

Terms - \$2 per Year.
Fifty Cents in Advance.
No paper continued after the expiration of one year unless paid for.

Office - In "Record Building," north side of Front Street, four doors east of Main.

Table with columns for advertising rates: Single Lines, Double Lines, etc. Rates per line per week or month.

Farm and Household.

Short Hints Concerning Sickness.
Don't whisper in the sick room.
When you are sitting up at night with a patient, be sure to have something to eat, if you wish to save yourself.

How Cheap Liquors are Made.
There are many dressed in fastidious street, a man dressed in faultless apparel, with a great diamond pin up on his breast, vainly endeavoring to outglitter the magnificent solitaire on his finger.

Palatable Beets.
A small teaspoonful of vinegar (if very strong reduce with water), a tablespoonful of butter, the same of sugar, a little salt and pepper, a heaping teaspoonful of corn starch dissolved in water.

Do not Deceive Them.
When the children are ill, don't tell them the medicine is "nice," when you know it is positively nauseous; do not induce them to swallow the dose under the pretense that it is "good."

Cut Feed for Horses.
An accurate farmer has furnished the Country Gentleman a statement of his experiment with feeding cut feed and meal to his horses, accompanied with weighing and measuring. He cuts oats and straw about an inch long with a raw-hide cylinder machine; and this chopped straw is treated with corn meal and bran mixed in about equal quantities as to weight, than each horse has about a bushel of cut feed and three quarts of the meal and bran twice each day.

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.

Washing Vegetables.
Vegetables should never be washed until immediately before prepared for the table. Lettuce is made almost worthless in flavor by dipping it in water some hours before it is served. Potatoes suffer even more than other vegetables through the washing process. They should not be put in water till just ready for boiling.

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When the children are ill, don't tell them the medicine is "nice," when you know it is positively nauseous; do not induce them to swallow the dose under the pretense that it is "good."

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In Trouble Again!
Illustration of a man carrying a large barrel labeled 'CHINA GLASS' and 'QUEENS WARE'. Text: 'The People's Store. SMITH BROS. & CO.'

Mortgage Sale.
DEFAULT having been made in the payment of a certain sum of money secured to be paid by a certain deed of mortgage bearing date the 15th day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight, made between...

CINCINNATI SADDLERY AND LOCK WORKS.
MAGNALE & URBAN, Proprs.
J. M. TERWILLIGER, General Agent, 49 State St., Chicago.

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

DR. F. KENDALL, Physician and Surgeon, Office at Foot of Main Street, over Smith Bros. Store, Buchanan, Michigan.

DR. P. B. MERRICK, M. D., Attorney in Law, Office at Foot of Main Street, Buchanan, Michigan.

DR. F. HERRICK, M. D., Attorney in Law, Office at Foot of Main Street, Buchanan, Michigan.

DR. G. H. MOLLIN, M. D., Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon, Office at Foot of Main Street, Buchanan, Michigan.

DR. J. VAN RIPER, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Office at Foot of Main Street, Buchanan, Michigan.

DR. J. WILSON, Dentist, Office at Foot of Main Street, Buchanan, Michigan.

DR. JOHN WEISBERGER, Manufacturer of Lumber and Sash, Office at Foot of Main Street, Buchanan, Michigan.

Poetry.
BY BERT HARTE.
I'm sitting alone by the fire,
Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even you would admire—
It cost a cool thousand in France;

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Commissioner's Notice.
THE undersigned, having been appointed by the Judge of the County of Berrien, Commissioner on the Estate of James Hampton, late of said County, deceased, do hereby give notice that the hearing of said estate, and the distribution of the assets thereof, will be held at the office of W. H. Sawyer, in the village of Three Oaks, Michigan, on the 12th day of September, 1884, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Administrator's Sale.
IN the matter of the estate of Richard Beckham, deceased, do hereby give notice that I will sell at public sale to the highest bidder, on Saturday, October 30th, A. D. 1884, at Buchanan, Michigan, the following real estate, to-wit: A certain lot of land situated in Buchanan, Michigan, containing one acre and one-half, more or less, bounded on the north by the lot of J. B. Sawyer, on the east by the lot of J. B. Sawyer, on the south by the lot of J. B. Sawyer, and on the west by the lot of J. B. Sawyer.

