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SAMUEL H. LITTLE,
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Northville Record.

THE



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Our Aim—The People's Welfare.

[Always in Advance.

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NO. 15.

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One year.
The two hours, a year in Heaven.
Embraced by white moon or cold sun,
Or shadow breathing on the way,
In the fall moon and perfect day.
In Safety very staid,
The happy hours have sped, have run;
And now in peace, in quietude,
As weeping, heart-broken, we return,
Smile at the thought and wonder.

We have been just a year alone,
And death has not been gone,
And death has not been gone,
And death has not been gone.

So sweet to us, so soft to slow,
So full of eager propinquity,
So full of thoughts which either fly,
Have roved and crossed and touched each day,
To us a toon to her race.

The years go by like the river white,
The earth seems to move and grow,
The earth seems to move and grow,
The earth seems to move and grow.

A year. We gather up our powers,
Our love, our life, our soul,
And whence a very heavenly air,
We will keep forward and will bear.

Having this word to cheer the way,

She comes to me, a wife to him,

And where we meet there heaven's

has become a year in Heaven.

Sure solitude is w. J. Ingoldsby.

TAKING IT COOLLY.

Some of many instances of extraordinary coolness in the midst of danger and otherwise that have been recorded and here offered to our readers together with some amusing sayings and doings. When gallant Ponsonby lay grievously wounded on the field of Waterloo he forgot his own desperate plight while watching an encounter between a company of French lancers and one of his own men, cut off from his troops. As the Frenchmen came down upon Murphy, he, using his sword as if it were a shield, knocked the lances alternately aside again and again. Then suddenly, setting spurs to his horse, he galloped off full speed, his eager face following in hot pursuit but not quite neck and neck. Wheeling round at exactly the right moment the British, rushing at the foremost, parried his lance and struck him down. The second, pausing to attend his comrade, ran through diagonally by Murphy's sword, falling to the earth without a cry or a groan, while the victor, scarcely glancing at his antagonist, trotted off whistling "I'll go to it."

Ponsonby's brave gallantry gained him to take things easily, which, according to Col. P. F. Anderson, is the typical behavior of the British man-of-war, who having the utmost reliance in himself and the commander, is neither easily disengaged nor readily alarmed. In support of his assertion the Col. cited relatives how two stars strutting up from the Hill Knob Park, where Lord Clyde's Army was stationed, toward the French position at Lucknow, directed their steps by the pickets of horse and foot. Suddenly, sixteen-foot ponies shot straight the road just in front of them. "I'm blessed," said one of the men, "at this here chaurt is properly brouyed!" and on the happy-go-lucky pair went toward the Residency as calmly as if they had been on Parliament Hill. During the same siege a very young private of the One Hundred and Second was on sentry, when an eight-inch shell, fired from a gun a hundred yards off, burst close to him, making a deal of noise and throwing up an immense quantity of earth. Col. Anderson related to the spot. The youthful soldier was standing quietly at his post, close to where the shell had just exploded. Being asked what had happened, he replied uncernedly, "I think a shell has burst near."

Toward the close of the fight of Inkermann, Lord Raglan, returning from taking leave of Gen. Stratford, met a Sergeant carrying water for the wounded. The Sergeant drew himself up to salute, when a round shot came bounding over the hill, and knocked his hand. The man picked it up, rested it on his knee, placed it carefully on his head and made the salute, not a muscle of his countenance moving the while. "A

Raglan," Yes, my Lord," returned the Sergeant, with another salute.

"Let a miss be as good as a mile." The commander was probably not surprised by such an exhibition of sang-froid, being himself good that way. He was badly hurt at Waterloo, and says the Prince of Orange, who was in the hospital. "I was not conscious of the presence of Lord Fitzroy Somerset until I heard him call out in his ordinary tone, 'Ho! Ho! Don't carry that arm away till I have taken off my ring!' Neither wound nor operation had extorted a groan from his lips.

