

The Northville Record.

Vol. XXIV, No. 25.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1893.

\$1.00 per year, in advance

SATURDAY'S RACES.

Large Crowds Here to Witness the Fine Sport.

PLYMOUTH WINS FIRST PRIZE

The Track Was in Rather Poor Shape for Racing.

It is estimated that Saturday's horse racing attracted at least a thousand people to our village. There was certainly a very large crowd and if there was not a thousand in number, it surely exceeded that quantity in enthusiasm. Every available spot in the village, including back yards, was used for a spot to watch horses driven in from neighboring villages and the trains brought additional numbers to swell the crowd. Farmington, Nov., Plymouth and Salem were well represented. The track was in a soft condition, but there was some good time made for so short a distance.

Mr. Vanleet of Plymouth won the first prize, a \$7 blanket; and Seward of Farmington carried off the second, \$5 cash and Riram Cady of this place has the \$3 whip as third prize.

In one of the heats, B. Pierson's horse hauled the cutter too far up on the snow bank and it caused a tip-over. Blowing to the wind and a few minor breaks on the cutter was the result.

All interest now centers on next Saturday's races. The business men have put up a \$50 purse, divided equally for a trotting and pacing race, \$25 each. There will be three prizes in each race as follows: 1st—\$25, 2nd—\$7.50, 3rd—\$5. This will undoubtedly call even a larger crowd here than last Saturday's did.

SOLD SHOES 18 YEARS.

Jones Wilcox Now Returns to Private Life.

Charles Sessions has purchased J. B. Wilcox's stock of boots and shoes and has leased the store for a term of years. Mr. Sessions comes as no stranger to Northville people, having lived here nearly, or quite, all his life, and if he makes as popular a shoe dealer as he has a supervisor for Northville for the past few years, and we predict he will, his success is assured. Mr. Sessions is something of a shoe-maker himself and his father, who has been with Mr. Wilcox for a number of years, will continue to lend a helping hand. Mr. Sessions takes possession March 1st. The deal was made some time ago but was kept quiet until last week.

Jones Wilcox has been in the shoe business in Northville for eighteen years, fifteen of which have been in this same store. Mr. Wilcox informs that as yet he has not decided what business he will now enter upon.

THE SEASON'S EVENT.

The Coming K. P. Ball Will Eclipse All Previous Occasions.

The past success of the Knights of Pythias annual balls given by Mystic lodge of this place, the past two years have been of such a high order that but little room is left for improvement. They have been the talk of the village for months previous and its praises were still sounded for months after the occasion. The date thus celebrated once a year by the Northville lodge is Feb. 19 the anniversary of the organization of the order. This year that date falls on Sunday and consequently the ball takes place on Friday, the 17th. But \$50 invitations will be issued this year as the tank will not accommodate more than that number of couples. The building will be elaborately decorated and everything possible will be arranged for the comfort of the guests. The music will be of a superior order as heretofore.

The invitations are now in the hands of the printer and will probably be sent out next week.

ANOTHER NEW SOCIETY.

Junior Order of United American Mechanics

A council of the Junior Order of United Mechanics was organized here last week. It is of the fraternal society order and pays a sick benefit of \$5 per week for thirteen weeks. In case of death, it pays a funeral fund of \$250. The initiation fee is \$2 and the dues are \$6.50 per annum. Any person between the ages of 16 and 50, born in the United States, who works for a living, no matter at what occupation is eligible to membership. Its principles as laid down are commendable ones indeed. The officers of the Benjamin F. Butler Council, No. 23 of Northville are as follows:

C. C. F. E. Fenn
V. C. F. B. Shaffer
P. C. W. Brown, Jr.
R. C. C. S. Buchner
Asst. R. C. B. Trippensee
F. S. E. Harrington
Treas.—J. Turk
Con.—E. B. Kator
W. C. A. Blair
I. S. D. Daines
O. S. F. Vansickle.

The council meets the first and third Wednesday of each month in Ambler's hall.

Since the organization, Frank Vansickle, one of the above officers has died.

PUBLIC INSTALLATION

The L. O. T. M's. and the K. O. T. M's. Have a Swarming Good Time.

The Sir Knights of Northville Tent, No. 300 and the Lady Bee's of Forget-me-not Hive No. 169, gave a public installation on Monday evening, Jan. 30 which proved a very enjoyable affair.

The program for the evening consisted of readings, recitations, and music, both vocal and instrumental, after which the installation took place. Sir Knight McCullough, Sr. Past Com of Northville Tent acting as installing officer. He appointed Mrs. Nellie O'Hara, Dept. Great Com, of Saginaw as Great Mistress at Arms, and the ceremony proceeded installing the Lady Bee's first Three Lady Banner Bearers and five Sir Knights acted with the corresponding number of Lady Bee's as escort. The Sir Knights then proceeded with their installation, Sir Knight McCullough acting as their installing officer, appointing Lady O'Hara as their Great Master at Arms the ceremony proceeding the same as with the Lady Bee's, the three Banner Bearers and five Lady Bee's acting as escort. After the installing ceremonies the tables were hustled in and all ate heartily of the bountiful repast. We can safely say that all had a "swarming" good time.

CARD OF THANKS.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Bronson wish to thank their friends and neighbors for their kindness and sympathy during the sickness and death of their little daughter. Also those who remembered her with flowers.

I wish to kindly thank the friends and relatives who so kindly assisted during my sad bereavement; also the Jr. O. U. A. M. boys. God will bless you in this world and the one to come.

MRS. S. E. VANSICKLE.

Rest dear Frank, rest and sleep
While I in sorrow er thee weep
The mortal pang is past
Jew, live come and home beyond the stormy blast

LOW RATES FOR THE G. A. R.

For the State Encampment at Benton Harbor, March 7th, 8th and 9th, the C. & M. and D. L. & N. Ry. will sell excursion tickets at one and one-third lowest fare. Tickets will be sold March 6th, 7th and 8th, good to return March 10th. As urgent for a circular of information.

GEO. DEHAVEN,
General Passenger Agent. 2704

Musical lessons, Piano or organ. Lessons given at your own house or at my home, to suit scholars convenience. Three lessons for \$1. Satisfaction guaranteed.
1217 Mis F. S. Neal.

Highest of all in Leavening Power — Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The following named Northville people contributed towards the prizes given for the races of last week Saturday. Next week the list will be republished with amount of each subscription:

W. J. Kinney
O. Butler
Geo. E. Waterman & Co.
E. L. Riggs
B. Wheeler
T. G. Richardson
W. Ambler
C. R. Stevens
L. Brooks
Stark Bros.
F. L. Brown
John Finham
Pitt Johnson
H. F. Jackson
Chas. Sessions
Geo. Hington
V. O. Whipple
S. W. Knapp
J. C. Wilcox
Knapp & Yerkes
Rockwell
John Highland
N. Neisen
C. W. Hulett
Geo. Jovs
B. S. Webber
John Hirsch
C. A. Hutton
W. G. Johnson
Peter Connell
J. G. Webster
C. C. Yerkes
L. A. Babbitt
Ed. Horton
Northville Record
J. W. Fuller
Ben Filkins
Dr. Yarnall
F. D. Butler
King Starkweather
Grant Powers
B. F. Sprunger
M. N. Johnson & Co.
Prime White
Stark & Harding
F. E. Wood
H. E. Cady
E. H. Lapham
D. B. Northrop
Sards & Porter
Brown & Co.
Wm. Neissen
John Turk

Be Order Committee

SUITS AND SUITS.

Not Law Suits for They Are Unprofitable Suits of clothes we are talking about. Also Pants at exceptionally low figures for this month.

If you are alive to your own interest you will call and investigate, get prices and be convinced, that for quality and style, satisfaction always considered, they are the proper thing. A call solicited.

J. GEO. WEBSTER.

Cleveland & Buffalo Transit Co.

—C. & B. LINE.—

Remember that commencing with opening up navigation (May 1, 1893) this company will place in commission exclusively between

Cleveland & Buffalo

ADAILY LINE OF THE MOST MAGNIFICENT SIDE-WHEEL STEEL STEAMERS ON THE GREAT LAKES

Steamer will leave either city every evening (Sunday included) arriving at destination the following morning in time for business and all train connections.

QUICK TIME

UNEXCEPTED SERVICE

LOW RATES

For full particulars see notices of this paper, or address

T. F. Newman,

Gen'l Manager

H. R. Rogers,

Gen'l Passenger Agt.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Herie Wins

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. A. M. Randolph Druggist.

A Leader.

Since its first introduction, Electric Bitters has gained rapidly in popular favor, until now it is clearly in the lead among pure medicinal tonics and alternatives—containing nothing which permits its use as a beverage or intoxicant, it is recognized as the best and purest medicine for all ailments of Stomach, Liver or Kidneys.—It will cure Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, and drive Malaria from the system. Satisfaction guaranteed with each bottle or the money will be refunded. Price only 50c. per bottle. Sold by A. M. Randolph, the Druggist.

HAVE YOU PICTURES TO FRAME?

If so, now is your chance to get them framed cheaply and tastefully.

In order to clean up our stock of Mouldings ready for our New Spring styles we have selected

44 PATTERNS

of our mouldings purchased within the past year, all Good Styles and Fine Goods and will close them out at a reduction of from

25 TO 40 PER CENT.

We have no old stock on hand, hence this slaughter price sale lasts but two weeks, beginning tomorrow, February 27.

BROWN & CO.

PHOTOGRAPHERS. Northville, Mich.

Attention farmers and fruit growers! Frank Hamelton, Northville, is sales man for the old established Albaugh Nursery and Orchard Company of Tadmey, Ohio, which is incorporated with a capital of \$100,000, and which gives each of its customers a legal written guarantee that the trees bought of Mr. Hamelton will be strictly as represented. Reference. Any bank or commercial agency.

APRONS.

Just received a new and complete line of Ladies' White Aprons. They are all new and desirable patterns, ranging in prices from 25 to 50 cents. Ask to see them.

EVA BOVEE,

AT THE BACK OF IT.

While I have no financial connection with the new Savings Bank, at the same time I am at the back of the institution. That is, my barber shop is located in the rear of the bank where I always prepared to give you a first class shave or a stylish hair cut.

PETER CONNELL,

Proprietor.

BUSINESS FLASHES.

If you want The want You want to get, You want to Advertise in The want getter.

The Northville Record.

Wants your want Because it wants You to get The want Which you want And ought, to get

FOR SALE—Pair one horse bob-sleighs with harness. Inquire at 4 W. Reed's store. 247

FOR SALE—Nice large horse and lot on Cherry street. Reasonable terms. Call apply to Mrs. Mile Reed. 247

WANTED—Good girl to do house work. Steady place. Apply to this office. 247

FOR SALE—Pair one horse bob-sleighs with harness. Inquire at F. H. Banks. 247

FOR SALE OR RENT—Farm eighty acres. None better. Orchard and small fruits. All kinds. Will be sold on easy payments. Also property known as Mary Whipple, place in village of Northville is for sale. Inquire P. E. White. 247

WANTED—Boys and girls to Clark Willis, Plymouth avenue. 247

HORSE FOR SALE—Black gelding 8 yrs. old. Sound gentle good traveler. For further particulars and price apply to Dr. Tweedale, Salem. 147

FOR SALE—A House and large Lot. If you don't get "man" give me a nice lot in good location or a good straight pair of horses. Apply, A. S. Huff, North Center St. 197

FOR SALE—Good 80 acre farm, no waste land. Good buildings, fruit, etc. Easy terms. 1 mile west of Ash hatchery. Apply to J. S. Teeples. 247

FOR SALE OR TRADE—DISIRABLE RESTAURANT lot and barn, and a vacant lot 1 1/2 acres two blocks from Grand River Detroit. Also stock hardware. Will sell or trade for desirable residence location in Northville. Inquire Dr. M. A. Patterson. 247

WANTED—A number of wood choppers. Lots of work, good prices. Can furnish house for married man. Inquire Record office or of Blackwood Bros. 247

Everything Goes!

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY AT

Greatly Reduced Prices!

IN

MEN'S HEAVY WINTER WEAR.

We offer as a Special Sale for Friday and Saturday of this week Everything in the way of heavy goods intended for Men's Wear, at prices that will claim the attention of all money savers in Northville, and comprises

Underwear,
Wool and Cotton Pants,
Mitts and Gloves.
Hats and Caps,
Wool and Cotton Socks,
Overshirts,
Cardigan Jackets,
Overalls and Jumpers.

Call and examine Goods and Prices.

TEICHNER & COMPANY.

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard

THE RECORD.

F. S. NAL, Publisher.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN

Mrs. Maybrick is reported to have suffered a relapse. The usual explanation that she managed this by adroitly swallowing a paper of needles seems to have been delayed.

ADVICE from St. Paul de Loanda say that an engine dashed into a car loaded with dynamite, and in the resulting explosion fifty people were killed. The tragic episode was surely bad enough, but it was aggravated by the dispatch that in its unexpurgated form, called the car a wagon.

WARD McALLISTER is out in a new lecture on how American women should behave. One of the first things they should do is to turn their backs on snobs, and such a course would furnish Ward with material for a lecture on how the back breadth of a woman's toggery should be draped.

