

FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Japan Tea, common,	45c	Extra C Sugar, (nearly white),	10c
"fair,"	65c	Nice Brown Sugar,	9c
"good,"	80c	Splendid Syrup,	8c
Good Green Coffee,	25c	Good Fine Cut Tobacco,	60c
Havana Filled Cigars, 5c each,		Canned and Dried Fruits, and all	

FANCY AND STAPLE GROCERIES.

At a small advance on cost, FOR CASH, at

S. & W. W. SMITH'S.

Sole agents for Compressed Yeast, Trumpet Roll Plug Tobacco, the best goods in the market. The LaBastie Chimney, a wonderful French invention that will save you the annoyance and loss caused by the breakage of lamp chimneys. Also, dealers in Crocker, Glassware, Table Cutlery, &c., &c.

The People's Store. — Central Block.

CLOTHING.

BOOTS & SHOES.

HATS AND CAPS.

CLOTHING.

FURNISHING GOODS.

EVER BROUGHT TO BUCHANAN.

AND ARE SELLING AT

PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

WE ARE SOLE AGENTS FOR

Burt's Shoes and Baldwin's Boots,

WHICH ARE WARRANTED TO GIVE

ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

Call and Examine! No Charge for Showing You

Goods!

L. P. & G. W. FOX.

FURNISHING GOODS.

SPENCER & BARNES,

DEALERS IN

Household Furniture.

Also Manufacturers of

HOUSEBUILDING

MATERIAL.

Do a General Business in

Repairing, Planing, Scroll and

Jig-Sawing, and Job Work

Usually Done at a Planning Mill.

Buchanan, Michigan.

Business-Directory.

A. E. WHITE, Druggist and Apothecary,

B. E. WHITE, Druggist and Apothecary,

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Poetry.

"MOTHER'S FOOT."

"Tis plain to me," said the farmer's wife,
"The boys will make my necktie in life;
They never were made to handle a hoe,
And at once to college they ought to go;
Yes, John and Henry—his dear to me—
Great men in his world would be;
But Tom, he'll stick to a farm;
So John and Henry must go to school."

"Now, really, wife," quoth Farmer Brown,
As he sat his mug of cider down;
"Tom does more work in a day, for me,
Than both of his brothers do in three.
Book learning will never plant beans or corn,
Nor hoe potatoes—sure as you're born—
Nor mend a root of broken fence;
For my part give me common sense."

But his wife the root was bound to rule,
And so "the boys" were sent to school;
While Tom, of course, was left behind,
For his mother said he had no mind.

Five years at school the students spent,
Then each one came home with a bent;
John learned to play the flute and fiddle,
And parted his hair (of course) in the middle.
Though his brother looked no better than
And hung out his shingle—"H. Brown, M. D."

Meanwhile, at home, his brother Tom
Had taken a "notion" into his head,
That he would work on the farm again,
Though he said not a word, but trimmed his
trees.

And he had his own and sowed his peas;
But somehow, when he looked over the
He managed to read full many a book.

Well, the war broke out, and "Captain Tom"
To battle a hundred soldiers led;
And when the rebel flag went down
Came marching home as "General Brown."

But he went to work on the farm again,
Planted his corn and sowed his grain,
Repaired his corn and broken fence,
And people said he had "common sense."

Now, common sense was rather rare,
And the St. House needed a portion there;
So our "family dinner" was held in town,
And people called him "Governor Brown."

And his brothers, that went to the city school,
Came home to live with mother's fool.

Story.

RESOURCES OF A FRENCH

SHARPER.

The most experienced and sagacious
of detectives are not always successful.
Men, fallible, and even the best laid
plans sometimes wholly fail to achieve
their purpose.

I have been many years in the business, and although I
have aided in bringing a large number
of noted criminals to justice, there have
been several instances in which my
better judgment has been blinded and
my most elaborate traps eluded by
the rascals of whom I was in search.

