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Our Aim—The People's Welfare.

(Always in Advance.)

VOL. VII.—NORTHVILLE, WAYNE CO., MICH., JANUARY 15, 1876.

NO. 14

Selected Miscellany.

THREE BASKETS.

Betha's basket—Maiden Bertha, with the next to last, a basket which she had woven for the dreamer, was the shadow world's race. A rare surprise—What has she while the dainty shell of roses—Where so many flowers, meeting independently, are enshrined!

Gaily mischievous ends of woven; heads that glistened like stars, and all aliv, lying there in a wave of white.

Protected from the world, for dreams are the dreamer's summer hours; And perhaps a bonny May, had made the leaves and flowers.

Bertha's basket—Mother Bertha, Ah, serving night and day—In the shadowy seats, the soft beds, bath rooms, In the shadowy corners, know—In the large, quiet, looking, other than grace, a soul—Where the sweetest heart abhors—

Little spoon, little dresser; Little trousseau; at Patched with tender care, that no one shall fit her mother's poor feet; Planted, worked with skill and patience, and as every size, in every, looking, always seeking, are filled more.

Bertha's basket—Grandmother Bertha, so far away— have run their way.

And it seems so looking backward as you only can see—Teach the piano to play brightly, that the music tree has her care—Art, music, are surely, surely, like an angel to awaken—

Grandma's contemptuous—With the shadow of a smile— "Clean the reddest mouth with shadow of the feet or round the hand—Lover days have found the bed; but her face is And her heart is at home—where are hapgood remade adored.

At along the dusty old road, like the miles between, Kept her, and where the distance, until all the way is done.

So a girl's basket marks her journey over the path of life.

Working hard work for others, whether she be kind or rude.

—Margaret E. Sanger, in Harper's Bazaar.

NELIE'S EXPERIMENT.

MISCHIEVOUS BOGIES.

"Mother, I don't want to ask father to buy me a new shawl this winter, for I know how much his illness during the summer has interfered with his calculations, and I know that he will have use for every cent of his money without buying it, and since the whole came near being a failure I am sure we will have enough to do to meet necessary expenditures," said Nellie Mills, turning away from the window through which she had been gazing for several minutes. She was a farmer's daughter, a pretty, sensible girl, with neat, orderly ways, while her practical mother had trained to useful purposes, and, rightly to the accepted understanding that women know nothing about business, Nellie saw and understood the exact state of her father's affairs.

"I am going to do without the dress that I had intended to get and your father will make his proverbial last, another winter, and by so doing I think we may save enough to buy the shawl," replied the mother.

"I could not enjoy wearing it if my parents had to deny themselves to purchase it; and I was just thinking that our sewing was pretty much out of the way, and why could I not go and earn the money myself?" Mr. Harper wants to hire a girl and it is a nice, respectable place, the wages are good and you know that I understand all kinds of housework and can do any sewing that a farmer's family will be likely to want done," said Nellie.

"I would have no objection to your going," answered the mother, "were not that a girl can scarcely go out to work without forfeiting her respectability." That mother, Mr. H. Harper and I have always been friends; we have played together, studied together, and attended the same social gatherings, my parents are just as respectable as hers, and I cannot see why they should respect me any less for associating in their circles when competent assistants are so scarce; and it will certainly be more creditable in me to earn something for myself than to allow my parents to sacrifice their own comforts for me, even to go with a ugly-looking shawl or dress."

"We'll see what your father says," replied Mrs. Mills.

"I certainly shall see close time this fall," said Mr. Mills, when the subject was mentioned to him, "and I have regretted that I could not buy as much for Nellie as she deserves. She's a girl that will command respect, whatever she is, even if it were not perfectly stated to suppose that there could be anything discreditible in working in such a family as Mr. Harper's."

Pleased to find that her parents' serious disapprobation of her plan, Nellie lost no time in securing the position. Her thorough understanding of household matters, and the conscientious manner in which she discharged her duties soon made her services prized beyond her expectations. Mr. Harper declared that the better and never found such ready sale nor brought so high a price as since Nellie made it, and when it came to cream biscuits her equal was not to be found. Nellie had a commendable degree of pride in her work, and her success only added to her self-respect, without which no person will ever arrive at any great degree of perfection. And then she was willing to lay aside her sewing and read or play for old Mr. Harper when requested to do so, and if busyness and fatigue happened to tax her strength, she did not mind helping to milk the cows, or any other house service not usually required of girls. Happy to merit their esteem and receive their approbation, Nellie remained several weeks, and it was with a feeling of pride and independence that she laid away her money, and knew that it was the result of her own labor. "Father and mother shall never deny themselves for me, as long as I have health and strength to work, and such a pleasant, homelike place as Mr. Harper's," was her satisfied reflection as she stitched away at Myra's new dress—"And what nice times we will have at school this winter after I have earned everything that I need," for Nellie was only seventeen, and her school days were not ended. But her contentment was destined to receive a sudden check, for some friends from the city, where Myra had spent the previous winter, came to visit them. This was Myra's crowning happiness—Mr. Jason Carter, a partner in the firm of Carter & Son, had been quite attentive to Myra while she was in the city, and she had so hoped that he would call again.

Betha's basket—Maiden Bertha, with the next to last, a basket which she had woven for the dreamer, was the shadow world's race. A rare surprise—What has she while the dainty shell of roses—Where so many flowers, meeting independently, are enshrined!

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Northville

THE

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NO. 14

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE	1 LINE	2 LINES	3 LINES	4 LINES
1 Inch	\$1.00	\$1.50	\$2.00	\$2.50
2 inches	2.00	3.00	4.00	5.00
3 inches	3.00	4.50	6.00	7.50
4 inches	4.00	6.00	8.00	10.00
5 inches	5.00	7.50	10.00	12.50
6 inches	6.00	9.00	12.00	15.00
7 inches	7.00	10.50	14.00	18.00
8 inches	8.00	12.00	16.00	20.00
9 inches	9.00	13.50	18.00	22.00
10 inches	10.00	15.00	20.00	25.00

Cards in Business Directory, \$1.00 with paper.
Each Line, eight cents; line, sixteen cents;
and for each line, the number of letters included.
Notice of Marriage and Death, \$2.00
Advertisements not under contract will be sum
marized and charged for additional out.

