

Official Paper of the Village.

Published Once Monthly by

SAMUEL H. LITTLE,

Editor and Proprietor.

To whom all communications should be addressed.

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LAVENDER.

Now come we are to have and board
Each little broken form has stored,
To tell of happy hours—
We lay aside with tender care
A tattered book, a curl of hair,
A bunch of faded flowers.

Death has led with palest hand
Our darling to the silent land,
"Awhile we sit悲痛—
Patience goes on, and soon we rise,
Our dead being gathered from our eyes,
We gather what is left."

The touch they loved, the songs they sang,
The little flute whose music rang—
So cheerfully of old—
The pictures we have seen—the paint,
The last shadow—dawn with dolor faint
That fell from fingers cold.

We smooth and fold with reverent care,
The robes they living used to wear;
And painful pulses stir,
As over the robes of the dead
With bitter rain of tears we spread—
Pale purple lavender.

And when we come in after years
With only slender April leaves,
One leaf once, while with care
To look on trees, petals fall—
Departing as the birds,
A subtle soul in there.

Dew-wet and frost we gathered them,
These fragrant downy, soft every stem
Is bare of all its bloom.
Tear-wet and sweet we strewed them here
To lead our Nelly sacred, dear,
Their beautiful perfume.

They went about on book and lace,
On curl and flower; and, with its mirth,
But eloquent appeal,
It wins from us—a deeper soul,
For our lost dead—a sharper throb
Than we are wont to feel.

It whispers of the long ago—
Its love, its loss, its aching woe—
And buried screws stir;
And torn like those we abhor of old,
Fall down our cheeks as we behold
Our faded lavender.

WITH THEE.

I'd rather walk through snow with thee,
Than sit alone where the air
Is hot with summer, and as fair
The heat abides on a sea.
Of course, no reward, surprise, where
Now dwells on a lonely air,
The whitened steps of God fast by.
Proverb is shown to be with thee,
Dark waters round us, and the roar
Of breakers on an ancora above
Resounding louder on the lea—
Than with another, sailing o'er
A rippling lake, where angry gale
May never reach the outer sail.

W. H. EWING, in Service for Jew.

WHAT AUNT DORCAS DID.

"I never saw such nice, serene-looking old ladies as Aunt Dora Davis and Aunt Jane," said merry Dora Davis, as she sat down with father, mother and a circle of brothers and sisters before a winter fire one January day.

"Too prim and precise for me taste," spoke up Joe, the scapegrace of the family. "I never see them but what I fancy they were born in short sleeves and white capes. Dora, if you don't help me out with this calculation, I'm ruined entirely."

"Then you must be ruined, young man," said Mr. Davis, turning toward him. "I notice your sister helps you quite too frequently."

Joe made a comic gesture of resignation, then lifting his right hand, he exclaimed:

"I am ruined."

When the rule bled and bled of the world
Have so ruined that I am reckoning what
I do spite the world."

In so tragic a manner that the parlour girls turned away to hide a smile, while the rest of the little circle shouted with laughter. Then Joe made pretense to dash away any quantity of tears, and resumed his task with a haggard, woe-begone look that was not changed by the mirth of the others, though little Pete declared that he must be laughing inside.

"Your aunts are very good women," resumed Mr. Davis, folding up his newspaper, "but I can assure you they were not always so sedate, and I can remember their merry laughter and pretty faces long before time, and grief had sobered them."

"You don't tell me they were ever young," queried Joe, his mobile face full of astonishment.

"Young and a good deal more full of fun and mischief than ever you were, you young rascal. Why, when the court used to sit in Lansing, father has had as many as ten or fifteen lawyers in the house, and those two girls entertained them in such a manner that they were the best known throughout all the county. They were full of pizzicato. Did I ever tell you how they kept house at Fernall? I asked, turning to his wife, who shook her head."

Fernall was the old family mansion, the scenery about which was remarkable for its beauty and grandeur. It had once been a place of great repose, in old Colonial times, sheltering Governors and Generals and distinguished men and women, and though partly falling to decay, it still retained traces of its grandeur, had its haunted room, and in fact was the scene of some rather remarkable incidents.

"Tell us about it!" went chorusing round the table. "It's just the right for a story."

"So I never told you how Dorcas cut off man's leg, my dear?"

It was the wife's turn to look astonished now.

"Dorcas—cut—and there, she paused, her sewing suspended, an expression of incredulity crossing her countenance.

