

STATE NEWS.

MCMILLAN FOR SENATOR.

Detroit's Capitalist Gets the Nomination Unanimously.

The joint caucus of the republican members of the legislature to nominate a candidate for United States senator to succeed Thomas W. Palmer, was held in representative hall at 6 o'clock on the evening of Jan. 2. As soon as the caucus was organized State Senator L. G. Palmer took the floor and placed in nomination for United States senator to succeed Thomas W. Palmer, the Hon. James McMillan of Detroit. His nominating speech was an eloquent effort, and ably supplemented by many others. Mr. McMillan's choice was made unanimously and by a rising vote.



JAMES MCMILLAN.

The nomination was conducted to the rostrum. He said the committee had informed him of the action of the caucus and of the great compliment paid him by selecting him as the candidate for United States senator. He returned his hearty thanks to each member, not only for the high honor, but for the confidence expressed that he would perform satisfactorily the duties of the office. It was very gratifying to him to know that so many reliable men had given him their entire confidence and regard. He appreciated most profoundly the high honor of the nomination but also appreciated that with it came great responsibilities. With the advent of the new administration there would come before Congress great questions for settlement, questions of finance, questions of the tariff, of which they had heard so much during the last campaign. The question of the tariff, the great question of commerce. He believed that his experience in business affairs would prove to be of service in helping to settle these questions. If the legislature, in confirming his action of the caucus, has this responsibility upon him, he had no hesitation in saying that all his energies, and he had but a little, and all his abilities should be devoted to the service of the state and the nation. He must not forget, Mr. McMillan said, his many friends from all parts of the state. Their hearty and satisfactory expression of his candidacy, cordially expressed. He wished to thank them, old and all, for their kindness and sympathy, for their presence and support, and private cover to forget it.

The joint caucus of the democratic party was unanimous in its support of Melvynne H. Ford. The administration and agitation expressed for that able and unselfish champion of the democracy was a sincere and cordial as to evoke the warmest sympathies of the heart. The democratic members will take much delight in voting their appreciation of loyalty to democratic sentiment, so well advocated by Mr. Ford, by giving him their undivided vote for senator.

Indeterminate Sentences.

A joint meeting of the prison boards with the board of corrections and charities has approved an act to provide for indeterminate sentences in accordance with the recommendation of the governor's message. It is modeled very closely after the Ohio law. They also approve, with a few minor alterations, the "Long act," the section providing for the consideration of the governing boards of Jackson and Marquette state prisons and the local reformatories into one general prison board of probably four members. It is believed that this will simplify the work of the management and do away with the shuddering of indeterminate prisoners from one institution upon another.

Hurried to Death.

The mill six miles east of Millbrook, known as W. W. Dush's, was blown up the other morning at 5:50 o'clock and two men killed. They were W. W. Dush and Mr. Carr, the night watchman. What led to the accident is not known.

Had the explosion occurred a few minutes later the men employed in the mill would have been at work and the loss of life frightful. Mr. Dush was the founder of Dushville, where he owned a large general store.

Michigan News Briefly Told.

The postoffice at Romeo was broken into the other night, the safe blown open, and about \$150 in stamp taken.

Asst. Andrews, for over 50 years a resident of Flint dropped dead a few days ago.

About half an acre on the extreme end of Harbor Point dropped into the lake the other night. This is the third instance of the kind in the past twelve years and is caused, no doubt, by the current undermining the surface.

It is reported that another bank will soon be established in White Pigeon.

Good coal is being taken from the mine of Boyd's farm near Albion.

The 14 year old son of Edward Smith, living about three miles from Coldwater, was drowned in Coldwater river, while skating on the 20th ult.

A perfect rainbow was visible for a few minutes at Holland City the other afternoon.

A toothpick factory is one of the flourishing wood-working establishments at Harbor Springs, and it is one of the largest factories of the kind in the country. White birch is exclusively used in the manufacture of the toothpicks, and about 500,000 are turned out daily.

Wolves are unpleasantly numerous in the vicinity of Portage Lake.

The only tobacco factory in the upper peninsula is located in Ispemming.

Daniel Sheahan, an ex-jester of the peace, and an old resident of Detroit, dropped dead the other morning on Griswold street.

Harry Cook, driver of a delivery wagon in Muskegon, was run over by a C. & W. train the other morning and instantly

Franklin G. Bartlett, wanted in Genesee county for over a year on a charge of forgery, was arrested at East Saginaw the other day by Marshall Miller, and brought to Detroit. He was an employee of the Singer sewing machine company, and operated quite extensively in Genesee and adjoining counties.

Richard Dryer of Ispemming, who had been out from Ireland only six months, robbed a friend named Jerry Murphy of a large sum of money, and at last accounts was heading back for Erin. An effort will be made to catch him at Boston.

The Grand Trunk depot at Armada was destroyed by an incendiary fire on the 20th ult.

Kalaboozo has one saloon to every 100 inhabitants.

Bob Taylor, a 13 years old boy of Sault Ste. Marie, fell from a wagon the other day, and was crushed to death beneath the wheels.

An immense quantity of birds-ore maps is being bought in Emmet, Antrim, and Kalkaska counties for shipment to Europe.

Lucius Baker of Lawton celebrated his 81st birthday by chopping a cord of wood.

Lucas Joseph, a Michigan pioneer who is well known to most of the old residents of the Wolverine state, and who has lived at Quincy for 51 years, had a leg broken by the upsetting of load of hay. The gentleman is 71 years old.

Joseph Goker, a pioneer of St. Clair county, received injuries from the passenger train of the Detroit, Bay City & Alpena railroad near Tawas City the other morning, and cannot fire. A horse which he was driving was killed. No blame is attached to the railroad employees.

On New Year's day Nels Basimus, living in Sidney township, Montcalm county, went out to his barn to hitch up the team preparatory to go visiting. His continued absence alarmed his wife who was waiting for him, and upon going to the barn was horrified to see him hanging by a rope from a beam. Finding the body still warm, she cut it down, and ran for assistance, but all efforts to revive him proved fruitless.

An F. & P. M. brakeman named Mark Healy, aged 28, was killed in East Saginaw Jan. 1. A freight car was being switched into the mill yard of Brown & Ryan, and he was struck on the head by one of the boards protruding from a lumber pile, crushing his skull. He was a single man.

Frank House sent to Jackson for life, and George Campbell to me for a mil or less, were in jail at Marshall yesterday, and Campbell was a witness against House. Joe H. Hock, who scattered the men, is a flat top, will do Campbell parrot talk, and he is erging Gov. Lewis to release Campbell to the Joliet prison.

W. J. Hay, a well known mining expert, died in Ispemming Jan. 1.

The branch postoffice at South Saginaw, located in building stone of Mueller & Dechant, was robbery the other night, the safe being forced and \$1250 belonging to the firm and \$100 worth of valuable stamps taken.

The common council of Lawton has adopted a resolution ordering all theatrical companies visiting the city to furnish every official from mayor to scavenger with a free pass.

