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SAMUEL H. LITTLE,
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DEACON BABBIT'S PHONOGRAPH.

Deacon Babbit was progressive and enlightened in his views. He passed the Science News-My and the Review of many subjects. He had a cabinet of fossils, and some birds securely stuffed. In his wood-paneled chamber study, where his pipe was daily perched.

It would make an old-time farmer stare around as in a dream.

To see the Deacon's chair and pipe, and eat his pie by steam; and then break his barley with me.

And call him home with a patient telephone.

Then the Deacon brought each patient, that could

not work or stand.

Will he bring his X-ray machine of the very latest

date?

A model of double armature, or a song, a night,

Then the Deacon be got ready to possess a phonograph.

"Why," said he, "just think of this up for a few minutes—on conference, would be their own salvation; those modern sages are lost fast."

Then a real talker, I must have a patient phone.

And so one knows how much it cost—the Deacon said his way.

And on his study stood the phonograph one day.

The Deacon looked it with admiration and pride.

Then dressed his hat and sought the street to call in another friend.

THE DEACON'S INTERVIEW.

Jehovah, the oldest man, had sought his Brother Green.

And they called in the hired man to view the new machine.

They danced and sang and turned the crank with glee.

Not knowing of the mystic powers of that same photograph.

They could not tell the purpose of the twirls on the drum;—simply to kick the things in kindred round.

—It could not, or plant, or new, or old, a single thing.

Then they had a war-dance round the room that made the study ring.

THE DEACON'S INTERVIEW.

The Deacon found the Elder with the work before his eyes.

But he made him leave his session at the feet of the second bread.

And then the Deacon, his smoking-cap dispensed in the wind,

His fancy-dreaming pipe sprang easily out behind.

They sat down to a quiet interview.

Deacon Babbit, a man of experience in politics, religion and expense, and the opposite to Babbit he stuck to good old ways.

And he laughed at all jottings of these modern days.

But Deacon Babbit walked over with triumph in his eye.

He would show 'em an invention that would

And a hand held out behind, pointing "There and—Mallett."

And he covered them up their laughs when they heard him turn the coat.

On the table in the study all in example and as poor.

Revealed the very anticipation, but remarkable machine.

Then the Deacon, he explained to them the de-

sign and draw.

Granted the handle, saying presently, "I mayn't hurtie what's to come."

"I wonder what the deuced old boy has been at again?"

The Deacon dropped the handle, while the event stand on his face.

"The thing is out of order, but I guess I'll try again."

"O, Krat, what you want's a dog?" and "Beary like her girl."

The Elder doffed his smoking-cap and started for the door.

But Deacon Smooth winked slyly, saying, he had some more:

But Babbit, he had the machine with looks of dark despair.

Then said he guessed he'd try again; he knew his brains were there.

He grasped the handle firmly, caring nothing for the noise.

Of half a dozen dancing girls with voices like his hoots;

Or shouted songs in military tones of "For your darling Jane."

And "Wine is wif my heart, boy!"—Farewell to Harry Blaine."

But Deacon Smooth had now all conservative and grand.

Until the war-dance came along, and then he raised his head.

And then the phonograph blow that laid it on the floor.

A mass of wheels and broken springs, a throe of life no more.

The Elder ran down the stairs, his fingers in his Expressive Scripture to himself to recall his racing form.

And saying mildly to himself, "When man does great things to human things, he'd better stand in fear."

But Deacon Babbit, good old man, will raise his head no more.

He sits and goes away at the wreck upon the floor.

And he is understood in vain (without an ex-plantation).

How some way in the management he lost the combination.

The boy at noon were curious about the new machine.

But the Deacon told them to "wait up to him,"

That not a soul leaked out about the fatal mousing's spirit.

And Deacon Smooth, conservative as ever, said, "Wait."

POLISHING CALF-SKINS.

Two years ago John L. Garthman, of Lewiston, Me., graduated with honors at Yale. As during his years in college he had, in addition to his regular studies, read law with an attorney of New Haven, it only required a year in a law office at Kokomo, Ind., to fit him for admission to the bar, after which he immediately came to New York, and tried to get into practice. Unfortunately for Mr. Garthman, he discovered that there were already 6,000 lawyers in this city, all trying to get into practice, and there was about as much chance for him as being elected to the Presidency. Once rent and board bills soon consumed the little means he had, and he was at the end of his string. As he was a month in arrears, his landlord commenced to regard him with looks not altogether pleasant, and the prompt landlord who owned the office he occupied notified him to pay or get out. Mr. Garthman discovered that while there was plenty of room on the upper shelves, it would require a great many years of climbing, and that he would probably starve to death a great many times before he could

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Our Aim—The People's Welfare.

