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T & A. M.—Buchanan Lodge No. 68 holds a L . regular meeting Monday evening on or before he full moon in each month. D OF H.—Buchanan Grange No 40 meets on the second and fourth Saturday of each nonth, at 2 o'clock P. M.

A O.T. W -Buchanan Ledge No. 85 holdsits A rentar meeting the 1st and 3d Friday even-ing of ach month. A.R.-Wm. Perrott Post No.22. Regular LX, meeting on the first and third Saturday vening of each month. Visiting comrades alrays welcome.

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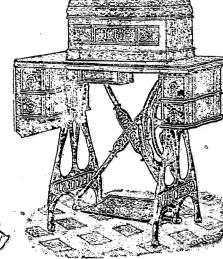
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VOLUME XXIII.

BUCHANAN, BERRIEN COUNTY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1889.

NUMBER 43

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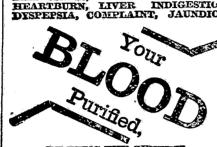
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The hog that's allers squealin' Gets the smallest share of slop, An' the man that's allers growlin' Never raises half a crop. An' often when a feller Gets a lickin' it has been The man that talked the loudest

Just before the fight begin. It's a fact—the man that carries The fattest pocketbook Is the quiet, steady-goin Feller every time; but look Wherever you're a mind ter, It ain't of en that you'll find A man that's worth his feedin Ef he's any other kind.

- Exchange

PATTY'S MISTAKE

BY BELLA D. CLARK.

It was the day of the great.county fair; the pretty town of Kent was crowded to its utmost in order to accommodate all its visitors. Patty Allen had been in a flutter

since early morning; for, a month ago, she had promised to attend this fair with Charlie Robertson. He had been home on a visit then. and had been so assidious in his attention to Patty that all the girls were envious of her, for Charlie was considered a great catch. He was fine looking, and had a gentle yet masterful way very taking with most women. So Patty arrayed herself in a pretty grey suit, and fastened a great knot of pink asters in her bosom, and—waited. She heard the train come in; he would have to walk the short distance from the station to his father's house, where he was to harness the black colt to the pretty phaeton in which Patty expected to ride to the fair.

Another half hour went by-an hour -no Charlie. Disappointment and anger began to gather hotly in Patty's heart. Would he really be so horrid as to make an engagement with a girl and hen go off and forget all about it? Of course there were lots of girls in the city where he worked, prettier and more stylish than she. Patty winked hard to keep the tears from her eyes while the storm went on in her proud heart.

She was standing in the midst of her asters—a pretty flour herself, with her shining eyes, crimson cheeks, and satiny brown hair under the drooping

A sound of wheels made her heart leap; but no-it was only Ben Denver he enet Harry's mother first; he was Ben had the name of being a rather fast young man. At the sight of Patty, flushed and agitated in her aster bed, he pulled up his handsome span. "Not at the fair, Miss Patty? How jolly! My cousin was going with me, but she slipped off to New York last night, and I am alone, unless you will

make me so happy--" He sprang out with a bow and a smile. Patty approached the carriage; she would not have it said that she stayed at home and cried because Charlie Robertson failed to keep his engagement with her; no, indeed! She would go to the fair and have a good time. The next moment she was whirling away behind Ben Denyer's

Some mention was made of Charlie. and Dever said carelessly that one could not depend on a fellow who was such a favorite among the women. Now he.. Ben, poor, unlacky devil, never could. pick up a sweetheart, while Charlie Patty laughed, but lis words stung

grey horses.

had plenty of them. her. Was Charlie really a flirt? Ob,. what a fool she was to care anything about him! She went through the day somehow, and was thankful to be at-

A week later, while she was in the yard, Ben came along and stopped atthe fence to talk with her. "I went to B—— last Friday," he said, "and I saw Charlie Robertson justgetting aboard a western train, in company with a young woman in black: who seemed to be greatly attached to

him. "Did you?" rejoined Patty, careless-('T was true, then; Charlie was a. She went on talking of the weather, the fair, the premiums, the crops, anything and everything but the subjectnearest her heart; and after a while

Ben went on his way with a crimson. aster in his button-hole. Thus it happened that when Charlie came home the following Sunday, Patty had only a cold little bow for him at:

church. After the service he came to her eagerly and tried to speak; but she begged to be excused, and scrambled hastily into her father's carryall with the rest of the family, leaving poor, crest-fallen Charlie in the middle of the

He was honestly in love with Patty; he had been in peril of his life since. last they met; but he had his share of. pride, and since she refused speech. with him he would go his own way,. and she might go hers. The next day Patty heard that he was going to New York, to superintend! a gang of men who were to build a. large church. He would not return

Patty tried to make herself think. that she did not care. Ben Denyer began to show her marked attention. Hewas reforming his wild habits; people: began to speak of how "nice and steady" he was getting to be. Patty grew to like him in a quietsort of fashion. At last he told her that he loved her, and was trying to be a better man for her sake; and would

she marry him some day?

Foolish Patty promised that she would, partly because she was sorry for him, and partly because she wanted everybody to think that she had forgotten Charlie Robertson. The year of Charlie's absence went by, but the work was not yet finished. He was expected home about Christ-

mas time. On the Sunday before Christmas Patty saw him in his father's pew at church, and with him a lady in deep mourning. She felt sure that this was the woman for whom Charlie had broken his agreement with her, but she looked too pale and sad; Charlie's sweetheart should be blushing and

On Monday afternoon Patty was very her. "I am Mrs. Moore," she said pleasant ly. "You saw me at church on Sunday?" Patty bowed silently, and wondered

what was coming next. "I fear you will think me very un-conventional, Miss Allen, but I have taken it upon myself to right a misunderstanding between two young people in whom I am interested." She paused a moment, evidently to choose some language by which to express her thoughts. Patty was blushing furiously, and feeling very uncomfortable.

Mrs. Moore suddenly placed her hand upon Patty's and the girl saw that her eyes were full of tears. "Dear little friend," she said tremu-

lously, "at the time you were waiting for Charlie Robertson to take you to the fair a year ago last October, he was riding over a wild country road after a coroner, and I was mourning over the dead body of my husband. We were spending a few weeks in R ---, a quiet place a few miles from the coast. My Harry was not in good health. He used to go down to the city where Charlie worked, and the two would go

off for a sail. "On Wednesday, the day before your fair here, they went off together, when a sudden squall upset the boat. They managed to right her, and Charlie dragged Harry aboard, when again she capsized. This time they succeeded in unshipping the mast, and after a while, during which the great waves kept breaking over them, Charlie got the boat over, and once more dragged my

husband on board." "Harry was dreadfully exhausted. and Charlie was obliged to support him in his arms. The stern of the boat was partly submerged, and great billows kept dashing over both the poor boys who had struggled so hard for their lives. To make their situation more harrowing, a dense fog closed about them."

"Presently Harry said drowsily,-

"I am going to sleep."
"Charlie, knowing that this meant death, stroye to rouse him by singing "Rock of Ages." Harry joined in feebly at the last yerse, and then, closing his eyes, drifted out upon the great sea

of eternity."
Mrs. Moore's voice broke, and she was silent for a little while. Patty was weeping wildly. How she had wronged Charlie-brave, true heart, who had risked his own life in the endeavor to save that of his weaker companion! "Two hours later," resumed Mrs. Moore, "a schooner picked them up and put them ashore some distance down the coast. Here Charlie procured a covered wagon, and started over a wild country road in the night to bring me

the body of my dear husband. "It was two o'clock Thursday morning when he reached me. I had walked the floor all that terrible night. waiting for-1 knew not what. The day of your fair, my dear, Charlie rode twenty miles for a coroner. Nearly all that day my husband lay as Charlie had brought him to me-his hair matted, his clothes soaked with salt water; they would not let me touch him until

the coroner came.
On Friday I started on my long sad jearney home to a distant state, where Harry's mother was awaiting me. Charlie accompanied me; how I should ever have reached home without him I do not know, for I was bewilderedhalf crazed by my sudden bereavement. He attended to all the dreadful details; hundreds of Harry's friends admired him for a brave man. And yet I fear that all this has caused an estrangement between you. Did you not receive a letter from him? He wrote

you. I am quite sure." Patty shook her head; she was weeping; her heart was filled with anguish and remorse. She did not know when her caller quiely slipped away and another entered, but presently a man's arm encir-cled her waist, and Charlie's voice said

in her ear.—

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, shrinking away from him in such unaffected horror that the poor fellow stared at her in dismay. "Patty-then you cared nothing for me. after all!" "Too late!" muttered Patty, despairingly. "I am promised to Ben Denver."

"Patty-dear little Patty!"

Charlie sank into a chair with a groan. At this moment Ben pushed open the folding doors and stepped from the sitting-room into the parlor. He was rather pale, but smiling, and carried himself jauntily. "Beg pardon for eavesdropping," he id. "I came in the back door and overheard some of the conversation. If

a man says no, a woman can't marry him can she? I declare I won't have Patty, anyway." "O Ben!" gasped Patty, wringing her hands nervously.

He turned to her, smiling still, but with his blue eyes full of tears. "God bless you Patty! I shall always

be a better man for having loved you. I renounce my claim, and give you to your rightful lover." With that he placed her hand in Charlie's and hurried from the room. The front door clanged heavily and they were alone together, and Patty, clasped close in Charlie's arms, was

sobbing away all her heartache.

A Noted Elephant. The Ceylon papers announce the death of an elephant named Sella, which had served the Public Works Department for over sixty-five years. Originally Sella belonged to the last of the kings of Kandy, Sri Wickrema Raja Singha, and was one of about 100 ele-phants which passed to the British government in 1815. when the Kandyan dynasty was overthrown and the whole island passed under British rule. It was supposed at that time that Sella was fifteen years of age, but this was uncertain. In 1880 it was decided that all the elephants belonging to the Public Works Department should be sold, and Sella fell to a well-known resident of Colombo, Mr. De Soysa. The animal aided in several *keddah* operations for the capture and taming of wild elephants, but became totally blind about three years ago. He continued. however, to work at the plow until within a short time of his death. After death the tusks were removed, and measured five feet in length. Sella himself was eight feet high.

Much to be Thankful For. There is a great deal in this world to

be thankful for, and if you are wise you will count out your benefits before Thanksgiving day comes. You ought to be thankful that you are in this world, and that it is a good world as it is.

That it is full of pretty girls, and that they are getting to rouge evenly and not in spots. That even if there are flirts and frivolous, underbred women, there are also those before whom you can bow with a knowledge that they are gentle-

That bonnets are not as high as they That bustle and reeds are gone and women can sit down comfortably. That it is fashionable to be clean and That children in silk are supposed to

e products of the side streets—sensi-

ble mothers putting their little folks in warm woolens. That buttons are made to button. That the woman who is the most quiet in her manners and in her gowning is in best form. That the man who has pleasant rather than unkind opinions of women is welcomed everywhere. That the elderly man with a manner

is not laughed at, but respected .- N.Y.

Slang. "May I walk down to the park with

one of the girls, mother? I won't stay long," asked Olga Behring. "Which one, Olga?"
"May Brest." "Well, I don't know," said Mis. Be-

hring, looking thoughtfully at her twelve-year-old daughter. "I'd much rather you'd to with Ella Hunting." "Why?"

"She's quieter than May, and uses less slang[.] "May talks as well as most girls," replied Olga, in quick defence of her

"I'm sorry to say that is not very high praise.' "I know we all talk in a very loose way."
"All but Ella."

"And she's a regular pedant!" cried Olga, more than half vexed. "Tut, tut! Count twenty before you speak in such a fashion of your schoolmates. I doubt if you understand what a pedant really is." "I know more than you think, moth-

er, even if I do talk slang. Please don't scold any more, but let me go."
"Well, you must stay no longer than an hour. "Can I invite May to luncheon?" "Yes, if you like."

"O, goody! Now I'm off! Tra-la-la!" "Express your thanks, and say good-

y properly, or you shall not go at all." Olga stopped on her way to the door, put on a grave expression, and said

"Thank you, dear mother, and goodafternoon." "That is better," said Mrs. Behring, smiling at her daughter's exagge ated primness. "Now run along, you naughty girl, and see that May does not teach

you any new slang."

"Allee lightee—I mean I'll be careful!" And off ran Olga, laughing at her narrow escape, An hour afterward she and May returned from their walk and went at once to the pleasant sitting room, through the wide doors of which they could see the table laid for two in the

"Strawberry shortcake!" cried Olga, in rapture. "Yum, yum, yum!" "And cake and thick cream!" added May, peeping over her friend's shoulder. "Isn't your ma a daisy, O!!"
"Well, I guess! Are you hungry,

apartment adjoining.

comes mother."

May?" "Positively famished, my dear. Can't you see through me? I'm allee samee as a shadow." "What a ridiculous girl you are, May! Now behave yourself, for here

walk?" asked Mrs. Behring, after she had bidden May welcome. "Immense!" they cried simultane-Mrs. Behring frowned. "Do I understand that you walked an immense distance?" she a ked. "Why, no," answered Ogla, while

"Well, did you have a pleasant

joyed our walk very much." "Why not say so, then?" "Now mother! Are you going to begin again?" "I haven't left off, Olga, and never shall until you cease to talk slang." "Then we'll all be in the soup for

May colored. "We mean that we en-

the rest of our days," murmured Olga. "Olga!" "I beg your pardon, mother; I really could not help it," laughed the saucy But Mrs, Behring would not smile. "Girls, it's time you were seriously

talked to about this habit," she said, "If I can't effect a reform at home, I shall write to your teacher."
"Oh, don't! She thinks we're models of propriety, doesn't she. May?" But May, rather alarmed at Mrs. Behring's serious mood, would not answer.

"Now I'll tell you what I'll do." said Mrs. Behring, after an interval em-ployed by the girls in drinking cream and eating cake, and during which May had recovered her usual spirits. "This is early July, and the seventh of October is Olga's birthday. If you will cure yourselves of talking slang by that date, I will give you each a gold ring. Will you try?"
"Well I should smile!" exclaimed

May; whereupon Olga burst into such a peal of laughter that Mrs. Behring could not help laughing too.
"But that's not all," she presently went on, when gravity was restored. "You must watch each other faithfully and exact a fine every time you make use of a slang word or expr ssion."

"Who's to be our monitor?" asked Olga. "No one; I shall put you on honor Are you agreed?" Of course we are. I'll do a lot for the sake of having a gold ring," said

"That you must give to me."
"Well, I'm willing. May has just what I receive every week—a half dollar. We'll charge a penny for each slang word, and a nickel for a phrase. Is that fair?" "Quite fair."

"What is to become of all the money

from the fines?" asked Olga.

