

Official Paper of the Village.

Published Once Monthly by

SAMUEL H. LITTLE,

Editor and Proprietor.

To whom all communications should be addressed

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THE LITTLE GIRL THAT LOVES YOU SO.

The orchard blossoms red and white.

The meadow glows with blossoms fair.

The golden glow of beauty rare.

The honest heart of Mary Anne.

A little dove here blos-

Where only one is sad at heart.

The little girl that loves you so;

For me, you remain the last of lands.

Our ever-loving love, oh, shining lands.

Amid the dreams of Italy.

Through the valley of the Green State.

Where heretofore to long ago;

The little girl that loves you so;

She loves me, she loves me not,

Down the Jordan water streams;

She loves me, she loves me not;

Loves me, the Queen where you go;

The little girl that loves you so;

I know you think of me at times;

And me, too, for rest and love and home;

My mother, the old remembered home;

A dear old comrade that I loved;

One who was there, very, very true;

The little girl that loves you so;

— Alfred Sill, Jr., N.Y. Times.

PRETTY MRS. OGILVIE.

All the women are jealous of her, there is no doubt about that. The first time she appears in church with crisp masses of hair floating about her, and a dainty, massive coiffure on her head, which presumably she calls a bonnet, I know at once how it will be. And of course the other sex will range themselves on her side, to a man; that is also beyond question. As she rises from her knees and takes her little lavender-gloved hands from her face and looks about her for a moment, with a sweet, shy glance, she is simply bewitching, and I doubt if any maid creature in our musty little church pays proper attention to the responses for ten minutes afterward. A new face is a great rarity with us, and such a new face one might not see more than once in a decade, so let us hope we may be forgiven.

At first everyone is astonished at this mystery of hers, but in a little while we all come to laugh at it; there is something original and amusing about it; and in all other ways she is so charming. My wife, with whom she specially becomes intimate, tells me that she is sure she values her beauty more for her husband's sake than her own. She evidently adores him," says Mary Anne; "and he seems to think so much of her sweet looks." She says he is in love with her at first sight, before he ever spoke to her!

But Mrs. Ogilvie has many more attractions than are to be found in her face. She is a highly educated woman, a first-rate musician and a pleasant and intelligent companion, and, more than all, she has a sweet, flowing disposition and a true heart at the core of all her little virtues. She is very good to the poor in our village, and often when I run on my rounds I meet her coming out of some cottage with an empty basket in her hand, which was full when she entered it.

In a quiet little neighborhood like ours such a woman cannot fail to be an acquisition, and every one hastens to call her, and many are the dinners and social parties which are arranged in her honor. In the former she will not go; she does not wish to go out in the evening during her husband's absence—much to my wife's satisfaction, who approves of women being "keepers of honor"—and it is only seldom that she can be induced to grace one of the company parties with her presence.

But when she does, she eclipses every one else. She always dresses in the most exquisite taste, as if anxious that the sitting should be worthy of the jewel—the beauty which she prizes so highly.

She has been settled at the cottage rather more than two years and is beginning to count the weeks to her husband's return. We do not number them quite so eagerly, for when he comes he will take her away from us, and we shall miss her sorely. It is summer again—a hot, damp summer; it has been a very sickly summer, and my hands are full."

"Lady-like," cries my wife, with a ring of indignation in her voice. "I don't call it lady-like to come to a quiet country church dressed as if she were going to a flower-show. Beside, she is painted. A color like that can't be natural. But you men are all alike—always taken with a little outside show and glitter."

"But, my dear," I remonstrate, "perhaps she did not know how very country and bucolic our congregation is; and I really do think it will be very unneighborly if we don't call. It would be very dull for her to know no one." I ignore the remark about the paint, but in my heart I give the assertion an emphatic contradiction.

Mrs. Ogilvie has rented a small cottage which I own in the west-country village in which I am the principal doctor. She is the wife of a naval officer who is away in the Flying Squadron. She had settled in our sleepy little hamlet to live quietly during his absence. All her references have been quite unacceptable, and, indeed, she is slightly known to our "Squire, as is also her absent husband. "A splendid fellow he is," Mr. Dillon tells me. "He stands six feet in his stockings, and is as handsome as Apollo; indeed, I don't believe that for good looks you could find such another couple in England."

The following day, Mary Anne with but little persuasion, agrees to accompany me to the cottage to call on Mrs. Ogilvie. The door is opened by a neat maid-servant. She is at home, and we are ushered into the drawing-room, which we almost fail to recognize, so changed is it.

Presently Mrs. Ogilvie comes in, looking, if possible, even lovelier than she did the day before. She is in a simple white dress, with here and there a bit of lace, also in her golden hair. Her manner is as charming as her looks, and as she thanks my wife for her kind words for being the first of her neighbors to take compassion on her loneliness, I can see that my Mary Anne's good heart is as large as her figure, easily deserts the female fiction and goes over to the enemy.

THE
Northville Record.

TERM: \$1.50 a Year.

27 HILLMAN ST. ONE AIM: The People's Welfare.

[Always in Advance]

VOL. IX.

NORTHVILLE, WAYNE CO., MICH., JUNE 10, 1878.

