him as we hurried by.

Dear, patient, kindly John, weep,

Sell to me thy sleep, bore thy dreams,

For, for a third time, now, hot man,

He wept, while our eyes were dim.

Poor, poor, bid Dick your wayward no,

Tortuous, reckless, like one—

Could be start! Nay, who gave

Did he before him to his grave?

Only a mother's heart can be

Father enough for such as he;

And so, said John, "I would not dare

To send him from her bedecked bower,

That state we solely up above,

And kept by Mary, child of love,

Perhaps for her would better be,"

He said to John. Quite likely

He laid up a sum that day

Actions of men, and then—

And then, "Nay, love, not thee,"

He said, his heart beat suddenly.

The more, more, our oldest and,

True, and truthful, good and kind—

For the best father, No, John, re-

I cannot, will not, this go,

And so, we're in, in, in, in, in, in,

We could not drive our child away,

And afterward fight seemed,

Thinking of that, of which we dreamed,

Happy in truth that not one face

Was missed from its welcome end place,

Thankful to seek for all the scenes,

Trusting the rest to One, it have!

EFFETS D'ORANGE BILL.

"Stella, is it you?"

It was a bitter cold night, the full moon

glistening with streaming light over a cold ex-

panse of glistening snow, the gleam

of the gleaming and crackling under

their bright of icicles, the stars glistening

out of it. I had to run across the beaten

path that led from the house to the barn

to get some of the red Baldwin apples that

were packed so nicely in the old bin for

old Mr. Cornell, who had come to spend

the evening, and as another took pride in

her unimportant beauty. But just as

I stepped to lift the lid of the bin, a rustling

noise in the hay started me. Before

I could utter a low cry that trembled on

my lips I saw that it was Stella Severs.

Stella Severs, Mr. Lockwood's "found

girl," a wild, reckless thing, who received

a cold name at every one's hand, and con-

tributed, somehow, to get blamed for every

scare that was going. Whether Stella

was really bad or not no one could tell—but somehow she was perpetually under

the ban.

Mr. Lockwood, a stiff, rigid dame of

the parasitic type, knew no more how to

tame Stella than the mostowly

the willful decking that takes to water in

spite of everything—and for some recent

escape, the full details of which I did

not know. I had been forbidden by my

mother even to speak to Stella.

"Yes, it is," said Stella, slowly rear-

ing herself out of the recesses of the bay,

and staring at me with her indus-
-cious eyes. "And I am, oh—so cold!"

"Whatever you doing here?" I asked,

tolding up my lantern in some perplexity.

"I am trying to sleep," said Stella; "I

I have run away."

"Run away! What for?"

"Because I couldn't stand it any longer.

Mrs. Lockwood accused me of being a

thief—she had lost some miserable old

treasure or other, and I won't be called

"But, Stella," I cried, my conservative

nature thrilling with a vague terror at the

mere idea of such bold measures as these,

"What are you going to do?"

"The Lord only knows," Stella an-

sweered, with mere reckless truth than rev-

"Perhaps mother would let you sleep in

our spare room," I said.

"Perhaps she wouldn't," sorrowfully re-

torted Stella. "No decent person lets me in!"

"I mean to ask her."

"Ask, then, and get a scolding for your
pains," laughed Stella, bitterly.

"But it is so cruelly cold, and I know

neither wouldn't stay out even a dog in

such weather as this."

"Perhaps so—but I am worse than a

dog—You mean kindly, Eddie Heart, but

you'll find out the folly of it."

I made no answer, but ran as fast as I

could back to the house, where, breathless

and panting, I found the

"A thief! A runaway!" In my house,

cried my mother.

"A very good-for-nothing, who would

rather lie in the sunshine than work any

time," echoed Deacon Cornell.

"Go and warn her of the premises im-

mediately," said my mother.

"I didn't but I ought to go for the Con-

stable," Deacon remarked. The Deacon,

feeling his stubby beard,

I think away, disappeared. Stella's

prophecy had been correct. But I was

determined not to desert my old playmate

thus. Creeping up to my room, I took

a solid dollar bill, treasured toward a new

day cash for a spring meal, and wrote

"Good-bye, my mother, and Deacon Corn-

nell."

