

Terms: \$2 per Year. Fifty Cents delivered if paid Yearly in Advance. The paper continued after the expiration of one year unless paid for.

GREAT CLOSING OUT SALE OF Dry Goods

At and below cost, for Cash only, by W.M.H. FOX, Commencing Tuesday, May 18th, and to continue until August 1st.

SPRING DRESS GOODS, Worth 35, 40 and 50 cts. a yard, to 25 cts.

Black Silks, Japanese Silks, Pongee Silks, Irish Poplins, at astonishing low figures.

GREAT SLASH ON CLOTHS! For Boys' and Men's Wear.

CARPETS: CARPETS: In all grades, 10 to 40 cents less than regular prices. Carpet Warp 25 to 28 cts. per pound.

GREAT KNOCK DOWN IN WALL PAPERS! Best Prints 8 & 9 Cts.

I am bound to make a clean sweep. Now is the golden opportunity to get bargains. Remember, I have one of the largest and best stocks of goods in Western Michigan, and it is to the interest of all to buy now and save money.

W.M.H. FOX, P. S.—I have leased store No. 224 West Madison St., Chicago, where I will remove August 1st.

In Trouble Again!



"The People's Store" SMITH BROS. & CO.

F. H. BERRICK, M. D., Office in John C. Welch's building, Residence on Front Street, Buchanan, Mich.

G. W. McGINN, M. D., homeopathic physician and surgeon, Office and Residence on Portage street second corner south of Front street.

H. S. BLACK, successor to C. S. & H. S. Black, manufacturer of Bedsteads, Longways, Tables, Stands, &c., Buchanan, Mich.

I. O. O. F.—The regular meetings of Buchanan Lodge No. 78 are held at their hall, Buchanan, on Tuesday evening of each month, at 7 P. M.

J. VAN RIVER, Attorney and Solicitor in Law, Office on Front Street, Buchanan, Mich.

JOHN WEISBERGER, manufacturer of Buchanan Lodge No. 78 are held at their hall, Buchanan, on Tuesday evening of each month, at 7 P. M.

MRS. E. F. ANDERSON, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Office and Residence on Portage street second corner south of Front street.

N. WILLIAMS, Licensed Auctioneer, reasonable rates as any other good auctioneer in the county.

R. EDEN & GRAHAM, dealers in Dry Goods and Groceries, Front Street, Buchanan, Mich.

S. T. BARBER, Millwright and Builder, Office at the corner of Front and Main Streets, Buchanan, Mich.

SMITH BROS. & CO., successors to Smith & Sons, General Grocers, Central Block, Buchanan, Mich.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL, St. Joseph, Mo., furnished throughout. The utmost care will be taken to provide for the convenience and comfort of guests.

W.M.H. FOX, Dealer in Dry Goods, notions and notions, Buchanan, Mich.

W. D. KINGERY, Attorney at Law, Office in Buchanan, Mich.

PROMISE 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 Buchanan, Michigan, on the 12th day of May, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven.

Poetry. PARODY. BY A. SHREVEWOOD.

Woodman, cut that tree; Cut your single lough; Fine it has grown to be; I'll transform it now; 'Twas our Father's hand that placed it at our will; Strong the call—it cannot stand; I'll convey it to the mill.

Story. HIS LETTER.

One rainy night, about half past eight o'clock, the train had dashed into McOibben's Corners, and the mail had been delivered at the store and postoffice.

John Fairjohn, the postmaster, had opened the bag and counted the letters. There were, as he made out, just ten, and one was larger than the others and had a red seal; and then he had found that he had left his glasses on the newspaper in the back room and without his glasses he could not read a line, and so, of course, he had gone after them, returning to find two persons in the room—farmer Roper and Squire McKibben, whose ancestors had given name to the place.

"Well, ain't it?" said Mr. Fairjohn, nodding. "We're not, our folks ain't going to do without their groceries, you see," said the Squire. "Mail's in I see. That train came near running into my truck, too. Wasn't noticing the flag, and drove across just in time to save myself. Any letters for me?"

"I'll see," said Mr. Fairjohn. He turned to the little pile of envelopes, and told them over in his hand like a deck of cards. "I'm sure I counted right. I counted ten, and I thought one had a red seal. I might as well give up keeping the office if I'm going to lose my senses like that. There wasn't any one in here while I was gone, was there, Squire?"

them that lost husbands—four in this town itself. They took what the Almighty sent and didn't rebel. She set up that her husband wasn't dead, and would come back. She's kept it up ever since; comes for his letter regular, and he was drowned long ago. She must be thirty, well, she's changed a good deal in that time.

"Yes," said the other man; "but there's my son Job wild over her yet. He's offered himself twice. He stands ready to offer himself again any day—ready to be a father to her boy and a good husband to her. He's better off than I be. His mother's father left him all he had. He's crazy as Job—crazy I call it. Plenty of pretty girls and healthy, smart widows, and he sees no one but that pale, sly, little thing that's just gone out into the mud; and she—why, of course she's lost her senses or she'd have her own. Works like a slave to keep herself and the child, lives in a rickety shanty, waiting and waiting for a drowned man to come back again. Why, every one knows that Charlie Lester was drowned in the Sphinx. There wasn't a soul saved, not one. It was in the papers. Now, the bottle was found with a letter in it, with by some one before the ship sunk. And she's waitin' for him yet!"

"Crazy on that point," said the postmaster. "Well, poor soul, she'd only been married a week when the Sphinx sailed; that makes a difference. Then, yes," said the farmer. "Oh, yes," said the farmer. "Then, yes," said the farmer. "Oh, yes," said the farmer.

"You're right," said he, "but only tossed the letters over in her lap, and said: 'I seem to know it had a red seal.' And as she spoke, old Fairjohn, glancing at the door, saw a dark shadow enter, and starting up in his defense, if need be, recognized Job Roper. He was very pale, and he took no notice of Fairjohn, but crossing the store, stood beside Jessie Lester. 'You love that man best even now,' he said. 'You'd rather have found a letter from him than not, though tomorrow is our wedding day.'

"I never lied to you," said she. "You know that." "I told you a man would lose his soul for such a love as mine," said he. "Did you think those were idle words?" "Then he plunged his hand into his bosom, and the next instant a letter, with a red seal, lay in Jessie's lap. 'I've read you happy, and now I'll go,' he said. 'Fairjohn, I stole that letter a month ago, off the counter yonder. I knew who wrote it in a glance,' and then the door closed behind him and he was gone. 'But Jessie had torn open the letter and looked after him. And these were the words she read, old Fairjohn reading over her shoulder: 'I should like to see you, darling, I don't know what makes me believe that I shall find you still, after all these years, but something does. Five of us were cast on a desert island when the Sphinx went down. The two yet alive were taken off yesterday in a skiff, with our beads to our knees. We must go to England first—then home. Jessie, Jessie, if I do not find you as I left you, I shall go mad. Your husband, CHARLES LESTER. And so Jessie's letter had come at last. And as John Fairjohn looked into her face he saw how angels looked in Paradise. And Job. Job was found drowned in the Kill the next morning. Jessie never knew it, perhaps, for she and her boy were on their way to New York to meet the Silver Star when it made port.

later, too, for Mr. Fairjohn had closed the store, and was compounding himself what he called a "night cap" of some fragrant liquor, warm water, lemons and sugar, and was sipping it by the stove, when there came upon his door a feeble knock, and when, being repeated, he heard it, was staggered in out of the rain a dripping figure—that of Jessie Lester, the bride who was to be on the morrow. She was trembling with cold, and as he led her to the fire she burst into a flood of tears. "I'm frightened," she said. "Some one followed me all the way. I heard them. 'You've no business to be out alone at night,'" said old Fairjohn, bluntly. "And what's the matter?" "She looked up at him piteously. "I thought there would be a letter," said she. "I dreamt there was one. I thought Charlie came to me and said, 'Go to the office once more. I have written, I have written.' And I thought I saw a letter with a red seal." "So did I," muttered old Fairjohn to himself. And he went to the box where the letters were kept and brought them to her in his hand. "Look for yourself," he said. "And now, Mrs. Lester, I'm an old man; take my advice. Remember what your duty will be after to-morrow. Remember not to go crazy."

