

NORTHVILLE RECORD

VOL. XX.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1888.

NO. 6

NORTHVILLE RECORD.

PUBLISHED 7 DAYS BY

E. ROSCOE REED,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

TERMS \$1.00 Per Year.

Advertiser's rates made known at application at this office.

Business notices five cents per line for each insertion.

Marriage, birth, death and church notices inserted free.

Obituary comments, resolutions, cards of thanks, etc., will be charged for at a reasonable rate.

Correspondence from every school district in this locality is solicited containing local news.

Anonymus communications not inserted under any circumstances.

F. & P. M. Time Card.

IN EFFECT NOV. 27, 1888.

NORTH 555, 9:30 a. m., 2:40, 6:30 p. m.

SOUTH 133, 9:30 a. m., 2:40, 6:30 p. m.

PROFESSIONAL

MURKIN—Will give instructions in piano and organ playing to a limited number of pupils that may desire them. Hours for lessons will be arranged and any other information given on application.

Mrs. Letitia Beal.

J. D. McCABECKEN, Attorney at Law and Solicitor, No. 1 Cass Street, Detroit, and at Northville. Deaf and dumb teacher, Mrs. Alice Weston, Acme White Lead and Zinc Works, Detroit Electrical Works, A. Becker, Jr., & Sons, White Stone Laundry. Office at residence, Yenelle's new house, near depot.

J. N. Root, DENTAL PARLOR, Upper, the Second Block, on Center street. All work guaranteed and prices reasonable.

C. X. THORNTON, Jr., Auctioneer. Having had years of experience in handling farm produce and considerable experience as an auctioneer, I offer my services at such terms reasonable and satisfactory guaranteed. Address me at Northville, Mich., arrangements can be made at the auction office.

W. WORTH WENDELL, Attorney at Law. Notary Public. Deeds and Mortgages drawn. Will draft titles. Collections made. Office in Coonley block, Northville, Mich.

J. B. HOAR, DENTAL PARLOR, OVER T. O. Richardson's store on Main St., Northville. Satisfaction guaranteed on all kinds of Dental work. Teeth extracted without pain by use of nitrous air.

SEVERAL HOUSES AND LOTS for sale at rock bottom prices in Northville. Inquire of E. S. Woodward, attorney at law.

E. REED—NOTARY PUBLIC. Especial attention to estates, legacies and drawing up wills.

SOCIETIES

G. A. R. ALLEGY HARMON POST, NO. 212, G. O. A. K. Dept., Dept. of Michigan, meets every alternate Friday. Visitors made welcome. J. V. DAVIS, Com. A. FOREMAN, Adj't.

CHOSEN FRIENDS—Union Council No. 244, via Chosen Friends Hall the second and fourth Tuesday evening each month at 7:30 o'clock. B. G. WESTER, C. W. B. ANGLER, Secy.

CHURCHES

Methodist Episcopal. Hours of Service 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School immediately after morning service. P. E. Bell, Sept. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30. Camp meeting on Sunday at 7:30 p. m. and Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. Stranger invited to all services. REV. G. W. HEDSON, Pastor.

Presbyterian. Sunday Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 7:30 a. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m. All will be made welcome.

Young People's Society meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

REV. W. T. JAQUES, Pastor.

Baptist. Hours of Service on Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 7:30 a. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m. All will be made welcome.

Young People's Meeting meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

REV. L. G. CLARK, Pastor.

T. S. ASTOR SOY.—M. S. SMITH, President. R. S. MASON, Cashier.

STATE

SAVINGS BANK

91 GRISWOLD ST., DETROIT.

CASH CAPITAL \$200,000

FOUR PER CENT. INTEREST PAID ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS.

Directors—R. A. Alger, F. S. Anderson, M. S. Smith, Hugh McMillan, F. J. Hecker, W. K. Anderson, R. S. Mason, C. L. Steer, G. H. Russell, H. C. McMillan, J. K. Burnham, H. C. Parke. Attorneys—Walker & Walker, general of Farmington Enterprise.

TOWN TALK.

Prof. Swift next week.

