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Our Aim—The People's Welfare.

[Always in Advance]

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INDUSTRIAL.

WISCONSIN tobacco is shipped to Germany.

LIVERPOOL has just sent a cargo of salt to New England.

A GRATIFYING revival has taken place in the export of petroleum from Philadelphia.

The collieries within the limits of Shenandoah, Schenckin County, Pennsylvania, by working steadily for nine months, produce 1,500,000 tons of solid coal.

A NEW industry has started in Hancock County, Maine, extracting tanin from sweet fern. From a ton of sweet fern a barrel of extract of tanin is made, worth \$25, and also a barrel of seed "quality," worth \$1.50 per barrel.

SAYS THE ST. PAUL PIONEER-PRESS: Loggers and lumbermen are a drug in the market, and they have been hired at from seven to fifteen dollars a month to work in the piperies this winter. And yet servant girls will be consumed with indignation at the mere suggestion that they should slouch around the kitchen for less than a dozen dollars a month.

In the manufacture of gas two new processes are reported—one employing coal, and the other spent tar, a by-product of tanneries. In the first, small coal is placed in a cylindrical retort, and treated directly with superheated steam. The heat of the volatile steam serves to release the volatile parts of the coal, and its pressure

drives off the gas. In the second process, the gas is evolved from the burning of a small monk's hood of silk falls over the crown toward the left side, where it ends in two medium-sized silk tassels. This hat is worn back upon the head, and is unusually becoming to some faces. Fur hats are more popular than they have ever been. Seal-skin, of course, is often seen; many of the new hats of this sort are trimmed with other varieties of fur and some seal-skin bonnets in the regular shapes are beautifully trimmed with feathers.

The greatest novelty, however, is the chevilline cord which is so much in vogue. On some hats the trimming consists entirely of chevilline in various fanciful arrangements. It is particularly desirable for children's hats, as bright colors may then be employed, and the material is far handier in color than in black or white.

A charming little hat has a round, low crown, and a drooping brim. It is of light gray felt, and the trim is edged with scarlet chevilline. Caps of the same are so arranged that some fall

against the brim, while others lean against the crown. At the left is a cluster of velvet loops matching the chevilline in color, and held in position by a handsome ornament of steel and gilt.

For young ladies the Gainsborough continues to be the favorite shape. But, though universally admired, it is not universally becoming, and, as a good authority remarks, "While it is a beautiful setting to a fresh, round face, it exaggerates the defects of all others."—N. Y. Tribune.

Exciting Chase of a Polar Bear.

The skin of an immense polar-bear has been received by a gentleman in this city by the Turk Nile, from a

Cumberland Inlet, with the following account of its capture: "A party of men from the Isabella, including a number of Esquimaux and myself, were walking on the ice a short distance from the ship, when rounding a hummock, we unexpectedly discovered a large bear, quietly feeding. We would have returned to the ship, but the bear followed us, and with it came his

friends, who attacked the animal vigorously, but with little effect. He shook them off, and after injuring three of them so badly that they had to be killed, he continued to advance.

We discharged our rifle and then fled to the ship, where we armed ourselves and came back to look after the bear, which had disappeared behind one of the numerous hummocks by which we were surrounded. We had searched for some time, when one of the Esquimaux passed the corner

of the ship, and his subsequent adventure, which was to be the last of his life, was as follows: "I saw him, and he ran after me, my dear wife, and I shot him with my gun, and he fell dead.

It was claimed on one hand that the committee of councils had no power under the act to inquire further than to satisfy themselves that the bidders were peculiarly responsible—in other words that they gave the proper bonds for the faithful performance of their contract; that the duty of the committee was ministerial, and that they had no discretionary power whatever.

On the other hand it was held that the Legislature did not intend to restrict municipal bodies to the mere ministerial duty of ascertaining whether a bidder was able to respond in damages, in case his work was not honestly performed, but gave them the right to inquire into the character and reputation, as well as the financial ability of the bidder." The court holds that "it is scarcely open to doubt that the word under consideration is used in the statute, means something more than pecuniary ability."