[Always in Advance]

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NO. 24.

reach even the lowest of the said upper shelves. So he determined to quit law and try something else. He was a sensible young man, and so he did not ask for the management of a manufacturing corporation.

Ask for the position of actuary in a life insurance company.

Ask for the Presidency of the Board of Education.

Ask for the managing editorship of a daily paper.

Ask for the Chairmanship of a bank, or anything of the kind.

But he did find something he could do. Down in one of the streets close by Wall, under the sidewalk of a popular restaurant, he noticed a light, clean, open space that was unoccupied. He went to the proprietor of the restaurant and took that space at a nominal rent, and promptly passing his sister to procure stock, opened business there as a bootblack!

As a matter of course he did not desire to be known as a polisher of boots up town, for he was living in a rather exclusive boarding-house, to which only the most respectable were admitted. It was no trouble to conceal his identity. Some old clothes, a smut of black artistically placed on his face, his paintbrushes in his boots, and no human being could recognize Mr. Garthman, bootblack, the fashionable and elegant Mr. Garthman of Twenty-first street.

His venture was entirely successful. He was something of a wit in his way, and entertained his patrons judiciously, while he polished their boots. And then there was something about him which attracted the young brokers who frequented the restaurant, and he entered upon a career of prosperity that was delightful. His earnings frequently ran as high as six dollars a day, and his business in two weeks increased so that he had to employ an assistant.

His changed condition attracted attention at his boarding-house. It had become well known that he had been impious, and now the fact that he had better clothes and was again carrying his watch, and paid all his bills promptly, led to much comment.

Had he abandoned law? Yes, and gone into business. What business? Publishing calf-skin. And he was congratulated at his success, and became a very popular young man, and was received into the very best boarding-house society.

Was it possible that a young man through life without love? Never! In the same house resided an old gentleman, a merchant who knew just when to quit, who with his daughter occupied the best apartments in this house. Lillie Pickham, the daughter, was a delightful girl, and Garthman and she became very much attached to each other, and there was a good prospect that in time they would make up their minds to go through life together. But Garthman, had, as who has not had, a bitter rival. A broker named Bathurst, who lived at the same house, had cast his eyes upon the girl, and inflamed by her excellencies as well as the comfortable fortune she was sure to possess, determined to possess her. Lillie favored Garthman, and the father favored Bathurst, and it was about an even race between them.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1878.

Antecedes honor to her soldier dead. The very general demonstration throughout the country Thursday shows that the Nation has not forgotten the fallen brave but rather endeavors through the National holiday to perpetuate their memory.

One of the thousand-and-one rumors that are all at end, that is said to be coming out of this long-mooted question of Electoral fraud, is that it will result in the election to the Presidency of Mr. Hayes in 1880. When he accepted the nomination he stated positively that he would not serve a second term, but as it is now claimed everywhere that he was not elected, of course he can hardly be President at present although he was duly inaugurated.

This week's Washington news states more child's play in Congress—only children enjoy their playing and Congressmen are easily bored by theirs. But they are like the boy who rode horseback till his feet froze and would not dismount and run to get warm because as he said "father bought this horse for me to ride an' I'll ride if I freeze to death." These lawmakers will filibuster and dispute, since they are themselves more bored than any one else. Last week the Democrats wanted to investigate Florida affairs some more, the Republicans were determined they should not unless they included all the other States, both parties were obstinate and so they wrangled. The Democrats having a majority, all the Republicans refused to vote and the question is at a standstill.

Loss of Friends.—Never cast aside your friends if by any possibility you can retain them. We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one friend drop off through inattention, or let one push away another, or if we hold

one up to another, or if

Detroit Builders' Council

LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICES

JUNIUS MATHEWS, ATTORNEY AND COLLECTOR, SPECIAL ATTORNEY FOR COLLECTIONS AND ADMINISTRATOR OF ESTATE, 111 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, 1872.

CHAS. S. POWELL,

LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICES
101 Casswood St., Detroit, Mich.
Opposite the State Capital, at the corner of Cass and Woodward Streets, opposite the Michigan County Court House.

Establishments.

GILMAN BROS.

European Hotel,
And Ladies and Gent's Restaurant,
Cor. Jeff. and Woodward Aves.
Ladies Dining Parlor up stairs.
DETROIT.

Plymouth Physician.

