

# The Northville Record.

Vol. XXIII, No. 35.

Northville, Mich., Friday, April 15, 1892.

\$1.00 per year, in advance.



## WALL PAPER!

A NEW DEPARTURE in our business is the Wall Paper department.

Having decided to place in connection with my other stock a line of Wall Paper, I used special care in placing my order with one of the largest manufacturing houses, in fact one of the

### Largest In The World,

and thereby saving the Jobbers profits which discount I expect to give the benefit of to my customers, and this week we have opened one of the

### Largest and Most Complete Lines

of Wall Paper ever brought to Northville. The Styles and Colors are Beautiful, and we can certainly please the most careful buyer. Paying direct from the Manufacturer, we can give you better prices than those bought from Jobbers, and can duplicate any order bought from us during this season. We can match our side walls with

### Beautiful Ceilings and Borders

In fact the stock is complete in every form, and we wish to state right here that anyone desiring any particular style or kind that we may not have in stock, that we would most gladly obtain it for you, and give you the benefit of the wholesale rates and discounts, thus leaving no excuse for anyone to go away from our own town to purchase their supply of Wall Paper.

**T. G. Richardson,**  
The Cash Outfitter.



### HAVE YOU SEEN?

Our new method of framing Pictures? If not step in our Gallery and look at our stock of Mouldings and Framed Pictures.

### 150 Styles of Mouldings now in Stock.

Think of it! New shades to harmonize with any study. The new and correct way of Framing.

We are up with the times. Prices consistently low and prompt attention in filling every order. We invite your inspection.

**BROWN & CO.,**  
Northville, Mich.

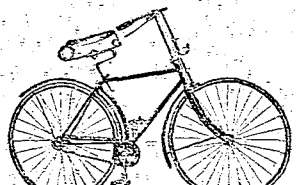
### For Sale.

My House and Lot on Cady st. Central location, 1 1/2 Story House, Lot 75 front, 213 feet deep; good Well and Cistern, good Cellar, Nice Lawn, Fruit, Barn, etc. All in good condition. House newly papered throughout, sides and ceilings, with good gilt paper. Will sell **CHEAP FOR CASH.**  
**W. H. HUTTON.**

### Another Tailor

Shop in town over Telegraph & Co's Dry Good store. New Goods, and also repair work done on short notice. Come and give me a call.  
B. FREYDE,  
Formerly with J. R. Doells.

### BICYCLES.



We have secured the agency for Northville and vicinity for the Celebrated Bicycles manufactured by the Western Wheel Works, of Chicago, ranging in price from \$20 to \$135, and consisting of 12 different styles. We warrant every wheel to be mechanically perfect. They are made from imported seamless steel tubing, steel drop forgings, ball bearings all around, and there are no better wheels made for the money.

Be sure and see us before you make a purchase. We also have the agency for the celebrated Victor wheel. Sands & Porter The reliable furniture dealers.

### Sands & Porter

The reliable furniture dealers. Easter!

I will be prepared to show a full line of New Spring Millinery, in all the Latest Novelties, Easter week. The Ladies are requested to step in and inspect the same. Remember Easter week!

Miss Eva Bovee  
Center st.

### YARNALL GOLD CURE.

#### Our New Institute.

The New Cure for Inebriates now Opened for Business.

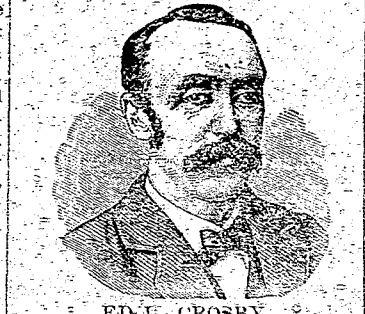
A walk of three blocks, along one of Northville's most beautiful and shady streets, brings one to the large imposing structure of the new inebriate cure institute. As the corner of the block is reached, one is fairly welcomed in by a handsome arch sign on which glistens, in large gilt letters, "Yarnall Gold Cure." The location is undoubtedly the most desirable in the village. The building itself, occupying nearly half a square, is a large, roomy two story edifice and seems particularly adapted for just this purpose—the benefit, cure, and comfort of its patients. The lawns are to be beautified and they are already surrounded by beautiful shade trees on either side. As



DR. WM. H. YARNALL.

one passes through the large double door into the spacious corridor, the first room to the right is the secretary's room and business office. Here we found that genial, whole-souled, wide awake, Ed. L. Crosby, secretary of the Yarnall Gold Cure. Mr. Crosby is well known in this section of Michigan for his affableness, and business ability and the directors of the Yarnall Gold Cure are to be congratulated upon securing his services. Just off of the secretary's room is the office of the medical director and manager, Dr. Wm. H. Yarnall. Dr. Yarnall is too well known in this special field of work for the Record to add anything in his behalf not already known, and no one could be better adapted for the position of manager of the new institution. Just back of the doctor's office, connecting by large doors is the operating room, 18x30, which connects with the corridor. On the west side of the operating room is the laboratory where the Gold cure is kept in stock for treatment of patients and for shipment to branch institutes throughout the country. On the opposite side of the corridor from the secretary's room is the ladies' parlor off of which is the office of the stenographer and typewriter. On the second floor are the club rooms, waiting rooms, reading rooms, coat rooms, etc. Up another flight of stairs is the cupola from which a most magnificent view of the village and surrounding country may be obtained. At the west and rear of the building will be erected at once a commodious billiard hall, 60x30, the second floor of which will be fitted up for an entertainment hall. The managers inform us that everything will be arranged for the convenience, enjoyment, comfort, and amusement of their patients. The buildings will be heated throughout by steam and will be lighted by electricity. Dr. Yarnall will give his personal attention to this work and will be assisted by Dr. T. S. Ball, a well known physician of the Saginaw valley. The

formula used by Dr. Yarnall in the treatment of patients is the result of years of study and the numerous cures he has successfully made in the past are ample proof of its merits. The further fact that the Company guarantee a radical cure in every case which they undertake should leave no room for hesitancy in coming forward to take the treatment.



ED. L. CROSBY.

The non-residents of the new institute are President, Hon. T. E. Tarsney, ex-member of congress and well known as one of the most brilliant orators of the Saginaw valley. The treasurer is the well known Louis Quinlin, a Saginaw capitalist and real estate dealer. The former opening will take place next week Tuesday.

The Saginaw Globe clips the Yarnall Gold Cure article from last week's Record and has this to say regarding it:

"Saginaw is especially interested in the enterprise. The Hon. Timothy E. Tarsney has been a resident of our city almost from his boyhood days. By hard work he rose up from an engineer to the hall of the American Congress and during all the time he has been recognized as one of the first citizens of our city and state.

Dr. Yarnall has practiced his profession in our city and country for many years and is recognized as one of our physicians. In the curing of many diseases he is a specialist without a superior any where, a man of profound scholarship, a deep thinker, broad in his views, cultured and refined, genial and sympathetic in his nature and disposition. Dr. Yarnall numbers his friends by the thousands here.

Louis Quinlin is one of our leading capitalists and business men. Some of the finest business blocks in our city belong to him and he is recognized as a brainy, energetic, public spirited business man.

Louis Quinlin has one characteristic that has endeared him to many men. He likes to see the unfortunate get onto their feet and succeed, and many a man in Saginaw owes his success, in a great measure, to the help of Mr. Quinlin.

That the institute will be a success there can be no doubt. The personal of the men who have put their money

### Will You Call?

If you will call at my place of business, I will show you the latest colors in Woolens ever shown before.

The latest, and only, Colors for the summer are Light Blue, Light Gray, and a Light Green—the last being the latest color for summer wear. We also have the Latest Novelties in Pantings, which will be shown in my window, as soon as the electric lights are put in. This will show them to a better advantage.

Our clothes will be made up in the latest styles this Summer, and all orders will receive prompt attention.

Come and give us a call before buying elsewhere.



