

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XXV, No. 19.

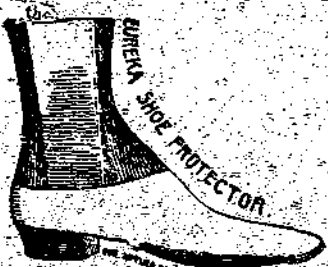
NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1893.

\$1.00 per year, in advance.

THE EUREKA.

The Protector That Protects the Workingman's Shoes.

We give herewith a cut of the Eureka shoe protector, the manufacture of which has just been commenced here. The firm has already placed several agencies in various cities and supplies and orders are daily arriving.



As an illustration, the painter in charge of the Presbyterian church decorations when shown a sample said: "I want a pair at once. When I came out here, I bought a pair of slippers costing eighty-five cents on purpose, to see my shoes and they will be a dead loss of course when the job is complete. Besides you can't wear slippers on outside work. The Eureka is just the thing." And so everyone who sees it thinks it a great scheme and a winner.

Around the Country.

"In my career I'll ride,
Over the snow and ice,
Said a Newygo boy named Hec,
The sleighing was slippery.
The cutter went up on her nose,
And the lady went out on her nose.
So just for the fun,
"No damage was done,"
Said the paper with the Democrat head,
Instead of being glad,
The lady was mad;
"Now stop my paper sir," she said.
In order to swell his list the Davison
Index advertises for dried apples on
subscription.
The snow doth come and the snow
doth go, but the sleighing still holds
out—Ann Arbor Courier.
That item has the true ring to it.

A toboggan slide is now in operation at Holly. Takes more than a \$15,000 damage suit to down that village.

Orion has got a "shinny club." The improvement over our foot-ball is in that instead of smashing in skulls it only breaks legs.

Lawyer Bloomer of Farmington won his second case last week in the police court of that city. Bloomer is just the sort of type to make a lawyer.

The Einton fire department is now so completely equipped that they almost sigh for a fire to conquer. They have everything from gold medals down to skates.

The Newygo Democrat has the audacity to state that subscription wood shall not be green basswood. It is generally supposed that anything goes in a printing office.

"Loaf from cars" thieves are getting too thick for the good of Wayne and the forbearance of the railroad officials and a warning is promulgated which in substance says, "we're onto you old boy, beware."

The Wayne Pilot wants an ordinance passed compelling everybody on skates to carry a jingler in the shape of a bell of some sort to give warning of their approach. How would a bicycle whistle do?

The whole village of Dundee turned out for a fire the other day and after every one had got nicely settled for the fun, they made the startling discovery that the fire engine had been entirely forgotten and left behind. Evidence afterwards garnered went to show that no one knew how to run the engine anyhow and the fact of its absence made but little difference at best.

Never interfere in a dog fight is a pretty good motto for most any man to follow. Mr. Flint, the Carleton millionaire, didn't observe this rule one day last week and after he had hit one of his pupa's whack with his fist he made the startling discovery that he had broken a bone in his hand. Mr. Flint did not mind the break in his hand half as much as he did that the dogs kept right on fighting.

THE CLOCK IS HERE.

And It Will Soon Be Ticking and Ringing.

"Have you heard from the clock?" has been repeated so often upon our streets of late that it has become an almost by-word. The time piece is here at last. It should have been in position by Christmas but the company begged off till New Years and those having the matter in charge were kind enough to grant the request after insisting that the hands must be in shape to note the time and the bell to toll out the hour as the old year of '93 passes away at the birth of the new. New Years day will be a good time to christen the present.

THE PENINSULAR CAR WORKS.

They Are Moving to Plymouth This Time.

Plymouth is all a-gog and bristling with excitement just now over the prospect of their getting the much renowned make us a bonus offer. Peninsular car works of Detroit to move their plant to that village. It is understood that the car works people bent the Plymouth folks word to come in and see them and that the outcome of the interview was that Plymouth offered them sixty acres of land on the north west side of the tracks at the junction, exemption from taxes for fifteen years and free use of water works for always. It is even rumored that they also offered a cash bonus of \$40,000 in addition to this. "This said that the Peninsular folks were very favorably impressed with both location and offer and there are prospects that they will move to that village. If Plymouth does get this almost unthought of plum it means a city, as the car company alone employ some 2,500 men. Here's hoping its a go, but the Peninsular people have been moving their works to so many towns of late that it is hard to keep track of them.

The Revival Meetings.

The union gospel services continue with increasing momentum. Last Sabbath was a day of marvelous interest. The enthusiasm this week is quite an advance on that of a week ago. Smart and MacLachlan continue to lead on. The "look out" committee evidence an ability that might suggest that they were veterans in such service. Considerably more than a hundred people have signed the inquirer's card. Fifty people signed cards on Sunday alone. These are days of blessing in Northville and the pastors and evangelists believe that the best is to come.

WORKING SCHEDULE.

Friday Dec. 22, 2:30 p. m., special address on "The Blessed Life," by Mr. Smart. 4:00 p. m., last meeting for youth and children. 7:30 p. m., evangelistic service.

Saturday, 2:45 p. m., meeting for converts, inquirers and workers only. Admission by ticket.

Sunday, Dec. 24, 8:00 a. m., family prayer in every christian home and private prayer where family worship is not possible. 9:30 a. m., consecration service in Presbyterian church led by Pastor Belding. 10:30 a. m., services in all the churches conducted by the respective pastors. 11 a. m., special session of each Sabbath school. 8:00 p. m., men's meeting in W. C. T. U. hall in charge of Evangelist Smart; women's meeting in Presbyterian church led by Mr. Tracy McGregor. 5:45 p. m., young people's meeting in Baptist church in charge of Mr. Smart. 7:00 p. m., jubilee services. Mr. Smart will preach and conduct the work in the Methodist church; Mr. Tracy McGregor of Detroit will be in charge and speak at the Baptist church. At both these services a free-will offering will be made for the benefit of the evangelists. Let every one lend a generous hand in this and remunerate these royal toilers with characteristic Northville liberality.

Cutter and Carriage Painting. Wood and country produce taken from Farmers in payment. D. J. Wice, over F. N. Perrin's shop, Northville Mich.

We are loaded with

Holiday Confections

We want to see you at the unloading.

WILL Elegant Creams at 25c
4 lbs Special Mixed for 25c
3 lbs Extra " 25c
1 lb. Pure Stick Caudy for 10c

BRING YOU?

Our stock is the largest, and always FRESH.

Our Grocery Department is full with everything in Fancy and Staple Groceries

Always call at the "Hustlers" for anything in the ea log line.

Rollin H. Purdy.

BUSINESS FLASHES.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—A farm and acre situated one mile north of Salem station. Large dwelling house, barn, horse, carriage house, granary, cornhouse and henhouse, all nicely painted and in first-class condition. Also, cattle stable and toolshed, cistern, dairy well and plenty of fruit. A desirable farm home. Will exchange for good house and lot in village or small piece of land outside. L. M. Larkins, Salem Mich.

FOR SALE—Fine little coal stove, good as new. Apply to Record office.

FOR RENT—Living room, inquire of John Barker.

FOR SALE—House and lot on West Randolph street, \$500. A bargain. Inquire at Photograph gallery.

WANTED—To rent a farm of about eighty acres. Good soil and good buildings required and small fruits desirable. Will pay cash rent. Address in care of J. C. Foster, proprietors, Northville School, 3 1/2 miles west of Northville or the undersigned. M. School.

FOR SALE—Two new houses and lots in Northville. Inquire Record office.

FOR SALE—House and lot in Easttown. Apply to John Sewell.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—Good house and lot on Main street east, one block from post office. To rooms, basement and woodhouse. In side of house nearly all new, new barn, chicken, waterwork, good drain and small fruits. Inquire of E. D. ADAMS.

