

Business Directory.
BERRIEN COUNTY money loan agency, apply to W. E. DUNN, Berrien Springs, Mich.
B. T. MORLEY, star foundry, all kinds of casting, such as plow points, spikes, etc., and all kinds of machinery, and all kinds of work done to order. Old metal taken in exchange for new. Berrien Springs, Mich.
BLANK & LONG, dealers in groceries, fruit, and all kinds of household goods, and all kinds of work done to order. Old metal taken in exchange for new. Berrien Springs, Mich.
C. S. H. BLACK, manufacturer of harness, saddles, trunks, valises, etc., and all kinds of work done to order. Old metal taken in exchange for new. Berrien Springs, Mich.
CHRISTIAN PROCLAMATION, a religious tract, 10 pages, devoted to the interests of the colored people, and all kinds of work done to order. Old metal taken in exchange for new. Berrien Springs, Mich.
D. E. HINMAN, attorney and counsellor at law, residence on Main street, Buchanan, Mich.
D. E. BRADLEY & CO., manufacturers of harness, saddles, trunks, valises, etc., and all kinds of work done to order. Old metal taken in exchange for new. Berrien Springs, Mich.
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E. S. DODD, M. D., physician and surgeon, residence on Main street, Buchanan, Mich.
M. W. LIMPSON, attorney and counsellor at law, residence on Main street, Buchanan, Mich.
EAGLE HOUSE, main street, Buchanan, Mich. The best place to eat and drink in the city.
B. BAILEY, justice of the peace and notary public, residence on Main street, Buchanan, Mich.
BASTEN STAR DEGREE, Buchanan, Mich. The best place to eat and drink in the city.
EAGLE HOTEL, Berrien Springs, Mich. The best place to eat and drink in the city.
F. M. SAMMATTI, 109 1/2 holds a regular commission as Justice of the Peace, and is qualified to perform all the duties of the office.
H. H. MILLIN, M. D., homeopathic physician and surgeon, residence on Main street, Buchanan, Mich.
J. O. D. F., the regular meetings of the Berrien County Association, on the 1st of each month, at the Berrien County Hotel, Buchanan, Mich.
J. W. WILSON, dentist, rooms on Main street, Buchanan, Mich.
JOHN MILTON, attorney, residence on Main street, Buchanan, Mich.
J. M. ROE, physician and surgeon, residence on Main street, Buchanan, Mich.
J. O. WELCH, dealer in clocks, watches, jewelry, silver, etc., residence on Main street, Buchanan, Mich.
J. MESSINGER, wholesale and retail dealer in furniture and cabinet ware, residence on Main street, Buchanan, Mich.
J. V. PHILLIPS, attorney at law, residence on Main street, Buchanan, Mich.
CRUTCHER & SON, dealers in clothing, shoes, hats, caps, etc., residence on Main street, Buchanan, Mich.
MAD & WEISBERGER, manufacturers of harness, saddles, trunks, valises, etc., and all kinds of work done to order. Old metal taken in exchange for new. Berrien Springs, Mich.
N. HAMILTON, licensed auctioneer, residence on Main street, Buchanan, Mich.
REDDEN & DUNGAN, dealers in dry goods and groceries, residence on Main street, Buchanan, Mich.
ROSS & SON, bankers and exchange brokers, residence on Main street, Buchanan, Mich.
S. L. ESTES, dealer in ready-made clothing, shoes, hats, caps, etc., residence on Main street, Buchanan, Mich.
W. R. PERRY, druggist and tailor, residence on Main street, Buchanan, Mich.
TREMONT HOUSE, corner of front and Oak streets, Buchanan, Mich. The best place to eat and drink in the city.
T. J. JONES & SON, fashionable hatters, residence on Main street, Buchanan, Mich.
W. M. S. SAWYER, justice of the peace, residence on Main street, Buchanan, Mich.
W. H. BELTZ, druggist and tailor, residence on Main street, Buchanan, Mich.
W. H. FOX & CO., dealers in dry goods, notions and fancy goods, residence on Main street, Buchanan, Mich.
W. OSBORN, druggist and apothecary, residence on Main street, Buchanan, Mich.
W. D. KINGERY, attorney at law, residence on Main street, Buchanan, Mich.
W. J. PETERSON, mill digger, residence on Main street, Buchanan, Mich.
Livery, Sale and Feed Stable.
PROUD & PEASE, residence on Main street, Buchanan, Mich.
Farms for Sale.
Midwifery and Nursing.

