

The Unfinished Picture.

Artistic Romance of the Power of
Faith Over Love

BY MORTIMER LITTALETT

ROY ROMAINE, christened Royal, is the year of our Lord 1842, 35 years later, a bachelor artist, with luxurious tastes and but a limited income.

His studio was his home, light and pleasant when light was required, and the night succeeded by lamplight of dull crayons and gold, gilded with purple of the royal hue, when he was, as often happened, in the humor. The studio abounded in books and curios, each case containing so as to appear to be another room. There half concealed, gay chairs of ample dimensions and couches covered with eastern rags invite the like to sweet repose. A spacious apartment, having the appearance of many, with walls lined pictures on the wall and a book-case, in a far-away recess. Upon the easins on the easel is an unfinished picture—a woman's face, which waits the finishing touch from the artist's hand; a touch which shall complete and give the semblance of life to the portrait the artist has painted from memory.

The smallish, the brown hair, upon which sunlight filters in golden flecks; the brown eyes, with their deeply fringed lashes, are faithfully portrayed. The small mouth seems waiting to break into a smile, when something shall happen to break the sadness, in which she waits the expected event. Before the easel the artist stands in blouse and slippers, with a blue velvet cap on his head, contrasting well with his blonde face and hair. Through white streaks of smoke he studies the face on the canvas.

"Sometimes I think she loves me; if I could be sure—but to what fury am I going after her! If I would succeed in art I must for the present be free. Art is a jealous master."

He did not leave his position before the easel, however, apparently having satisfied himself with the profile he had made, and continued:

"She is young and pretty; her face may attract, but she will not be enough for her fortune, when I can tell is not sufficient for peasant-matrimony. I waited to wait, when she turned her face toward the beautiful rest with us, when I will go to the church. It lacks warmth now. When, like Paganus's statue, my picture stands upon me and—"

The sobs had fallen from his cigar stick, burst a small hole in his blouse, this round him from his garment, and caused him to cover the fissure with his delirious hand to his breast. Throwing the cigar out, the grave and sheltering the ashes from his blouse, he returned with one decided step to the towel, mopping the sweat, then again went back to the easel. He never had the order given to stop his weeping.

"I cannot pray for her, for I do not like this eveing, but in her god's sake, the earnestness of her love, she will be made comfortable."

Honoré (so it is the original of the tree that was an old fashioned house to another part of the city, she had known by old friends, and it will be soon associated with all the recollections of her childhood). Honoré, orphaned, left by her father's sudden death, and the tears of regret.

The love of her art, and the love now more than ever, she thought less growing familiar with the two last months of her life, as she asked the question,

"How can I live?"

This question is settling, a short case for the court, for she is young and healthy, but she is not, like a child, more fitted

for the profession, and she makes a decent living, as a painter of scenes of agriculture. But her crayons and paintbox, and her easel, and her chair, if she has any, is to be sold right with the rest, as certainly

she has decided so, but without counting for the rest. She has but little time left to accumulate expenses, and so too she, alone, was, and her artist friend, Mr. Romaine, though he would make suggestions, justly, be able to help her to a degree of her work. Her spiritual friends do not believe in her talents, and recognize the necessity of employment which will provide the means of support at once; employment such as may be undertaken by any one with good health and energy and willing hands.

She feels, and Mr. Romaine has said, there must be other work for her, he can see, if older schools and well-known art galleries connect, that she is destined by birth and education, for such work as they would predict her to do.

She is an excellent model. Mr. Romaine has promised to come on the evening and look over her work carefully.

Her young cousin, Louise, her companion while she remains in the old house, is fortunately out, although she's to return at any moment; her old service is old and well trained; the opportunity of a long time coming, is favorable at last, while she waits the artist's coming with the patience of a woman who waits for her lover.

This thought occurs to her, and a flash, faint as the palest rose tint in mother-of-pearl, passes over her face, and brightens her dark eyes; then she dimishes the thoughts, saying to herself, "How foolish when I only meant to be kind!"

But the bright idea is a little dimpled, for the hour is late, so late we can hardly expect to see her friend.

When she had so done some one comes and she rises to receive—not Mr. Romaine, but Mr. Hastings, her father's old friend, who had dropped in, as is his custom, to counsel and advise.

Mr. Romaine came a little later; there is a hope in Honoré's heart that Mr. Hastings will go away soon. The hope, was at Louise's side, but he did not leave the diameter of his old friend with Mrs. Romaine, whom he has bound as a friend to the hearts of women.

Then he would return, but at a distance, and approach after the future, still safe in the shelter of home and the love of father and mother. Soon Mr. Romaine's countenance was red, as he came into the room, and sat down in a chair, his hands clasped, his eyes looking steadily at the two girls, with a smile on his face.

times, they soon but an echo repeating itself four months to mortal. Why would they persist in telling her that she must reluctantly give up her own plans and follow, follow? They had her best interests at heart, but only advised to give up. Except Mr. Hastings, he provided a position in his establishment, when there should be a vacancy; but this evening she finds it hard to feel grateful. She is not desirous of filling such a position as he offers; she is willing to work, but to be in any degree successful must follow her ambitions, and do the work which is a pleasure.

The evening passes without the opportunity for conversation with Mr. Romaine, who takes his leave in company with Mr. Hastings, while Louise blames herself for thinking Louise thoughtless and unkind.

"She keeps her eyes to look at my crayons," she said to herself.

Then Louise returned to the artist's room; she had lingered, standing in the open door.

Standing beside Honora before the fire in the open grate, she remarks, carelessly:

"It is a pity Royal Romaine is not all that he might be,—he is capable of great attainments."

"In what particular has he failed of being all that he might be? He is successful as an artist?"

