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Our Aim—The People's Welfare.

Always in Advance.

VOL. IX. NORTHLVILLE, WAYNE CO., MICH., SEPTEMBER 8, 1877. NO. 5.

CENTENNIAL BATTLE HYMN.

A portion of the following hymn, composed for the occasion by Mrs. Leech-Wade, was sung at the celebration at Birmingham, N.Y., on the hundredth anniversary of the Revolutionary Battle of Lexington.

One hundred years! A nation's song—
Second along the proudest way.

The Stark and Lee Green Mountain boys;
Meth us our one hundred years to-day.

For them the strife, the fears, the toil,
For a century of calm;

The hero hood that wet the wet
Our grateful hearts to-day emblem.

The field waves, bold the ground—
The blue banner, clover bloom;

Our bones were red with battle-flowers;
More the cloud of battle bloom.

The field that Ethan Allen loves—
Is silent, heavy like their trees;

The sandy rampart stand unbroken;
Where we're Sabbath all the year.

Hold me now, O God, against thy hand—
I have no place but here, but here,

Friend Andrew's Imperial crown;

God bless the standard of the free—
Freedom's a price too high to buy;

As such her heart is true
As wanted the leaves of palm and pine;

The sword to scorn, the first parson
Laid us to rest with strong arms.

And for our country, honored dead—
Our fathers up to such a show—

They won't be forgotten, though we're few—
In the footprints of our Washington.

Our Washington, whose principles
Are the basis of the earth's broad soil;

Whose bright thoughts in peace or war,
Witnessed the wonders of his soul.

For him the world is born of empire—
His name is peace, and death;

So pure a place but makes more great
The hand he holds in trust.

Our country with wisdom born—
Inspired by the fathers' spirit;

Let us work it in earnest—
O'er every land and ocean.

So pure is our patriotic blood—
We'll pour it up in sacrifice and prayer;

So pure is our patriotic blood—
We'll pour it up in sacrifice and prayer;

THE HOUSE-CLEANING.

Mr. Ammidon laid his knife and fork down with a gesture of abject despair.

"Not going to clean house again, Mrs. Benedict? Why, it seems as if we had only just cleaned from the 'tidy-up' process of last fall."

Mrs. Benedict snatched four lumps of sugar into his coffee, then handed it to him, with regretful eyes, the misery in his face.

"Awfully tiring up," they both said, "Mr. Ammidon. As if we were very much interested indeed October while the carpets were up and the curtains down and the painting going on. Of course, I shall clean it up again, and last ten for two days."

Mr. Ammidon gave a little groan at the salutation that awaited him. He was a tall, slender man, with a pale complexion, in the style of several consecutive days of hard labor and the effort of self-government. His hair was very dark and wavy, and his eyes were large and bright. He wanted a minute to think it all over, to try to realize that it was true that Walter Ammidon had loved her. And she fled away tears that were both joyous and full of disappointment. At first, he seemed to be a good boy, but as far as I can perceive, he is thought.

And he took his girl and away he went with an air of importance, untroubled by any statement of his case, looking to be his old wife, and begged an answer on the return, when she should be vis to a Mrs. Benedict.

"I accidentally learned you would like to visit my brother, Mr. Ammidon," he said, "and I must say, at once, that I met you in the blessed state of grace and let me know I'd never be to you again. If I could ever find time to tell you further."

Then he argued himself into it, I suppose, on the spot a piece of newspaper and sheet music he had picked up, and took his leave in a strange air of excitement and expectation.

He left his labor Miss Benedict came in, and stopped to speak to the girl.

"You carried a lot of papers and the servants helped out and out, of open doors a few windows, where the drunks were through."

He was a gentle man, however, Mr. Ammidon was, and I remembered his kind eyes and direct and natural manner, that his brothering was a purely natural, natural on his part, and the love of his wife for him was a natural, natural love for the torment of his infatuation.

"Well be so nice and sweet and clean!" Mrs. Benedict went on, with some cheerfulness; "and I've been thinking that I'll have your rooms nicely papered, Mr. Ammidon. I'm sure you'll like that."

"Very much! when it is done, madam."

And he cut his meal short and dashed out of doors into the cool, fresh evening air.

"Ah, isn't! I can already perceive the agonies of last fall?" Good Heaven! the woman must be made of cast-iron to attempt such a stage again! It is no wonder her husband died if he suffered two attacks of house-cleaning a year, and I shall die or go crazy unless I leave her, but I suppose we are equally idiotic."