JNO. C. WELCH,
General News Agent,
Clocks, Watches,
JEWELRY,
SILVER & PLATED WARE,
SPECTACLES,
SCHOOL BOOKS,
STATONERY,
CUTLERY,
YANKEE NOTIONS,
Particular attention given to Watch work.

PROBATE ORDER. State of Michigan, County of Berrien, ss.—At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Berrien, held at the Probate Office, in the village of Berrien, on Wednesday, the 16th day of February, 1871, the probate of the will of the late Daniel Chapman, deceased, was taken up for consideration. The will was read and found to be the last will and testament of the deceased. The executor named in the will was Daniel Chapman, Jr. The court ordered that the executor should give and pay to the persons named in the will, the amounts therein directed. The court also ordered that the executor should give and pay to the persons named in the will, the amounts therein directed. The court also ordered that the executor should give and pay to the persons named in the will, the amounts therein directed.

Poetry.
THE WORN-OUT GUY OF TYPE.
I'm sitting by my desk, George,
Before me on the floor
The list of scores and of type,
Twenty thousand score;
And many months have passed, George,
Since they were bright and new,
And many are the tales they've told—
The false, the strange, the true.
What tales of horror they have told,
Of tempest and of wreck!
Of murder in the midnight hour,
Of fair full many a "speck"
Of things that lost away at sea,
Went down before the blast,
Of stifled cries of agony
As life's last moments passed.
Of earthquakes and of suicides,
Of bank defaulters, broken banks,
Of bolters burning, steamboats snagg'd,
Of riots, dungs fought;
Of robbers with their hands upraised,
Of thieves, their booty sought.
Of blood, and fire, and accident,
Of those who turn out to be told,
And how the fire has swept
The youthful and the old;
Of things to please or vex us,
Of one man's jumping overboard,
Another gone to Texas.
They've told us how sweet summer days
Have faded from our view;
How the children of the world have wept,
The leaf-crowned forest through;
How winter's snow hath come and gone—
And how the sun has shined
And how the sun has shined
The pale flowers back to life.
I can't pretend to mention half
My jolly friends have told,
Since shining bright and beautiful
They faded from the world;
They faded from the world
To others grief and tears;
Yet faithfully the record keep
Of fast receding years.