Terrible Fall of a Party of French Acrobats.

This military committee of acrobats made a descent from the gas-works at Le Vallee, on the 8th of December, in the evening, under the guidance of M. Godard. The party consisted of eight—Col. Lansdell; Commandant Mangin; two Captains in the Engineers; a Lieutenant of engineers; and M. Terrier and Thénier, the latter having the charge.

The terrible accident of the Zecchin. The balloon was driven in the direction of Vincennes, and whilst floating over the vineyards of Montreal, at the height of about 200 yards, it suddenly collapsed and fell to the earth like a shot. Five of the occupants of the car were wounded, whilst three remained unhurt. The balloon fell on a green plot in a garden surrounded by high walls in the Rue de Legge. As the car was suspended, it was found that Col. Lansdell, right leg broken, and Commandant Mangin his left, whilst Capt. Renard of the Engineers had the fibula fractured, having had the presence of mind, when before the balloon was falling, to cling to the cordage.

Baron Rosin—Weighing people in the social scales.

Wax dog's tail like an elderly lady—It is 30 ft. long.

A woman's nose—It is slightly more than twenty times the size of Massachusetts.

A woman's nose—A slender human foot prodding up in a corner.

A stroller was picked up near Auburn—valued, eighty-four dollars.

We know all about shooting slugs but we often forget that this world of ours is a revolver.

Krassevsky smiles at that Boston gas accident—The former having the right knee fractured, but his companion only received some contusions without gravity.

Wax is a pig the most provident of animals. Because he always carries a spare rib, and two about him:

An ALTERNATIVE.—The legal course which is open to England if the Khedive don't pay his interest—See his cause.

A NEW ORLEANS clerk tried to kill himself the other day, but after shooting himself twice in the head without killing himself down he gave it up in despair.

The following additional particulars concerning the accident are not without interest: At the moment of starting, fifty minutes past ten, the barometer stood at 36 millims (about thirty-one inches).

Col. Lansdell, who had undertaken the reading of it, had marked the test at thirty-two minutes past eleven; it was 744½ millims (29 5 inches), so that the exact altitude at which the fall occurred is known.

M. Eugene Godard, who had become conscious that the balloon was descending, but did not know that it had gone out, was so greatly annoyed that he stepped outside to look for it, and when he reached the ground, he found it still hanging by its cordage.

"It is all very well for you, my dear, but when my husband grumbles and says, why don't I smart myself up in the family, I tell him beauty unadorned don't want no admiring."

Prisoners say fast shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. A wag suggests that this accounts for the many closed eyes that are seen in our churches every Sunday.

A KRAKESOVSKY man has been sent to prison for two years for sealing umbrellas. That's a light sentence, but it shows a lawless disposition in Kentucky not to let great criminals escape.

During last summer 1,700 persons mostly tourists from the East and from Europe, visited the petrified forest in Santa Rosa Township, Cal. The forest contains about 500 trees, the largest of which is eleven feet in diameter at the butt.

"No George," she said, in response to his question, "it is not true that a string of new bell-buckles in a shop window would make any woman lose a brain, but," she added, musingly, "sometimes she might have to run a little."

A Monday-morn young man who footed around a hockster's wagon a few days ago was both pained and surprised to suddenly find himself sitting in the gutter on his head, with a dislocated shoulder joint. The "power behind the throne" was a mule.

The reader of a newspaper through the French Post office may now mark in pencil or in ink any particular article or paragraph without finding, heretofore, that the receiver—if the mark is discovered—has been called on to pay extra postage, as for a letter.

Two directors of the Cumberland & Ohio Railroad, which is intended to make a short line from Cincinnati to Nashville, have determined to adopt the narrow gauge of three feet instead of the one in general use, with a view of reducing the cost of the road.

A Davy-dare man, wishing to amass several bushels of potatoes from a party in the suburbs, asked his neighbor what sort of a man he was. "Well," said the neighbor, "he's a jolly fellow, but I don't know much about him, but I should think he would make a tipsy stranger."

An absent minded man went into the woods to look for partridges with a view of capturing a few of them. At last he espied one of these birds of the forest, and when he got ready to take aim he discovered for the first time that although his powder and shot were with him, he had left his gun at home."

GEORGE H. HARRISON, a weak-minded young man of twenty-three, committed suicide for an unrequited love in Cincinnati a few days ago. He was poor—she rich. Her parents didn't want him for a son-in-law, and she didn't seem to care for him; so he ended up matters by shooting away what brains he had.

AMERICAN, the great physician, said that a glass of ale before bedtime is a cure for sleeplessness. Another authority says that holding the hands in water will bring slumber to the eyelids. Now arrives a writer in Moore's "Evening New-Yorker" who recommends a heartful prayer as a remedy for those to whom Morpheus does not easily come.

It is a truly awful thing to hear the wife of your bosom say: "I'm really getting uneasy about that letter to Julie. It ought to have reached her Thursday, and an answer was due yesterday. The mails are so slow and uncertain when one is

that moment for a man to put his hand in his pocket and find the letter that he was specially requested to mail a week ago—Miscellanies Scattered.

One of the New York reporters has invented a story about Rubenstein, the alleged Jewish murderer, which temporarily throws all other works of fiction into the shade. The substance of it is that Rubenstein, a few days before the murder was committed, contracted with a poor Brahmo to assume all the burden of his sins for one year. The nominal compensation for this service was forty-five dollars,

Years hence in the future requiring many favors of the Dead-Letter Office will have to furnish proofs of their sanity in advance—Washington Special to Chicago Times.

