

NORTHVILLE RECORD.

R. E. Evans, Editor and Publisher.

NORTHVILLE.

MICH.

One of America's greatest orators said: "Not but one sentiment for the soldiers who fought in the late war, and that is cheer for the living and tears for the dead." This noble sentiment should find lodgment in every heart, and in the graves of the country's soldier-dead should be laid the animosities which existed during the terrible struggle which cost them their lives. Whether clad in the blue or the gray, they belonged to the republic; were brothers in one great family, and children of the Father of all. The war-clouds have long been scattered by the gentle winds of peace, and a re-united country, happy under the smiling skies of prosperity, meets each year to brood the memory of the brave men who gave their lives that a distilled country might become one in a common cause. This festival of the dead was inaugurated while General John A. Logan was commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. The idea was not original with him, however, as the custom of placing flowers on the graves of departed heroes was indulged in by ancient Greeks and by other nations. But it remained for our own brave Logan to take the initiative in a custom which has become a part of our national life, and as commander-in-chief he issued a general order recommending the observance of May 30 as Memorial day, and legislative enactment has made the day a permanent and universal one. The day is fraught with tender and holy memories, but poignant, bitter grief burdens many hearts as we think of the brave men who went out with strong courage and high hopes to do battle for the cause of liberty, and of whom no tidings ever came back. Virginia soul, the pestilential swamps and forests of the south land, are rich with the dismembered bodies of our fallen heroes, and the sentinel stars and tall pines whispering to each other in the night wind, can only tell the secrets of their nameless graves. All honor to the noble ones who without thought of earthly glory left it all upon the altar of their country's honor, and went to the Great Unknown by a path of suffering and sorrow. While there, the vicissitudes of earth's choices, blemishes ever the pulseless hearts of entombed heroes until the tortured souls of earth's fair spring-time can fully go forth the struggle. Let the bright-hued tokens of a Father's tender love tell to the numbered spirits of the mighty dead that the curse of fraternal strife shall come no more again to pierce up our re-united land.

General Fremont, wife and daughter recently visited San Jose, Cal., and received a great reception. As the General entered the hall the band played "See the Conquering Hero Comes," the stage was handsomely decorated with flowers and evergreens, and a banner bore the words "Wee me, Pathfinder." While the speaking was in progress a soft and silent shower of rose-leaves fell upon the group, and not until the exercises were completed did it cease. Repeatedly Mrs. Fremont shook off the leaves, but they fell fast and thick, covering her head and shoulders and forming a pile in her lap. When the sterner ceased no leaves covered the stage floor a foot in depth.

Senator Bowen of Colorado has a scheme to utilize the waste water of the Mississippi and Missouri which annually overflow the lowlands of their respective valleys. It is the Senator's idea to construct a system of reservoirs to turn this immense body of water toward irrigating the arid lands of Colorado, Wyoming and New Mexico. The undertaking would cost millions of dollars. But if the immense arid tracts of land in the territories could be reclaimed and the lowlands of the Mississippi valley could be protected from overflow, the canals and reservoirs would be cheap at any price.

Secretary Bayard suffers greatly at the hands of the gossip mongers. A few weeks ago it was reported that he was engaged to Mrs. Folsom, mother of Mrs. Cleveland, and now it is said that Rose Elizabeth Cleveland is the one whom the worthy secretary has asked to share his home. Meanwhile, the parties most interested are blissfully indifferent as to the secretary and his alleged matrimonial ventures.

John Wanamaker, the Philadelphia merchant, has divided among 270 employees whose names were on the roll of honor a part of last year's profits, amounting to \$10,000,000, nearly \$100 each. He also gave to the employees' pension fund a check for \$10,000, and his total payments to the various funds for the benefit of his help during the year amounted to \$100,000.

A scheme is now on foot to invest many millions of dollars in building a vast system of railroads in Brazil. A combination is said to have been formed among English and Canadian capitalists for the purpose.

MEMORIAL DAY.

COVER THEM OVER.

BY CARLTON.



OVER them over with beautiful flowers.

Deck them with garlands, brothers of ours, lying so silent by night and by day, sleeping the years of their manhood away.

Years they had marked for the joys of the grave. Years they must waste in the moldering grave. All the bright laurels they waited to bloom, fell from their boughs when they fell to the tomb.

Give them the need they have won in the past.

Give them the honors their future forecast.

Give them the chaplets to thy won in the strife,

Give them the laurels they lost with their life.

Chorus.

