

Official Paper of the Village.

Published Semi-Monthly by  
SAMUEL H. LITTLE,  
Editor and Proprietor,

To whom all communications should be addressed.

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the editor, and all arrears are paid.

## Selected Miscellany.

## TWO CHRISTIANS.

Two Christians travelled down a road.  
Who was in the world with different eyes,  
The one was pleased with earth's abode,  
The other longing for the skies.

For one, the heavens were as blue;

They filled his mind with fancied food;

The other's eyes kept gazing through

Only for that which lie beyond.

For one, departing were the trees,

The birds that fluttered on the boughs

Had added to the picture of the scene;

The other scarce saw the forest,

And never knew the trees were green;

He had but count the days and hours,

Till he might reach the promised land.

And out full kind rare

Would to a tender rapture move;

He only open'd his lips to bleat;

The God who gave him things to love,

The other journeyed on his way,

Afraid hands to touch;

He could not love a thing too much.

Which was the best? Divide who can—

Xx; why should we decide 'twix them?

We may improve the mortal man,

No, it is the joyful man indeed.

He is a Christian who has found

That earth, as well as heaven, is sweet,

Not less is he who, heaven-torn,

Has spurn'd the earth beneath his feet.

## Good Words.

## GROWING OLD TOGETHER.

[From a former Lecture by Mr. Robert Collier, of Oswego.]

So I want to run a race through the rest of my discourse in which I have tried to open this great secret of staying married in the light that comes to a man by the time he gets round to the silver wedding, to which my wife and I get round last April.

It is about a young man who set out to seek wife, and who found one, of course, as all young men do who set out in dead earnest, and when they were married by her very little about her, and she knew very little about him, beyond this. That they were both born of a good, honest stock, and raised in a road, who, some way, and she had to go home with husband and live with that person for a while, for new acquaintances are finding at so忽然—another husband and what would come of it. They had no idea, the whole future was as yet in the shadow, except for the right if life that was in their hearts, and when they came to be alone in their chamber, they lay down and prayed this prayer:

"Mercifully ordain that we may grow old together."

It is one of those workings for which some people prefer a less truly reverent acceptance at first sight, judicious by a very brief courtship, and then the minister and friends, congratulations, kisses, tears, laughter, a supper, which they are no doubt taking still at each other, and half wondering whether it could be possible that they were really husband and wife, as in fact, as long as he did.

Others find each other out as in

all these years we have been finding out this new world. They settle down at first among the meadows by the spring, then lay a thick belt of shadow and low

weather, and then, somehow, they find

their way little by little into the cold lets

and feel the frost creep in and fraden them, until at last they turn to ice, sitting at the same table and sleeping in the same room.

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# The Northville Record



SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor.

SATURDAY OCT. 23, 1875.

Lake Shore & Michigan Southern.

One of the leading railroads in the state is the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern. With its numerous branch lines, the traffic of the road and particularly in the passenger line is wonderful. Seats are scarcely vacated before they are filled again with passengers going hither and thither, while freights are passing and repassing till one would think there was no end to them. Of the other portions of the road we cannot speak having never tested their merits, but that part of the "old road" leading from Adrian to Elkhart, Ind., we can but safely say it would be hard to surpass for general worth. The roadbed is good, and the cars although not the newest, are yet spacious and well furnished, while the conductors and employers generally are gentlemanly and obliging.

One noticeable feature on the line which we have not observed in connection with other roads, is the appearance of small evergreen and other ornamental trees set apart about three rods on each side of the track, which when grown up will form a beautiful shade and present a pleasing contrast to the eye as one whisks by at railroad speed.

The wood for the use of the engines at the different stations is all piled up in a circular form and rising like a pyramid, the first roof tier projecting in such a manner as to form an eve thereby keeping the wood as dry as if under a shed.

Every indication would warrant that this railroad was under good management and was pecuniary successful.

We hear many from day to day say that money is scarce and that the times are dull, which may in part be true, but when mechanics, carpenters and laboring men generally are all at work and none can be found to do a small job, money ought to be plenty, business brisk and lively. We were informed a few days since that it was almost impossible to secure enough laborers to do farm work just now.