WILLARD CHANEY, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 111 Casswood Street, Detroit, Mich., has been appointed to the Medical Board of the State of Michigan, according to the Michigan Physician, Dec. 1872.

Local Businesses Continued.

EDWIN N. BOOT, DENTIST, OFFICE, 111 Casswood Street, Detroit, Mich.
Block Main & Kalamazoo Streets, 1872.

Books.

UPTON HOUSE.

Corner Cass and Center Streets.

Prop. H. C. UPTON.
For accommodation, board, etc., see
Good example of a house, live, expert
service, &c., &c.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

TRAINS LEAVE NORTHVILLE
FLINT & PERRYSBURGER R.R.
EXCEPT TUES.PORTS.
MICHIGAN, 1872.
DETROIT, 1872.
BOSTON, 1872.
NEW YORK, 1872.
PHILADELPHIA, 1872.
BALTIMORE, 1872.
CHARLESTON, 1872.TRAIN LEAVES PLYMOUTH,
DET. LANSING & LAKE MICH. R.R.
DEPT. 12:30 P.M.LEAVE WAYNE ON MICHIGAN 1
CONNECTION WITH
DETROIT & PONTIAC R.R. 12:30 P.M.
DETROIT, 12:30 P.M. (Leave 12:30 P.M.)
DETROIT, 12:30 P.M. (Leave 12:30 P.M.)NORTHVILLE MARKETS
Northville, Jan. 1, 1873.BUTTER, P.D.
COOK, 12.
CLOTH, 12.
DRESSED FISH, 12.
DRESSING HICKENS, 12.
DRIED FRUIT, 12.
EGGS, 12.
FLOUR, 12.
HAMS, 12.
LARD, 12.
OATS, 12.
POTATOES, 12.
SLOWERS, 12.
SAV. PEAS, 12.
TULIP, 12.
WHATEVER, 12.

Home and Vicinity.

Who says celebration the 4th?
Mrs. Dwyer is dangerously ill.

A few good showers have come acceptable of rain.

S. R. Best is fitting up the Shaffer house for W. J. Little.

Arthur Peebles now attending school at Ypsilanti is in town also.

Will Stay.

Several ladies of Plymouth were here Thursday making purchases in our stores.

G. S. Van Zile was taken with a bilious attack to-day and is under the care of Dr. Hueston.

Mrs. Smith of Ithaca, wife of Robt. Smith of the Ithaca Journal, is visiting C. E. Williams and family.

The District Conference of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society met here on the 22nd and 23rd.

A. J. Little late local editor of this paper, has been compelled through ill health to leave the business entirely.

C. A. Hutton has opened ice-cream rooms over his store and can supply parties and socials at short notice.

R. R. Hoxton has the frame up for his building. Judging from its present shape it will be ready for occupancy by Fall.

Mrs. Clark, widow of the late Wm. Clark, has returned from Twinsburg, Ohio, and is making her home with her son H. D. Clark.

Oggie Clark is traveling through Vermont on business for the school-furniture Co. So we learn from a letter to his father.

The Pontiac Bill Poster says Prof. J. H. Simonds, of Detroit, is getting up a class there in music. Pontiac was the home of Mrs. Simonds.

Mr. John Perrigo and lady, of Dryden, Tompkins Co., N. Y., have been passing a couple of weeks with his brother Elias Perrigo and wife.

A. E. Rockwell lost his pocket-book, containing about \$100, in Detroit this past Tuesday. Guess he must have gone across a confidence operator.

A Family Reunion.

The members of the Perrigo family have a reunion. The family reunion are among the few enjoyable occasions of this life. The children of a family become separated and scattered here and there, but the happy days of their youth are not forgotten even amidst the tumults and vicissitudes of after years. And when it so happens that there can again meet under one roof, and live over again, as it were, those happy times it is joy unspeakable.

Such an occurrence took place at the residence of Elias Perrigo, last Wednesday. The editor of the Zinc accepted an invitation to the same and enjoyed a good dinner in their company.

Of a family of nine children, all sons, two are dead—John in New York, in 1846 and Nelson, in Livonia, N. Y., in 1875. The seven living are John, aged 68 years, of Dryden, N. Y.; George, 62 years, of Bristol, Wis.; Lemuel B., 65, of North Mich.; Simon B., 62, of Manistee Rapids, Michigan; Lyman, 60, of Milwaukee; Benjamin F., of Auburn, N. Y., and Elias, of this place.

Of these Simon and Benjamin were absent. With the exception of Mrs. George Perrigo the wives of the brothers were present.

The interior of the Elliott Home is being repainted and painted, preparatory to launching forth as a temperance hotel.