Fraternally Yours,  
J. R. DOELLS, The merchant tailor,  
Northville, Mich.

### Business Flashes.

Do you want help? Do you want a situation? Have you a house to rent? Do you want to rent a house? Do you want to buy or sell anything? If so put a line in the Record.

**FOR RENT**—South store in Opera House block. Inquire this office. 13tf

**FOR SALE, RENT, OR EXCHANGE**—Flour and Feed store and living rooms on Main street. Good location. Every convenience. Inquire this office or M. Mank. 33tf

**FOR SALE**—Nice house and lot on Main street west. Inquire this office or C. A. Downer. 32tf

**FOR SALE**—Stock of merchandise, in Northville, and store for rent. Inquire address this office. 293f

**FOR SALE**—10 Good Building lots on Gorton division. Terms 10 per cent down, 10 per cent in six months, balance on term of 3 years. Price \$100 to \$125. Inquire of A. D. Kendrick or M. D. Gorton. 32tf

**FOR SALE**—Cheap and on easy terms nice large house and lot. (1/2 acre) in west part of village. Well, cistern, fruit. Inquire this office. 31tf

**FOR SALE CHEAP**—Fine Large House, 1 acre ground, good well, cistern, fine lot fruit, good location, etc. Inquire of O. F. Carpenter. 204f

**FOR SALE**—My house and fine fruit farm in west part of village. Cheap. Inquire L. Charter. 32tf

**FOR SALE**—Have a big reduction in price of J. B. Leavenworth place head of Randolph st. Good buildings, 6 acres of land. Part cash balance on easy terms. Inquire this office. 12tf

**FOR SALE**—The property known as the Samuel Williams homestead. Corner Main and Wing streets is for sale. Address Mrs. L. C. N. Randolph, 428 Third avenue, Detroit Mich. 15tf

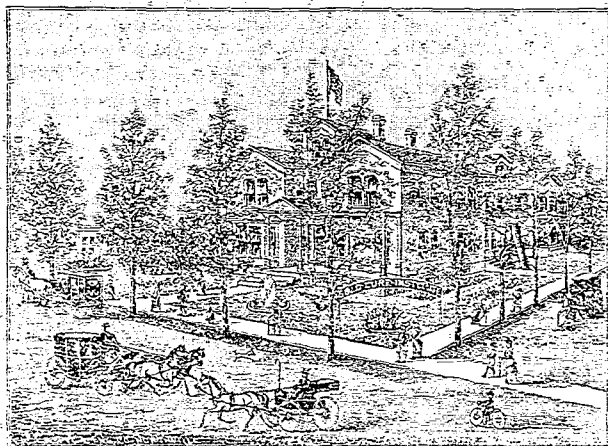
**FOR SALE**—One 4 year old driving horse. Sound and bright. A bargain. Inquire F. B. Macomber. 34tf

**FOR SALE**—\$20 cash will buy a first class light Rudge bicycle. Inquire of W. E. 32tf

**FOR SALE**—Seven Collis, 3 and 4 years old, weigh from 100 to 1,000 lbs. All broke. Will sell cheap. Inquire W. T. Johnson. 233p

**LOST**—On Tuesday, March 29, between Fred Simmons and Henry R. Masous, a white robe with red lining which the finder will please leave at office of Northville Record, and receive reward. J. O. B. Latham, Farmington. 34tf

**FOR SALE**—Large House and lot near factory suitable for boarding house, also Horse and lot near school house, also Horse and 5 acres fruit on south Center street. Fruit consists of Plums, Peaches and all small fruits, all bearing. Don't purchase elsewhere till you see me. Wesley Mills. 33tf



and energy into it assures that. Let every man and woman in Saginaw do all they can to push this public enterprise, to strengthen and help the public spirited gentlemen who put it on its feet."

### CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank the friends and neighbors who assisted during the sickness and death of our husband and father; also the Epworth League for flowers.

Mrs. Peter Cook and Family.

**DR. PRICE'S**  
**Cream Baking Powder.**

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard







## YOU AND ME.

I always knew that we should meet  
Somewhere upon the road called life;  
After a season pause to rest,  
Away from all the world's wide strife.

Our tastes and pleasures were the same,  
Each lived for each the world apart;  
We dwelt beyond the world of men,  
Hand linked in hand, heart pressed to heart.

Fate stepped between us where we met,  
To mock at all our higher life;  
But that one meeting on life's road  
Hath made us stronger for earth's strife.

And though to-day we are apart,  
And stern between us, wistful Fate,  
We know that we have met and loved,  
And for the future bravely wait—  
—Saturday Evening Post.

## MAMMY MULLIGRUB.

Mammy Mulligrub lives at Hoppertown. Now Hoppertown is not a very important place, neither is Mammy Mulligrub a very important personage; but the good-natured old darkey woman fills her own little niche in the great world, and recently with the aid of a cow and a dog she managed to fill it pretty full. The thing came about in this way:

Mammy Mulligrub's cow is the pride of the old lady's heart, and a fine, large creature she is too; but, like many other animals, she sometimes wants to have her own way. In fact, she can be as cranky as an old maid schoolmarm when she takes a notion.

Now, Mammy has staked out the old milk factory nearly all summer, and after the cow's offspring got to be some days old, the old lady concluded to resume this custom, so she once more anchored the whey-producer to a birch peg by means of the clothes line. Bossy, however, was left at home, shut up in the farm-yard to bawl away his breath all day, as if he had been a hired howler at a ward caucus. And he did it, too.

Toward night, Muley decided that her happiness and peace of mind, if not her very life, depended upon seeing that calf immediately, and sooner than that, if possible. So she tugged away at her tether until the stake broke and then started for the yard at a break-neck pace.

A few minutes later a terrific racket at the cow-yard attracted Mammy's attention, and, running to the door to investigate, she saw old Muley pawing and bellowing at the gate, with her nose in the dirt and her tail in the air. She wanted her calf, and she wanted him then.

"Fur de Lawd, sakes! Ef 'tain't dat ar kyow," said old Mammy as she set her spectacles a little higher up on the broad black dab of flesh that answered her to smell with, in order to catch another scent. "She's done bus loose and kin fur her calf, an' ef I don't let him out, she'll done bury hersef dar fur shuah."

So saying, the old lady trotted to the farmyard gate, and let out the calf, who immediately began trying to chew off the accustomed portion of his maternal relative's physical system.

"She's so handy I bes, git a bucket an' strip her," said the old lady to herself; but just as she was going to put her plan into effect, the dog appeared and took a hand in the game.

Now Bossy was not acquainted with old Towser, and what was more, he did not feel inclined to get acquainted with animals of a standing inferior to his own; so he let out his hind legs as if the Old Nick were after him instead of Daddy Mulligrub's pet watch-dog. Muller did not like to stand still, and see herself abandoned in that heartless manner, so she started off in pursuit. Mammy had to wiggle her fat limbs quite rapidly in order to catch the rope before she was completely out of reach. She managed to do it, though, and secured the cow by taking a few turns around a young pear tree that stood close at hand.

But Towser's sporting propensities were fully aroused, and after that calf he went as if his very existence depended on getting a calf's tail for luncheon immediately. Mammy tried again and again to call him off, but in vain.

The calf took a circle around the excited cow and equally excited old woman, for he did not like to get too far away from his mother. But still old Towser followed in hot pursuit. Finally they passed so close that mammy seized the dog's collar and clung to it desperately.

"I's got ye, you good fur nuffin brack debble, you," she puffed. "Chase dat calf till he's done tucked all out, will ye? We'll see 'bout dat. Reckon I kin fix ye."

Mammy carefully tied the other end of the cow rope to Towser's collar, then she stepped back and viewed the situation. Apparently both dog and cow were hitched fast.

"Stay dar while I gits de milk pail, you no-account purp, you," she grumbled. "What daddie wants ter keep each a worthless ting as you is fur. I can't fur de life ob me 'agine. Ef I had my way I'd cut you's bob tail off snug behind yer ears, dat I would." And thus scolding mammy waddled off to the house after the milk pail.

