

Official Paper of the Village.

Published semi-monthly by

SAMUEL H. LITTLE,

Editor and Proprietor.

To whom all communications should be addressed.

Terms, \$1.50 a Year, in Advance.

No paper discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until arrears are paid.

Selected Miscellany.

King Lonesome.

Who is the wretched old man
Sitting at the window-pane,
That shuddered and shrank, as away he ran
Into the deep and vale,
Crying to the world, "I am alone,
One who has no home before,
One who has no home now,
One who will come no more?"

And then there came another verse:
"I am the wretched old man,
One who has no home at all,
And the world over has a power
To pull me down to the grave,
Not much as a dove,
For the lonesome wanderer here,

One sister held him delirious,
And one she left him to die,
But the other, her garments shredded and frayed,
And the rank beastish with the cold,
And she gave up and died,
Left him to the world,
Bitten by cold, leaves,

One happy young face before,
Left him to the world and death,
With a widow's smile, and a man to mock,
And the piteous follows swift,
A sad of the noon-day light,
Whom all repeat his lot,
How can I bear it?—He is dead,
The world has two poor orphans."

This father died of all,
With the old man's face,
With the widow's smile, and every care,
To meet her with her race,
Till angry and lone, he falls,
And the cold and gloomy scene.

But never fails the return:
The old man-faced pilgrim comes:
In winter, the keenest blizzards,
Goes to the frozen lakes,
And the snows, and the frozen seas,
As summer comes, the forests,
The woods, the poor are gone,
And the earth is bare for beauty.

A BULGARIAN EPISODE.

Picture to yourself a straggling village, with a massive church for its most prominent object, embosomed amongst hills. High pasture-meadows dotted with grazing herds, cultivated fields, and orchard groves, spread around on all sides; but the arid land is bare, and the fruit trees are stripped, for autumn is far advanced, and the winter season approaching.

On the outskirts of the village, and bordering the rutty road which thronged it, there is a large farm-yard, with plenty of poultry pecking about, and capacious out-buildings well stored with corn. The farm-house, being raised on posts, is open on what would be the ground floor, where heavy clumsy wagons, and instruments of agriculture, which the British farmer would consider very primitive, are visible; here, also, a pair of hairy horses are stabled. The dwelling-rooms are reached by an outside permanent ladder which probably might call a staircase.

At the foot of this ladder there is standing a remarkably pretty girl, whose lands, though evidently used to harder work than playing the piano, are small and shapely; the beauty of whose feet, well displayed below the short skirt she wears, thick woollen stockings, and stout shoes cannot equal. Her figure is supple and graceful; her hair is twirled in two long thick silken plaits which hang down her back; she is looking on the ground and twisting seriously a cogent little apron.

Before her, rather close, there is a young man, clean-shaven as regards the face, with the exception of a black moustache, but wearing his hair long. He is dressed in a sheepskin capote, a white kilt, leather leggings, a skullcap set tightly on one side of his head, and he is leaning dejectedly on a long staff which he grasps with both hands.

Time, evening.
"And is that your last word, Marie?" said the youth, dejectedly.
"Don't you remember the old days when we went to school together, and you always took my hand because you were younger and smaller; and I carried you over the bad places in winter when it was wet? And that long frost when we met the wolf, and I was too frightened for you to be frightened for myself, and drove it off? And when Milos wanted to take your new picture-book away, and I would not let him, and he drew a knife and stabbed me in the arm? I was always fond of you ever since I can remember—Marie, and when I got to be old enough to think about having a wife, I never cared about any girl but you. At fêtes and feasts you always liked to dance with me, and I hoped we were never to be separated, and I was to be—"

"I cannot help it," Stephan said Marie, crying. "A girl can only do what her father and mother say is best. I am sure I do not want to make any one unhappy, and I should have liked to remain a child always; it was very nice for you to be my little friend; but we have grown up, and my father says I must marry some one else, and I don't like it; but what is to be done? We can't always have what we wish."

At this moment it seemed to Marie's parents that the interview, which they had contrived of rather than permitted, had lasted long enough, for the door above opened, and they both appeared at the entrance. The mother, a baroness, middle-aged dame, called to the girl, who held out her hand to her lover, and then ran up the staircase, which her father, immediately afterward descended, pipe in hand.

"Look here, Stephan," he said, leading the young man a little away from the house; "if ever you are a

Northville Record.

Term: \$1.50 a Year.]

Cur Ail. The People's Welfare.

