

The Northville Record

SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor.

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1879.

A very noticeable act of the Legislature last week was the one making legal interest at six per cent, and allowing special contracts at 8 per cent only. Money-lenders will demur greatly at this law, and it is but the poorer classes who will really feel good over it.

STATE NEWS.

Cyrus A. Smith of Escanaba, was kicked by a horse and fatally injured April 16. One eye was torn out and 15 pieces of bone were taken from his skull.

Jesse Ladd, aged about 18 years, fell into a vat of boiling water at the Saginaw barrel works in Saginaw City, April 15, and scalded to death.

The measles are very fashionable in East Saginaw.

West Branch, Ogemaw county, claims to have the largest, smallest and worst looking dog, in the state.

Judge Hammon, of Traverse, notes that apples, pear, peach, plum and cherry prospects are uncertain good in that section; no injury from frost.

Mrs. Nancy Leland of Ann Arbor died April 16, aged 70 years. She was one of the early pioneers of Washtenaw county.

Dr. D. B. Nunn of Jackson, an old resident of the state, died April 16, aged 72 years.

Bennett & Bro., of Bronson, pay 50 cents for potatoes, and can make money shipping them.

The Masons of Ithaca are about to build a very substantial hall.

D. B. Hibbard of Jackson is to put up a new brick block.

Chris. Ward of Pewamo is editor, proprietor, compositor and devil of the Pewamo Plain Dealer and is also the village barber.

Eddie Thompson of Whitehall continued to try his hand at making gun powder, and succeeded in nearly blowing his head off.

Two girls, Fannie Baker and a Miss Tolles, have left the names of their parents at Kalamazoo and no tidings can be obtained of them.

An account of missing persons John Van Nostrand of Marcellus has come in and has been taken to the Kalamazoo asylum.

Of the 200 newly-constructed refrigerators 13 broke off on election day. The reason was so surprising that even one of the editors concluded to refer to it. This took place at Louisville.

Dowagiac has six churches and six saloons. Dr. Reynolds will visit the place soon and see if he cannot cut the tie.

Josiah Walker of Three Rivers, set fire to his house and barn April 11, and \$1,000 in money in the house was consumed with the rest. He is supposed to be insane.

Daniel La Baron of Bridgewater, is serving his 23d. year as supervisor of the township.

The safe of the D. L. & N. railroad at Greenville, was robbed of money and papers to the amount of \$200, on the night of the 13th ult.

A maple-sugar maker of Colon, St. Joseph county, increases the weight of his sweetness by mixing plaster with it.

Monday, April 29, a daughter of Thomas Pearsall, of Dearborn, age 14, was shot through the head and instantly killed by the accidental discharge of a rifle in the hands of her brother.

John Wilson of Lawrence, was arrested April 30, for selling a forged note of \$120. Other notes of like character were found in his possession.

Plymouth Items.

The Bonney flouring mill, supposed to be one of the fine constructed in the state, is now completed.

C. H. Bernier is moving back from Detroit and will occupy his old residence.

Dr. Haines, after a protracted and dangerous illness from a fibrous growth of the tonsils, is greatly improved and hope is entertained for his ultimate recovery.

The Joy Bros. have put a patent pasteur in their mill, and are now prepared to make the best quality of patent process flour.

The D. L. & N. railroad are about to build a first-class iron bridge over the Rouge.

H. Wills and Geo. Wills are making their respective businesses better in looks and convenience by the addition of some carpenter work and lumber.

G. A. Starkweather, to whom we are indebted for the above items, says business is good in the mercantile line, and every indication for prosperous times.

Our Washington Letter.

Washington City, Northville Record.

Washington, D. C., April 29.—After a week's debate one of the antagonists of appropriation bills has passed and been sent to the President. It is expected that he will return it for approval.

During a discussion the other day in the Senate the other day, Senator Windham urged much applause from Republicans by the adroit move to turn the Democratic party.

The subject of negro migration has been brought into Congress by several memorials for raising them in Kansas and elsewhere.