"Ten years have gone since your husband left this place. If he's alive he's a rascal, and you are free of him by law; but we all know that every man on good earth the Sphinx was drowned. So be a good wife to Job Roper and forget this folly. I'll take you home again this time. Don't come again." "She made no answer, but only tossed the letters over in her lap, and said: 'I seem to know it had a red seal.' And as she spoke, old Fairjohn, glancing at the door, saw a dark shadow enter, and starting up in his defense, if need be, recognized Job Roper. He was very pale, and he took no notice of Fairjohn, but crossing the store, stood beside Jessie Lester. 'You love that man best even now,' he said. 'You'd rather have found a letter from him than not, though tomorrow is our wedding day.'

"I never lied to you," said she. "You know that." "I told you a man would lose his soul for such a love as mine," said he. "Did you think those were idle words?" "Then he plunged his hand into his bosom, and the next instant a letter, with a red seal, lay in Jessie's lap. 'I've read you happy, and now I'll go,' he said. 'Fairjohn, I stole that letter a month ago, off the counter yonder. I knew who wrote it in a glance,' and then the door closed behind him and he was gone. 'But Jessie had torn open the letter and looked after him. And these were the words she read, old Fairjohn reading over her shoulder: 'I should like to see you, darling, I don't know what makes me believe that I shall find you still, after all these years, but something does. Five of us were cast on a desert island when the Sphinx went down. The two yet alive were taken off yesterday in a skiff, with our beads to our knees. We must go to England first—then home. Jessie, Jessie, if I do not find you as I left you, I shall go mad. Your husband, CHARLES LESTER. And so Jessie's letter had come at last. And as John Fairjohn looked into her face he saw how angels looked in Paradise. And Job. Job was found drowned in the Kill the next morning. Jessie never knew it, perhaps, for she and her boy were on their way to New York to meet the Silver Star when it made port.

"I never lied to you," said she. "You know that." "I told you a man would lose his soul for such a love as mine," said he. "Did you think those were idle words?" "Then he plunged his hand into his bosom, and the next instant a letter, with a red seal, lay in Jessie's lap. 'I've read you happy, and now I'll go,' he said. 'Fairjohn, I stole that letter a month ago, off the counter yonder. I knew who wrote it in a glance,' and then the door closed behind him and he was gone. 'But Jessie had torn open the letter and looked after him. And these were the words she read, old Fairjohn reading over her shoulder: 'I should like to see you, darling, I don't know what makes me believe that I shall find you still, after all these years, but something does. Five of us were cast on a desert island when the Sphinx went down. The two yet alive were taken off yesterday in a skiff, with our beads to our knees. We must go to England first—then home. Jessie, Jessie, if I do not find you as I left you, I shall go mad. Your husband, CHARLES LESTER. And so Jessie's letter had come at last. And as John Fairjohn looked into her face he saw how angels looked in Paradise. And Job. Job was found drowned in the Kill the next morning. Jessie never knew it, perhaps, for she and her boy were on their way to New York to meet the Silver Star when it made port.

"I never lied to you," said she. "You know that." "I told you a man would lose his soul for such a love as mine," said he. "Did you think those were idle words?" "Then he plunged his hand into his bosom, and the next instant a letter, with a red seal, lay in Jessie's lap. 'I've read you happy, and now I'll go,' he said. 'Fairjohn, I stole that letter a month ago, off the counter yonder. I knew who wrote it in a glance,' and then the door closed behind him and he was gone. 'But Jessie had torn open the letter and looked after him. And these were the words she read, old Fairjohn reading over her shoulder: 'I should like to see you, darling, I don't know what makes me believe that I shall find you still, after all these years, but something does. Five of us were cast on a desert island when the Sphinx went down. The two yet alive were taken off yesterday in a skiff, with our beads to our knees. We must go to England first—then home. Jessie, Jessie, if I do not find you as I left you, I shall go mad. Your husband, CHARLES LESTER. And so Jessie's letter had come at last. And as John Fairjohn looked into her face he saw how angels looked in Paradise. And Job. Job was found drowned in the Kill the next morning. Jessie never knew it, perhaps, for she and her boy were on their way to New York to meet the Silver Star when it made port.

Miscellaneous. PAT'S CRITICISM.

There's a story that's old, But a goodly tale it is, Of a doctor of limited skill, Who cured best and man On the "cold water plan." Without the small help of a pill.

On his portal of pine Hung an elegant sign Depicting a beautiful girl, And a snake, where a sprite, In apparent delight, Was sporting in sweet doxahille. Pat McCarty one day, As he sauntered that way, Stood and gazed at that portal of pine, When the doctor with pride Stopped up to his side, Saying, "Pat, how is that for a sign?"

"There's wasn't nothin'," says Pat, "I've left out of that, It's him and it's his mate, But to make it complete, You shud have a foine burd on the lake." "Ah! Indeed I pray, then, tell, To make it look well, What did you think it may lack?" Says Pat, "Of the same 'Tis forgot the name, But the song that he sings is 'quack, quack!'"

Accidents of Speech. Pat has long labored under the impression of making more accidents with the tongue than any of his fellow mortals; but it can be very easily shown that the "chull" is not necessarily indigorous to Irish soil. A Frenchman named Calion, who died in Paris not many years ago, was remarkable for a bovine tendency. There is a letter of his existence, as follows: "My Dear Friend—I left my knife at your lodgings yesterday. Pray send it to me if you find it. Yours, Calion. P. S.—I never mind sending the knife; I have found it."

There is a note to his wife, which he sent with a basket of provisions, the post-script to which read: "You will find my letter at the bottom of this basket; if you should fail to do so let me know as soon as possible." It is said of the same character, that on one occasion he took a lighted taper to find his way down stairs without accident, and after getting down brought it back with thanks, leaving himself at the top of the stairs in the dark, as at first. It was a Scotch woman who said that the butcher of her town killed only half a beast at a time. It was a Scotchman who said a pig had no ears mark except a short tail; and it was a British magistrate who, being told by a vagabond that he was married, responded: "That's fortunate for your wife."

Rules for Letter Writing.

Few persons excel in the important, and with many the every day business of epistolary correspondence. The following rules may afford some useful hints to those who are not experienced in this department of composition: 1. You should not strike for a dignified style and harmonious periods. It should be neat and easy. Labor and effort should not appear. 2. In writing business letters, you should never use satin or gold-edged paper. Affliction. 3. In answering business letters, you should not introduce any particular subject until you have answered all inquiries. 4. Commence with "Sir," on the next line under that on which the date is written. 5. Do not use "Dear Sir," unless intimate with the person. 6. When you have commenced with "Sir," do not use it in the body of the letter. 7. Do not date your letter at the top unless it is a business letter, but under the name of the person on the left of your own. 8. In writing to a gentleman, not an intimate friend, use a form similar to this: "I have the honor to be your Ob't Serv't."