Jas. A. Dubuar of the late firm of Dubuar, Jacquemin Co., Detroit, is in town pretty much of the time just now.

Theodore Hakers is about building a house on Center Street, north, for which the foundation is ready. Arvid Blair will superintend the carpenter work.

Northville might get up a celebration this year without very great expense. Other towns of less pretension are making preparations to get up a big show on that day.

Last—Between C. A. Griswold and Hamlin, a brown mottled colored Dairy, with name of "A. B. Peebles," and consisting mostly of fat will be awarded by drawing at this office.

Prof. S. King, of Northville, has removed to this city, and will make Pontiac his future home. He is an old hand in the musical field, having spent the best portion of twenty years in the profession.—The Pontiac Bill Poster.

The Wood Bros. some time ago sold out the lumber yard, it going into the hands of F. R. Head and now the latter has transferred it to G. T. Martin.

He has put up an additional card for the finer quality, and takes in all his own of the best apartments of lumber in these parts.

Henry M. White has purchased of Mr. Harriet Clark, widow of the late Nelson W. Clark, the farm property owned by himself. Mr. Clark takes in part his fine acres south of the University, known as the "Hill," aiming for Pontiac given the first day of November next.

A number of young ladies and gentlemen received invitations to a lawn party at the home of the Misses Springer, Thursday evening, of this week. Vocal music and refreshments sweetened the occasion, and the evening's entertainment was enjoyed by all those present.

The Continental concert on the 24th was very well attended, and gave general satisfaction. Owing to the necessity of extending complimentary tickets to many of the school children, the pecuniary results were considerably less than might be expected from the crowd present.

The Temperance Work in Northville.

The temperature, averaging at the Methodist church on Tuesday afternoon, was well attended. An interesting paper was read by Mrs. Gelston.

Umenit intended descending to the citizens of Northville and vicinity, a petition to raise the license on the traffic of liquor to five hundred dollars in addition to the state license. It is hoped that no gentleman will refuse to sign this petition, for if carried it will be of great benefit to the community. In Ypsilanti the license was raised to fifteen hundred dollars and carried by an overwhelming majority and they hope for like success here.

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Paper Wedding.

Quite a number of young people accepted invitations to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Barton Wheeler on the evening of the 23rd, the occasion being the twelfth month anniversary of their marriage.

To them a paper wedding proved some benefit in variety at least, if not quality, as they had an abundance of various articles.

In Memoriam.

Memorial Day in Northville.

The Programme of the Decoration services—Music, Speeches, Etc.

Last Thursday, 20th, as has been customary since the war, was observed as a sort of a holiday and dedicated to the decoration of the graves of the noble army dead. Although the mortal remains of but a few lie within the sod in our Northville cemetery the remembrance of their heroic struggles and noble sacrifices in defense of home and country has ever kept their memory green.

The exercises were held at the school house, grove on the east side, where a stage had been erected for the speakers.

Some two dozen little girls, dressed in white and carrying wreaths, and 36 young ladies, wearing black, representing the different states marched from the grove down Main street and back, after which prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Jacklin, then followed by the band. Poems were read by Rev. Mr. Gelston and Prof. Whalen, then an oration by Rev.

Mr. Jacklin, following which appropriate remarks were made by Mr. Thayer of Salem.

At the close of the exercises at the grove the procession formed and marched to the cemetery where the several tributes were placed over the graves and the programme ended.

Death of David Brooks.

David Brooks died Thursday about 1 p.m., passing away very peacefully, aged 84 years at 15 months. His sons Seymour and Homer, of Troy, Wis., arrived here the day before and their father recognized them but was unable to speak. The deceased had been troubled with a cancer in the head which extended to his arm leaving him in most excruciating pain day and night, and death was but merciful in releasing him. The sympathy of the community is with his aged and lonely widow who had shared his society for some 60 years and had patiently assisted to him in his illness.

His son, Seymour, and family of Northville were about him when he died.

The Bay Northville Gridiron.

A sort of sporting man evidently possesses several of our Northville girls at present. Those not particularly acquainted with the social calendar of our girls will be surprised to find that the Pontiac Bill Poster is evidently a desire for future concert with refractory maidens, but we sincerely hope that this is not a reasonable conjecture. However, let that as it may stand, the well for their future contents to be on the lookout for demonstrations of their antipathies and use them as well as possible. Of course, the voluntary practice of this ladies is a little out of the general usage, but as our readers may wish to know, we will state how a Northville lady goes about it. She holds the weapon at arm's length, reaches back, on her left shoulder, slants her mouth and eyes very tight, holds her breath until her face turns to mortify, then fires and scatters simultaneously, then carefully unwinding herself into her natural position she says, "O, I hit."