The Indian prides himself upon taking good or ill in the quietest of ways, and from's told tell in Mr. Marshall's "Canadian Dominion," his civilized half-brother would seem to be equally unemotional. Thinks readily to a certain Metis or half-breed in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, a Sioux warrior was found guilty of stealing a horse, and condemned to pay the animal's value by installments at one of the company's forts. On paying the last instalment he received his sentence from the man who had brought him to justice, and left the office. A few moments later the Sioux returned, advanced on his noiseless moccasins within a pace of the writing-table, and leveled his musket full at the half-breed's head. Just as the trigger was pulled the Metis raised the hand with which he was writing, and touched

lightly the muzzle of the gun; the shot passed over his head, but his hair was singed off in a broad mass. The smoke clearing away, the Indian was amazed to see that his enemy still lived. The other looked him full in the eyes for an instant and quietly resumed his writing. The Indian silently departed unpursued those who would have given chase being stopped by the half-breed with, "Go back to your dinner and leave the affair to me."

When evening came, a few whites, curious to see how the master would end, accompanied the Metis, to the Sioux encampment. At a certain distance he bade them wait, and advanced alone to the Indian tents. Before one of these sat crouched the half-breed, singing his own death-song to the tom-tom. He complained that he must now say good-bye to wife and child, to the sunlight, to his gun and the chase. He told his friends in the spirit-land to expect him that night, when he would bring them all the news of their tribe. He swung his body backward and forward as he chanted his strange song, but he never once looked up—not even when his foe spurned him with his foot. He only sat on, and awaited his fate. Then the half-breed beat his head and spat down on the crouching Sioux, and turned leisurely away—a crueler revenge than he had shamed himself to do.

"Jack Holmes," the American humorist, being one night at a theater, heard he saw a friend some three feet in front of him. Turning to his next neighbor he said: "Would you be kind enough to touch that gentleman with your stick?" "Certainly," was the reply, and the thing was done. But when the individual thus assaulted turned round Phineas saw he was not the man he took him for, and became at once absorbed in the play, leaving his friend with the stick to settle matters with the gentleman in front; which, as he had no excuse, hardly was not done, without considerable trouble.

When the hubbub was over, the victim said: "Did you tell me to tap that man with my stick?" "Yes," said Phineas, with imperious gravity, "I wanted to see whether you would tap him or not."

"Jack Holmes," a man-about-town, living no one knew how, was once under cross-examination by a certain Sergeant-at-law, who knew his man too well. "Now, sir," said the learned

lawyer, "all the jury know live."

"Well," said Holmes, "a chop or a steak, and on Sunday, perhaps a little bit of fish; I am a very plain-living man."

"You know what I mean, sir," thundered the questioner. "What do you do for a living?"

"The same as you, Sergeant," said the witness, tapping his forehead suggestively, "and when that fails I do—going through the pantomime of reading across his hand—"a little bit of stuff—the same as you again."

"My lad, I shall not ask this obnoxious any more questions," said the lawyer, exasperated.

"Brother," said Baron Martin, "pink you and let me out."

"Here is a hint for our old friend the down in the pantomime. At the burning of a physician store, the crowd helped the medicines freely. Once man grasped a huge cheese as his share of the salver; rising up with it he found himself face to face with a policeman, and with admirable presence of mind put the phial into the officer's arms, saying, "You had better take care of that policeman, or you one will be buying off with it."

Equally ready to relinquish his tool when there was no help for it was a Chicago negro, caught by a jewelry fancier in the act of carrying off some of his live stock, and challenged with: "What are you doing with my chink?" "I was giving fer to fetch them back, boss," exclaimed he. "Dere's a nigger roun' here, what's bin disputin' along me bout dem chickens. I said dey wuz Coachin' Chink, so I said dey wuz Alabama'n' bullets, an' I wuz be takin' em roun' fer ter stabilish my molidge. Dey don't lay toads, does you give it up? To this day that Postmaster-generals has not decided whether his subordinate was an ignoramus or was quietly poking fun at him."

