

Official Paper of the Village.

Published Semi-Monthly by

SAMUEL H. LITTLE,

Editor and Proprietor.

To whom all communications should be addressed

Terms, \$1.50 a Year, in Advance.

No paper or publication can be sold or given away without the written consent of the editor.

ELECTION OFFICE.

GILSWOLD ST., DETROIT, MICH.

Special attention paid to All Cases before the Probate Court.

Restaurant.

The eight tables, down-sloping row.

Labat's room, curtains and headcloth.

I'll wake up at six in the morning.

And cry to get up and be dressed.

We poor little mother is weary.

And I am too tired to go to sleep.

I'll hit him if I choose to.

I'll take Kitty's doll by its clothes.

And I'll hammer it over the fence.

Then I have a scrap of a note.

I'll make the note dance in your hands.

And tangle your knitting and wool.

It's time to say father's shirt-boom.

And give Tommy a whale of a pull.

I'll be up to help you if I choose to.

As we were, You poor little mother.

I'll see all the discipline over.

While I come in time for the fun.

For the fun is now a weakling.

And tired of me little girls.

And tems too tired to mind us.

While strumming with business affairs.

Dad when you break a pitch broken.

And weary and worried you cry.

I'll be up to help you if I choose to.

To wife of the year from yours.

And pointing both fat arms around you.

I'll kiss your soft velvet cheek.

And I'll kiss you if I choose to be better.

And then Number One will well me.

You know, to wear warm loving breast.

And will never let mother over trouble.

But leave her to health-giving rest.

And if I sit down in the summer.

And foot-eating, whisper and pine.

Don't know how your tendered touches

Are waiting for small "Number One."

Ah! I'll be up to help you if I choose to.

And your arms are tired, were weary.

I'll know how you're sorrowing, etc.

It's a nice love they love us—our babies.

It doesn't even like the we're ours.

And yet, how the angels are about us.

To keep the dark shadows away.

Just wait a year, sister darling.

I'll grow up stand alone.

And your arms are tired, were weary.

For we were live e'en as a man.

—Edgar Allan Poe, New York.

SAVED BY A FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

My name is Hunt. Yes, sir; Anthony Hunt. I am a settler on this Western prairie. Wilds! Yes, sir; it's little else than wilds now, but you should have seen it when I and my wife first moved up here. There was not a house within sight for miles. Even now we have not many neighbors, but those we have are downright good ones. To appreciate your neighbors as you ought, sir, you must live in these lonely places, so far removed from the haunts of man.

What I am about to tell of happened ten years ago.

I was going to the distant town, or settlement, to sell my cattle herd of cattle—the creatures, sir, as ever you saw.

The journey was a more rare event than it is now, and my wife had always plenty of commissions to occupy me with the shape of dry goods and groceries, and such like things.

Our youngest child was a sweet little girl, this, who had been named after her Aunt Dorothy. We called the child Dolly. It is true my companion included one for her—Dolly. She had just had a red doll, that is, a bought doll, only the rag bundles her mother made for her. For some days before my departure she could talk of nothing else—or we, either, for the master of this—she was a great pet, the darling of us all. It was to be a big, big doll, with golden hair and blue eyes. I shall never forget the child's words the morning I was starting, as she ran after me to the gate, or the pretty picture she made. There are some children sweeter and prettier than others, sir, as you can't but have noticed, and Dolly was one.

With the child busked to my breast I rode on. Its perfect silence soon showed me that it slept. And, sir, I thanked God that he had let me save it, and I thought how grateful some poor mother would be! But I was full of wonder for all that, wondering what extraordinary fate had taken any young child to that solitary spot.

Getting in sight of home, I saw all the windows alight. Deborah had done it for me, I thought, to guide me home in safety through the darkness. But presently I knew that something must be the matter, for the very few neighbors we had were gathered there. My heart stood still with fear. I thought of some calamity to one or other of the children. I had saved a little woe from perishing, but what might not have happened to my own?

Hardly daring to lift the latch, while my poor tired horse stood still, and mated outside, I went slowly in, the child in my arms covered over with the flap of my long coat. My wife was weeping bitterly.

"What's amiss?" I asked in a faint voice. And it seemed that a whole chorus of voices answered me:

"Dolly's lost!"

"Dolly lost!" Just for a moment my heart turned sick. Then some instinct like a ray of light and hope seized upon me. Pulling the coat off the face of the child I held, I lifted the little sleeping thing to the light, and saw Dolly.

Yes, sir. The child I had saved was no other than my own—my little Dolly. And I knew that God's good angels had guided me to save her; and that the first flash of the summer lightning had shone just at the right moment to show me where she lay. It was her white sunbonnet that had caught my eye. My darling it was, and none other, that I had picked up on the drenched road.

Dolly, anxious for her doll, had wandered out unseen to meet me in the afternoon. For some hours she was not missed. It chanced that my two elder girls and gone over to our nearest neighbor, my fair wife, missing the same to wear.