Original Story.
The Mother's Last Trial.
BY P. B. BOSTWICK.
"Days all serene, and pleasures ever pure,
Are not more dear to me than to secure
The sky most favored with the sun's bright rays;
The blithest heart will have its sojourn days."
"Sometimes fast Truth in fiction we disguise,
Sometimes present her naked to men's eyes."
"And to-morrow you are to be taken into the firm as a partner."
This was uttered by an aged lady who was sitting with one of her hands clasped in that of her son, a young man of five and twenty, who sat looking into her face with eyes beaming with affectionate interest.
"This fully repays me, my beloved son, for all I have suffered."
For a moment his features appeared clouded with sorrow, for he thought what that suffering had been of the years long past, when the mother now sitting beside him, so happy, had submitted to privations and all this for his sake, his eyes glancing with tears, till, brushing them hastily away, a smile broke over his countenance, and he replied:
"True, mother, but let those recollections be forgotten now. The memory of the past we bury in oblivion, and think only of the bright future."
"But you will not let present prosperity harden your heart, Harvey, you will not let your good fortune make you haughty, and forget Him who has been a friend in the hour of trouble?"
"No, mother, I will not forget that I am still the child of God; yet, should temptation assail me, I have only to think of your precepts and examples, and they alone will defend me from doing wrong. But think, mother," he continued, a bright gleam lighting up his features, "how happy I shall be in being enabled to place you in the sphere of life to which your virtues entitle you. If you knew how often my fancy has pictured this hour—how I have dwelt upon the idea of one day being able to place you in a home equal to your merits, you would not wonder that now, when I see my cherished wishes on the eve of consummation, it should thus gladden me."
"Nor do I, my son," the mother answered, with tearful eyes, "but you think more favorably of my boy, of your good fortune than I should. I should not murmur if my mother's arms were more comfortable than the one you have provided for me. But there is one more thing I want you to do, and that is my cup of happiness will be filled to overflowing."
"And what is that, mother?" he asked.
"To join the Temple of Honor and Temperance. Will you do that?" she looked beseechingly into his eyes.
"What is the use," he replied. "You know I never drink anything, except now and then a glass of beer."
"I know you do not; but that one glass of beer may, in time, stimulate and excite an appetite you can never overcome. You seem to know no harm to a glass of beer; but in time you will find the same of stronger and more stimulating drinks. Oh, Harvey, no, no, as you love me, consider my happiness essential to yours, do not encourage this great evil. Drive away the tempter while you can, and do not delay, until it is too late. Think of the thousands who are ruined, body and soul, every day, and at last fall drunkards' graves, because they thought it but a consequence to indulge in an occasional glass."
"But, mother," he replied, hesitatingly, "I have a stronger will than that. I know I would never be a drunkard, because I know the evil effects of going beyond certain limits, and have the will to control myself accordingly."
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"The old lady won't know the difference," added another, "for we won't drink enough to make us drunk, you know."
"Before I'd be tied to a woman's apron strings," remarked a third, "I'd join the teetotalers as once, and be a hermit or a monk, and live on bread and water all my life; and for fear I'd break my pledge, I would sit on a cake of ice all the time."
"If you join those temperance fellows," remarked the first speaker, "you must not associate with those who do drink, and as Dick says, you'd better be a hermit and doze with it; for you can't go to a party or ball without mingling with those awful fellows that will drink such glorious wine as this," and he held the glass temptingly before the eyes of Harvey.
"I never thought of that before," he mused. "They must be right. What is the harm, sure enough, of drinking with a friend, so long as one doesn't make a fool of himself?" and he raised the goblet to his lips and a sip. "It is splendid wine," he thought, "so much better than cold water." Again the cup was raised, but as he did so the pale, beseeching face of his mother rose up before him. Her eyes were looking at him with a mournful, imploring expression in them, and her voice rang in his ears. In fancy he saw a man in rags, lying in the ditch, but in the bloated, upturned face he could see marks that indicated he once possessed a refined and cultivated mind; but now, alas! how fallen. A female figure glided by, her face turned for an instant toward him. It was surprisingly beautiful, but now sorrow and care had left their marks, as pointed toward the form in the ditch and said:
"Behold your father. If you would not be as he is, then dash the wine cup from your lips."
He turned deadly pale, his hands trembled, and the glass he was holding slipped from his fingers and fell with a loud crash upon the floor.
"Why, Harvey, what's the matter?" exclaimed one of his companions in alarm. "Are you ill? Here, swallow this wine, it will help you, and before he could offer any resistance, he had drunk several times.
"No, I do not feel very well," he replied. "I guess I had better go down to the store," glad of an excuse to get away.
He pondered long and seriously upon what his companions had said, and the strange vision he had seen, but to that evening the impression that it had made upon his mind gradually wore off, and the arguments of his friends predominated, and he resolved to wait a short time before he made good the promise he had made his mother.
He met his friends frequently, and unable to resist their sneers and taunts, drank more freely, saying within himself that there was plenty of time yet to abstain altogether. But that very idea of putting a good deed off until some indefinite time in the future, was what worked his ruin. He found, as time passed on, that his love for the wine cup grew stronger, and that the oftener he drank the less his conscience troubled him. But he was only a moderate drinker!
"Lentibus argenti viti vitiosus," is an old but true saying, and well has the poet added:
"The man who praises drinking stands from hence,
Convicted a sot, on his own evidence."
And such, we are pained to say, proving to be the case with Harvey, Munford.
Trials were at hand that wrung from that poor, sacrificing, loving mother's heart tears of blood. Not the silent suffering hourly undergone in thought, injury and insult; no, these were light trials compared with the heavy, awful, life-darkening secret, which had fallen like a huge block of ice upon her soul, and, seeming, so chilling and crushing was its influence, to bury her alive.
We will not dwell upon this painful and sad, yet short history, of a young man who promised to be all a loving mother's heart could desire at the onset. Through the influence of those who professed to be his warmest and best friends, he sank lower and lower into the dark valley of ruin and disgrace—forgetting the early teaching of his mother, and the terrible example of his father—he rushed headlong down to a drunkard's grave. The life of honor, the life of virtue, the life of lofty manhood, was in him extinct forever.
As he found the little store he had accumulated was slowly but surely melting away, he resolved to go to work to make good his losses. At first he was successful, and elated by his good fortune, he resolved to bet more heavily, and thus make his fortune the sooner. He did so and lost. "Do not give up," they cried; "next time you will win." He tried his luck once more with the same result, losing every dollar he had about his person, and seizing his hat he rushed from the room the loser of two thousand dollars. Had he stopped then he might have been saved. But the temptation was too strong, and the next day he drew from the bank what was left—three thousand dollars. With this sum he again repaired to the gambling room. Again fortune favored him, and in two hours he was the winner of twelve hundred dollars. But soon he began to lose. In despair he now laid upon the table his last bill—his last remaining resource. He watched the number, but came up a loser. "Number 20," called the croupier, and the wheel, the words were the very soul of Harvey Munford. With palpitating and staring eyes he rose from the table; penniless

