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Our Aim—The People's Welfare.

[Always in Advance]

VOL. XI. NORTHVILLE, WAYNE CO., MICH., NOVEMBER 29, 1879. NO. 11.

GIVING THANKS.

The golden glow of autumn time
Has faded like an ember,
At the dreary fireside,
The first snows of November.
Chill blows the wind through woods and screens,
Or all the leafy glory gone,
Thus the season's round
Repeats the endless story.

The earth hath yielded up her fruits
To those the sons of labor,
And peace and plenty crown the lives
Of every friend and neighbor.
In crowded cities, broad
In lakes and rivers,
The world over bears her bounties
To bless the gracious Giver.

Thanksgiving for the harvest full,
The orchard's mellow treasures,
The purple grapes, the golden corn,
And all the fruits of the earth,
Abundance rich and manifold.
That make life worth the living;
For these sake the young and old
Join in the thanksgiving.

The kindly pair, whose reigns of years
Have made us happy and gay,
With all their children round them:
The father giveth fervent thanks
In simple speech and action,
And stretches forth his aged hands
In holy benediction.

These friends have rendered service,
Except such grief and pleasure—
The trials of the fading past—
And still the measure
Of youth and beauty, goodness,
As in the field there grows,
Beneath the blue sky, is new,
And all the days are golden.

Thanks to the Father, then,
Who still doth leave
With us through all the border years,
The gift of His grace,
And still the love of His heart abides,
Make life well worth the living,
Be it ever thus, Amen.

A Drawing in Colors, Interlaced.

POLLY'S PUMPKIN PIES.

Great golden "pumpkin" yellow
Enough to be apples of the Hesperides,
Lying about the kitchen floor and
Polly in the kitchen table was making
pumpkin pies."

Her thoughts ran in this wise, as she measured out the ingredients: "One-and-one-half pounds of loaf sugar, one-half pound of butter, two quarts of cream—no, a quart. No, Melissa really enraged to the minister. Dear me, some people have everything in the world, I wonder if they are lucky in the next? How gravely he would look at me if he were to hear me express such a frivolous thought. He is a sumoif; but how!—but I can't look at his blue eyes. The other night when I buttered my arms at the candle-light, I dressed it so prettily as a man, and looked so kind and easy that what with his sympathy and the birth, I could hardly keep back the tears." He said I had always learned of his hardest lesson—patience, and add to it—Dove-tail the quilt, I said, laughing. "I will be happy, and all, if I can have an opportunity in this life. And I knowed so gravely that it did not stop that I am, Frank. You and this shaggy-haired bear are crazy, every now and then, just like the Devil in the house."

"Hobbit! Hobbit! So full of the air for they are not, neither do they sleep, nor gather roots, yet your Heavenly Father feeds them! Are yet not much better than they?"

The words of comfort coming into her mind warmed her cold heart, and with a gladness she shivered the snow, silver emanation of the church spire, brightly filling up the interior of the peaceful little church, and walking up the aisle took her way where the minster took her. It was while the organ was playing a hymn, and Polly's heart beat more lightly. She watched them, cheering, plucking and finding sustenance in the barrel of cake, and all, if I can have an opportunity in this life, and then may be I will have some peace of my life."

There was silence in the house after this. Polly turned aside her head that her tears might not fall in the pastries she was working, and the sympathetic bird finished its song and dropped its head.

Polly's reddish-brown eyes were cast high on her head, and fastened with an old-fashioned steel comb of her mother's; she had on a green, dark blouse and her rolled-up sleeves showed white stems, made wider by the powdered over them. She was a pretty picture as she rolled out her pastry and cut it in delicate, curling strips, but she was so engrossed in pressing the ugly, angry feelings that flushed her cheek and beamed her breast but forced no outlet at her lips, that she was unconscious of a spectator until, hearing a movement, she raised her eyes and met the minister's.

He was standing in the doorway between the sitting room and kitchen, and Polly's first thought was that her just had maliciously sent him to seek her, thinking thus to embarrass her. This thought came to her assistance, and adding a twinge in spite of her ignorance as she met the stony stare of his blue eyes, she motioned him to a chair with the air of a Princess and went on with her work.

He brought the chair and sat as close as possible to the table, and the minister followed, so close, that Miss Phoebe had also invited dinner.