Northville Record.

Our Aim—The People's Welfare.

[Always in Advance.]

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The Northville Record

SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor.

SATURDAY SEPT. 1875.

THE UPPER PENINSULA.

Our Special Reporter heard from "What he sees and hears on the way." Arrival at Marquette—the unappreciative ear of a third Governor—Mounting, fishing and "mining."

Hancock, I. S. Aug. 25th.
[From our Special Reporter.]

Through the courtesy of the M. C. R. R. officials, in furnishing me with the facilities for go "doing your special reporter left Detroit a week ago Monday, to join the Legislature and Editorial excursion bound from Chicago to the Upper Peninsula. Arrived at the former place at 6.30 the next morning we soon disposed of breakfast, and such as were connected with the press, proceeded with all possible haste to Kuhn's to interview Mr. George, President of the Mich. Press Assn. He was easily found and soon quieted all apprehensions arising in the mind of the representative of the Record; which apprehensions were more completely set at rest a little later by meeting several persons occupying precisely similar relations to the mighty press. But this was after the starting which took place as advertised.

As you have of course learned the Chicago & North Western Company very generously gave us four cars for our exclusive use, so that to the end of the route we were not once starved by a burly villain in a blue cap shooting "tickets" in our ears, a very pleasant state of things you may be assured.

Once under way we hurried along without any adventures, till reaching Milwaukee, the great "lager-fountain" of the West. We expected to see old Gambrenus' foaming waters spouting forth at every street corner and rolling in tipsy streams down the gutter, but we didn't. We didn't even meet one of his roiling followers. But then these one hundred thousand people have something to do beside manufacturing and drinking lager beer. Here of course is where we get the handsome article for house-building called Milwaukee brick. There is also a considerable amount of commerce by the way of the lake. The situation of the town is very beautiful, the land being decidedly rolling. There are a number of very handsome churches, many fine business blocks and a splendid city-hall. But there was much before us to be seen, so we could give only a few hours to this city. Traveling along toward Green Bay our intercourse became more and more agreeable, all by common consent laying aside their scruples about a formal presentation. The few ladies present were very gracious, and everything passed off pleasantly except where a few rowdies would boast in using whatever car they chanced to be occupying as a smoking car, regardless of their neighbors' wishes. It certainly must astonish the unsophisticated to see how very strongly a mild use of terms—even some good men will conduct themselves when freed from all the usual restraints. But we managed to survive till Green Bay was reached about ten o'clock in the evening. Here we had a great deal of trouble trying to get some place to repose our wearied forms, somebody's arithmetic having been sadly at fault in notifying hotels of the number of guests to be provided: while the clerks were so thoroughly crazed by the sudden influx of business, that they acted like babies, and only a man of nerve and decision stood any chance for a room. However, after many trials and tribulations all were at last provided for. At the Beaumont a reception was given by the citizens, including of course a "hop." Being one of those who found considerable difficulty in getting settled, I did not attend, but learned from some, who were present that the evening passed off quite pleasantly, though no one was rapturous. Of the history of this locality I know only that it was visited as early as 1629, and several times in the same century by Father Marquette, and that here was, I believe, the first settlement in Wisconsin. And so we hasten along to Marquette, passing through the blackened and desolate cedar swamps, through fire scarred Peshtigo, and once more into Michigan, and stopping for dinner at Escanaba. At the latter place by the way we got into trouble once more by having been miscounted, as those of us who were too modest to rush in like school boys, were obliged to dine upon the romantics an hour later. Still we fared very well—considering, and we could enjoy without a grave the spectacle of twenty-five or thirty grave, unwashed, rascars, crowding about the dining-room door, pushing and jostling one another, ready to rush in the moment the key was turned.

But we reached Marquette unscathed—in spite of it all between eight and nine, having learned wisdom by a fatal experience every body rushed pell-mell for the hotel, excepting of course the state officers. The Gov-

ernor was received by the militia and escorted to the North Western's some thing going wrong as usual. When the company gave his Excellency the military salute at the train, he not having been properly instructed, offended them by seeming utterly oblivious to the presence and attentions of so august a body. This time they thought the act extrabale because of the rush, but when having escorted him to the hotel they proceeded again to pay him the honors due to commander-in-chief of the state forces and he showed the same want of appreciation. Their captain thought it necessary to walk up and politely inform him that he was expected at least to return the salute, which he immediately proceeded to do.