A CHICAGO grand jury has refused to indict a person for docking his horses' tails. The offense was mitigated by the fact that the citizen was very rich. His real tenderness of heart was also shown in that while he had as much excuse for cutting off his horses' ears as their tails, the ears had been left intact.

NOTWITHSTANDING delight in Germany at the predicament of France there is much uneasiness in the former country. Students of political economy are now trying to ascertain whether this is deep-seated and due to the threat of the kaiser to crush all who oppose him, or merely stomachic and attributable to the effort to introduce horse meat as a regular article of diet.

THE president of Hayti does not respect the government of the United States as thoroughly as he would if the men-of-war loafing about his coast should carelessly drop a few shells into his capital. In response to the request of the American minister for an apology for the causeless imprisonment of one of his countrymen Hippolyte has responded that if he should think it desirable he would banish all Americans from the island.

THE theory that the Garden of Eden was at the North pole is the inspiration of a would-be explorer of the Arctic. Practical men will see little of value in this theory. Even if the garden is there all the fruit has doubtless been winter-killed, and the premises must be woefully out of repair. Besides this the former tenants, having every advantage, never made anything out of it. The reality to appeal to the great public heart of to-day must be closer to market.

THE Chicago Herald recently appeared a list of the people known to have lost their lives at the Chicago guide crossings during the past year. It is a fearful record of shameless slaughter for greed. It means that 226 human beings were crushed to death under car wheels during the twelve months just ended, that many families were left without support, and that untold suffering was inflicted upon citizens of Chicago. The list is a disgrace to a civilized community. It is a brutal, atrocious, savage list. Its frightful effects reach out to all parts of the city and blight hearts every where.

WHILE death in itself has terrors enough for the ordinary individual, the dread of being possibly entombed while in a trance is one of the most pronounced fears of a very large portion of people. Medical science has advanced to that stage where certain and simple tests for death are known, but these are unfortunately not always applied, even in cases where there is reason to suspect that the last spark of life has not fled. To avert all possibilities of this kind the highest medical talent should be called upon to prescribe some infallible method of ascertaining the complete extinction of life, and all physicians should be compelled by law to apply it and make the fact of its application a part of the death certificate.

THE case of the disabled steamer Umbria has been the means of calling attention once more to the enormous sums in the way of salvage one vessel may claim for going to the relief of another, which has a tendency to make captains prefer very great risks rather than call for assistance from passing vessels. The present ratio of salvage originated when the tonnage of ships and their value were very much smaller than now, and reform is needed in the matter. When a captain accepts \$25,000 and the salvage claim amounts to \$75,000 or even \$100,000, the company employing him is apt to investigate the matter very closely with the result of discharging the officer unless fully satisfied he held out until his last chance of reaching port unaided was gone.

ONE of the judges recently appointed in Utah is said to have begun life as a school teacher. He did nothing of the sort and the common inaccuracy of such statements is tiresome. He may have begun the active business of life as a school teacher, which is quite a different matter.

Horses might be so cheap that owners could not give them away by throwing in the halter, and yet somebody would sneak through the corral fence and steal them at the risk of hanging.

JAMES G. BLAINE DEAD.

THE GREAT MAINE STATESMAN AT LAST SUCCEUMS

To the Disease Which had Been Wearing His Life Away for Months—A Sketch of the Life of the Greatest Statesman of Recent Days.

After having been in an unconscious condition for over a week with very little change in his condition Mr. Blaine suffered a sudden relapse early on the



BLAINE'S LAST PHOTOGRAPH.

morning of January 27, and gradually grew weaker until the end of his sufferings came at a few seconds after 10:05 o'clock.

James Gillespie Blaine was born at Indian Hill farm, near West Brownville, Pa., on Jan. 31, 1830. His grandfather was Col. Ephraim Blaine, one of the most daring patriots of the Revolutionary war. The father of James G. Blaine was also named Ephraim Blaine, but his life was that of a quiet, well-to-do farmer and for years a justice of the peace and always an honored citizen. He married Miss Gillespie, the daughter of an Irish Revolutionary patriot.

When seven years of age young Blaine began to attend the village school. Later on he attended school at Washington, Pa. His aptness soon resulted in his being sent to the High school at Lancaster. He remained at school only two years, by which time his extraordinary progress in his studies enabled him to pass the matriculation examination to Washington College in his native country, from which he graduated in 1847, being less than 18 years old. His masters at college reported that he had been at all times an exceptionally diligent student, naturally unusually gifted, it is true, but always supplementing his inborn talents by hard and unremitting study. He showed the greatest proficiency in all branches of mathematical study, and even more especially in political economy and logic, and it is easy to trace the influence of the latter two studies through his political career. The immediate result of this early diligence and application was that he graduated sharing the honors of the occasion with only one other student. The oration which he delivered at the commencement exercises was entitled "The Duty of an Educated American" and in its pages it was easy to see that the youth felt the duties of citizenship to be no mere sinecure, a fact which in his case was well proved by subsequent events. After leaving college in spite of his youth Mr. Blaine was engaged as a teacher at Blue Lick, Kentucky, where he remained for about three years and proved himself to be of great value both as a pedagogue and a disciplinarian. During his stay there he made the acquaintance of Miss Harriet Starwood of Maine, who had been sent to the seminary at Millersburg, Ky., for an education, and the acquaintance resulted in marriage.

Mr. Blaine then returned to his native state and began to study for the bar, but did not apply for admission. From 1852 to 1854 he was instructor in the Pennsylvania institution for educating the blind. In 1855 he purchased a half interest in the Kennebec Maine Journal and took up his residence in that place. The young journalist took hold of his new work with a will and his paper soon became a power in local politics. In order to be thoroughly conversant with his work Mr. Blaine took the files of the Journal from its beginning and read them through, completely mastering not only the former position of the paper, but also all the details of politics and public affairs in every county of the state as far as they had been recorded in the Journal. At that time, and for many years afterwards, it used to be a source of never ending wonder and astonishment to politicians and public men to hear with what unflinching accuracy the new-comer from a distant state could quote from the files of the paper with regard to all political matters. Mr. Blaine's extraordinarily keen comprehension and prodigious memory have always been among his most remarkable natural attributes, but they never have been put to such a test as when he accomplished the work just recorded.

At 25 he was the leading power in the councils of the Republican party in the state. Before he was 29 he was chosen chairman of the executive committee of the Republican organization in Maine, and from which he has practically shaped and directed every political campaign in the state, always leading his party to brilliant victory.

With a view of occupying a wider field of influence, Mr. Blaine, afterwards, purchased the Portland Advertiser. He soon became associated with the Morrills, Fessenden and Hannibal Hamlin, which, added to his great natural ability, accounts in a measure for his rapid career.

Mr. Blaine had also begun to push his influence into the formation of the national Republican politics. He was a delegate to the first convention in 1856, which nominated Gen. J. C. Fremont for the Presidency, indeed he took an exceptionally active part in the deliberations of this convention, being one of its secretaries.

He stumped the State of Maine for Fremont in a manner that surprised the followers of "the Pathfinder." Then, as in after years, his service to his party was free, even to the amount of his traveling expenses.

The first public office ever held by Mr. Blaine was that of Commissioner of State Prisons and Reformatories. He was appointed by Gov. Lot M. Morrill, who had been reading Editor Blaine's articles on the same subject in the Advertiser. Mr. Blaine accepted the trust unhesitatingly and began to prosecute the study of criminality and the best methods of dealing with it, with the same thoroughness which heretofore characterized all his public and private occupations and movements.

Soon afterward, he was elected to the Maine Legislature, in which deliberative body he sat for the years of '59, '60, '61 and '62, being Speaker of the House the latter two years. During this early period of public life he displayed the most remarkable skill and ability as a parliamentarian and his keen logic and generally brilliant methods of conducting debates made him the object of all observers in the State political ranks. In '62 he was elected as a member of Congress and he remained a member of that body until he was called from the Senate where he was still serving his first term, to take the place of Secretary of State under Garfield in 1881. As a member of the nation's highest parliamentary body he immediately acquired a reputation second to none as a keen logician and brilliant debater.



BLAINE'S BIRTHPLACE

From a photograph taken about a year ago. He was Speaker of the Forty-first and Forty-second Congresses and was equally successful as a presiding officer. He was one of the foremost in sustaining all the measures of prosecuting the great civil war, as he was also widely connected with the various plans for reconstructing the nation which followed the long desired peace. Indeed the Fourteenth amendment to the constitution of the United States is practically an embodiment of the views concerning its subject matter which Mr. Blaine offered to the House for their consideration. Shortly after this event he made a terrific protest against the plan to pay the national debt in "greenbacks" and under his effective leadership this bill was defeated. The earliest instance of "half-jingoes" which has so often been thrown up against him was in connection with the Costello case in New York in 1865, when he vigorously maintained and urged upon the country the thoroughly novel doctrine that every naturalized American citizen was entitled to the same protection abroad that would be given to the native-born American, and the lengthy discussion of this matter eventually ended with our treaty with Great Britain in 1870, by which this principle was given practical effect as opposed to the older English theory of "once a subject, always a subject."

It was in 1876 that Blaine first made his appearance as a candidate for the Republican nomination for the Presidency. Then, as in every subsequent national convention, he was the popular choice of the people. There he forever crushed Roscoe Conkling, his principal opponent for the nomination. There Col. Ingersoll's famous eulogy was pronounced and the wildest scenes ever witnessed in a national convention. Yet Blaine was defeated by a combination of his opponents. The combine was effected by Roscoe Conkling, who seeing the Blaine forces could not be broken, turned his own votes in the direction of Hayes, the dark horse, who was nominated. In the following September Blaine was appointed to succeed Lot M. Morrill in the United States Senate. Heretofore Conkling had been leader of that branch of Congress. With the appearance of Blaine on the floor he was forced to abandon his proud position. The quarrel between Blaine and Conkling was of long standing. Indeed, it dated back to the close of the war, when both were in Congress together and it last until the death of Conkling who had retired to private life after being vanquished at every point for years by Blaine.

In the Senate Blaine fought in a most determined manner against the plan for a deteriorated silver coinage, and favored as the solution of this problem a bimetallism. He advocated measures for the protection of American shipping and was to the fore among those who proposed a steamship line between the United States and Brazil with a grant from Congress to provide a subsidy for the enterprise. During four years he took the Senate as his vantage ground and then reentered the contest for the presidential nomination in 1880. In the convention he received 274 votes on the first ballot and retained his hold until the 35th ballot when he requested his friends to vote for Garfield, thus inspiring the latter's nomination. When

Garfield was elected he at once tendered the portfolio of the State Department to Blaine. The friendship between the two had always been strong and deep-rooted and there was no better tribute which could possibly be paid to a defeated but friendly rival than this action upon the part of the newly-elected President. As Secretary of State he stirred up things between this country and England by his position with regard to the Panama Canal and his demand for the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. Even at that period he had plans for a South American policy which only partially reached completion when his more recent "reciprocity" schemes went into effect. His original desire was to effect a confederation between all the Republics of North, Central and South America under the protecting wing of the United States. With a view to securing this end he called a congress of nations to be held at Washington but it was revoked by Mr. Arthur when he assumed the Presidency.

On that fatal July morning in 1881 he rode with President Garfield to the Baltimore and Ohio railroad station and was an eye witness to the fatal crime which sent the assassin Gallean to the gallows, while it deprived the nation of its head. It is said that he never forgot the effect made upon him by witnessing this terrible sight. During the prolonged struggle between life and death which followed the murderous assault he was a constant visitor at the dying President's bedside and he was chosen by Congress as Garfield's eulogist, a duty which he filled in a masterly manner. Mr. Arthur was inaugurated on Sept. 19 and in the following December, as soon as he could arrange the affairs of the department, Mr. Blaine resigned to make place for his successor, William M. Evarts.

For the first time in twenty-three years Mr. Blaine found himself removed from public office, and strictly speaking, a private individual again. He immediately set to work upon a labor which he had long planned, but which he had been too busy to carry out. This was his book, "Twenty Years in Congress." Its two large volumes are complete with interest of the most varied nature, and its first 200 pages are especially valuable as a resume of the early political history of this country, as well as a most carefully minute account of the political period between the administrations of Lincoln and Garfield. In 1884 he finally saw his fondest hopes realized when the National Republican convention at Chicago nominated him for the Presidency. He immediately set to work and took most vigorous part in the campaign. His share of the work showed an eager desire for his own success which his evident ambition had always indicated. He was defeated in this election, as Grover Cleveland carried New York State by a majority of 1,047 votes, and the man who was not only perhaps the cleverest, but certainly the most ambitious American living, was again doomed to retire to private life.

Mr. Blaine was, however, too well trained a soldier—too battle-stained a veteran in the war of politics—to show his feelings to the outside world. He proceeded with the work upon his book, which was still unfinished, and in a short time had it ready for the press. It is certainly one of the most important contributions to the records of contemporary political history ever written by an American statesman, and as such deserves a high place in the literature of his class, not to mention its eminent value as a text-book for students of American politics. He spent the years of '87-'88 in Europe, having been ordered there by his doctors, who feared that carrying the burden of public life for so many years had seriously impaired his physique, which needed rest and change to enable it to recover its former stamina. From Paris he wrote a letter, afterwards published in the New York Tribune, urging that the campaign of '88 should also be fought out upon the platform of a protective tariff.