To have remedy for the recovery of damages from a contractor who has done a bad job of work for the public is not at all what the law contemplates. Upon this point the court

agreed. "We are to accept the interpretation insisted upon by the relators,

the difference of a single dollar in a bid for the most important contract might determine the question in favor of some unskillful measure."

Again, we know that as a rule, cheap work and cheap workmen are but convertible terms for poor work and poor workmen, and if the city, for the mere sake of cheapness, must put up with those who are indeed in a most unfortunate position, it is unnecessary, therefore, to resort to authority for the condemnation of the interpretation, by which the ruling of the court below is sought to be overruled, for it is opposed to the unqualified judgment of all reflecting men, whether lawyers or laymen, and its adoption would be productive of far more evil than good."—Peoria (Ill.) Transcript.

Many of the Indiana cities are establishing night-schools for the winter months, for the benefit of youths and young men and women whose occupations have prevented them from attending a common school education.

Selected Miscellany.

SANTA CLAUS.

Or you may—Long ago
Before the wonders of earth and sun
For ever fed away;
With the stars in the sky, and the sun
As Christmas comes near,
And the name name—"Santa Claus."
To every soul we dear.

Then said she at the midnight hour:
This night is it, for Taffy had
Stepped quickly to each chimney top,
And down from each hole
Down the chimney, for those who deserved
A special reward.
Then wandered with his fancy steeds
Somewhere beyond the sea.

It is that, but not performed
In whisper soft now.
A boy with a bow will climb the roof
Of Santa Claus' house,
But did he do the magic cap?

For neither before nor now we,
Only the moonbeam bright.

And yet when moonlight dawns at last
And stars make bell rings clear,
Let us all go to the Christmas gate
To touch the heart of Santa Claus.
The kindly smile of joy,
The wondrous mystery of friend
Or each's glad gift and boy!

But window came with added roar
And we all had to roar.
All went to bed below,
All had to be the end Christmas time.
We say it as old.
But the story goes
To bed every boy.
Let Santa Claus smile it for them.
The stars are all the same.
For now they're all the painful truth.
Me the stars are all the row.
Each with childhood's last joys
So far, far away.

—Mrs. D. Brooks.

TAFFY WRITES ADVENTURE.

A CHILD'S STORY FOR THE CHRISTMAS.

It was the twenty-fourth of December. A sharp, stinging sort of day, that made the boys on their way to school pull their caps down tighter over their ears, and stuck them well nattered hands deeper into their pockets. The looks which hung from the eaves were bitter with the cold. The snow looked white and the ice in the meadow like a shield. There was not a breath of air stirring. The smoke rose straight up from the chimneys, and the half-dozen withered leaves that still clung to the bare limbs of the maple-in Decatur Washburn's door-yard hung still as if they were only parts of a painted picture, and had never moved at all.

On the front steps of the Washburn mansion stood a sturdy little fellow, not four years, vigorously kicking the lower panels of the door and endeavoring by shouts to attract the attention of the inmates. He was well protected from the cold; he was far cap and heavy wooden comforter showing hardly more than the tip of his little nose, which the sharp air had painted a bright pink color.

"Emma come in! Emma come in!" he shouted, impatiently, as he ceased kicking for a moment, to rattle the door-knob.

The door suddenly opened.

"Now, Taffy White, go right away from the front-door, this minute. Your feet are all over snow, and I ain't going to have you stomping through the front entry all day. There's enough to do in the kitchen, without keeping you round to round after you with a broom. If you want to come in, go 'round the other way."

"But I want to come in this day, Gran'ma Washburn. I got some business."

"Your business ain't very driving, I guess. Why don't you go and stay with Silas, in the back kitchen? It's nice and warm there, and maybe he'll tell you a story."

"I don't want any story. I want to come in the front door and I want my papa's letter."

"Bless the boy!" said Mrs. Washburn, impatiently. "He will have his own way, and there can't any of us help it. Come in—then, and don't keep me standing in the door with my bare arms, all day."

Taffy's point was gained, and he marched behind his grandmother into the kitchen, conscious of having achieved a signal victory.