It is a terrible aggravation to a detective
to find his labor set at naught, but of
all my failures I never had one that
so filled me with chagrin and mortification
as one that I once made in New York.
It made me appear the more ridiculous
because the case was a very simple one,
and the chief actor in it was a woman.

To be taken in by a male sharper is bad enough,
but to have yourself and your profession
laughed at by a woman is too much
for a detective, proud of his sagacity,
to bear with equanimity.

I don't often care to speak of it, but as
I am not likely to be caught in a similar
trap again, I don't mind telling you
the story in confidence.

The present fashionable generation
may not remember the firm of Stephens
& Martley, jewelers, who formerly
transacted a large business on
Broadway, not far from Duane street.

Their store was one day entered by a
very beautiful and richly dressed lady,
who had left her carriage at the door,
and who asked to be shown some diamond
crosses. The salesman exhibited
of very valuable trinkets of that description,
studded with gems of exceeding
richness and purity. After considerable
hesitation she finally chose one and
inquired the price.

"It is worth \$1,500," replied the
salesman.

"I will take it," said the lady. "Be
good enough to do it up nicely."

"Shall we send it?" asked the
salesman.

"No, thank you, I will take it with
me."

She tendered in payment two crisp
new bills, one of a thousand dollars
and one of five hundred. The salesman
took them to the cashier, who
examined them to see that they were
genuine, and opened his drawer to return
the necessary change. To his
amusement he found himself short of
small bills, and rather than pay out
all his small change he sent the two
bills back to the customer to ask if
she had not the exact amount. The
lady examined her portemonnaie, but
was unable to find anything but three
bills of five hundred each. These
would not help the matter, as the
cashier had dashed the two new bills
into his drawer and slammed it in
no very good humor.

The lady took the diamonds, swept
gracefully out of the store, entered
her carriage and was driven rapidly
away. In fifteen minutes afterward,
the cashier, having occasion to open
his drawer, was attracted by a peculiar
line on the thousand dollar note.
He examined it closely and at once
pronounced it a counterfeit. The lady
had cleverly changed the notes when
they had been returned to her.

It was then too late to trace the
fair swindler. I was sent for by the
firm, but an inquiry into the facts of
the case did not permit me to offer
any strong hope of recovering the
diamonds or the \$200. The salesman
was sure that he would know the face
again, and he remembered that the
lady was dressed in blue silk with a
lace shawl. He could recollect nothing
more, except that he thought the
carriage had wheels with gilded hubs
and spokes. This was slight material,
but I made the necessary notes in
my memorandum book, and left the
store.

For several days after that I kept
a sharp lookout in the streets for a
carriage with gilded hubs. I visited
all the livery stables and hackney
coach stands that I could think of,
but my search was in vain. At last,
passing one day through Bleeker
street, I met a carriage driving rapid-

ly toward Broadway. Its description
answered very well to that which
Stephens & Martley's salesman had
given me, but a glance inside showed
me that it was empty. I stopped it,
however, and cross-questioned the
driver. The carriage was a public
one, and the driver remembered taking
a lady in blue silk, four or five
days previously, to Stephen & Martley's.
So far I was on the right track,
but the trail was soon lost again. In
answer to my questioning, the man
said that the lady had taken his carriage
at Union Square, where it was
then standing, and after visiting the
jewelry store, had been driven to a
dry goods store on Chatham Square,
when she dismissed him. He did not
notice whether she entered the store
or not, and he had never seen her
since.

I took the man's number and looked
well at his carriage and horses. Having
thus mentally photographed his
establishment, I gave him a quarter
and let him go. There was nothing
more to be done for the present except
to telegraph a general description
of the woman and the diamond
crosses, to the principal cities of the
country, and to keep an eye on the
outward bound steamers for Europe
and elsewhere. This I managed to
do without much difficulty while attending
to other business.