I knew that she was not obliged to return to the strap, and awarded her damages to the amount of \$5,000. The case was carried by the company to the Supreme Court, and the decision was sustained. As to the moral right of the lady to hamper her person in such a way that she could not help herself in the presence of danger, the court was silent. That matter must, as heretofore, be left to the decrees of fashion.

Northville

TITLE

Record.

Terms: \$1.50 a Year.

Our Aim—The People's Welfare.

[Always in Advance]

VOL. X.

NORTHVILLE, WAYNE CO., MICH., JULY 27, 1878.

NO. 2

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

The informed Episcopal Church holds about \$800,000 worth of real estate for educational purposes.

The Congregationalists publishes a list of fifty-nine churches which have, in the three months past, paid off their debts. As large as the list is, it is incomplete; the exact figures would make nearly 100 churches.

It is the testimony of Spurgeon, Tyng, and all of those pastors who are accustomed to receive many children into their churches, that they make more symmetrical, reliable and less troublesome members, through their lives, than those received as adults.

They have a convenient way in Switzerland of accommodating Church service to public excursions. Here is an extract from the Zurich *Gazette*.

During the past year there were organized through the instrumentality of the missionaries of the Presbyterian Church, 132 churches and 222 Sabbath Schools, giving a total of 1,612 schools connected with the missionary work of that Church, embracing 134,921 children.

The United Presbyterian Church reports for the year ending May 1 fifty Presbyteries, 647 ministers, 792 congregations, 78,648 members and 709 Sunday Schools, with 66,215 officers and scholars; total contributions were \$782,666. The contributions by Sabbath Schools were \$23,710.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey are expected in Baltimore next winter to prosecute their mission as evangelists under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Moody has lately visited Baltimore to make the necessary arrangements, which, it is said, will not include an expensive tabernacle. Their work will be done in districts throughout the city.

The Congregationalists of Massachusetts recently held their annual meeting in Fall River. It was the forty-sixth meeting of the Association. The Rev. Dr. Spalding, of Newburyport, presided. Dr. H. H. of Hampshire County, preached on the work of redemption. Mr. Quint reported, for the state, 526 Congregational Churches, 91,121 members, 273 settled pastors, and thirteen deaths in the ministry, an average of sixty-eight years.

Gen-Shot Wounds.

It appears that the pain immediately produced by the passage of a bullet is usually slight. In some cases it is not felt at the entrance wound, but only at that of exit. A private of the Seventh Fusiliers was in fee of the enemy at Inkermann. A bullet pierced the lower and outer portion of his neck and tore its way out behind, between the upper end of the scapula and the spine. An officer of the Second Battalion Life Brigade was behind him. No idea of having been shot entered the private's mind. He was not even aware of the wound he had received in front, but his sensations led him to suppose that the officer behind him had pricked him with the point of his sword in the back. He turned round instantly to learn what this was done for, and was in time to see the officer in the act of falling. The bullet which had just passed through his own neck had struck the officer in the head and killed him.

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Serious and even fatal injuries have not unfrequently been caused by the blow of a cannon ball, which grazed the body without breaking the skin. It was the custom formerly to attribute such contusions to the "wind of the shot." Various theories were framed to account for this result—by the condensation of the air surrounding the missile, or the vacuum which followed in its track, or by the electricity which it was supposed to generate. All these hypotheses are now abandoned by military surgeons, though a strong belief in them still exists in the minds of many combatant officers.

It is certain that a cannon-ball may go quite close to the body without causing any harm. Thus, at Rayong a thirty-two pounder shot passed between the outstretched thighs of an artillery officer at the time he was sighting a gun, and he sustained no damage except the loss of the tail of his uniform coat.

One result of the improvement of firearms has been to diminish considerably the chances of lodgment of bullets in the body. Out of 274 gunshot wounds observed in the hospital at Carlisle during the Franco-German war, it was calculated that the bullets had lodged in only 18 per cent. Such wounds, however, are not less dangerous, as portions of the clothing and accoutrements usually remain in the track of the bullet, as well as splinters of bone which act as irritants to foreign bodies.

It is therefore very necessary that a careful examination should be made as soon as possible, so that such sources of irritation may be removed. Occasionally the patient himself may be able to throw some light upon the matter and render further investigation superfluous.

Witness the story of a surgeon, who after a long exploration of a gunshot wound and much torture of his patient, happening to remark that he must give up further search for the bullet, was addressed with much bitterness by the wounded man in the following terms:

"Is that what you have been doing all this time? Why didn't you ask me about it? I have got the bullet in my pocket."

The mode of dressing gunshot injuries has undergone many changes. At one time it was thought that there was a peculiar poisonous in-

fluence exercised by the missile upon the surrounding tissues and the constitution of the enervated. Although Ambrose Pare in 1545 published a treatise to refute this error, we find traces of the belief still existing even in the present century. Hence arose the cruel practice of pouring boiling oil into the wound to burn out the venomous substance.

London Almanac.

Americans a Lone Lives Race.