At the Cabinet meeting a day or two ago Sec. Schurz presented certain correspondence and papers in relation to the lands in Indian Territory in danger of being settled on by the whites settlers upon the claim that having been sold by the Indians to the Government, they became public lands of the United States and open to entry under the Homestead and pre-emption laws.

Democrat Times.

Stop spending so much on the clothes, rich food and style. Eat good healthy food, cheaper and better. Nothing gets more real and substantial things of life every year, and especially stop the foolish waste of money and expense, and greatest doctors of all time speak of the value of medicine that does you only harm, and makes the proprietors rich. Let just your trust in the goodness of all simple, pure remedies. Help Nature, that comes always at a trifling cost, and you will see better times and good health. Trust Nature, Read of it in another column.

for Printers.

EXCELSIOR
PRINTING CO.
MANUFACTURERS,
FOUNDRY & COTTON,
124 & 126 MONROE ST., CHICAGO,
And 15 Barclay street, New York.

£25
A Day

10 INVENTUS & ECONOMIES

PATENTS and how to obtain them. Pamphlet of 60 pages free upon receipt of stamp for postage. Address

Grayson, Sauer & Co.,
Solicitors of Patents, Box 31,
Washington, D. C.

14cts per copy

Subscribers for the

Northville Record,

A Neutral Family

Newspaper,

Subscription price,

\$1.50 per year.

The Record contains local and general news that could be desired in any family, while its text is likely to be familiar to the younger readers is strictly forbidden its columns.

Those who desire a pure, sound, truthful reading, will do well to subscribe for the Northville Record.

Address the publisher,

Samuel H. Little,

Northville, Mich.

Published weekly.

Price 25c per copy.

Used all the Year round.

Johnston's

Sarsaparilla

Patent Medicine

LIQUOR, COMPLAINT

COKE, PEPPER,

CHOCOLATE,

WINE, CHERRY,

LEMONADE,

SHIRT SOUP,

SOUP, CHOCOLATE,

The Northville Record

Detroit Business Cards.

Attorneys at Law.

CHAS. B. HOWELL.

LAW and COLLECTION OFFICE.

101 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

Special attention paid to all matters coming before the Probate Court. [57] 17

Restaurants.

GILMAN BROS.

European Hotel,

And Ladies and Gents Restaurant,

Cornell, Jeff and Woodward Aves.

Ladies Dining Par-

DETRIOIT.

Local Business Cards.

Dentistry.

EDWIN N. ROOT, DENTIST. OF

the best and most complete

dentist in Northville.

A. M. RANDOLPH, DENTIST. OF

the best and most complete

dentist in Northville.

Hotels.

CLIFTON HOUSE.

Cornell Main and Center Streets.

J. T. EVES, Propri-

Best of accommodations for the traveler.

Good eating-rooms. A good Bed is guaranteed.

NORTHVILLE MARKETS.

Northville, May 3, 1879.

APPLES, Dried, 5 lb. 18

BEANS, P. D. 2.12

BUTTER, Q. LB. 6.15

COKES, P. 18

CLOVER SEED, 18

DRILLED BEEF, 18

DRILLED CHICKENS, P. 18

DRIED PEACHES, P. 18

Eggs, P. doz. 1.15

FIGUE, P. LB. 6.25

HAM, P. D. 2.10

LARD, P. D. 1.05

OATS, P. LB. 1.15

POTATOES, P. LB. 1.05

SCALLOPS, P. LB. 1.05

SALT, OREGON, P. 18

SUGAR, 18

TALLOW, P. LB. 1.15

WHEAT, Ears. 2.15

No. 1. 2.15

No. 2. 2.15

TRAVELER'S GUIDE

TRAIN LEAVES NORTHVILLE.

PLATE & TETT NEWSPAPER.

EXTRA PAGE.

MAIL EXP. 1.15 P.M. 1.15

TELEGRAPH. 1.15

TRAINS LEAVES PLATTEVILLE.

DET. LANDING & EARL HIGH R. E.

EXTRA PAGE.

MAIL EXP. 1.15 P.M. 1.15

TELEGRAPH. 1.15

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CEN. L.

EXTRA PAGE.