FOR RENT—Large house and barn corner E. Duncas street west formerly occupied by Mrs. McRoberts. Apply to Beech Northville or this office.

FOR RENT—Farm, 100 acres. Everything first class. Also fifty two choice timothy hay for sale. Apply to Geo. H. Dennis.

FOR SALE! One of the finest fifty-acre farms in this country, close to the village of Northville. For further particulars enquire of

L. W. HUTTON.

Business Chance.

I will sell my Grocery and Crockery stock, or either, and give parties possession of store, or not, as desired—terms easy.—This is a good chance for party with small capital.

C. R. SMITH.

Yes, Me Too

Buy Bread and Butter in Northville, and right in our own state of Michigan are some of the Best Publishers in the world, and you can get their address by dropping a card with your name and address—where—why right in Box 301, Northville. Or sign your address below and you will soon receive a personal visit from their representative.

Name.....Address.....
Patronize home trade.

Great slaughter prices on everything at Riggs now.

Holiday Rates.

For Christmas and New Years, the E. & P. M. will sell round trip tickets to all stations on their line, on Dec. 23, 24, 25, 30 and 31 1893, and Jan. 1, 1894 limited for return trip to Jan. 2, 1894 at rate of two cents per mile each way.

Novi Taxpayers Attention.

I will be at Novi town hall Dec. 7, 14, 21, 28, at Wixom Dec. 9, 15, 22, 29 and at Ambler's store, Northville Dec. 9, 16, 23 and 30, for the purpose of collecting taxes. ARTHUR JOHNS, Township Treasurer of Novi. 17w3

Tax Notice.

I will be at Hunter's store, Plymouth, on Tuesday and Wednesday and at the store of W. H. Ambler, Northville, Friday and Saturday of each week during December for the purpose of collecting the township taxes. H. M. WHITE, Treas.

Reduced Rates for Holidays.

For Christmas and New Year holidays, the Chicago & West Michigan Detroit, Lansing & Northern Lines will sell excursion tickets on Dec. 23, 24, 25, 30 and 31 and Jan. 1 at one and one-third fare for round trip. Tickets will be good going only on date of sale and for return until Jan. 2 inclusive. GEO. DEHAVEN, G. P. A.

GREAT CLEARING OUT SALE

—OF MY—

ENTIRE STOCK OF CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS and GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

For the next 30 days everything, all must go regardless of cost. I must have money, so if you have any cash and we have anything you want, come in and leave it, and pick out your stuff at your own price.

We Now Offer

16, 18 and \$20 Overcoats, Ulsters and Suits, only \$12.50
12, 14 and \$15 Overcoats Ulsters and Suits, only 9.50
7, 8 and \$9 Overcoats, Ulsters and Suits only 5.50
Boys' 10 and \$12 Overcoats, Ulsters and Suits only 8.00
Boys' 7 and \$8 Overcoats, Ulsters and Suits, only 5.00
Boys' 5 and \$6 Overcoats, Ulsters and Suits, only 3.75
Boys' 3 and \$4 Overcoats, Ulsters and Suits, only 2.50
Boys' 2 and \$2 1-2 Overcoats, Ulsters and Suits, only 1.50
Choice of all our 5 and \$6 Pants, only \$3.98
" " " 3 and 4 " " 2.25
" " " 2 and 2 1-2 " " 1.50
Choice of all 2.50 and \$3.00 stiff or soft Hats, only \$1.48
Choice of all 1.50 and \$2.00 stiff or soft Hats, only \$1.00
Choice of all 1.00 and \$1.25 stiff or soft Hats, only 55c

Underwear, Shirts, Neckwear, Collars, Cuffs, Gloves and Mittens, Hosiery, Trunks, Hand Bags and Valises. Everything in the store, remember, to go regardless of Cost. Respectfully,

E. L. RIGGS,

EXCLUSIVE CLOTHIER & FURNISHER.

STOP!



and look at our Carpet Sweepers

We have 12 of the richest woods in the world, to select from.

Just the thing for a Christmas present.

CARPENTER & JOHNSON

MAIN ST.. NORTHVILLE

Highest of all in Leavening Pow. —Latest U. S. Gov't Report.
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

FIT YOU with a WATCH

Not too costly, but fine timekeeper, fine appearance, some thing you'll be proud of and that won't "go back on you." We have them at all prices, and in many elegant designs. We would like to have you see them whether you buy anything or not. We will freely give you the best knowledge we have on the subject of watches; and a good bargain if you purchase.

HOLIDAY GOODS

An elegant line and prices are in keeping with the hard times. Come in and see them. Come sure.

A. E. ROCKWELL, Northville.

at his old place West Side Union Block.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Will soon be upon us and many are still wondering what to buy for a present. Well we told you last week where to buy and we are glad to see so many purchasers avail themselves of our liberal inducements.

All that remains is "What shall I buy?" This is easily solved by simply casting your optics over our stock of Neckwear, Hats and Caps, or for instance, a nice pair of Gloves or Mittens don't go bad for Christmas.

Now Look Here

If you want to buy an elegant Silk Muffler or Handkerchief we have them at all prices. What could you buy for your boy that would be a more appropriate Christmas Present than a neat Overcoat or Suit of Clothes and right here let us say we are showing the best line of these goods for

Less Money

than any house in Northville.

You dressy young Northvillians! have you seen the new Ulster Hat? She is a daisy and we bought them at snap prices and shall sell them the same way. So here they go Boys, at --do we hear no more? and sold to anyone who wants them--a fine high grade \$2.00 Hat for \$1.00. Come on! Come on! They won't last forever.

Last but not least, in as much as this shall be our last opportunity of addressing you before X-Mas we take great pleasure in wishing you one and all a very Merry Christmas.

"Cash and one price."

M. N. JOHNSON & COMPANY,
Union Block Clothiers.
Northville, Michigan.

FEATHERBONE CORSETS AND WAISTS.

Correct Shapes.
Best Materials.
Latest Styles.
It Comfortable.

Recommended by
Ladies
who wear them.



TRADE-MARK REGISTERED.
Dress-Makers say: "They are the best fitting corset on the market." Merchants cheerfully refund the money after a week's trial if not satisfactory. Call for them at the stores.

FEATHERBONE CORSET CO.
SOLE MANUFACTURERS.
KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN.

FOR SALE BY

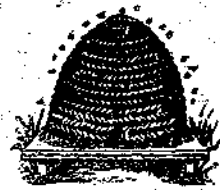
C. R. SMITH, Northville, M.

Too Busy to Talk,

But never too busy to wish all our friends, and all who ought to be our friends, a

Merry Christmas and a
Happy New Year.

**THE BUSY
BEE HIVE
GROCERY**



**and BAZAAR
STORE.**

Have all you want for your Table or to put in your Darling's Stockings.

Santa Claus' headquarters is at the Bee Hive.

C. A. HUTTON.

THE RECORD.

EVERY FRIDAY.
F. S. NEAL, Publisher.
OFFICE IN OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.

FRIDAY DECEMBER 22, 1893.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Ben Porter is doing duty at the hatchery.

Mrs. Alice Whitaker of Lowell is a Northville visitor.

The Shakespeare circle held its Xmas meeting yesterday.

Geo. Northrop and Albert Long are on the convalescent list.

Dr. Attridge leaves today for Canada to spend the holidays.

Messrs. Smart and McLachlan go from here to Port Huron.

Eugene Riggs was in town this week from the sunny South.

Miss Lillie Crocker has been home for a week during her mother's illness.

Carl Doyle was called home by telephone by the serious illness of his wife.