The Mayflower wasn't a great steamship with all the latest improvements and conveniences, or the chances are an ocean disaster would have taken us out of our forefathers.

Fires in the South have about got away with the cotton-gins, and now they are going for the rice mills.

A JEWELER at Cottontown, Ga., has a clock which was made in 1811.

The Duke of Grafton, one of the rich nobles of England, is reported to have a native city, Genoa, the magnificent present of 22,000 francs, to be expended in enlarging the port. Not many years ago this gentleman presented the gorgeous Palace to the city of Genoa, together with his superb gallery of paintings, which includes many notable Van Dykes. He has also built a hospital, a church, and a whole street of model lodging-houses for the poor. No wonder, then, that he is praised as the most generous man of his day.

He's

The Northville Record

SCHOOL H. LITTLE, Editor.

SATURDAY JAN. 15, 1875.

The card which will be found in another column, inspires us to say a few words upon the same subject. It is too often the case that many will excuse themselves from paying their debts either because their accounts are small or because they think that others will pay up and it will not make any difference if they should not pay at present.

You may not owe more than forty cents—more or less, but if there are one hundred besides yourself, who are owing the same amount to the same merchant, you see at once that those accounts when added together will amount to a sum that would help business men very much could they have it all at once. As often as twice a year the people ought to make it a rule to settle up their accounts, and especially while it is so difficult as it is at present for business men to keep their heads above the surface financially, everybody ought to make a desperate effort to settle all accounts unsettled Jan. 1st.

The publisher of this Journal is in great need of all unpaid subscriptions and as we are talking with the business men of the village daily, we know that they are also in great need of money, and should at once be paid all monies due them, to enable them to liquidate their debts.

Once more we say to all the readers of the Record, if it is convenient for you to settle your accounts with the business men of this place, we know that you will be performing an act that will help to make the new year upon which we have now entered, "A Happy New Year" for yourself and others. Take our word for it by trying the experiment at your earliest convenience.

Going to Heaven by Railroad

At a station a little girl came aboard carrying a little bundle under her arm. She entered into the car and deliberately took a seat. She then commenced an eager scrutiny of faces, but all were strange to her. She appeared weary, and placing her bundle for a pillow, she prepared to try to secure a little sleep. Soon the conductor came along collecting tickets and fares. Observing him, she asked if she might lie there. The gentlemanly conductor replied that she might and then kindly ask for her ticket. She informed him that she had none, when the following conversation ensued. Said the conductor: "Where are you going?"

She answered, "I am going to heaven."

He asked again: "Who pays your fare?"

She then said: "Mister, does this railroad lead to heaven, and does Jesus travel on it?"

He answered, "I think not. Why did you think so?"

"Why, sir, before my ma died she used to sing to us of the heavenly railroad, and you looked so nice and kind I thought this was the road. My ma used to sing of Jesus on the heavenly railroad, and that He paid the fare for everybody, and that the train stopped at every station to take people on board—but my ma don't sing to me any more. Nobody sings to me now, and I thought I'd take the cars and go to ma. Mister, do you sing to your little girl about the railroad that goes to heaven? You have a little girl, haven't you?"

He replied, weeping, "No, my little dear, I have no little girl now. I had one once, but she died some time ago, and went to heaven."

Again she asked, "Did she go over this railroad; and are you going to see her now?"

By this time all in the carriage were upon their feet, and most of them were weeping. An attempt to describe what I witnessed is almost futile. Some said, "God bless the little girl!" Hearing some person use the word "angel," the little girl earnestly replied, "Yes, my ma used to say I would be an angel sometime."

Addressing herself once more to the conductor she asked him, "Do you love Jesus? I do; and if you love Him, He will let you ride to heaven on His railroad. I am going there, and I wish you would go with me. I know Jesus will let me in—heaven when I get there, and He will let you in too, and everybody that will ride on His railroad—yes, all these people. Wouldn't you like to see heaven, and Jesus, and your little girl?"

These words, so innocent and pathetically uttered, brought a great gush of tears from all eyes, but most profusely from the sorrow stricken conductor, who was thus reminded of the loss of his own little girl. I regretted exceedingly that I had to leave at the next station, and what became of the noble little girl I have never ascertained, but trust that she has found true and good friends.

STATE NEWS.

S. RAINIER ENTERPRISE.

A new silver mining company, called the Mohawk, has been organized recently at Naguanee, with a capital of \$500,000, divided into 50,000 shares.

The Michigan salt regions yielded 200,000 barrels more the past season than on any previous year.

There are four salt wells in Cassville, Tuscola county, each of them 1,760 feet deep.

Cronin Bros. of Marshall are going to build a \$9,000 brick block this season.

Publication of the Ann Arbor Register has recommended.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

Rev. W. H. Perrine is painting a picture of Palatinate oil on the wall of the M. E. church in Albion, worth \$150, which he presents to the church.

The evening school project at Ann Arbor has been abandoned. Only three applications were made to the board for attendance.

Rev. N. S. Burton, formerly of Ann Arbor has been appointed professor of moral philosophy in Kalamazoo college.

FARMING AND FATTING INTERESTS.

The farmers of Flint have been plowing, and say that upon turning the soil at the usual depth the ground was found as dry as in June.

MEETINGS AND ASSOCIATIONS.

The greatest religious revival ever held in Buchanan is now in progress. 85 have already united with the church. The meeting is under the supervision of the Christian and Advent churches.

The Masons of Ionia have leased Union hall in that city for a term of 99 years. The Knights Templar dedicated their temple Dec. 29, and in the evening had a grand festival.

A Lodge of Knights of Honor was organized in Ypsilanti Dec. 28.

DEATHS.

Hosea Woodward, of Pontiac, died very suddenly of heart disease on Dec. 28, while sitting in his chair. He went to Pontiac 30 years ago, and was one of the principal stockholders of the Second national bank of that city.

Miss Clara Woodruff, daughter of Peter Woodruff of Ann Arbor, died Dec. 28.

PERSONAL.