9. It is very common to give the title "Esq.," to those not lawfully receiving the same. 10. In declining any office, or being a candidate, state it thus: "Gentlemen, I decline the election;" and add the reasons. 11. Bills, Notes of invitation may be written on either bill paper or on a common card, enclosed in an envelope. 12. Letters of presentation should not be sealed, but folded in an open envelope. 13. In sending invitations or replies, never depart from the ordinary phrase—"Mrs. A. requests the honor of Mr. B. has the honor of accepting Mrs. A.'s polite invitation for Tuesday noon." 14. Always return an answer immediately after the reception of an invitation. 15. All business letters should, if possible, be replied to the day they are received. 16. Never write a letter you would be ashamed to have read if circumstances should require it.

When a correspondence closes between a gentleman and a lady, the letters should be exchanged. 17. You should never show private letters. 18. Gentlemen, prying into ladies' views and sentiments—meaning nothing by the letters—is an ungentlemanly course. 19. A gentleman should never continue a correspondence with a lady without some ultimate intention. 20. On the part of either sex, the habit of prying into each other's feelings for the purpose of ascertaining their influence, while meaning nothing by their expressions of regard, is the vilest species of hypocrisy. Taste in Dress. Many who have the cares of a household in their mind think, "dressing time is wasting time." And where the spare moments are so few and far between as with the housekeepers who not only have the superintendence of affairs but find it necessary to perform the actual labor with their own hands, the temptation to coincide fully with such authority is great. But if a woman has no natural taste in dress, delight in the combination of colors, or love of harmony in these things, she must be a little deficient in her appreciation of the beautiful. As a work of art a well dressed woman is a study. This does not in the least necessitate a close copy of the prevailing fashions, for one must cull and choose, rejecting those unsuited to her form and general style. Even when a love of dress is natural it does not follow that it should engross every other taste. It may exist happily with an appreciation of the best there is in literature, with a fondness and successful faculty for household duties, and certainly should never be considered apart from a love of neatness and order in all things. Dress can be so arranged as to hide natural defects and heighten the charms possessed by the wearer. From the days of Anne Boleyn; who varied her dress every day, and always wore a small kerchief round her neck to conceal a mark, and a falling sleeve to hide her doubly tipped little finger, many have made use of the advantages in this respect with success, and every woman should habitually make the best of herself and circumstances. Indifference, and consequent inattention to dress often shows pedantry, self-righteousness, or indolence, and whilst extolled by the severe utilitarians as a virtue, may frequently be noted as a defect.

Virtue in Whistling. An old farmer once said to us that he would not have a hired man on his farm who did not habitually whistle. He always hired whistlers. Said he never knew a whistling laborer to find fault with his food, his bed, or complain of any little extra work he was asked to perform. Such a man was generally kind to children and to animals in his care. He would whistle a chilled lamb into warmth and life, and would bring his hat in full of eggs from the barn without breaking one of them. He found such a man more careful about closing gates, putting up bars, and seeing that the nuts on his plow are all properly tightened before he went into the field. He never knew a whistling hired man to kick or beat a cow, nor drive her to the run into a stable. He had noticed that the sheep he fed in the yard, and shed gathered around him with fear. He had never employed a whistler who was not thoughtful and economical.

Use and Waste of Time. A life organized with order and purpose has time for most things; one left to chance, which means chaos, is not able to pick up ten consecutive minutes of the heap of waste and irregularity to which is reduced the pleasant parmy of the hours. No excuse is so pitiful as this want of time wherein to do your duties, to fulfill your engagements, to get through your appointed tasks. If it is a real excuse you are simply over weighed, your first business ought to be to cut off those of your burdens you are not able to carry. The fault lies, not in your having too much to do, but in bad arrangements—not in the want but the waste of time. Then the great thing to do is to rearrange your work and your time, and to make them fit in more harmoniously together. There are some people who have the faculty of making use of every moment. Some learned divine, whose name at this moment we forget, is said to have written a book during the odd five minutes when his wife was putting on her bonnet; and many women do all their little bits of fancy work and the like in the idle moments of the day, when neither work nor play comes into organization. All great men and successful workers have been careful of those odd corners of the hours, those unconsidered five minutes which otherwise were of no value to any one. On the other hand, most successful people have had hazy ideas of the value of time and of its length, have been prodigal of their hours, and go on losing their five minutes everywhere, with the air of a moneyed man who spend a few shillings while he is having thousands at his disposal. They are not aware that it is they can get nothing done, and fall foul for the want of time, when they should blame their own want of method. Educating Girls. Educating girls for household duties ought to be considered as necessary and essential as instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and quite as vital. We are in our houses more than half our existence, and it is the household surroundings which affect most largely the happiness or misery of domestic life. If the wife knows how to "keep house," if she has learned how things ought to be cooked, how carpets ought to be swept, how furniture should be dusted, how the clothes should be repaired and turned, and altered and renovated; if she knows how purchases can be made to the best advantage, and understands the laying of provisions—how to make them go furthest and last longest; if she appreciates the importance of system, order, tidiness, and the quiet management of children and servants, then she knows how to make a heaven of home; how to win her children from the streets; how to keep her husband from the club-house, the gaming-table, and wine-cup. Such a family will be trained to social respectability, to business success, and to efficiency and usefulness in whatever position may be allotted to them. It may be safe to say that not one girl in ten in our large towns and cities, entered into married life who has learned to make a loaf of bread, to purchase a roast, to dust a painting, to sweep a carpet, or to cut and fit and make her own dress. How much the perfect knowledge of these things bears upon the thrift, the comfort, and health of families may be conjectured, but not calculated by figures: It would be an immeasurable advantage to make a beginning by attaching a kitchen to every girl's school in the nation, and have lessons given daily in the preparation of all the ordinary articles of food and drink for the table, and how to purchase them in the market at the best advantage, with the result of a large saving of money, an increase of comfort, and higher health in every family in the land. How to Keep Warm. The way not to keep warm is to drink freely of warm drinks; to keep the pores of the skin closed; to eat more than can be digested; to sit over a hot air furnace; to lace tightly; wear tight garters, tight shoes, tight gloves, and bundle up with "heaps" of warm clothing; wear mufflers around the neck, and avoid a breath of cool fresh air; take wine or bitters before meals, and pills to aid digestion after eating. Do this daily a month or more and you will be as tender as a tropical house plant, and will take "dreadful colds" on the slightest exposure. Hot drinks just before going out are especially favorable to induce chills; and this is about the way many are now trying to cheat nature and prolong a miserable existence. Worth Knowing. The main objection most people have to sending communication on postal cards is that the writing is, of course, open to general perusal. A good way of avoiding this difficulty is to use sympathetic ink. A solution of ten grains of hyposulphite of soda in ten teaspoonfuls of water is the simplest fluid for the purpose. Use a perfectly clean pen, and after writing go over the letters with a smooth paper-cutter to remove all traces of the ink. Exposure to the heat of a bright coal-fire turns the writing black.

Business Cards of five lines or less, 50 per annum. Legal advertisements at statute rates. Real estate advertising payable in advance. Yearly advertising payable on demand. Double column advertisements charged at the column rate. Short notices of meetings, 25 cents. Yearly notices of meetings, 40 cents without extra charge.

Farm and Household.