NO. 25.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

| SPACE. | 1 LINE. | 2 LINES. | 3 LINES. | 4 LINES. | 5 LINES. | 6 LINES. | 7 LINES. | 8 LINES. |
|----------|---------|----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|
| 1 Inch | \$1.00 | \$2.00 | \$3.00 | \$4.00 | \$5.00 | \$6.00 | \$7.00 | \$8.00 |
| 2 Inches | \$2.00 | \$4.00 | \$6.00 | \$8.00 | \$10.00 | \$12.00 | \$14.00 | \$16.00 |
| 3 Inches | \$3.00 | \$6.00 | \$9.00 | \$12.00 | \$15.00 | \$18.00 | \$21.00 | \$24.00 |
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| 5 Inches | \$5.00 | \$10.00 | \$15.00 | \$20.00 | \$25.00 | \$30.00 | \$35.00 | \$40.00 |
| 6 Inches | \$6.00 | \$12.00 | \$18.00 | \$24.00 | \$30.00 | \$36.00 | \$42.00 | \$48.00 |
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Cards in Business Directories, \$1.00 per year.

Local Notices, eight cents a line. First insertion free.

Notice of Marriage and Death, 10 cents.

Advertisement in the front column will be charged and charged for insertion.

MECHANICAL AND SCIENTIFIC.

A further stimulus to coal-mining in New South Wales is given by the discovery of veins of gold, amid the coal.

A French government committee states that the ordinary rate of a man's walking is four feet per second; of a good horse in harness, twelve; of a reinforced sledge on the ice, twenty-six; of an English racehorse, forty-three; of a hare, eighty-eight; of a good sailing ship, fourteen; and of the wind, eighty-two.

Here is good news for bon vivants, if true. The Bohemians—no, the Bohemian butterflies, but the genuine inhabitants of the land of Bohemia, declare that the king of their bees eats gold.

You catch your bee, back him gently against the afflicted spot, repeat the operation three times, and when the swelling subsides the goat is gone, and forever. —N. Y. Evening Post.

Traces of land plants have been found by Prof. Claypole, of Antioch College, Ohio, in the fossiliferous limestone of the Clinton beds, which are of Upper Silurian age. The impressions resemble the stem of a Lepidodendron and are probably those of a plant belonging to an allied genus. These are the first indisputable relics of terrestrial vegetation that have been found in America on so low a geological horizon.

A new electric street lamp has been tried with much success in London. The lamp in the rear is semi-hexagonal reflector, and the front is covered by a flattened convex opal glass, so that the intensely brilliant point of light emanating from the carbons is not visible, but instead a glowing white diffused light is very effectively radiated in all directions, giving a soft and very pleasant illumination of all objects in the roadway.

The Highest Ambition of a Female Mind.—

A married gentleman of our acquaintance takes pleasure in announcing that "the highest ambition of a female mind should be to cook a good dinner." Without agreeing with this gentleman to the extent of such a sweeping assertion, every sensible woman will admit that a certain knowledge of cookery is indispensable to the maintenance of a happy household and a contented husband. Old wives will tell young ones that the way to a man's heart is through his mouth, and this fact, however painful to romantic young ladies, becomes more apparent at each succeeding year of married life. It is only natural that girls should become somewhat gross by contact with the vulgarity of the world; somewhat exacting in their demands; a little ill-humored, perhaps, if the salad does not please them, and very delightfully conversational if the dinner goes off well. These objectionable traits must be taken along with the superior virtues of honor, manliness and constancy, as the quartz accompanies the streak of gold. It is foolish to wish it otherwise, for a man shuns the faults would undoubtedly be offensive, and would therefore be an unworthy object of her worship.

A young woman during the first week of her married life entertains vague suspicions that the above statements are true. Her Charles, who is almost, if not quite, exempt from human failings, has already manifested a profound admiration for veal pies, and has openly expressed his detestation of overdone mutton. She accordingly builds up within her a fortress of resolution in which to guard that sacred treasure of a husband's affection. In her girlhood this young woman had spent much time in cultivating her musical taste, in reading Emerson and Carlyle; she had been fond of pretty landscapes, and could use her pencil with effect, and she had been taught to declare with pride that when she married she would give up none of these traits.

She simply worships her husband, and is in all respects a happy woman. Indeed, seeing the sweet smile which adorns her face and the loving light which dwells in her eyes, I am sometimes tempted to call her as of yore—Pretty Mrs. Ogilvie.—Chambers' Journal.

Singular Death of a Ball-Player.

On Sunday morning a party of lads from Oliverville and Johnston, armed with bats, made their way to an open lot near the Village of Morino, and, choosing sides, engaged in a spirited game of base-ball. Among them was Martin Head, a stout, healthy lad of sixteen summers. They played steadily, with short stops, until three o'clock in the afternoon, and Martin, it is said, exerted himself tremendously. About three o'clock, Martin was covering his position in the field with remarkable activity and zeal, when a fly ball was knocked toward him by one of the batsmen. He ran feebly after it and in order to safely hold it was compelled to jump into a hole or low place in the field. He captured the ball very neatly, threw it to the pitcher, returned to his position and fell to the ground, expiring instantly. His companion hastened to his assistance, but found that life was extinct. Then they hastened in different directions for Coroner, while a messenger was sent to inform his parents. It was nearly two hours before the Coroner reached the spot where lay the body, and after obtaining the facts relative to the death, he gave the body to the family. He was an uncommonly rugged lad and was said to be in the best of health when he left home.—Providence (R. I.) Journal.

There is a great evil somewhere, but what is it? The husband acknowledges to himself that he is disappointed in the wife he has chosen, and yet he finds difficulty in pointing out her mistake, and can hardly find cause to blame her, for is she not a faithful wife, a devoted mother and a most frugal manager? The mistake is a national characteristic. So passionate and intense is the American mind in pursuit of its temporary interest, that men will suffer the chains of business to bind them down, and throttle them while their wives bend beneath a similar yoke of duty at home.