E. Hanna, aged 27 years, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Clayton, Lenawee county, has become a raving maniac from religious excitement and hard study. He is at present confined in the jail at Adrian, but will be removed to Kalamazoo.

J. T. Greenwell, a boot and shoe dealer of Kalamazoo, gave 150 pairs of shoes to the orphan children of that town for a new year's gift.

A noble Roman, who refuses to have his name made public, distributed on Christmas day over \$100 worth of provisions to the poor of that town.

Frank Andrews, a telegraph operator in Pontiac, has had a fortune of \$40,000 left him.

CHARITIES.

The Michigan potato bugs are not to be out done in parricution. Com-

mittees of them have already appeared in different parts of the state in their brightest raiment, making preparations for the centennial.

The steam-heating apparatus at the Toledo postoffice is said to be a failure, and it will take \$2,000 more to perfect a plan for heating and ventilating.

It is said that there have been 100 deaths from scarlet fever in and about Ludington within the past two months.

The children of Hastings are having the measles, scarlet fever, and whooping-cough.

The Jonesville Independent says the roads are so bad that a wood famine is upon them.

CRIMINAL.

Mrs. Hutchinson of Benton Harbor eloped last week with R. M. Weldon of Chicago. This is said to be the third family that Weldon has broken up. Put a dose of dynamite or nitroglycerine in his coffee.

W. B. Chisholm of Marine City was arrested about 15 days ago for smuggling horses from Canada, but being more wretched than the officers he made his escape.

Constable Starkweather of Fenton was arrested Dec. 14, on charge of stealing \$20 from a prisoner whom he arrested the night before.

Two nubbies of Saginaw City have got themselves into trouble by lighting the street lamps after they were extinguished for the night.

MISCELLANEOUS.

John W. Hinman of Saginaw City, an ardent well sunk in his place. At the depth of 150 feet gas was found which he had bad carried to his house by means of pipes. It burns finely.

The Grand Rapids Democrat says that bears have been plentiful in western Michigan this season than before ten years.

Dye yards have commenced carrying the mail to and from Mackinaw for the winter.

A brewery at Sobeawing was burned Dec. 31. Loss \$1,000; no insurance.

STATE NEWS.

DRY GOODS & CLOTHING.

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DRY GOODS & CLOTHING.

I expect the people who know me well, will believe what I say, therefore I desire to call attention to the fact that my

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

CLOTHING & CLOTHES

Are of first quality and as cheap as can be bought anywhere.

Please remember that my Tailor Shop has as good a Foreman and Cutter, as is to be found in Michigan, and nowhere can

MORE STYLISH CUSTOM WORK

Be had.

My entire stock is Complete and my basis of business is strictly CASH. Give me a call and see if I cannot please you.

No such stock of what every one needs can be found this side of Detroit, nor for Lower Prices.

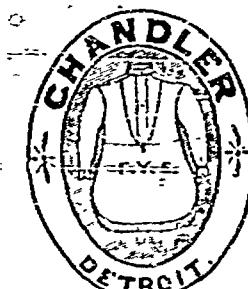
J. M. SWIFT.

Northville Nov. 5th 1875.

GEO. C. CHANDLER,

Perfect-Fitting Frock Yoke

SHIRTS,



COLLECTING AND UNDERCLOTHING.

MAD TO OLDER.

Woodward Avenue (up Stairs)

SELLERS LINED AND CONCEALED

I am not prepared to meet the wants of my former patients, as I have all my old patients.

McGreavey Brothers, Clothing every article above £100. Their personal tailors for more than 25 years experience, I can warrant, by their regular prices.

Franklin Dress Goods

25 cent Dress Goods

35 cent Dress Goods

45 cent Dress Goods

50 cent Dress Goods

60 cent Dress Goods

70 cent Dress Goods

80 cent Dress Goods

90 cent Dress Goods

100 cent Dress Goods

110 cent Dress Goods

120 cent Dress Goods

130 cent Dress Goods

140 cent Dress Goods

150 cent Dress Goods

160 cent Dress Goods

170 cent Dress Goods

180 cent Dress Goods

190 cent Dress Goods

200 cent Dress Goods

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370 cent Dress Goods

380 cent Dress Goods

390 cent Dress Goods

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410 cent Dress Goods

420 cent Dress Goods

430 cent Dress Goods

440 cent Dress Goods

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470 cent Dress Goods

480 cent Dress Goods

490 cent Dress Goods

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550 cent Dress Goods

560 cent Dress Goods

570 cent Dress Goods

580 cent Dress Goods

590 cent Dress Goods

600 cent Dress Goods

610 cent Dress Goods

620 cent Dress Goods

630 cent Dress Goods

The Northville Record

To ADVERTISERS: No advertisement will be inserted in this paper except from parties who have paid in advance. Therefore it is now desired an ad to be made with the remittance and send me at the end of each month.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

PHYSICIANS.

J. M. SWIFT, M.D., PHYSICIAN,

and Surgeon. Office at residence, 20 Main

Street, Northville, Mich.

JAMES HUESTON, J. D. P.H.,

Medical and Surgical Office, a Center street,

one door back of Higgin's, 24 Main, North-

ville, Mich.

Harness and Trimming.

C. S. ELMER, HARNESS MAKER,

and carriage Trimmer. Shop in the Macomber

Building, Main St. Special attention given to all

orders.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

TELEGRAMS LEAVE NORTHVILLE.

FLEET & FERRY MACMILLAN, R.R.

DETROIT 1-100.

Mall. 200 A. M. Mail 3:20 P. M.

SABC Exp. 1:30 P. M. DETEXP. 3:30 P. M.

DETEXP. 4:30 P. M. DELACOM. 4:45 P. M.

Night Exp. 4:30 P. M. NIGEXP. 4:45 A. M.

TRAIN LEAVES PLYMOUTH

DET. LANSING & LAKE MICH. R. R.

DET. RAILROAD 1-4500.