Cover them over, ye cover them over,

Parent, husband, brother and lover.

Crownin your hearts those dear heroes

of ours.

And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

Cover the faces that motionless lie,

Saint from the blue of the motionless sky,

Face once decked with smiles of the gay,

Faces now marked with the frown of decay,

Eyes that lost friendship and love to yourown,

Lips that the thoughts of affection made known,

Breath, you have soothed in the hour of despair,

Cheeks you have brightened by tender care,

On how they grieved at the nation's first cry,

On how they screamed when they had a good brace,

On how they grieved in the battle's fierce flame,

On how they died when the death angel

comes.

Cover their hands that are lying unclasp'd,

Trodden to the bottom and torn by the file,

Held to you moribund, in agony thrown,

Held to you fallen, clasped close to your own,

Hands where you, sister, when tired, did snare,

Hung for protection and consolation still,

That is that you, brothers, in agony given,

That is that you, wife, wrong in bitter sorrow,

Pearly lips smitten and eaten they bore,

Words of affection they wrote in their gore,

Grandmamma's grass, laid for the garment of light,

Catching the mantle of death darkened night.

Chorus.

Cover their feet that all weary and torn,

Wounded by combat, were terribly borne,

Close by your own in the old homely days,

Feet that have passed life's opening morn,

Rose, of pleasure and death's poisoned balm,

Swiftly they rushed to the help of the right,

Firmly they stood in the shade of the tree,

Never until the bugle of Gabriel sound,

Will they come out of their couch in the ground.

Chorus.

Cover the hearts that have beaten so high,

Hearts with hopes that were doomed not to die,

Hearts that have burned in the heat of the fray,

Hearts that have yearned for the homes far away,

Hearts that beat high in the charges long drum,

Hearts that low fell in the prison's foul damp,

Once they were swelling with courage and will,

Now they are lying a pale pulseless and still.

Once they were glowing with friendship and love,

Now their great souls have gone soaring above,

Bravely their blood to the nation they gave,

When in her bower they found them a grave.

Chorus.

Cover the thousands who sleep far away,

Sleep where the friends cannot find them today:

They who in mountain and hillside and dell,

Rest where they wearied, and be where they fell,

Sofly the grass blades creep round their repose,

Sweetly above them the wild flowers blow,

Zephyrs of freedom fly gently o'er head,

Whispering prayers for the patriot dead.

So in our hearts we'll cover them o'er,

Rose and lily and violet blue,

Bloom in our souls for the brave and the true.

Chorus.

When the long years have rolled slowly

Red to the dawn of earth's funeral day,

When at the arch angel's trumpet and tread,

Hiss up the fares and form of the dead,

When the great world's last judgment awaits,

When the blue sky shall swing open the gates,

And our long columns march silently strong,

Past the great captain for final review,

Then from the blood that has flowed for the right,

Crown shall spring upward untarnished and bright,

Then the glad ears of each war-martyred son,

Fondly shall hear the glad tidings "well done."

For gods for garlands shall cover them over,

Parent and husband, and brother and sister,

God will reward those dear heroes of ours,

And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

Sandy Spiller's Story.

In a rugged district of East Tennessee, in that section of country where during the war, not only neighbors were arrayed against each other, but where the members of once devoted families hunted one another with deadly intent, there was a small graveyard under a spreading perennials tree. No one knows the name of a single eternal sleeper who lies beneath this tree. A skirmish took place on the site of the burying ground, a fierce hand-to-hand encounter, and after the fight the victims creased so much alike that no one could tell to which side they belonged, were buried together. When the time came for removing federal soldiers to the national cemetery, the "perennial tree grave yard" was left undisturbed.

Near this graveyard there lives an old yellow-haired Sandy Spiller. During the war he was a Confederate guerrilla. His daring, his devilish enterprise, and the many stories of his violence made him a terror.

Last year on Memorial day old Sandy, driving a spring wagon loaded with wild blossoms and the perfumed twigs of rare bushes, and followed by a large number of neighbors, drew up under the old perennial tree.

"Just then my daughter Zelda come in. Wife she made a sly motion at her, an' Ze'do she bowed to the men an' set down, then I heard the slyest whisper to one o' his men an' say 'She's the pretty one o' his men.' I say 'She's the pretty one o' his men.' She's the pretty one o' his men."

"Sandy," said my wife, "if you've got ter take it go an' swallow it down. But I'll declare, ten goodness, I'm mighty pestered abut this pie been burned. I'm afeared I'm sorta kinda' my mind. Sandy, I reckon I'd better crap that bottom field in sheep! I ken git anybody to do that slyer thing by me."