Spite of the old axiom about self-praise, many are of opinion that the world is apt to take a mat at his own valuation. If that be true, there is a Church dignitary in embryo somewhere in the coming decade, whose examination by Manager Fisk is thus related in an American paper:

"You are a conductor for the Erie, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you been on the road?"

"Fifteen years."

"Worth some property, I learn?"

"Some."

"Have a very fine house in Oswego. Cost you some thirty, forty, or fifty thousand dollars?"

"Yes, sir."

"Some little money invested in bonds, I am told?"

"Yes, sir."

"Own a farm near where you reside?"

"Yes, sir."

"Had nothing when you commenced as conductor on our road?"

"Nothing to speak of."

"Made the property since?"

"Yes, sir."

"Been at work for no other parties?"

"No; but I have been saving money and investing it from time to time to good advantage."

"Well, sir, what will you give to set off? Of course you cannot pretend to say you have acquired this property from what you have saved from your salary? You will not deny that you have pocketed a great deal of money belonging to the railway—at least fifty or sixty thousand dollars?"

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SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor & Prop.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

The Universalists of this county report 889 parishes, embracing 41,029 families, 666 church organizations with 82,947 members, 706 ministers, and a church property above indebtedness of \$7,465,485.

Dean Stanley is growing very broad as a churchman. He lately said in a Westminster sermon: "Christ's cross is everywhere. It belongs to no sect, and the true Church knows no Turkey, no Russia."

The Republic of Honduras is about to introduce the American free-school system. In its Capital, Camaragua, a national college is to be established, and a Commissioner has been sent to this country to obtain books and teachers.

Gov. Robinson, of New York, states that the money raised by taxation for the schools of the State amounts to much more than double the sum required to pay the entire expenses of the State Government, Executive, Legislative, Judicial, Civil and Military.

The Wesleyan Missionary Society of the Dominion of Canada acknowledges an income for the past year of \$145,988. It has 493 missionaries, including all Wesleyan ministers in new parts of the Provinces. It has thirty-two missionaries to Indians seven to French-Canadians, and four to Japan.

The total receipts for public school purposes in New York last year were \$12,110,000, and the total expenditures \$10,975,000. The expenditures for teachers' salaries were \$7,915,000; the amount paid for school houses and repairs, \$1,268,000. The number of school houses is 11,883, and their estimated value \$80,880,000.

Remember, that you can educate a child to good citizenship for about \$100 with almost perfect success, whereas you will be compelled to feed and clothe and house a pauper, and if a pauper-criminal, as usually happens, you must have to lock up or chain him at an expense of \$1,000, and what do you get? *Ani. Jour. of Education.*

The Department of Public Instruction received educational reports from the Commissioner of Education of Japan, which are of more interest as excellent specimens of printing and binding than otherwise, being in the Japanese tongue. A translation accompanying the documents states that, since the present Minister of Education, Prof. T. C. Mowry, formerly of Boston, Mass., assumed charge of the Department, about ten years ago, over 20,000 elementary schools are attended by 1,000,000 children.

The population of the Empire now taken for the first time, is 5,000,000.

Praising Over Her Dead Lover-An Affecting Scene.

The funeral of William S. Pontin, who, on the day set for his marriage to a beautiful young woman living in Thirty-third street, in this city, shot himself on the deck of a Hoboken ferry-boat, was held yesterday afternoon in the residence of his uncle, Mr. Thomas Crofts, at 179 Raymond street, Brooklyn. The parlors were filled with a large company of young persons, and many who had expected to attend his wedding gathered about the coffin. Miss Rose H. Plant, the young woman left desolate by the suicide, sat dressed in deep mourning, at the head of the coffin, with her hands clasped together in the attitude of prayer. A heavy draped veil was draped about her face, throwing into strong relief her light blue eyes and the traces of light hair that fell about her face. Her eyes moved restlessly, and she seemed to be crazed with grief which could not find vent in tears. She kept up a continuous low moan, saying: "Oh, my darling! Oh, my darling!"