In September, 1888, Blaine returned to America with a view of leading the Harrison campaign. His reception in New York city is the most memorable event of the kind in American history. The king of a loyal nation was never more royally received. Thousands upon thousands of people from all sections of the United States crowded New York city and that night he talked to the largest audience ever addressed. Blaine worked his hardest for Harrison and his efforts undoubtedly were the leading factor of Republican success. Blaine was again placed at the head of the Department of State.

The most notable events of his last administration of the State Department—which was characterized by the same "vigorous foreign policy" as before—were the adjustment of the troubles with Italy arising from the wholesale lynching in New Orleans, the later prolonged controversy with Chile, the accomplishment of his reciprocity plan, and the firm stand taken in the Behring Sea difficulty.

His resignation from the Cabinet and the curt note of acceptance from the President last June is still fresh in the minds of everyone. After that event Mr. Blaine retired to the quietness of private citizen's life. He took no part in the last campaign other than to write a strong letter supporting the Republican platform.

The famous divorce case between James G. Blaine, Jr., and Mary Nevins Blaine and the sudden and sad death of Emmons Blaine, the eldest son, made the last illness full of sorrow. But the loving wife and family and the deep solicitude of thousands, aye, of a nation of friends and sympathizers, came as a strong and kindly staff of comfort to lean upon. Truly it can be said that the entire country mourns the death of its most noble and its most beloved statesman.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ALCOCK, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, Eructation, Kinds Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

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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. If 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 troubles. He hopes all sufferers will try his remedy as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address: RAY EDWARD A. WILSON, Brooklyn, New York.

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PUMPKIN PIE.

When melancholy days come 'round and
leaves get brown and red,
When corn is shucked and when you add a
hint of pumpkin to your food,
When apples piled and quaters are set
on the sun to dry,
This is the time you snatch your lips and
think of pumpkin pie.

The pumpkin pie's a tempting dish to al-
most any fellow.
So sweet, so tender, luscious (yum!) and
then, what a relief,
You stir up eggs and milk and spice and
su—oh, my eye!
And then you add the pumpkin, and that
makes the pumpkin pie.

—Brandon Banner.

FOR THE CORONER.

If Dr. Berkley were still in Kansas, I should hesitate somewhat about printing this story. But as he is in the wilds of Missouri now and may not see it and would hardly travel something less than 300 miles for vengeance upon any circumstances, I feel reasonably safe in relieving myself of a long borne and grievous burden.

The personality of my friend Berkley is the most pleasing of any physician I have ever known. The serene air of unaffected goodness, genuine sympathy, and thorough knowledge that clings about his heavy muscular frame and his smoothly-shaven, hand-some face, inspires at a glance an unfeigned trust within the bosom of his patient. I have heard ladies declare that acute suffering has been known to depart immediately upon his entrance into the sick room which is no doubt quite true.

Such a man is worth more to a community than any quantity of physics and it was indeed a sad day for us all when the doctor gave up general practice and became a specialist of the eye and ear. But his increasing weight (not years for he is still this side of 40) and general disinclination to all physical exertion finally tipped the beam in favor of a specialty where he can sit all day in a double stent arm chair of extra width, and manipulate various pretty nickel plated appliances of more or less benefit and torture. Then, by and by, a virgin field appeared open unto him from afar and thus one sad day he faded out from among us and was gone. We shall never know his like again—so skillful, so genial, and so lazy.

It was mainly inherent in me, I believe, that induced him to resign the office of city coroner, to which he had been unanimously elected, after a brief though somewhat remarkable service.

The Kilfoyles had at one time rooms in the Huntington house at which place both the doctor and myself took our meals hence, it not infrequently happened, being regular patrons, that the four of us were seated at a private table, making a really pleasant family arrangement at least so far as Mrs. Kilfoyle and Dr. Berkley were concerned, for they were good friends as indeed, why should they not be when both were so highly regarded by the majority of our best citizens.

Now the hotel dining-rooms of Kansas are most served by white waiters who are generally young, frequently pretty, and always, or nearly always, as good, well-behaved girls as you will find anywhere in the country. The girl was usually seated on our table had been in the Huntington employ for some two or three years. She was perhaps, 20 years old. We called her Nettie and she was really a very remarkable young woman. Her hair and eyes were very black and her skin a warm olive, tinged a little with the red blood beneath. Had she possessed the look that comes of intellectual culture she would have been handsome.

Her conversation was disappointing. Her grammar was eccentric and her pronunciation on disastrous, but she was at least as faithful and we all made much of her except Mrs. Kilfoyle who treated her in her usual magnificent manner and wondered anxiously how we could put ourselves on a level with people of that sort. Naturally Nettie did not form any special attachment for Mrs. Kilfoyle, while Dr. Berkley who had been a boarder at the hotel longer than any of us, she had conceived an unequalled worship. These facts were equally evident and it is possible that the latter may have noticed Mrs. Kilfoyle's treatment of the girl. Upon second thought, however, this seems improbable as it would be almost unreasonable to suppose that the eccentric Mrs. Kilfoyle could be jealous of an ignorant waiter girl.

That Nettie should have heard of the gossip of this lady's former bad treatment of the doctor, and of her having wed Mr. Kilfoyle on account of his superior financial ability, is not to be wondered at, for the subject was a favorite one in the dining-room and such matters in such places are discussed with a freedom that is at once energetic and surprising. The waiters being generally regarded as so many pieces of furniture.

This subject the girl had no doubt frequently revolved in her mind as she regarded the two, and it appears, loved Mrs. Kilfoyle none the better for the shaking up she was supposed to have given the kalsatian doctor in times past.

Just at what period she elected herself his avenger I cannot guess. I recollect too long at her one day and turning suddenly cold at the murderous expression in her eyes which were fixed at that moment upon Mrs. Kilfoyle.

It would be hard to form an opinion as to what Nettie really intended as a final result of her plans. Perhaps she merely wished to resent the supposed inury of long ago and revenge herself at the same time for a thousand petty indignities. Perhaps she went so far as to believe that with Mrs. Kilfoyle out of the way she Nettie herself, might find lasting sa-

vor in her hero's eyes. No one will ever know just how far she resented.

One day in the late fall Berkley and myself came to supper late. The street lamps were already lighted.

Just as we ascended the steps of the hotel little Mr. Kilfoyle came rushing out.

"Oh, doctor," he gasped, "I am so glad to have met you. My wife is violently ill—taken immediately after supper. Come at once."

We passed in and the doctor ascended the broad stairway as rapidly as his bulk would permit. I followed into the hallway above and waited for him in the parlor. Fortunately the room was deserted and no one below had noticed anything wrong.

Berkley was only gone a moment, then he came into the parlor, moving more rapidly than I have ever known him to move before or since.

"Run over, quick to the office and get my stomach-pump," he whispered hurriedly, "the woman has got something down somehow that's got to come up or she'll die in a few minutes. Stop at the drugstore and get some sweet oil—about a pint. Say nothing to anybody, and hurry."

I knew the run of the office and was gone like a shot. In five minutes I was back. Berkley met me at the door.

"Come in and help," he said, "we don't want any outsiders."

For half an hour we worked with the woman, and it seemed every moment as if she would die under our hands. Nobody as yet knew of her illness, all had happened so quickly. By and by she grew easier and we suspended rigorous treatment while I retired into the hall to await further orders.

The rooms occupied by the Kilfoyles were about 60 feet from where the back stairway made a narrow winding descent into the trunk room below. As I paced up and down the hall, waiting I saw some one come once to the head of these stairs. It was a woman, and in the dim light looked like Nettie. Seeing me she retreated—albeit hastily, I thought but forgot—all about it a moment later for just then the door near me opened and Dr. Berkley came out.

"Well," I whispered, "how is she?"

"Easier but not entirely out of danger. I can't understand it. Must have been some poison in the food. Such things happen. I'm going for some restoratives. Keep it quiet. Well go down the back way," he added, "so as not to attract attention."

He started down the steps and I followed, walking softly so as to not make a disturbance. As the doctor got to where the stairs made a turn he filled up almost the entire opening and in the very dim light I could not see beyond him but I heard him suddenly stop—then a voice which I recognized as Nettie's.

"Is she dead?" asked the voice in a loud whisper.

The doctor was staggered at this unexpected question.

"Dead!" he repeated, "who dead? who told you anybody was sick?"

I had stopped still and was listening with breathless eagerness. Evidently she thought Berkley was alone. "Becoz I g've it to her," she said, savagely. "I know becuz it was me that—that done it, that killed her for jeb."

"You killed her—you killed her for me? What do you mean?"

The doctor spoke low but his voice was excited and hurried.

"Becoz she went back on yeh one fer a richer feller thes way, I heard all about it. I swore I'd lay 'er out an' d'd it."

The doctor was stupefied for a moment at this astonishing confession. Then he found words.

"You fool," he barked out hoarsely, "you fool! You have committed a murder on account of a lie. It's all a lie. I tell you—a lie. I never knew her until she was married, and you have murdered her for it. You will be hung go you hear? You will be hung! You are a murderer!"

Then he pushed past her I following down into the deserted trunk-room below. I saw her crouched down on the steps as I passed, her face hidden. She did not seem to notice that there were two of us and that I had overheard. I was pushed through a narrow passageway that led to the rear into the alley and fresh air outside. The doctor was more anxious than I would have supposed was possible.

"Did you ever hear of such devilry as that?" he groaned. "I think the woman will get through all right, but I wanted to scare that she-devil so she'll leave the country. For God's sake, don't breathe a word to anybody. I'll see you by and by. I've got to get some restoratives now and hurry back. Stay down in the office, if anything should go wrong I may want to send you for help."

Two hours later as I sat trying to read Berkley came down. I arose, and we went outside.

"She is all right," he said, when we got away from everybody, "she doesn't know it was poison. Thinks something she ate did not agree with her. At once must have been put in her room. Let's go somewhere and get a drink. I'm all used up."

"Good God! What is it?" cried Berkley, now thoroughly aroused.

"One of the waiter girls—Nettie they call her—found dead in her bed. Think it's suicide but don't know any reason."

And, later in the day, the coroner rendered a similar verdict—Asbert Bigelow Faine in the National Tribune.

SOLONS OF THE PAST.

Some Famous University Professors in Days of Old.

Among the most famous physicians of the university of Alexandria were Oisombrotus Herophilus and Erasistratus and among the subordinate physicians was Rhiosophanus, who had charge of the natural history department of the museum and who wrote a book on fishes.

The researches of the physicians were founded upon the only sure and certain basis of anatomy says the Westminster Review. They were authorized by the royal authority of Ptolemy to resort to the dissection of the dead and to ascertain by that only trustworthy method the correct structure of the human body. They were also authorized to make vivisections of criminals who had been condemned to death, in order that they might ascertain the mode in which the various functions of the body were performed.

Herophilus wrote a treatise on the practice of medicine on obstetrics on the eye, and on the pulse, in which he correctly referred to the movements of the heart. He was aware of the existence of the lactals and of their anatomical relations to the mesenteric glands. Erasistratus—his colleague and a pupil of Theophrastus and Chrysippus—was aware of the nature of the heart and its connection with the veins and arteries but he fell into the error that the veins were for the conveyance of air and the arteries for that of blood. Otherwise he anticipated Hargreaves' great discovery. He also knew that there were two kinds of nerves, those of motion and those of sensation.

Among the improvements of surgery effected by this school of physicians may be mentioned new operations for lithotomy instruments for crushing calculi, for reducing dislocations etc.

Among the great scientists or rather mathematicians were also Pappus one of the greatest of ancient mathematicians, Theon and his unfortunate daughter the famous Hypatia, who appears to have been a better mathematician than her father. The story of whose life and tragic death is familiar through Kingsley's novel. Unfortunately none of her works are extant. She was the last of the Alexandrian philosophers who attained any fame. She lived about 415 A. D.

Not only is this old university renowned for the impulse which gave it to science, but it also extended its protection and aid to literature, poetry, and the fine arts. For example Ptolemy Philadelphus did not consider it beneath him to count among his personal friends the poet Callimachus the author of a treatise on birds, who honorably maintained himself by keeping a school at Alexandria. Among the most distinguished poets may be mentioned Lycophron whose work "Cassandra" still remains and Theocritus whose exquisite bucolics prove how sweet a poet he was.

Few people can claim to have outwitted Sir James Hannen the well-known judge. His lordship however was curiously "done" by a somberly dressed jurymen in his own court. In a most melancholy tone the jurymen claimed to be exempt from serving on the jury which had been impaneled to try an important case. Sir James very sympathetically asked on what grounds he claimed exemption. "My lord," said the applicant, "I am deeply interested in a funeral which takes place to-day and am most anxious to follow." "Certainly sir, your plea is a just one," remarked his lordship. The man departed and the next day the judge learned that he was the undertaker.—Argonaut.

A Cypriot Professor.

In an off-hand sketch of Professor Chrysal one of his old pupils tells how this mathematician made his science aid him in the management of his estate. To relieve the monotony a student at the end of bench ten dropped a marble which toppled downward toward the professor. At every step it took there was a smothered gasp, but Chrysal who was working at the board, did not turn his head. When the marble reached the top he said, still with his back to the class, "Will the student at the end of bench ten who dropped that marble stand up?" All eyes dilated. He had counted the falls of the marble from step to step.—Argonaut.