"And we'll begin this very day," said May, enthusiastically. "Our allowance comes due to morrow." "But meanwhile I'm nearly broke," "A fine! A line!" May cried in high glee. "A penny for your broke, if you

"Dear me, I'm afraid we're going to find this hard work. Want to retract, "Not I; I never go back on a prom-

This time it was Olga who cried "A

fine!" and Mrs. Behring laughed till the tears came to her eyes. "Really, girls, you are worse than dram drinkers." she said, "I'm afraid I have a pair of incurables on my hands." Both May and Olga felt a little ashamed of their unfortunate start, but determined to persevere. Next day they told the girls at school of the compact they had entered into, with the result that an anti-slang society was immediately formed among their mates. Ella Hunting, whose speech was above reproach, kindly consented to act as an umpire and treasurer, During the first week, Olga forfeited every cent of her allowance in four days, and May in three. They borrowed from Mrs. Behring, made a fresh start, and for two days did well; then May forfeited ten cents and Olga six, and both began to feel a trifle discour-

"If I'd known," said May, "that it was going to be so hard-' "And so expensive," broke in Olga. "I'd never have made the promise." "But it's as well we did, you know; just think what a hold the habit had upon us!"

"Dreadful! I believe we should have forgotten how to talk good Eng-"That's what mamma thinks; she says people who talk slang finally find it impossible to express themselves properly."
So the girls sensibly made the best

of matters, and found the struggle

much easier the second week; the fact

danger. The anti-slang society at

school proved helpful, and offorded enough amusement to offset the little annoyance it caused, and by its aid and their own determination, so fast did the girls improve that during the fourth week of the experiment they lost but three or four cents respectively. Then they relapsed, and forfeited three times that amount and had to begin all over again.
"It's just like building a spider's
web," complained May; "one touch and

it is gone. "You must imitate the spider and build again, my dear," said Mrs. Beh-ring, who overheard the remark.

"We intend to, mamma," put in Olga with an air of resolution. determined not to be conquered. Next week we won't make a solitary blun-

der, will we, May?" "Not we!" And they did not, for their vigilance never relaxed. How proud the young heroines were of their unmortgaged allowance at the end of the week you can't readily imagine. Well, Olga's birthday came at last,

and if the girls were not wholly cured they were very nearly so. Neither had lost more that a dime in two weeks preceeding the day of emancipation, as they called it. The rings were given in due time, and Mrs. Behring made a pretty little speech of congratulation when award-

ing her prizes- After May and Olga had admired them to their heart's content, she said: "Guess how much money I have left from the fines, girls,"
"Two dollars?" hazarded May.

"Three?" said Olga. "More than that." "Oh, we can't guess; tell us mamma."

"I have six dollars and twenty-seven cents." "Oh, dear! how poor we must have been!" cried May. "What are you going to do with it mamma? "Well, I think your self-denial

deserves some reward. What do

you say to entertaining the anti-slang

society some evening? I'll allow you to spend the money in refreshments, and give you all the use of my long drawing-room. And you can talk and laugh over your experiences." May and Ogla were charmed at that idea, and for a week were so busy with their preparations that they hardly talked at all, slighting English and slang alike. But they made up for

their silence on the night of the par-ty, and enjoyed it all the more that the pleasure came from their own deprivations. The little girls talk slang occasionally, as I'm afraid every one does nowadays; but Mrs. Behring has never regretted her experiment, for Olga's speech is comparatively pure. She no onger considers slang witty, and if betrayed into a careless expression apologizes for it, understanding that one of the outward signs of genuine lady-hood is a refined habit of speech.

it, girls?-Adrienne Barteaux in Waverley Magazine.

Origin of the Secret Service. The Secret Service as we know it may be said to have had its origin in June, 1861, when Lafayette C. Baker tendered his services to Secretary Seward as a sort of a police scout to gather information of the condition of affairs in the Southern Confederacy. His proposal was accepted and he wa passed through the lines and began his work. He represented himself as a Southerner with interests which at tached him unalterably to the cause of the seceding states. At first he was regarded with suspicion and was arrested and taken before Jefferson Davis himself for examination. He was imprisoned for some time and tested by his captors in various ways even to the point of being threatened with hanging as a spy, but he played his part well, and his ready wit and unfailing nerve not only carried him through this ordeal in safety, but caused him subsequently to be made a confidential agent of the Confederacy, and sent

North in quest of special information for Mr. Davis and his advisers. In his dual capacity he performed some extraordinary feats and gathered about him a set of men after his own heart. The scope of their joint labors gradually enlarged to such an extent that it was deemed better for the war department to direct their operations. So, early in 1862, the transfer was made and the organization took their orders thenceforward from Secretary Stanton till after the close of the war and death

of President Lincoln.—N. Y. Herald.

Possibilities of the Phonograph. Edward Bellamy, the author of "Looking Backward," has just written a fanciful sketch entitled, "With the Eyes Shut," in which he describes an approaching phonographic age. The uses which are found for the phonograph are novel and amusing. Passengers on the railway trains are supplied with phonographic literature so that their eyes are not injured by reading in a jolting coach. The names of the stations are announced by phonograph in clear tones which form a striking contrast to the incomprehensible gibberish of the ordinary brakeman. Mr. Bellamy describes a night's experience in a hotel. He was startled from his dreams by the sound of a voice. He cantinues: "What had startled me was the voice of a young woman who could not have been standing more than ten feet from my bed. If the tones of her voice were any guide she was not only a young woman but a yery charming one. "My dear sir," she had said, "you may possibly be interested in knowing that it now wants just a quarter of three." His terror vanished when he discovered that the voice issued from a clock which was equipped with a phonographic announcing apparatus.—Sci. Amer.

He stood on a step-ladder trimming the dead leaves out of a fruit tree, when a man came along with some tools in his hand and stopped and asked:

"How many hours are you putting in for a day's work?" I'm busy from daylight to eight or nine o'clock at night," was the reply. "Don't you know that nine hours is a day's work?" "I've heard so, but he won't let me

"Then strike on him!" "I can't very well." "Dasn't you kick?" "It wouldn't do any good."

off at that."

"May be so."

that they were inconvenienced by the loss of their pocket money sharpened their wits and made them avoid the swill get behind."—Detroit Free

Press.

Some rich old cuss who wants to grind you into powder, ch?" Well, he keeps me at work. I be lieve I put in thirteen hours every "Then you are a fool!"

"He ought to be talked to." "Why don't you quit?" "I would, you see, but I am the 'old cuss' you are talking about, and though my man can get his day of nine hours,

Look Here!

Having again engaged in the

BUSINESS .

in Buchanan, (at Cathcart's old Gallery), I will be pleased to see all my old friends at the above place.

First-Class Work AT REASONABLE PRICES.

H. E. BRADLEY.

Effects of Alcohol on the Mind. It is one of the curious errors that alcohol stimulates the imagination, and gives a clearer, more practical insight into the relation of events of life. The whirl of thought roused up by the in-creased circulation of the blood in the brain is not imagination; it is not a superior insight or conception of the relation of events, but is a rapid reproduction of previous thoughts, soon merging into confusion. The inebriate never creates any new ideas or new views; all his fancies are tumultuous, blurred, and barren. The apparent brilliancy is only the flash of mania, quickly followed by dementia. Alcohol always lowers fhe brain capacity, and lowers the power of discriminating the relation of ideas and events. After a few periods of intoxication, the mind under the influence of spirits is a blank, blurred page. The poets and orators who are popularly supposed to make great efforts under the influence of alcohol only repeated what had been said before in a tangled delirum of expression. The physicians who are supposed to have greater skill when using spirits have paralyzed their higher brain centers, and have lost all sense of fear or appreciation of the consequences of their acts, hence act more automatically, simply doing what they have done before without any clear ap-preciation or discrimination of the results. The inebriate is the best of all imaginative persons, and the one in whom the higher brain forces of judgment, reason, and conception are the first to give way. The man who uses spirits to give mental force and clearness is doing the very worst thing pos-

ways lowers, destroys, and breaks down.—T. D. Crothers, M. D.

sible to destroy this effect. Alcohol is

ever and always a paralyzant. It never

creates anything; it never gives strength or force that did not exist be-

fore; it never gives a clearer conception and power of execution, but al-

A Minister Nonplussed. Harriet Beecher Stowe's son, Rev. Charles B. Stowe, one evening quite recently dined with Mrs. Boardman. Visiting Mrs. Boardman is a cute little niece about five years old. She is a regular chatterbox and makes many bright remarks during the day. Fear-ing least the child would astonish the preacher by some outlandish saying,

The anti-slang society still exists,, and does good work. Won't you join her aunt warned her to keep mum during the dunner. The admonition was listened to with awe, and at the table the little one scarcely dared to look at Mr. Stowe not daring to commit a supposed sin While the servant was absent from the room, the little girl noticed there was no butter on her small pink dish. She didn't mind holding her tongue, but to eat bread without butter-that would never do. She took a survey of the table, and lo and behold, the butter dish was directly in front of the preacher. Wistfully she gazed at both for a few seconds. Never in her brief existence did she appear so pensive. Then

gathering all her courage and clearing her throat, she said:
"Dear pastor, won't you please, for God's sake, pass the butter?"

Rev. Mr. Stowe never received such shock. He leaned over in his chair to pick up his napkin, which, of course, had not fallen. Mrs. Boardman must at that moment arrange a window curtain, and other guests were suddenly troubled with a friendly

Little Mabel, self satisfied that she had done the proper thing, was the only one at the table who could posi-

gively prove that she was alive. He Was Paralyzed. He was a dude and a lady-killer of the most pronounced type. His record of "mashes" and broken hearts was one that swelled his 16-inch chest with himself off to advantage, and when he saw a stout old woman in a green gingham dress and pink sun-bonnet, vainly trying to manipulate a faucet at a resevoir of drinking water in the park, he gracefully excused himself to the six young ladies following in his train, sprang gallantly forward, filled the cup, and, with the prettiest of bows and the most graceful tip of his hat, offered the cup to the old lady. His blood ran cold, and he stood root-

ed to the spot when she, with a wave of her hand, declined the cup, and said in the presence of the giggling yotng. ladies. "No, young man, you've got holt of the wrong woman this time; they ain't the least bit of flirt about me; I'm a stiddy, respectible married wo-man, and my old man's watchin' us behind yan tree. He's the jealousest man on earth; you'd better take to your heels, for if he sees you bowin' an' smirkin' an' makin' signs to me he'd 'airly bile over with jealousy, even though he'd no call to be so. I have to be mighty keerful ev'ry move I make. If you get sight of a spry old man 'bout 64 years old with a drab stovepipe hat an' a linen duster you'd better lay mighty low, 'speshly if he seen you tryin' to flirt with me, an'— you'd better git now for he's cummin' this way!"—Drake's Magazine.

How to Read People. Short-sighted persons are very particular. They never recognize those

except who are near to them. A forehead extending to the crown of the head indicates baldness. Long hair is a sure sign of economy or of poverty on the part of the man. Beautiful, perfect teeth generally indicate a gcod dentist. Dimples are a sure sign that the

owner will always smile at your most feeble jokes. Eye-glosses indicate had sight. Big shoes are sure signs of comfort. "Smile when you can," is Sam Jones'

latest advice to the masses. Even Sam Jones ought to know that ro one can

smile when he can't—Drake's Maga-His Freekles are a thing of the Past. * * * * The "Blush" has worked to perfection. My freckles are a thing of the past, and that is more than I expected when I commenced using it. With a thousand thanks, I remain, Yours truly, HENRY H. BRADBURY,

Bloomfield, Minn. Gentlemen would not use "B. of R." if it was a paint or powder, of course not. It is clear as water, no sediment to fill the pores of the skin. Its mission is to purify, cleanse and heal the complexion of every imperfection, at the same time takes the place of powder, as it whitens the face, as soon as applied. Sold by M. E. Barmore, The Little Drug Store Round the Corner,

_____ He Couldn't Strike.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1889.

An epidemic of diphtheria is raging in Elkhart.

Drunkenness has increased 500 per cent in Des Moines since the election of Boies.—Iowa State Register.

The last of the Monarchies of South America, Brazil, has been overthrown and a republic, to be known as the United States of Brazil, has been established. Dom Pedro, the late Emperor has been banished from the country and has taken up his abode in Portugal. This was all done without the loss of a life, and everything is said to be assuming proper shape in good order. The new government will carry out all contracts made under the old government, thus not interfering seriously with the business interests of the country. It is understood the new government will liberally pension the deposed Dom, rendering his exile more pleasant than might have been if he had seriously objected to the will of the people and caused bloodshed. Long live the United States of Brazil.

The hint that Vice President Morton was running a saloen, or was renting a building to some man who was running a saloon, or owned property adjoining that occupied by some other man who is running a saloon, or owned property in the same city where some other man was running a saloon, has caused a very frigid chill of horror irrepressible to creep up the Democratic back from Maine to California, notwithstanding the charges are denied by those who are in position to know. But the makeup of the Democratic ticket in Troy, New York, is viewed with the greatest serenity by the entire democracy. Great temperance crowd. Here is the Troy ticket voted by Democrats this month: CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor-Dennis J. Whelan, brewer. Alderman - Michael A. Tierney, Alderman-J. H. Mead, saloon keeper.

Alderman-Michael Keating, saloon Alderman-P. S. Fitzgerald, brewer. Alderman-M. H. Scott, saloon keeper. Alderman-Bernard J. Rourke, sa-

loon keeper. Alderman-John Purcell, saloon keeper.
Alderman—W. D. Cox, bar keeper.
Alderman — James Quinn, saloon

Alderman-John T. Hogan, saloon City superintendent—John Quigley, aloon keeper. City clerk — John J. McCormack,

Police Justice-William Donohue, Sealer of weights and measures-

Henry Deanon, saloon keeper, Assessor-Michael Tierney, brewer. Sanitary inspector—Bryan Smollin,

Sanitary inspector—B. S. Fitzgerald, Charity commissioner—Thomas Calvin, brother of a saloon keeper.
Charity commissioner—Pat Bolton, Superintendent of the poor-John

Fleming, saloon keeper. Water commissioner-D. J. Whelan, President of the civil service board -John F. Ahren, saloon keeper.
Police and excise commissioner-

James Fleming, saloon keeper.
Police captain—Edward J. McKenna, saloon keeper. School commissioner - Thomas D.

Hendy, saloon keeper. Fire commissioner-William Holmes. saloon keeper. Superintendent of burial grounds-John Collins, saloon keeper.

COUNTY OFFICERS. County clerk-Daniel E. Conway, Coroner-Dennis J. Cummings, sa-

Coroner—John Foy, sa'oon keeper. Supervisor—Patrick Kenney, saloon Supervisor-John Mumane, saloon

Supervisor - John Collins, saloon Supervisor - James A. Burke, saloon Supervisor-John H. McGarth, sa-

Bender Suspects Examined.

Oswego, Kan., Nov. 18.—The pre-fiminary examination of the supposed Benders was held before a justice of the peace today. The examination was held on the ground of the murder of Dr. York, father of Mrs. Althea Smith, who was instrumental in causing the arrest of the prisoners, Mrs. Almira Griffith and Mrs. Sarah E. Davis. After the defense had admitted the killing of Dr. York, several witnesses testified that the prisoners close-ly resembled the Benders. Dr. Gabriel, of Parsons, thought the younger woman resembled Kate and the older old Mrs. Bender very much. None of the witnesses would positively swear that the prisoners were the Benders.