As the weather is pleasant farmers are anxious to secure their potato crop and husk their corn. Not only are laborers all at work, but carpenters are all engaged and masons are busy, which must necessarily bring about a healthy state of things. And then again farmers generally are selling their apples—and many their wheat—which must soon help to swell the volume of currency in our village and vicinity.

S. P. H. Little, publisher of the Northville Record, who has been in a wandering condition of mind for some time, was brought to the Asylum on Sunday last, but owing to the carelessness of the friends having him in charge, he escaped and is now at large.—Wyandotte Courier, Oct. 8.

Should the "Editor of the best

weekly in the Northwest" ("") print

much more on the hard money topic,

his friends may have occasion to mourn his permanent stay in the Asylum, for imbecility and avarice are dangerous elements to be running at large.

Pleasant affair.

It having been understood that Hon. Geo. W. Swift would bring home a wife on the 8th, inst., a large number of the most influential residents of Wayne and vicinity assembled at his house in the evening, where they were cordially welcomed by Mr. Swift and his accomplished lady. The evening was spent in the usual manner on such occasions. Refreshments were served and each and all were delighted and satisfied with the enjoyments of the hour.

The happy pair were made one at residence of the bride's father, Capt. Wm. Dunlap of Northville, Rev. Jas. Dabney, of Northville, officiating. Mr. Dabney, Mr. Dunlap, is well known throughout the State as a public speaker, and has also been U. S. Consul at Windsor, and a member of the Legislature. The bride, Miss Gertrude Dunlap, was a resident of Detroit, and is a sister of Alderman Dunlap, of the Fifth Ward—Wyandotte Courier, Oct. 8th.

**THE LAWYER IN THE COURT.**  
Index in an editor's bed fasten'd,  
When no editor care'd to be a lawyer,  
And the world's a fool, and the world's a boy,  
How could editor lie?  
If the lawyer slept in the editor's bed,  
What no lawyer dares to be a fool,  
And though as above no man may say,  
How easily editor lie.  
He next then sleep'd, as he lay on that bed,  
And took to his heart, as he lay on that bed,  
What he had done, and where he had been,  
Till the lawyer himself was the Rev.  
New Orleans Bulletin.

## STATE NEWS.

### BUSINESS ENTERPRISE.

The railroad bridge at St. Joseph is to be taken up, and a new one built above the Benton Harbor canal, making the depot on the opposite side of the town from where it now is. Seven miles of new track will have to be laid between the Harbor and Lincoln. The survey has already commenced.

Some of the salt manufacturers of the Saginaw valley have formed a combination for making pool salt, with a view to running up the price and to induce manufacturers to join the Michigan salt association.

Albion furnishes 20 car-loads of freight daily for the Central and Southern roads.

Kalamazoo has bought over 500,000 bushels of wheat since harvest.

### FARMING AND FATTY INTERESTS.

The Adrian Times says: "Apples are very abundant; they are coming in at a rate of 500 barrels a day. Every nook and corner is filled with apples in bulk. It is impossible to obtain barrels enough to supply the demand. Wheat also is coming in quite freely."

Wm. Smith, a stock-raiser of Detroit, sent fat animals to various fairs, and received premiums amounting to \$3,100.

A remarkable feature on the line which we have not observed in connection with other roads, is the appearance of small evergreen and other ornamental trees set apart about three rods on each side of the track, which when grown up will form a beautiful shade and present a pleasing contrast to the eye as one whisks by at railroad speed.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

The Manitou island people have suffered so much from a gang of desperadoes there that they have appealed to Gov. Bagley for protection.

One of the verdants recently traded \$15 in greenbacks in Detroit for three \$20 gold pieces, which of course proved to be counterfeit.

Snow, ice, and sleet were reported in St. Joseph Oct. 11; mercury down to 28° and ungathered grapes to 6°.

## SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY FOR 1875.

The publishers invite attention to the following list of some of the attractive articles selected for the month of November, 1875. In the month of December, 1875, come out in the same number, there will be two remarkable serial stories.