[Always in Advance.

VOL. VIII.—NORTHVILLE, WAYNE CO., MICH., JANUARY 13, 1877.

NO. 14.

father you will know that you must do the best you can for your children, to get them on, and see them happy and prosperous. Now your family has been unfortunate; I do not say that it was their fault—far from it. Your father was my very good friend, but he did not manage somehow, to keep on good terms with the rebels, and he lost everything, including his life. I risked something at the time by befriending you, a little child and an orphan; for he was a vindictive man, that party, and if he had known it, would have given me a grudge. Afterward I helped, with others, to set you up in the farm you cultivate. You have worked well; you have paid back the cattle you were started with for stock; know that. But you are in a small way, and Government takes a great deal from you, though we ought not to grudge that, so long as we leave us in peace; but still, when a man is poor and struggling, it keeps him poor and struggling. Marie would have to work harder and live more roughly than you; wife, than she does now, and neither her mother, nor my self would like that. Her children would have to be laborers of a lower class than is suitable for our family. And our Marie can do better. I have a friendly feeling for you, and you will always be welcome under my roof, for your own sake, as well as mine.

Father you will know that you must do the best you can for your children, to get them on, and see them happy and prosperous. Now your family has been unfortunate; I do not say that it was their fault—far from it. Your father was my very good friend, but he did not manage somehow, to keep on good terms with the rebels, and he lost everything, including his life. I risked something at the time by befriending you, a little child and an orphan; for he was a vindictive man, that party, and if he had known it, would have given me a grudge. Afterward I helped, with others, to set you up in the farm you cultivate. You have worked well; you have paid back the cattle you were started with for stock; know that. But you are in a small way, and Government takes a great deal from you, though we ought not to grudge that, so long as we leave us in peace; but still, when a man is poor and struggling, it keeps him poor and struggling. Marie would have to work harder and live more roughly than you; wife, than she does now, and neither her mother, nor my self would like that. Her children would have to be laborers of a lower class than is suitable for our family. And our Marie can do better. I have a friendly feeling for you, and you will always be welcome under my roof, for your own sake, as well as mine.

What next of infidels lies yonder?" asked one, as they rode on.

"Vizier."

"When shall we teach those Giaours a lesson, Captain?"

"We shall see; perhaps to-morrow or next day, if you bear yourselves truly."

It is impossible to describe the horror which seized Stephan when he heard these words. When he rose from his place of concealment you would have thought that he had seen a ghost.

The friends, the playmates of his childhood, the priest he honored, the little toddling things who knew him and ran out for a frolic, hoping his name when he passed by—above all, Marie—at the mercy of those scoundrels.

"I can join the insurgents and get killed!" at any rate, "the militiamen said." That is the best thing for such a man and unfortunate wretch as I am to do. And I shall be striking a blow in revenge for my father, at any rate."

So saying he strode on in the direction of the village, while the old man struck his shoulders with a rattling smile and retraced his steps to his comfortable fireside.

It was the same eternal story, over and over again, no matter whether the scene is laid in a Bulgarian village

or in a Deligravian mansion—youth and old, prudence and opposition. Likewise there always seems to be some peculiar connection between the unfeeling affection and fighting, which leads the youth whose heart is blighted to seek the remedy of a broken staff, hedge, terrace, or hills; the jaded Jaques courts the otherwise dreary consolation. So Stephan, when he considered that he had the girl he wanted, determined to take it out of the Moldavian oppressor.

The insurrection did not spread to that immediate district. It was a quiet, industrious village, and though the inhabitants were not loyal to the Turks, none of them were inclined to take part in what they considered a hopeless struggle, which could only result in drawing swift vengeance upon their heads. But Stephan knew well where to apply for information as the long-forgotten Saxon knows where the recruiting sergeant is to be found, and he went direct to the house of the pope, or priest.

A girl of ten came to the door and led the boy into a small inner apartment, where Stephan opened his heart to the pope, concluding with an expression of his determination to devote himself to the cause of his country, and asking for directions where to find the headquarters of the insurgents.

"I cannot dislodge you, my son," said the pope, "if you feel yourself called upon to take part in this effort to free the land from the heathen oppressor. It is a holy cause, and one not so hopeless as many deem it. Other countries are ready to join in it, and a little success will embolden Servia to declare war against the Turk. And there is another and stronger power, whose sympathy is with the Christians, and whose secret aid may be depended upon. Russia, the land to which our Church is dear, will not stand quite idle. And above all, God will protect those who fight in His own cause. But it is necessary to be prudent, and let me know of your intention, or else an excuse will be given to the Turk to work his wicked will upon this devoted village. Go home; make some excuse for a long journey, and depart upon it openly."