Such a delicious whiff of mince-meat, and spiced, and plum cake, and hot pies, and doughnuts, that saluted his nostrils as he entered the room! There was flour over everything; raisin-stems and apple-parings were scattered about; and paper bags, with mysterious contents, fresh from the grocery, filled the side-table. Piles of plates stood in the chairs, and the great brick oven sent forth its hot breath every time it was opened for the inspection of its inmates.

"There," said Mrs. Washburn, wiping the flour from her fingers on her apron and taking down a letter from behind the clock. "There's your letter. And now what are you going to do with it?"

"Keep it," replied Taffy.

"But you can't read it. I should think you'd want to keep it nice to show papa, when he comes!"

"I want you to read it to me, then."

"I've read it to you over and over, and so has everybody else in the house. I can't spare the time. Go, and get Silas to read it."

"I won't try to read it," said Taffy's chin quivered and his voice grew louder.

"Don't cry. Mercy on us, child, don't you see how busy everybody is?"

"You guys are here to-morrow, perhaps; and that'll be ever so much better than your letter."

But Taffy insisted. "Well, then, do read it to him, Jane. It's the quickest way to get rid of him. We shan't have any peace till we do."

So Jane stopped chopping mince-meat for a moment, leaning on her knife while she read the letter aloud: "My Dear Little Boy, I shall leave Fairport by the 1st December, and be with the Christians, and this is Grandpa Washburn's letter, so it will go safe. I hope to find Taffy a good boy. You must come with Grandpa to meet me at the station, Christmas Eve. With regard to many things."

Taffy listened as intently as if he had never heard a word of it before, and as soon as it was through demanded a second reading of it.

Jane was obstinate. "You're going to find my papa." "When do you expect to get there? Are you alone? Where did you get on the train?"

To all these questions Taffy only looked straight at the conductor and nodded his head.

"You're a runaway. I'm afraid where's your ticket?" How are you going to pay for your ride?"

"Taffy White, Esq." That's all. No man's plague me any longer. Run out, like a good boy."

But Taffy knew his power too well to be got rid of so easily, and it required the combined efforts of two Baldwin apples, a stem of raisins, a doughnut, and two figs to get him into the back kitchen, where Silas was boiling potatoes for the pigs. Here for ten minutes he watched the kettle and then, getting restless, insisted upon being admitted to the doorway again.

"Now, don't ye go to fussin' with the ax," said Silas, as he lifted him down the slippery step. "I know a little boy once 'most as big as you, but all his toes are frost-bitten playin' with his father's ax."

The ax had been Taffy's objective point; but this bloody precedent, manufactured out of whale cloth upon the instant by the ingenious Silas, rather staggered him, and he turned his attention in another direction.

"I shall site some on my little sled, then," he said in a disappointed tone.

"Well, sitte away," returned Silas. "Only don't get under the horses' feet in the road. Who'd be up go up back of the house, and slide down, and look into all the stores and shops where the lights wiz the brightest."

"I guess my papa would be where 'an awful winter to-night,' said he to himself. "I just wis' he would come out."

Joe heard the question and reply, but understood neither. He had a vague idea that he was in California, and, undismayed, set out in search of his father. It was bitter cold; but he put on his mittens and walked into the street. The sheets of the hack-drivers and the glare of the lights confused him somewhat; but he kept on, looking into all the stores and shops where the lights wiz the brightest.

"I guess my papa would be where 'an awful winter to-night,'" said he to himself. "I just wis' he would come out."

He had the question and reply, but understood neither. He had a vague idea that he was in California, and, undismayed, set out in search of his father. It was bitter cold; but he put on his mittens and walked into the street. The sheets of the hack-drivers and the glare of the lights confused him somewhat; but he kept on, looking into all the stores and shops where the lights wiz the brightest.

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MANUEL R. LITTLE, Editor.

SATURDAY, DEC. 16, 1876.

Hieran for who?

We send with this week's Record a supplement containing the President's Message. We do not wish to make any comments on it, rather leaving our readers to judge for themselves of its merits or demerits.

