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## Northville Record.

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## Selected Miscellany.

## DUTY DONE.

Each man has his hard-won's.  
All have rights and wrongs.  
Some fit remun for kindly rules;  
And only others bear.  
Yet there may be more truly blest  
If each man's self-respect  
Is second name duty done.

As the person laid on the bier  
The deathbed was made.  
And the soul of the dead stood  
And worshipped at his foot.  
So it being some simple life  
—A better life began.  
Somewhat even too long-expected  
May soon, as we see.

But some's inherent so noble return:  
As best life is not long.  
Methinks it is a day  
For us to live.  
There are joys of life to select,  
And griefs laid into dooms.  
There is rest for the willing heart and hand.  
There are duties to be done.

The daughter of Indonesia saw  
Nothers like them here;—  
Nor women of a nobler type.  
Lay her down and pray.  
Not out the living, cheer the fair,  
Nor the dead the mournful.  
On the earth, down with a heavy load  
When ever known day's done.

They lie here, bearing a blushing face  
To every eye and place.  
To the world, it remains  
Glorify with the sun.  
For the heart is the true bane  
At the cross roads.  
And forever down with its crystal tide  
Where there's duty done.

For when his enemies sin  
And thine sins are done.  
And thou'st done what's wrong,  
Doubt's a sign of strength.

## OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

There never existed a time when the spirit of self-sacrifice was so little manifested as at present. It is a virtue not understood of men; so sparingly practiced that it seems like many of the good old customs and fashions of our forefathers—so dying out. Each for himself. Thus men argue; thus they act.

In seeking a reason, it may possibly be found, as we think, we have received the beginning of the end—in the fulfilling of that prophecy which says that in the last few days men shall increase and multiply still around. Or it may be the result of the progress of the age, an era of which the root that nourishes it is daily gaining strength and growth. The world is a over populated—at least the world of our small island that men are jostling each other, trampling upon each other's toes, wrestling & a pass, and reverting for wealth and the grandeur wealth brings. Nor will it be lost to us to remember what the true meaning is of wealth—what they are after.

"I must climb to a high place."

And therefore—such is the thought of my neighbor just now. It is before god I say: "If I am destined to a sales he comes down, let me fall." So said self-pride, and proceeds to work accordingly.

Presently he goes to his shop. A from his lofty height with impudence and self-confidence. He looked down upon the struggling humanity below him. Suddenly, his own self-pride assisting his downfall, he overthrew, and begins to his ends: he cares little for the ruin he has effected. He goes forth to the high places of the world without principles.

This is no more ideal picture. It is a truth and a fact, happening every day, in a greater or less degree. All may witness for themselves who do not go through life with their eyes closed. The motto of the present hour is: Every man for himself. It cannot be too often or too emphatically reiterated. "What can I do?" How shall I improve myself in honor and the honor and glory of the world? In what manner can I further my happiness, my comfort and welfare, gratify my senses?" The question, "What can I do to help others in a world laboring in care and misery?" is raised over. Self-pride is not to be thought of or mentioned. "I have no time for it," says the worldly man; might be not add "no inclination?" "My whole days and nights are occupied in the furtherance of my own work, schemes, pleasures."

This is quite true. He has no time for anything but himself. He feels that we are living at a rapid rate; if he halts a moment on the way, some one else passes him swiftly, and he is lost. His place is gone. He cannot recover it. So he goes onward in self-sufficiency, and self-absorption—time creeps and creeps; leaving with the rich and luxurious few traces of furrows or gray hairs; until at last the eyes close in their last sleep: one more over, to whose son a world would be no ransom, and the body, so restless hitherto, in the tomb hast rests.

Not for this were we brought into the world. Each life has a distinct and separate purpose of its own. Each soul is created, not only to accomplish some great work—for even the humbler career earnestly fulfilled will when the life is laid aside leave behind it an impression of completeness—but also to help on other souls through their pilgrimage of pain and travail. This cannot be done without an amount, more or less, of self-sacrifice.

It is terrible to contemplate the death of this spirit, arising in part from a lack of sympathy in the human heart—a want, mark you, that may be cultivated. Take, reader, s

little of your own experience. Imagine yourself in such a case, in some need; be it that of pity, of disburdening your soul, or the strait of poverty. How many friends or acquaintances do you possess to whom you could confidently apply with a sure feeling of trust? of being fully heard, and fully answered? Five? Four? Three? Two? Probably, no. One? Even one is doubtful. And yet, inasmuch as every soul is born into the world with the impress of the divine image, so no soul need have a heart without sympathy and all those beauties of virtue which therefrom blossom into life.

Success itself is one of the greatest destroyers of self-sacrifice, unless the mind be noble and the heart large; just as wealth often closes its doors to the need of the world, because the thoughtless soul has come to be unable to realize in its fullness the need that exists. "I am rich, and lack naught; the distress and misery we bear of must be an idle tale—an overdrawn picture." That men cheat themselves but, ye rich, believe it not. There is misery and wretchedness enough and to spare, in spite of the comforts and fine things that screen you from it; much that is in your power to lessen. But stillness must not be given for pounds or pounds where you should give tens or hundreds. Take, for example, the collectors in our London alms-houses on behalf of some good old pressing objects, as an instance of what is and what is not to be done.

But the amount of self-sacrifice that is done is quite apart from the question of self-sacrifice. People live out of their abundance, and much of it is terribly misapplied. There is no system in distributing.

Take the great world of commerce. How many of its members will exercise, in even a small degree, the spirit of self-sacrifice? "I am able to do this thing for A." He'll be a thousand pounds the richer, I shall be willing the five hundred pounds it would put into my pocket, if I did it for myself. A wants the thousand; the five hundred for me is nothing. But it does not enter into the principle of business, and I cannot do it. No, I cannot. If I did it, and the world knew it, it would mock me." So A does not get his thousand pounds, and B gets his five hundred. As I say, perhaps, possibly drags down with him a wife and children; and he never receives his forcing. "Sorry for him," says I, "I couldn't help it, clearly."

And undoubtedly every man should do the very best he possibly can for himself in business, but only in fairness to his duty toward his neighbor. I will not put this, and ignore it with a sign of lip if I could; as Job did those beautiful and awful words,

"I must climb to a high place. I must increase myself in honor and the honor and glory of the world."

Presently he goes to his shop. A from his lofty height with impudence and self-confidence. He looks down upon the struggling humanity below him. Suddenly, his own self-pride assisting his downfall, he overthrew, and begins to his ends: he cares little for the ruin he has effected. He goes forth to the high places of the world without principles.

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the eyes close in their last sleep: one more over, to whose son a world would be no ransom, and the body, so restless hitherto, in the tomb hast rests.

