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# Northville



# Record.

Terms: \$1.50 a Year.]

Our Aim—The People's Welfare.

[Always in Advance]

VOL. IX. NORTHVILLE, WAYNE CO., MICH., FEBRUARY 23, 1878. NO. 17.

**THE NORTH WIND.**

Soon comes the current from the North.  
Blue shuns the sky, close is holding there!  
Leave your sleep and wander forth  
And taste the sweetness of the air!

Leave the dull city streets behind;  
Launch out upon the country wide,  
Phaze in the white sea of the wind—  
And swim wherever fates will ride!

The North Wind, oh how sweet, though cold!  
The North Wind, fount of joy and mirth!  
Not often has thy woe been told;

Exultation thou art of—

The East Wind chills, nips and damps;  
How weary for the circumspect hours!

The sun is but a sickly lamp;

But between woods the hollow leaves—

Blow through the day every day.

At night the same unceasing gales—

Each in its first, wild, dreary and gray.

And in the last a dreary gloom.

The South Wind, warm, rich and gay;

The torpid Gulf Stream of the east;

From climes where emerald banners glow,

And flowers are heaped up everywhere.

A terror to the bold in yields,

Sooth say from even the strongest spirit,

And greater still their vicissi-glooms.

The West Wind mows in successive weeks,

Breath of the storm, the thunders, the roar,

As it fear the clouds before them.

The snows melt beneath its gaze.

The North Wind, how it creeps draw!

Warms its bones, and stings the raw!

It takes the raw instead of the dash.

Heaven! How cold!

It rocks the boughs of the mighty trees,

It rocks the stems of the ancient oaks—

Up to the screeching of the gales—

These are the strains of winter's voice—

With which the storm of winter's voice—

Up, bears the horrors of the East.

Scenes of the winter's gloom, the blizzard,

And all so far, that it is downed.

Scenes of the blizzard's sharp freeze;

The dead dogs in the winter's snow;

To moderate Nature's sternness—

And sun would drive away the gloom.

Scenes of the blizzard's sharp freeze;

The North Wind, freezing, crackles,

With sharp sparks and sharp gusts;

It drives the tempests,

— "I DON'T WORK ON SUNDAY."

About the time when Congress, through the influence of Henry Clay, appropriated the money for constructing that great macadamized highway known as the National Turnpike Road, extending from Fredericksburg, in the State of Maryland, to Indianapolis, in the State of Indiana, the farmers living in the Shiawassee Valley prepared large wagons capable of holding between five and six tons of freight. To these massive capacious wagons, they fastened six young horses. Loading their wagons with flour, wheat, rice, corn, oats, potatoes, apples and other fruits of their own raising, they drove to Baltimore. After disposing of the farm produce, they would obtain a return load. Sometimes their "back load" as they called it, consisted of goods for the country merchants of their own neighborhood. At other times, rather than return with an empty wagon, a farmer would accept of merchandise destined for a more distant point, such as Cumberland, Pittsburgh, or Wheeling.

Beside the teams owned by farmers, who thus kept themselves and their horses busy during the winter months, there were men who did nothing else the year through but haul merchandise westward and Western products to the city, who were known among wagoners as "regulars." The writer, being a native of that part of the country, has frequently seen scenes of these sets of wagons strung out for several miles in a continuous row, but a few feet separating any two of them, each having six heavy horses attached to it. Every horse had a band of iron, ornamented with half a dozen musical bells, strung from one side to the other of the collar. When, from an opening on a mountain, any person viewed these long trains, they seemed to be one continuous body, an immense monster crawling through the valley below toward the mountains.

One of the old "regulars" was known from Baltimore to Pittsburgh and Wheeling, by the inevitable cognomen of "Devil Tom Beard." This significant title was given to him for several reasons. In the first place he wore a bushy beard in those days when other men shaved clean. Then he took the name of "Tom," because he did not want his name to be known. On account of his propensity for mischief and for perpetrating practical jokes, the common saying with regard to him was that "he was a reckless, bold, and impudent fellow for his Creator, his fellow-men or for Satan." Those who knew him best gave him the widest berth. He was also a most blasphemous wretch, taking his Maker's name in vain almost every ten minutes of his waking hours.

After the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad

was built to Cumberland, the trade of the "regulars" was destroyed. Among the men thus thrown out of employment was Tom. He was, however, of too active a turn of mind to remain long in idleness; so he purchased a few acres of land, having a stream of water passing through it, with sufficient fall, and caused to be erected thereon an excellent saw-mill.

A number of years after this a farmer in the neighborhood, one of "Tom's" regulars, had the misfortune to lose his barn by fire. As the fire occurred late in May, the farmer hastened to have another erected, wherein to store his growing and nearly-matured crops. On a certain Saturday, the builder told the farmer that if they could get from "Tom's" saw-mill the needed lumber by noon, at furthest, they would be ready to raise the build-

ing by the middle of the week. The farmer immediately mounted his horse and rode to the saw-mill. When he arrived, the writer was present, and heard the conversation, as follows:

**Farmer.**—"My builder says that if you can let us have our lumber by noon on Monday, we can raise our new barn on Wednesday." "Can you do it?"