Fred. Hedges of Hedges was assassinated by two highwaymen in West Bay City the other evening and robbed of \$27.

Charles Kates and Abby Shepherdson of Gen. Cass county, were in jail when the boat was captured by a small boat he was rowed off shore.

H. H. D. Alexander, for over 10 years a resident of Ottawa, died suddenly of heart disease on the 1st ult.

A rock-cutting train on the Canada & St. Louis road was derailed near Colon, and Frank Matthews, brakeman, killed, and six more badly injured. The train was running at perhaps 10 miles an hour, and as there were 15 men in the engine it is surprising that none were not killed.

W. H. Francis of Charlevoix has an order from a New York firm for 3000 cedar barrels for fish oil.

It is rumored that a school of mussels will shortly be started at Ann Arbor.

Twenty million feet of lumber are being cut in the eastern part of Oscceola county, notwithstanding the fact that three years ago it was said that all of the timber in that county had been cut.

Leander Barnett, a full blooded Indian, is teaching a pale's school in Readmond, Emmett county.

For three years past money has been appropriated by the government for a light house at Seal Rock Point, but nothing has been done of it, as there is a question as to who owns the land where the light is wanted. This government will not be asked to condemn the property and get down to business.

The F. & P. M. will build a handsome new depot in Bay City in case the new government buildings is located on a block adjoining railroad property.

A farmer named Schwinn, living near Chesaning, has had four men arrested for threatening to kill him.

Battle Creek refuses to offer sufficient bonds to the Livingston Bell Co., and the company's works will be located elsewhere.

James O'Rourke, an aged resident of Midland City, was killed by the cars the other morning.

At the election held in East Saginaw on the 3d inst. to ascertain the sentiment regarding the proposed consolidation of the two cities, only the voters voted. In one or two wards not a ballot was cast.

The supervisors of Bay county are permanently engaged from spending money or a new bridge to connect the Bay Cities.

Capt. Joseph O. Belknap of the soldiers' home has been appointed Kent county deputy clerk to act at the home in preparing veterans pension papers, etc.

John Harris of Edmore has commenced suit in the heat circuit court against the Detroit Lansing & Northern railroad company, to recover damages for personal injuries which he places at \$10,000. The plaintiff was injured at Edmore in 1887 while loading telegraph poles on a work train.

Ispemming Swoles propose organizing a military company independent of the state.

Thomas & Ewer's elevator at Muskegon, Eaton county, was destroyed by fire the other day. Loss \$3,000.

Laramie is crowning over its position as this city is the point of post office business. Lead. 12 East Saginaw \$8,600 in 1888.

A toothpick factory is one of the flourishing wood-working establishments at Harbor Springs, and it is one of the largest factories of the kind in the country. White birch is exclusively used in the manufacture of the toothpicks, and about 500,000 are turned out daily.

Henry Platz is under arrest at Paw Paw charged with perjury in marrying a 13-year old girl swearing she was 16.

William Lett, who on Christmas eve shot at a relative in Toledo, Sherman Lett at Millbrook, has been held in \$3,000 bonds to the circuit court of Muskegon county.

Benton Harbor & St. Joseph steam motor railway company has been granted a franchise, and Chicago and St. Joseph capitalists will proceed at once to spend \$50,000 on the proposed road.

A train of another member and instantly

Contracts for the erection of the new Michigan oval factory at Ispemming have been let to John Wadell and John Plate. The former does the carpenter work for \$3,500, and the latter the mason work for \$3,000.

Bert Decker, a farmer living about three miles south of Fremont, made a desperate effort to kill himself with a bar of iron. After a struggle his wife secured the weapon and made him promise not to make another attempt to injure himself. She watched him for some time, and as he seemed contented, left him to attend to some household matters. When next she thought of him, he was not in the house, but a search revealed his lifeless body in a spring near the house.

Two boys were drowned at Toledo on Sunday, Dec. 30, while skating on a bayou near the Wabash elevator.

Miss Jessie Folger, a daughter of the late secretary of the treasury, Charles G. Folger, died of consumption at Saranac Lake, N. Y., the other day.

Lacy Parsons, the widow of the ex-slave anarchist, made one of her inflammatory speeches in Chicago on Sunday, Dec. 20, despite the efforts of the police.

Senator Blair says we must have Canada. Peaceably if possible, forcibly if we must.

The steel mills at Scranton, Pa., have shut down, throwing 1,500 men out of work.

The president has granted pardons to A. C. Green, Josiah Richardson, William Stevens and Sidney Weeks, Mormons, who were sentenced in November, 1887, to six months' imprisonment in the Sioux Falls, Dak., penitentiary for unlawful cohabitation and at the expiration of that time to three years more for adultery.

The second annual reunion of the Sixth Michigan cavalry was held in Ionia on the 1st inst., 150 members being present. The election of officers resulted as follows: Gen. J. H. Kidd, president; Capt. J. O. Probasco, vice president; Capt. J. P. Curtis, secretary; Levi J. Bernard, treasurer. Josie was selected as the place of the next meeting.

Wiggins says get ready for an awful blizzard Jan. 15.

Colonial Catholics of the United States held a convention in Washington the first week in January.

Three boys were drowned in South Farmington, Mass., on the 3d inst., while skating.

South Dakota is taking steps to make her administration during the present session more certain.

British Americans in Chicago have organized a political society composed exclusively of citizens of that nationality.

It is said that 42 lives were lost by the burning of the Mississippi steamer Kate Adams, instead of 4, as first reported.

Virtual law has been declared in force at Springer, Oklahoma, and squatters are learning.

The output of gold, silver, lead and copper in Montana for 1887 is between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000.

A large amount of money and valuable treasure was dug out of the ground near the residence of Jack Martin in Jacksonville, Ark., recently. A telegraph message to be that of women who live in one of the ground floors in the house in which the miners are living.

Representative Springer, when the omnibus territorial bill is taken up in the House, will offer an amendment giving the territory the following names: North Dakota, Dakota, South Dakota, Wisconsin, New Mexico, Minnesota, Washington, Montana, and Idaho. Mr. Springer provides names for all of the new states of America and Idaho is the name of the state.

Col. Dan McMillan, a former paymaster general, has been added to the red list of the lame.

A bill has been introduced in the Senate authorizing the secretary of war to provide for the relief of the Indians in the territories of the future states of the Union.

The President has appointed to continue a commission on from the secretary of state concerning the amount of compensation to be made for the removal of the Indians of certain tribes, and subjects who were taken to the Island of Manhattan by the garrisons from the United States steamer Omaha while that vessel was in port.

In the United States a district court at Paul M. Ryan, on behalf of the United States, has been brought to trial a gang of Northern Pacific railroad company with inmates between 40 and 60 years old. It is conjectured that since the road has been built, social life along its line in Idaho, Washington and Montana has developed further.

The state auditor for a number of years has been unable to find a record book to account for the money.

The door will be open to all who are interested in the progress of the state.