Fred Wager spends Christmas with his wife who is visiting her parents at Clyde, Ohio.

Robt. McLachlan and wife are spending the holidays with relatives at Tupperville, Ont.

Will G. Lapham and family and Mrs. Stout will leave in a few days for the Pacific coast.

S. E. Craswell is back at his old post in Richardson's clothing store to assist during the holiday trade.

Tracy McGregor of Detroit will spend Sunday with Rev. J. M. Belding and assist in the grand closing of the Smart-McLachlan meetings.

Miss Dubuay, Thompson and Clark of Ann Arbor are expected home today to spend the holidays.

Carl Doyle was down from Portland over Sunday. Carl says that all the farmers up that way have to sell this winter is hickory-nuts and wood.

Miss E. Glancey of Wichita, Kan., who has been spending a week with Mrs. Gertrude Evans is now with Mrs. E. among Wayne relatives for a week or so.

Elder Reed and wife entertained Revs. Parrish, Belding, Smart and McLachlan at dinner Monday. Of course they had yellow-legged chicken and a host of good jokes--for no class of men are more jolly than those of the cloth.

WORLD'S FAIR JURY.

GRANTS HIGHEST AWARD TO
**DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING
POWDER.**

CHICAGO, Nov. 24--On the analysis and recommendation of Dr. Wiley, Chief United States Government Chemist at Washington, and greatest living authority on food products, the world's fair jury today gave the highest award to Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder for strength, purity and excellence. This conclusively settles the question of superiority. Dr. Wiley rejected the alum powders, stating to the world's fair jury that he considered them unwholesome.

Go to Riggs' great clearing sale and get a suit or overcoat at about 1/2 price.

Notice.

On account of my wife's mother interfering in my family affairs it has caused my wife to leave me. Therefore I forbid any and all persons from harboring or trusting her on my account as I shall not pay any accounts or debts contracted by her after this date.

A. W. ROOT.

Northville, Mich., Dec. 21, 1893.

Walling a Lie:

Editor Record:
I am informed on reliable authority that some good(?) friend of mine has been industriously circulating a report that I prevented Mr. Spencer from employing the services of the Northville undertaker on the occasion of the late death in his family. I beg to state through your columns that I was not consulted--nor did I offer a suggestion--in regard to a matter altogether outside my province, and in which I had no right to interfere. In a word the report is an unmitigated lie.

Faithfully yours,

GEO. CLARSON, Pastor.

ATTENTION. Do you use oil or gasoline? We will supply everybody at ten cents per gallon at our shops. Delivered daily through the village; out of town people call at store. SHAPER & BROWN, Main Street, Northville.

J. Henry Ling, Detroit's enterprising music dealer, is having a clearing sale of pianos, organs, music boxes, violins, guitars, banjos, mandolins, accordions, musical toys, etc. Celebrated \$10 Bauer violin for \$4. Our readers have an unprecedented opportunity to secure the best of Christmas gifts from the largest and best stock of musical merchandise in Michigan at greatly reduced prices. It will pay them to visit Ling's Music House, 67 Monroe avenue. 18w2

(Choice of any suit or overcoat at Riggs store now at \$12.50.

Letters remaining in the postoffice

Dec. 21, 1893.
Mr. M. Ambrose.
Mr. John C. O.
Fred Brownman.
F. S. HORTON P. M.

GLAD TIDINGS.

The grand specific for the prevailing malady of the age, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, Costiveness, General Debility, etc., is Bacon's Celery King for the Nerves. This great herbal tonic stimulates the digestive organs, regulates the Liver and restores the system to vigorous health and energy. Samples free. Large packages 50c. Sold only by C. R. Stevens, No. 6.

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 doctored 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. Drowley,
Sworn to before me on this 23rd day of June, 1893.
John C. Dullam,
Notary Public, Genesee Co.
For sale by C. R. Stevens, No. 6.

GREAT TRIUMPH.

Instant relief experienced and a permanent cure by the most speedy and greatest remedy in the world--Otto's Cure for Lung and Throat Diseases. Why will you continue to irritate your throat and lungs with that terrible hacking cough when C. R. Stevens, sole agent, will furnish you a free sample bottle of this great guaranteed remedy? Its success is simply wonderful, as your druggist will tell you. Otto's Cure is now sold in every town and village on this continent. Samples free. Large bottles 50c. No 6.

Buy Dullam's Great German 15c Liver Pills in a package at Stevens.
Buy Dullam's Great German 25-cent Cough Cure at C. R. Stevens.

Since its first introduction, Electric Bitters has gained rapidly in popular favor, and now it is clearly in the lead among pure medicinal tonics and alteratives--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. Harbottle, the Druggist.

DON'T GET IMPOSED UPON.

Is a good motto to follow in buying a medicine as well as in everything else. By the universal satisfaction it has given and by the many remarkable cures it has accomplished, Dullam's Great German Blood, Liver, Stomach and Kidney Cure has proved itself unequalled for building up and cleansing your system and for all diseases arising from impure blood. Do not experiment with an unheard of or untried article which you are told is as good, but be sure and get Dullam's. All druggists keep it.
For sale by C. R. Stevens, Druggist, No. 6.

A HORRIBLE R. R. ACCIDENT.

Is a daily chronicle in our papers; also the death of some dear friend, who has died with Consumption, whereas, if he or she had taken Otto's Cure for Throat and Lung diseases in time, life would have been rendered happier and perhaps saved. Heed the warning! If you have a cough or any affection of the Throat and Lungs call at C. R. Stevens, sole agent, and get a trial bottle free. Large size 50c. No 7

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away.

Is the truthful, startling title of a little book that tells all about No-to-bac, the wonderful, harmless GUARANTEED tobacco habit-cure. The cost is trifling and the man who wants to quit and can't, runs no physical or financial risk in using "No-to-bac." Sold by all druggists. Book at Drug Stores or by mail free. Address: The Sterling Remedy Co., Indiana, Mineral Springs, Ind.

PROF. NIEL.

government chemist, writes: I have carefully analyzed your "Royal Ruby Port Wine," bought by me in the open market, and certify that I found the same absolutely pure and well aged. This wine is especially recommended for its health-restoring and building up properties--it strengthens the weak and restores lost vitality; particularly adapted for convalescents, the aged, nursing mothers and those reduced and weakened by over-work and worry. Be sure you get "Royal Ruby," \$1 per quart bottles, pints 60c. Sold by C. R. Stevens Northville Mich.

The Salt That's All Salt

Is the purest and therefore the best salt known. Made from the best brine, by the best process, with the best grain, and sold in the best packages--an all-right and non-absorbent box.

Diamond Crystal Salt

The fact that salt is cheap is no reason why you should not have pure salt. Ask for Diamond Crystal, give it a fair trial. Write us for further particulars. Our Dairy Salt is the standard of excellence, and no better maker should be without it. Address
DIAMOND CRYSTAL SALT CO.,
St. Clair, Mich.

REED'S Bargain Store, Northville.

How Is
This?

Come
and
See!



The Bargain Giver of Northville.

Watches and Chains Given Away.

Will keep just as good time as a \$20 watch.
No humbug.

Slaughter of Cloaks, Shoes, Dry Goods and Carpets.
With every Ladies' or Child's
Cloak, you get a nice muff.

No Such Low Prices Ever Offered.

Ladies' \$2.00 Shoes go at	\$1.47
Men's Stylish Sewed Shoes	1.27
\$3.00 Shoes go at	2.00
Felts and Rubbers at only	2.00
Men's Arctic Overshoes	1.25
Ladies'	.90
Men's Rubber Boots	2.45
20 lbs. Granulated Sugar for	1.00
5 gal. Best Oil for	.40
40 cent Tea only	.25

Fine Holiday Slippers, Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Mittens, Hoods, Fascinators, Muffs and Collars at

ADAM W. REED'S
BARGAIN STORE, NORTHVILLE, MICH.