Her mother, sat close to her, and young Pontin's brother sat behind her, almost broken-hearted.

The coffin lid was off, and the body seemed wonderfully lifelike. An anchor of tuberoses and geranium leaves, entwined with saffron, rested on the coffinlid.

The Rev. H. E. Nye, the pastor of the Clermont Avenue Universalist Church, who was to have married young Pontin to Miss Rose Plant, conducted the services. He read from the Scriptures, and then read, by request, a beautiful bit of poetry, expressing the sadness of saying the last farewell. In his address he said that he violated no propriety when he spoke of the fact that the young man who had gone out from the circle of that house had died by his own hand. A wild moan filled the parlors, coming from the lips of the young woman that bereft of her lover. She said: "Oh, oh, my God!" and more that was unintelligible.

The minister was choked with emotion, but soon proceeded in a few words. As he spoke of the desolation of the chosen bride, she laid her head on his shoulder, and then arose and kissed him fondly about the head. —*London Free Press.*

As the company filed by the coffin, Miss Plant scanned the face of each person. Her eyes were glassy and tearless. As one lady reached a gloved hand into the coffin to arrange the dress she grasped the hand and pushed it forcibly aside, saying: "He's mine—my darling." Then she clasped the dead face between her hands, as though it was lying in her lap. She spoke in soft, musical tones, which expressed such intense despair that those who saw and heard her were at once moved to tears.

As the undertaker drew near to close up the coffin, the young woman uttered a prayer, and all bowed in deepest silence, broken only by the violent sobbing of those in intimate sympathy with her. She then took up the head of her dead lover and covered it with kisses. She clung to the body so long that it was necessary to take her away by force. As she was lead to a seat, she refused to take her eyes off the coffin. Turning to her companion, she said, "Oh, they have not covered him

yet," and then she added, almost in a whisper, "Don't you think that I could get just one more kiss?"

Pontin's father, in this scene, reeled about like a man intoxicated, and fell into his wife's arms. Mrs. Plant fainted. Miss Plant followed the body to Greenwood Cemetery, where it was buried. Her friends greatly fear the consequences of the shock to her.

No light has yet been shed on the mystery of the suicide. The only reasonable theory advanced is that something occurred on the day of the suicide in the residence of his intended bride, at 207 East Thirty-third street, this city. His brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Butch, saw him at two o'clock on the afternoon on which he killed himself. He gave him a wedding present, with which he started to Miss Plant's house. At four o'clock he killed himself. At two o'clock he was in good spirits, and there was nothing to indicate that he did not expect the greatest happiness from his marriage.

Y. Sun.

Handsome Black Silk Dresses.

Correspondents ask how black silk dresses are made. Handsome enough for festive occasions, and yet not cut the material so much that it cannot be altered. To do this some good white lace is useful, and beaded trimmings help greatly. The skirt has a flowing train of three straight-faced brocades, long enough to lie on the ground about half a yard, pleated to a belt at the top, and simply edged below with a knife-pleasing two inches wide, sewed into the edge, not set upon it. The front brocade and gorgon on each side complete the skirt; these are shaped closely to the figure, and are bordered with two knife-pleased flounces set on the skirt. The side gores are each covered by a long revers that is pointed toward the back, and is in its turn covered with a *clair de lune* de-lace passementerie. Across from these revers are two aprons draped on the front breadth and edged with beaded fringe; in some instances these aprons cross each other, in others they are diagonal, while still others are merely carried. Sometimes a row of white applique lace or of round point is laid flatly on the exterior. This is a position back, with a round front finished with a broad belt of five upturned folds of silk. The neck is high, but is trimmed in such a way that it has the effect of an open Pompadour square neck. It is finished with an English collar with points turned over in front, and separated from a standing collar behind. To make the square is a Marie Antoinette collar made of a bias fold coming down from the neck, low on the bosom, covered with beaded passementerie, and the ends finished with fringe. Inside this collar is a bosom drapery of white crepe lace laid under beaded lace, and two fully gathered rows of white point meeting at the edge. Inside the stand-