"Yes, my dear, Dorcas did perform that remarkable feat—not to make a pun of it. Fernall was deserted by

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Our Aim—The People's Welfare.

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VOL. VIII.

NORTHVILLE, WAYNE CO., MICH., JUNE 16, 1877.

NO. 25.

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LAVENDER.

the sober heads of the house, who took advantage of the lull in business and company one pleasant autumn to pay a visit to one of their children in neighboring town, a married son.

"Another son was expected home on the very day they left, but the girls declared that 19-nine years old then—was plenty of protection, and even if Jack did not come, they were not in the least afraid.

"I half believe they were delighted to have the house to themselves for no sooner had the elders gone than Dorcas sent out invitations for two miles round for an evening party, and I carried them, on the back of old Prentiss, the family horse. I remember it took me all day, and at every farmhouse they were making cider.

"I would not dare tell in these temperance times how many pugs of sweet cider I was obliged to drink. Certain it was, that I ate two dinners and an unlimited amount of cake; so much that when I returned and smelled the sweet odors of more cake just out of the oven, which had been prepared for the party, I ran away from the house in disgust as soon as I had delivered my errand.

"Well, the party came off, and a happy, frolicsome party it was. Very different, Dora, from yours last winter, where the girls were so tucked down with trimming, bouquets, and bouquets that they could do nothing but dawdle through quadrilles, and fan and do the polite."

"The girls who came to my sisters' party were neat and pretty dresses. I don't remember a flower, and I'm sure such a thing as a train was unheard of. I know some of them wore nice little aprons with pockets in them, and others a little blue fash-

tonette perhaps, covered their hands with a sort of lace units. There was no dancing, but good, downright old-fashioned plays that set the room in a roar with forfeits.

"The party, though got up on such short notice, was a success. The only drawback was the absence of my elder brother, who was a great favorite among the young ladies. By twelve o'clock the last carriage load had left the house; two girls, sisters, remaining as special invitation.

"She knew the man, and knew he had a wooden leg. It had been suspected of histriony for a long time, and Dorcas had now established the proof."

"She should have kept the wooden leg," said Joe, after tranquillity had been restored.

"He did. The thief dragged him self off somehow, and we found the trophy under the window, where it was thrown. Ask her sometime to show you 'Old Dan's' walking stick," and see how she will laugh. She'll show it to you, too, a mutilated and not very precious relic."

And so ended the story.—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

opened the dining-room door. Mystery gave a cry, made one spring, and almost quicker than it takes me to write it, she had the fiery sash down upon a man's thigh, and the great bell that we kept for retaining it in its position—when opened, across the upper square of the window, keeping the sash fast. The man outside uttered cries of pain. It was impossible for him to move or extricate himself in any way.

"I know what it is," said Dorcas. "Hold your gun up."

"I forgot to mention that I brought down father's old fowling-piece. There wasn't an atom of powder in it, but it looked well."

"I serve him so that he won't forget us," said Dorcas, and going into a small side-room where I had deposited an ax—my working-room by the way—she came out and literally hacked off the lower half of that unfortunate leg."

Every face was now the picture of horror.

"I couldn't have done that," said Joe. "What a plucky little wretch she was!"

"What did you tell me that for, pa-pa?" I shall never like Aunt Dorcas again!" was Dora's exclamation, while her mother shook her head in disapproval.

"By the time the man's leg was off," continued the narrator, gravely, "the other girls were up, varying the entertainment with shrieks and exclamations. Dora took the leg up with some shreds of the pantaloons, and coolly tossed it out of another window; then she lifted the sash, and let the prisoner go free."

"Barbarous" was the vote of the horrified audience. "Dora, don't ever call her twice again."

"There's one thing I forgot to mention," said Mr. Davis, "that may change your opinion."

They all looked the question no one asked.

"The leg was—a wooden one!"

There fell a moment of grave silence, then the flood of sympathy broken up; there was a recess of mirth and a re-creation.

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The Miracle of the Telephone.

Those who witnessed the exhibition of the telephone of Prof. Bell in this city, Westfield and Pittsfield may well remember henceforth that they assisted while yet it was new, in one of the miracles of our most miraculous age. When the words "What hath God wrought?" flashed through the first Morse wire, the Nation, too, was rapidly telling off the minutes toward one.

"It was a bright moonlight night, and I stood at the window, still a little leery of white they looked after the remains of the feast, looking them away in the great kitchen closet, and dancing back and forth in the bright yellow glow of the fire. They laughed and joked with each other over some fancied conquest, which was natural, not heeding that the old clock was rapidly telling off the minutes toward one."

"I was on the great hall steps from under the porch of which our party departed, when, as the Hills' covered wagon drove off, I thought I saw a man pass stealthily along in the shadow of the beech tree. It did not startle me at the moment, as I was exchanging adieus and wishes, but before I went in again, I turned round to look, and the figure had passed from sight.

"I did not say anything to my sisters about this, but took especial pains to see to all the fastenings, even to an inner window that was seldom locked, and that led from the kitchen into the dining-room."

"The girls, meantime, were having

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TO ADVERTISERS—No advertisement will be taken without pay in advance. Therefore it is best to send an "ad" to this office with the remittance at the end of each three months.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

PHYSICIANS.

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

DR. J. T. STANTON, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Office over Lapham & Kendrick's Store on Main Street, Northville, Mich. All calls promptly attended to day or night.

Dentists.

EDWIN N. ROOT, DENTIST, Office and operative room over Lapham & Kendrick's store, in Perrin Block, Northville, Mich.

Harness and Trimmers.

C. S. ELMER, HARNESS MAKER, and Harness Trimmer, Shop located at 122 Main Street, Northville, Mich. Services given to horses, cattle, sheep, hounds, etc.

Wheat and Produce.

L. L. MOORE & CO., DEALERS in Wheat, Seeds, Grains, Etc. in their general and produce of all kinds. Headquarters in Northville, Mich.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

TRAINS LEAVE NORTHVILLE.
PLATE & PEAK MARQUETTE R. R.
DETROIT, MI.

WEST. 10 A. M. NEW YORK 12 P. M.
SIXTY-EIGHT 124 P. M. DETROIT 12 P. M.
DETROIT 12 P. M. NEW YORK 124 P. M.
NINETY-EIGHT 124 P. M. NEW YORK 12 P. M.

TRAINS LEAVE PLYMOUTH.

DET. LANSING & KALAMAZOO R. R.
DETROIT, MI.

EAST. 11 A. M. NEW YORK 12 P. M.
DETROIT 12 P. M. NEW YORK 124 P. M.
DETROIT 12 P. M. NEW YORK 124 P. M.

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICHIGAN L.

EAST. 12 P. M. NEW YORK 12 P. M.
DETROIT 12 P. M. NEW YORK 124 P. M.
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NORTHVILLE MARKETS

	Northville, June 10, 1872
APPLES, One Pdo.	12
BEATS, Pdo.	12
CHITTER BUDS.	12
CORN, Pdo.	12
CLOVER SEED, Pdo.	12
DRESSED BEEF, Pdo.	12
DRESSED CHICKENS, Pdo.	12
DRIED FEATHERS, Pdo.	12
Eggs, Pdo.	12
FIGS, 1 lb.	12
HAM, Pdo.	12
LARD, Pdo.	12
OATS, Pdo.	12
POTATOES, Pdo.	12
POULTRY, Pdo.	12
SALT, Canning, Pdo.	12
SUGAR,	12
TALLOW, Pdo.	12
WHEAT, Bushels	12
No. 1	12
No. 2	12

Home and Vicinity.

Lots of rain. Northville quiet. Wheat headed out. Parasite bugs lively.

Strawberries in market.

Farmers look for good crops. Two more couples made happy. Farmers harvesting their wool.

Two stamps in town Thursday.

Who set up the cigar? Elvill Teas a specialty at Spencer & Hutton's.

F. T. Barnum at Dutch Monday and Tuesday.

No signs of a celebration in Northville this Fourth.

Reduction in price of Groceries at Spencer & Hutton's.

Look out for you houses. Lighting-rod men around.

The wife of George Ayer is getting quite smart again.

Baron Wheeler and bride returned Monday from a bridal tour.

A change in the time-table of the Detroit, Hillsdale & South Western railroad.

The annual reunion of the 4th Michigan infantry will be held at Alderman's.

The Northville club plays the Peninsular Club, of Detroit, next Tuesday, at Plymouth.

Wm. J. Clark of Detroit, formerly of this place, made a car tour the past week. First in two years.

The Northville base ball club plays a match game of ball with the Brighton boys on the Fourth, at that place.

Mrs. O'Donnell of Pelee Island, is improving slowly, and says she will be in Northville within a few weeks, probably to remain.

Wellington D. Smith, of Plymouth, has filed in the Wayne Circuit Court a bill praying for a divorce from his wife Mary on the ground of extreme cruelty.—Norris Suburban.