**Tom.**—"That is utterly impossible."

**Farmer.**—"How so?"

**Tom.**—"Because I could only get it ready by sawing on Sunday, which I will not do. I don't work on Sunday."

**Farmer.**—"Well, suppose you do saw on Sunday, how will that hurt you?"

**Tom.**—"I know I am a wicked man, but I cannot work on Sunday."

**Farmer.**—"Not even when it is a work of necessity, and consequently a work of mercy?"

**Tom.**—"I will not run my mill on Sunday for any reason."

**Farmer.**—"You certainly are not going to work on Sunday?"

**Tom.**—"No! I am too wicked a man to pretend to be pious."

**Farmer.**—"Very well, then; if, though obstinate, you will not accommodate me in my emergency, you can let it alone, and I warn you not to saw another log for me." Such a man is of no good to a neighborhood, and I will use my influence to prevent your getting any more work here. If you were a Christian, and had conciliatory scruples against working on the Sabbath, I would understand."

Tom excused you; but you are nothing of the kind; you are notorious the most blasphemous and wickedest man in this community."

So expressing himself, the farmer hastily remounted his horse in a towering rage and rode away.

After the farmer had left the saw-mill I ventured to ask "Tom," why, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, he had refused to oblige his neighbor. To which he replied:

"You are perhaps old enough to remember the good old days when the goods for our merchants were brought home by wagons, and you may remember the dear old representatives of Noah's ark?"

I replied that I did remember them very well, whereupon he proceeded:

"Very well, I owned two or three wagons. I drove one of the teams myself, and hired a man to drive the other.

Between us we had fourteen horses, six each in harness, and each of us led one behind his wagon. Every man who could afford it had an extra horse. We called a trip from home to Baltimore, from thence to Pittsburgh, or Wheeling, from thence to Baltimore, and then back home, a "round."

Every wagon who made a "round" whether a farmer or a "regular," always made his charge unusually high to cover the contingencies of losing a horse thereby. During a round trip, a horse was sure to give out, and sometimes until it would down, and occasionally a horse would die.

After "Tom" finished talking I left him and went home, but I could not dismiss the subject from my mind. On Sunday I awoke to admit, I felt highly indignant at witnessing that farmer occupying position among the Elders of the church, but I did not speak of the affair to any person, as I was not a church member, and it did not exactly affect me.

On Monday afternoon, as I was seated in my office carefully reading a legal

newspaper, the drums of their ancestors will be our posterity's most affecting topic of detailing their day. We might conceive every house furnished with such drums and vibrating plates, each stored with some speech, the speaker of which has long since been dead, and the anniversary of birth or death solemnized by the liberation of some sort of such speeches from its long entombment. At the accession of each new monarch we might have a chosen assembly called together to hear the most momentous speech from the throne ever delivered by the most remarkable of his predecessors, or the epoch when this method of preserving speech was first invented.

A Pope Leo XXI, for instance, surrounded by his Cardinals, inclining his

head to the vibrating plate, from which

should proceed the address uttered by

Pio Nono to his last Consistory, or a

Hohenlohe of the twenty-first century

announcing his Cabinet to hear

with him, for the third or fourth re-

hearing, it may be the precise words

of the last speech directed against the

See of Rome by the great Prince Bismarck.—*London Spectator.*

On Monday morning I had suffi-

ciently recovered to follow after my

companion. My horses were so fresh

and in such good condition, that I

drove much further than usual that

Tuesday. As they still walked off freely on Monday. The teams showing no

signs of fatigue on Wednesday. I drove

that day to the regular stand and

stopped with my friend, who had driven

up from his home to confront him of his wife.

The evening was very warm, and the windows were open. I quietly

entered their company. I said nothing, but I

took a seat upon the porch, and deter-

mined to listen to everything so that

I might be able to repeat as much of it as possible. He read the

twelfth chapter of Romans. When he

left me and my two teams behind, he

came to that part which reads, "Ver-

ily, ye know that ye sin when ye

commit sins; forasmuch as ye sin, ye

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# The Northville Record

SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor.

SATURDAY, FEB. 23rd, 1878.

As was generally anticipated, the Cardinal as Pope is an Italian. He is 68 years old, a good speaker, and commanding in appearance. He takes his place as Leo XIII.

With the Russians' troops in Constantinople, the English fleet in the Bosphorus, and the Turks non-combatants, the case reminds one of two dogs fighting over a bone, each endeavoring to get possession.

The woman suffrage subject occupies the attention of Washingtonites to a considerable extent just now and it would not be surprising if that womanly scheme would yet become a success. Senator Christopher last week presented a suffrage petition to the Senate from the people of Michigan, but desired to wait awhile before giving his own sanction to it.

Honors for the repose of the Pope's soul has been hell in nearly every city in Europe and America, and that functionary must be well-lying in case.

Detroit people are making strenuous efforts towards securing the State Fair as a permanent institution in their city; and are soliciting funds to that end. The proposals for a site state that the grounds must be accessible by rail or water and comprise about sixty acres.

Suicide and Death in Washington. Washington City, Northville Record.