A groan of genuine misery broke from his lips as he strode along—like the handsome gentleman he really was, with his frank, cheery face and pleasant mouth, with the white even-teeth and the half-curving, thick, dark hair, and the grave, intelligent eyes, that nothing could fail as the idea of Mrs. Benedict's semi-annual tearing-up—a workman, refined, refined gentleman whom society found a puzzle because of his persistent bachelorhood, when it knew of at least half a dozen who would have jumped at the faintest chance of an offer of marriage from him—who himself wondered why he had never fallen in love with that pretty little Mrs. Baldwin, the blue-eyed, blonde-haired widow, with no incumbrance, a house of her own, and an income of three thousand dollars a year, often felt piqued with that he was so very unimpressive!

So Mr. Ammidon strode along, almost mechanically turning corners, his pace gradually growing slower, and then all at once he heard the shrill tones of a piano as some skillful hand played, and, looking up, found himself in front of a warmly-lighted, cheery, hospitable house—the very house, where Mrs. Bessie Baldwin lived.

The contrast was so strikingly vivid between the pictures in his imagination that he involuntarily paused.

one, the picture of the way Mrs. Benedict's boarding-house would look next day, the other of how Mrs. Baldwin's elegant little home always appeared when he called there, and as it appeared through the lace curtains—quiet, warm, hospitable, inviting.

And like a revelation from Heaven it came to him—an idea, a determination that was so strong, so irresistible, that he walked up Mrs. Baldwin's front steps and rang the door-bell, wondering as he did why the music had ceased, and where the player had gone.

"I'll marry her if she'll have me, and then we'll see how many times a year the house is cleaned; that is it."

And the winter crept softly along in soft, white, snowy robes, and several times Mrs. Baldwin saw Mr. Ammidon driving past, although he didn't dare to pass than glances carelessly, and swelled to think how entirely indifferent Mr. Ammidon was to her.

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The Northville Record

SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 8, 1877.

News from Washington gives intelligence of the scores of office seekers there from every quarter of the land and dining at cheap restaurants. When they are so fortunate as to gain an audience with the President, they come away with the impression that he has treated them with unusual courtesy and confidence. Mr. Hayes has happy faculty of making everybody he talks with feel that he favors them individually, and none ever go out of his presence in anger or dissatisfaction, but generally find that they are, in reality, no wiser and no farther advanced as regards their interests, than before they were granted an interview.

Plymouth Items.

Plymouth Sept. 7, 1877.

Local Transient Brokers.
It is said that Mrs. Jane A. Kellogg of this place is expecting a divorce separation from her legal husband, J. S. K., on the account of a degree of unkindness characteristic of the latter.

School begun Monday under very favorable auspices.

Mrs. Cora Bennett, aged 14, a young lady of many amiable qualities died Aug. 24th—her birthday.

On the 20th, an old resident Mr. E. Shearer, departed this life, aged 78 years. He was father of L. D. Shearer.

Mr. Lent Platt, salesman in M. S. Smith's jewelry store, at Detroit, has been home for the past week visiting.

E. A. Waring, lately of Memphis, Tennessee, is about to start for Louisville, Kentucky, where he has accepted the position of salesman in a dry goods house.

A grange meeting, with very good attendance was held here Wednesday.

Mr. Simondson, of this place is about moving to Flint. It is reported that W. Burrow will buy out his stock here.

Novi Items.

Novi, Sept. 6, 1877.

Mrs. Eber Hazen died Sunday, aged 51 years.

I. F. Linton, late of Northville, is doing pretty well in his new blacksmithing business, notwithstanding competition. The other shops are owned by A. Sage and Goo. Sutton.

Elder Bayden, of Ypsilanti, is visiting at Dol's Flat's. He will occupy the pulpit here next Sabbath.

There is to be a red ribbon meeting here Saturday evening, and speakers from abroad are expected to address the crowd.

A. M. Holley, of Milford, is here buying wheat.

Mrs. Elmore, 79 years old, was buried here Tuesday Aug. 28. She was one of the pioneers of this section having resided here for some 50 years.

School opened Monday with a fair attendance. A. M. Hawkins, brother-in-law of J. H. Woodman, is teacher.

Rev. J. E. Bitting, pastor of the Baptist church and Rev. Newell Newton officiates at the M. E. Church. Both congregations are of good size.

Office Seekers at Washington.

Correspondence Northville Record.

A tormenting suspicion is growing in the minds of boarding house keepers, and other citizens of the District, who have business with Washington's "transients," that these people have come here with high hopes and have staid so long to have them realize that they have no money to get home with. Nobody seems to know them, but they have long lists of names of the people of their states, attached to their recommendations for office, and they make daily visits to the White House and to the several Departments, "standing round" the rest of the time in the shade of hotel awnings, moving as the sun does, and after its setting converse in groups on the corners or standing in solitary meditation. There, they have been for weeks and weeks, the same set of men in the self same attitudes, standing in the same shady places, and wearing the same placid look of assurance. In other cities they would be arrested as vagrants.