C. W. SMITH, PROPRIETOR.
Keeps as good rice, and charges as REASONABLE RATES.
TO CONSUMPTIVES.
The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, in accordance with the following directions, and having since enjoyed perfect health, and been enabled to resume his usual avocations, he offers to send a copy of the prescription for preparing and using the same, which will send a name to him, and a copy of the same, which will send a name to him.

PURE BRED FOWLS.
We have a very large stock of PURE BRED FOWLS of the following varieties, for sale: Dark Bantams, Light Bantams, Buff Cochins, Silver Hens, Golden Pheasants, White Leghorns, Partridge Game, and many others. We guarantee satisfaction to all. Send stamp for descriptive catalogue and price list. Address: J. B. STUCKE, Buchanan, Mich.

For Sale or Trade.
I have on hand a very large stock of heavy horses, which I will sell or trade for any kind of property, or for a cash price. The horses are of various breeds, and are all of the best quality. Address: J. B. STUCKE, Buchanan, Mich.

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tired with my day's work, I dropped down on a log just outside, lit my pipe, and sat leaning back against the pine boards waiting for Lumley to come back. I guess I must have got drowsy and fallen asleep. For the first time I heard my voice, and Lumley's Partner speaking out bitter and short, in a way we seldom heard him speak.

Lumley's Partner sat over the far side of the table with a gloomy look in his eyes. Being in the same boat myself, I knew how lonesome it was never to have news from home, and wondering to myself how a manly, fine-looking fellow like him should be without a wife or a sweetheart waiting with a woman's pride in him somewhere.

Lumley had busy reading his letters. I thought I had better stay outside. He was that intent at first that he seemed not to have heard the other's words, but after a moment he lifted his face with one of the proud, bright looks that was Lumley's own. "Ay, comrade!" he cried cheerily; "and don't you tell me it isn't all your yard. Don't dare to envy me my wife and child."

There was no reply; but, looking over, I saw such a bitter, sorrowful look on the face of Lumley's Partner, that scarcely knowing what I was doing, I stood and watched and pined him. I heard Lumley read aloud; words of love and trust, watching and waiting, and of happiness in him and the child: I saw his face as he read. He might be a weak man, but he loved the woman and the child. From the last letter there dropped out a card, the visit. Lumley caught it up with boyish eagerness.

He tossed the picture across the table. The other picked it up. I saw a man die once, stabbed through the heart. Just such a look came into the face of Lumley's Partner, as he glanced at that picture in his hand. The other did not even raise his eyes, but kept them fixed on what he held. "I, too, once thought to have a wife and child," he muttered presently, less to Lumley than to himself.

The words, following that look, were a whole book of revelation to me. Happily, Lumley did not notice it. His face showed some surprise, mingled with that placid satisfaction the successful man always wears. "Ah!" he returned, shaking his head knowingly, "is that the way the land lies? I know you were always close-mouthed, but a disappointment—I never suspected that. She, whoever it was, had precious bad taste when she looked the other way!" and he ran his eyes admiringly over the other's splendid proportions and manly handsome face.

"She never refused me," broke in Lumley's Partner, in a low, mothered tone, his eyes still fastened intently on the picture. "I never asked her; but she knew my mind, and I thought I knew her. I was sure she would wait for me until I came back. It was for her I went away. "But you wrote to her?" questioned Lumley, with genuine interest.

"Not a word—not a line. I am a poor scribe. But she knew well enough to need no written assurance of my intentions. Every day would be lived for her. There could be no doubt of that in her mind." Lumley made a hasty gesture of dissent. "And there, old man, was precisely where you failed to connect I don't do, you know, for women to take too much for granted. They like to be well fortified; and then you are surest to win if you take them by storm. Why my Lumley."

"She don't look as though she ever walked over a true heart with her dainty feet, and that glad little smile that makes her lips lit!" broke in Lumley's Partner, his white face still bent on the picture. His deep voice trembled a little over the last words. "Lulie is truth itself," answered Lumley, quickly. She never loved anybody but me. To be sure, she had admirers—how could she help that and be what she is?—but she loved truly. You can see it in her eyes!" Lumley's Partner turned deadly pale. He caught the table by one hand to steady himself, and fairly hurled the picture across to Lumley. It missed its mark and fell to the floor. As he saw it fall, all the fierceness died out of his eyes, and a frightened look crept into them.