In the latter case, the remorse of the picture, self-sacrifice brings its own reward. It gives happiness far greater than any wealth or power can bestow. In the former case, the man in the zenith of success may lay his head upon his pillow at night, and confess that it is not without much vanity and vexation of spirit at the best; a weariness of the flesh; a thing which most pass away as a shadow. Not that wealth and power are by any means to be despised, or not diligently sought after and received; when made subservient to the great ends of life. It is only when, as too often, they become the sole aim of heart and mind, that they bring with them rule and destruction.

But self-sacrifice, it has been said, brings happiness. A happiness they will not who cultivate it not. It transforms the mind; it enlarges the heart; it elevates the soul; it makes man loved; it assists him on in the right path; it helps him on to the

peace which passeth all understanding. Perhaps at the close his funded wealth may be somewhat less than it would have been, though this is doubtful, for (with all reverence) it is inferred, and let no man allow this thought to influence him in his good works, God is no man's debtor, but how much happier and nobler will he be now much loosed and closer to heaven his soul! And what about the great day of reckoning when the books are opened and each man's account is brought home to him?

Surely one of the great incentives to good, to glorify God in ourselves, and in our works, is the thought of the grandeur we owe Him for the manifold mercies and privileges we possess. Who can number his own individual blessings? and who can say he deserves the least of them? "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof is His." He is who gives, and has power to take away. Reader, O reader unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, but remember, what is far more important, to render unto God the things that are God's. What we owe to man in this world, the law makes us pay; if we do not, it is summarily enforced. God speaks to us in the still small voice of conscience; we can repay Him or not as we please; but there will come a day of reckoning.

But the most beautiful of all self-denial, and perhaps the most difficult,

is that which is done in the sacred precincts of home. At home it is very probable that, if called upon, each would be willing to lay down his life for the other. But we are not required to perform heroic deeds; if we were, and they became common, probably that very fact would cause them to lose their influence, and we should give them up also. Life is made up of small things, and it is precisely in these that it is most difficult to be self-sacrificing—every-day matters which seem too trivial to mention; arising with the hour and going with it, to give place to something equally unremarkable. The constant giving away in trades and trading inclinations; uniting personal wants and wishes to each other. One wishes to go here, another there; one wishes to do this, another that; two wish for some benefit, or object of necessity—the purse will admit of the gratification of one only; two are invited to some delightful country place, or the attractions of a London season—the duties of our foreign fashion—at least the handsomest and best—sixty thousand dollars to solve the difficulties of only one; the effect is highly satisfactory.

A lovely bonnet is the Hutienne. A

model is in pale green plush of

exquisite but most "trying" shade, with feathers of the same hue falling over the crown, and the face trimming frayed out ruffles of pale green and rose. These frayed out ruffles are by the way, a lovely and becoming trimming. When of two colors or two shades combined, the effect is highly satisfactory.

A bonnet of white plush has around the crown three raised quillings of soft pale rose silk. At the back is a bow, and long ends also fringed out come from it, pass forward, and are loosely knotted under the chin. Pale rose ruffles form the face trimming.

The result is brilliant. Most of

the day's work is spent in fitting out the leather.

Between seventeen and twenty thousand leather skins are tanned yearly, which are consumed by boot and shoe manufacturers in every portion of the United States, as well as exported to London and Hamburg.

The alligators formerly came almost

entirely from Louisiana and New Orleans, was at that very moment being taken

off the spit, and young Sibert's mouth watered. "I have just dined," he said to the landlord, "and yet I could eat that turkey whole."

Several countrymen were seated at the kitchen fire, eating chestnuts and drinking white wine. Said one of them, a substantial-looking farmer, in the corrupt Provencal of the country: "If you eat it, I will pay—but if you give in on the road, you shall pay, and I shall eat the rest."

The challenge was accepted, and the future General set merrily to work. The two wings and a drumstick disappeared with such alacrity that "Hail!" called out the farmer in agony. "I see well that it is all over; but, now, Sibert, since I am to pay, suffer me at least to eat a morsel myself."

Coraline Magazine.

The Decay of Bodies.

The buried body acts according to the circumstances which surround it;

though, in the ordinary and most frequent form, decay speedily sets in, destroying the body, forming these poisonous gases and fluids which infect the air, soil and water of cemeteries and burial-places, rendering their surroundings totally unfit as places of residence.

We have, however, another form of change into adipose sub-

stances or degeneration into a species of fatty wax; in this change the features are perfectly preserved and the body free from all ravages of animal life.

The circumstances under which this adipose tissue forms are two-fold:

first, slight pressure, moisture and absence of air; and, second, greater pressure and protection from air.

The first occurs in cases of interment in wet-clay soil, where the pressure of

water furnishes the moisture and

the air, and causes the pressure necessary

to decompose the body.

The second occurs in cases of interment in metallic cases during the past fifteen or twenty years, which, when exhausted,

have been found in a perfect state of preservation, namely, the adipocere state.

A body in this state presents a

most pleasant appearance, allaying all natural repugnance to the dead, as they seem so natural.

In this condition, there is no danger to health, either when buried or upon exhuming or opening the case, as upon all such occasions there has always been an entire absence of all noxious odors.—Dr. Link, in N. Y. Times.

A True Tale Story.

Mr. Iraceon, La.

DEAR JACK: The rest of a mule

is in Bievile Parish, La., from a well

situated, but poor family.

They are, for thought and conscience

are lost in the mud and mud and

strange struggle will ensue; it may be long

one but as no man ever fought in

one who fights earnestly in the right

way, so will he in the end gain the

crown of victory.

No selfish man or woman will ever

yet completely happy. They may

turn themselves into a burden to

others, and yet be a burden to

themselves, and yet be a burden to

SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor.

SATURDAY, FEB. 10, 1877.

Bills have been introduced in both Houses of Congress to ratify the agreement made by Grant's Commissioners in September and October last with certain bands of the Sioux nation, and also with the Northern Arapahos and Cheyenne Indians; and Congressman Piper has introduced into the House a bill to establish the Territory of the Black Hills, and to provide a temporary government for the country, which, it is claimed, has been relinquished by the Indians under that agreement.

The speech of Senator Conkling on the Electoral Arbitration bill does not contain the passage attributed to Mr. Conkling in the Associated Press report. Their report is to the effect that he believed the Republican nominee had been chosen the Chief Magistrate of this country. No such language appears in the authentic report of his speech. What he really said was this: "Mr. President, it is because I mean, at every stage which the law and the facts shall justify, to maintain that the Republican nominee has been chosen Chief Magistrate, that I would have his title so clear that it can never be challenged."

## STATE NEWS.

Pine, Monroe county, is having the small pox.