man, and in his agony and despair, clasped his hands upon his heart and said:
"Mother! I have done you a bog-gart, and I mothered you! May God bless you!" Turning upon the man with whom he had been playing, he exclaimed, while his eyes flashed fire:
"Villain, this is your work. It was you who tempted me to drink. Not content with forever ruining my character, you must take my last, and now I am lost, forever lost! But I will have revenge; yes, revenge!" and before any one in the room could divine his intention, he drew a revolver from his pocket, and fired at the man. He trembled, so violently, he missed his mark, and the bullet that was intended for the "heart of him who had sought his ruin, passed harmlessly over his head, and burst itself in the opposite wall. Quick as a flash he was on his feet, and springing upon Harvey, plunged a knife to its very hilt into his heart. During the excitement and confusion that ensued, the murderer effected his escape.
When the melancholy fact became spread through the town, every one was shocked at the deed, and many a man's heart trembled, and cheek turned pale at the terrible catastrophe. They bore him to his mother—disgraced and waiting in gore and blood. Not a trace of his once happy countenance was perceptible; but there was one who would have recognized him under any circumstances—the grief-stricken mother. When all shrank and turned away with horror from viewing his mutilated form, she clung to him and wept the most bitter agony.
"The next day when kind friends came to perform the last solemn duties for the dead, they found the aged mother lifeless by the side of her boy; her gray locks mingling with his dark hair, now clogged with his life's blood. It was THE MOTHER'S LAST TRIAL.
How Many Wives Fade.
How many pale, lifeless women you see in the West and in the East, too, for that matter, going fresh-looking women, and as they go, you see them, you can scarcely recognize them, while their hands look as well as on the day of their wedding. One cause of this is complicated housekeeping. When a man understands a business he finds learned men to assist him; he knows what this is, and he knows how to do it. A young woman goes to housekeeping very often without any help at all, or perhaps one awkward girl, like the wife in this respect. There are three meals to get every day, that means cooking; and then comes the dishes to be washed after each meal. It would take just about forty-five pieces for breakfast and supper, and seventy for dinner for a family of five, one hundred and seventy-five pieces to be carried from the kitchen to the dining-room every day; washed and carried back. If you have six rooms in your house, there is one to be thoroughly swept and cleaned daily, besides brushing up the others, making beds, bringing in wood and carrying in water.
Twice a week there is bread baking, twice a week yeast making, one day washing, one day ironing, pantries and safes to be washed once a week, dairy work to be attended to, besides innumerable jobs that the way of preserving, jellifying, pickling, and so on, putting down preserves, looking after the chickens in winter, and making hoghead cheese, mince meat, a thorough house cleaning twice a year, then sewing on dresses, aprons, shirts, drawers, gowns, etc., by the dozen.
Then suppose the house keeper has a boy—an average size—months old baby that weighs about thirty pounds, one hundred and seventy-five pieces to be carried from the kitchen to the dining-room every day; washed and carried back. If you have six rooms in your house, there is one to be thoroughly swept and cleaned daily, besides brushing up the others, making beds, bringing in wood and carrying in water.
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Barred Alive and Resurrected.
A singular affair occurred at Poplar Grove, Grundy County, Mo., Jan. 7. A Mr. John Andrews, a popular and well-to-do farmer in the neighborhood, had a well some forty feet deep, and he was discovered that the well was full of water. Mr. Andrews gathered up a number of short boards, and went down pole ladder, fastened to the side of the well, to the bottom of the well, so as to prevent the dirt, as it fell, from filling up the part of the well well. He had more than reached the bottom, as he thought, before the well was filled up to a few feet to the top. The dirt was given and the neighbors gathered, but all believing him dead, they returned to their homes, to make arrangements to come the next day to dig him out. Mr. Andrews and two other men, however, several children, refused to leave the spot but sat on a log near the well, crying until late in the evening, when, all of a sudden, they saw Mr. Andrews emerging from the well, covered with clay, and coming toward them! The children all screaming to the house, bolted the door and fastened the windows, and they were their father's ghost. But Mrs. Andrews ran to meet him, screaming at the top of her voice, "Oh John! Oh John! Is this you! Is that you!" When she reached him she fell fainting at his feet.
It seems that when he got to the bottom of the well, he looked up and saw the top of the well, and believing he had no time to make his escape, he slipped over the boards which were fastened across the well when the whole thing fell in upon him. All hope at first gave way, and he was about to let himself drop into the water below and at once his miserable feelings. But feeling above, he found the clay easily crumbled, and he slipped over the boards, and he was rescued. He was found when the whole thing fell in upon him. All hope at first gave way, and he was about to let himself drop into the water below and at once his miserable feelings. But feeling above, he found the clay easily crumbled, and he slipped over the boards, and he was rescued. He was found when the whole thing fell in upon him.