"Yes, but he does little real work. I am told he is very idle, and that he spends more money than he can earn, living the life he does. He is in everything that is agreeable, but so thoroughly selfish to care much for anything not ease and comfort."

"I think you are mistaken, or have been misinformed. He seems to me very earnest, regard to work, and to love art, as only a true artist can." Honora replied, a little hurt, and unable to conceal that the careless words had mistaken for honest, manly love.

"I wanted to see you about my crayons," she said at last, her voice tremulous, for what part had the crayons in the drift life she was going to?

"I know," he replied abruptly; "you will not forget them to-night. I hope I was very particularly when I had to go away suddenly."

The deep fringed lashes touched Honora's cheeks, from which the color retreated; her face became still as the natural face in the studio; only a moment since the expression the artist waited to catch, seemed hovering about the sweet mouth, so suddenly cold and expressionless. He wished to see her face when love had awakened her sleeping heart.

Forget her crayons! And she had ever, could ever forget them!

The expression Mr. Romaine waited for was not likely to return to the face from which all color had fled; without smile picture must remain unaffected with something like gloom in the sweet face.

A consciousness that something in his words had caused the change came to him suddenly; he could hardly recall there, some sort of remembrance breaking through his gloom.

He turned and left, and Louise, sure that the artist was disappointed and did not mean to return, is desolate. In her own room, he is careful taking her black dress, at randomly questions her heart. It will be the first tear fall, she is kindly, regardless of it as entirely as the observed with the other children, mostly unknown, she is calling him to. The first to slowly draw on the dress, the last to be dressed. On second reflection, a happy one, for it is last she knows by accident, and knows that the last given it into the keeping of a man who is a woman's heart but lightly, has done but believe she's going she has just learned to, but she's known to be true.

Her life joined, and a few words, faintly spoken, ringed through; they were simple enough, but meant so much to her. "My crayons are packed away with other useless things I didn't prop up you. I have accepted a position, and my duties will occupy all my time. My friends thought it was to do to do something, and the provides me with a home and a little money which after all, one can live with."

"Indeed, but," she said, answering, with a smile of surprise, "what had he waited his return, but I was still here?"

"Honora," he asked, calling her for the first time by this name, "are your friend's to be pleased to what makes you unhappy?"

"They think something they call work better for me!"

"Could you not have waited?" he asked.

"I did wait—again," she replied, seeing that at least she was likely to talk it all over with some one who could understand the difference between the world one lived and the work one must do to live.

The hour he had waited for was come; perhaps, after all, her crayons would be needed; he had decided her future in the absence of her best friend. Thus, all at once, the new-faced peace left him, the bleared quiet of the room was broken; the rustle of silk garments, the faint breath of perfume, the frosty air from without, announced her cousin's return, bringing with her the air of life without, herself young, robust and free from all care.

The spell was broken; the moment had passed.

Her friends seemed now to belong to that outer life, from which Louise had come, and in which she lived her frivolous life, the newly-awakened look of interest in her trouble faded from his face; he was again the care-free, indifferent man of the world.

He welcomed her cousin with the same smile she had rejoiced in a few hours earlier; his tones conveyed the same meaning of welcome to her cousin's ear as to her own, and she turned away with a smile which seemed freezing her blood.

So faced the last opportunity of escape from a life of toil, a life for which she felt herself wholly unfit; she thus commences her duties the following week.

Not the opportunity alone, but the friend had failed her. For all the sweet days of her youth only the dull routine of office work remained.

As the door closed on Mr. Romaine, Louise exclaimed:

"I am more than half in love with your handsome friend, Honora. How do you manage to keep heart whole? If he were not so sincere, he would be dangerous to one's peace of mind; as it is—he is not worth a stone though."

So the transfer rattled on until turned she found that Honora had left the room. But without hearing the idle words to which she did not wish to reply.

The winter passed, the pleasant springtime came, and throughout all nature new life stirred.

The days were long and it was still light when Honora had finished her daily task.

One evening, her way to Mr. Hastings' Louise, her home town, she met Mr. Romaine, who turned accompanied her to the house, the same as for her, and often until at length the understood that the feelings were not mutual, not that Mr. Romaine walked in that direction purposefully.

Then the old maid returned. His faults were to her as if they had not been

said, what she expected better than this, and nothing she had answered. "I cannot say—I suppose not anything."

"She signed again, when she packed her crayons away, ready for removal; she did not wish to see them when once she had exchanged the new life, nor accepted through the pleasure of circumstances, a position offered in all kindness."

"So the crayons which had seemed to her almost a part of herself, were packed among the things for which she had no present use, and would not open for some time to come.

She had not left the old home, where, on evening Mr. Romaine came in crayons and smiling as if he had gone away but yesterday.

Louise had gone home in the afternoon, and she was alone, only her old servant in the house.

"Have you been away all this long time?" she asked, measuring time by her own experience.

"Has it been a long time?" he asked, still smiling. "Everything here looks, and you seem as if I went away last night."

"I do not see how that is possible; everything that is, a great many things, are packed away, and so much has happened to me," she replied sadly.

"Indeed," he exclaimed, with well-assumed sympathy, judging by her look and tone that whatever had happened was of an unpleasant nature.

"I would have come if I could," was his next remark; he wished to imply that his absence was enforced, a matter of regret to himself, as perhaps it was for the moment, looking into eyes made radiant by his softly-spoken words and looks of admiration which she had mistaken for honest, manly love.

"I wanted to see you about my crayons," she said at last, her voice tremulous, for what part had the crayons in the drift life she was going to?

"I know," he replied abruptly; "you will not forget them to-night. I hope I was very particularly when I had to go away suddenly."