Hungry in Forest.

The Hungarian government does not sell any part of its forests, but buys more each year. In some parts of the country, as in the Eastern region of the Carpathians woods are found several thousand acres in extent, consisting for the most part of red beech. This is used for firewood, carriages and agricultural implements, and in the manufacture of bent wood. There are very few fires and they seldom permanently damage the woods. There are large resinous forests in Transylvania, but they are not very accessible, and there are also some in the district of Marmaros in the Northeast of the country.

Mr. Staylate—Yes Miss Genevieve, I have been hunting for lodgings all the week.

Miss Genevieve—You seem to have found them at last. Mr. Staylate.—Chicago News-Record.

SHORTENED THEIR TAILS.

How a Tabby Made Her Five Young Ones Look Like Herself.

A Bond street, New York publisher has a cat that seems to have an abnormal development of instinct for uniformity. She may be distinguished from other cats in the neighborhood by her stump tail. Until about six months ago she had the usual allowance of tail, but while leisurely crossing the street she miscalculated the speed at which a truck was coming toward her and left the larger half of her tail under a wheel of the vehicle. A few weeks ago this cat had a litter of kittens one of which was black, while all the rest were the color of the mother. The publisher told a suu man that he missed the black one the second time he uncovered the litter. Nobody had taken it and he was compelled to conclude that the mother had made away with it. That did not surprise him, as he had heard of other mother cats killing certain of their offspring, presumably because they did not resemble the rest of the family. But he was dumfounded to see what he had not noticed at first—that all the kittens had stump tails and he wondered at this strange manifestation of maternal influence. He lifted up the mother cat to get a better view of the kittens and found the ends of five little tails that she had evidently bitten off.

The publisher would like to know why Tabby bit off the tails of her progeny. One of his fanciful friends suggested that she may have absorbed some of her peculiar wisdom by sleeping on a volume of Aescop of which there are a large number in the publishing house. If she is as her owner says a cat with a large bump of self-esteem she naturally would not like any of her kittens to grow up and point the paw of ridicule at her because her tail wasn't as long as his. She therefore set a fashion of her own in tails. Another friend of the publisher said that he believed that if Tabby could talk she would defend her conduct on the ground that there was a period in the life of every cat when its tail would have to be cut off by a truck wheel, and she decided that she wouldn't give the truck a chance at her sons and daughters. The publisher thinks it rather rough on the kittens as they can never realize one of the chief delights of kittenhood—pursuing the elusive and whirling tails of their tails. He wonders if Tabby's female kittens when they become mothers will bite all their little ones' tails off and speculate as to how many generations it will take for Tabby's descendants to be born with stump tails.

GOOD LUCK FOR THE BABY.

The first thing to have to go on stairs before it goes down. Think of a baby twenty four hours old climbing a step ladder! e claims the Washington Star. It was rather an undersized infant for that age, too. Of course it could not climb up by itself so the nurse carried it in her arms. It did not cry but clapped its hands, delightedly. The child was a little boy and the climbing of the ladder took place in the very room where he was born. The mother regarded it as an important event evidently. It was by her orders that the performer took place. Her interest was none the less because it was all for the sake of gratifying an old time superstition. Monthly nurses all agree that if a story goes down stairs before it goes upstairs its path in life will be down said and it'll luck will attend it. Accordingly precatory should be taken against such an omen. In this instance the child having been born on the top floor of the house it could not be carried upstairs and therefore its mother had suggested the ingenious plan of having a stepladder brought into the room so that nurse could mount it with baby in her arms.

But that was not all. A small testament was attached by a string to the child's arm and in its chubby little fist was placed a gold dollar. Thus reasonable certainty was secured that the boy would grow up with rice and poun. At the same time it seems very odd to see such superstitious observances practiced in the city of Washington in the year 1902. Come people, say that it is very bad luck indeed for a baby to see itself in a mirror before it is a year old, though why this should be so it would be difficult to tell.

None of a Female Lost Time.

An instance of extraordinary presence of mind is reported from Ja a Mme. Scherzade the lady ion-tamer of "Ilus" circus, had on y just entered the cage and was about to make the lion Pascha fire off a pistol when the ot e three lions began lighting in a corner and in order to stop the commotion she turned toward them and a ring Pascha behind her who took the opportunity of throwing himself upon her, striking her on the head with his right paw and biting her in the left side. With incredible presence of mind she turned upon Pascha and made him perform all his tricks and when they were properly done she left the cage with blood streaming down her face but with no other sign that she had been so cruelly hurt.—London Figaro.

They Were All in a.

Elkel—I had such an awful dream last night. Thought I was standing on the balcony with pa, and all the men I had flirted with passed by.

Maude—What did you do?

Elkel—Oh I persuaded him it was only a gigantic demonstration against the government.—Pick Me Up.

None Then Cholera.

Mr. Banks—What's the matter with fire?

Office Boy—No, sir, but Mr. Banks just come in with a fair hair and the m's are all rushing for.

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THE GOVERNMENT TESTS ESTABLISH ITS ABSOLUTE SUPERIORITY.

(Data from the latest Official U. S. Government Report on Baking Powders, Department of Agriculture, Bulletin 13, page 599.)

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The claim that this report shows any other powder of superior strength or purity has been denounced as a falsehood by the Government officers who made the tests.

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SO THEY SAY.

Very hot water is better for bumps and bruises than cold water.

Bathing the abdomen with alcohol is an excellent remedy for diarrhoea.

Leather may be kept from moulding by perfuming it with tar of birch.

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A nap to be at 11 o'clock will prove more refreshing than one taken later in the day.

If an artery is cut, compress it between the wound and the heart; if a vein is cut compress beyond.

The round point of a leaf pencil is a good thing with which to remove a speck of any kind from the eye.

Objectionable urines may be removed from the face by the persistent use of hot fomentations and the massage treatment.

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Kemp's Balsam stops the cough at once.

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Sworn to before me, and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1889.

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Trains leave Northville as follows:

STANDARD G.M.

GOING SOUTH GOING NORTH

Train No. 2, 8:05 a.m. Train No. 1, 8:40 a.m.

No. 4, 10:17 a.m. No. 3, 9:25 a.m.

No. 6, 2:34 p.m. No. 5, 2:18 p.m.

No. 8, 8:41 p.m. No. 7, 8:40 p.m.

No. 10, 1:30 a.m. No. 9, 7:19 p.m.

Train No. 5 connects at Ludington with

Steamer for Milwaukee, and Train No. 1

connects with Steamer for Manitowish

(during season of navigation), making

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Drawing Room Cars between Manistee

Saginaw and Detroit.

Connections made at Port Huron and

Detroit in Union Depot for all points

South, Canada and the East.

For further information see Time Card

of this company.

W. H. BUDWIG, JR., W. F. POTTER,

Gen'l Manager, Gen'l Supt.

A. P. M. R. R. Traffic Manager.

General Offices, Saginaw, East Side, Mich.

H. E. Lake, Ag't, Northville, Mich.

DETROIT, Nov. 20, 1892.

LANSING & NORTHERN R. R.

The favorite line to Western and

Northern Michigan.

Local time table Nov. 20, 1892.

Going West A. M. P. M. P. M.

Lv. Detroit 7:50 10:5 5:05 7:10

Beech 11:14 5:48

Elm 5:48

Stark 11:33 5:49

Plymouth 8:30 11:32 5:57

Salem 8:42 11:47 6:10

So. Lyon 8:52 11:58 6:20

Green Oak 9:07 12:05 6:28

Brighton 9:07 12:05 6:28

Howell 9:25 12:23 6:53

Ar. Lansing 10:45 2:15 8:10 8:28

Going East A. M. P. M. P. M.

Lv. Lansing 7:50 10:5 5:05 7:10

Howell 9:25 12:23 6:53

Brighton 9:43 12:41 7:11

Green Oak 9:54 12:50 7:20

So. Lyon 10:00 1:00 7:26

Salem 10:10 1:10 7:37

Plymouth 10:23 1:23 7:49

Stark 10:33 1:33 7:59

Elm 10:43 1:43 8:09

Beech 10:43 1:43 8:09

Ar. Detroit 11:15 11:30 8:35 10:35

Through time table west

Lv. Detroit 7:50 10:5 5:05 7:10

Plymouth 8:30 11:32 5:57

Howell 9:25 12:23 6:53

Lansing 10:45 2:15 8:10 8:28

Ar. Iowa 12:10 3:45 9:30

Howard City 1:45 5:25 11:30

Grand Rapids 12:55 10:30

Parlor cars on all trains to Grand

Rapids Seats 25c

Every day.

CHICAGO & WEST MICHIGAN R.

for Muskegon, Benton Harbor, St. Joseph,

Manistee, Traverse City, Elk Rapids,

Charlevoix and Petoskey

the favorite to Western and Northern

Michigan.

Trains leave at convenient hours in con-

nection with D. L. & N. trains.

Full information as to how to best reach

above points given on application to

J. J. Bivens, Geo. DeHaven,

Ag't at Plymouth. Gen'l P. A. Agent,

Grand Rapids

DETROIT PLAY HOUSES

WILLIAMSON'S

Shakespearean Theatre, this evening and

Saturday, at 8 o'clock

DETROIT OPERA HOUSE

Matinee at 2 o'clock

ADMISSIONS

Letters remaining in the Post Office

Jan. 18, 1893

Mrs. Creaser

Charles Mann

E. L. Smith

E. S. HORTON, P. M.

LOCAL GLEANINGS.

Eleven boys from Northville came

to the Millford girls are "right"

The girls were pleased—the sleighing good

Look out for them again to night

—Millford Times.

Eleven boys to Millford went

On sleigh-lead of fun they were best

One froze his nose,

Another his toes,

And another to bed was sent.

But what mattered a few snags,

Or freezes or bruises or scars,

The dance was to pay

They broke down the sleigh

And had to come home on the cars.

When in Detroit, patronize the

Wayne hotel opposite the M. C. depot.

The attraction at Wonderland this

week is a living man with a broken

neck.

This fine sleighing is enabling the

Dubuar Mfg Co to fill their yards

with logs

L. A. Beal had one of his hands

severely scalded at the refrigerator fac-

tory Monday.

Mr and Mrs Wm. Phillips rejoice in

the arrival of a 10' pound girl at their

home, the 16th inst.

The K. P. hop will take place Fri-

day evening, Feb. 17, instead of 20 as

previously announced.

A little salt thrown in the waste or

drain pipes will keep them from freez-

ing, or if frozen will thaw them out.

Miss Fannie Cudler, the painter

gives her first lessons at Miss Jessie

Ely's next week Thursday and Friday

Edward P. Hinckley, attorney at

law, of Ypsilanti gave the Misses

Georgie Palmer and Lottie Howlett a

flying call Tuesday

A contemporary tells of a man who

rode thirty miles through mud last fall

to get a letter that had been advertis-

ed, only to find at the end that it con-

tained election posters.

There will be a sleigh ride social at

the residence of E. R. Reed next week

Wednesday night Everybody is in-

vited and sleighs will be provided with

which to convey the crowds to and fro

The banking house of J. S. Lapham

& Co. will continue on as heretofore

W. G. and Mary E. Lapham will

carry on the business under the old

firm name

A new set of Columbian stamps cost

\$16.25 They comprise a 1 cent,

2 cent, 3 cent, 4 cent, 5 cent, 6 cent,

10 cent, 15 cent, 30 cent, 50 cent, \$1, \$2,

\$3, \$4, \$5 stamps

The thermometer at the U S fish

hatchery registered 22 below zero at

9 o'clock Saturday night. Through

the village it was anywhere from 10 to

16 below, Sunday morning

The Carleton Gazette is just entering

upon its 25th year The Gazette is evi-

dently a very lively and prosperous

one year old, and for a small village of

300 inhabitants it has not an equal in

the state

Wayne merchants, and in fact nearly

all the other people of that village,

are raising a big kick because the

Michigan Central railroad company is

going to move its depot down to the

junction, a fourth of a mile farther

west.

There seems to be a rain water fam-

The Barlow Laundry has been moved

to the corner of Cedar and Church

Do not forget the anti social at the

Best past time tomorrow Friday

evening

We have samples and are in pos-

session to take orders for all kinds of

clothing

The new F. & P. M. time table,

which goes into effect Sunday, will be

found in this issue.

The ladies of the auxiliary club are

preparing to give a play at the opera

house in the near future

The fire company was reorganized

last night J. B. Hoar continues as

chief and Will Gert foreman.

The ladies of the auxiliary will give

a ball and button social at the institute

Tuesday evening, Jan. 24, When

questioned closely as to just what

"ball and button" really meant the

ladies refused to explain, but said

come and see. Everybody is invited

and we're going.

Wm. Nevison was at the Detroit

chicken show last week with some of

his blooded stock His red cap cockerels

and light brahmas scored the highest

points (92) made in their respective

divisions, each capturing 2d prize, the

highest award made.

The Ann Arbor Courier has just en-

tered upon its 32d year. The Courier

is one of our "goes to the house" pa-

pers and is among our most valued

exchanges. It is an exceedingly cred-

itable representative of the University

city, and Washburn county generally

The F. & P. M. railroad company

will commence running their trains

over the line via Plymouth and the

D. L. & N. track to the new union

depot, Detroit, after this week. A

formal opening of the new depot takes

place Saturday night, 8 to 10. The

new time card goes into effect Sunday.