From the 1st to the 15th of December the public debt statement issued Jan. 2 shows: Total debt, \$1,088,331,271; less available cash items, \$1,124,631,222; less cash in treasury, \$1,174,821,226; decrease during December, \$14,471,256; decrease since June 1st, 1887, \$1,221,226; total cash in treasury, \$185,514,017.

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Mr. Blackford, a member of the House of Representatives, has introduced a bill to prohibit the sale of alcohol in the state of Idaho.

The Oregonian of Portland, Oregon, discusses the condition of the salmon fishery in the Columbia river.

Gladstone celebrated his 73rd birthday on Dec. 11. The old man claimed his 73rd birthday in Naples.

The Portuguese government has called the German government to the blockade of the whole coast of Africa, including the borders of Egypt, Crete, Sicily, and Malta, in order to prevent the English from attacking the Suez Canal.

Famine and drought prevail in the interior of China.

Exodus of Irish tenants has been reported.

Yellow fever has appeared on the United States steamer Yantic, now at Haiku.

GENERAL NEWS.

CONGRESS AT IT AGAIN.

The National Law Makers Begin Talking Once More.

The Status of Cass Placed in Partition Public Debt Statement—Other Capital Notes.

The big congress began its last two months of work on the 1st inst. The senate at once commenced the discussion of the tariff bill, and the house took up the river and harbor bill.

The statue of Lewis Cass has been placed upon a pedestal and now stands in the southeast corner of statuary hall between Van Allen and James A. Garfield. It is at present surrounded by a canvas screen behind which the sculptor, Daniel E. French, is doing some final chiseling. A great many senators and members have passed behind the screen at Mr. French's invitation and viewed the statue. They all pronounced it a fine work of art, and those who had known Gen. Cass in his lifetime declared the face an exact copy.

Among those who called Sen. Cass'

A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.

"Now, what is a halo?"
You will none of you make
One question so easy as this a mistake."

"And quickly went up every hand,

But never a youngster could certainly tell,

Although very sure, he had studied it well,

"Whether lakes were of water or land.

Allas and alas!

"It should quickly pass

To Pat, at the foot of the class.

"He waited triumphant, demure,

"A lake, is it? what in the world would it be?

"But a hole in the sky, surely!"

Sidney Dare.

STRIVE QUIETLY.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

O striving soul, strive quietly;
Whatever thou art or dost;
Sweetest the strain when in the song
The singer has been lost;
Truest the work when 'tis the deed,
Not done, counts for most.

DARK DEEDS.

BY HENRY T. NEFFIELD.

CHAPTER II (CONTINUED).

"Thank you, Mrs. Atwood, so much," said Captain Sturzis, as she rose from the piano. "So, singing is positively charming. I don't know any one whose voice pleases me so much."

"Captain Sturzis is an adept at complimenting," she replied, as she took up some needlework and settled herself quietly at a table near the window. "It is evident that he long since became a fast master in the art of how-to-please."

"Platitudes! I blather! Upon my honor you do me an injustice. I never did such a thing in my life—now did I." Atwood. "People generally consider me a jolly bruiser and rude in my remarks. I assure you that when I say that your singing is perfectly exquisite I mean it. So indeed, Mrs. Atwood."

"Of course you do," remarked Atwood; "but let's play, if we are going to play—not chatter."

A ring of the bell at this moment announced a fresh arrival.

"What the devil is that?" growled George, who never heard a bell ring in his life, knowing it to be taxes, water-rates, or assessments.

"Mr. Delaney, sir," said Elizabeth, as winged foot ran into the room.

"What, how late you are to-night,

and at a dreary cold, you are?" cried Mrs. Atwood, as the new-comer caught her by the arm.

As it's a nice surprise and greeted him with a warm smile which contrasted pleasantly with her manner towards Captain Sturzis.

John Delaney was a delicate young fellow of about five feet ten, but his face is thin and thin-preserved skin is a mark of determined character.

"Hello, Jack!" said Mr. Atwood cheerfully, looking up from his game. "It's a grand light you give, I'm afraid, Mr. Captain, to go past?"

"It is Mr. Delaney, sir, a jolly boy, or one—a young man of very strong political opinions. Delaney, this is Captain Sturzis."

"All the political parties, whatever," remarked Sturzis, as jolly nodding of Delaney, as the latter took a seat near Mrs. Atwood's chair.

"And what have you, Jack?" she asked as a sharp retort rearred us for nearly a week, and now you drop in just when all respectable people are thinking of giving up."

"Yes, I thought it was rather cool of me to intrude—but, but I saw you were busy, and—"

"An'—well, we reckon as amng the rest of the people," interposed Mrs. Atwood laughing. "Say plainly what you mean."

"There, that's not kind of you," he said. "It is not fair to put such words into my mouth. No, I do not care to have them."

"Oh, ho, as I understand, a politicalical one of course."

"Well, never mind—let me explain. As I was going along the way to see, I saw that you'd soon get gone to bed and it struck me that I would look instead have a chat with a few neighbors."

"I course, a h' You know I am only ready to you—you know George and I are always glad to see you."

"I know that," he answered; "and I often think how good you both are to me."

"None—We both like you, or else we would not trouble our heads about you. Well and how are your mother and Mary?" she chimed, bending kindly over her work.

"Much as usual, thank you," said Delaney; "what, Mary is—mother worries and edges herself a good deal about trifles."

"Ah, the old story eh?" remarked Mrs. Atwood, smiling. "He does not like your taking such a prominent part in all these Socialistic affairs. Either do I, Jack. Why do you? What possible good do you think can come of it?"

"What good?" he said John Delaney excitedly, but in a subdued tone. "Can any one with his sense about his possibly exist in this great city, and keep his eyes set to the misery of the millions—the enormous wealth of the few—the starvation and wretchedness of the so-called lower orders, and the wicked extravagance and vice of the upper? h, Mrs. Atwood, it makes me nearly mad sometimes to see the real want in the streets and the carriage-tearoom past with their powdered men, serenians throwing the straw and mud upon those whose only crime is poverty."

"Yes, but, my dear boy," said Mrs. Atwood soothingly, "therealwars have been poverty and riches. They are not intentions only of to-day, and Providence never could have intended all men to be equal. One man has brains, another scarcely any. He man is thrifty and industrious, another lazy and spendthrift. If they were all made equal to-day, so far as worldly possessions are concerned, they would be as far removed from one another in a social point of view, by the end of a year as they are now."

"Why should we feel envious because the people next door perhaps have ten times our income, and live in opulence? luxury? We cannot and never shall be all the same. It is utter nonsense. I wonder how a sensible

boy like you can believe in such ridiculousness."

"Ah, you talk like every one else—excuse me for saying so. Mrs. Atwood—who has not taken the trouble to try to study the matter? What I denounce is that there should be two such extremes in society. I do not speak of the difference between every individual spoke of the great lad for whom course is wealth and desolation."

"What?" he again, Jack?" cried Mr. Atwood, as he caught the last of Dolino's remarks. "That boy is a rank scoundrel. He will bring us all to the gallows sooner or later. Fair ades and the towns' n't fit, Jack?" Well, if your Socialist world only bring me in another to it for live hundred a year, I should be the first to vote for a redistribution of all capital. Your play, it is."

"Well, dear, I like to bear you stand up for your friends, though I must say I am rather of Mary's opinion," remarked Mrs. Delaney. "I do not like Mr. Atwood but, apart from that, I do not think he has a clear performance in him to eat his playing and singing as she intends his rising in future in the afternoon. I prefer the morning. In the evening we generally take it turns. By the, if you could manage to keep your children from romping round the nursery every morning, as the girls steadily do, from nine to nine o'clock, I think it might easily be less annoying to you."

"I am, sir, yours truly,

"Upon my word," said Jack, "I think that a sound proposition. Letting him meant to make a hot-table treaty."

"Very likely," admitted George Atwood, "but our accommodation is limited, and we have no other room to spare for a nursery. We can't rouse the children up every morning, that is very certain."

"And just to set his affection on Blanche Atwood. That was a secret that did not care to own even to his own soul. She was also her man's wife and was and ever will be to him, with a full adoration unknown to men of such aish easy-going temperament, such as George Atwood."

"And now I must be off," said Jack, after a moment's silence.

"Will you be home to supper?" asked Mary.

"Let me see. No. There was a man at the Atwoods last night who asked me to go to his rooms this evening. I was not much in my style. Indeed, some how or other took a great dislike to him."

"Well, come round to my rooms some night. What are you doing to-morrow?" To-morrow will suit me. Smoke a pipe, and so on."

"All right, I will," returned Atwood, "and bring Blanche with me. You shall come and go with me, Jack, and we will go and look up Captain Sturzis afterward; and George Atwood jingled his winning, in his trousers pocket as he spoke.

Captain Sturzis and John Delaney very soon took their departure. Both their ways for some little distance in the same direction.

"A pleasant mannered man," thought Jack, as his companion, having laid a passing cab, wished him good-night. "I wonder what there is about him that makes me attracted to him."

"I tell you what," remarked Mrs. Delaney, "I don't know where Atwood picked him up. He seemed a well-dressed plausible sort of a fellow—a man-size town. I should say, but why I doesn't such an intense aversion to him?"

"Yes, I wanna help it," he replied. "I don't find that I am often mistaken though. However, I could not very well dislike this man's location. Indeed, Atwood accepted for me, and I am to dine with him soon, and go to Calais Sturzis's room afterwards."

"Captain Sturzis," chided his too hot Mrs. Sturzis. I don't know where Atwood picked him up. He seemed a well-dressed plausible sort of a fellow—a man-size town. I should say, but why I doesn't such an intense aversion to him?"

"I am, sir, yours truly,

"Wait till you are married, Miss Wise," said. "Then you will be able to tell us more about Mr. Atwood. He is anything but a purposeless sort of man. He has written some very clever books."

"Have you read any of them, Jack?" "Yes, I read the ones he published some time ago, and found it very interesting. I have also looked through the manuscript of a novel he has written. It is not his fault that he has not become a great author, he has not been lucky since his first venture."

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"I got a letter back in a man's handwriting saying—

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Northville Record.

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

FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1889.

Tobacco blindness, it is said, is becoming a common affliction. At present there are several persons undergoing treatment for it at one London hospital. It first takes the form of color blindness, and sufferers who have smoked themselves into the condition, being quite unable to distinguish the color of a piece of red cloth held up before them. Sometimes the victim loses his eyesight altogether. Tobacco being narcotic, naturally beaums the nerves. When the nerves are thus numbed people do not see distinctly, and this defectiveness of vision tends to increase and become permanent.

The Clever says that sharpers are working among the farmers in that vicinity organizing what they please to call the "Patrons of Industry." After thirty-two cents and a gallon of the best New Orleans Mopasses for Sixty cents. And if you will but make it known to contract with them to sell their members at ten per cent. on cost price upon the promise that they will receive the entire patronage of the order. This of course no merchant can afford to do and the order soon goes to pieces, but they have a nice little sum for the time spent by them. Should they undertake the scheme in this locality it would be money in the pockets of any of our readers to give them the cold shoulder.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

Northville, Jan. 7.—The adjourned regular meeting of the Board was held Monday evening. President Dolph in the chair. Present trustees Wald, VanZile, Busham and Woodman.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

The following bills were presented and allowed:

W. W. Wendell, services as attorney	\$15.
Juror and witness fees at stamp	10.
G. S. VanZile, posts and wood	3.
Knappe & Palmer, sundries	5.
G. D. Waterman & Co., " "	10.00
Bentley Oil Co., oil	12.11
J. Green-Lulu, "	11.31
L. Slaight, Lamp-lighting	23.50
C. L. Griffin, vacine points	7.67

The bill of W. F. Macomber for services in supporting witness was read and laid on the table.

The committee appointed on a general vaccination reported that arrangements had been made with the health officer for a free vaccination for all who applied.

Adjourned to Monday Jan. 14.
E. R. Reed, C. E.

LIVONIA MATTERS.

H. Kingsey carries his arm in a sling yet.

Ed. Bennett will start his slate mill next week.

Diphtheria has broken out again at A. F. Millard's.

The Nankin mills is doing a flourishing cotton business.

Will Smith is going back on L. C. Leech's farm in the spring.

Mrs. Lucy Mosier returned to her home in Big Rapids last week.

Mrs. Flora Glimps, of Big Rapids, is visiting her father, Wm. O. Mackley.

Carl Kingsley and Clarence Brady have dissolved partnership in the slate sawing business.

Charles Grumble is going to take out a marriage license when he gets his cage ready for his birdie.

Orie Chilson is to be married the week Wednesday to a Miss Ward of Dearborn. Congratulations will be in order now.

Samuel Potter was married last week to Miss Rhodik. A happy New Year and prosperous journey through life is our congratulations.

John Patterson will work his father's farm next spring. Mr. Patterson will build up his farm by bought of the Whipple estate in the spring.

Sheriff Littlefield and three of his deputies brought from Detroit, Charles Palmer, the criminal who committed the outrage upon Mrs. C. C. Pieron a short time ago, to have his examination. The trial came over from the trial in the Circuit court. Present attorney Wycox and a reporter of the Detroit News came along to see justice done him. A large crowd was in attendance. Mrs. Pieron is present and has spells she is out of her mind since the outrage.

IT IS A FACT

That you can buy

12 lbs Granulated Sugar	21.00
13 " " A	1.00
14 " Extra C. "	1.00
3 Cans Tomatoes	25
3 Cans Corn	25
2 Cans Best Yellow Peaches	25
2 lbs	25

That cash is doing

what long credit can not do, and if you will but call at Wheeler's you can get a Bushel of Potatoes for all the "Patrons of Industry." After thirty-two cents and a Gallon of the best New Orleans Mopasses for Sixty cents. And if you will but make it

THE BUSINESS

of a few moments' time go and examine our Syrup and Molasses Counter and our Ice Pail, May Spry, Tea, etc., etc., etc.

WHEELERS

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

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

Gibson &

Brown.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY
DRESS GOODS
CHEAP
Just before taking our annual inventory.

COME AND SEE GOODS AND PRICES

J. R. Corson's

FOR KID GLOVES

Try the Mather New Style Lacing. No Buttons. No Hooks and so Convenient.



WE ARE
SOLE AGENTS
HERE.

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SOLE AGENTS
HERE.

SIR: "There, what do you think of that?"
MR: "Grand, by Jove! That is the best thing I ever saw for a glove fastening. Did you get those at

LAPPAN & PERKINS'

ONLY A DOLLAR!

Cheapest Paper in the World!

The Michigan Farmer

WITH HOUSEHOLD SUPPLEMENT.

THE FARMER is a Business Paper for Farmers. It Publishes the Best and Most Reliable MARKET REPORTS.

For the Farmer, the Stock-Breeder, the Dairy-man and the Horticulturist.

The various departments of the paper, which include Agriculture, Botany, Art, Social Science, Veterinary Science, and the Report of Farm Products, give Stockmen, Farmers, Gardeners, etc., every thing filled with interest and reliable information.

The "Household" supplement and a large amount of choice miscellany make the paper a favorite with all members of the family.

ALL FOR \$1.00 A YEAR,

WITH HOUSEHOLD SUPPLEMENT.

Agents wanted at every Post-office to carry on Good commission. For particulars address

GIBSONS BROTHERS, Publishers,

DETROIT, MICH.

RECEIVED

Dr. C. McLane's Celebrated

LIVER PILLS

WILL CURE

SICK HEADACHE

A few doses taken at the right time will often save a severe spell of sickness. Price only 25 cents at any drug store. Be sure and see

C. McLANE'S CELE-

BRATED LIVER PILLS, FLEM-

ING BROS., Pittsburgh, Pa., is

on the box. None other is Genuine.

Use IVORY POLISH for the Teeth,

Paints, Furniture, Etc.

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Northville Record.

If you've got anything you don't want or can't sell, or something you can't eat and your hogs won't eat—why in thunder don't you bring it to this office and spike it on your subscription. If you don't read and have no use for the paper, take the tuff to the preacher—he comes next.

Wesley Edger.

FARMINGTON NEWS.

This is the week of prayer. Wesley Sadler is sick at the present writing.

Mrs. E. M. DuBois visited friends at Detroit last week.

Mrs. Cetella Murray visited friends at Wixom last week.

The Farmington Enterprise is an excellent paper. It grows better all the time.

Martin Spencer, of Midland, was a guest of his sister, Mrs. Cetella Murray, last week.

Quarterly meeting services were observed at the M. E. church last Sabbath evening.

A deceptive entertainment was held at the town hall, Friday evening, Jan. 11, by Prof. Stevens and Hughes.

Look, watch and wait. It is coming. What is going? The railroad from Novi to Detroit. Then we can all take a ride to Detroit.

C. Frank White and daughter, Miss, have returned from Big Rapids where they have been visiting her mother, A. J. Brown White.

Green McGee twins, 10 months old, for the first time, lay claim to the title of the most popular babies in the city.

W. H. Palmer.

Northville Record

E. R. Kinn, Publisher.

NORTHVILLE

MICH.

At the meeting of the American Historical Association held in Washington recently, A. C. McLaughlin, assistant professor of history in the university of Michigan, read a paper upon the influence of Gov. Cass upon the development of the northwest. Mr. McLaughlin reviewed, in detail, the services of Gen. Cass while governor of the territory of Michigan and superintendent of Indian Affairs; his endeavors in the face of persistent opposition to secure a survey and sale of the granted lands in 1812, in order that immigration might thereby be stimulated; his strong and effective opposition to the arrogance of the Canadian authorities in these trying times; his control of the Indians, and his efforts in weaning them from British influence, were cited, to show that Cass had a great influence for good in the development of the northwest, and especially Michigan. In recognition of these services, the state had recently sent to take its stand in the national capitol a statue of her early governor, who has been chosen as her favorite son.

Several religious bodies throughout the country are greatly exercised about the coming inauguration ball, and petitions *petitio* are pouring in upon President-elect Harrison urging him to make himself conspicuous by his absence, if, indeed, he will not stop the dances altogether. It evidently has not occurred to these overzealous zealots that persons who do not care to dance at a ball, a good many couples will be gulped down unnoticed.

During the last year the new high-toned law went into operation in Pennsylvania, and the result already is a very large reduction in the number of saloons in the state. In 1887 there were 14,500 applicants for license. The number of applications this year under the more rigid conditions of the new law was 11,500, and of these 7,721 were granted. Within a year the number of saloons in Pennsylvania has been reduced almost exactly half.

Detroit has a grievance against Canada that needs looking into. It seems that it has been the custom of the people of the provinces to quarter their paupers and lepers on the public charities of that city. The Detroit almshouses and insane asylums are over-crowded with these aliens from Canada, and steps will necessarily have to be taken to prevent this imposition and infraction of the immigration laws.

The people of Dakota are now almost unanimously in favor of division and speedy admission. The great bone of contention, however, will be the choice of the capital for each section. It is safe to say that there is not a town or village in the territory that is not setting forth its claim and laying its wires for the seat of government. A lively fight may be expected before the final choice is made.

Emperor William is amusing himself according to his tastes, his last dissipation being the organization of a war game, in which a score or more of officers play, pretending to be two or three army corps, maneuvering, advancing and fighting, as though they numbered hundreds of thousands of men, to the delight of the emperor.

Colonel Robert G. Ingerson, among his other multifarious duties as lawyer, cattle-grower, lecturer, telegraph director, and after-dinner speaker, has undertaken to run a silver mine. He is president of a company which owns and operates a mine and quartz mill at Silver City, New Mexico.

Judge Cooley, president of the interstate commerce commission, has promised to deliver an address at the twelfth annual session of the New York State Bar association in January. He has announced as his subject "The Comparative Merits of Written and Unwritten Constitutions."

THE STATE LAW-MAKERS.

Proceedings of the Opening Session.

The Governor's Message.

The caucuses were held on the evening of Jan. 1st. Payton Kenney of Palmyra, was chairman of the Senate caucus, and C. G. Griffis, of Marquette, secretary. The first action was to choose L. M. Miller of Muskegon secretary of the senate.

Two ballots were taken for sergeant-at-arms, resulting in the choice of John J. Brubaker of Emmet County. For first assistant R. M. Allen of Huron was chosen, and James McKay of Kent, was chosen second assistant.

F. M. Howe of Lansing was elected enrolling and enrolling clerk and Mrs. L. K. Jamison of Midland assistant.

William Bell of Livingston was selected for press director.