The advent of Leo at Faith Creek has 200 students.

The Adrian Journal says that the reform club of that city is daily increasing in members.

The corpse of an unknown man was found in the woods in Bryce, Kent county, Jan. 30.

There have been 50 deaths from scarlet fever in Montague, Muskegon county, this winter.

The farmers of Lenawee county are making great preparation for the maple sugar harvest.

The next meeting of the Michigan association of superintendents of the poor will be held at Flint, March 20.

It is said that the small pox has made its appearance in Muskegon, and is rapidly spreading west and south.

The Grangers in the vicinity of Grand Rapids are moving for the relief of the Fenner and Petoskey sufferers.

Janee Heddon of Dowagiac says there is an epidemic among the legs, and that they are dying off by thousands.

Charles Headfield, formerly postmaster at Adrian, has been appointed receiver of public money for Washington territory.

It is expected that over 7,000,000 white fish will be hatched at the Atlantic station, naturally or otherwise, early next month.

A Detroit man has invented an apparatus for street-cars, to indicate the names of the streets as the cars pass.

See A. Sexton, the Michigan prima donna, while pursuing her musical studies in New York.

A little child less than two years of age in Dowagiac fell into a pail of boiling water, Jan. 28, and died from its injuries in a few hours.

Mrs. Adeline E. Hayden, of Decatur, was found dead in her bed, Jan. 25. She leaves a son and two daughters, and a property of \$55,000.

Charles Sherman, proprietor of the Diamond House, St. Paul, died suddenly at the Hoyt House, Feb. 3, from the effects of an overdose of morphine.

Wesley Banks, and Oakburg, on the Saginaw River, are considering the question of consolidation. The population of the three villages is about 5,000.

It is reported that Capt. Paddock and Fred Lyon of Grand Rapids have struck a bonanza in a silver mine which they recently purchased near Denver, Col.

Mrs. Hanley, of Flint, was found lying beside her wash-tub, Feb. 1, in a suffering condition, and died an hour or two after being discovered.

Patrick Hughes, called the veteran trackman of the Michigan Central, died at his home in Scio, Jan. 25. He had been in the employ of the company 29 years.

Mrs. Lydia, widow of John Lytle, who settled in Van Buren county in 1856, died at Paw Paw, Jan. 24, aged 89 years. She was the mother of 10 children all now living.

Eliza Miller, the great shop-lifter of Newmarket, has been sentenced to five years in the Detroit House of Correction, and her son and daughter, George Hoffman, to four years in the State prison.

Joseph Kirk, of Ionia county, aged 72 years, came to Greenville, Jan. 24, with indigo, and died within three hours of apoplexy. He had been a resident of Ionia county over 50 years, and leaves a large family.

An old farmer went to Lyons the other day with \$300 in his pocket, and after indulging pretty freely, nuzzled his money. Finally, having endured anguish enough to partially sober him, he found it in the lining of his pantaloons.

The red ribbon brigade of Bay City numbers 350 members. This is about two-thirds the male population of the city. It is said that every employee of the composing rooms of the Bay City Tribune and Lumberman's Gazette is a member.

De Book, a Hollander, of Grand Rapids, who suddenly left there a week ago, took \$8,000 with him which belonged to one of his business partners in Grand Rapids, who had given the money into his keeping only the day before.

John K. McBride, a harness-maker of Kalamazoo, was shot by his father-in-law, Michael Dougherty, January 30th, because he refused to live with his wife, whom he had been separated two years. It is feared that his wounds are fatal.

Chambers S. Payne, of Flint, died Jan. 31, aged 52 years. He was one of the oldest residents, and a large landowner, having been a factor in the famous chancery suit of Payne vs. Avery, growing out of Indian treaties affecting the title to real estate.

## Washington.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST AT THE CAPITOL.

## Descriptions of Various Departments

From our Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 1, 1877.—The Museum connected with the Post Office occupies a small room at one end of the office proper. The articles are arranged on shelves, and protected by glass doors. They are curios, of course, merely from the fact that they came through the mail. It seems inexplicable that any one should send valuables in that way especially without perfect and undoubted knowledge regarding the address of the person to whom he sends. There is everything to be seen, from a paper baby and rag-doll, to gold watches, chains, finger-rings, and all sorts of jewels. Table-silvers, ears of corn, wax-dolls, feather flowers, mineral specimens and bark from the big California trees are to be seen in proximity. One thing that touched me particularly was an old-used brooch attached to a sash, upon which was written the words: "I took this pin without leave when I was living in your father's family and I now return it to you. I am sorry." The simplicity of the words was pathetic as was the thought to which they gave rise—that the poor peasant's mistress probably never knew she was sorry. Several rather startling objects are visible among the collection, such as serpents of various kinds, harmless enough now in their

imposing structure, three stories high with two basements, and an attic, built in the Grecian Ionic style of architecture, of solid granite from the Island on the coast of Maine. The east front consists of a colonnade 300 feet long, with thirty Ionic columns

over thirty feet high, and four feet in diameter. The old Treasury building was burned in 1833, the new one commenced in 1850, and an extension added in 1855, which links the old building at each end, making symmetrical terminations of both fronts, and breaking the monotony of the long colonnaded portico of the old building. The walls of the extension are composed of pilasters resting on a base, and in the center of the northern, southern, and western fronts are splendid porticos, having on both sides of each of the platforms and steps, courts or lawns, which in summer are filled with rare plants and beautiful flowers. Fountains play in the courts, and altogether the Treasury is a right cheerful and pleasant place. The White House grounds adjoin those of the Treasury, and at the entrance to the President's park is a fountain whose basin is of massive granite. It is to be very much regretted that this magnificent basin has been injured, if not spoiled, this winter. Owing to the unusual coldness of the weather, the water which was left in it froze, causing the basin to crack.

SMALL SERVICE AND CASH ROOMS.—The objects of the most special interest within are the Cash room, Secret Service Bureau, Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and the vaults. The Cash-room is a large, square apartment, two stories high, with floor and walls of marble. An interior balcony surrounds the room on the level of the second story floor, and from this balcony is obtained the best

view of the surrounding country. The marble of which this room is built is an exceedingly rich and beautiful, consisting of varieties from Vermont, Tennessee, Italy, and the Pyramids. The door is tessellated in red and white. It is suggestive of the menagerie to see, as one does here, shut and locked in small square wire cages—counting money if their fingers blister. Packages of money to be sent away are prepared in this room, going through the hands of four different men called "shipping clerks," and these are the ones who are guarded so closely. Packages of money have to be counted by several different parties before being put in a wrapper, three separate seals put on by as many different clerks, the last one applying the middle seal and addressing the package. This was the daily work of Winslow; the man who committed the last Treasury robbery, and who is now in jail for it.

In the basement is a huge machine for destroying soiled currency, by means of which it is simply crushed and ground into a mass of pulp which is afterward converted into gray wrapping paper. In the other rooms, in a dirty, littered workshop, carpenters are engaged in repairing furniture, the eight of which cannot fail to arouse a feeling of awe or wonder. They were during the time of Lincoln's assassination, and the last places in the edge of life where the spur on "Porky's" boot caught as he jumped upon the stage slaying his six serpent tyrants. Upon expressing surprise that these fangs were kept in such an obscure place, I was informed that it was done to preserve them from robbers who would carry them off, were they in any public place as would seem most fitting.

The secret service bureau, bureau of migration, and the results I must leave till next week to write a few words about the excitement which prevails in this vicinity over

THE ELECTRIC COT.

The people are intensely interested in it, and the Capitol is crowded every day though but a thousand or two are admitted into the Housewing during the counting, and that upon special tickets. A hundred extra places have

been appointed, and there has been no disturbance as yet. The counting began Thursday and proceeded with but opposition till Friday was reached. The contest over this state will settle

nearly, if not quite, all questions that may arise concerning others, so when that is disposed of the end will be near. The electoral holds its sessions in the Supreme Court Room,

and as it will probably be engaged upon the Florida returns for some days. Congress will be unlikely to meet in a body again before Tuesday next.

M. M. W.

Funeral of the Rev. Dr. Jocelyn.

The funeral of this great teacher and divine, took place at Albion, Mich., last Tuesday afternoon. The 16th psalm was read by Rev. Isaac Taylor. An earnest prayer was offered by Rev. Arthur Edwards, of the Northwestern Christian Advocate.

The hymn, "Just as I am, without one plea," was read by Rev. F. Coggeshall, and sung by the choir. Rev. Dr. W. H. Perrine preached the funeral discourse from 1 Cor. 15:3-8. Beside the family of the deceased, many ministers from the Detroit and Michigan conferences attended the funeral exercises. The audience was so large that only about half of these present could obtain admittance to the chapel. Beautiful flowers, the gift of various college classes, covered the casket.

SORT-SOURCES.

The enjoyment of the very lowest and poorest class among us has been augmented by the erection of soup-houses, and the distribution of bread sufficient to feed over a thousand half-famished creatures daily.

FIG. 6.—On many accounts, especially to Americans, the building occupied by the Treasury Department is the most interesting and important one in the United States. It is a very

## SECOND AND LAST.

## GRAND CONCERT !!

IN AID OF THE

## NEW OPERA HOUSE FUND,

WILL BE GIVEN UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

## Prof. S. S. JACKSON,

DIRECTOR OF THE

## DETROIT MUSICAL INSTITUTE,

## At Young Men's Hall,

Monday Evening, Feb. 12th,

ASSISTED BY

## PROF. APEL,

The Celebrated Piano Soloist,

## MISS JENNIE FOWLER,

A Popular Soprano Vocalist, of Detroit.

## MRS. COOPER,

Michigan's Favorite Contralto Vocalist,

Whose success in Detroit and recently at Pontiac was immense.

TOGETHER WITH PROF. JACKSON'S

## MALE CHORUS,

## Twenty Cultivated Voices !!

Admission, 35c. Reserved Seats, 50c.

CHILDREN, 25c.

Tickets can be purchased at the principal stores.

Reserved Seats for Sale at \$1.00.

## RAILROADS.

## MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD

Grand Trunk Ry. 1876.

Leave Wayne Junction.

Trains will

Leave Wayne Junction.

Trains will

Leave Northville.

Trains will

## The Northville Record

ADVERTISEMENTS NO ADVERTISEMENT WILL BE MAILED IN THIS PAPER EXCEPT FROM PARTIES WHO ARE MEMBERS OF THE NORTHVILLE BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

### BUSINESS DIRECTORY

#### PHYSICIANS

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

W. J. KENDRICK, M. D., Physician  
and Surgeon, Office over Leland & Kline,  
184 Monroe Street, Northville, Mich. Attended  
previously attracted to day or night.

Dentistry.

EDWIN N. BOOT, DENTIST, OF  
EDWIN N. BOOT, DENTIST, OF  
EDWIN N. BOOT, DENTIST, OF  
EDWIN N. BOOT, DENTIST, OF

Harness and Trimming.

C. S. ELMER, HARNESS MAKER  
and Harness Trimmer, Shop in the McComb  
Building, Main St., Specialization Diversified.

Wheat and Produce.

L. L. MOORE & CO., DEALERS  
in Wheat, Stock, Cereals, etc. in their stores  
and purchased at great discounts from the  
Greatest Wheat and Corn Markets.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

TRAIN LEAVE NORTHVILLE

FLINT & PERE MARQUETTE R. R.

DETROIT TIME.

NORTHVILLE, 125 A. M. NEW YORK, 125 A. M.  
DETROIT, 125 P. M. DETROIT, 125 P. M.  
DETROIT, 125 P. M. DETROIT, 125 P. M.  
DETROIT, 125 P. M. DETROIT, 125 P. M.

TRAIN LEAVES PLYMOUTH

DETROIT, LANSING & LAKE MICH. R. R.

DETROIT TIME.

MICHIGAN CITY, 125 A. M. MARQUETTE, 125 A. M.  
DETROIT, 125 P. M. HOMER DEPT., 125 P. M.  
DETROIT, 125 P. M. HOMER DEPT., 125 P. M.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE ON MICH. CENT.

DETROIT TIME.

MICHIGAN CITY, 125 A. M. NEW YORK, 125 A. M.  
DETROIT, 125 P. M. NEW YORK, 125 A. M.  
DETROIT, 125 P. M. NEW YORK, 125 A. M.

Home and Vicinity.

The last grand concert!

Monday evening, February 12th.

Mrs. George Hayes is recovering.

The snow is rapidly disappearing.

The calico ball held at the City House, Thursday evening, was well attended.

We regret to learn that a little son of Mr. Robert Yerkes is dangerously ill with diphtheria.

Mr. George Milne, of Boston, Mass., is visiting with the family of Dr. J. M. Swift, this place.

Miss Sarah A. Brown, and Miss Sarah A. Button, of New Haven, are visiting with friends at this place.

Prof. J. Henry Gardner, leader of the Flint City Band, has been in town the past two weeks, the guest of Dr. J. M. Swift.

Miss Jeanie Peeler, the beautiful and talented soprano, of Detroit, will appear at Young Men's Hall, Monday evening the 12th.

Prof. S. S. Leeson, of the Detroit Musical Institute, will lead his grand chorus of 100 male voices at Young Men's Hall, Monday evening.