PROBATE ORDER. State of Michigan, County of Berrien, ss.—At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Berrien, held at the Probate Office, in the village of Berrien, on Monday, the 13th day of March, 1871, the probate of the will of the late Daniel Chapman, deceased, was taken up for consideration. The will was read and found to be the last will and testament of the deceased. The executor named in the will was Daniel Chapman, Jr. The court ordered that the executor should give and pay to the persons named in the will, the amounts therein directed. The court also ordered that the executor should give and pay to the persons named in the will, the amounts therein directed. The court also ordered that the executor should give and pay to the persons named in the will, the amounts therein directed.

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The Mother's Last Trial.
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"This fully repays me, my beloved son, for all I have suffered."
For a moment his features appeared clouded with sorrow, for he thought what that suffering had been of the years long past, when the mother now sitting beside him, so happy, had submitted to privations and all this for his sake, his eyes glancing with tears, till, brushing them hastily away, a smile broke over his countenance, and he replied:
"True, mother, but let those recollections be forgotten now. The memory of the past we bury in oblivion, and think only of the bright future."
"But you will not let present prosperity harden your heart, Harvey, you will not let your good fortune make you haughty, and forget Him who has been a friend in the hour of trouble?"
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"And what is that, mother?" he asked.
"To join the Temple of Honor and Temperance. Will you do that?" she looked beseechingly into his eyes.
"What is the use," he replied. "You know I never drink anything, except now and then a glass of beer."
"I know you do not; but that one glass of beer may, in time, stimulate and excite an appetite you can never overcome. You seem to know no harm to a glass of beer; but in time you will find the same of stronger and more stimulating drinks. Oh, Harvey, no, no, as you love me, consider my happiness essential to yours, do not encourage this great evil. Drive away the tempter while you can, and do not delay, until it is too late. Think of the thousands who are ruined, body and soul, every day, and at last fall drunkards' graves, because they thought it but a consequence to indulge in an occasional glass."
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Trials were at hand that wrung from that poor, sacrificing, loving mother's heart tears of blood. Not the silent suffering hourly undergone in thought, injury and insult; no, these were light trials compared with the heavy, awful, life-darkening secret, which had fallen like a huge block of ice upon her soul, and, seeming, so chilling and crushing was its influence, to bury her alive.
We will not dwell upon this painful and sad, yet short history, of a young man who promised to be all a loving mother's heart could desire at the onset. Through the influence of those who professed to be his warmest and best friends, he sank lower and lower into the dark valley of ruin and disgrace—forgetting the early teaching of his mother, and the terrible example of his father—he rushed headlong down to a drunkard's grave. The life of honor, the life of virtue, the life of lofty manhood, was in him extinct forever.
As he found the little store he had accumulated was slowly but surely melting away, he resolved to go to work to make good his losses. At first he was successful, and elated by his good fortune, he resolved to bet more heavily, and thus make his fortune the sooner. He did so and lost. "Do not give up," they cried; "next time you will win." He tried his luck once more with the same result, losing every dollar he had about his person, and seizing his hat he rushed from the room the loser of two thousand dollars. Had he stopped then he might have been saved. But the temptation was too strong, and the next day he drew from the bank what was left—three thousand dollars. With this sum he again repaired to the gambling room. Again fortune favored him, and in two hours he was the winner of twelve hundred dollars. But soon he began to lose. In despair he now laid upon the table his last bill—his last remaining resource. He watched the number, but came up a loser. "Number 20," called the croupier, and the wheel, the words were the very soul of Harvey Munford. With palpitating and staring eyes he rose from the table; penniless