RIGGS' CAFE.

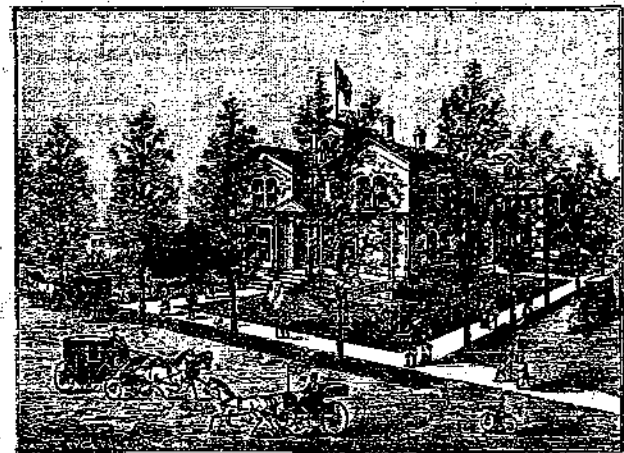
Finest most popular and best patronized.

Meals and lunches at all hours.
Regular meals, 25c.; lunches from 5c. up.
Oysters as you like them.

Short order cooking a specialty.
Parcels and baggage cared for free.
Tables reserved for ladies.

82 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.
--Near Wonderland--

* Yarnall Gold Cure. *



HON. T. E. TARSNEY, PRESIDENT;
DR. WM. H. YARNALL, MEDICAL DIRECTOR AND GEN. MGR.
DR. T. S. BALL, ASSISTANT PHYSICIAN.
An Institution for the Rational Treatment and Radical Cure of the Alcohol Opium, Cocaine, Tobacco, Cigarette Habits. A radical cure guaranteed in every case. No depression of spirits; no loss of appetite; no injury to the brain or eyes; no harm to the constitution. No other institution in America can guarantee this. Good board and pleasant rooms can be had at a reasonable price. For further particulars address DR. WM. H. YARNALL Sec'y., Northville, Mich.

BENTON'S
MILK X ROUTE
NORTHVILLE, MICH.

PURE MILK DELIVERED DAILY

Milk for Infants furnished from one cow in Special cans

We Guarantee Satisfaction and Solicit your orders.

**WHITE
STAR
LAUNDRY**

We make a specialty of
Shirts
Collars
AND
Cuffs

Goods Called for & Delivered.
PLEASE GIVE ME A TRIAL.

W. C. GARDNER, Prop.
Laundry West Main Street.

OPIUM
Morphine habit cured in 30 to 60 days. \$5.00 per cure. Book of testimonials free. No charge for cure. J. L. STEPHENS, R. D. Lebanon, Ohio.

After January 1st, 1894
all certificates will be
written at 4 per cent.
Our certificates draw inter-
est from date for full
months until paid.

J. S. LAPHAM & CO.
164

Right Now

Is a good time to get your
upholstering done. We
make chairs, sofas, and
couches good as new. We
also do carriage trimming
and repairing.

L. V. CARPENTER, Dunlap Street.

Step in

to PETER CONNELL'S tonorial
parlors if you want a good
easy shave or a stylish hair-
cut. Three chairs, two artists.

THE FAVORITE

AMUSEMENT PALACE

WONDERLAND.

Performances: Afternoons & Evenings.

Entire Change of Attractions

EVERY WEEK.

75 and 76 Woodward Ave., DETROIT.

D. J. WICK,

CARRIAGE

SIGN PAINTING and

PAPER HANGING.

ALL WORK

WARRANTED.

Northville, Mich.

Over F. N. Perry's Shop.

ARGO MILL

Flour and Feed

for Sale and de-

livered free of

charge to any

part of village.

471

JAMES E.

Charlesworth & Co.,

Painters and

Decorators.

Paper Hanging a Specialty.

Orders left at No. 3 Dubuque street will

be promptly attended to.

P. O. Box, 460.

87

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became a Man, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder.

The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder—No Ammonia; No Alum.
Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

NORTHVILLE LOCALS.

The stores will remain open evenings

until after New Years.

The Presbyterian Sunday school will

have an Xmas blowout.

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson Brooks still

remain at the point of death.

Twenty-five people ate dinner at

Novi one day last week at an expense

of \$1.80.

Novi and Plymouth are among the

towns frequently represented in the

Spartan meetings.

M. Strong of Plymouth and Chas.

E. Minard of Livonia are jurors for

the January term of the circuit court.

The excellent taste displayed in the

interior decoration of the Presbyterian

church invites only pleasant comment.

Mrs. James Palmer was severely

burned Saturday by the

explosion of a camphor bottle which

was held too near the stove.

The Rev. Walter Elliott, Pastor of

New York city, will lecture at the

opera house here the week of Jan. 8th.

Subject, reason, church, bible.

The crusade army engage in a

regular Christmas campaign. Geo.

Belding has the matter in charge

backed by a committee of five.

D. J. Wick the sign and carriage

painter is putting out some very

artistic signs for various business firms

which reflect much credit on his skill.

The attention of our readers is called

to the ad of Riggs' Detroit Cafe in

another column. We say thoroughly

recommend this restaurant, both as to

quality of service and cheapness.

Shafer & Brown have received a

whole carload of high grade kerosene

oil this week. This is probably the

largest shipment ever received in this

village.

The Northville shipment to the

northern Michigan sufferers comprised

\$130.47 in cash, 3,300 pounds flour, 300

pounds corn, 100 pounds beans and

about \$350 worth of clothing.

The Northville state savings bank

has re-elected the same directors and

officers for the ensuing year. They

also declared a two and one-half per cent

dividend. This is a splendid showing

when we consider it their first year.

Some of the school boys accidentally

though carelessly broke one of the

large glass in the post-office doors one

day last week. The post-office is

neither an athletic club room or a

smoking room although not a few

seem to regard it as such.

An Oakland county man tells us

that whenever a horse driven by him

has balked, he has got out of his

carriage, lifted one of the horse's fore

feet from the ground and struck the

shoe a few blows with a stone. He has

never failed to start a balky horse in

this very simple way.

Probably a few of our readers know,

and the rest can imagine, the way a

few fellows greet his best girl when she

comes to the door to let him in Sunday

evenings. It is said a case happened

here last Sunday evening, the hallway

being dark—but it was the girl's

mother who came to the door!

Northville Lodge No. 186, F. & A.

M. elected officers Monday evening

Dec. 18 as follows: Chas. Booth, W.

M.; M. A. Porter, S. W.; L. VanVaul-

kenburg, J. W.; Wm. T. Gurr, sec.

B. A. Wheeler, treas.; Wm. H. Young,

S. D.; H. A. Bovee, J. D.; J. R. Nash,

Tyler; Wm. Macomber, Art. Scollay,

stewards.

The Northville Tuxedo club will

give a series of social hops in Rich-

ardson's hall. The first two are booked

for Christmas and New Years nights.

They will doubtless be highly enjoy-

able affairs. All members of the club

and their friends are invited. The bill

is fifty cents and Tinham's orchestra

furnishes the music.

The Labadie company will appear

at the opera house here in Faust,

Christmas night. The house having

been closed the past three weeks on

account of the revival meetings, will

no doubt be well patronized. The

Labadie company are well known here

and there is no question of their giving

a creditable performance.

Sunday, December 31, has been fixed

by Rev. C. T. Allen, presiding elder

as the time of the second quarterly

meeting in the Methodist church. He

has arranged to come Thursday, Dec.