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"Sandy," said an old man as he placed a box on the ground, "you've got ter make a sort av speech."

"You know I kann make no speech."

"Well, there'll haffter be some sort av expimation made ter these, yet folks aboot tis here proceedin' an' we don't know that there's a man that can do it better than you kin, so git right up thar on that box an' let her cat outen the bog."

"I'll do the best I ken," Sandy replied, as he took off his white wool hat and threw it on the ground, "with the hope that I won't hurt nobody's feelings." He got up on the box, looked about him in a sort of half-embarrassed way, and then said: "A good many o' you know what I wuz durin' the war. You know that I wuz called a tough customer an' I'll say right here that I ain't prepared to dispute it, either."

"I won't tell in particular how I wuz forced ter sorter bushwhack, but I will say that the Lawd knows that I never had nuthin' against the old dawg. Way, on day while I was layin' in ther cane-brake, down you on ther creek fast asleep, for I had been a dodgin' round all ther day before a party o' union soldiers come up, they did, an' nabbed me fo' I knew they wuz in ther community. They didn't give me no chance ter fight, an' I, don't reckon I da-

da.

"Cause I couldn't get a whack at the folks in this community, got in ter the habit o' shootin' at me, an' I'd a mighty hard time up thar as that is suggested by folks. I drapped arter eachy in ter ther habit o' shootin' at them. They stayed right here so'did I, an' ever' time I wuz in a maledic drop one o' em, but I never shot a Union soldier yet, an' never wanted ter. I consider dropped you yesterday when you wuz ridin' under openin' a thull, for wuz right above you.

"He didn't say much a' fur since time, but he kept ter looking at me. The man says to me, 'If I got it in my heart to hang you. You ain't a enemy to our beader all. Ho, let's go.'

"Gentlemen is a far wife. I've got no son, but I ain't hearkan' it would stay well. Let her break down an' drop in on her knees guider prude ther lawd. Zeida's a drogged an' I reckon I dropped her. After that we all fel ter eatin' pies. The next day the sergeant he came back. All bright to the news that the war was over. I coola make this talk longer, but I wot, for you all know that the sergeant married Zeida. He is a jedge in Nashville, now, an' here old Sandy took up a package and began to read a newspaper from about it. "My son-in-law an' his wife sent these here flowers to be scattered on these unknown men's graves. We'll sprinkle 'em along with the dogwood blossoms an' the flowers o' the red bud tree."

—Orne P. Bear.

Get Knows Which Was Right

In Bath county, Va., when the war broke out there lived two brothers named Terrill, both of whom became brigadier commanders—one of them having espoused the cause of the Union, and the other that of the Confederacy. The two were soldiers of brilliant promise, but they were both killed in battle, sustaining their widely differing sentiments. Their father brought the bodies of his two sons home, and buried them on the old farm, erecting between their graves a marble slab bearing the touching inscription, "God only knows which was right."

Why not live them both combine?

Wisdom and wisdom ne'er presume.

To say which child is in the line,

Reached blamably by the soldier's tomb:

I kn' wot this—the each was true,

Each bone a noble brave and bright;

That one were gray, and one were black.

A TEXAS ROMANCE.

A WIDOW'S Husband Sends Her Off on a Trip to Rejoin an Old Lover.

A Bonham (Tex.) correspondent of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* writes: About twelve miles west from this place, at the junction of the Texas Pacific and Missouri Pacific Railways, is situated the little village of Bells. This town is no doubt the dullest, steepest hamlet in all North Texas, and the event about to be related has furnished the inhabitants of that place a theme for discussion for many weeks to come.

A few years ago a handsome young lady of Bells married a conductor on the Texas Pacific Railway named Bailey. The married life of the conductor and his fair bride was a happy one for the brief period it lasted, which was only a few months. Mr. Bailey dying. A bright-eyed little girl was the fruit of the union.

A few months ago Mrs. Bailey went back to Tennessee, where she was born and raised, to visit old-time friends and relatives. While there she met a young doctor who was a sweet-heart of her childhood days. They renewed their pledges of love and an engagement followed. Mr. Bailey, having completed her visit returned to Bells and for some time kept up a correspondence with her doctor lover.

Finally the love-frightened epistles from the Tennessee M. D. ceased to make their regular appearance at the Bells Post-Office and the pretty little widow, thinking him untrue, began to bestow her smiles on other suitors.