Rev. Dr. Heister, of Chicago, formerly pastor of the Presbyterian Church at this place, was in town this past week, visiting with friends.

Bethia, an eight-year-old daughter of Gardner Wood, died of diphtheria, last Friday. There are numerous cases of this fatal disease throughout the village.

The Rev. S. Clements, pastor of the M. E. Church, was the recipient of about \$140 by the donation parties at his residence, Wednesday and Thursday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Mattice, Mr. and Mrs. Darling, and Mr. and Mrs. Martin, of Milford, were among the guests at the ball held at the City House, Thursday evening.

There will be a public auction on the farm of Lyman Joslin, near Elton Centre, Wednesday, February 28th, at 10 a. m., of household furniture, farming utensils, stock, etc.

Mr. Cooper, Detroit's favorite contractor, will positively appear in some of the most beautiful operatic scenes at the last grand concert in aid of the opera house fund, Monday evening next.

The Michigan State Pioneer Society met at Lansing, Wednesday evening. About 500 persons were present, and many interesting papers read. Mr. David Clarkson, of this place, was present.

The second and last grand concert in aid of the opera house fund, will take place Monday evening, February 12th, instead of the 9th, as stated in our last issue. Don't miss this chance of hearing some of the finest music.

Mr. James Armstrong and Mr. Frank Persin have leased the blacksmith shop formerly owned by L. W. Hutton, at this place, and are carrying on a general blacksmithing business. These gentlemen are thoroughly committed to turn out the best work, and persons desiring anything in their line, should give them a call.

The Diamond Mill Writing Papers sold by Cobb, Andrews & Co., Cleveland, O., are becoming more and more popular. They take the lead over all other brands of paper sold to Michigan. Mr. Lewis C. Duff, late a resident of Plymouth, is traveling agent for the firm, and may be expected to take in Northville on or off his tour.

Mr. Ferdinand Sarmiento, general agent of the Clough & Warren organ company, was in town Thursday.

### Northville Band Concert.

The entertainment given by the Northville Band, Tuesday evening last, at Young Men's Hall, was a most decided success. The house was well filled, and the proceeds will net quite a large sum. The band shows a marked improvement under the tutorage of the talented musician, Prof. J. Henry Gardner, the well-known and popular leader of the Flint City Band, who has had them in training the past week. Each selection was rendered with a correctness and precision that "astonished the natives," and reflected much credit on themselves and the Professor. The audience was highly pleased with the commendable and successful efforts of the band, and received them in good style.

Prof. Gardner appeared in full dress and executed several really fine cornets, which for time, melody and effect were simply immense. His rendition of the "Sweet Bye-and-by" was beautiful and touching, and showed the rare genius and poetic conception of the musician. This gentleman's efforts were enthusiastically acknowledged, as were Mr. Marvin Bowman, who gave a fine baritone solo.

Miss Helen L. Cady, gave two of her recitations in good style, and Miss Lizzie Swift executed a difficult piano solo with her usual grace and effect.

Dr. J. M. Swift sang the "Evening Serenade" to a cornet obligato in satisfactory manner.

The members of the band have every reason to feel proud of their success, and also, of their leader.

We are requested on behalf of the band to return their sincere thanks to the ladies and gentlemen who so kindly assisted them in the concert.

### Obituary.

Died, of diphtheria, Carlos J., aged 5 years; and Mary L., aged 11 years, January 17th and 22d, respectively, children of Mr. C. and Anna M. Gardner, of this village.

The death has invaded the home of this late happy family, and I removed two beautiful and promising children almost simultaneously. Their sickness was somewhat protracted, and most distressing in its nature. The terrible insidiousness of the cases was a source of anxiety for personal safety to neighbors and attendants. The late and only child (a son) was a victim of the same malady—the latter to a dangerous degree—so that for several days there was no present in a scene of deep trial and distress. Nature seemed to recover miraculously after the throat symptoms disappeared; but hope faded slowly. The subtle poison penetrated and increased the vital force, and with destruction of his lungs death closed the scene.

A very large circle of relatives and friends deeply sympathized with the afflicted family.

### Grange Meeting.

The Hon. J. J. W. Jones, Master of the Michigan State Grange, will address the citizens of Northville and vicinity on the afternoon of February 21st, at 2 o'clock p. m., in Young Men's Hall, a meeting deemed advisable. Mr. Woodward will endeavor to show up some of the many wrongs and unjust burdens which the agriculturists of our country have to bear, and the necessity and justice of the Order of the Patrons of Husbandry through which they hope to obtain redress in just and speedy manner. Come and hear him one and all. It will not cost you anything, and it will do you good.

### Scamitites.

Correspondence of the Northville Record.

SIXTH, Feb. 5, 1877.

Dear Sir—Some of your readers may be interested in learning a few items of interest in this locality.

Until recently, the town of Salem had had two postoffices—one at Salem Station called Salem postoffice, and one two miles back of it called Salem postoffice. Salem postoffice has been discontinued, and Salem postoffice is to take the name of Salem postoffice; get some pristine Salem. Station would have been a preferable name for that office, since it is at the Station, and "Salem" postoffice is the same county is spelled so nearly like Salem that mail matter often goes to Salem and has to be returned.

Joseph Barlow of Monroe, shot himself in the head, Jan. 28. He was unmarried, and his suicide is supposed to have been caused by an unrequited love affair. He was an excellent horseman, and a member of the Masonic Lodge, and president of the Industrial Society.

"Our Hunters Experience" and "The Surprise at Walled Lake," January 18th, were the themes for a couple of poems to echo the last social held at Summit Church. On said occasion the dime collection reached \$6.74.

The donation for Rev. A. Spencer, February 1st amounted to \$50.

The organ fund is now over \$70, to be increased by a lady Washington Tea Party, at the residence of Mr. William Vansickle, on the evening of February 20th. All are invited.

The snow is disappearing slowly, and we fear a muddy season, and a dull time—the natural consequence.

### Observers.

Mr. Ferdinand Sarmiento, general agent of the Clough & Warren organ company, was in town Thursday.

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### Prof. Fowle's Dancing Academy.

Dancing, as an art, is very popular in Detroit, rich and poor alike finding pleasure and recreation by participating in the fashionable exercise. Parties and balls are of frequent occurrence, and once it is not considered

a compliment in the art. Like every other profession, changes are constantly taking place in dancing, and instead of the old style waltzes, polkas, and schottisches, the tango has become the ruling fashion in all round dances.