### BY AMERICAN AUTHORS.

The first of these two complete sets of books

### GABRIEL CONROY.

By BRETT HARTE.

Begin in the November number,

and continue for twelve months. This is a

most interesting work. The second book,

with which the author has chosen his favorite subject, California, is painted with char-

acteristic vividness and power, and the work

without doubt the most grand record of early

adventure and exploration.

With all the begins the January number.

PHILIP NOLAN'S FRIENDS.

Or Show Your Passport!

By EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

The scene of this story is laid in the Southwestern territory, near the State of Texas, and the life of Alvaro Burru's wife.

The author has written a book which will

interest every American reader.

With all the begins the January number.

A SECOND "FARMER'S VACATION."

By Col. GEO. WARING, Jr.

Col. Waring is now in Europe visiting in a

new country, and finding it

the most interesting place in the world.

He has written a book which will

interest every American reader.

CENTENIAL LETTERS.

Edited by John Vance Cheney.

A collection of Reminiscences, Letters, and

Recollections in the hands of the descendants of Col. Joseph Wadsworth. They are full of interest, and will be read with great interest by every American reader.

OLD NEW YORK.

An elegantly illustrated article on Old New

York, and will attract the attention of all

in city or country, a book with interest

the development of the great metropolis

and affectionately remember the quaint peculiarities of its older time. Every num-

ber is profably illustrated, thus enabling

the author to describe and narrate as

never stated in a non-illustrated periodical.

With its excellent management

the magazine will in the future be devoted

as it has been in the past, to sound litera-

ture and classical progress.

The Editorial Departments,

contain twenty pages of each number

and contain the following subjects:

PERSONAL.

C. C. Burr, a lawyer of Jackson,

has obtained a judgment of \$10,620

against the state dental union in de-

fault of payment for services ren-

dered in fighting the claims of the

Goodyear dental vulcanite company

for royalty on the use of rubber plate

for teeth. He has been retained as

their counsel nearly two years, in

which time he says his expenses for them

has been \$1,000, and his fee

was to be \$10,000, of which he never

received a cent.

Mrs. Brooks, mother of the little

girl at Muskegon who was abducted

a short time ago by L. G. Burke,

a half-breed, is insane, and wanders all

day in the woods in search of her

child.

John Van Arnum and ex-Governor

Blair have been retained as counsel

for Emery Nye, who murdered Moly-

neaux in a Battle Creek saloon Oct.

1.

Miss Dr. Spearman of Battle Creek

has secured a position in the

medical department of the Wellesley

college, Massachusetts.

CALIMITIES.

News from Alpena says that the

tugs E. H. Miller and the City of

Alpena were racing Wednesday, Oct.

13, when the boiler of the Miller ex-

ploded. The Alpena picked up part

of her crew, but the captain, E. H.

Miller, and the cook, are missing;

and the fireman is believed to be fa-

tally injured.

An extra train from Greenville ran

into a work train near Iona, Saturday

night, while coming down a steep

grade. Two men were badly injured

and others slightly. The cars were

but little damaged.

Sixty-five Kalamazoo horses have

the epizootic.

CRIMINAL.

Forrest, the husband of the woman

whose face was burned with acid by

her son, is under arrest, and is

now at large.—Wyandotte Courier, Oct. 8.

Should the "Editor of the best

## The Northville Record

TO ADVERTISERS—No advertisement is inserted in this paper, except from parties who have given us their written promise to pay us for it. We do not charge for it, and we do not accept it.

### BUSINESS DIRECTORY

#### PHYSICIANS

J. M. SWIFT, M. D., PHYSICIAN  
and Surgeon. Office at residence, 10 Main Street, Northville, Mich.

JAMES HURSTON, A. D., PHY-

sician and Surgeon. Office 2 Center Street, one door north of Higginson's store, Northville, Mich.

#### TRAVELERS' GUIDE

#### TRAIN LEAVE NORTHLVILLE

#### PLATE & PERS MARQUETTE E. R.

#### DETROIT 12:30 P.M.

#### NORTH 1:30 P.M. MAIL 2:30 P.M.

#### MICHIGAN 3:30 P.M. DEL 4:30 P.M.

#### TRAIN LEAVES PLYMOUTH

#### DET. LANSING & LAKE MICH R.R.

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#### DET. 2:30 A.M. MAIL 3:30 A.M.