A well-to-do young farmer proved himself a successful wooer, and after a short contest won her hand. They were married and three weeks passed away. A few days ago she visited her mother, and while there her lover from Tennessee visited the house and asked to see her. The request was at first refused, but finally the lady consented to see him. A few moments of explanations sufficed to cause the old love to break forth with renewed vigor.

They cantered the village on thoroughly and then went together to the house of her newly acquired husband, where the frankie confessed that she did not love him and married only to secure a home. The hard-hearted sweetheart, and could not live happily with any other. The husband, though loving her with all the vigor of his soul, realized the situation, and resolved to give her up. She went to the Robinson Hotel, and her lover left for Texarkana.

Last Friday the former husband accompanied his wife, and yet not his wife, to the depot, and, leaving her goods, with tears in his eyes, saw her take the train to join her lover. Altogether it was one of the strangest affairs that had ever occurred in this part of the State.

The lady's maiden name was Ferguson, and she was well known by many persons in this city. She is a sister-in-law of the popular Passenger Conductor Stevens, now running on the Texas Pacific. Her family is said to do a most respectable one.

HOW TO JUDGE WHISKY.

It is Not By the Taste, But By the Smell that Experts Are Guided.

"I'll bet I can tell 'doctored' whisky from the straight stuff every time," said a modest Chicago drayman, whose face seemed to bear out his assert on.

"How do you tell?" asked one of the group to whom the remark was addressed.

"Why, by the taste of the liquor."

"I guess you don't know what you are talking about," responded an agent for a wholesale liquor house. "It's the smell that tells you."

"It is hardly necessary to repeat the argument that followed, which led to an interesting test with some rather surprising results."

The party embraced a saloon-keeper, two traveling agents for liquor houses, a well-known liveryman and a doctor. Each was in turn blindfolded and required to hold his nose tightly. Then he was given a finger of a half-dozen kinds of liquor, including rye, bourbon, gin, rum, brandy, and was asked to name them. The result of the test was simply ridiculous. Gin was pronounced whisky and whisky gin, brandy and rum were mistaken for each other, and only two could tell water. The test went even farther. A slice of raw onion was given each, and they were asked what it was, and only one could answer correctly. Of course, each was asked conscientiously to hold his nose tightly and give his verdict before he let go. It is unnecessary to add that the Chicago drayman learned something, and that the whisky man's claim that it is the smell and not the taste that aids in the detection of liquor was made good.—*St. Paul Globe*.

All's well that ends well does not apply very well in the case of Maxwell, the "trunk murderer."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

WIT AND WASTE.

A spring garment—the wine bottle—*New-York News*.

Among things that won't bear the light are shadows.—*Singhampore Leader*.

A good many women who have married dry-goods clerks have got two yards of illusion as a premium.—*Pilgrim Chronicle*.

Nine-tenths of the pianos now made are upright pianos, but nine-tenths of the pianists at large are downright nancies.—*Boston Budget*.

The man was disappointed who expected to read something sensational in an agricultural paper under the head of "Harrowing"—*Picayune*. "What's in a name?" The *Daily Irrigator*, published in Selma, Fresno County, devotes over a column of its space to a denunciation of the liquor traffic.—*San Francisco Age*.

First Lawyer.—"I heard that Brass-front had to stop his argument yesterday. They say the Judge shut him up." Second Lawyer.—"Not exactly; only confined him to facts."—*Tid-Bits*.

Sunday School Teacher.—"Tommy, do you know what the meaning of 'Ames' is?" Tommy.—"Yes sir; it's what the people say when they think it's time for the minister to stop."—*New York Sun*.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Miss Tonee. "What in the world are the poor going to do for back hair? The papers say the switchmen have struck, and of course prices will go up fearfully."—*Boston Transcript*.

Jeweler (to young man exchanging ring for cuff buttons).—" Didn't the young lady like the ring, sir?" Young Man (mournfully).—"She didn't have a chance. It struck me that a \$10 ring was too expensive for a mere sister-to-you sort of girl."—*Epoch*.

Robinson.—"Brown says that you owe him \$15, Bumley." Bumley (indignantly).—"I do not owe Brown a cent. I did owe him \$15, but the debt became outlawed last week. Any man who will lie like he does ought not to be trusted."—*Tid-Bits*.

Austin can boast one thing, if in all others she fails to make a showing. She can present the finest lot of able-bodied Mexican loafers that ever stood on street corner and claimed to be padres. San Antonio perhaps excepted.—*Austin (Tex.) Daily*.