What is lacking is the power to rise above the petty annoyances of daily life; we need to learn to distinguish trifles from shafts of moment, to know that every mole hill is not a mountain.

We need not forsake the upper strata of sentiment, thought and ideality—the atmosphere of the soul—because we know that there is a lower one of routine and small vexations, in which our feet are told to tread. So breathe in the one to receive strength and refreshment for exertion in the other.

It was right on that, too. Nothing like symmetry.—Detroit Free Press.

"Broke down, did you?" queried a grizzled wagon-maker, yesterday, as a farmer's team, hitched to the front wheels of a wagon, halted at his door.

"Mashed by the ears," was the brief reply.

"Train struck you, eh?"

"Well, kinder. I had on a load of fence-posts, and when I reached the crossing the train was right at hand. I put the whip up to Sarah, and I gave Bill a rattle on the lines, and then I flagged on my chances. I'm a whole four-hoss team on mental arithmetic, I am, and I was a mighty calculating that air locomotive would strike the off-wheel of my wagon. Bill reared up, Sarah shied, and the engine booted over four hundred times a minute, but I had them bigger-right down fine."

"The engine ran into your wagon, did it?"

"Of course it did—struck that hind wheel exactly as I calculated, landed them horses and fence-posts where I calculated, and now I calculate that you want about twenty dollars to repair the bush on this vehicle."

The Northville Record



SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1878.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT the great poet of American poets is dead.

The Woman's hotel, the great pet scheme of the late A. T. Stewart, has proven a failure. After two months trial it has been found that the daily were more than the income and that the isolation of one thousand women (the compliment expected) is an impossible result.

Peace seems to be in prospect for Cuba at last, though not in accordance with the anticipations of the unfortunate Cubans. Privations and hardships had reduced their number and spirits to that degree that the amnesty recently offered by Spain was quite generally accepted.

It must be confessed that the political heavens look a little equally and lightning may strike some body before the storm is over. It looks as if the fight for President in 1880 had begun, and that the democrats believe that the people will stand by them if they develop frauds in the investigation, while the republicans are equally certain that the nation is not in the humor for such investigation, holding that the "Electoral Commission" desposed of the question and the people want it to rest there.

Our Washington Letter.

Washington, June 12, 1878

Correspondence Northville Record.

Nannie Keam is married. For nearly two decades the name of Virgin Keam has been familiar to the world; for, though she still seems very girlish, and is considered quite young, she must be past 32. Her home is hers. When a little girl she began modelling in clay, afterwards went abroad and has always had marked success in her art. Now she has married Lieutenant Hoxie U. S. A. and a right pretty wedding they had. The formal decorations of the Church were exceptionally fine, the ceremony being pronounced while the white and green stood under a large wedding-bell composed of 20,000 pieces. In the chancel was a floral shield ornamented with the design of a sword, mallet and chisel in white flowers. The picture was a fair one. Winnie, petite, black curly hair, red lips and cheeks, bright eyes; the green, tall, slender, graceful, the fresh, sweet dairy bell; the white robed rector, and all around, within and without the church, an eager, interested, curious throng of people.

The whole District was interested in this marriage, for Nannie Keam belongs to the public and particularly to the Columbia public. She intends to confine her work of modelling notwithstanding the now relations into which she has entered.

The Feds jettisoned here of late occupied much of the attention of people who are interested in navigation in connection with the domestic commerce of the country. It appears that General Humphrey's Chief of Engineers differs essentially with Capt. Eads as to the success of the enterprise undertaken by the latter, namely, deepening the channel in the mouth of the Mississippi River, and has written open letters to Federal officials and politicians calculated to effect detrimentally to the project.

STATE NEWS.

A small pleasure steamer on Fort Belle Isle, Paw Paw, was blown up, May 31, and several persons injured.

John Cass of Petersberg, Monroe county, was killed by lightning June 3. He was standing in the doorway of his barn.

A son of D. H. Franklin, aged 12, of Bayville, was drowned while bathing June 6.

The Adair family says that the bridges in that vicinity are dangerous to life and limb, and need immediate attention.

\$2.50 per day is price of their \$7.50, what caused the late streetcar strike at Adrian.

Wm. Johnson of Carson, proprietor of the Johnson house there, died June 2.

There were two and a half inches of rain fall at Adrian in 10 hours May 29, the heaviest fall in 30 years.

Port Huron does one of Edison's phonographs cheap, durable and simple, just the thing the farmers have been looking for.

The President has nominated Charles P. Drake, of Michigan, United States Marshal for Arizona.

Capt. Oliver C. Pope, who settled in Scio, Hillsdale county, in 1834, died June 1st, aged 83 years.

Jane Hogerhyde, daughter of Eli Hogerhyde, of Lowell, left home decorated day, and has not been seen since.

John Calkins and wife of Grand Rapids had a golden wedding June 1.

John Taft, of Harrisburg, while hunting, accidentally got a shot in his arm June 1, and it had to be amputated.

Mrs. Susannah Cook, of Grand Rapids, fell in and was drowned while bathing in Thorapple river, June 6th.

A man named Rose, owner of the wooden grist-mill in Isabella county, about a quarter of a mile south of Farwell, was killed on the 6th by being caught in the shaft of the mill.

THE LITTLE WANDERERS.

The State of Michigan preferred a home for the little wanderers of Boston.

Toledo, O., May 8, 1878.
Editorial Correspondent of "S. C."

While on the Canada Southern train (conductor Murray) to-day, on our way to Toledo, O., we were considerably surprised to see a goodly number of intelligent looking children boys and girls, in one car, all comfortably dressed and enjoying themselves as children are wont to do.