More important cases soon engrossed
my attention, and the affair of the
cross gradually fell into the background,
when, after the lapse of several
months, I received a telegram from
a detective in Boston, stating that
a noted gambler named "Jumping
Johnny," who had twice been in
State prison for counterfeiting, had
been seen in that city lately in suspicious
intimate relations with a woman
residing in Columbus avenue,
who answered, in some respects, to
the description of our heroine. The
house in Columbus avenue, and the
appearance of the woman were altogether
too respectable for such close
connection with "Jumping Johnny,"
without mischief being in the wind.

I had not the pleasure of "Jumping
Johnny's" acquaintance, but I started
at that same night for Boston to look
at the woman, taking Stephens &
Martley's salesman with me to identify
her. I procured a couple of officers
from the Boston force and proceeded
to the house in Columbus avenue.

It was a large, handsome structure
of brown stone, and I noticed that
the curtains to all except the lower
story were closely drawn. I suspected
from this that the upper rooms were
all unfurnished, and that the lower
and basement floors only were
occupied by the inmates, who had
doubtless their own reasons for
choosing an innocent looking dwelling
in a fashionable quarter, for carrying
on a business that might not bear
the scrutiny it would be subjected to in
a more public locality. But this, of
course, was all guess work. I posted
an officer on the curbstones before the
house, and another in the rear alley,
with instructions to keep his eye on
the back gate and the roof.

"I don't want 'Jumping Johnny,'" I
explained to these sentinels. "I am
after the woman who stole our
diamonds. If you see a woman come
out, detain her."

I did not care to trouble "Jumping
Johnny," because, first, I had no evidence
whatever that he was implicated in
the diamond swindle, and second,
because I was employed to recover
Stephens & Martley's property, and to
find the party who stole it, and it was
not my business to ferret out
counterfeits. I reserved that part of
the affair for a separate job.

The name on the door plate was
"D'Orsay." I rang the bell, and after
some delay, during which I detected
a pair of eyes scrutinizing us from
behind the basement blinds, the door
was partly opened by a very angular
and somewhat decrepit man.

"I would like to see Madame D'Orsay,"
said I.

"I don't know," she said at home."

"Be good enough to find out, if you
please. Our business is very important."

"What is it?"

"I placed my finger on my lips mysteriously.
"It wouldn't do to tell it here on
the street," I said. "I saw a cop on
the sidewalk out here." The girl
looked wise and returned my wink.
"Oh, you belong to them, do you?"
she answered. "Well, walk in."

She ushered us into a large parlor,
handsomely furnished, and left us
alone. In a few moments we saw
through the open door an elegantly
dressed lady descending the stairs.

"By heavens!" exclaimed the salesman.
"That's the woman who bought the
cross."

I was on the right track then, at
last. She entered the room with a
queenly step and stood still looking
at us inquiringly. She was certainly
the most beautiful woman I ever saw
before or since. She evidently had
no remembrance of my companion, or
if she did she concealed her recognition
of him admirably.

"This gentleman," I said, rising
and pointing to my companion, "is
from the firm of Stephens & Martley,
of New York."

She turned very pale and grasped
the back of a chair for support.

"I, madam," I continued, "am an
officer of the detective police. We
have called in relation to a certain
diamond cross purchased by you from
Stephens & Martley several months
ago which was paid for in counterfeit
notes."

She sank into a chair, pale as death,
and trembling in every limb.

"What is the penalty?" she asked.
"We will talk of that afterwards,"
I said.

"Is the cross still in your possession?"

"It is," she said. "Will you let
me go if I return the cross and money?"

Oh, sir, please let me go. You only
want the property back, surely. I
will pay you that and more too, if you
will not take me away."

It was hard to resist this kind of
talk. She sat there wringing her
hands, and with her beautiful eyes
suffused with tears—a picture to melt
a heart of stone.

"You don't know what it is," she
said, "to be forced to lead a life like
mine. You don't know what it is to
be compelled to lie by one who owns
your body and soul, as mine is owned.
God knows I would be better if I
could!"

"Is 'Jumping Johnny' your husband?"

"No," she said, looking around her
a little fearfully.