But the "doing" of Marquette and vicinity was reserved for the return trip, so the next morning we proceeded to the copper regions and Marquette, Houghton and Onagon R. R. and the steamer Ivanhoe reaching Hancock before sun-set. Here the monotony was broken by the continual firing of cannons and the incessant sounding of every whistle on the lake, from the monstrous barrel of the stamp-mills to the shrill pipe of the steam-yachts. The next day was devoted to the Calumet and Hecla mines, these being reached by the Mineral Range R. R. over the steepest grade in Michigan two hundred and thirteen feet in the portion nearest a perpendicular. On account of the rain only a portion of the company went down to the stamp-mills, at Torch Lake, about five miles from the mining location. Those who went were fully repaid in sure as by a ride down the longest tram-way in this part of the country, and by the opportunity to examine the most improved stamps and washes.

Returning we visited the shaft houses, the man-engines a very interesting piece of machinery, and the rock houses where the rock is broken fine enough for the stamps. Here we saw the great steam hammers and the single-plate crushers, which with more space I would attempt to describe. The best illustrations ever saw of a relentless irresistible power. About two o'clock dinner was given us in the chapel of the school house, when for the first time on the trip no one was obliged to wait till a second table. After dinner we listened to several very good speeches from prominent men of both sections. The first of all of them was that we had had a gloriously good time, that we were perfectly acquainted at the evidences of wealth and refinement, and at the educational facilities we had found every where, that we could on no account give up our hold on the upper peninsula, and that we must make every effort to strengthen the bond of union between us, to which end let us have a railroad from Mackinaw. By the way one of the educational facilities was this very school, hence built by the mining company at a cost of \$70,000.00, and capable of seating eleven hundred pupils.

A few of the party went down into the mine and said it paid them. Returning to Houghton we took supper and in the evening crossed to the smelting works, to view the mysteries of refining and preparing the copper for manufacturing purposes. The next morning we left for the iron regions, visiting first the Michigan mine, thence going to Ironwood, where dinner was furnished by the citizens. After visiting the New York and Cleveland mines, we once more took possession of the train and reached Marquette about seven o'clock in the evening. The next day, Sunday, was spent in various ways, some going to church, some on the lake, some driving, some strolling, and a very few in doors. On Monday the steam barge Vienna, took us out to Stannards rocks to fish. Here about three quarters of an hour was given for trolling, during which time 23 trout were caught, weighing together 3,000 pounds.

Having some trouble with the sail boats she was towing, the Vienna did not get back till eleven o'clock, when the citizens gave a reception at Mother's hall. There were present about 400 guests, of whom such as felt disposed proceeded to indulge in the pleasures of the dance, as soon as the ceremony of introducing the Governor had been performed. At twelve a banquet was served in the dining hall below, after which the guests gradually separated, being thoroughly fatigued by the exercises of the day. Tuesday morning there was a general breaking up, some returning by rail to Chicago, the larger part taking the Keweenaw for Marquette and thence home by boat or rail, and a few staying behind to whip the streams for spotted trout, of which latter class was your obedient servant.

The representative of the Record on the recent legislative and editorial trip to the upper peninsula, furnishes our readers with an account of his wanderings, in another column. Better late than never, may be applicable in this case, as notwithstanding the lateness of its appearance there is much of interest to be found in a postscript.

Alfred Mead, proprietor of the Onagon Miller, offers that paper for the state officers. The Gov-

FARM AND HOME

Prepare fruit for Dries. Break white of an egg with a little water, mix and roll it thin, then look on powdered sugar, flour, last year's reputation, for six hours. Make a cake of all products of our State, and all that is necessary is fair weather to make the whole scheme a success.

A farmer near Galesburg found two maresangs in a load of hay which he was unloading, one having five and the other eight rattles.

E. PEARL.

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

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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.

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