Hinsdale says he doesn't think much of the city hotel keepers. They have a big room magnificently fitted up and label it "sample room." This raises a fellow's expectations to the highest notch, but when he is shown to a hulking 7 by 9 room at the top of the stairs he finds that he has been swindled. It is not a bit like the sample.—*Boston Transcript*.

The Manufacture of Crutches. There are but three factories in the United States in which crutches are exclusively manufactured, one each in Boston, Philadelphia, and New York. The crutches which meet with the realtest sale are those with elastic tape, which are generally made of rosewood, lacewood or rock maple, with a patent rubber-cushioned bottom. They sell for \$12 a pair. The "cow-horn" crutch is made of a cheap grade of Maple with nickel-plated ferrules. The handles are securely fastened by a wire rivet running through both sides of the crutch and handle. This is light, tidy and durable. The arm and handles are made of black cherry. This crutch brings \$10 at retail. Many crutches are made to order, their price depends upon the material employed in their construction. Some cost as high as \$100 a pair.

A Premature Shock.

"I haven't seen you for a couple of weeks," said the parson; "have you been away?" "I have," replied the chorister. "I have been a fishing." "Oh," exclaimed the parson, in a tone of apprehension, as he reached for his hat, for he loved the chorister, and esteemed him highly. "Yes," continued the chorister, not noticing this movement of alarm, "I went by myself, without even a guide, to one of the prettiest trout brooks in all York state. I had five days good weather, and if you'll believe it—" the parson reached out, caught the door-knob, looked at his watch, and said he had a funeral on hand; but the chorister went on: "I only caught three trout in the five days and I had to throw everyone of them back because they were under legal size." The parson fell to the floor like a dead man, and it was an hour and a half before he recovered sufficiently to be taken home in a cab. "I'm sorry he fainted," said the chorister, plaintively. "I was just going to tell him how I struck a muskallunge weighing fifty-four pounds dressed, on the fifth day, and landed him after four hours' play, with a sixteen-ounce rod."

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Northville Record.

E. K. REED, Editor and Prop'r.

FRIDAY, MAY 25, 1888.

PLYMOUTH.

Architect Curtis reports the building business good.

Charles Brems is getting out a large number of iron harrows.

Mr. Editor we have not a case of diphtheria in our town.

Harry Willis is making some handsome carriages and wagons.

R. G. Hall is still quite a cripple from a badly sprained wrist.

John King has commenced the manufacture of his celebrated wool sieves.

Polly & Wherry are getting out material for a large number of their iron harrows.

The Plymouth Iron Wind Mill Co. report business better this spring than ever years past.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Ranch, of Northville, were in town Monday eve visiting old friends.

Marvin Borden has quite a force of men manufacturing his road carts, and reports sales good.

All Odd Fellows are requested to be present next Lodge meeting to assist in conferring degrees.

The reported marriage of Ed. Larkins to one of our maiden ladies is utterly without foundation.

The Markham Air Gun Co. report business rushing and hard work to keep up with their orders.

E. W. Bean has invented a "Jim Dandy" road cart, and is getting ready to manufacture them extensively.

Business has increased to such an extent with Potter, the harness maker, that he has been obliged to enlarge his store. The old quarters being too cramped for him to lay traps.

The result of the Supreme Court's decision the last option to the constitutionality of a higher direct taxation to the temperance people. Liquor is a terrible curse to the law enforcement.

The Plymouth Air Rifle Co. have just finished getting their machinery up and ready for business and have commenced getting out the material for 500 guns. These guns are first-class and reliable for targetting.

A brace of "scared doves" which got embarked from the cars here Saturday this week were notified by the authorities not to enter camp under penalty of arrest. They declared they'd be the first to get out bound train.

Will Hoyt has the largest and finest line of monuments and tombstones ever brought to this town. Our readers must not infer however that he has entered into a collusion with our doctors to help him sell 'em, because he is friendly with 'em.

J. C. Weller, who recently arrived here from Newberry, Mich., Lake Superior country, has purchased an Oxford incubator and has set 220 eggs. He intends embarking extensively in the raising of chickens by this process for the Detroit markets.

Captain Van Valkenberg, of Northville, was in town Monday and Tuesday visiting old friends. The Captain's years date way back out of sight. He informed your correspondent that it would be a cold day when he got left at the hand of the other sex.