ards are two pieces lace, peaking and a full of point lace, with a lace bow at the throat. The sleeves are tight, with point lace laid on flatly like upturned cuffs, and below this two lace frills fall over the hands. Young ladies use the gay rainbow bands for trimming such dresses. The *clair de lune* and jet trimmings are considered suitable for ladies of any age. There are also old gold or monogram beads that are used alone or combined with chair de lune beads. Transparencies beaded lace sleeves, beaded plastron, beaded vests, are used for very dressy black silk toilettes. The corsage bouquet is never omitted from such dresses, and is more often of artificial flowers sent home by the maid of honor than of the more beautiful natural flowers that soon fade in heated rooms. Long-stemmed flowers are used for these clusters, and there is a special fancy for large yellow buds of the Marigold rose; sometimes these are used alone, sometimes with pale pink roses, and at others with dark damask red roses. White rose clusters or else violets are used by ladies in light mourning. Plain black silks are made up in these dresses, but there are more of the rich brocaded silks, and also of those with inch-wide stripes of satin. —*Harper's Bazaar.*

Fashionable Conversation.

First Swell—*I say, Plevna* has fallen.

Second ditto—*Yas, so I see.*

First Swell—*Gveat blow to the—an—the-as.*

Second ditto—*To the ab, yes—the Wessians.*

First Swell—*Yas. He was their pwinpal Genewel, I believe.*

Second ditto—*Yas, something of the sort, but, weakly, I don't wionble to wead atome the wan. It's too much.*

First Swell—*Quite awfully too much, wally, only everybody's saying Plevna's fallen, you know, and it's fashionable.*

Second ditto—*Yas. Come to my chamber. Get some dooid: fine Come along, old felah.*

First Swell—*Alt right. I suppose Plevna was a very great General, else they wouldn't have made such a dooid fur about him.* —*London Free Press.*

W.E. INVENTION.

Improvements in stamping and cutting machinery are noticed in the foreign mechanical journals. One of these, as described, consists of a frame stand, carrying a cast-iron saw frame suspended by the corners to the upper part of the frame, the saw frame being raised or lowered by means of winches and chains. In another case saw frames for stone are constructed with both horizontal and vertical revolving disc cutters, by which the stone is cut. In still another device of this kind, and which is claimed to possess superior adaptability to all the rest, the inventor has proceeded on the plan of reversing the principle usually characterizing such mechanisms, by making the fixed stand a movable one, carrying the saw frame with it in its forward and backward motion, the frame receiving its vertical motion from a suspension arrangement; it is usually driven by means of a semi-portable engine of special construction.

A. Cole, of Oconto, Wis., raised from one pumpkin-seed, this year, twenty-three pumpkins, aggregating 2,150 pounds in weight, the largest one weighing 210 pounds.

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AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

Neurastic diseases of the head are now referred by many physicians to misadjusted eye-glasses and spectacles. Of course this is not always the cause of neuralgic pain, but in many cases it has been proved to be so.

In the early stages of inflammation a freeuse of lemon juice will generally check its progress. The vegetable acids almost as a specific. Lemons are very freely used in our hospitals to destroy doubt in the shape of a dromedary, shivering with cold or wet, or both.

Stock provided with suitable shelter, etc., and cared for, as they should be under such circumstances, during the winter, will not only consume less food but will come out in spring looking better, feeling better, and in every way better, requiring less care and consuming less food in the succeeding season than stock which has been less attended to. —H. H. White, in *Burl. New Yorker.*

The Value of Eggs.