State Items.

Fair Plain has a society of baldheads In the '30's salt was worth \$10 a barrel at Grand Rapids and cost \$1 to ferry it over Grand river. Now you can buy Michigan salt-freight, ferriage, barrel and all-hundreds of miles from Michigan for less than old Marsac used to get for taking it across Grand

river in a rowboat.—Detroit Journal. Much as the contrary was feared, the jury in the trial of Holzhay, the upper peninsula robber and murderer, have found him guilty of murder in the first degree, and he has been sentenced to imprisonment in the prison in Marquette for life, at hard labor and solitary confinement. His lawyers willtake the case to the supreme court.

John Courtney, who lives near Bay View, has a daughter who is six years old, and the other day she saw a big hawk swoop down and grab one of her pet chickens. She instantly did a little swooping herself, caught the hawk by each wing and hung on for dear life, calling meanwhile for her father who was at work in the clearing 100 yards or so away. John dropped his ax and ran to the house, where he found the little girl hanging grimly to the hawk, and the hawk hanging as grimly to the dying chicken. It only took him a L. M. R. R. passes under their road, so second to wring the robber's neck and as to admit of a free passage and prerelieve the plucky child of its charge.-Detroit Journal.

FRANK McLane, the young man of St. Joseph who wrote some indecent lines to a pretty girl working in the big knitting factory down on the lake shore, was convicted in the United States court at Grand Rapids, of send sending obscene matter through the mails,—Detroit Journal.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS.

Two young men armed with a skiff. tent, shot guns and other implements of warfare, started from Niles yesterday morning, for a ride down the river to St. Joseph. Before reaching this place, one of them managed to tumble into the river. The cold bath somewhat dampened their ardor, and they hired Frank Barnes to draw their traps back to Niles and abandoned the

THE COAL STOVE.—Friday morning Mrs. J. J. Wells, living on Lake street, missed the usual stir about the house of Mrs. Horace Curtis, who lives with her little granddaughter, next door, and when the milkman came around. expressed her belief that they had been smothered by the coal gas. She continued her work until about eight o'clock, when she procured the assistance of a neighbor woman and gained entrance to the house by a kitchen window, when her fears were fully realized. She discovered Mrs. Curtis in bed and the little girl under it, both unconscious, the former stiff and cold, apparently dead, with no perceptible breath or pulse. The latter was still breathing hard. The ladies threw the doors and windows open and called medical assistance at once, and by a vigorous application of rubbing succeeded in resuscitating both the victims. Dr. Bailey gave as his opinion that ten minutes more would have taken both past relief. It was discovered that in filling the magazine, Thursday evening, the little girl had failed to push the cover quite into its place, leaving a small opening by which the gas escaped. It was a close call, and illustrates the danger lurking in this

School Notes.

modern comfort.

We march down stairs now in double file, at the strokes of the piano. Notalking in the halls or wardrobes. This is in manifest favor among the pupils, and we hope it will be con-

A literary society has been formed. to be composed of the pupils of the High school and Eighth grade. The object of the society is a more practical preparation for the duties of life than can be obtained from text books. We are going to try to persuade the district, through the School Board, to grant us the use of the High School

A Dog of the gentler sex, owned in Berrien township, had one puppy, and in order to make the family one worth bringing up she has adopted a motherless family of kittens and is making a success of the venture, despite the fact that the supreme court has knocked out the adoption law of 1861.—B.S. Era.

Niles Democrat. Sometime between Saturday night and Monday morning five or six thousand shingles were stolen from the yard of Searle & Dougan ... Rodney Van east of this city on Thursday morning, of consumption. He leaves a wife and two children...Mr. Chas. L. Allen fell from a scaffold at the Hurtle building on Monday and sustained a comound fracture of the left limb at the ankle. The ankle bone protruded through the skin....The Wabash depot was broken into and robbed of something over a dollar in change on Friday night of last week. The "drop the nickle into the slot" insurance box was broken open and most of the spoil secured from that source, the remainder consisting of a little odd change left in the money drawer. This is the fifth or sixth time this depot has been broken into and we understand that agent Bradley is at work on a patent burglar alarm that will either shock the "patient" or give a general alarm.

Benton Harbor Palladium.

Mrs. S. A. Dalrymple, who has been staying at Buchanan since April last, has returned to Benton Harbor, where she will make her home permanently ... Several wing dams and other improvements have been placed in the St. Joseph river at points between Berrien Springs and St. Joseph this fall that will be valuable aids to navigation....Mr. Dallin reports that the rails are laid to a point six miles north of Galien, leaving now about eleven miles of steel to put down to finish the line. This he thinks will be accomplished by Dec. 1, at farthest. Switches or side tracks have been put in at Galien, on James Reynolds' farm south of Galien, at Hill's Corners and at John Houser's place ten miles south of St. Joseph. A switch has also been temporarily laid near where the water ank and turn table are being built, on the Watkins property. About 6000 feet or a mile and a quarter of side tracks will be put in here to accomodate the traffic at this end of the line. This work will be done within a short time. The location of a depot has not yet been decided on. It is thought by a good many persons here that the West Michigan and Vandalia will unite in building a union depot on the site of or near the present station

Death of Mrs. James Onen.

The announcement of the sudden and wholly unexpected death of Mrs. James Onen, last Saturday morning, was a complete surprise to our people. She had been ailing for some ten days but was not supposed, even by her physician, to be dangerously ill. On Saturday morning she arose as usual, but about eight o'clock was suddenly taken worse and in five minutes had passed away, heart failure being the immedi-

ate cause of her death. Mrs. James Onen was born in the own of Porter, Niagara county, New York, July 31, 1835. Her maiden name was Celia Duffy. On the 13th of July, 1857, she married James Onen; and on the 3rd of August following she accompanied him to Niles, Mich. Eight children were born to them, five of whom are still living. In March 1877 she moved with her family to this city, where she died Nov. 9, 1889. Mrs. Onenwas a devoted Catholic, a faithful wife, and a good and kind mother; loved and respected by all who knew her.-Dowa-

Mr. and Mrs. Onen were residents of this place, several years since.

FROM GALIEN.

The Ind. & L. M. R. R. contemplates completing the laying of track this week, and in all probability will have regular trains running about the middle of December.

The M.C. people are raising their tracks at the point where the Ind. & vent the lowering of smoke stacks on the engines of the other road.

Mrs. Bert Teeter, of Buchanan, Mich., made a short visit here with friends

Many of the railroad boys have packed their "turkeys" and left for parts

returned to his home in Pompei on Saturday, accompanied by Mrs. Dell

That famous horse "Roscoe," owned by Tripp Bros., formerly owned by Capt. Denison, died on Monday night. The wife of Dr. Bowers returned from her visiting tour in kansas City,

Mo., on Saturday evening. Fresh arrival of Millinery goods for Thanksgiving, at Miss Clara Wilson's. Call and examine her stock before going elsewhere.

Mr. Hazle Green, contractor, is on business in South Bend, to-day. Miss Ella Wright, who has been seriously ill for some time, is now conva-

escent. Prosecuting Attorney Bridgman and Deputy Sheriff Whitcomb were in town on Tuesday, and made arrests of Messrs. Lou Mudge and Geo. Harner. for keeping a place of gambling. Bonds of \$200 each were accepted for their appearance at circuit court.

On Wednesday morning the 13th, an infant was found at the door of the home of Mr. Homer Lamb, in Weesaw Townsnip. In e rumor is the party is known who laid the child there.

The Western Rural, Chicago. We call the attention of our readers O THE WESTERN RURAL AND AMERI-CAN STOCKMAN, one of the oldest and best known of our agricultural and family newspapers. Upon questions of Political Economy and Reform the RURAL is one of the ablest exponents of agriculture and a faithful worker in behalf of the farmer and his best interests. The single subscription price of the Rural and Stockman is \$1.50 per year, of fifty-two issues. For free sam-

MILTON GEORGE, Chicago, Ill.

MISSED BY A RATTLER.

An Incident Recalled by Dr. Conklin, of the Park Menagerie.

"I would rather almost treat any sick animal in the world than a sick snake," said Dr. Conklin of the Central Park menagerie to a reporter the other day. "Not that I mind handling a snake particularly, but on account of the accidents that are likely to hap-

"A few years ago," continued the

doctor, "I had an experience in treat-

ing a sick boa constrictor that will last me until the end of my life. We had at that time a big cage of boa constrictors and several poisonous snakes as well in the lion house. Very often a snake's mouth becomes sore, and it is necessary to rub medicines between its jaws to save its life. I prepared some medicine and went into the house one night with a new attendant we had just hired. This young man's name was Joe, and he had snake performer with a traveling menagerie. The sides of the cage were of glass, as they are now, and inside were about forty snakes of all kinds. There were a dozen big constrictors, a python or two, and a score of rattlers, moccasins and copperheads. As Joe began rattling the door of the cage the inmates woke up, and when they saw the light they were ready for a fight. The sick snake lay at the other end of the cage. The usual way in such cases is to throw a rope noose over the snake's head and drag him to the cage door. Then his head is drawn out and coverwith a meal bag or piece of carpe After that it is easy enough to catch him back of the head, press open his jaws and rub in the medicine. This was done up to the point where his head should have been drawn out through the door. The rattlers and other small snakes were twisted to-

gether in a squirming tangle in the upper end of the cage, and the sick constricter was threshing his big tail about like a dying whale.
"'I'll go inside, Mr. Conklin,' said Joe, 'and give it to him there. I ain't afraid of any snake that ever crawled.'
"Before I could stop him he sprang into the cage and grabbed the constrictor back of the head, opening his mouth a yard wide, it seemed to me. Then he took the bottle in his left hand and proceeded to rub the sore spots. Of course he was busy watching his patient and didn't have cyes for anything else. But it was differ-ent with me. I saw one of the biggest rattlers coiled for a spring. If he bit Joe it would be certain death, and inside of a fraction of a second the blow would be struck. My blood seemed to turn into ice water. My head swam round and round, and my heart stopped beating. I would have called out,

but my tongue was hot, dry and stuck to the roof of my mouth. I finally manage to spring toward the door. At that instant the rattlesnake darted his head forward with a vicious spring, landing between Joe's fingers. At the same instant Joe dropped the constrictor's head and sprang from the cage to the ground.

"Suck your hand, quick, I shouted, and here's some whisky. Don't waste a minute, man. Time is precious. "'What's the matter?" he asked, as though surprised at my conduct.
""Matter enough. You're bitten by rattler.'

"'Not quite as bad as that,' he said, with a little laugh. 'It hit the bottle in my hand, I'm not touched. That's nothing. I didn't think you saw it.'
"I'm not a coward by nature," continued the doctor as he reached for his hat, "but I felt as weak as a baby when Joe stopped talking, and the next man who expects to go into a rattlesnake cage with my consent must chloroform me first."—New York

A Fearful Stroke of Lightning. There was a blinding blast, a terrible crash, as if the skies had been set on fire and the earth had fallen in pieces. On a Sunday afternoon the people of East Point, a village six miles from Atlanta, were shocked from a stroke of lightning the like of which had never been experienced by any of them before. About dusk a gray cloud hung over the town. There had been no lightning, no thunder, nor any indication of an electric storm. Suddenly a flash and a crash came simultaneously and people rushed from their houses with blanched faces. The danger was past, but the brief experience was terrible. There had been an electric shower. The lightning had separated into twenty or more bolts and struck as many places within a radius of a quarter of a mile. The air was filled with the odor of brimstone and a copper colored cloud floated northward from the city. A windmill was struck and damaged, the grass on a lawn burned up, a window in a house was shattered and the carpet in a bedroom scorched, a cow was killed, and a tree split open, and a telegraph operator knocked from his chair. The most wonderful thing about the electric shower was the rolling of great balls of fire up the railroad tracks. The small masses went bouncing and cracking along the rails to the terror of the citizens It was certainly a terrible bolt of lightning, and those who were near will remember it to their dying day.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

Mosquitoes at the Play. "You would not think," said an old actor, "that a little, festive mosquito would break up a performance, would you? Well, such is the fact. You remember Ned Buckley, don't you? Used to be a leading man in Boston theatre; also with Booth and Barrett. One rather warm night, before some sort of a holiday, Ned took a snap company out of town in western Massachusetts to do "Julius Cæsar." It where business is booming.

Mr. Mathew Prince, who was here on business and pleasure connected,

Mr. Mathew Prince, who was here dience. Buckley played Cæsar, and did it well. If I am not mistaken.

Fred Bryton was the Marc antony. It became so hot before the performance had fairly begun that the windows in back of the stage were wide open. It was not very long before the stage was swarming with mosquitoes, they being attracted, no doubt, by the strong light on the stage. Buckley had on a pair of white tights, and he discovered at the last regreat that discovered at the last moment that there was several small holes in the

"Well, the play ran along smooth enough until the time came for Marc Antony to bury Cæsar and not praise him. Poor Julius was lying on the bier, and just as Marc began the oration he felt the infernal little animals getting in their work. Buckley said forever afterward that they were educated. They just picked out the spots where he had used the chalk. He stood the agony just as long as he could; then he began murdering his tormentors. Several times did Julius slap his limbs, and every time he slapped he grunted with relief. He kept slapping his limbs and grunting all through the cration, the audience shouting with laughter all the while. The audience just about knew the cause of the trouble, because they were doing some slaughtering on their own hook. Buckley stood the agony just as long as he could, then he gave Antony a tip, and the oration was cut remarkably short. The audience was tickled immensely, and insisted upon the actors going before the curtain several times. The mosquitoes who made the hit went with them. The performance was a farce for the rest of he evening. Every time that somebody began to act one of the audience would begin to laugh, and everybody would join in the chorus.—Boston Herald. Rare Postage Stamps.

chalk, and whitened over the tights

where they were burst.

A discovery was made here that will be of great interest. It consisted of three government postage stamps, is sued according to the law by the postmaster at St. Louis, for the state of Missouri, in 1845, the denominations being two of the ten cent and one of the twenty cent series. These stamps were issued in five, ten and twenty cent denominations, and are among the rarest and most valuable to stamp collectors of all those issued by authority of the government for use as postage. J. H. Wymer was postmaster of St. Louis in 1845, and gave the order for the plates to J. M. Kershaw, a local engraver. The five and ten cent stamps are found on two varieties of paper. The twenty cent were printed from an altered plate of the ive cent, and are perhaps the rarest stamps known. The stamps bear the arms of Missouri, with "St. Louis" above and "Postoffice" below, are rectangular in shape, and printed in black on blue paper.—Galena (Ills.) Cor. Chicago Herald.

PRACTS AND PHYSIC. Fife is a beautiful night in which as some stars go down others arise.

A Revolutionizer- -- M. P. Would you whip a sick horse? No Then don't use ordinary pills, salts. only use Mills Pills (M. P.) the surest and safest of pills. Samples free at

The mulberry is a good tree to grow n the poultry yard.