Mall. 1:30 P. M. Mail 3:45 P. M.

DETEXP. 2:45 P. M. MUL. 3:45 P. M.

NIGHT EXP. 3:45 P. M.

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CEN. L.

MAIL. 4:45 P. M. MAIL. 5:45 A. M.

JACKSON EXP. 2:30 A. M. JACKSON EXP. 4:30 P. M.

NIGHT EXP. 10:30 A. M. EVEN EXP. 6:30 P. M.

Home and Vicinity.

Md.

Cloudy.

No snow.

No money.

No darkness.

Work plenty.

Meetings nightly.

Tramps numerous.

Put "so very tired."

No sleighing for us

Nor wrestling either, the

Ground is much too hard.

Business, seemingly very quiet.

The site of John Fuller is nearing

Lev. death from consumption.

The wife of J. W. Elliott is lying

very ill with congestion of the lungs.

The weather took a severe cold last

Monday and has not got over it since.

"The best end of last advertising

medium"—An old maid's sewing cir-

cle.

Capt. and Mrs. Gardner, of Detroit,

spent a few days here this week, as

guests of Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Gardiner

Another encouraging weather we

expect to get a sale of electric

and others. What do you think

about it friend Hurst?

Andy J. Little was at home for a

day or two last week. He thinks Mi-

chigan folks are occupying particularly

the young ladies of "secret state.

Mr. Wm. Little the greater, as I

noted with his family in the train, having traded his furniture here for other

property in this city. He will engage

in the same business.

Mr. Chas. J. Eastbro and Mrs. En-

ny J. Herringreen were married at

the residence of the bride's father in

Salem Dec. 28th. Rev. A. Specter

of Summit, officiating.

Mr. J. W. Elliott is beginning to

make the "old Hotel" look like his

former self, plastering, shingling, etc.

while our dear Asa has also undergone

some necessary repairs.

Mr. Asa M. Randolph has substi-

tuted large windows in place of the oth-

ers in the lower front portion of his

dwelling and double ones of like pro-

portion on the east and west.

Two gentlemen—their names we

have not heard—who belong to the

"razor and shear" profession, have

taken up their quarters upon the sec-

ond floor of John Macomber's build-

ing.

Mr. Levi W. Clark, and lady, of the

Howard House, Detroit, and a brother

H. D. Clark and lady, of this place,

returned last week from a few days

recreation among friends at Talmage,

Ohio.

As old Mr.—heared the last

scuttle of four tons of coal into his

cellar, he was heard to remark: "If

they had been boys instead of girls, it

wouldn't have been thus." One ton

would have lasted all winter."

A friend who knows from experi-

ence, says that Providence seems to

watch over the little man with a big

wife, and teaches him that one of the

principal conditions of domestic tran-

quility is to always keep his dander

at low tide.

The week of prayer commencing on

Sunday Jan. 2 was generally observed

in all the churches in this village, but

more fully observed in the Methodist

Baptist churches, as meetings

were held every evening during the

week in those churches.

Mr. Davis, village marshal has ac-

cepted the position of night watch-

man, commanding his "rounds" Sat-

urday night, Jan. 1. The business

men, and women also, have each sub-

scribed a certain sum per week and

agreeing to pay every Saturday night.

One of the guests at the Simons'

Golden Wedding a large jovial fellow

said it seemed far better to sit down

to a nice supper in such a sociable

crowd than to be sowing wheat by

lamp-light and eating pancakes with

pork gravy, as was done in the early

days.

Have any of the readers of the

Recruit seen anything of late of a man

known in these parts as the "Mu-"

"man?" If any one should have any

knowledge of his whereabouts, they

will confer a great favor upon many

inquiring friends, if such information

is left at this office.

Those friends that promised to

bring us wood have probably got lost

in the mind. Thus it is: Whenever we

anticipate any really good thing

it's soon to be lost to the eye. That

was the way with the man who prom-

ised to "be in without fail and pay

up" for his paper, but we didn't see

him.

"I don't take any paper at all, but

I sometimes think I should," was the

remark of a man in this vicinity the

other day. We would advise the good

man to never say the like again. His

son grew up with the belief that Gen.

Jackson is yet president of the

United States, or his daughter imag-

ines Pocahontas a really good queen

for the English people, they can look

to their father for the grateful infor-

mation.

A BRIEF TO MANAGER DAVIS.—A

benefit for Manager T. W. Davis, of the

Whitney Opera House, is to be

given at that place Tuesday even-

ing Jan. 25th, at which time the

Howard Dramatic Club (who kindly

volunteered their services) will intro-

duce a performance worthy the object

in view. This will be but a deserved

compliment to Mr. Davis for his pres-

ent untiring efforts in favoring the

public with a high standard of enter-

tainments.

Record Roll of Honor.

We are desirous of making honor-

able to all who have given to their Hos-

pit and PAY FOR IT?

Geo. Webb, Parma

Carr. E. N. Gove, A.

Clark A. Gove, A.

J. N. Starkey, A.

J. P. Donalson, Detroit

W. A. Wood

Mr. T. C. M. Miller

Mr. A. H. Nichols

Mr. E. H. Nichols

Mr. J. S. Gardner

Mr. J. S. Gardner

Mr. J. S. Gardner

An English Prison as an Abode of Luxury.