Chicago Belle attempts the wrong role.

A lady story is told of the circumstances that led to Miss Kellogg's engaging Miss Montague for her troupe, which occurred while the latter artist was singing in this city. A young lady of wealthy family was ambitious to appear in opera and would be content with nothing less than the rôle of Norma. Her father hired the Opera House and engaged a company, Miss Montague taking the second part, while the young aspirant attempted to "make her débüt as Norma." It was soon apparent that she was a failure and the prompt signal Miss Montague to take the part from her, which she did gracefully and with so singular tact that the play went on uninterrupted and the audience was "boiled" the wiser.

Miss Kellogg, who was present, of course understood it all, and, after the play, complimented the lady and engaged her as one of the Kellogg troupe.

One of Yore Lady Friends.

Cough No More.

There need be no Coughs or Colds where Da Rio's New Discovery for Consumption is used. The most severe cases of Croup, Hoarseness, Pain in the Chest, Bleeding of the Lungs yield to its wonderful power almost instantly. A few doses will invariably cure the worst cough or cold. For Asthma and Bronchitis it is a perfect specific. Consumptives and Cough worn patients never fail to find relief in this great discovery.

We would advise any one tired of experimenting with physicians prescriptions or quack medicines to drop in once and use Da Rio's New Discovery. Give it a trial. Regular size, \$1.00. Trial bottles free. For Alex. Randolph, also Root & Allen, Plymouth.

Notes From Farmington.

FARMINGTON May 29.—The R. R. club held its regular meeting last evening, at the town hall. After disposing of the usual business it was decided and carried to celebrate the 4th of July by holding a R. R. picnic upon that day in that place, and to procure an able speaker from abroad, and to extend invitations to surrounding clubs.

Mrs. S. P. Lyon who is in the care of Dr. Avery, is still improving after a severe attack resulting from spinal irritation. She took her first ride in six weeks, yesterday.

Plymouth Items.

PLYMOUTH, June 1st, 1878.
(From our Special Reporter.)

Clara Miller is the loser of a race. A young tramp, who afterwards had a view of the inside of the cool

er, was the thief.

Jerome Rider lost his dwelling by fire a few days since.

Local Notices.

Residence For Sale.

I will sell, for cash, my house and lot, on 12th Street, Northville, the house contains parlor, sitting room, kitchen, 5 bed room, pantry, wood shed, good cellar and cellar 8 feet clear with plastered ceiling, lot over 2 acres in size. Arrange visiting a cheap sum will do well to call on address.

ABRAHAM EWELL.

23rd Street.

JOINT LESSONS AND THE GLIDE.

I would say to the citizens of Northville and vicinity, that I am now permanently located here and will give lessons in the Violin; also private lessons in the Glide and all other dances. Terms reasonable. For further particulars apply to E. Perrine.

D. SEAR. E. 23rd Street.

23rd Street.

See what the Clergy say.

Rev. B. H. Craig, Princeton, N. J. Last summer when I was in Canada, I caught a bad cold in my throat. It became so bad that often I could not speak. My throat and tongue would become so dry I could hardly speak. My tongue was covered with a white parched crust, and my mouth was much inflamed. An old lady

Shaker Remained, which she was using.

The first dose relieved me, and in a few days my throat was well again.

See what the medical faculty say. Dr. Badenham, Hall P. Q. says I have sold Thomas Edison's Oil for two years, and have never sold a medicine which has given more thorough satisfaction. I have used it in my own case, on a broken leg and dislocated ankle, with the best results.

A. H. Green, manufacturer of moving machines, Framingham, N. Y., says:

My thumb was caught in a machine and badly injured being away from home for two days, was obliged to apply such remedies as I could get, but when returning the next morning immediately on reaching home I applied the Edison's Oil, with a small amount of water, and my thumb was soon restored to its former state.

The Michigan Oil Fellow, published at Bay City, has given up the ghost.

Sold by all medicine dealers. Price, 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00.

Prepared only by FOSTER, MILFURN & CO., Buffalo, N. Y., Successors to S. N. THOMAS, Phoebe, N. Y.

Note—Electric—Selected and Electrized.

E. C. Pease, of Battle Creek, has been

dangerously poisoned by it.

The Michigan Oil Fellow, published at Bay City, has given up the ghost.

On Jefferson Avenue and at Number One Twenty Nine.</p