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"I know," he replied abruptly; "you will not forget them to-night. I hope I was very particularly when I had to go away suddenly."

"You must pardon me for having questioned, Honora. I seem to myself to be in your father's place. May I speak as I feel certain he would, were still with you?"

"Certainly," she replied, feeling that she had no sense of a warmer feeling than friendliness, and, indeed, that the word did not truthfully express the relations between Mr. Romaine and herself. His manner was that of a lover, his words those of a friend.

"Friend or lover, Honora?" he asked, one day, when they were speaking of the artist.

"Friend," she replied, feeling that he had no sense of a warmer feeling than friendliness.

"Friend or lover, Honora?" he asked, one day, when they were speaking of the artist.

Northville Record.

R. REED, EDITOR AND PROP.

FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1888.

Or the 100 words pronounced from the Declaration of Independence in the High school, Feb. 24, the following named pupils spelled 99 or more:

Charlie Dolph	100
Mark Ambler	99
Mildred Silver	98
Grace Lapham	98
Minnie Neal	98
Grace Elkins	98
Lettie Lake	97
Carson Clark	97
John Blackwood	97
Jennie Blair	97
Levi Chase	97
Lida Starkweather	96
Mary Fry	95
Georgia Palmer	95
Willie Hart	95
Cora Bronson	95
Bert Bradley	95
Eddie Lapham	94
Nellie Doane	94
Henry McKnight	94
Grace Lowden	93
Nellie Baker	93
Mattie Gilmore	93
Florence Hazen	93
Edith Pomeroy	92
Ned Waterman	93

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS

Northville, Feb. 28, 1888.
An adjourned meeting of the Village Council was held in the Council room, with Pres. Knapp in the chair.

Present—trustees Waid, VanZile, Brigham, Clark and Carpenter.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

The following bills were allowed.

P. E. White
attending Scarff family \$ 4.00
F. S. Harmon Clerk's salary 50.00
Bill of M. Boyce referred to sidewalk committee and bill of E. S. Horton referred to finance committee.

Adjourned,
F. S. HARMON, Clerk.

WAYNE COUNTY TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

Program for Friday and Saturday, March 9 and 10, 1888, at Wayne.

Friday, 10 o'clock, a. m.

Secretary's Report.

The Teacher outside the School-room.

Obedience. Miss Minnie Bishop, Wayne.

Unconscious Talents. Mr. J. K. Neal, Wayne.

Friday afternoon.

Methods of Conducting Bookbinders. Mr. Charles Cady, Wayne.

A Plan for Civil and Country Schools. Mr. C. B. Hall, Detroit.

Paper. Mr. S. E. Thorburn, Treasurer.

The Value of the Study of the U. S. History and its Importance in Common School Course. Mr. H. F. Mason, Grand Rapids.

Query Box.

Lecture. From Boston to Latitude 45 degrees North. Mr. R. S. Heywood, Wayne.

Saturday, 9 o'clock, a. m.

Arithmetic by Relation. Mr. J. A. Smith, Belleville.

The Relation of the Teacher to the Public. Miss Jessie Smith, Plymouth.

The Metric System. L. G. Gorham, Detroit.

Making a Man. W. J. G. Logue, Northville.

If desired there will be a short session Saturday afternoon. An opportunity will be given for the discussion of each paper.

A. C. BROWER,

HESSE CADY, President.

Secretary.

Counterfeit ten dollar silver certificates are in circulation. It is on very poor paper, is of the series of 1880, No. B 1872,461. On the back of the counterfeit in the sentence, "This note is receivable at par," the word receivable is spelled "recievable," and in the same sentence the word re-issued is spelled "Reised."

Dr. R. W. St. Clair tells how a few years since he was riding on an engine when he caught a cinder in his eye that caused the most excruciating pain. He began to rub the afflicted organ, when the engineer called out: "Let that eye alone and rub the other one. I know you doctors think you know it all, but if you will let that eye alone and rub the other one, the cinder will be out in two minutes," persisted the engineer. The doctor began to rub the other eye, and soon felt the cinder down near the inner canthus, and made ready to take it out. "Let it alone, and keep at the well eye," directed the doctor promptly. He did so for a minute longer and, looking in a small glass, found the offender on his left. "Since then," says Dr. St. Clair, "I have tried many times, and advised many others, and I have never known it to fail in one instance unless it was as sharp as a piece of steel or something that cut into the ball and required an operation to remove it." Why it is so, I do not know, but it is so I do know, and that may be save much suffering if it will let the injured eye alone and the well eye."

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well built, good barn, well and cistern and four acres of land all in the corporation will be sold cheap and on easy terms.

NEW HOUSE IN BEAL TOWN

7 rooms, good well, cistern, cellar, choice young fruit trees set out on lot.

NEW HOUSE

and lot on Center St. Two blocks from the hotel. Good well, cistern, cellar and very desirable. Price \$1,000. Terms reasonable or will be sold on contract.

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WHEELER'S

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Northville Record.

Prohibition under the dual option law was badly defeated in Washtenaw county Monday. Ann Arbor defeated it by 373, 5 more than was the case with the amendment. There was nearly a full vote out in the cities, but in the country it fell off. The vote in Ann Arbor was 41 larger than for the amendment. 28 of 31 voting precincts in Washtenaw county gave a total vote of 7,112—"wet" 4,682, "dry" 3,439. Returns from Lima and Pittsfield increase this majority 89, making the majority in the county 1,542 with Augusta to hear from. This gave the amendment 91 majority, and may decrease the total wet majority to 1,540. This result exceeds the most sanguine expectations of the "wets," as it increases their majority more than 600 votes over that which defeated the amendment. Several fractures occurred in the Second Ward, among the Germans at the polls, occasioned by body of students, not voters, attempting to elections for prohibition. There was considerable excitement, but no serious injury done.—Daily Tribune.

