



Terms: \$1.50 a Year.

Our Aim—The People's Welfare.

[Always in Advance]

VOL. IX. NORTHVILLE, WAYNE CO., MICH., JULY 14, 1877. NO. 1.

Table with columns for 'PAID BY ADVERTISERS', 'PAID BY SUBSCRIBERS', and 'PAID BY OTHERS'. It lists various names and amounts.

HE AND SHE.

He was hardly a handsome man. He was only a little over thirty. He was a good natured fellow. He had a kind smile. He was a good fellow. He was a good fellow. He was a good fellow.

LITTLE DEEDS.

Do you know of a man who has done a good deed? He has done a good deed. He has done a good deed. He has done a good deed. He has done a good deed.

MARGARET.

A corridor at the end of one wing of a large rambling house in the north of England, a barred window, and a closed door. In the passage a fair-haired girl, with the light of indecipherable pity in her dove-like eyes, kneeling upon the boards, and pushing her hands against the door, which she had opened as far as they were placed there, showing that they were human hands, to save them on the other side. Within another girl as young as the first, but twenty, certainly, gazing on the floor like a wild beast with dark circles of insanity that decorated her ghastly eyes, and devoting the precious morsels that her violent placed within her reach with the avidity of a hungry child. The room in which she crouched was not comfortable, but had evidently been prepared for the reception of such inmates, and the carefully guarded windows and casement walls showed that the mansion in which it was situated was occupied by one who made it the business of his life to receive such unfortunate into his professional care. In plain words, a private lunatic asylum.

very young and may get completely over it, but then she will be always liable to a relapse. A sudden trouble would do it at any time. "And she has money, too!" sighed Mrs. Fenwick, half enviously, as if it was a sin that so much good material for happiness should be wasted. "Didn't you say she had money?" "Thirty thousand pounds, I believe," said her husband, dryly, "but I think there are thirty thousand good reasons why nobody should envy her."

It is five years since Margaret Fenwick knelt at the barred door, whispering soft words of love and sympathy to the unhappy girl inside. She was living in London with her mother now, for Dr. Fenwick has been dead some time, and the establishment at Howwood is broken up. The gentle charm of her kindness is still in her first flower, and as she fingers over the letter which is in her hand, the clear light of happiness is irradiating her brow and laughing back from the soft sweet eyes. The words that a man writes to his promised wife could be answered in no more fitting way:

that it was a bit of maidenhair fern over it, but then she will be always liable to a relapse. A sudden trouble would do it at any time. "And she has money, too!" sighed Mrs. Fenwick, half enviously, as if it was a sin that so much good material for happiness should be wasted. "Didn't you say she had money?" "Thirty thousand pounds, I believe," said her husband, dryly, "but I think there are thirty thousand good reasons why nobody should envy her."

Leah Fenwick is singing. "St. Cecilia," and Arthur Ashton is looking over the piano, looking into her misty eyes with an expression—well, which would win a good deal with some men, but which is merely a grateful courtesy. Margaret tries to believe, with Arthur Ashton. She has been at Howwood for a fortnight now, and has found Leah Fenwick almost a constant inmate of the house as herself. But then, as Arthur said, the girls are not about her, and there certainly is an excellent reason why she is in her clouded face before which few are able to stand. "How are the windows?" she says, and Margaret knows that the windows would seem to be and passionately from her own lips in a moment. "But wonderful that there should be a response in Arthur Ashton's eyes."

could do so without a lie. "But of course, now that she is happy, there is nothing to be anxious about, in that." She does not offer to visit the bride herself, knowing what the sight of her must recall to Leah's mind, and not in truth believing that her presence would be welcome, whatever Mrs. Ashton might say to her of her husband's wish to see Margaret Fenwick again. "Well, how glad I shall be, if she likes to come," she says earnestly when Arthur Ashton takes her hand in his again to say good-bye. "Yes, I will tell her," he answers, but all the unreal cheerfulness has died out from his voice. "It will do her good to have a friend like you—some woman to whom she can talk."

The months go by, but Leah Ashton still only falls of coming to see the girl whose place in life she has taken from her; so that Christmas comes round again without Margaret having seen her rival since the evening on which Leah came out of the conservatory, with the spray of maidenhair in her hair. Margaret sees in the paper one day that Arthur Ashton has another cause for being "very happy," in the possession of a son and heir. She has almost persuaded herself that he may be so by this time, and writes to tell him of her hope, with her dear love to his wife. She did not think that such a letter required immediate acknowledgment, and opens his reply a little anxiously, learning that it has been brought by a special messenger. "Come if you can at once," she is asked for Leah's sake every second day. "He is waiting for her at the door as she drives up, and even in the gaslight she can see upon his brow an awful dread that his prayer will not be heard."