Through the massive portal of the outer gate we have come, and entering into the hall through that handsome door in the iron railing that closes the inside entrance, we find ourselves in a building in which there is no want of convenience or comfort. We find ourselves in a hall, each wing is divided into three stories. Along each story runs a light iron gallery, which you can gain by mounting that ornamental circular stairway from top to bottom. Above large glass skylights give ample light and ventilation. Everything is light, airy and cheerful. The brasses shine as only iron jails and men-of-war. Here is a man making a pair of boots, and seemingly rather comfortable and happy. He has been twenty times committed for drunkenness. He is only a drunkard, so we may feel a certain amount of satisfaction that he is not very miserable. What a difference for him is his time spent in jail from the intervals of freedom. Here he works between six and seven hours a day, and out of his earnings he receives an allowance larger than ever was left him by the public house where at home. Around him everything is exquisitely clean. His cell is boarded, and measures twelve feet by seven. It is ten feet high, and lit and ventilated. In the most perfect manner. On his shelf are his gun and knife, and his bright as silver for soup and milk. A clear hammock, in which you might sleep comfortably, is neatly tucked and hung against the wall. In a corner in a basin with water laid on, in which he can wash himself if he chooses. In winter the apartment is kept at a comfortable temperature by hot air pipes, and a gas-burner diffuses a cheerful light in the long winter evenings. Should he feel ill, he pulls a bell-handy, on which a going sound is in the center hall, and from his door the number of his cell starts out; and no millionaire at Carnegie's half so punctually answered as he is by the turnkey on guard who inquiries into his wants; and if necessary a doctor is at his bedside long ere the Union Doctor could be found and persuaded to visit him were he at home. As he seems a quiet fellow, we do not feel much regret that he has had the good fortune to become an habitual drunkard; but what shall we say to the occupant of the adjoining cell? Here a burly ruffian is engaged in making mats. The work is pleasant; the cell a fac-simile of the one described; and if we listen to the details of the crime for which he is undergoing two months' punishment, we cannot help contrasting his pleasant lot with the squalor and misery of his jazz, idle, polluted life outside, and feeling that in so punishing a ruffian for a brutal assault upon a woman humanitarianism has become a crime, and set up—in our jails a temptation to, idle rascals to "come in and be happy," against which it would require a large amount of abstract morality to struggle.—*Edenite.*

Fob...
Bob...

He was a magnificent Scotch dog of great size, braver than a lion. He had one bad habit; when I had him—to see a cat was to fly at it. This ended in his worrying to death a favorite grinnikin belonging to a neighbor, and the catastrophe raised a general commotion. So, with many regrets, I sent him to Brechin, fifteen miles off. There, early on the following Sunday morning, Bob was observed with head and tail erect, and a resolute purpose in every look and movement, taking his way toward home. Whether he had kept the road, or come by some path across the country, I know not; but when I was leaving the church, about one o'clock, I was met by the beadle, with his old face lighted up with an unusual expression of glee, and exclaiming that my dog and Johnny had always been fast friends—"You, maus, put him into minis", though he should worry a' the caws in the parish."—The going to the mause I found Bob outside the gate—a flat and motionless as if he had been stone dead. It was plain he knew well as I did that he had been banished and had returned without leave, and was liable to be hanged, drowned, shot or otherwise punished at my will. I went up to him and stood over him for awhile in silence. He lay as if he had been killed and disinterred by a heavy roller, only that with his large, beautiful eyes half shut, he kept winking and looking up in my face with a most pitiful and pleading expression. Though I might not go the length of old Johnny in making free of all the caws in the parish, there was no resisting the dumb but eloquent appeal. I gave way, and exclaimed in cheerful tones: "It's you, Bob." In an instant, knowing that he was forgiven, he rose at once bound into the air, circling round and round me, and, in his joy, leaping nearly over my head.—*Marketeer.*

Sancho, of Milwaukee.

A very handsome dog is Sancho, of Milwaukee, Wis., and well satisfied with himself. When Sancho's master comes home in the evening and puts on his dressing-gown, Sancho is always on hand to hunt up the slippers. If they happen to be out of place it makes no difference, for he will rummage around until he finds them, and bring them in, wagging his caudal appendage vehemently. He exchanges the slippers for his master's boots, which latter he carefully deposits at the foot of the bed. Sancho has been potted, of course, until he deems himself of much importance, and this has bred jealousy. That dog fits into a terrible passion of anger and grief if his master caresses his wife, or the wife the husband. Occasionally, in order to test the feeling, the wife will pat the husband's shoulder. It's worth more than a circus to see Sancho under such circumstances. A dissatisfied, protesting howl and bark is given, and he then runs at his mistress' dress, pushes her away from her husband, and crowds himself between them. There is a huge old dog, belonging to a neighbor which occasionally trots over and pays a visit to Sancho's master, receiving kind treatment and petting. Being of double size his master pays no attention to him, but Sancho becomes furious, not only at sight of his rival, but at the mention of his name. If the master happens to mention in Sancho's hearing the name "Hector," it grows, a short bark and angry snap to the eyes show that Sancho understands. The dog is under perfect control of his master's voice. Without raising the tone of voice or pointing the master even Sancho, think you're too near the fire; you should go under the piano" (for the dog is allowed in the parlor), and Sancho doesn't stop to question it but immediately obeys.—*Boston Traveller.*

Mrs. Sage, I should like to know whose ferr-y boats there are that I tumbled over in the hall?" Ferry-boats, indeed. Those are my shoes." Very polite of you to call em ferr-y boats?" Didn't say ferr-y boats, Mrs. Sage; you must understand me, my dear I said, my dear friend."

How He Recovered His Place.

Mr. Raymond, a Government official under the First Empire in France, has just died, bearing all his fortune—60,000 francs, to the gendarmerie. The following story is told of Mr. Raymond, when he was a secretary in the War Department. An employee in that department had been unjustly dismissed. He appealed in vain many times to the War Minister. His letters were ignored. While despondent in consequence he met one day M. Raymond, the Minister's secretary. He told him his case and said: "You are a man of honor; can you understand such a denial of justice?" Listen, answered Raymond. Your writing is useless; by it you will accomplish nothing. Do you want me to advise you as a friend?" Yes. Indeed. "Well, then, you see that little window at the angle of the gallery. Every morning at seven o'clock the Emperor shades there before a little mirror suspended on the window-sash. To-morrow morning put your petition on the end of a stick and wave it before the window until the Emperor notices it. You can be sure he will send to ascertain what it means." So, the next morning at the hour designated, the employee, stationed in front of the window, was seen violently waving a stick with a sealed packet fastened to it. An officer came up to him and asked what he meant by that proceeding.