A letter was received last Wednesday evening by one of our most prominent business men, in reply to one sent by him, from a large manufacturing institution now located elsewhere, which will employ 300 men, asking our constituents to visit them and open negotiations with reference to their locating their works here. They will certainly leave their present location, and it is only a question of "go-ahead and get-there-ness" on the part of the citizens' committee, provided they receive the proper backing and support of our citizens, whether we secure them or not. We should not be satisfied to settle back in the old rut, now that we have secured two new factories, but strive and grasp at every prospect and we will be sure of securing part of them, at least. A public meeting might awaken interest in the matter if called by the citizens' committee after they have something definite upon which to work. At any rate let's have the facts. We much just as well have a lively, flourishing village of 3,000 or 4,000 population inside of two years as one of 1,000 or 2,000; if we will only be up and doing.—Keyes Review.

THE NEAREST STAR.

The distances of the stars are determined in the same manner as those of the sun and planets, that is, by parallax. Instead, however, of taking two sights at different parts of the earth's surface, i.e., at two points a base line between them, we take the diameter of the earth's orbit, or 191,000 miles, as the base, the observations being taken at intervals of six months. Even with this interval the horizontal parallax is so small that it can only be detected by the most careful observations and accurate instruments. The parallax of about a dozen stars has been ascertained, and is found to vary between 1/100 second and 1/10,000 sec. The star Alpha Centauri is the nearest to the earth, and its distance is estimated at 20,000,000 miles; while the average distance of stars of the first magnitude is probably three or four times as great as this.—Scientific American.

ELECTION

NOTICE

ELECTION NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given to the citizens of Northville, in the county of Wayne and state of Michigan, that the next encyclopedic election will be held in the second Precinct, Northville, on the second day of June, 1858, at 10 o'clock A.M., for the purpose of electing members of the Legislature, Congress, & County Commissioners, Trustees, Assessors, & other officers, and for the transaction of other business. The polls of all democratic clubs will be open, and will be closed at 12 o'clock noon, and will be counted at 1 P.M. at the office of the Clerk of the Precinct, located in the office of Mr. A. D. MARKON, Village Clerk.

REGISTRATION

NOTICE.

BOARD OF REGISTRATION.—To the citizens of Northville, Notice is hereby given, that the Board of Registration will be held in the office of Mr. A. D. MARKON, Village Clerk, on Saturday, the 1st day of June, 1858, from 10 A.M. to 12 M. for the purpose of registering all persons who have not registered before, and for the purpose of renewing the registration of all persons who have registered previously. The place of registration will be the office of the Clerk of the Precinct, located in the office of Mr. A. D. MARKON, Village Clerk.

D. B. WILCOX & SON.

Call and see samples of genuine

WATER WHITE OIL

Our Competitors cordially invited to be in at the inspection. The very best Oil made at
—13 CENTS PER GALLON—

OUR WALL PAPER

is now open and on sale. Prices low.
ALL NEW STYLES.

PLYMOUTH MILLS FLOUR

BEST MADE.

NO. 1

BUCK WHEAT FLOUR New Stock

Just arrived.

SUGARS at Wholesale.

D. B. WILCOX & SON

THE PEOPLE'S SAVINGS BANK,

DETROIT, MICH.

M. W. O'BRIEN, Pres.

F. A. SCHULTE, 2d Vice Pres.

ANTON PULTE, Vice Pres't.

J. B. COLEMAN, Cashier.

Paid up Capital.

\$5,000,000

Surplus.

100,000

Additional Liability of Stockholders.

500,000

INTEREST AT FOUR PER CENT.

Compounded Semi Annually.

Correspondence invited with those living outside of Detroit, who may wish to avail themselves of the facilities offered by this Bank—a depositary for savings or for business purposes.

Branches may be opened at Toledo, Detroit, Battle Creek, Kalamazoo, Grand Rapids, etc., etc.

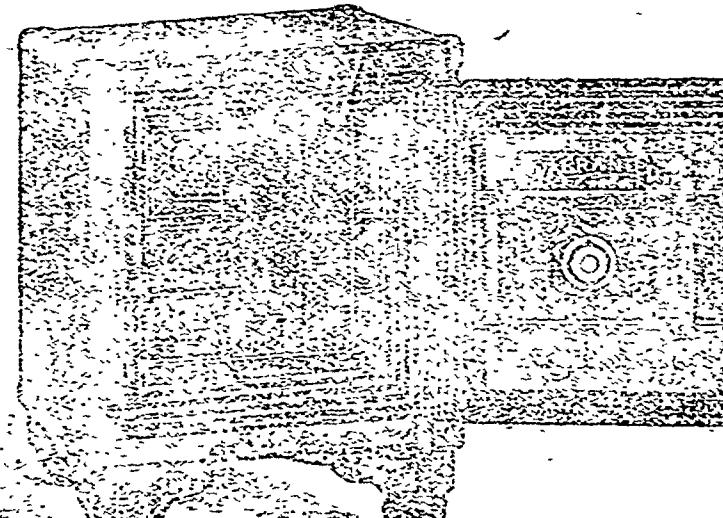
Agents will be appointed in all the principal cities of the State, and rates a year—June 1st and December 1st—the book account to be rendered up, and for the entry of the semi-annual interest.

Drafts for Sale on all the Countries of the Old World

Copy of Rules and Regulations Sent on Application.