Christmas only three weeks from next Tuesday.

Remember Prof. Swift's lectures next week for the benefit of the school.

A large delegation of Northvillians went over to see the Plymouthites yesterday afternoon.

Homer J. Wendell has located in Ypsilanti where he is coaxing dame fortune's attention.

Tax gatherer Pomeroy will be ready to see you next week. Don't find fault with him if your taxes do not suit.

The Knights Templars go to Detroit this afternoon to exemplify the work for Detroit Commandery this evening.

J. O. Nelson has closed out his stock of goods purchased of Hutton Bros. and returned to his home in Manistee.

The Furniture factory are now running day and night gangs to get even with their work on hand.—Solid Lyon Exchange.

The furnace has come for the school house and it won't be many days before the new addition can be used for school purposes.

F. R. Beal, of Northville, will organize a Sunday school at the Pierson school house in Livonia next Sunday.—Farmington Enterprise.

News was received here last week of the sudden death at his home near Peterskey of Edward S. Polk, an old and respected citizen of Northville.

We have had placed in our hands for sale the best restaurant in Battle Creek. Parties looking for a location for that business will do well to learn particulars.

Only one month more in this leap year; girls and old maids are you improving your opportunity? Take the Recording's advice, improve the time before it is too late.

News was received here Wednesday of the dangerous illness of Deacon George Scott who recently went to Minnesota to spend the winter, with his son in that state.

Another policeman in Detroit murdered in cold blood by escaping crooks Monday evening. He was trying to arrest them and was shot down in the performance of his duties.

The Detroit Evening News came to the front Tuesday and offered a reward of \$500 for evidence that would lead to the conviction of the murderer of Police Officer Thayer Monday evening. Hope they will have to pay the \$500.

The Lansing Chronicle says: "That a Grand Rapids Republican made a bet with his best girl by which if Cleverland should be re-elected he should take her for a ride, and if Harrison was elected she should help him clean a pig pen."

Mention was made in these columns last week of the trial in progress of Henry Simpson and Robert Lanning for disorderly conduct on the streets the previous Saturday evening. The jury disagreed that day. Monday Sir. Lanning plead guilty and was fined \$5 Tuesday Mr. Simpson was discharged.

It takes mighty few brains to find fault and grumble. The lack of them is often prominently demonstrated by the faultfinder. He even often stands on the street and in stores criticizing very severely his opponents and others. It would not take a set of hay scales to weigh his brain even though he thinks he weighs a ton.

It may be the mark of a gentleman to spit tobacco juice on the floor at the rink and elsewhere but if it is there are few that are gentlemen. There are few habits more disgusting or that mark ungentlemanliness than this. It is a filthy and dirty habit. A man spitting tobacco juice on the floor disgusts every one who sees him or his trail.

Only about three years ago coal in our community was a rarity. This year seven cars have been shipped here, and we understand that there will be two more cars. Thus we see that wood is rapidly being replaced with coal. The time will soon come when coal will be used altogether; for cooking as well as heating.—*Northville Enterprise*.

The benefit for the band which has been started is not dead but is going on in spite of DeMoy's effort last week to kill it. He can yet redeem himself however by aiding it what he can.

The revival meetings in the rink have been much better attended the past week and a good deal of interest manifested. About forty persons have made a start for a better life. The meetings will be continued until Sunday evening when Messrs. Bigelow and Hart will take their farewell. They go to Bay City from this place and from there to Marine city.

A report was current on the streets here Tuesday that the depot of the F. & P. M. Ry at Plymouth was broken open while the agent was at supper the previous evening and \$30 taken. A large number of burglaries are being committed throughout the state and too great caution cannot be used to prevent their depredations. An ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure.

The farmer who howls for protection and leaves his farming implements and machinery out of doors at the mercy of the elements the year round, cannot be protected by any amount of tariff. The mortgage on his farm will never grow beautifully less, and the scripture will be illustrated: "That unto every one which hath shall be given; and from him that hath not even that he hath shall be taken from him."—Ex.