In compliance with a special invitation we paid a visit Saturday last to Prof. Fowle's Dancing School matinee, at St. Andrew's Hall, corner Woodward Avenue and State streets, Detroit, where we found a very large company of ladies, gentlemen and children of the first families in the city, all busily engaged in the fascinating pastime. The reputation of Prof. Fowle as a dancing master and gentleman is widespread, and deservedly so, as his affable manner and professional skill are very apparent. The Professor will not admit anyone into his class or socials who are not ladies and gentlemen, and it is consequently a strictly first-class dancing academy.

Here, too, we were pleased to find our old friend, and former townsmen, Prof. James Savage, who, in company with Prof. Speigel and his son William, furnish the best of music for these occasions. The reputation of these gentlemen as musicians is fully established.

### The Roller Skating Rink.

Perhaps the most popular place of amusement for the young folks, of Detroit, is the roller skating rink, at Young Men's Hall, which is managed so successfully by three popular gentlemen, Mr. Toman & Cochran.

It is a great improvement on the old style of skating, for the reason that there is no danger of being browned or half frozen in a cold rink, or on a windy street. The hall is comfortably warmed and well adapted for this recreation—being large, airy, and a very enjoyable place to sit in after a long afternoon of skating.

### Whitney's Opera House, Detroit.

This favorite place of amusement will continue to afford its patrons some first-class attractions. During the past week Mr. DeBart, appeared in his great singing creation of Falstaff, before fair-sized and appreciative audiences, and the attraction for the coming week will be the "Two Orphans" to be presented every evening during the week with Miss Emma Madlener as "Lily" also the first girl. The rest of the characters

were to be announced by the company which supported Mr. DeBart. Miss Madlener, who is an extra actress of the repertory, has never before appeared in Detroit, and persons desiring to see a first-class rendering of that popular drama, should inquire at the box office.

Genius Acknowledged.

Maggie Lillian, the young singer, who appeared at Academy Hall, New York, last Tuesday night, with Marion Campbell, Zella Segars, and other amateur opera stars, is the Maggie Lillian who delighted Detroit people for the past five years with her wonderful voice and ringing manner. We are glad to see that her career is still fully appreciated and acknowledged, for so far below the public has worked most zealously to perfect themselves in their musical studies than this young lady, and we feel glad to learn that she has the honor of appearing with Marion Campbell, the leading singer of the opera stage.

### Additional State News.

The Michigan State convention assembled at Kalamazoo, January 30th, was largely attended, and a great variety of interest to farmers were discussed.

A joint stock company's manager organized in Osceola, Oakland county, for the erection of a cannery, with the design of supplying Detroit with cream, and when they have a supply to manufacture butter and various articles can be obtained to make cheese.

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and a member of the Masonic Lodge, and president of the Industrial Society.

Roderick Calhoun, a ship-carpenter of East Saginaw, while working on the Flint and Pere Marquette railroad bridge on a scaffolding 30 above the river, slipped and fell striking on his head and shoulder, on the ice, killing him instantly. He was 30 years of age and leaves a wife and four children.

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### The New York Sun.

The different editions of The Sun during the next year will be the same as during the year that has just passed. The daily edition will on week days be a sheet of four pages, and on Sundays a sheet of eight pages, all the same dimensions and character that are already familiar to our friends.

The Sun will continue to be the strenuous advocate of reform and reformation, and of the substitution of statesmanship, wisdom, and integrity for hollow pretense, imbecility, and fraud in the administration of public affairs. It will contend for the government of the people by the people and for the people, as opposed to government by frauds in the ballot box and in the counting of votes, enforced by military violence. It will endeavor to supply its readers—a body now not far from a million of souls—with the most careful, complete, and trustworthy accounts of current events, and will employ for

the purpose a numerous and carefully selected staff of reporters and correspondents. Its reports from Washington, especially, will be full, accurate, and fearless; and it will doubtless continue to deserve and enjoy the esteem of those who thrive by plundering the Treasury or by usurping what the law does not give them, while it will endeavor to merit the confidence of the public by defending the rights of the people against the encroachments of unjustified power.

The price of the daily Sun will be 35 cents a number or \$6.50 a year, postage paid, with the Sunday edition \$7.75 a year. The Sun day edition above, eight pages, \$1.25 a year, postage paid. The Weekly Sun, eight pages of broad columns, will be furnished during 1877 at the rate of \$1 a year, postage paid.

The benefit of this large reduction from the previous rates will be derived by individual subscribers without the loss of making a cable. At the same time, if any of our friends desire to aid in extending our circulation, we shall be grateful to them, and every such person who sends us a name or names of subscribers from class will be entitled to a 10% discount on his annual subscription.

Editorial writers will be entitled to a 10% discount on their annual subscription.

Advertisers will be entitled to a 10% discount on their annual subscription.

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### MULTUM IN PARVO.

A BOSTON boy—Hub-bub! Modesty is always admirable. SLANG is ~~bad~~ in the embryo. SWEETS in adversity.—A sugar-house failure. THE RING in nearly every election—Scattering. SPOTTING.—A depredatory epithet for all talk but our own. IT is ten years since the Eastern railroads had shown much bother. DANIEL BOONE was a good shot, but he used to spell people “peep.”

WINTER QUARTERS.—Twenty-five cents for having your sidewalk shoveled.

A MAN in Massachusetts has been fined for not providing comfortable shelter for his stock.

SUNDAY is the strongest day, because all the rest are weak days. Yet why is it so often broken?

WOLF-HUNTERS in the Valley of the Yellowstone make \$500 a month from the wolf skins they take.

In nine cases out of ten, no man's life will be a success, if he does not bear burdens in childhood.

GEN. PLEASONTON insists that sun-shine let through a blue pane will cure a pain of almost any color.

An exchange sagely remarks that “very few people know how to grow old.” Yes, but most of them learn how, if they live long enough.

PROF. PARKERSON is the right man in the right place. He says this world will stand for \$3,000,000 years yet. Nay, he offers to bet ten to one on it.

This young gentleman who accompanied his offer of marriage with a hundred-dollar fur jacket has had his hand and seal accepted.—*Boston Bulletin*.

SWEET are the uses of adversity. A cross-eyed schoolma'am can keep twice the usual number of children in order at once.

A GERMAN life insurance company called Der Lebensversicherungs-gesellschaft complains of the irregularity of the mails. Yet one would think it got all of its letters.

WHEN a New York bank promptly hands over \$60,000 on a forged check, it is time to wonder whether the last twenty years has improved the smartness of bank cashiers.

A CINCINNATI boy, who played “Daniel in the Lion's Den” a few days ago, with four dogs, has had seventeen holes burnt in his legs with lunar caustic, to prevent hydrophobia.