Mrs. C. A. Johnson, of Toledo, had every symptom of heart disease, shortness of breath, could not be on left. side, cough, pains in chest, etc., yet af-ter being given up to die, was cured by Dr. Miles' New Cure. Sold by W. H.

The man with the largest library generally finds the least time to read. Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl st., N. Y. 44y1 The real-estate man is not a man of words, he is a man of deeds.

Descrying Confidence. It is quite surprising to notice the numerous reports of remarkable cases of nervous diseases cured, such as headache, fits, nervous prostration, heart affections, St. Vitus Dance, insanity, prolonged sleeplessness, by Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. This new and improved brain and nerve food, and medicine, is everywhere gaining a remarkable reputation for curing the worst of these diseases, as well as the injurious effects of worry, nervous irritation, mental and physical overwork. W. H. Keeler, the druggist, will give away trial bottles of this wonderful remedy. It positively contains no opium or morphine.

A gentleman of color—A painter. A Letter From Home.

SAYS:—I have used your Extract of Red Clover in my family for the past year, with great success, more particularly as regards my wife, who has derived greater and permanent relief by its use, after suffering and being treated by many physicians for years. I consider it my family medicine. As a tonic and spring and fall medicine, it is without equal. For constipation, dyspepsia and stomach trouble it is, without doubt, the very best medicine on the market to day. You are at liberty to use this as you see fit, and I shall be glad at any time to give my experience with your Extract of Red Clover to any who may write or en-quire of me. Yours,

J. A. BELYEA, 293 High St. W. Deiroit. To J. M. Loose Red Clover Co., Detroit, Mich. Write for further testimonials. For sale by W. H. Keeler. Lawyers may be poets; they write lots of "verses".

A Safe Invatment.—1 Is one of which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised Druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of throat, lungs of chest, such as consumption, inflammation of lungs, bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough, croup, etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free, at W. F. Runner's Drug Store.

Friendship is the highest degree of perfection in society.

Merit Wins.-1 We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for consump-tion, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell so 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 pure-ly on their merits. W. F. Runner,

A man buried in thought is usually able to resurrect himself. Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands Chilblains, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 15 cents per box. For sale by W. F. Runner, Druggist. 25y1 There are tricks in every trade, es-

pecially in the sleight-of-hand man's.

Rough's Opera House, Nov. 27th. TONS OF FUN,

Barrels of Laughter, And the Merries of Merry Music always attend the Produc-

FUNNIEST PLAY ON EARTH

tion of that

Delights Without Offending.

Especially introducing that Eccentric Fun Maker and Premier Instrumentalist. I. A. LEBARGE

OF MODERN TIMES.

That most Fascinating of all Favorites. MISS MAY VOKES And the same Superb Company that has crowned "Little Trixie" the Com-

edy success of the Eastern Cities. Admission, 25c and 35c

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE. First publication Nov. 12, 1839. TATE OF MICHIGAN, } ss.

GENEVA A. SPENETTA,
Administratrix. Last publication Jan. 2, 1890.

Estate of Levinda H. Backwith. First publication, Nov. 21, 1889.

CTATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Berrien.—ss
Probate Court for said County.
At a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate Office, in the village of Berrien Springs, on Friday, the 15th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

Present, Dayid E. Himman, Judge of Probate.
In the matter of the estate of Levinda H. Beckwith, deceased.

John C. Dick, Administrator of said estate, comes into Court and represents that he is now prepared to render his final account as such Administrator. ministrator.
Therenpon it is ordered that Wednesday, the 18th day of December next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the examining and allowing such account, and that the heirs at law of said such account, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said cestate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the village of Berrien Springs, in said county, and show cause, if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed. And it is further ordered, that said Administrator give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Buchanan Record, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

[L.S.] DAVID E. HINMAN, (A true copy.)

Last publication, Dec. 12, 1889.

Harper's Weekly. ILLUSTRATED

1890.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has a well-established place as the leading illustrated newspaper in America. The fairness of its editorial comments on curren politics has carned for it the respect and confidence of all impartial readers, and the variety and excel ence of its literary contents, which include serial and short stories by the best and most popular writers, fit it for the perusal of people of the widest range of tastes and pursuits. The WEEKLY upplements are of remarkable variety, interest and value. No expense is spared to bring the highest order of artistic ability to bear upon the illustration of the changeful phases of home and foreign history. A Mexican romanze, from the pen of Thomas A. Janvier, will appear in Week-

HARPER'S PERIODICALS

HARPER'S MAGAZINE...... \$4 00 HARPER'S BAZAR..... 4 00 HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE..... 2 00 Postage Free ta all subscribers in the United States, Canada, or Mexico.

The volumes of the Weekly begin with the first Number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at time of receipt of order. Bound Volumes of HARPER'S WEEKLY, for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, post-paid, or by express, free of ex-pense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), for \$7.00 per volume.

Cloth Cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of \$100 each. Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of HARPER & BROTHERS. Address: HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. Scientific American

Is the oldest and most popular scientific and mechanical paper published and hos the largest circulation of any paper of its class in the world. Fully illustrated. Best class of Wood Engravings. Published weekly. Send for specimenopy. Price \$3 a year. Four months' trial, \$1. MUNN & CO., Publisheds, 361 Broadway, N.Y. a rchitects & builderc A Edition of Scientific American. A great success. Each issue contains colored lithographic plates of country and city residences or public bulldings. Numerous engravings and full plans and specifications for the use of such as contemplate building. Price \$2.50 a year, 25 cts. a copy. MUNN & CO., PUBLISHEUS.

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TESTICURA EXTERNOSUM BY DIR. ALBERT For the cure of Seminal Weakness, Impotency, Nocturnal
Emissions, and Stunted Development. * * * * Cure
by absorption. Applied direct to
the Parts. No nauseous drugs that
ruin the stomach Guaranteed
cure or money refunded. Sent
to any part of the U.S. securely packed free from
observation upon
receint of \$22. preceipt of 52. ADDRESS THE ALBERT MEDICAL CO.

Harper's Young People. AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The Eleventh Volume of Harpen's Young People, which begins with the Number for November 5. 1899, presents an attractive programme. It will offer to its readers at least four serials of the usual length, and others in two or three parts, namely, "The Red Mustang," by William O. Stoddard; "Phil and the Baby," by Lucy C. Lillie; "Prince Tommy," by John Russell Goryell; and "Mother's Way," by Margaret E. Sangster; two short serials by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyeson. Two serials of Fairy Tales will attract the attention of lovers of the wonder-world, namely, the quaint tales told by Howard Pyle, and so admirably illustrated by him, and another series in a different vein by Frank M. Bricknell. There will be short stories by W. D. Howells, Thomas Nelson Page, Mary E. Wilkins, Nora Perry, Harriet Prescott Spofford, David Ker, Hezekiah Butterworth, Sophie Swett, Richard Malcolm Johnston, etc.

A subscription to Harper's Young Propie secures a juvenile library. There is useful knowledge, also plenty of amusement.—Boston Advertiser.

TERMS: Postage Prepaid, \$2 00 Per Year. Vol. XI, begins November 5, 1888.

Specimen Copy sent on receipt of a two-cent

Remittances should be made by Post-office Mon-cy Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss: Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of HARPER & BROTHERS. Address: HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

FOR THE YOUNGER YOUNG FOLKS. OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN.

This is the magazine for little folks beginning to read for themselves. Seventy-five full page pictures and hundreds of smaller ones. In 1890 will be given "The Strange Adventures of Mopsey and Her Brother Hans;" a charming serial by L. T. Meade. Twelve papers by Mrs Fanny A. Deane, about the "National and Royal Flowers." Exqusite pictures of the flowers. The adventures of "Trottino," a delightful naughty little rabbit, by Emilie Poulsson. "Tramp and Trinkets;" the surprising things seen by a traveling dog and doll. "Six True Stories of Birds," with full-page pictures. Every number will have poems, "pieces to speak," short stories, history and varied helps and amusements. \$1.00 a year. New volume begins with January.

THE PANSY An illustrated monthly, devoted to young folks. For Sunday and week-day reading.

For Sunday and week-day reading.

ISABELLA M. ALDEN (Pansy) | Editors.
G. R. ALDEN
A new Scrial by Pansy, entitled "Miss Dee Dunmore Bryant" Pansy's Golden Text Stories will have for their title "Helen the Historian." Margaret Sidney will have a serial story, "Aunt Philena;" a story for boys and girls. Mrs. C. M. Livingston will continue the popular Baby's Corner. Felix Oswald, M. D., will give a series of papers. "When I Was a Boy," by a new friend of The Pansy, and "When I Was a Girl," by Pansy herself, are rich in personal reminiscences, and brim full of real happenings. The Queer Stories, Bible Band Readings and other Departments will he continued. The J. S. C. E. ("Junior Society of Christian Endeavor") is designed for a younger class than those already connected with "The Christian Endeavor Society." The new volume begins with the November number. \$1.00 a year.

Specimens of the four Lothrop Magazines, 15 Specimens of the four Lothrop Magazines, 15 D. LOTHROP COMPANY, BOSTON.

FIVE GREAT SERIALS: THAT BOY GID. By William O. Stod-dard. Young and cld will follow Gideon's adventures and his sister's on their father's acres with laughter and breathless interest. THE NEW SENIOR AT ANDOVER.

By Herbert D. Ward. A serial of schoollife in famous Andover — our Rugby. The boys, the professors, the lodgings, the fun. THE SONS OF THE VIKINGS." By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. A right down jolly story of modern Norse boys.

SONY AND BAN, one of the best of the Mary Hartwell Catherwood serials. SEALED ORDERS. By Charles Remington Talbot. An amusing adventure story of "wet sheets and a flowing sea." CONFESSIONS OF AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER. By Alexander Black. Six practical and amusing articles. LUCY PERVEAR. First of a series of graphic North Carolina character sketches by Margaret Sidney. TALES OF OLD ACADIE. Twelve

powerful true stories by Grace Dean McLeod, a Canadian author. THE WILL AND THE WAY STO-RIES. By Jessie Benton Fremont. About men and women who did great things in the face of seeming impossibilities. THE PUK-WUDJIES. By L. J. Bridgman. The funny Indian Fairy Folk.
BUSINESS OPENINGS FOR GIRLS
AND YOUNG WOMEN. A dozen really helpful papers by Sallie Joy White. Twelve more DAISY-PATTY LET-TERS. By Mrs. Ex-Governor Claffin. TWELVE SCHOOL AND PLAY-GROUND TALES. The first will be GROUND TALES. The first will be "LAMBKIN; Was He a Hero or a Prig?" by Howard Pyle, the artist. The Postal-card Votes and Cash Prizes. STORT STORIES sifted from thousands: Santa Claus on a Vegetable Cart. Charlotte M. Vail. Rijane. William Preston Ois. How Tom Jumped a Mine. Mrs. H. F. Stickney. The Run of Snow-shoe Thompson. Lieut. F. P. Frémont. Polly at the Book-kitchen. Delia W. Lyman. Trailing Arbutus. Hezekiah Butterworth. Golden Margaret. James C. Purdy. Peggy's Bullet. Kate Upson Clark. How Simeon and Sancho Panza Helped the Revolution. Miss Risley Seward. The Difficulties of a Darling. L. B. Walford. "One Good Turn." Harriet Prescott Spofford, ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES, novelties:

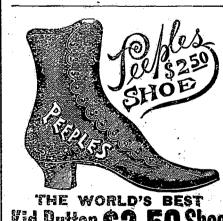
"One Good Turn." Harriet Prescott Spofford.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES, novelties:

Dolls of Noted Women. Miss Risiey Seward.
How to Build a Military Snow-Fort. An old West Pointer. How the Cossacks Play Polo. Madame de Meissner. All Around a Frontier Fort. Lieut. F. P. Fremont. Home of Ramona. Charles F. Lummis. A Rabbit Round-Up. Joaquin Miller. Japanese Fighting Kittes. J. B. Bernadon, U. S. N. Indian Base-Ball Players. F. L. Sloane of "The Hampton Indian Nine." A Party in a Chinese Palace. E. R. Scidmore.

The Poems, Pictures and Departments will be nore interesting than ever. The Christmas Number enlarged 16 pages 't admit a great serial of adventure, by Grant Allen. entitled; WEDNESDAY THE TENTH: A Tale of the South Pacific.

Wide Awake is \$2.40 a year. New Vol. begins Dec. D. LOTHROP COMPANY, BOSTON.



Kid Button **\$2.50** Shoe For Sale by

Have Your Colts PROPERLY TRAINED.

And thus avoid the disagreeable habits so common to most of our horses; such as balking, kicking, running away, plunging, running back, halter pulling, becoming frightened at umbrellas, robes, cars, &o., shying, at objects along the road and becoming generally unmanageable and unsafe for ladies to drive. Having made a study for five years of the system of training and educating the Horse, by the very best au-thors known, together with a very large amount of experience with the very worst class of colts and horses in this country, I am enabled to give entire satisfaction in this line. Colts trained to drive single and ouble and rendered perfectly safe under any circumstances, without breaking down their constitution and destroying their future usefulness. All onfirmed had and vicious habits of old horses successfully broken up. Having decided to give my whole time and attention to the work, I cordially solicit the patronage of all lovers of well-trained horses, Terms very reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed in each and every case. For reference I would refer you to any or al

men for whom I have trained. OSCAR COLVIN. BUCHANAN, MICH.

A dog will bark up a tree. So will horse if hitched to one too long.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

A dull season—tastless pepper.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

tor, is a joyial man of 86, who lives in a modest house at Fort Gratiot, Mich.

THE YANKEE BLADE Is one of the Oldest and Best and the Cheapest Weekly Family Story Paper in America. Forty columns of fascinating storics every week Price, 82.00 a year. One year on trial to new subscribers, only \$1.00. Send stampfor sample capy. Petter & Potter, Publishers, 29 Hawley \$1.00.

Samuel Edison, father of the inven-

Donnting Ofeverydescription and RECORD STRAN PRINS-ING HOUSE. Warranted to give attisfaction

M.T. Youngs' FURNITURE Is the place so get your Furniture and Holiday Goods. My stock consists of

Parlor Suits. Bedroom Suits, Bureaus. Commodes, Extension Tables, Center

Tables, Fancy Parlor Tables, Chairs in sets and odd pieces of all descriptions,

Window Shades and Fixtures, Curtain Poles. Pictures and Frames, Scrap Books,

Albums and Plush Goods, Trunks and Valises, Hand Bags, &c. Beds and Bedding. In fact anything usually kept in first class store. My stock of Undertaker's Goods Is always complete. All calls promptly attended, day or night. Give me a call

M. T. YOUNGS.

Big Storm

J. P. Coats' Thread, Best Standard Prints. -The Best Canton Flannel in town for - - -All-wool, 11/2 yard wide

Flannel, - - -Good Flannel, 1 yd. wide, 25c A \$22 Cloak for -

A \$10 Cloak for 5.00 CALL AND EXAMINE.

BOYLE&BAKER.

SPECIAL SALE FOR CASH

OVERCOATS

UNDERWEAR.