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

The churches of New York and Brooklyn owe altogether about five million dollars. The United Brethren in Christ have forty three annual conferences, 4,078 churches, 43,881 members, and 1,932 ministers. The First Methodist Episcopal Church in St. Louis, which was also the first Protestant Church west of the Mississippi River, celebrated its fifty-sixth anniversary on Sunday, the 10th of June. The Independent says that "while Bishop Pierce, of the Southern Methodist Church, has, on account of his feeble health, been by formal resolution relieved by the College of Bishops to give special attention to his health during the coming summer, and especially to decline attending any District Conferences the rest of the year," his father, Dr. Lovick Pierce, is reported in admirable health, and traveling considerable distances and preaching with much vigor, although nearly a hundred years old. The Connecticut State Board of Education has stirred up great interest in tree-planting and rural adornment, and aided in organizing a large number of efficient associations for village improvement. The aim of this new movement is to encourage the planting of timber trees and to reclaim the waste lands of New England and the East by tree-planting. The experiment of thus reclaiming barren lands in Europe has been tried on a large scale and with grand success. A class was reciting a lesson in grammar, and had for their lesson the parts of speech. After each one had given their definition, the teacher would say "as," meaning for them to give an example. At last the teacher said, "You must each give an example without my saying 'as.'" All went well for some time, till at length a boy, after reciting, stopped short, without giving the example. "What are you waiting for?" asked the teacher. "Waiting for 'as,'" replied the intelligent pupil. A Curious Steamboat. A little steamboat has just arrived in this port, from Baltimore, which was propelled the entire distance between the two cities without wheel or screw. She is called the Alpha, and in outward appearance resembles the tug-boats which ply in the harbor. Her length is 45 feet, beam 10 1/2, and depth about 3 feet. She is supplied with a 15-horse power tubular boiler, which drives a pump. From the pump to the stern and bow of the vessel are two lines of rope, which strike the water about three feet below the surface. The pump drives through each pipe a 2 1/2-inch stream, which enters the water through a 1/2-inch nozzle. With sixty pounds of steam the pump makes 150 strokes a minute, each stroke driving a stream into the outer body of water. The invention is the result of many years of study, and it is asserted that it can be applied to ocean steamships with success. In moving through the water there is no ripple or stern and but slight displacement perceptible, except at the bow. By shutting off the discharge from the stern pipes and forcing the water through the bow pipes the boat is backed, and by using one bow and one stern pipe she can be turned in her own length. The propelling power can also be used to steer the boat, the nozzles being used alternately as levers, on the principle of the oar. The boat consumes but a quarter of a ton of coal per day, and is considered to be well adapted for use on the canal. She is commanded by Capt. Correll.—N. Y. Times. An Indian Dog Feast. A grand peace council was one of the interesting sights afforded a couple of the visitors at Red Cloud Agency the other day. Little Wound, one of the most powerful of the Sioux chieftains, summoned the other leaders of his nation to his grand "council tepee," there to talk over a lasting peace and agency reforms. Two immense tepees were placed side by side and made to furnish room for 100 men. As the deliberators were gathering it this gorgeously ornamented chamber was entered by messengers and an assistant were slaughtering dogs for the feast which always follows such a momentous carnival of oratory. A rawhide lariat was wound once round the neck of the animal, when a brawny Sioux took a lariat-ender end of the fatal coil, pulled backward and forward with a "see-saw" motion and thus strangled the victim. Next, poor dog was thrown upon a blazing camp-fire, his hair pretty well singed off, and then the intestines removed—and the carcass artistically carved. Thus about a dozen of the largest of their pets were slaughtered. A large number of pots were on hand, each for its special purpose. All the dogs were thrown in one, all the legs in another, the tails in another, and so on. These were placed upon the fire in the midst of the circles of debaters now assembled. An old man opened the proceedings by an appeal to the Great Spirit, during which the worthy cat-throats in the array were impressively deferential. One after another of the savage orators then arose, stepped to the center, and uttered a forcible harangue. This continued for two hours, when "dog being done," the leading chief announced the feast to take place