

RIGHT AND WRONG.

GEORGE MCDONALD.

Alas, how easily things go wrong;
A wish too much or a kiss too long;
And there follows a mist and weeping rain.
And life is never the same again.
Alas, how hardly things go right;
'Tis hard to watch on a summer night,
For the sigh will come and the kiss will stay.
And the summer's night is a winter's day.
And yet how easily things go right,
If the sigh and the kiss of the winter's night
Come deep from the soul in the stronger ray.
That is born in the light of the winter's day.
And things can never go badly wrong
If the heart be true and the love be strong;
For the mist, if it comes, and the weeping rain,
Will be changed by love into sunshine again.

TOO LATE.

A Story of St. Valentine's Day.

CHAPTER I.

The summer weeks crept lazily away, and still Lyon Leslie lingered in Thorpe, the country town in which the recruiting party to which he belonged was stationed.

Scarcely a day had passed without the fair meeting; but it was only when quite alone that Lyon's manner betrayed the lover. His words, even in his tenderest moods, never betrayed his emotion. He had not yet asked the girl he loved to be his wife.

Mrs. Thonet had lately placed more restriction on her daughter's movements; she watched events anxiously.

"The man is trifling with her; John," she said to her husband; "he looks down upon us."

"Nonsense, Mary!" rejoined Mr. Thonet, lightly. "He is only Scotch and easy; I like him, and to me at least he has never shown the least 'upishness.' He often comes into my office and smokes a clay with me."

A week later Lyon Leslie left Thorpe, recalled to his regiment, he said; but Nell did not know, nor did her father, of a certain short but pertinent note, sent by Mrs. Thonet the night of the scene concerning to the young man's quarters, and which revolved an answer not much to that lady's satisfaction from one point of view, but very much from the other.

In the winter and, he had been told, before he left, in his admiration for Miss Weston Thonet, he would be the answer, and he was, for he was sure the young lady was too young to understand the tender passion; and, when she did, he was certain she would betray his heart on a far more interesting object than his kind and wise friend's unworthy acquaintance, Lyon Leslie.

That was all. A tiny postscript informed Mrs. Thonet that the writer would be back to rejoin his regiment in a few days; but he would do his best the pleasure of making his adieu in person.

Mr. Thonet was a wise wag; he said nothing of the letter or its contents to Nell; but, when Lyon called to say farewell, he found the girl were not at home.

Nell heard of his approaching departure from Mrs. Hammond, and that not until two days before the event. She said very little; she was not a girl given to many words. Just for the moment she looked stonily; just for the moment her face betrayed her heart.

For two days Nell's cheeks showed not a tinge of color. Her mouth was hard set, and the deep hazel of her eyes glowed with the fire of yearning and unrest.

Her mother watched her anxiously, but she made no effort to gain her child's confidence.

"Time enough," she said to herself, "when I see how she bears it."

Hoping yet fearing to meet the girl he had the heart to treat so callously, Lyon Leslie made a round of farewell calls; but chance did not favor him, and Mrs. Thonet was on her guard. She kept Neil at home busily engaged in preparing her brother Randall's wardrobe for his approaching departure for London, where he was to enter University college as a medical student.

Lyon was to leave by the morning train, on Thursday; so Randell, to whom the relations between his sister and the gay young soldier had been a mere flirtation, informed his mother. Towards the evening, Mrs. Thonet desired her daughter to act at the railway station, which was not far away, for a small parcel which she expected by the late train.

It was a dull misty evening, a melancholy autumn gleaming. Nell got the parcel and was about to leave the place; but, meeting an acquaintance, stopped for a few moments' chat. The moments grew to half an hour. She was recalled to the lapse of time by the arrival of some luggage for the last train to London, and, before she could leave the platform, she came face to face with Lyon Leslie.

Her cheeks were not colorless now, but there was neither fury nor self-consciousness in her manner. She stood very still, as if waiting for Lyon to speak.

Only a moment he was at hand; but he rallied quickly, and, with an off-hand air, laid out his hand, saying—

"How lucky! I thought I was not to see you again." I called, and was refused, and both yesterday and today I watched at the garden gate, but no maid—he smiled—"came to me."

"It was from a stranger I heard you were going," she said reproachfully. "I thought I had offended you."

"Offended me, Nell! That you never could do. It has been all so pleasant; I shall be wretched, thinking it is all over. Oh, pretty one, what is it to be poor?"

The bell rang; in a minute the train would start.

She spoke not a word. "All over"—the words were a knell in her ear; but she was proud, and kept silence.

"You will remember St. Valentine's Day, darling," he whispered. "You promised me a lock of your hair then. If we do not meet before, you will keep your promise, won't you?"

"I am only a woman," she said calmly, "but I never broke a promise."

Then she took his proffered hand, held it a moment, looking into his eyes with a strange questioning gaze, and said—

"Good-bye!" "Good-bye, Nell—good-bye. Darling, don't forget."

One second their hands were clasped, one second their eyes met—a shiver passed through his frame, his lips opened.