28, and hold some preparatory services.

Remember then that special meetings

will be resumed at the Methodist

church on Thursday evening of next

week. All are welcome.

You can save lots of money by

buying goods of Riggs now.

Harry Mooney's family are all sick.

The RECORD is a good present to

send to some friend.

Faust, opera house, Monday night.

Popular prices.

Last week's grip-sicks are nearly or

quite all out again.

Next Sunday morning Evangelist

Smart will occupy the Presbyterian

pulpit.

A few ladies in want of piece-work

sewing to do on machine at home can

find some employment by applying to

this office.

The limit of time for paying taxes

has been extended in this state to

January 10 instead of December 31.

The four per cent is not added now

until after that date, Jan. 10. This

will be quite a convenience to many

this year.

Complaint is made that some people,

especially in Northville, are in the

habit of shoveling off the snow in front

of their door in the direction of the

city hall only and leaving the part in

the opposite direction for their neigh-

bors to wade through.

Revival services will be continued

at the Baptist church Wednesday,

Thursday and Friday nights of the

coming week. Preaching each evening

by the pastor. Those of any

denomination and of no denomination

are cordially welcomed.

A watch-dog service will be held

in the Presbyterian church with an

appropriate and interesting sermon by

Rev. J. M. Belding. The musical

program will be carefully prepared.

Service at 10:45 p. m. The entire

neighborhood is invited.

The following officers have been

elected by Allen M. Harmon post, G.

A. R. for the ensuing year: Command-

er, E. K. Starkweather; senior vice,

Andrew Houck; junior vice, John

Murdock; quartermaster, John Dolph;

surgeon, B. A. Parmenter; officer of

day, James Taylor; officer of guard,

M. E. White; rep. to dept. encamp-

ment, C. Stewart; alternate, Andrew

Rasch.

It is reported about here

that a Livonia man painted the

end of a large log black and left it in

a portion of his woods where rabbits

were most numerous. The little

animals supposing the blackened end

to be a large hole dashed against it

with such fury as to break their necks.

Over 200 "cotton tails" were found in

a short time. Of course this is a

Livonia story.

Frank Hammond of some place in

Ohio and Fred Sutton formerly of this

place are in custody at Detroit awaiting

trial. They pleaded guilty to burglar-

izing A. J. Smith's house at Belleville

one night last week. Hammond is

thought to be an old offender and an

escaped convict from Iowa and he

probably led young Sutton into the

trouble. They gave as a reason for

their deed as being out of work and in

a famished condition.

The bulk of all news matter coming

into a newspaper office whether from

its own correspondents or otherwise is

made up of personal notes. The editor

and printer cannot always know the

names mentioned; therefore write or

print them with the greatest plainness.

Thus you will often save yourself, the

editor and the person mentioned great

annoyance. Send news with the

utmost dispatch. An item worth

printing is worth reporting when it is

news. A few fresh facts are worth

more than many stale ones. Put not

off until tomorrow what should be

sent today.

In the new Wayne county atlas just

issued by Wm. C. Sanr of Detroit and

approved by the county officials we

note at least one change in the streets

of Northville which has never been



YULE TIDE SONG
TARS OF THE
Evening, stars of the night,
Ever shine on in your beautiful light;
But never can stars of the firmament shine
Like Bethlehem star
Over the Savior divine.
Guiding the shepherds on Bethlehem's plain,
Guiding the "wise men" from eastern domain,
Telling the place where the Savior was born;
Telling the coming of glad Christmas morn.
See how the shepherds fall down at his feet,
See the "wise men" bring their presents to greet.
See how they honor this one little child,
The Savior from heaven, so peaceful and mild.
He came to the earth to know sorrow and pain,
To lay down his life and to take it again;
To teach the poor sinner no longer to roam,
But to follow the Lord to his heavenly home.
We come here to honor the savior to-night,
To extol his praise in songs of delight.
To kneel at his feet and our hearts to unfold,
And give him a treasure more precious than gold.
The heart is a treasure he wants us to give,
To him for his keeping as long as we live.
And when we pass over to be with him there,
The treasure will always be kept in his care.
We thank thee, O Father, for all thou hast done,
To save us from sin through the gift of thy son.
To show us the way to the beautiful land,
Where angels and saints form a glorious band.
And when we have passed all the journeyings through,
And finished the work he gave us to do,
We'll rise to that glorious work of renown,
And stand with the stars in the dear Savior's crown.

Mamie's Christmas Legacy.

BY MRS. ALAN McVEIGH MILLER.

MAMIE WAS kneeling down by a long wooden box that she had just picked open with a hatchet. Her sweet blue eyes were glistening with tears.
The open box was filled with a heterogeneous collection of Indian arrow heads, geological specimens and butterflies and beetles mounted on cardboards, while in the midst of all reposed a sturdy-looking wooden leg. Nothing there to sweep over, surely, so perhaps it was the open letter in Mamie's hand.

Let us read it over her shoulder.
"DEAR SISTER," it ran, "Uncle Henry is dead at last, after being bedridden over a year with rheumatism; and a lot of trouble he was all the time.
"I may as well tell you now that he forgave you long ago, and wanted me to write you to come home; but I knew your husband was too poor to afford it, so I put him off with excuses. He died a week ago to-day, and we buried him in the old graveyard by his wife and their little girl, the only child they ever had, you know. Of course you don't expect to get anything by his will, as you married against his wishes and mine; and, anyhow, he didn't have much to leave but the old place and the poor sticks of furniture, and those he gave me for taking care of him all these years. Poor pay, too, for I thought Uncle Henry had money laid by from his pension savings and his horse trades. But what he left doesn't pay me for my trouble; so you needn't begrudge it to me. But what I write for mostly is to tell you he left you his old box of curiosities and his 'wooden leg.' He's had them packed up together six months, I reckon; and he said, one day, kind of bitterly: 'If Mamie's as poor as you say, Agnes, the old box will do to make her a fine some cold morning.' And that's all it's fit for."



"I LOVE YOU BETTER THAN THE WHOLE WORLD."

Mamie, so you'd just as well take him at his word.
"As for me, I'm tired of the country, and I intend to advertise the old place for sale. The lawyer says it may bring a few thousand dollars. I'm bound to have money some way, so as to get away to the city to live. I can't think what Uncle Henry did with all his savings. I know I never would have staid here and waited on him like a slave only for the hope of getting his money. But it seems he hadn't any. Well, I've seen the box of things by express. They're heavy, but I couldn't afford to express the express for you, even if I had the will to do it, which I haven't, so I don't forget old times, Mamie

Glenn, and I'm a good hater. So your path and mine lie far apart. Good-by.
"Your sister,
AGNES FRANKS.
Mamie was weeping over the death of the old soldier, her uncle, who had reared his orphan niece so tenderly.
In a passion of sorrow, she beat and hissed the poor, senseless wooden leg.
"Oh, how it brings the past back!" she sobbed. "I can see him again, with his kind, true face, stumping along on this dear old wooden leg, and how happy we were together, Uncle Henry and I. I helped him find the arrow-heads in the fresh-plowed field. I chased the butterflies for him. Oh, I can see again the fresh green fields of the country, and smell the fragrant air."

