

APPLES, Dried \$10.00	1.00
BEANS, \$10.00	1.00
BUTTER, \$10.00	1.00
CORN, \$10.00	1.00
CLOVER SEED, \$10.00	1.00
DRESSED BEEF, \$10.00	1.00
DRESSED CHICKENS, \$10.00	1.00
DRIED FRUITS, \$10.00	1.00
EGGS, \$10.00	1.00
FLOUR, \$10.00	1.00
HAM, \$10.00	1.00
LAND, \$10.00	1.00
OATS, \$10.00	1.00
POTATOES, \$10.00	1.00
SHOULDERS, \$10.00	1.00
SALT, \$10.00	1.00
TALLOW, \$10.00	1.00
WHEAT, \$10.00	1.00

Geo. B. Brooks has posted up bills from this office for an auction sale of stock, grain, farming and household articles, to take place on his farm on the 25th, with David Moreland as salesman. George has rented his farm.

The editor of this paper is at present having his share of the trials and tribulations incident to us poor mortals. Last week he was just recovered from a sprained foot, received while attending to some opera house work, and this week he is mourning the fact of a sore throat and severe cold.

Music publishers have an idea that the Record needs plenty of good music and consequently we are again in receipt of a late song this time from S. Brainard's sons, the well known music dealers of Cleveland, Ohio. It is entitled "Brown Eyes Close to the Window." Sent postpaid for 40 cts.

A singular sight, for this place, at least, was that of a two-wheeled bodied tramping starting on the R. R. track from here for the north one morning last week. Seven had been sheltered and fed at our lock-up over night and as they struck the railroad in the morning, were joined by five others who had passed the night at Plymouth.

The Presbyterian social met at the residence of Mrs. E. VanBoskirk, Wednesday evening. It is said that nearly 200 were present and in sociability and maple-sugar enjoyed themselves to their hearts' (and stomachs') content. The receipts were exceptionally good for such an occasion. Mrs. Augusta Root is now President of the society and is exerting her best efforts in its behalf.

Death of Mrs. Rider.

Mrs. Rider, wife of Geo. Rider, whose illness was mentioned in our last, died Monday night at 2 o'clock. The funeral took place at the Presbyterian church, of which she was a member, Wednesday and was very largely attended. Several relatives of the family from Detroit and elsewhere were among the mourners. Mrs. Tilla Rider, was the daughter and only child of John Hirsch, and had been married but a few months, the ceremony taking place, if we remember rightly, some time about New Years. In compliance with her request she was buried in her wedding dress, a brown silk trimmed with broad velvet. Tilla was a member of the choir and out of respect to her memory the choir in which she usually sat was draped in mourning as was also the front railing enclosing the choir. The esteem in which she was held by all was manifest in the grief of many of the congregation who lamented the withdrawal from earth of one so young and useful.

"A Good Thing is a Muddy Time."

Mr. William Fossett, of St. Johns, Mich. visited Northville last week for the first time in over twenty years. Mr. Fossett was one of the pioneers of Northville, more than forty years ago he came to this place and hired out to Capt. William Dunlap to work on his farm. He was then quite a young man. He continued to work for Mr. Dunlap eight years. With the money saved from his wages he purchased a farm in the newly settled portion of the State, and is now the owner of a valuable improved farm in Clinton county, a few miles from St. Johns, and is in independent circumstances.

For the first time in his life, Mr. Fossett saw the inside of a railway coach last week, and rode from St. Johns to Northville by rail. When asked what he thought of that way of traveling, said he thought it was a pretty good thing in a muddy time.

Condition of the Opera House.

As inquiry is being made from abroad respecting the operations on the opera house, we would say that every week finds a marked improvement in the building and particularly so in the interior. A double level floor has been laid on the parquette, the floor in parquette circle are down also floor in dress circle and corridors. The proscenium and boxes, also one third of ceiling is lathed. The grooves [one of the most essential points about the stage] for the stage scenery have been secured in their places beneath the fly gallery, and one set of scenery in place.