"Forget?" she said, as their hands parted. "Never!"

Once more the imperative bell rang its warning clang; there was no time for more. A swift glance round showed Lyon that, in the bustle and hurry none observed them. He bent rapidly, kissed her, and was off.

As in a dream, she walked home, her heart aching, but full of love and trust.

"By Jove," he muttered, when he had made himself comfortable, with a reading lamp and a magazine—"by Jove I was nearly in for it! Lucky the bell stopped me! Well, I always heard country quarters were dangerous, and I believe it now. She knew nothing of the maternal epistle, thought," and he opened his book.

It did not prove interesting; he could not fix his attention. Left by fear, he turned it over, thinking of the sweet searching eyes that had looked into his with such trusting innocence, of the pale, nobly fine, of the sweet low voice, and the thrilling pressure of the soft hand. His spell was on him. The tiny pain of it seemed more than he could bear. Was he never to see her again? Would she forget him soon? Then he wondered if she would suffer; the days wore on and he tried to sign. He shook the thought off. "Please! she was but a child!" What could the knot of love she had given to him a very pleasant pastime, and he to her scarcely more. Some day they would meet again, and laugh together at their little rehearsal of a fore-foe!

He was recovering his equanimity. What were three hours—only three years? He would read them. Strange—that title was, the same as the words he had used to her! "Ah, cruel words! 'Dinner forgot.' Why shouldn't she forget? There was really nothing to remember. Then he read the verse:

"Dinner mind me; dinner mind me;
I'll keep and let alone;
Dinner that memories bind me;
I can face the years alone."

"Dinner fears me; dinner fears me;
Stout my heart and strong to bear;
Thought o' bear a will come to chear,
A' will be ferg'en there."

"Dinner fears me, dinna tamme me;
I'll keep and let alone;
But the tongue should blame me;
Only say you know me true."

Randall was to leave for University College the first week in October. It was now the middle of September. For a few days after Lyon Leslie's departure, Neil was absent and silent. Of late her bursts of merriment had been few and far between; now even her smiles became rare. She shrank from smiling people, and yet she bore the questioning of inquisitive friends unflinchingly, though answering shortly, and beside the point. Her mother thought she was fretting at the prospect of parting with her twin brother; but her mother read her child's heart better. She watched her silently.

A great gloom had fallen upon the house. Randall was entering on a profession uncongenial to his tastes; he was parting from his twin-sister, the being he loved best in all the world; and that sister was delicate and, for the first time in her life, unresponsive to his sorrow.

"Neil," he said to her, the night before his departure, "I wish you were coming with me. I could pass the ordeal better."

"So do I, Randall."

The same words had been said over and over again by the brother and sister; but beyond the wish not a thought or hope of such an eventuality had occurred to either.

"Women can learn to be doctors," she added, as if revolving a thought in her mind.

"Yes and do, too. You would make a good one, Nell; you have such a quick insight into things. You would be grand at diagnosis."

"Would you like me to become a medical student with you, Randall?"

"It would be awfully jolly for me."

he said, with a man's self-confidence, "and indeed, now I think of it, I wonder you don't! Women, and very useful lives, unless they marry, and too might make yours a grand one."

"Do you know, Randall, I should like it."

"What, dissecting-room and all?"

and the lad made a gesture of loathing.

"Not like that part of it; but it is

only the first step that counts, you know. One gets used to butchers' shops from habit, and, but for habit, how disgusted such sights would make us! I dare say I should be very ill for a week or so—perhaps faint, lose my appetite, then gradually all that

would wear off, and I'd become as callous as anyone. I shouldn't like to attend the dissecting room with men, though."

"Well, Nell, wait till I come back from my first term, and I'll tell you all about it; and if you haven't made up your mind to marry that soldier-fellow, I'll give you return with me, and set out in earnest to win your M.D."

"It will be terribly dull without you, Randall. I'll write to you twice every week. I am not going out to my parties this winter."

"What going to wear the willow?"

"Ah, Nell, is it she loved and be rode away?"

(to be continued)

ASPRING TONIC

In actual necessity to move out of the chambered nerves tired brain, repair blood deteriorated system, all are the natural outcome of winter grippe running fits. A tonic must be tonized and nothing equals Paine's Celery Compound. We let others praise us you cannot help but be having a disinterested party.

Brigadier General W. L. Greenleaf, Burlington, Vt., writes: "I have used

Paine's Celery Compound

on several occasions, and always with success. Last spring, being very much run down and debilitated, I commenced taking it. As a general tonic and spring modicum I do not know its equal."

Large stock of similar letters sent free.

Send \$1.00 for \$5.00. DRUGGISTS

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

should be done with Diamond Spring Dying Dyes. This we offer to the

Anxious Mother's. Selected Food to use in

the Hall. As Neil's uncle, Colonel Kenneth, had died before his father, who was still alive, the heir to the inheritance was his eldest son Andrew, now a solicitor in the city. Leopold Mrs. Kenneth, who had had a handsome fortune, was a scheming woman, but a good deal held in check by her youngest daughter, Janet, a young woman of very pronounced opinions, and much determination of character, deceptively also, and very plain-spoken. She and Neil were sworn friends.