MAIL EXP. 1.15 P.M. 1.15

TELEGRAPH. 1.15

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CEN. L.

EXTRA PAGE.

MAIL EXP. 1.15 P.M. 1.15

TELEGRAPH. 1.15

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CEN. L.

EXTRA PAGE.

MAIL EXP. 1.15 P.M. 1.15

TELEGRAPH. 1.15

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CEN. L.

EXTRA PAGE.

MAIL EXP. 1.15 P.M. 1.15

TELEGRAPH. 1.15

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CEN. L.

EXTRA PAGE.

MAIL EXP. 1.15 P.M. 1.15

TELEGRAPH. 1.15

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CEN. L.

EXTRA PAGE.

MAIL EXP. 1.15 P.M. 1.15

TELEGRAPH. 1.15

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CEN. L.

EXTRA PAGE.

MAIL EXP. 1.15 P.M. 1.15

TELEGRAPH. 1.15

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CEN. L.

EXTRA PAGE.

MAIL EXP. 1.15 P.M. 1.15

TELEGRAPH. 1.15

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CEN. L.

EXTRA PAGE.

MAIL EXP. 1.15 P.M. 1.15

TELEGRAPH. 1.15

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CEN. L.

EXTRA PAGE.

MAIL EXP. 1.15 P.M. 1.15

TELEGRAPH. 1.15

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CEN. L.

EXTRA PAGE.

MAIL EXP. 1.15 P.M. 1.15

TELEGRAPH. 1.15

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CEN. L.

EXTRA PAGE.

MAIL EXP. 1.15 P.M. 1.15

TELEGRAPH. 1.15

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CEN. L.

EXTRA PAGE.

MAIL EXP. 1.15 P.M. 1.15

TELEGRAPH. 1.15

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CEN. L.

EXTRA PAGE.

MAIL EXP. 1.15 P.M. 1.15

TELEGRAPH. 1.15

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CEN. L.

EXTRA PAGE.

MAIL EXP. 1.15 P.M. 1.15

TELEGRAPH. 1.15

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CEN. L.

EXTRA PAGE.

MAIL EXP. 1.15 P.M. 1.15

TELEGRAPH. 1.15

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CEN. L.

EXTRA PAGE.

MAIL EXP. 1.15 P.M. 1.15

TELEGRAPH. 1.15

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CEN. L.

EXTRA PAGE.

MAIL EXP. 1.15 P.M. 1.15

TELEGRAPH. 1.15

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CEN. L.

EXTRA PAGE.

MAIL EXP. 1.15 P.M. 1.15

TELEGRAPH. 1.15

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CEN. L.

EXTRA PAGE.

MAIL EXP. 1.15 P.M. 1.15

TELEGRAPH. 1.15

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CEN. L.

EXTRA PAGE.

MAIL EXP. 1.15 P.M. 1.15

TELEGRAPH. 1.15

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CEN. L.

EXTRA PAGE.

MAIL EXP. 1.15 P.M. 1.15

TELEGRAPH. 1.15

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CEN. L.

EXTRA PAGE.

MAIL EXP. 1.15 P.M. 1.15

TELEGRAPH. 1.15

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CEN. L.

EXTRA PAGE.

MAIL EXP. 1.15 P.M. 1.15

TELEGRAPH. 1.15

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CEN. L.

EXTRA PAGE.

MAIL EXP. 1.15 P.M. 1.15

TELEGRAPH. 1.15

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CEN. L.

EXTRA PAGE.

MAIL EXP. 1.15 P.M. 1.15

TELEGRAPH. 1.15

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CEN. L.

EXTRA PAGE.

MAIL EXP. 1.15 P.M. 1.15

TELEGRAPH. 1.15

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CEN. L.

EXTRA PAGE.

MAIL EXP. 1.15 P.M. 1.15

TELEGRAPH. 1.15

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CEN. L.

EXTRA PAGE.

MAIL EXP. 1.15 P.M. 1.15

TELEGRAPH. 1.15

LEAVE WAYNE ON MICH. CEN. L.

EXTRA PAGE.

The Northville Record.

SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor & Prop.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

SPRING IN FIELD AND WOOD.