Use and Waste of Time. A life organized with order and purpose has time for most things; one left to chance, which means chaos, is not able to pick up ten consecutive minutes of the heap of waste and irregularity to which is reduced the pleasant parmy of the hours. No excuse is so pitiful as this want of time wherein to do your duties, to fulfill your engagements, to get through your appointed tasks. If it is a real excuse you are simply over weighed, your first business ought to be to cut off those of your burdens you are not able to carry. The fault lies, not in your having too much to do, but in bad arrangements—not in the want but the waste of time. Then the great thing to do is to rearrange your work and your time, and to make them fit in more harmoniously together. There are some people who have the faculty of making use of every moment. Some learned divine, whose name at this moment we forget, is said to have written a book during the odd five minutes when his wife was putting on her bonnet; and many women do all their little bits of fancy work and the like in the idle moments of the day, when neither work nor play comes into organization. All great men and successful workers have been careful of those odd corners of the hours, those unconsidered five minutes which otherwise were of no value to any one. On the other hand, most successful people have had hazy ideas of the value of time and of its length, have been prodigal of their hours, and go on losing their five minutes everywhere, with the air of a moneyed man who spend a few shillings while he is having thousands at his disposal. They are not aware that it is they can get nothing done, and fall foul for the want of time, when they should blame their own want of method. Educating Girls. Educating girls for household duties ought to be considered as necessary and essential as instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and quite as vital. We are in our houses more than half our existence, and it is the household surroundings which affect most largely the happiness or misery of domestic life. If the wife knows how to "keep house," if she has learned how things ought to be cooked, how carpets ought to be swept, how furniture should be dusted, how the clothes should be repaired and turned, and altered and renovated; if she knows how purchases can be made to the best advantage, and understands the laying of provisions—how to make them go furthest and last longest; if she appreciates the importance of system, order, tidiness, and the quiet management of children and servants, then she knows how to make a heaven of home; how to win her children from the streets; how to keep her husband from the club-house, the gaming-table, and wine-cup. Such a family will be trained to social respectability, to business success, and to efficiency and usefulness in whatever position may be allotted to them. It may be safe to say that not one girl in ten in our large towns and cities, entered into married life who has learned to make a loaf of bread, to purchase a roast, to dust a painting, to sweep a carpet, or to cut and fit and make her own dress. How much the perfect knowledge of these things bears upon the thrift, the comfort, and health of families may be conjectured, but not calculated by figures: It would be an immeasurable advantage to make a beginning by attaching a kitchen to every girl's school in the nation, and have lessons given daily in the preparation of all the ordinary articles of food and drink for the table, and how to purchase them in the market at the best advantage, with the result of a large saving of money, an increase of comfort, and higher health in every family in the land. How to Keep Warm. The way not to keep warm is to drink freely of warm drinks; to keep the pores of the skin closed; to eat more than can be digested; to sit over a hot air furnace; to lace tightly; wear tight garters, tight shoes, tight gloves, and bundle up with "heaps" of warm clothing; wear mufflers around the neck, and avoid a breath of cool fresh air; take wine or bitters before meals, and pills to aid digestion after eating. Do this daily a month or more and you will be as tender as a tropical house plant, and will take "dreadful colds" on the slightest exposure. Hot drinks just before going out are especially favorable to induce chills; and this is about the way many are now trying to cheat nature and prolong a miserable existence. Worth Knowing. The main objection most people have to sending communication on postal cards is that the writing is, of course, open to general perusal. A good way of avoiding this difficulty is to use sympathetic ink. A solution of ten grains of hyposulphite of soda in ten teaspoonfuls of water is the simplest fluid for the purpose. Use a perfectly clean pen, and after writing go over the letters with a smooth paper-cutter to remove all traces of the ink. Exposure to the heat of a bright coal-fire turns the writing black.



The Berrien County Record.

W. G. KINGERY, Editor. J. G. HOLMES, Proprietor. THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 17, 1875.

CIVIL RIGHTS.

At the last session of the United States District Court at Winona, Minnesota, Judge Nelson rendered an opinion affirming the constitutionality of the supplementary civil rights law. Several distinguished judges of the Federal District Courts, and Judges Emmons of the U. S. Circuit Court have considered the law unconstitutional. There is evidently a disagreement among those who are considered our best judges on questions of this kind, and it is very desirous that the matter should be settled by a decision of the Supreme Court.

SUPREME COURT DECISION.

The Supreme Court of Ohio has recently decided that the funds belonging to benevolent societies are subject to taxation. The Board of Equalization in Cincinnati, in consequence of this decision, sent a citation to each society in that city to show cause why they should not be taxed on their moneys, credits, etc. The Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and all other societies heretofore exempted on the ground of charity and seeming public benefit have been included in the summons. This matter will doubtless be called to the attention of the Supreme Court of Ohio, and what view will be generally held in regard to it, remains yet to be seen.

What Vice President Wilson Thinks.

The views and sentiments of Vice President Wilson, after his extended tour through the South and West, have been given to the public through the mediumship of the interviewer. They are interesting and valuable for various reasons. They contain the testimony of one of the few of our public men whose representations can be taken as thoroughly honest and candid, on the state of feeling in the South, and they furnish some very wholesome suggestions for politicians, especially those of the Republican party.

THE NEW OCEAN CABLE.

In 1867 Congress granted a charter for the laying of a direct cable between Ballinskelligs Bay, Ireland and Rye Beach, New Hampshire. The contract for the construction of this cable called for a line of 8,000 nautical miles in length, and the price was \$1,211,000. This included the manufacture, laying and landing of the cable, and keeping it in good working condition for thirty days after its completion. The work was much delayed on account of storms and by its breaking when at a great distance from shore, but notwithstanding these obstacles the laying of the cable, which was commenced on the 16th day of May, 1874, was completed on Wednesday of last week, June 9th, thus establishing a direct telegraphic communication between Great Britain and the United States. This cable is larger and better constructed than any now in existence. The expenses of ocean telegraphing, it is thought, will now be reduced to 50 cents per word. The cable will probably be found capable of transmitting 10,000 words per day, making ample allowance for all hindrances and disturbances, and at this rate will pay a handsome dividend on the cost of construction.

DEATH OF GIDDINGS.

Hon. Marsh Giddings, who was a prominent citizen and lawyer of Kalamazoo, and for the past four years, Governor of the Territory of New Mexico, is dead. Mr. Giddings was one among the earliest settlers of Kalamazoo county, and at the time of his death was over sixty years of age. He studied law with Joseph Miller of Kalamazoo, and for six years was Judge of the Probate court of that county. He was a member of the Republican National Congressional Committee of this State from 1868 to 1872. He was at one time appointed by President Grant Consul General to Calcutta, but did not accept of the appointment. Afterward he was appointed Governor of New Mexico, a position which he filled at the time of his death.

SAFE FOUND.

In 1862 the iron safe of the United States man-of-war, "Cumberland," was sunk by being run into in Hampton Roads, by the Confederate ram, "Virginia." Divers have been to work on the wreck for ten years, having found the recovery of the safe. It was found July 11th, the heavy iron being at work only forty-eight hours. The water at the place it was raised was seventy-eight feet deep. The safe is generally believed to contain between \$60,000 and \$100,000 in gold belonging to Capt. Brown and O. B. Malby, of Norfolk, Va., and Hubbard Smith, of Detroit, Mich.

IOELAND.