Thinking it a picnic party for some pleasure resort on the road, we made

out to be a garrison if such was

the case, whereupon he informed us

that his own name was R. G. Tolles,

of Boston, Mass.; that he was super-

intendent of the "Little Wanderers

Homes", of that city, and that the

thirty little children in the car were

from that institution, and were now

going to homes already selected for

them, between Toledo, Ohio, and

Elnhart, Ind.

He remarked further that he made

several trips yearly, and so far had

obtained good homes for these little

women. Some nine years ago, he had

left thirty or more at Owosso, Michi-

gan, and they had been adopted into

the best families and turned out noble

men and women. Some had graduated

from schools and colleges with honor;

while others had married and done well.

He preferred to leave his

children in Michigan from the fact

that the State had the best schools

and a seemingly better class of farm-

ers, and so far had found that the

assurances given him by them in re-

gard to a child's care and education

had in nearly every instance been

faithfully complied with.

We could not help but pity the little

ones who now, in their innocent

innocence in the car, were soon to be

separated, each to a different

home; some to meet with warm and

kind hearted usage, and others with

the reverse.

s. n. l.

Widows the Most Beautiful Creatures

In the World

Winter kept appies old wife, a

clouded meercatina, a vase around

which the scent of the roses still

hangs—all these here rare, ripe, ev-

eranean flavor that suggests but can-

not express the charm of the widow.

A young widow is perhaps the most

interesting object in nature—or in

art. She represents experience without

its wrinkles, or its gray hairs.

She has matronly beauty and maid-

only freedom combined. She is

grace with a laughing eye—sorrow

in a house of festal—a silver moon

in a pale cloud. She is too sweet

for anything. Like all good things

she can only be created at a great sac-

rifice. Mrs. Browning says that a

man must be pretty thoroughly civil-

ed before he can scare a widow.

This black swan—this mournful

Phoenix—flies out of the funeral urn

that holds the ashes of a husband's

heart. Poets, statuettes, heroes and

philosophers have each felt the infa-

ctuous influence of widowhood. Its

quality is not strained. It falls alike

upon the just and the unjust. Ed-

ward Plantagenet married the widow

Elizabeth Gray, though he knew that

she brought civil war for her dowry.

Ned Walker, Joe Addison, Sam

Johnson, George Washington, Napo-

leon Bonaparte, John Wesley, John

Hemphill, Tony Weller, Ben Disraeli

and all the boys married widows.

Henry VIII. was fond of them

that he took two, and King David

was so pleased with Abigail, the

wife of Nahab, whom he took to wife,

that he turned Bathsheba into a wid-

ow in order to marry her. When

Judith ceases her cogitations over the

virtues of the late lamented Mannessas

of Bethel, puts off her mourning and

adorns herself in brave attire to set

out to the camp of Holofernas, we

feel instinctively that she will come

back with his heart, his crown or

head, whichever she goes for.

When the old widow Naomi com-

eals the young widow Ruth, how to

lay snare in the barest fields of her

husband, and spring her net on the

threshing floor, we know at once that

the wealthy bachelor, Boaz, might as

well order the wedding garments.

Allan Ramsay wrote a song telling

how to woo a widow. He might as

well have left directions how to get

away safe. Oh, no, the pretty widow

is the most beautiful and fascinating

creature to be found on earth today.

It is she, and she alone, that knows

how to send a fellow's heart clean

to his mouth. pity there ain't more

of them on this earth. —[Figaro.]

The Great English Remedy,
GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE,
TRADE MARK IS OFFICIALLY RECOGNIZED
AS THE TRADE MARK OF THE
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS
OF THE MEDICINE.

After Taking 1/2 oz. of Medicine Before Taking

Breakfast, Supper, Supper, Supper, Supper.

For Skin Diseases, Rheumatism, &c.

The Northville Record

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coming before the Probate Court.

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GILMAN BROS.

European Hotel,

And Ladies and Gent's Restaurant,
Cor. 7th and Woodward Aves.
India Dinning Par-
ter up stairs.

DETROIT.

Plymouth Physician.

WILLARD CHANEY, M. D. PHY-
sician and Surgeon. All calls promptly attended
to day or night. Office in building formerly
occupied by Dr. Watson, Plymouth Mich.

Local Business Cards.

Dentistry.

EDWIN X. ROOT, DENTIST. Of
the most expert dental surgeon in the State.
See his office over the Lape
Block, Cal. at Northville, Mich.

Hotels.

UPTON HOUSE.

Cutter Main and Center Streets.
UPTON. Prop.

Rooms of accommodation for the traveling public,
and especially for the many Liverpools.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

TRAINS LEAVE NORTHVILLE.
PLATE AND TREE MARQUETTE R. E.
DETROIT.

ROUTE 2 P.M. 10 A.M. 10 P.M.
DETROIT 12 P.M. 10 A.M. 10 P.M.
DETROIT 12 P.M. 10 A.M. 10 P.M.
DETROIT 12 P.M. 10 A.M. 10 P.M.

TRAINS LEAVE PLAINFIELD.
DET. LANSING & LAKEVIEW, R. E.
DETROIT.

ROUTE 2 P.M. 10 A.M. 10 P.M.
DETROIT 12 P.M. 10 A.M. 10 P.M.
DETROIT 12 P.M. 10 A.M. 10 P.M.

LEAVE WAYNE CO. MICH. GEN. T.
DETROIT.