During the time of Lyon Leslie's stay in Thorpe, the Kennetts had not once been at Nettlethorpe's Hall. They had been sojourning on the Continent for a year. That some family connection existed between the Thonetts and Squire Nettlethorpe's family, Lyon knew; but, as the former were not given to speaking of personal matters, and he had only casually met the latter, the subject had never come prominently before him. His relations with Neil too were so delicate, he avoided all mention of her name in common with others. Often, incidentally, Neil had named her cousin, Janet, but never in connection with the Nettlethorpes; of them indeed she saw little or nothing except when her aunt was at the Hall.

The Worth of a Good Mother.

It is as strange as it is true, that a vast number of young people, having good mothers—excellent Christian mothers—do not half appreciate the real worth of them. Many of them are verily ashamed to confess, before their ungodly associates, that they have such mothers! But such young people ought to be ashamed of themselves for manifesting a sense of shame because of the fact that they have mothers who are thoroughly sincere and truly devoted Christians. Many a young man owes his conspicuous success in life to the prayers and moulding influence of his godly mother; and he ought to be very thankful to God for such a mother, and prize her very highly. A certain chaplain related this story some time ago:

It was just after the battle of Wittenberg, when hundreds of brave men had fallen, never to bear arms again, that a soldier came to my tent, and said, "Chaplain, one of your own boys is badly wounded, and wants to see you right away." Hurriedly following the soldier, I was taken to the hospital, and found, on a bed, a fine looking young man, pale and blood-stained from a wound above the temple. I saw, at a glance, that he had not a few hours to live on earth. Taking his hand, I said to him, "We're, my brother, what can I do for you?" The dying soldier looked up in my face and, placing his finger where his hair was stained with blood, he said, "Chaplain, cut a big lock, from here, for mother; for mother, mind, chaplain." He hesitated to disfigure him. He said, "Don't be afraid, chaplain, it's for mother, and nobody will see me in the dead-house tomorrow. Now, chaplain," said the dying man, "I want you to kneel down by me, and return thanks to God." "For what?" I asked. "For giving me such a mother. Oh! chaplain, she is a good mother; she taught me to look to Jesus; her teachings comfort and console me now. And, chaplain, thank God that, by his grace, I am a Christian! Oh! what should I do now if I were not a Christian? I know that my Redeemer liveth. I feel that his finished work has saved me. And, chaplain, thank God for giving me dying grace." I knelt by the dying man, and thanked God for the blessings he had bestowed on him—the gift of a good mother, a believer's hope, and dying grace to bear testimony to God's faithfulness. Shortly after the prayer, he said, "Good-bye, chaplain; if you ever see mother, tell her it was all well."

That young man had a large appreciation of the worth of a good mother, thankfully recognizing her blessed influence in leading him to accept her God as his God, even unto death. "O, young man, if you have a Christian mother, set a high value upon her, as God's choice gift to you, and allow her prayers to be answered in your conversion and consecration to Christ."

A Good Reason.

A noted Sunday school worker in Kansas was once asked to talk to the children of a Sunday school on the subject of temperance. He is very earnest in the cause, and wears a bit of blue ribbon as a badge of his principles.

Rising before the school, he pointed to his bit of blue ribbon and said: "Now, can any of you children give me a reason why I am not a drunkard?"

There was no reply for a moment, then a childish voice in the rear of the room piped out:

"Cause this is a prohibition town."

When a young man calls on his girl now he knows by her ill-concealed confusion that he is soon to be made the recipient of an elegantly embroidered smoking jacket that will be sure to fit somebody else agreed deal better than it will him.—*Hartford Post.*

He had an auburn-haired girl, and promised to take her out riding. She met him at the door, and he exclaimed: "Hello! Ready?" She misunderstood him, and they don't speak now.

SEEDS.

CATARRH.

by using Ely's Cream Balm.

SEEDS.

YOUNG MEN.

FREE ASTHMA.

PISON'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

Northville Record.

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

FRIDAY, MARCH 1, 1889.

Patronize the newspapers of your city for all kinds of job printing. Do not send an order out of the city or to a job office. The newspapers are an important factor in building up any city. Business men take a note of this and act accordingly.

LAKE.

George Byron Lake was born in the town of Rose, Wayne Co., N. Y., on the 12th of June, 1831, and died in Northville, Michigan, on the 17th day of Feb., 1889, aged 57 years, 8 months and five days. He resided with his parents in his native place until 1848 where they removed to Henrietta, Monroe Co., N. Y., and remained three years; thence to the town of Pittsford in the same county, eight miles from Rochester. In 1854 he married an estimable lady of his native state, removed to Michigan, and with his brother John M. Lake, settled in the town of Lyon, Oakland Co., on a farm one mile west of Wixom, where he continued to reside until 1886. His wife lived only five years, but in 1870 he was married to Miss Bennett, of the town of Milford, who, with one daughter survives him.