"Are you regretting that you married me, my darling?" asked a wistful voice across the room.
It was Mamie's husband, handsome Laurie Glenn, for whose sake Agnes Elmer had loved him, and when he chose blue-eyed Mamie, the elder sister silently swore revenge on her lovely rival. She turned her uncle's heart against his pretty pet, and by persistent cunning kept them apart until the old man's death.
Mamie's home was in a southern town 100 miles away from her old country birthplace, but she cried:
"If Agnes would but have written me he wanted me, I would have walked all the way rather than have missed seeing him before he died!"

was 17, and then made a runaway match, with a summer boarder, a clerk in a law office.
She had been married three years now, and since it had been a love match, Laurie's small salary had sufficed for simple comfort and happiness until sickness came, and with it the grim specters—want and hunger.
She knew well that his convalescence would have been more rapid if she could have procured for him the things the doctor ordered—the wines, the nourishing foods; but how could she get them? She had sold all her clothing except the very shabbiest, she had taken in sewing, and been cheated out of her pay. Now the rent of the tiny cottage was due, the fuel was out, the larder was empty and there was only one dollar in the little purse in her pocket. The three that had gone to the expressman had robbed them of the means of life; and to-morrow was Christmas.

Weeks and weeks ago Mamie had written to Uncle Henry and sister Agnes, telling them of her misfortunes—how her baby had been ill so long and died; how Laurie was languishing in a grippe. She had begged them both to lend her a little money till her husband recovered his health.

But no answer had come until that cold, hard letter to-day, and the box, her sole legacy from her dead uncle, Oriel Agnes!—perhaps she had received the letters—perhaps she knew well

tottered weakly to the corner store. People with well-filled market baskets came out of the store, passing her as she shivered, and she heard them saying that there was going to be a regular Christmas snowstorm.

The streets were full of people, and they all had baskets and bundles. All seemed gay and joyous. No one seemed to notice sad-eyed, pale-faced Mamie, except her landlord, who happened to enter the store while she was buying a half-pint of cheap wine. He sneered at her extravagance, chiding at the fact that the rent was overdue.

She flushed crimson when he looked at her, and faltered:
"The doctor orders wine for my husband."

"I am glad you can afford to buy it. I will call for my rent again the day after Christmas," he replied, brusquely. She bowed tremblingly, and gathered her little purchases into her arms, managing the small basket of coals on her weak arm. Then she staggered like a drunken woman, going out again into the sloppy street. She had not had enough to eat for many days, and the wet snow dropped into the gaping holes in her thin shoes.

Poor Mamie! Poor little Mamie! Could cruel Agnes see her now, she would think herself well avenged for the loss of handsome Laurie Glenn!

The little purse was quite empty now, but Mamie did not tell her husband that. She choked back her sobs,

"It breaks my heart, darling, to think that I shall have no Christmas gift for you to-morrow." Laurie sighed, as he kissed her good night.
She soothed him tenderly, but when she nestled by his side she prayed, secretly:
"Dear God, please let us both die in our sleep before the fatal to-morrow, when we shall have no fire nor food."

But to that dark, dark hour that comes before the dawn, Laurie shook her feebly with an icy hand, moaning, in the querulous tones of the invalid:
"Mamie, the fire has gone out and I am freezing!"

"Yes, dear, yes, dear," and she crept shivering from under the blanket, groped for a match, and lighted the lamp. It flared up in the black darkness, and showed her the fireless grate, where the coals had burned into dull red ashes. The little basket, with a few remaining coals, stood close to the hearth. Mamie seized it eagerly.

"We will soon have a fire, dear," she said, soothingly, but she felt her limbs tremble and her head reel. She was so weak from want of food.

But she groped for the poker, and looked about her for some kindling. Alas! she had none, and without them the coals would not burn.

She remembered that yesterday she had used every scrap of wood, even to the top and sides of Uncle Henry's box, to coax a feeble flame under the kettle for Laurie's tea.

She crushed back a moan of despair.

have been angry but she was of crafty Agnes."
"Oh, what a happy Christmas for Mamie and Laurie! What life of hope and joy!"
At the farm house, where they so happy a life, the fragments of



THE CHIMES OF GOLD FISHER
Old wooden leg are kept in a velvet case, satin-lined, and labeled in bright gold letters.

"Mamie's Christmas Legacy!"

Christmas Chimes from Many Climes.

Christmas is always a season of good wishes and loving kindness.
In America almost all little children hang up their stockings on Christmas eve to be filled by kind old Santa Claus. In Germany they make more of Christmas than we do in America. Every-where the Christmas tree is used.

If a family is too poor to have a whole tree, a single branch only will stand in a conspicuous place, hung with the few simple gifts.

A week before Christmas St. Nicholas visits the children, to find out who have been good enough to receive the gifts the Christ-child will bring them on Christmas eve.

It is a very unusual thing to see on a German Christmas tree, way up in the very topmost branch, an image or doll representing the Christ child, while below are sometimes placed other images representing angels with outspread wings.

After the tree is lighted the family gather round it, and sing a Christmas hymn.

In France may be almost universally seen representations of the manger in which Christ was born, with figures of Mary, Joseph and the child Jesus, and cattle feeding near by. Often these representations are decorated with flowers, and lighted candles burn softly before them.

In Norway the people have a delightful custom of putting on the roof of the barn, or on a pole in the yard, a large sheaf of wheat for the birds, who fully appreciate their Christmas feast.

In England almost every one who can do so has a family party on Christmas eve. Young and old join in the games, many of which belong especially to Christmas time.

From the ceiling of one of the rooms a large bunch of mistletoe is hung. If any little maid is caught standing under it the one who catches her has a right to take a kiss from her rosy lips.

In Holland the little Dutch girl puts her wooden shoe in the chimney-place ready for gifts, just as the little American girl hangs up her stocking.

And so in some way all over the Christian world on the eve of the twenty-fifth day of December the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ is celebrated. Everywhere the Christmas chimes are ringing out the message the angels brought to Bethlehem—"Peace on earth, good will to men."

Under the Mistletoe.



Young Fresh—Ah, I tell you, old man, I'm not going to be the timid fool I was last Christmas. I'm going to kiss every female I catch under the mistletoe, and don't you forget it!"



Lady of Color (from New Jersey, as Young Fresh and his friend step out of doors)—Here you is, mistletoe, nice and fresh!"

Breaking His Oath.

Yellowby—I'm going to swear off all New Year's. Are you?

Brownly—No.

Yellowby—You are not? Why not?

B.—Because it makes a fellow feel so mean to have to break his oath.



CHRISTMAS PAST AND PRESENT.

And again the voice across the room asked, plaintively:
"Are you regretting that you married me, my darling?"

For answer she ran to him and clasped her loving arms about his neck.

"I love you better than the whole world," she cried.

"And yet it would have been better for you, Mamie, had you never seen me," he sighed.

"Oh, Laurie, do not fall so. You break my heart. Have I ever reproached you?"

"Never, my dearest. You have been an angel; and that is why I reproach myself. I should never have taken you from your happy country home, to starve you to death in this dreary town."

"Oh, Laurie, do not say such cruel things of yourself. I am not starving; no, no. And you will soon be well again and can go back to the office."

"Oh, Mamie, I shall never get well again, and his weak voice grew strong with anguish. He lifted a thin, transparent hand, and held it up to the light. "See how thin I am, I am getting weaker every day. It is four months now since I was first attacked with a grippe, and I've lain here ever since, weak and ill, while you had to struggle with poverty alone. We have sold what little of value we had—my watch, and your few jewels—and everything we could spare from this little house; and—and it has dwindled away for food and medicine, until I fear there is nothing left."

"Oh, I had to pay the expressman three dollars for that heavy box—I wish Agnes had not sent it just yet!" she groaned.

"And how much have you left, Mamie?"

"Don't ask me—it—it doesn't matter, Laurie, for—I'll try to get some plain sewing to do. Oh, don't you worry, dear!" but her face was ghastly.

She did not know how to earn any money, this little wife who had been simply reared in the country until she

their poverty, and had rejoiced in the thought that the expressage on the heavy box of wood and stone would take the very bread out of their mouths.