ROUTE 2 P.M. 10 A.M. 10 P.M.
DETROIT 12 P.M. 10 A.M. 10 P.M.
DETROIT 12 P.M. 10 A.M. 10 P.M.

NORTHVILLE MARKETS.
NORTHVILLE, Dec. 15, 1878.

BUTTER, 1 lb. 10 cts.
BUTTER, 1 lb. 15 cts.
CLOVER SEED, 1 lb. 15 cts.
DRIED BEEF, 1 lb. 15 cts.
DRIED CHICKEN, 1 lb. 15 cts.
EGGS, 1 lb. 15 cts.
FISH, 1 lb. 15 cts.
HAMS, 1 lb. 15 cts.
LARD, 1 lb. 15 cts.
OATS, 1 lb. 15 cts.
POTATOES, 1 lb. 15 cts.
SHOULDER, 1 lb. 15 cts.
SALT, 1 lb. 15 cts.
SUGAR, 1 lb. 15 cts.
TALLOW, 1 lb. 15 cts.
WHEAT, 1 lb. 15 cts.

No. 1 1 lb. 15 cts.
No. 2 1 lb. 15 cts.

We notice that our enterprising townsmen Overholt & Sons, undertakers, have obtained a new and beautiful barrel.

Miss Mionic, daughter of Benjamin Brown, of Ann Arbor, returned there last week after a pleasant visit in the family of J. S. Lapham.

Mrs. Eliza Peck, for a long time a resident of this place, died at Upton June 1st, aged 61 years. She leaves a son and five daughters.

The strawberry season has been inaugurated pretty well here, judging from the vast number sold. Chase Smith and Henry White are the chief producers.

The Baptist Sabbath School Institute for the promotion of the good of the schools, in this part of the conference, was held at the church here Thursday and Friday.

L. G. N. Randolph and Joseph Kerkes are in partnership in the purchase of wood, and are buying a considerable amount. J. S. Lapham, as usual is in same traffic.

The opening of C. A. Hutton & Co.'s ice cream parlor occurred on Monday evening, of last week, on which occasion the cornet band were present and helped to make it pleasant.

A gentleman writes us desiring information as to whether he could find a nice improved farm in this vicinity or near the village of Plymouth, of about 80 acres. Any of our readers wishing to dispose of such a property, would do well to call upon the editor of this paper.

The editor of this place feels deeply indebted to A. J. Hathaway, of Adrian, and his estimable lady, for the many courtesies shown him while at their hospitable home, the past week. The family are composed of Mr. H. Jr., his wife and two interesting little sons and they live very pleasantly surrounded with every comfort desired. The Record has been a welcome visitor to their home for years.

One of our valued patrons, Mr. Thos. E. Bogart, of Holly, sent us the money for renewal of his subscription a few days since and states the proposal of the Holly dramatic troupe to present one of their best plays here for a benefit to the Northville Opera House fund. Friend B is one of the leading spirits in this worthy company and we thank the members through him for their kind offer.

Mrs. Helen F. Hungerford.
The fact that it was not altogether unexpected to many friends who have been intimate with her, will not mitigate the pain occasioned by the calamity which has overtaken poor Mrs. Hungerford of this village.

It has been feared that the tension of mind and physical health occasioned by the sickness and death of her husband together with unusual care and effort incident to settling his business might prove disastrous.

These fears have been realized, and it became necessary to remove her to Kalamazoo, which was done on the 6th inst.

It will be remembered that Mr. Hungerford went to Colorado in the summer of 1874 hoping that his failing health might be improved by a change to that climate. His wife already worn down from long continued attention during his previous sickness, remained in charge of her family one of whom was her aged and invalid mother who still survives. Hope was deferred yet she anxiously hoped for her husband's recovery.

This was not to be the case, and in Dec. she received a telegram summing her quickly to him. She made the long journey alone, and succeeded in bringing him home, arriving here Dec. 17th. His death occurred a few days subsequently.

This affliction was very intense and lasting in its effect upon Mrs. H.

She has been in a state of perpetual melancholy, which sometimes threatened to over-power her reason.

H. M. Randolph has erected a very nice little summer house on his lawn.

The best clips of wool are bringing 25c. Some grades have been sold at 14c.

Clarence Hungerford and George Weston have returned from the University.

W. W. and Wm. Everett have purchased Thompson's peach orchard for this season.

At W. J. Little's—June 13th—a boy—his mother doing well—father expected to survive.

Rev. Fletcher, formerly pastor of the Presbyterian church is expected in town this evening.

Hopes are entertained for Mrs. Dunlap's speedy recovery. She is under Dr. Kendrick's care.

Mrs. Maria Lee, of Mexico, Missouri, is in town, visiting the family of her father, J. D. Kerkes.

Augustus Taylor of Montreal, Ont., was here this week visiting his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Sands.

A strawberry festival in the interest of the M. E. church was held Tuesday evening, at Upton's Hall. Receipts \$16.65.

Mrs. Helen Hungerford, widow of the late Pitt Hungerford, was removed to Kalamazoo Asylum, Wednesday the 5th.

James Evans has started a harness shop in the building formerly occupied by Deleusey Downer at a restauran-

DEATH OF CARRIE PENNELL.

A Patient Sufferer Finds Rest at Last.

Her decease at almost any time during a number of years past would not have been a surprise to her friends.

Few persons have suffered more suffering than has been her portion from painful and complicated disease.

During these years she has exhibited rare Christian confidence and felt strong support from the Divine arm, and she has been enabled to bear uncomplainingly, a most severe ordeal of affliction.