The house caucus elected Representative Dikemeyer of Ottawa for speaker. Mr. Dikemeyer was sworn to the platform and thanked the house gracefully for the great honor conferred upon him. He said he felt that he would be embarrassed by two circumstances—first to be able to equal the prince of parliamentarians, Markey, who had preceded him as speaker; second that there were more republican members than there were committees, and consequently an insufficient number of chairmen. However, he was absolutely unpledged to any individual for any position of any committee. He would bring his best judgment to bear upon the task before him.

W. W. Williams of Eaton was chosen speaker pro tem., receiving 45 votes.

Dan Crossman was nominated for clerk by acclamation the ninth successive time. It required two ballots to settle who should be sergeant-at-arms. W. H. Post of Octagon being chosen, and Geo. W. Post first assistant, and Henry Spaulding of Van Buren second assistant.

Henry St. Rose and Clarence H. Leonard were chosen enrolling clerks.

William Timmons was chosen keeper of the cloak room, with John Wesley of Jackson as assistant.

Charles A. Lee was chosen by acclamation chief janitor, with power to name his assistant.

The legislature was formally opened on the 2d inst.

Lient-Gov. McDonald congratulated the senators on the beginning of their duty, asked their indulgence for the chair and expressed a hope for a short session.

The officers of the Senate were then elected as follows: Lewis M. Miller, secretary; D. E. Alward, Chaplains; C. E. Hunter, Bates, Dr. Clark; J. S. Brubaker, Sergeant-at-arms; Robert M. Allen, assistant sergeant-at-arms; James Markey, second ass't sergeant-at-arms; Frank M. Howe, Mrs. L. K. Jamison, (enrolling clerk).

William Bell was elected president pro tem. The democratic members voted for Chauncey Walker of Saginaw.

The democratic governor, preceded the following as pages for the Senate: Walter J. House, Nettaway; George H. Horne, Livingston; John A. Gately, Oscoda; W. L. Edwards, Cass; Wm. A. Cumberbatch, Berrien; G. Frost, Jackson; H. C. Hepburn, Ottawa.

After the house had voted to order, Representative G. M. J. Wickens of Ottawa was elected speaker, receiving 45 votes.

Henry M. Keverard and Charles H. Leonard were elected unanimously for enrolling clerks.

W. W. Williams of Eaton was elected sergeant-at-arms, with W. H. Post as his second assistant, and Henry Spaulding of Van Buren as third sergeant-at-arms.

The organization of the house being thus effected, and ex-Gov. Alice being observed to be a half hour late, he was invited to address the house, and made a pleasant little speech.

Mr. Markey, speaker of the assembly, received a similar compliment and replied with a speech that was much applauded.

The house adjourned to its chamber to receive the address of the speaker.

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IT IS BEST.

Mrs. BILLY HENRY.

Mother, I see you with your burning light,
Leading your babies all in white.
To their sweet rest,
Christ, the Good Shepherd carries them to
sleep. And that is best.

I cannot help tears when I see them twine
Their singer in yours, and their bright
curls white.

On your warm breast—
But the Saviour's heart is purer than yours
or mine.

He can love best!

You tremble each hour because your arms
are weak; your heart is wrung with alarms.

And sore oppressed;

My darling are safe and out of reach of
harm,

And that is best.

You know that of yours the feeblest one
And dearest may live long years alone.

Unloved, unloved;

Mice are cherished of saints around God's
throne.

And that is best.

You must dread for years the crime that
you have done.

Dark guilt is marked by repentant tears.

And expiations—

Misgated youth of eternal years,

Oh how much best.

Better it is you, and I cannot see
Always what should so strike me

More than the rest;

But I know that is well for them, for
God did the best.

Written especially for this paper.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

BY MARYLE LOXON.

On the whole, it was the most dis-
tracting a bit that could possibly be
thought of! I have hardly recovered
from the excitement yet, and I really
don't know that I ever shall—not
Dick, either, for that matter, for the
way I acted this evening—but I must tell
you all about it.

I was terribly ill this morning,
with a cold, influenza, & thought of
going to bed, but my mother and
sister were up, so I got up, though
I was nearly wild with feverishness,
and went to the library and
read a book. I was studying
Canto 3, when I thought I had
better go to bed, so I ran over
to my room, but I didn't
know where I was going.

"Why, I'm going to bed," I said,
but I had no real mind to do
anything. I was so ill.

"I'm not ill, I'm just a little
tired," I said, but I was.

"Well, I'll just go to bed," I said,
and then I lay down plainly and

well. I went to sleep. When I awoke,
the friends in the library were
this train here. Mrs. Granger, pointing
to a box of cards and cards—
just as I was, I thought, there.
You may see, I was studying
Canto 3, when I thought I had
better go to bed, so I ran over
to my room, but I didn't
know where I was going.

After dinner, I was very pleasant,
and when I said good-bye, he said, "On
yes, to the best of my knowledge,

now, the first time I recollect
anything wrong was the
next morning, when I met

Mrs. J. when mother always
invited us to her house, the president of the W. T. C., going
down the aisle. She boxed so stiffly
to me that I thought later of one of
her friends, who was the master; and

to my dismay I found that Mrs. J. was
much inclined on receiving from me a
recommendation of bourbon whisky.
Now I had never seen such a thing;
and I was just shaking my brains the
next day, trying to think that could
have happened when the Rector called
to see father.

I thought he spoke to me rather severely, as I ushered him into the parlor, and as soon as you came, he said gravely, "Mr. Harting, I see no reason
why your family should insult me by
sending me an invitation to a church
party, which my son I preached
part of my sermon only last Sabbath."

Father looked at me, and I at him, in blank astonishment, and I was just
about to ask a bewildered question, when little Louie came running
from school, and wanted me to go and
help her find a book. I was glad enough to get away, but we were no
more than through the door when she
began.

"Oh, Name! Teacher's awful mad
at you for sending her that picture.
But it does look just like her, though
and I told her so."

"Why, what picture, Lou? What
is the matter with everybody?"

"You know that one of the old
maids, with the glass, and a big ruler
in her hand, that Dick sent you last
Valentine's Day? How did you happen
to think of sending it to Miss Flora?"

"I never did!" I shrieked.

"Oh, Name! Harting. That your
writing, and one of your monogram
envelopes, and ye needn't."

But just then that awful bell rang
again, and I had to run to answer it. I was glad to see at the
door our good Dr. Howe, who had

come to attend mother in one of her
bad headaches. But he didn't pause,
as usual, to pass some joke or quiz
with me, but went straight to mother's
room without even a smile. When he
came down I said anxiously, "Is mother
any worse?" "No, child," he answered,
but I wonder that you sent for
me, considering what you seem to
think of my ability. Here, you may
keep your picture-card; I don't care
for it," and off he went, before I could
say a word.

When I was sufficiently recovered to
notice the card he had handed me I
read these words: "Coffie Manufacturers,
43 and 50, N. Tomlin Street. Call
and see us." It was a card I had seen
several times, in fact, I remembered
to have called it out for the waste-
basket but a few days before! The
whole world seemed to have gone dalt!
And to add to my confusion and trouble,
that very evening I waited an hour
with my wraps on for Donald to come
and take me to the Patti concert; and
then he never came at all. He had
written a note inviting me, saying
that if he received no reply he would
come. I had been so busy that I didn't
answer, thinking our long acquaintance
would excuse the neglect, especially
as he had spoken so in his note.
But at nine o'clock, when I put
away my things, I began to search for
that note, thinking there might possibly
have been some mistake. I
couldn't find it anywhere, so I went to
bed in tears. It almost broke my
heart—he had never treated me so
before—and besides, that was the night
I was to tell him—that is, if he—
see he'd been waiting. Well, that
would make another story of itself,
and as it's all right now, I'll proceed
with the narration of my "Comedy of
Errors," though to me it was more like
a tragedy. Dick seemed sympathetic
enough, but somehow he didn't comfort
me.

I didn't hear a word from him—from
Donald, until the next Friday, the day for my concert. I had the
parlors and myself ready at three
and sat waiting for my guest to come
as usual, at half past six. I began
to wonder. Can it come? and after waiting
about a half hour I felt really sick, and was growing more
ineligible every minute, when at last I
heard the rattle of the bell. I immediately
put on a pale coat, preparing
preparatory to walking a number of
steps, and fed. But only one person entered the room—
Kitty Benson, who told me to tell
I had invited her. I was in
my coat, at Sunday school. But in
short, all sorts of trouble,
and in her street dress. She
was immediately about the Patti concert.
Oh, it was perfectly divine! Did you
see? We sat right behind old Mr.
Harding, and he was going on at a
great rate about your reading me a
kindergarten card with the illuminated
alphabet. Oh, we laughed so hard
because Harry was there. Mr.
Harding had to make a cross instead
of signing his name—which he did.
That is, I did. Donald didn't
much. You and he used to be great
friends, didn't you? I asked him when
he'd seen you and he said "Not lately,"
and looked awfully green. But isn't
he delicious?

I don't know what answer I gave, I
was shocked to think that Donald had
taken this little goading creature
whom I knew he thoroughly disliked
in place of me, whom I knew he
thought he rather—but that's another
matter. Anyway, I felt bad, and was
too indignant to say anything, even if I had
the opportunity, which I did not, for she went bragging
about this and that one, as usual. But I
didn't hear a word, until just
as she was going when
she said, "I guess Mrs. Stewart
that cousin of Donald's, didn't like it
very well when she got that tall fat
advertisement you sent her. I heard
she was real mad. But I told the girls
I didn't think you did it to be mean,
and she is pretty fat, anyway."

I gave her some sort of a wild
answer, and slammed the hall door as
soon as she turned to go, then threw
myself down on the rug before the
grate, to have a good cry—about
everything. I don't know how long I
lay there. I heard voices in the hall
over, but didn't notice much, and the
first I knew some one knelt down beside
me, saying, "You must not lie
here, little girl; the fire is almost out,
and you'll catch cold. Let me help
you up."

Why, it was Donald's voice, and it
sounded like a part of a long, confused
dream, only such a sweet and tender
part, and then—well he didn't say
anything for quite a while, but just let
me cry quietly on his shoulder—or
awhile, and then he said in his own
kind voice:

"Mamie, I couldn't stay away any
longer. I know there must be some
mistake. I wouldn't have cared so
much for myself—your sending me
your milliner's bill was a little joke
that perhaps would have seemed funny
at any other time, though it was a bit
like you. But coming as I did,
on the same day that cousin Emma
had received the anti-slavery card, and
poor Flora that shabby dance program
—you see, it mystified me a little.
Flora was more hurt than the rest of
us, because she is very sensitive about
her manners, and she hadn't thought
you would remind her of the infamy

in such a way. Why, little one, don't
cry so, you know I'd forgive you anything."

But I interrupted him, looking up
in a confusion of tears and indignation,
and said:

"I don't know what all this crazy
talk means, but I do know that if any-
one has anything to forgive, it's myself.
It wasn't enough to let me wait for
you all Tuesday evening to go to
the concert, but to-day not one of your
family came to my reception, and they
all had invitations... Nobody came to-
day but your friend Miss Ransom,
who thinks you are perfectly delicate."

Well, that was the crisis (though
Dick says I took the part of the cry-sis
myself, but I think that a very stupid
joke). When Donald showed me my
last milliner's bill (unpaid) in an
envelope I recognized as one of the
directed ones I had entrusted to Dick—a
light began to steal out from the
clouds. The more we talked, the more
the more clear the sky grew—for me,
and the more threatening for that boy
Dick. Donald was so happy to have
things settled that he laughed heartily
at the joke, but I didn't enjoy them
until I caught Dick in the hall and
made him confess every word. Of
course, you are not so stupid as I was
and have seen long ago what was the
trouble. Dick had put the "knick-
knacks" instead of the invitations into
the various envelopes, and had assort-
ed them so cleverly that each of my
friends was favored with a personal
joke. Donald says Dick is a genius,
but I still insist he's a nuisance, though
I have felt better natured since he did
so handsomely in apologizing and ex-
plaining to all the people.

As to Donald, he apologized, too,
when he found that his note inviting
me to the concert had been put in the
envelope addressed to Katty. You see,
he received a very gushing acceptance
from her and felt obliged to take her,
thinking I had for some reason trans-
ferred my invitation to her—but of
course there was no end to the complica-
tion. I never made jokes, you
know, so it was altogether incompre-
hensible to me at first.

But it turned out all right, after all,
for when we were alone again, Donald
said, "I told me that—well, we've
got to give up our minds, so—but as I said
before, that would make another story
of itself."

Authors After Money.
Literature has become a trade,
call one of the best informed New
York literary men for a day's pay.
Our authors are no longer electing
the best manager, but the most de-
pendable and reliable for their work. The
publishers will pay the largest sum
among them. Look at Frank Stockton,
who has left the Century to give
his new novel to Grace a Week. Why?
Because the Century would pay him
only \$2,000 for the work, while the
other publisher offered \$6,000. Robert Louis
Stevenson is writing for a newspaper
syndicate, because he can get five
times as much money from them. Ten
thousand dollars for a new novel has
drawn Stevenson over to the *Hornet*,
and Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett
has followed him.

Judith Hawthorne has accepted a
large offer to write a novel to be used
for advertising purposes by an
enterprising business syndicate. How-
ever, she would today accept a flattering
offer made by a second-rate publication
but that he is tied hands and
feet to the *Harpers*. Why, these
men offered her the same for a
new novel as he gets from the *Harpers*
for a year, and you know that that is
\$10,000. There are no two ways of
looking at the matter any longer.
Literature has become nothing but a
trade, say what you will, and hereafter
you will see more evidences of it right
along. Money is the ruling element,
and where that predominates there you
will see all the great authors. Call me
a pessimist if you choose, but the facts
are there, and deny them if you can."

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British India.

Great Britain has been stretching
her wings over India. In 1842 she
laid claim to 630,000 square miles of
that country. She made additions to
this every year, except 1848, 1849 and
1852, down to 1855, when her pos-
sessions aggregated 856,000 square miles.
Advances were made in 1866, 1882 and
1886, the latter just officially reported,
and now the area of India under British
rule is 947,887 square miles. If
Great Britain has benefited the hordes
of India, intellectually and morally,
she has enslaved them and made them
contributors to her brigand commercial
and manufacturing policy. British
India is larger than all that part
of the United States lying east of the
Mississippi river, and its population is
five times as great as the present
population of this whole country. Great
Britain may not be able to acquire
much more of India; indeed, there is
likely to be difficulty in retaining what
she has, with native dissatisfaction
and the watchfulness of her grudging
enemy at the north, who, in the
last 10 years, has moved his boundary
over many degrees of latitude.—
Rochester Herald.

Yale this year promises to have one
of the best lecture seasons that has
ever been given there.

"What a way to spell fish!" said Pat,
when he saw the name Psycho on a sign.
But a more wonderful spell will be ex-
ercised over the coming child of yours
than yourself and you awake, if you will try
Dr. Bell's Congo Syrup, 25 cents.

Neuritic paroxysms are often of ex-
treme violence, and brought on by the
slightest provocation, such as a draught of
cool air. On the first intimation of such
an attack rub with Salivation Oil. It can
be bought at all druggists for only 25 cents.

He Thought It Was Hannah.

It is reported that certain engineers on
the Norfolk & Western railroad, who went
through an accident not a thousand years
ago, in which the engine took a side
embankment without injuring him, just
as the engine reached the bottom and had
started to ascend a mountain he yelled out,
"For God's sake Hannah, don't do that
again. I'll get up right away and make the
fire."

He Thought It Was Hannah.

Young Wife to her husband, who wishes
her to excuse him a few moments—"No
objection to your going out to tea a man,
but if you call it Charles, but if you are going
to be gone so long as you were the last
time please send some good looking man to
see me."

Charles concluded not to go.

The Same Old Man.

"I don't care marriage is a failure," said
Adam candidly, as he sat down on a log
just outside the Garden of Eden and looked
longingly at the fruit on the other side of
wall, "but if I had remained single this
wouldn't have happened."

He Thought It Was Hannah.

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SATURDAY JANUARY 5 UNTIL FEBRUARY 1.

Yes! Oh, Yes Sir!

Just as I Expected!

U C that I was crowded out of this space last fall by other merchants who told how cheap they were selling goods and U C by their selling most of the goods I of course am LEFT with a big stock on my hands. Now I have this space back again and I propose to talk Loud, Long and Faintest and if I don't make goods go then prices quality and quantity are nix. The first on my list is a lot of

Men's heavy Pants ranging from \$2.00, 2.25 and 2.50 are to go for \$1.40. Next one a lot of Men's \$4.00 Overcoats now to go at 2.90 and still another lot at 5.00 now 3.75. One more lot former price 7.00 now 5.00. Also a big stock of Felt Boots with leather stayed back 1.00 and Rubbers accordingly. Also a big drive in Men's Shoes formerly 2.00, 2.25, 2.50, 2.75 all to be closed out at 1.60. Men's Fur Caps 75 to 1.75 former price 1.50 to 2.50. As I am over loaded on these goods and many more and they must go. Now for the TRADE'S BENEFIT

Feit Shoes, Button, Lace and Congres, Kid, Goat, Bridgeman and Calf.

With each and every pair of Ladies Shoes I will give a pair of Fine Rubbers free gratis. The above cut in prices is because I must reduce. Cash I need and I shall continue to do so for many other articles until Feb. 1st when I take inventory. Accept many thanks for past favors. And our business friend

T. G. RICE AND SONS
CASH BOOT, SHOE AND CLOTHIER OF NORTHLILLE.

Northville Record.

THE COUNTRY BOY.

The country boy, says the Iowa Herald, who is trained to simple ways and honest virtues, and who learns what a dollar is worth by actually earning it under the laws of imperative necessity, has a tremendous advantage over the town boy. The country schools are far inferior to the town or city schools, but this is counterbalanced by the fact that the country boy is trained to work from the time he can pick up corn-cobs to run the kitchen stove until he goes out to his own home. The country boy has a mile or so to walk to and from school, which gives him a vigorous appetite and health. The country boy is face to face with practical realities. He sees how slowly money is made on the farm; he is taught from youth up, the need of economy; he has the nature of saving first explained to him every day in the week; he is not exposed to the temptation of the saloon or the ball-rooms; he is not tempted so much to be a lady's man before he has occasion to use a razor on his downy cheeks. He may be a trifle rude, he may not feel easy in company, but, in the long contested race of life it is the chap that trudges to school bare-footed in summer and in storms in winter, whose mother cuts his hair with the sheep-shears, that leads the chap that goes to the city school, with the starched shirt front and fancy slippers, and whose head is shaved with the lawn-mower in the barber-shops. Such has been our observation, and we think we know what we are talking about. Speaking from experience, we never read any books with such avidity as those we devoured while the horses were resting at the end of the plowed land. The boys we envied forty years ago because they wore cassimere and tufted at our jeans have dropped so far back in the race that we have almost forgotten them. The chaps who have plenty of money at college and the city-bred fellows have not been, as a rule, heard from much since, while the country boys who wore plain clothes and kept close to their books in the old college are leading the thought that in Iowa and other states to-day.

OUR
Congratulations

Are extended to all our customers on the auspicious beginning of this a new year and we join with others in wishing you all the Compliments of the Season.

We have been favored with a very fine and growing trade during the past year and we hope by square and fair dealing in the future to merit a share of your patronage.

Remember that we have a full Stock of Goods which we are selling as cheap as the same quality can be bought for anywhere consisting of

FINE DRESS GOODS,
DRESS FLANNELS,
Ladies and Gents
UNDERWEAR,
GLOVES, MITTENS, Etc.

Carpets
HAVE ADVANCED BUT
WE HAVE A GOOD LINE
AT THE OLD PRICES.

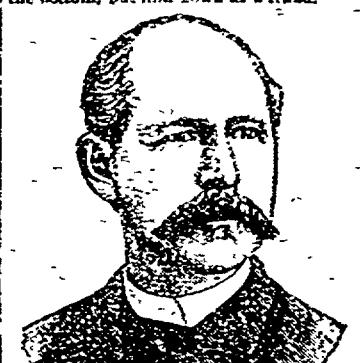
OUR STOCK of
GROCERIES

Is full and complete with Prices as low as the lowest.

Yours Respectfully

G. M. JOSSLIN & CO.

If any dealer says he has the W. L. Douglas Shoe without name and price stamped on the bottom, put him down as a fraud.



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

Best in the world. Examine him.
\$2.00 HAND-MADE SHOE.
\$2.50 POLICE AND FARMERSHOP.
\$2.50 EXTRA VALUE CALV SHOE.
\$2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE.
\$2.00 AND \$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
All made in original Boston style.

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

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