SMOKERS' ATTENTION!
SMOKE THE J. B. CIGAR.
WINE, BEER, FIVE CENT CIGARS, IN THE
MARKET, AVANA, PILLER, RUM,
PRA WHEAT, MANUFACTURED
RIGHT HERE IN NORTHVILLE.
A PUBLISHER IN NORTHVILLE
MADE AND SOLD BY
LITTLE'S CIGAR ADVERTISING.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE "RECORD."
\$1.00 A YEAR.



Send \$35.00 to
Detroit Safe Co.,
Detroit, and get a
safe like the one
shown in this cut
---warranted fire
proof 28 inches
high outside. Just
the thing for a
safe to go in the
house.

Office and factory 67 to 99 East Fort Street, DETROIT, MICH.

We have not been knocked out
in this round.

Our Trade Has Improved.

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES FOR BARGAIN SEEKERS.

No Bankrupt Stock or Defaulter's Goods to sell. We have
GOODS and PRICES that will Discount any
that have been shown in Northville. We
shall receive in a few days the
finest line of SILVER
WARE ever in
town.

A. E. ROCKWELL,
A fine line of Paper Tablets just received. See what
the temperature is by the accurate thermometer in front
of Rockwell's store.

For Sale Cheap!

20 Shares Stock
in Granville Wood &
Son Pipe Organ Co.

Address,

J. B. MARKEY,
178 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

INVENTION has revolutionized
the world during
the last half century. Not least among
the wonders of inventive progress is a
method and system of work that can be
performed all over the country without
separating the workers from their
homes. Pay liberal; any one can do
the work; either sex, young or old; no
special ability required. Capital not
needed; you are started free. Cut this
out and return to us and we will send
you free, something of value and im-
portance to you, that will start you in
business, which will bring you in more
money right away, than anything else
in the world. Grand outfit free. Ad-
dress True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

Eggs for Sale!

A few Eggs at \$1.00 a setting
of the following varieties:

ROUEN DUCK,
IMPERIAL PEKIN DUCK,
AYLESBURY DUCK.

All of the above are Pure Breed. In-
quire of

C. H. CLEMENT,
Northville, Mich. Michigan.

IMPORTANT.

Will you visit or leave New York City, save
Burrage Express and Carriage Railroad stop at the
Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central
Dep't. Elegant residence at a cost of one
dollar daily, reduced to \$1.50 and upwards per
day, excepting plain. Every room and res-
idence will be kept. No charge whatever
for board or lodgings. Furniture, etc., better
than any hotel in the city. Cost less than
any hotel in the city.

RICHARDSON
WANTED
Three who
read this and then set;
they will find honorable employment
that will not take them from their
homes and families. The profits are
large and sure for every industrious per-
son many have made and are now making
several hundred dollars a month. It is
easy for any one to make \$5 and up-
wards per day, who is willing to work.
Either sex, young or old; capital not
needed; we start you. Everything new.
No special ability required; you reader,
can do it as well as any one. Write to us
at once for full particulars, which we
will send you free. Address Stinson & Co., Port-
land, Maine.

\$150 MONTHLY

WANTED
A man to care for a large
farm, 100 acres, for the sum of
\$150 Monthly. Our man needs
to be nearly alone, and at ease for
work. \$150 Month. Work Free.

LAWRENCE & CO., 345 Broadway, New York.

Hartford college a few years ago abolished compulsory attendance at morning prayers. The result shows that this institution of learning is not a stronghold of piety. Under the compulsory system of eight or nine hundred students attended the services. Now the attendance has fallen off to one hundred or less. This falling off in attendance does not prove the voluntary system wrong. Attendance at devotional exercises should be voluntary, otherwise but little good will be done. Young men can not be forced to be one's own master any more than a wise can be compelled to drink after it has been left to him. It is not improbable either that all college prayers were just what they should be more students would attend.

Six times ago a number of Detroit physicians conceived the idea of adopting the contract system. That is, of contracting to look after the health of a certain number of families charging each family \$10 a year. The scheme appeared to go well and the doctors thought they had discovered a bonanza, as they had taken care to make the contract only with healthy families. But they were accused of unprofessional conduct by some of their brethren, and one of them was tried. He was acquitted, however, and the contract idea has apparently come to stay in Detroit. It is likely also to be tried in other cities.

There is a serious dispute between General Sherman and his mother as to the place where he was born. General Sherman insists that he was born in Albany, N. Y., on the 6th of March, 1811. His mother claims that he was born at Somerville, Ohio, on the 6th of March, 1811. Mother and son agreeing as to the date do not concede that the general's memory is good as to dates, but as to place we should take his mother's memory to be more reliable. She ought to remember best where that little accident happened.

Dr. McGlynn of anti-poverty fame is having a hard time of it. First he quarreled with the church and now he has added falling out with Henry George. McGlynn threatens to bring an injunction against the author of "Progress and Poverty." If the latter uses the name of "Anti-Poverty Society" for his side of the home-revered doctor claims that McGlynn is the only original anti-poverty activist in his name down into the A. P. bottle. All others are apocryphal.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has been called to give up his old habit of answering personally all letters addressed to him. A related note which follows, however, is now frequently received by his correspondents: "Dear Sirs & Gents: Your impulsive eye-sight and the large demands made upon his time by distant and unknown friends obliged him to contract his habits of extended correspondence and to avail himself of an assistant in writing."

Mrs. Berdella Giudella, formerly Miss Florence of New Orleans, is raising a legal suit in London, trying to get possession of General Twiggs' sword, which fell into the hands of Gen. Butler at New Orleans and which was forwarded to Pres. Lincoln in Washington. Having married an Englishman, the fair fighter has kept up the contest at the long distance intermittently ever since she was deprived of her trophies.