Leaving Congressional matters for the present, a little attention may be given to Washington society. Murky the blue ribbon general is here, which may account for gentlemen procuring their necessary stimulants at the drug stores for medicinal purposes. Mr. Roberts is doing a good work with her penny lunch house. Hundreds get their bowl of soup for which they pay one cent, and declare it is the best meal they have had for many days, and with this state of affairs existing at the Capitol, yet we hear of petitions from the laborers and merchants being presented to Congress, asking the nation to send relief to China. Scandal has been flying through the air for the last few days carrying the news of the self destruction of a hitherto excellent and innocent young lady, who fell a victim to a base and false villain. She had, from her infancy been a faithful attendant at one of the leading churches who trustees denied her a burial from the house where she had been a dutiful Sunday School teacher, as if they had never committed a sin. Following this sad affair came news of the death of a promising young man who had been disengaged in love. He buried his troubles by asking his father to bury him by the side of his mother across the grottoes of the inner workings of high life in Washington.

J. E. S.

## STATE NEWS.

The Upstate return day will begin a series of temporary court meetings on Sunday afternoons.

Two cases of shooting with a revolver at Niles. One shot the end of the leg and the other the palm of the hand.

Home Riddle of Charlotte has been convicted of robbing the Sedley Export Law and listed according to law.

Mrs. Kelly, formerly Mrs. Mary Wheeler of Ann Arbor, died in China a few weeks ago. She married a missionary about a year ago.

There is a man at Lansing over 60 years of age, who has gone out of his eyes, can read well, and yet has never read a word from a newspaper.

The usual 60 days that insurance companies take in which to settle losses. Last

Wednesday, the Spanish school

house has got its pupil. There is a deep feeling of dissatisfaction throughout the city.

The governor of Massachusetts has issued a reprieve for P. Johnson, of Ward Ripley. Judge Whitney lately granted a brief respite, discharging Jackson from custody. Gov. Churchill's warrant failing to show a fact, so far as it referred to him, the jailor said he committed a crime in Massachusetts, making therefore default.

Geo. Litch, a lumberman, was seriously injured by W. Angleton, a teacher employed in a school near Constantine, on Friday. Angleton punished Litch's children severely, and Litch went to the school house to see about it. They had some words about the master, and, finally, Angleton struck Litch with a fire shovel, inflicting three cuts on the head and one on the ear, nearly severing it.

## ENGLISH for Printers.

New, Best and Job Ink, all warranted of superior quality. No cheap or inferior grades of ink made.

**EXCELSIOR**  
PRINTING INK CO.  
MANUFACTURERS.  
Formerly of London, England.

184 & 186 MICHIGAN ST., CHICAGO,  
And 13 Barclay Street, New York.

## A Horrible Suspicion.

An Irish woman enters a lawyer's office. "Is this the place, sir, where people get divorces?"

"Yes, occasionally we engage in that kind of business. What can we do for you, madam?"

"Faith, sir, I'd like to get a divorce from my husband Patrick."

"What is the matter with Patrick, madam?"

"Shure and Patrick gets drunk,

"That's bad. But I hardly think that alone will be a sufficient cause. Have you no other complaint?"

"Indeed, I have," says Patrick belligerently. "Yes, yes, I see. That's cruelty to drunkenness. But, madam, you don't seem to suffer much in your appearance from Patrick's cruelty. I think you must find a stronger reason before the court will grant you a divorce."

"Well, sir, besides all that, I fear, sir, that Patrick isn't true to me."

"Ah! Now, madam, you begin to talk business. What reason have you for thinking that Patrick is unfaithful to you?"

"Well, sir, I may say that it's myself that has a strong suspicion that Patrick is not the father of my last child." (Hartford Times.)

## The Great Substoxines Remedy.

An Indian vegetable compound composed of the best of available medicinal plants, and the various properties of these different plants are combined in such a way as to make it a valuable article of diet.

It is a tonic, a diuretic, a laxative, a

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# The Northville Record

Attorney at Law.

**QUINCY MATHEWS, ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR.** Special attention given to Collection, Mortgagage Administration, Will and Testament, Probate, etc. in State and Federal Courts. No fee charged until success is obtained.

Plymouth Physician.

**WILLARD CHANEY, M. D., PHYSICIAN and Surgeon.** Office at residence, 11 Main Street, Northville, Mich.

To advertise in this paper, no advertisement will be inserted in this paper unless payment is made in advance. The amount is to be sent to "The Record," to this office with the insertion, "insert and send bill at the end of each month."

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

### PHYSICIANS.

**J. M. SWIFT, M. D., PHYSICIAN** and Surgeon. Office at residence, 11 Main Street, Northville, Mich.

Dentist.

**EDWIN N. ROOT, DENTIST.** Office and operating room over Ladd & Kenderick's Store, 107 Main St., Plymouth, Mich.

Chambers and Trimming.

**C. S. ELMER, HARNESS MAKER** Garage, Tinner, Shop in the Garage Building, Main St., Plymouth, Mich.

### TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

TRAINS LEAVE NORTHVILLE.  
FLINT & PEPE MARQUETTE R.R.  
DETROIT TIME.