While she was gone, Towser ran about the pear tree two or three times and so unwound the rope with which both he and the cow were hitched. As soon as the calf saw him coming he set off again, and when Mammy got back he was in full flight. Muley and Towser both started in pursuit, but unfortunately they didn't go in quite the same direction. All at once the dog felt a sudden twinge at his collar and concluded he would not go any farther. So he stopped suddenly and braced his feet.

But a seven hundred cow under good headway will give quite a yank, and Towser found it cut, too. He did not stay stopped as long as he intended, but was dragged in triumph

at the chariot wheel of the conquering cow, so to speak. When Mammy returned with the bucket, there was quite a lively race going on in the field.

"Bress de Lawd! I mus' stop dat caff or he'll run hissef ter deff," she ejaculated as she fell in behind the rather rapid procession.

Ahead of everything went the calf, by this time terrified almost out of his senses, next came the cow, bound to go wherever her offspring went or die in the effort, then old Towser, sometimes one end up, but often the other, the dirt flying in every direction as he dug his toenails into the turf in the vain effort to put down brakes, and lastly old Mammy, puffing along, milkpail in hand, as fast as her fat limbs would carry her, and gasping "so dar" as often as she could manage to make her mouth go off. But the cow didn't "so" worth a cent.

At this juncture Daddy Mulligrub turned up on the scene of action, and being a little short sighted he could not see why Towser was allowed to run after the cows.

"Call off dat dog, Mammy," he shrieked; but Mammy only pegged away harder than ever, and all the sound she uttered was the hoarse and husky wail of "so."

"Why de debble don't ye call off dat dawg?" he cried again in a rage, but still there was no reply. Instead the legs, tails and petticoats flew faster than ever, if possible.

Just then the line of battle wheeled sharply around, and by making a terrific burst of speed across the corner mammy succeeded in catching Towser by his hinder continuation just as her husband fell into line behind her, and she hung to it till it threatened to come unjointed every instant.

"Let go dat dawg's handle," bel lowed daddy. "Ye'll done pull it out by the rules ef ye hain't keeful," but mammy's hold never relaxed.

The dog's feet cleared the ground a yard as the cow and mammy tugged on him in opposite directions, and Towser must have thought that he would be twins every minute. But a crisis was at hand.

Spying a small opening in a thorny hedge, the calf darted through it with a blast of terror. After him rushed his mother, enlarging the hole some what but streaking her sleek sides with numerous long and bloody scratches. Next the unfortunate Towser was hauled through the underbrush, and then—

Well, the caravan was under such headway that Mammy could not have let go of the dog's little end even if she had wished. Through the hedge she also went, speedily coming out again on the other side with a little of her wearing apparel still on in spite of the affectionate clinging of the thorns and briars. And still the race continued.

Daddy had crawled through the hedge also, and now he tried his best to head off the strange tandem, bawling away all the time in a terrific bass voice, "coo boss," "git out, Towser," and "stop yer brack ole fool nigger!" in about equal proportions. But they would not seem to "coo," "git out," or "stop."

Suddenly and unexpectedly the whole procession swerved toward the almost exhausted Daddy. He tried his best to get out of its line of march, but his rheumaty old legs were not spry enough. He succeeded in dodging the cow, but the clothes line took him across the shins with a violence that shifted ends of him in an instant. He was hurled more than ten feet and came down on his head in a duck-pond, above which two monstrous brogans floated for an instant like twin thunder-clouds above a mountain gorge; then he went under and shut the door.

"Owl owl!" he roared the very instant his head appeared above the surface again, "de debble's done got me fur shuah. O Lawd, hab massy on dis po ole good-fur-nuffin brack nigger's soul!"

The old man scrambled and floundered ashore in a paroxysm of terror, dragging out the supposed devil who was still clinging to one of his legs; and a worse looking devil probably never was seen—but it was only what was left of old Mammy. She had been snapped off the end of the line when it collided with Daddy's legs, and she also had found an unsavory baptism in the foul and muddy depths of the duck pond.

Slowly and mournfully the demoralized old darkey limped off homeward, and for more than a week it was all that Mammy could do to crawl about the house. The cow, accompanied by her calf, was found the next day in an adjoining township, a small chunk of gristy sausage meat still trailing from her neck at the end of a fuzzy looking clothes line. It was all there was left of poor old Towser.

"De idee ob hitchin' a kyow ter a dawg's neck ter milk her!" snorted old Daddy when he heard the facts in the case. "Any ole fool nigger mout 'a' known better'n dat. But dar! some won't larn nuffin eben ef dey does lib with a projid ob wisdom all dere nat'l life."—Chicago Sun.

## Natural Discant.

It is an old story of the man who said when he was offered tea during a visit to an army encampment, "if my last cup was tea, I'll take coffee; if it was coffee I'll take tea," but it may still serve to illustrate practical wisdom as well as impudence. Another learner from experience figures in the following anecdote:

Two amateur sportsmen went out together for a day's shooting, and began operations by attempting to load their guns.

"See here," said one of them, pausing in the act "which do you put in first, powder or shot?"

"Why, powder, of course," returned his friend.

"Oh, do you?" was the reply.

"Then I don't!"—Youth's Companion.

## WORLD OF PROGRESS.

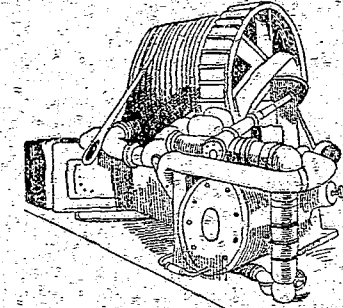
### DOINGS AND SAYINGS OF MEN OF SCIENCE.

Some Old and New Ideas in Aerial Navigation—Is It Possible for Man to Fly Through the Water—Scientific Notes.

The seafaring Saturn, which brought the steamship Federation from Bermuda to this port in February, has just arrived at New York with the steamship Akaba safe in tow from Turk's Island.

The Saturn's work would have been almost impossible in a storm but for the contrivance pictured below.

It is, as may be noted in the illustration, a balancing cable drum. The steam engine is geared to the drum that the normal pressure of the engine cylinders, seen on either side of the drum, will balance the normal strain



on the cable or hawser; but if the strain on the hawser is increased, the drum revolves and the hawser pays out, running in again when the strain is relieved. As an engineer describes it:

"The principle of the towing machine is that the resistance of the towing vessel is borne entirely by the steam pressure in the cylinders. The wire hawser is wound on a drum which is driven directly by a piston gear on the crank shaft of the engine. The machine is fitted with a reducing valve, whose opening enlarges or decreases according as the strain on the hawser opens the reducing valve and augments the pressure in the cylinders until it is adequate to hold the strain. By this arrangement the hawser is freed at all times of any sudden tension."

Inches of His Life. A Los Angeles physician told us the other day that the most trying time in all his experience was during the past five weeks, when he stood hopelessly by and saw a poor ranchman near Puente die by inches of what is known as progressive paralysis.

The patient was first taken in one big toe. In a short time the limb was paralyzed to the knee. Two physicians were called, and all the known remedies were applied to stay the progress of the debilitating attack, but in vain, says the Pomona, (Cal.) Express:

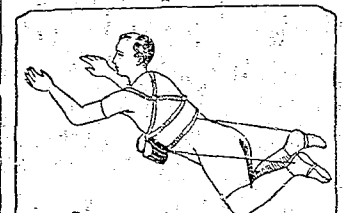
Hour by hour death moved on its victim. The patient was propped up in an arm chair and fully realized his condition. He awaited the end with the coolness and bravery of a martyr. As the line of death crept nearer and nearer his heart beat made calculations as to how much longer he could live.

He said: "Now it has reached the body," indicating the exact place with his finger. In a little while he said: "It has reached the bottom of my lungs."

Another short wait and he said faintly: "It has touched my heart," and he fell over dead.