"Ten of the richest men in this country," says the New York World, "should withdraw their capital from railroads, mines and factories more than \$60,000,000,000 would be thrown out of work, and more than one million people would suffer by it." These are the men who are often called robbers and brigands, and form the 'so-called corporations.'

P. F. E. Common, a superannuated Methodist clergyman, who has made a fortune in agricultural implements and makes a will providing that \$100,000 of his money shall go toward maintaining a seminary for the education of colored men for the ministry. The institution was founded by him some years ago and located near Atlanta, Ga.

A Chicago detective saw a cute little girl in a pocket and he arrested her. When taken to the station she convinced him that it was all a mistake and that she was the wife of a leading man, and she had been at liberty all day. When it was discovered that she was the "Darling," the sharp-shooters in America.

Minneapolis have started a campaign themselves under the same name. The only speedy confirmation of this fact is that each of the cities has the terms of the union, which is miles apart.

WORK OF THE HUMORISTS.

Physician's Wife—How is the walking out-to-day, my dear? Physician: Beautiful; the pavements are one place of ice!—E. C. O.

Julian Hawthorne's next story is called "The Fatal Letter." It is supposed she discovered it in her husband's pocket six weeks after she had placed it in his hands to mail.—Norristown Herald.

Zebulon Member of Society of P. G. A. (pointing to newsboy's dog)—That is a wretched looking dog of yours. Do you feed him well? Newsboy—He gits 'bout's much ev' I do meself.—Hawthorne's Tavern.

Starving. Supplicant—Please sir, wouldn't you be willing to buy a dog to help a poor man along? I have two more than I need. Well-Fed Clerk—Very sorry, but I can't afford to keep a dog—Ozaria World.

"And you love me, darling," he said passionately, "and will always be glad to see me!" "Yes, George," she replied, tenderly, "I love you, but while coal is up to \$7.50 a ton I think it will be safer for you to stay away."

Epoch—Depot Master—Don't you see that notice? "Gentlemen not allowed to smoke in this room!" Seedy Individual—It doesn't apply to me. Depot Master—Why not? Seedy Individual—Because I'm no gentleman.—Philadelphia Call.

Dick Tinto (pathetically)—When will you love me, darling? When will you smile upon an ambitious but struggling artist? Miss Flipp (cheerfully)—Why, just as soon as you can produce something to hang on the line has des' one shirt.—Garden Repertory.

"I'll teach you to play pitch-and-toss!" shouted an enraged father. "I'll dog you for an hour, I will!" Father, instantly replied the incorrigible, as he balanced a penny on his thumb and finger. "I'll toss you to make it two hours or nothing!"—Boston Globe.

In an advertisement by a railway company of some uncalled-for goods, the letter "P" had dropped from the word "Fayful," and is read: "People to whom these packages are directed are requested to come forward and pay the awful charges on the same."—Saturday Evening Post.

"That's a pretty dirty shirt you have on," said the sergeant at the central station to a prisoner who had just been registered. "Yes, sir; but it ain't my fault. Your city is so dirty that a fellow can't wear a shirt over six weeks before somebody begins to complain of it."—Deaf Free Press.

A Kentucky rural paper boasts of a "silver bird" who rides twenty miles on horseback every week to get his paper. It is supposed the subscriber sent a poem to the editor several years ago, and "can hardly wait until he gets the paper" to see if his poem has been published.—Mornstown Herald.

There are shrewd, careful men in this country who are bound to crowd the weak to the wall. One of them bought Horace Greeley's autograph at a sale the other day, and within half an hour had closed a Chinese laundryman into delivering six shirts and a dozen collars for it.—P. C.

A man down in Litchfield, Ill., went crazy the other day because nobody would lend him money enough to go to New Brunswick and dig up a chest of gold that he saw there in a dream. On the whole, it was probably money in his pocket to go crazy rather than to New Brunswick; and if all reports of the two localities are true, he will probably enjoy himself more in his part of the crazy state he is now in.—Chicago Times.

A Birthday Offering.

Halt at the millestone;
Deck them with flowers;
Twice a thought round them
To gladden the heart.

Then may the spaces
With sweetness be filled,
The thoughts growing broader,
The fragrance dissolved.

Memory will store them
To place on her shrine,
With hope for the future,
And joy that's divine.

There is life's autumn,
Where pleasures are few,
With the sweet grandeur
In waiting for you.

—Elder Freerup.

A Second Washington.

A Missouri man says that he recently went into the woods, painted a black circle on the end of a log, and when he went back to the log an hour later he found three hundred dead rabbits there, the animals having mistaken the circle for a hole in the log and dashed themselves to death against it. Note the story has appeared in print he has received letters from the publishers of several New York dailies offering him the position of affidavit clerk, his duties being to swear to the circulation. But he says he cannot tell a lie.—Norristown Herald.

THE WAY TO SING.

The birds must sing. Who wisely sang
Will sing as they;
The common air his generous wing,
Songs make their way.
No messenger to run before,
Devising plan:
No mention of the place or hour
To any man.
No waiting till some sound betrays
A listening ear;
No different voice, no new delays,
If steps draw near:
What bird is that? Its song is good.
And eager eyes
Go peering through the dusky wood
In glad surprise.
Torch late at night, when by his fire
The traveler sits.
Watching the flames grow brighter, higher,
The sweet song fits
By watcher through his weary brain
To help him rest.
When next he goes that road again,
An empty nest,
The feathered brood will make him sigh:
"Oh me! Last spring
Just here I heard it, reading by,
That rare bird sing!
But while he sings, it remembers
How sweet the song.
The little bird, as tireless wings
In other air and other men.
With weary feet
On other roofs, the simple strain
Are ringing sweet.
The birds must know. Who wisely sings
Will sing as they;
The cockoo air his generous wings,
Songs make their way.