If the editor of this paper keeps his health and can get a dollar now and then from those indebted to him, the obscure little village of Northville will soon boast of as fine an opera house as there is in the State outside of Detroit, and capable of seating 800 or 1,000 people.

Certainly no one can desire its completion—or its advancement sufficient to use—more than ourselves who have been nothing but outlay since its beginning. Were but the shall completed we might have a little income and the where-with to push the work to completion. However *nil desperandum* is a good motto.

Distinguished Arrivals.

Dukes, Lords, and other Independent gentry Honor Northville with their presence.

A PROPER RECOGNITION ON THE PART OF OUR VILLAGE OFFICIALS.

Who Banquet them on substantial food, but exhibit the strictly Temperate moral of the town, in the absence of all beverages.

During the last few weeks numerous noble looking strangers have visited our village and been entertained in a sumptuous style by our charitable citizens. Where they came from, where they're going to and what their names are is "one of those things past finding out." They are of all sizes, all ages and all garbs and are thought to be traveling in disguise.

These independent tourists are carefully looked after at our brick hotel in this way: Immediately upon their arrival (they travel together as a means of defense against an unexpected attack from some lone farmer's wife who might mistake the affable and well bred strangers for tramps and judge their polite request for "something to eat," as rather a demand for such they usually inquire for some village official, who exercises authority in the matter of proper entertainment to distinguished guests.

He is soon found and having, of course, anticipated their coming, bows very graciously, and takes the arm—no, not the arm exactly, for such ill bred familiarity would not be consistent with traveling lords and dukes, but rather the collar box satchel of the leader (the leader of the party here last, must have been the scion of some English noble family in disguise, as he had been in the habit at some time or other of parting his hair in the middle. The dilapidated appearance of his dress could be easily accounted for in the supposition that his body-servant was detained at their last stopping place superintending the forwarding of the gentlemen's trunks, (and then conducts the honorable personages to the brick hotel, valgarly termed by some as "the lockup." Why people will so far belittle their own town in such a name for a grand and noble brick edifice, paid for out of the public money and devoted almost entirely to the exclusive use of dignitaries visiting us, and where such are most carefully cared for out of funds for that purpose, is very singular to say the least.

As soon as their lordships are safe within the walls of the aforesaid hotel and had their boots blacked and their toilet completed, they are each shown to a bench, or, as we might imagine it, a sofa, and languished upon—crackers and cheese. The hotel accommodations being only in a primitive state just now, and it not being definitely known what beverage would be acceptable to persons of their high standing, no arrangements have been made in the matter of tea, coffee, champagne, etc. It is probable however that another year will find these improvements introduced. The crackers are chosen instead of buttered toast for the reason that they are made of good flour and shortened with butter, so as to slip the easier down the throat; besides that the more convenient to handle, or transfer to one's pocket as a luncheon. The cheese is also a staple article and very strengthening, and being a product of our vicinity would the more be appreciated on that account.

One of the guests, probably for a little joke, while partaking of his cheese and crackers turned to the humble but astonished official and with a spasmodic effort to swallow a mouthful said, "Boss, can't you give a feller some sweet oil or something to wash this down?"

It is often the case in this free and enlightened country that a proper recognition of foreign worth is not appreciated, and even a duke is subject to the loss of a diamond breast-pin if such is found within reach. Let some one might break in and steal their wardrobe or valuables, the officer with a profound obeisance asks the gentlemen if it is consistent with their wishes to be locked up within the parlor (also vulgarly termed "the cell") that their august personages may be free from the inquisitive stare of the vulgar outsiders. To this friendly hint the distinguished guests usually acquiesce and after an ample supper are politely shown within the iron barred door of the back parlor, where they sleep off on soft—that is, would be soft if the benches had springs and were cushioned, another needed improvement—couches, the weariness of their daily sight-seeing and wake up in the morning refreshed and strengthened for their extended trip.