NORTH. 9:1 A. M. 11:45 A. M.  
DETROIT EXP. 12:15 P. M. 1:45 P. M.  
DETROIT EXP. 2:45 P. M. 4:15 P. M.  
DETROIT EXP. 6:25 P. M. 7:45 P. M.

TRAINS LEAVE PLYMOUTH.  
DET. LANSING & LAKE MICH. R.R.  
DETROIT TIME.

DET. 9:1 A. M. 11:45 A. M.  
DET. EXP. 12:15 P. M. 1:45 P. M.  
DET. EXP. 2:45 P. M. 4:15 P. M.

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. 1, 1:15 P. M.

DETROIT 1:45 P. M. JACKSON EXP. 2:45 P. M.  
DETROIT EXP. 3:45 P. M. JACKSON EXP. 4:45 P. M.  
DETROIT EXP. 5:45 P. M. JACKSON EXP. 6:45 P. M.

NORTHVILLE MARKET.

NORTHVILLE, Det. 2:30-3:15 P.M.

APPLES, DRIED, 10c.

BEANS, PINT, 10c.

BUTTER, 1 lb., 15c.

CORN, 3 lbs., 15c.

CLOVER SEED, 9 lbs., 15c.

DRESSED BEEF, PINT, 12c.

DRESSED CHICKEN, 4 lbs., 12c.

DRIED PEACHES, 1 lb., 15c.

EGGS, 3 lbs., 15c.

FLOUR, 5 lbs., 15c.

HAMS, 1 lb., 15c.

LARD, PINT, 15c.

ONIONS, 1 lb., 15c.

POTATOES, 1 lb., 15c.

SHOULDER MEAT, 1 lb., 15c.

SALT, Case, 1 lb., 15c.

TALLOW, PINT, 15c.

WHITE TURNIPS, 1 lb., 15c.

No. 1, 15c.

No. 2, 15c.

### Home and Vicinity.

A. J. LITTLE, LOCAL EXPERT.

Master Vicary.

The boy soprano.

Young Men's Hall.

Monday Eve. Mar. 4.

It will be a great treat.

Come out and hear him.

Prof. Osborn and wife, of Albion are in town to-day.

John Starkweather, of Holly, was in town this week visiting his brother Samuel.

Ladies Missionary meeting at the Brick church, Saturday afternoon March 3d.

There is not a house to rent in Northville, and scarcely a room that can be obtained.

Mrs. C. B. Horton left this week for Nebraska City, Neb., on a visit to Mr. Horton's mother.

It is said that F. R. Seal is to put up a new house in the Spring opposite the depot, on the Verke's ground.

Presbyterian social at the residence of W. P. Yerkes, on Wednesday evening, the 27th.

Rev. Gelson will deliver a preparatory lecture at the Brick church, on Friday afternoon, March 1st, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

One of the greatest novelties of the age, Master Vicary, the boy singer, will appear at Young Men's Hall, on Monday Evening, Mar. 4th.

Master Vicary's voice is a rich, sweet soprano, of extensive range and is used with a skill indicative of the born musician.—Post and Tribune.

Rev. A. A. Ames, lately over the Baptist charge here, is now pastor over a church at Jackson. Mrs. Ames has been in town for a few weeks past visiting among friends.

There is to be a masquerade party at Ferguson's hall, Milford, March 8th. Messrs. Perrigo and Searle, of this place are the managers in the master and design this as a closing feature of their dancing school at that place. Prizes are offered for best and most original costumes.

Prof. Bernhart, principal of the Union school, who has been sick for some weeks, is we are glad to state, recovering, and may be able to resume his school labors in the course of five or six weeks. Mr. Frank Clark, of Albion, has temporary charge of school.

### EAST LYNN.

Those who took part in the drama and their success in the different roles.

This drama was presented here in aid of the opera house fund, Jan. 29th and Feb. 6th. The audience both evenings was large and appreciative. The young ladies and gentlemen assuming the different characters were all of our own town and very generally contributed their time and talent to making this—as it was—a decided success.

Mr. Clarence A. Hutton as Sir Francis Lovison, acted his part most admirably, showing all the nice little traits of the polished aristocrat and yet exhibiting an utter recklessness characteristic of the deep dyed villain. His sarcastic interviews with the "not over pleasant" Cornelius were capital hits in the progression of the piece.

The characters of Lady Isabella and Madam Vire were faithfully portrayed by Miss Helen L. Cady. Indeed it would be difficult considering the limited stage room, to have surpassed her in either role. As the jealous wife of Archibald Carlyle and the heart-broken dame of Lovison she exhibited a natural manner, thrilling the audience with her impassionate appeals and sorrowful repentance.

The emotional feelings were of the mirthful quality whenever the irrepressible Miss Carlyle, the old maid, made her appearance. This part was carried off by Miss Nettie Yerkes, and we only give intimation to the general sentiment of the audience when we say that her repetition of the character was faultless.

Miss Nettie G. Randolph was installed as Barbara Hare and conducted her part successfully. Her appearance and voice was in perfect harmony with the character assumed and her perfect ease on the stage added greatly to her accredited success.