The remains of a balloon have recently been found on the coast of Iceland. In the car were human bones—an incomplete skeleton—and a leather traveling bag, containing papers so moldy as not to be deciphered. It is conjectured that this was the balloon in which the aeronaut Price ascended during the siege of Paris.—*N. Y. Tribune*. Why suppose it to be a Frenchman? Why not the lost and lamented Donaldson? When last heard from, that daring and unfortunate navigator of the cerulean was driving across Lake Michigan at a terrific rate of 100 miles or so an hour. There is no reason why he should not have reached Ireland if the wind and the balloon lasted. Possibly those English papers had never heard of Donaldson, but the car and the trailing-tag ought to afford clues to identity.—*Cincinnati Times*.

RUINS for a “gay sleighride.” Ten young couples. One four-horse outfit with driver. One night, colder than blazes. One mile of merriment. Ten miles of nearly frozen to death. One chilly dance-hall. One drunken saddle. Three hours of light fantastic toe. Sapp'd for twenty-five. First course—lukewarm milk and water that has been bathed in by an oyster. Second course—same as first. Dessert—country air on ice. The “party” is now half way through. Next comes little more squeaky fiddle and dancing around. Then—all hands aboard for home. Colder drive than ever. All sitting in the sleigh-box. Driver loses his way. Young men crawl out and swear. Girls cry. Home at last—four o'clock in the morning. Moral: Ten dollars apiece out of pocket. Nine frozen ears. Twenty-five played-out people of both sexes. Four used-up horses, and a lot of young lads, who go around next day and say they had “mense time.”—*Chicago Journal*.

BRATTLEBORO (Vt.) people tell this for a fact: A young widower in Windham County, not far from Brattleboro, who was greatly in need of a housekeeper, rode, day after day, in a vain search for a hired girl. At last, almost discouraged, he drew up at a small dwelling among the hills: “Can you tell me where I can get a woman to do the work in a farm-house?” “Where are ye from?” asked the old man, viewing the handsome horse and buggy with a critical air. “My name is —, and I am from —.” “Oh, you're like a-hain of me, ye best yer wife a spell ago. Well, I've got six gals—good gals, too—and yer may take yer pick among 'em for a wife; they wouldn't none on 'em thick of going out. Work. Should as full as liever you should take Hannah, because she's the oldest, and her chance ain't quite so good, seeing as she's near-sighted and can't hear so very well. But, if you don't want her, ye can take yer pick o' the others.” The widower went in, selected the best looking one, drove to the Justice's, was married, and carried home that night a permanent housekeeper, who proves, so far, to be in every way satisfactory.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican*.

### Babylonian Relics.

The last collection of Babylonian antiquities purchased by the late George Smith, and received at the British Museum a few months ago, reveals upon investigation some valuable treasures among its contents. The greater part of the collection consists of tablets, about 2,000 in number, which were stored in a series of earthenware jars discovered in one of the mounds near Hillah, the earth about them being washed away by the rains of the last wet season. The tablets contain the memoranda of a

### BANKING FIRM.

banking firm, and record the sale of lands, slaves and other property, and the loan of money, the forms of mortgages, and so on. Each bears a date of the day, month and regnal year of the ruling King, in which the transaction took place; and thus the series affords an important addition to the chronological history of Babylon.

The tablets extend over the reigns of Nabonidus, Cyrus and Cambyses. Besides the commercial records which the tablets reveal, there are several valuable inscriptions, one of which presents a complete calendar of the Babylonian year, and is preceded by the office almanac of the first.

It is accompanied by an exposition of the days which are fortunate or unfortunate for the performance of certain events, as making journeys by land and water, building, feasting, banqueting, executing private and public duties, etc. Two other valuable reliques are the bronze statuettes representing deities. They are, bending on one knee, and holding long cones with the point downward, and are dressed in long robes bound at the waist with a girdle, and a conical hooded head-gear similar to that seen on the bulls. With the exception of the bronze statue of Anat, now in the Louvre, these are the only examples of early Babylonian bronzes that have been discovered.—*Chicago Tribune*.

### A Remarkable Story.

THE BELLEVUE (Ohio) News gives a singular account of the escape of a well-known citizen of that section from two terrible railroad disasters. The narrative is as follows:

Mr. Feese is well known over this whole section of country, and esteemed for candor and integrity. It will be remembered that Mr. Feese passed through a horrible calamity a few years ago, losing his entire family, wife and two children. At that time they had been on a visit to friends in Pennsylvania, and took the cars at Erie on their way home. He said then a strange disillusionment had seized him, that his mind was whitened down with an impression of some impending calamity. He thought the impulse without reason and foolish, so would not heed or even speak of it. He had a walking dream not long before, where in he saw his wife and children lying in coils in a church, as distinct and vivid as though real, yet he was wide awake. This was assigned as a reason for his feelings, and the whole thing seemed too unreasonable for sensible persons to notice. While riding along with his little boy asleep in his lap, he felt a sudden jerk and jar, and immediately found himself under water, with his head fastened so he could not move. The whole affair flashed through his mind, and there, under nine feet of water, a lifetime of thought was experienced in an instant. To open his mouth was to fill it with water—breathe he must or perish. Life were worth the effort, and making one almost superhuman struggle, his head was freed. Then, seizing something above him he found a window and crawled out and up, just as a man was passing with a lantern on a log across the stream, partly weighed down by the wreck. The man exclaimed on seeing him, “Great God, did you get out of there?” Totally unshaken, he could do or say nothing, his presentiment had become a terrible reality. A bridge had given away as their train was passing, and the car they were in had turned over and the one next behind had fallen on top of it. His poor wife was fastened down with a beam so that her body could not be recovered until the wreck had been partially removed. The bodies of his children were found outside the car but near together, appearing as if had some one been there to aid them as they came near the surface, they might have been saved. At the funeral every feature of his walking dress was there just as he had seen it days before, and he then and there resolved that if ever the subject of such impressions again he should regard them at any sacrifice. In the meantime Mr. Feese had married again. Taking his family, he went this last fall to visit the Centennial and Pennsylvania friends. He had determined to get home on Saturday, Dec. 30, and informed the friends here to that effect. To do so they must take No. 5 into Cleveland Friday night. By making proper application he could get a pass over the road, and three several times he attempted to write for it, and as often a strange impulse seized him that he had better not. As the time approached to go the same presentiment came over him as he felt before; hence, in accordance with his resolution, nothing could have persuaded him to come this way. They, therefore, started Tuesday earlier, and came around by Wheeling at a much greater outlay of time and money. When at Wheeling he read an account of the awful fate he had escaped. To attempt an explanation of this were vain. We can only say there are stranger things in this world than was ever dreamt of in our philosophy.