immediately after another prayer. The feast was pronounced, and all the queer and disgusting features of the Indian dog-feast were soon under way. Dogs' feet were no less greedily demolished than canine tenderloins, and the warrior who received a tail for his portion seemed equally pleased with his neighbor who picked long ribs. Strong were treated just as royally, but their opinion of dog-meat is scarcely such as would justify its wholesale adoption as an article of diet. Dog soup and coffee followed, all mixed and taken from the same dish. At the close of the feast, the prayer, or benediction, was pronounced, and the assembly adjourned in excellent spirits. Hundreds of squaws and children crowded around during the meal and feast, but were not allowed admittance. A striking evidence of generosity was exhibited during the feast. An old Indian, ragged, wrinkled and feeble tottering in his weakness, was introduced by one of the warriors. The latter said his own companion should be fed and otherwise cared for, and that it was a shame that such feasting should be indulged in by the young men, strong while the old were suffering. Little Wound pulled off his new blanket and presented it to the sufferer; others divested themselves of their only mantles and did likewise, while the stolid and relentless Crazy Horse gave the old man a pony, blanket and other garments.—Demer (Col.) News. Take a Nap. A great assistance to the mother, or whoever has in charge the domestic machinery, is a short sleep in the middle of the day. Drop all care, steal away just for a little while, and give the weary muscles and excited brain, and perhaps the unstrung nerves, a rest. Rest the very thought of it is comfortable. Facilitate the duties of the afternoon! How much more easily we can carry the burdens that seem to accumulate as the day declines! The little ones are returning from school and need a mother's attention. The market man is here, and we must make out our list for the morrow's wants. Biddy needs directions in the kitchen, and we must see that all parts of the house are quiet and settled in order. How fresh and invigorated we feel to go about all this and a thousand other trifles that are the routine of everyday duties, when we have refreshed ourselves with an hour's sleep at midday. Do not say you cannot spare the time, for you are gaining time by it. You will surely last longer. You will be spared longer to the loved ones around you, if you will only spare yourself. They will need your care for many years yet, and to this end you must be economical of your health and strength. Lay in store sufficient vim by a daily sleep, to balance daily waste, and so keep up the average. A nice little nap is so refreshing! It recuperates the exhausted energies, and the last half-day's duties are as pleasant as the first.—Mrs. J. P. Worrell, in Detroit Free Press. That Barrel of Salt. One of the firm who runs a commission house on Woodbridge street is a man of muscle. He can lift a barrel of flour as easily as a common man lifts a bag of oats, and if a scrawny makes his ears grow red as he heaves a barrel of salt into a farmer's wagon. For weeks past he has been boasting of his strength of muscle, and wanting to see something he couldn't lift, and the boys around the store got their heads together, the other day. They took a salt barrel, and filled it with broken pig-iron, old weights and other things, put two inches of salt at either head, and rolled it to the curb-side; and at a favorable hour a dray backed up in the most innocent manner, and an order from a grocer for a barrel of salt was handed out. The drayman and two of the boys fooled around the barrel so long that the strong man got out of his chair in disgust, threw off his coat, and said: "You fellows had better get porous plasters for your backs. Get out of my way and give me a chance!" He seized the barrel by the chimes and started away. It came under his hands and laid out to pull the hoops right off. The hoops stayed right there. So did the barrel. "It takes four good men to lift one of them barrels," said the drayman. "Nonsense!" I've lifted a score of them, and I'll pick this up or break my back. I guess the salt must be wet." He got in position, drew a long breath, and then lifted till his eyes looked like two towels left out on the clothes-line in a dark night. The barrel didn't lift. Pig-iron was too much for muscle, and the lifter sat down on the walk. His back used to be plumb up and down, but it hasn't been since that lift. His eyes are getting back to their original positions, and the red is leaving the back of his neck, and he sees two men handle a bag of dried apples or a bushel of beans without a word of comment.—Detroit Free Press. A DEERFIELD (Mass.) business man wrote in answer to a New York firm's inquiry how business was in Franklin County, that not an agricultural tool had been bought in a month except a hand hoe, and the clerk who sold it hadn't seen any money for so long that the party passed a counter-felt guess of \$4.