The earth awakes as from a dreamless sleep.
And softly puts her drowsy garments off;
A coat of tender green, will blue embowered deep,
Over that bedding-matted hedge-tree sleep.

Such vivid emerald as ne'er shone in shade;
In the crown of many a cedar above;

And makes the sun in golden wayward gait.

The budding beauty of the wood is full

Of oaks now soft in their hue;

The ribbon-trunk and boughs to size;

The air is pure—most sweetly clear and cool.

And Heaven seems opened through the distant boughs;

The swelling streams, and doves are hift on song.

See, through you, said the pioner drives his shaft;

And the pert girls close follow'd at his heel;

And o'er the farms, slowly winding, steal

Two waves of maid that waver into air.

The upland lea is dotted here and there

With glowing sheep that hark to pearls, re-

A glistening whiteness; and the cattle kneel

In full contentment with the sun's fire fare.

The crooked trees is busy in the boughs;

The blackbird runs, then, rustling, whisks

the air;

And the sweet lark goes caroling up the sky.

A bright time is on the fair wood's boughs,

That gleams, yet a little tree the eye

The riven, new-waked, beamed, and mirrored

by flocks.

The children from the neighboring village school

Come forth, in their Sunday best, to play

And labor hard for mid-day meal.

And answer slowly to maternal rule.

They dance and group themselves in circle, full

Then join their hands, and loose, and scatter

Their movements such unconscious grace re-

vealing dainty Western, fresh and cool.

The bairns have down upon the grass cross-fain

And crooning on world make to join their sport;

The meadow-sins and now young voices sing

How sweet the birds that come back again;

Of innocence and joy, no more true report;

These voices are the voices of the spring.

—Good Birds.

CUPID IN A STREET CAR.

A Fashionable Young Lady Falls In Love With a Driver.

It was in the early fall of last year, while yet the weather was so balmy and pleasant that the doors of the street cars were kept continually open, that Miss Treadwell, who only the previous summer had graduated from one of the most fashionable ladies' seminaries, and a few weeks thereafter made quite a furor as the bridesmaid of lady friend, was bewitched by the beautiful eyes of Dennis McQuine. Seated in the center of the car, the first felt their influence, and, moving toward the front door, she sat down by the open window, where she could command a better view of her charmer. But no good driver turns around haphazard. Attention must be paid to his horses, and Dennis was a model driver. So for blocks and blocks the vehicle rode on, remaining quietly seated, until at last a mere accident, the calling of the conductor, caused him to turn. Then his eyes again met those of the passenger, whose first impression was confirmed. Her second view of the fellow's features only increased her secret longing to know more of their possessor.

Any one who saw the young lady at the moment when McQuine, unaware that he had become an object of close scrutiny, once more fixed his glance immovably on his horses, might have seen her pull out of her pocketbook a tiny silver-headed pencil, and glancing furtively around as if afraid that some one were watching her, put down the number of the car in a small memorandum-book. This satisfied that all was right, and the front door being happily open, she lightly tapped the driver on the shoulder and asked him to stop at the next corner. Once more she had a chance to look into those eyes that had enthralled her heart. And, leaving the car by the front platform, she did not fail to see them for the last time, as Dennis started his horses off again.

The conflicting emotions that racked that bright young soul the night following this eventful meeting may not be described by reporter pen. Miss Treadwell, it is remembered, was not of the giddy class of young women who love to flirt for flirtation's sake. Neither was she an ignorant, untutored maiden, incapable of measuring the consequences that might follow her infatuation. She knew full well that her Sisters, and her cousins, and her aunts, to say nothing of her uncles and other relatives and friends, would discard her at the first intimation that she meditated a union that would lower her social standing. But still those fatal eyes haunted her before and during the hours of sleep, and reappeared with all their original power even when the bright sunlight of the morning streamed into her hand somely-furnished room. There was no happiness for her without the actual presence of those bewitching eyes. Her resolve was soon taken. She would take daily rides on that identical car. Indeed, had she not taken the number for that purpose on the previous day? And so she hurried forth, walking for a long time up and down Sixth avenue, awaiting the arrival of the car. But Dennis was discovered before the number could be seen. He stopped, and she entered, accidentally, of course, by the front platform. The driver seemed to recognize her, but maintained his stolid indifference. On she rode, way down to the Vesey street terminus, and then, paying the conductor a second fare, she said that she had made a mistake, and intended to stop somewhere along the avenue.