The volcanic eruptions which have always occurred in Iceland to a greater or less extent, have been so frequent the past winter and spring, as to spread run over a large portion of the island, and will doubtless, in time, render it entirely uninhabitable. On the 29th day of March it is reported that ashes fell in such quantities as to cover the ground six inches thick over a large surface of country, entirely destroying the pasturage, which is one of the principal reliances of the Iceland farmers. There is a scarcity of food and great suffering is imminent. There is a scarcity of food and great suffering is imminent. There is a scarcity of food and great suffering is imminent.

Home Correspondence.

THE FROG.

Notwithstanding the cold wind blowing on Saturday morning, a goodly number, in about twenty conveyances left Buchanan at an early hour for Barren Lake. The programme was made out for all to have a good time, and we had it. But Mr. Editor, if you wish to take part in a picnic, let me give you a little bit of advice: First of all, have the women exercise all their skill in the culinary department, and be sure and take along a tapioca pudding. It is not necessary to upset the same in the carriage, but then parties can do just as well as not if they wish to. A fire in the grove for the purpose of cooking coffee and tea is very rustic, while the song of the tea kettle, as it rests in its rudely constructed fire place, is an indispensable feature of the occasion.

Home Correspondence.

THE BENTON HARBOR Palladium says:

Strawberries promise an abundant crop. Nearly every fruit grower expects to pay some debts soon. A young man, more covetous than discrete, got "scooped" to the tune of \$50 at the circus last Friday. Gambling is the "English" of it. The St. Joseph bridge is becoming so dangerous that people dislike to drive across it. We know of several valuable horses having been crippled by having their feet caught in the cracks between the planks. After strawberry time, we shall make no exceptions, but discontinue every paper promptly, within four weeks from the expiration of the subscription. We would be glad to give you the paper, but it's against our principles. Once in a while we find a man who prefers a New York or Philadelphia to a home paper, because "it got more reading in it." He is the same chap who always buys the largest pair of boots in the box, because they cost no more than a smaller pair which fit him. A little German boy came to Dr. Bell's office this week with one eye literally filled with lead. It had been splattered while hot into his face, and fine particles like shot were hanging to the eye wipers and brows where it had cooled. The circus last Friday passed off quietly in the afternoon, and 100 in the evening. Four hundred, at 50 cents each—let's see, that would sprinkle the streets of Benton Harbor every day till November. But there is more pleasure in going to a circus, than breathing pure air all summer.

THE BENTON HARBOR Palladium says:

We have no less than five base ball clubs in this town. Our village board have employed Thomas Love, county surveyor, to grade our streets, and the work is being done preparatory to building stone gutters, &c. Our people have decided to celebrate the coming 4th of July in the most appropriate manner. The exact programme we are unable to give at the present time, but enough is known to know that it is to be a very creditable affair, and insure a good time. A large purse is already raised to defray the necessary expenses, and more is being added. The full particulars will be given next week. A dwelling-house with nearly all its contents, in Pipestone, second residence on the right-hand road from Wm. S. Farmers, going east, and occupied by a Mr. Smith, was entirely consumed by fire on the 7th inst. about 3 o'clock p. m. A sewing machine and mill safe were all that was saved.

THE BENTON HARBOR Palladium says:

Between 4 and 5 o'clock last Sabbath afternoon, a fire was discovered under one of the boilers in the saw mill. An alarm was at once sounded, and the Fire Companies were soon on the spot, but the fire was so confined that it was almost impossible to get at it. The Benton Harbor Company, however, finally succeeded in making a stoppage, and brought a stream of water to bear on it, and the fire was soon put out. That was a fortunate escape from what might have been a serious conflagration. A man named Bishop, of Chickingham, while walking from Union Pier north, early yesterday morning, suddenly came upon the body of a man who was lying in the water, close to shore. Mr. Bishop at once went to the place, and very soon after it was recognized as that of James W. Smith, who had been missing since he was last seen in Buchanan, Michigan.

THE BENTON HARBOR Palladium says:

Between 4 and 5 o'clock last Sabbath afternoon, a fire was discovered under one of the boilers in the saw mill. An alarm was at once sounded, and the Fire Companies were soon on the spot, but the fire was so confined that it was almost impossible to get at it. The Benton Harbor Company, however, finally succeeded in making a stoppage, and brought a stream of water to bear on it, and the fire was soon put out. That was a fortunate escape from what might have been a serious conflagration. A man named Bishop, of Chickingham, while walking from Union Pier north, early yesterday morning, suddenly came upon the body of a man who was lying in the water, close to shore. Mr. Bishop at once went to the place, and very soon after it was recognized as that of James W. Smith, who had been missing since he was last seen in Buchanan, Michigan.

THE BENTON HARBOR Palladium says:

Between 4 and 5 o'clock last Sabbath afternoon, a fire was discovered under one of the boilers in the saw mill. An alarm was at once sounded, and the Fire Companies were soon on the spot, but the fire was so confined that it was almost impossible to get at it. The Benton Harbor Company, however, finally succeeded in making a stoppage, and brought a stream of water to bear on it, and the fire was soon put out. That was a fortunate escape from what might have been a serious conflagration. A man named Bishop, of Chickingham, while walking from Union Pier north, early yesterday morning, suddenly came upon the body of a man who was lying in the water, close to shore. Mr. Bishop at once went to the place, and very soon after it was recognized as that of James W. Smith, who had been missing since he was last seen in Buchanan, Michigan.

THE BENTON HARBOR Palladium says:

Between 4 and 5 o'clock last Sabbath afternoon, a fire was discovered under one of the boilers in the saw mill. An alarm was at once sounded, and the Fire Companies were soon on the spot, but the fire was so confined that it was almost impossible to get at it. The Benton Harbor Company, however, finally succeeded in making a stoppage, and brought a stream of water to bear on it, and the fire was soon put out. That was a fortunate escape from what might have been a serious conflagration. A man named Bishop, of Chickingham, while walking from Union Pier north, early yesterday morning, suddenly came upon the body of a man who was lying in the water, close to shore. Mr. Bishop at once went to the place, and very soon after it was recognized as that of James W. Smith, who had been missing since he was last seen in Buchanan, Michigan.

THE BENTON HARBOR Palladium says:

Between 4 and 5 o'clock last Sabbath afternoon, a fire was discovered under one of the boilers in the saw mill. An alarm was at once sounded, and the Fire Companies were soon on the spot, but the fire was so confined that it was almost impossible to get at it. The Benton Harbor Company, however, finally succeeded in making a stoppage, and brought a stream of water to bear on it, and the fire was soon put out. That was a fortunate escape from what might have been a serious conflagration. A man named Bishop, of Chickingham, while walking from Union Pier north, early yesterday morning, suddenly came upon the body of a man who was lying in the water, close to shore. Mr. Bishop at once went to the place, and very soon after it was recognized as that of James W. Smith, who had been missing since he was last seen in Buchanan, Michigan.

THE BENTON HARBOR Palladium says:

Between 4 and 5 o'clock last Sabbath afternoon, a fire was discovered under one of the boilers in the saw mill. An alarm was at once sounded, and the Fire Companies were soon on the spot, but the fire was so confined that it was almost impossible to get at it. The Benton Harbor Company, however, finally succeeded in making a stoppage, and brought a stream of water to bear on it, and the fire was soon put out. That was a fortunate escape from what might have been a serious conflagration. A man named Bishop, of Chickingham, while walking from Union Pier north, early yesterday morning, suddenly came upon the body of a man who was lying in the water, close to shore. Mr. Bishop at once went to the place, and very soon after it was recognized as that of James W. Smith, who had been missing since he was last seen in Buchanan, Michigan.

THE BENTON HARBOR Palladium says:

Between 4 and 5 o'clock last Sabbath afternoon, a fire was discovered under one of the boilers in the saw mill. An alarm was at once sounded, and the Fire Companies were soon on the spot, but the fire was so confined that it was almost impossible to get at it. The Benton Harbor Company, however, finally succeeded in making a stoppage, and brought a stream of water to bear on it, and the fire was soon put out. That was a fortunate escape from what might have been a serious conflagration. A man named Bishop, of Chickingham, while walking from Union Pier north, early yesterday morning, suddenly came upon the body of a man who was lying in the water, close to shore. Mr. Bishop at once went to the place, and very soon after it was recognized as that of James W. Smith, who had been missing since he was last seen in Buchanan, Michigan.

THE BENTON HARBOR Palladium says:

Between 4 and 5 o'clock last Sabbath afternoon, a fire was discovered under one of the boilers in the saw mill. An alarm was at once sounded, and the Fire Companies were soon on the spot, but the fire was so confined that it was almost impossible to get at it. The Benton Harbor Company, however, finally succeeded in making a stoppage, and brought a stream of water to bear on it, and the fire was soon put out. That was a fortunate escape from what might have been a serious conflagration. A man named Bishop, of Chickingham, while walking from Union Pier north, early yesterday morning, suddenly came upon the body of a man who was lying in the water, close to shore. Mr. Bishop at once went to the place, and very soon after it was recognized as that of James W. Smith, who had been missing since he was last seen in Buchanan, Michigan.

Aspiring candidates, he thinks, should be kept in the back-ground. "The less the friends of any candidate do for him at present, and the less they press him into the field, the better for the party." Make the candidate all right and the question of party will come after. Here is a true Mr. Wilson's words will be heeded. He is very well satisfied with Grant's letter on the third term question, but thinks the agitation should have been crushed in the beginning. The closing words of Vice President Wilson in this interview deserve to be inscribed in letters of gold on the Republican banner and kept before the eyes of its leaders for the next year and a half at least: "You cannot carry a party by mere party measures and by alliances to mere party obligations. The people have got to see that the party is going on with the advancing questions of their time."

Home Correspondence.

THE FROG.

Notwithstanding the cold wind blowing on Saturday morning, a goodly number, in about twenty conveyances left Buchanan at an early hour for Barren Lake. The programme was made out for all to have a good time, and we had it. But Mr. Editor, if you wish to take part in a picnic, let me give you a little bit of advice: First of all, have the women exercise all their skill in the culinary department, and be sure and take along a tapioca pudding. It is not necessary to upset the same in the carriage, but then parties can do just as well as not if they wish to. A fire in the grove for the purpose of cooking coffee and tea is very rustic, while the song of the tea kettle, as it rests in its rudely constructed fire place, is an indispensable feature of the occasion.

Home Correspondence.

THE BENTON HARBOR Palladium says:

Strawberries promise an abundant crop. Nearly every fruit grower expects to pay some debts soon. A young man, more covetous than discrete, got "scooped" to the tune of \$50 at the circus last Friday. Gambling is the "English" of it. The St. Joseph bridge is becoming so dangerous that people dislike to drive across it. We know of several valuable horses having been crippled by having their feet caught in the cracks between the planks. After strawberry time, we shall make no exceptions, but discontinue every paper promptly, within four weeks from the expiration of the subscription. We would be glad to give you the paper, but it's against our principles. Once in a while we find a man who prefers a New York or Philadelphia to a home paper, because "it got more reading in it." He is the same chap who always buys the largest pair of boots in the box, because they cost no more than a smaller pair which fit him. A little German boy came to Dr. Bell's office this week with one eye literally filled with lead. It had been splattered while hot into his face, and fine particles like shot were hanging to the eye wipers and brows where it had cooled. The circus last Friday passed off quietly in the afternoon, and 100 in the evening. Four hundred, at 50 cents each—let's see, that would sprinkle the streets of Benton Harbor every day till November. But there is more pleasure in going to a circus, than breathing pure air all summer.

THE BENTON HARBOR Palladium says:

We have no less than five base ball clubs in this town. Our village board have employed Thomas Love, county surveyor, to grade our streets, and the work is being done preparatory to building stone gutters, &c. Our people have decided to celebrate the coming 4th of July in the most appropriate manner. The exact programme we are unable to give at the present time, but enough is known to know that it is to be a very creditable affair, and insure a good time. A large purse is already raised to defray the necessary expenses, and more is being added. The full particulars will be given next week. A dwelling-house with nearly all its contents, in Pipestone, second residence on the right-hand road from Wm. S. Farmers, going east, and occupied by a Mr. Smith, was entirely consumed by fire on the 7th inst. about 3 o'clock p. m. A sewing machine and mill safe were all that was saved.

THE BENTON HARBOR Palladium says:

Between 4 and 5 o'clock last Sabbath afternoon, a fire was discovered under one of the boilers in the saw mill. An alarm was at once sounded, and the Fire Companies were soon on the spot, but the fire was so confined that it was almost impossible to get at it. The Benton Harbor Company, however, finally succeeded in making a stoppage, and brought a stream of water to bear on it, and the fire was soon put out. That was a fortunate escape from what might have been a serious conflagration. A man named Bishop, of Chickingham, while walking from Union Pier north, early yesterday morning, suddenly came upon the body of a man who was lying in the water, close to shore. Mr. Bishop at once went to the place, and very soon after it was recognized as that of James W. Smith, who had been missing since he was last seen in Buchanan, Michigan.

THE BENTON HARBOR Palladium says:

Between 4 and 5 o'clock last Sabbath afternoon, a fire was discovered under one of the boilers in the saw mill. An alarm was at once sounded, and the Fire Companies were soon on the spot, but the fire was so confined that it was almost impossible to get at it. The Benton Harbor Company, however, finally succeeded in making a stoppage, and brought a stream of water to bear on it, and the fire was soon put out. That was a fortunate escape from what might have been a serious conflagration. A man named Bishop, of Chickingham, while walking from Union Pier north, early yesterday morning, suddenly came upon the body of a man who was lying in the water, close to shore. Mr. Bishop at once went to the place, and very soon after it was recognized as that of James W. Smith, who had been missing since he was last seen in Buchanan, Michigan.

THE BENTON HARBOR Palladium says:

Between 4 and 5 o'clock last Sabbath afternoon, a fire was discovered under one of the boilers in the saw mill. An alarm was at once sounded, and the Fire Companies were soon on the spot, but the fire was so confined that it was almost impossible to get at it. The Benton Harbor Company, however, finally succeeded in making a stoppage, and brought a stream of water to bear on it, and the fire was soon put out. That was a fortunate escape from what might have been a serious conflagration. A man named Bishop, of Chickingham, while walking from Union Pier north, early yesterday morning, suddenly came upon the body of a man who was lying in the water, close to shore. Mr. Bishop at once went to the place, and very soon after it was recognized as that of James W. Smith, who had been missing since he was last seen in Buchanan, Michigan.

THE BENTON HARBOR Palladium says:

Between 4 and 5 o'clock last Sabbath afternoon, a fire was discovered under one of the boilers in the saw mill. An alarm was at once sounded, and the Fire Companies were soon on the spot, but the fire was so confined that it was almost impossible to get at it. The Benton Harbor Company, however, finally succeeded in making a stoppage, and brought a stream of water to bear on it, and the fire was soon put out. That was a fortunate escape from what might have been a serious conflagration. A man named Bishop, of Chickingham, while walking from Union Pier north, early yesterday morning, suddenly came upon the body of a man who was lying in the water, close to shore. Mr. Bishop at once went to the place, and very soon after it was recognized as that of James W. Smith, who had been missing since he was last seen in Buchanan, Michigan.

