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Northville Record.

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HAVE HOPE.

Editor Safety Knob.—The following beautiful lines were written by Rev. Peter Peacock, and originally appeared in the *Headlight* (Milwaukee).—"I have a friend who has lost some poor, aged, and infirm, and I fear that some few, indeed, might find solace in them and cheer up. The writer did just two weeks after their appearance, while ministering to the sick."

There never was a valley without a faded flower.
There never was a heaven without some little cloud.
The feet of darkness may come in any corner,
but the beams of light are always above.

There never was a winter without a frost.
There never was a frost which came little short.
And joy may walk beside down the windings of our way.

When the world seems a forsaken, and we meet
the face of God.

There never was a seafarer without its storms.
There never was an ocean without its waves.

And the golden beams of glory the summer sky,
that deck the dead stars are gleaming in their deathless state.

There never was a streamlet however trivial
without a shadow resting in the ripples of its tide.

There never was a rock, nor a boulder with the
feet of stone, nor a abysses tint her path to either side.

The shadow of the mountain falls abroad the
limbs of the giant, and the shade of the chisel hangs above
the mortal's head.

And the blighted heart and lowest were the
shadow of forever.

And the smile is scarcely, faded on the an-
gaged tearful soul.

For no eye have there been ever with a weary
And the lips cannot be human when never
heard a word.

For without the frosty winter there have never
been a year.

And the leaves hide their sorrow in the
calm mystery.

No, the dreary life is passing—and we move and
we move, and we move, half in darkness,

And our hearts are often burdened by the woes
which are cast all in shadow and never wholly

seen.

And our eyes are cast a heavy, and our weary

And our hands are cast all the advantages lie-

ing in Mrs. Bland's favor.

"It is a tribe in error," Mrs. Bland said,
but the people are honest. It should be \$28.67, instead of \$28.50."

"I never could remember the figures; pray set them down. It will give Mr. Bland so much pleasure to know that I have my bill exactly right. He is such a strict man of business."

"Willingly," I replied, and I wrote at the foot of the bill, "\$28.67. Correct."

"Thanks," said Mrs. Bland. "What a wonderful head you have for figures." She scrutinized the bill closely. "And what a queer way of making figures!"

"Oh, in the bank I am I do little else than add up figures for hours on a stretch. There is nothing queer about my figures. I always cross my sevens. Then they do not look like ones. In a great many banking houses in New York that is the rule. Scientific calculators always use the crossed seven."

"Ah, indeed. If you want to see a ludicrous &c. &c. look at mine—such aining, twisting things. Look!" and Mrs. Bland drew the numerals.

"They are quite ludicrous, indeed," said I. "There, make your bill this way, and don't bring the tail of your 5 to the line, like a French 5, and I made the figures."

"Thanks, for the lesson. I will do no longer. I must go now and pay my bill \$28.67, you say?"

With a bow I left Mrs. Bland and hastening to the extensive got my boat, and was off after blue-fish. I had better luck than usual, and brought home that afternoon some fine blue-fish, and weak-fish. I had the best fish cooked for supper, a portion of which I sent to Mrs. Bland; who seemed to take a great deal of relish. I was not idiot enough to think, though it was three years ago, that the lady was especially pleased with me for the attention, but in the evening, a fine moonlit one, Mrs. Bland lingered on the veranda. I was smoking a cigar, seated at the bottom of the steps, within speaking distance of her.

"You very kindly offered me the use of Mr. Bland's tackle. Now, you have not congratulated me on my luck," said I. "I do, I do," said Mrs. Bland, quickly, with a certain amount of expansive manner, a disinclination to indulge in trifling talk with the rest of the boarders, made her society rather agreeable than otherwise. Mrs. Bland was diminutive, and a graceful figure, and dressed in quiet taste. Though Mrs. Agnes Bland was fully thirty, she impressed me with a certain childlike expression, in which vague description I trust I am not paraphrasing Mr. Bret Harte. The lady's eyes were of a pale blue, without a glint of sparkle, no one would ever have been rude enough to even attempt to stare Mrs. Bland out of poise. It would have been, apparently, too easy a thing to do. Without having erosive eyes, they seemed subdued and the least bit furtive. An immense volume of fair, blonde hair, which she wore in one big braid, added most essentially to her charms. For any trace of frankness of purpose in Mrs. Bland's regularly oval face, the only indication of it was a slight wrinkling of the forehead between the eyes. Such furrows had, however, no permanence. You might see such little wrinkles on a child's face, when some passing matter for a brief moment had engrossed its scattered wits. Conversationally, Mrs. Bland was fairly amusing. Educated, she was not; but having a good amount of intuitive perception, her remarks were clear and defined. It was the day after I had given her the paper, when I said to Mrs. Bland, "Has your budget failed to reach you? It is one of the annoyances of an out-of-the-way place. Mails are dilatory, or come in batches."

"What do you know about my mail?" asked Mrs. Bland, the little wrinkles roughening her forehead.

"Why, Mrs. Bland," I replied. "If you do not receive many letters, at least you have a famous collection of newspapers coming to you every day, at least a dozen."

"How do you know that?"

"The only grocery-man in the little

town, who sells me fish-hooks, is the postmaster. I got there early in the morning, before the mail is sent to the hotel. The grocer generally runs the hotel mail, before going into a bushel basket, prior to handing me my occasional correspondence. — I see Mrs. Agnes Bland on over so many journals. Have I the honor of addressing a lady correspondent, a literary woman?"

"Nonsense! what an idea! My husband sends the papers to me. It is a delicate attention on his part. Is reading time past away during his absence?"

"Then there is a Mr. Bland," I said to myself.

"I expect Mr. Bland will be here in a few days. I hope you will like him. He is a great fisherman. Now, I notice you carry a fishing-pole to the water-side every morning and bring back nothing. My husband has sent his fishing-tackle down, so if you want hooks or lines I can spare you some. You come here every season, do you not?"

"This is the first time in my life. Good morning, Mrs. Bland, and thanks for your offer."

"Good morning, sir; but excuse me a moment. Would you kindly look at this bill of mine the office-clerk has sent me? I am an idiot about accounts. Here are some items which I have no doubt are correct, with express charges to some trunks and things paid for by the office, and the string of figures puzzles me. Then the handwriting is so bad. Would you now, just make the addition for me? Oh! I am not afraid of your looking at the bill. There are no sherry cobbler on the account, and one does not trust mulin dresses to sea-side washerwomen."

Mrs. Bland had hanging from her neck a delicate chain, and among numerous rattling appendages there was a dainty gold pencil. With as pretty a dimpled white hand as I ever saw, she bent over and offered the pencil.

The calculation was so simple that I ran it over in my mind without the use of the pencil, and gave the total. It was a sum, the advantages being in Mrs. Bland's favor.

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"I never could remember the figures; pray set them down. It will give Mr. Bland so much pleasure to know that I have my bill exactly right. He is such a strict man of business."

"Willingly," I replied, and I wrote at the foot of the bill, "\$28.67. Correct."

"I cannot—do not care to. It is not any of my business, Mrs. Bland. I am not curious," I replied.

"Well, I am—very much so—and my business is—just—business."

For David just then rang a bell, which meant that the stage-coach with the passengers from the railroad was coming. This coach stopped at the house first, then continued on its journey to a small tavern further up the coast.

"You were saying, Mrs. Bland—pray continue."

"All I can tell you is this, sir, that in that coach you will find a man you hardly expected to see. Good-bye."

With that Mrs. Bland fanned herself quite composedly, and went to her room.

I went to the coach, not understanding what the woman meant. Some other women got out of the vehicle, followed by an old gentleman, who had to be helped out—evidently an invalid. On the box, by the driver, was a man who, as I approached, lit a fuse, and with his cigar. His face I did not recognize. I then felt some little curiosity to find out what Mrs. Bland meant about the man. "I hardly expected to see— I did peer into the coach. I was asked by David, who, with a lantern, was looking for a parson one of the lady passengers had left. There was a man, apparently asleep. Though it was summer, a handkerchief was thrown partially over his face. One glimpse was enough. Though his whiskers had been cut, and his reddish hair stained black, it was the face of George Harland, the assistant teller of our bank! He looked at me in an agonized way, then put his fingers to his lips, and said in a low, broken voice: "My God! Henry! I am a thief. 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The Northville Record

SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor.

SATURDAY, NOV. 2, 1878.

The Cabinet officials at Washington appear to be leading all their energies toward a vast reduction of the Government's expenses in the several Executive Departments. This is quite a new idea and may properly be termed a "reform."

No one door clock A patron of the Record, now traveling, writes us to the effect that a thinking visitor at the Capital of the United States while he cannot fail of being impressed by the many beautiful fine situation, magnificent buildings and the like, is at once surprised by certain looks and deficiencies which are only too apparent. There are no conspicuous public time pieces here. The Government owns many thousand dollars worth of clocks in Washington but none of them are in out-of-door sight. Not a single towering spire of hundred city churches bears a running clock, though several have clock representations - dials, etc., whose hands never move and whose strike is never heard.

A Michigan "Squire."

Some years ago, not far from Coldwater, resided a vain, pompous, ignorant man, who desired to impress everybody with a sense of his own wealth and importance. Though in moderate circumstances the greater part of his life, in his old age he became immensely rich, and engaging a celebrated architect at a high price, he erected a magnificent mansion with beautiful lawns and gardens, fountains and statuary, the whole costing a fabulous sum of money. Desiring some distinguishing title for himself, the neighbors called him "Squire," and so placed it in the inscription. A trip to Europe was advised and off he started. There he spent considerable money and enjoyed himself, but comprehended very little of what he saw. However he had many opportunities to observe great and learned men, and woke to the fact that his early education had been sadly neglected. So he procured a dictionary and studied it diligently, storing his mind with all the high-sounding words he came across, and whenever he heard acquaintances employ words which took his fancy he would treasure them up for future use. Arrived home, the fruit of his hard study began to appear. He remarked at an evening party that he "liked to sit in the conservatory and pursue Shakespeare." A visitor, taking dinner at his house, praised the cooking. "Oh!" said the old gentleman, "I have a French cook. I'm considerate of an expert myself." On another occasion he was showing his grounds to a gentleman, when they came to a low, wet marsh in one corner. "Aren't you afraid it will generate miasma?" asked the visitor. The Squire said nothing, but appeared to be deeply meditating. About half an hour afterward he turned to his companion and said, "Do you think it will produce asthma?" He soon after wrote to Hirani Powers for "three thousand dollars' worth of stationery," meaning stationary. Every Sunday he would attend the neighboring church, where he occupied a pew directly in front of the pulpit, and whenever he thought the minister had made a strong point in his discourse he would cry, "Amen!" in a loud voice. One day the preacher made use of the word "quagmire," and immediately after the Squire began muttering to himself, over and over again, so that it would not skip his memory, "Quagmire! Quagmire!" Presently the minister, recalled to his subject, waxed warm with argument and flourished his arms with enthusiasm, and all eyes were directed towards the Squire whose customary "Amen!" was expected. But to the astonishment of the congregation, the old man straightened up, and in the excitement of the occasion yelled lustily, "Quagmire!" Coldwater Republican.

How Whisky Pays

Some years ago we had in our employment a man, who several times in the day, ran out of the office to buy a drink of whisky. Every time he went out, the cashier was instructed to drop 10 cents into a drawer to our credit. At the end of seventeen months the man who had gone out so often had drunk himself out of a good situation; and the drawer, when opened was found to contain \$400, which we loaned to a young mechanic at 7 per cent interest. He used it to purchase a set of turner's tools. On the 15th of February, 1876, he returned it to us with interest, saying in his letter that he has now a wife, two children, and property worth \$5,000. The other fellow is a gambler, hunting for food. —Pomeroy's General.

A Grand Rapids girl caused the arrest of a young man for seduction, and then became his surety on the demand for bail. Women are queer creatures.

Our Washington Letter.

Washington Oct. 20.
According to the judgment of public men, the independent politicians, the Democrats are reasonably sure controlling the next House of Representatives, which nothing short of a strong outbreak of the pro-slavery element in the South will be likely to prevent. The new party is undoubtedly strong in some of the Southern states, but it is scarcely probable that its vote will be sufficiently large to endanger Democratic supremacy. Among the well-known southerners likely to be returned to the next Congress is the tall, swarthy, V. Lee, of Sidiens. No visitor to the Legislative Hall could fail to observe this man's striking appearance - tall, thin, bearded, and red-haired and bearded. Although far less of a statesman than Morton, whose vacancy in the Senate he filled, he is no less noticeable. Morton was distinguished for his very helplessness. His brain and body were ill-fitted to each other.