#### DET. 3:30 A.M. MAIL 4:30 A.M.

#### DET. 4:30 A.M. MAIL 5:30 A.M.

#### DET. 5:30 A.M. MAIL 6:30 A.M.

#### DET. 6:30 A.M. MAIL 7:30 A.M.

#### DET. 7:30 A.M. MAIL 8:30 A.M.

#### DET. 8:30 A.M. MAIL 9:30 A.M.

#### DET. 9:30 A.M. MAIL 10:30 A.M.

#### DET. 10:30 A.M. MAIL 11:30 A.M.

#### DET. 11:30 A.M. MAIL 12:30 P.M.

#### DET. 12:30 P.M. MAIL 1:30 P.M.

#### DET. 1:30 P.M. MAIL 2:30 P.M.

#### DET. 2:30 P.M. MAIL 3:30 P.M.

#### DET. 3:30 P.M. MAIL 4:30 P.M.

#### DET. 4:30 P.M. MAIL 5:30 P.M.

#### DET. 5:30 P.M. MAIL 6:30 P.M.

#### DET. 6:30 P.M. MAIL 7:30 P.M.

#### DET. 7:30 P.M. MAIL 8:30 P.M.

#### DET. 8:30 P.M. MAIL 9:30 P.M.

#### DET. 9:30 P.M. MAIL 10:30 P.M.

#### A Mouse-Catching Baby.

A singular phenomenon is just now creating a sensation a few miles south of this city in the shape of a mouse-catching infant. Measures to protect the agility of the best kind of feline mouser in the country. The report of this singular freak of nature reached me so well authenticated that I concluded to gratify my curiosity and possibly be sold, as I had often been. But, to my surprise, the news turned out more remarkable than the report represented, and the most astonishing natural wonder I ever witnessed. The little girl in question is a trifle over a year old, and can just begin to run about the house and yard. The moment she wakes and gets out of her crib, she goes to the old kitchen fireplace, which is infested with a species of small house-mice, and sits down by a hole in the corner very much like a cat, with her eyes intently fixed on the borrows. She sometimes occupies this position for an hour without moving, till a mouse makes its appearance, when, by a sudden start, apparently without any effort, she seizes her victim by the neck. As soon as a prize is captured she seems to be delighted with it, and trembles from head to foot, uttering a kind of wild murmur or growl resembling the half-snarl of a wild-cat. On arriving at the house and making known the object of my visit the mother expressed a willingness to give me an exhibition of the strange peculiarity of the baby providing I would promise not to make their names public, as she seemed to dread the notoriety already given to the affair. Of course made the required promise, and had the privilege of witnessing with my own eyes a performance so wonderful and novel that I can never forget the impression it made. The baby was asleep when I arrived, and on awaking she started at once on her strange mission. She is a beautiful little blond, of delicate features and bright blue eyes, and her hair lies all over her head in exquisitely formed golden coils, about the "circle" of a dime. There is nothing unusual about the countenance of the child, or different from that of any pretty-favored baby, except when stalking her game. Then her eyes become glistening and fixed, sparkling like gems, and her face and hands turn pale as wax, while she appears to hear or notice nothing going on around her, but keeps her eyes steadily centered on the borrows whence she expects her game to sally forth. The mother, another sister of the child and myself, in a semi-circle around her, silent as if in a spiritual swoon waiting for the signal of departed spirit. Had no notion made its appearance the sight was one never to be forgotten—the death pale face of that motionless child, and the riveted, sparkling eyes concentrated for thirty minutes on that mouse-hole in the brick hearth. During that hour we neither moved nor spoke above a whisper, when suddenly, like the springing of a trap, the little thing's hand went down on the hearth, followed by the fine squeak of the mouse and that strange, low growl, and the singular tremor of the body of the child! As usual, she held the mouse by the neck in her right hand, while it squirmed desperately to get away. She then pressed it up against her bosom, and felt it gently and softly with her other hand; then she would dexterously change hands, carefully keeping her grip on the neck to avoid its bite, though her mother said she had been frequently bitten; and while sensitive to pain, and at the least ordinary hurt she never was seen to wince or show the least pain from the bite of a mouse. I examined her fingers and found them scarred in many places where she had been bitten. I failed to realize how the feat had been accomplished, but it was done so suddenly there was no time to analyze it. Yet I was assured by the family, who had taken frequent observation, that the mouse when once out of its hole seems to become charmed or magnetized and has no power, or at least shows no disposition to escape till caught, when it is too late. If any one approaches the child to take the mouse away from her, she snatches after it still gesticulating and then tries to conceal her prize by putting it into her mouth.