A brilliant meteor went hissing by

here Tuesday night about eight o'clock

For a quarter of a minute the very

heavens seemed ablaze and the whole

village was as light as in the day time

It is thought to have struck near the

village. The disappearance of the

light was followed by several reports

as loud as a gun. Every village in

Michigan makes the same claim as

above and it is believed that there

were fifty meteors instead of one.

The Northville Maccabees have

elected the following officers for the

ensuing year:

P. C.—John W. Dolph

Com.—A. K. Dolph

L. C.—Geo. E. Origer

R. K.—Wm. J. Kingswell

F. K.—Chas. B. Bristol

Chap.—W. J. LeFragh

Phy.—J. M. Burgess

S.—Ed. Shields

M. A.—John Elther

1st M. G.—Jas E. Lundy

2nd M. G.—H. H. Smitherman

Son.—Jas Thomas

Pic.—Ormel King

Thursday night, Jan 26, to the people

of Northville, will be pre-ented at the

Northville opera house one of the

best troupes on the road. The Edwin

Ferry company play only in the large

cities Their route for the past two

weeks has been in such cities as

Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo, Kalamazoo,

Coldwater, Hillsdale, Hudson,

Adrian and the like As stated last

week, it was only through the large

THE RECORD. TABERNACLE PULPIT.

F. S. NEAL, Publisher.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN

The Krupp gun to be on exhibition at Chicago is eighty-two feet long and weighs a shot sixteen miles. A few of these weapons distributed along the lake ports ought to put those Canadian cruisers on their good behavior. Otherwise they might be used for wadding.

Almost daily people are swindled by confidence men who offer them positions and then require a deposit. The simple-minded citizen who undergoes an operation of this sort is probably only entering upon his career. In the future he will buy a gold brick made of brass, and end a long and useless life by breathing on the gas.

It is a little amusing to read the newspaper criticisms on the artistic merits of the new Columbian postage stamps. Some journals praise them with great liberality while others take the opposite view and display their knowledge or want of it in the severest criticisms. Fortunately all this will have no effect on the present price.

No country in the world has been visited of late years with such severe and widespread afflictions as the empire of Russia. Within the past two years it has suffered from a terrible famine which has swept off millions of its inhabitants and impoverished still greater numbers. This was followed by the cholera, which reaped an awful harvest in a population reduced by hunger and privation, and which is still raging in some sections of the empire. Now comes a story of famine in the province of Tuna, where 173,000 people are reported to be dependent upon charity.

New York is displaying its small caliber by making derogatory remarks about the Columbian exposition, and expressing regretful fears that the affair will not be a success. As a crumb of comfort to a disappointed world it announces that it will in the near future take upon itself the task of giving a show that will be worth the price of admission. Evidently New York does not realize that it is a very unique museum freak already. It is the dog in the manger and the fox who made sour grapes historical, the combination being blended with the generosity of the pig and the humility of the peacock.

With diphtheria, scarlet fever and other infectious diseases more or less common in the country, it is important that the best disinfectant should be known. The New York Herald claims to have discovered the most approved form in a preparation of corrosive sublimate sprayed over the wall, ceilings and floors of infected rooms. It claims that a three per cent solution, acidulated with five per cent of hydrochloric acid, is quite efficacious, the proportion, however, should be increased to four or five per cent for walls covered with varnish, and seven to eight per cent for walls of common brick. The spraying can be completed in an hour, and does no harm either to wall paper or hangings. All gilding, however, turns black.

It is a catch-word with some theatrical managers that "people go to the theater to laugh." If this were true every definition of the dramatic idea is at fault. A play is directed at the emotions of the people, and laughter is but one of the many. Another catch-word is "people don't want to think." This statement proceeds from ignorance of the dramatic process of construction. A sterling play like "The Merchant of Venice," "Richard III" or any play that has stood the test of time, is plain sailing for the leads in the gallery, and is without distressful mental operation for anybody. No successful drama can preach at the public, it handles its materials differently, nevertheless it teaches wisdom to men who never open books. The drama is the mirror of our daily life few live without thinking and few laugh all the time.

All lovers of English literature will be pained to hear that the venerable moralist and critic, John Ruskin, has lost his reason. That brilliant fancy which has so long delighted others now serves only to torment himself. He is haunted by the delusion that he is surrounded by enemies seeking to assault him. Ruskin is one of the few living masters of English prose and has had a greater influence in forming the style of the present generation of writers than any other author, with the possible exception of Macaulay. He is one of the few contemporaries who commanded the admiration of Carlyle, and between the two there was a strong bond of sympathy. The closing days of the latter were darkened by affliction and misanthropy, but Carlyle retained his reason to the last, and on this, at least, fate was kinder to him than to Ruskin.

A San Francisco amateur actress strangled and killed the author and hero of an amateur play during the performance. Leading ladies and authors have been at sword's points since the drama did exist, but fortunately their differences rarely result as sadly as on this occasion.

ANDRIEUX, ex-prefect of the Paris police, is all mixed up in the Panama scandal, and seems to appreciate the gravity of the situation. He refuses to fight a duel. He realizes that the present is not a time for trifling.

ITS OCCUPANT PREACHES AT ATLANTA.

The Circle of the Earth and Its Relation to God—A Sermon on Isaiah 40:22: "It is He that sitteth upon the Circle of the Earth."

ATLANTA, Ga., Jan. 1, 1893.—The Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now making a "ten days' tour of the Southern cities, preached here today. The throngs in and around the audience hall were beyond estimate. The subject chosen was, "The Circle of the Earth," the text being, Isaiah 40:22: "It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth."

While yet people thought that the world was flat, and thousands of years before they found out that it was round, Isaiah, in my text, intimated the shape of it, God sitting upon the circle of the earth. The most beautiful figure in all geometry is the circle. God made the universe on the plan of a circle. There are in the natural world straight lines, angles, parallelograms, diagonals, quadrangles; but these evidently are not God's originals. Almost everywhere where you will find him geometrizing, you will find the circle dominant, and if not the circle, then the curve, which is a circle that died young. If it had lived long enough it would have been a full orb, a periphery. An ellipse is a circle pressed into a little too hard at the sides. Giant's Causeway in Ireland shows what God thinks of mathematics. There are over thirty-five thousand columns of rocks—octagonal, hexagonal, pentagonal. These rocks seem to have been made by rule and by compass. Every grist has its moulding room where he may make fifty shapes, but he chooses one shape as preferable to all others. I will not say that the Giant's Causeway was the world's moulding room, but I do say, out of a great many figures, God seems to have selected the circle as the best. It is the circle that sits upon the circle of the earth. The stars in a circle, the moon in a circle, the sun in a circle, the universe in a circle, the throne of God the center of that circle.

When men build churches, they ought to imitate the idea of the great architect, and put the audience in a circle, knowing that the fides of emotion roll more easily that way than in straight lines. Six thousand years ago God flung this world out of his right hand; but he did not throw it out in a straight line but curvilinear, with a leash of love holding it so as to bring it back again. The world started from his hand pure and Edenic. It has been rolling on through regions of moral ice and desolation. How long it will roll on the circle of the earth, I will not say. The stars in a circle, the moon in a circle, the sun in a circle, the universe in a circle, the throne of God the center of that circle.

The history of the world goes in a circle. Why is it that the shipping in our day is improving so rapidly? It is because men are imitating the old model of Noah's ark. A shipcarpenter gives that as his opinion. Although so much derided by small men that ship of Noah's time beat the majestic and the Phrygia, and the City of Paris, of which we boast so much. Where is the ship of the sea to day that could outride a deluge in which the heaven and the earth were wrecked, and all the passengers in safety—two of each kind of living creatures, thousands and of species. Homology will go on with its achievements until after many centuries the world will have planned and planned equal to the Paradise of Eden. The art of gardening will grow for centuries, and after the Downings and Mitchells of the world have done their best, in the far future the art of gardening will come up to the art of the colored glass go on improving, they may in some centuries be able to make something equal to the east window of York Minster, which was built in 1290. We are six centuries behind those artists, but the world must keep on toiling until it shall make the complete circuit and come up to the state of those very men. If the world continues to improve in masonry we shall have after a while, perhaps after the advance of centuries, masonry equal to that which I saw last summer in the wall of an exhausted Egyptian city, but in the time of the Romans, sixteen hundred years ago—that mortar to-day as good as the day or which it was made, having outlasted the brick and the stone. I say, after hundreds of years masonry may advance to that point. If the world stands long enough, we may have a city as large as they had in old times. Babylon, five times the size of London. You go into the potteries in England, and you find them making cups and vases after the style of cups and vases exhumed from Pompeii. The world is not going back. On no! but it is swinging in a circle, and will come back to the state of Pompeii known so long ago as the days of Pompeii. The world must keep on progressing until it makes the complete circuit. The curve is in the right direction, the curve will keep on until it becomes a circle.

Well, I say my friends, what is true in the material universe is true in God's moral government and spiritual arrangement. That is the meaning of Ezekiel's wheel. All commentators agree in saying that it was a wheel of no use unless it turned. If it turned it turned around, and if it turned it turned in a circle. What then? Are we parts of a great iron machine whirling around whether we will or not? The revolvers of inevitable fate? No! So far from that, I shall say that we ourselves start the circle of good or evil actions, and that it will surely come around again to us unless by divine intervention we hinder it. Those bad or good actions may make the circuit of many years, but come back to us they will as certainly as that God is on the circle of the earth. Ezekiel, the prophet of the Bible, saw Naboth because he wanted his vineyard. While the dog was eating the body of Naboth, the prophet put down his compass, and marked a circle from those dogs, close around to the dogs that should eat the body of Naboth the murderer. "Inevitable!" the people said; "that will never happen." Who is that being flung out of the palace window? Ezekiel, a few hours after they came around, he was lying on his back, and he was the pious of her hands and skull. The dog that devoured Naboth and the dog that devoured Naboth, Oh, what a wife, what an awful circle! But it is sometimes the case that

circle sweeps through a century, or through many centuries. The world started with a theocracy for government; that is, God was the President and Emperor of the world. People got tired of theocracy. They said, "We don't want God directly interfering with the affairs of the world, give us a monarchy." The world had a monarchy. From a monarchy it is going to have a limited monarchy. After a while the limited monarchy will be given up, and the republican form of government will be ever where dominant and recognized. Then the world will get tired of the republican form of government, and it will have an anarchy, which is no government at all. And then, all nations finding out that man is not capable of righteously governing man, will cry out again for a theocracy, and say, "Let God come back and conduct the affairs of the world." Every step, monarchy, limited monarchy, republicanism, anarchy, only different steps between the first theocracy and the last theocracy, or segments of the great circle of the earth of which God sits. But do not become impatient because you cannot see the curve of events, and therefore conclude that God's government is going to break down. History tells us that in the making of the Pyramids it took two thousand men two years to drag one great stone from the quarry and put it in the Pyramids. Well, now, if men could do that, cannot God in the building of the eternities afford to wait? What though God should take 10,000 years to draw a circle? Shall we take our little watch, which we have to wind every night lest it run down, and hold it up beside the clock of eternal ages? If according to the Bible, 1,000 years are in God's sight as one day, then according to that calculation the 6,000 years of the world's existence have been only to God as from Monday to Saturday.

But it is often the case that the reason is quicker, and the circle is sooner completed. You resolve that you will do what good you can. In one week you put a word of counsel in the heart of a Sunday school child. During that same week you give a letter of introduction to a young man struggling in business. During the same week you make an exhortation in a prayer-meeting. It is all gone, you will never hear of it perhaps, you think. A few years after a man comes up to you, and says, "You don't know me, do you?" You say, "No, I don't remember ever to have seen you." "Why," he says, "I was in the Sabbath School class over which you were the teacher one Sunday you invited me to Christ. I accepted the offer, you see that church with two towers yonder?" "Yes," you say, "he says, 'That is Governor's house?' That is where I live." One day a man comes to you, and says, "Good morning." You look at him and say, "Why, you have the advantage of me, I cannot place you." He says, "Don't you remember thirty years ago I was a student of 'Introduction to Axioms' (H. Ginnell)?" "Yes," you say, "I do." He says, "I am the man, that was my first step toward a fortune, but I have retired from business now, and am giving my time to philanthropy and benevolence." Come up, and see me. Or a man comes to me and says, "I want to introduce myself to you. I went into a paper-meeting in Atlanta some years ago. I sat back by the door, you arose to make an exhortation, that talk changed the course of my life, and I ever get to heaven, under God I will owe my salvation to you." In only ten, twenty, or thirty years the circle swept out and swept back again to your own grateful heart.

But sometimes it is a wider circle, and does not return for a great while. I saw a bill of expenses for burning Latimer and Ridley. The bill of expenses says: One load of fir, fagots, 3s. 4d. Cartage for four loads of wood, 2s. 4d. Item, a post, 1s. 4d. Item, 2 chains, 1s. 4d. Item, two staples, 6d. Item, four laborers, 5s. 8d. That was cheap fire, considering all the circumstances; but it kindled a light that shone all around the world and aroused the martyr spirit and out from that burning of Latimer and Ridley rolled the circle wider and wider, starting other circles, convoluting, overrunning, encircling, overarching all heaven's circle. But what is true of the good is just as true of the bad. You utter a slander against your neighbor. It has gone forth from your mouth, it will never come back, you think. You have done the man all the mischief you can. You rejoice to see him wince. You say, "Damn it, I gave it to him." That word has gone out, the slanderous word, on its poisonous and blighting way. You think it will never do you any harm. But I see it beginning to curve, and it comes around, and it is aiming at your heart. You had better dodge it. You cannot dodge it. It is in its word of an old book which says, "What measure we mete, it shall be measured to you again."