And poor, pretty Mamie, kneeling there, by her suffering husband, sobbed harder every time that she looked at the box—the box that had brought back the happy olden time, the days of peace and plenty, on the pretty little farm.

And Agnes was going to sell it to strangers—their birthplace—Uncle Henry's old home, and theirs. Mamie thought of the whispering old trees beneath whose shade dear Laurie had wooed and won her. Then she thought of what the doctor had told her privately yesterday.

"Your husband's lungs will always be weak after this terrible spell. He would never go into an office again. It would be best to move into the country, on some little farm, and spend his time in out-door pursuits. He would live longer that way."

"Oh, I wish Uncle Henry had given us the farm! I wish I had money enough to buy it and take Laurie there to live!" she cried, in an agony of keen despair.

But she knew that there was only one dollar in her purse—one dollar between her and the wolf at the door—and Laurie was already sinking from lack of proper sustenance. The handsome face was thin and ghastly white, the large dark eyes were rimmed with purple shadows. Death seemed hovering near.

A wild horror seized upon her lest Laurie should die first and leave her alone in the cold, pitiless world.

"He shall not! He shall not!" she thought, frantically, and, seizing her thin shawl, wrapped it about her head and shoulders. "I will buy food and fuel—and a little of each—with the money, and I will not take any myself. Then death will claim me when it claims my Laurie," she said, grimly, to herself, then kissed his pallid face, and then hurried out into the storm, for the snow was falling fast as she

and coaxed him to partake of the wine, jelly and crackers.

"You first, my dearest," he said tenderly.

"No, I must put on fresh coals, for it is going to be very cold," she answered cheerfully, and while he sipped daintily at the wine she dried her wet feet at the fire.

"To-morrow is Christmas, you know, Laurie, and I must make some small preparations," she said, slipping into the little kitchen before he could insist on her eating.

"I must save it all for him," she murmured, with a hoarse sob, and slipped down on her knees.

"God send us help!" was all she could say; then she crouched on the fireless hearth, thinking of the \$3 she had paid to the expressman for her uncle's wooden leg and collection of rocks.

"No one would give me that for them. Not that I would sell uncle's leg—never!" thought poor, distracted Mamie, with the tears in her blue eyes and the golden hair slipping loose, like a crinkly veil, about her shivering form.

When she crept back into her bedroom Laurie had fallen peacefully asleep. There was even a faint color in his thin cheeks. Her heart thrilled with joy to see it.

"The wine has made him better, and there is a little left for to-morrow. To-morrow—ah, what a terrible Christmas it will be for us two. Heaven help us!" she sighed, miserably, but Laurie slept sweetly on, never guessing that the last penny was gone, or that little Mamie was starving herself in secret that the food might hold out a little longer for him. It would have broken his heart to know it, for all his care was for her, as hers for him. For many days he had secretly thought:

"I am dying by inches, and I hope the end will come soon, for Mamie's sake, for then surely these hard hearts would forgive her and take her home again."

The short winter day waned to its early close, and Mamie, to save the few drops of oil in the lamp, retired very early.

and her hollow blue eyes roved about the room in hopeless search.

But the room was empty of furniture, save the bed and the little willow rocking-chair.

But there—in the box—surrounded by the dried butterflies and geological specimens—lay the sturdy wooden leg—Mamie's legacy.

The words of her sister's letter rushed over her mind.

"If Mamie is as poor as you say, my old leg will make her a fire, some cold morning."

"He would not care, dear Uncle Henry," she sobbed, and the little bare feet went pattering across the floor.

She caught up the hatchet, and began to drag out Uncle Henry's leg from the box. It seemed heavy to her weak arms, and as she tugged at it, Laurie exclaimed, in wonder:

"What are you doing?"

"Oh, Laurie, there is no kindling, and—I'm going to split this up! No, I'm not crazy, and I won't stop! It's mine, and Uncle Henry wouldn't mind if he knew!"

Up went the little hatchet, and came down with a whack. The dry wood of the old leg split and flew into splinters. But what was that sound like the chink of gold pieces? What was that gleam like jewels on the bare floor?

Mamie brought the lamp and knelt down among the splinters, and found that Uncle Henry's old wooden leg had been stuffed full of gold and bank notes to the amount of \$5,000.

And a little note among them gave this little fortune to his dear niece, Mamie Glenn:

"For I know," wrote Uncle Henry, "how Agnes hates her sister, and would cheat her out of this gold if she could. So I take this means to give it to my favorite niece, with my love and my wishes for her happiness. And I have heard Agnes tell her cronies that she would sell the old place when I am dead and move to the city, where she might catch a fine rich husband. So I hope Mamie will buy the old house with some of this legacy, and make it her home and her husband's, as I forgive them both now, and would never

send you the box of things by express. They're heavy, but I couldn't afford to prepay the express for you, even if I had the will to do it, which I haven't, so I don't forget old times, Mamie

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CHRISTMAS PAST

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farm.

And Agnes was going to sell it to
strangers—their birthplace—Uncle
Henry's old home, and theirs. Mamie
thought of the whispering old trees be-
neath whose shade dear Laurie had
wooed and won her. Then she thought
of what the doctor had told her pri-
vately yesterday.

"Your husband's lungs will always
be weak after this terrible spell. He
would never go into an office again. It
would be best to move into the country,
on some little farm, and spend his time
in out-door pursuits. He would live
longer that way."

"Oh, I wish Uncle Henry had given
us the farm! I wish I had money
enough to buy it and take Laurie there
to live!" she cried, in an agony of keen
despair.

But she knew that there was only
one dollar in her purse—one dollar be-
tween her and the wolf at the door—
and Laurie was already sinking from
lack of proper sustenance. The hand-
some face was thin and ghastly white,
the large dark eyes were rimmed with
purple shadows. Death seemed hover-
ing near.

A wild horror seized upon her lest
Laurie should die first and leave her
alone in the cold, pitiless world.

"Be shall not! He shall not!" she
thought, frantically, and, seizing her
thin shawl, wrapped it about her head
and shoulders. "I will buy food and
wine and fuel—a little of each—with
the money, and I will not take any my-
self. Then death will claim me when
it claims my Laurie," she said, grimly,
to herself, then kissed his pallid face,
and then hurried out into the storm,
for the snow was falling fast as she

placed, readily in the corner store, people with well-filled market baskets, out of the store, passing her as she hurried, and she heard them say, "that there was going to be a big Christmas tomorrow."

The streets were full of people, and they all had baskets and bundles. All seemed gay and joyous. No one seemed to notice sad-eyed, pale-faced Mamie, except her landlord, who happened to enter the store while she was buying a half-pint of cheap wine. He sneered at her extravagance, chaffing at the fact that the rent was overdue.

She flushed crimson when he looked at her, and faltered:

"The doctor orders wine for my husband."

"I am glad you can afford to buy it. I will call for my rent again, the day after Christmas," he replied, brusquely. She bowed tremblingly, and gathered her little purchases into her arm, clinging the small bucket of coals on her weak arm. Then she staggered to a drunken woman, going out again to the sloppy street. She had not had enough to eat for many days, and the wet snow slopped into the gaping holes in her thin shoes.

Poor Mamie! Poor little Mamie! How could cruel Agnes see her how, she could think herself well avenged for the loss of handsome Laurie, Glenn!

The little purse was quite empty now, but Mamie did not tell her husband that. She choked back her sobs,

THE WALTZ



AND PRESENT

and coaxed him to partake of the wine, and the apples and crackers.

"You first, my dearest," he said tenderly.

"No, I must put on fresh coals, for it is going to be very cold," she answered cheerfully, and while he sipped daintily at the wine she dried her wet feet at the fire.