The suit of the Michigan Hedge company against William Fletcher, of Grand Blanc, for payment of an amount claimed by the company to be due upon a contract for hedge fence which was tried before Justice Stevenson, resulted on Saturday last in the jury returning a verdict for Mr. Fletcher. His defense was that the company had not lived up to their contract in repacing plants that had died, etc.—*Free Press*.

"The Presbyterian church at Milford Oakland County, celebrated its sesquicentennial recently. Rev. Albert Washington, its first pastor, being present to enjoy the rare privilege of participating in the occasion. Its first place of worship a red school house is still standing and used for a barn. Mr. Worthington is one of the original 13 ministers who organized the synod in Michigan, and is the only one now surviving.—*Postage Bill Peter*.

Frank P. Gains, of Vermont, who recently removed to this city with his family, has purchased a half interest in the Pontiac roller mills of W. R. Rowley, and the business will be carried on under the firm name of Rowley & Gains. Mr. G. is also a practical miller and there isn't any doubt but what the new firm will do their share of business. At the store a new office has been put in and other improvements have been made.—*Postage Bill Peter*.

Mr. Galois, is a relative of Mrs. Chas. Verke.

Frankie, youngest son of Frank Passage, six years of age, met with quite a serious accident on Thursday afternoon of last week. While engaged with some other school children in jumping on wagons, the little fellow trying to get on at the side, slipped, and the wheel of a wagon loaded with sixty bushels of wheat passed diagonally over the lower part of his waist and loins. He was promptly picked up and carried to his home, where, at this writing he is getting along nicely. The teachers should see to it that all playing in the streets is immediately put an end to, else serious accidents are always liable to happen.—*Postage Mail*.

The contessa of Queen Esther given in Detroit last week by Mrs. Deane and her music class, was considered a success in every respect. The costumes were royal. The audience large and appreciative and Mrs. D.'s pupils filled their respective roles with much credit both to themselves and their teacher, especially Frank J. Durling, of Milford, in the role of King Alasorus. All conceded that his part was very finely done both in singing and acting, and well worthy of rendering before a Detroit audience. Mrs. Deane received many warm congratulations from her friends in the city, for her success as a vocal music teacher. We wish to add that she anticipates giving this contest here with the assistance of her local music class soon.

Says an exchange: A couple of plausible fellows are said to be traveling this way on a new swindling expedition. They are "well up" on the sheep question and being home-spun in their general talk and conversation are wont to disarm suspicion. They are after lambs but can never get as many as they can dispose of. They therefore have a particular breed of ram, which they sell at \$50 each cash, on the understanding that they will purchase at a good high figure all the lambs of their get the following season at weaning time. Generally the sale is effected and the inducement appearing so great and the ram is delivered and paid for; but the two frauds never turn up again in the same locality.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. Roxanna Smith is visiting a sister at Cherry Hill.

Frank Ambler is home for the Thanksgiving vacation.

Mrs. Dr. Swift is not as well this week as she was last week.

Albert Cobb is with his parents at Ypsilanti for Thanksgiving.

W. W. Wendell took turkey with his mother at Holly yesterday.

T. B. Filkins is watching the nice ice forming on the pond this weather.

J. House and wife of Owosso, are visiting her brother Mr. M. D. Gorton.

Mrs. Sarah Hildreth, of Bloomington, Kansas, is visiting Mrs. Martha Beal.

Mrs. Russell Johnson, of Clio, has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. G. M. Long.

Henry and Will Holcomb, J. H. Bailey and Miss Myrtle Blair were in town yesterday.

Will Hakes is visiting in Vermont and New York city. He expects to be gone a month or six weeks.

Dr. E. N. Root has been to Chicago the past week for treatment for his complaint of long standing.

Mrs. A. S. Brooks has been confined to the bed for some days by sickness but has so far recovered as to be around again.

A. K. Dolph returned Monday from Pennsylvania where he has been putting up work for the Globe Furniture company.

Bart Stark went to Hartland to eat turkey with his parents and to see that the other fellow did not run off with his sister.

F. R. Beal was taken sick last Friday evening and has been confined to the house most of the time since but was out yesterday.

Isaac Watson, of Durand and Mr. and Mrs. Stobart, of Milford, spent Thanksgiving with their children, J. A. Gibson and wife.

Granville Wood left for Fremont, Ohio, Wednesday morning to set up the organ his factory has just been building for a church there.

Frank Harmon has been on Belle Isle gathering fish eggs for the U. S. commission. He finished his labors and returned Saturday evening.

George S. Maynard, of Waterford, Dakota, was a caller on A. D. Kendrick Monday, who is his uncle. Mr. Maynard is register of deeds of his county.

The Linton family held their annual reunion with Alpert Linton at East Saginaw yesterday. Mrs. Clare Allen and Mrs. D. Knapp with their families are in attendance.

W. J. and A. D. Clark and wives, of Newaygo, Munroe County, were guests at C. J. Ball's Tuesday. The Mr. Clarks are looking at some farms in this vicinity with a view of locating near our village.

The committees who met in the Record office last week Tuesday evening adjourned until last Monday evening when they met in the store of Sands & Porter and perfected arrangements for a band benefit. Mr. McCracken's proposition for a lecture was accepted with thanks. The date will be announced later in these columns. Committee to furnish music for the occasion was appointed, also a committee of citizens was appointed including ladies to meet next Monday evening at Sands & Porter's to make full arrangements for the banquet.

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Knights of Pythias, Mystic Lodge, No. 100, was instituted at Northville Nov. 22d, with twenty-six charter members. The grand lodge officers were here at the installation consisting of G. P. C. Dr. Thos. Barclay, of Detroit; G. V. H. S. Robertson, Breeds ville; G. K. of R. and S. J. W. Hopkins; of Lansing; G. M. at A. M. S. Curtis, of Battle Creek; A. G. M. at A. Prof. W. S. Johnson, of Lansing business college; G. P. C. J. Blackwood, of Detroit and G. P. H. Root, of Detroit.

There were also delegates from Olympic Lodge, No. 1; Myrtle, No. 4; Palestine, No. 5; and Pennsylvania, No. 6 and Captain H. C. Bland with Detroit Div. No. 3 in full dress uniform.

The Northville city band met the division at the depot and escorted them to the Brooks' house. The division did some very fine display drill on the street, which the people appreciated very much by their loud contingent applauding. Capt. Bland has a division which he can feel proud of as the boys take the cake where ever they go.

After instituting the lodge the Knights all retired from the hall to the dining room at the Brooks' house where there was an elegant spread waiting them, prepared by the landlady of the house.

She is just the one who knows how to get up a spread to suit the boys. The lodge extends their thanks to the visiting brother Knights and also to the band. J. D. Murdoch has organized this lodge since he has been here and gives it a good send off.

SCHOOL ITEMS.

Report of Grammer room. Neither absent or tardy during the month.

Northville Record.

E. R. REED, Editor and Prop.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1888.

WILL SHE?

Won't it be funny when women vote? If they act as silly as the men; The barrels of flour they'll have to move."

The wheelbarrows they'll trundle them.

Will she pay her bills like a little man, Or hedge with a pretty pink-hued note?

Will it be a game of catch-as-catch-can When women vote?

Won't it be funny to have it said Of some political sweet girl-bride, She's actually gone and shaved her head,

Made a bet on the losing side?"

Will they bet their boots and their chewing gum, And the pretty bonnets on which they date?

Will we think the millennium has come When women vote?

—Seas Wagg.

In the language of the poet, it will be a cold day when the benevolent ladies of Christ Church at Adrian, wear out shoe leather collecting pennies to pay the rent and keep of a helpless old lady unless they are sure the object of their charity is in need. For two years they have been raising the cash, by small subscriptions, to keep a roof over the head, and a crust in the cupboard of a certain old woman, and they might have continued doing so for years to come if the old lady hadn't got drunk. While in that condition she confided to one of her benefactors that she had saved all the money given her, because a relative in Detroit had been kindly paying her rent and other living expenses and that she would soon be in shape to go on a howling old tear, in which she invited her Christian friend to join. The ladies then investigated the premises, and having found \$400 or more in a corner enclosed in an old tin box, they cast their protege adrift and resolved to shy no more bread up on the waters unless they knew which way the tide is running.—Detroit News.

PLYMOUTH.

Mr. and Mrs. Atchiness Sunday at South Lyon.

Rev. Sam'l Plantz will occupy the M. E. pulpit of Sunday next, Dec. 2.

Frankie Passage that was run over has so far recovered to be out around again.

Bert Punches has invented an air gun that shoots forty times, loading it self by simply a forward and backward motion of a lever on the under-side.

Henry Robinson and wife went to Dexter on Thursday of last week and returned Tuesday of this week. They were the guests of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Burns, formerly of this place. We believe that Henry intended to put in a set of folding doors in the parsonage at that place while there.

D. A. Wetterman, auditor of the M. C. railroad spoke at the Baptist church Sunday morning on "Christian Education," and to the band of Hope in the afternoon. In the evening at the Presbyterian church, he spoke to a full house and was spoken very highly of at all the meetings.

Tuesday night while the attendants at the F. & P. M. railroad were at supper someone broke in and carried off sixty-four dollars in money. There had been a fake man with a light over coat on walking around in the afternoon from the depot to the junction and back, and Wednesday morning a telegram was received here describing a man and asking if he had been seen around here. The description given agrees well with the appearance of the man hovering around Tuesday and was undoubtedly the man wanted by the chief of police at Detroit.

It is not the part of a gentleman to say the least, for a man to imagine an innocent party has tackled him in a tender spot and proceed to send not only an abusive letter, but a picture bearing on the obscene without endeavoring to find out the responsible party. The party receiving such from the Northville correspondent of the *Cigar* showed us the letter and we asked him to allow the editor or the *Cigar* to publish it, as it only confirms the opinion we held of the *Cigar*'s correspondence when we wrote the item last week of which Fred Hall is not responsible. We have been out of town nearly all the time for the past two months which is the reason the highly gifted artist correspondent has not signed us before.



H. S. Robinson & Burtersaw, Detroit.

300 SEAMLESS SEwed SHOE

ALL STYLES, ALL SIZES, ALL WIDTHS FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR, in Congress, Lace and Button every pair guaranteed to fit one pair and you will buy no other.

H. S. Robinson & Burtersaw, Detroit.

350 SEAMLESS SEwed SHOE

Woolen-bottom bottom, foil edge, for RAILROAD MEN, LAWYERS, DOCTORS and Policemen. We guarantee durability and taste. If your dealer does not have the kind you want, he can send to us for them.

When women vote.

—Seas Wagg.



H. S. Robinson & Burtersaw, Detroit.

400 GOOD YEAR WEST CUSTOM SHOE

In fine styles, perfect comfort, clean, light, flexible, strong and durable. If your dealer does not have the kind you want, he can send to us for them.

FOR SALE BY

BALL & NEAL.

CAUTION

Beware of Frauds, as my name and the price are stamped on the bottom of all my advertised shoes before leaving the factory, which protect the buyers against high prices and inferior goods. If a dealer offers W. L. Douglas shoes at a reduced price, or says he has them, without my name and price stamped on the bottom, put him down as a fraud.



W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

The only real \$3 SEAMLESS SHOE smooth, NO TACHES, NO WAX THREAD to hurt the eye, NO TAUCHED WITH IRON, EXCLUSIVELY MADE.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.50 POLICE SHOE, Rail road Men and Letter Carriers all wear them, smooth leather as a Hand-Sewed Shoe No Tauches or Wax Thread to hurt the feet.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$2.25 WORKINGMEN'S SHOE is the best in the world for rough work; one pair ought to wear a year.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$2.50 SHOE FOR BOYS is the best School Shoe in the world.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$1.75 YOUTH'S School Shoe gives a small Boy's chance to wear the best shoes in the world.

All made in Quaker, Bettos and Lace. If not sold by your dealer, write

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

J. B. WILCOX, AGENT.

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The Michigan Farmer
WITH HOUSEHOLD SUPPLEMENT.

The FARMER is a Business Paper for Farmers.

It publishes the Best and Most Reliable

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For the Farmer, the Stock-Breeder, the Dairy-

man and the Horticulturist.

The various departments of the paper, which include Agricultural, Household art, Stock Breed-

ing, Veterinary Science, Market Reports of Farm Prod-

ucts and Live Stock, Reports of Farmers' Clubs, etc., etc., are weekly filled with interest-

ing and reliable information.

The "Household" supplement and a large

amount of choice miscellany make the paper a favorite with all in interest of the family.

ALL FOR \$1.00 A YEAR,

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Agents wanted at every Post-Office to canvass

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GIVEN AWAY

An elegant life sized Portrait of yourself, worth \$25.00 if you draw the lucky number. Every person buying one dozen of our lovely

CABNET PHOTOGRAPHS during December given an equal chance. Remember we guarantee satisfaction. We take the lead.

We have got them

And they have got to go?

GOT WHAT?

Why the FINEST LADIES' KID

SHOES, for \$2.50, that

was EVER offered

in Northville at

STARK BROS.

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.

LUMBER

DELTA LUMBER CO. DETROIT MICHIGAN

Are prepared to furnish all sizes and grades of

rough or dressed, for building purposes.

Call for Work all UNIFORM GRADES.

THE PATRONAGE OF THE LOCAL TRADE

OF DETROIT AND VICINITY IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

120 1/2 PLATES MILL, 61 PINE ST., WATER THE BEST OF FINE

WOOD.

They should send in your orders. To build

the best and the greatest savings.

Send in your orders and get the best prices.

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TRIUMPH.

BY F. H.

An triumph lies not in the goal we win,
The kingdom or the treasures we possess,
Or vanquished foes our prowess who confess.
Not through their fury gates we enter in,
As crowned conquerors! All these begin
Not victory. They are bold and poor inress.
I call to triumph triumph which is less,
Than this, to be serene through all life's
dura,
And war, in smallled things no less than
great!
To keep all law in love and not in hate,
In joy and not in fear, and so to see
Spontaneous obedience is the mate
in heart and mind of honest liberty,
And gladness and triumphant victory!

Deacon Pitkin's Farm

BY HARRIET PERCIVAL STONE.

CHAPTER I.

Thanksgiving was impending in the village of Mapleton on the tenth of November, 1863.

The Governor's proclamation had been duly and truly read from the pulpit of the Sunday before to the great consternation of Miss Hiskett, the ambulatory dressmaker, who declared confidentially to Deacon Pitkin's wife that "she didn't see nothin' but she was goin' to get through this very minute and that all this pretty busting hon'orableness owes its spice and flavor to the thought that James is comin' to the Thanksgiving dinner."

To be sure if any one had told Deacon Pitkin he would have been ashamed of himself for Harry as it was so.

It was a difficult step for Miss Hiskett to go to the village of such a retard about the Governor, but the deacon's wife was one of the few persons who were conductors of indifference, and so the Governor never heard of it.

This particular Thanksgiving Eve was marked in Mapleton by exceptionally charming weather. Once in a great while the "greatest New England skies" are over with a remarkable twinkle and forgetting give them us a snap of September frost, which generally looks of a little pretty flowers, but heart-breaking a way, and then you can have a few quite down through November.

It was so this year at Mapleton. Though the like is now rare, the weather had been real, and it was particularly indifferent, regular, yet there is a kind of electric, and available light, sparkle, and the goldenrod and purple aster were glowing ever the fields. It is well they were expectant to keep up until white.

It is likely as a setting, the jolly good heart will with the bright children of the training farm, and wives and daughters of the young men, that overpassed the old Pitkin farm house seemed like a mine of gold, and sent a yellow radiance through all the doors and windows, as the bright autumn sunlight streams through the trees.

The Pitkins were noted among the best in New England. New and like, she has a sweet face and do something good, and a good-tempered, affectionate, and thoughtful mother of four sons, of whom the first is the deacon, and the second like him, and a saucy moppet of two, out to keep him from being educated, you know.

All his life keeps busy by the side of the deacon, a delicate thin quiet girl, with great blue eyes and a smile that is like the sun. New England has of old to say, and has still perhaps in her family, few, even when she comes from time to time to visit in the spirit world, as this kindly form of mind and faded. With the cheek grows thin and the form slender, and upon her daily drooping, though the other man's youth the time has been of day by day. The woman that needs no weak yet holds every thread and controls every movement of the most complex earthly life, and wonders are daily accomplished by the presence of a woman who seems little more than a spirit. The "deacon" and wife mother are the true little jewels plucked while all the wheel work of the family moved.

"Well, hasn't we done a good day's work," says Diana, when many

of every kind, apple, cranberry,

pumpkin and maize, have been all safely delivered from the oven and carried up to the great vacant chamber, where, ranged in rows and from solid, they are to last over New Year's Day. She adds, demonstrably clasping the little woman round the neck and leaning her bright cheeks against her whitening hair. "Haven't we been smart?" And the calm, thoughtful eyes turn lovingly upon her as Pitkin puts her arms around her and answers:

"Yes, my daughter, you have done wonderfully." We couldn't do without you!"

And Diana lifts her head and laughs. She likes getting and praising as a cat likes being stroked; but for all that the little place has her claws and a sly no fond of taking them.

relationship, why, then Diana was satisfied, of course she had regarded them as her cousins; and she was sure she couldn't think what they could be dreaming of—"A cousin is just like a brother, you know."

This was just what James Pitkin did not believe in, and now as he was walking over hill and dale from Cambridge college to his father's house, he was gathering up a decided resolution to tell Diana that he is not and will not be to her, as a brother—that she must be to him all or nothing. James is the brightest, the tallest, and the Mapleton girls said, the handsomest of the Pitkin boys. He was a strong-hearted, generous, robust fellow as ever undertook to walk thirty-five miles home to eat his Thanksgiving dinner.

We are not sure that Miss Diana was not thinking quite as much of him as he was of her, as she stands there with the long kitchen slippers in one hand, and one plump white arm thrust into the oven end her little head cocked on one side, her brows bent and her rosy mouth pursed up with a solemn sense of the importance of her judgment as she is testing the heat of heaven.

"Oh, Dr. Bill, for all you seem to have nothing on your mind but the responsibility for all those pumpkin pies and cranberry tarts, we wouldn't sacrifice a very large wad that you are not thinking about poor James, under it all at this very minute and that all this pretty busting hon'orableness owes its spice and flavor to the thought that James is comin' to the Thanksgiving dinner."

To be sure if any one had told Dr. Bill,

she would have foisted the very idea.

Besides, she had privately informed Al Ainsworth, her special particular confidante, that she knew Jim would come home from college full of conceit, and thinking that everybody must bow down to him, and for her part she meant to make him know his place—of course Jim and she were cool friends, &c., &c.

"Oh, Dr. Bill, you silly naughty girl, was it for this you stood so late at your looking-glass last night arranging how you would do your hair for the Thanksgiving night dance?" Thee killing boy,

which you deliberately fancied and braided like bright bairns among the dark waves of your hair—who were you thinking of as you made and joined them?

"Lay your hand on your heart and say to

you who has earned the fact, the truth,

the bravest and kindest of your friends.

But Dr. Bill, don't be herself with such talk—the she only goes out to meet visitors from the factory, with the intent to lay on the red-currant tarts, of which she makes a speciality for a housewife. For there is Bill, the schoolboy who stays at home and helps with the farm. She knows that Bill will putter very nice in, and obeys all her commands with a faithful docility of a good New England dog, and he says:

"She's a good woman, Miss Pitkin is."

said Abner, "and she's a smart worker."

In this phrase Abner so evidently expressed his blithe ideal of a human being.

"Smart ain't no word for it," said Biah,

with alertness. "Eccentric for it, the gitto,"

that are women bairns me. I did it,

children right along in a string though stoppin' done all her own work—never

kept a gal nor nothing alivers up and dressed, alle's to meetin' Sunday, and never

stops workin', when talk's one thing, it's another. Didn't washin' front, making

butter and cheese and tweed stockings

and linin', and, if she ain't drivin' that's

to sell to the store or knitting—she's the

perpetual motion ready form, Miss Pitkin is."

"Waufer know," said the butler, as a sort of natural result in this monotone of talk. "Ain't she smart, though?"

"Smart! Well, I should think she was,

she's over and into everything; that's goin' on in that house. The deacon wouldn't know himself without her, nor wouldn't a dozen of them boys, they just big out of her, she kind," keeps em all up."

"Well, she is a hefty woman, now,"

said the interlocutor, who seemed to be possessed by a dim idea that worth must be weighed by the pound.

"I saw bess you no! She's a little editor,

nothin' to look to, but every bit in her is live." She looks pale, kind of like round ice cream, but when anything's to be done, there Miss Pitkin is, and her hand alivers goes to the right spot, and theng, is done, or ye know it. That are woman's kind o' sil; she'll sit up and go to heaven some day after folks know it. There comes the deacon and Jim over the hill. Jim walked home from college day before yesterday, and turned right in to day to help get in the winter work right along. Person was awful great."

"What was the matter o' the deacon?"

"Oh, the mortgage bind o' work him,

The like to pay comes round pretty soon,

and the deacon's face alivers goes down long as yer ars."

"Tis a patty tight pull,

haven't I in college loan'd his work, and

havin' term bills and things to pay. Then

are college folks charges up I tell you.

I seen it works the deacon. I heard him

sawing Jim about it."

"What was Jim so to college?" said

Abner, with slow wonder in his mizzy face.

"Oh, he alivers was set on education,

and Miss Pitkin she's set on it, too, in her

softly way, and softy woman is them that

gloriously carries their pinto festo last."

"But there's one that ain't softy,"

said Biah suddenly, continuing, as

the vision of a black-haired

bright-eyed girl suddenly stepped forth

from the door way, and stood shading

her face with her hands, looking toward

the sunset. The evening light lit up a

faery spray of golden rod that she had

wreathed in her wavy hair, and gave a

glow to the rounded outlines of her hand-

some form. "There's a sparkler for you.

And no saint neither," was Biah's com-

ment. "That critter has got more prances

and capers in her than any three-year-old girl I know on. He'll be crapping

that critter gets a bride on her."

"Some say she's going to her Jim Pit-

kin, and some says it's Bill," said Abner,

delighted to be able to add his mite of

gossip to the rest while it was flowing.

"She's sweet on Jim while he's round,

and she's sweet on Bill when Jim's up to

college, and between us she gets to be

round to everything that's goin' on. She

gives me a word over one shoulder, and

one over t'other, and if the Lord above

knows what's in that gal's mind or what

she's up to, he knows more than I do, or

she either, else I lose my bet."

Biah made this admission with a firm-

ness that might have been a model to

theologians or philosophers in general.

There was a point, it appeared, where he

was not omniscient. His universal sta-

tistical knowledge had a limit.

It was worth every ox, ass and sheep,

every man, woman and child in town, and

Biah could have pretty good character

pictures also, and whoever wanted to in-

form himself of the status of any person

living in Mapleton would have done well

to have turned the faucet of Biah's stream

of talk, and watched it respectfully as it

came, for it was commonly conceded that

what Biah Carter didn't know about

Mapleton was hardly worth knowing.

"A piece of property, this 'ere far,"

he said, surveying the scene around him

with the air of a connoisseur. "None o'

yer stink pasture lands where the sheep

can't get their noses down through the

rocks without a file to sharpen 'em! Dea-

con Pitkin did a putty fair stroke o' busi-

ness when he swapped off his old place

for this here old place was all

swamp land and stone pasture, wasn't good

for raisin' nothin' but super bushes and

bull frogs. But I tell you," proceeded

Biah, with a shrewd wink, "that at mort-

gage pluches the deacon works him like

a dose of aches and pains, it does. Dea-

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