Joey, the tried and faithful ladies maid, was the part of Miss Narcia Smith and was also a success.

But necessary position was a success

in her rendition.

Mr. William G. Lapham personated Lord Mount Scorn. His conception of the character was all that could be asked and that his part was a success can be easily imagined.

The portion of the zoophantastic Richard Hare was taken by Mr. Geo. Peck. Although requiring much study in the comical of many lengthy parts, Mr. Peck bore his character throughout in good style and showed an adaptability to that role in every particular.

The part of Justice Hare required less frequent appearance on the stage but that portion was up to the requirements in the person of Mr. W. L. Porter.

Jennie, aged eleven years, daughter of J. C. Buchan, was Little Miss and she acted her part capitally. The friend and confidante of Mr. Dill, received the favor of the audience through Mr. Dow F. Greenwell. Here was a success both in make-up and delivery.

As regards the other characters we might say that being somewhat in doubt it will be well to leave their names out of this public review and leave criticism to the many at East Lynn.

Paul Perrigo, assisted by Mr. A. Starke, violinist, and Mrs. G. Wick, organist, furnished most excellent music both nights—of East Lynn, for which favor we feel very grateful.

D. B. Northrop sold in tickets for East Lynn both nights \$2.25; C. R. Stevens & Co., \$1.50; A. E. Rockwell, \$2.25; Dabear & Wheeler, \$2.75; J. M. Swift, reserved seat and ordinary tickets \$1.75.

Ed. Grace and lady, of Farmington with a number of others were present at Young Men's Hall on the last presentation of East Lynn, and express themselves as delighted with the play.

The editor of this paper feels very grateful to the young ladies and gentlemen from Plymouth who attended the East Lynn entertainment and thereby giving him aid towards the opera house project, and hopes to reciprocate the kindness at some future time.

An obese old sonser gone—Mr. Gabriel Dear died Sunday morning last at 1 o'clock, a. m. at his home in the south east part of this township. He was 91 years of age and father of James C. Dean, of Nevada, Cal., and Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Griswold of this place. He was the oldest man in the town and a resident for more than 40 years. His funeral took place at 10 a. m. Tuesday.

We saw C. G. Harrington sporting about a yard of wool twine the other day; must be something new attached; wonder if he hasn't been buying a gold watch of Rockwell? E. K. Simonds has one too; says it doesn't vary only four seconds a day. How much did they cost? Don't tell! We warrant Rockwell only has fair consideration. Such an advertisement is something to a dealer who is building up a trade.

A donation visit was made this M. E. parsonage on Tuesday and Wednesday evening and the worthy pastor and lady, Rev. and Mrs. J. E. Jacklin, were remembered to the extent of about \$160, mostly cash.

### Pioneer Sketches.—10.

BY DALE CLARK.

The first Northville mill was very cheaply constructed; the gearing, or machinery being made mostly of wood. Compared with mills of modern construction, it was a very primitive affair. I remember well almost every wheel and shaft and pulley, for I have set up with it a great many nights.

The water-wheel was 12 feet in diameter and buckets 6 feet in length and was on the outside of the mill building; one end of the shaft going through a hole in the wall into the mill pit. On this end of the shaft was the pit-wheel, ten feet in diameter, with a row of wooden cogs, about two inches apart around the side of the rim like teeth. These meshed into the wood rollers of the crown-wheel on the lower end of the upright shaft. Above on the same shaft was the spur wheel, which turned the pinion on the spindle that turned the mill-stone. This was all there was of the main machinery. The bolt was run by wood shifting connected with the upright shaft.

The old rock mill stone was a very heavy one, and it was a difficult and dangerous job to take it up and turn it over when it needed pecking. For this purpose there was a very heavy oak crane, with two wood screws, like cedar press screws. Holes were drilled in opposite sides of the stone for iron bolts; the wood screws were hooked on to these bolts and a man at each screw to turn evenly would raise the stone and turn it over.

We were not very particular about dressing the stone, to put in a hand red starch to the inch, but we sometimes peeked out an inch at one crack.

Father Hickox was the first miller under whom I took lessons in the old mill. It did not take a long time, or require a great deal of skill to run the old thing, or keep it in repair. All the tools it required was a saw,

few nails. Although the water-wheel was enclosed and roofed over, yet in the winter the ice would gather on the wheel, to such an extent that we had to cut it off, and sometimes the wheel would freeze fast and it had to be cut loose.

Father Hickox told how Miller got caught one day in the wheel and liked to have lost his life. One morning he raised the gate and turned on the water to start the mill, but it wouldn't go. He then let down the stone, shut the gates and went down into the wheel with his ax to cut the ice off and loosen the wheel. After chopping until he thought it was loose, he came up, raised the stone, opened the gate and let on the water, but it did not start. He then went into the wheel again without shutting off the water, and commenced cutting when the wheel started. The lining was covered with ice and as the wheel turned he would slide around, halting as hard as he could. No noise being in the mill he was not heard, and would slide around until finally he got hold of an arm of the wheel and sliding down to the shaft he clung to that until some one happened to come into the mill and stopped it, and got him out, nearly used up and almost frozen.