Lewis H. Bennett is manufacturing a large number of screen doors, window screens and fanning mills. In fact Mr. Editor, appearances seem to indicate that we have swapped from our Rip Van Winkle sleep, judging by the lively business being done by our various manufacturers.

The first game of base ball of the season will be played on the Plymouth Fair Grounds, between the Yankees and Penns, on Saturday, Saturday May 25. Ypsilanti has organized a strong team and an exciting game may be expected. Turn on, ye Northville lasses, it is game, and give it a good attendance. Admission 15 cents. Ladies free. No charge for grand stand.

John Quarto has sold George Kelley for 6 months. The former will follow Kelley has purchased a property, dammed the brook, made a pond and embarked in the raising of live stock, species of bull frogs, for the Detroit market. Mr. Quarto has a six acre field of wheat adjacent to this pond. The field for the first time in years contained quite damp and did not dry up so advanced. As a result the wheat crop was badly damaged. Ad-

examination of the cause of the damage led to the investigation of the tile which resulted in the finding of the outlets being closed up by those large bull frogs crawling into and getting wedged in them and were unable to extricate themselves which resulted in the above litigation. Both plaintiff and defendant determined to fight for their rights and a long case of litigation is in prospect and some fine legal points will be argued. Both sides have retained able counsel.

"I never in my life," says John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, "used such a thing as a poster, a dodger, or a handbill. My plan for fifteen years has been to buy so much space in a newspaper and fill it up with what I wanted. I would not give an advertisement in a newspaper of 400 circulation for \$1,000 dollars or pence. If I wanted to sell cheap jewelry or run a lottery scheme I might use posters, but I wouldn't insult a decent reading public with handbills."

IMPORTANT
When you visit New York City, save money on carriage and carriage hire and stop at the Grand Union Hotel opposite Grand Central Depot. You can find a room at a cost of one dollar, reduced to 65 cents upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurants supplied with the best. Hot meals, pages and chambermaids to all depots. You can have better lodgings at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

RECORD REAL ESTATE AGENCY
REAL ESTATE ADVERTISED AND SOLD ON COMMISSION.
ALL NECESSARY PAPERS MADE OUT WITHOUT EXPENSE TO CONTRACTING PARTIES.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.
1. An 80 acre farm 2 miles from Grand Rapids, on a level traveled road, 15 acres improved, frame barn, frame house, well etc.

A FINE HOUSE
of 9 rooms, good well, cellar and kitchen, for \$2,500. On corner and a quarter of an acre of land. Terms easy.

5. SIX GOOD VILLAGE LOTS,
4x10 rods, in good location, will be sold on contract, or terms to suit purchaser.

6. LARGE HOUSE,
well finished, good bath, well and eastern and four acres of land all in the corporation will be sold cheap and on easy terms.

7. NEW HOUSE IN BEAL TOWN.
2 miles, good well, cellar, kitchen, dining room fruit trees etc. on lot.

9. LARGE HOUSE
Suitable for boarders on Cadiz street near the factory. 9 Rooms. Large lot. Good cellar and kitchen. Well built. Will be sold at a bargain and on terms to suit purchaser.

11. FINE HOUSE
On North Center street. Corner lot. Cellar and good cellar. \$1,200.

13. 13 ACRE FRUIT FARM.
One mile south of Portland. Two good houses, barns, etc. Will trade for Northville property.

16. HOUSE AND LOT
In Bealton for \$1,650. 7 rooms. Good cellar and cellar.

18. NEW BRICK HOUSE,
Finely finished. \$2,200.

19. CORNER LOT
on Main street. Very desirable.

20. CORNER HOUSE AND LOT.
House nearly new; 3 blocks from the M. E. church. A rare bargain at \$500. Possession given at once.

27. DESIRABLE
A large house of 10 rooms and corner lot, on block from Methodist church. Cheap.

28. A COSY HOME.
In a desirable location on West Main street for \$1,400.

TO
MACKINAC.
Summer Tours.
Palace Steamers. Low Rates.
DETROIT, MACKINAC ISLAND
Spectacular. Above Standard.
Good Bed and Breakfast.
All Classes. Excellent Rates.
Every Week Day Between
DETROIT AND CLEVELAND
Spectacular. Every Week Day Between
OUR ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLETS
Rates and Excursion Tickets will be furnished
by your Ticket Agent or Address
C. D. WHITCOMB, Gen'l Pass. Agent,
Detroit & Cleveland Steam Nav. Co.
DETROIT, MICH.