You mistake it in an aged parent. You beg, under a roof in your house. You are impatient of his whimsicalities and garrulities. It makes you mad to hear him tell the same story twice. You give him food he cannot eat. You wish he was away. You wonder if he is going to live forever. He will be gone very soon. His steps are shorter and shorter. He is going to sleep. But God has an account to settle with you on that subject. After a while, your eye will be dim and your gait will halt, and the sound of the grinding will be low and you will tell the same story twice, and your children will wonder if you are going to live forever, and wonder if you will never be taken away. They called you "father" once, then call you the "old man." If you live a few years longer, they will call you the "old chap." What are those rough words with which your children are accosting you? They are the echo of the very words you have said in the ear of your old father forty years ago. What is that which you are trying to chew, but find unchewable, and your jaws ache, and you surrender the attempt? Perhaps it may be the gristle which you gave to your father for his breakfast forty years ago. A gentleman, walking along a street, saw a man dragging his father into the street by the hair of the head. The gentleman, outraged at this brutal conduct, was about to punish the offender when the old man arose and said, "Don't hurt him; it's all right; say

forty years ago this morning I dragged out my father by the hair of the head!" It is a circle. My father lived into the eighties, and he had a very wide experience, and he said that maltreatment of parents was always punished in this world. Other sins may be adjudged to the next world, but maltreatment of parents punished in this world.

The circle turns quickly, very quickly. Oh, what a stupendous thought that the good and the evil we start comes back to us. Do you know that the judgment day will be only the points at which the circles join, the good and the bad we have done coming back to us unless divine intervention hinder—coming back to us with welcome of delight or curse of condemnation.

I would like to see Paul, the invalid missionary, at the moment when his influence comes to full orb—his influence rolling out through Antioch, through Cyprus, through Lystra, through Corinth, through Athens, through Asia, through Europe, through America, through the first century, through five centuries, through twenty centuries, through all the succeeding centuries, through earth, through heaven, and at last, the wave of influence having made full circuit, strikes his great soul. O then I would like to see him. No one can tell the wide sweep of the circle of his influence, save the one who is seated on the circle of the earth. I should not want to see the countenance of Voltaire when his influence comes to full orb. When the fatal hemorrhage seized him at eighty-three years of age his influence did not cease. The most brilliant man of his century, he had used all his faculties for assailing Christianity; his bad influence, widening through France, widening through all Europe widening through America, widening through the one hundred and fifteen years that have gone by since he died, widening through earth, widening through hell, until at last the accumulative influence of his bad life in fieri swept of omnipotent wrath beat against his destroyed spirit, and at that moment it will be enough to make the black hair of eternal darkness turn white with the horror. No one can tell how that bad man's influence circled the earth save the one who is seated on the circle of the earth—the Lord Almighty.

"Well now," say people in this and hence, "this in some respects is a very good theory, and in others a very bad one, we would like to have all the good we have ever done come back to us but the thought that all the sins we have ever committed will come back to us, fills us with affright." My brother I have to tell you God can break that circle, and will do so at your call. He can bring twenty passages of Scripture to prove that when God for Christ's sake forgives a man the sins of his past life never come back. The wheel may roll on and roll on, but you take your position behind the Cross and the wheel strikes the Cross and is shattered forever. The sin fly off from the circle into the perpendicular, falling at right angles with a complete oblivion. Forgiven! The meanest thing a man can do is after some difficulty has been settled, to bring it up again, and God will not be so mean as that. God's memory is mighty enough to hold all the events of the ages, but there is one thing that is sure to slip his memory, one thing he is sure to forget and that is pardoned transgression. How do I know it? I will prove it. Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more. Come into that state this morning, my dear brother, my dear sister. "Blessed is the one whose transgressions are forgiven."

But do not make the mistake of thinking that this doctrine of the circle stops with this, it rolls on through heaven. You might quote in opposition to me what St. John says about the city of heaven. He says, "I saw the four-square." That does seem to militate against this idea; but you know there is many a square house that has a family circle facing each other, and in a circle moving, and I can prove that this is so in regard to heaven. St. John says, "I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts and the elders." Again he says, "There was a rainbow round about the throne." The two former instances are circles, the last, either a circle or a semi-circle. The seats facing each other, the angels facing each other, the men facing each other. Heaven an amphitheater of glory. Consummation of patriarchy and prophet and apostle. Circumference of Scotch Covenanters and Theban legion and Albigenses. Circumference of the law of Moses. Periphery of splendor and rapture and indescribable. A circle! A circle!

But every circumstance must have a center, and what is the center of this heavenly circumference? Christ. He is the glory. His all the praise. He is the center. All heaven's glory is the glory of God round about him. Take off the imperial sandals from his feet and behind the star of the spine. He is the coronet of dominion from his brow, and see where was the laceration of the brows. Come closer all heaven. Narrow the circle, and his great heart. O Christ, the Saviour of O Christ, the man O Christ, the God! Keep thy throne forever seated on the circle of the earth, seated on the circle of the heaven.

On Christ the cold rock I stand, A lother ground is sinking sand.

Circle's Generosity.

A friend of Leigh Hunt tells this story in Good Words of a time when both Thomas Carlyle and Leigh Hunt were poor, but not so poor that there was an opportunity for each to show a generous spirit.

One day a gentleman visiting Carlyle needed two golden sovereigns exposed in a fit case on the chimney, and he asked what they were for.

Carlyle asked for him—embarrassed, and gave no definite answer. "Well, now, my dear fellow," said the visitor, "whether you or I are in quite the position to waste sovereigns, what are they for?"

"Well, the fact is," said Carlyle, "Leigh Hunt likes better to find them than that I should give them to him."

A young woman in England was seized of administering pins to a lady under her charge. The culprit's name was Cushion.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCADE, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, Eructation, Excess of Wind, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." ERWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., "The Winthrop," 151st Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

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CURE SICK HEADACHE
Carter's Little Liver Pills are so equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing the same, and in all the other general disorders of the stomach, biliousness, indigestion, and all the ailments of the bowels. When it is only a headache, it is a cure for it.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.
SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

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 will try his 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. WALTON, Brooklyn, New York.

PATENT OR NO FEE

A 45 page book free. Address: W. T. FRIZZ GERRID, Attorney at Law, Cor. 8th and F Sts., Washington D. C.



Had the Desired Effect! II

CARROLLTON, Green County, Ill., Nov. 28. I highly recommend Dr. Koenig's Nerve Tonic to anybody that has suffered from headache as my son did for five years, because two bottles of the medicine cured him.

M. MOTTIGUE, AVILLA, Ind., July 18, 1890.

About four years ago I was taken with a congestive chill that left me so nervous that I was not able to do a day's work. I took Dr. Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and in one week began to get better and am now doing my work again. Many thanks for the good it has done me.

MRS. LIZZIE LEY, CLEVELAND, O., 113 Laurel St., June 11, 1890.

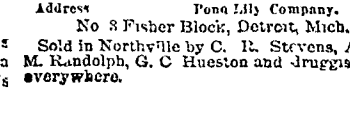
The use of Dr. Koenig's Nerve Tonic has enabled me to resume work, and I am recommending same to all I see in need of it, and I find many, long in part to show my gratitude by recommending the Tonic.

A. A. DRINK, Valuable Book Free to any address. Ask for Good-Correx-Koor-Correx-A, take this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1850, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at 15c per Bottle. 6 for \$5. Large size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.



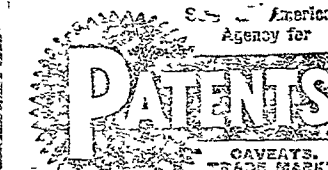
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TO THE LADIES.



RUBBERS!



Your rubber shoes pray don't forget.
The snow is deep; but that's all right
If you protect your feet, for when they're wet
You're in a sorry plight.

It's None of Our Business!

But we would like to make it a part of our business to supply the ladies of Northville with an opportunity to keep their feet dry, and thus avoid those disagreeable colds, so easily obtained at this season of the year, frequently bringing on La Grippe, and in order to do so with the least possible expense to our customers I propose to give them the benefit of a Snap bargain. I was fortunate enough to obtain this week; consequently on SATURDAY, JANUARY 28 we will open a Rubber Sale for the ladies, and place upon the Bargain Counter

7 Cases of Ladies' and Misses' Candee Rubbers at just 13c per pair.

In the Dry Goods Department:—6 cases of good heavy Window Shades with Spring Balance Fixtures at 24c each.

4 pieces of fine French Broadcloth, 52 inches wide, regular price \$1 per yard, to go at 50 cents per yard.

6 pieces Beautiful All Wool Homespun Dress Goods, regular price 50c per yard, will be sold 25c per yard.

Now is your time. Don't wait for they've got to go, and go they will before February 1st. The above are goods that you all know and can readily see that the sale price is but half their real value. Sale opens Saturday morning at 7 o'clock.

As Ever Yours

T. RICHARDSON, THE CLOTHIER & FITTER.

HARDWARE.

THE
LATEST
IN



COOKING
AND
HEATING

Our Stock Complete.

"Crown Laurel."

The Latest in Oil Heaters.

"Surprise."

A New Invention in HEATING Stoves

"Prize" and "Gold Medal."

Bissells Carpet Sweepers in New Design.

Sheet Metal Work of all kinds Manufactured
by experienced workman.

GEO. E. WATERMAN & CO.

2,228,672.

These figures represent the number of bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds, which were sold in the United States from March '91 to March '92. Two Million, Two Hundred and Twenty-Eight Thousand, Six Hundred and Seventy-Two bottles sold in one year, and each and every bottle was sold on a positive guarantee that money would be refunded if satisfactory results did not follow its use. The secret of its success is plain. It never disappoints and can always be depended on as the very best remedy for Coughs, Colds, etc. Price 50c and \$1.00. At A. M. Randolph's Drug Store.

Strength and Health.

If you are not feeling strong and healthy try Electric Bitters. If "La Grippe" has left you weak and weary, use Electric Bitters. This remedy acts directly on Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, gently aiding those organs to perform their functions. If you are afflicted with Sick Headache, you will find speedy and permanent relief by taking Electric Bitters. One trial will convince you that this is the remedy you need. Large bottles only 50c. at A. M. Randolph's Drug Store.

OUR NEIGHBORS.

Interesting Notes Gathered by Our
Hustling Correspondents.

NEW HUDSON

The debate at the Lavinsworth school house, near Novi, was largely attended. Messrs Rice and Brown furnished the music, and Miss Minnie Niell favored the audience with a whistling solo which was highly appreciated. A debate will be held in the school house on the Gravel three miles east of New Hudson Saturday, Jan. 28. Miss Minnie Niell will whistle a solo accompanied by Mr. Rice.

FARMINGTON

Wm. McManus is again quite sick. Rev. Mr. Ebling is spending the week at Ypsilanti with his family. Mrs. L. D. Owen who was taken so suddenly ill last week Friday night is now much better. Mrs. L. C. Philbrick who has been quite sick is now on the mend.

Misses Kathleen Douglas of Pontiac and Anna Ethier of Wixom are being entertained at the home of their friend Miss Carrie M. Murray.

Fred M. Warner will open his annual remnant sale Wednesday, Jan. 25, and 27. Nov. is the time to buy a bargain.

Fred L. Cook and Chas. Wheeler, clerks in F. M. Warner's store, enjoyed a few days vacation in Detroit last week.

Snow still coming and it seems quite like those old fashioned winters, so the older people say.

C. F. White and family entertained friends from Redford Sunday.

The Baptist church and society will hold a donation for their pastor, D. Q. Barry, on Friday evening, Feb. 3d, in the Farmington town hall.

It is understood that Northville talent will give an entertainment here next week. They will be given good houses if they come as they are well known hereabouts.

The musical held last week Friday evening was largely attended and highly appreciated and the sentiment expressed by all is a wish that it may be repeated some time in the near future.

The important event of the season was Monday evening at the residence of Mrs. Cecelia Murray by the appearance of about thirty guests in honor of her daughter Carrie's birth-

day. Miss Carrie was greatly surprised, but survived the shock and felt it was not so bad to have a birthday after all. At 7 o'clock the company were invited to partake of a sumptuous repast, after which they adjourned to the parlors where music and games were enjoyed. As a token of esteem a fine antique oak chair was presented her. A very enjoyable evening was spent and the company dispersed wishing Miss Carrie many happy returns of the occasion.

WALLED LAKE

Died, at his home two miles east of this village, Sunday, James B. Tuttle, an old resident and highly esteemed citizen of this town. Funeral from the M. E. church on Tuesday morning.

Albert Decker, an old time resident of this place, but now living in Missouri, is paying his brother John a visit.

H. T. Phillips of Detroit was in town this week the guest of Oliver Evans. Social at Geo. Wellers on Friday evening for the benefit of the Baptist church.