Her last words were, "blessed sleep." The funeral services were attended at the Novi Baptist church, of which she has long been a member, on Sunday the 1st. A very large concourse of people from Novi, her former home, and adjoining towns followed her to her last resting place. She had a wide circle of friends who remembered her many virtues, and the beautiful songs she sang in former years, with deepest respect and pleasure. The sanctuaries, the concert halls, and social circles which have been the theaters of her gifted powers as a vocalist, all have a melancholy tinge by the memories of the years before disease made her its prey, and while yet health, bravery and integrity made her the admired of all admirers.

INTERIOR.—A bread and cake peddler from Plymouth got rid of his stock in a hurry. Thursday. While leisurely driving along Cadyp street, near Ezra Thornton's and meditating, probably, as a wise man should, on the danger of giving credit to the people of the world in general and the Northville portion in particular, his vehicle was run into from the rear by C. E. Williams' team, and completely demolished, the contents flying in every direction.

The only wonder is that he was not seriously injured.

One of our valued patrons, Mr. Thos. E. Bogart, of Holly, sent us the money for renewal of his subscription a few days since and states the proposal of the Holly dramatic troupe to present one of their best plays here for a benefit to the Northville Opera House fund. Friend B is one of the leading spirits in this worthy company and we thank the members through him for their kind offer.

Mrs. Helen F. Hungerford.
The fact that it was not altogether unexpected to many friends who have been intimate with her, will not mitigate the pain occasioned by the calamity which has overtaken poor Mrs. Hungerford of this village.

It has been feared that the tension of mind and physical health occasioned by the sickness and death of her husband together with unusual care and effort incident to settling his business might prove disastrous.

These fears have been realized, and it became necessary to remove her to Kalamazoo, which was done on the 6th inst.

It will be remembered that Mr. Hungerford went to Colorado in the summer of 1874 hoping that his failing health might be improved by a change to that climate. His wife already worn down from long continued attention during his previous sickness, remained in charge of her family one of whom was her aged and invalid mother who still survives. Hope was deferred yet she anxiously hoped for her husband's recovery.

This was not to be the case, and in Dec. she received a telegram summing her quickly to him. She made the long journey alone, and succeeded in bringing him home, arriving here Dec. 17th. His death occurred a few days subsequently.

This affliction was very intense and lasting in its effect upon Mrs. H.

She has been in a state of perpetual melancholy, which sometimes threatened to over-power her reason.

H. M. Randolph has erected a very nice little summer house on his lawn.

The best clips of wool are bringing 25c. Some grades have been sold at 14c.

Clarence Hungerford and George Weston have returned from the University.

These combined causes have at length resulted in insanity, which it is hard to say to be only temporary.

The Proper Idea.

The Baptist State Convention of Minnesota at its session last month unanimously adopted the following resolution:

"Resolved: That entire abstinence from intoxicating liquors as a beverage is in our view the true idea of temperance; that we use our influence and efforts to discourage the sale and manufacture of such liquors, and that we recommend the use of water-mead wine at the Lord's Supper."

"To a person who had become a slave to that most terrible of habits, drinking, even the taste of fermented wine, so common in communion services, is dangerous. It takes but a drop to revive the smouldering appetites and then woe to all good resolutions of abstinence. With this fact in mind we can but endorse the above and hope for their adoption in our Northville churches.

At the recent stock sale of Avery & Murphy, in Chicago, A. S. Brooks, of Novi, bought Nedusia, a blooded heifer, also two other first class animals, at a total cost of \$300. It is also said that W. N. Johnson, of this place, returned from Chicago with some fine stock.

The starch factor of Mazzy & Sage, at Elkhart, Ind., buried on the 11th with a loss of about \$5,000 and throwing a score of men out of work.

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The Northville Record.

SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor & Prop.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

Bijah and the Young Invader.

"Embossed? embossed?" Bijah was saying to himself, as he came in from his farm and began to set the chairs back. "A stranger met me on the corner and called me an embossed cat-marmalade! He may be a friend of mine, but when I go home I'm going to look the spelling-book over and find what them words mean. I know what armes, and vermin, and prudential, and mustard-plaster, and such other big words means, but I'm little lame on embossed. It may refer to agriculture, or it may have something to do with poetry, but I don't know."

The old man looked out of the side window, and in another moment he was galloping wildly down that dear old shabby lane leading from the station to his farm. He fell through a hole in the fence, plowing his nose under a Spanish moss which was feebly lifting its head, and arose and seized upon a twelve-year-old boy who had a dozen young onions in his grasp. For one long minute Bijah held the boy up by a cincture which included old hat and red hair, and he seemed inclined to commit murder. The sound of a steamboat which caused him to forego his intentions, and dropping the boy to the ground, he hissed:

"Private! Fiend! Turk! Communist! Come hence! Highway robbery, with assassination thrown in, don't begin to compare with this alabaster misdeemeanor!"

"I'll pay ye recompense," gasped the boy, as he squirmed around.

"Five cents! Great heavens! but five thousand dollars would not settle this case," groaned Bijah. "You have trampled down my catnip, smashed three sunflowers, kicked over a West India tomato-vine, and here you've hawked on to no less than six of my Norwegian onions! Come along. Justice is aching to break your neck, and the cords of your legs for bannisters!"

The young invader was the first prisoner out. He had got through with his tears, wiped his nose all he wanted to, and it could be plainly seen that he meant to frustrate his defense.

"Now, Mr. Joy," began the Court, "please do your swearing in a Jiffy tone of voice, and do not get excited and break your pace. You will do stick to the truth and nothing but the truth."