In April, 1886, he gave up his occupation as farmer, and removed to Northville, where he continued to reside until his decease. He had been in poor health for about a year, and had been confined to the house for several months; but not even his most intimate friends thought that his end was near. He was cheerful and hopeful, expecting to be better, but he had arranged his business affairs so that he was not surprised by the stern messenger. He never murmured in his sickness. He met death without fear.

He was a man of quiet, unassuming manner, a man of sterling worth and integrity. His death will be mourned by a large circle of friends.

Geo. W. Hudson.

WATER WORKS.

Dr. REED—The question of water works is one that should be freely discussed by all who are interested in the welfare of our village. Both sides of the question should be plainly laid before every tax-paper, voter and citizen. We have given the matter some thought, careful inquiry and a little figuring and the conclusion we reach is that the system if properly placed, systematically and carefully laid, would be greatly beneficial, financially and otherwise, to our thriving little burg. The reduction in insurance rates would, in about twenty years, wipe out the debt and there is probably not over half a dozen tax-payers in the place who do not pay more or less insurance premiums each year. To be sure if the whole estimated cost, \$25,000, were to be raised at one assessment it would be quite a financial strain on our purses, but if we understand the matter correctly, the idea is to raise only a portion each year. Another thing; a good water work system here would undoubtedly be a big inducement for manufactories and other enterprises to locate here. More factories here mean more employment; more employment means more money, more business, increase in value of property, more population, more homes and in fact more everything that is beneficial to put a little "git'ar" grease on one of the boss little villages in Michigan.

TAX PAYEE.

CARDS OF THANKS.

We the undersigned extend many thanks to our neighbors and friends for their sympathy and assistance in our late affliction.

MRS. S. L. LAKE,

LOTTIE LAKE.

We desire to return our heartfelt thanks for the kindness of our neighbors, also to the choir and doctor, who so kindly aided and sympathized with us in our late bereavement.

Mrs. CHARLES LEONARD,
WALTER LEONARD,
MRS. W. CHAPMAN.

Very unexpectedly last Monday we were obliged to call upon and receive assistance from our friends to perform the last sad rites for a loving husband and parent and to them all we hereby publicly return thanks for assistance and sympathy expressed.

Mrs. A. L. CADY AND CHILDREN.

CITIZENS CAUCUS.

There will be a caucus of the citizens of Northville in the council rooms next Wednesday evening, March 6th for the purpose of placing in nomination candidates for the village offices to be voted for at the ensuing election.

E. R. REED,
J. V. HARMON Committee.
J. R. NASH.

REGISTRATION NOTICE.

To the electors of the village of Northville. Notice is hereby given, that a meeting of the Board of Registration of the village of Northville, county of Wayne and state of Michigan, will be held in the office of the village clerk, in said village, on Saturday, the 9th day of March, 1889, for the purpose of registering the names of all persons who shall be possessed of the necessary qualifications of electors in said village. And that said Board of Registration will be in session on the day and at the place aforesaid from nine o'clock in the forenoon to eight o'clock in the afternoon for the purpose aforesaid.—Dated this 1st day of March, A. D. 1889.

E. R. REED,
Village Clerk.

ELECTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to the electors of the village of Northville, county of Wayne, and state of Michigan, that the next ensuing annual election of said village will be held on the second Monday in March, 1889, being on the eleventh day of said month, at the council rooms, in said village, at which election the following officers are to be chosen, to wit:

A president of the village,
Three trustees,
Village clerk,
Village treasurer,
Street commissioner,
Village assessor,
Village constable.

By resolution of the common council, there will, also, be submitted, at the above mentioned annual election, to a vote of the qualified electors of the village of Northville, a proposition, to raise money by a loan, by issuing bonds of said village, to an amount not to exceed twenty-five thousand dollars, and to expend the proceeds of the sale of said bonds in putting in and supplying the village with such a system of water works as the requirements of the village demand.

The polls of said election will be open at 8 o'clock in the forenoon, or as soon thereafter as may be, and will be continued open until five o'clock in the afternoon continually.

E. R. REED, Village Clerk.

Northville, Michigan, Feb. 21, 1889.

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 that Dr. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, FLEMING BROS., Pittsburgh, Pa., is on the box. None other is genuine. Use IVORY POLISH for the Teeth. EXTRACTS THE BADGE.

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| Cabriolet, 1 to 5 years old, two attachements. | 80c | a pair | 80c |
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| Leg, 130c | 130c | | |
| Waist, 200c | 200c | | |
| Skirt, Abdominal and Calanical Binding Supplies, com- | 50c | | |
| partly | | | |
| Neck, Short Suspender, 25c | 25c | | |
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PROGRAMME OF THE ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN BY THE GEBHARD SISTERS QUARTETTE.

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ABBIE L. GEBHARD,

Graduate of the Detroit Training School of Elocution and English Literature, of Detroit, Michigan.