As it takes a long time to travel over Michigan, these distinguished tourists can usually remain but the one night, and being waited upon in the morning with the patient and sympathetic officer are breakfasted—on same staple food as furnished at supper—and reluctantly parted with.

As the distinguished guests became lost to view in the crowded thorough-

fare of Main Street, the attention of the bystanders was turned to the no commencing, and now lonely looking officer, who every now and then appeared to be rubbing his nose with his coat sleeve, but really was endeavoring to brush away his tears. Upon inquiry as to the cause of his intense grief, it was ascertained that he was lamenting the fact that the distinguished gentlemen had deemed their time limited to that extent as to prevent their acceptance of his kind offer for a drive over the principal avenues and his escort through the different manufacturing establishments and work-shops. It was his intention also to have induced their highnesses to remain (if crackers and cheese held out) till the opening of the opera house and in keeping with other marks of respect had the private boxes fitted up for their special use. But, alas! no go! Even his offer to have their pictures taken at Taylor's gallery, failed to fetch 'em, and he is disconsolate.

It is but likely however, that the courtesies already shown them will occasion a return of either the same party or their friends (to whom of course will be imparted the extraordinary civility of the Northvillians) in which happy event, we will have the honor of even outdoing our late attempts—possibly have "sweet oil, or something to wash it down."

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the boys are marching.

A Detroit Clothing House.

A half column advertisement appears in this issue from the clothing house of H. Hallock & Co., 82 Woodward avenue, Detroit. This firm, now in business for some two years, are well known throughout the country; the name being a household word through the elder Hallock, who began business in the city some forty years ago. They have a good central location in their present quarters; their store having lately been improved with a new glass front. With a large and varied stock to select from, or the choice of custom made work from first class cutters up stairs, and the surety of every attention shown them from courteous and competent clerks, there could be no more desirable place to trade.

A Farmer Becalmed.

The following paragraph is from a paid letter to the Milford Times. It is dated Parma, Mar. 10th, and signed Samuel Barsdale. The author, who undoubtedly imagines himself an ill used husband, says he married his wife at Milford:

"My wife had me arrested on the 3rd day of February, 1879, claiming that I was a dangerous man. She and her advisers have been for some time trying to get possession of my property. When I married her, in Milford, I was a poor man; I have now a competence, and have for years taken care of her parents. And she has relented from her foolish ideas, as quick as she learned that the man who made his property, had sense and spirit enough to defend it, and has recanted from every position which her malicious advisers had prompted her to. I have always taken as good care of my family, as any man in Parma, and paid my debts, and every merchant in Parma will tell you so, and my credit (if I want credit) is not limited. But no woman can without my consent control my property and get it in her own name. I love my children, all of them. She wished to get my property for the children I had by her—she drove my first children from home, persecuted and tyrannized over them; and has (as soon as I was prosperous by my own industry) tried to get control and possession of my property, for fear that my first children would get what was their lawful right. But she and the conspirators who advised her to go to the extreme she did, will find that they counted without their host. She swore that I shot at her Feb. 4th, and has since sworn before C. E. McGee, Justice of Parma, that the same was not true—she swore to the first, and swore to the last! Which is true?"

Wherever you find the New American Sewing Machine you find peace and happiness. It is the only self-threading and self-setting needle machine in the world. Try it, and you will buy it.

FOR SALE.

Two and a half (2 1/2) Acres of Land at the head of Main Street, suitable for Building Purposes.

Enquire of JOHN SANDS.

\$60 SEWING MACHINE FOR \$40.

Please observe this. I have a WILSON IMPROVED MACHINE

Just from the Factory at Chicago. It has Extension top and Table—the whole extending six feet—also four drawers, besides the usual attachments. The machine is worth \$60, not to speak of freight from Chicago, and yet is pressed for money. I will sell it for \$40, just.