THE BENTON HARBOR Palladium says:

Between 4 and 5 o'clock last Sabbath afternoon, a fire was discovered under one of the boilers in the saw mill. An alarm was at once sounded, and the Fire Companies were soon on the spot, but the fire was so confined that it was almost impossible to get at it. The Benton Harbor Company, however, finally succeeded in making a stoppage, and brought a stream of water to bear on it, and the fire was soon put out. That was a fortunate escape from what might have been a serious conflagration. A man named Bishop, of Chickingham, while walking from Union Pier north, early yesterday morning, suddenly came upon the body of a man who was lying in the water, close to shore. Mr. Bishop at once went to the place, and very soon after it was recognized as that of James W. Smith, who had been missing since he was last seen in Buchanan, Michigan.

THE BENTON HARBOR Palladium says:

Between 4 and 5 o'clock last Sabbath afternoon, a fire was discovered under one of the boilers in the saw mill. An alarm was at once sounded, and the Fire Companies were soon on the spot, but the fire was so confined that it was almost impossible to get at it. The Benton Harbor Company, however, finally succeeded in making a stoppage, and brought a stream of water to bear on it, and the fire was soon put out. That was a fortunate escape from what might have been a serious conflagration. A man named Bishop, of Chickingham, while walking from Union Pier north, early yesterday morning, suddenly came upon the body of a man who was lying in the water, close to shore. Mr. Bishop at once went to the place, and very soon after it was recognized as that of James W. Smith, who had been missing since he was last seen in Buchanan, Michigan.

THE BENTON HARBOR Palladium says:

Between 4 and 5 o'clock last Sabbath afternoon, a fire was discovered under one of the boilers in the saw mill. An alarm was at once sounded, and the Fire Companies were soon on the spot, but the fire was so confined that it was almost impossible to get at it. The Benton Harbor Company, however, finally succeeded in making a stoppage, and brought a stream of water to bear on it, and the fire was soon put out. That was a fortunate escape from what might have been a serious conflagration. A man named Bishop, of Chickingham, while walking from Union Pier north, early yesterday morning, suddenly came upon the body of a man who was lying in the water, close to shore. Mr. Bishop at once went to the place, and very soon after it was recognized as that of James W. Smith, who had been missing since he was last seen in Buchanan, Michigan.

THE BENTON HARBOR Palladium says:

Between 4 and 5 o'clock last Sabbath afternoon, a fire was discovered under one of the boilers in the saw mill. An alarm was at once sounded, and the Fire Companies were soon on the spot, but the fire was so confined that it was almost impossible to get at it. The Benton Harbor Company, however, finally succeeded in making a stoppage, and brought a stream of water to bear on it, and the fire was soon put out. That was a fortunate escape from what might have been a serious conflagration. A man named Bishop, of Chickingham, while walking from Union Pier north, early yesterday morning, suddenly came upon the body of a man who was lying in the water, close to shore. Mr. Bishop at once went to the place, and very soon after it was recognized as that of James W. Smith, who had been missing since he was last seen in Buchanan, Michigan.

The County Press.

The Reading-House omnibus was upset on Tuesday night on the road to the depot. It is unnecessary to say that "Jimmy Mc." did not hold on to the reins on that occasion. The bridge on the Berrien Springs road, near Aaron Ball's, is now undergoing much needed repairs. Vehicles are compelled to go an additional mile to cross the ravine.

HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NILES Democrat says:

Warren, an interesting little son of C. H. Griffith, poisoned his hands quite severely, one day last week, by playing with poisonous weeds. The following is the number of births and deaths in the city for the year ending April 30: First and Fourth wards—Births, 35; deaths, 10. Second and Third wards—Births, 25; deaths, 25. John Hauser's money drawer in his shop, on Main street, was tapped last Tuesday, and \$3 taken from it. This is the second raid that has been made on it during the past two weeks. At the annual election of officers for the Sunday School of the Methodist Church, held on Sunday last, J. T. Tuttle, Esq., who has been Superintendent for the past twenty-four years, was unanimously elected. With the exception of Hon. John Brownfield, of South Bend, who has been Superintendent of the Sunday School of the First M. E. Church in that city for more than thirty years, Mr. Tuttle is the oldest Superintendent in this section. Surely this is growing gray in a noble cause. A party of girls, whose ages range from 12 to 14 years, concluded, one evening this week, to test the public pulse on the grasshopper-sufferer question. They rigged themselves out in costumes a sight of which was sufficient to make the most heartless grasshopper that ever ate Kansas corn feel a remorse of conscience, and started on their pilgrimage. They told a piteous story of the fearful ravages of the grasshoppers, and of the weary miles they had traveled toward sunrise, and how weak the horses of their party had grown, forcing them to walk all the while. At some houses they received liberal supplies of cake; at others bread and butter greeted their supposed to be hungry visions, and one lady gave them a large loaf of bread. As they had to eat something at each place to sustain their characters, they were representing, it is reasonable to suppose that their never was a party so thoroughly crammed with edibles as this one when they returned to their homes. They are, however, loud in their praises of the liberality of our people, and warmly recommend this place to the kindly consideration of all who have ever gazed upon a festive hopper.

THE BENTON HARBOR Palladium says:

We have no less than five base ball clubs in this town. Our village board have employed Thomas Love, county surveyor, to grade our streets, and the work is being done preparatory to building stone gutters, &c. Our people have decided to celebrate the coming 4th of July in the most appropriate manner. The exact programme we are unable to give at the present time, but enough is known to know that it is to be a very creditable affair, and insure a good time. A large purse is already raised to defray the necessary expenses, and more is being added. The full particulars will be given next week. A dwelling-house with nearly all its contents, in Pipestone, second residence on the right-hand road from Wm. S. Farmers, going east, and occupied by a Mr. Smith, was entirely consumed by fire on the 7th inst. about 3 o'clock p. m. A sewing machine and mill safe were all that was saved.

THE BENTON HARBOR Palladium says:

We have no less than five base ball clubs in this town. Our village board have employed Thomas Love, county surveyor, to grade our streets, and the work is being done preparatory to building stone gutters, &c. Our people have decided to celebrate the coming 4th of July in the most appropriate manner. The exact programme we are unable to give at the present time, but enough is known to know that it is to be a very creditable affair, and insure a good time. A large purse is already raised to defray the necessary expenses, and more is being added. The full particulars will be given next week. A dwelling-house with nearly all its contents, in Pipestone, second residence on the right-hand road from Wm. S. Farmers, going east, and occupied by a Mr. Smith, was entirely consumed by fire on the 7th inst. about 3 o'clock p. m. A sewing machine and mill safe were all that was saved.

THE BENTON HARBOR Palladium says:

Between 4 and 5 o'clock last Sabbath afternoon, a fire was discovered under one of the boilers in the saw mill. An alarm was at once sounded, and the Fire Companies were soon on the spot, but the fire was so confined that it was almost impossible to get at it. The Benton Harbor Company, however, finally succeeded in making a stoppage, and brought a stream of water to bear on it, and the fire was soon put out. That was a fortunate escape from what might have been a serious conflagration. A man named Bishop, of Chickingham, while walking from Union Pier north, early yesterday morning, suddenly came upon the body of a man who was lying in the water, close to shore. Mr. Bishop at once went to the place, and very soon after it was recognized as that of James W. Smith, who had been missing since he was last seen in Buchanan, Michigan.