- | | |
|--|-----------------|
| 1. QUARTETTE—"Steal Me a Kiss." | W. B. B. |
| 2. RECITATION—"Goin' Somewhere." | M. Quad. |
| 3. SOLO—"The Better Land." | ABBIE L. |
| 4. QUARTETTE—"Off in the Stilly Night." | Cecilia. |
| 5. RECITATION—"The Sailor's Daughter." | ABRIL L. |
| 6. QUARTETTE—"The King's Highway." | Lorraine. |
| 7. { A. RECITATION—"Are These God's Children." | Clara. |
| 8. { B. QUARTETTE—"Gypsy Boy," | Melissa. |
| 9. TRIO—"Last Night." | Kathy. |
| 10. RECITATION—"Ben Cradlebow." | Dore Cod. Folk. |
| 11. QUARTETTE—"Peter on the Sea." | Rosie. |
| 12. SOLO—"The Happy Three." | Rosie. |
| 13. RECITATION—"The Bell." | Abb. Rich. |
| 14. QUARTETTE—"Walk Through the Valley." | Abb. Rich. |

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Four young ladies whose rendering of Gospel melodies is most inspiring."—Michigan Citizen Herald.

"Some of the finest singing that it has been our lot to hear in a long time was rendered by the Gebhard Ladies' Quartet, of Detroit."—Mrs. S. Lester, Aug. 20th.

"The Gebhard Quartette, comprising four young ladies who are sisters, opened the exercises with a song and completely captured the audience. They were recalled a number of times during the meeting."—Detroit Free Press, Aug. 17, 1888.

BAPTIST CHURCH, NORTHVILLE

ON

Wednesday Evening, March 6,

Admission 20 cents. Children 10 cents

Commencing at 7.30.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of MAHALA LUTHER deceased. We the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court, for the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the residence of Lorenzo G. Pierson, in the township of Linton, in said County, on Friday the 1st day of March, A. D. 1889, and on Saturday the 21st day of July, A. D. 1889, at ten o'clock A. M. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the 2d day of January, A. D. 1889, were allowed by said Court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated January 22d, 1889.

LORENZO G. PIERSON,

FRED WEST,

Commissioners.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is also the best Cough Medicine.

If you have a Cough without disease of the Lungs, a few doses are all you need. But if you neglect this early means of safety, the slight Cough may become a serious matter, and several bottles will be required.

CONSUMPTION.

Piso's Remedy for Consumption is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

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NORTHVILLE, MICH.

FOR FEET AND FINGERS.

VANITIES IN VAMPS AND GAITERS IN GLOVES.

The Understanding Empire Slippers and Owing Boots Named for the Princess of Wales—Gloves That Briton on the Outside.

No, notwithstanding the rapid growth and development of the country the additions to the number of departments of the government have been slow and small observes the Chicago Tribune. The first congress under the constitution immediately passed bills providing for secretaries of the treasury, of state, of war and navy, which were at first united, and for a postmaster general and attorney general. These positions were filled by Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, Henry Knox, Samuel Osgood, and Edmund Randolph. The navy department was not created till 1798, when Benjamin Stoddard was appointed secretary, and the department of the interior not till 1849, Thomas Ewing being the first secretary. Now, forty years later, comes the department of agriculture, with Norman J. Coleman at its head.

The recent report of the American humane society shows that the organization has accomplished a great amount of work with a very small amount of money. There seems to be a lack of organization in the several states. Ohio leads all the states of the union in the number of its contributing and live organizations, it having forty-eight auxiliary societies. New York stands second with thirty-three societies. Indiana third with twenty-one societies, while the great state of Illinois has but six organizations. Pennsylvania has six; Massachusetts but five. Such an organization, so rich in its blessings to the poor and helpless dumb brutes, should find ways and means for more concerted action.

It was stated at a recent convention of colored Catholics in Washington that there are 20 colored Catholic churches in this country, each one of these having a colored parsonage, besides 65 colored Catholic schools, eight orphan asylums, and three reformatory. The Catholic hospitals, homes for the poor, etc., are open to both colored and white children. About 5,000 children are taught in the schools, and 200 children cared for in the asylums. There is but one Catholic priest, but there are seven colored students.

The work of surveying the entire route of the Congo railroad has been finished, and work will probably soon begin. The length of the route is about 200 miles. The engineers reckon that it will take two or three years to build it, and that it will cost about \$5,000,000. It is said this will open up the very heart of Africa. But it is doubtful whether either the way or through travel will for a spell pay big interest on \$5,000,000. But it means civilization to Africa more certainly than any more ever before made.

For downright imbecility and crudeness the slang "in the soup" exceeds anything which has been started, even in this age of slang expressions. There is no possible excuse for it, because the meaning it purports to convey can be better expressed in decent English. In fact, the English language is broad enough in its scope and ample in its phraseology to express any idea the average citizen may care to express without resorting to the questionable use of slang.

An "Emperor William clock" has been made in Berlin. The case represents the old emperor's palace. When the hour strikes, the palace marches past, and William I., with his great grandson—now the little crown prince—appears at the historic corner window where he so often showed himself to his people.

Germany may keep out the American hog. France may put a tax on American wheat, but an insult which calls for prompt retaliation has been offered us in the refusal of the authorities at Rome to allow a game of base ball to be played within the walls of the Coliseum in that ancient city.

Natural gas has been struck in southern California and overtures are being made to pipe it all the way to San Francisco. As the distance is over three hundred miles, the experiment will be watched with some interest.

FOR FEET AND FINGERS.

VANITIES IN VAMPS AND GAITERS IN GLOVES.

The Understanding Empire Slippers and Owing Boots Named for the Princess of Wales—Gloves That Briton on the Outside.

Now then we dainty little shoes step forward in all your bravery of soft kid and staining satin, your arched insteps and pointed toes and wicked high heels, your fancy bows and buckles, and let us see what is Queen Fashion's decree for these brilliant winter days.

Well! for dress occasions and carriage wear, the finest of French kid, almost as thin and flexible as a glove, with fixings and vamps of patent leather or else with patent tips perforated.

Laced, mind you that. For boots, which are ever to sit out of doors the truly swell sister with lacings this winter. Laced boots you must have discovered that, are the only boots that are trim and fit to walk in. Look at an old buttoned shoe. After you have worn it two months it grows loose on the foot and wobbles. A lace boot per contra, can always be fitted snitely over the ankle.

Patent leather! It is a word to conjure with in footwear this season. Patent tips trim the pretty boots with tops of undressed kid. Pretty. Yes, they're very gay, but undeniably extravagant. The undressed kid has a way of rubbing and turning purple, which limits it to those who buy their shoes by the half dozen.

Patent leather trims the cloth-top boots. Do you know why these are perennially in favor? Of course you do if you have worn them and rejoiced because they made a pair of number five feet look almost like number threes. It is the proper thing to have them made to order of stuff to match your carriage or calling gowns.

Patent leather cuffs the new oozey calf boots with slate and drab and wine-colored uppers, and the novel suede boots, with saffron-colored and brown and tan uppers; swell boots all, imitating cloth tops so closely that one looks a second or third time to detect the difference.

Don't buy the side-laced boot. They say it is coming in, but, alas! it is ugly.

For the breezy promenade. The genuine walking boots is after the English model this winter. Some distance after, with all due respect for the pedestrian. Thick soles and low broad heels have won the day, but American women never wear boots as heavy as those thought essential in Great Britain. It is a sad with every American dame or damsel who goes abroad to buy English walking boots the day she strikes London. She likes them, too, tramps about in them proudly, says they're "so comfortable." But Broadway doesn't agree with the British understanding. From the day she puts foot again on her native pavements the "can't wear" the erstwhile favorites and indignities, and forgotten they gather dust till next spring's evading time.

The high cutting boots named for the princess of Wales are beginning to be imported, but it is only that they may serve as models for lighter, thinner boots made after the general pattern. High is to be literally interpreted, they button to the knee. People say that the sale of them will out sell men and double the proportion of saleswomen employed in the boot and shoe stores. They are in demand among women who skate, women who fish and women who coose the rabbit or handle the festive bird gun. They go to Tuxedo and they are essential features of the outfit of the Lenox or the Adirondacks. The owing boot is of two sorts, for the girl who looks on and girl who wades in. The girl who looks on has a boot which might be found for an evening party so thin-soled it is, so beautifully arched is the instep, so high the heel and so bright the patent leather over the toe. It buttons and the soft flexible kid of it defines the ankle and the calf, and has never a wrinkle in it, so plainly is it fitted clean to the bend of the knee. Such boots give a certain air of sportsmanship when one jumps from the carriage to hand off the lunch to the masculine contingent, but they would never do for the girl who wades in. Hers are real boots. They are lace instead of buttoning, and inside the leather there is a waterproof tweed lining, defended by which the fair wearer could wade through snowdrifts or walk in water up to her knees.

Owinggaiters remain in fashion, real ones, which should be dark green or blue, or black, unless they are to look clumsy, and imitation gaiter tops upon ordinary walking boots. They are very convenient, going far toward transforming woddy boots into almost as good as new.

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In all the pale delicate shades of silk and satin. Matching or contrasting ribbons are sewn upon it and tied in a great variety of cross-garterings over the top.

The newest slipper has the patriotic name of "the Washington." It is a dandy thing in gray or white, or blue suede, with a very high gilded or red heel. Narrow strips of gold or silver braid are stitched upon the top of it in thick set rows, making an effective trimming. They say the suede never stretches when treated in this way.

The new Queen Anne slipper fastens by an ankle strap like a child's shoe. It is made of bronze leather, beaded with gold and dark, clear amber. A rosette is placed upon the toe composed of loops of small close string beads.

Steel on black is a good style in slippers, as is black satin beaded, Chinese fashion, in as many as a half a dozen colors. The white bridal slipper is lavishly ornamented with pearl and crystal beads. The smartest slippers seen are of white satin delicately beaded in colors to match the tints of a particular costume. These are made to order, of course, and are a greatfad with many women.

There has been much heading in the last few sentences. Paste buckles, many of them genuine, more of them pseudo, antiques, are an ornament equally popular. Slippers of low cut-toes in a pale grey shade and in a gray or fawn glow kid lace with gold cords, and are fastened at the tying point with a great buckle, the long ends hanging down and ending in fancy tassels. The vamps and low quarters are embroidered in gold thread to match the lacing.

Suppers for wear with tea gowns would make a chapter. They are of red morocco with pointed Chinese toes. They are of scarlet leather with enormous steel buckles and Louis XV bows. They are of patent leather foxed with ox-blood undressed kid—the most stunning of all. They are of red morocco, without heels, embroidered with gold thread and having a big fluffy pompon of red and white silk coquettishly perched on top. They are of bronze kid with gold and rhinestone buckles. They are of Chinese brocade and embroidery, the two feet not matching but corresponding in general pattern. For wear strictly in the boudoir they have no heels, a silk lining and a lining top turned over to show a black velvet trimming.

All slippers are meant nowadays to match the stockings.

is to prevent any staining of the hands from the black, but as a good glove ought not to stain in any case, it is safe to set down the lining as one of the endless succession of odds. Walking gloves of red Russia leather are now sold pretty. They come in dull, soft tones and are often made to order, repaying the expense and trouble by their exceptional comfort and durability.

A Terrible Disaster at Hartford, Connecticut.

The shock of a tremendous explosion awoke the residents for blocks around the corner of High and Allen streets in Hartford, Conn., about 5 o'clock on the morning of Feb. 18. On that corner stood the Park Central Hotel, a five-story brick structure, about 30 feet front and 100 feet deep. The first to arrive at the scene found the building a heap of ruins, from which issued smoke and steam in dense clouds, and the spectators were appalled by the shrieks and groans of many human beings who were imprisoned in the mass of timber and masonry from which names were already bursting.

A general alarm immediately summoned

the entire fire department, and an immense crowd attracted by the explosion and the fire alarm soon packed the streets in the vicinity. At first the fire and smoke entirely prevented any attempt to rescue the victims, and it was not until a load of water had been poured upon the ruins that the work could be prosecuted.

A few dead or dying persons were taken from the debris, however, within an hour of the explosion. The force of the explosion threw a tall woman upon it, far into the street, and one of the heavy doors of the house landed a block away.

By this o'clock the flames were so far subdued that the rescuers were enabled to get at some of the victims. Some were pinned beneath heavy timbers upon which rested masses of masonry, rendering the work of rescue exceedingly hazardous.

The house had stood uninhabited for about 100 years and there were probably 80 residents at the time of the explosion, of which perhaps 30 or 40 were buried.

These were mostly old, who occupied

an annex wing of the house extending to the east.

The scenes about the ruins were terrible. In the center of the spot where the building stood were a man, his wife and a little girl. No help could get to them, and they finally fell back into the flames and died in plain sight of the spectators. The little ones cried for help, but the man and woman uttered not a word, but embraced each other in their arms and met death bravely. An octogenarian who was the subject of a woman caused the blood of the people looking on to turn cold as they saw a young girl lay her head upon the body of her mother and die.

The force of the explosion sent a red hot iron bar through the roof of the building, and a man was killed.

The hotel was built about 15 years ago, at a cost of furniture \$10,000. The building was soft and although the building was carefully built it soon settled badly. About two years ago Mr. Ketcham took the lease and a new edifice refurnished the house. The insurance is \$10,000.

J. M. Allen, president of the Steam Boiler Inspection Company, and an expert on boiler inspection, will not accept the responsibility of telling in detail how the accident occurred, but he said the boiler is good.

If, as is reported, the accident was caused by the main pipe, it was probably caused by the main pipe being broken at a welding, or by a leak in the main branch of the pipe, and that water entered the pipe. When the pipe became clogged it probably turned on the main valve and caused the accident.

Ellyn Osborn.

He Wanted to Apologize.

"Can I speak to you a moment?" he said softly as he called the chief clerk in the post-office to the window the other day.

"Certainly."

"Thanks, I didn't know but that you were busy. Two months ago I came here and asked for a letter. Recipient?"

"I do not."

"Probably not, as you are always busy. I didn't get any. I gave it to my opinion that some of you had stolen it. Remember?"

"Probably not, but I spoke very emphatically. That was my opinion, and went away feeling very much hurt. Remember?"

"Probably not, as I am of no great consequence. I now desire to make your pardon. Will you forgive me?"

"Of course."

"Thanks, I believed you would. You see, I expected a letter from my son. None came. She couldn't write one. She was dead. See? Therefore, how could I get one? I take it back. I apologize. I was wrong. Strike."

"That's all right."

"Thanks. I'll never do it again.

This is an honest post-office. I was wrong. Good-by."

A Fair Average.

Friend—Allow me to congratulate you. I hear that your daughter has married a foreign bohemian.

Flood was generally regarded as the ablest of the "bohemian millionaires." Daring and adventurous in his financial methods, it was believed to be the pride of his spirit that those "deals" which strongly agitated the stock market of San Francisco, and then with general results of making richer those who do not need wealth, and popularizing humble spectacles by scores and hundreds.

Flood leaves a widow and son, James L., and daughter Jessie, who several years ago was engaged to marry Ulisses S. Grant Jr. His fortune was recently estimated at \$20,000,000.

Harrison's Inauguration.

The Michigan Central and Niagara Falls Home will sell tickets from all stations on its lines to Washington and return from February 11th to March 1st, inclusive, at one fare for the round trip, tickets good to return during Washington, D. C., between March 8th. A special train of Wagner sleeping cars will leave Detroit March 1st, 2:30 p. m., and run through to Washington via Niagara Falls and Philadelphia, returning by same route. Applications for seats should be made to Mr. C. A. Wm., Passenger and Ticket Agent, Detroit, either direct or through any ticket agent of the Michigan Central, of whom tickets may be purchased.

Condems Public Schools.

An ecclesiastical letter from the Pope has been issued, in which the faithful are warned against avarice; against immoral tendencies in literature and the drama; and against materialism in thought, which breeds socialism, communism, atheism, etc.

The letter also condemns public schools, and says of them: "There is no ecclesiastical authority left in them; and during the years when it is most fitting for tender minds to be carefully trained in Christian virtue the precepts of religion are for the most part unheard."

Stanley Is Dead Again.

The correspondent of the Petit Journal at San Salvador, Congo, says that a courier has arrived at that place from the west, who states that a report is current there that Henry M. Stanley was killed in a fight with the natives near Mangambe. The courier reports that several instruments, which have been identified as belonging to Stanley, have been sold in the natives.

BARGAINS

AT

Richardson's Little Cash Dry Goods HOUSE.

Bargains Y? Because Goods well bought, according to the old saying are half sold.

BARGAINS IN PRINTS TO CLOSE THEM OUT.

BARGAINS IN GINGHAMS TO CLOSE.

Bargains in CLOAKS to close.

BARGAINS IN UNDERWEAR TO CLOSE.

BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS

TO CLOSE THEM OUT.

AT

RICHARDSON'S Little Cash Dry Goods House.

Northville Record.

A great many merchants entertain the idea that advertising is well enough during the holidays, but that it doesn't pay during times of ordinary business. Such a man don't do much business at the holidays or any other time. There is only one way to advertise successfully, and that is to place your name in connection with your business so continuously and so conspicuously before the people that they will naturally think of you when wanting anything in your line. "Be not weary in well doing."

PLYMOUTH

Revival services are being held this week in the M. E. church and there is quite a good attendance.

Work has commenced at the Iron Windmill Co.'s shop getting ready for the Air Gun manufactory. They will not be in active operation for several weeks.

There will be a union temperance service at the Baptist church on Sunday evening, March 3rd and there will be no services in the other churches on that evening.

Ic C. Hough has a large quantity of apples on hand and is buying and shipping from Plymouth, Northville and Ypsilanti. He has about 5,000 barrels on hand now.

There was a social at Sewell Bennett's on Wednesday evening and a good time enjoyed.

Mrs. C. A. Cole, of Salen, is spending a few days with relation and friends here.

Mrs. C. E. Passage is quite poorly at the present time although she is much better than she was last week when she was in a critical condition.

Mrs. George Kellogg was taken ill in the M. E. church on Tuesday evening and had to be taken home. Lung trouble seems to be the difficulty but she is some better at this writing.

Mr. Nurse and wife who have been visiting his half-brother, Dr. Adams, returned to their home Monday at Boston, Mass., we believe.

Some of our citizen attended the prohibition convention at Lansing on Wednesday, Feb. 27.

SOME

© RARE BARGAINS ©

IN

REAL ESTATE

AT

THE RECORD OFFICE.

CALL! CALL AT

T. G. Richardson's

BOOT, SHOE AND CLOTHING HOUSE.

New Goods. New Prices to show you. Nobby Hats. Elegant Line of Mens, Boys and Children's Suits. Odd Pants. Odd Vests at very low Prices to close. Ladies, Misses and Children's Shoes and Slippers. My line never was so complete and prices are down as low as the lowest. Call and see for yourself. Everybody welcome at

RICHARDSON'S

The Boot Shoe and Clothier of Northville.

Pianos, Organs, AND OTHER

© MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

The Allmendinger Piano and Organ Company of Ann Arbor have H. F. Murray's business here and have a full supply of Musical Instruments at Mrs. McRoberts' millinery rooms in charge, Miss Nellie McRoberts.

We do not intend to keep a stock of Sheet Music on hand but can furnish any piece on short notice.

D. F. Allmendinger, Supt.
H. F. MURRAY, Sales Manager.

THEIR BUSINESS BOOMING.

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at A. M. Randolph's Drug Store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size \$1.00. Every bottle warranted.



Bucklers Arnica salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheumatism, Fever Sores, Tetter, Cracked Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Suppurations, and positively cures piles or so say required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. M. Randolph.