At dinner Melissa was placed next to the minister and Polly opposite, a small maid being behind for the occasion. Polly's face was flushed with excitement, and she could not help noticing what a handsome couple they would make as she glanced from the minister to Melissa's cold, clear-cut face. She did not know at what moment she had lost her self-possession. After church Polly hurried home to see the minister again, for reasons of her own, and he motioned her to a chair with the air of a Prince and went on with her work.

You are making pumpkin pie?

It is a shame for a man of his talents to bury himself in an obscure village.

Once the minister caught the expression of the wild brown eyes, and there was such misery in them that for a moment he lost his self-possession.

After church Polly hurried home to see the minister again, for reasons of her own, and he motioned her to a chair with the air of a Prince and went on with her work.

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SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor.

SATURDAY, NOV. 25, 1879.

Historical Sketch.

BY REV. STEPHEN CALVIN.

NO. 14.
Among the early settlers we have mentioned the name of Samuel Barlow. He was widely known as Sam Barlow. He was a strong muscular, well built man—six feet in height—tough and unyielding in appearance—apparently as an indication of the existence of moral principles—a well-educated Patagonian. He settled in the north east part of the town and for a few years cultivated a small piece of ground. In the fall of the year it was finishing the digging and storing in holes a crop of potatoes, an emigrant who was moving on a few miles west, was passing and asked him if he would sell some of his crop. "Oh yes," said "Sam," there is a notion that I have put there to sell lots of sorted potatoes, you can give them for thirty cents a bushel." "That's what the emigrant said in dollars?" "Yes," said Sam, and you pay me now and me and get them when you please, I do not at home it will make no difference." A money was paid and the man went on his way, thinking himself fortunate in securing his supply of potatoes at a reasonable price and not far from his home. In a few days he returned to take his potatoes home. Sam was not at home, and so he drove to the field and opened the pit; when he did, the vermin lot of small potatoes ever exhibited to mortal sight; and now he starts out to find Sam; he was found after a long search, and asked if he had not made a mistake in the potato, as they were not as he recollect them. "Why," said Sam, "I sold you sorted potatoes, stranger, and now you should find any large ones in that lot, you may be sure it is a mere accident. I intended to do my work well." The stranger saw at once the utter hopelessness of his case, and left with a new illustration of human depravity.

Sam Barlow intellectually, was what we would call, sharp, witty, quick, active, apt, as "unning as a fox." He had some knowledge of law; some proably from a little study and attention to it; but mostly from personal experience or observation. He used often to be employed to plead cases on justice courts, and on such occasions he would call forth by his quick wit roar of laughter from the spectators, and often even from the court, in spite of its conventional dignity. His quick discernment and clever, failing wit went far to compensate for his lack of legal knowledge. Kingkey S. Burgham, a friend of Sam's, of the state and member of Congress, whose farm lay just out of our town, at the west, was in those days also employed to plead in justices' courts, and being naturally a perfect specimen in every sense of the word; and by education well qualified for what ever he took in hand; when those men were brought together as council or opponents sides of a case, the contrast could scarcely be greater. The one gentlemanly, well polished in manner, educated, dignified, a pleasant and forcible speaker, well dressed and commanding in appearance—the other with hands unashed, hair uncombed, clothes coarse, patched, ragged, an old sloth hat, pants tucked in the knots or drawn up and resting on the top of the boot legs, vest coarse and unbuttoned and with all this a boldness and self-conceit—such that comisived every one that he was proud of his rough man. A stranger looking upon these two men as they took their places, to plead the case of their clients, could scarcely refrain from smiling at the ludicrousness of the sight. Yet as the case proceeded this feeling would give way to surprise, even astonishment; that one making such an unsmooth appearance, so forbidding in every respect, one you had very justly written down in your own mind as a God-forsaken-dare-devil fellow, could handle a case so well. He would examine the papers that had been served, and the pleading critically, often finding errors and obtaining a nraist or in criminal suits the discharge of the prisoner.