A PARTY of young peasants were carousing in a loft in Vouzey, France, when one of the hungriest of the party offered to be the franc-tireur. He would eat the nose and cheeks of any one present. A companion was endowered by nature, accepted the bet, and lay down to the sacrifice. The anthropologist bit off his nose and ate it, but when he came to the cheeks the obliging companion paid the bet, and, jumping up, tried to perform the same delicate operation on his rival, who declined to submit. A general fight closed the savage scene, and the jovial party found themselves in the police-station the following morning, with the exception of the noseless man, who was taken to the hospital to have the stump of his prominent facial organ attended to.

—The expenditures for all school purposes during the last year in Boston were \$2,015,380.84, against \$2,081,043.33 for the preceding year. The whole amount of the current expenses for the last year was \$1,737,034.27.

### FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

MR. HORNE, in the *Country Gentleman*, says “there is not at present any known cure for snuff poisoning.”

Better make arrangements to feed everything raised on the farm. Sell nothing except in a condensed condition.

An cow which will not, with good care and treatment, produce 7,000 lbs. of milk per year should be sent to the butcher.

VICTORIA PUDDING.—Take of grated bread, mashed potatoes, grated carrots, finely chopped suet, currants, sugar, each half pound, four well-beaten eggs, a little salt, nutmeg and mace, a pinch of cinnamon. Mix all well. Steam in a mold five hours. Serve with sweet sauce.

HAM or Tongue Toast.—Cut a slice of bread rather thick, toast and butter, well on both sides. Take a small quantity of ham or tongue and grate it finely; have ready, chopped finely, two hard-boiled eggs; put both meat and eggs into a stew-pan with a little butter and cayenne, make it quite hot, and spread quickly on the buttered toast and serve. This is good for lunch or breakfast.

WESTPHALIA LOAVES.—Mix four ounces of grated ham with one pound of meaty potatoes, well beaten, till quite light, with two spoonfuls of butter, a little cream and two eggs. Be careful not to make it too soft, form into small loaves of balls and fry in butter, a light brown. Serve with a thick brown, highly-seasoned gravy, or without, piled on a napkin in pyramid form, and garnished with parsley.

FRIED APPLES.—This old-fashioned dish may be improved by frying in this way: Lay some small bits of salt pork on the griddle; remove when the griddle is very hot, and lay pieces of apple as large as you can cut, skin and pectin, on the griddle. They must be laid singly, like giddle cakes. Cook, not too fast; when well browned turn them, sprinkle with salt and, when soft through, arrange on a plate. They make a tempting dish.

—Let any one who has the care of a horse these cold frosty mornings deliberately grasp in his hand a piece of iron; indeed, let him touch it to the tip of his tongue, and then let him thrust the bit into the mouth of his horse, if he has the heart to do it. The horse is an animal of nervous organization. His mouth is formed of delicate glands and tissues. The temperature of the blood is the same as the human being, and as in man the mouth is the warmest part of the body. Imagine, we repeat, the irritation that would be caused the horse man, and consider that, if not to the same degree, still the suffering to the animal is very great; and it is not a momentary pain. Food is eaten with great difficulty, and the irritation repeated every day causes loss of appetite and loss of strength. Many a horse has become worthless from no other cause than this. Before India rubber bits were to be had, I myself used a bit covered with leather, and on no account would have dispensed with it in freezing weather.—*Illinoian Herald*.

### A Home on the Farm.

IT would be a most befitting characteristic of voluntary life in the United States to find the houses of farmers built in good taste, and supplied with every reasonable convenience to render living in them agreeable and to make the performance of daily labor easy. A home in the city or village is a far more comfortable structure than a farm-house now. A home in the country in America possesses few conveniences, as a general rule, than the homes of well-to-do farmers in England, France or Switzerland.

We fear that the true idea of what a home in the country should be has never, or at least seldom, been worked out by those who spend their lives there, for it is a rare thing to see an establishment which has a genuine home-like look. If a farmer builds a few houses and plants a home which he expects to be a permanent thing for himself and his heirs, he is almost sure to run up a two-story and a wing and place it within shaking-distance of the road; and then paint it white, put on green blinds, and shut them up forever. It looks firm, neat and unapproachable as a white rock in a plain.

This kind of a home is represented everywhere in the West. If there is a front yard and front door-step, they are filled and covered with weeds, and then what is the door-step? There is a good deal of significance in a front-door step. Dare we say that the front-door-step exhibits the character of the owner and is an index of the size of his heart and the growth of his taste? We believe it. It is of use to say to you do not use the front door and front rooms much, and that therefore there was no necessity for erecting a broad porch and broad, roomy steps, and to indicate that the front door was the chief and main entrance to the house. There is where the trouble lies; and farmers should educate themselves out of the notion that they must eat and live in the kitchen and sleep near it. And the indolent woman may be exalted in a most efficient manner for good.

She can open those “best rooms” and let in the sunlight of Heaven and of her own cheerful heart and presence, and compel her family to occupy them. Here, if anywhere in the house, are the best educating influences of home. The mothers and daughters should ever be found there after their household duties are over. Here is the place of the family altar, sacred to pure conversation, to gentle and cheerful manners, to loving courtesy between parents and children, to neatness, order and truth. Let no one ever appear here without a coat, or with his pantaloons tucked into his boot-tops, or with a hat on—it is no place for such boorish habits and customs.

We have seen excellent, good-hearted people, who lived in the kitchen, and who did not once a year perhaps enter the “best room.” They would do one a favor and spring to the aid of distress, as readily as any one, but these are no reasons for neglecting the best advantages of home. If they have pure consciences and kind hearts, why not elevate them into a purer and kinder atmosphere, where the surroundings are in better keeping with the spirit within.

How pleasant at evening, when our son and daughter will be for the whole family to gather into the parlor and light up its cheerful walls brillantly. Should some social neighbors call, they would be at no loss to tell where the household is gathered, for the dim light of the lamp would show the oyster-shell, and the lights gleam out as though some joyous event had happened. The table is in the middle of the room, and books and papers are in abundance to suit the tastes and capacities of all.

This is home; and here a home influence is born and nurtured, which grows and spreads, and works, until everything in and about home is transformed, and instead of weeds, and trash, and disorder without, grass, and flowers, and trees are found; instead of rough and awkward manners and slovenliness of dress, on the part of the men, there is considerate courtesy, refinement of manners and address, and a visible care for personal appearance, cleanliness and dress.—*Friendship's Friend*.

### WANTED.

WANTED.—A HABIT CURED AT HOME.

Wanted—Desiring case—Dr. W. M. M. Quinn, M.D.

Case to be prepared by Dr. J. P. Stoddard, M.D.

Dr. J. P. Stoddard, M.D., of Boston, Mass.

Dr. J. P. Stoddard, M.D., of Boston,