I have heard of snake and bird charming children, but I guess this is the first mouse-catching baby yet developed. I wonder how Darwin would explain this abnormal instinct by the laws of evolution and natural selection.—Eric (Pa.) *Cincinnati Enquirer*.

#### The Power of Kindness.

Walking down a country lane the other morning I heard a gentle whistle behind me, and almost simultaneously a shrill neigh burst upon my ear from the neighboring field. Turning around I was about to retrace my steps toward a man whom I saw standing by the field gate, about a hundred yards away, and whom I presumed had given the call, when a near-dashed mastiff full gallop on the opposite side of the fence toward the gate, and before I had gone many yards was being quietly led out by the man. Feeding interested, not to say delighted, at this proof of the power of kindness—for such I am no doubt was the cause of this ready obedience—I questioned the man, who, as far as I was interested, told me that having been accustomed to groom and feed the animal, he was in the habit of calling it from the fields by the peculiar whistle of which I had just now seen the effect; that many others had likewise tried to call him, but always signally failed, the pony taking not the slightest heed of them. He acknowledged that it was through kindness and attention alone that this was gained. In his absence another groom having to catch the pony would attempt the call, but whilst and chirp as he would it was no use; he was always obliged to enter the field, basket in hand, and so lure it to the halter.—J. E., in *Animal World*.

Mr. JOHN S. SAMMIS, the eccentric old gentleman of the town of Crawford who some fifteen or eighteen years ago predicted his own death as soon to occur, and who constructed at considerable expense a vault for receiving his remains, is now dead yet. Some two years since he bought metallic burial cases for his cat, dog and mice, so as to have them ready in case of death in his family. He has had no use for them until last Friday, when he dissolved Grimeskin, pride of his heart, entwined her life away, being meanwhile fondly embraced by the old man. The burial case was brought out, the cat was placed in it as tenderly as if it had been the remains of some beloved child, and the old man went into mourning. We understand the interment took place yesterday, and we also learn that the dog is in delicate health, and his death may be looked for at any day.—*Wauwatosa (W. I.) Telegraph*.

There is an old story, but a good one, about the army officer who languished at home before his marriage, and subsequently took off his boots in the hall when he came home late at night, having married a timid woman himself. The

#### PIR IND-HOME.

Pounded alum will purify water. One teaspooonful of alum to four gallons of water will cause a precipitation of the impurities.

Preserved Tomatoca.—To every pound

of little, pear-shaped, yellow tomatoes al-

low three-quarters of a pound of white

sugar; prick each one with a coarse no-

ose in five or six places; put the sugar on

the fire in a preserving jar, with a ten

cup of boiling water to six pounds of sugar;

surv over a slow fire until dissolved,

then put the tomatoes in and cook until

clear; when half done add the juice and

ring cut very fine of two large, fresh lemons.

When the fruit is clear take it out

carefully and put it in small jars, filling

them two-thirds full; boil the syrup fast

for six minutes more, then fill up the jars

and let them stand a day; cover closely

and keep in a cool place.—*American Farm*

Journal.