A civil process was served upon one of our townmen, the officer made his return personally served, and the case was called. Mr. Pingham, filed a declaration and "Sam" was to plead the case for the defendant. Sam plead that his client had had no service whatever, no notice of lawsuit, they were there only accidentally. They had started out on a hunt, and they saw several of their neighbors coming this way and so they followed on, and finally saw more coming and mistrusted there was some fear or difficulty up, and as that was what they hunted for they concluded to come with the rest. Now said he, "If you please the court, we know nothing of this at all, therefore we ask a non-suit." But said Mr. Pingham, "Please the court, here is the summons, returned personally served, and properly signed by the officer. I should think that source sufficient." Whereupon "Sam" repeated they had had no notice, and took out his pocket-book, saying: "As we came across the 'big marsh' we picked up this paper. I did not know what it meant, but thought I would bring it along." It was an exact copy of the summons the officer had given the defendant; only the officer had neglected to sign his name. The non-suit was granted. When the proceedings were all correct and the case came to trial, no man was more abashed in cross-examining witnesses or in making objection in giving evidence, or in handing witnesses on his own side than this same "Sam." He was never at a loss for a reply. His natural humor and wit would flash out suddenly and almost contumaciously taking one as much by surprise as a flash of lightning with a clear sky. With culture, education and refinement, what a man might Sam Barlow have been. That for which he was chiefly notorious must be reserved for another sketch.

THE 'BRUNSWICK'

J. M. LANDFORD, Prop.
Detroit Mich.
C. C. Griswold & Sons, Sts.

The BRUNSWICK is a first-class hotel in every particular, and the proprietor deserves that it shall not be surpassed in the State.

C. C. Griswold, Manager.

HARRY HARRIS, Clerk. 1000000.

Card to the Public.

Having made arrangements to close out my business on the first of next February, I take this opportunity of saying to the Public that I shall during my stay in Northville make Card-Photographs for Two Dollars per dozen, and guarantee them equal to any taken during the past year by me—to be paid for when the negative is made.

Don't wait until the last minute, but come before the rush and get some Photographs that cannot be excelled in the state of Michigan.

A. B. Taylor,
Northville, Nov. 1st, 1879.

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Burr Stone

Ready for Service. Open for Drawing.

GRIST and FEED MILLS

WARRANTED BEST AND CHEAPEST.

FARMERS AND STOCK-MEN

Saved 50 per cent. by reducing feed.

A SMALL CUSTOM MILL IN EVERY VILLAGE

AND TOWN.

What about any of them?

Code-Pais, Iowa, March 1877.

100 GALLON FEED MILLS WITH ONE HORSE POWER.

J. W. STOWE.

City Garage, Dayton, O. Dec. 18, 1877.

100 GALLON FEED MILLS WITH ONE HORSE POWER.

J. D. DURST, Prop.

Durant, B. J. Dev. Chicago, Jan. 1878.

100 GALLON FEED MILLS WITH ONE HORSE POWER.

EDWARDS & CO.

Champaign, Ill., March 1878.

100 GALLON FEED MILLS WITH ONE HORSE POWER.

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Miles for T. Doty & Co.

J. O. RICHARDS & Co., Chicago, Ill.

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GRISSOM'S ELEVATOR, CO. MILLS.

For sale by all dealers.

WOMEN
MAIDENS
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THERAPEUTIC
OF WOMEN.

WAGNER'S PAPER.

The Northville Record

Detroit Business Cards.

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JOHN B. CORLISS,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW,
AND Patent Solicitor.

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GILLMAN BROS.

European Hotel

And Ladies and Gentle Restaurant.

Cor. Jeff. and Woodward Aves.

Ladies Dining Parl. of up stairs.

DETROIT.

Local Business Cards.

Teacher of Music.

MRS. J. G. CROUL, TEACHER

of Music. Will take a limited number of pupils
A full education guaranteed. Terms made known
on application. All kinds of sheet music at
published rates.

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Hotels.

CLIFTON HOUSE.

Corner Main and Center Streets.

J. T. IVER, Prop't.
Best of accommodations for the traveling public:
Good sample-rooms, a good Bar in connection
with hotel.

Business.

A. M. RANDOLPH, DENTIST, OF
six and operative rooms in rear of Randolph's
Drug Store, on Center Street, Northville. Nick
Balber Paint a specialty. Work guaranteed
satisfactory.

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EDWIN N. ROOT, DENTIST, OF
six and operative rooms over Lape
Koch & Kestner's store in Penn
Ave., Northville. 100079m2

Technological Institute Paid!

BY USE OF NITROUS OXIDE GAS.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

TRAIN'S LEAVE NORTHVILLE
FLEET & PERE MARQUETTE R.R.
AT THE FOLLOWING TIMES:

POSTER 11:30 A.M. MAIL 11:50 P.M.
Express 1:30 P.M. EXPRESS 1:50 P.M.
Detroit Exp. 1:45 P.M. Detroit Exp. 1:55 P.M.

100079m2

Home and Vicinity.

Holiday goods at Sayns'.

Photographs of Chandler at Sayns'.
Everything, or most everything at
Sayns'.