I remember very well a few days after coming here I caught a maul turtle the first one I ever saw. He was about as large as a common tea saucer. I cut the initial of my name, and the year 1851 on his back and let him go. Six years after a man brought that same turtle to the mill. He had found him near Waller Lake, 6 miles up stream. The letters and date (1851) was plainly seen on his back, and he had grown to twice his former size. In the fall I had my first share of ague and fever every other day about nine o'clock the chills would come on, then I would climb the ladder, pillow on all the bed clothes I could find and crawl in, shake for an hour or two and then the fever would last for several hours. The next day I would be around and able to do some chores. And so it continued for weeks, until I was so weak that I could scarcely get up the ladder to go to bed. The medicine given me was peruvian bark and brandy. One dose was a large table spoon full of ground bark in half a cupful of brandy, three times a day on the well days, and a good big dose next morning. Almost every body who came here at that time had the ague and fever. Some would have it very light, others had what they called dumb ague. They had the bone aches and chilly feelings, but did not shake, and the fever was terrible. Some men would work every other day and have the ague until they wore it out. Sometimes however, it wore them out. No person can tell what the early settlers suffered from this terrible disease. Whole families would sometimes be all shaking or burning with fever at the same time.

Afterwards Quinine came into use, and doctors learned how to treat ague. Then it was not so bad.

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## The Northville Record.

SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor & Proprietor.  
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

### MECHANICAL AND SCIENTIFIC.

The ancients believed in vegetation, and their places of amusement were constructed so as to accommodate the greatest number of people. The new Grand Opera House at Paris is considered very large, its seating capacity being nearly 4,000, but the remains of the old Greek Theratrin Systense show that there were comfortable places within its walls for 24,000 persons.

A correspondent of the *Times* and *Steam* gives a novel method employed to cleanse a two-inch water-pipe which had become choked with mud. A string was passed through a hole punched in the tail of a small eel, which was straightway put into the pipe. An occasional jerk reminded the eel that it was incumbent on him to progress, which he did, arriving at the lower end of the pipe with the string. A bunch of rags was tied to the string, and thus the pipe was cleansed.

M. Caillot of Paris has succeeded in freezing dry atmospheric air till it assumed a liquid form and ran like water. As this was only effected at 500 degrees below zero, about the cold that is supposed to prevail in the interstellar spaces, it suggests that perhaps the stars are all afire in a vast oxygenated sea, and that it is not entirely a figure of speech when we say the "cosmic suns" and that a comet

With eye of a Crow and four dukes forth  
A comets' mass descend down from the North.

*Graphic.*

Cooking by means of solar rays has been tried successfully at Bombay, and an apparatus has been contrived to cook chops and steaks in the open air as well as expeditiously as over an ordinary fire. The apparatus consists of a copper vessel, tinned inside, and painted black outside, with a glass cover enveloping the vessel with an inch of hot air, and fixed on to the bottom of a conical reflector lined with common sil-

over it will retain the heat for full three hours and a half.

We like music—like it very much—but in our opinion it should not be made the chief end of a girl's educational existence. Let her be taught that her voice and her fingers are not the most important part of her character. Our motto is, give girls just as thorough and just as substantial an education as is given to boys; let the general education be the same, then let the taste of the student and the means of the parent determine the kind and extent of the special education.—*Sunday School Journal.*

According to the *Manufacturer and Builders*, soap may be made in caustic soda and without quicklime, by

mixing one of the following materials to combine readily with fat, and to make a very soluble soap, and of soda soap to be insoluble in water if this contains only the small quantity of more than one-half of 1 per cent of salt. If, therefore, grease, fat or resin, which are commonly employed to make soap, are heated with a mixture of common salt, ammonia and water, a soda soap separates, leaving chloride of ammonia in the liquor, together with the excess of ammonia and salt. The ammonia at first unites with fatty acids, and forms a very soluble ammonia soap; then the sodium in the salt exchanges places with the ammonia in the soap, forming a soda soap and chloride of ammonia. It is essential that there be an excess of ammonia and salt present in order that the reaction take place. One hundred parts of grease require from 15 to 20 parts of ammonia; 20 to 30 of salt and 300 to 350 of water.

### The Burglary at Simpson's.

Of late, several burglaries have been committed in the neighborhood, in which Mr. James Simpson lives, and, of course, the folks are not a little alarmed. In Simpson's Row, alone, enough firearms and ammunition have been collected to conduct a very fair-sized war with Mexico, and Simpson, particularly, has bought a whole armory of weapons and loaded them to the muzzle. Simpson's brother-in-law, George Washington Budd, commonly known as "Wash," lives with him, and for weeks past Wash, upon going to bed, has made such a preparation and display of various kinds of engines of destruction that his neighbors concluded that his purpose was to conduct a kind of Battle of Gettysburg on his own responsibility.

The other night Wash, after recapping all his revolvers, running his thumb along the edge of his broadsword, half-cocking his gun, and laying down, said to the children, "I thought he heard a burglar prowling about downstairs." Buckling on his artillery, Wash, in his stocking feet, crept down the back staircase determined to annihilate the thief.