Journal of Laceration

Yes, Mr. I'm the light of the world... said a hatched-faced emaciated man in the City Hospital...

Getting from the doctor a nod of respectful assent, the patient continued: You know, doctor, that I have been skinned alive here—burned alive...

The patient did not raise his eyes from the floor. As the doctor was moving away the poor fellow mumbled in answer that he supposed his body was repaired as fast as it was destroyed.

That's a curious case," said the doctor. "It is a mixture of mania and melancholia." A stout-built, excessively nervous man, with black hair and beard, was next visited.

Can you feel him to-day? Dr. Moonhead inquired. "O yes," was the reply, "I can feel his shoulders pressing here," and he put his hand on his left breast.

The cork tree has been domesticated, or acclimated, or at the very least cultivated at Sonoma, Cal. A resident of that place has succeeded in growing five trees which are now twenty-five to thirty-five feet in height...

Des Moines can boast of the average number of model husbands, but unfortunately, many of these, in the estimation of very good housewives, are the property of other women...

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

I have no luck in raising potatoes. Yes, but you are always successful in raising a crop of weeds. Iowa State Register.

Headaches are the poorest and least nourishing of all vegetables, and man is the only animal that will eat a radish, either raw or cooked. This is the most indigestible article that can be taken into the stomach. Exchange.

Many a celebrated personage has been doomed to trace the melancholy path to Siberia, particularly during the last century, when the all-powerful favorite of one period was not seldom doomed to exile by the next.

Speaking of starch and ironing, the Michigan Farmer says: First have the clothes washed and well wrung out, and laid in your clothes-basket.

At the present time, under the prevailing depressing circumstances affecting all trades and business, it becomes the farmer to prize economy in all his farm operations.

Prof. Tice's Weather Predictions for July and August. 1 to 3—Clear and pleasant. 3 to 7—Rain.

1 to 5—Heavy rain and storms. 4 to 7—Fair. 7 to 10—Severe storms.

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

I have no luck in raising potatoes. Yes, but you are always successful in raising a crop of weeds. Iowa State Register.

Headaches are the poorest and least nourishing of all vegetables, and man is the only animal that will eat a radish, either raw or cooked. This is the most indigestible article that can be taken into the stomach. Exchange.

Many a celebrated personage has been doomed to trace the melancholy path to Siberia, particularly during the last century, when the all-powerful favorite of one period was not seldom doomed to exile by the next.

Speaking of starch and ironing, the Michigan Farmer says: First have the clothes washed and well wrung out, and laid in your clothes-basket.

At the present time, under the prevailing depressing circumstances affecting all trades and business, it becomes the farmer to prize economy in all his farm operations.

Prof. Tice's Weather Predictions for July and August. 1 to 3—Clear and pleasant. 3 to 7—Rain.

1 to 5—Heavy rain and storms. 4 to 7—Fair. 7 to 10—Severe storms.

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

I have no luck in raising potatoes. Yes, but you are always successful in raising a crop of weeds. Iowa State Register.

Headaches are the poorest and least nourishing of all vegetables, and man is the only animal that will eat a radish, either raw or cooked. This is the most indigestible article that can be taken into the stomach. Exchange.

Many a celebrated personage has been doomed to trace the melancholy path to Siberia, particularly during the last century, when the all-powerful favorite of one period was not seldom doomed to exile by the next.

Speaking of starch and ironing, the Michigan Farmer says: First have the clothes washed and well wrung out, and laid in your clothes-basket.

At the present time, under the prevailing depressing circumstances affecting all trades and business, it becomes the farmer to prize economy in all his farm operations.

Prof. Tice's Weather Predictions for July and August. 1 to 3—Clear and pleasant. 3 to 7—Rain.

1 to 5—Heavy rain and storms. 4 to 7—Fair. 7 to 10—Severe storms.

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR. LIVER REGULATOR. SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR. LIVER REGULATOR. SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR. LIVER REGULATOR. SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.

WHITE BRONZE MONUMENTS. THE BEST IN THE WORLD. WHITE BRONZE MONUMENTS.

UNITED STATES MAP. STATES MAP. UNITED STATES MAP.

FISH AND FISHING. FISH AND FISHING. FISH AND FISHING.

THE POULTRY WORLD. THE POULTRY WORLD. THE POULTRY WORLD.

FOR NINETY DAYS. FOR NINETY DAYS. FOR NINETY DAYS.

SILVERWARE. SILVERWARE. SILVERWARE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE. IMPORTANT NOTICE. IMPORTANT NOTICE.

MASILLON MACHINES. MASILLON MACHINES. MASILLON MACHINES.

JACKSON'S BEST. JACKSON'S BEST. JACKSON'S BEST.

SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER. SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER. SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER.

SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER. SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER. SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER.

SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER. SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER. SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER.

SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER. SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER. SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER.

SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER. SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER. SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER.

SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER. SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER. SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER.

SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER. SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER. SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER.

SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER. SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER. SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER.

SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER. SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER. SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER.

SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER. SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER. SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER.

SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER. SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER. SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER.

SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER. SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER. SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER.