

Sunday Reading

THE REAPER'S MORNING HYMN.

Unclouded shines the Autumn morn, The light is singing on a high. Along the fields of new corn...

THE REASON WHY H. H. LUNNON, GROCER & BAKER, 53 FRONT STREET, Buchanan, Mich.

Another Battle AT THE FOUNDRY! Price Advancing Plows, Points, &c.

EATON & RICHARDS. We think we have all the kinds of goods in variety and quality...

Wilson's Specific Remedy. For the cure of complaints and diseases of children...

IS IT SO? Yes, Thousands Will Testify, Best and Cheapest Place to Buy Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Tobacco, Cigars...

SMITH & SONS. And in fact everything in the Grocery Line, best quality goods...

THE CLUSTER, A new Music Book for the use of Churches, Schools, and Home Circles.

THE CLUSTER, FAIRY VOICES, FOR SCHOOLS. A NEW SINGING BOOK.

THE SONG-ECHO, THE SONG-ECHO, FIRE INSURANCE AGENCY, Buchanan, Michigan.

THE SONG-ECHO, FIRE INSURANCE AGENCY, Buchanan, Michigan.

New Advertisements \$3,000 FOR 20 CTS. How When & Where to Advertise.

ADVERTISERS' GAZETTE. A book of 144 pages, showing how, when and where to advertise...

NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY FOR 1873. JUST ISSUED. A book of 600 pages...

GREAT CLOSING OUT SALE OF DRYGOODS, FOX'S. Now is the Time for Bargains!

EATON & RICHARDS. Warner Brothers, Manufacturers of and Dealers in Doors, Blinds, Primed and Glazed Sash, Mouldings...

Dr. H. A. Woodbridge, Oculist. Wishes to inform the people that he will be at his residence in Buchanan, at all times.

Chancery Notice. QUARTER OF MICHIGAN, Second Judicial Circuit for the County of Berrien...

SEWING MACHINES, ORGANS, PIANOS. THE HOME-MADE SEWING MACHINE.

THE SONG-ECHO, FIRE INSURANCE AGENCY, Buchanan, Michigan.

WOMEN'S, MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES. Custom Made French and American Cut Boots, Man and Boy's, and all styles Boots and Shoes...

Visited Niles For Fifteen Years. DR. V. CLARENCE PRICE, THE Only Physician of his Kind in the West.

BARGAINS IN CLOTHING! S. I. ESTES' STORE. Hair Brains and Puffs, Madam Foy's Corsets, Hoop Skirts, Bleaching, Stamping Done to Order...

NEW MILLINERY! NEW MILLINERY! FALL STYLES AT MRS. DUNNINGS. Hair Brains and Puffs, Madam Foy's Corsets, Hoop Skirts, Bleaching, Stamping Done to Order...

GRANDEST SCHEME EVER KNOWN. Fourth Grand Gift Concert for the Benefit of the PUBLIC LIBRARY OF KENTUCKY.

J. F. HAHN. Metallic and Casket Coffins, Ready-made on hand or made to order.

ZINC COLLAR PAD CO. BUCHANAN, MICH. SOLE PROPRIETORS AND MANUFACTURERS OF THE ZINC COLLAR PAD.

NEW SHOE SHOP. TWO DOORS WEST OF THE GREENWOOD HOUSE. REPAIRING NEATLY AND QUICKLY DONE. W. H. FOX.

DR. G. MORRIS. WOULD inform the citizens of Berrien County, that he is now practicing...

EMPORTUM OF FASHION! JOHN FENDER TAILOR SHOP. WOULD respectfully announce to the citizens of Buchanan and vicinity...

BUCHANAN WAGON MANUFACTURING CO., Buchanan, Mich. Have on hand a number of...

D. B. & S. L. BEARDSLEY, SUPERINTENDENTS. A. C. DAY, Pres. B. E. MINNS, Treas. JOS. L. RICHARDS, Sec.

SELL LOW FOR CASH. All kinds of Wagon Work Done in the Best Manner, by EXPERIENCED WORKMEN.

STEARNS' COCO-OLEINE. A perfect hair dressing - softens the hair, keeps it from becoming greasy, and restores its natural color.

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DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR. It is a superior Tonic, restores the Appetite, Strengthens the Weak and Debilitated, Removes Dyspepsia and Indigestion, Gives tone to the system, and restores the color to the face.

"Phungrams." "Stay by all means." A Cincinnati dentist, who had become nervous by frequent burglaries in his vicinity, was somewhat startled recently by having a man come daily, at the same hour each evening, and sit on his door step.

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Catching a Hen.

Mr. COBLEIGH, of Nelson street, bought three hens Saturday night, and put them under a box until Sunday morning...

A Bar of Soap.

To most people the above title brings forth a vision of a steaming wash-tub with a woman breaking her back over it...

MARK TWAIN'S "GREAT BEEF-CONTRACT."

In a few words as possible I wish to lay before the nation what share, however small, I have had in this matter...

started for the Rocky Mountains. After eighteen days of arduous travel on the Plains, and when he had got within four miles of Sherman's headquarters...

Table with 2 columns: Description of expenses and amounts. Includes 'To thirty barrels of beef for Gen. Sherman, @ \$100', 'To traveling expenses and transportation', and 'Total'.

He died then; but he left the contract to Wm. J. Martin, who tried to collect it, but died before he got through...

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" "Sir: On or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung County, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef."

"I stopped me there and dismissed me from his presence, kindly, but firmly. The next day I called on the Secretary of State. He said: 'Well, sir?'"

"I said, 'Your Royal Highness: On or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung County, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef.'"

"That will do, sir,—that will do: this office has nothing to do with contracts for beef." "I was bowed out. I thought the matter all over, and finally, the following day, I visited the Secretary of the Navy, who said, 'Speak quickly, sir; do not keep me waiting.'"

"Your Royal Highness: On or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung County, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef."

"That is sufficient, sir,—I have heard of you. Go to the first auditor of the Treasury." "I did so. He sent me to the second auditor. The second auditor sent me to the third, and the third sent me to the first comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division."

"What do you mean, sir? who do you mean?" "You mean the Chief of the Bureau, he is out." "Will he visit the harem to-day?"

record of that beef-contract,—he found the rock upon which so many of my ancestors had split before they ever got to it. I was deeply moved. And yet I rejoiced,—for I had survived. I said with emotion, 'Give it me. The Government will settle now.'"

"Who is this John Wilson Mackenzie?" "Dad." "When did he die?" "He didn't die at all,—he was killed." "How?" "Tomahawked."

"Who tomahawked him?" "Why, an Indian, of course. You didn't suppose it was a superintendent of a Sunday-school, did you?" "No. An Indian, was it?" "The name?" "His name? I don't know his name."

"Must have his name. Who saw the tomahawk- ing done?" "I don't know." "You were not present yourself then?" "Which you can see by my hair. I was absent."

"Yes, certain death it has been to most of our tribe. I begin to feel that I, too, am called. Young man, you love the bright creature yonder with the gentle blue eyes and the steel pens behind her ears. I see it in your soft glances; you wish to marry her, but you are poor. Here, hold out your hand,—here is the beef-contract; go, take her and be happy! Heaven bless you, my children!"

"This is all I know about the great beef-contract that has created so much talk in the community. The clerk to whom I bequeathed it died. I know nothing further about the contract or any one connected with it. I only know that if a man lives long enough he can trace a thing through the Circumlocution Office of Washington, and find out after much labor and trouble and delay, that which he could have found out on the first day if the business of the Circumlocution Office were as ingeniously systematized as it would be if it were a great private mercantile institution."

"Well, why didn't you say so in the first place? Might I inquire your name?" "Give it me, please. No. I would have gone a Martha to the stakes first. How every neighboring ear elongated and grew into an interrogation-mark! Even the cars as they sped along seemed to echo, 'What's your name? what's your name? what's your name?'"

"Might I inquire your name?" "No, madam, you may not." "Well, that beats all. I didn't mean no harm. I thought you might write for 'The Revolution.' What's your opinion about matters and things in general?" "Good Americans who read Dickens' 'American Notes' and 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' virtuously brand immortal Boz as—as well as a liar. Rather was he the lyre played upon, making such music as the players invoked. Here before me sat one of Dickens' characters, drawn to the life."

"The worst thing after being interviewed is being swindled by hackmen. If a woman ever looks like Mrs. Gummidge, if she ever feels like 'a lone, lorn creature,' helplessly conscious that everything must go 'contrary,' it is in the august presence of a hackman. Talk not of the equality of the sexes so long as any woman in the land can be bullied out of twenty-five cents by a free and independent voter."

is the modern vampyre, and women are his prey. He grows fat on swindling, and proves that virtue is not its own reward. I do not expect much from Albany. The New York Legislature convenes there, which is enough to demoralize even hackmen; but there is a driver in Albany, and one out West, that are as good a trial to my feelings as Job Trotter was to Sam Waller's. Indeed I may say greater, for Sam finally got the better of Job, and I never can be even with those hackmen. It is a physical impossibility. Ages hence they may come to me with apologies, but by that time I shall have become an angel, and shall take no carnal satisfaction in their humiliation."

"Yes, and there is a woman whom I expect to meet in another and a better world, and to forgive. She is a vixen now. How long it will take her to soften into something I can not say, but as she has all eternity before her, she must come to it eventually. It was between one and two o'clock in the morning, and having just arrived from Somewhere, with no possibility of going elsewhere for six hours, it was rather necessary to obtain a lodging at the hotel adjoining the railroad station."

"I was conducted up stairs, and after surveying the aforesaid sofa, was about to say 'good-night' to the landlord, who seemed to be laboring under great nervous excitement, when a door opened opposite, and there appeared a vision of loveliness in the shape of a thin, delicate, and done up in filled night-cap and yellow curl-papers."

"Tom," exclaimed the head,—"Tom, didn't I fall out that you were never to give up the parlor without consulting me? How dare you? The parlor shan't be turned into a hospital if I can help it, and I will help it, that's more. You thought I was asleep, did you? Well, I'll just give you to understand that I'm never asleep when I oughtn't to be. You've no business to take in people at this hour of the night; and when people will travel nights, they must take the consequences. I suppose it's a circus, and of all inquiries that's the worst! If you dare, Tom, I'll—"

"The head disappeared with a slam, leaving the last sentence as much of an hypothesis as the body to which that extraordinary head belonged. Never before had I seen a henpecked husband. May I never behold another! It is almost as horrible a spectacle as seeing a man beat his wife—when she doesn't deserve it; for I believe that some wives do deserve a beating—this one, for example. But the world is upside down. The angels and men and women insist upon marrying their opposites—demons; consequently the angels suffer and the demons carry matters with a high hand. If like would only mate like, the elect might gaze upon a grand moral spectacle suggestive of the memorable encounter of Kilkenny cats, but alas! justice, like love and fortune, goes it blind; hence 'Tom!'"

"I was a lecturer, and not at all ashamed of it; but had that amiable and considerate woman asked me whether I had murdered my grandfather and disposed of the remains to enterprising medical students, she could not have given greater offense to taste. I envied the washerwoman who sat beside me nursing her baby and her basket, regardless of, and disregarded by, inquisitive eyes."

"I say, be you a lecturer?" again demanded this awful person. "That's twice I've asked you the same question." "Dumb with amazement, wondering where that 'womanly tact' was about which we hear so much and see so little, I bowed a 'yea' that would have done no discredit to the Commandante in Don Giovanni."

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"We looked indifferently unconcerned. The doctor examined the document very deliberately during a painful pause. Then he said, without any show of interest—"

"Ah—Ferguson—what—what did you say was the name of the party who wrote this?" "Christopher Colombo." "Another deliberate examination." "Ah—did he write it himself, or—how?" "He wrote it himself!—Christopher Colombo! he's own handwriting, write by himself!"

"Then the doctor laid the document down and said— "Why, I have seen boys in America only fourteen years old that could write better than that." "But this is ze great Christo—"

"I don't care who it is! It's the worst writing I ever saw. Now you mustn't think you can impose on us because we are strangers. We are not fools by a good deal. If you have got any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot them out and if you haven't, drive on!"

"We drove on. The guide was considerably shaken up, but he made one more venture. He had something which he thought would overcome us. He said: "Ah, gentlemen, you come wis us! I show you beautiful oh, magnificent bust Christopher Colombo! splendid, grand, magnificent!"

"He brought us before the beautiful bust—for it was beautiful—and sprang back and struck an attitude: "Ah, look, gentlemen!—beautiful, grand—bust Christopher Colombo!—beautiful bust, beautiful pedestal!"

"The doctor put up his eye-glass—procured for such occasions: "Ah—what did you say this gentleman's name was?" "Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!" "Discover America!—discover America, oh, ze devil!"

"Discover America? No—that statement will hardly wash. We are just from America ourselves. We heard nothing about it. Christopher Colombo—pleasant name—is—is he dead?" "Oh, corpo di Baccio!—three hundred year!" "What did he die of?" "I do not know. I can not tell." "Small-pox, think?" "I do not know, gentlemen—I do not know what he die of."

"Measles, likely?" "Maybe—maybe. I do not know—I think he die of something." "Parents living?" "In-possessible!" "Ah—which is the bust and which is the pedestal?" "Santa Maria!—zis ze bust!—zis ze pedestal!" "Ah, I see, I see—happy combination—very happy combination indeed. Is—is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust?"

TRAVELING COMPANIONS.

HAVING taken leave of a friend who had referred to my lecture of the previous night in a somewhat louder voice than harmonized with my feelings, a severe woman in spectacles, occupying a seat in front of me, exclaimed, 'Be you a lecturer?'"

"I was a lecturer, and not at all ashamed of it; but had that amiable and considerate woman asked me whether I had murdered my grandfather and disposed of the remains to enterprising medical students, she could not have given greater offense to taste. I envied the washerwoman who sat beside me nursing her baby and her basket, regardless of, and disregarded by, inquisitive eyes."

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MARK TWAIN'S DESCRIPTION OF EUROPEAN GUIDES.

From 'The Innocents Abroad.' EUROPEAN guides know about enough English to tangle everything up so that a man can make neither head nor tail of it. They know their story by heart—the history of every statue, painting, cathedral, or other wonder they show you. They know it and tell it as a parrot would—and if you would interrupt, and throw them off the track, they have to go back and begin over again. All their lives long they are employed in showing strange things to foreigners and listening to their bursts of admiration."

"It is human nature to take delight in exciting admiration. It is what prompts children to say 'smart' and 'clever,' and in other ways to show off 'show off' when company is present. It is what makes gossips turn out in rain and storm to go and be the first to tell a startling bit of news. Think, then, what a passion it becomes with a guide, whose privilege it is every day to show to strangers wonders that throw them into perfect ecstasies of admiration! He gets so that he could not be by any possibility live in a soberer atmosphere."

"After we discovered this, we never went into ecstasies any more—we never admired anything—we never showed any but impassible faces and stupid indifference in the presence of the sublimest wonders a guide had to display. We had found their weak point. We have made good use of it ever since. We have made some of those people savage at times, but we have never lost our sanity. The doctor asks the questions generally, because he can keep his countenance, and look more like an inspired idiot, and throw more incapacity into the tone of his voice than any man that lives. It comes natural to him."

MODERN PROVERBS.

THE secret of fashion is to surprise, never to disappoint.—[Bulwer.] CUSTOM may lead a man into many errors, but it justifies none.—[Fielding.] In these times we fight for ideas, and newspapers are our fortresses.—[Leine.] WITHOUT earnest convictions no great or sound literature is conceivable.—[Lowell.] ALL men would be masters of each other, and no man is lord of himself.—[Goethe.] TAKE away ambition and vanity and where will be your heroes and patriots?—[Seneca.] HE who is only in good health, and is willing to work, has nothing to fear in this world.—[Lessing.] BAD temper bites at both ends; it makes one's self nearly as miserable as it does other people.—[Arthur Helps.] WE should accustom the mind to keep the best company by introducing it only to the best books.—[Sydney Smith.] THERE is no policy like politeness, and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name or to supply the want of it.—[Bulwer.] IT is one of the first effects of prosperity to make a man a vortex instead of a fountain, so that, instead of throwing out, he learns only to draw in.—[Deecher.] THOUGHTS come into our minds by avenues which we never left open, and thoughts go out of our minds through avenues which we never voluntarily opened.—[Emerson.] HOWEVER deeply the violet may be hidden, its perfume betrays it and leads to its discovery. It is the same with woman, whose only are neglected who are not worth the trouble of seeking. ONE of the greatest luxuries of riches is that they enable you to escape so much good advice. The rich are always advising the poor, but the poor seldom venture to return the compliment.—[Hepic.] THE taste for emotion may become a dangerous taste; we should be very cautious how we attempt to squeeze out of human life more ecstasy and paroxysm than it can well afford.—[Sydney Smith.] NOTHING really succeeds which is not based on reality; sham, in a large sense, is never successful; in the life of the individual, as in the more comprehensive life of the State, pretension is nothing and power is everything.—[Whipple.]

GOOD SOAP—GOOD WEIGHT.—The attention of our readers is called to PROCTER & GAMBLE'S SOAP, made at their factory in Cincinnati, and for sale by grocers generally. The purchaser of this soap not only gets an extra article, but full weight; and those who have not used it should give it a trial, and we know it will please them.

THE DANBURY NEWS-ITEMS.

The following paragraphs are taken from various numbers of the Danbury (Conn.) News, a paper whose locals are often quoted and generally admired for their quaint and good-natured wit and lively insight into human's nature:

O, for a thousand beavers to dam this mud.
 Numerous boys with worms are off fishing this week.

It rained the other evening, and there was an entertainment. A young gentleman said to a young lady: "May I have the pleasure of protecting you with my umbrella?" And, said she, with her round, expressive eyes looking full into his, "Put up your rag!" We like to see people sociable.

The boy that goes in swimming at the railroad bridge with nothing to conceal his nakedness but a mole on his back is respectfully requested to either give up that habit or change that mole to the front.

A man named Gilsey, who, by strict economy and severe industry, has succeeded in getting his family a little place, free of incumbrance, was fishing in Still River, near the Beaver Brookmills, on Sunday afternoon. After sitting on the bank for a couple of hours, without catching anything, he was gratified to see, on a flat stone in the water, a snapping-turtle sunning itself. The butt-end of the turtle was toward him, and he thought he would capture it; but while he was looking for a place to step, the turtle gravely turned around without his knowledge, and when he got in reaching distance, and bent down to take hold of what nature designed should be taken hold of while handling a snapping-turtle, that sociable animal just reached out and took hold of Mr. Gilsey's hand with a grasp that left no doubt of his sincerity. The shrieks of the unfortunate man aroused some of the neighbors, but when they arrived it was too late to be of any benefit to him, or even to themselves, for they just caught a glimpse of a barchanded man tearing over the hill, swinging a small carpet-bag in one hand, and they at once concluded that it was a narrow escape from highway robbery. However, it was not a carpet-bag he was swinging; it was that turtle, and it clung to him until he reached the White-street bridge, when it let go; but the frightened man did not slacken his gait until he got home. When he reached the house, the ludicrousness of the affair burst upon him, and when his wife looked at his pale face, and bare head, and dust-begrimmed clothes, and asked him what was the matter, he said, "Nothing was the matter, only he was afraid he would be too late for church," and appeared to be much relieved to find that he wasn't.

HOW TO CURE A COLD.

One of our citizens who has been troubled with a severe cold on the lungs effected his recovery in the following simple manner. He boiled a little boneset and horshound together, and drank freely of the tea before going to bed. The next day he took five pills, put one kind of plaster on his breast, another under his arms, and still another on his back. Under advice from an experienced old lady he took all these off with an oyster knife in the afternoon, and slapped on a mustard paste instead. His mother put some onion drafts on his feet and gave him a lump of tar to swallow. Then he put some hot bricks to his feet, and went to bed. Next morning, another old lady came in with a bottle of goose oil, and gave him a dose of it on a quill, and an aunt arrived about the same time from Bethel, with a bundle of sweat fern which she made into a tea, and gave him every half hour until noon, when he took a big dose of salts. After dinner his wife who had seen a fine old lady of great experience in doctoring, on Franklin Street, gave him two pills of her make, about the size of an English walnut and of a similar shape, and two table-spoonsful of home-made balsam to keep them down. Then he took a half pint of hot rum at the suggestion of an old sea captain in the next house, and steamed his legs with an alcohol bath. At this crisis two of the neighbors arrived, who saw at once that his blood was out of order, and gave him a half gallon of spearmint tea, and a big dose of castor oil. Before going to bed he took eight of a new kind of pills, wrapped about his neck a flannel soaked in hot vinegar and salt, and had feathers burnt on a shovel in his room. He is now thoroughly cured and full of gratitude. We advise our readers to cut this out and keep it where it can be readily found when danger threatens.

A RURAL gentleman standing over a register in one of our stores attracted general attention to himself by observing to his wife, "Maria, I guess I'm goin' to have a fever, I feel such hot streaks a-runnin' 'xp my legs."

BETSY AND I ARE OUT.

From the Toledo Blade.

DRAW up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout,
 For things at home are cross-ways, and Betsy and I are out—
 We who have worked together so long as man and wife
 Must pull in single harness the rest of our natural life.

"What is the matter," says you? I swan! it's hard to tell!
 Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well;
 I have no other woman—she has no other man;
 Only we've lived together as long as ever we can.

So I have talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with me;
 And we've agreed together that we can never agree;
 Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime;
 We've been a-gatherin' this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had, for a start;
 Although we ne'er suspected 't would take us two apart;
 I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone,
 And Betsy, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember, wherose we disagreed,
 Was somethin' concernin' heaven—a difference in our creed;
 We arg'd the thing at breakfast—we arg'd the thing at tea—
 And the more we arg'd the question, the more we couldn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow;
 She had kicked the bucket, for certain—the question was only—
 How?
 I held my opinion, and Betsy another had;
 And when we were done a-talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
 But for full a week it lasted and neither of us spoke.
 And the next was when I fruited because she broke a bowl;
 And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way;
 Always somethin' to arg'e and something sharp to say,
 And down on us came the neighbors, a couple o' dozen strong,
 And lent their kindest service to help the thing along.

And there have been days together—and many a weary week—
 When both of us were cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak;
 And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the summer and fall,
 If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then I won't at all.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST! NOTED GERMAN SOAP. PROCTER & GAMBLE'S

This Soap has been sold for more than 24 years. It is economy to buy it, as it is sold at the price of ordinary soaps and does more service, being harder, will not waste, yet washes easy.

YOU CAN BUY IT OF YOUR NEAREST GROCER.

This Soap is packed HONESTLY. Can you afford to pay for what you do not receive? Country Merchants and City Retailers can buy it of any Wholesale Grocer in Detroit or Chicago.

And so I've talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with me;
 And we have agreed together that we can never agree;
 And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine;
 And I'll put it in the agreement and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—
 Of all the farm and live stock, she shall have her half;
 For she has helped to earn it, through rainy & weary day,
 And it's nothin' more than justice that Betsy has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead; a man can thrive and roam,
 But women are wretched critters, unless they have a home.
 And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
 That Betsy never should want a home, if I was taken away.

There's a little hard money besides, that's drawin' 'toll'able pay,
 A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day,
 Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;
 Put it in another clause there, and give her all of that.

I see that you are smiling, sir, at my givin' her so much;
 Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such;
 True and fair I married her, when she was bilked and young,
 And Betsy was always good to me, exceptin' with her tongue.

When I was young as you, sir, and not so smart, perhaps,
 For me she mitted a lawyer, and several other chaps;
 And all of 'em was flustered, and fairly taken down,
 And for a time I was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once, when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
 I was hot as a baked turkey and crazy as any loon—
 Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight;
 She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
 Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen.
 And I don't complain of Betsy or any of her sets,
 Exceptin' when we've quarreled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer; and I'll go home to-night,
 And read the agreement to her and see if it's all right;
 And then in the mornin' I'll sell to a tradin' man I know—
 And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur;
 That when I am dead at last she will bring me back to her,
 And lay me under the maple we planted years ago,
 When she and I was happy, before we quarreled so.

And when she dies, I wish that she would be laid by me;
 And lyin' together in silence, perhaps we'll then agree;
 And if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
 If we loved each other the better because we've quarreled here.

WILL M. CARLETON.

BETSY DESTROYS THE PAPER.

I've brought back the paper, lawyer, and fetched the parson
 here,
 To see that things are regular, and settled up fair and clear;
 For I've been talkin' with Caleb, and Caleb has with me,
 And the 'mount of it is we're minded to try once more to agree.

So I came here on the business,—only a word to say
 (Caleb is stakin' pea-vines, and couldn't come to-day.)
 Just to tell you and parson how that we've changed our mind;
 So I'll tear up the paper, lawyer, you see it wasn't signed.

And now if parson is ready, I'll walk with him toward home;
 I want to thank him for somethin', 'twas kind of him to come;
 He's showed a Christian spirit, stood by us firm and true;
 We mightn't have changed our mind, squire, if he'd been a lawyer too.