Simpson heard the noise at the same instant, and, thinking Wash was in bed asleep, loaded up his machinery of death and crept softly down the front stairs, also without his boots.

Both reached the first floor at the same moment. They stopped and listened. Wash thought he heard the burglar in the parlor. Simpson felt sure the rascal was in the dining-room pocketing the spoons. So while Wash trod noiselessly forward Simpson stepped stealthily to the rear. Midway in the hall they came into collision. Each felt perfectly certain that the other was the burglar.

Wash grappled with his antagonist instantly. Simpson knew that a death struggle had begun, so he took hold with all his might. Neither had a chance to draw his weapons.

Wash strove to throw his burglar down, and Simpson, perceiving the game, made a huge effort to prostrate Wash. They pushed, and pulled, and jerked, and shoved, and panted, bumping up against the wall, kicking up the carpet, and making such a hubbub that Mrs. Simpson, upstairs in her room, and afraid to come out, lifted up her voice and screamed with awful vehemence.

### AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

Farmers, who have neglected the subject now, while you have time study how you will adorn your farms next spring—with orchards, vegetable and flower gardens, small fruits, groves, plants, shrubs, walks and drives—forever.

The *Michigan Register* communicates a plan of testing milk, which possesses the merit at least of simplicity. A well polished knitting needle is dipped into a deep vessel of milk and immediately withdrawn in an upright position, when, if the sample be pure, some of the fluid will be found to adhere to it, while such is not the case if water has been added to the milk; even in the smallest proportions.

The cost of a good calf, six months old, is but little more than a poor one, although it is worth from three to four times as much. Let us, then, urge dairymen not to begrudge the food eaten by their dairy calves, but to study how they can best please their tastes and satisfy their appetites. If the pasture is at all short, give them extra food. Bran, a little oil-meal, oats, apples, pumpkins—all are good. Grain is better ground than whole, but oats in small quantity, do very well ground. Feed with a liberal but judicious hand, and your reward will be meted out in even greater measure.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

### The Chances at Faro.

Having read the recent tragic death of a St. Louis gambler in last Sunday's Sun, I have thought it advisable to give the public an idea of the gambler's chances. It is safe to venture the assertion that if a person could be thoroughly convinced there was no chance whatever of his winning a penny, but that he would, to an absolute certainty, lose every dollar he might hazard at the game of faro, he would forever abandon a habit so demoralizing in its results.

There is no reason whatever why a mind capable of reasoning should not arrive at the conclusion that, although one may enjoy temporary luck at intervals, his ultimate defeat is as sure as that his mortal nature suffers depletion with the turn of every card.

—The best remedy for frozen combs in poultry consists in repeated applications of glycerine. When a supply of this material may not be at hand, an effectual substitute may be improvised in the following manner: A piece of raw bacon is to be held in the flame of pine chips, containing plenty of resin, in such a manner that the fat and the resin, as they melt, may both fall upon a bit of ice held beneath the flame, while the mixture, rubbed into a salve with the finger, should be applied at once to the frozen comb. The sooner the application is made the better.

—A correspondent of the *Garden* gives his experience in forcing asparagus. He says: "Asparagus may be obtained a month before it is ready out-of-doors, as follows: About the middle of February place some movable wooden frames over a permanent bed of it, and with a few barrow loads of warm manure and leaves make up a ring all around the bed, and cover its

lights and keep them closed for three weeks, when the buds will begin to appear. The hay should be cleared off, and a little air given on every favorable opportunity. Under this treatment I have cut my first asparagus on March 20, and since that date I have cut several bunches of beautiful heads, and still they promise to be sufficiently abundant to keep up a good supply until the out door crop is ready. By this plan the bed, which does not experience any disturbance, will last a great number of years, provided its products are not cut too late. Cutting should cease and the glass be removed directly the outdoor crop is ready."

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Both combatants swore scroly, but Wash couldn't help telling his wife, and she spread it, of course, and so here it is.—*Max Adler, in N.Y. Weekly.*

### Desperate Fight with a Bear.

The New York *World* of a recent date has a thrilling bear story from Gusben, N.Y.

Mr. John Ackert and three companions started a large bear from its nest and brought it to bay on a ledge ten feet high, where Ackert shot the animal with his gun, and the other hunters with their rifles. The other hunters were scattered about in the woods. Ackert approached the bear and shouted for his comrades. The bear was not dead and to the hunter's surprise arose to his feet and rushed toward him. Ackert fired his other barrel, but did not kill the bear, and in another second was defending himself in a hand-to-hand fight. The crust was so slippery that the bear had the advantage, as the hunter could not keep his feet, and he slipped and fell. The bear had him in his embrace a moment. The movements of the combatants had brought them near the edge of the rocks. As the bear threw his paws about the half-prostrate form of the hunter, the latter dealt it a fearful blow with his hunting-knife, which felled the animal. The ground was sloping and the animal, maintaining its hold of Ackert, slid toward the edge of the ledge, and before it could get a hold in the crust with its claws, both hunter and bear fell over the rocks, and striking the icy slope below, shot like a cannon-ball down the mountain. Two of Ackert's companions came out upon the rocks just as he and the bear went crashing into the tangled laurels at the foot of the ridge and disappeared in the swamp. The hunters were compelled to make a dozen of half a mile to reach the swamp. They found Ackert sitting with his back against a hemlock tree. He was covered with blood, and his clothing hung in tatters. He was alive, but it was half an hour before he was able to realize where he was and how he got there. He remembered falling on the rocks, starting down the mountain hounded by the bear, and crashing down into the swamps, and that was all. The bear lay ten or fifteen feet away, covered with blood, and dead.