I have the largest line of Overcoats in this part of the state, which must be sold. My line of Underwear willsuit all wants.

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS

too numerous to mention.

G. W. NOBLE.

Buy Your Hardware



Wood & Hoffman,

BUCHANAN, MICH.



ARREST YOUR ATTENTION! We want you to wait before subscribing for your next year's Agricultural reading matter and MAKE A COMPARISON.

.....THIS CREATURE IS HERE TO

Farm, Field a Stockman, A 20-Page Weekly Paper, at \$1.00 per Year.

We hope to give every farmer an opportunity to make a fair comparison and will bear the greatest share of the expense ourselves. To this end we will send to any reader of this paper EVERY WEEK or his friends the FARM FIRED AND STOCEMAN EVERY WEEK until Feb. 1st. 1890; including a large FOR ONLY 1 O CENTS in stamps. A handsome cloth-bound DICTIONARY of 30,000 words, will be sent FREE to any one who will send us a club of 10 subscribers at above price. FOR ONLY Address.

HOWARD & WILSON PUBLISHING CO.,

W. TRENBETH,

Merchant Tailor

. Has moved into his new brick building on Frant street, foot of Day's ave. and has the largest stock of new

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

SUITINGS,

For Gentlemen's Wear, to be found in Berrien county at the

lowest living prices for good work. FALL STOCK

now arriving, of which

An Inspection is Solicited

Buchanan Markets.

Corrected weekly by Bishop & Kent. Hay-\$6 @ \$8 per ton. Butter-16c. Eggs-18c.

Lard—8c. Potatoes,-new, 25c. Salt, retail—\$1.00

Flour-\$4.40 @ \$6.00 per bbl., retail. Honey-1214. Live poultry-6 @ Sc.

Wheat, -new, 75c. Oats -21c. Corn—3Sc. Beans-1,00@1,50.

Live Hogs-\$3.25.

A CHANGE in Michigan Central time card appears in this paper.

PROF. W. W. CHALMERS, of Cassopo lis, spent Sunday in Buchanan.

ENTERTAINMENT in the hall to-night, to-morrow night and Saturday night.

MISS KIT. Fox is visiting friends in Chicago this week.

An eleven pound boy was born at Clifton Hamilton's this morning,

THE W. R. C. mush and milk social is pos poned indefinitely.

' MISS LILLIE B. HOWE, of Berrien Springs, was in this place over Sunday.

J. W. WEAVER has been up north hunting and managed to bag a wild

Mrs. S. W. REDDEN went Tuesday. for a visit of a couple of weeks with friends in Legonier, Ind.

Misses Mary and Minnie Grover visited relatives in South Bend, Sun-

N. R. PETELLE can get a letter at the Buchanan post-office, if he will call

MR. WILL BAINTON was attracted to Cassopolis Saturday evening, returning Monday morning.

A panorama of Johnstown views filled Roe's hall, Tuesday evening, mostly

THANKSGIVING exercises in the Oak street Advent church, next Thursday.

Rev. Mr. Frye will deliver the address. MISS KIT KINGERY spent Sunday with Miss Hattie Mowrey, at Cassopo-

MR. HEER, the new publisher of the St. Joseph Sun, has changed the form

of the paper to an eight column folio. MR. FRED MCOMBER, of Berrien

Springs, was in town Monday morn-EAU CLAIRE claims the proud distoinction of having the biggest Dutch-

man in the land of Berrien. THANKSGIVING next Thursday. Have you selected your turkey? Ours will

be a young Plymouth Rock. CHAS. McCRACREN went up north

hunting, and last week sent back a deer he had succeeded in capturing. Ir you want your money's worth,

wait for "Little Trixie", at Rough's opera house, Nov. 27. Mr. ALBERT NUTT, of Hastings, is

here for a few days visiting with his father, Mr. Joseph Nutt, who is in quite poor health. REV. M. L. TRESSLER, of Rensselaer.

Ind., will preach in the Presbyterian church next Sunday, morning and evening.

AREAT fifty of the pupils of the High school called upon Supt. Chalmers last evening, and spent a pleasant

MR. S. W. EPLEY, an old resident of this place, but for several years located

at Bangor, has returned with his fam-

ily to Buchanan. changed proprietors. H. E. Bucklin, a | Vandalia and Michigan road, near |

purchaser. MISS CORA FISHER commenced Monday on a four months' term as teacher in the Wagner school, four miles west

of this place. THERE is not the lack of rain in this vicinity that we had a few weeks ago, and the ground is moist enough for all | has been burglarized within two years.

vegetable purposes. Additional locals on second page,

HIGHEST temperature during the week. 48. Lowest, 25. At six this morning, 44.

MRS. G. E. Howe, of Jackson, spent several days with relatives in Buchanan and vicinity, returning home Tues-

THE Presbyterian church, in this piace, has extended an unanimous call to Rev. Mr Roberts, who preached for them last Sunday.

M. B. GARDNER has lost his bunch of keys and feels lonesome without them. Will the finder please make him happy by returning the lost?

Ir you want to hear the greatest instrumentalists traveling, the Imperial Quartet, wait for "Little Trixie". Opera house, Nov. 27.

SEE advertisement of "Little Trixie" Company in another column. This company was here before and delighted the people.

"LITTLE TRIXIE" was here Jan., 1888. She will be here again next

D. V. Brown, of Niles, and his sister, Mrs. Mary Straw, of this place, went to South Bend, Sunday, to see their cousin, Mrs. Sarah Burhans, who is very sick.

THE latest cravon portrait agent gives a life-size portrait of any one desired, nicely framed, with each thousand cigars sold to dealers. It is a snap

THE Young Peoples' District Epworth League, of Niles district, will meet at the M. E. church in Buchanan, the 9th and 10th of Dec., 1889. The program will be announced later.

MARRIED, by Rev. A. P. Moore, Nov. 20, at the residence of the bride's father, in Niles township, Ira Ullery, of St. Joseph county, Ind., and Matie

Lost-Sunday morning, somewhere on Front street or South Oak street, a dark blue veil, two yards long. The finder will please return it to this office.

Seven years of delinquent village taxes for Benton Harbor are advertised in the Palladium, but there is nothing about the advertisement showing there is to be a sale or when.

DEL FRASER, whose visit to Cass county was mentioned last week, has returned. They could not show that he knew as much about the Dowagiac burglary as they expected, and he was

CHARLES LONG, of St. Joseph was rrested in Chicago, Thursday, charged with raising a check on the Farmers' and Wednesday, telephones that they & Merchants' bank, of Benton Harbor, from \$6.75 to \$675. He is now in jail in Berrien Springs.

CONSTANTINE Advertiser is talking of a scheme to extend the Pennsylvania railroad system over a line connecting Sturgis, Constantine, Cassopolis, Dowagiac and Benton Harbor. It is a wind railroad so far.

"GRANDPA" Spaulding has rented a house on Oak street, north, and will try village life. He has been digging on his farm in the north part of this township about fifty years, and will now let some one else dig.

C. L. S. C.—The Alphas meet next Monday evening at Mrs. H. D. Rough's. Program-History, from page 92 to 104 by Mrs. Estes. Political Economy, Part 2, by Mr. Worthington. Pro-

nouncing list in November Chautauqua. Critic, Miss Wells. A Young lady was caught by a train on the trestle, where the Wabash road

crosses the Dowagiac creek, and to save herself from being struck by the train jumped into the creek, in five feet of water, and waded out, Saturday THE young people of the M. E. church gave a chicken pie supper in Dr. Wil-

son's building last eyening, that was a greater success than they anticipated, and they found themselves in need of a miracle to feed the multitude. Chicken pie didn't last as long as the crowd

THE pupils of Second street school raised part of the necessary funds and Mr. G. W. Noble contributed the balance, to buy a flag for that building. Mr. Aleshire circulated a subscription among business men to pay for a flag staff, and soon it is expected that the stars and stripes will float over that

Those who enjoyed the most excellent papers of Max O'Rell, about Jonathan and his country, published in the RECORD last spring, will be pleased to find another of his productions on the fourth page of this paper. This time he tells of his own countrymen and

OUR Galien correspondent says two of Galien's citizens were arrested by the Pros. Attorney and Deputy Sheriff Whitcomb for keeping a place of gambling. From what we hear Bu- justice to themselves and the Inglechanan would be a good field for these | wright Bros. they wish we would make

ONE of Galien's fellow citizens, who has been shut into close quarters by the fencing of the Michigan Central right of way, says he will prosecute any man who ships him anything over that | for them but did not get them.

THERE is some talk of one of the groceries in Dayton being moved to longings in Dayton, there will be a HOTEL Whitcomb, in St. Joseph, has the new station, at the crossing of the worse rattling among the dry bones medicine man of Chicago, being the Terre Coupee. Mr. Jesse Leggett expects also to move the dry goods stock is built on the company's land. The he bought of Curtis Lamb, from Dayton | fence will go through about the middle to Three Oaks.

A TELEGRAM from St. Joseph says as no move has yet been made to fence the store of P. Stapleton, at Eau Claire, it in. was broken into Sunday night and about \$400 worth of goods stolen. This is the third or fourth time the store and is evidently the work of thieves who are acquainted with the surround- later. The cost of the road completed lings.

ATTENTION is called to the new advertisement of Youngs' furniture store in this paper. Mr. Youngs has moved into this place with the expectation of making Buchanan his permanent home, and will be one of our neighbors. Give him his share of your trade.

THE second entertainment of the C. L. S. C. course will be given by the Harvard Quartet, Laura Dainty and Gertrude Luflin, on Saturday evening, Nov. 30. Seats can be reserved at J. II. Roe's store, commencing Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 9 A. M.

MR. N. J. SLATER has been doing a most excellent job of clearing in his neighborhood, in removing the ill-looking Lombardy poplars from the front of his property. It looks now like an opening in the forest. More of the same sort of work might be done in other parts of town with equal profit.

THE semi-annual apportionment of the primary interest fund gives the following amounts to the several districts in this township:

Union School Dist. No. 1.....\$406 25 " 1..... 30.02 " 5..... 47.40 " 6..... 30.02 " 7. 20.54

Dr. Brodrick, a homeopathic physician from Decatur, has rented a house on Clark street, and is preparing to seek a practice here. We learn also that Dr. M. M. Knight, of Saginaw, has been holding the office occupied by Drs Spreng and Fast, and expects to be here by December 1. If we have any more sickness after this, it will not be for the want of a supply of phy-

MR. DIPPENCOTT, who preached for the Presbyterian church in this place during the past summer, has received a call from the First Prebyterian church in Joliet, Ill. It is not decided that he will accept, as he will not have completed his theological studies in Chicago until next April.

A COPY of the Ontario, California, Observer tells about Hon. Henry Chamberlain, of Three Oaks, recently buying five acres of unimproved land near that city, for which he pays the modest sum of \$2,550, or \$510 per acre. It must be that Mr. Chamberlain was treated to a taste of California oranges by the agent who had charge of that particular plat of land and gave him the fruit fever.

LORANGER'S Theatre Company, which is to play at Rough's opera house tonight and Friday and Saturday evenings, come well recommended. Manager Coleman of the Dowagiac opera house, where they played Monday, Tuesday are first-class and well worthy the support of our people. The Constantine Advertiser says it is the best company they have had in that town.

Our school board, at the meeting held Friday evening, engaged, by a unanimous vote of the four trustees present, (trustee W. M. Roe being absent) Prof. A. J. Swain, of Owosso, as Superintendent of our schools, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Prof. Chalmers. Mr. Swain has had twenty-eight years' experience as an educator, and comes highly recom-

Marriage Licenses.

771 { Geo. A. Barr, Hagar. Minnie A. Adams, Hagar.

773 Hugh Smith, Chicago. Mamie Walsh, "

775 James W. Mather, Indiana. Nellie Sims, "

776 John Elgis, Benton Harbor, Emily Wither, "

Marshall Bayman, Benton Harbor. Jennie Walbridge, 778 Arling Kibler, Berrien Tp.

Augusta Fox,

779 James M. Brant, Royalton. Olive Groves,

PERHAPS the most surprised couple that ever lived in Buchanan township, were Mr. and Mrs. Amos Gray, last Saturday, when fifty or sixty of the neighbors and friends marched in upon them, determined that the Gray family should celebrate their golden wedding. They had been married fifty years. and the neighbors were not of a class to allow such an occasion pass uncelebrated. The party left some gold pieces and other valuables, and a good time, as mementoes of the occasion.

A gentleman named Johnson, from South Bend, was in this place Tuesday to investigate the prospect for an electric light plant in this place. He wants the Common Council to grant him a franchise for five years and take twelve lights of 2000 candle power at \$100 each for that period. With this guaranty he will put in the plant and take his chances with private rentals for his income. He proposes to use the water power of the old grist mill

A CHICAGO commission house feels hurt by our mention that Frank Merson had bought a car of cattle sent over by Inglewright Bros., and says that in an explanation, by saying that they sold the cattle and did not sell them to Frank Merson. Well. Frank told the RECORD that he had bought the cattle by telegraph, and the RECORD stated it so. Frank now says he telegraphed

WHEN the Michigan Central company gets ready to fence in their beshare of the business part of the town of one store and more dwellings. Dayton may escape the calamity, however,

MR. WM. DALLIN, who is building the Vandalia extention to St. Joseph. was in town Wednesday. He expects to have the road completed by Dec. 1, will be \$500.000.-Benton Harbor News THE SERVICE



 Two-wheel Carts.
 10c
 1-gallon Glass Pitcher
 15c

 Six good Lead Pencils
 5c
 Six Goblets
 20c

 Three papers good Pins
 5c
 Tea Spoons, set
 10c

 Three papers Tacks
 5c
 Table Spoons, per doz
 80c

 A big assortment of Combs, each
 5c
 Good pair Scissors
 10c

 Six good handkershiefs
 25c
 Coat Racks
 5c
 5c
 10c

 Six pair Socks......25c} Hand Saws......25c to 600

Also a full line of Furnishing Goods, very cheap.

JOHN MORRIS, Proprietor.

THE RECORD seems to feel called upon to champion the opposite cause of everything the Enterprise favors. It didn't used to be so. For five long years the RECORD contained no enthusiastic lines in support of the school. And the RECORD didn't used to be the defender of any church quarrel. What's the matter any way?—Enterprise.

most sacred of our public institutions, and when it cannot speak in their support and praise, it keeps still. In June, 1888, the editor of the Enterprise declared open warfare upon the School Board, and since then has missed no occasion to give the Board and the school a skulking dig, increasing in number and verility as time passed. He did not even wait to know who Mr. Chalmers was before he commenced his insulting remarks about him, and has kept them gong ever since, even going so far as to visit the school and so conduct himself as to come near being called to order by the teacher. Perhaps he can tell just "What is the matter any way?" The RECORD is not specially interested in any church quarrel. It may not be amiss to remark that none existed in the church referred to until a wolf was admitted to the fold, two or three years since. There has been scarcely anything else there since. Regarding the charge of politics governing the school, we will say the Board stands four Republican and one Democrat, and of the thirteen teachers hired by them, four are republicans, one prohibitionst and eight democrats. Now that Mr. Chalmers is going away, it will be of interest to see will be given by our schools' worst en-

"we are ashamed of ourselves"...

dealer will sell them.

wear for sale at

40 different styles of Hats, all trimmed, to close out, at \$2.00, that are worth \$3.00 to \$3.50. 10 doz. to slaughter, at 57c. This includes all our 90c and \$1.25 Hats. Don't miss it.