"Our object," I said, "is principally
to recover our property; but I don't
propose to make any promises
forehand. Return the cross and the
two hundred dollars, and we will
consider your case afterwards."

She arose to leave the room, and for
the first time it struck me how short
she was even for a woman. Her
poor, queenly carriage had something
to do, perhaps, with my first
impression, for I had taken her for a
tall woman. I now saw that she was
of quite small figure, hardly larger
than a girl of twelve.

She passed into a room immediately
back of the parlor and closed the
door. I told my companion to step
into the hall, and keep his eye on the
other door, while I remained in the
parlor. I had no fear of my bird's
escape, for I had a pretty accurate
mental plan of the house in my head,
and I knew she could not leave it without
being seen by men outside. She
was absent a very long time, during
which I heard an animated discussion
going on in the adjoining room, in
which the shrill tones of a child's voice
could be plainly distinguished. The
words, however, were unintelligible.

I had become thoroughly tired of
waiting, and was on the point of making
a disturbance, when the door
opened and a hideously deformed boy
appeared, limping on a crutch. He
was hump-backed, and a dreadful
scrofulous mark disfigured one-half of
his ugly face. As he opened and
closed the door I caught a glimpse of
Madame D'Orsay seated in an arm-
chair, with a lace handkerchief to her
eyes, evidently weeping.

"Mother told me to give you this,"
said the dwarf, in the same shrill,
cracked voice which I had lately over-
heard. "She will be out herself in a
moment. You won't arrest her, will
you, sir?"

"I don't know," I answered, shortly,
taking the diamond cross and putting
it in my pocket. "Where are the
two hundred dollars?"

"I am going to get this changed,"
said the boy, holding up a five hundred
dollar bill. "If you will wait a
minute I will bring back the money."

I let him go and he limped out the
front door and down the street, dragging
his club feet painfully. I was glad
to have the hideous little monster
out of my sight.

I waited some fifteen or twenty
minutes after that, but neither Madame
D'Orsay nor the boy put in an
appearance. At last my patience be-
came exhausted and I tried the door
leading into the inner room. It
opened readily, but there was no one
in the apartment except Madame herself,
who still sat in the arm-chair before
the dressing table, with her face
buried in her handkerchief.

"Come, come," I said, "this won't
do. You've had time enough to cry
in. Put on your things and follow
me. I'm going to you."

A loud, coarse laugh greeted this
speech, as I tapped the woman gently
on the shoulder. The handkerchief
fell, and disclosed to me the features
of the bony servant girl who had ad-
mitted us to the house. Her lovely
person was dressed in her mistress's
clothes, and her fiery shock of hair
was concealed by a blonde wig, the
exact counterpart of the madame's
hair, which was a wig itself for all I
knew.

"Ye thought it was the lady of the
house, did ye?" exclaimed the inter-
esting female, jumping up. "Well,
ye see, it isn't. Thanks to your pol-
iteness in waiting so long, the mad-
ame has got well out of your way by
this time, if her crutch and that beau-
tiful club foot don't interfere with her
speed."

"Ten thousand curses!" I exclaimed.
"Do you mean to say—"

"Yes, I do," she replied. "Ye
couldn't bring yourself to believe that
her pretty ladyship could make her-
self so ugly, could ye? Mister Pol-
iceman, ye're nicely sold."

I dropped her arm, and seizing the
salesman, rushed out of the house.

"The bird has escaped me," I said.
"Madame D'Orsay has given us the
slip; but we have recovered the cross
at all events."

I took the jewel from my pocket
and handed it to him. He took it,
and turned it over and over in the
sunlight.

"It's a beautiful thing," I remarked.
"Yes," he said, "it's a beautiful
thing!"

"These diamonds are of unusual
brilliance," I ventured again, as he
continued to examine it.

"Yes," he replied, "of unusual
brilliance—for paste! I never saw a
better imitation."

"Isn't that your cross?" I ex-
claimed.