Small farms make near neighbors;

they make good roads; they make plenty

of good schools and churches; there is

more money made in proportion to the

labor; less labor is wanted; everything is

at least paid; less wages have to be paid for

help; less time is wasted; more is raised

to the acre; besides, it is tilted better;

there is no watching of hired help; the

mind is not kept in a worry, a stew, a fret,

all the time. There's not so much fear of

a drought, of weather, of frost, of small

prices. There's not so much money to be

paid out for agricultural implements. Our

wives and children have time to read, to

improve their minds. A small home is

soon built, and the work on a small

farm is always pushed forward in sea-

son. Give us small farms for comfort-

—and give us small farms for profit.—

There is no good reason why farmers

and their families should eat so much salt

pork, leaving all the fresh meat to the

inhabitants of cities and villages, when the

following method will keep meat fresh

for weeks even in the warmest weather. I

have tried it for several years: as soon

as the animal heat is out of the meat,

slice it up ready for cooking. Prepare a

large jar by scalding it well with hot salt

water. Mix salt and pulverized saltpeter.

Cover the bottom of the jar with a sprig

of salt and pepper. Put down a layer of

meat, sprinkle with salt and pepper the

same as if it was just going to the

table and continue in this manner until the

jar is full. Fold a cloth or towel and wet in

strong salt and water in which a little of

the saltpeter is dissolved. Press the cloth

closely over the meat and set it in a cool

place. Be sure and press the cloth in

tightly as each layer is removed, and your

meat will keep for months. It is a good

plan to let the meat remain over night,

after it is sliced, before packing. Then

pack a large jar of real in the same

way during the dog days and keep it six

weeks. This recipe alone is worth the

price of any newspaper in the land.—*Con-*

*sider Ocean*.

Farmers' Families.

One would suppose, from much that is written, that farmers' families are the happiest in the world; but the reverse is true. All over all others. Is this not the lot of the farmer's wife necessarily lonesome and dreary? Are farmers' chil-

dren more anxious than other children?

cannot see that such is the case. With a

good husband and children, I would rather

take the risk of farm-life, in any com-

fortable part of the country, than to un-

dergo any other kind of life I have had

a chance to try or observe. No position

is exempt from trouble and temptation,

but, for a family of little children, a farm

seems to me the safest place. And yet,

everything "depends upon circumstances,"

and, if the children make no interest

in the farm or country objects, and if

parents take less interest in the children's

daily happiness and growth than money-

making, the case is a hard one for all con-

cerned. Since these papers were begun I

have lived in city, village and country,

and nothing suits me so well as the farm

In this the whole family are agreed.

Farmers' wives are not necessarily over-

anxious, but they are.

Keepers. This depends upon the kind of

work done on the farm and the facilities

for doing it. In fact, it depends mainly

upon the husband. By proper considera-

tion he can generally save his wife from

undue labor—at least he can do so as well

as other men, for I think that it is almost

impossible for husbands in average cir-

cumstances, at the present stage of civil-

ization, to give the mothers of their chil-

dren an easy and pleasant circumstance

as all mothers ought to have for the sake

of the known race; this, however, is a

matter of public concern quite as much as

private duty, and it is a task which

which society and the individual must co-

operate.

If the farmer has children he must re-

member that their proper care is the most

important business of their parents, and

it is a great folly or gross wickedness for

him to carry on work which is injurious

to them, work that keeps himself and his

wife constantly anxious and hurried. If

he slaves himself and wife, and the chil-

dren too, as they grow old enough to be

yoked to his business; for the sake of hav-

ing plenty of money for his children to

spend in coming years, he is a very

wicked man. If the children are not well

brought up they will only squander the

money so hardly earned.

Child-life on the farm may have a

wider range of wholesome experiences

than child-life in almost any other situa-

tion. Stock kindly cared for and petted,

treethroughly planted and tended, fruit well selected and cultivated, vegetables raised with a purpose and wit,

thought about their habits and used flowers lovingly sown and gathered—all these are wholesome in their influence upon the youthful mind, and furnish a kindergarten of the best kind. Farmers' children who are not overworked, and whose book education may seem to be neglected, often make excellent scholars when they go to school and college, and go with robust health gained from their early training on the farm.

Farmers' families have the good sense

to dress with simplicity, and choose plain

articles of furniture that are not too good

for daily use and comfort—if they know

enough to live on plain, substantial food;

with home-raised fruit served plainly but

plentifully, instead of cake and pie; if

among the necessities of life they reckon

good books