man, and in his agony and despair, clasped his hands upon his heart and said:
"Mother! I have done you a bog-gart, and I mothered you! May God bless you!" Turning upon the man with whom he had been playing, he exclaimed, while his eyes flashed fire:
"Villain, this is your work. It was you who tempted me to drink. Not content with forever ruining my character, you must take my last, and now I am lost, forever lost! But I will have revenge; yes, revenge!" and before any one in the room could divine his intention, he drew a revolver from his pocket, and fired at the man. He trembled, so violently, he missed his mark, and the bullet that was intended for the "heart of him who had sought his ruin, passed harmlessly over his head, and burst itself in the opposite wall. Quick as a flash he was on his feet, and springing upon Harvey, plunged a knife to its very hilt into his heart. During the excitement and confusion that ensued, the murderer effected his escape.
When the melancholy fact became spread through the town, every one was shocked at the deed, and many a man's heart trembled, and cheek turned pale at the terrible catastrophe. They bore him to his mother—disgraced and waiting in gore and blood. Not a trace of his once happy countenance was perceptible; but there was one who would have recognized him under any circumstances—the grief-stricken mother. When all shrank and turned away with horror from viewing his mutilated form, she clung to him and wept the most bitter agony.
"The next day when kind friends came to perform the last solemn duties for the dead, they found the aged mother lifeless by the side of her boy; her gray locks mingling with his dark hair, now clogged with his life's blood. It was THE MOTHER'S LAST TRIAL.
How Many Wives Fade.
How many pale, lifeless women you see in the West and in the East, too, for that matter, going fresh-looking women, and as they go, you see them, you can scarcely recognize them, while their hands look as well as on the day of their wedding. One cause of this is complicated housekeeping. When a man understands a business he finds learned men to assist him; he knows what this is, and he knows how to do it. A young woman goes to housekeeping very often without any help at all, or perhaps one awkward girl, like the wife in this respect. There are three meals to get every day, that means cooking; and then comes the dishes to be washed after each meal. It would take just about forty-five pieces for breakfast and supper, and seventy for dinner for a family of five, one hundred and seventy-five pieces to be carried from the kitchen to the dining-room every day; washed and carried back. If you have six rooms in your house, there is one to be thoroughly swept and cleaned daily, besides brushing up the others, making beds, bringing in wood and carrying in water.
Twice a week there is bread baking, twice a week yeast making, one day washing, one day ironing, pantries and safes to be washed once a week, dairy work to be attended to, besides innumerable jobs that the way of preserving, jellifying, pickling, and so on, putting down preserves, looking after the chickens in winter, and making hoghead cheese, mince meat, a thorough house cleaning twice a year, then sewing on dresses, aprons, shirts, drawers, gowns, etc., by the dozen.
Then suppose the house keeper has a boy—an average size—months old baby that weighs about thirty pounds, one hundred and seventy-five pieces to be carried from the kitchen to the dining-room every day; washed and carried back. If you have six rooms in your house, there is one to be thoroughly swept and cleaned daily, besides brushing up the others, making beds, bringing in wood and carrying in water.

Barred Alive and Resurrected.
A singular affair occurred at Poplar Grove, Grundy County, Mo., Jan. 7. A Mr. John Andrews, a popular and well-to-do farmer in the neighborhood, had a well some forty feet deep, and he was discovered that the well was full of water. Mr. Andrews gathered up a number of short boards, and went down pole ladder, fastened to the side of the well, to the bottom of the well, so as to prevent the dirt, as it fell, from filling up the part of the well well. He had more than reached the bottom, as he thought, before the well was filled up to a few feet to the top. The dirt was given and the neighbors gathered, but all believing him dead, they returned to their homes, to make arrangements to come the next day to dig him out. Mr. Andrews and two other men, however, several children, refused to leave the spot but sat on a log near the well, crying until late in the evening, when, all of a sudden, they saw Mr. Andrews emerging from the well, covered with clay, and coming toward them! The children all screaming to the house, bolted the door and fastened the windows, and they were their father's ghost. But Mrs. Andrews ran to meet him, screaming at the top of her voice, "Oh John! Oh John! Is this you! Is that you!" When she reached him she fell fainting at his feet.
It seems that when he got to the bottom of the well, he looked up and saw the top of the well, and believing he had no time to make his escape, he slipped over the boards which were fastened across the well when the whole thing fell in upon him. All hope at first gave way, and he was about to let himself drop into the water below and at once his miserable feelings. But feeling above, he found the clay easily crumbled, and he slipped over the boards, and he was rescued. He was found when the whole thing fell in upon him.

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PROBATE ORDER. State of Michigan, County of Berrien, ss.—At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Berrien, held at the Probate Office, in the village of Berrien, on Monday, the 13th day of March, 1871, the probate of the will of the late Daniel Chapman, deceased, was taken up for consideration. The will was read and found to be the last will and testament of the deceased. The executor named in the will was Daniel Chapman, Jr. The court ordered that the executor should give and pay to the persons named in the will, the amounts therein directed. The court also ordered that the executor should give and pay to the persons named in the will, the amounts therein directed. The court also ordered that the executor should give and pay to the persons named in the will, the amounts therein directed.