Watching her opportunity, the front door being still open, and while the conductor was talking to some one on the rear platform, she approached the driver, and, to the latter's astonishment told him that she wanted to see him at her home. The poor fellow, utterly disengaged at being addressed by a handsome lady and requested to call upon her at her house, did not know what to think. But, handing him a slip of paper on which her name and address were written, she said, "Now,

don't forget I must see you this afternoon."

Arriving at the depot Dennis pleaded ill health and asked to be replaced till morning by another driver—a request readily granted by the starter. Wondering what a lady residing with her parents in a prominent uptown family hotel could want of him, McQuine put on his best suit and soon reached the proper address. The young lady was already waiting for him. Indeed, time was precious as the bear for papa's returning from business was rapidly approaching. Her story was soon told to the bewildered driver. She wanted to marry him and bask in the sunshine of his eyes, which to her were almost divine. His objection, however, was not so easily disposed of.

"I am already engaged to a young woman employed in a West Side hotel," he said.

"Do you love her?" was the rejoinder, and the hesitating driver was captured before he could say another word. "I'll see her and make her give up the engagement," was Miss Treadwell's ready solution of this difficulty.

But it was not so easy of accomplishment as Miss Treadwell imagined, and as the sequel will show. Obtaining the young woman's address, she dismissed the object of her love first, as a matter of course, arranging to meet him again. A note was quickly dispatched to the hotel where the fiancee was employed, and the latter, not dreaming what the nature of the business, could be, presented herself at Miss Treadwell's door the next morning. Without further ado the latter unfolded her plans, saying that she was determined to marry the Sixth avenue horse-car driver.

"But you never shall," exclaimed Margaret in a rage; "you ought to be ashamed of yourself to try to take him from me."

Words can hardly describe the scene of passion and pleading that followed, and the first interview ended any way but satisfactorily to Miss Treadwell. Days and weeks elapsed when, at last, with the aid of Dennis himself, she endeavored to pacify the enraged Margaret. But all to no purpose, until at last he himself settled the question by renouncing her and giving his hand and heart to the new love.

All this, to Margaret's credit be it said, was kept a secret from the Treadwell family, and it was only after the driver and his young bride had reached Philadelphia that word was sent to the distressed parents.

A car driver's funds are never very large. The young man's presence among the young lady's acquaintances shortly after was for the purpose of reconciling the old folks to their daughter's match, and his good looks, it is said, have thus far done much toward accomplishing that end. Still peace has not been fully re-established in the Treadwell-family-circle, and while efforts are progressing toward reaching this result, the driver's bride occupies the second floor of a Seventh avenue tenement house, and there daily waits for those small hours when the husband's attention may be diverted from his business to his wife.

Friends state, however, that this will not last long; that before many weeks have passed Mr. and Mrs. McQuine will be comfortably settled on a Western farm, there to enjoy that freedom from social criticism and restraint which New York society fails to grant. —N. Y. Herald.

What He Was Going to Say.

Young Mr. Goldsmith, who is a clerk in one of our dry goods stores upon a fair salary, and who has for some time been paying attention to a young lady of the southland, whose father is worth forty thousand dollars, made up his mind long since that he would finally settle the question of her regard for him. Thursday evening he arrayed himself in his most prepossessing garments, and omitting his supper from reason of sudden and total loss of appetite, he repaired to the barbershop, for the purpose of acquiring that smoothness of face so much admired by his young lady.

"Now," said young Mr. Goldsmith to himself, "it will be an excellent opportunity to think up something to say, while I'm being shaved," and he took his seat in the chair, elevated his heels, closed his eyes, and put his thoughts into reflective order. Hesitated himself:

"I want to begin with—"

"Shave?" inquired the knight of the razor.