SMOKERS' ATTENTION!
The Best Pipe, Cigar, Cigarette, Cigar in the
Market. Havana Cigars, Cuban
Pipas, Whisky, Manufactured
Right Here in NORTHVILLE.
PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY. GIVE
A SMILE & YOU WILL HAVE NO OTHER
MADE AND SOLD BY

DECORATION.

Decorate yourselves with Goods purchased from the Double Store where you will always find the largest assortment and prices are right.

PHOTOGRAPHY

We would cordially invite anyone who enjoys looking at a fine exhibition of

Photographs

To call and see us at any time and inspect our work.

To those who want Photographic work we would say, We will put our work on its merits beside any produced in the state and slide by your judgment. We meet business

GIBSON & BROWN.

GROCERIES, GROCERIES.

CROCKERY and GLASSWARE.

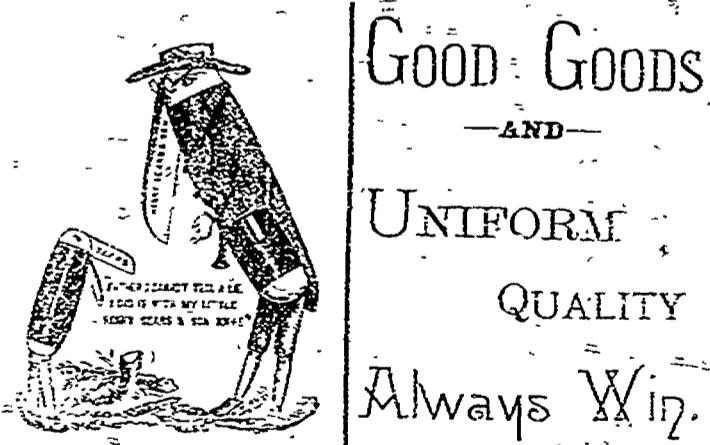
All goods warranted as represented or money refunded.

LAPHAM & PERKINS.

If You Want Good Bread BUY COLD LACE BRAND OF NORTHVILLE MILLS FLOUR.

Every Sack Warranted to be equal to any Flour Made, patent or otherwise. All kinds of Grain bought and sold for Cash. Bran, Midlings, and all kinds of FEED always on hand at the

NORTHVILLE MILLS.



W.L. DOUGLAS S3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

The only shoe and so serviceable in the world made with such care and attention to detail. The leather is the best and the stitching is the strongest. No other shoe can be compared with it. W.L. Douglas \$3.00 per pair.

W.L. DOUGLAS S3 SHOE is worn by all boys and is the best made shoe in the world. A single pair is made in Cooper, Boston, and retails for \$3.00, and W.L. DOUGLAS, BOSTON, MASS.

J. B. WILCOX, AGENT,
NORTHVILLE, MICH.

Every Knife, every Razor, pair of Shears or Scissors made by Henry Sears & Son is warranted Perfect and will be made good where they fail. We have had only two failures in the past ten years that we have sold these Goods.

We are Cutting Prices on everything in Jewelry, Books and Stationery. Watches are way down. See?

Have your eyes tested. Young people may have Astigmatism that may be corrected and cured by properly fitted lens, when if neglected for a few years you may be obliged to wear spectacles continually. See?

A. E. ROCKWELL,
THE JEWELER.

Northville Record.

Don't miss the Alba Heywood entertainment at the Opera House Monday, May 28. Everything new and sparkling. Admission 25 cents, reserved seats without extra charge.

In 1848, D. C. Buckland built the three houses on School street known as the three sisters, the lots upon which they stand cost \$300.00, the houses cost \$450.00 each, making the first cost of the three houses and lots \$1,200.00. For the first fifteen years, the rent was \$2.50 each per week, amounting to \$3,750.00. For the next ten years they rented for \$3.00 per week, \$3,000. For the following eighteen years to date, the rent was \$2.50 a week, each \$5,516.00, making a total of \$18,780. Mr. Buckland says the three houses have freed him from taxes at least \$12,000. The fire last Tuesday night is the first loss sustained to the buildings.—*Postic Gazette*.

The following sensible item we clip from the Chelsea Herald: "If you have an axe to grind you should cheerfully take your turn at the crank of the grindstone. If you are deeply interested in church work don't expect those outside your society to rush to the support of your pastor unless you sometimes manifest an interest in their various enterprises. On the other hand if you happen to be rather lukewarm in Christianity or even an atheist, opposed entirely to the church, you should bear in mind the reciprocity necessary to the existence of society and give as freely to the church for which you don't care a cent as you do for base ball or the band to which you may be devoted. Every person should give encouragement and money, according to his means, to every honorable enterprise, regardless of whether or not it happens to suit his individual tastes naturally and properly giving most to what is best liked but never withholding because you have no interest in it."

For the past week or so a large and powerful and persuasive book agent has been harassing the towns. For many hours on end he has been running up and down, lecturing men, especially a large number of professionals and clerks, but lately the talk apart, with his ratiocinations inside pocket in which he holds his merchandise until he has gained his audience, now takes quiet place. The agent mentioned, a day or two ago entered the office of a prominent attorney, and finding him away, it was asked that he be called in at the earliest opportunity, when he was busy, and he agreed to see him. The fact that he was brought into conference with the attorney was supposed that he was to be retained, but it turned out that he was to be engaged as a speaker. It was a speaker's shop that he sought to enter. When the attorney learned that he had to speak free he was ready to introduce the greatest speaker in the country, the attorney, who was a well known and highly popular orator, who had given a lecture in New York, and had been received with great enthusiasm.

A COUNTRY EDITOR'S DUTY. I must write an editorial upon the Irish question, And give Queen Vic a gentle rub, and Gladstone a surgical. Careless is inexperienced and needs my careful training, And I must show the Russellites a better plan of re-gaining. There's Bismarck needs a little dig he'll eat up some new paper Unless he gets a broadside from my valuable paper; King Humbert won't be prodded up, the Pope needs regulation, And Grover Cleveland must be told just how to run the nation. Now the rebels in Egypt are looking very rosy. The Kaiser must be told his faults in a Negligent friendly daddly! Now we go after the Bindings, dear, and fetch the coal and water, While I tell the kings of Europe how to manage as they'd oughter.

NOV. DOTS.

Died, on the 10th of May, Walter McCrum, son of the late Phebe No. Crumb.

Mary A. McCrum is back from Grand Rapids on a short furlough, she will return to her job at some future day.

Died, on the 19th inst., Phebe, widow of Cornelius McCrum, at the residence of the son, Philip McCrum. Aged 92 years.

D. B. WILCOX & SON

SPECIAL SALE

EVERY DAY

ON

WALL PAPER

AT

D. B. Wilcox & Son's

We want to Buy 15,000 bushels Firstclass Wheat.

We carry the Best and Largest Stock of Fine and Common Wall Paper, Ceiling and Decorations to be found in the country and as the prices are only about one half the price of last year in Northville, they should go lively. Have your wants in this line supplied before assortment is broken.

Per We sell Sugars at Barrel Prices. 6¢
Our Teas and Coffees are at the bottom. 6¢
Best winter white Kerosene oil 13 cents per gallon. 6¢

D. B. WILCOX & SON.

NEW GOODS!

NEW GOODS!

A BRAND NEW STOCK OF

BOOKS AND SIDES,

AT

STARK BROTHERS

These Goods are bought direct from Eastern Markets
for Spot Cash and we can give you great

BARGAINS BARGAINS IN

BOOTS AND SHOES FOR CASH!

We have also a Full Line of

GROCERIES &c.

Fresh and Neat which we sell as Cheap as the Cheapest.

Call and see Our Stock and get prices before you buy.

STARK BROS' CASH STORE

CENTER STREET.

FREE DELIVERY.

New Firm New Goods

Just Received a Large Invoice of
CARPETS
WINDOW SHADES
and **FIXTURES**
WALL PAPER
AND
CEILING DECORATIONS,
DOMESTIC and FRENCH

SATTINES
Spring Dress Goods
EMBROIDERIES, Etc.

Also PLAIN WHITE and LUSTRE BAND
CROCKERY
In the New Styles.

Don't fail to Call and Examine my Goods
and Prices.

The Highest Price paid for Butter and
Eggs. Yours Respectfully,

C. M. JOSLIN & CO

Hang him, Hang him

WHO?

WHY, THE MAN

That Says There is any

GASOLINE STOVE

Equal to the

New Lyman.

This Gallows has not hung anybody yet.

There is nothing equal to it
and we defy any assertion
made to the contrary. Call at
the CORNER HARDWARE
STORE and see it, and when
in want of anything in the
Hardware Line don't forget us.

See that Beautiful

Garland

Holloware!

On exhibition in our window.
Come in and see the prices
on it.

GEO. E. WATERMAN & CO.