The old man looked red in the face as he took the stand and related the facts in the case. He described his emotions as he looked from the window and saw his farm being invaded, and he swore that the boy before him was none other than the identical thief.

"Bijah, I began the boy as he braced up. 'I know where doggerel sleep in a basement, and that's what brought me here. I swear it at your bald head! Don't go to swearing to a lie, Bijah!'"

"Hush!" began the old man; but his

young interruption:

"Mr. Joy, have you any other witness?"

"No, sir; but my word—".

Your word, Mr. Joy, is solid as far as it goes, but justice must be done in this case. The lad's testimony must shake yours. You have malignity—"

"Not even the evilest you skin, he wrote."

"Smell of his hands," shouted Bijah. "Smell of his pants!"

The boy had not been idle during the few minutes he occupied the cell. He promptly held up his hand, and the Court bent over and sniffed at them.

It was a moment of intense interest, but the boy was calm and confident.

"Mr. Joy," remarked His Honor, as he settled back in his chair, "this Court deems it fair to smell of haberdashery, orange-peel and cigar-stub, but not the slightest trace of onions. I must discharge him. Let this be a great moral lesson to you never to put up a job on a young and innocent child again. Had my nose been less discerning, or had I not known you so well, this boy would have gone to prison and his whole life been blasted!"

Bijah fell back. Pulling a heartful half-dollar from his pocket, he whistled perked to the boy:

"Sorry, you good little angel, come into the corridor just a minute while I beg your pardon."

"You can't count me—can't play no boot-jack over this innocent!" sneered the lad, and he made a dive through the crowd for the door. —*Detroit Free Press.*

Employment for Fowls.

Where fowls must be confined part or most of the time, how to keep them in good health becomes an important question. They may be given plenty of good food at regular intervals; but this is not enough. They need employment, for the chances are many to one that they will soon go to pecking out each other's feathers, for the sake of the blood in some of them, and as the hawks grow they will next eat each other's flesh. This habit once, though acquired, they will practice it even if afterward allowed to run at large. I have seen unconfined hawks with their tails all gone, necks almost bare, with bare spots on the body also, and here and there blood oozing from raw flesh, which was kept from being by the constant pecking of members of the flock, none of whom seem to have sense enough to resent these attempts at flying, perfect cannibalism. About the only cure in such a case is to cut their heads off.

It is claimed by some writers and breeders that plenty of fresh meat will keep confined flocks from acquiring this bad habit, and that it will cure it also when acquired. It may be true; but the care will be more expensive in most cases than the flocks are worth. Some fresh meat should always be fed; but where the flocks have only a small inclosure and with no occasion to scratch for food, consequently nothing to engage their attention after their meals are taken, they will be perfectly certain to acquire this habit; meat or

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

no meat. The reason is, it is employed most at large, when not overfed, are almost constantly busy in searching for food. Even if well fed, when at large with grain in some of its forms, they are not satisfied with their ordinary rations. It is their nature to hunt out and indulge in a large variety. Their chief resource for finding food is by scratching. Hence, if they must be confined, "the owner should manage in some way to keep them employed after scratching that is, to feed them in such a way that they must scratch for their food to a considerable extent. When it is deemed proper to give them scalded food, or food in a fluid or a semi-fluid state, that must, of course, be given directly. But not so with dry grain, nor in many cases with bodies to which some meat is adhering. The latter may be partially buried, particularly in mild weather, and when decomposition sets in, the worms will soon discover it, and "go" for both the meat and maggot-infecting it. Those who have not seen this plant tried will be surprised at the energy and avidity with which a flock will labor to resurrect a dead-head or some kindred treasure when they find that labor brings reward. It is the same, too, with feeding dry grain, provided it is fed in such a way that they must scratch for it. When one has a yard large enough, it is a capital idea to plant it, and, on certain occasions, to a variety of such kinds of grain as, fowls like—and that is almost all kinds. A good deal will be "scratched out before it is sound; and its half-decomposed condition is just as acceptable to a flock as any other; and a third portion will not be found at all, but will "come up," and then be eaten off as green food. There is hardly any plant or weed, or anything which bears a leaf, which fowls will not eat in their yards, when confined. Cut the trees from a piece of timber-land and fence in a portion for a hen-yard, and if the size of the latter and the flock are adapted to each other, the fowls will "sprout" the stumps as effectually as the most persevering man could do it. The careful and observing chicken-cultivator will, of course, turn all these tastes and habits to the best account.

"An excellent plan, too, in all cases where it will not cost too much, is to keep the poultry-yard mulched with some litter—such as straw, salt-hay, potato-tops, weeds, hog-garbage, corn-stalks (if cut reasonably short), forest-leaves, or anything not beyond a hen's power to stir about by scratching—and among this rubbish throw the dry grain intended for their food; forking it in when too much exposed. In commencing this plan, enough grain should be left in sight to act as an inducement for beginning work, though they will require much teaching. If the yard is planted to fruit trees, all the better. The fowls need and should have access to shade in hot weather, and the mulch will be most excellent for the trees. Of course the dock will, particularly in summer, soon scratch the covering out of sight, but no matter. The guaranteed litter will go into the soil and benefit the trees; and, if kept supplied, the constant mulch will keep the ground both cool and moist—the very things fruit trees need; while the droppings of the fowls, constantly scratching into the soil, will supply a fertilizer. Mulched ground, too, is sanitary, and is a constant resort for insects, and that is another inducement for the industrious. Treated in this way, an inclosure for fowls, planted to fruit trees will be apt to yield prolific crops, which will cost nothing for cultivation; nothing for rent as a place for fowls; and, in most cases, next to nothing for the mulch. For most of the articles named the cost will only be for the labor of collecting and applying.—*Our Country Gentleman.*

A Bachelor's Flight.