SATURDAY, Nov. 23, at BOYLE & BAKER'S. wear. tors at S. P. HIGH'S for the VERY low

price of 45 cents.

What's the matter with Sugars? They are all right, at BISHOP & KENTS.

Ladies who visit South Bend to trade, are invited to call upon Mrs. FRALICH, on Michigan street, opposite Wyman's store, and inspect her Stock and Workin Millinery. You may find

something you will want. 13 lbs. Granulated Sugar. . . . \$1.00 14 lbs. Confection "A"..... 1.00 15 lbs. Extra "C"...... 1.00

found in his garden a chunky bay horse with white star in forehead, and has bargain. taken the same to Jones' livery barn, where the owner can recover it by paying charges. HENRY IMHOFF.

sleep, but thrice blessed is he who invented those Springs and Mattresses,

on the market. Sold only at BOARDMAN & WEHRLE'S.

whether from China or Bakertown CHARLIE HIGH'S. Always look at

Ladies, we have the best Underwear gallon, at ty. CHARLIE HIGH. for you in the city.

Elegant Silk Mufflers, new ones. Very cheap. CHARLIE HIGH. Take a good Magazine commencing with the Jan. No., 1800, at the P. O. NEWS STORE.

back and front stay, for \$1.00. Call and see them before buying.

Come and see my Canton Flannel, Set at H. B. Duncan's. Best in town.

Our Cloak Sale will continue. Our Carpet and Curtain Sale will continue. H. B. DUNCAN. Everything in the Rubber line for

Bargains in Millinery next Saturds, MAY TREMMEL'S. The May Davenport English Folly

You know, and if you don't know we will give you prices here that you may know

 One pound good Plug Tobacco
 25c | Bird Cages
 40c to 1 00

 One pound good Fine Cut Tobacco
 25c | Hand Lamps
 25c | Hand Lamps

 Big assortment Pocket Knives
 5c to 65c | One set good
 65c | Umbrellas, good
 56c | Tures doz, Clothes Pins

 Playing Cards,
 5c | Two-foot Rules
 5c | Two-foot Rules
 10c | Tures doz, Lair Pins

 Three doz, Hair Pins
 5c | Good Cigars, by the box
 1 00

money, at

The RECORD considers our schools the

Locals.

emy. It is getting to be time that

You can buy anything in the Dry Goods line of S. P. HIGH as low as any

Ladies, don't forget the Hat Sale, Nov, 23, at BOYLE & BAKER'S.2 The celebrated jersey fitting Under-S. P. HIGH'S. SPECIAL SALE.

Neat, pretty and servicable Fascina-

Have you seen that Sugar, 16 lbs. for \$1.00. It's a bargain. rgain. BISHOP & KENT.

BISHOP & KENT./O TAKEN UP. - Mr. Henry Imhoff

Blessed is the man who invented cago.

YOUNGS' FURNITURE STORE. Use Purity Brand of Flour, the best

Pure linen Writing Paper, any style P. O. STATIONERY STORE

A new lot of Wirt Fountain Pens.
See them, try one. P. O. STORE.

H. B. Duncan is too busy to write

everybody, at J. K. WOODS.

Co. at Opera House, Niles, Nov. 29. Great Bargains next Saturday, at MAY TREMMEL'S. Everybody come. Are you going over to Niles the 29th, to see the gay girls with the May and Organs. If you contemplate buy-Davenport Burlesque Co? Well I ing either, see me before buying.

Misses' and Children's Rubbers, at Men's Buckle Arctics, at 43 Main St., Niles.

The best Canton Flannel for the S. P. HIGH'S / O

Don't give it away, but there will be more pretty girls in Niles the 29th, than was ever seen at one time since But perhaps it didn't need it then. Eve was fired out of the Garden of

> I have some Cloaks to close out at off. Come and see them. H. B. DUNCAN. Carpet and Plush Rockers made up in any order or style.at AL HUNT'S.

CAN OR BULK OYSTERS, at GARDNER'S Restaurant. Everything in Furniture line, at bot-AL. HUNT'S tom prices, at Don't make a mistake, but when you want a good bargain and low prices. H. B DUNCAN'S/ OYSTER STEW OR FRIES, at

GARDNER'S Restaurant. S. P. HIGH is selling Dress Goods and Dress Flannels lower than any establishment in town.

The largest and finest line of Per-

fume in the city, at The Little Drug Call and see our new stock of Store Around the Corner. New Goods today, at H. B. DUNCAN'S. Prints way down, at

S. P. HIGH'S. Everybody uses the famous Blush of Roses, found at BARMORE'S. Prices talk. And if you don't believe it, come and learn my prices. / H. B. DUNCAN.

Prices on Cloaks, way down, at 18. DUNCAN'S.

I have a few nice young Plymouth

Rock Roosters for sale this fall. If you want one for next spring buy now, as I cannot keep them over winter. \$1. J. G. HOLMES. If you want to be suited, go to MRS.

BINNS' for Fancy Goods and Millinery

Look at those 5c Prints, at BOYLE & BAKER'S. Have you seen that Bleached Table Linen at 50 cents per yard, at H. B. Duncan's? It is a stunner. 27 Comforts and Blankets at way down CHARLIE HIGH'S.// Handsomest Silk Umbrellass are

Lots of Carts, cheaper than ever. Closing out sale. Come and see. GEO.WYMAN & CO. Go to H. B. DUNCAN'S for Under-

CHARLIE HIGH'S.

You can buy Dress Goods cheaper of H. B. DUNCAN than any store in

The best colors in Dress Flannels are ound at CHARLIE HIGH'S. Come in and see the best of everything in Watches, Clocks, Jewelery, Silverware, Novelties, etc. Prices never so low for honest goods.

There is no mistake about it, you get the very best Work, the most and May we say here that we want your trade? We want it in our business. See? best Goods, the best Styles, at Call at MORGAN & Co.'s and see our

J. HARVEY ROE.

Yours truly, MORGAN & CO. I have for rent or to sell cheap, one Kimball Organ in good order. Will sell on \$5 monthly payments, at a J. G. HOLMES.

Beef by the Quarter at MERSON's,

new stock of Fine Dishes, cheap for

cheaper than any other place in the state, barring the Big Four of Chi-371/2, 50 cents and upwards, that can't be matched for the money. LADIES, ATTENTION! MRS. HOWARD SMITH has a large assortment of ladies' and children's Cloaks on exhibition and for sale, from

Wymans', South Bend, Ind. Please

call at her residence, corner of Front

and Detroit Sts., before purchasing We sell all we can to everyone, your winter cloaks and examine styles lately that she bought three pair of these half dollar stockings for each of her boys, and they lasted them two years, summer and prices. and winter. This is no new thing to us, The low Prices begin to tell. Go to but we want to let you know what good goods we sell, for it's your trade we want. BOYLE & BAKER'S.

> New stock of Glassware and Fancy Goods, finest we ever had, CHEAP. MORGAN & CO'S

Look out for New Goods, at DUN-

CAN's, at prices to meet any competi-

Bulk Oysters by the pint, quart or

we sell. See? The more goods we sell the cheaper you will get the goods, for the cheaper we will be able to buy them. Well, tion in Buchanan or elsewhere. 29 I have three brand new Mason & them now, but you can depend on getting the quality just the same. We are very jealous of the quality of our goods. Hamlin Organs, which I offer for sale either for cash, or long time on monthly or quarterly payments. There is nothing made better than the Mason & J.K. Woods has the best Felt Boots Hamlin. Several are in this county for men I ever saw, for the price, both | that have been in constant use over if we sell them at 3 cents, the quality is always the same. twenty-five years, and are good for as

> The new Swing Rockers are going fast. Finest Rockers on the market, at AL. HUNTS. Look at those 25 cent Dress Flannels BOYLE & BAKER'S.

The finest Bakery Goods in town

MORGAN & CO. (A H. B. DUNCAN has just arrived from the city, with a nice variety of Goods Don't forget that I still sell Planos

C. A. SIMOND & CO.,

43 MAIN STREET, NILES,

Will discount all previous records of prices in the Boot, Shoe and Rubber line. Look at prices: Ladies' Croquet Rubbers, at - 15c | Men's Felt Boots and Lumbermen's Ankle

Boots, complete, \$2.00 Men's Rubber Boots, Woonsocket make, 2.00 Women's Buckle Arctics, at - 75c Men's Solid Kip Boots, - . . This is a rare opportunity, You may never see it again. Bring the family and shoe them up for the winter.

C. A. SIMONDS & CO.

ARZA G. GAGE, VICE PRESIDENT. W. M. HUTTON, Ass'T CASHIER. Citizens' National Bank,

NILES, MICH., Aug. 28, 1889.

four-horse power, with 60 pounds of steam, 250 revolutions per minute.

FOR SALE .-- I have an upright

Boiler and Engine for sale at a bar-

gain. The Boiler is 24 by 60 inches,

has 31 two-inch flues, new steel flue

sheets and new flues just put in, tested

to 175 pounds, cold water pressure

Cylinder is four inches in diameter,

stroke 6 inches, recently overhauled,

and practically as good as new, rated at

Has an 111/2 inch drive pulley, and 24

inch balance wheel faced for a four-

inch belt. This outfit is just the thing

for a printing office, or any other in-

dustry requiring small power. Cost

new, \$350. I want just half that

Michigan Central depot in this place.

amount for it-\$175-delivered at the

Go to BRINK DUNCAN'S for Canton

What nice cheap Hats, at the old

MRS. LOUISE DEBUNKER'S.

TAKE NOTICE.—All of my un-

settled accounts and notes have been

left with Charles Pears for collection.

All persons knowing themselves to be

indebted to me please call and settle.

DRESS-MAKING.

dress-making in the latest styles and

give good work. Call at her home on

Wall Paper and Decorations

before you buy.

New and Second-Hand.

---- AT----

W. H. KEELER'S

DRUG STORE.

AS CATERERS.

We are catering for trade. Our efforts are all for trade; trade is what we are after.

Matchless Hosiery, Matchless Under-shirts and Drawers, Matchless Cordigan

Jackets, Matchless Overshirts. We have

named the goods in this stock Matchless

for the reason you will not be able to match the goods for the money.

Lrdies' Jersey Vests 25, 40, 45 and 50 cents, that cannot be matched for the money. Gents' all-wool Natural Grey Shirts and Drawers \$1, that can't be match-

ed for the money. Ladies', Gents' and Children's Undershirts and Drawers 25,

We sell all-wool Black Stockings, made

of German Knitting Worsted, all sizes, 5

to 8½ inches, for 50 cents per pair, and we sell the yarn to knit them with for \$1.00

One of our prominent ladies told us just

We must have a larger trade to enable us

to buy the quantity to get the price right

We know of one prominent dry goods house in Chicago that gets 75 cents per pair for this same stocking that we sell at

50 cents. May we ask you to just step in once and buy a pair of stockings or anything else you want, and then you can see

for yourself what good quality of goods

we are not paying much of anything for

Do you know we never had anything in

Prints in our house except Standard, 64

threads to the square inch? No difference

COME AND SEE US.

One door east of post office.

Day's Avenue, near the depot.

Miss Elmira Burrus is prepared to do

stand of

JOHN G. HOLMES,

Buchanan, Mich.

T. F. H. SPRENG.

Yours at hand and contents noted. We ALWAYS have money to loan on approved security. Come over and see us.

E. F. WOODCOCK, Cashier.



ROE BROS.

Second-Hand

New School Books,

AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES, Cheaper Than Ever Before,

DODD'S DRUG AND BOOK STORE

HAS A FULL LINE OF Furniture.

Picture Framing and Upholstering A specialty at unequled prices. Call and be convinced.

New Patterns! New Papers! New Borders! WALL PAPER.

All seeds unsold will be burned at the end of the season

THE LITTLE DRUG STORE

AROUND THE CORNER FOR PURE DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, PERFUMES

AND TOILET ARTICLES. Also, Blank Books, School and Writing Tablets. In fact

NOTICE TO FARMERS

Any person detected in delivering in Michigan Central elevator for C. Bishop of a lower grade of grain than bargained for, on account of dampness, smut, dirt or any cause whatever, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. You have warning.

South Bend, Ind.

HON. O. F. BARNES, PRESIDENT. E. F. WOODCOCK, CASHIER.

DEAR SIRS:

Yours Respectfully,



AL HUNT

Main Street, Buchanan, Mich.

A FINE STOCK OF FIRST-CLASS GOODS. NEW FRESH GARDEN SEEDS.

CORNER DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

everything pertaining to a first-class stock. BARMORE.

C. BISHOP,

I-THE FRENCH AT SCHOOL.

How Mental Pabulum Is Forced Upon the Young Gaul with Very Little Amusement-A Poor Preparation for Life's Duties.

Our dear parents in France are fond of telling their children that there are no days so happy in life as school days. After I had tasted what school life really was I can well remember that I formed a very poor idea of what awaited me beyond the school gates.

My opinion is that when French parents have made up their minds to send a boy 10 years old to a lycee till he is 20, they have sentenced him to something very near, in severity, to ten years' penal servitude.

Winter and summer the French schoolboy rises at 5 in the morning; or, rather, he is supposed to do so. The first bell rings at 5 a.m., to tell him he is to get up; a second one rings at 5:25, to inform him that in five minutes he must be down; and a third bell, at 5:30, enjoins him to leave the dormitory. Of course he rises at 5:25, puts on his clothes with prodigious rapidity, gives himself a dry polish, a la Squeers, with a towel, or more often with his knuckles, and is quite ready at 5:30 to go down to the study room. From this you will easily infer that a pint of water goes a long way in a dormitory of sixty French boys. In the study room, under the supervision of an usher, called pion, and of whom I shall have more to say by and by, he prepares his lessons for the professors till 7:50. Breakfast is ready at 8. Considering what the menu of this repast consists of, I have always wondered how it could take the cook so long to get it ready. During the free ten minutes that precede breakfast time, a few boys go and have a wash. These go by the name of aristos (aristocrats).

The three meals of the day bear the grand names of breakfast, dinner and supper. Breakfast consists of a plate of soup and a large piece of bread. Most boys keep chocolate or jam, or buy some of the porter, to eat with their bread. At 8:30 they have to be in their respective class rooms with their masters. The class lasts two hours, after which they return to the study room to prepare until 12 for the afternoon class." 12 to 1 they dine and play. Both these words would convey to an English mind a meaning that it has not in French.