"Pick her up," he said, with timid apprehension, as though it were a human being to whom, in a moment of passion, he had committed some act of violence. "I didn't mean to do that—poor little mother!" the last words seemed to give him a stronger footing with himself. "I was thinking how my wife married another man and never let me know."

"Tell me, how would you have given up your Lumley?" Lumley laughed with easy, careless good nature. "You put me in a tight place," he said, "but, supposing the case, the first question I should ask would be, did she go over to the enemy's camp, in other words, forsake me for an old rival?" "No!" answered Lumley's Partner, slowly. It was some one I had never seen. I've nothing gay of the man."

"Why, then," went on Lumley, "truth sometimes cuts hard old fellow—I think it was your fault and not the girl's. It's a man's privilege to speak his mind; and a woman's destiny to fold her hands and wait. She can never be quite sure unless he has spoken out. Then, perhaps, another, who has learned to love her, does speak. She feels the need of love in her life; women as often marry to be loved as because they love. Then instead of wasting her life for that which may never come to her, she takes up the fate lying at her feet. Does she go very much astray?" Lumley's Partner dropped his head upon his breast. "Poor girl! I never thought of that," he said.

"I do not know just how it was that I remembered all the words so plain. There was no more said, and, feeling guilty like for stealing a man's secrets, which was not meant for me to know, I crept to my shanty, bunked in, and let the broken pick lie over until morning. I always felt sorry for Lumley's Partner after that."

"Well, for a time, things went on in the old way. Then Lumley's Partner came down with the mountain fever, and Lumley nursed him through it. He was as tender as a woman, was Lumley. When I used to drop in at night, occasionally, to lend a hand at watching, the sick man's eyes would follow him about the room, in a homeless, beseeching way that was pitiful to see.

It was only the ghost of Lumley's Partner that got up from it, but the two men were always nigher together after that. When Lumley got back to the claim, and Lumley's Partner was just able to crawl about, they came into a wonderful streak of luck. Lumley struck into a big pocket, and rich men. Mining, after all, is a game of chance—no buy your ticket, but it does not always offer prizes. It does not matter the exact amount this prize netted if I had remembered it. Lumley was jubilant over his "pile," anxious to sell out and leave the mines; so nobody was surprised when his partner bought him out for a good round sum, saying in his quiet way, that guessed he would stay and see the thing through.

It was very quiet in camp the morning that Lumley went away. The boys were sorry to lose him, for he had not any but well wishers among us. Well, six months went by, and then came a little white letter, "scribed" in a dainty woman's hand, to Lumley's Partner. The man trembled all over like a leaf when it was put into his hand, took it into his cabin and shut the door. Within the next half hour he called out again in a desperate hurry, huddled his male and rofe off down the trail.

"Unexpected business!" was his hasty explanation. Could not say when he might be back. The news came to us at last by a party of traders stopping to noon in camp. Then I knew what those marks of weakness about his mouth stood for; Lumley had never left the city at all! He had sat down to the gambling-table one night and gotten up from it the next morning poorer than he had come into the mines. He had first won, then lost, and lost and won, and won again; and then that last total blank stared him in the face. Lumley could never give up at that. He must win it all back. Luck was surely in store for him yet. He haunted the gambling halls, playing recklessly, desperately so long as he could win enough to keep the ball rolling, pawning his watch, his ring, even his clothing, when other resources failed.

"So Lumley's Partner found him—heavy-eyed, with a sallow flashiness in his dress, marks of dissipation on his face, a womanish, faint, pretty nearly played-out individual. The blood rushed all over his face, for the manliness yet left to him followed it up and win back all the past. Lumley's Partner stooped to his ear. "You'd better throw up the game, the 'little mother' and your boy are waiting here outside."