Original Story.
The Mother's Last Trial.
BY P. B. BOSTWICK.
"Days all serene, and pleasures ever pure,
Are not more dear to me than to secure
The sky most favored with the sun's bright rays;
The blithest heart will have its sojourn days."
"Sometimes fast Truth in fiction we disguise,
Sometimes present her naked to men's eyes."
"And to-morrow you are to be taken into the firm as a partner."
This was uttered by an aged lady who was sitting with one of her hands clasped in that of her son, a young man of five and twenty, who sat looking into her face with eyes beaming with affectionate interest.
"This fully repays me, my beloved son, for all I have suffered."
For a moment his features appeared clouded with sorrow, for he thought what that suffering had been of the years long past, when the mother now sitting beside him, so happy, had submitted to privations and all this for his sake, his eyes glancing with tears, till, brushing them hastily away, a smile broke over his countenance, and he replied:
"True, mother, but let those recollections be forgotten now. The memory of the past we bury in oblivion, and think only of the bright future."
"But you will not let present prosperity harden your heart, Harvey, you will not let your good fortune make you haughty, and forget Him who has been a friend in the hour of trouble?"
"No, mother, I will not forget that I am still the child of God; yet, should temptation assail me, I have only to think of your precepts and examples, and they alone will defend me from doing wrong. But think, mother," he continued, a bright gleam lighting up his features, "how happy I shall be in being enabled to place you in the sphere of life to which your virtues entitle you. If you knew how often my fancy has pictured this hour—how I have dwelt upon the idea of one day being able to place you in a home equal to your merits, you would not wonder that now, when I see my cherished wishes on the eve of consummation, it should thus gladden me."
"Nor do I, my son," the mother answered, with tearful eyes, "but you think more favorably of my boy, of your good fortune than I should. I should not murmur if my mother's arms were more comfortable than the one you have provided for me. But there is one more thing I want you to do, and that is my cup of happiness will be filled to overflowing."
"And what is that, mother?" he asked.
"To join the Temple of Honor and Temperance. Will you do that?" she looked beseechingly into his eyes.
"What is the use," he replied. "You know I never drink anything, except now and then a glass of beer."
"I know you do not; but that one glass of beer may, in time, stimulate and excite an appetite you can never overcome. You seem to know no harm to a glass of beer; but in time you will find the same of stronger and more stimulating drinks. Oh, Harvey, no, no, as you love me, consider my happiness essential to yours, do not encourage this great evil. Drive away the tempter while you can, and do not delay, until it is too late. Think of the thousands who are ruined, body and soul, every day, and at last fall drunkards' graves, because they thought it but a consequence to indulge in an occasional glass."
"But, mother," he replied, hesitatingly, "I have a stronger will than that. I know I would never be a drunkard, because I know the evil effects of going beyond certain limits, and have the will to control myself accordingly."

thing—not even a glass of cider. And besides, what's the great crime in drinking just a little once in a while in a social way with a friend? Come, Harvey, don't be a fool; drink your wine and be a man."
"The old lady won't know the difference," added another, "for we won't drink enough to make us drunk, you know."
"Before I'd be tied to a woman's apron strings," remarked a third, "I'd join the teetotalers as once, and be a hermit or a monk, and live on bread and water all my life; and for fear I'd break my pledge, I would sit on a cake of ice all the time."
"If you join those temperance fellows," remarked the first speaker, "you must not associate with those who do drink, and as Dick says, you'd better be a hermit and doze with it; for you can't go to a party or ball without mingling with those awful fellows that will drink such glorious wine as this," and he held the glass temptingly before the eyes of Harvey.
"I never thought of that before," he mused. "They must be right. What is the harm, sure enough, of drinking with a friend, so long as one doesn't make a fool of himself?" and he raised the goblet to his lips and a sip. "It is splendid wine," he thought, "so much better than cold water." Again the cup was raised, but as he did so the pale, beseeching face of his mother rose up before him. Her eyes were looking at him with a mournful, imploring expression in them, and her voice rang in his ears. In fancy he saw a man in rags, lying in the ditch, but in the bloated, upturned face he could see marks that indicated he once possessed a refined and cultivated mind; but now, alas! how fallen. A female figure glided by, her face turned for an instant toward him. It was surprisingly beautiful, but now sorrow and care had left their marks, as pointed toward the form in the ditch and said:
"Behold your father. If you would not be as he is, then dash the wine cup from your lips."
He turned deadly pale, his hands trembled, and the glass he was holding slipped from his fingers and fell with a loud crash upon the floor.
"Why, Harvey, what's the matter?" exclaimed one of his companions

Monday Reading. THE PUREST PEARL. The following translation from the German...