We Americans used to be styled a short-lived race, and we do hardly deserve the name any longer, as anyone may discover by recalling the number of old persons he is acquainted with, and by looking from day to day at the death notices in the newspapers. Our average of life has surely increased during the present generation, owing to increased knowledge of, and regard for, hygiene, to less anxiety of mind and strain of nerves, to easier material conditions and better adjustment of individuals to their surroundings. It's not very long since a man or woman of sixty, even of fifty, was considered old. In the country and in small towns, people who had scored two score and ten were inclined to think they had done their work and were prepared to withdraw from active pursuits of every kind. This is all changed. Persons of fifty and upward in good health are considered still in their prime. Hundreds of men at seventy or thereabouts fill important and responsible posts in all departments of industry, and have no thought of retiring, nor have they any reason to think of it. They do not look, in fact, as they are, so old, as their progenitors were with ten or twenty years less on their heads. They have learned how to take care of themselves, to husband their strength, to conserve their faculties. They are more in accord with denizens of Europe, where men are as youths until they have passed forty. The health of our people—notically our women—has improved greatly, as our faces, figures, vitality, endurance, power of performance abundantly testify. Take New York, for example, which, as the metropolis of the Republic, should be representative. You cannot walk in Broadway or the thoroughfares anywhere without being impressed by the white-haired men and women who move with the spring and suppleness of comparative youthfulness, who are clear-eyed, smooth-browed, erect, full of hope, enterprise, plans for the future. Who are among our most prosperous merchants, bankers, physicians, lawyers, clergymen, politicians, authors, managers? A limited number are fresh and rosy veterans who never suspect that they are old, and who, therefore, are not old. Read the obituaries of citizens, and note how many last to seventy-five, eighty-five, even ninety, and older. There is no question of it. The Nation is rejuvenating. Years have ceased to count against us as they have done. While we live far more than we did hitherto, we live much longer, and our average augments with each passing decade.

An Anecdote of John Phoenix.

These who knew John Phoenix (Lieut. Derby)—knew him as we did—will be glad to read the following anecdote, so characteristic of his noble nature. All who knew Derby will remember that there was nothing about him or his humor resembling those sour, discontented, practical jokers so naturally and justly tabooed in society. Good nature and good fellowship he cherished; and beyond these, save in the way of harmless mirth, he never swerved. It was not in him. His power of face was something wonderful, and this is sufficiently attested by the anecdote.

He was sitting, one evening, in the guest's sitting room of the old Oriental Hotel, when a little beggar girl came in, and with the keen discernment of little people in general, noticed his child-loving, benevolent countenance, and approached him, asking alms. She was very young, innocent looking, and had none of the juvenile wiles of persistency of most young mendicants whom one meets in the streets and in the halls of our public hotels.

Phoenix at once assumed a mournful expression of face, and began to talk, as it were, confidentially and affectionately to her. He told her that his father was long since dead, and that he was now left entirely alone in the world; that he was then but a little boy, with no one to look to, and often had not known where to sleep at night.

The little girl's blue eyes began to moisten: the sitting guests, most of whom knew Capt. Derby, gathered around; when what was their surprise to see the poor, sympathetic beggar-child go close up to him, and, in a quiet, confidential way, take out of the inside pocket of her soiled and tattered frock all the money which she had gathered through the day, and placed it in his hand. It is needless to say that the tender-hearted and courageous little donor of her hard day's earnings had not only her small, yet great benefaction restored, but went away with great possessions added to the pockets of the sympathetic bystanders.

Leander. Said Mrs. Spilkins, the other morning, as the former was preparing to leave the house, "when commanding my good qualities, why are you like a wool-grower?" "Something sheep in it, isn't there?" queried Spilkins. "Just like you!" she replied. "The answer is, because you are a she-praiser." "Knew it all the time," checked Leander, as he slammed the door and whistled for a passing street-car.

The Italian Government proposes holding an international exhibition in 1881.

The Northville Record

Detroit Business Cards.

Attorneys at Law.

QUINCY MATHEWS, ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR. Special Agent in Charge of State Governmental Administration. Call, Office in Woodward Avenue, Detroit.

CHAS. R. HOWELL,

LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE,
101 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.
Special attention paid to all matters
coming before the Probate Court.

Restaurants.

GILMAN BROS.

European Hotel,

And Ladies and Gents Restaurant,
Cott. Jeff. and Woodward aves.
Ladies Dining Parlor up stairs.

DETROIT

Plymouth Physician.

WILLARD CHANEY, M. D. Physician and Surgeon. All cases attended to day or night. Office in Woodward Avenue, occupied by Dr. Watson, Physician, Mich.

Local Business Cards.

Dentist.

EDWIN N. ROOL DENTIST, OF
son and operative rooms over Lamp
Block Main St., Northville, Mich.

Hotels.

UPTON HOUSE.

Center Main and Center Streets.

H. UPTON,
Best of accommodations for the traveling public.
Multiple rooms. Furnished Library provided.
1871

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

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

WEST. 11 A.M. 11 A.M. 12:45 P.M.
DETROIT. 12:45 P.M. 1:45 P.M. 3:45 P.M.
NORTHVILLE. 1:45 P.M. 3:45 P.M.

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

RAIL. 11 A.M. MAIL 12:45 P.M.
DETROIT. 12:45 P.M. MAIL 1:45 P.M.
NORTHVILLE. 1:45 P.M. MAIL 3:45 P.M.

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CEN.
DETROIT TIME.

EAST. 12:45 P.M. MAIL 1:45 P.M.
DETROIT. 1:45 P.M. MAIL 3:45 P.M.
NORTHVILLE. 3:45 P.M. MAIL 5:45 P.M.

NORTHVILLE MARKETS

Northville, July 27, 1873

| | WEIGHT |
|------------------------|--------|
| EGGS, lbs. | 12 |
| CORN, lbs. | 12 |
| CLOTH SEED, lbs. | 12 |
| DRESSED BEEF, lbs. | 12 |
| DRESSED CHICKENS, lbs. | 12 |
| DRIED PEACHES, lbs. | 12 |
| EGGS, lbs. | 12 |
| FIGS, lbs. | 12 |
| HAM, lbs. | 12 |
| LARD, lbs. | 12 |
| GATES, lbs. | 12 |
| POTATOES, lbs. | 12 |
| SHOULDER, lbs. | 12 |
| SALT, lbs. | 12 |
| TALLOW, lbs. | 12 |
| WHEAT, lbs. | 12 |
| No. 1..... | 12 |
| No. 2..... | 12 |

Home and Vicinity.

The wife of H. E. Lake has gone East on a visit.

D. C. Ashmun, of Channing, made our town a visit yesterday.

Jake Martin, the wrestler, of Ypsilanti, was in town yesterday.

A good shower yesterday laid the dust and cooled the atmosphere.

C. P. Anderson, of Saginaw, is the F. & P. M. Agent during H. E. Lakes absence.

Miss Hinzie, of the Kindergarten School, Detroit, is visiting in Mrs. Cady's family.

Wm. T. Johnson was prostrated with sun-stroke last week but is now able to be about.

On the evening of Aug. 8th, there will be a grand harvest festival party at the Upton House.

Wood Bros., cigar makers, have several new journs from Detroit and are driving business.

A bay window at the F. & P. M. depot, makes a desirable and convenient change about the premises.

The family of A. B. Taylor arrived this week from Montreal, Ont., and are staying with John Sands.

A number of the young people went to Orchard lake Wednesday and returned well pleased with results.

If money ever comes good in this office it is at the present time. This our readers will please not forget.

The report is current that J. M. Swift has taken in Jas. A. Dubuar as a partner in the dry-goods business.

The father of S. S. Eddy, is sick and not expected to live at Milford, and himself and wife were summoned there this week.

Mr. Covert, who married the former Mary Green, has the foundation ready for a new dwelling on his wife's lot. A new barn is already up.

Mrs. Edith C. Stout, who for several months past has been up the Lakes, arrived in town yesterday with her mother Mrs. L. L. Stout.

John B. Hanna, of New York city, an old veteran in such class of work, is to be the superintendent of the opera house till its completion.

On every hand we see good results in harvest. If wheat could command \$2.00 per bushel, our farmers would be as happy as school-boys.

The Mich. School furniture Co. of this place, obtained the contract for seating the Insane Asylum at Pontiac and have already commenced placing them in the building there.

George Kator entered upon his duties as Justice of the Peace, July first. Mr. Kator is eminently fitted for the office, and will undoubtedly dispense justice to the satisfaction of all.

Dr. B. S. Taylor, a former resident was in town a few days since, and made the Record a call. But for the whiteness of his hair and beard, the Dr. has not changed much since he left.

Officer Perrigo, arrested a woman living in this vicinity, to day, for drunkenness, and disorderly conduct. She was brought before Justice Lowden and plead guilty, but was set off on suspended sentence.

Geo. B. Brooks, who owns a nice little farm, two miles west, informs us, that the straw in his wheat is a little heavier than could be desired but that as regards the berry the crop exceeds his expectations—yielding from 30 to 75 bushels to the acre.

"Oh, Jeanie, is the gal for me. She has got one of the new light-running American Sewing Machines, and is happy as a duck in high tide. It runs as light as a top, and has a self-threading needle, and is practically self-threading. Everybody is getting one."

A. J. Little found a pocket book containing considerable money while at Dayzburg last week and was unlucky enough to find the owner. A five dollar bill and lots of thanks, however, make the young man happy. "Honesty is the best policy," every time.

If those subscribers who are indebted to us will call and settle their subscription during the next week, we will prove of much good to us. Do not neglect this appeal. Look at the figures on the margin or wrapper of your paper and you can see how you stand.

Men of words and not of deeds is like a rowing machine that is sure to get it ready to work when it is to do the work yourself. Buy the New American, and this trouble is obviated. It has a self-telling needle, and is self-threading throughout, and runs as light as a top. Try it.

Time and again we have remarked that anonymous articles would not be published in this paper. The Detroit "Press" who sent us the piece entitled "Smiley's Wonderful Escapade" will know, therefore, why it does not appear in this issue. We trust have the author's name, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Changed Home.—The Upton House (formerly Cady house) has again changed hands, making the 13th change in the last seven years. The following are the landlords in succession: Elliott, Long, Allen, Wick, Bradt, Veyo, Cady, Allen, Cady, Brown, Matice, Bodine, Upton, and Lamphere—the new man will take possession in a few days.

Read it Young Man

A friend of ours in Northville, and one who reads the Record without borrowing it, but who, unfortunately, does not enjoy domestic bliss, asks us to publish the following:

"For many years, and numbers may say, about the sweets of life: They say that all is lost and dead; Without one's love with a wife; But I would say to all my young friends: At least to every young man—My wife to live in Topaz on earth. Get married as soon as you can."

A Lady Ahead in the Courts.

It would seem that a lady has a legal right to wear stays and subject herself to the inconveniences which they entail; that she is not compelled to burst their bonds to help common carriers in their duty of protecting her person from injury in transit. These inferences may be drawn from a recent decision of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court. It came about in this way. A lady, riding in a horse car so full that she was obliged to stand, was thrown down by the sudden stopping of the car and crippled by the fracture of a kneepan. She sued for damages, the company alleging contributory negligence on her part in not taking hold of the strap provided for standing passengers; the lady replying that she could not reach or hold the strap without injury, owing to the fashion of stays which ladies were now required to wear. The lower court decided that she was not obliged to reach up to the strap, and awarded her damages to the amount of \$5,000. The case was carried by the company to the Supreme Court, and the decision was sustained. As to the moral right of the lady to hamper her person in such a way that she could not help herself in the presence of danger, the court was silent. That matter must, as hereto fore, be left to the decrees of fashion.

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Be Sure before you Pay.

Some of our farmers are just now having a little unexpected trouble through having adopted a new but simple style of plow.

A couple of men claiming to have a patent on the same, have been around the past few days and duped them into paying a certain amount of money, to no balance their claim.

A few have paid it rather than to have trouble about the matter. Dr. Wallin, on the Blackwood farm, Peter Larkins, D. K. Brown, J. J. Thompson, the Yerkes brothers and nearly every farmer in these parts have the same fate, and many of them propose, as they should, to contest the matter.

Our Washington Letter.

Washington, July 25, 1878.

I wish I could help you to see your magnificent Capitol (ours and mine, as any ones under the sun, that's the best of it) as I saw it during one of the last evening sessions held by the late congress. With its thousand points of flame it mocked the moonlight serenity of the fair June evening. Every window was aglow, and above it all, above the dome, just beneath the great bronze Goddess of Liberty gleamed a flame of light, as great as that of the sun itself.

It is composed of six of the best oils that I know. It is good for internal as for external use, and is believed to be incomparably superior to anything ever made.

Will save you much suffering and many dollars expense, is sold by one or more dealers in every place. Price 25 cents, 30 cents, and \$1.00.

Prepared only by Foster, Miller, & Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Senders to N. Thomas, Phelps, N. Y.

Price supplied by Farland & Williams, Detroit. Trial size 33c.

To the Public.

My wife Lorina, having left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, I forbade anyone harboring or treating her in my account, as I will pay to debts contracted by her after this date.

— CHAS. D. BATES.

June 1, 1878.

Missing Numbers Wanted.

We wish very much to have the following numbers of the Record to complete our file. If any of our readers will forward these of the number and date mentioned to this office they will be duly rewarded:

VOL. NUMBER DATE.

12 Dec. 16, 1877.

17 Feb. 2, 1877.

Want to Exchange.

I want to exchange my Hamlettonian Magazine for a good family driving house. Any one so disposed, can get a good bargain by calling upon or addressing

A. R. Green, Water Works Reservoir, Detroit.

No Risk. Thomas' Electric Oil. Do you know where to get it? If not, it is made for sale. Pain eases today where it is used. It is the cheapest Medicine ever made. One dose cures common Sores.

One bottle has cured 500 cases. Fifty cases worth has cured in Old Stagecoach coaches. One or two bottles cures bad cases of Pox and Kidney Disease. Six to eight applications cure any case of excreted nipples or inflamed breasts. One bottle has cured lame lack of eight years standing. Daniel Clark, of Brookfield, Trumbull County, Pa., says: "I went thirty miles for a bottle of your Oil, which effected a wonder cure of a crooked limb, by six applications." Another who has had asthma for years, says: "I have half of a \$0 cent bottle left, and \$100 would not buy it if I could get no more."

Kulka Robinson of Nunda, N. Y., writes: "One small bottle of your Electric Oil restored the voice where the person had not spoken above a whisper in five years." Rev. J. Mallory of Wyoming, N. Y., writes: Your Electric Oil cured me of bronchitis in a week. Deals well over country as: "We have never had a medicine that has given such complete satisfaction as this."

It is composed of six of the best oils that I know. It is good for internal as for external use, and is believed to be incomparably superior to anything ever made.

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The Northville Record.

SIMON H. LITTLE, Editor & Prop.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

VARIETY AND HUMOR.

Who ever saw an eye scream?—The Philadelphia *Bulletin* calls aloud for noiseless firecrackers.

A dog's bark may be worse than his bite, but we prefer the bark.—*Puck*.

Industry always finds something to do.—So does a mosquito.—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table*.

One asked why B stood before C. Because, said another, a man must B before he can C.

Mrs. Jenkins says she will not lecture; but Mr. Jenkins says he knows better.—*Buffalo Express*.

—My best little toe.

And everywhere that Mary went—*—*

Migrating bird, go in a direct line from north to south, and never take their course from east to west or west to east.

—Painful question by the Sultan—"Is this Turkey, or is it merely portions of England, Russia, Austria and the other countries?"—*Buffalo Express*.

—While bathing in a body of water, as in a stream or pond, the bather should be active so as to avoid any tendency to chill.—*Dr. Root's Health Monthly*.

—Experiments recently made with an electric light in this city showed that by its aid ordinary print could be read at night half a mile away.—*Scientific American*.

—Some people are slaves; ungrateful, no matter how much you do for them. It is like striking a fly off a mule's hind leg; you only get a kick for your pains.—*N. Y. Herald*.

—There hasn't been a Western town upset by a tornado, or rent in twain by a cyclone for a whole day. Go West, young man, go West, and blow up with the country.—*Old City Derrick*.

—The friction-match folks didn't get Congress to release them from putting a revenue stamp on each bunch. They may plead and protest their tax as they will, but the cent of the matches will hang round it still.—*Lowell Courier*.

—A lady was recomending to a gentleman a medicine for liver complaint. "I know many who praise it to the skies," said she, enthusiastically. "No doubt, madam," he replied, "for it has sent many to the skies to praise it."—*Chicago Commercial Advertiser*.

—Some people are always putting their duty off. They are "just going to" all their days, but the last day comes and nothing is done. Larivale says: "He who proclaims the honesty of to-day till to-morrow will probably proclaims his to-morrows to eternity."

—It's very well to talk about how the thermometer stands in the shade," remarked a gentleman with a boiled lobster-colored face who dropped in the other morning. "What I want to know is how it stands in the sun. That's the way I have to take it!"—*Boston Transcript*.

—The Superintendent approached a youth of color, who was present for the first time in Sunday-School, and inquired his name, for the purpose of placing him on the roll. The good man tried in vain to preserve his gravity when the answer was returned: "Well, massa calls me Casper; but my maide name is Moses!"

—"When," said the W�renburg (Mo.) *Press*, "when is the time to travel?" When you hear her father's foot on the third step, young man, is about as good a time as any, to start, and you can prolong the tour to suit your own convenience and the length of the old man's cane. From the impudence with which you ask the question, we suppose you didn't travel until it was clear into the parlor. Served you right.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye*.

—A minister was riding through a section of the State of South Carolina, where custom forbids mince-peas to be taken from the clergy who stayed with them. The minister in question took supper without prayer, and ate breakfast without prayer or grace, and was about to take his departure when "mine host" presented his bill. "Ah, sir," said he, "I am a clergyman." "That may be," responded Boniface, "but you came here, looked like a sinner, ate and drank like a sinner, and slept like a sinner; and now, sir, you shall pay like a sinner."

—The theory that drunkenness does not excuse a man for crime seems to apply to liability under a contract made by a drunken man, provided he gets drunk voluntarily. In the case of O'Connor against Reinp, the New Jersey Court of Chancery has decided as follows: "A deed made by a person while in a state of intoxication will be set aside if advantage has been taken of his situation, or his drunkenness was produced by the act or connivance of the person to be benefited by the deed. Courts cannot protect the rash against the consequences of improvident contracts, if they enter into them voluntarily, and not through fraud or artifice."

—Mothers often fret at their children and make a great many threats of corporal punishment which are never carried out. A great deal of the ordinary domestic discipline consists of saying what you will do and then not doing it.

Once in a while the child unconsciously shows up the absurdity of this mode of government. "If I speak to you again, I shall punish some of you," said a mother to half a dozen romps who were having their own way and intended to have it. It was apparently a fearful menace, but the children knew that it was like heat lightning, which flashes but doesn't strike, for the smallest spark up and answered, "Well, mother, I advise you to hold in your speech then."—*N. Y. Herald*.

Cyprus.

The Island of Cyprus, which Turkey cedes to Great Britain in return for the advantages to be gained by a defensive alliance, is situated in the northeast corner of the Mediterranean, about forty-four miles west of the coast of

Syria. It is 140 miles long and 50 miles wide at its broadest point; area, 3,678 square miles; population estimated at 300,000. The interior is occupied by a range of mountains, the highest points of which rise nearly 7,000 feet above the sea. These mountains are of limestone, and are covered with vast forests of walnut, oak and other good timber. The soil is generally very fertile, but water is not plentiful in the interior. The staple products are cotton, wheat, tobacco, mustard, silk, grapes and other fruits. Wine of a good quality is made. A large portion of the population are Greeks. Perhaps no country on the face of the earth has changed masters so many times, or held so many civilizations. It was held by the Phoenicians from 1100 to 725 B. C.; by the Assyrians, 700 to 630 B. C.; Egyptians, 550 to 525 B. C.; by the Persians, 525 to 333 B. C.; after 333 to 88 B. C., by the Ptolemies; then it became a Roman Province. Paul visited it in 44 A. D. The Saracens took it in 649; Richard Coeur de Lion took it from them in 1186 and Kings of its own governed it till 1489, when Venice got it and held it till 1573, when the Turks obtained possession and held it ever since. For many years Cyprus has been a hunting-ground for archaeologists, and discoveries of the greatest interest and importance have been made by Gen. di Cenola, American Consul, Ancient coins, statues and paintings, ornaments, etc., are among the findings.

Hints on Milking.

Milch cows should be kept as quiet and comfortable as possible, and no person should be employed in milking whom the animals fear.

As a general rule, it is important that the milking should always take place at regular hours. The same persons should always milk the same cows, and in the same order every day, so far as practicable.

A good dairyman should know

enough of his stock to be able to tell

which of his cows are more difficult to milk than others, and when any new help is introduced the easiest milking cows should be assigned them.

Owing to a spirit of rivalry common

among young and inexperienced persons, they make an effort to get their tails filed in the quickest possible time; consequently, drawing from each cow as much of her milk as is given

out rapidly and readily and leaving

a considerable quantity behind in the

udder. They may fill their pails rap-

to assure himself by personal trial that one cow is not left for another until

she is fairly milked out; since, though

it is proper to draw the milk rapidly, it

is even more important to secure the

last drop.

Cows that are ill-treated or roughly-handled will sometimes turn obstinate and will hold their milk. Milkers should study the disposition of the cows under their charge, that they may become familiar with them—fondling them, patting and stroking them, then securing their confidence.

In driving cows from a pasture, they should never be driven or hurried or made to go faster than a moderate walk.

The dairyman should insist upon his

assistants milking properly from the very outset. It is far better to spoil a little time in this way at the start than to allow the contraction of bad habits, which result in a certain amount of loss every day in the season.

Brandy, the end in view of milking cows is to empty the milk-vessels completely by means of a progressive pressure, exerted first by the thumb and index-finger, and subsequently by the rest of the fingers.

Part of the milk will be left behind unless care is

taken not to strangle the ripples, as it

is, at its base before pressing it, thus rendering part of the force applied of no avail. Inexperienced per-

sons sometimes think that they get on

faster by proceeding hastily to the alternating movements required in milking.

This is a very great mistake, re-

sulting in an incomplete milking, to

begin with, unnecessary fatigue to the

operator, and a good deal of distress

to the cow.

The milkers should always have their nails cut short; and, if a

cow's teats are painful from induration

or other cause, care should be

taken not to increase her suffering.

The teats should be anointed with some

fatly matter, free from salts, with a

few drops of milk simply. Those who

exercise the greatest care, patience and

gentleness in the matter of milking cows

will be rewarded with the best results.

American Colloquial.

Just the Same.

Yesterday morning a man whose every look proved how hungry and penitent he was, hastened before an eating stand at the Central market to get his mouth water for awhile. The woman knew his worth and called out:

"Come, be jogging along! You won't get any food here unless you have the cash."

"My dear woman," he confidently began, as he drew nearer, "I am not hungry; I just left the breakfast-table after the heartiest meal I ever ate. I was not looking at your beautiful meats, lovely cakes, or your rich and juicy pies, but at yourself."

"What you looking at me for?"

"I was wondering," he said, "if you were any relation to Lady Clare, of England. You have the same brown eyes, some beautiful hair—some sweet accent."

"I never knew her," replied the woman, as her face began to frown. "Don't, eh? Well, I never saw two faces neared alike in their sweet expression. I wish I had your portrait painted on ivory—I really wish I had."

"She handed him half a pie and a

piece of meat, and, as he sauntered off,

she began hunting around for a piece

of broken mirror.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Toxey, do you know that your Uncle Robert has found a beautiful boy baby on his door-step, and is going to adopt him?" Yes mamma, and he'll be Uncle Bob's step-son, won't he?"

The annoyance occasioned by the continual crying of the baby, at once causes when the case is as it should be promptly removed by using Dr. Ball's Baby Syrup. Price, 25 cents per bottle.

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

The *National Live Stock Journal* pleads for a greater variety of food for hogs. The very nature of the hog is a perpetual protest against the all-corn diet to which we have subjected him; and we believe that hog cholera and other diseases of like nature will increase in the great corn belt, until we learn to treat him more nearly in accordance with his nature. Our farmers must raise more roots for winter and grass and clover for summer, if they would keep their hogs free from disease. Corn must, as heretofore, be the main dependence for fattening, because it is better and cheaper than anything else for that purpose; but for pigs, store-hogs, and breeding-stock, we must have a variety of food."

The following brevities are from the 1857 State Register:

The future promises success to that farmer who works a little longer and harder than his hired man.

Pulverized charcoal is highly recommended as a relief to clover blight. To be given in water as a drench.

"Fusley," or purple, anthersized here as a pest by our farmers and gardeners, is carefully cultivated and considered a very choice and delicate vegetable, by those of Europe.

There is more promise for the future of that farmer on who saves his small change and invests it in some growing stock, than for that one who spends it for trifles every time he goes to town.

The farmer should be a student as well as a teacher. The well-regulated farm-hands should be a school-manual labor school, and should be made so attractive that boys should love it above every other calling.

Spring bulbs hyacinths, tulips, etc., should be kept growing until the leaves fade; then take them and spread under cover until the leaves are quite dry, when these are to be removed and the bulbs stored in a cool dry place until fall.

An Oskaloosa farmer says—"clover blight" so fatal to cattle, may be cured by fastening a stick in their mouths and compelling them to hold their heads in an elevated position, the poisonous gases escaping. He says it never has failed.

The life of the agriculturist affords better facilities for the social and intellectual training of boys than almost any other occupation in the world. It seems to be peculiarly adapted to all its conditions to the development of correct physical, mental and moral qualities, and this is really a National blessing.

Every year milk and its products are becoming more and more appreciated. It is demonstrated by scientific investigation that milk and flesh contain nearly the same elements—or really milk contains all the elements of meat, and as a cow can and does produce more valuable food by her secretion of milk than a steer by his flesh, the cow is rising as an economical food producer.

The Garden.

There are few people who do not think themselves abundantly able to do anything that there is to be done on the farm or in the garden; that may never attempt to do anything, however, it is pretty good proof-faced evidence that they are a little backward as to how to make a beginning, for it is hardly possible that the average man or woman does not take a real interest in the growing garden.

It sometimes happens, indeed, it often times happens, that the farmer forgets to add to the charms of his home that delightful, little secret spot, which is denominated garden; but it need, after all, come of his inability to cultivate himself to delineate details, not because there is no beauty to him in the garden. It may be regarded, however, as a settled fact that whoever neglects the garden winter may be the cause of such neglect, greatly injures himself and his family, especially the children. Not only do the products of some spot of ground, especially devoted to the growing of such vegetables as "cucumber" made particularly appropriate to the garden, seem really to taste better when grown there than when produced in the great field, but there is a softening influence about the tenderness of a well-kept garden. What the child would pass in the field unnoticed, he will stop to admire and study in the garden-bed. The growing plants, neatly arranged, and protected from molestation by the pretty fence, are in the vegetable world what their admiring young friend is among men. They are delicate, modest and pretty. So he. He does not feel at home among men. They seem coarse and harsh to him; and whether or not he fancies that the tender garden plant does not feel at home among the rougher plants of the vegetable kingdom, he almost involuntarily conceives a sort of sympathy for it, and is willing to sit down and commune with it. If for no other purpose, in the world, therefore, than to engage the attention of the children, a garden is worth all the vexation that its culture may exact. But its cultivation should not be a source of vexation. Men never should get above the delicacy of nature. A man who loves a flower, and who will pause to express his admiration of its beauty, is not a bad man at heart.

Such a one will be tender in the home, loving to the children, kind to the wife, and considerate of the feelings of others in his intercourse with the world. Do not spend all the time in the card-field. Do not center all the heart's love for the beautiful in nature on the wheat field. Come into the garden and rest amidst its sweetness and gentleness. If you really think you have no love for such things, do not deceive yourselves, but just test the matter. Perhaps there have never had a garden.

When another spring-time comes, just make one, and see what the result will be upon yourself, before deciding that its plants and blooming flowers are not sources of the purest pleasure.

But never think for a moment that a fence and quarter of an acre of ground make a garden. Do not think either that the sowing and planting are all that is to be done. Those are the beginning, but care, industry and taste must be employed to make the garden either beautiful or productive.

The farmer of all others, ought not to fall into the error so common with those who know nothing about farming, of thinking that it is so easy to do everything on the farm that it is not necessary to do anything in the least of the farm departments. It requires wisdom to make a good garden, but it requires

there is anything that is not readily understood, understand it before acting. If the leaves of your plants begin to fall off, do not rush into some treatment of them because you believe they need some kind of medicine, without having the least conception of what the probable or possible results of your treatment are going to be. Ascertain the cause. Perhaps they have had too much heat or too much cold; perhaps you have applied fertilizers that have been too stimulating. Act intelligently, as men would act in other departments of life, and then the garden will bed and blossom with the sweetness of the rose, and attention to it, and admiration of it, will never flag.—*Western Rural*.

Grecian Beauty.

It has been said in praise of Grecian beauty, and the men are handsome in every sense of the word; we might well imagine them to have been the models of Phidias and Praxiteles. Their large eyes, black as jet, sparkle with flashes of fire, while the long, silky, eye-lashes soften the expression and give dream