"Lumley started—half rose to his feet, looked up into his partner's face, then at the cards, then at the door, then wistfully back upon the cards and the gold. As with a heavy sigh he sank into his seat again, Lumley's Partner, dashing the cards from his hand, raked up the stakes and forced the money into Lumley's pocket. "How long will you keep your wife and child waiting alone at night, in a strange city, before the door of a gambling house?" The thrust struck home. Like a man awaking from a dream, Lumley sprang up, crushed on his hat, and flew to the door.

Once in the little woman's arms he was safe. Lumley's Partner knew him well enough to be sure of that. He never followed him, but slipped out of the side door, and the next day saw him back in camp, a trifle paler and sterner than was his wont, but the clear gray eyes dauntless, honest and brave.





Sunday Reading. Sometimes I catch sweet glimpses of his face, But that is all. Sometimes he looks on me, and seems to smile, But that is all.

A Friendly Warning. Young man, shun the bar-room, for it is The road to the gambler's hell; The road to the brothel;

The Cedars of Lebanon. The cedars of Lebanon, once the glory of the earth, have become like a history of the past. Time was when their wide-spread branches, each forming a green plateau, one above the other,

To Boys and Young Men. You are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for your motto self-reliance, honesty and industry.

Broken Promises. Reader, never break your promises! And to this end never make a promise that you are not sure you can fulfill.

Money to Loan. On long time, in sums of not less than \$1,000, on farm or city property. Apply to GEORGE & PFLEGER, Attorneys at Law, South Bend, Ind.

Mortgage Sale. DEBAULT having been made in the payment of a certain amount of money secured by a certain mortgage...

Mortgage Sale. Default having been made in the payment of a certain amount of money secured by a certain mortgage...

Mortgage Sale. DEBAULT having been made in the performance of the conditions of a certain mortgage made and executed by William Penland...

PROMISE ORDER. State of Michigan, County of Berrien, ss.—At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Berrien, held in the Probate Office in the village of Buchanan, on Monday, the 15th day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five.

WORCESTER'S DICTIONARIES. Vienna, 1873.—Medal of Merit. "It gives me great pleasure to report that the Medal of Merit has been awarded to your firm in consideration of the publication of the series of Worcester's Dictionaries, and in my judgment is an honor well deserved."

WORCESTER'S DICTIONARIES. Worcester's Quarto Dictionary, Illustrated, Price, \$10.00. Worcester's Octavo Dictionary, Illustrated, Price, \$5.00. Worcester's Pocket Dictionary, Illustrated, Price, \$2.50.

THE POWER PRESS STEAM JOB PRINTING HOUSE OF THE Berrien County Record. Has the very large assortment of the latest and best styles of type and material for all kinds of JOB PRINTING, GREAT WEDDING AND VISITING CARD TO THE MAMMOTH POSTER!

NEW ARRIVAL! L. P. & G. W. FOX. Men's, Women's and Children's Wear. Boss Hat, Cap and Furnishing Store. Union Block, Buchanan, Mich.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Is widely known as one of the most efficient remedies ever discovered for cleansing the system and purifying the blood.

CORNER DRUG STORE! A. L. HAYES & SON. PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, DYE-STUFFS, Choice Wines & Liquors, STATIONERY, BRUSHES, COMBS, HAND MIRRORS, PERFUMERY AND TOILET ARTICLES.

MAMMOTH STORE! OF SMITH & SON. Embrases everything usually found in a village grocery. STOCK FRESH, AND WELL SELECTED, CASH CUSTOMERS ONLY.

O. E. Woods & Co. DRUGS & MEDICINES. Having purchased the stock of JAMES SMITH, would respectfully announce to citizens of Buchanan and surrounding country that it is now open for sale.

FOUND AT LAST! LUMBER DRESSED AND MATCHED SIDING MADE TO ORDER. Sercol Sawing Neatly Done, IS AT J. BROWN & SON'S NEW SHOP ON PORTAGE STREET BUCHANAN, MICH.

Eating House and Ice Cream Saloon. MISS MARY ARTHUR. Has fitted up rooms in Buchanan's Block, second door East of the Bank, where she intends to keep a first class house and also a Grand Saloon.

CUSTOM MILL, BUCHANAN, MICH. KINGERY & MARBLE, Proprietors. The mill has recently undergone repairs and is better able than for years previous to do all kinds of work promptly and in the very best condition.