An Example of Giving. But the point to which I wish to direct attention in his blessed example is this: He was an instance of religious principle...

Daily Prayer. An aged minister once gave some advice to a young Christian. It was this: "Never neglect, never forget secret daily prayer..."

The Spirit of Mercy. Who that knows himself—that knows his own infirmities of temper, of disposition, of feeling of habit—could dare to lift up voice or hand to condemn another without qualification...

Every Bit of It. One evening at a prayer-meeting, many men, converts, old and young, were told to tell what God had done for their souls...

Wanted—500 more of the citizens of Buchanan for the... Asthma, Catarrh, and Bronchitis.

READY FOR THE NEW YEAR! THE BEST ASSORTMENT OF COOK & PARLOR STOVES! COLLINS & WEAVER'S Hardware Store, Buchanan, Michigan.

Reduced Prices. The Finest Stock of Shelf Hardware, CUTLERY, MECHANICS' TOOLS. Nails, Glass, Locks, Paints, Oils, Iron Steel.

GLASS WARE. ROGERS & HIMES. Best kind, at the lowest rates ever offered in Buchanan, at

WARNER'S PILE REMEDY. COUGH NO MORE. WINE OF LIFE.

Wanted—500 more of the citizens of Buchanan for the... Asthma, Catarrh, and Bronchitis.

CENTRAL MEAT MARKET! HOWARD & DEMONT. Having purchased Mr. Harlow's interest in the Market, and consolidated the two Markets, and moved the same to first door west of Day & Bienna...

Constantly on Hand. Improved Turned and Fitted Sleigh Wagons. Farmers' Open Buggies. Good Horse Shoers.

REMOVAL. EATON & SIMMONS. Large and Select Stock of Groceries. Lowest Possible Rates for Cash.

THE MOST POPULAR FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WEST. THE CINCINNATI WEEKLY CHRONICLE. Contains all the news of the day.

D. DE BARON & CO. LUMBER WAGONS. BOB SLEDS, CUTTERS. All Kinds of Repairs in Their Line.

WARRANT. To the satisfaction of any reasonable persons. We build to order the Improved Turned and Fitted Sleigh Wagons.

NEW FURNITURE STORE. Jacob Messinger. Splendid Assortment of Furniture.

HAIR RESTORATIVE. Contains all the news of the day. Special Notice.

DR. V. CHARNOCK PROCK. TO PHYSICIANS. New York, August 16th, 1868. Allow me to call your attention to my PREPARATION OF COMPOUND EXTRACT OF BUCHU...

BARGAINS IN CLOTHING! S. L. ESTES' STORE. New Firm! Baker & Matthews. Lowest Living Prices.

NEW TIN SHOP. Tin Copper. SHEET IRON WARE. Improved Rose Wash.

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY. STATE OF NEBRASKA. 1,000,000 ACRES. Farm for Sale.

TO PHYSICIANS. New York, August 16th, 1868. Allow me to call your attention to my PREPARATION OF COMPOUND EXTRACT OF BUCHU...

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT OF BUCHU. For weakness arising from indigestion. The exhausted powers of Nature which are accompanied by so many alarming symptoms...

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT OF BUCHU. Helmbold's Fluid Extract of Buchu. Improved Rose Wash.

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT OF BUCHU. Helmbold's Fluid Extract of Buchu. Improved Rose Wash.

W.M. COTTEN. BOOTS & SHOES. Rochester Hand-Made Gaiters, BOOTS, SHOES.

DR. PIERCE'S AT-EXT. GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY. The originator of the wonderful medicine, claims to have discovered and combined in harmony...

G. W. NOBLE. Boots & Shoes. Has just received as fine an assortment of BOOTS & SHOES.

Sweet Quinine Versus Bitter. Helmbold's Fluid Extract of Buchu. Improved Rose Wash.

"Phnygrams." An old farmer was out one fine day looking over his broad acres, with an axe on his shoulder...

Smith had failed in business and sold out, and having two or three rough little bills, had given them to a lawyer for collection...

"Do you think, doctor," said an anxious mother, "that it would improve little Johnny's health to take him to the springs and let him try the water?"

"A man who'd maliciously set fire to a barn," said a good-old elder. "Do you think, doctor," said an anxious mother...