Picture frames, chromes and panel pictures at Sayns'.

Thanksgiving was observed here in a general suspension of business, religious services and—investigation into Turkey affairs.

Wm. Simola is said to have hired out to a Detroit baker, and will soon be distributing the "staff of life" throughout the city.

That was a wise colored man who, in speaking of the happiness of married people, said: "Dat ar' ponda allogedder has day enjoys damsel-vee."

Dr. and Mrs. Swift returned from Fall River, Mass., a few days since. Their daughter, Mrs. Millie and her babe and nurse-girl returned with them.

Among visitors in town this week were fire-marshall Dunlap and family, of Detroit; George Swift and wife of Wayne; David Wilcox and wife, of Plymouth.

A man was here this week looking up a site for a soap factory. He remarked that Northville was just the place. Some how or other, that remark struck us as an insinuation.

Another lot of good sized porkers were driven on the scales last week and shipped from this depot. Cassie B. Colburn, who is buying all kinds, purchased the hogs of J. J. Thompson.

The editor of the South Lyon Sentinel was in town this week. He is in rather poor health at present, but notwithstanding, manages to bring out a first-class paper each week and that too, on time.

The school examinations for the closing quarter, were held this week and passed off creditably to all concerned. The elocutionary exercises of some of the younger classes were mostly very fine and reflected credit upon their teacher, Miss Hathaway and Miss Brown.

It is not what a man owes that breaks him down. It is what he is obliged to pay that makes him feel bad. So thought a Northville man the other day who was really shamed into paying for the digging of his wife's grave.

Nothing is so fatal to the romance of a kiss as to have your girl sneeze at the very climax of osculation. A certain young gent experienced this drawback at the school lyceum Monday night, but made up for the loss in a more successful attempt at the foot of the stairs.

The members of the Northville corn band are to have a benefit at Little's Opera House, on the evenings of Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 4th, 5th and 6th. Mason & Morgan's Theatre Company will appear, in a selection of the leading dramatics. There will be a matinee Saturday, 6th, at 2 p.m.

A man in Northville, who attends church quite regularly, but never makes any profession of religion, was asked his belief in general. In reply he said: "I believe if many of us knew the extent of the Lord's information we should take less trouble to inform Him that we were poor miserable sinners."

Last week a widow near Mendon paid the editor of the Constantine Mercury, 24 years subscription, her deceased husband having subscribed for the paper 24 years ago and never paid a cent. Now the editor of the Record has every respect—not to say love—for a widow, but will see one in purgatory before he will wait 24 years for her husband to die in order to get pay for a newspaper subscription.

Our Northville Cornet Band, as an organization are very fine and a credit to our town. They have been ready at all times to aid in any enterprise, or entertainment that would benefit the people, and that too, at a loss of time, and without remuneration. In consideration of this let our citizens turn out during the three nights of their benefit at the opera house, and give them a good lift. Let the hand-boys see from full houses that their services are appreciated.

Presbyterian Anniversary.

The semi-centennial anniversary of the First Presbyterian church of Plymouth, was held on Friday afternoon and evening at the Presbyterian church of this place. The afternoon services consisted of the usual devotional exercises, and a history of the church from first organization to the present time, by Rev. James Duubar. In the evening about four hundred people were fed from tables arranged in the gallery, after which toasts were given and responses made by Revs. Gelston, Jacklin, Eldridge, Dobson, and by George Swift of Wayne, George Duplak of Detroit and Dr. Swift and others.

Although the day was somewhat rainy and unpleasant the whole affair passed off pleasantly and was much enjoyed by all who attended.

Piazza Satchel.

[From the South Lyon Sentinel.]

Mr. Editor—I see that your correspondent, Elder Galusha, is giving the readers of your paper a full history of log school houses, teachers, singing schools, with the "et cetera" there are attached. But he lived in Northville, at the time he mentions, he might have described one of the greatest log school houses scenes ever down among men. A little south of where the village of Northville now stands, was built, about fifty years ago, a fine log school house in which was taught summer and winter schools—being and Sunday schools—in fact all kinds of meetings were held in this fine edifice.