Mrs. Mamie Davidson of Detroit is visiting friends here this week.

A. J. Scott of the goods and children's store at Home was held Wednesday. A. H. Phelps did the talking and will leave the town and go into a new and independent business in Michigan.

MEADS MILLS

The weather moderated considerably the fore part of the week.

The young people here attended a party Friday evening given by Miss Nannie Benton.

Kate Hughes is on the sick list this week and is unable to attend school. This is the week for examination in our school.

Miss Lautenslager intends spending Sunday at L. Pierson's, Livonia.

Matt Greene and wife of Farmington spent Sunday at H. Green's.

Our little hamlet has been visited by people from Northville, Livonia and other places in search of missing property, mostly clothes taken from clothes lines. Several have identified missing articles and the end is not yet.

A former resident of this place, but now of Northville, was in our city Saturday evening and judging from his appearance he had been too well, or too much, he told his friends in Plymouth where he had spent the afternoon.

NOVI

Mrs. Katie Lee was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. J. J. Lee.

Born, to Mrs. J. J. Lee, a girl Thursday, Jan. 19th a girl.

S. D. Cudworth is quite sick at this writing.

Mr. A. P. Grow, after several weeks' stay with relatives at Saginaw, returned to his daughter's, Mrs. J. J. Lee, Saturday.

W. A. and G. W. Whipple were in Detroit Saturday attending the opening of the new E. & P. M. depot.

D. S. Magill of Toledo spent Sunday at home.

Geo. Whipple has gone to Minnion for a few weeks on business.

The Baptist church and society will hold a donation for their pastor, D. Q. Barry, on Friday evening, Feb. 3d, in the Farmington town hall.

It is understood that Northville talent will give an entertainment here next week. They will be given good houses if they come, as they are well known hereabouts.

E. F. H. has been out of town for some time.

Dales Lane was in town with a number of his family.

Miss L. S. Magill will be in town for the first time in some time.

A number of Novi people were in Farmington last Friday evening.

heard the Detroit jetties, and announced the entertainment.

The "hammer and button" social held last Thursday evening at George Brown's was well attended, and added something over four dollars to the funds of the young people.

Mrs. Whipple of Salem has been spending a few days with her daughter Mrs. Nettie Richardson.

Mr. J. Becker recently employed a "traveling man" who wanted work. He was a good hand until he got tired of staving, when he decamped, taking with him various articles of clothing, a watch, and the contents of the children's trunk. As he now has a good overcoat, etc., and Mrs. Becker had just repaid his own clothing, and now his run on the "bank" netted him over six dollars, he will not be obliged to leave out again for some time.

Stock and Harding can suit you in Fresh and Salt meats.

SALEM

W. J. P. Lodge will install their officers next Friday and have degree work in the 2nd of 3d.

The Union S. S. concert will be held next Sabbath afternoon at the North Salem M. E. church. Rev. P. R. Parrish, pastor of the Northville Methodist church, will deliver an address.

Rev. W. H. Shannon spent three days of last week assisting in Revival services at Bancroft. He returned with a severe cold so that he preached but once last Sabbath.

The Northville Elocution class expect to give a first class entertainment in Salem at an early date. If they do, don't you miss the treat.

Township Clerk Wheeler and Agent Perkins spent Monday in Detroit.

Rev. Conrad will not freeze this winter. Some of the farmers of his congregation made a "box" last week and drew forty cords of wood that he had purchased.

Surprise parties appear to be the rage at present. On Thursday, one was tendered to Frank Bennett; on Friday one to Leah Fredrick, and another to Frank and Harry Shetfield at their home.

PHYSICIANS OUTDONE.

My wife has been suffering with female trouble of the severest kind for over three years. I have paid twenty five dollars during the last three months and she has had no relief. She had doctoring continually with the best of physicians. I bought three bottles each of Dullam's Great German Female Uterine Tonic and Dullam's Great German Blood, Liver, Stomach and Kidney Cure, and can say today that she is entirely cured.

W. H. Dureley.
Sworn to before me on this 23d day of June, 1900. John C. Dullam, Flint, Mich. Notary Public, Genesee Co.
For sale by C. R. Stevens 2

English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft or Coloured Lumps and Rhenishes from horses, Blood Spavins, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ring-Bone, Stiffes, Sprains, all Swollen Throats, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Sold by C. R. Stevens, Druggist, Northville, Mich.

BUCKLIN'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 piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c per box. For sale by A. M. Randolph, the druggist.



A Hard-Working Woman.
All day she hurried to get through. The same as lots of women do. Sometimes at night her husband said: "Mrs. Smith, it's time you rested now." "An' then she'd kinder give a hitch. An' pause half-way between a stitch. An' sorter sigh, an' say that she was ready as she'd ever be." She reckoned.

Mrs. Cleveland's Betrothal Ring.
"Now that it is settled that Mrs. Cleveland will return to reside over the White House, all incidents of her life are of interest," says Kate Field's Washington. "It is not generally known that her engagement ring was not the valuable diamond which Mr. Cleveland presented to her upon her return from Europe a few days before her marriage. Before her departure with her mother upon the European journey the President-elect visited New York for the purpose of saying farewell to his fiancée. It was then decided to keep the engagement from the public until her return, when almost simultaneously with the announcement would come the marriage. It was Mrs. Cleveland's wish that no regular engagement ring should be given until that time, as during her trip abroad she preferred to wear a seal ring which had belonged to her father, and upon his death had been given to his most intimate friend, Mr. Cleveland. This plan was accordingly carried out, and until her return to New York the President's wife had never worn a diamond ring. The first one she possessed set with this stone was given her immediately upon landing from the steamer by a cousin living in New York, who hurried down to Tiffany's and purchased the small diamond star which Mrs. Cleveland generally wears upon her little finger."

A Naughty Little King.
If all the stories are true which are told about the little King of Spain he must be a very willful little boy. One day recently Alfonso and his governess were out driving, when suddenly the governess noticed that the little King was not acknowledging the salutes of his subjects. "I am too tired to bow to them," he exclaimed, pettishly, "and I am not going to do it." "You must acknowledge their salutes," insisted the governess, "because you are their King, and it is one of the customs for a King to bow to his subjects." "I shall not bow to them!" exclaimed Alfonso, loudly. "Then you cannot drive in the carriage with me," replied the governess, kindly, but firmly, for she feared that Alfonso would offend his subjects. "Then you may get out and walk," exclaimed the naughty little King. Then, calling to the coachman, he cried: "Halt, Carlo! This lady wishes to go on foot."

For Future Profit.
Do all women find a little time each day for reading something good? By good is meant broadening. Ten minutes a day make hours in a year, and it means growth of the mind that keeps a woman young. Youth means more than the absence of years. It means living in the present and keeping abreast of the times. Women need to do this. It is a duty owed to themselves and their families, and she who buries herself in cooking, frills and follies commits a sin. Only that which we assimilate as part of the mind is eternal, and it is the only treasure we carry into that beyond that awaits us all. All other things are but the frame; the real, the priceless, is that which becomes a part of us, a poem to-day over which we think, a sentence to-morrow which makes duty clearer, a little here and there, and our minds are growing richer, our lives are broadening and helping others to reach out for the best.

Queen of all Puddings.
One pint of bread crumbs, one cup of sugar, one ounce of butter, one quart of milk, four eggs, juice and rind of one lemon. Soak the crumbs in the milk for a half hour. Beat the yolks and sugar together until light; then add them to the crumbs and milk; mix and add the lemon. Pour into the pudding dish and bake in a moderate oven a half hour. Whip the whites of the eggs until frothy; add to them four teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar and beat until very stiff. When the pudding is done put over the top a layer of the whites, then a layer of fruit jelly, then another layer of whites and put back in the oven a moment to brown. Serve cold with cream sauce. This will serve eight persons.

Doleful Friends.
It is well to remember that the conservation or dissipation of nervous force is partly within our own control. There are certain persons, for instance, who are veritable parasites upon their friends. They come to you repeatedly with the same tale of physical suffer-

log or domestic trials, and make such constant demands upon your sympathy that you experience a distinct sense of exhaustion and depression. Physicians testify to many a case of nervous prostration due to this very cause.

Food for School Children.
The school year has commenced again, and the variety of ills which usually develop through the different terms may be looked for in the children—the cause of which will have very little to do with either confinement of school hours, or the amount of study done, to which they are so commonly attributed.

A judicious mother will see that her children have three meals of plain food, with plenty of fruit and cereals, and little or no cake, pastry, candy, tea or coffee.

There should be sufficient healthful outdoor exercise to create a demand for food. No uneasiness need be felt, if, occasionally, the appetite is not what it should be, and no coaxing; it will come when it is needed.

If the school session is long, a simple lunch should be taken to eat there, especially if a long, cold car ride is necessary to reach home.

Physicians say that there is nothing more injurious to the health of young pupils than a walk or ride in the cold with an empty stomach, after an exhausting morning in the warm air of the school-room.

Now or Never.
There is hardly anything so bad as a wise person cannot get some good out of it. Indeed, it is one of the principal marks of a philosopher that he reaps an advantage even from misfortune.

A little Boston girl, according to the Herald, had for some time wanted a dog. Finally she was taken very ill with pneumonia. One day, when she had begun to get better, she told her mother how very much she wanted a dog, and begged her to ask grandpa to buy her one.

Mamma answered that grandpa did not like dogs, and probably would not be willing to buy one. Then, seeing the little invalid look sadly disappointed, she said:

"Wait till you get well, my dear, then we will see."

"Oh, no," answered the child, whose few years had taught her a little wisdom, "the sicker I am the more likely he will be to buy it for me."

Domestic Dons'ts.
Don't forget that the patient little woman you call your wife was once your sweetheart. A caress now and then or a tender word costs so little and means so much to the woman of your choice.

Don't forget that the sunny side of a woman's nature cannot outlive coldness, indifference and neglect.

Don't take it for granted that if your wife wants a little change she will ask for it.

Don't meddle in the affairs of the house. The man who gives out the week's wash and counts the cost of every household move is an unmitigated nuisance.

Don't make a bolt from your 6 o'clock dinner table to your club and leave the poor soul, who would like to enjoy your society, to the horrors of an evening alone. Remember that the tenderest mother and the most untiring housekeeper would enjoy an occasional change from nursery and home duties.

Those Dampings.
"These apple dumplings of yours, Lobelia," said Mr. McSwat, heartily, "in my way are a little ahead of anything I've seen. You have no objection to my putting one of them in my pocket and taking it down to the office, have you?"

"Certainly not, Billiger," replied Mrs. McSwat, "I am glad they pleased you dear."

"Now, then," muttered Mr. McSwat, savagely, as he walked down-town with his hand in his right overcoat pocket. "I'd just like to see that everlasting crooked-looking, snub-nosed dog in the next block run out and snap at me again."

A Lesson in Street Cleaning.
A well-known woman in New Orleans was seen the other day in a public thoroughfare scraping up bits of broken pottery and gently chaffed about having joined the rag pickers' brigade.

"No," she answered brightly, "I am just giving my neighbor a lesson. This glass was dumped into the street by my neighbor, who evidently had no idea that she may cripple a dozen horses, to say nothing of rendering our pretty block hideous. I only hope she will see me."

Surprising Temperatures.
When Mr. Whymper visited the summit of Coropari he pitched his tent for the night on the ash cone, about two hundred and fifty feet from the rim of the crater. With a great amount of labor he and his men made a level platform of the ashes large enough to hold the tent, which they made fast as best they could.

We had scarcely completed our preparations when a violent squall arose which threatened to carry away the whole establishment, but the wind subsided as suddenly as it had risen. Meanwhile, however, another cause for alarm presented itself.

A great smell of indiarubber began to declare itself, and on putting my hand to the floor on the side nearest the crater I found that it was on the point of melting. On placing a maximum thermometer on the floor it rose until it indicated 110 degrees Fahrenheit.

As my feet did not feel at all warm I tried the temperature on the other side of the tent and found it only 50 degrees. In the middle of the tent it was 72.5 degrees. These temperatures were maintained during our stay.

Outside the tent the air was intensely cold, even in the daytime, and at night the mercury dropped to 13 degrees Fahrenheit.

The Sandycroft Mystery.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

I watch the newspapers from day to day, but so far to no purpose. Now and then I light on a brief paragraph to the effect that the supposed murderer of Captain Darvill is still at large, although the police continue indefatigable in their efforts to effect his capture. And that is all. Time merely serves to deepen the mystery.

May 5.—From the window of my sitting-room I can see over the crowns of the trees the spire of the church within whose precincts my husband lies buried. I often sit and look at it for an hour at a time. Why do I do this? Because my heart still clings to the memory of the man who met his death at my hand. Do I regret the deed? No—a hundred times no. Under the same circumstances I should assuredly do the same again. For such treachery as his but one penalty was met. All the same, as it was my curse and misfortune to be under the compulsion of loving him while alive so does it seem to be my fate to have no option save to cling to and cherish his memory now that he is dead.

May 17.—I have already recorded how, on the morning Colonel Bernage visited me. I saw my husband's face peering at me over his shoulder. Last evening he appeared to me again.

It was after the shutters had been closed. I was sitting in the lamp-lighted room trying to fix my attention on a novel when, happening to look up, I saw him there, sitting opposite to me.