### Fly Through the Water.

The many difficulties which confront the average aspirant after arrangements for soaring through the air has turned the attention of inventors to means of speeding through the water, one of the latest devices for this purpose being shown in the accompanying cut. It consists of propellers adapted to be supported upon the person of the swimmer by means of straps. These propellers



are connected by gearing with drums, in which are wound cords connecting with the feet. When the swimmer extends the feet these cords are unwound, causing the drums to revolve and transmitting the motion to the propellers. When the feet are drawn up, coiled springs cause the cords to be again wound around the drums, ready to revolve again when the feet are extended. The inventor of the device makes no mention of the speed possible by its use, nor what effect the water will have upon the mechanism of the propeller.

### Over \$500,000 for a Torpedo.

It is not every inventor who is so fortunate as Mr. Louis Brennan. The Admiralty has paid the last instalment of \$500,000 for this gentleman, who has received much more than \$100,000

for the government is supposed to have paid for his torpedo. Eight years ago he was paid a retaining fee of 5,000 pounds, and engaged for three years at a salary of 2,000 pounds a year and expenses, in return for which he was to devote all his time to the development and improvement of the torpedo, and when that term was over he received for some years a salary of 1,500 pounds.

### Liquids at Meals.

The Medical Press is authority for the following: A great deal of misapprehension is often found to exist in the popular mind in regard to matters of eating and drinking. The cause of this to some extent is to be traced to old-time sayings, which have come down to us in the form of a concentrated infusion of somebody's opinion upon a subject of which he was woefully ignorant. One of these misapprehensions to which we may refer is as to the injuriousness of taking fluids with meals. One frequently hears it laid down as a maxim that "it is bad to drink with your meals, it dilutes the gastric juice." By way of explanation we may remark that "it implies that the fluid taken is harmful."

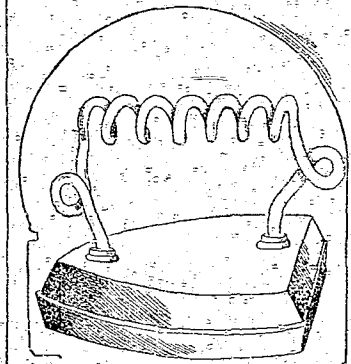
Whence this sagacious postulate originally came we cannot tell, it has quite the ring about it of an "income tax" deduction formed by a person whose presumption of knowledge was only exceeded by a lamentable ignorance of the subject. Medical men often find much difficulty in dealing with these museum specimens of antiquated science, for even educated persons are disposed to cling to the absurdities of their youth.

### Punished for Injuring Poets.

An interesting episode is reported to the European papers from Afghanistan. A high official, Mirza Ahmed Jan, was charged with having appropriated some public funds to private purposes. In the course of the investigation it was discovered that the official in question had also been engaged in literary work, and had been indulging in plagiarizing quite extensively. The Amir of Afghanistan, in pronouncing his judgment, said: "I will not punish you for having appropriated public funds, for this charge has not been proved against you; but your pillage of the sacred poets, Hafiz and Saadi, I cannot let pass by. As a punishment, he caused the culprit's tongue to be pierced with needles."

### Always Cool.

The sad-iron shown in the illustration herewith is the invention of a Western man, who claims for it ad-



vantages over any other form of fixed handle iron. It is stated that the coil forming the handle is so arranged that in making the circles just above the body of the iron the metal surfaces do not touch, and as a result the heat is thrown off and does not enter the handle as it otherwise would.

### Bronze Is Very Ancient.

Bronze, spoken of in the bible as brass, is of very ancient origin. We have little or no notion how the ancients got copper; but in all probability large quantities were formerly found in the metallic state, just as we find it now in the neighborhood of Lake Superior in America and Baikal lake in Siberia. This would only have required melting to yield a tolerably pure metal. If, however, they smelted copper from its various ores, it is difficult to realize how they could overcome such a complicated process, and we can only admit that in this respect, as in so many others, the ancient people of Europe were very much cleverer than we moderns are apt to believe.

### A Good Washing Fluid.

Dissolve one pound of sal-soda and half a pound of lime in five quarts of water, and boil for a few minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove from the fire, and allow it to settle; pour off the clear liquid into a stone jar and cork for use. Half a teaspoonful of this fluid added to a half boiler of boiling water on wash days will save a great deal of labor.

### Paper Horse-Shoes.

A new system of shoeing horses has recently been invented in England. By it the iron shoes are fixed to others made of sail canvas, which are then cemented to the hoof. Shoes fixed this way have been worn quite thin without moving. The process has been patented in England.

### What Might Happen.

If the motion of the earth were suddenly arrested the temperature produced would be sufficient to melt, and even volatilize it; while, if it fell into the sun, as much heat would be produced as results from the combustion of 5,000 spheres of carbon of the size of her globe.

### Rubber Blinders for Horses.

Blinders for horses are now made of rubber moulded in imitation of the leather article, even the fine row of stitching appearing around the edge of the leather blinders being imitated. They are found to be much cheaper than the ordinary sewed-leather blinder.

## HOW THEY FISH IN ASIA.

### A QUEER SPORT AS CARRIED ON BY THEIR METHODS.

Think of a Fisherman Diving Into the Water for His Game—Man-Eating Crocodiles Looked on as Brothers in Trade.

The Chinese have many very curious ways of catching fish," said a piscicultural sharp to a writer for the Washington Star. "In winter they dive for them. A certain species demanded in the market seeks shelter during the cold season under rocks at a considerable depth. They can not be got with hook and line, and so the fishermen go down into the water after them, plunging from a boat. Three dives are made each hour, and a fire is kept up on board the boat for the purpose of warming those at work between dives. Not infrequently they come up bleeding from the lungs and rheumatism and skin diseases render them disabled by the time they are 40 years old.

It was the Chinese who invented the well-known plan of capturing ducks and other water fowl by wading toward them with a basket over the head and dragging them under water before they knew what had caught them by the legs. Theirs is the idea of employing cormorants to aid them in fishing. You have heard, doubtless, how the birds used for this purpose have collars around their necks to prevent them from swallowing the game they capture. At a signal given by their owner they plunge into the water after the prey. Whatever they get is taken from them, and they are rewarded for every success with a bit of fish small enough for them to eat. They are forced to work very hard all day long, but great care is taken of them, and they are nursed most attentively when they are sick. A bird is usually good for service until it is 10 years old. The cormorant fishermen are organized into societies, the birds belonging to each association having a peculiar mark.

In India also the natives employ many methods of fishing, which seem odd to us. There is in the district of Oude a species of so-called "walking fish" with snake-like heads which are often seen floating on the water as if asleep. The people shoot them with cross-bows. Usually they sink when they are killed, so that they have to be fished for afterward. In the India, the Ganges and other streams are numerous fish-eating crocodiles which attain a length of more than twenty feet. Except when near their nests and anxious to defend their eggs they run away from human beings. Of fish they catch an enormous number, and it has been thought very strange that the fisherman should not destroy such rivals in their own business. But they regard the mere suggestion of such an idea with horror, saying that the crocodiles are brothers in trade.

The man-eating crocodiles of those rivers are regarded as sacred, and are never harmed. Of late years they have destroyed more lives than formerly, owing to the prohibition by law of the ancient practice of consigning corpses to the streams. It was the good old way to fill the mouth of the defunct respectfully with mud and leave the cadaver to be swept away by the current. Upon such supplies of food the great saurians depended largely, and being deprived of them, they lie in wait to snap up living people and cattle. Five persons have been known to be carried off in one year at a single pool. However, the country is overpopulated, but one would not think it an agreeable death to die.

The Buddhists in India have a horror of eating the flesh of animals, believing them to be incarnations of human beings' souls; but they permit themselves the luxury of fish, usually getting around the difficulty by saying that the fishermen take away the fishes' lives, and are responsible. On the walls of their temples are numerous frescoes vividly depicting the terrible tortures which fishermen will have to endure in a future state. In these paintings fires are represented stirred up by devils, who are dragging the fishermen into the flames in nets, hauling them by hooks and lines and prodding them from behind with fish spears.

There is a story of a Buddhist priest who lodged for some time at the house of a fisherman. The latter had recently reformed and was pursuing another occupation. After two days the guest asked why no fish were served upon the table, and being informed that his host was withholding by conscientious scruples from catching them, he expressed his approval in high terms. At the end of the week, however, he felt a craving for fish strong upon him and inquired how far the fisherman's net stretched across the neighboring stream. He was told that it extended one-third of the way across.

If that is the case, said the priest, the fish have their choice as to whether they will be caught or not. So if they choose to be taken nobody else is responsible. Therefore, you will do right to try and catch some. Accordingly the priest was served thereafter with fish, of which delicacy he would have been deprived had it not been for the wisdom which sacred books had taught him.

### The Astronomers Are Puzzled.

One of the most mysterious changes witnessed in the ever changing solar system is the variation in the brightness of the moons of Jupiter. Two of the four satellites occasionally cross the planet's disc as dark objects, although it is known that their sunny sides are presented to us and should appear no less brilliantly illuminated than the planet itself. The third and

fourth satellites often make these dark transits, and the first is sometimes seen as a brown object, but the second has never been noticed otherwise than as a bright disc. The phenomenon still remains without satisfactory explanation.

### ALLIGATORS.

They Are Very Numerous in Paraguay, There Being No Hunters.

Of course, there being no hunters to kill them, wild animals are very plentiful; it is not uncommon to see jaguars and deer, even from the deck of the steamer. But most of all alligators abound, writes Herbert H. Smith in St. Nicholas. When the waters are highest, they roam over the flooded land, seeking the small animals, water-birds and fish, on which they live; at that time they are not so common along the river channels, and only now and then may one be seen in the shallows, with but the top of his ugly head above the surface of the water.

In the dry season, as the waters recede, they gather in the rivers in such amazing numbers that I can compare them only to tadpoles in a pond. I have counted over sixty on a small sand bank, literally piled one over the other; while all around, the water was full of them. They lie thus for hours, basking in the sun, and quite still; but if a steamer approaches, the mass begins to move, there is a great rattling of scales as they hustle each other to reach the water, and in a moment only five or six are left, who raise their heads and stare at the vessel until it has passed them. These more courageous fellows are generally the larger ones, and offer tempting shots. I am no sportsman, but my brother-in-law, who was traveling with me, killed many from the steamer's deck using only coarse shot.

It is not so easy to kill those that are seen on the surface of the water, shot and even a bullet will glance off from the hard skull unless the eye be hit. The top of the eye socket is never more than two or three inches above the surface, and as they are usually at rather long range, even a skillful marksman may be pardoned for a miss.

Though so numerous, the alligators are not generally regarded as dangerous. I have often seen the young negroes and Indian boys swimming within a few yards of them, and the natives paid little attention to their play. Cattle, too, wade about the flooded grass lands, in search of pasture, and are rarely molested by alligators. In fact, unless driven to bay or ravenous with hunger, they dare not attack man or the larger animals; but they are always on the watch for smaller prey.

### A BRIGHT BOY.

A Little Slave Who Thought It Might War Two Wars.

"Yes," said the old Georgia colonel, "I think that up to the age of fourteen negro children learn quite as well as the white—better, perhaps, but there they seem to come to a halt."

"I recall a boy I owned before the war who was as sharp as a steel-trap and a great part of myself and family. At the time of the incident I am about to relate he was about ten years of age and so full of mischief that it bubbled out of him."

Whenever he broke out of bounds and got unbearable I sent him with a note to the overseer, with instructions to flog him, always indicating the weight and number of stripes.

Seeing the unfavorable consequences of carrying that bit of paper to the overseer, he said to me one day:

"Mausa, ken dat papa talk?" "It can," I replied. "It tells when you are idle and won't work."

"But you don't nebbah work ez I sees," he said.

"Oh," I replied, "I work with my head, and that is the hardest kind of work."

"The next time I gave the boy a note to take to the overseer he went off stroking his head."

"I soon learned that he had destroyed the note instead of delivering it. So I called him up and asked him why he had not obeyed me."

"Wa! maussa," said the boy, with a twinkle in his eyes. "I've done been doin' some 'inkin' fo' mysef, an' I've allowed az how I'd start an' work wid my head, too!"—Buffalo News.

### A Dog's Reason.

A lively demonstration of canine reasoning occurred at Keeler, Cal., recently. A small brown dog, with a most intelligent head, familiarly known to the lower country residents as Barney, has been in the habit for a long time past of following the Darwin stage, never missing a trip. Changing the drivers makes no difference; he clings to the route and not the man. On off days he occasionally makes a visit to Cerro Gordo, and in doing so recently was set upon and whipped by a dog there. Attached to Boland's store at Keeler is a big strong dog that has quite a reputation as a scrapper. On the morning of the next Cerro Gordo trip Barney was noticed playing with the big dog. When the stage started Barney followed, and as his companion seemed averse to going, he would run back and play, then forward, and finally persuaded the John L. Sullivan dog into going too. Arriving in Cerro Gordo, the little dog made a dash at his former vanquisher. John L. "stood in" and the bully was soundly thrashed. Barney wore a broad grin of satisfaction when he returned to Keeler; but he does not visit Cerro Gordo any more.

### An Important Difference.

She—Dueling is barbarous and irrational.

The General—It's just like war, but for numbers.

She—No, it isn't. In war you can lie in wait or get behind something—

Lila.











# THE RECORD. EMBLEM OF TRIUMPH.

R. S. NEAL, Publisher.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

Let it be borne in mind that the cords of love which bind hearts so closely together that neither life nor death nor time nor eternity can sever them, are woven of threads no bigger than a spider's web.

If you think you can temper yourself into manliness by sitting there over your books, it is the very silliest fancy that ever tempted a young man to his ruin. You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must forge yourself one.

You have been a great deal happier since you have given up thinking about what is easy and pleasant and being discontented because you could not have your own will. Our life is determined for us; and it makes the mind very free when we give up wishing, and only think of bearing what is laid upon us and doing what is given us to do.

When we stop to consider that about one-third of the population of the country are youths under 21 years of age it becomes a very serious question as to what shall be done with the boys and girls. The children of the poor are worth developing and it is not necessary to accept the old theory that there is a permanent criminal element in our population by the laws of heredity.

The greatest heroes are the least known in the world and those who have made the loudest din are the cowards who have fled from their own passions to fight with other men. Hence the difficulty of moral government, and hence also the common concept of the world to leave the government of the passions to a man's own self unless when they interfere with the rights of the person or the rights of property.

Is this indeed the real standard? The head not the heart? The intellect as distinguished from the emotions? May it not be said truthfully that the criterion of the age is not either head or heart but pocket? The one unailing standard in America appears to be money. When youths in this hustling age are told to emulate success the example of success presented is old Money Bags. How money bags made it is not in the inquiry.

People of large cities where the custom is uniform among doctors of giving prescriptions to their patients to be subsequently filled by the apothecary enjoy an advantage which is denied people of the country where the physician is not only compelled to prescribe, but to fill the prescriptions also. This advantage consists in the valuable check which the druggist amounts to whenever he audits the physician's prescription. There are absent-minded doctors just as there are absent-minded lawyers and preachers and business men. It often happens that a doctor writes one thing when he means to write another.

No question has attracted more general attention in late years than that of how cities shall care for the youth that is drifting toward depravity. Emerson has said: "The truest test of civilization is not in the success nor the size of its cities nor the crops, but the kind of men the country turns out." Civilization has come to accept Emerson's definition and this question of how to take care of somebody else's boys or girls who are not cared for at home, and make good citizens of them, is no longer left to those who are called philanthropists, preachers and teachers. Business men have come to regard it as one of the great questions which they must help to solve. They have been compelled to do this often by their interest in their own successful conduct of business.

SALEM is a reminder, not only that we have something uncanny to look back to, but that we are already, even in the short space of two hundred years, so far out of that era that it seems more remote by reason of present conditions than by lapse of time. Not that we have outgrown superstition, for it springs up in form so nearly like the old bugbears that it seems as though humanity would never learn to cast it out; but that intolerance, at least of a sort that can harm, is gradually dying out. The humbugs of all sorts that do a thriving business in our midst prove this and it is not a thing to be ashamed of excepting that it implies an untutored gullibility in the public. The pretended or actual sorceries of today are far more noxious than those which were supposed to be practiced in the Salem days, but nobody gets scratched for them excepting in reputation. It is one department of life in which we seem to have learned that it is no use to punish the offender as long as the offense is so readily marketable.

## DR. TALMAGE ON THE MARCH TO JERUSALEM.

The Triumphant Entry of Jesus and the Despoliation of the Palm Graves—Every Victory Must Have Its Carnage.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 10.—This day is recognized as Palm Sunday throughout the world, and that fact gave direction to Dr. Talmage's sermon, *AMONG THE BYZANS*, was the hymn.

Clad in raiment pure and white, Victor pines in every hand, Text: John 12, "They took branches of palm trees and went forth to meet him."

How was that possible? How could palm branches be cast in the way of Christ, as he approached Jerusalem? There are scarcely any palm trees in Central Palestine. Even the one that was carefully guarded for many years at Jericho has gone. I went over the very road by which Christ approached Jerusalem, and there are plenty of olive trees and fig trees, but no palm trees that I could see. You must remember that the climate has changed. The palm tree, like water, but by the cutting down of the forests, which are leafy prayers for rain, the land has become unfriendly to the palm tree. Jericho once stood in seven miles of palm grove. Olive was crowned with palms. The Dead Sea has on its banks the trunks of palm trees that floated down from some old-time palm grove and are preserved from decay by the salt which they receive from the Dead Sea. Let woodmen spare the trees of America, if they would not ruinously change the climate and bring to the soil barrenness instead of fertility. Thanks to God and the Legislatures for Arbor Day, which plants trees, trying to atone for the ruthlessness which has destroyed them. Yes, my text is in harmony with the condition of that country on the morning of Palm Sunday. About three million people have come to Jerusalem to attend the religious festivities. Great news! Jesus will enter Jerusalem today. The sky is red with the morning, and the people are flocking out to the foot of Olivet, and up, and on over the southern shoulder of the mountain, and the procession coming out from the city meets the procession escorting Christ, as he comes toward the city. There is a turn in the road, where Jerusalem suddenly bursts upon the vision.

Long before that morning the palm tree had been typical of triumph. Herodotus and Strabo had thus described it. Layard finds the palm leaf cut in the walls of Nineveh, with the same significance. In the Greek athletic games the victors carried palms. I am very glad that our Lord, who five days after had thorns upon his brow, for a little while, at least, had palms strewn under his feet. Oh, the glorious palm! Amaraing, the Hindoo scholar, calls it "the king among the grasses." Linnaeus calls it "the prince of vegetation." Among all the trees that ever cast a shadow or yielded fruit, or lifted their arms toward heaven, it has no equal for multitudinous uses. Do you want flowers? One palm tree will put forth a hanging garden of one cluster counted by a scientist containing 207,000 blooms. Do you want food? It is the chief food of whole nations. One palm in Chile will yield ninety gallons of honey. In Polynesia it is the chief food of the inhabitants. In India there are multitudes of people dependent upon it for sustenance.

Oh, the palm! It has a variety of endowments, such as no other growth that ever rooted the earth or kissed the heavens. To the willow, God says: "Stand by the water courses and weep." To the cedar, he says: "Gather the hurricanes into your bosom." To the fig tree, he says: "Bear fruit and put it within reach of all the people." But to the palm tree, he says: "Be garden and storehouse and wardrobe and rope-walk and chandlery and bread and banquet and manufactory, and, then, be type of what I meant when I inspired David, my servant, to say: 'The righteous shall flourish like a palm tree.' Oh, Lord God, give us more palm trees—men and women made for nothing but to be useful; dispositions laden with fruit; people good for everything, as the palm tree. If kind words are wanted, they are ready to utter them. If helpful deeds are needed, they are ready to perform them. If plans of usefulness are to be laid out, they are ready to project them. If planes of usefulness are to be forwarded, they are ready to lift them. People who say, 'Yes! Yes!' when they are asked for assistance by word or deed, instead of 'No! No!' Most of the mysteries that bother others, do not bother me, because I adjourn them, but the mystery that really bothers me is why God made so many people who amount to nothing so far as the world's betterment is concerned. They stand in the way. They object. They discuss hindrances. They suggest possibilities of failure. Over the road of life instead of pulling in the traces, they are lying back in breechings. They are the everlasting No. They are bramble trees; they are willows, always mourning, or wild cherry trees, yielding only the bitter, or crab apple trees, producing only the sour, while God would have us all flourish like the palm tree. Planted in the Bible that tree always means usefulness. But how little any of us or all of us accomplish in that direction. We take twenty or thirty years to get fully ready for Christian work, and in the afterpart of life we take ten or twenty years for the gradual closing of active work, and that leaves only so little time between opening and stopping work that all we accomplish is so little. A marvel of God, needs to exert himself to see it at all. Nearly everything I see around, beneath and above in the natural world suggests useful service. If there is nothing in the Bible that inspires you

to usefulness, go out and study the world around you this spring-time, and learn the great lesson of usefulness.

Notice that it was a beautiful and lawful robbery of the palm tree that helped make up Christ's triumph on the road to Jerusalem that Palm Sunday. The long, broad, green leaves that were strewn under the feet of the colt, and in the way of Christ were torn off from the trees. What a pity, some one might say, that those stately and graceful trees should be despoiled. The sap oozed out at the places where the branches broke. The glory of the palm tree was appropriately sacrificed for the Savior's triumphal procession. So it always was, so it always will be in this world—no worthy triumph of any sort without the tearing down of something else. Brooklyn Bridge, the glory of our continent, must have two architects prostrated, the one slain by his tools and the other for a life-time invalided. The greatest pictures of the world had, in their richest coloring, the blood of the artists who made them. The mightiest oratorios that ever rolled through the churches, had, in their pathos, the sighs and groans of the composers, who wore their lives out in writing the harmony. American Independence was triumphant, but it moved on over the lifeless forms of tens of thousands of men who fell at Bunker Hill and Yorktown and the battles between, which were the hemorrhages of the nation. The Kingdom of God advances in all the earth, but it must be over the lives of missionaries who die of malaria in the jungles or Christian workers who preach and pray and toil and die in the service. The Savior triumphs in all directions—but beauty and strength must be torn down from the palm trees of Christian heroism and consecration and thrown in his pathway. To what better use could those palm trees on the Southern shoulder of Mount Olivet and clear down into the Valley of Gethsemane put their branches than to surrender them for the making of Christ's journey toward Jerusalem the more picturesque, the more memorable and the more triumphant? And to what better use could we put our lives than into the sacrifice for Christ and his cause and the happiness of our fellow creatures? Shall we not be willing to be torn down that righteousness shall have triumphed? Christ was torn down for us. Can we not afford to be torn down for him? If Christ could suffer so much for us, can we not suffer a little for Christ? If he can afford on Palm Sunday to travel to Jerusalem to carry a cross, can we not afford a few leaves from our branches to make emerald his way?

The process is going on every moment in all directions. Christ is again on the march, not from Bethpage to Jerusalem, but for the conquest of the world. He will surely take it, but who will furnish the palm branches for the triumphal way? Self-sacrifice is the word. There is more money paid to destroy the world than to save it. There are more buildings put up to ruin the race than churches to evangelize it. There is more depraved literature to blast men than good literature to elevate them. Oh, for a power to descend upon us all like that which whelmed Charles G. Finney with mercy, when, kneeling in his law office, and before he entered upon his apostolic career of evangelization, he said: "The Holy Ghost descended on me in a manner that seemed to go through me, body and soul. I could feel the impression like a wave of electricity going through and through me. Indeed it seemed to come in waves and waves of liquid love. It seemed like the breath of God. I can recollect distinctly that it seemed to fan me like immense wings. I went along with joy and love. These waves came over me, and over me, one after another, and, until, I recollect, I cried out: 'I shall die if these waves continue to pass over me.' I said: 'Lord, I cannot bear any more.' And when a gentleman came into the office and said: 'Mr. Finney, you are in pain?' he replied: 'No, but so happy that I cannot live.'"

My hearers, the time will come when upon the whole church of God will descend such an avalanche of blessing, and then the bringing of the world to God will be a matter of a few years, perhaps a few days, or a few hours. Ride on, O Christ! for the evangelization of all nations. Thou Christ who didst ride on the unbroken colt down the sides of Olivet, on the white horse of eternal victory ride through all nations; and may we, by our prayers and our self-sacrifices and our contributions and our consecration, throw palm branches in the way. I clap my hands at the coming victory. I feel this morning as did the Israelites, when on their march to Canaan, they came not under the shadow of one palm tree, but of seventy palm trees, standing in an oasis among a dozen gushing fountains, or as the Book puts it: "Twelve wells of water and three score and ten palm trees." Surely there are more than seventy such great and glorious souls present to-day. Indeed it is a mighty grove of palm trees, and I feel something of the raptures which I shall feel when our last battle fought and our last burden carried and our last tear wept, we shall become one of the multitudes St. John describes "clothed in white robes and palms in their hands." Hail thou bright, thou swift-advancing, thou everlasting Palm Sunday of the skies! Victors over sin and sorrow and death and woe, from the hills and valleys of the heavenly Palestine, they have plucked the long, broad, green leaves, and all the ransomed—some in gates of pearl, and some on battlements of amethyst, and some on streets of gold, and some on seas of sapphires, they shall stand in numbers like the stars, in splendor like the morn, waving their palms!

The skirts of demi-dress silk gowns for spring have the foot finished with a full puff entwined with ribbon.

## ANECDOTES OF SPURGEON.

He Co. old. Not Preach With His Wife Looking at Him.

Among the crowd of apocryphal anecdotes concerning Mr. Spurgeon let me record two for which I can personally vouch, writes Edmund Yates in the London World. At the Surrey Gardens Music hall, if I mistake not, in the year 1856, where I heard Thackeray's four lectures on the Georges and where Spurgeon preached regularly before the tabernacle was built, there were French windows opening out into the grounds. The place was crammed one hot Sunday morning, and these windows were many of them left open, so that a fringe of the congregation was standing half in and half out of the great building.

New comers gradually edged some of the others onto the floor, some of whom remained covered, as they were justified in doing so long and no longer, as their standing ground was in the gardens. These unfortunate Mr. Spurgeon spoke at thus from the pulpit before beginning his sermon, in an easy, friendly manner, but in those magnificent tones which vibrated through the building: "I regret to see that there are some present who are so unaccustomed to attend public worship that they have quite forgotten it is the practice to take off their hats!" This I heard, and shall never forget its effect in the immediate doffing of male headgear and in a sort of smothered hum of amused approval from the crowd.

Another personal experience of Mr. Spurgeon was at the Crystal Palace, where he preached to 25,000 people. Seated near to the pulpit, I observed Mrs. Spurgeon take her place just before her husband appeared and that she was visibly affected by the mighty concourse of souls, all with upturned faces and fixed gaze upon one man, and all about to be thrilled to the core by that man's impassioned appeals to them to be saved alive.

While Mrs. Spurgeon was concealing her emotion as best she might—in other words, dealing furiously and shyly with her pocket handkerchief—I saw the pastor beckon far off with his forefinger to one of the deacons, a stout and solemn gray-haired man of rufous complexion and a defect in one eye, which I remember made me speculate whether it was natural or acquired. He was in the very glossy black which was the orthodox dissenting uniform in those far-off days and walked with a limp which made his progress up to the pulpit or rather platform, start tantalizingly slow.

Some brief but evidently important instruction was at last whispered by Mr. Spurgeon in the same man's ear, and 25,000 people were at once agog with curiosity to know what this could possibly be at such a time when the whole vast place was quivering with anticipation and suppressed emotional excitement. I happened to be seated so near to Mrs. Spurgeon that when the worthy deacon "made for her" in his crab-like ponderous way, it was unavoidable that I, at least, out of that vast and silent crowd of expectant, should hear what had delayed the pastor, and what the urgent matter was he had, at such a critical moment, to communicate.

"In a hoarse, fleshy whisper I heard this: 'Mr. Spurgeon—say' (could I help, listening?) 'the interlude was serious and even dramatic, and my ears craned that way whether I would or not.'—Mr. Spurgeon says, please, will you change your seat so that 'he will not be able to see you, it'—it was doubtless Mrs. Spurgeon's obvious emotion—'makes him nervous,' and the lady moved immediately to another seat not visible from the preacher's place.

**Shaving for Baldness.**  
Shaving the head, for baldness is a delusion and a snare. When quite a young man the exchange editor of the Philadelphia Times found himself growing bald, and by the advice of a barber, which advice was also indorsed by a wig-maker, he had the top of his head shaved regularly twice a week for six months.

During this time he wore a \$30 toupee bought of the wig-maker. Six months was the time he was to shave his head to effect a cure, but at the expiration of this period he found that the toupee, or something else, had killed all the roots of his hair and he was hopelessly bald.

In telling his tale of woe the editor always removes his hat as he approaches the climax and thus the absolute truth of it is flashed, like a great white light, upon the hearer—National Barber.

## The First Letter Envelope.

An article in the Washington Post gives May 6, 1841, as the date when postage stamps were first introduced. England having taken the lead in this improvement. Now, will any body tell us when letter envelopes as now in use were first made?

I have the proof sheets of what Sir Rowland Hill informed me when he presented it to me at his house in London on the 17th of June, 1837, was that of the first envelope ever invented, writes Horatio King.

It is commercial note size, and the upper side and each end are illustrated by various pictures, the leading interpretation of which would seem to be the spread of intelligence throughout the world.

## A Long Search.

In the counting room:  
The Senior Partner—Keep things going, Tom, I'm off for a week or ten days.

The Junior Partner—Nothing wrong, I hope.

The S. P.—Nothing serious. But my wife writes me to get something out of a pocket in one of her dresses.

The J. P.—Well?

The S. P.—But I've got to find the pocket first.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

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Promptly and permanently cures all forms of Nervous Weakness, Emissions, Spermatorrhea, Impotency and all effects of Abuse or Excesses. Been prescribed before and after, and over 35 years in thousands of cases, is the only reliable and honest medicine known. Ask, drugists for Wood's Phosphorine; if he offers some worthless medicine in place of this, leave, his dishonesty, needless price in letter, and we will send by return mail. Price, one package, \$1.50; six, \$8.00. One will please six will cure. Emphatically in plain sealed envelopes, 2 stamps. Address: THE WOOD CHEMICAL CO., 151 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Mich. Sold in Northville by C. R. Stevens, A. M. Haddon, G. C. Hueston and druggists everywhere.

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WHEATON, S. C., Dec. 19, 1891.  
Cure: I wish I could tell all who are suffering from Epilepsy or St. Vitus' Dance how just how good your remedy is. My son used it one year and is now the stoutest child I have. With many thanks, I remain yours,  
H. A. TATE.

GENESEE, PA., Dec. 25, 1891.  
I have not had one of my bad spells since I commenced taking your medicine, six months ago.  
THURNEY ELMORE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Jan. 2, 1892.  
I purchased a box of your medicine of a dealer, where the patient had been up all night, that were cured by this remedy.  
C. A. WOOD.

Treasurer American Publishing House.

WE KNOW FOR CERTAIN CURES the WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE, without expense, we will send you One Bottle Free. All charges prepaid by us. Give Age, Post-Office and State. Address: HALL CHEMICAL CO., WEST PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease CONSUMPTION, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send (free of charge) a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, and all throat and lung MALADIES. He hopes all sufferers from this dread remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address, REV. EDWARD A. WILSON, Brooklyn, New York.

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### The Only FRUIT LAXATIVE

That Positively Contains Both PRUNES and FIGS SYRUP PRUNES

Mild and Effectual. Cures Biliousness, Kidney and Liver Diseases, and the only remedy that positively cures HABITUAL CONSTIPATION.

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THE NATIONAL PRUNE SYRUP CO.  
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The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. M. RAN-  
POLPH, the druggist.

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A gentleman having been cured of Nervous Prostration, Seminal Weakness, Premature Decay, and youthful folly, is anxious to make known to others this simple method of SELF-CURE. To those who will give him their symptoms, and so wish he will send (free) by return mail, a copy of the recipe he successfully used in his case. Address in confidence, JAMES W. PARKER, 42 Cedar Street, New York.







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Finest line of Dress Goods in Northville we also make the lowest prices.

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return at one fare (\$18.75) on the  
following dates April 7 and 14; good to  
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May 6 and 7; good to return until  
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May 16 and 17; good to return until  
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Two daily trains from Chicago with  
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Celebrated makes of Pianos,  
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rand and Votey organ—tuned by  
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Benj. F. Springer,  
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This season is now at hand when  
certain diseases peculiar to the summer  
months will be prevalent. A good  
many dollars and a great deal of time,  
energy and anxiety can be saved if you  
have at hand some remedy that can be  
relied upon for their prevention. Such  
remedy can be found in Hartzell's  
Indoo Oil. If used according to direc-  
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prised and gratified with its almost  
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Hueston.

Remember that you  
can buy your Lumber,  
Sash, Doors, Blinds and  
Mouldings at whole  
sale prices of York &  
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### Personals.

Those Who Came Yesterday, Here Today, and  
gone Tomorrow, as it were.

A. K. Carpenter is out again.

May Leadbeater is quite ill.

Frank Shleida Sundayed at Ply-  
mouth.

F. L. Beal was in Chicago last, and  
this week.

Mrs. Chaney-Hisman visited in De-  
troit last week.

Emery Beal was home from Ypsil-  
anti this week.

Will Smith and wife were in Det. on  
one day this week.

Mrs. S. Reed left yesterday for a  
month's visit at Washington.

Miss Metta Conroy is spending a few  
weeks at her Farmington home.

N. O'Dell will serve as Juror for the  
April term of the Wayne county court.

The Mrs. H. Yerkes and L. L. Brooks  
are visiting Detroit friends this week.

Miss Florence Jones of Fenton has  
been visiting her friend Mrs. H. A.  
Boyce.

Mr. Rob King returned Saturday  
from a week's visit with relatives in  
Owosso.

Mrs. J. Hinman, a former resident,  
is spending a few days among old  
friends.

M. J. Withee of Detroit was shaking  
hands with old Northville friends  
Monday.

Mr. Fred Waring had a birth-day  
party at the Ladies library Thursday  
evening.

L. E. McRoberts of Lexington visited  
his sister, Mrs. F. M. Brigham,  
here over Sunday.

W. T. Johnson and family have  
moved into our village and now oc-  
cupy their residence on Gay street.

Willam Stark expects to soon com-  
mence housekeeping in a part of Miss  
Cunningham's residence on Dunlap street.

A. W. Carpenter a former well  
known Northville business man and  
citizen, now of Washington state, is  
visiting in our village.

Mrs. J. Beal who has been for treat-  
ment at the Ypsilanti mineral baths  
for rheumatic difficulty returned home  
last week. She is a trifle better.

Dr. W. H. Yarnall, medical director  
and superintendent of the new Yarnall  
Golf course, and wife have now taken  
up their residence in our village.

Blanch Bignow has been calling on  
old Northville friends and last  
week. The family were on the move  
from Williamston to Flint last week.

Edward Simonds and wife arrived  
home from their California visit last  
week. The report a most enjoyable  
visit and give glowing accounts of  
the country.

Robert Yerkes and son Don speared  
72 lbs of fish in the creek back of their  
house in less than two hours Tuesday  
morning. They were thicker'n this  
and two fish at one jab of the spear  
was no uncommon occurrence. The  
editor had some of the fish and there-  
fore voices for the above. Thanks.

### MILES STANDISH.

In those days of freedom from "rum-  
ors of wars and hostile incursions of  
indians," when the whole energy of  
the individual and nation is emphati-  
cally commercial, a glimpse backward  
to those good old days of simplicity  
and sunshine, of knee breeches and  
cocked hats, when the nation sent its  
goodly men to make the nation's  
laws, cannot be hurtful, if not helpful  
as they can trust the helpful depend-  
ence of neighbors then, with the selfish  
freedom of now.

To all intelligent Americans the year  
1620 has shed and it a halo of glory  
in the radiance of which it has been  
a pride to look. The strong will, the  
endurance which enabled the May-  
flower pilgrims to persevere in their  
undertaking of founding a home, not  
to any state or nation, on New Eng-  
land's bleak coast, made more desolate  
by want and sickness during which  
the mailed hand of their captain Miles  
Standish, in its administration of mercy  
becomes as gentle as woman's, is an  
example of moral grandeur unparalleled  
in our history.

That a colony planted as was that of  
Plymouth should abound in dramatic  
situations is not startling. That the  
realism of that life is not often ex-  
acted is due probably more to a want of  
proper appreciation, than to a lack of  
knowledge on our part. To heighten  
our appreciation of the purity, trust-  
fulness, and simplicity of life of those  
days, the publishing house of Hough-  
ton, Mifflin & Co. has arranged Long  
fellow's beautiful poem "Courtship of  
Miles Standish" for the drama. This  
drama will, we hope, as it takes us  
back to those primitive times, aid us  
to say in sympathy, "O Auld! What  
a life it must have been!" This drama  
will be presented at the opera house,  
Friday evening April 22.

### REMOVED.

Dr. M. A. Patterson has moved into  
the east part of the Hirsch residence,  
nearly opposite the Presbyterian  
church, on Main street.

### Longfellow's Poem!

Courtship of  
Miles Standish  
Dramatized.

OPERA Friday Night  
HOUSE April 22.

### CHARACTERS:

Miles Standish Harry German  
John Tien Thad J. Knapp  
Priscilla E. Adeline Spaulding  
Elder Hoyt Woodman  
Magistrate, Messengers, Indians, Etc.

### PROGRAM:

Chorus Choral Union  
Scene I Standish's home  
Solo First Margaret J. Thompson  
Scene II Priscilla's home  
Scene III The Answer  
Chorus Choral Union  
Scene IV In Council  
Solo Vocal Phoebe Reel  
Scene V John in trouble  
Duet First Rosa and Willie Barclay  
Scene VI The Messenger  
Scene VII The Wedding Interrupted

Benefit of the School Lyceums.  
Admission - - - 25c and 10c.

"Many men of many minds," is a  
true saying, but one thing we have  
found, is that nearly all men are of  
one mind when they have a cough or  
cold. They go to the nearest Drug  
Store and are sure to get a bottle of  
Hartzell's Cough Syrup, for they know  
it is the best remedy that can be ob-  
tained. For sale by Geo. C. Hueston.

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Mouldings and all kinds of mill work  
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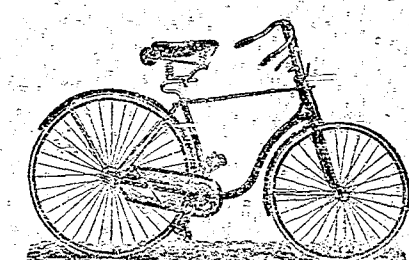
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### COST

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