"Of course," said young Mr. Goldsmith, somewhat tardily, opening his eyes, "you don't suppose I came in to get a tooth pulled, do you?"

The barber smiled in a soft tone, and proceeded with his work, while young Mr. Goldsmith closed his eyes again, and resumed his musing:

"I'll begin by saying that she cannot be insensible to the fact that her—"

"Razor pull?" broke in the artist, as he gave an upward stroke under the chin.

"No!" replied young Mr. Goldsmith, crossly. "—That her charms have won for her a place in my affections that no amount of—"

"Pimples?" inquired the barber, as young Mr. Goldsmith winced under the razor; "did I nip a pimple?"

"Go ahead," said the young man, shortly, and relapsed into: "—That no amount of adversity can ever eradicate. I have longed to sit and drink—"

"Bay rum?"

Young Mr. Goldsmith shook his head, with a wretched feeling in his breast that boded the barber no good, and continued: "—And drink in the love that I am certain she bears for me. Then I will kind of lead on until I have—"

"Hair cut?" interrupted the barber unconsciously of the mischief he was doing. A malevolent glare from his customer answered his question in the negative.

"Until I have my points well stated," continued young Mr. Goldsmith to himself, "and then I will conclude by saying—and now, dearest Mary, will you have—"

"Any oil?" said the barber, pausing with the bottle in hand.

And then the other customers were horrified at seeing a young man shoot

out of the chair, clutched the barber by the neck, and break the oil bottle over his head, and then, as he backed the terrified razor-manipulator against the wall, they heard him scream, in a passing-torn voice:

"You miserable apology for a photograph! I don't want any oil, any shampoo, any pomatum, any cosmetic, any creams—and—any—"

And young Mr. Goldsmith, grabbing his coat and hat, tore out of the door and up the street, cutting his feet so hard that he started two gold fillings, and entirely ruined the nerves of an elderly woman on the opposite side of the street. He didn't propose that evening.—*Lockland Courier.*

Flower-Garden Hints.

Many people say that their flowers, which once did well, do not thrive any more, and the reason is incomprehensible to them. In many cases the trouble is worn-out soil, and if a little manure or a little fresh earth be added occasionally it is wonderful what an effect it will have on the renewed growth of half-worn-out root-stocks. Some kinds of flowers, especially, soon grow surly, and bad-tempered unless they have a complete change of earth once in a while. The verbena is of this character. In perfectly fresh soil—that is, earth which has never grown a verbena before—it grows like a weed; but the next year it is not quite so well, and in a few years it absolutely refuses to creep, run, or do anything, and we are forced to confess that the verbena won't do for us as it used to years ago.

Other flowers are not quite so stubbornly fastidious as the verbena, but still all more or less like to feel rejuvenited by an addition of some kind occasionally to the earth-blessings they have already been treated to.

Almost all our best hardy flowers are natives of woods or low, undisturbed lands, where the decaying leaves from the trees or the washings of higher surface-lands make a new annual entertainment for them; and it has been found by experiment that nothing is so good for these pretty-little flowers as well-rotted leaf-mold from the woods spread round the root-stocks, just above the ground. But where this cannot be had, any other well-decayed vegetable refuse that may be laying around will do very nearly as well. Strong, rich manure—barnyard manure—has not been found very good for garden-flowers. It makes the herbage too strong and the flowers less in proportion. But, if nothing more natural can be got at to help the flowers along and the soil seems exhausted and poor, this will be found much better than leaving the plants to struggle along as best they can.—*Gardener's Telegraph.*

The Beginning of the Dairy Season.

The dairy season proper opens this spring as much later than the average as last season did earlier. It will be remembered that last spring the man went off unusually early, and grazed out an early start, thus beginning two or three weeks earlier a season of unprecedented productiveness which extended over two or three weeks further than usual into the fall—ever up to the beginning of the winter months.

Indeed, last year the dairyman had too much of a good thing. They will have nothing of the kind to complain of this spring, and should the season prove unfavorable for production, and shortens up as much at the last end as it has in the beginning, it cannot fail to have a marked influence on prices.