"The setting is ours," he said.
"The diamonds are probably of Jump-
ing Johnny's own manufacture!"

It may not be generally known that
the seed of the sunflower is the most
infallible remedy yet discovered for
the speedy cure of founder in horses.
Immediately on discovering that your
horse is foundered mix about a
pint of the whole seed in his food and
it will work a perfect cure.

Confessing their Faults.

A short time ago (says the Phila-
delphia Bulletin) Mr. Grimes and his
wife were sitting together, one evening,
and they got to talking about their
married life and past troubles,
until both of them grew quite sym-
pathetic and affectionate. At last, Mrs.
Grimes suggested that it might be
kindle afresh the fire of love in their
hearts if they would freely confess
their faults to each other, and promise
to amend them. Mr. Grimes said
it struck him as a good idea. For his
part he was willing to make a clear
breast of it, but he suggested that his
wife had better begin. She thought
for a moment then this conversation
ensued:

Mrs. Grimes—Well, then, William,
I am willing to acknowledge that I am
the worst-tempered woman in the
world.

G. (turning and looking at her)—
Louisiana that's about the only time
you ever told the square-toed truth in
your life!

Mrs. G. (indignantly)—Mr. Grimes,
that's perfectly outrageous. You
ought to be ashamed of yourself.

G.—Well, you know it's so. You
have got the worst temper of any
woman I ever saw.

Mrs. G.—No I haven't either. I'm
just as good-tempered as you are.

G.—That's not so. You're as
cross as a bear. If you were married
to a graven image, you'd quarrel with
it.

Mrs. G.—That's an outrageous
falsehood. There isn't any woman
about this neighborhood that puts up
with as much as I do without getting
angry. You're a perfect brute.

G.—It's not you that is the brute.
Mrs. G.—No it isn't.

G.—Yes, it is. You're as snap-
pish as a mad dog. It's a few men
that could stand the like of you.

Mrs. G.—If you say that again
I'll scratch your eyes out!

G.—I dare you to lay your hands
on me, you vixen.

Mrs. G.—You do, eh? Well, take
that! and that! (cuffing him on the
head).

G.—You let go of my hair, or I'll
murder you.

Mrs. G.—I will, and I'll leave this
house this very night. I won't live
any longer with such a monster.

G.—Well, get out—the sooner
the better. Good riddance to bad
rubbish, and take your duds with you.

Mrs. G.—I'm sorry I ever married
you. You ain't fit to be yoked with
any decent woman.

G.—Well, you ain't half as sorry
as I am. Good-bye. Don't come
back soon.

Then Mrs. Grimes put on her bon-
net and went around to her mother's.
Mr. Grimes hasn't yet confessed what
his principal failing is.

The Two Drummers.

A Cleveland drummer (says the
Leader) was in Elvira a few Sundays
ago, and while in his room heard, from
the next room, the mysterious ques-
tion and answer:

"Whose ducky are you?"
"Thee ducky!"

A few moments passed, during
which the drummer sat in open-
mouthed wonder, and the silence was
again broken:

"Whose ducky are you?"
"Thee ducky!"

Unable to stand it much longer
alone the Cleveland drummer hurried
to the office, learned that a newly-mar-
ried couple were in the house, invited
three other drummers to hear the fun
and tipped back to his room. The
wicked quartette crammed their hand-
kerchiefs in their mouths, and during
the next quarter of an hour heard
that fond conundrum put and answered
no less than four times by the uncon-
scious rustic and his blushing bride.

At dinner, as luck would have it,
the bride and groom were seated be-
tween two of the drummers, while the
original discoverer of the bonanza sat
opposite. The table had been cleared
of the substantial and orders for the
dessert had been given. At that moment
a spirit of mischief took entire
possession of the Cleveland drummer.

Leaving the table he, looking slyly
at his nearest friend, and in dulcet
tones exclaimed to the conundrum:
"Whose ducky are you?"

The other chap was equal to the
emergency, and in tones of affected
sweetness got in his answer:

"Thee ducky!"