Young itinerant preachers were wont to hold forth" every second Sabbath in this recently made structure, and would peer out, from their abundance, large amounts of sulphurated hydrogen gas upon the heads of the poor ignorant plowmen until, doobidoo, come thought that a great sacrifice was necessary to save them from the impending like that burns with fire and brimstone. Therefore it came to pass, on one fine Sunday morning, as the reverend geat was coming along to give the poor plowmen another sprinkling from his overflowing vials of wrath, this fine log resort was down and over the top of the rains thereof, lay the largest ball that ever roamed in the common pastures of our country. It was of great weight and full three years growth, "without spot or blemish." He was placed upon this sacred alter, at least six or eight feet from the ground, his head was toward the north, his eyes protruded, his nostrils extended, his very large mouth wide open. His long tail curved over his high and crooked back, his nose strode large and hollow head, covered with long hair, made him the most frightful appearance that ever came into the heart of man to conceive. The news was telephoned from "Dan, even unto Eversheds; and from the "going down of the sun." Moreover there was a great commotion among the people greater than ever was known from the beginning of the world, even unto this day, some mourned—some laughed and rejoiced—others stood amazed and gave it up. One man dares his advent into this country, from the time the ball was on the school house. And as the minister approached this awful scene his horse stopped and refused to go—his rider beat him but he refused to obey—whether he spoke like Balow's Ass or not, I do not know. Therefore, I wish to leave the particulars to Deacon Bradley of Northville, as he seems to know more about this scene than any other man I ever knew.

Very respectfully yours,
A Proverb.

Salem Items.

John Root, a young man of 20, H. Cole, recently returned from the north, is a boy of 18.

Archie Cook of Flint, a short time ago, was a day laborer.

Mr. & Mrs. Newby of this place, recently received to Cleveland, Ohio.

Archie Cook has returned from the north, and will be back in the spring. Miss Carrie Powers of this place, will soon return to Mass., where she will remain.

J. Drake of this place, after a grand old hunt in North, has returned home.

Mr. Sutherland will start his mill on Thursday morn., Nov. 27. All ye farmers should be there with a load of grain for him to commence on.

Fredie J., son of Jas. W. Austin, while trying to ascend a ladder with a keg of nails upon his back a few days since, accidentally overturned a two gallon crock of hot lard upon his person, burning him severely. He is recovering.

James Hobart of this place, while trying to ascend a ladder with a keg of nails upon his back a few days since, fell when near the top, and split his head open. He was not badly hurt.

Mr. & Mrs. Newby of this place, recently received to Cleveland, Ohio.

Archie Cook, and other social will be held at the residence of Calvin Wheeler, on Friday evening, Nov. 29th, for the benefit of the Salem Lyceum and Literary Association, and all persons who favor the project of organizing a lyceum and literary association for the purpose of social, literary and moral culture, are respectfully invited to give their presence and support. A permanent organization of the society will be completed on the evening of the social.

Music, choruses and tableau will be the general order of exercises.

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Little's Opera House.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 4, 5 & 6



Benefit of the
Northville Cornet Band.

Mason & Morgan's
Theater Company.

New Hudson.

It is "research good" to be honest.

No for Thairivities. We are "invited out."

There are smaller fairs are setting the topnotch perch, and the highest branch.

John Tracy left for the woods last Tuesday.

Mr. Ostman intends to start for Colorado in about two weeks.

Another case of matrimony. Miss Pauline Long and Mr. Feltner.

We expect to record a marriage every week the ensuing winter. Will announce our own soon as the "engagement" takes place.

James Teasney has returned to Linden.

Wednesday evening there was a donation visit for the benefit of Rev. Sole, at the residence of G. W. Miller.

Mrs. Phillips goes to Lowell Friday, will return Monday.

Alfred is a new boy in town, place of the old west. Prodigies—Mrs. D. Strunk.

Day and night one looks out on the throne of tyroes, going to learn how to crochet hooded and knit mittens.

Mr. Hollenbeck has a new proprie-

tor. Some people do business on a "big scale."

Only the other day a man and woman parked on a big load of "stuff" bought tickets for Detroit; said they were going to trade a thousand dollars worth.

LORRENS

No Good Machine.—No man

can do a good job of work, preach a

good sermon, try a law suit well, doctor

a patient or write a good article

when he feels miserable and dull,

with sluggish brain and unsteady

nerves; and none should make the

attempt in such a condition when it

can be so easily and cheaply removed

by a little Hop Bitter—it is on it.

See another column.

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EMPORIUM of Fashion.

Miss Wheeler would announce to the

public that she has received her Fall and

Winter Stock of

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ABSTRACT BUILDING, Detroit

(Lafayette Avenue)

ABSTRACTS OF TITLE,

ON ALL LANDS IN DETROIT & WAYNE CO., MICH.

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MISS WHEELER

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