"To-morrow is Christmas, you know, Mamie, and I must make some small preparations," she said, slipping into the little kitchen before he could insist on her eating.

"I must save it all for him," she murmured, with a hoarse sob, and slipped down on her knees.

"God send us help!" was all she could say; then she crouched on the fireless hearth, thinking of the \$3 she had paid to the expressman for her uncle's wooden leg and collection of rocks.

"No one would give me that for them. I've got that I would sell uncle's leg—ever!" thought poor, distracted Mamie, with the tears in her blue eyes and the golden hair slipping loose, like a crinkly ball, about her shivering form.

When she crept back into her bed-room Laurie had fallen peacefully to sleep. There was even a faint color in his thin cheeks. Her heart thrilled with joy to see it.

"The wine has made him better, and there is a little left for to-morrow. To-morrow—ah, what a terrible Christmas it will be for us two. Heaven help us!" she sighed, miserably, but Laurie slept sweetly on, never guessing that the last penny was gone, or that little Mamie was starving herself in secret that the food might hold out a little longer for him. It would have broken his heart to know it, for all his love was for her, as hers for him. For many days he had secretly thought:

"I am dying by inches, and I hope to end will come soon, for Mamie's sake, for then surely those hard hearts would forgive her, and take her home again."

The short winter day waned to its early close, and Mamie, to save the few drops of oil in the lamp, retired very early.


"You break my heart, darling, to see that I shall have no Christmas for you to-morrow," Laurie sighed, as he kissed him good-night. She smoothed him tenderly, but when nestled by his side she prayed, secretly—
 "Dear God, please let us both die in sleep before the fatal to-morrow, so we shall have no fire, nor food," and in that dark, dark hour that comes before the dawn, Laurie shook feverishly with an icy hand, moaning, the querulous tones of the invalid: "Mamie, the fire has gone out, and I freezing."
 "Yes, dear—yes dear," and she crept fearfully from under the blanket, lit a match, and lighted the fire. It flared up in the black darkness and showed her the fireless grate, where the coals had burned into dull ashes. The little bucket, with a remaining coal, stood close to the hearth. Mamie seized it eagerly. "We will soon have a fire, dear," she said, soothingly, but she felt her limbs tremble and her head reel. She was weak from want of food.
 But she groped for the poker, and looked about her for some kindlings. Alas! she had none, and without them coals would not burn.
 She remembered that yesterday she had used every scrap of wood, even to the top and sides of Uncle Henry's box, so as to feed flame under the kettle. Laurie's tea.
 She crushed back a moan of despair,



and her hollow blue eyes roved about the room in hopeless search.
 But the room was empty of furniture, save the bed and the little willow rocking-chair.
 But there—in the box—surrounded by the dried butterflies and geological specimens—lay the sturdy wooden leg—Mamie's legacy.
 The words of her sister's letter rushed over her mind:
 "If Mamie is as poor as you say, my old leg will make her a fine some cold morning."
 "He would not care, dear Uncle Henry," she sobbed, and the little bare feet went pattering across the floor.
 She caught up the hatchet and began to drag out Uncle Henry's leg from the box. It seemed heavy to her weak arms, and as she tugged at it, Laurie exclaimed, in wonder.
 "What are you doing?"
 "Oh, I amie, there is no kindling, and I'm going to split this up! No, no, not crazy, and I won't stop! It's mine, and Uncle Henry wouldn't mind he knew!"
 Up went the little hatchet, and came down with a whack. The dry wood of the old leg split and flew into splinters. But what was that sound like the tinkling of gold pieces? what was that gleam like jewels on the bare floor?
 Mamie brought the lamp and knelt down among the splinters, and found that Uncle Jerry's old wooden leg had been stuffed full of gold and bank notes to the amount of \$3,000.
 And a little note among them gave Mamie little fortune to his dear niece, Mamie Glenn:
 "For I know," wrote Uncle Henry, "how Agnes hates her sister, and how she would cheat her out of this gold if she could. So I take this means to give it to my favorite niece, with my love and my wishes for her happiness. And I have heard Agnes tell her cronies that she would sell the old place when I am dead and move to the city, where she might catch a fine rich husband. So I hope Mamie will buy the old house with some of this legacies, and make it her home and her husband's, as I forgive them both now, and would, never

There's a gift and that's the only Agnes.

What's happy Christmas
without Laurie! What
of hope and joy!
The farm house, where they
play a life, the fragments of



THE CRIME OF GOLD PIECES

Wooden leg, and kept in a velvet
satin lined, and labeled in bright
letters:
"Minnie's Christmas Legacy!"

Christmas Chimes from Many
Climes

Christmas is always a season of good
deeds and loving kindness.

America's almost all little children
bury their stockings on Christmas
eve, to be filled by kind old Santa Claus.
Germany they make more of Christ-
mas than we do in America. Every-
where the Christmas tree is used.

If a family is too poor to have a
real tree, a single branch only will
do in a conspicuous place, hung
with the few simple gifts.

A week before Christmas St. Nicholas
visits the children, to find out who
has been good enough to receive the
Christ-child will bring them
Christmas eve.

It is a very usual thing to see on a
man Christmas tree, way up in the
topmost branch, an image or doll
representing the Christ child, while be-
low are sometimes placed other images
representing angels with outspread
wings.

After the tree is lighted the family
gather round it, and sing a Christmas
carol.

France may be almost universally
representations of the manger,
where Christ was born; with
figures of Mary, Joseph and the
Infant Jesus, and cattle feeding near by.
In these representations are deco-
rated with flowers, and lighted candles
are softly before them.

Norway the people have a delight-
ful custom of putting on the roof of the
house, or on a pole in the yard, a large
sheaf of wheat for the birds, who fall
to feed their Christmas feast.

England almost every one who
does so has a family party on Christ-
mas eve. Young and old join in the
feast, many of which belong especial-
ly to Christmas time.

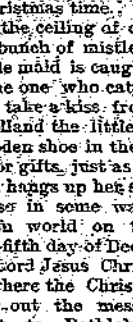
From the ceiling of one of the rooms
a large bunch of mistletoe is hung. If
a little maid is caught standing un-
der it the one who catches her has a
right to take a kiss from her rosy lips.

Holland the little Dutch girl puts
her wooden shoe in the chimney-place
for gifts, just as the little Ameri-
can girl hangs up her stocking.


And so in some way all over the
Christian world on the eve of the
twenty-fifth day of December the birth
of our Lord Jesus Christ is celebrated.

Everywhere the Christmas chimes are
ringing out the message the angels
brought to Bethlehem—"Peace on
earth, good will to men."

Under the Mistletoe.



Young Fresh—Ah, I tell you, old
man, I'm not going to be the timid
I was last Christmas. I'm going
to kiss every female I catch under the
mistletoe, and don't you forget it!"



Young Fresh—Hea yo is, mistletoe, nice and
sh!"

Breaking His Oath.

Young Fresh—I'm going to swear off all
swearing for a year. Are you?

Old Fresh—No.

Young Fresh—You are not? Why not?

Old Fresh—Because it makes a fellow feel so
mean to have to break his oath.



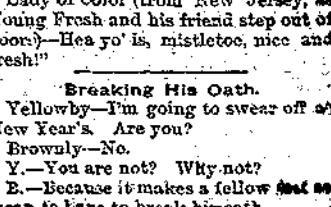
CHRISTMAS PAST AND PRESENT



Under the Mistletoe,



Young Fresh—Ah, I tell you, old man, I'm not going to be the timid ol' I was last Christmas. I'm going to kiss every female I catch under the mistletoe, and don't you forget it!"



Fresh and his friend step



1990