THE BENTON HARBOR Palladium says:

Between 4 and 5 o'clock last Sabbath afternoon, a fire was discovered under one of the boilers in the saw mill. An alarm was at once sounded, and the Fire Companies were soon on the spot, but the fire was so confined that it was almost impossible to get at it. The Benton Harbor Company, however, finally succeeded in making a stoppage, and brought a stream of water to bear on it, and the fire was soon put out. That was a fortunate escape from what might have been a serious conflagration. A man named Bishop, of Chickingham, while walking from Union Pier north, early yesterday morning, suddenly came upon the body of a man who was lying in the water, close to shore. Mr. Bishop at once went to the place, and very soon after it was recognized as that of James W. Smith, who had been missing since he was last seen in Buchanan, Michigan.

THE BENTON HARBOR Palladium says:

Between 4 and 5 o'clock last Sabbath afternoon, a fire was discovered under one of the boilers in the saw mill. An alarm was at once sounded, and the Fire Companies were soon on the spot, but the fire was so confined that it was almost impossible to get at it. The Benton Harbor Company, however, finally succeeded in making a stoppage, and brought a stream of water to bear on it, and the fire was soon put out. That was a fortunate escape from what might have been a serious conflagration. A man named Bishop, of Chickingham, while walking from Union Pier north, early yesterday morning, suddenly came upon the body of a man who was lying in the water, close to shore. Mr. Bishop at once went to the place, and very soon after it was recognized as that of James W. Smith, who had been missing since he was last seen in Buchanan, Michigan.

THE BENTON HARBOR Palladium says:

Between 4 and 5 o'clock last Sabbath afternoon, a fire was discovered under one of the boilers in the saw mill. An alarm was at once sounded, and the Fire Companies were soon on the spot, but the fire was so confined that it was almost impossible to get at it. The Benton Harbor Company, however, finally succeeded in making a stoppage, and brought a stream of water to bear on it, and the fire was soon put out. That was a fortunate escape from what might have been a serious conflagration. A man named Bishop, of Chickingham, while walking from Union Pier north, early yesterday morning, suddenly came upon the body of a man who was lying in the water, close to shore. Mr. Bishop at once went to the place, and very soon after it was recognized as that of James W. Smith, who had been missing since he was last seen in Buchanan, Michigan.

THE BENTON HARBOR Palladium says:

Between 4 and 5 o'clock last Sabbath afternoon, a fire was discovered under one of the boilers in the saw mill. An alarm was at once sounded, and the Fire Companies were soon on the spot, but the fire was so confined that it was almost impossible to get at it. The Benton Harbor Company, however, finally succeeded in making a stoppage, and brought a stream of water to bear on it, and the fire was soon put out. That was a fortunate escape from what might have been a serious conflagration. A man named Bishop, of Chickingham, while walking from Union Pier north, early yesterday morning, suddenly came upon the body of a man who was lying in the water, close to shore. Mr. Bishop at once went to the place, and very soon after it was recognized as that of James W. Smith, who had been missing since he was last seen in Buchanan, Michigan.

THE BENTON HARBOR Palladium says:

Between 4 and 5 o'clock last Sabbath afternoon, a fire was discovered under one of the boilers in the saw mill. An alarm was at once sounded, and the Fire Companies were soon on the spot, but the fire was so confined that it was almost impossible to get at it. The Benton Harbor Company, however, finally succeeded in making a stoppage, and brought a stream of water to bear on it, and the fire was soon put out. That was a fortunate escape from what might have been a serious conflagration. A man named Bishop, of Chickingham, while walking from Union Pier north, early yesterday morning, suddenly came upon the body of a man who was lying in the water, close to shore. Mr. Bishop at once went to the place, and very soon after it was recognized as that of James W. Smith, who had been missing since he was last seen in Buchanan, Michigan.

THE BENTON HARBOR Palladium says:

Between 4 and 5 o'clock last Sabbath afternoon, a fire was discovered under one of the boilers in the saw mill. An alarm was at once sounded, and the Fire Companies were soon on the spot, but the fire was so confined that it was almost impossible to get at it. The Benton Harbor Company, however, finally succeeded in making a stoppage, and brought a stream of water to bear on it, and the fire was soon put out. That was a fortunate escape from what might have been a serious conflagration. A man named Bishop, of Chickingham, while walking from Union Pier north, early yesterday morning, suddenly came upon the body of a man who was lying in the water, close to shore. Mr. Bishop at once went to the place, and very soon after it was recognized as that of James W. Smith, who had been missing since he was last seen in Buchanan, Michigan.

THE BENTON HARBOR Palladium says:

Between 4 and 5 o'clock last Sabbath afternoon, a fire was discovered under one of the boilers in the saw mill. An alarm was at once sounded, and the Fire Companies were soon on the spot, but the fire was so confined that it was almost impossible to get at it. The Benton Harbor Company, however, finally succeeded in making a stoppage, and brought a stream of water to bear on it, and the fire was soon put out. That was a fortunate escape from what might have been a serious conflagration. A man named Bishop, of Chickingham, while walking from Union Pier north, early yesterday morning, suddenly came upon the body of a man who was lying in the water, close to shore. Mr. Bishop at once went to the place, and very soon after it was recognized as that of James W. Smith, who had been missing since he was last seen in Buchanan, Michigan.

body was found: Arriving there an examination was made of the corpse, and from the clothing it was recognized as that of F. Gronke, one of the lost fishermen. The body was slightly disfigured about the face, and badly bloated. It was put into a box which Capt. Barnes had with him, and brought back to St. Joseph, and buried.

HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NILES Democrat says:

Warren, an interesting little son of C. H. Griffith, poisoned his hands quite severely, one day last week, by playing with poisonous weeds. The following is the number of births and deaths in the city for the year ending April 30: First and Fourth wards—Births, 35; deaths, 10. Second and Third wards—Births, 25; deaths, 25. John Hauser's money drawer in his shop, on Main street, was tapped last Tuesday, and \$3 taken from it. This is the second raid that has been made on it during the past two weeks. At the annual election of officers for the Sunday School of the Methodist Church, held on Sunday last, J. T. Tuttle, Esq., who has been Superintendent for the past twenty-four years, was unanimously elected. With the exception of Hon. John Brownfield, of South Bend, who has been Superintendent of the Sunday School of the First M. E. Church in that city for more than thirty years, Mr. Tuttle is the oldest Superintendent in this section. Surely this is growing gray in a noble cause. A party of girls, whose ages range from 12 to 14 years, concluded, one evening this week, to test the public pulse on the grasshopper-sufferer question. They rigged themselves out in costumes a sight of which was sufficient to make the most heartless grasshopper that ever ate Kansas corn feel a remorse of conscience, and started on their pilgrimage. They told a piteous story of the fearful ravages of the grasshoppers, and of the weary miles they had traveled toward sunrise, and how weak the horses of their party had grown, forcing them to walk all the while. At some houses they received liberal supplies of cake; at others bread and butter greeted their supposed to be hungry visions, and one lady gave them a large loaf of bread. As they had to eat something at each place to sustain their characters, they were representing, it is reasonable to suppose that their never was a party so thoroughly crammed with edibles as this one when they returned to their homes. They are, however, loud in their praises of the liberality of our people, and warmly recommend this place to the kindly consideration of all who have ever gazed upon a festive hopper.

THE BENTON HARBOR Palladium says:







