

# NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XX1.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, AUGUST 2 1889.

No. 3.

## NORTHVILLE RECORD.

PUBLISHED FRIDAYS BY

E. ROSCOE REED,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### TERMS \$1.00 Per Year.

Our advertising rates made known on application at this office.  
Business notices five cents per line for each insertion.  
Marriage, birth, death and church notices inserted free.  
Obituary notices, resolutions, cards of thanks etc., will be charged for at a reasonable rate.  
Correspondence from every school district in this locality is solicited containing local news.  
Anonymous communications not inserted under any circumstances.

### F. & P. M. Time Card.

IN EFFECT APRIL 21, 1889.

NORTH 3:55, 9:30 a. m., 1:23, 6:44 p. m.  
SOUTH 1:33, 9:25 a. m., 2:45, 8:58 p. m.

### PROFESSIONAL.

**MUSIC.** Instruction on Piano or Organ, also Vocal lessons. Satisfaction guaranteed. Terms very reasonable. Mrs. F. S. Neal.

**J. B. McBRACKEN.** Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery. Office Marquette, Mich.

**E. N. ROOT, DENTAL PARLORS.** Opposite the Record Block, on Center street. All work guaranteed and prices reasonable.

**C. M. THORNTON, Jr., A. A. Thornton.** Having had years of experience in handling farm produce, and considerable experience as an auctioneer, offering services as such. Terms reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed. Address 101 Northville, Mich., or arrangements can be made at the above office.

**W. WORTH WENDELL.** Attorney at Law. Notary Public. Deeds and Mortgages drawn. Wills drafted. Collections made. Office in Conley block, Northville, Mich.

**J. E. ROAR, DENTAL PARLORS OVERT-G.** Richardson's store on Main St., Northville. Satisfaction guaranteed on all kinds of Dental work. Teeth extracted without pain by use of vitilized air.

**SEVERAL HOUSES AND LOTS** for sale or rent in Northville. Inquire of E. S. Woodman, attorney at law.

**P. M. CAMPBELL, VETERINARY SURGEON** and dentist. Honorary graduate of Ontario Veterinary college. Office at Macomber's, Northville. Horses examined as to soundness and certitudes given.

**E. R. REED, NOTARY PUBLIC.** Especial attention to conveyancing and drawing of wills.

### SOCIETIES.

**G. A. R. ALLEN M. HARMON POST, NO. 313.** G. A. R. Department of Michigan, meets every alternate Friday. Visitors made welcome. E. K. Spencer, Com. J. K. Lowden, Adgt.

**CHOSEN FRIENDS.**—Union Council No. 5, meet in Chosen Friends hall the second and fourth Tuesday evening of each month at 7:30 o'clock. B. G. Western, C. W. H. Anglin, Secy.

**K. NIGHTS OF MYTHAS** meet every Thursday night at their Castle Hall in Ambler's building. Lodge opens at 8 o'clock sharp. J. D. Myrnes, C. C. E. Bock, E. of R. & S.

### A SOUND LEGAL OPINION.

E. Bainbridge, Munday, Esq., County Attorney, Clay Co., Tex., says: "Have used Electric Bitters with most happy results. My brother also was very low with malarial fever and jaundice, but was cured by timely use of this medicine. Am satisfied Electric Bitters saved his life."

Mr. D. L. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky., adds a like testimony, saying: "He positively believes he would have died, had it not been for Electric Bitters."

This great remedy will ward off, as well as cure all malarial diseases, and for all kidney, liver and stomach disorders stands unequalled. Price 50c and \$1 at A. M. Randolph's.

### LOOSE'S RED CLOVER PILLS

CURE SICK Headache, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, 25c per box, 5 boxes for \$1. For sale by Geo. C. Euston.

Mrs. Theirs, St. Mary's st., Indiana, says: My little boy was badly afflicted with Salt Rheum, his face badly broken out and a large sore on his head. Your Extract of Red Clover cured him in three weeks.

### TOWN TALK.

Additional local on fourth page.  
Rooms to rent at Mrs. Cady's on Center Street.

Considerable many oats have already been harvested.  
\$3,000 to loan on first-class security. Inquire at this office.

See the advertisement elsewhere for sale of the fruit evaporators.

George W. Parker will have a grand harvest party in the Rink Thursday evening, Aug. 15.

Elsewhere we republish a short description of Northville which appeared in the Free Press last week.

At the eleventh hour we are in receipt of a couple of communications which will not spoil before next week.

Detroit are not playing as good ball as they did and are dropping down from the high notch they crept to last week.

Ed. Whitaker thrashed the first wheat we have heard of around here this season. He thrashed Saturday, July 27 and marketed it July 30.

Jud. Lanning lost \$28 from his pocket Monday evening on the sidewalk. Miss Jennie Barley found it and returned it to the owner.

Steady work on salary is offered to men furnishing good references by the Guarantee Nursery Co., of Geneva, N. Y. See their "ad" in another place.

The case against young Robert Lanning was not tried Tuesday morning as the prosecuting attorney could not attend. The trial will be held Tuesday Aug. 6.

The Farmington lodge of masons visited this lodge last Monday evening. After the work of the evening was finished about 12 sat down to a sumptuous banquet.

Northville seems to be a favored place. Severe winds and storms have been devastating the country around us but here in the valley we have missed them.

A number of the friends of Rev. Dr. Hudson and wife handed them a purse last Saturday evening and told them to go north for an outing. They expect to obey orders and leave Monday morning.

Joseph Hetley writes from Washington Territory that he is not as favorably impressed with the country as he expected to be. That it is not Michigan. He has been driving a mail stage for his brother who is a contractor.

Mrs. Rebecca A., wife of the late James B. Palmer, died at her home in this village last Sunday after a lingering sickness, caused by old age. Aged seventy-nine. She was born in Seneca county, N. Y., and came to this state in early years. Her funeral was held Tuesday.

Stephen Andrews, who has been sick for so many weeks, died at his home on Dunlap street Friday afternoon. He was buried Monday afternoon at Farmington where his two children have been buried before him. He was in his eighty-fourth year and came to Michigan in '29 from New York state.

Bert A. Hodge succeeds to the business in this vicinity of the Allmendinger Piano and Organ company of Ann Arbor, formerly in charge of H. F. Murray. Mr. Hodge is a young man of Plymouth who has made many friends already in this place and we bespeak for him the confidence and friendship of all.

H. F. Brown has purchased J. J. Gibson's interest in the photograph business at this place and in the future will manage the business himself and finish all of his work here. Mr. Brown is a good artist as is well known and in the advantages he will have in finishing his work at home, he can furnish work much more quickly than he has been able to do heretofore.

The Mrs. "Hayes Memorial services" held at the M. E. Church last Sabbath evening were of a very interesting character. The music deserves especial notice. Mrs. Belle Long, assisted the choir, and sang two beautiful solos which were highly appreciated by the congregation. Mrs. Long's friends who have been impatient to hear her voice again in song were highly gratified.

### PERSONALS.

Fred Brooks spent last Sunday with home friends.

Bert Chandler and mother left yesterday for Montana.

Miss Anna Clarkson has returned from a visit in Detroit.

B. G. Filkins is rustivating a few days at Whitmore Lake.

The two Misses Newman, of Detroit, are guests at Mrs. Van Zile's.

Miss Grace Filkins has returned from a weeks visit at Ypsilanti.

Beryl and David Brooks, of Wixom are visiting their grand parents.

D. E. Evans and wife, of Ypsilanti, are spending a few days in town.

Will Hutton was pretty sick yesterday and is no better this morning.

Miss Katie Hastings, of Detroit, has been visiting her parents at this place.

Andrew Yerkes who has been seriously sick for some weeks is recovering.

Miss Lyda McRoberts, of Northville, is visiting Mrs. E. C. Grace—*Farmington Enterprise*.

John Blackwood is having a run of fever. He is some better at this time, however.

Miss May Greer has returned to her studies at the commercial college at Ypsilanti.

W. I. Ely has been in New York state for the past week but returned yesterday.

George Waterman and wife intend starting to-morrow for a two-weeks trip to Chicago.

Dr. J. M. Hoyt and wife, of Walled Lake dined with E. S. Woodman and wife Tuesday.

Mrs. C. M. McFarlan and daughter Bunnie are visiting their parents A. S. Brooks and wife.

Charles C. Chadwick, of New York, has a position in the office of the Globe Furniture company.

Mrs. Emma Peppers, of Detroit, is spending the week with her parents, T. B. Filkins and wife.

B. F. Woodman and wife, of Saranac, spent the Sabbath with their brother E. S. Woodman.

Miss Atlanta Haley, of Toledo, is visiting her aunts, Mrs. Roxana Smith and Miss Louise Robinson.

George Parker is nursing a fit of rheumatism. He has to patronize crutches when he walks at all.

Miss Eva Bovee and Mrs. Emma Peppers are expecting to take a trip to Mackinac and Chicago next week.

Miss Nellie Baker will spend her vacation at Ox Bow, at the summer residence of her sister, Mrs. J. Willy of Detroit.

Gaanville Wood and Robert P. Elliott left Tuesday to set up the organ to be placed in a church at Holland, Mich.

A letter received by John A. Jackson from his son Will says he and the family arrived safe at Tacoma, Washington Territory.

Miss Cora Greer is spending her vacation in Detroit studying the Kindergarten there. She was home a couple of days this week.

Mrs. W. P. Yerkes is visiting relatives in Detroit this week. Her husband expects to spend part of next week there with her.

Harrison Yerkes has been feeling poorly for some time past and left Wednesday for a course of treatment at the Ypsilanti sanitarium.

The Misses Baker leave shortly for home to assist in the care of their Mother during their sisters absence, will return September first.

Charles Rulison and wife, of Flint, visited their cousin Mrs. C. R. Stevens Wednesday. They were on their way to Toledo where they intend locating.

Mrs. McPhail with Mrs. Carrington and her little son Thomas have gone for a six-weeks visit to their friends in Richmond, Ind., and Cincinnati, Ohio.

Frank Brigham and wife, of Lansing, were visiting their brothers at this place last week. They move this week from Lansing to Denver, Colorado, where they expect to make their future home.

### NORTHVILLE.

Interesting Particulars Regarding the Village, Its Industries and Citizens.

Northville, Wayne Co., is located on the Flint & Pere Marquette Railroad, thirty miles from Detroit and eleven miles north of Wayne Junction.

The first settler was John Miller, who located a quarter section of land in 1824 and built a grist mill, using boulders from the woods for mill stones. In 1833 he sold out to Mr. Dunlap; from Ovid, N. Y., who soon after remodeled the mill, putting in French burr stones. At present we have two large flouring mills, using the roller process to manufacture flour. Mr. Dunlap died here some ten years ago.

The village at present contains over 2,000 inhabitants, four churches, a prosperous graded school, four dry goods stores, six grocery and provision stores, three drug stores, two hardware stores, one hotel, and not a wagon. [The language in italics was sent to the Free Press with the article but was not published by them.—Ed.]

Manufacturing is carried on extensively for a village of this size. The Globe Furniture Company have a paid up capital of \$125,000 and carry 170 men on their pay roll. These hands receive over \$1,500 every Saturday night for their services. As an evidence of their prosperity they are from one to three months behind their orders. Church and school furniture they make a specialty, some of which goes to foreign countries.

The James A. Dubuar Manufacturing Company have a capital of \$20,000 and employ from thirty-five to forty men, and pay on an average of \$300 per week for labor. They manufacture hardwood lumber, pulley blocks, tent stuff, wheelbarrows, hose reels, etc., all of which find a ready sale at paying prices. The Wood organ factory has a capital of \$12,000, employs from twelve to fifteen men daily, and builds organs worth as high as \$10,000.

The Ely Dowell Company has a capital of \$10,000, employ ten men, and make a specialty of dowels.

The total amount paid to men engaged in our factories runs from \$2,500 to \$3,000 per week.

A large proportion of these factory hands are married men, own homes in this village and here most of their wages are expended.

Among the octogenarians are Henry Houk and Daniel Pomeroy. Mr. Houk was born in Delaware County, N. Y., January 28, 1798. He came to Michigan in 1836, located a farm in section 9, in this township, and retired from his farm to this village some fifteen years ago. He cast his first presidential vote for Andrew Jackson, and has voted for the nominees for President of the Democratic party ever since; is a member of the Baptist Church and enjoys good health for a man of his age.

Mr. Pomeroy was born in Northampton, Mass., March 28, 1798. Came to Michigan in 1840, located in the Town of Salem, some five miles from here; is a Congregationalist and a very exemplary man. Some eighteen years ago he sold his farm in Salem and moved to this place, and with his wife went to live with his daughter, Mrs. C. H. Johnson, where he is now kindly cared for, his wife having died some ten years ago. He cast his first vote for John Q. Adams, and continued to vote for the Whig party during its existence, then with the Republican party until the organization of the Prohibition party, since which time he has voted the Prohibition ticket. He enjoys very good health, and he and his neighbor Houk have been neighbors and intimate friends for nearly fifty years, and they can say with the psalmist: "The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, and we have a goodly heritage."

Any pleasant day these venerable men can be seen upon our streets, with a smile on their countenances and a kind word for all they meet.

The wool market of this place is nearly closed. Some 55,000 pounds have been purchased by the Starkweather Bros. at an average price of twenty-seven cents per pound.

J. S. Lapham & Co., who for forty years have been engaged in the produce market, have retired from the business and are succeeded by J. O. Knapp and Charles Sessions.

John Larkin, who has been sick all summer with a broken leg and other complications was able to be on the streets Wednesday. He is recovering slowly.

Charles Burgess tackled the shaper knives in the furniture factory at South Lyon. He is minus one finger on the right hand and possibly he may have to sacrifice another one to satisfy the demands of the machine. He is spending the time here while it is healing.

C. F. Hall and wife intend moving next week to Honeoye Falls, New York. They have been residents of this place for the past seventeen years and will leave with the respect of every one who knows them. Prof. S. L. Houghton has rented their house on Cady street.

### TWENTY YEARS AGO.

NORTHVILLE RECORD, JULY 31, 1869.

**STROKE OF PARALYSIS.**—Mr. Asa Sha had a Paralytic Stroke about three years since from which time he has been quite feeble in health. Sunday 25 inst. he was prostrated with the second stroke, and now lies perfectly helpless. He is nearly 78 years of age.

**IMPROVEMENT.**—We notice some improvements going on in the way of house repairing; C. G. HARRINGTON, with a view of mutually benefitting himself and the village, is making his home comfortable and adding to the good looks of Main st., is putting some extensive repairs on his dwelling.

**CAPITAL IDEA.**—That of the village ordinance in having the plank walk leveled in front of the Dry Goods Store. Though not quite convenient for entering the stores, on account of the step to each, yet it now places the walk on a level, thereby preventing persons as hitherto stumbling and a chance of breaking their necks.

**NEW HOUSE.**—Mr. Elias Perrigo has come into possession of the corner lot on Main st. near young Men's Hall, and is about to erect a house. Some of the material are already on the ground; this will be a very desirable move, as vacant lots are neither pleasing to the eye, nor yet are they beneficial to the growth of the place.

**UNION SCHOOL.**—We learn that our school board have engaged Mr. A. G.

Jepson of Redwood, N. Y., as principal of our school for the coming year. The gentleman is a graduate of Middletown college, and an energetic, thorough teacher, and we feel confident that our school will maintain its high standing under his charge. There are one or two vacancies still in the lower rooms.

**SCHOOL SEATS.**—Mr. C. G. Harrington, our Foundry-man is extensively engaged in the manufacture of school house seats. He commenced the business in connection with his foundry and machine work, but a short time since and such has been the increase in that line, that there is scarcely any place of importance in the state, but what have been furnished with school seats; and not only in our own state, but he has filled orders from Illinois, Wisconsin and Kansas. The seats are made of oak, or if so ordered, from hard wood and finished with oil or varnish.

### A WORD TO OUR PATRONS.

It is certainly encouraging to us, the manner in which the community in general have looked upon our newspaper enterprise. Each and all seem to be perfectly satisfied with our first appearance, and express themselves determined to sustain us in our undertaking. Subscriptions are pouring in, and not only from this vicinity, but daily we are in receipt of letters from abroad, containing amount of subscription.

The principal sustenance of a local paper, is the remuneration derived from advertisements in its columns; and advertising helps all around—the town and advertisers, as well as the paper. We are thankful for the number of advertisements sent us some of which appear in this issue. As our paper meets with such support and favor, we shall try to merit the confidence of all by promoting the best interests of our advertisers, and presenting to the leading portion of our patrons, good and selected and original productions. Local matter of interest, particularly, shall have our attention.

### BUSINESS FLASHES.

Items under this head five cents a line each issue.

### YOUR CHOICE.

In Ladies and Misses White Hats worth from 75cts to \$1.25, for 45cts at Mrs. L. E. McRoberts.

**BUTTERICK PAPER PATTERNS.** at one-quarter off at Starkweather & Co's., at Plymouth.

**SECOND HAND COAT ROBE** in good condition for cheap at Geo. E. Waterman & Co.

**SAGINAW PROPERTY** to trade for property in or near Northville or Plymouth.

**HOUSE TO RENT** On Center street. Apply to John Waterman.

### JUST OUT.

Lost in the Flood. A beautiful song descriptive of the terrible disaster at Johnstown, Pa., with its attendant frightful loss of life. For sale at the Piano and Organ Agency & Mrs. L. E. McRoberts on Center street.



# DETROIT'S LATEST MURDER.

Morris T. Crawford was returning from

## Hogan Lost.

The only hope now indulged is that Hogan may have been picked up by a vessel at sea.

### A Narrow Escape.

## Couldn't Stand Cramps.

### Gavett's Scheme.

William Tilton, a resident of Tecumseh since 1884, is dead.

## Weekly Crop Report.

### WOLVERINE ITEMS.

Dr. Phillip Phillips, the "singing pilgrim" will give a series of sacred concerts at Lansing in September.

in Leawards county, has been pardoned, and is now a guard at the prison.

Maggie Knux, a trotting horse owned by Cody of Big Rapids, died suddenly of inflammation of the bowels at the driving park in Muskegon the other night. The horse was well known throughout that part of the state, and made a mile in 2:24. She was valued at \$1,000.

## THE MARKETS.

year old son, committed the deed without assistance. He has not been seen to shed a tear or display the least emotion over the terrible affair. He is now closely confined.

## LIVING ON MICE.

## TERRIBLE CLOUD-BURST

## Ohio Prohibitionist

Damaged by the Storm

## Wool Can't be Smuggled

### Both Want the Island

When President Salomon was chief executor of Haiti, he made a proposition to the United States whereby the control of Great Inagua should be acquired by the government, but before the scheme was consummated Salomon was expelled, and France took advantage of the situation placed legitimate annexation, and made a tempting offer for his island.

The question threatens to cause considerable feeling.



## A SONG.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear;  
There is ever a something sings always;  
There's the song of the lark when the skies  
are clear,  
And the song of the thrush when the  
skies are gray.  
The sunshine showers across the grain,  
And the bluebird trills in the orchard  
tree.  
And in and out, when the eves drip rain,  
The swallows are twittering carelessly.  
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear;  
In the midnight black, or the midday  
blue;  
The robin pipes when the sun is here,  
And the cricket chirrups the whole night  
thro',  
The buds may blow and the fruits may  
grow,  
And the autumn leaves drop crisp and  
sere,  
But whether the sun or rain or snow  
There is ever a song somewhere, my  
dear.

## LINK BY LINK.

A THRILLING STORY OF THE  
FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

BY MAURICE LÉGER.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### THE TEST OF ENDURANCE.

With what strength, what steadiness of  
mind,  
He triumphs in the midst of all his suffer-  
ings!  
"To remain with the garrison, a  
strange fancy, truly. And you  
said a fire-eater, Colonel von  
Brandstein."  
"You are doubtless surprised, Herr  
General, but my health is not suffi-  
ciently restored to join the forces."  
"Well, doubtless you know your  
own affairs best, you must please  
yourself."  
"And you will urge my request in  
the proper quarter?"  
"Assuredly. All the same, how-  
ever, I think the best of the fighting is  
over, and—"

"And you have no desire to sit  
quietly at the gates of Paris until the  
silly fools think fit to come out of their  
trap?"

"Exactly. His Majesty will be  
back soon, now that, in itself, proves  
the campaign is over."

"Your reasons for staying are ad-  
mirable, Colonel. I have nothing  
more to say."

The above conversation was taking  
place at Colonel Brandstein's military  
quarters, the day succeeding his inter-  
view with Ninette.

The haughty Prussian officer had  
been thoroughly fascinated by the  
girl's beauty and more by the piquancy  
of her manner, and the scorn  
with which she treated his advances.  
To will and to have had so long meant  
one and the same thing for him, that  
her coldness and indifference roused  
in him an interest far deeper, a deter-  
mination more fierce than any woman  
yet had been capable of inspiring. To  
this interest was now added jealousy.  
He was sure she loved this man—this  
French prisoner whom the fortunes of  
war had delivered into his hands—so  
sure of it that he had been content to  
remain idle in the city while the fate  
of his country still hung undecided in  
the balance of events. So  
sure of it, indeed, that his  
eyes flashed, and his heart  
grew furious at the thought. He  
had fancied this girl would be an easy  
conquest, and now an array of diffi-  
culties faced him, all the more tantalizing  
because of their strangeness and un-  
familiarity.

"She shall be mine yet," he said to  
himself, with stern and savage earnest-  
ness. And Leopold von Brandstein  
had never thus resolved without ac-  
complishing his purpose.

To him it seemed but a mere ques-  
tion of time. Sooner or later the  
bough must bend, or break—the fruit  
be plucked or fall, according to its  
own tendency, according to its own  
limits of patience.

She had allured, angered, incensed  
him all in one, but he required none  
the less to bear the sharpness of her  
scorn, the good of her irony, the spur  
of her coldness, for the sake of that  
allurement which was in itself so  
sweet and by difficulties grew more  
tempting. His eyes had read the  
hearts and natures of many women—  
they had never read one like this. To  
be pure in an atmosphere of vice, con-  
stant in the fire of temptation—these  
were indeed virtues he had never ex-  
perienced, and which, though they  
won his reluctant admiration, never  
altered the determination of his heart.  
And with thoughts like these burning  
in his breast he went to the presence  
of his rival.

"So! and that is the fellow—a hand-  
some brute! Bohmer, bring that sol-  
dier, Pierre Leroux, to me in the  
guardroom." The soldier gave the  
salute and departed on his errand,  
while the colonel—his inspection of  
the prisoners over—sauntered away  
from the barracks-yard, his face dark,  
his eyes wrathful.

Ever his commands were obeyed.  
The man he had desired to see  
stood before him calm, grave,  
patient. On his face no sur-  
prise, in his eyes no question, though  
the summons was unexpected. The  
colonel glanced at the list of names  
in his hand, then at the figure before  
him.

"Pierre Leroux?" he questioned.  
"The same, monsieur," was the an-  
swer given in French.  
"I want a few words with you," said  
the colonel, in the same language.  
"Bohmer, you may go." The man  
obeyed and left them together.  
Leopold von Brandstein darted a  
quick look at the face before him.  
"You are not a trained soldier?" he  
asked.

"No, monsieur."  
"A recruit, I suppose?"  
"I joined of my own free will."  
"What were your reasons?"

"I was not aware that impertinent  
curiosity was the privilege even of a  
conqueror!"

"Mein Gott!" shouted the officer  
furiously. "Dare you be insolent! Know  
you not I have full power here, and  
could sweep such vermin as you  
off the face of the earth in two sec-  
onds?"

"I do not doubt monsieur's power—  
or will—to do it."

"Come, come," laughed the colonel,  
ashamed of his momentary loss of  
temper. "Don't let us fall to cards  
and tierce in this fashion. I wish to  
be your friend. I have heard some-  
thing of you that interests me."

"Monsieur is pleased to jest. I have  
neither friend nor acquaintance who  
should have mentioned my name to  
him," was the calm response.

"Perhaps you are more fortunate  
than you imagine. It was a woman  
who spoke of you."

Despite his efforts at self-control,  
Pierre could not keep the hot flush  
from his face, could not still these  
heavy, suffocating throbs of his heart  
at these words.

"I am right, I see," resumed the  
colonel. "The case that sent you to  
the wars, my friend, is not hard to  
guess. A woman had a hand in that,  
or I am much mistaken."

"I am at a loss to surmise how my  
private affairs can possibly interest  
monsieur." His questioner frowned  
angrily.

"Doubtless you are. But there is  
romance in most lives. I have mine,  
I would fain hear yours."

"The leaf is folded down to be open-  
ed at no man's bidding."

"Nor woman's either?" his tormen-  
tor persisted.

"I have told monsieur that though  
obedience is a soldier's duty, his pri-  
vate affairs are not subjects for an of-  
ficer's inquisitive fancy to pry into."

"And I say they are, if it suits the  
officer to make them so. Listen, fel-  
low! You are here a prisoner, alone  
and friendless, at the mercy of your  
foes. You are but a unit among  
many. Your fate none will know, un-  
less we choose."

"Is it brave to taunt me with my  
powerlessness, or contrast it with your  
privilege of tyranny, monsieur?" asked  
the cold calm voice of the listening  
prisoner.

"Gott in Himmel! This makes me  
angry, and ashamed all in one," mut-  
tered the colonel wrathfully. "Will  
nothing make him speak?"

"Listen!" he resumed presently.  
"It is not well for you to use your  
tongue thus freely. Remember I have  
it in my power to make you pay dear-  
ly for your insolence. Do  
you know that the woman you  
love is here, in this city—  
that she and I are well ac-  
quainted—that it is for her sake I  
have sought you out—that please  
her I would do you a service? Do you  
know this?"

Every drop of blood seemed to leave  
the bronzed and patient face. He  
leant with a sudden dizzy faintness  
against the wooden pillar beside him.  
Leopold von Brandstein smiled sarca-  
stically. "I have touched you at last,"  
he said.

The man drew himself up with a  
soldier's instinct—a brave man's self-  
control. "I should be sorry to doubt  
monsieur's word," he said, in a voice  
cold, stern and passionless. "But any  
interest either of man or woman in my  
fate or fortune is alike unsought and  
undesired by me."

"Your desire is very singular."

"It may be."

"Are you content to wait for the is-  
sue of the war? Have you friends  
who would ransom you?"

"I have no friends."

"A wife, mother, sister, perhaps?"

A sudden shiver ran through the  
strong, well-knit frame.

"I had a mother—she is dead."

"And you feel no desire to know  
who is interested in your welfare  
here?"

"That she is so interested, and  
could speak of it to you, is in itself an  
insult," he flashed out with sudden  
fury. The colonel smiled, well pleas-  
ed that he had at least aroused some  
warmth of feeling beneath that pas-  
sionless repose.

"How has she offended you?" he  
asked. The man was silent.

"Ah, well, it matters not," Von  
Brandstein said, with covert insolence.  
"What you do not choose to tell she  
will. Now go."

Without a word or glance, Pierre  
raised his hand, gave the salute, and  
departed.

For a few moments the colonel  
paced restlessly up and down the  
guard-room, then summoned to his  
presence the officer to whom the im-  
mediate superintendence and charge  
of the French prisoners had been given.

"Niedmann," he said carelessly, "there  
is a fellow among the crew there—  
Pierre Leroux by name—who is both  
insolent and foolhardy. Keep a strict  
watch on him, and give him double  
work and half rations. He is danger-  
ous—just the sort of a man to plot and  
scheme and bring others into trouble."

"You shall be obeyed, Herr Colonel!"  
And thus it was that Leopold von  
Brandstein kept his promise to the  
woman he loved.

Meanwhile Pierre Leroux left the  
room, and joined the soldier who was  
waiting for him. He moved along  
mechanically. A numbing pain had  
settled in his heart, deadening him to  
all exterior sufferings or inconveniences  
that awaited him now. Something in  
the weary, suffering face, the patient  
ox-like eyes, touched the man beside  
him with compassion.

"Are you ill?" he asked.

"I am nothing," was the answer,  
given in slow, monotonous accents, as  
if his thoughts were far away.

The German's knowledge of French  
was scanty, so conversation dropped.  
Still he looked pityingly at the tall up-  
right figure that bore itself so courage-  
ously, that allowed of no weakness.

"A fine fellow," he said to himself.  
"What a pity he is a Frenchman!"  
But the man beside him thought only  
of those words that had proclaimed  
her false with more than woman's  
falseness—shamed with more than  
woman's shame.

"Here and his friend," he muttered,  
as his brow burned with a hot blush  
of shame at the thought of his outrag-  
ed honor, his ruined manhood. "Her  
guilt is greater even than I thought.  
It were better I had slain her with my  
own hand that night when she lay at  
my feet!"

He moved like a man in a dream, he  
performed those offices and services  
demanded of him with strict punctil-  
iousness and undeviating exactitude,  
but all the same it was as the work of  
a machine, perfect but soulless, cor-  
rect but unconscious.

In the activity of campaigning, and  
the excitement of warfare, he had  
been able to get some respite from the  
thoughts of his own wrongs—from the  
memory of her perjury—but now he  
had only the dull routine of barrack-  
life, the servile employment, the scanty  
coarse fare, the inert and brain-  
sicken existence of a despised prison-  
er of war. As days passed on he  
saw more and more clearly that  
something beyond the common insults  
and drudgery of his fellow soldiers  
fell to his share. His work was the  
first to begin the last to cease, his  
food the scantiest, his treatment the  
most insolent of all. Morning after  
morning he rose to the same weary  
round of ignoble tasks, to the same  
recurring petty irritations, to phys-  
ical privations, to ceaseless tyranny,  
to all that could make his life most  
wretched and try his powers of endur-  
ance most severely. And he bore all  
with never a murmur—with never a  
complaint.

"Can I care that my enemies have  
no mercy on my body," he would ask  
himself bitterly, "when she whom I  
loved and worshipped has none upon  
my soul?"

Still weak from long illness,  
he often felt his strength scarce  
able to the demands upon it,  
but yet he taxed his utmost powers—  
he spared himself no single task—  
he asked for no remittance of his  
labors. One day, long fasting and  
severe labor told upon him at last.  
These watchings saw him sway sudden-  
ly forward, then fall heavily to the  
ground. His eyes were closed—his  
face gray—on his beard was foam; he  
lay like a log where he had fallen and  
the men who gathered about the pro-  
strate form whispered but one  
word under their breath—"Dead."

"Is he drunk?" asked the ferocious  
task-master, who had been paid to do  
his work, and who was ruthless and  
fierce enough to call it patriotism.

"Drunk? no," muttered the soldier  
Bohmer who alone of all the garrison  
pitied and felt for this unfortunate  
prisoner. "It is a fit I think."

Even as he spoke the man's eyes  
unlocked, and looked upward to the  
cold and callous faces around.

"Come, get up; no shamming,"  
shouted his tormentor savagely. "We  
can't put up with this kind of thing  
here. You needn't pretend you are  
going to die just yet."

Bohmer held a draught of water to  
his lips and raised him gently to a re-  
cumbent position.

Pierre looked gratefully up at him  
with his patient eyes, and staggered  
to his feet with one vigorous effort.

"I cannot die," he said, with an  
agony in his voice that thrilled to the  
heart of the sympathizing soldier be-  
side him, who alone heard the words.

"So you're all right again. It's my  
belief you've been drinking," said his  
superior. "I report you for disor-  
derliness and neglect. There's your  
work not half done. Haste and  
see it's completed before the midday  
rations are served out, or—"

A meaning glance completed the  
sentence as he turned on his heel and  
left the spot.

TO BE CONTINUED.

George Washington was a grand father  
for a country. In his case the office sought  
the man.

"Rebubation dot dond get a blemishes on  
it," says Carl Pretzel. "Vient der ark in  
mit Noah und ferget to come der ark out."

## A GRAPHIC STORY.

How the Limited Express Escaped  
Destruction in the Great Dis-  
aster.

Frank Hatton, editor of the Wash-  
ington Post, who was one of the pas-  
sengers on the Chicago limited train  
at Johnstown, contributes to the Post  
a graphic description of his escape  
from death. He says: "When the  
train pulled into Johnstown it was  
found that the place was flooded. Only  
a few minutes were wasted there, then  
the train moved cautiously on. Mineral  
Point was passed; from this point on  
the speed of the train decreased, the  
fury of the torrent, the roar of the  
waters seemed to intimidate the two  
great iron monsters that were drag-  
ging the train. Faces, blanched with  
fear, pressed against the windows of  
the car. As great bodies of water  
rolled down the gorges and over the  
track, covering the cars with spray,  
terrified passengers would jump back  
expecting the cars to be overturned.

The speed of the train gradually de-  
creased and then, as if the engines had  
given up in despair, the train stopped.  
Passengers alighted to ascertain our  
location. It was found that we were  
at the south end of the bridge which  
spanned the Conemaugh at the little  
town of South Fork and at the point  
where South and North Forks come to-  
gether and near a telegraph tower.  
But no orders came to move forward.  
The water came down with terrible  
force, telling of the ruin that was  
being wrought above. Portions of the  
bridge, outhouses, logs, pieces of fur-  
niture and all kinds of debris were  
tearing by and on down in the rapidly  
swelling river. Ten, fifteen, twenty  
minutes passed, and there were no  
movements of the train. The rain  
came down from the heavens above,  
while the floods of the two forks rolled  
and dashed as they joined together,  
making one mighty and angry river.

"People from the town of South  
Fork crossed the bridge and mixed  
with the passengers. Then the latter  
did not know of the reservoir two miles  
above them which was getting ready  
to let loose the vast body of water  
which it held within its confines.

"What if the reservoir should break?"  
said a citizen. "God help us if it does,"  
responded a woman, the mother of  
three boys who had just come out of  
the mines with their faces black with  
the grime of honest toil. "Where is  
the reservoir?" asked the writer of an  
old man. "Two miles and a half up  
the south branch," responded he,  
pointing in the direction. It needed  
but a glance at the topography of the  
country to show that should the reser-  
voir, which was described as three  
miles long, one and one-half miles  
wide and sixty feet deep, empty its  
mountain of water down the sides of  
the gorge through which the South  
Fork flowed, the limited express would  
be destroyed and all on board swept  
into eternity."

Mr. Hatton suggested that the train  
be moved across the bridge. The  
conductor at first said that he had  
orders to stay where he was, but he  
finally consented to take the train  
across. "About fifteen minutes after  
the limited had reached the north  
side," says Mr. Hatton, "the engine of  
the freight train which had remained  
on the south side, gave a fierce shriek  
and the train started for the bridge.  
Instinctively every one knew the dam  
had broken and the water was coming.  
The inhabitants, shrieking and crying,  
ran for the mountain side. The two  
engines on the limited blew their whis-  
tles and started with the train up the  
track, followed by a freight train.  
The writer was in the rear of the  
next to the last car on the limited.  
The roar of the waters was almost  
deafening. In less time than it has  
taken to write this paragraph it had  
struck the houses nearest the bridge  
and they were lifted high in the air  
and tumbled over into the surging  
stream. The engine of the escaping  
freight train which had given the  
alarm had hardly reached the north  
side when the bridge went down and  
the freight cars were borne off by the  
rushing waters. As the passenger  
train fled up the track the backwater  
of the north branch carried by it  
articles of furniture from the houses  
which a few seconds before were  
standing by the side of the train.  
There was great excitement among  
the passengers on the train, but it was  
soon discovered that the danger was  
past and a thank God we are safe,"  
went up from the hearts and lips of all  
on board."

### Jaybird and Chicken.

Several days ago a lady in Perry,  
Ga., saw a jaybird eating a chicken  
on top of a fence-post. Only a short  
while before the chicken had been  
seen in the yard alive. Of course it  
was a small chicken—only several days  
old—yet it was almost as large as  
its captor.—Ex.

## LIVELY TURN OF THOUGHT.

Kentucky raises \$400,000,000 pounds of  
tobacco every year, half the crop of the  
United States.

According to an exchange, the number  
of churches burned last year was 183, and  
all but twelve of them took fire from their  
own furnaces.

No one in Jamaica drinks Jamaica rum.  
Americans who have seen it made allege  
that common dishwater is a royal drink  
compared to it.

Fourteen thousand girls are attending  
the London school Board Cookery centers.  
Still further facilities for increasing this  
number are now being made.

Lebanon, Conn., refuses to accept the old  
homestead of her revolutionary governor as  
a free gift, because the taxes on it are \$35  
per year and the town would have to pay  
them.

Some ingenious arithmetician has cal-  
culated that the 32,000,000 stamps issued by  
the English postoffice from 1840 to 1881, if placed  
end to end, would reach to the moon and  
back.

Turks and Arabs and dancing bears have  
become so numerous in the south that the  
cities and towns are passing special ordi-  
nances to deal with them and make all hands  
dance.

A man at Hamilton, Ohio, had an old  
building torn down and all the nails saved,  
and when he got through and figured up he  
found that they had cost him 31 cents per  
pound.

New York restaurants must make 100  
per cent profit on all meats and provisions  
even to pay current expenses, and the other  
fifty per cent is added to encourage the pro-  
prietor.

No less than four doctors will be always  
on duty at the Paris exhibition, and will  
be found, when wanted, at the fixed  
points at which it has been arranged to  
post them.

When pigs in clover fell upon the London  
market it cost a shilling. A week after-  
ward it came down to 6 pence, and to-day  
it is being sold like wildfire in the streets  
at a penny.

The story that the electric light on the  
Paris tower "makes all Paris as light as  
day" was originated by a boss liar. Ten  
thousand electric lights would not accom-  
plish that end.

The site for the Washington zoological  
garden has been established two miles from  
the White House, and all are agreed that  
this is a safe distance. Each end of the  
line will draw its own crowd.

The bite of the Georgia rattlesnake or a  
hot day kills in twenty to thirty minutes,  
unless a remedy is at hand, and whoever  
saw a Georgian slithering around without  
his remedy for bites of all sorts!

At the rate the population of Norway is  
now leaving that country for the United  
States not one will be left there in fifteen  
years, and the world can use the vacant  
spaces for cold storage purposes.

Leprosy is increasing in Russia. During  
the last ten years forty-nine patients were  
treated in the St. Petersburg hospitals, half  
of whom were natives of the city. The  
Baltic provinces suffer most from the  
disease.

Servicing circles down in Maine mean  
something. One at Somerville, Mount Des-  
ert, has bought an organ for the church,  
provided a hearse, built sidewalks, and  
raised \$500 to put an iron fence around the  
cemetery.

A steamer sailed for Italy the other day  
which had twenty-eight Italians among  
the passengers, who were going home with  
from \$3,000 to \$15,000 apiece, all made in  
this country from the hand organ and the  
"bananian."

Mrs. True, of Rhode Island, had the  
baking powder on the pantry shelf and the  
rough on rats down cellar, and now she got  
her transposed and used the latter for  
biscuits! Is a great mystery to her. Only  
two of the family.

Some Swiss engineers are planning an  
aerial railway by which they propose to  
connect two of the peaks of Mount Pilatus  
with wire ropes about two thousand feet  
long, and to send tourists from summit to  
summit in cars sliding along the wires.

Hereafter women will be admitted to  
the Hartford Theological Seminary on the  
same terms as men. This action has been  
taken by the trustees to meet the needs of  
women who desire to prepare themselves  
for Christian work either at home or  
abroad.

### A Fairy Tale.

A famous woodsman once boasted that he  
could find his way through a wilderness  
and return by the same path. Being test-  
ed, he carried with him a slender thread,  
which should serve as a guide for the re-  
turn trip. Reaching the end of his journey,  
he lay down to rest. While he rested came  
the genius of industry and breathed upon  
his thread and changed it into two shining  
ribbons of steel. It was a railroad.  
Thousands of people whirled past him in lux-  
urious cars, and he read upon the train the  
mystic legend: "Visconsin Central!"

Roston Transcript: Gadby, whose father  
was a circus tumbler, now goes about  
boasting that he is one of the sons of revo-  
lutionary sires.

August 6th and 20th, Sept. 10th and 24th,  
and Oct. 11th the Fremont, Elkhorn &  
Missouri Valley Railroad Co., "The North-  
western Line" will run a series of Harrest  
Excursions to points on that line in Ne-  
braska, The Black Hills and Central  
Wyoming at one-half regular rates, and if  
you desire some further information com-  
municate with J. R. Buchanan, Gen. Pass.  
Agent at Omaha, Nebraska, who will fully  
advise you.

### ASK FOR THE OLD RELIABLE!





## Northville Record.

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

FRIDAY, AUG. 2, 1899.

A good many complaints have been made to us in regard to the premiums awarded at the drawing of the Courier but we have no desire to air the troubles. The Courier managements have all they can attend to to satisfy its disappointed subscribers and we will not add to its discomfort. Its efforts to build up a circulation by a lottery business in defiance of the state laws has not proved very satisfactory.

The Democrats are making a howl because out of the 170,000 employees of the government six of them are relatives of the president or his wife. One of these six is very near—the husband of the daughter of the brother of the father of the president. Just think of it, one out of every 28,333 of the government employees has a presidential connection and for this they are quick to accuse him of nepotism. Nonsense.

The following is an extract from a letter received by O. L. Palmer from B. F. Sturtevant relative to the heating apparatus in the school building.

"As the introduction of a horizontal boiler seems to be the only way to arrange the matter, we will have boiler of the horizontal tubular pattern shipped to your address; and to-day order from Erie City Iron Works, Erie, Pa., 4 ft. 2 in. x 11 ft. 6 in. horizontal tubular boiler. As previously requested we trust you will attend to its transportation etc." Yours truly, B. F. Sturtevant.

This boiler arrived Wednesday morning. B. F. Sturtevant will meet this expense, the School Board to brick up the boiler.

Charles Collins, who has been holder at the Park house for the past three months is in confinement. It is alleged against him that in company with Austin Whalen they engaged a livery at Plymouth Monday morning to bring them to Northville. Collins had two pint bottles of liquor with him. He gave one to Whalen, who, after taking a couple of drinks, went soundly to sleep. Collins had the driver leave them in Benson's woods until Whalen should recover. When he did recover the afternoon was well spent and he was alone and minus what money he had. He caused a warrant to be issued for Collins who was arrested in Ypsilanti after midnight by deputy sheriff White.

### COMMUNICATIONS.

Mr. Editor—Permit me through your paper to ask a few questions.

Why with a Temperance Village Board, do we have so many drunken men staggering around our streets unmolested?

Why are a few stores permitted to keep open shops on the Holy Sabbath?

Why is it that our Village Board do not have their proceedings published in the Record so that the taxpayers can know what is being done, which they have a right to know?

When will we have the Mill Pond at the depot cleaned out?

Where will the Village Park be located and when can we lay out the Baseball Diamond on the same?

Has the contract been let for putting in water works and electric lights?

When will we lay aside all hatred and jealousy and work together for the good of our village? C.

Editor Record.—Can you inform your readers through the columns of your valuable paper how much the so called improvements on our main streets have cost the village this year?

A Tax Payer.

We have been unable to find out the cost of the improvements made on the streets referred to but there has been paid out to date for highway labor this year \$1,254.19.

Some years ago Dr. Hunter, of Holly, was called to see a patient one dark night. As he was riding along his horse came against a building, which was being moved in the street. He was thrown out and badly injured so that he is permanently crippled. He sued the village for damages. The jury disagreed twice, but on the third trial rendered a verdict of \$10,000 against Holly. The village are going to appeal it to the Supreme court. It will be a hard blow to that place if it has to pay such a damage, and it will learn them a lesson.

### CARD OF THANKS.

To the many kind friends and neighbors who assisted during our Mother's sickness and death we wish to express our warmest thanks. Also for the many floral offerings.

Mrs. L. M. Palmer, Mrs. W. H. Palmer, Mrs. M. A. Allison, Mrs. E. S. Shane, Mrs. K. R. Yerkes and Mrs. J. A. Hollingshed.

### Dr. C. McLane's Celebrated LIVER PILLS

WILL CURE

SICK HEADACHE

A few doses taken at the right time will often cure 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. PREVENTS THE BREATH.

### SIDE WALK ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Northville, County of Wayne, State of Michigan.

To Edward P. Kellogg and any person interested in the premises herein after mentioned. You are hereby notified that an assessment Roll has been made in order to defray the expense of Constructing a Plank Side Walk in front of and adjacent to the lot of land owned or occupied by you, described as follows: Bounded North by Yerkes Street, East by Cook, South by land formerly sold by Kellogg to Benjamin West by Center Street in said village of Northville, County of Wayne, State of Michigan. Also that said assessment Roll has been placed in the hands of the village Clerk, and will remain in his hands until Tuesday, August 20th 1899, at which time you may appear before the Board of Trustees of the village of Northville in the council-room of said village, and show cause before said board of Trustees why said assessment should not be made, and collected according to Law.

By order of the Board of Trustees.  
Edward S. Horton  
Ephraim M. Brigham  
Henry O. Waid  
Board of Assessors.

### TO MACKINAC Summer Tours.

Palace Steamers. Low Rates.  
Four Trips per Week Between  
DETROIT, MACKINAC ISLAND  
St. Ignace, Chubbuckan, Alpena, Traverse City,  
Oshtemo, Sand Beach, Port Huron,  
St. Clair, Oakland House, Marquette City.  
Every Week Day Between  
DETROIT AND CLEVELAND  
Special Sunday Trips during July and August.  
OUR ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLETS  
Relates all the interesting facts pertaining  
to your ticket Agent, or address  
C. D. WHITCOMB, Gen'l Pass. Agent,  
Detroit & Cleveland Steam Nav. Co.  
DETROIT, MICH.

If any dealer says he has the W. L. Douglas Shoes 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. Examined his \$5.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE. \$4.00 HAND-SEWED WELT SHOE. \$3.50 POLICE AND FARMER'S SHOE. \$2.50 EXTRA VALUE Calf Shoe. \$2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE. \$2.00 and \$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. All made in Congress, Boston and Lowell.

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

Best Material. Best Style. Best Fitting. If not sold by your dealer, write to W. L. DOUGLAS, BROOKTON, MASS.

J. B. WILCOX, AGENT.  
NORTHVILLE, MICH.  
EXAMINE W. L. DOUGLAS \$2.00 SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN AND LADIES.

### C. J. TUTTLE THE Merchant Tailor.

Fine Tailoring a specialty.  
NORTHVILLE MICH

### BOILERS

STEPHEN PRATT'S, STEAM BOILER WORKS, (Established 1865.)  
Manufacturer of High and Low Pressure and Steam Heating Boilers of all kinds, smoke pipes, breechings, etc. Old boilers taken in exchange for new. Rivets, boiler plates and boiler tubes for sale. Cor. Foundry st. and Mich. Cen. R. R. tracks, DETROIT, Mich. 23w52

Bucklen's Arnica salve.  
The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Erysipelas, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. M. Randolph.

### THE NEW DISCOVERY.

You have heard your friends' neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be afflicted with a cough, cold or any throat, lung or chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time, or money refunded. Trial bottles free at A. M. Randolph's drug store.

### For Sale,

or would trade for Fruit or any available property

one or two FRUIT EVAPORATORS!

Apply JAS. M. WATKINS,

WOOD'S ORGAN FACTORY, NORTHVILLE, - - MICH

### We Hire Men on Salary.

And pay their traveling expenses (unless they prefer a commission), and give them employment 12 months in the year. We now want a large number for the summer campaign to solicit orders for a full line of nursery stock, which we guarantee true to name and first-class in every particular. No experience needed. Full instructions furnished. Good references required. Address, (stating age)

THE GUARANTEE NURSERY CO., 1w3 Geneva, N. Y.

PEERLESS DYES ARE THE BEST FOR BLACK STOCKS. FINE COLORS THAT SETTER SMUT. WASH OUT. ONLY BE MADE BY USING PEERLESS DYES. 40 Colors. Sold by DRUGGISTS.

PEERLESS BRONZE PAINTS—6 Colors. PEERLESS LAUNDRY BLEUING. PEERLESS TIE POWDERS—6 Shades. Colors. PEERLESS SHOE AND HARNESS DRESSING. PEERLESS EGGS DYES—3 Colors.

### SPRINGS! Bed Springs!

Why spend a third of one's time on hard beds and poor springs, when you can get a first-class spring so cheap. We have a number of varieties and at different prices and will guarantee to suit you.

### MATTRASSES!

We have a full line of them and can sell you a good one for—well so cheap it will make you laugh. Our

line of FURNITURE is complete.

### SANDS & PORTER.

### KEEPING EVERLASTINGLY AT IT BRINGS SUCCESS.

If you don't think so step in our store you will find us busy, but ready to show you the best goods that can be had for the prices asked. Before you buy a Watch we have a

very interesting story to tell you, (but not space here.)

We can test you your eyes in a scientific manner and fit them perfectly with spectacles or eye glasses.

We have a corner on fine Stationery. We guarantee satisfaction on Watch work. All work done promptly. Yours respectfully,

### A. E. ROCKWELL.

### THE BUSINESS OF THE

### ALLMENDINGER PIANO and ORGAN CO.

of Ann Arbor, heretofore under the management of H. F. MURRAY has been passed over to B. A. HODGE of Plymouth, who will have charge of all sales and collections in this vicinity. Their

### Pianos and Organs

Will be on exhibition as heretofore at the store of Mrs. L. E. McRoberts where payment can be left for Mr.

Hodge. For circulars describing these

PIANOS and ORGANS apply to

Mrs. MCROBERTS, B. A. HODGE or THE FACTORY

### GOING OUT OF BUSINESS

OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF FURNITURE, BEDS AND BEDDING! TO BE SOLD REGARDLESS OF COST.

NOW IS THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME! TO SECURE IMMENSE BARGAINS IN ALL GRADES OF FURNITURE.

\$100,000 worth of Furniture to be Sacrificed

PARLOR, BEDROOM, DINING, LIBRARY AND OFFICE SUITS. TABLES, CHAIRS, BOOKCASES, SIDINGBOARDS, MATTRESSES, DESKS, LOOKING GLASSES BY THE HUNDREDS. THE LARGEST STOCK OF FURNITURE, BEDS AND BEDDING IN THE STATE TO SELECT FROM.

DON'T FAIL TO CALL AT ONCE AND SECURE BARGAINS. YOU WILL NEVER HAVE ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY LIKE THIS.

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# Our Laces, Lace Flouncings Embroideries

## For a Few Days Only.

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**Emma Eames, the American Singer.**  
The great event of the musical season in Paris has been the debut at the Grand Opera of our countrywoman Miss Emma Eames. This young lady was born at Boston and had the great advantage of having a mother who was a good amateur musician. When she discovered that her daughter was gifted with a splendid voice, she took great care in training it, and later on brought her daughter to Paris, where she was placed in the hands of that distinguished teacher, Madame Marchesi, with whom she made rapid progress. Her musical education finished, she went to Brussels hoping to make a debut in that city. Several times she might have appeared in minor roles, but the famous director of the Conservatoire of Brussels, M. Gussak, dissuaded her, saying that she ought to make her debut as a prima donna and nothing else. For a time she filled several minor engagements until at last she made her debut in grand opera in Paris, receiving the most enthusiastic reception.

A decision which attracts wide attention in Utah and the territories has just been rendered by the courts of Idaho. The decision involves the right of suffrage of those who at one time have been members of the Mormon church, but afterwards severed their connection with it. Under the Edmunds law the right of citizenship is denied to polygamists. The Mormons have, however, evaded this provision by seemingly renouncing their allegiance to their faith. The case in question turned upon the election of a sheriff in one of the counties of Idaho chosen by the votes of ex-Mormons. The court decided that such an election was illegal, on the ground seemingly that once a Mormon always a Mormon, and consequently such votes were not to be counted. Should the case be carried to a higher tribunal and here the decision be reaffirmed, it would strike a blow at Mormonism which that sect could hardly survive.

The theory that the jury system would be improved by selecting good men to sit in the box seems to have received a severe blow in Trenton, Mo. On a trial there for murder they selected a minister of the gospel to sit on the jury. The murder, a peculiarly cold-blooded one, was proven beyond a doubt, and eleven of the jury voted at once to convict the accused. The minister held out. He did not deny that the prisoner was guilty, but wanted to acquit him so that he could be reformed. It is safe to say that no more experiments will be tried in Trenton with good men on the panel.

The Bismarck-loving inhabitants of a village in Posen recently celebrated the completion of a monument to the honor of the chancellor and the following pompous inscription graces the front of the stone: "To the glorious first chancellor of the powerful German Empire, His Highness Prince Otto von Bismarck, this monument is dedicated in gratitude and reverence by the parish of Winitze, 1890." On one side the words are engraved, "Forged with iron, cemented with blood, unity grew. It weathered the storm." On the other side are the words, "We Germans fear God and nothing else in the world."

Judge: If any man wants to be forgotten let him hire somebody to propose a public monument to his memory.

## FOLKS WORTH KNOWING.

The Non-Official Celebrities of Washington.

SOME EX-CABINET MINISTERS.

**Did Jo Holt See the Surratt Ghost?**—Bancroft's Human Watch Dog—Nicolay and John Hay—Ward Lamon's Chances. How L. Swett Lost a Fortune.

Even outside of official circles no city of the land has so many distinguished residents, according to population, as Washington.

Several ex-United States senators have their homes here and our business streets are decorated with signs bearing the names of scores of men who made their first acquaintance with the city as members of the house of representatives. Several ex-governors are spending the remainder of their days here, and at a party given at the tail of the social season I encountered in the parlors eight members of dead cabinets—Boutwell, Cresswell, Harlan, Windom, Bellnap, King, Bancroft and Holt. Three others were in the city—Blaine, Teller and Frank Hatton. Blaine and Windom had been called hither to take up the portfolios they had laid down, and Teller represented Colorado in the senate, and Hatton was making a superb paper of the Post.

George S. Boutwell, Grant's secretary of the treasury, an honest man, who never had a dollar that he did not earn by hard work, lives at one of our swell boarding-houses with his daughter. He practices before the court of claims and commands large fees. Occasionally he writes a magazine article.



**BOUTWELL IN SOCIETY.**  
and anon he arranges himself in a claw-hammer coat and with his accomplished daughter beards the social lion. He is a man of polished manners and graces; of diffuse and divergent eyebrows and concentrated speech.

Cresswell, Grant's postmaster general, is president of the Citizens' national bank and lives in the stylish Richmond flats. He is rich.

Harlan, Lincoln's secretary of the interior, has been twice a member of the senate and editor of a Washington daily since then, and is now presiding judge of the Alabama claims court.

Bellnap, Grant's secretary of war, is practicing the profession of law with great success. All his old army comrades stick to him and give him their unbroken confidence and their business, and he lives in affluence. He has several grown-up boys and girls in his family.

Horatio King, Buchanan's postmaster general, though almost 80 years old, is still straight, tall and light-footed, though he no longer practices at the bar. He goes into society, draws about him literary people, indulges in reminiscences and writes for the press, criticising or suggesting. He is lean and tough, and may easily live to peep over into the next century. H. C. King, the noted lawyer of Brooklyn, is his son.

Judge Joseph Holt, who followed the flying Floyd as Buchanan's faithful secretary of war, lives opposite the capitol. He has retired from active business, and at 82 is nursing his rheumatic joints and laughing at the ways of the queer world. He takes an active interest in scientific progress and tries to "keep up with the circus," as he calls it. His vast shock of gray hair, his high, broad brow and firm jaw are familiar around the halls and galleries of the senate during sessions.

Judge Holt had a curious experience not long since. Invited and even urged by a distinguished clergyman of Washington, one evening he attended a spiritual seance, to witness "materializations."

When the spook appeared from behind the curtain in the dim light he broke out, "I don't believe in it! It's somebody fixed up!"

The ghost stood still, unabashed, and drew partially aside the veil hiding the features.

"Well, who are you, anyhow?" inquired the distinguished skeptic.

"You know me well!" exclaimed the sepulchral voice, "I am Mrs. Surratt!"

The old man gazed upon the notorious spectre with firm, grey eye, unwinking; and did not let the trifling circumstance that he had hanged that lady cloud his vision or confuse his brain.

Mrs. Surratt, are you? How do you do, Ma'am?" said the gallant judge-advocate general.

"Better," she replied, drawing the folds of the celestial fleece more away from her face; "I am better."

"O, better, are you," he answered with composure, "I am glad you are better."



**GEORGE BANCROFT.**  
Probably he thought of saying "There was room for it," but was prevented by his neted urbanity and the reflection that his remark was sufficiently ambiguous.

"You were guilty, were you not?" inquired the unflinching soldier.

"Yes and no," she answered, to his surprise. "I was guilty of conspiracy to abduct Mr. Lincoln, but of the plot to murder him I knew nothing."

"Didn't Whitely carry you out that afternoon?"

"No!" she exclaimed with energy.

"It was proved in court," was the reply.

"No!"

"How was it, then?"

"I carried him out. He was innocent."

And so on and so on. It would be fruitless to report the evening, but it is understood that Judge Holt speaks ironically about the lady, and says he has no idea whether she came from the upper or nether regions.

Our most distinguished literarian is, I suppose, George Bancroft. He lives in a fine double mansion near the white house and likes to go to the president's receptions, where he is always a little volatile and hilarious. He is 80 years old now. He was Polk's secretary of the navy, in which capacity he not only established the naval school at Annapolis without any assistance from congress, and ordered the seizure of California without any authority from anybody, but he laid the keels of several new boats and got them well on the stocks before he was superseded.

The old man thinks he is at present writing a history of Polk's administration. It is a harmless and amiable delusion. He has arrived at an age when all men lack persistence of will and tenacity of memory. I found him in the congressional library, the last time I was there, an open volume in his lap, his head leaned against the easement, sound asleep amid the hurrying throng.

He and Corcoran used to scour all this region on horseback, and then Spofford succeeded Corcoran, but finally Bancroft got so that he could not lift his heavy leg to the stirrup and "Old Whitney" was sold a couple of months ago.



**FRANK HATTON.**  
Bancroft's friend of his horse, but he keeps in the front hall a bulldog that protects him from visitors. A member of congress from the south tells me of an attempt to get by this bulldog, and carry to the great historian a message from Mrs. Polk.

"A nigger met me at the door," he says, "I told him what I wanted and gave him my card. He said I couldn't see Mr. Bancroft, for he was busy writing, but maybe I could see his private secretary and he vanished up stairs. In about five minutes he came down and said the private secretary couldn't see me either, for he was busy, too. I made a hurried movement to the foot of the stairs, when a fluttering form appeared on the upper landing and looking over said: 'You can't see Mr. Bancroft, sir, and I myself am very busy, indeed. What do you want?'"

"Are you Mr. Bancroft's private secretary?" I asked.

"I am, sir," he replied with proper majesty and impressment.

"Very well," said I, "I am only a member of congress, and am about to negotiate with this nigger, and probably shall resort to bribery, to induce him to intercede with you to secure from you the distinguished honor of a brief audience."

"At that the high-toned cove came down and lent me one of his ears. Isn't it odd?"

Bancroft has gone with his family to the summer cottage at Newport.

John Hay who lives a block further east, directly opposite the white house, has gone to Europe with his family. He has the handsomest house in Wash-

ington, and a wife and four children who rank with the house. He does not pretend to be doing anything in a literary way except to prepare "Lincoln a History" for the Century in collaboration with Nicolay.

Next door to Col. Hay and under a similar roof lives and works Henry Adams, youngest son of Charles Francis Adams. Having got a status in the world of letters by producing admirable biographies of Albert Gallatin and John Randolph, he is now maturing a history of the life and administration of Jefferson, whose partisans were the bitter personal foes of his great-grandfather. He has probably cast off the antipathies of his ancestors, and we know that old John Adams was one of the most bigoted of men, but there is a good deal of curiosity as to the quality of the product to be distilled from the hell-broth of the first decade of the century. Adams is a widower, I believe, and he has now turned off to the Paris exhibition with Hay.

Col. Nicolay, Hay's literary chum, still lingers here. For housekeeper he has a lovely and vivacious daughter, scholarly and aesthetic in her tastes. "For lack of something else that I can do, I mess oils," she says, but some of her paintings, notably those of surf and shore, are exceedingly good reflections of nature's own moods. She and her father think of going and sitting on the Nantucket sands for a couple of months.

I called at the Nicolay home yesterday. The author is busy reading the proofs of the history of Lincoln running in the Century and editing "The Works of Abraham Lincoln," to be published next year by the same house. The present running history will finish in March next—a little over three years long.

"For the forthcoming book," said Nicolay, "we have already about 1500 entries of Lincoln's original documents, ranging from a message or a speech to a letter three lines long. The whole will be abundantly annotated."

The widow of the poet, N. P. Willis, lives here—a pleasant and attractive woman of 63—and their only son, Bailey Willis, is a useful member of the corps of the geological survey.

**The Death of Maria Mitchell.**  
The death of Maria Mitchell, which occurred on the 28th ult. at Lynn, Mass., removes the last one of the three great women astronomers whose achievements in their special domain have added much to the glory of this century of scientific progress: Caroline Herschel and Mary Somerville, the other members of the trio, having long since passed away, the former in 1848, the latter in 1832. "I was born with only ordinary ability," wrote Mary Mitchell once to a friend, "but with extraordinary persistence." And this more than anything else that can be said gives the secret of her greatness. She was born at Nantucket, that old sea-faring town that seems to have possessed the right atmosphere and associations for the development of strong character. Her home surroundings were congenial, her father having a scientific bent, and the rest of the family being inclined in the same direction.

It was not with the purpose of becoming an astronomer that Miss Mitchell began the study of the science she has since done so much to further. As Caroline Herschel became eagerly interested by assisting her brother, so she in aiding her father found the field in which she was to distinguish herself. Her first achievement of importance was the discovery of the new telescopic comet in 1847, for which she received the prize offered by the King of Denmark. Miss Mitchell did not know of the prize being offered, and though overjoyed at her success, she was in no haste to publish the discovery to the world. A few days later her father, writing to his friend Prof. Bond, of Cambridge, is "pleased to inform his friend that Maria, while scanning the heavens a few nights since, discovered a new comet five degrees above Polaris." The father adds that it will gratify Maria if his dear friend can find time to write to her. The same comet was discovered a few nights later by other astronomers, in this country and in Europe, and it was only through the efforts of Edward Everett that Miss Mitchell's priority of discovery was established and the prize awarded to her.

James Parton, the historical writer, as if there is anything in the study of astronomy that tends to prolong life, and cites the fact that Caroline Herschel lived to be 98 years of age, and Mrs. Somerville, 92. Miss Mitchell was nearly 73 years old. It is not to be supposed that astronomical studies will add years to one's life, but the ripe age to which these women attained proves that if hard and persistent mental work does not prolong the life of woman it certainly does nothing to shorten it.—Milwaukee-Wisconsin.

**The Echo Explained.**  
"What is an echo?" asked the teacher of the infant class.

"It's what you hear when you shout," replied a youngster.

"Is it caused by a hill or a hollow?" again asked the teacher.

"Both," was the ready reply.

"How so?"

"The hill throws back the holler."—Binghamton Republican.

**How He Lost Him.**  
Would-be Purchaser—"What is the latest thing in tucked shirts?"

Funny Salesman—"Dudes."

W. B. P. (walking off with a disgruntled air)—"Not this one."—Detroit Free Press.

## KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEERS.

A Visit to a Typical Family on Bullskin Creek.

It was early in the morning of a perfect April day that we went down the road that leads to the banks of the Bullskin—a creek that traverses a part of Eastern Kentucky, writes a correspondent of the Washington Star. It was a charming ride through the mists and shadows of the early morning. Our destination was the house of an old man named Barger. It was a quaint old place, much cleaner than the houses in that country usually are, with the remarkable luxury of an "up-stairs." Old Mrs. Barger was preparing dinner when we arrived, and we sat down to dine at 10 o'clock in the morning. We told the family that we aimed at home about eight hours later than that, but they would not believe it.

Most of the party belonging to the geological survey set off immediately for the mountains, but I spent the long afternoon reading, napping and chatting with old Mrs. Barger. She bustled herself about the stove, which, with the dining table, was under a shed in the yard and sang old-time hymns in the highest voice I ever heard. She suddenly stopped singing and asked me if I had ever heard that "hime" before, and while I was trying to guess at her meaning she explained by saying that she got it from an old "hime-book" that was nearly a hundred years old.

She was an active old woman, the mother of many stalwart sons and daughters. One of the latter, a strapping bare-legged lass of 18, had just gone to the creek with the family laundry. This is quite a serious matter, particularly for the clothes. They scrub them in the water, then pound them with heavy paddles till their ideas of cleanliness are satisfied. It takes good homespun to bear such heroic treatment. In the evening I joined the group sitting about the fire waiting for supper. They were "the boys" come in from the farm work with several neighbors who had been helping. Darkness had fallen, and the men about the fire were as silent and sedate as only a group of mountaineers can be. The silence was suddenly broken by the entrance of a hale, hearty, old man, whom all the party addressed as grandpap and treated with great respect. The old man placed himself with almost care on a stool near the fire, and waited until Mrs. Barger had resumed her work at the fire, and the men had gone back to chomping their "long cut" and to silence; then he looked about him with an air of enjoyment, and slowly remarked:

"I say I'm goin' to leave this creek."

"Why, what's the matter, grandpap?" came in a chorus from all sides, for grandpap had been a landmark on the creek before any of them were born.

"Cause," he replied, cause it ain't safe for nobody as lives on this creek; it ain't safe."

The men sat upright for a moment and forgot to chew, the bacon burnt unnoticed on the stove, and after enjoying the suspense for a moment the old man continued in his soft drawl:

"Bud Simpson has done beat Joe Baker's wife all to pieces with a fence rail, and run off an' left her for dead."

Various exclamations came from all sides, while I sat by and listened to the details of what seemed to me to be a shocking assault. Grandpap explained, with slow care how the quarrel originated with the "daws and the haws," and finally concluded by repeating, "I tell ye I goin' to leave the creek; it ain't safe."

Mrs. Barger returned to her bacon with the astute observation, "Wall, that beats any time," and took no further part in the conversation; but the men were thoroughly aroused and discussed the outrage with solemn eagerness. One tall fellow, who seemed to be a man of some importance, reached quite a fever of excitement, and all the little circle stopped to listen when he delivered his opinion.

"A man ain't no right to beat a woman with a fence rail. A man shouldn't beat none of my women folks with a fence rail. If Bud Simpson wanted to beat Fiddy Baker, why didn't he take his fist an' beat her. A man ain't no right to beat a woman with a fence rail. He ought to have took his fist."

The party all agreed that punishment with the fist was the proper mode for women, and silence soon reigned again.

**Would Not Do.**

Parisian Artist—"I paint a picture Americaine, and I vant put in some young ladies' faces, all true Americaine, all."

Clubman—"Well, I can get you an invitation to Mrs. Highup's party. She moves in the most exclusive set in the city."

"Ah! but I vant pretty faces."—New York Weekly.







# To the Readers of this Paper.

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REGARD TO HIS

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