The dinner generally consists of stews and vegetables, swimming in mysterious sauces. The bread is ad libitum. When a boy has finished his piece he holds up his hand as a sign he is ready for another. A man holding a basket full of cut loaves is stationed in such a position as will allow him to fill all those pairs of empty hands as fast as they are put up. He flings, the boys catch; it is quite a dexterous game, I assure you. If a boy misses the piece intended for him, his neighbor not infrequently catches and pockets it, partly as a precaution against possible pangs of hunger before the next meal, partly for the love of disobeying the rules, one of which enacts that no food shall be pocketed. The drink is called abondance, and is made up of a

As for play, it has to take place in more or less large yard, surrounded by high walls, very much like a prison walk. Not a tree, not a blade of grass to be seen; a mere graveled yard, nothing more. There the boys walk two by two, or in larger groups—the big ones talking politics, and smoking cigarettes inside their coats, while the usher is at a distance; the little ones indulging in a game of top or marbles in one of the corners. At 1 o'clock they are to be in their places in the study room till 2, when it is time to go to the afternoon class, which lasts till 4 o'clock. On leaving the masters, to be immediately handed over to the ushers, they each receive at 4 a piece of bread, which they are allowed to eat in the yard with whatever relish they may possess, or wish to buy of the porter. They play till 5:30, when they return to the study room to do their lessons for the following day. At 8 o'clock supper is ready. To this

like to all their other meals, they go two by two, after having previously all formed into ranks in the yard. The supper consists of boiled beef, or a course or two of vegetables; sometimes an apple or a few cherries, according to the season, brighten the not very festive board. In my time cherries were the most popular dessert; after having refreshed the inner boy, it provided him with missiles, which were turned to good account on the spot when the usher had his back turned. For drink, the mixture as before. After this frugal repast the boys repair, two by two, to their respective dormitories. Those who care to indulge in a little washing may do so before going to bed, so as to be clean the following day. I say "those who care," for never will an usher make a remark to a French boy over 12 (when he is no longer under the supervision of a matron) because he is dirty, not even in the refectory. Provided he has a cravat on, nobody will scold him for having a dirty neck. If cleanliness is next to godliness, the

French schoolboy is most ungodly. On Thursday he gets a holiday—that is to say, that no class is held; but he has to be in the study room the whole morning and evening. In the afternoon he goes for a walk. Here again an Englishman would not understand, without some explanation, what is meant by the French schoolboy's walk. The college is divided into big, middle and small boys. Each division is formed into ranks, and thus, two by two, accompanied by ushers, the boys are marched through the streets. Silence is compulsory while in town, and the ranks are not to be broken until the little battalion has reached the country. There they can play, walk or sit on the grass, under the eyes of the ushers, for an hour or two, when the ranks are formed again and they are marched back to what I have no hesitation in calling their barracks, not to say their prison. On Sundays, the boy who has his parents or guardian in town is allowed to go home for the day if he is not kept in for one of those thousand and one petty offenses invented at pleas-

ure by the ushers and their supporters. On leaving school, on Sunday morning, he receives an exeat, on which the hour of his departure is marked, and the parents are to write on it at what time he has reached home. He has to be back at school at 10 p.m., punctually, and again his parents have to write on the exeat at what time he left their house. He generally returns on Sunday night in a comatose state, and the home fare tells sadly on the work he does on Mondays. He gets fewer holidays than the more fortunate British schoolboy; two months in the summer, two or three days at the beginning of the year, and a week or ten days at Easter. Such is the happy life that boys lead in French public schools. Fortunately there is a great deal of gay close friendship that springs up between the schoolboys and their esprit de corps help them to endure this secluded life of

hardship and privation. Now let us consider the influence this kind of life has on the French boy's character, what work he does at school: and who are the men that look after him. Shut in by the high walls of his prison, the poor French schoolboy is only too prone to compare himself to the different classes of society which he considers persecuted-that is, the inferior classes; and he shows his sympathy with them by adopting the ideas of an ignorant democracy, and by often expressing them

in language which would be repugnant | Jacques towards his army. The loves it to his dignity if he were free. Poor little fellows! When they can evade the porter's vigilance, and run across the road to buy a pennyworth of sweets, they feel like perfect heroes of romance. On their return, their schoolfellows flock round them to sniff a little of the fresh and free air that is brought inside the walls. If the young scamps are punished for their escapade, they bear it like champions of liberty who have fought for the good cause, and are looked up to by their com-

rades as martyrs and heroes. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that they should now and then show a spirit of rebellion. Suppose, for instance, that some privilege which the pupils have long enjoyed and looked upon as their right has been withdrawn rightly or wrongly, no matter which. In such a case as this English schoolboys would hold a meeting, probably presided over by one of their masters, and they would draw up a petition, which they would send to the head master. But in French schools meetings are prohibited. What will the boys do then? As I have described elsewhere, they will probably retire to a dormitory, there to sulk and protest. They will erect barricades, lock the doors, victual the intrenchments for

a few hours and prepare for a struggle. Rebellion has wonderful charms for them; they are insurgents, therefore they are heroes. Don't ask them whether their cause is good or bad. . This matters little; it will be sanctified by the revolution; the main thing is to play at the "sovereign people." These hot headed youths will stand a siege as earnestly as if they were defending their native soil against the Prussians. Dictionaries, inkstands, boots, bedroom furniture, such are the missiles that are pressed into service in the glorious battle of liberty. But alas for youthful valor! It all fades before the pleadings of an empty stomach; the struggle has to be abandoned, the citadel forsaken, the arms laid down. The misguided ones are received back into the fold, to be submitted to stricter discipline than ever; the heroic instigators of the little fete are in the end restored to the tender care of their mam-

mas, or, in other words, expelled from Corporal punishment is banished from all schools in France. If a master were to strike a boy, the odds are ten to one that the boy would defend himself, and threat en the master with the first object-inkpot or book-he could lay his hand on. Boys are punished by means of long and weary impositions. If boarders, they are kept in on Sundays, and thus prevented from going home. This is a terrible punishment. When they seem incorrigible they are expelled. And for a boy to be expelled from a French lycee is no light matter; for the doors of all the others are closed to him, and the faculties may even refuse to allow him to stand as a candidate for the university degrees. His prospect in life may be ruined forever; for in France a man who is neither B. A. nor B. Sc. cannot study medicine or the law; he cannot enter the military

schools, or be a candidate for any of the

government posts at home or abroad. Business is the only opening left to him. From the time table that I have given at the beginning, it will be easily inferred that, if the French schoolboy plays less than the British one, he works much more. But with what results? The classes in French lycees contain from eighty to a hundred boys. They are generally composed of some ten pupils of extraordinary capacities or industry, of about twenty who follow the lectures with some profit, of twenty more who follow them anyhow, and of thirty, forty, and even sometimes fifty poor boys, neglected, forgotten, who do and learn nothing, and are mere wall flowers. They are all promoted by seniority—that premium still given in France to stupidity, as M. Leon Say once remarked in the French senate. I remember schoolfellows of eighteen and nineteen in the highest form who did not know their declensions. Boys may be attentive or not, as they please—that is their busi-ness. Provided they do not disturb the peace, nothing more is required of them in the upper forms. They may even go to sleep, and the master will seldom take

the trouble to wake them up. If the boy

is not likely to do honor to his teaching,

he does not think it worth his while to

concern himself about him. With such large classes as I have described, boys cannot and do not receive individual attention from the masters, who deliver lectures to them, but certainly do not give them lessons. With the amount of work that clever and industrious boys go through, each class turns out at the end of the year at least ten splendid scholars. As for the rest, you see twenty good average boys; twenty poor ones, and from thirty to fifty hopeless ignoramuses. Each class has to go through a course prescribed by the minister of public instruction, and no master has a right to read a book with his pupils, not even the passage of a book, that is not down on the ministerial programme. A professor who carried his interest in his pupils the length of introducing a new book in his class would probably have his zeal rewarded with a mastership in the college of some little out of the way town in France, or perhaps in Algeria. By this governmental system of fuss and intrusion, it is not only the talent of the pupil that is stifled, but it is also the talent of the

master that is hampered. What is to be admired in French schools is that the boys get on very well with one another. Friendship sprung up at school often lasts a lifetime. The boys stick by each other to such a point that, rather than tell on an of-

fender, they will all allow themselves to be punished for his offense, even though the punishment should amount to the much dreaded detention on Sunday.

The hero of the French collegien is the top boy of the class—not the quickest runner or the best athlete. The dunce is the only comrade he despises. A boy who has carried off a prize at the great Sorbonne examination is for him the object of an unlimited admiration, and he feels inclined to lift his cap when he

oasses near him. The head of the college is called proviseur. He does no teaching. He represents high authority—that is to say the government. He is a saluting machine. He stands in the middle of the quadrangle as the boys proceed to their respective class rooms. All take off their caps as they pass before the mighty potentate. The proviseur does not know personally more than ten or twenty of the thousand boys trusted to his care. The work and discipline of the college are under the supervision of a censor. The masters, most of whom are ex-scholars of the celebrated Ecole Normale Superieure, are eminent men, but they never mix with the boys out of school hours. They are much respected by their pupils, in whom admiration for talent is innate. The ushers, or pions, are mere watch dogs. They see that the boys are silent in the study rooms, the refectory and the dormitory. They are ignorant, ill bred outcasts, whom the boys despise from the

bottom of their hearts. When a French boy leaves school at 19 he is supposed to be prepared for a public

II-THE FRENCH AT WAR.

Interesting Information About the Army the Lowest Rank.

Jacques Bonhomme does not love his army as John Bull loves his. John gives ovations to his soldiers, showers decorations on their heads when they return home from a little expedition that will enable him to publish a new map with one more little corner marked in red; but if he goes to a public place of entertainment, and meets a soldier in uniform there, away he hurries, exclaiming: "This place is not respectable; soldiers are admitted!" In

the singular the warrior loses all his prestige. Very different are the feelings of in the singular because his boy belongs to it (every Frenchman has to serve in the army). In the plural, however, it represents authority, and he is well aware that the army is ready for use as a police force in case he should ever be tempted to make his voice heard too loudly in demanding a reform. This is why French soldiers in their different garrison towns live a life apart. They do not mix with the people, and have to put up with "Coventry."

The French army is viewed through many spectacles. The Conservatives see in it the preservers of order; the Radicals a danger to the liberties of the nation; the League of the Patriots call it the hope of France. To the French Mary Jane it is the repository of tender sentiments; to the tradesman of the garrison town, a source of income. Ball giving ladies like it because it provides them with dancers who are as ornamental as useful, though the officer's uniform is no longer the gorgeous dress it was in my time, when a lieutenant's full uniform cost from a half to a whole year's pay. French girls have a deep conviction that no man can make love like a young lieutenant; but papa was always apt to frown on him, knowing that this Romeo had generally more gold on his shoulders than in his waistcoat pocket, and that, according to the army regulations, no officer might marry a lady with less than 30,000 francs dot.

But here comes the regiment. Let us open the window and have a look at the 'Children of France," as Beranger called

In front march the sapeurs, with their long, bushy beards covering their chests. Look at one and you will see them all. Sapeurs are all alike: to be able to tell one from another is a proof of marvelous perspicacity. Under the empire the sapeurs used to march with large white leather aprons covering their chest and legs, hatchets over their shoulders and huge busbies on their heads; and they formed an imposing looking body. The aprons are now done away with, but the hatchets are retained. Most of the officers' orderlies were taken from this part of the regiment, and it was a pleasant sight to see one of these good fellows, who are mostly middle aged, fatherly looking men, with his apron on, leading about the children of some married officer, who made use of him as a dry nurse (not so dry either, for we still say in France "to drink like a sapeur").

These big, kind, bearded nurses have always been favorites with their little charges, and are great at telling stories. long stories, ending in the heroine's marrying a general. The office of the sapeurs being to precede the regiment and clear away all obstacles that could impede its march, the hatchet was originally a very important part of their accouterment. But in these days virgin forests are not plentiful in Europe, the high roads are excellent, and the colonel prefers to use them; so that now the chief utility of the formidable tool is to chop wood to make the pot boil.

Next come the drummers and buglers How martial they look with their heads high, every head turned to the right and every bugle parallel, making the air resound with their fanfares! They are very popular with the soldiers. It is the buglers who, with their stirring notes, cheer the men when they show signs of flagging on a long, weary march. I have seen them at the foot of a steep hill, tired, perhaps, with hours of marching. "Sound the charge," says the colonel, and immediately, as if by magic, the limp legs and backs straighten, and the column of men step out bravely, singing to the notes of the bugle:

Il y a la goutte a boire la-haut, Il y a la goutte a boire.

The summit of the hill reached, the goutte is dispensed by the Cantiniere. and generally takes the form of a small glass of brandy, which in time of peace has to be paid for at the rate of a penny the glass. The bugler has no need to pull out his purse; every trooper is ready to treat him. Those of the men who have seen active service can never forget how those same notes that have just cheered them up the hill nerved them when they had to charge the enemy, and know that in many a terrible battle, when the encmy's guns did their deadly work too well, one or two surviving buglers have bravely cheered on the diminished ranks to the last, and perhaps turned the fortune of battle.

Next to the buglers comes the band. The appearance of the bandsmen is not particularly martial; the uniform is a little bit neglige. We are in the presence of artistes now.

Why the trombone should be the oldest member of the band I have never been able to discover; but it is a fact that he is, nine times out of ten, a gray headed, spectacled man, with a grave expression and three stripes on his sleeves. He feels the weight of his responsibility. It is all very well for the clarionet to take life lightly; if he plays a note a little flat, it passes in the general hum of the music without any disastrous consequences; but a wrong note from the trombone is awful to think of! So he looks neither to right nor left, and never loses sight of his majestic instrument. As a man who only plays accompaniments, the trombone is modest, and seems to apologize for the

noise he makes. The cornet plays solos, and the applause he has won from the public in the place d'armes has made him vain. Holding his instrument in the air, he is not only seen and heard, but can see the effeet he produces. He is young and good looking, waxes his mustache and is a perfect lady killer. Cornet players, like tenors, are conceited.

The flute is reserved. The habit of casting down his eyes on his tiny instrument has made him bashful. The clarionet is a picture of misery. With head bent down, he looks like a

plaintive philosopher giving utterance to his sad views of life. The masher of the band is the hautboi. His uniform is unimpeachable, and more than once the colonel has frowned on him for showing too much white collar. He gives private lessons in town. The ophicleide is funereal. His general

expression is one of solemnity. The only time his face lights up at all is when he has to play the "Prayer of Moses" as a solo. That is his triumph.