BUCHANAN FLOURING MILLS. ROUGH & PEARS PROPRIETORS. Cash Paid for Wheat, Corn, &c. CUSTOM WORK CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO.

J. H. ROE, DEALER IN CLOCKS, Watches, Jewelry, SCHOOL BOOKS, Stationery, Music, Periodicals, Daily and Weekly Papers, &c.

TEETH ONLY \$10. Dr. L. L. CARMER, Dentist. Has permanently located at Buchanan, Mich., to practice dentistry in all its branches.

SPENCER & WILLARD Furniture, Manufacturers and Dealers in Parlor and Chamber Tables, Washboards, Bureau Book Cases, Hat Racks, Wash Basins, Sinks, Lavatories, Chairs, Bedsteads, Mattresses, Pillows and Mattings, &c.

DR. V. CLARENCE PRICE HAS VISITED NILES FIFTEEN YEARS. HAS met with unprecedented success in the treatment of all Chronic Diseases, THROAT, LUNGS, HEART, STOMACH, LIVER.

DR. C. A. SMITH'S Medical Infirmary. For the Cure of all Forms of Private Diseases. A thorough and permanent cure of Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Syphilis, Venereal Ulcers, or Soft Ulcers, Discharge of Urine, Stricture, or any form of Venereal Disease.

FOUNDRY. Is in full blast, with a full line of Plows and Repairs, cheaper than ever for cash. Sash weights 3 1/2 cents per pound.

CLOTHING! Men's and Boy's Fine Clothing, CHEAP FOR CASH, G. L. ESTES.

The Old Reliable Drug House! A. F. WHITE. STILL AT THE FRONT! Having refitted and reformed my store, and added largely to my stock of Drugs, Medicines, Wines, Liqueurs, Fancy Goods, Soaps, Perfumery, &c., &c.

DUNCAN'S PATENT Adjustable Folding Rustic LAP-TABLES. Wholesale Terms, &c., to Agents, which will be furnished promptly. Most Convenient and Saleable Invention Ever Brought Before the Public.

DUNCAN & MILLER, Sole Manufacturers and Patented, Buchanan, Michigan. Feb. 17, 75. A GREAT FAVORITE WITH ALL Farmers, Lawyers, Clergymen, Draftsmen, Editors, etc., and are delighted with it.

D. A. WAGNER. REPRESENTS THE FOLLOWING INSURANCE COMPANIES: Fidelity and Guaranty Co., Hartford Co., Aetna Ins. Co., etc. D. A. WAGNER, Insurance Agent, Buchanan, Michigan.

W. E. PLIMPTON, Conveyancer, Insurance, Pension & Collection Agency. Township Clerk and Notary Public. L. P. ALBXANDER, Justice of the Peace, Notary Public, Insurance & Collection Agency.

Phunvigrams. He Struck the Wrong Man. "See what feet!" exclaimed a little dapper dandy, loafing on Clark street, last evening, as he pointed to the tremendous pedal extremities of an overgrown but honest-looking country youth, who was passing at the time.

VAGARIES OF FASHION.—Years ago, when David Crockett of Tennessee was a member of Congress, and had returned home at the end of the first session, several of his neighbors gathered around him one day and asked questions about Washington.

A late approved postmaster of a western Massachusetts town went to Boston the other day to "qualify" and have his bond for \$600 approved. The bond was all right, and the regular question was put to the postmaster: "How much are you worth, sir?"

Old Rowe kept a hotel, where he used to say any one could get anything that was ever made to eat. One day in came a Yankee, who asked Old Rowe what he could give him for dinner.

An old darkey approached a vender of fruit and asked: "How much do you ax for dem watermelons, mister?" "One for two bits—two for four bits—three for six shillings—or a fine, large slice for a thrip of pie aume!" rattled off the side-walk merchant.

A Milwaukee paper says of the air, in relation to man: "It kisses and blesses him, but will not obey him." Blobs says that description suits his wife exactly.

What did the young lady mean when she said to her lover, "You may be too late for the cars, but you may take a buss!" A book agent took refuge under a hay stack during a thunder storm, and the lightning struck him on the cheek, glanced off, and killed a mule two hundred miles away.