"Sir, it is to the Emperor," said the victim of an outrageous piece of injustice on the part of the War Minister, and I want the Emperor to know it." "Give me your petition; I am Marshal Durieu." The same day the petition was sent to the War Office, with these words written on the margin by the Emperor: "If what this man says is true let him be arrested. If it is true let justice be done him within twenty-four hours." The next day the petitioner was reinstated in the War Department."

How John Bull Circumvented Johnny Crapeaud.

Apropos of England's purchase of the Suez Canal, Kate Field tells a story which, as an example of "smartness," could not be excelled by the sharpest of Yankees: Do you know where Aden is? Get out your map of Africa, and you'll see that Aden is at the head of the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb. Well, it has long been an English fortress, but it does not command the Red Sea. France found this out some years ago, at the same time that she discovered the Island of Perim to be the proper place to hold. She sent a fleet to quickly take possession, thus leaving the way that a foothold in Africa is made by European powers. Instead of going directly to Perim, the French fleet stopped at Aden; where the officers were invited to a banquet by the English authorities. Johnny Crapeaud went, was sumptuously entertained—in fact, so overwhelmed with hospitality that it flew to his head, and, in a moment of effusion, he confided his secret mission to the attentive ear of sober John Bull. "The fact is," whispered Johnny Crapeaud, "we're going to do an immensely clever thing to-morrow morning. We're going to plant the French flag on Perim." John Bull had not given his banquet in vain. Without leaving his seat at table he wrote and dispatched orders for the immediate departure of a vessel for Perim, with instructions to take possession of the Island in the name of Great Britain. When Johnny Crapeaud waked up the next morning he set sail for his coveted prize, and, on arriving, found the Union Jack flying. This is how the English took Perim—in itself a rock, but a rock like Gibraltar. Who holds it rules the Red Sea. You hear a great deal about Aden and nothing about Perim, because it is British property to be very quiet about this very important stronghold. Can't you see, Johnny Crapeaud, tearing his hair at his own folly and his neighbor's quick-wittedness?

Mysterious Kidnapping and Return of a Boy.

Some time ago the people of Maryland, Md., were excited over something like a Charlie Bass case in their midst. A little boy named Charlie Burgess was kidnapped and no trace could be found subsequently of either him or those who had carried him off, though every search was made. An account of the affair has traveled through the newspapers of the country and the sorrow of the bereaved family has been shared by many. Now comes the sequel to the story, which is pleasant. One Sunday night lately the family from which the boy was stolen were gathered in the house with doors and windows closed against a bitterly cold wind which was shrieking outside and were wondering, it may be, of the whereabouts on such a night of the missing boy. All at once some one heard a cry, which was repeated; it came from the front of the house. A search was made to learn the cause of the strange sound, and the mother peering out into the darkness saw something upon the front steps. In another moment she had her lost boy in her arms. At the same time a man who had been concealed in the shrubbery of the garden darted away and could not be overtaken. That is the whole of the story and the entire affair is a mystery. It is supposed that the man who brought the child back was one of the kidnappers, but the original case of the abduction and of the child's return remain alike unknown. The mother is satisfied with her Christmas gift, though.—*St. Louis Republican.*

A Remarkable Meeting.

Seventeen years ago William Lester, a poor carpenter, died at Boston. Three of his children were taken West by a friend, and the fourth, a little girl, was placed in a Boston asylum. Last September the only survivor of the Western members of the family came East in search of his sister. Having himself become very wealthy, he found that the girl had been adopted by John Wheeler, a dry-goods merchant, but he had been dead 20 years. And there was no trace of the girl's whereabouts since. Being disappointed, he started West again; but on the train a little way out of Boston he noticed among a batch of girls who entered the cars one who remarkably resembled his mother. He left the train when they did, and soon found that it was indeed his sister, who was living with her poor-adopted mother. She had never been told that she was an adopted child, and it was long before she realized her situation. The young lady could not be prevailed upon to accompany her brother West, but as she longed to join the luxuries with which she had been surrounded by her adopted mother she enjoys the pleasure of a real romance.—*Boston Traveller.*

Twixt in exile should not be oblivious to the services of Judge Comstock, of Syracuse, N.Y., who, the Syracuse Standard says, is about to begin a suit against the late guest of the metropolis for legal services in freeing him from Blackwell's Island."

FARE AND HOUSEHOLD.

Avoid handling plants in a frozen condition as much as possible, as the injury will be heightened should the leaves become bent or be roughly brushed over. To restore flowers that have become frozen place them in cold water until they have thawed out.—*Flora Case.*

The worst possible way to keep sheep is to allow them to run in the same yard with cattle and horses. Where this is done the sheep are constantly exposed to injury being liable to be hooked by cattle and kicked by hogs and cattle. Both cattle and horses are liable to moop-liz the best food and the best standing places. It is held by some that there is an advantage in having cattle and sheep run together, as the former will eat much that the latter will leave; but if sheep are fed judiciously there will be little waste of food.—*Brand World.*

The following is suggested by Böttger for dyeing cotton a pure blue: Heat a mixture of 13 grains of Paris blue, 15 grains of tartaric acid, one-half a fluid ounce of ammonia-water and two and a half fluid ounces of water, and after cooling add to the deep-blue filtrate a solution of caustic soda, until it is decolorized; and after some time, becomes a light yellow. Impregnate the cotton with this solution and pass it over after allowing it to dry through a warm, very dilute solution of sulphuric acid; and it will immediately assume a beautiful blue color, and needs only to be washed in water. The sulphuric acid may be so diluted that it has scarcely a perceptible sour taste.