The bandmaster ranks with the quartermaster. In his numerous leisure hours he composes variations on the principal airs of "William Tell" and "Norma"-a thankless task, seeing that these airs of Rossini and Bellini are good enough for most people in their original form. But it is his pride to see his name on a programme in company with these great ones, and so he works away at his "Airs from 'William Tell,' arranged (deranged?) by N—, bandmaster of the Forty-second Light Foot." Just as every English chemist has composed a special tooth powder, every French bandmaster has composed an arrangement of "William

Here comes the colonel on horseback. He looks sad and careworn. No wonder, exclaims Jules Noriac, three thousand men to manage, and the variations on "William Tell" to hear every day at

I pass over the lieutenant colonel and the chief of squadron to have the pleasure of introducing to you a few subalterns, the non-commissioned officers, and and Its Members from the Highest to the French Tommy Atkins, who is called

"Pitou" by his compatriots. The married officer keeps to himself, and does his best to keep his wife at home. French susceptibilities, in barracks especially, are soon wounded, and he wants to avoid the possibility of quarrels that might arise from the dear | They have become more susceptible; ladies' tattle. He does wool work in his spare moments, and looks forward to the time when he will be able to retire on his pension. He is a peace loving man. In the army matrimony is the grave of

glory.

The serious officer is the one who looks fession and by vocation. He studies

tactics and military mistory, and practices fencing, shooting at targets, swimming and all athletic sports. He has the campaigns of Napoleon at his fingers' ends. You will always see him poring over maps. He studies geography and the German language. He is of opinion that when the French can all speak German, the Prussians will have a hard

The officer of fortune is the one who has not got any—and runs into debt. Give him a wide berth; he is the bully of the regiment, very quick to take offense, and overticklish on the point of

The officer who has risen from the ranks is very popular with the soldiers, whose wants he knows much better than do the young lieutenants fresh from the military school: His messmates say "he is not a gentleman." He is, however, a good soldier and a trusty, straightforward man. It is true that his manners are not refined. He can speak very fair French, but prefers bad language, and can swear for a quarter of an hour without using the same oath twice.

I remember, during the Franco-Prussian war, I happened to be quartered for a day in an aristocratic household in Lorraine with a lieutenant of this type. Trembling at the thought of my worthy friend's unruly member. I seated myself at our host's dinner table. All went well until the conversation unluckily fell upon military marches, when the lady of the house wanted to know whether the feet did not suffer very much with such a quantity of walking to do every day in the hot weather.
"I'll tell you what, ma'am," said he,

'you must never wash the feet. I never do. Grease them well with tallow and they'll be all right." The lady wished she had not spoken.

Later on there was a whist party formed in the drawing room, and my comrade was asked if he would make a fourth at a little table where three old whist players were already seated, ready to enjoy their favorite game. "With pleasure, I'm sure," said he, comfortably installing himself in the empty chair-"only I must tell you I never played before."

The face of the old gentleman opposite. as he looked at him over his spectacles. was a study.

The sergeant major is pretentious. He will tell you that if he were a civilian he could occupy a position that very few officers would be able to fill. When he retires to private life he boasts of having been a sergeant major.

The corporal, to be seen in all his glory, must be studied when he has a written report to make to the colonel. He is a good fellow, who rules four men, and defies all rules of grammar. His spelling is phonetic; yet he loves long words, and his reports bristle with such words as nevertheless, notwithstanding. He is regarded by his four men as an authority on elegant diction. A private may be able to spell, but a corporal never -such is the deep rooted belief of all French officers. I was present one day

when a corporal came to the doctor with one of his men who was unfit for the saddle. The doctor examined him and found him suffering from rheumatism. The corporal proceeded to fill up the requisite form for the man's admission to the nearest military hospital. "Can you spell rheumatism, corporal?"

"I think I can, doctor, thank you," replied he, saluting. That corporal was Louis Coetloyon, one of the leading journalists of Paris, who had volunteered soon after the out break of the war. We had a good laugh over the incident when I told the doctor of his blunder.

said the doctor

"What business has he to be a corporal if he can spell?" exclaimed the surgeon, who was a little bit sorry for what had happened.

Pitou serves his country for the modest sum of two sous a day. He receives one sou cash, and the other is placed to his credit until his term of service is over, when he is presented with a sum representing as many sous, plus interest, as he has spent days in the army. Of course his pay is not often his only source of revenue. Many soldiers work at some trade inside the barrack, and those who, come from the middle classes are well supplied with pocket money from home-even the peasant's son is sure to receive a little help every month. He rises at 5 in the morning, and as there is no food served before 8, he goes straight to the canteen and has his petit verre (a tablespoonful of brandy). He tosses it at one draught, drains the dregs out in his palms and touches up his hair

Great fraternity prevails in the barracks. If there are any empty pockets. their owners are not allowed to go short. He who received a little postoffice order yesterday is always ready to pay. The poor fellow who has nothing but his sou a day is never left out either, and not one of his comrades who treat him would think of alluding to his inability to return their kindness. He is drilled eight hours a day. At 8 a. m. and 4 p. m. he has his gamelle containing a piece of beef, cooked and served in a good, thick soup of vegetables. This savory and nourishing repast is eaten with bread. and forms his only food in time of peace. How often during the war, when the officer's dinner was but a dream, have I relished a dish of this appetizing compound brought me by my good orderly! I cannot relate here the thousands of jokes that the barracks have furnished, and will always furnish, to the French comic papers. But I cannot refrain from mentioning the curious fact that one finds Hibernianism common among the ranks, while not to be found elsewhere in France. I remember one bull that Paddy might be proud to have perpe-

Pitou, ordered by a corporal to dig a pit and bury a quantity of rubbish from the yard, is in trouble. He has performed his task, but there is no room in the pit for all the mold which was dug out to make it; so he comes to his corporal to ask what he shall do. "You fool," said the corporal magnifi-

cently, "make the pit larger, of course."
In war time the French soldier is admirable. The good humor with which he goes through the greatest hardships is simply wonderful. If the provisions are not at hand he breakfasts off a joke or a song. The only thing that puts him out is to get short weight when the rations of bread, rice, coffee, sugar and salt are served out. He always goes straightway and weighs them, to make sure he has his due, and if there is a deficiency of the tenth of an ounce he will grumble all day; but if his rations are right, he is right, ready for anything the day may bring, merry as a lark. His philosophical way of taking the inevitable, and putting a good face on personal misfortune, is proverbial. At the battle of Worth one of my men had his right and completely shot away by a shell. Seeing the poor fellow look at his maimed arm as he was being carried away, I went to him and gave him a word of sympathy.

"Ay, mon lieutenant," he cried, "I shall have to learn to make cigarette's with one hand!" The whole character of the French sol-

dier is there. III-THE WOMEN OF FRANCE.

A Comprehensive, Diverting and Instructive Description of Her Who Holds Jacques Bonhomme in Leading Strings. The national character of the French has greatly altered since the disasters of 1870, and no one need wonder at it. they are now the most sensitive people

on earth. The rage for equality is often manifested by a ferocious jealousy of those who rise, either in literature, the fine arts or politics. All these are failings The serious officer is the one who looks that we possessed before the Franco-for promotion. He is a soldier by pro-German war, but in a much less de-

what has not changed, fortunately, is the character of the French women-I mean especially the women of the peo-

Good society is much alike everywhere-like hotels; it is a question of more or less manners in the former, of more or less fleas in the latter. Good society in France is no exception to the rule. No more are the hotels-far the contrary. But what is there to be learned in what is termed "high society" except gossip from club smoking rooms and from boudoirs, which might, perhaps, furnish a few pages of Scandalous Chronicle? It is the people who preserve the traditions of a country; therefore it is the middle classes, the working classes in town and country, that the observer

must turn to. That the French women of the upper classes are the leaders of fashion all over the world, everybody knows; but I cannot pass them over without dwelling upon the reason why our best men are still at the feet of our women.

"If I were queen," said Mme. Recamier one day, "I would command Mme. de Stael to talk to me all day long:" and a contemporary of this celebrated authoress relates how he and some friends of his were driving with her one day, and were suddenly surprised by a violent storm bursting over their heads without their having noticed a sign of its gathering so absorbing were the charm and vivacity of her conversation. There are plenty of French women of whom similar things might be said. From the Seventeenth century they have continued to hand down this charming sovereignty of converse. Mother bequeathes it to daughter, or it is transmitted in the blood; and, to my mind, this is what chiefly distinguishes them from the women of other countries. In spite of telegraph and railways, in spite of politics, which in these days absorb all ranks of French society, people still causent in France; and this, thanks to French women. Excuse me for using the word causer, but you have no equivalent for it in English. Chat is perhaps the nearest approach to it, but even that fails to render its meaning. A causerie is marked not only by interest of subject, but also by a lightness of touch which the French language eminently lends itself to.

Can you imagine a drawing room attractive without the presence of ladies? Have you never noticed that, left to themselves, the most clever men fall into argumentation, that their oratory fails to interest or convince you, and that there is a general feeling of coldness and restraint? But let a woman come in, a woman of taste, and gayety comes with her; conversation becomes animated and attractive. It runs gracefully from one subject into another, like a butterfly from spray to spray. It touches each lightly, rises to high thoughts, comes to earth again, passing from lofty to lowly subject, from grave to gay, with infinite meanders. Every one is moved to show himself at his best, and draws from his vocabulary his choicest expressions, his happiest reflections, surpasses himself, and is surprised to find himself inspired as by a muse. Just now they were killing time; now every one is enjoying himself. All constraint is gone; each one gives free expression to his thoughts. In a word, just now they were talking; now they causent. And in taking leave of their hostess they might repeat the expression that a certain courtly abbe of the Eighteenth century used in speaking to a grand dame who had communi-cated to him something of her irresistim something of her irresist ible spirit: "Madame, I am but an instrument, on which you have played with skill."

So much for the French women of the Now let us pass on to the different working classes of society. There, too, we find woman's sovereignty indisputable, and the men in leading strings. In the French household the woman is queen. Her empire over her children is perfect, and she leads her husband by the nose. He does not complain of this; on the contrary, he enjoys it, and he thinks that, after all, much worse might happen to him. The wife knows all her husband's affairs, and when he has a few savings to invest he does not think it beneath him to ask her advice. She knows, as well as he, the current price of stocks at the Bourse; and if he should be seized with a pruriency to embark in speculation, she brings to bear all her influence over him to induce him to buy consols or any other government securities. Call on her husband on business. and if he is from home you will not need to make a second visit on that account; she has all the affairs of the firm at her

finger's end. She is the goddess of economy and or-

Every little bourgeoise keeps a memorandum book, in which she writes down all her expenses. Nothing is forgotten, not even the halfpenny to the blind beggar who plays the flute at the street cor-

ner. Market woman has a genius for cookery, and is thoroughly awake to the fact that it is good policy in married life to see that monsieur dines well. I believe there is a saying in England that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach; but I fancy there are many English women who do not use this path-

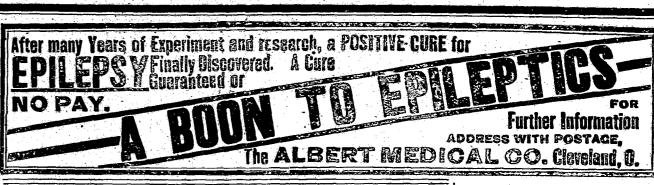
way as much as they might. . . The politics of matrimony is a science inborn in our women. Let a French woman be rich or poor, she has always the charm of feminality. She is always smart, always alert, and has a little fluttering, bustling way with her that is bound to keep awake your interest in all she does. She may be sometimes a little affected, but she is never vulgar. On Sundays and holidays she dresses still a little more elegantly than usual, but she never appears to be in Sunday clothes. The middle class French woman is ladylike, not only in her dress, but in her speech. You will never see her loaded with cheap jewelry, this great stamp of vulgarity; and when she speaks to you, you cannot guess whether she is the wife of a gentleman or of a small tradesman. Notice that she often changes the style of her hair. That is because she knows that love lives on trifles, and that the best dishes become insipid if they are always served with the same sauce. Even if her stock of clothes is scanty, her clever brain and fingers help her to cover its deficiencies by constant little changes. With two or three dresses in her possession, the dear little humbug will make you believe that she has a well filled

wardrobe, I have often in England heard French women called frivolous. But this is the height of absurdity, and, in my quality of Frenchman, surely I ought to be as good a judge of the point as the English tourist. How can French women, who are perhaps, of all women in the world, the most initiated into the affairs of their husbands, be frivolous? If frivolity consists in trying to remain young and attractive as long as possible without becoming ridiculous, then the French bourgeoise is frivolous.

(To Be Continued.)

A Test for Tea.

A Russian analyst gives the following as a test by which tea can be proved to be genuine or not: Take a pinch of tea in a glass, pour upon it a little cold water and shake it up well. Pure tea will only slightly color the water, while a strong infusion is quickly got from the adulterated or painted leaf. Now boil both sorts separately, and let them stand till cool, and the difference between them will be most marked. The false tea will become still stronger after along standing, but will remain transparent, whereas pure tea will become muddy or milky. This last appearance arises from the tannic acid, which is a natural property in pure tea, but which in artificial tea is entirely absent.—Hall's Journal of Health.



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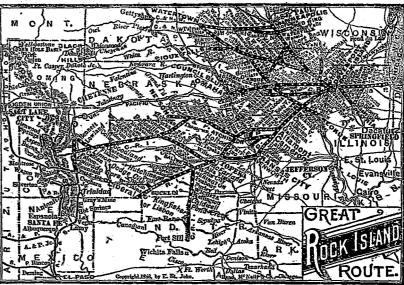
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DR. F. B. BREWER, 135 Chicago Ave., Evanston, ILL.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE. First publication November 7, 1889. TATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Berrien, ss. In the matter of the estate of Daniel Babcoc

A In the matter of the estate of Daniel Babcock, deceased.

Netice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order granted to the undersigned, administrator of the estate of said Daniel Babcock, deceased by the Hon. Judge of Probate, for the county of Berrien on the 2d day of September, A. D. 1889, there will. he sold at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at the sold at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at the sold at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at the sold at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at the sold at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at the sold at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at the sold at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at he sold at public vendue, the 24th day of December A. D. 1839, at ten o'clock in the forencen of that day (subject to all encumbrances by mortgage or otherwise existing at the time of the death of said deceased, or at the time of sale; and also subject to the right of dower and the homestead rights of the widow of said deceased therein) the following described real estate, to wit: Commencing at a point, about ninety rode east of the southwest corner of section twenty-six (26°, town seven (7) south, sange nineteen (19) west, and being at that point where the west line of the Indiana and Lake Michigan railroad as now located; crosses the south, hispof said section twenty-six; thence north along the svest line of the south lair of said section twenty-six; thence east on quarter line one hundred feet; thence south along the cast line of said section twenty-six; thence south line of said section twenty-six; thence west one hundred feet to the place of beginning.

JOHN BABCOCK, Administrator. Dated Nov.6, 1889. Last publication December 19, 1889.

NOTICE FOR HEARING CLAIMS. First publication November 14, 1889.

CTATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Berrien,—ss.

Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Berrien, made on the 25th day of September, A.D. 1889, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of George V. Fredenburg, late of said county, deceased, and that all-creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate office, in the village of Berrien Springs, for examination and allowance, on or before the 25th day of March next, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Thursday, the 20th day of Merch next, at 10 o'clock in the foreneen of each of those days.

Daying E. Hinnan,

Judge of Probate.

Last publication December 12, 1889. First publication November 14, 1389.

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Mrs. Lee. "What is that?"

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