M. M. W.

The people of Gratiot county do hunger and thirst after righteousness. A Bible peddler sold seven bibles and one new testament to one family.

One thousand eight hundred and sixty-six dollars' worth of hogs have died of the hog cholera in one township (Ortville) in Berrien county.

The Ed. Post of Pontiac, says that E. S. Van Tassel went home the other night and found that he was out a wife, child and mother-in-law. They had picked up and "rammed over the ranch."

STATE NEWS.

An alligator escaped from Wm. B. Wesson's aquarium on the Detroit river front in Hamtramck, and was captured Wednesday at the lower end of Belle Isle. It measured five feet in length.

Thos. Kingsley says Nathaniel Wilson, of Livonia, who is a watch, and the latter will be tried in the Circuit court.

An Ingham county justice has been granting divorces it is said.

Mrs. Beaumont, the Milford woman who whipped a child so unmercifully with a switch, has been fined \$50.

Benjamin Wilcox, of Galien county, was killed by Dr. Rockwell, of Ecorse, Michigan, last night.

The man had been drinking and understanding about a horse trade, which ended in Wilcox being knocked down and brutally kicked by the doctor. Rockwell is under arrest and an inquest is being held.

Wilcox was formerly a resident of Saginaw.

On the 29th Mrs. Waldron, a rich farmer living near Adel, Kent county, while standing on a bridge with her team and wagon heavily loaded with wheat, waiting for time to have his load brought, a rotten string gave way, precipitating bridge and all into the stream below. Waldron was nearly drowned before rescued, and received internal injuries which will probably prove fatal.

Jane Benedict, otherwise known as Jane A. Ransom, formerly of Gray Lake, Jackson county, has been living with her husband at Chicago, and the other day she received notice that she was a divorced woman. A Chicago-Utah divorce lawyer had done the job at the instance of her husband. He is worth about \$30,000, and she gave him at various times \$12,000 out of her private fortune, and has now only \$2,000 left. She now asks to have the U.S. decree set aside, a decree entered in her favor; also to have suitable alimony allowed her, and an injunction restraining her husband from disposing of any of his property.

Wells Chapman, night watchman in the Connecticut state prison, was shot Saturday night by Henry Hanley and Wm. Allen, prisoners attempting to escape.

Bennett, the Wisconsin state university student accused of murdering an infant child, and Thomas Kefau, confined for forgery, broke jail at Milwaukee, Friday evening.

Willis Dean, a nine-year old boy of Niles, was buried alive by the caving of a gravel bank. A young lady, with the assistance of some one else, dug him out before life was extinct.

A Clinton county widow, who was about to marry a Gratiot county man, took a trip around to his old home to see what kind of a fellow he was, and what his character had been. She died.

Forty brave Sir Knights of Kalamazoo went forth to join the deadly fray at Cleveland, and on the return just 11 ranged themselves under the banner of the cross. It must have been a desperate campaign.

A team threshing machine boiler exploded

on a farm near Lorain, Ohio, on Saturday, and one man was killed, two were badly burned, and three others were seriously injured. Somebody had "tied the safety valve."

On the 31st of August the balance in hand in the state treasury was \$593,275.57.

Even the best boat, leathered and watertight, crop of Michigan this year is heavier than usual.

A tornado, inflicting considerable damage passed over Marysville, Ky., Saturday morning.

On Friday of last week John Keppel was drowned at Moor's lake, near Colby, Oregon.

Booch will lecture at Charlotte on the 26th. He is supposed to give them \$700 or \$800 worth.

At Montreal, on Friday Michael Quinn, one of the prisoners charged with the Hackett murder, was acquitted.

J. H. Battell, a fast young man of Van Wert, O., shot himself—the winding-up of a long and exhilarating spree.

Hereafter but one grade of kerosene oil is to be allowed in this state instead of two. The "water white" is the grade.

On Saturday night, at Grand Haven, fire destroyed the residence of Carl L. Stora.

The Manzano Mining Journal complains

that at no time since the panic has business been so dull at that city as it is now.

Four railroad rioters were convicted as such at Harrisburg, Pa., on Saturday, and two others pleading guilty to indictments for burglary.

Smith of Lawrence hired a team "just to drive a mile" drove to Penton Harbor, and, "feeling up," in the house of correction.

The silver communion plate stolen from the Mitchfield church has been recovered, and the Jesuits of the sanctuary are now at full.

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The Manzano Mining Journal complains

that at no time since the panic has business been so dull at that city as it is now.

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