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SAMUEL H. LITTLE,

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To whom all communications should be addressed.

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Our Aim—The People's Welfare.

Always in Advance.

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Selected Miscellany.

BABY LULLU.

Once upon a summer's day
Baby Lulu ran away,
With her cup of milk and bread,
"For the birds to eat," she said.
Ran the lull a little song;
As the lull tripped along,
Bright green leaves above her head,
Leaves below all dry and dead.

Far within the shady wood
Tired Baby Lulu stood;

"Close beside a bellow tree
In the boughs above, the birds
Sing their music without a wood."
Lulu, smiling, tickled the cap off
With her spoon, then held it up.

"Bread and milk—dinner time;
Don't you know who I am?"
It will make you sweet like me,
Came the lull cooing thus.

Hark! a sound in the hollow tree
Rushing through the dead leaves,
What comes crawling from its retreat?
Crawling now, with writhing coil,
Twas a snake as black as death!

Lulu, smiling at the sight,
Said: "Dear Blackie, has you come
To invite me to your home?"
Sit down on this mossy seat,
And the bread and milk well eat.

You are joyful, then I see—
So tell every bite gone,
Blackie, be polite, I pray,
If you're grateful, I'll soon
Tell you my silver pous."

Then, with fair division, she
Fed and ate alternately.
Wistful birds were watching near
In the sweet pine-scented air,
Did the birds that visit keep?

Did you see the luminous angels
Of God's angels looking down,
Star-blazed from the heavenly throne?

She was white and slackening wing,
Over the land they're hovering.

Cries of "Lulu," stirs the air.

"Lulu! Lulu!"—scared, she
Sunbeam of cherub through the leaves,
And the card a glory went.

Eye made keen by love and dread
See that golden-tipped head?

Heaven sent help has come at last—

Paul's mother holds her fast—

"My child, my little child!"

What did tempt thee? what beguiled

Thee from home?" The lull, one
Purring, said: "Mamma, I have
Left it to the hollow tree."

The lull, when it was gone,

"I'll go get me a good one."

—Harper's Bazaar.

THE BELL OF ST. JOHN'S.

BY MARY SARGENT.

I've heard many stories, about the wharves in the town of R., a gang of workmen were getting ready to cast the largest bell of the St. John's Cathedral church. Only an hour more and they would let the ringing, bubbling metal flow from the dark surface into the mold which was buried deep in the black earth close by.

It was just at evening, and in the gathering twilight the lurid fire-gleams that burst from the top of the tall chimney flashed unceasingly gleams upon the neighboring windows and house-tops.

The scene within the foundry was weird and almost awful. The swarthy forms of the workmen, partly lighted by the yellow glare, moved about like Tarzan shadows, and the sooty beams and ponderous chain, crossing, half-black, half-golden, under the golden roof, recalled the engine of Cyclops under Mt. Etna.

The town clock struck six. It was time for supper. All the men threw down their tools and ran out on their outer clothing.

"Be back in half an hour, sharp," cried the foreman. "We shall make the cast at a quarter of seven."

"All right, sir!" cried the men in response.

"I hear some of the town-folks are coming down to see the work," said one.

"Yes," said another, "and it'll be something to open their eyes. There was never such a bell cast in the whole State as this one will be."

In a moment more only one workman and the master were left in the foundry.

The former was to stay and watch the "blast." He had brought a Gobie allowance of dinner, and he would make a supper of what remained.

"Perhaps we can get the 'Inventor' to stay with you, George," said the master, latching, as he prepared to go.

"Yes, where is he?" returned the man in the same jesting tone.

"He's been around the works long enough to know what anything goes wrong. Hello! hello! I say! Where's the 'Inventor' Come here, Ab, there he is." And in silent awe at the summons a shock-headed fellow, with large, gray eyes, and a pale, vacuous face, appeared from behind a pile of castings. He had on his back a gray shirt, much soiled with dust, and he wore a pair of huge pantaloons, held up by a single suspender.

"Well, Mopus," quoth the man George, slapping him rather roughly on the shoulder, "suppose you've got wit enough to help tell if anything's the matter?"

The young fellow looked stupidly around and nodded his head.

"Then sit here and look at that furnace, and don't take your eyes off."

The poor lad smiled and meekly did as he was ordered, just as an obedient dog would have laid down to watch his owner's coat.

"A queer fellow was this 'Mopus,'"

stupid enough in ordinary things to need a world of watching, but, withal wonderfully fit to watch a furnace. He knew all the working of the foundry by what seemed a sort of lete instinct, though really his strange sagacity in this was a remnant of a once bright mind.

If anything happened or went in an unusual way he would always notice it and say what ought to be done, though he could not tell, perhaps, why it ought to be done.

Two years before he had been an intelligent, promising lad. He was the son of a designer connected with the foundry company and had always been allowed free access to the shops and to mingle with the men and watch their work. But one day a great lifting-hain broke with its load and an iron fragment struck him on the head, inflicting a serious injury.

From this he partially recovered, and only partially, for his reason was impaired. But his natural love for machinery and mechanical experiments remained, and as he regained his bodily strength he spent most of his time making small tools and shafts and putting together odd contrivances which he would exhibit with immense pride and satisfaction.

This peculiar trait in the young fellow gained for him the humorous title of the "Inventor." All the men felt a great kindness for him, even though their master toward him was occasionally harsh and impatient.

Such was the person, left to help watch the great blast for the casting of the king bell of the chime of St. John's. Faithfully he kept his place before the furnace while the mass George sat down at a little distance and began to eat his supper. Doubtless the latter intended to keep a general oversight but he certainly made the Inventor's eyes do the most of the looking. Whether he felt a kind of reckless trust in the instinct of his half-witted companion or indolently concluded that nothing wrong could happen, he was sadly to blame for charging himself so little with the important duty before him.

Not a word was said by either watcher, and only the deep roar of the furnace was heard through the vast foundry.

George finished his supper and started into one of the tool-shops to find his pipe. "Inventor" sat alone before the great bell of St. John's. Just then the physician came out. "Perhaps he will recover his reason by this shock" and sick-reverence he said. "Such things have hap-

pened."

"Do you think so? Pray Heaven to say!" solemnly declared the master and his master, and turned away slowly mored.

Two hours later the great bell hung from a huge Derrick in the timber-frame of its factory, and beneath it stood a heavy truck upon which it was about to be lowered.

A silence fell upon the group of workmen as the pale face and feeble form of "Inventor" appeared, torn in a small reclining chair. He had recovered his reason and was fact setting back his strength. His large gray eyes instantly fastened themselves on the bell; that splendid masterpiece, whose making meant so much to him. They had told him the whole story of the casting and the disaster in the foundry, but it all sounded like a wild romance to him.

"I remember nothing that happened," said he, shaking his head, with a smile. "It's all new to me, all new and strange—so strange!"

"Yes," said the master, drowsily; "it was such a hand."

Every eye turned upon the invalid. Some of the men felt almost afraid, it was such a shock to see the boy had known so long underneath, now a young man, keen and intelligent, as it changed into another being.

"I should like to strike the bell once," said one. Mopus lifted him up and put a small hammer in his hand.

The lad opened his mouth to speak, but uttered no sound was he able to speak, as his throat as if he had been a bit of meat.

A thin red stream followed the fall-bribe, and trickled down the furnace-side like running lava. Then came another alarmingly noise, and a thin gas bell, way down the masonry let out noise of the inciting metal.

"Where was George? Was the unfortunate still hunting for his pipe? The furnace was bursting, with only a poor half-idiot lad to guard it.

What could he do? He did what perhaps a fool in his right mind would have dared to do. Ripping the mouth of the furnace, he seized the long iron rod that stood near and tapped the vent. One desperate thrust with a sharp point up the terrible furnace—a few quick, prying strokes. Stand back now. The inciting clay fell away and the yellow white flame spouted out with irresistible force. It leaped over the clay-lined trough, and hissed its way, flitting down to the mouth of the bell mold.

He struck one gentle blow. A deep, sweet mournful tone, solemn as the sound of distant waterfalls, rolled from the great bell and echoed through the foundry.

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One long, sharp, ringing note, like a bell, sounded from the furnace.

"I didn't steal a pound of lumber,"

said a prisoner in Springfield, Mass., just as he was leaving court, no proof having been produced against him; "I didn't take a man's hat, and the boy shall glory God to gather."

"Amien!" murmured the listeners.

Then the great bell was lowered, and as the truck was rolled away with its red-hot mass the boy was lifted and carried after it, and both went out into the sunny day together, the rough men standing in the doorway waving their hands.

"Little Inventor" afterward well proved his claim to the title so lightly given him in his unfortunate boyhood. His name is now read on many a bell whose matches richness of tone his genius and skill in metals alone created.

How a Wife Supports a Husband and Two Children.

The house is on First street, South Boston.

The husband is an Englishman, an

invalid, lame and burly, and walks with

crutches.

The wife is over forty, with

hair very white and a pleasant face.

The house is furnished meagerly but neatly.

A stove and a few chairs compose the furniture.

The following conversation ensues:

"Good afternoon."

"Please take a seat."

"We had heavy rain this morning."

"Yes, the earth was parched."

"I need a fire on such a damp day."

"I'm thankful to get enough to do my little cooking with."

"How do you supply yourself?"

"I pick bits of coal from the

ashes, and have done so for two years.

We lived comfortably until my husband's

health failed.

Now I make no lassen

and nothing else.

It is a profitable day when

the husband is well.

It is a profitable day when

the husband is lame.

It is a profitable day when

the husband is lame.

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The Northville Record

TO ADVERTISERS—No advertisement will be taken in this paper, unless it is to be inserted in the "Business Directory." Therefore it is useless to send an ad to us in reference with these directions.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

PHYSICIANS

J. M. SWIFT, M. D., PHYSICIAN, and Surgeon, Office at residence, or Meta Street, Northville, Mich.

JAMES HUSTON, M. D., PHYSICIAN and Surgeon, One in Center street, one door north of Harper's store, Northville, Mich.

Harness and Trimming.

C. S. ELMER, HARNESS MAKER and carriage Timber Shop, the Mercantile Building, Main St., Special attention given to all orders.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE

TRAINS LEAVE NORTHVILLE.

FLINT & PELS MARQUETTE R.

DETROIT TIME.

SOUTH 12 P.M. WEST 12 P.M.

DETROIT 12 P.M. EAST 12 P.M.

TRAINS LEAVES PLYMOUTH.

DETROIT & LANSING & KAREMICH R.

DETROIT TIME.

12 P.M. WEST 12 P.M.

DETROIT 12 P.M. EAST 12 P.M.

TRAINS LEAVES WAYNE ON MICH. CENT.

DETROIT TIME.

12 P.M. WEST 12 P.M.

DETROIT 12 P.M. EAST 12 P.M.

NIGHT EXP. 12 P.M. EAST 12 P.M.

NIGHT EXP. 12 P.M. EAST 12 P.M.

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CENT.

DETROIT TIME.

12 P.M. WEST 12 P.M.

DETROIT 12 P.M. EAST 12 P.M.

Home and Vicinity.

COLD

Muddy

Morolight

Street lamps

Storm brewing

Winter's pleasant?

So's the poor bosom?

Who's the last fighter?

Business getting better?

Farmers have time to trade.

New goods arriving at Swift's

The Baptist society are talking seriously of securing a pastor.

Attention is called to the advertising

in this paper, in answer to our

Want of room the poem—"The World and the Soul," is laid over till our next.

Mr. R. T. S. Warren, advertising agent for C. R. Hobley, will use a call yearly.

Mr. J. B. Simonds is now organist of the Presbyterian church at Flint, at which place he has a class in music.

Of the late skirmishing here we think best to say nothing, as a general publicity of the affair will benefit no one.

Married at Wayne Nov. 7th, by Rev. F. M. Gray, Edward W. Vass, Done and Miss Mary A. Goss both of Nov.

Union is not always strength,

and a ship the other day which had

served a companion sailing, ran

with water.

Rev. A. Spencer, of Summit Congregational church, and the pastor of the Presbyterian church here exchanged last Sabbath.

Lying is trying to hide in a fog; if you love about you are in danger of jumping against the truth; as soon as the fog blows up, you are gone anyhow.

One of our good friends says,

a certain storm here abhors the double

earth system—charges him for gold;

brought his pigs to trade him with

the cash he pays for them.

At Mr. L. W. Huston's, Wednesday evening over a hundred were present at the ladies' society meeting.

Those who were present speak well

of the bill of fare and fare provided

on the occasion.

Grinding the guitars still continues,

the work being extended to the south

side of Main street. Mr. John Amherst superintends the matter and is evidently determined to better the condition of that thoroughfare.

Mr. A. M. Randolph says he heard

something about the Ward Will case,

while in Detroit recently. A jury

there for two or three months, may

also be able to speak from experience of the softness of those wooden benches.

Niles is bragging about its "fast

mail pouch." Humph! we don't pre-

tend to style here, and yet we've had

our fast mail bag daily (Sundays ex-

cepted). N. B. Of a religious tendency here) at half past nine, a.m., since

the fast mail began running.

Mr. Low B. Clark, brother to our

townsmen, H. D. Clark, the genial

host of the Howard House, Detroit,

was made alderman of the second

ward, on the democratic ticket, at the

recent election in that city. Pretty

good we should say for only a year's

residence in the city.

A thanksgiving party will be given

at the Milford House, Milford, mass.,

for which will be furnished by Prof.

Ferrigo's band of this place. The

proprietor, Mrs. E. W. Mattice, is a

whole-souled fellow, as well as a

landlord and will do what he can to

make guests comfortable.

People coming to town with a view

of purchasing goods, would do well to

glance over our advertising columns.

It is an established fact that the men

who advertise are the ones who deal

the most reasonably. They advertise

well and sell what they will, even at ru-

inous prices. "Quick sales and small

profits" is their motto.

ANDERSONVILLE

A Northville citizen revisits the scenes of his soldier-life—Andersonville and her martyred dead—Stockades like the "Confederacy" played out—Appearance of the grounds and cemetery.

Correspondence of the Nashville Record.

ANDERSONVILLE, Ga.

September 21, 1873.

"Whether in the prison dear,
In the battle won,
The safest place for man to die,
Is where he dies for man."

THE PRISON.

Again within the stockade of which we are all too familiar, either in person, or from those who were dear to us, I find the recollections of the prison still fresh; it was like going to a childhood home changed only by time. Those who were confined within its lines, can more fully understand my feelings of despondence; and it is for them more particularly than others. The part known as the "old stockade" was before the location of the prison, woods, owned by a Mrs. Turner; and the new or addition, was an old field owned by a Mr. Dyke, and till quite recently the Government has held the plantations of Mrs. T. and Mr. D., but have now returned them excepting the few acres used for cemetery.

The old part of the stockade has grown up to a thick underbrush of pine, red and posh oak, persimmons, and Hickory. The south of the creek has the same formation as when occupied for prison. You can see the first, and second floors (all on the ground) of our quarters as when we left them showing the sleeping and eating apartments. Those of you who were of equal No. 1 of Co. 11, who were of equal No. 2 came in, can easily recognize your location which shows its old mark still, and many others are readily recognized. The creek still flows slow, babbling to join the sweet water of the stream of our comrades who were captured by Ben Harris, and Co. 11. The banks which formed the race and crossing near the "dead line" still remain.

The stockade is still standing, but all the trees have been cut down, and the fence is broken in several places, and the ground is covered with trash, and debris.

The village on the river side has largely increased, many heavy teams, and vehicles have been loaded into deep gullies, destroying the car ferries, so that there can still be raised, excepting here and there the indication of some well built. But you have only to raise your eyes and see indications of the past & the crowding into your minds, and one instant I find myself in the scenes of those who were there, and the way how it was, and what it was like.

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