—Trout-fishing through holes in the ice is a lucrative employment in several parts of Newfoundland. Each hole is about a foot in diameter. The lines are attached to sticks two feet in length, which cross the holes, and five or six of which can be attended to by one person. In propitious weather this is exciting sport, as there is generally a fish on each hook as fast as the angler makes his rounds of the holes.

The New York market, including all

its dependencies, is estimated to require an annual supply of 5,000,000 of tons of coal; but this comprises all the trade of population of about 2,000,000 in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut.

It is in small communities that

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custom not upon an army of professional sports, but their supporters are furnished from the artisan population and your less mercantile community—the very ones who can least afford to lose the tribute money that the larger cities extort from their votaries. It would be ridiculous were it not imminent, this blood money for play and betting in treacherous places. Your novice, and your veteran as well, will play the game on Monday and lose twenty-five dollars, repeat the dose on Tuesday to the tune of thirty dollars, Wednesday of twenty dollars, and so on Thursday he will go home in defeat, satisfied, confident of his ability to beat faro, never pausing to reflect that a summary of his four days' work shows him seventy-five dollars out of pocket to only fifty dollars received.—*Dr. N. S. Smith.*

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### Attention to Heifer Calves.

We are glad that the better class of dairymen are beginning to see the economy of raising their own cows. As has often been urged in this journal, the dairyman can never be sure of his stock unless he raises it upon his own farm. We know large numbers are now doing this, and some are trying to

accomplish it without making proper provision for the necessary food to

raise their heifers in the best manner. It is not enough that the heifer is raised upon the farm where she is to be used as a milk producer, but ample provision of food must be made to develop all her good qualities. It too frequently happens that the dairyman turns his heifer calves into a poor pasture, after they are two or three months old, and expects them to grow into good animals on what they can pick up, without further attention. But such

calves will turn out like the corn fields planted upon poorly plowed and prepared land, with no subsequent cultivation.

The corn is scarcely worth harvesting and the calves not worth wintering. The owners of such neglected stock often excuse themselves by saying, "A little extra attention will set them up by and by." But everybody notices that those calves are never fished up—always remain small, scrawny, undeveloped animals.

Now the cow is a machine for secreting milk, and this machine should be developed to the greatest perfection. A poorly-developed animal cannot have its secretory system in a vigorous and active state. Having been fed meagerly, its digestive system is contracted and wanting in capacity to furnish sufficient aliment for large milk production. Everything depends upon the rearing of the heifer calf in determining her usefulness as a milker. A steady and rapid growth from calfhood

shows all her secretory organs in the greatest activity, and her digestive organs must have been well developed and active to have prepared so much food for assimilation into such rapid growth. And as it is impossible that the cow should yield a large quantity of milk without digesting a large quantity of food, the animal must be trained to do this from calfhood.

The statement of these principles must show the dairyman how vastly important it is that his heifer calves

should never cease growing for a single day.

Scanty feeding is, therefore, the worst economy, and judicious feed the greatest economy. The calf, like every other animal, requires a certain amount of food to keep it alive, and all the growth comes from what is eaten more than this. The greater the amount of food, therefore, digested and assimilated, the more the growth, and the more the profit.

The cost of a good calf, six months old, is but little more than a poor one, although it is worth from three to four times as much. Let us, then, urge dairymen not to begrudge the food eaten by their dairy calves, but to study how they can best please their tastes and satisfy their appetites. If the pasture is at all short, give them extra food. Bran, a little oil-meal, oats, apples, pumpkins—all are good. Grain is better ground than whole, but oats in small quantity, do very well ground. Feed with a liberal but judicious hand, and your reward will be meted out in even greater measure.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

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There is no reason whatever why a mind capable of reasoning should not arrive at the conclusion that, although one may enjoy temporary luck at intervals, his ultimate defeat is as sure as that his mortal nature suffers depletion with the turn of every card.

Probably the best proof of this advantage on the part of the bank was offered by an experiment made by eleven well-known gamblers in this city. Determined to test the chances of the game, they established a bank with a capital of \$10,000, placing it in charge of one of their number, while the remaining ten played against it for the term of one year, each with a stake of \$5,000.

At the end of the time specified it was found that not one of the ten players had a dollar of his original stake, but that the bank had absorbed their entire capital.

Old gamblers declare that any man

will beat himself at guessing in the long-run and upon the truth of that axiom the gamblers who run the dens of theft thrive at the expense of the innocent men who refuse to accept it until run stark in the face. Those who have given the subject much attention declare that not more than four gamblers in this country ever won a competence by gaming, unless they started and carried on games themselves.

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