Two scarlet rust faces, the flutter
of a white dress through the doorway,
two vacant seats at the

Berrien Co. Record.

THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 15, 1876.

To Advertisers.

The "Record" is the best Advertising Medium in Southern Michigan, having the largest circulation of any other paper in this part of the State.

Agents.

Geo. F. Howell & Co., 41 Park Row, N. Y., S. M. Pettigill, 37 Park Row, N. Y., and Rowell & Chasman, St. Louis, Missouri, are authorized agents to contract for advertising at our lowest rates, for the columns of the Berrien County Record.

PRETTY large farm.

HAY-MAKING will soon be in order. This is splendid weather for rusting the wheat.

D. C. NASH is doing a very good job with a paint brush.

The St. Joans talk of having a boat race the fourth of July.

This celebration at New Buffalo has gone by the board.

This soda fountain do a good business these warm days.

The unknown man is the one who tries to do business without advertising.

The shower on Monday night had rather a cooling effect on the warm weather.

The thermometer stood at 90° in the shade Sunday afternoon at five o'clock.

Mr. CHAS. ROW, who has been in Texas for the past few weeks, returned home on Friday last.

JAMES GOODMAN, engineer on the Michigan Central Railroad is in town this week on a short visit with friends.

UZZIE PUTNAM, the first white settler in Cass County, was 83 years old last St. Patrick's day in the morning.

The lady who lost her fan on Front street, while going to church Sunday evening, can recover it by calling at this office.

HON. WM. A. HOWARD will deliver the address at St. Joseph, and Chas. S. May in Benton Harbor the Fourth of July.

FARMERS are bringing in their reapers and mowers for repairs. Our blacksmiths will be kept busy for a few days.

QUITE a large delegation from this place attended the picnic last week, and had a good time with the old folks.

WOOL was quoted in the N.Y. papers at 23 and 35 cents last week. As yet, we have known of no sales being made in this place.

In the score of the shooting tournament held in St. Joe, we find something like this, F. A. White w'd O. What does this mean, Fred?

WE wonder if agent Palmer fully appreciated the complimentary remarks to agents made by the speaker at the Grange picnic, Saturday.

THAT Dictionary is not sold yet. Remember, only six dollars will buy an Unabridged Pictorial Dictionary, at this office, almost as good as new.

The Odd Fellows' Social held last evening in Odd Fellows Hall was one of the most pleasant gatherings of the season. Everybody seemed to enjoy the good things provided.

STRAWBERRIES are plenty and cheap this season. They are retelling in our groceries at from 3 to 10 cents per quart box that holds a pint and a half.

The Cassopolis Quadrille Club will give a basket picnic at Diamond lake June 21st. Steamboat checks good for the day, 25 cents; dance checks, one set, 10 cents.

CAPTAIN N. W. NAPIER, for many years in the employ of the Goodrich Transportation Co., has resigned his position as commander of the steamer "Corona," a position he has filled with credit for several years.

WHY is it that when a lady is "all ready to start" for church on Sunday, that it takes ten minutes to get started when the bell rings?—Niles Republican.

Who said it did, Major?

SINCE the last issue of the RECORD four hundred and eighty-nine crates of strawberries have been shipped from this place by the American Express Company, as follows: Friday, 52, Monday, 809, Tuesday, 114, and Wednesday forenoon, 14 crates, making in all 7,824 quarts.

J. H. ROE's class in the Presbyterian Sabbath School, will have their fourth annual picnic excursion to Barren Lake next Friday. Present and past members of the class and a few invited friends will participate.

OFFICER JOHNSON arrested John Seltzer last evening on the complaint of Ellen Henderson, who charges him with battery—with being the father of her unborn child. He was taken before Justice Frame and held in bonds of \$1,000 to appear for trial at eight o'clock to-morrow morning.—South Bend Tribune, 6th.