A deliver in the mines near Central City lately had quite a romantic experience. A few weeks ago two bright little chubs hailed him on the street as paper; rushing up and with joyful clamor, each seized a hand in this nuptial embrace. Never before had such endearing terms fell upon the ear of our Nevada friend, and his vanity was flattered. Taking the little ones to a candy shop near by, he loaded them down with good things, and sent them home with many kind wishes for their mother's welfare, who, it appears, some two years ago had a mis-understanding with her husband, and who has since had no knowledge of his whereabouts. But upon the recital of her children's story regarding their (supposed) father's munificence and kindness, her heart beat with quickened throbs as visions of the old time came before her eyes, and thinking herself not blameless in regard to the separation, she resolved that ere another day should die the first advances toward a "reconciliation" should be made. Urged by this thought she embarked on a four-wheel steamer from Deadwood to Central, then taking into her confidence a mutual friend sent her "united" to her lord. Our deliver still further horrified by being dubbed "My dear husband!" Although the resemblance was remarkable (as a photo shows afterward proved), still our hero by his earnest expostulation finally convinced the lady that it was a case of mistaken identity. "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough howe'er we may." —*Black Hills Pioneer.*

A colony of Swedes has purchased a large tract of land on the Blue Mountain, Pa., extending from the Delaware Water Gap down to the Wind Gap, on which they propose to settle and devote their attention to raising and grazing goats, and, from goats' milk, they intend to manufacture cheese. The country is particularly favorable for the purpose.

The Lebanon (Pa.) Times says that tobacco-growers in that neighborhood have been discouraged by low prices, and will plant less this spring than usual.

Provides ample confidence, and Dr. Bill's Baby Syrup never failed to fit the disease of childhood without once effecting it. Hence the popular reliance upon it. Price, 25 cts. a bottle.

green. Make two or three quarts of flour-starch the usual way, and into it strain the bay-tea. Take about one-half of this mixture and add water, only enough to wet the dress, in every part. Let soak ten minutes; add a little more warm water, and rub through without soap. Rinse through, more water than used in rubbing, with the starch and tea strained in; squeeze out and hang in the shade to dry as quickly as possible. Small animal garments for children may be whitened by first dipping into salts, wringing out, and hanging upon cords across the top of a barrel, with two or three table-spoonsfuls of flour-of-sulphur burning underneath. It may be necessary to repeat the process if very yellow. Care must be taken that the sulphur does not blanch and turn the article. Hang in the air for a day or two; then wash and rinse in bluing-water. Scarlet stains may be washed in warm suds, to which is added a quart of moderately thick flour-starch, and then rinse in warm water. A good method for washing woolen shawls is, to dissolve a pound of white soap in a little water, and boil down until like jelly. When cool, add three table-spoonsfuls of turpentine and one table-spoonful of strong spirits of ammonia. Wash thoroughly with this lather in enough water to wet it, and rinse until all the soap is out. Then put through salt and water, and hang up where it will dry out.—*Our Rural New Yorker.*

Seeds will germinate quickly at a temperature of 60 degs. Fahr., but, for growing strong and healthy, a temperature of 50 degs is better. Pease and beans germinate quicker, and are less likely to rot in the ground, if soaked for twelve hours before planting.

As to the proper time for cutting wheat and other grain, writer says: "As soon as the upper portions of the straw of the cereals become yellow no further increase takes place in the weight of the seed." If the grain does not down soon after the appearance of this sign its quality deteriorates and its weight diminishes.

Log-bread is not cheap, but it is good, and young housewives, whose yeast sometimes plays tricks with them, will find it a great resource. To make it take one pint of milk, two eggs, but the size of an egg, one-half cupful of sugar, three teaspoonsfuls of baking powder, flour enough to make a batter. Bake. This makes one loaf.

A Frenchman roasts coffee, grinds it to flour, moistens it a very little, mixes it in twice its weight of powdered sugar, and then presses it into tablets. One of these tablets can be dissolved at any time in hot or cold water, making at once the very perfection of coffee; and it is claimed that a pound of the berry will go much farther by this preparation.

If you want to keep your horses, cattle, and sheep healthy give them salt regularly. There is no better vermifuge than salt. Much of the so-called hog cholera is due to intestinal worms. Plenty of salt would prevent the accumulation of these worms. All animals desire salt, showing that it is want of their nature, and undoubtedly by wise purposes.

If you want to keep your hogs, horses, cattle, and sheep healthy give them salt regularly. There is no better vermifuge than salt. Much of the so-called hog cholera is due to intestinal worms. Plenty of salt would prevent the accumulation of these worms. All animals desire salt, showing that it is want of their nature, and undoubtedly by wise purposes.

Remedy for Hard Times.

So sparingly as much as five cloths, rich and poor, eat health food, cheaper and better, and live longer.

Take a spoonful of turpentine and one of strong spirits of ammonia. Wash thoroughly with this lather in enough water to wet it, and rinse until all the soap is out. Then put through salt and water, and hang up where it will dry out.

The secret of Business Success.

It is claimed that Vanderbilt established great success and wealth by means of the charge of stocks and railroads controlled by him. Let a successful man's investment be reported in railroads or in a combination of stocks and railroads, and he will be successful.

Dr. H. V. Pearce is president of a hundred thousand dollars in diversified investments, especially in stocks of goods for sale, in modern machinery, and in various forms of property.

He is a man of great energy.

He is a