

Table with columns for advertising rates: Yearly, Quarterly, Monthly, Single Copies. Includes rates for different types of ads and locations.

GREAT CLOSING OUT SALE OF Dry Goods At and below cost, for Cash only, by WM. 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: CARPETS: In all grades, 10 to 40 cents less than regular prices.

GREAT KNOCK DOWN IN WALL PAPERS! Brown Blanks, 7 cents; White Blanks, 12 cents; Satins, 18 to 30 cents; Gold Leaf Papers half price.

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.

WM. 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," THE SMITH BROS. & CO.

Business Directory. A. WHITE, Druggist and Apothecary, south side of Front Street, Buchanan, Michigan.

Business Directory. L. HAYES & SON, Druggists and Apothecaries, corner of Front and Oak Streets, Buchanan, Michigan.

Business Directory. D. MORLEY, State Foundry, All kinds of machinery, including steam engines, pumps, and iron work.

Business Directory. C. SMITH, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Office over Emory & Smith's Drug Store, Buchanan, Michigan.

Business Directory. W. H. FOX, Dealer in Dry Goods, Notions and Fancy Goods, Corner of Front and Main Streets, Buchanan, Michigan.

Business Directory. W. D. KINGERY, Attorney at Law, Buchanan, Michigan.

Business Directory. LAPIERE & BROWN, Manufacturing Jewelers, Diamonds, Watches, Clocks.

Poetry.

PLAIN LANGUAGE.

Which I wish to repeat, And my language is plain, That in words of deceit, And in tricks that are vain...

Which we had a small game, Called by some hide and seek; 'Twas a flirtation, the same She thought staid and weak...

Which we had a small game, Called by some hide and seek; 'Twas a flirtation, the same She thought staid and weak...

Which we had a small game, Called by some hide and seek; 'Twas a flirtation, the same She thought staid and weak...

Which we had a small game, Called by some hide and seek; 'Twas a flirtation, the same She thought staid and weak...

Which we had a small game, Called by some hide and seek; 'Twas a flirtation, the same She thought staid and weak...

Story.

The Tricksters Tricked.

BY CHARLES EMBREE.

Mr. Edward Ernal sat in his office, gazing abstractedly out of the open window. He was a young unmarried man, twenty years of age, and possessor of a moderate share of intellect...

There was a remarkable contrast between these two young men. Ernal was quiet and unobtrusive; Ainsley was boisterous, full of fun, and always laughing. Ernal was constitutionally bashful before the opposite sex, and therefore held himself aloof from their society...

On this eventful evening, while Mr. Ernal was sitting thus alone, a shadow fell on the sunshine that came through the door, and brought him to the consciousness of his surroundings. "Well, Ed," said the cheery voice of Ainsley, quivering with suppressed laughter...

"What is it, Ainsley?" asked Ernal, in great trepidation. "For Heaven's sake stop laughing and tell me!" "Oh, my sides! What a soubrette brow that is of yours, Ernal! The fact is, I might as well tell you the worst at once, and have done with it. It will be a terrible ordeal, but you must brace yourself for it, and stand like a man. Don't look so troubled old boy."

"What—what is it, Ainsley? Don't keep me in suspense," gasped Ernal, while the perspiration started perceptibly on his brow. "Compose yourself, Ed," said Ainsley, striving to suppress his mirth. "The girls are intending to have a select party in honor of Bertha Chevel's birthday. They are going to invite you. I told them it would be useless to send a written invitation, as you would not accept it; but they would have to send a committee of ladies, and then—by all the munies in the catacombs of Thebes, here they come now!"

Both the young men started to their feet. Ainsley leaned against the wall, and clinched his teeth to quell the rising storm of laughter, while he turned purple in the face. Poor Ernal stood trembling like a culprit, after he had taken one despairing survey around the room for some means of escape and found none. "Take—take—take—"

"Mr. Ernal," said Miss Susie Jones, a pretty, dimpled-cheeked damsel of sixteen summers, "we dropped in to invite you to a birthday party to-night."

"I—I—I—" rattled the perturbed Mr. Ernal, unable to articulate another word of the excuse he wanted to offer.

Poetry.

PLAIN LANGUAGE.

Which I wish to repeat, And my language is plain, That in words of deceit, And in tricks that are vain...

Which we had a small game, Called by some hide and seek; 'Twas a flirtation, the same She thought staid and weak...

Which we had a small game, Called by some hide and seek; 'Twas a flirtation, the same She thought staid and weak...

Which we had a small game, Called by some hide and seek; 'Twas a flirtation, the same She thought staid and weak...

Which we had a small game, Called by some hide and seek; 'Twas a flirtation, the same She thought staid and weak...

Which we had a small game, Called by some hide and seek; 'Twas a flirtation, the same She thought staid and weak...

Story.

The Tricksters Tricked.

BY CHARLES EMBREE.

Mr. Edward Ernal sat in his office, gazing abstractedly out of the open window. He was a young unmarried man, twenty years of age, and possessor of a moderate share of intellect...

There was a remarkable contrast between these two young men. Ernal was quiet and unobtrusive; Ainsley was boisterous, full of fun, and always laughing. Ernal was constitutionally bashful before the opposite sex, and therefore held himself aloof from their society...

On this eventful evening, while Mr. Ernal was sitting thus alone, a shadow fell on the sunshine that came through the door, and brought him to the consciousness of his surroundings. "Well, Ed," said the cheery voice of Ainsley, quivering with suppressed laughter...

"What is it, Ainsley?" asked Ernal, in great trepidation. "For Heaven's sake stop laughing and tell me!" "Oh, my sides! What a soubrette brow that is of yours, Ernal! The fact is, I might as well tell you the worst at once, and have done with it. It will be a terrible ordeal, but you must brace yourself for it, and stand like a man. Don't look so troubled old boy."

"What—what is it, Ainsley? Don't keep me in suspense," gasped Ernal, while the perspiration started perceptibly on his brow. "Compose yourself, Ed," said Ainsley, striving to suppress his mirth. "The girls are intending to have a select party in honor of Bertha Chevel's birthday. They are going to invite you. I told them it would be useless to send a written invitation, as you would not accept it; but they would have to send a committee of ladies, and then—by all the munies in the catacombs of Thebes, here they come now!"

Both the young men started to their feet. Ainsley leaned against the wall, and clinched his teeth to quell the rising storm of laughter, while he turned purple in the face. Poor Ernal stood trembling like a culprit, after he had taken one despairing survey around the room for some means of escape and found none. "Take—take—take—"

"Mr. Ernal," said Miss Susie Jones, a pretty, dimpled-cheeked damsel of sixteen summers, "we dropped in to invite you to a birthday party to-night."

"I—I—I—" rattled the perturbed Mr. Ernal, unable to articulate another word of the excuse he wanted to offer.

Poetry.

PLAIN LANGUAGE.

Which I wish to repeat, And my language is plain, That in words of deceit, And in tricks that are vain...

Which we had a small game, Called by some hide and seek; 'Twas a flirtation, the same She thought staid and weak...

Which we had a small game, Called by some hide and seek; 'Twas a flirtation, the same She thought staid and weak...

Which we had a small game, Called by some hide and seek; 'Twas a flirtation, the same She thought staid and weak...

Which we had a small game, Called by some hide and seek; 'Twas a flirtation, the same She thought staid and weak...

Which we had a small game, Called by some hide and seek; 'Twas a flirtation, the same She thought staid and weak...

Story.

The Tricksters Tricked.

BY CHARLES EMBREE.

Mr. Edward Ernal sat in his office, gazing abstractedly out of the open window. He was a young unmarried man, twenty years of age, and possessor of a moderate share of intellect...

There was a remarkable contrast between these two young men. Ernal was quiet and unobtrusive; Ainsley was boisterous, full of fun, and always laughing. Ernal was constitutionally bashful before the opposite sex, and therefore held himself aloof from their society...

On this eventful evening, while Mr. Ernal was sitting thus alone, a shadow fell on the sunshine that came through the door, and brought him to the consciousness of his surroundings. "Well, Ed," said the cheery voice of Ainsley, quivering with suppressed laughter...

"What is it, Ainsley?" asked Ernal, in great trepidation. "For Heaven's sake stop laughing and tell me!" "Oh, my sides! What a soubrette brow that is of yours, Ernal! The fact is, I might as well tell you the worst at once, and have done with it. It will be a terrible ordeal, but you must brace yourself for it, and stand like a man. Don't look so troubled old boy."

"What—what is it, Ainsley? Don't keep me in suspense," gasped Ernal, while the perspiration started perceptibly on his brow. "Compose yourself, Ed," said Ainsley, striving to suppress his mirth. "The girls are intending to have a select party in honor of Bertha Chevel's birthday. They are going to invite you. I told them it would be useless to send a written invitation, as you would not accept it; but they would have to send a committee of ladies, and then—by all the munies in the catacombs of Thebes, here they come now!"

Both the young men started to their feet. Ainsley leaned against the wall, and clinched his teeth to quell the rising storm of laughter, while he turned purple in the face. Poor Ernal stood trembling like a culprit, after he had taken one despairing survey around the room for some means of escape and found none. "Take—take—take—"

"Mr. Ernal," said Miss Susie Jones, a pretty, dimpled-cheeked damsel of sixteen summers, "we dropped in to invite you to a birthday party to-night."

"I—I—I—" rattled the perturbed Mr. Ernal, unable to articulate another word of the excuse he wanted to offer.

Poetry.

PLAIN LANGUAGE.

Which I wish to repeat, And my language is plain, That in words of deceit, And in tricks that are vain...

Which we had a small game, Called by some hide and seek; 'Twas a flirtation, the same She thought staid and weak...

Which we had a small game, Called by some hide and seek; 'Twas a flirtation, the same She thought staid and weak...

Which we had a small game, Called by some hide and seek; 'Twas a flirtation, the same She thought staid and weak...

Which we had a small game, Called by some hide and seek; 'Twas a flirtation, the same She thought staid and weak...

Which we had a small game, Called by some hide and seek; 'Twas a flirtation, the same She thought staid and weak...

Story.

The Tricksters Tricked.

BY CHARLES EMBREE.

Mr. Edward Ernal sat in his office, gazing abstractedly out of the open window. He was a young unmarried man, twenty years of age, and possessor of a moderate share of intellect...

There was a remarkable contrast between these two young men. Ernal was quiet and unobtrusive; Ainsley was boisterous, full of fun, and always laughing. Ernal was constitutionally bashful before the opposite sex, and therefore held himself aloof from their society...

On this eventful evening, while Mr. Ernal was sitting thus alone, a shadow fell on the sunshine that came through the door, and brought him to the consciousness of his surroundings. "Well, Ed," said the cheery voice of Ainsley, quivering with suppressed laughter...

"What is it, Ainsley?" asked Ernal, in great trepidation. "For Heaven's sake stop laughing and tell me!" "Oh, my sides! What a soubrette brow that is of yours, Ernal! The fact is, I might as well tell you the worst at once, and have done with it. It will be a terrible ordeal, but you must brace yourself for it, and stand like a man. Don't look so troubled old boy."

"What—what is it, Ainsley? Don't keep me in suspense," gasped Ernal, while the perspiration started perceptibly on his brow. "Compose yourself, Ed," said Ainsley, striving to suppress his mirth. "The girls are intending to have a select party in honor of Bertha Chevel's birthday. They are going to invite you. I told them it would be useless to send a written invitation, as you would not accept it; but they would have to send a committee of ladies, and then—by all the munies in the catacombs of Thebes, here they come now!"

Both the young men started to their feet. Ainsley leaned against the wall, and clinched his teeth to quell the rising storm of laughter, while he turned purple in the face. Poor Ernal stood trembling like a culprit, after he had taken one despairing survey around the room for some means of escape and found none. "Take—take—take—"

"Mr. Ernal," said Miss Susie Jones, a pretty, dimpled-cheeked damsel of sixteen summers, "we dropped in to invite you to a birthday party to-night."

"I—I—I—" rattled the perturbed Mr. Ernal, unable to articulate another word of the excuse he wanted to offer.

Poetry.

PLAIN LANGUAGE.

Which I wish to repeat, And my language is plain, That in words of deceit, And in tricks that are vain...

Which we had a small game, Called by some hide and seek; 'Twas a flirtation, the same She thought staid and weak...

Which we had a small game, Called by some hide and seek; 'Twas a flirtation, the same She thought staid and weak...

Which we had a small game, Called by some hide and seek; 'Twas a flirtation, the same She thought staid and weak...

Which we had a small game, Called by some hide and seek; 'Twas a flirtation, the same She thought staid and weak...

Which we had a small game, Called by some hide and seek; 'Twas a flirtation, the same She thought staid and weak...

Story.

The Tricksters Tricked.

BY CHARLES EMBREE.

Mr. Edward Ernal sat in his office, gazing abstractedly out of the open window. He was a young unmarried man, twenty years of age, and possessor of a moderate share of intellect...

There was a remarkable contrast between these two young men. Ernal was quiet and unobtrusive; Ainsley was boisterous, full of fun, and always laughing. Ernal was constitutionally bashful before the opposite sex, and therefore held himself aloof from their society...

On this eventful evening, while Mr. Ernal was sitting thus alone, a shadow fell on the sunshine that came through the door, and brought him to the consciousness of his surroundings. "Well, Ed," said the cheery voice of Ainsley, quivering with suppressed laughter...

"What is it, Ainsley?" asked Ernal, in great trepidation. "For Heaven's sake stop laughing and tell me!" "Oh, my sides! What a soubrette brow that is of yours, Ernal! The fact is, I might as well tell you the worst at once, and have done with it. It will be a terrible ordeal, but you must brace yourself for it, and stand like a man. Don't look so troubled old boy."

"What—what is it, Ainsley? Don't keep me in suspense," gasped Ernal, while the perspiration started perceptibly on his brow. "Compose yourself, Ed," said Ainsley, striving to suppress his mirth. "The girls are intending to have a select party in honor of Bertha Chevel's birthday. They are going to invite you. I told them it would be useless to send a written invitation, as you would not accept it; but they would have to send a committee of ladies, and then—by all the munies in the catacombs of Thebes, here they come now!"

Both the young men started to their feet. Ainsley leaned against the wall, and clinched his teeth to quell the rising storm of laughter, while he turned purple in the face. Poor Ernal stood trembling like a culprit, after he had taken one despairing survey around the room for some means of escape and found none. "Take—take—take—"

"Mr. Ernal," said Miss Susie Jones, a pretty, dimpled-cheeked damsel of sixteen summers, "we dropped in to invite you to a birthday party to-night."

"I—I—I—" rattled the perturbed Mr. Ernal, unable to articulate another word of the excuse he wanted to offer.

Poetry.

PLAIN LANGUAGE.

Which I wish to repeat, And my language is plain, That in words of deceit, And in tricks that are vain...

Which we had a small game, Called by some hide and seek; 'Twas a flirtation, the same She thought staid and weak...

Which we had a small game, Called by some hide and seek; 'Twas a flirtation, the same She thought staid and weak...

Which we had a small game, Called by some hide and seek; 'Twas a flirtation, the same She thought staid and weak...

Which we had a small game, Called by some hide and seek; 'Twas a flirtation, the same She thought staid and weak...

Which we had a small game, Called by some hide and seek; 'Twas a flirtation, the same She thought staid and weak...

Story.

The Tricksters Tricked.

BY CHARLES EMBREE.

Mr. Edward Ernal sat in his office, gazing abstractedly out of the open window. He was a young unmarried man, twenty years of age, and possessor of a moderate share of intellect...

There was a remarkable contrast between these two young men. Ernal was quiet and unobtrusive; Ainsley was boisterous, full of fun, and always laughing. Ernal was constitutionally bashful before the opposite sex, and therefore held himself aloof from their society...

On this eventful evening, while Mr. Ernal was sitting thus alone, a shadow fell on the sunshine that came through the door, and brought him to the consciousness of his surroundings. "Well, Ed," said the cheery voice of Ainsley, quivering with suppressed laughter...

"What is it, Ainsley?" asked Ernal, in great trepidation. "For Heaven's sake stop laughing and tell me!" "Oh, my sides! What a soubrette brow that is of yours, Ernal! The fact is, I might as well tell you the worst at once, and have done with it. It will be a terrible ordeal, but you must brace yourself for it, and stand like a man. Don't look so troubled old boy."

"What—what is it, Ainsley? Don't keep me in suspense," gasped Ernal, while the perspiration started perceptibly on his brow. "Compose yourself, Ed," said Ainsley, striving to suppress his mirth. "The girls are intending to have a select party in honor of Bertha Chevel's birthday. They are going to invite you. I told them it would be useless to send a written invitation, as you would not accept it; but they would have to send a committee of ladies, and then—by all the munies in the catacombs of Thebes, here they come now!"

Both the young men started to their feet. Ainsley leaned against the wall, and clinched his teeth to quell the rising storm of laughter, while he turned purple in the face. Poor Ernal stood trembling like a culprit, after he had taken one despairing survey around the room for some means of escape and found none. "Take—take—take—"

"Mr. Ernal," said Miss Susie Jones, a pretty, dimpled-cheeked damsel of sixteen summers, "we dropped in to invite you to a birthday party to-night."

"I—I—I—" rattled the perturbed Mr. Ernal, unable to articulate another word of the excuse he wanted to offer.

Farm and Household.

Apple Tree Bark Louse.

In an article to be published in the next annual report of the Michigan State Board of Agriculture, Prof. A. J. Cook, of the Agricultural College, discusses the apple tree bark louse, as follows:

This old enemy, though less destructive than formerly, probably because of parasites and mites which prey upon it, so that, like the Hessian fly, wheat midge, and many other insects, it has probably done its worst work, yet, to leave it to itself at the present time would be to yield the same permanently.

The bark-colored, oblong scales, so harmless in appearance, serve, from August to May, only for the sixty or seventy white eggs which are found underneath. About the first of June the young lice appear, so small that, though clad in yellow, they can hardly be seen without a glass. Coming forth from under the scale, they roam about for a few days; are sometimes blown to other trees, thus spreading their evil work, very soon settling down to serious business. This consists in inserting their tiny beak and sucking the vitality from the trees. Very soon a bark commences to form around them, from an exudation, which is a secretion from the general surface. By August the impervious scale is complete. The eggs are then soon deposited, and the parent louse dries up, and shrinks away to nothingness.

As the scale is impervious to most fluids, though oils will penetrate it and destroy the eggs, the best time to fight these insects is just after the eggs hatch. At this time soft soap or strong soap suds are sure death to the young lice. Hence, the trees should be washed the first week of June with soft soap, not only making the application to the trunk, but also to the main branches and limbs so far as possible.

We thus see that an application of soft soap to apple-trees made the first week of June, is of exceeding value. It not only exterminates the sappers (bark lice), but banishes the miners (borers). We thus understand why our fruit trees which are thus treated seem fairly to laugh, as if grateful for such timely aid in banishing their enemies. I have no hesitation in affirming that the apple grower will find the above one of the most paying operations that he can undertake in his orchard. Let all, then, scrape their trees early in Spring, apply soft soap—not lye—the first of June, and again the first of July, not forgetting to adjust cloth bands by the last of June.

How to Remove Stains.

Most fruits yield juices which, owing to the acid they contain, permanently injure the tone of the dye; but the greater part may be removed without leaving a stain if the spot be rinsed in cold water in which a few drops of aqua ammonia have been placed before the spot has dried. Wine-stains on white materials may be removed by rinsing with cold water, applying locally a weak solution of chloride of lime and again rinsing in an abundance of water. Some fruit-stains yield only to scraping with the hand, followed by fumigation with sulphurous acid; but the latter process is inadmissible with certain colored stuffs. If delicate colors are injured by soapy or alkaline matters the stains must be treated with colorless vinegar of moderate strength.

Use of Toads.

A French paper states that French horticulturists have followed the example of the English, ones, and peopled their gardens with toads. These reptiles are determined enemies of all kinds of snails and slugs, which, it is well known, can in a single night destroy a vast quantity of lettuce, carrots, asparagus, etc. In Paris toads are sold at the rate of fifty cents a dozen. The dealers in this uninviting article keep it in large tubs, into which they plunge their bare hands and arms, without any fear of the poisonous bite to which they are supposed to expose themselves. Toads are also kept in vineyards, where they devour during the night, millions of insects that escape the pursuit of nocturnal birds.

Recipes.

Delicate Muffins.—One pint of milk, one pint of flour, two eggs, and one pinch of salt. Fill small tin cups or iron corn cake pans, and bake in a hot oven.

French Toast.—Beat four eggs very light, and stir with them a pint of milk; slice some baker's bread, dip the pieces into the egg, then lay them in a pan of hot lard and fry brown; sprinkle a little powdered sugar and cinnamon on each piece and serve hot. If nicely prepared, this dish is quite equal to waffles.

Pressed Chicken.—Boil tender one or two chickens, remove the skin, and in taking the meat from the bones keep the light and dark separate. Chop and season with salt and pepper to taste, and then place in alternate layers the dark and white meat in a meat-press, or other mold, adding a little of the liquor in which it was boiled. When cold cut in slices. It makes delicious sandwiches.

A good way to kill potato-bugs is to build a fire of wood, and lay the potatoes on the fire. Light attracts the bugs, and thousands of them perish in the flames. Farmers should give this simple remedy a trial.

There are those among us, young men and women with whom adverse fortune has dealt roughly,—whose aspirations have been fettered and oppressed by the galling chains of adversity—who would gladly accept opportunities for instruction, but whose hearts crave the priceless boon of education; but their respective occupations, engrossing their whole time during the day, do not permit them the leisure to improve themselves as they desire to do.

Frankness. Be frank with the world. Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted that you mean to do just what is right. If a friend asks you a favor you should grant it, if it is reasonable; if it is not tell him plainly why you cannot. You will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one; the man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased and at a sacrifice. Deal kindly and fairly with all men, and you will find it the policy which wears the best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find, with any one, tell him, not others of what you complain. There is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to do one thing to a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act and speak out of doors, as the phrase is, and say and do what we are willing should be known and read by all men. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but as a matter of policy.

We go through life like a man with a dark lantern. How light only a few steps before us. The rest of the darkness, all the things beyond, are unknown to us. The light that we carry is the light of the present, and it is the light of the present that will become the light of the future. Before us, the light, thank God! is enough for the whole way.

There is a happy evening to Ed, and when he had said good-night at ten o'clock, he felt he could freely forgive Ainsley. This feeling increased, when half an hour later, Ainsley made his appearance at their office, extended his hand and laughing face saying, "Well, old fellow, you might be a little more on time. Oh! that you ought to have seen the girls! They cried with vexation at thought of the lost party. Little Affie Raymond, who had accompanied Mrs. Brattles to her father's and expected the girls after her, came back with Mrs. Brattles, as mad as—as the rest of the girls. I explained the matter to her, and she made up with us.

Whether Ed would have ever had sufficient courage to visit Affie again or not it had not been for the invitation, which is a question of very doubtful issue. Not that Ed did not want to see her. He could not think of anything but Affie. Her laughing eyes danced on the paper he understood to read. He dreamed of her, and in, short, was deeply in love with her. Ainsley's proclivity for practical jokes, soon after his incarceration, again got the better of him. His success was but a little better than his first attempt, and was the means of bringing the love-sick twain together for the second time. The consequence of this second meeting was a marriage, to which Ainsley was not invited. It was a happy evening to Ed, but in all probability would not have been if Ainsley had been present. At least, so thought Ed.

Berrien County Record. W. P. HOLMES, Editor. THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 22, 1875.

THE TRAMP NUISANCE.

The people are about to take a different plan in their treatment towards a class of mendicants generally known as "tramps." In Connecticut the Legislature has given the subject attention, and has passed an act declaring that whenever a tramp calls upon any person for bounty the person to whom application is made may require the applicant to perform a reasonable amount of labor, and on his refusal the assistance of the legal authorities may be invoked, and the tramp committed to jail if necessary.

The Legislature of Ohio, at its last session, also passed a law punishing a tramp who refused to work, by fine or imprisonment. This is the true doctrine. If a tramp is able to work and will not, he should not be given anything to eat.

GRANT'S CABINET.

We do not call in question to motives that influenced President Grant at the time he first named those who were to be his counselors and advisers, and who constituted the heads of the various Departments of the Government. The fact is well understood that the changes he has made, the people have forced him to make.

A NIBBLE SIXPENCE.

A merchant in one of our neighboring villages marked a ten dollar bill which he paid out early one morning. He paid out the same bill three times during the day and locked it up in his money safe at night. He afterward felt enough interest in the matter to follow up the travels of the bill during the day and found that it had changed hands twenty-seven times.

REDEMPTION OF BONDS.

The Secretary of the Treasury has issued the second call for the redemption of the 5-20 bonds issued in 1862. The call is as follows: BY VIRTUE of authority given by the act of Congress approved July 14th, 1870, entitled "An act to authorize the refunding of the national debt," I hereby give notice that the principal, and accrued interest of the bonds herein below, will be paid at the Treasury of the United States, in the City of Washington, and after the 14th day of October, 1875, and that the interest on said bonds will cease on that day, that is to say: Coupon bonds known as the fourth series, set of February 25, 1862, dated May 1st, 1862, as follows: Coupon bonds \$50, No. 21,701 to No. 28,500, both inclusive; \$100, No. 64,500 to No. 75,000, both inclusive; \$500, No. 84,000 to No. 88,200, both inclusive; \$1,000, No. 96,901 to No. 108,000, both inclusive.

BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

We give the following interesting statistics, which are given in a financial circular lately issued by the Mercantile Agency of Dann, Barlow & Co.: The total number of business failures during the first six months of the year 1875 was 8,377, with total liabilities of \$74,940,869.

Thirty Reasons Against Strong Drink.

- 1. They deprive men of the most eminent of Philadelphia lawyers, gives the following reasons why the sale of intoxicating liquors should be prohibited by law. Mr. Brown, we believe has not been charged with "fanaticism" but is regarded as a gentleman of staid and conservative notions and habits. His reasons are: 1. They deprive men of their reason, for the time being. 2. They destroy men of the greatest intellectual strength. 3. They foster and encourage every species of immorality. 4. They bar the progress of civilization. 5. They destroy the peace and happiness of millions of families. 6. They reduce many virtuous women and children to beggary. 7. They cause many thousands of murders. 8. They prevent all restoration of character. 9. They render abortive the strongest resolutions. 10. The millions expended in them are lost. 11. They cause the majority of cases of insanity. 12. They destroy both the body and the soul. 13. They burden sober men with millions of paupers. 14. They cause immense expenditures to prevent crime. 15. They cost sober people immense sums of charity. 16. They burden the country with enormous taxes. 17. Because the moderate drinkers want the temptation removed. 18. Drunkards want the opportunity removed. 19. Sober people want the nuisance removed. 20. Because their sale upholds a class of men who are worse than criminals. 21. Their prohibition would save thousands from falling. 22. The sale exposes our families to insult. 23. The sale exposes our families to destruction. 24. The sale upholds the vicious and idle at the expense of the virtuous and industrious. 25. The sale subjects the sober to great oppression. 26. It takes the sober man's earnings to support the drunkard. 27. It subjects numberless wives to untold suffering. 28. It is contrary to the law of God. 29. It is contrary to common sense. 30. We have a right to rid ourselves of the burden.

A Step Daughter Seized.

A revolting crime has recently come to light in Lake township. About a year ago one Lucius C. Chappell wedded and won the affections of a widow named Kinney who possessed a fair daughter of seventeen years. Happiness crowned their union and what the purse of the husband could not provide was more than compensated by the affection which he showered upon the wife and daughter. Mother and Chappell smiled complacently upon the mutual love of husband and daughter, and the result of which was that she also became a wife to him, with all that the term implies. One fine morning the father suggested the girl had better go out to work for a short time and earn enough to clothe herself better, so she betook herself to the home of Charles Boyce, a neighboring farmer. A few days after the girl was born to her and if we believe the mother, she has been dead. The funeral was a simple one, the mother herself acting as undertaker, bearing and child and mother mourned. She simply took the body in her apron and proceeded down the lane back of the house and deposited it in the beautiful green grass of the meadow. Boyce discovered it the next day, and though the girl had manifested no illness, but pursued the even tenor of her way, he accused her of the crime which she frankly confessed. At the inquest she swore that the step-father was the parent of the child. Through the technicalities of the law both father and daughter escape punishment and the tripartite agreement of the Chappell family remains unbroken. -Berrien Harbor Palladium.

An Advertisement That Didn't Suit.

Yesterday afternoon our office was invaded by a voracious nose, and a pair of rosy eyes, with what had once been a human body attached. It reeked with odors, the more prominent being gin and tobacco, and trotted across the floor in filth and rags. Outraged nature had branded it S-O-T, in capitals so glaring that he who ran might read. "Where is the foreman?" "We were our own foreman, and said so."

The County Press.

THE NILES Democrat says: The ladies of the Presbyterian Church presented Mrs. Dr. Eddie with \$120 cash, a few days since. E. Helmer, an employee of the Michigan Central railroad, in this city, fell from a train last Tuesday evening, and was severely injured. Patrick Leahy, of this city, while working in Chicago, on Friday last week, digging under some heavy timber, a portion of it fell on him, breaking several ribs, and otherwise severely injuring him. Jacob Jacobson of this city, has received his patent for a car coupler, which promises to work successfully when once introduced. The ordinary link is used, but no pins, and is a self couple. Should the train leaves the rails, and the frame is ditched, the ring will uncouple and will not pull the rest of the train with it. Mrs. V. G. Budd, whose protracted and severe illness has caused her friends so much uneasiness, is still in a critical condition.

THE NILES Republican says:

The South Bend Knights of Pythias are coming over soon to assist in organizing a Lodge here. Charles Knapp, of this county, was drowned in Green River, Wyoming Territory, on Friday last. Thos. L. Stevens, Esq., Cashier of the First National Bank of this city, has tendered his resignation, which is to take effect early in August. Simeon Powers, who lives in the Fourth ward and works a farm between here and Buchanan, was bitten by a rattlesnake when working in his hay field on Thursday last. Antidotes were given and Mr. Powers came out all right.

THE BENTON HARBOR Palladium says:

South Haven employs Prof. John N. Foster as Principal of the Union School another year at a salary of \$900. At a certain hotel in Berrien county a gentleman recently threw his pillow on the floor and rolled his pantaloons under his head. A gentleman in broadcloth and stove-pipe was seen walking up and down our streets on Tuesday with a yard of pink ribbon streaming from his coat tail pocket. The question is whether he was a walking auction sign, or a military agent. Raspberries are plenty and fine. Price also fine. Benton Harbor has \$720 in the county treasury paid by liquor dealers. Mr. Ricaby pays \$150, as a druggist, while the other three druggists refuse to pay anything, claiming very properly that they do not come under the head of dealers in spirituous or malt liquors. The law distinctly says in Section 2: "No druggist shall be liable to pay any tax herein imposed who sells liquors for medicinal, chemical, and medicinal and sacramental purposes only." We are told that our county Treasurer has refused to issue warrants for the collection of this tax on the ground that the law is unconstitutional for him to hold the \$720 already collected, and also the \$4,908 belonging to our Sheriff.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Whortleberries have marched into market to the tune of twenty-five cents a quart. If you have a commodious woodshed and a padlock we would advise you to buy winter wood now. Prices are very reasonable. A young son of Mr. C. C. Davis, Fourth Ward, fell from a cherry tree, on Saturday and broke both bones of his right arm near the wrist. Dr. Dorward was called and the broken member replaced in position. The stock of Massey and Corning-grocers, was closed out, on Thursday, to satisfy creditors, a fact much to be regretted as the gentlemen are both old and highly esteemed citizens. A dose of morphine administered through mistake for quinine, Saturday night, came near destroying the life of a little daughter of Mr. Malloy, residing at the corner of Lafayette and Canal streets. Dr. Partridge attended the sufferer and by strenuous effort, saved her.

THE ST. JOSEPH Traveller and Herald says:

The strawberry crop still holds out the berries set from here this season are the finest ever grown. Wednesday morning a man representing himself to be E. C. Hopkins, called at the First National Bank, in this place, asked for the Cashier and then presented a letter of introduction purporting to have been written by J. H. White & Co., produce commission merchants at 104 South Water street, Chicago; also a check for \$3,000, drawn by the same parties on the First National Bank at Chicago, which was certified, or purported to have been certified, by said Bank. The officers of the First National Bank were fortunately well acquainted with the signature of J. H. White & Co., and that of the officer who certifies checks for the First National Bank of Chicago, and observed at once that the signatures of the letter and check presented did not correspond with the genuine which they had in their possession. Hence they concluded that the whole thing was a case of forgery. Upon being asked what he wished for the check, Hopkins replied that he wanted a few hundred dollars for immediate use, the balance he would have placed to his credit to use from time to time as he saw fit. The President, Mr. Higman, informed him that it was contrary to the rules of good banking to advance money on checks presented by strangers without proper identifications, and as he (Hopkins) had expressed his intention of remaining in town for some time, and of entering into business

here, he would send the check forward, and as soon as collected would give him the currency or place it to his credit as he should decide. This course was not satisfactory to the sharper and he took the check, stating he would go over on the boat and get it cashed himself, and then left the bank. A telegram was at once sent to J. H. White & Co., and one to the First National Bank in Chicago, regarding the matter, and a reply was quickly returned from both places that no such check had been issued by White & Co., or certified to by the Bank. Search was at once instituted for Hopkins about town and Benton Harbor, and the telegraph to North and South was brought in use, but no trace of the fellow was obtained. Sheriff Weimer, who happened to be in town, on being notified of the affair, immediately set to work to capture the fellow. Thinking the man not many miles away would likely take the train at that point, he got aboard the 3-80 train South to Stevensville, while Deputy Cushman Burr, of Benton Harbor, and Constable Wm. C. Bayen, of this place, went by team to the same place, each taking different roads. Arriving at Stevensville, the Sheriff recognized the man who was about to go aboard the train which the officers had just left. On complaint of W. E. Higman, Hopkins was taken to jail at Berrien, there to await examination which takes place before Esquire Brewer, next Tuesday. Hopkins, although a gentled-looking chap, will probably have to occupy a place with the "ungentled," in the State Prison, for several years to come.

THE BENTON HARBOR Times says:

Raspberries are bringing from two to three dollars per crate. The shipments are not very large. The installation of the officers elect of Benton Lodge No. 132, I. O. F., of this village, occurred Tuesday evening of last week. The following are the officers chosen for the current term: Albert Southworth, N. G.; J. C. Ingham, V. G.; W. H. Edwards, R. S.; B. E. Kingsland, P. S.; Jas. Lauson, Treas. The lodge is represented as in a flourishing condition. -Benton has a \$4,000 canal tax to pay. Better pay double that amount than have our harbor defective. Several families contemplate moving from this end of Berrien county to the "German Father Land." Messrs. Williams and Hughes are pushing the mill improvements with all possible speed. These two gentlemen are thorough mechanics, and we have no doubt that never before has \$20,000 been used to better advantage than the recent one will be under the direction of the above named gentlemen. -Poor Mrs. F., who resides but half a mile from town, would have her rights. Contrary to the wishes of her tyrannical husband she persisted in squashing the innocent potato bug with her bare hand. The consequence is that she has a fist resembling that of the Cardiff giant, and there is every reason to believe that the hand will have to be amputated, as it is feared the potato root may set in. The bugs in Mrs. F.'s potato patch will in all probability run things to suit themselves for the remainder of the season.

THE BERRIEN SPRINGS Journal says:

B. F. Case, of this town, has a fine Post Boy colt, that he purchased of Mr. Geo. Graham last fall, that has proved a good trotter. With but little training he has made his mile in less than three minutes. Mr. Case is now hiring him trained on the South Bend track. Mr. Francis Fleisher sold 117 bushels of strawberries from three-fourths of an acre of ground besides what his family used, which netted him nearly \$200. Mr. Fleisher raises the Herstine Raspberry, which he speaks well of; also the early Wilson Blackberry. The Herstine Blackberry plants cost him \$5 per dozen in Tennessee. Dr. L. A. Barnard has a lot of red-legged Kansas grasshoppers shipped to him by express.

THE BENTON HARBOR Times says:

William B. Hammond met with rather a serious accident last Tuesday. Having difficulty in leading a young horse to the mow (or reaper) just after noon, he backed the colt to ride him, when the animal plunged to and passing close by a cherry tree took one side while Mr. Hammond took the other, and as a consequence Mr. H. was dashed against the tree and to the ground. He was picked up quite unconscious, his shoulder bruised, his face skinned to say nothing of the internal jar and hurts. He kept his bed for a while after the casualty, but is now about recovered from his injuries.

THE BENTON HARBOR Times says:

L. H. Glover, Esq., rejoices in the possession of a crowing hen. Whether she will "come to some bad end" or not, remains to be seen. At present she is following the ordinary routine of hen life, raising a brood of chickens, the only evidence she gives of being out of her sphere, is the occasional indulgence of a ringing, resonant crow. Last Saturday James Fritsgerald, a pauper of our County House, was found dead in his chair. Deceased had claimed during his life, to be a near relative to an ex-Mayor of Boston, and also to have three daughters living near Lowell, Massachusetts. He had been sick for some time, had been a laborer on the Peninsular railroad, which institution was owing him \$135 at the time of his death. A post mortem examination was held Sunday, attended by all the physicians in the village. The immediate cause of his death was decided to be old age and heart. A large tumor was found growing between the back bone and scapulars pressing upon the latter near its opening into the stomach, so as to prevent the passage of solid food, of which he has been unable to partake for some time. His liver was also found to be in bad condition, filled with various sized tumors. His death could not have been long postponed, had not the heart difficulty, interposed to put an end to his sufferings.

THE BENTON HARBOR Times says:

Last Sunday, Mrs. Hannah Lake, wife of Richmond Lake, of Penn town ship, fell down the cellar stairs in their residence, breaking her left arm between the elbow and shoulder. Dr. Garwood set the fractured limb, and the patient is doing well. Last Friday a little son of Nelson Giffon was playing around the freight house on the Air Line, with some companions, and happened to be in company with a dog named "Old Sam" one of the wheat-birds at the time the slide was removed from the bottom, was instantly drawn down, into the vortex of wheat. His playmates immediately gave the alarm, when David Graham closed the slide, and ran up to the top as speedily as possible. He found nothing but the points of the boy's fingers visible, as he had straightened his arms above his head as he was drawn down. With difficulty he was extricated, almost smothered, from his dangerous position, with wheat pouring out of his

mouth, whereat one of his playmates exclaimed, "face him puke wheat!" It was a very narrow escape, as a few minutes more in the wheat would have proved fatal. Republican Record. Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper, one of the most ultra of the Democratic journals in the country, speaks of the Republican record in this wise: "The Republican record during these fourteen years is useless for us to discuss. It has certainly been a brilliant one. The party has carried on its shoulders the weight of responsibility never before assumed by a political party in a free republic. It has been followed by a majority of the people of the North with almost religious ardor, and the negroes of the South bless it as their almost divine emancipator. It is impossible for an American, be he Northern or Southern, to contemplate the history of this great political organization without a feeling of admiration, however much he may oppose the principles, and however bitterly he may suffer in consequence of its success."

THE BENTON HARBOR Times says:

There are eighty acres of cucumbers planted in the vicinity of Rolling Prairie for seed. Mr. Griffith alone has fifty acres. Fifteen persons were baptized by Rev. Darwood at the Methodist Church last Tuesday night—five of them by immersion in the Lake. The city of LaPorte is carrying a debt of over \$100,000; our expenses of late have been very heavy, the allowance for the past two months, footing up over \$14,000—and big wads of bills still in the hands of the committee; the warrants of late drawn on the treasury cannot be cashed before next year, and are now being sold for 95 cents on the \$1, or less—and there is a very general complaint of the burdens of municipal taxation. Under all these circumstances, we cannot approve the action of the council in voting to invest \$225 of the public money in 75 copies of Holland's Directory. William B. Hammond met with rather a serious accident last Tuesday. Having difficulty in leading a young horse to the mow (or reaper) just after noon, he backed the colt to ride him, when the animal plunged to and passing close by a cherry tree took one side while Mr. Hammond took the other, and as a consequence Mr. H. was dashed against the tree and to the ground. He was picked up quite unconscious, his shoulder bruised, his face skinned to say nothing of the internal jar and hurts. He kept his bed for a while after the casualty, but is now about recovered from his injuries.

THE BENTON HARBOR Times says:

There are eighty acres of cucumbers planted in the vicinity of Rolling Prairie for seed. Mr. Griffith alone has fifty acres. Fifteen persons were baptized by Rev. Darwood at the Methodist Church last Tuesday night—five of them by immersion in the Lake. The city of LaPorte is carrying a debt of over \$100,000; our expenses of late have been very heavy, the allowance for the past two months, footing up over \$14,000—and big wads of bills still in the hands of the committee; the warrants of late drawn on the treasury cannot be cashed before next year, and are now being sold for 95 cents on the \$1, or less—and there is a very general complaint of the burdens of municipal taxation. Under all these circumstances, we cannot approve the action of the council in voting to invest \$225 of the public money in 75 copies of Holland's Directory. William B. Hammond met with rather a serious accident last Tuesday. Having difficulty in leading a young horse to the mow (or reaper) just after noon, he backed the colt to ride him, when the animal plunged to and passing close by a cherry tree took one side while Mr. Hammond took the other, and as a consequence Mr. H. was dashed against the tree and to the ground. He was picked up quite unconscious, his shoulder bruised, his face skinned to say nothing of the internal jar and hurts. He kept his bed for a while after the casualty, but is now about recovered from his injuries.

THE BENTON HARBOR Times says:

There are eighty acres of cucumbers planted in the vicinity of Rolling Prairie for seed. Mr. Griffith alone has fifty acres. Fifteen persons were baptized by Rev. Darwood at the Methodist Church last Tuesday night—five of them by immersion in the Lake. The city of LaPorte is carrying a debt of over \$100,000; our expenses of late have been very heavy, the allowance for the past two months, footing up over \$14,000—and big wads of bills still in the hands of the committee; the warrants of late drawn on the treasury cannot be cashed before next year, and are now being sold for 95 cents on the \$1, or less—and there is a very general complaint of the burdens of municipal taxation. Under all these circumstances, we cannot approve the action of the council in voting to invest \$225 of the public money in 75 copies of Holland's Directory. William B. Hammond met with rather a serious accident last Tuesday. Having difficulty in leading a young horse to the mow (or reaper) just after noon, he backed the colt to ride him, when the animal plunged to and passing close by a cherry tree took one side while Mr. Hammond took the other, and as a consequence Mr. H. was dashed against the tree and to the ground. He was picked up quite unconscious, his shoulder bruised, his face skinned to say nothing of the internal jar and hurts. He kept his bed for a while after the casualty, but is now about recovered from his injuries.

THE BENTON HARBOR Times says:

There are eighty acres of cucumbers planted in the vicinity of Rolling Prairie for seed. Mr. Griffith alone has fifty acres. Fifteen persons were baptized by Rev. Darwood at the Methodist Church last Tuesday night—five of them by immersion in the Lake. The city of LaPorte is carrying a debt of over \$100,000; our expenses of late have been very heavy, the allowance for the past two months, footing up over \$14,000—and big wads of bills still in the hands of the committee; the warrants of late drawn on the treasury cannot be cashed before next year, and are now being sold for 95 cents on the \$1, or less—and there is a very general complaint of the burdens of municipal taxation. Under all these circumstances, we cannot approve the action of the council in voting to invest \$225 of the public money in 75 copies of Holland's Directory. William B. Hammond met with rather a serious accident last Tuesday. Having difficulty in leading a young horse to the mow (or reaper) just after noon, he backed the colt to ride him, when the animal plunged to and passing close by a cherry tree took one side while Mr. Hammond took the other, and as a consequence Mr. H. was dashed against the tree and to the ground. He was picked up quite unconscious, his shoulder bruised, his face skinned to say nothing of the internal jar and hurts. He kept his bed for a while after the casualty, but is now about recovered from his injuries.

THE BENTON HARBOR Times says:

There are eighty acres of cucumbers planted in the vicinity of Rolling Prairie for seed. Mr. Griffith alone has fifty acres. Fifteen persons were baptized by Rev. Darwood at the Methodist Church last Tuesday night—five of them by immersion in the Lake. The city of LaPorte is carrying a debt of over \$100,000; our expenses of late have been very heavy, the allowance for the past two months, footing up over \$14,000—and big wads of bills still in the hands of the committee; the warrants of late drawn on the treasury cannot be cashed before next year, and are now being sold for 95 cents on the \$1, or less—and there is a very general complaint of the burdens of municipal taxation. Under all these circumstances, we cannot approve the action of the council in voting to invest \$225 of the public money in 75 copies of Holland's Directory. William B. Hammond met with rather a serious accident last Tuesday. Having difficulty in leading a young horse to the mow (or reaper) just after noon, he backed the colt to ride him, when the animal plunged to and passing close by a cherry tree took one side while Mr. Hammond took the other, and as a consequence Mr. H. was dashed against the tree and to the ground. He was picked up quite unconscious, his shoulder bruised, his face skinned to say nothing of the internal jar and hurts. He kept his bed for a while after the casualty, but is now about recovered from his injuries.

THE BENTON HARBOR Times says:

There are eighty acres of cucumbers planted in the vicinity of Rolling Prairie for seed. Mr. Griffith alone has fifty acres. Fifteen persons were baptized by Rev. Darwood at the Methodist Church last Tuesday night—five of them by immersion in the Lake. The city of LaPorte is carrying a debt of over \$100,000; our expenses of late have been very heavy, the allowance for the past two months, footing up over \$14,000—and big wads of bills still in the hands of the committee; the warrants of late drawn on the treasury cannot be cashed before next year, and are now being sold for 95 cents on the \$1, or less—and there is a very general complaint of the burdens of municipal taxation. Under all these circumstances, we cannot approve the action of the council in voting to invest \$225 of the public money in 75 copies of Holland's Directory. William B. Hammond met with rather a serious accident last Tuesday. Having difficulty in leading a young horse to the mow (or reaper) just after noon, he backed the colt to ride him, when the animal plunged to and passing close by a cherry tree took one side while Mr. Hammond took the other, and as a consequence Mr. H. was dashed against the tree and to the ground. He was picked up quite unconscious, his shoulder bruised, his face skinned to say nothing of the internal jar and hurts. He kept his bed for a while after the casualty, but is now about recovered from his injuries.

There are eighty acres of cucumbers planted in the vicinity of Rolling Prairie for seed. Mr. Griffith alone has fifty acres. Fifteen persons were baptized by Rev. Darwood at the Methodist Church last Tuesday night—five of them by immersion in the Lake. The city of LaPorte is carrying a debt of over \$100,000; our expenses of late have been very heavy, the allowance for the past two months, footing up over \$14,000—and big wads of bills still in the hands of the committee; the warrants of late drawn on the treasury cannot be cashed before next year, and are now being sold for 95 cents on the \$1, or less—and there is a very general complaint of the burdens of municipal taxation. Under all these circumstances, we cannot approve the action of the council in voting to invest \$225 of the public money in 75 copies of Holland's Directory. William B. Hammond met with rather a serious accident last Tuesday. Having difficulty in leading a young horse to the mow (or reaper) just after noon, he backed the colt to ride him, when the animal plunged to and passing close by a cherry tree took one side while Mr. Hammond took the other, and as a consequence Mr. H. was dashed against the tree and to the ground. He was picked up quite unconscious, his shoulder bruised, his face skinned to say nothing of the internal jar and hurts. He kept his bed for a while after the casualty, but is now about recovered from his injuries.

THE BENTON HARBOR Times says:

There are eighty acres of cucumbers planted in the vicinity of Rolling Prairie for seed. Mr. Griffith alone has fifty acres. Fifteen persons were baptized by Rev. Darwood at the Methodist Church last Tuesday night—five of them by immersion in the Lake. The city of LaPorte is carrying a debt of over \$100,000; our expenses of late have been very heavy, the allowance for the past two months, footing up over \$14,000—and big wads of bills still in the hands of the committee; the warrants of late drawn on the treasury cannot be cashed before next year, and are now being sold for 95 cents on the \$1, or less—and there is a very general complaint of the burdens of municipal taxation. Under all these circumstances, we cannot approve the action of the council in voting to invest \$225 of the public money in 75 copies of Holland's Directory. William B. Hammond met with rather a serious accident last Tuesday. Having difficulty in leading a young horse to the mow (or reaper) just after noon, he backed the colt to ride him, when the animal plunged to and passing close by a cherry tree took one side while Mr. Hammond took the other, and as a consequence Mr. H. was dashed against the tree and to the ground. He was picked up quite unconscious, his shoulder bruised, his face skinned to say nothing of the internal jar and hurts. He kept his bed for a while after the casualty, but is now about recovered from his injuries.

THE BENTON HARBOR Times says:

There are eighty acres of cucumbers planted in the vicinity of Rolling Prairie for seed. Mr. Griffith alone has fifty acres. Fifteen persons were baptized by Rev. Darwood at the Methodist Church last Tuesday night—five of them by immersion in the Lake. The city of LaPorte is carrying a debt of over \$100,000; our expenses of late have been very heavy, the allowance for the past two months, footing up over \$14,000—and big wads of bills still in the hands of the committee; the warrants of late drawn on the treasury cannot be cashed before next year, and are now being sold for 95 cents on the \$1, or less—and there is a very general complaint of the burdens of municipal taxation. Under all these circumstances, we cannot approve the action of the council in voting to invest \$225 of the public money in 75 copies of Holland's Directory. William B. Hammond met with rather a serious accident last Tuesday. Having difficulty in leading a young horse to the mow (or reaper) just after noon, he backed the colt to ride him, when the animal plunged to and passing close by a cherry tree took one side while Mr. Hammond took the other, and as a consequence Mr. H. was dashed against the tree and to the ground. He was picked up quite unconscious, his shoulder bruised, his face skinned to say nothing of the internal jar and hurts. He kept his bed for a while after the casualty, but is now about recovered from his injuries.

THE BENTON HARBOR Times says:

There are eighty acres of cucumbers planted in the vicinity of Rolling Prairie for seed. Mr. Griffith alone has fifty acres. Fifteen persons were baptized by Rev. Darwood at the Methodist Church last Tuesday night—five of them by immersion in the Lake. The city of LaPorte is carrying a debt of over \$100,000; our expenses of late have been very heavy, the allowance for the past two months, footing up over \$14,000—and big wads of bills still in the hands of the committee; the warrants of late drawn on the treasury cannot be cashed before next year, and are now being sold for 95 cents on the \$1, or less—and there is a very general complaint of the burdens of municipal taxation. Under all these circumstances, we cannot approve the action of the council in voting to invest \$225 of the public money in 75 copies of Holland's Directory. William B. Hammond met with rather a serious accident last Tuesday. Having difficulty in leading a young horse to the mow (or reaper) just after noon, he backed the colt to ride him, when the animal plunged to and passing close by a cherry tree took one side while Mr. Hammond took the other, and as a consequence Mr. H. was dashed against the tree and to the ground. He was picked up quite unconscious, his shoulder bruised, his face skinned to say nothing of the internal jar and hurts. He kept his bed for a while after the casualty, but is now about recovered from his injuries.

THE BENTON HARBOR Times says:

There are eighty acres of cucumbers planted in the vicinity of Rolling Prairie for seed. Mr. Griffith alone has fifty acres. Fifteen persons were baptized by Rev. Darwood at the Methodist Church last Tuesday night—five of them by immersion in the Lake. The city of LaPorte is carrying a debt of over \$100,000; our expenses of late have been very heavy, the allowance for the past two months, footing up over \$14,000—and big wads of bills still in the hands of the committee; the warrants of late drawn on the treasury cannot be cashed before next year, and are now being sold for 95 cents on the \$1, or less—and there is a very general complaint of the burdens of municipal taxation. Under all these circumstances, we cannot approve the action of the council in voting to invest \$225 of the public money in 75 copies of Holland's Directory. William B. Hammond met with rather a serious accident last Tuesday. Having difficulty in leading a young horse to the mow (or reaper) just after noon, he backed the colt to ride him, when the animal plunged to and passing close by a cherry tree took one side while Mr. Hammond took the other, and as a consequence Mr. H. was dashed against the tree and to the ground. He was picked up quite unconscious, his shoulder bruised, his face skinned to say nothing of the internal jar and hurts. He kept his bed for a while after the casualty, but is now about recovered from his injuries.

THE BENTON HARBOR Times says:

There are eighty acres of cucumbers planted in the vicinity of Rolling Prairie for seed. Mr. Griffith alone has fifty acres. Fifteen persons were baptized by Rev. Darwood at the Methodist Church last Tuesday night—five of them by immersion in the Lake. The city of LaPorte is carrying a debt of over \$100,000; our expenses of late have been very heavy, the allowance for the past two months, footing up over \$14,000—and big wads of bills still in the hands of the committee; the warrants of late drawn on the treasury cannot be cashed before next year, and are now being sold for 95 cents on the \$1, or less—and there is a very general complaint of the burdens of municipal taxation. Under all these circumstances, we cannot approve the action of the council in voting to invest \$225 of the public money in 75 copies of Holland's Directory. William B. Hammond met with rather a serious accident last Tuesday. Having difficulty in leading a young horse to the mow (or reaper) just after noon, he backed the colt to ride him, when the animal plunged to and passing close by a cherry tree took one side while Mr. Hammond took the other, and as a consequence Mr. H. was dashed against the tree and to the ground. He was picked up quite unconscious, his shoulder bruised, his face skinned to say nothing of the internal jar and hurts. He kept his bed for a while after the casualty, but is now about recovered from his injuries.

THE BENTON HARBOR Times says:

There are eighty acres of cucumbers planted in the vicinity of Rolling Prairie for seed. Mr. Griffith alone has fifty acres. Fifteen persons were baptized by Rev. Darwood at the Methodist Church last Tuesday night—five of them by immersion in the Lake. The city of LaPorte is carrying a debt of over \$100,000; our expenses of late have been very heavy, the allowance for the past two months, footing up over \$14,000—and big wads of bills still in the hands of the committee; the warrants of late drawn on the treasury cannot be cashed before next year, and are now being sold for 95 cents on the \$1, or less—and there is a very general complaint of the burdens of municipal taxation. Under all these circumstances, we cannot approve the action of the council in voting to invest \$225 of the public money in 75 copies of Holland's Directory. William B. Hammond met with rather a serious accident last Tuesday. Having difficulty in leading a young horse to the mow (or reaper) just after noon, he backed the colt to ride him, when the animal plunged to and passing close by a cherry tree took one side while Mr. Hammond took the other, and as a consequence Mr. H. was dashed against the tree and to the ground. He was picked up quite unconscious, his shoulder bruised, his face skinned to say nothing of the internal jar and hurts. He kept his bed for a while after the casualty, but is now about recovered from his injuries.

There are eighty acres of cucumbers planted in the vicinity of Rolling Prairie for seed. Mr. Griffith alone has fifty acres. Fifteen persons were baptized by Rev. Darwood at the Methodist Church last Tuesday night—five of them by immersion in the Lake. The city of LaPorte is carrying a debt of over \$100,000; our expenses of late have been very heavy, the allowance for the past two months, footing up over \$14,000—and big wads of bills still in the hands of the committee; the warrants of late drawn on the treasury cannot be cashed before next year, and are now being sold for 95 cents on the \$1, or less—and there is a very general complaint of the burdens of municipal taxation. Under all these circumstances, we cannot approve the action of the council in voting to invest \$225 of the public money in 75 copies of Holland's Directory. William B. Hammond met with rather a serious accident last Tuesday. Having difficulty in leading a young horse to the mow (or reaper) just after noon, he backed the colt to ride him, when the animal plunged to and passing close by a cherry tree took one side while Mr. Hammond took the other, and as a consequence Mr. H. was dashed against the tree and to the ground. He was picked up quite unconscious, his shoulder bruised, his face skinned to say nothing of the internal jar and hurts. He kept his bed for a while after the casualty, but is now about recovered from his injuries.

THE BENTON HARBOR Times says:

There are eighty acres of cucumbers planted in the vicinity of Rolling Prairie for seed. Mr. Griffith alone has fifty acres. Fifteen persons were baptized by Rev. Darwood at the Methodist Church last Tuesday night—five of them by immersion in the Lake. The city of LaPorte is carrying a debt of over \$100,000; our expenses of late have been very heavy, the allowance for the past two months, footing up over \$14,000—and big wads of bills still in the hands of the committee; the warrants of late drawn on the treasury cannot be cashed before next year, and are now being sold for 95 cents on the \$1, or less—and there is a very general complaint of the burdens of municipal taxation. Under all these circumstances, we cannot approve the action of the council in voting to invest \$225 of the public money in 75 copies of Holland's Directory. William B. Hammond met with rather a serious accident last Tuesday. Having difficulty in leading a young horse to the mow (or reaper) just after noon, he backed the colt to ride him, when the animal plunged to and passing close by a cherry tree took one side while Mr. Hammond took the other, and as a consequence Mr. H. was dashed against the tree and to the ground. He was picked up quite unconscious, his shoulder bruised, his face skinned to say nothing of the internal jar and hurts. He kept his bed for a while after the casualty, but is now about recovered from his injuries.

THE BENTON HARBOR Times says:

There are eighty acres of cucumbers planted in the vicinity of Rolling Prairie for seed. Mr. Griffith alone has fifty acres. Fifteen persons were baptized by Rev. Darwood at the Methodist Church last Tuesday night—five of them by immersion in the Lake. The city of LaPorte is carrying a debt of over \$100,000; our expenses of late have been very heavy, the allowance for the past two months, footing up over \$14,000—and big wads of bills still in the hands of the committee; the warrants of late drawn on the treasury cannot be cashed before next year, and are now being sold for 95 cents on the \$1, or less—and there is a very general complaint of the burdens of municipal taxation. Under all these circumstances, we cannot approve the action of the council in voting to invest \$225 of the public money in 75 copies of Holland's Directory. William B. Hammond met with rather a serious accident last Tuesday. Having difficulty in leading a young horse to the mow (or reaper) just after noon, he backed the colt to ride him, when the animal plunged to and passing close by a cherry tree took one side while Mr. Hammond took the other, and as a consequence Mr. H. was dashed against the tree and to the ground. He was picked up quite unconscious, his shoulder bruised, his face skinned to say nothing of the internal jar and hurts. He kept his bed for a while after the casualty, but is now about recovered from his injuries.

THE BENTON HARBOR Times says:

There are eighty acres of cucumbers planted in the vicinity of Rolling Prairie for seed. Mr. Griffith alone has fifty acres. Fifteen persons were baptized by Rev. Darwood at the Methodist