He then gave him minute directions what further steps to take, blessed and dismissed him. In obedience to the pope's injunctions, Stephan gave out a letter at Widdin who was carrying on a prosperous trade in that town, and invited him to come and join him. He sold off what little stock he had, took leave of all his old friends, and prepared to start, though not in the direction of the Danube.

It was very early in the morning—still dark, in fact—that he strapped his knapsack, which was lighter than his heart, upon his back, and set out on his journey. His course at first was across a plateau, wild, covered with rank herbage. A bitter north wind swept across the plains above, black masses of cloud scudded swiftly along, ever and anon scattering down white powdery flakes—the first snow of the winter. When he had stridden along, with his head bent to the blast, for about half an hour the sky grew lighter, and the first streaks of dawn were visible in the east. Almost at the same time he saw not twenty yards from him, a figure which caused him to catch down amongst the long grass. Unless the uncertain light deceived him, a mounted soldier. The

Lutherans in the United States are increasing more rapidly than any other denomination. They now number more than 640,000 communicants, the gain for the past year being 67,275.

Increasing down soon showed that he had done well to conceal himself, for the misty object resolved itself into a Bash-Bazouk vedette. There he sat, with the butt of his carbine on the pommel of his saddle, and his back to the blustering man and horse motionless as an Egyptian statue; all the more alert and soldierlike, perhaps, because he would be soon called in, and his superior officer might be expected to inspect him.

He was a strong and healthy man, destined to exist upon nothing his sufferings are perhaps more acute than in the remaining stages—he feels an insatiable unspeakable craving at the stomach night and day. The mind runs upon beef, bread and other substantial, but still in a great measure, trifles. And scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule? And scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule? And scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule?

As scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule?

As scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule?

As scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule?

As scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule?

As scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule?

As scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule?

As scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule?

As scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule?

As scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule?

As scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule?

As scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule?

As scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule?

As scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule?

As scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule?

As scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule?

As scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule?

As scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule?

As scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule?

As scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule?

As scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule?

As scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule?

As scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule?

As scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule?

As scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule?

As scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule?

As scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule?

As scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule?

As scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule?

As scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule?

As scores of just such people I saw yesterday going about the city, with their shirts, dairies, socks, and sewed on little. Blank's buttons, thin to have been rushing around from the house of one Minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule?

The Northville Record

GOING TO THE NORTHVILLE RECORD. It will be inserted in this paper, except from notice we receive without pay it is to be paid. Therefore it is to be sent and sent back at the end of each month.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

PHYSICIANS.

J. M. SWIFT, M.D., PHYSICIAN, and Surgeon. Office at residence, or 120 Main Street, Northville, Mich.

W. J. KENDRICK, M.D., Physician & Surgeon. Office over Lipton & Kendrick's Drug Store, 120 Main Street, Northville, Mich. An call promptly attended to day or night. Address:

Dentistry.

EDWIN N. ROOT, DENTIST. OFFICE AND OPERATIVE ROOMS OVER LIPSON & KENDRICK'S STORE, IN PORTER BLOCK, MAIN ST., NORTHVILLE, MICH. ADDRESS:

Harness and Trimming.

C. S. ELMER, HARNESS MAKER AND CARTAGE FARMER. Shop in the Krocobee Building, Main St. Special attention given to all orders.

Wheat and Produce.

E. J. MOORE & CO., DEALERS IN Wheat, Seeds, Canned Goods in their various forms, and other articles. Office in the Krocobee Building, Main St. Special attention given to all orders.

Wheat and Produce.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

TRAINS LEAVE NORTHVILLE.
FLINT & PECHE MARQUETTE R.R.

DETROIT TIME.

TO FLINT. 6 A.M. MAIL. 7:30 A.M.

DETROIT. 1:30 P.M. MAIL. 2:30 P.M.

DETROIT. 6:30 P.M. MAIL. 7:30 P.M.

TRAIN LEAVES PLYMOUTH.

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

LEAVES WAYNE ON MICH. CENT.

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

DETROIT. 6:30 P.M. MAIL