The figure sat facing me, staring full at me, its eyes wide open, gazing unflinching—the eyes of a dead man with no speculation or purpose in them. The lips were a bluish purple, the tightly-drawn skin over the forehead looked like parchment; the cheeks were sunken, and the face was as that of one who might have been a month or more in his grave. The mouth was twisted into that sneer which I remembered so well— which lifted one corner of the lip and moustache, and left visible one sharp white, wolfish looking tooth. It was thus that Viv used to look when in his more evil moods. Immovable sat the figure, each dead white hand grasping an arm of the chair.

Rising, I crossed the hearth and deliberately sat down in the chair opposite. The moment I had done so I saw the figure had seated itself in the chair I had just vacated. After staring at each other for a few seconds I rose and went back to my first seat. The phantom did the same.

Then I rang for Paquita. "I feel lonely," I said to her as she entered the room. "Sit there"—indicating the chair on which the figure was seated—"and keep me company awhile."

As she sat down the figure slipped out of the chair and, gliding round the table and so behind my chair, passed out of my range of vision. That it was there behind me I was presently made conscious of by an indescribable sensation—a sort of ice-cold pricking of the nerves as though thousands of tiny needle points were puncturing me at the same moment. I gripped one hand hard with the other and set my teeth and gave no sign.

Paquita had brought her embroidery and, while deftly plying her needle, she began to talk of Rio and many things which had happened there in bygone days. I paid small heed to her chatter, oppressed as I was by a slowly growing horror, which I was powerless to throw off, of the presence which I knew to be standing close behind me. Suddenly Paquita let her work drop and sprang to her feet. She read the question in my eyes which my lips refused to put. "Oh, madam," she cried, "I felt sure that I saw a hand stretched over the back of your chair, grasping you by the shoulder, but the moment I got up it was gone, and of course my eyes must have deceived me."

I had not seen the hand, but had felt it gripping my shoulder with cruel fingers till I could have screamed with agony.

For the first time in my life I fainted.

The continuation of Mrs. Darvill's diary was little more than a record of the recurring appearances to her of her husband, the details of which varied in slight particulars only from the instances already given. As time went on the appearances became more frequent till at length a day or rather a night seldom passed without a visit from the ghastly intruder. Despite the steel-like quality of her nerves and her utter scepticism as to the origin and nature of the apparition, both appetite and sleep began to fail her, and as her bodily health declined so did the gruesome offspring of her imagination haunt her more persistently. For years she had been in the habit of seeking relief from pain in narcotics, and now she clung to them more than ever. Day by day the shadows deepened and the end of the tragedy—for tragedy it undoubtedly was—grew nearer. Her diary contained no entry for three weeks before the last sad scene of all, whether the overdose of the narcotic from the effects of which she died was due to accident or design, is a point as to which she alone could enlighten us.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"I Wish It."

Two months had passed since the receipt by Colonel Bernage of certain excerpts from the diary of the late Mrs. Darvill.

It was one of those balmy days in mid-autumn which are among the sweetest of the year. Luncheon was over and those who had partaken

of it had strolled out on the sunny terrace, where they made up a little family group consisting of the two brothers, Ivor Penleath Mrs. Asplin, and Mrs. Bosworth. A photographer from Sherriford was expected in the course of a few minutes who would doubtless group them afresh and in accordance with his own ideas of how they would "come out" most effectively in the sun picture he had been commissioned to take.

But the party on the terrace was not complete, for Enie and Roden had wandered off down one of the winding shrubby walks and were nowhere to be seen.

At length the last shreds of the black cloud which for so long a time had lowed over the old house and those connected with it had lifted and vanished. To more than one of those assembled there to-day was as it were the beginning of a new life. Only yesterday had Roden Bosworth come back to Sandycroft a free man, stainless in name and reputation.

Our two young people had found a seat under a spreading beech, where the birds alone could hear what they might have to say to each other.

"Yes, my mind is made up," said Roden, as if in continuation of something that had gone before, "and my mother agrees with me that it would be best so. She and I will go and live abroad for at least three or four years to come. We shall find some quiet nook in France or Italy where I shall be able to settle down seriously to my work and try to recover the headway I have lost of late."

"And you purpose doing all this," exclaimed Enie, "without consulting Uncle Godfrey—without even asking him whether he approves of it or not?"

"I have had no opportunity yet of speaking to Colonel Bernage about it, but I hope to be able to do so before the day is out. I trust that neither he nor you will think me ungrateful for the thousand benefits I have received at his hands, if when I speak to him of my intention, I do not say, 'Shall this thing be'—but, 'It must be.'"

"And pray sir why must it be?" demanded Enie, her bosom beginning to rise and fall a little more quickly than usual.

He had been gazing straight before him but now he turned and bent his eyes full on hers. She was very pale, and her teeth were fixed in her under lip, but her eyes met his unflinchingly.

"If you cannot guess it is not for me to enlighten you," he answered in a low voice, and with that he turned away again.

"It may be that I can guess," she answered in a voice that was hardly more than a whisper. If he heard the words he gave no sign that he had done so. In the silence that followed, a robin's song came to them clear and sweet from a near-at-hand thorn.

"Oh, how proud he is!" murmured Enie to herself. "Why will he not speak? Has he no eyes to see?" One of her feet tapped the ground impatiently.

Drawing a deep breath, she said with slow deliberate emphasis: "Roden Bosworth, you shall not go abroad."

He started and bent his eyes on her again. Her pallor had vanished, a lovely flush had supplanted its place.

"How! not go?" he stammered. "I do not understand you."

"You shall not go abroad. You shall stay in England."

"But why must I stay in England, Enie?" he asked, drawing an inch or two nearer her as though a light were beginning to dawn upon him.

"Why?—because—I wish it."

Something flashed from her eyes to his.

"Enie!"

Next instant she was in his arms. Her first words, after a lapse of shall we say, five minutes, were: "I will never never forgive you for having made me propose to you, instead of your doing it yourself, as anyone else in your place would have done."

"I am prepared to run the risk of that," was the cool rejoinder. "But what on earth will you say to the colonel?—for it is you who will have to face him. I daresay."

"What shall I say to Uncle Godfrey and Uncle Alwyn?" she demanded with a heavenly smile. "Why, simply what I said to you. 'I wish it.'"

TSE FVD.

An Oddity in Eggs.
Some silkworms lay from 1,000 to 2,000 eggs the wasp 3,000, the ant from 3,000 to 5,000. The number of eggs laid by the queen bee has long been in dispute. Burmeister says from 5,000 to 6,000, but Spence and Kirby both go him several better, each declaring that the queen of average fertility will lay not less than 40,000 and probably as high as 50,000 in one season. Termites fatal to the white ant is possessed of the most extraordinary egg-laying propensities of any known creature, she often produces 50,000 eggs in a single day! From the time when the white ant begins to lay until the egg-laying season usually reckoned by entomologists as an exact lunar month—she produces 250,000 eggs! In point of fecundity the white ant exceeds all other creatures.

Inventions of Women.
There are many women registered at the patent office in Washington as inventors. Their inventions range from pillow looms to locomotive appliances, though they have been especially successful in devising ice cream freezers and sewing machine attachments.

With Which to Go Fishing.
Earth worms six feet long are found in Gippsland Victoria. They live in burrows on the sloping side of creeks and are the largest variety found in the world. It must be a burly bird which picks up the worms in Gippsland.

SCRAPS OF SCIENCE.

At a chrysanthemum show at Dallas, Tex., 400 varieties of that plant are said to have been exhibited.

All green vegetables growing above ground should be cooked in salt water. Those growing below ground in fresh water.

The first aluminum microscope, weighing one-third as much as a brass microscope, has been exhibited to the royal microscopical society.

"Gilsontite," a variety of mineral wax, contains 80 per cent of carbon or asphalt in its pure form. The Utah vein is three feet wide and a mile in length.

It has been discovered that the Congo river is 1,453 feet deep at its mouth. The mouth of the Mississippi has a depth of 33 feet and the Thames of 40 feet.

The scientific commission appointed for the purpose of selecting a site for a new capital for Brazil, includes five civil engineers, two astronomers, a naturalist and an expert in hygiene.

One of the largest manufacturers of microscopes in Germany has made an instrument for measuring the curves of lenses which is of such delicacy that it will indicate the 1-250th of an inch.

It is somewhat singular that, notwithstanding the great advances made in chemistry and metallurgy, no other more satisfactory silver alloy has as yet been discovered for coinage and other purposes than the alloy used 800 years ago.

First Boy in art-gallery.—All these historical pictures is about foreign countries. Why don't the artists paint pictures of American history? Second Boy—I guess it's 'cause Americans always keep their clothes on.

"I say, Anna, my husband came home very late last night; can you tell me what time it was?" "Please, ma'am, I don't know exactly but when I got up this morning master's topcoat was still swinging backwards and forwards on the peg."

The Roman cook book was "The Banquet of the Learned," by Athenaeus.

A great cure for cough.—Mrs. A. K. Morris, 456 Canton St., Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "I took several bottles of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, for a bad cough, and was entirely cured."

The Romans were very fond of dog-fish, star-fish, porpoises and seals.

The best remedy for rheumatism. Mr. John W. Gares, Gettysburg, Pa., writes: "I used Serravallo's Oil for Rheumatism and obtained great relief. It is the best remedy I have ever tried, and I shall always keep it in the house."

Pliny says that snails were fattened till their shells held three quarts.

A Cough, Croup, or Sore Throat should not be neglected. Brown's Bronchial Troches are a simple remedy, and give prompt relief. 25 cts. a box.

In the Home care lungs prepared their dinners with their own hands.

Now is the time to treat Catarrh of long standing.—Ely's Cream Balm reaches old and obstinate cases, where all other remedies fail. Do not neglect procuring a bottle, as in time the relief you seek.

Rev. H. H. Fairall, D. D., editor of the Iowa Methodist, says editorially: "We have tested the merits of Ely's Cream Balm, and believe that, by a thorough course of treatment, it will cure almost every case of catarrh. Ministers as a class are afflicted with head and throat troubles, and catarrh seems more prevalent than ever. We cannot recommend Ely's Cream Balm too highly."

Apply Balm into each nostril. It is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at once. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 63 Warren St., New York.

In Addison's time pigs were whipped to death to make the flesh tender.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured.
By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When the tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

J. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc.

The Roman cook book was "The Banquet of the Learned," by Athenaeus.

The Farmer and the Grocer.

A grocer would not pay a farmer the price of a ten-pound turkey for one that weighed but seven pounds.

Why should a farmer pay a grocer the price of the Royal Baking Powder for a baking powder with 27 per cent. less leavening strength?

The Royal Baking Powder is proven by actual tests to be 27 per cent. stronger than any other brand on the market. Better not buy the others, for they mostly contain alum, lime and sulphuric acid; but if they are forced upon you, see that you are charged a correspondingly lower price for them.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.
Kemp's Balsam stops the cough at once. The "wasp pile" was 18 feet long.
Bromnelli's Cough Drops.
Use Bromnelli's Celebrated Cough Drops. The genuine have "A. H. B." on each drop. Sold everywhere.
The Green pile was 24 feet long.
"Hansen's Magic Corn Salve."
Warranted to cure corns, blisters, etc. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.
The medicinal lance was 18 feet.
FITS ALL. Stopped free by Dr. ELMER'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No. 311 Arch St., Philadelphia. Cases: Send to Dr. Elmer 50 Arch St., Philadelphia.

The Roman Javelin was six feet long.
A Useful Invention.
Much interest is being taken by the physicians of this city in a case of almost total deafness which has been nearly if not entirely relieved by an expensive invention belonging to F. H. Huxford, of 83 Broadway, New York City. As every known device, and the most skillful treatment had failed to afford relief, the case was believed to be incurable, and the success of this invention, which is easily and comfortably adapted and practically infallible, is considered a remarkable triumph.

Plate armor was used from 111 to 1601.

Bile Beans Small.
Guaranteed to cure Bilious Attacks, Sick-Headache and Constipation. 40 in each bottle. Price 25c. For sale by druggists.
Picture "T. T. 70" and sample dose free.
J. F. SMITH & CO., Proprietors, NEW YORK.

DO YOU COUGH?
DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALM THE BEST COUGH CURE

Cures Scrofula.
Mrs. E. J. Rowell, Medford, Mass., says her mother has been cured of Scrofula by the use of four bottles of S.S.S. After having had much other treatment, when finally I was reduced to quinine, a low condition of health, as it was thought she could not live.

INHERITED SCROFULA.
Cured my little boy of hereditary Scrofula, which appeared all over his face. For a year I had given up all hope of his recovery, when finally I was induced to use S.S.S. A few bottles cured him, and no symptoms of the disease remain. Mrs. T. I. MATTHEWS, Matherville, Miss.

N. H. Downs' Elixir
WILL CURE THAT Cold AND STOP THAT Cough.

Has stood the test for SIXTY YEARS and has proved itself the best remedy known for the cure of Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, and all Lung Diseases in young or old. Price 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 per bottle. SOLD EVERYWHERE. BAKER, HUNTER & LLOYD, Props., Burlington, Vt.

CATARRH
Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies —OR— Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa which is absolutely pure and soluble. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Sugar, and it is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and easily digested. Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.