Two-Thirds its Value.

This is a chance rarely presented for buying one of the BEST Sewing Machines known.

SAMUEL H. LITTLE.

Spring Clothing.

For

New and Popular Styles,

—AT THE—

LOWEST PRICES!

CALL ON

H. HALLOCK & CO.,

Clothier & Merchant Tailor,

82 Woodward Avenue, Detroit.

15m179-15m790

G. S. VANZILE,

Still runs the old reliable Lumber-Yard, foot of Main Street,

where may be found all kinds of

PINE LUMBER,

Ash-flooring, Oak & Cedar fence-posts, Tarred sheathing and

Carpet-lining, Rock-salt, Fine salt, Calcined & land plastic

Hard brick, Stone-lime & Cement. Also keep

Doors, Sash and Blinds,

will sell anything in my line Very Low for cash.

G. S. VAN ZILE.

Business Locals.

OUR NEW AND EXHAUSTIVE PREFERENCE is the best and cheapest perfume ever offered to the public for perfuming wearing apparel, letter paper, etc., etc. It is everlasting, and gives to linen, letter paper, and whatever else you may wish, a most refined and pleasant odor. If placed in a drawer, no matter what the contents, it will become redolent in less than 20 minutes. Mailed, postage free, to any address on receipt of the price, 25 cents. Address G. B. Litchfield, Litchfield, Illinois, and please state what paper you saw this notice in.

Read Carefully.

Samuel Osborne, Saphinsburg, says: I was afflicted with dyspepsia for nearly four years, my lungs becoming affected towards the last. I was induced to try the Shaker's Remedy. After using three or four bottles I felt much better and gained strength rapidly, my health improved steadily and rapidly, and when I had taken three or four bottles more, I was quite restored to health and strength, and have experienced better health than for forty years before. I had been under the treatment of a number of physicians before, but never received any material aid until I used your remedy.

A. Moley, Truro, N. Y., says: he was very bed with dyspepsia, but used the Shaker's Remedy, and in a month was as well as he had ever been in his life. I can now in business and wish you to send me three dozen by express.

A. Wood, Connecong, says: he has tried the Remedy for Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia with great success. I have also used the Shaker's Remedy, and find that they are as good as any I ever tried.

Henry King, Geneva, N. Y., says: My wife was intensely afflicted with Dyspepsia for a long time. We consulted physicians of three different schools, and received no benefit. She has taken three bottles of the Great Shaker's Remedy, and is now hearty and well.

Rev. John Scott says: Mr. McNamee, Botting suffered from an attack of Rheumatism, and was unable to move without help; but after taking a few bottles of the Shaker's Remedy was able to walk as well as ever. Price of the Remedy in Pint bottles \$1; trial size 35 cents; Pills 25 cents a box. Prepared only by Foster, Milburn, & Co. Buffalo, N. Y. Successors to S. N. Thomas, Phelps, N. Y.

Trade supplied by Farrand & Williams, Detroit.

A Good Account.

So sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness and suffering, costing \$200 per year, total \$1,200—all of which was paid by three bottles of Hop Bitters, taken by my wife, who has done her own work for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it for their benefit.

John Weeks, Butler, N. Y.

Remedy for hard Times.

Stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style. Buy good healthy food, cheaper and better clothing—get more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of running after expensive and quick doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, and makes the proprietors rich, but put your trust in the greatest of all simple, pure, remedies, Hop Bitters, that cures always at a trifling cost, and you will see better times and good health. Try it once. Read of it in another column.

THE CURE.

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Urinary Organs, Nervelessness, Sleeplessness, Female Complaints and Drunkenness.

\$1,000 IN GOLD.

Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them. Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and free books, and try the Bitters before you sleep. Take no other.

The Hop Cough Cure and Pain Red is the Cheapest, Swiftest and Best.

FOR SALE BY A. M. RANDOLPH.

25m79-25m12

TRUTHS.

HOP BITTERS,