—Helena Ilman.

ELFIE.

BY J. S. L.

She had expected opposition, and was relieved to find he did not object to her wishes.

By an afternoon train he followed her to town, and there was considerable conversation at the Rainsford's when he did not return.

He had been in much better health than when he had hesitated not to consent when he had told her he could manage to walk alone, and now his absence greatly alarmed them.

It was a cold evening, and the darkness had settled around his pretty little home as he entered his own gate, gently closing it behind him without a sound.

"Five o'clock," he muttered, "that was the hour. Am I to blame? It is neither six."

His heart beat with a nervous anger, and he crept round to the back of the house.

"They will be in her boudoir," he said; "I was there they used to meet there heard their muffled voices beneath the window in my own room." Heaven help me!"

He was right.

His wife was there and there was a blazing fire within, which cast forth bright and weird rays, and by its light he saw her in Lord Rainsford's arms, and he appeared to be pleading with her with all the strength of a wild passion.

Suddenly they started asunder, the door opened, and the maid appeared with a tiny tea-table, lighted the gas, and divvied out the dainty cup, and saucers.

Then he drew down the blind and saw no more.

He turned and staggered, rather than walked, from the home which had been so dear to him, away from the woman he loved.

"False! false!" he muttered between his clenched teeth.

And again he repeated that one word, "False!"

He wandered aimlessly on, and as the light of a street-lamp fell upon his haggard face, a passer-by stopped and addressed him.

"What news of Paul?" he repeated, anxiously.

"In health he is wonderfully fit," he said gaily.

He shook his head.

"I fear not," he said gravely. "Will it be a great disappointment to you if he does not come?"

"It is he does not come," she repeated, looking at him with wonder and pain. "Paul will not remain an hour away from me, when he has the doctor's permission to move, you may be sure."

"Yet he could not bear your presence."

A painted foot crossed her pretty face.

"True, but he was deaf as then."

"He is not deaf now; he's gone out for a drive this afternoon, but he won't come home."

She turned her eyes to him questioning.

"Do you regret your marriage, Elsie?" asked Lord Rainsford. "You know I promised always to be your friend, and I used to keep my word."

"Lord Rainsford," said Mrs. L'Estrange, a sudden fear in her brightness,

"is saying the same? I certainly do not regret my marriage with Paul. How could I? I love him with all my heart."

"I feel sure of it," he returned, "but he believes you have to him. It is a fine idea. He has watched Mrs. Rainsford's brother, Mr. and Mrs. during his wandering, which he always were addressed to you and he followed you to Birmingham in his journeys, and between five and six o'clock he interviewed him again. Elsie, can you explain what he said?"

"Our Lord," repeated Elsie, "said it is a low voice, —Paul, —Paul, —instructed me that never again again."

"None the less! There is no love without jealousy. When the master is explicit in his charge you must trust your person as to him, no doubt."

She sat a drowsy, dozing, listless, coming and going.

"I have a place," she said, "and you are welcome to it. You are welcome to it."

Lord Rainsford only gave up his rooms to the old man and his wife, and went to others in a guest room, but he offered his hospitality to her in her as-

mons' duties, which she gladly accepted. Paul was very violent and she feared she might not be able to manage him, and he had promised the doctor to be at hand in case of her needing his assistance.

He of course, quietly in and out many times during the night, and looked with surprise and admiration at the moral influence which the gentle, young girl exercised over the strong and delirious man.

It was a time of sad anxiety and bitter sorrow to Elsie.

She could in no way understand her husband's sudden relapse, nor his apparent dislike to her.

The doctor assured her that in many instances of brain affection the sufferers could not bear the sight of the faces of those they loved most when in a sane state, and his assurance comforted her.

She wanted her husband under her own roof, but the doctor was obstinate, and protested that he must go no account be moved; and Elsie trembled at her husband's fate in being so parted from the husband of her love.

It was almost more than she could do to attend rebeats night after night with her heart lead-weighted heart; but she felt she was doing it all for Paul's sake.

More than ever it seemed to her necessary to push on to fortune, for the medical man had told her that Paul never ought to act again, but should live a very quiet life.

Again he struggled through his delirious state, and he lay for hours pale and haggard, seeming to take no interest in anything.

At last the doctor said he might be moved, and Mary told him the good news as she thought it, expecting to see his eyes light up with pleasure, instead of which they contracted with a look of agony incomprehensible to her.

"No—no," he murmured; "not there—not there."

"Tell me why you do not want to go home," she begged earnestly; but he only shook his head.

"My kind little nurse, I cannot," he said; "it would break your heart."

Lord Rainsford looked up with surprise, and beckoned her from the room.

"Miss Rainsford," he said, "do you know I believe our friend is suffering from some delusion about his wife."

"I fear so too," she answered gravely.

"Will you try and find out what it is?" she begged him, and he promised that he would.

Little by little he elicited the strange story from Paul, and he could not understand it, for he was not in Elsie's secret, but he saw that Paul was as hard for her, and, having obtained Mr. Rainsford's address from Mary, he wrote a note and begged him and Mrs. Rainsford's word to come home.

As soon as they had started Lord Rainsford went out and followed her to the station, and Paul L'Estrange was permitted to take a drive. Mary stood by accompanying him.

As soon as they had started Lord Rainsford went out and followed her to the station, and Paul L'Estrange was permitted to take a drive. Mary stood by accompanying him.

When she entered there was a faint exclamation upon her cheek, and she was looking more beautiful than ever.

She came eagerly forward with her hands clasped together.

"What news of Paul?" she repeated, anxiously.