The nutritive value of eggs, and the cheapness of their production, is scarcely realized by the public. It may seem rather improbable to state that when meat is twenty-five cents a pound, the food value of eggs is about 37 cents a dozen, yet this seems to be the fact.

A dozen of averaged-sized eggs may be assumed to weigh 1 pound and a half. If we calculate the food values of meat and eggs as far as producers—that is, the amount of work and

and readers are cautioned to be on their guard. —*Exchange.*

Diamond Cement—Soak in glass

in water till it is soft, then dissolve in the smallest possible quantity of proof spirit, by the aid of a gentle heat. In two ounces of the mixture dissolve grains of ammonium, and while still liquid add half a dram of nitric acid. If we calculate the food values of meat and eggs as far as producers—that is, the amount of work and

and readers are cautioned to be on their guard. —*Science American.*

The London Live Stock Journal. in late number, called attention to the steady advance in the price of straw, and notes the fact that where wheat-growing was unprofitable for the grain itself, it had now become profitable from the value of the straw. It says:

"The fact can now almost be maintained, that the true arable farmers, who produce corn alone, are disappearing, and the real aim and object of the farmer is the growth of stock. It is for the butcher that he plows and sows, and not for the miller. The price of straw shows the way the wind blows."

Alexander Robertson writes to the *Canada Farmer* as follows: "I have for the last four years proved to my satisfaction that the wild peppermint is a sure and reliable exterminator for rats. In proof of the fact, I will state the result it has had with me. Four years ago my barn was regularly infested with rats; they were so numerous that I had great fears of my whole grain being destroyed by them after it was threshed; but having two acres of wild peppermint that grew in a field of wheat, after the wheat was harvested,

four cents a dozen, and pork is ten cents a pound, we have the bushel of corn fed producing \$1.60 worth of eggs and but \$1.00 worth of pork.

Judging from these facts, eggs must be economical in their production and in their eating, and especially fitted for the laboring man in replacing meat.

Four cents a dozen.

The Power of a Word.

Do you ever think how much power is exerted in a word? It may have cost but little exertion on your part to utter it. Only a single word may have required to uplift it from your lips to the ear of your listener, but when once spoken it will not rest. It will find its secret motives and brought to light the hidden thoughts of your heart. Old words may have been thoughtless ones, spoken in an unguarded moment, but let its impress, and may be remembered long after your voice is hushed, and you are sleeping that sleep that knows no waking. Perhaps the word was an *soul-kid*, one harshly spoken, and accompanied by a cold, chilling look, which cast a gloomy shadow over some loving, sensitive heart. Perhaps it was one of malice, envy or deceit, and evoked a bitter feeling of resentment which will live while memory lasts; or, it may have been a cheerful, pleasant, loving word, proceeding from a heart brimful of the purest kindness, which fill like sweet music on the listening ear, touching a hidden chord in the soul, which will ever respond in strains of love and harmony. Perchance it may have been a word of sympathy or encouragement, spoken in tenderest accents scattering the clouds and sending sunshine into the heart.

Words may seem but little things to us, but they possess a power beyond calculation. They swiftly fly from us to others, and though we scarcely give them a passing thought, their spirit lives. Thought they are, as feeling as the breath of life, and in their influence in as enduring as the heart they teach. We should guard our lips so that none grieve in silence over words that we have carelessly dropped. Right words are indeed precious. Though they cost the speaker nothing, they are more valuable than diamonds, and shed a brighter lustre on all around.

Death in His Favorite Hobby.

The mortality statistics of the whole civilized world show that about one-half of all mankind die of consumption alone, and the number of deaths due to consumption bears a greater ratio to the whole number than that of any other disease, except typhus fever, smallpox, cholera, plague, and the like. Consumption is the leading cause of death in the United States, and in Europe, and in the Orient.

It is a disease of the lungs, and is caused by the accumulation of mucus in the bronchi, and the consequent obstruction of the air passages. The disease is most prevalent in the cities of Colorado, for health and pleasure.

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