A great many farmers, especially those who keep their live stock poorly, have asked: "How does cutting fodder for stock add to its nutritive qualities?" It is frequently upon the same principle as cutting up meat fine and making a mincing of the coarser pieces, even in grain. If these are cut fine with the chopping-knife and nicely cooked and agreeably seasoned, the flesh is eaten with peculiar relish, is easily digested, and the food goes twice as far as in the ordinary method of taking meat in slices, for, under such circumstances, we reject all that is not tender and particularly palatable. In cutting hay all the coarser parts and even straw are made agreeable to the taste of animals, especially if it be cut up and spiced with a little meal, shorts or bran. Nor have they the power to reject any part when cut up, and as all is more digestible, the hay must go further. An other important consideration is, an animal can fill its stomach much more easily and readily on cut than accent food, and can then lie down and ruminate and rest, allowing the food full time to digest and distribute its strengthening qualities throughout the system and restore it for renewed exertions. When corn-stalks are cut into short pieces a horse, mule, cow or ox readily take the large cuts of leaves and husks into the mouth between the stalks as fed in an uncultivated condition.

N. Y. Herald.

Winter Plowing.

Plowing land in winter for spring crops is attended with advantages of which the thoughtful farmer will not fail to avail himself. Water in plowed ground, becoming frozen, exerts powerful forces in disintegrating and mellowing the most tenacious clay soils, and is almost invaluable to the farmer who knows how to use it to the most advantage. It hastens chemical action in many ways. On冷冻ing, the water in mineral and organic substances is expanded and combinations intrinsic to decay are often broken up and destroyed—as in the case of an apple or potato after being frozen. Ice that will burst an iron pot will melt with very little difficulty in disintegrating and congealing the most obstinate soil, and thereby assist in its improvement. Plowing increases the capacity of soils to hold water, which, becoming frozen, expands and commutes it into infinitesimal fragments and is therefore its most efficient purifier. And thus results are obtained from the plowing and freezing which neither alone could secure.

In the preparation of land, therefore, for next season's tillage the advantages of winter plowing are most decided. Of course lands which are so steep as to wash badly should not, under most circumstances, be plowed in the fall or winter; but when there is a necessity for doing so the hill-side plot should be used and the furrows so directed that the washing rains or melting snows can do them as little damage as possible. Another great advantage of fall or winter plowing is that the soil will not fail to avail himself. Water in plowed ground, becoming frozen, exerts powerful forces in disintegrating and mellowing the most tenacious clay soils, and is almost invaluable to the farmer who knows how to use it to the most advantage. It hastens chemical action in many ways. On冷冻ing, the water in mineral and organic substances is expanded and combinations intrinsic to decay are often broken up and destroyed—as in the case of an apple or potato after being frozen. Ice that will burst an iron pot will melt with very little difficulty in disintegrating and congealing the most obstinate soil, and thereby assist in its improvement. Plowing increases the capacity of soils to hold water, which, becoming frozen, expands and commutes it into infinitesimal fragments and is therefore its most efficient purifier. And thus results are obtained from the plowing and freezing which neither alone could secure.

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Millard Carney, a Cincinnati stereotyper, had a terrible fall the other afternoon from the top of a five-story building through a hatchway in the street floor. He had gone to the hatch with the stereotype plate in his arms. He fell two stories, and was sustained in the United States Court House, where he was taken care of by Dr. Proctor and Dr. A. J. White. The Professors had to pull him out of the elevator platform when the elevator platform was up. By habit, knowing it ought to be there, he stepped out—and down! It was a frightful fall, past four landings, until he struck on the platform at the street door. The plate he had gone to the hatch with the stereotype plate in his arms to send it down. The gas had been turned off and it was dark there. He had no idea where the elevator platform was up. By habit, knowing it ought to be there, he stepped out—and down! It was a frightful fall, past four landings, until he struck on the platform at the street door. The plate he had gone to the hatch with the stereotype plate in his arms to send it down. The gas had been turned off and it was dark there. He had no idea where the elevator platform was up.

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In one of the evening meetings of the New York State Fair James Miller read a paper on "How to Make the Farm Pay," from which we reproduce his views on surface manuring: "If this kind of manuring is done intelligently, says he, it is highly beneficial. But the soil must be in a condition to be benefited. Manure should not be applied on old meadows and pastures which have been trampled until they are nearly as compact as the beaten track, and which have little grass to be benefited. If applied upon grass lands they should be newly seeded. During last fall and winter I drew manure from cow-stables and top-dressed about half a clover field which had been mown once and pastured the latter part of the season. Upon the portion top-dressed the roots of the clover were preserved, and on the other portion they were nearly all killed by the severe winter. I pastured it the present season, and think the half top-dressed afforded four times as much as the other half. It not only protects the roots of clover and other grasses, but the soil also. It pre-

vents a rapid evaporation and gives it a darker color, so that it absorbs more solar heat.

I have observed the difference where it had been applied to a portion of the soil fitted for winter wheat, and a crop raised. Upon plowing it over, after harvest, as deep as I plowed, from six to eight inches, it was thoroughly pulverized. Soil is in the best condition to be benefited by it when pulverized.

I have top-dressed portions of fields for wheat more or less for the past fifteen years. In every instance it has more than doubled my crops of wheat and the grass following. The most cheering feature to me is that since I commenced to top-dress my soil has constantly increased in productivity, until the yield of corn has doubled without any other fertilizer whatever, simply by turning over a sod which had been top-dressed one or more years previous, and this on fields where I formerly spread a heavy coat of manure, and plowed under, as soon as possible, to prevent evaporation. The field was 150 bushels of ears to the acre last season, and bids fair to be more this; and I expect it will increase until I can report 300 bushels of shelled corn to the acre, and how much more I dare not dream. Some farmers top-dress one season and condemn it. That is not a fair test. It may require years to fairly test it.

—*Wheat World.*

—*John Twain's Book TRIUMPHANT!!!!*

—*Every Day's Book TRIUMPHANT!!!!*

—*SEEDS!*

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—*DAVIDSON & CALIENTS*

—*STOP AND LOOK*

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—*HARDENS THE GUMS!*

—*IMPURE BREATH*

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—*Combining Lamp Fillet and Safety Tube*

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