The annual report of Quartermaster General Meigs, just completed, has some pecuniary points of interest, especially relating to the expenses of Indian wars and the great economy and use of railroads in promoting the Army's efficiency. During the past year, for example, the Union Pacific railroad paid its branch roads \$85,000, for transporting the Army and army supplies alone. To this should be added the charges for carrying the mails, Indian supplies, and the use of the telegraph lines, amounting probably to \$1,500,000. We would credit the railroads with the benefit they confer upon the Government and the people, these charges represent but about one third the cost of that service before the railroads were constructed. The threats of Indian troubles in Arizona and New Mexico suggest in this connection the crying need of another Pacific railway on or near the Mexican border. It is estimated that with the present lack of facilities there such as has occurred among the Northern tribes would involve an extraordinary expenditure of \$100,000,000.

A trip to Europe was advised and off he started. There he spent considerable money and enjoyed himself, but comprehended very little of what he saw. However he had many opportunities to observe great and learned men, and woke to the fact that his early education had been sadly neglected. So he procured a dictionary and studied it diligently, storing his mind with all the high-sounding words he came across, and whenever he heard acquaintances employ words which took his fancy he would treasure them up for future use.

Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed; but such as remain can be saved by this application, and stimulated into activity, so that a new growth of hair is produced. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will present the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness.

The restoration of vitality it gives to the scalp arrests and prevents the formation of dandruff, which is often so uncleanly and offensive. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous, and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit, but not harm it. It wanted merely for a HAIR DRESSING, nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre, and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
LOWELL, MASS.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

Abolish the Parlor.

What horrible associations crowd into our mind when the word "parlor" is mentioned. We immediately picture in our imagination the terrible oppressiveness of that best room where the sun is never allowed to shine for fear of fading carpet and furniture, where the chairs have all a stately, polished and stiff look about them, where the children are never allowed to enter, where what little air there is may never be allowed to change, and when the smell is something akin to that of a family tomb. This is the best room, and is to be used for the use of the family, and is only kept for the purpose of ceremony, and for the convenience of those people for whom we do not care a rush. People whom we like and with whom we are on familiar terms, come right into the living room and have a good chat in a pleasant way; but the ceremonious visitor, whose departure gives us relief, is ushered into the "parlor."

The principle upon which this room is founded is all wrong. Let us have no such room in our house. Open the shutters and windows. Admit the sunlight air. If the carpets and furniture fades, let us enjoy their use in that condition. Abolish the "parlor" and enjoy the home. —Ex.

"Carry the news to Albany." I have one of the new light-running American Sewing Machines, with a self-setting needle and self-threading shuttle.

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For restoring to Gray Hair its natural Vitality and Color.



A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair.

stores faded or gray hair to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth. Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use.

Naline Day restores the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed; but such as remain can be saved by this application, and stimulated into activity, so that a new growth of hair is produced. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will present the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness.

The restoration of vitality it gives to the scalp arrests and prevents the formation of dandruff, which is often so uncleanly and offensive. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous, and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit, but not harm it. It wanted merely for a HAIR DRESSING, nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre, and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

Abolish the Parlor.

What horrible associations crowd into our mind when the word "parlor" is mentioned. We immediately picture in our imagination the terrible oppressiveness of that best room where the sun is never allowed to shine for fear of fading carpet and furniture, where the chairs have all a stately, polished and stiff look about them, where the children are never allowed to enter, where what little air there is may never be allowed to change, and when the smell is something akin to that of a family tomb. This is the best room, and is to be used for the use of the family, and is only kept for the purpose of ceremony, and for the convenience of those people for whom we do not care a rush. People whom we like and with whom we are on familiar terms, come right into the living room and have a good chat in a pleasant way; but the ceremonious visitor, whose departure gives us relief, is ushered into the "parlor."

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