The question to be solved will then be as to whether the smaller yield will bring enough more per pound to make up for the decrease in the amount of the product.

It is not unlikely that the low prices of last year, the overstocked market and the unpropitious outlook for the future may induce some to go out of dairying and turn their attention to other branches of agriculture. It is not every one that can afford to do a losing business year after year; and we are sure that many dairymen actually lost money last year, if they did not the year before. Another losing year must prove disastrous to some of them.

One of the effects of the later opening of the season, while reducing the manufacture of cheese, will be to throw upon the market an increased amount of hay-made butter. This, while deficient in flavor, is too strong and the flowers less in proportion, it is not so good as to be palatable.

It is not unlikely that the low prices of last year, the overstocked market and the unpropitious outlook for the future may induce some to go out of dairying and turn their attention to other branches of agriculture. It is not every one that can afford to do a losing business year after year; and we are sure that many dairymen actually lost money last year, if they did not the year before. Another losing year must prove disastrous to some of them.

Before you begin your heavy spring work after a winter of relaxation, you should clean and strengthen to prevent an attack of Arteritis, Bilious or Spring Fever, or some other Spring sickness that will unfit you for a season's work. You will save time, much labor and great expense if you will use the new Cough Cure to keep the consumer in its best condition.

It is not unlikely that the low prices of last year, the overstocked market and the unpropitious outlook for the future may induce some to go out of dairying and turn their attention to other branches of agriculture. It is not every one that can afford to do a losing business year after year; and we are sure that many dairymen actually lost money last year, if they did not the year before. Another losing year must prove disastrous to some of them.

Before you begin your heavy spring work after a winter of relaxation, you should clean and strengthen to prevent an attack of Arteritis, Bilious or Spring Fever, or some other Spring sickness that will unfit you for a season's work. You will save time, much labor and great expense if you will use the new Cough Cure to keep the consumer in its best condition.

It is not unlikely that the low prices of last year, the overstocked market and the unpropitious outlook for the future may induce some to go out of dairying and turn their attention to other branches of agriculture. It is not every one that can afford to do a losing business year after year; and we are sure that many dairymen actually lost money last year, if they did not the year before. Another losing year must prove disastrous to some of them.

It is not unlikely that the low prices of last year, the overstocked market and the unpropitious outlook for the future may induce some to go out of dairying and turn their attention to other branches of agriculture. It is not every one that can afford to do a losing business year after year; and we are sure that many dairymen actually lost money last year, if they did not the year before. Another losing year must prove disastrous to some of them.

It is not unlikely that the low prices of last year, the overstocked market and the unpropitious outlook for the future may induce some to go out of dairying and turn their attention to other branches of agriculture. It is not every one that can afford to do a losing business year after year; and we are sure that many dairymen actually lost money last year, if they did not the year before. Another losing year must prove disastrous to some of them.

It is not unlikely that the low prices of last year, the overstocked market and the unpropitious outlook for the future may induce some to go out of dairying and turn their attention to other branches of agriculture. It is not every one that can afford to do a losing business year after year; and we are sure that many dairymen actually lost money last year, if they did not the year before. Another losing year must prove disastrous to some of them.

It is not unlikely that the low prices of last year, the overstocked market and the unpropitious outlook for the future may induce some to go out of dairying and turn their attention to other branches of agriculture. It is not every one that can afford to do a losing business year after year; and we are sure that many dairymen actually lost money last year, if they did not the year before. Another losing year must prove disastrous to some of them.

It is not unlikely that the low prices of last year, the overstocked market and the unpropitious outlook for the future may induce some to go out of dairying and turn their attention to other branches of agriculture. It is not every one that can afford to do a losing business year after year; and we are sure that many dairymen actually lost money last year, if they did not the year before. Another losing year must prove disastrous to some of them.

It is not unlikely that the low prices of last year, the overstocked market and the unpropitious outlook for the future may induce some to go out of dairying and turn their attention to other branches of agriculture. It is not every one that can afford to do a losing business year after year; and we are sure that many dairymen actually lost money last year, if they did not the year before. Another losing year must prove disastrous to some of them.

It is not unlikely that the low prices