There's—how good the sun feels, and the grass, and blowin' trees,
 Somethin' about them lawyers makes me feel fit to freeze;
 I wasn't bound to state particular to that man, [plan.
 But it's right you should know, parson, about our change of

We'd been some days a-waverin' a little, Caleb and me,
 And wished the hateful paper at the bottom of the sea;
 But I guess 'twas the prayer last evening, and the few words you said,
 That thawed the ice between us, and brought things to a head.

You see, when we came to division, there was things that
 wouldn't divide;
 There was our twelve-year-old baby, she couldn't be satisfied
 To go with one or the other, but just kept whimperin' low,
 "I'll stay with papa and mamma, and where they go I'll go."

Then there was grandpa's Bible—he died on our wedding day;
 We couldn't have the old Bible, and should it go or stay?
 The sheets that was Caleb's mother's, her sampler on the wall,
 With the sweet old names worked in—Tryphena, and Eunice,
 and Paul.

It began to be hard then, parson, but it grew harder still,
 Talkin' of Caleb established down at McHenry'sville;
 Three dollars a week 't would cost him; no mendin' nor sort of
 care, [that.
 And board at the Widow Meacham's, a woman that wears false

Still we went on a-talkin'; I agreed to knit some socks,
 And made a dozen striped shirts, and a pair of wax-mus frocks;
 And he was to cut a doorway from the kitchen to the shed:
 "Save you climbin' steps much, in frosty weather," he said.

He brought me the pen at last; I felt a-sinkin', and he
 looked as he did with the sugar, in the spring of sixty-three.
 'Twas then you dropped in, parson, 'twasn't much that was said,
 "Little children, love one another," but the thing was killed
 stone dead.

I should like to make confession; not that I'm going to say
 The fault was all on my side, that never was my way,
 But it may be true that women—tho' how 'tis I can't see—
 Are a trifle more aggravatin' than men know how to be.

Then, parson, the neighbors' meddlin'—it wasn't pourin' oil;
 And the church a-laborin' with us, 'twas worse than wasted
 oil;
 And I've thought, and so has Caleb, though maybe we are
 wrong,
 If they'd kept to their own business, we should have got along.

There was Deacon Amos Purdy, a good man as we know,
 But hadn't a gift of laborin' except with the scythe and hoe;
 Then a load came over in peach-time from the Wilbur neighbor-
 hood,
 "Season of prayer," they called it; didn't do an atom of good.

I'll tell you about the heifer—one of the kindest and best—
 That brother Ephraim gave me, the fall he moved out West;
 I'm free to own it, I'll tell me that Caleb should think and say
 She died of convulsions—a cow that milked four gallons a day.

But I needn't have spoke of turnips, needn't have been so cross,
 And said hard things, and hinted as if 'twas all my loss;
 And I'll take it all back, parson; that fire shan't ever break out,
 Though the cow was choked with a turnip, I never had a doubt.

Then there are pints of doctrine, and views of a future state,
 I'm willing to stop discussin', we can both afford to wait;
 'Twon't bring the millennium sooner, arguin' about what it's
 due,
 Although I feel an assurance that mine's the Scriptural view.

But the blindest truths of the Bible, I've learned to think
 don't lie
 In the texts we hunt with a candle to prove our doctrines by,
 But them that come to us in sorrow, and when we're on our
 knees;
 So if Caleb won't argue on free-will, I'll leave along the decrees.

One notion of Caleb's, parson, seems rather misty and dim;
 I wish, if it comes convenient, you'd change a word with him,
 I don't quite stand to reason, and for gospel it isn't clear,
 That folks love better in heaven for havin' quarreled here.

I've no such an expectation; why, parson, if that is so,
 You needn't have worked so faithful to reconcile folks below;
 I hold another opinion, and hold it straight and square,
 If we can't be peaceable here, we won't be peaceable there.

But there's the request he made; you know it, parson, about
 Bein' laid under the maples that his own hand set out,
 And me to be laid beside him when my time comes to go;
 And if—as if—don't mind me; but 'twas that unstrung me so.

And now that some scales, as we think, have fallen from our
 eyes,
 And things brought so to a crisis have made us both more wise,
 Why, Caleb says, and so I say, till the Lord parts him and me,
 We'll love each other better, and try our best to agree.

FERROLEX V. NASSY (D. R. LOCKE).