The foundation for Mr. Van Zile's new dwelling, foot of Main street, is up and ready for the frame. The mason work was done by Mr. Peter Liganian and is in every particular a first-class job.

We are informed that a red ribbon man of Northville was that wretched few days since, that he could scarcely keep the sidewalk. But then the

sidewalks in Northville are very narrow.

Spencer & Hutton have a choice lot of canned fruit on hand.

Mr. Abram Elwell was married on the 10th to a Miss Margaret Pierce of Plymouth. The happy couple are already comfortably settled at their home here in the northern part of the village.

A gentleman in Detroit desires to buy a good family horse, kind and gentle, but a free driver, from five to six years old, having been to dispose of can find a purchaser by applying at this office.

P. T. Barnum's great show—biggest thing of the kind probably upon earth—will exhibit in Detroit Monday and Tuesday next. Probably many of our citizens will avail themselves of the opportunity to see this big show.

A concert is to be given here on the 26th, under the direction of Prof. King, assisted by Mrs. C. R. Hough and daughter, of Adrian; also, Prof. Williams, the pianist, of Toledo, Ohio. Further particulars will be learned from bills shortly.

From 34 to 40¢ is being offered for wool to-day. Jared S. Leapham is the dealer and he proposes to give the highest market price.

An excursion to Niagara Falls is to take place June 23d, over the Great Western road. It will be under the management of Messrs. Johnstone & Gibbons, of the Michigan Farmer, and will, undoubtedly, be a pleasant and successful trip.

Thus E. Williams, who returned a few weeks since from "Merry Old England," reports himself as perfectly satisfied with Michigan. A two years' stay on the old soil has convinced him that for general advantages a man with family can do better on Uncle Sam's soil.

Henry M. White and Miss Jeanie Dunlap were married Wednesday, Rev. G. M. Gelston officiating. The bride, who has resided here all her lifetime, is an estimable lady, and a sister of Hon. Gen. Dunlap, of Detroit, and sister to the wife of Hon. George Swift, of Wayne. They will make this their home.

Spencer & Hutton the new firm in groceries, are doing a good business at present, and people like to deal with them. An advertisement will appear from them in our next issue.

The Fourth of July celebration project for this place has fallen through. Probably all for the best as it takes money to get up a demonstration of that sort. What a man can't make a payment on a farm, even though he could buy it for one dollar and fifty cents, it would not be conscientiously expected that he was able to contribute to the 4th of July fund.

Edwin N. Root, our enterprising young dentist, is about the busiest man here those days. His experience under Prof. Jackson has given him the best skill, and the quality of work done is giving him a good return throughout this vicinity. Such is the crowded state of his business that one has to leave his office ahead for weeks to insure a chance to teeth work.

A man named Smith—his other name was John, of course—died the other day at Ithaca, in this State, aged, so it is said, 110 years. Northville behind as usual. Here we've been editing this paper for eighty years and haven't had a chance to report the death of anybody over 100 years old. Either the claim here is detrimental to long life (and therefore injurious to newspaper enterprise) or else people, who shift off this mortal coil do not state their ages before dying. If there is even but one individual here who was "intimately acquainted with Washington, let him come forward and report.

A Pleasant Prospect—This is what his Honor (in M. Quay's Hour at the Central Station) has to say in regard to the coming generation: "The coming generation won't have sense enough nor money enough to run a two-cent peanut stand two weeks."

Saw H. H. Nelson. The Russian Duke at Paterson yesterday morning was talking with Jackson about the beauties of America. Said Jackson: "When I went to Skaneateles across the Shawangunk Mountains, I came back by the way of Chautauqua, Chochecton, Susquehanna, Wissahickon and Cattaraugus, but I found no scenery prettier than that around Passaic, Pequannock, Hackensack, Succasunna, Paterson, Wanausau Hopatcong and Aquackanck." The Russian looked in amazement at the utterance of these simple words, gasped "Witch," and died calmly.

A SLEEPING CAR ADVENTURE—Among the passengers in a sleeping car at the Erie the other night were a couple of sisters occupying a berth together. During the night one of them had occasion to get up, and in getting back made a mistake and got into the next berth with a man. She supposing it was her sister, who had rolled to the front, began to nudge the sleeper to lie over. The fellow woke up seized the girl by the neck, suspending he had caught a thief. The scene which ensued was mortifying as well as amusing.—From the Newburg Courier.

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