"In health he is wonderfully fit," she said gaily.

He shook his head.

"I fear not," he said gravely. "Will it be a great disappointment to you if he does not come?"

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"Paul will not remain an hour away from me, when he has the doctor's permission to move, you may be sure."

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Lord Rainsford only gave up his rooms to the old man and his wife, and went to others in a guest room, but he offered his hospitality to her in her as-

mons' duties, which she gladly accepted and he will there receive a full explanation of all that has puzzled his poor brain."

"I really do not understand—begin his lordship."

"I dare say not; but have you too, Lord Cranburn, faith in me?" she asked with feeling.

"I do believe in you," or I should not be here."

"Then do as I have asked you without comment; if Paul is satisfied bring him home yourself, and Mary also, and we will have supper together. If Paul wishes to leave me then I will accept his decision. Faith will trust even where it cannot understand."

"What will the doctor say?"

"Do not ask him; it is Paul's insane ideality which is now regarding his recovery. If I cannot care it to one can, he must have lost his reason."

"I will do my best to obey you," he said firmly, "with Miss Rainsford's help I may succeed. What a good girl she is!"

"I am glad you have found that out," replied Elsie with a bright look. "And now good-bye; I have a pressing engagement and must be off."

"Can I take you anywhere?" he asked but she pointed out of the window.

"Thanks, no,

S
C
h
e
a
p

CORSON'S LARGEST STOCK OF LADIES' CLOTHES, ORNAMENTS, OIL CLOTHS, KID GLOVES.

DRY GOODS

SILKS,
AND SATINS,
VELVETS,
EMBROIDERIES.

MUFFERS,
ORNAMENTS,
NECK TIES,
ETCHING COTTON,
YARNS.

Northville Record.

An exchange tells of a subscriber to a certain paper who died and left fourteen year's subscription unpaid. The editor appeared at the grave when the lid was being screwed down for the last time, and put in a linen duster, a thermometer, a palm leaf fan, and a recipe for making artificial ice.

Did you ever see a crow drunk? Well try this before local option goes into effect: A Dutless county farmer who was greatly troubled by the depredation of crows and all means to drive them away permanently having failed, he tried an original plan. Taking a half peck or more of corn he soaked it thoroughly in whiskey and then scattered the cereal along the fence of the field chiefly visited by the feathered thieves. He soon fed a number of crows eating the doctored corn, and as they didn't fly away, he went to observe the effects of the dose. He found every crow drunk, some lying on their backs, others staggering around in a maddish attempt to fly. He could have killed every one, but resolved to await the outcome of the drama. The crows gradually recovered, and one by one flew unsteadily away. During the remainder of the season the farmer was not troubled by a single crow.

LIVONIA MATTERS.

Death has again entered the home of A. Turball since our last correspondence and has taken little Maud, a right girl of ten years of age, to her everlasting home. She now lies beside her brother and sister who have gone before.

Yes, she is sleeping with her little hands o'er her breast, And she is low with the angels singing, rest, sweet rest. She has gone where there is no weeping or shedding of tears. Still she will be remembered by the ever coming years. The family have our deepest sympathy in this hour of bereavement. There are no new cases of diphtheria. Whole number of cases up to date, 28; number of deaths, 13.

Kingsley & Mining will start the slate mill in a few days.

FREE TRADE! LAST WEEK

You are a Free Trade people, Free to Trade where you can get full value for your money. We do not claim to have the "Largest Stock in Michigan," nor do we claim to sell "Cheaper than any House in Michigan," but we do claim to give you Honest Bargains every time. We hold out no false hopes to bargain seekers, every price is a truth teller. New Goods just received in SPRING FLANNELS, SATINES, WHITE GOODS, etc. Call and See Our Goods and Compare Prices. ALL Winter Goods at a Sacrifice.

Remember We keep Dry Goods and Groceries, and One Price to All. A Child can trade with Us and get the same Bargains as an adult. Hopes fulfilled, desires satisfied.

Trade with your friends.

HUTTON BROTHERS.

THE END

— OF OUR —
Great Clearing Sale
— OF —

SHOWS!

The success attending this sale has so told-here even ourselves—the greatly reduced prices put up in the goods have moved them—not slowly, but all at once—as it were. It was almost disastrous for my firm to sell stores of the finest, style and quality, which you all know we kept, at such ridiculously low prices to have prevailed during this sale, but even the cost was not considered, we would not carry these over to become shabby and out-of-style, and they HAD TO GO. We are bound to have our spring stock fresh, new and attractive, no matter in what case. To make THIS the last we made more interesting than ever we have added many other regular lines, among them Ladies' Genuine Bright Donfom, Hand turned Button Best just received in our new spring stock. The first that call for the benefit of the few remaining. Call early at

E. W. SMITH'S
CASH BOOT AND SHOEHOUSE.

A BENEFIT!

A BENEFIT!

To Those in want of CLOTHING

MACK, THE TAILOR

Has just Received the Largest and Finest line of Cloths for PANTS, SUITS and SPRING OVERCOATS ever shown in Northville or vicinity.

MADE TO ORDER: - Nobby Pants from \$5.00 upwards. Nobby Spring Suits from \$18.00 Upwards. Prince Alberts, Coat and Vest \$20.00 and Upwards. All the LATEST STYLES.

Keep your ear near the ground and keep your eye open for the largest line of Ready Made Clothing, Hats, Caps and Furnishings ever brought into this place, and they will be sold So Cheap! So Cheap!! So Cheap!!! will be on our counters for your inspection in a few days. Look at them and get prices before Buying.

Respectfully

THE STAR CLOTHIER AND TAILOR, NORTHVILLE.

WILLIAM McKEAND.