The Brooklyn disaster, alluded to in another column of this issue, was the most horrible that has occurred for years in this country. The terrible loss of life, and the misiring of numbers in their efforts to reach the street, through the narrow and improper means of exit, should be a lesson to persons in the habit of visiting theatres, to see that the hall has proper modes of egress, in case of a fire or panic, before jeopardizing their lives by entering places which might prevent them gaining the street quickly and in safety in case of any accident. The mourning in the city of Brooklyn is great. Most of the churches lose a number of members, some as high as 15. At the memorial services held in the churches, the warning was given by all the pastors to be careful and known what kind of a place one is entering, and see that they do not endanger the lives of themselves or families. It is useless to attach blame to anyone on account of the manner in which the hall was built, as it was erected to the best knowledge of architect and builder for the safety of its patrons, at that time; but for the future, look well to the means for escape before entering any theater.

Our Washington Letter

From Our Special Correspondent

Washington, D. C. Dec. 4.—It seems hardly a day since Congress, worn out with party strife last August, adjourned. Yet the members returned with a rejuvenated appearance, eager for the fray that is just at hand; and our city, as though in sympathy with the spirit they have brought with them, puts on a lively air to which she has been stranger for months. The general countenance begotten of turkey, cranberry sauce and pleasant companions on Thanksgiving Day, are still visible on the streets, and notwithstanding Presidential complications and the politicians war in South Carolina, Republicans and Democrats cordially greet each other and fraternize after their brief separation. Members of Congress have been unusually tardy in making their appearance, and doubts have been expressed as to whether there would be a quorum in the Senate on Monday.

Yesterday some members of the Lower House were in the Chamber of Representatives arranging their desks and attending to correspondence. If any one of your readers fancy that the place of a Representative is a sinecure, let him get elected as one, and he will soon be convinced of his error.

Thousands of visitors are flocking to the Capital from all parts of the Union, in anticipation of the stirring scenes expected at this session. Many familiar faces are among the number—people who have contributed to the pleasures of social life at the Capital for the past ten winters. In addition are the well-known features of "undobbers" and lobbyists, male and female, who are as regular in attendance as the members themselves. I am told that they are rather despondent over the prospect, reasoning that political matters will monopolize most of the time, to the exclusion of their many and valuable schemes for exciting the country. And then we must not forget to mention the ladies—wives of Senators and Representatives who have passed so many winters here that their home is like a home to us all. And also their daughters, upon whom society so largely depends for the spice of life, and who distinguish themselves and conquer with all their abilities.

Business men are jubilant, and clerks who have been listlessly waiting since the adjournment last summer for something to do, bustle about with an air of gratification.

Outside of the natural interest and anxiety relative to the settlement of the Presidential controversy, there is nothing here to note of special importance, save the sharp contest for the speakership of the House. Messrs. Randall, Cox, Morrison, Sayler and Clymer are most mentioned with their relations to success and each other about as above expressed. Mr. Cox two days ago appeared much stronger and Mr. Randall much weaker, than now. Mr. Blackburn of Kentucky and Springer of Illinois, have dropped out of sight. Very little is said relative to the organization of the Senate. Every one here has been shocked by the stories of the terrible atrocities committed in Louisiana during the recent campaign, although Democratic dignitaries term them as falsehoods.

Washington, D. C. Dec. 14.—The Patent Office is the wonder of wonders to many who visit the National Capital, and it would take several days to see it thoroughly. One can comprehend it on reflecting that there is here an exhibition of every patent that has been issued in this country since 1836.

They are arranged upon shelves in large, square, glass cases and numbered no less than 15,163. It is a model "Curiosity Shop." The building in itself is outwardly imposing and inwardly beautiful, being in the Doric Style of Architecture, and built round an open court of Saw-Signed painted white, excepting the extension which is of white marble. In 1836 the old Patent Office was destroyed by fire, and all the models it had received for 50 years were burnt.

The original intention was for the whole of the present building to be used as the Patent Office, but a portion is now occupied by the Interior Department. The Patent Bureau is self-supporting—the receipts of fees being more than its expenditures. The cost of the building was \$2,000,000.

The first floor is occupied by offices to the Interior Department, those engaged officially upon Patent business, and the librarians. Beside the regular Patent Office Library, is that of Foreign Patents. There is an arrangement between our government and England, France, and Belgium to exchange illustrations and descriptions of patents, hence there are hundreds of volumes of these descriptions of Foreign Patents which are very valuable, and which occupy a room devoted exclusively to them.

There are in the building 191 rooms. The second floor is used for the model room, and the arrangements of the models are so perfect that it would seem possible, considering the great number already received, and the rapidity of their accumulation, that each model has a name bearing its name and that of its inventor. One sees very many things that I find were never patented. Why would I think of a patent necktie or a patent hoop-skirt form?—not to mention the hoop-skirt itself. There are cases full of each of these and of many more curious articles. But I must leave the Patent Office here till next week in order to give you an account of Congressional proceedings.

The Presidential problem has seemed until lately to become more and more complicated. Strong affection was shown to the Sodality of troops up to the disturbance. Settling the electoral voting, but without avail, on little, if any, doubt remained concerning the return from the State of Florida.

Mr. Cox appears quietly resigned to the matter of the Speakership, so far as the members of the House are concerned. The latter generally submit to the decision of the House, but the election of the Speaker is a vote of confidence in the House, and it is a vote of confidence in the speaker. Mr. Cox, however, is a vote of confidence in the speaker.

The President's special message and its accompanying documents relating to the election in Louisiana, the printing of the same, and the discussion attending, have been the great events of the week at the Capitol.

It is the general impression here that very little in the way of general legislation will be accomplished during the next three months, and that an extra session will be an absolute necessity.

The city is devoid of excitement, and almost everyone is looking forward to a peaceful pollution of the problems by the Presidential inauguration on the 4th of March. The city is not crowded, although the opening of Congress, particularly in the lower House, was largely attended.

Good Advice to Married People.

A worthy wife of forty years standing, and whose life has not made up of sunshine and peace, gave the following sensible and impressive advice to a married pair of her acquaintance. Her advice is as good and well suited to all married people, as well as those entering that state, that we herewith publish for the benefit of such persons.

Preserve sacred the promises of your own house, your married state, and your heart. Let no father, or mother, or sister or brother, ever presume to come between you, or to share the joys or sorrows that belong to you two alone. With God's help build your quiet world, not allowing your dearest earthly friend to be the confidant of aught that concerns your domestic peace. Let moments of alienation, if they occur, be healed at once. Never, no never speak of it outside, but to each other confess and all will come out right. Never let the morrow's sun still find you at variance. Renew and renew your vow; it will do you good, and thereby your souls will grow together, contented in that love which is stronger than death, and you will become truly one.

The boiler in the treasury of Redwood & Fox, Jackson, exploded December 7. John Elliott had a shoulder broken, and George Knapp was thrown over the roof and came down the other side with a broken leg. Loss of property \$10,000.

STATE NEWS.

Holly has six Baptist ministers.

Detroit has 420 cigar manufacturers.

The State Prison at Jackson has now 899 inmates.

The principal fare boat in Detroit was broken up by the police last week.

It is proposed that the widow of Gen. Custer be appointed postmistress at Monroe.

The State Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association met at Grand Rapids.

It was decided to go to Chicago.

The Pere Marquette lumber company has sold for \$6,000 hard maple blocks for wooden bowls.

A new Episcopal Church was consecrated at Paw Paw, last week, by Bishop Glisson, and dedicated by Major.

Henry Davis, the author of "Madame Tussaud," November 24, died December 10. His body will be arranged for viewing.

The Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals at Detroit has been reorganized.

"It is fully needed in that city."

The youngest son of a Dexter man suddenly left home a few days ago, and his father's wages and money are claimed.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Emery of Hillside celebrated their golden wedding last week. They have been residents of Hillside for 35 years.

The annual meeting of the women's society of the Methodist Church began its session at Kalamazoo, December 5. Fifty delegates were present.

Will E. Chapman, formerly of Detroit, subsequently a station manager in Chicago, has taken back \$1,700.00 by the death of his wife.

Miss Anna Weller, of Cedarville, died a few days ago, aged 80 years, having been a resident of the State 60 years, having died in Birmingham, 1824.

The people of Fenton say that the tea party delivered a quantity of tea intended for the Fenton & the change which has arrived in time to meet the demand.

During the month of November 27 per cent were confined in the Wayne County jail.

The grand jury of the Wayne County

indicted Mrs. M. M. Henderson, of Detroit, December 4. Mrs. H. H. Ferguson, widow of a killed sailor, and heir to a large estate, was indicted for the same offense.

Mr. J. S. Ware, of Erie, a general contractor in that city, has been indicted for the killing of his wife, Mary A. Ware, on December 10.

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The 1st St. of the 1st Ward, which was used as a polling place, was closed at about 40 degrees, was again opened because the door had been stopped by a large crowd of voters.

A voter at St. Joseph whistled a tune while voting, and the door was closed again.

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To ADVERTISERS—No advertisement will be inserted in this paper except from parties who have given us a guarantee to this effect, to this paper, at the end of each insertion.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

PHYSICIANS.

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

JAMES HUSTON, J. D. PHIL, 2nd and Harrison, 100 East Grand Avenue, Northville, Mich.

W. J. KENDRICK, M. D., MICHIGAN AND WISCONSIN, 100 East Grand Avenue, Northville, Mich.

Dentistry.

EDWIN N. ROOT, DENTIST, OFFICE and operating room over Ladd & Kendricks, Room 100, Woodward Block, Detroit, Michigan.

Harness and Trimming.

C. S. ELMER, HARNESS MAKER, and Harness Trimmer. Shop in the Woodward Building, 1st Floor, Woodward Avenue, Detroit.

Wheat and Produce.

I. L. MOORE, CO. DEALERS IN Wheat, Soda, Canned Goods, Vegetables, and Produce, 100 East Grand Avenue, Northville, Mich.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

TRAINS LEAVE NORTHVILLE.
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Home and Vicinity.

The Baptists held their social at the residence of Mr. George Scott, and everything passed off pleasantly.

Mrs. Katie McElroy and Miss Mary Flinn of Detroit are visiting with the family of Mr. J. D. McDonald of this place.

Mr. Angus McEwan has returned from his trip to Canada and the Eastern States, and is looking outwardly well after his long journey.

The Methodists held a social at the residence of Mr. J. W. Hutton, last week, and the evening was very sociably spent by the participants.

Christmas is coming, and presents, cleaning barrels, and other household articles are being sent to the poor in this place.

Mr. E. D. Vay is making arrangements in his business, preparing to keep a hotel exclusively, and has sold rights, Hilliard table, and chairs to Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins and Willie Lockwood.

Mrs. Hengesford and her brother, Mr. Thomas Barrett, left Northville on Tuesday last for Great Bend, Kansas, for tickets for sale at the time of the visit with their sister, Mrs. Howell, paper at the printing office.

Trotley They will remain there until spring.

Dr. W. J. Kendrick, brother of I. L. Kendrick, of the firm of I. L. & W. J. Kendrick, is about to remove his office from Ludar City and locate here. His card will be found in the other column.

The funeral of Mrs. Delaney H. Dowler took place Wednesday last from the Methodist Church, and was largely attended. The Rev. Mr. Clemons presided at a very appropriate and affecting funeral service.

Marsden—At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Marsden, 1220 Woodward Avenue, the funeral services were held yesterday afternoon for Mrs. Frank Marsden, wife of Frank Marsden, who died on Saturday morning.

Randall & Son, of 1220 Woodward Avenue, proprietors of the Hotel Grand Central, corner of Main and Center streets, where persons desiring butter, eggs, ham, sausage, flour, feed, etc., can purchase them good and at low prices. Give the few cents.

Mr. Ferdinand Sarmiento, general agent for the Clough & Warren Organ Company, Detroit, was in town the past week, looking after the interests of that firm. Mr. Sarmiento is a very skillful organist, and it was almost wonderful to hear the amount of melody which he drew out of that instrument.

The wife of Delaney H. Dowler was taken sick last Thursday with diphtheria, and died Tuesday morning. Mrs. Dowler has been a resident of Northville for a number of years, and was an estimable lady. Her death will be mourned by a large circle of friends and relatives, as her demise was entirely unexpected.

Owing to the death of Mrs. Bobbin's pet Tabby, the old lady was not present at Miss Dodge's tea-party this day, consequently there is no tea-table talk this week. Mrs. Bobbin sends her regrets on a sheet of brown paper, though, and states that she made over at "Aunt Mary's," and she hopes to be able to attend at the next gathering. The old lady is quite light-toned in her ideas, and never fails to bring tales she has seen all over the place.

Powellson's Photograph Gallery.

We made a call the other day upon Mr.

B. F. Powellson, of Detroit, the well-known and popular photographic artist, and found him having his usual rest before the holidays. Since his removal to his present location, 221 and 222 Woodward Avenue, his business has increased wonderfully, and now

he has the greatest amount of patronage of any artist in the city, and that too, from the best class of citizens.

His gallery parlor is always well worth seeing, having been

decorated at great expense, and in the most tasteful manner. The opening scenes are

in charge of Mr. B. W. Ladd, a practical

photographer of many years experience.

To speak in detail of the various styles of Mr.

Powellson's hardware would be useless as

his skill is too widely known to necessitate

such, but of two we will speak, as they par-

ticularly attracted our attention. One was

a life-size crayon drawing of his daughter

Miss Matilda, a faithful likeness of the young

girl, and the other a studio portrait of

skill in a picture of such dimensions, being

five or seven feet in size. The other was

the picture of a pair of twins in the family of

Mr. Teller, which was also taken life-size

being three inches, and really a rare spec-

imen.

Social Life.

"ONLY COURTED THIRTY DAYS."

The story as related to the Editor of the Northville Record.

The first of a series of entertainments, consisting of lectures and dramatic readings, under the efficient management of Miss Helen L. Cadby, for the purpose of creating a deeper interest in intellectual training in the residents of this vicinity, was given at Young Men's Hall, Monday evening last, by Miss Cadby and Prof. J. F. H. Garrison, the well-known abolitionist, of Detroit, to a large and intelligent audience, while the appearance of Miss Cadby appearing rather fails to draw out, and the audience were highly interested and thoroughly appreciative as evinced by their liberal applause.

Prof. Garrison is a reader of rare abilities, and his intonation and pronunciation harmonized beautifully. His voice is rich and musical, and in "The Bells of St. Paul," this was particularly noticeable, the imitation of the bells tolling loud, then soft and low, showing the great power of his well-trained voice. His "Curlew Must Not Sing To-night" was most delightful in rendition, and he carried

him through the terrible ordeals of the "couplets" with great skill, and the audience responded to the music of her voice, and was moved to tears at the ringing of the "curfew" at night, and the tolling of the "curfew" at dawn.

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MULTUM IN PARVO.

A MAX of little wisdom is a cage among tools.

Without the rich heart, what is an ugly beggar?

WAGON-wheels are among the things which go by turns.

NO MAN can tell how big his mind is until it is made up.

They are making perfume from peach leaves in France.

THE heart is a crystal palace, once broken it can never be mended.

EVERY practical humorist has at least a visible means of support.

The destroyer of all successes is ill-timed apprehension of danger.

The noisiest men are those who think nothing owes them a living.

In what ship was the greatest number of people ever wrecked?—Courtship.

We can hardly learn humanity and tenderness enough except by suffering.

TWENTY tons of coal are stolen daily from the trains at Phoenixville, Pa.

TOO MUCH sensibility creates unhappiness; too much insensibility creates crime.

More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of human pity that will not forsake us.

NECESSITY may be the mother of invention, but the father of the thing is Laziness.

Florida is the best advertised State in the Union, and real estate ought to be kiting-up.

CARICATRISTS have discovered that a purp-yell color can be made from the bark of dogwood.

Look out for twenty-cent pieces with milled edges. They are not quarters by several mills.

THE Boston Journal says the election excitement has caused several sudden deaths in that city.

SOLITAIREs are all well engorged in diamonds, but when it comes to pannages, man reaches for clusters.

BALTIMORE well illustrates the best of it pronounced suspicious, and the worst filthy.

A LARGE number of immigrants from Kansas have settled on farms on the Willamette River, in Oregon.

A NEW ORLEANS man telegraphed Detroit, asking: "How is Michigan?" and the message was revived: "How is Michael Quinn?"

The grasshoppers are hatching out numerously in Texas. There is an apprehension that they will not survive the rigors of winter.

It is one thing to dream you are taking a cher of tobacco, and another to wake up and find yourself clamping away on the end of your wife's hair-brad.

PRESIDENT ELLIOT says the employment of so many women in the schools is a wise economy, but they do not undertake teaching as a life-work.

This sunny squib from the New Orleans Bulletin: "Violas are here once more, and the button holes of our gallants bloom again with these delicate flowers."

At midline now, after the little Philadelphia boy has said his "Now I lay me," he adds in a truly thankful spirit: "Me ain't glad I don't have to sleep out in the sheeany more."

THE Graphical records the death of a large and interesting family from small-pox communicated through a borrowed newspaper. The only safe plan is to subscribe direct at the business office.

AN AUSTIN (Nev.) wife says she knows of five husbands in that town who have been made drunkards by the excitement of the local political campaign, her own husband being one of the number.

ANGELINA (who has been perusing the "Births, Deaths and Marriages") Edwin, I do so object to that horrid word—"relief." If I should die, Edwin, promise or promise, you will not allow me to be described as your relief!

DR. WOODWARD, a Glasgow physician of the last century, had a patient who always had his fee in his hand to give the doctor as he felt his pulse. One day the doctor arrived—only to hear that a few minutes before his patient had died. "Impossible!" cried the doctor; "he cannot be dead yet. Let me see him—some trace or heavy sleep, perhaps." The doctor accordingly went to the bedside, felt the pulse, and also a couple of guineas in the dead man's hand which he took quietly into his own as honestly earned. "Ay, ay, poor fellow!" said the doctor; "he is dead. There's a destiny in all things," and he went on his way.

The following conversation between two children is "smart," and this time it's Arlington. A sister and her brother were occupying the same bed, parents in an adjoining room, a cold winter's night, and the little fellow, whose name was Jimmy, awakening rather earlier than usual, slipped out of bed and was trotting around, when the sister, missing her charge, called to him thus wise: "Oh, Jimmy, come back to bed, you'll catch your death." "No, I will not catch my death, I am not sick, I am well, and I am not afraid of the dark." "Well, then, you will be sick and die, Jimmy, and go to heaven. And you know, Jimmy, you have no relatives there. But I have, for Grandma B. is there. Oh, Jimmy, do come!" and he came. —Boston Tribune.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE wheat crop in France this year is unusually large.

GEORGE SAND had a strong affection for children, and would frequently leave her work for hours to play with them.

SIR RICHARD AIREY, recently elected Member of Parliament for the best abused man in England during the Crimean war, when he was charged with the blame of the sufferings of the troops, he being at that time Chief Quartermaster.

MR. HEINEMANN—who is Mr. Heinemann—attempt to obtain from the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain a vote of censure upon Henry M. Stanley, was so far from being successful that the mover did not escape being practically censured himself by a storm of hisses from the members present.

THE King of Denmark, Christian IX., though he has been on the throne thirteen years, has never been crowned, the troubles prevailing between Germany and Denmark in 1864 making the times inauspicious for a costly ceremony. The King is now fifty-nine years of age, and, with a view to allying the popular discontent, contemplates the formal assumption, at an early day of the rank he has worn so long.

The London papers speak with much severity of a witness, now a justice of the Peace, who testified, in a case which involved the question of a Baronet's legitimacy, to a personal recollection of certain events which took place when he was but two and a half years of age. Yet there are cases on record of similar erors of judgment on the part of witnesses whose veracity could not be questioned.

A drop of water is a little thing, but it was the bumbof the rich man's prayer in torment. A hornet's sting is a little thing, but it sends the school-boy home howling.

A star is a little thing, but it can hold this great world in its arms.

A spark is a little thing, but it can light the poor man's pipe, or set the world burning.

A drop of water is a little thing, but it can put out the poor man's pine,

A kiss is a very little thing, but it betrayed the Son of God into the hands of his enemy.

A penny is a little thing, but it makes busy times for both man and woman.

A spark is a little thing, but it can

burn a hole in the saucier and ruin

the dinner.

A drop of water is a little thing, but it can put out the fire of life.

A kiss is a very little thing, but it

is worth ten thousand kisses.

A drop of water is a little thing, but it

can wash away the sins of the world.

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