A TEAM belonging to Mr. Straub, of Warren Township, Ind., a few miles south of this place, became frightened and ran away on the base ball grounds near Clear Lake, last Saturday afternoon. Two children, who were in the wagon at the time, were badly injured, though it is thought not fatally. The wagon was pretty badly dilapidated.

HENRY RUNDLE, for some time employed in Roe & Rough's mill had one of his legs badly bruised, on Thursday morning last, by catching it between a log that was being moved on the carriage way and the carriage. No bones were broken.

WE, in common with our citizens, are glad to learn that Viola, daughter of our friend Stephen Atwood, is fast recovering from her long and severe illness. This is good news to the family and friends from the fact that for some time past her life has been despaired of. Dr. Myers is the attending physician.

WE have a large stock of shipping tags on hand, which we can furnish, already printed, for \$1.75 per single thousand, and much cheaper in larger quantities.

WE learn that Mr. D. A. Wagner has received an order from the Jackson Citizen office for one of his Rotary Bronzing Machines. This machine will come in use nearly every printing office doing any amount of work requiring bronzing, as soon as the inventor will make known its labor and money-saving qualities. It's the best yet invented.

PARRIES wishing to attend the circus in Niles Saturday, will be carried to and from Niles at half-fare rates by the Michigan Central railroad.

By direction of the city Council the Marshal of Niles has issued an order, prohibiting any person from being intoxicated in any place, within the city limits, also prohibiting any person from keeping open any place of business or amusement on Sunday, or between the hours of 11 p. m. and 4 a. m.

A FIGHT BREWING IN THE ASTOR HOUSE.—The Berrien-Springs papers take exception to some free advertising done for them by the Niles Democrat and Republican and Benton Harbor Times. The Journal proposes to "attend to the Republican and Democrat while the Era is cleaning out the Benton Harbor Times."

WE can furnish you a box of envelopes, with your card neatly printed on them, cheaper than you can buy the envelopes alone at the retail stores. Call and see if this is not so.

THE house and goods belonging to Austin Charles, near Decatur, were burned May 30. Loss, about \$3,000; insurance, \$3,000. This is the third time Mr. Charles has been burned out within eight years.

THE Michigan State Pomological Society and the Wayne County Horticultural Society will hold a grand Union Exhibition at Young men's Hall, in Detroit, June 27, 28, 29 and 30th.

REMAINING in the Post Office at Buchanan, Tuesday, June 13th, 1876.

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One E. F. C. Klokke, of Chicago, offers for auction a Centennial Presidential campaign uniform, consisting of a three cornered hat, with red, white and blue cockade a close fitting tunic, a red, white and blue sash, and a torch and flag, all for the sum of \$1.75, C. O. D.

SHOOTING MATCH.—The Buchanan shooting club held a shooting match on the park grounds in this place on Saturday, June 10th. The following is the score:

A. J. White, 10 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 7
J. L. Ransom, 1 0 0 1 1 1 0 0 1 6
A. A. Jordan, 0 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 7
Chas. Snyder, 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 9
E. O. Griffin, 1 0 1 0 0 1 1 1 6
Geo. Munson, 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 2
F. A. White, 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 5
Wm. Glover, 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 9
J. Graham, 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 9
Geo. Roush, 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 9
Frank Bowley, 1 1 0 0 0 0 1 1 3
J. Hain, 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 8
Doc DeArmond, 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 1 3
R. A. DeMont, 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 0 7

Shooting off tie at 26 yards.
Chas. Snyder, 1 1 1 3
Wm. Glover, 1 1 1 3
Shooting off tie at 31 yards.
Chas. Snyder, 0 1 1 2
Wm. Glover, 0 0 1 1
Snyder still wears the belt.

A MAN, giving his name as John West, was arrested by Marshal Evans Saturday morning, charged with horse stealing and taken before Justice Alexander for examination. It was found that he had hired a horse and carriage of a liveryman in Elkhart, Ind., to use a few hours, Tuesday, but instead of returning at the appointed time started for Michigan City, as he claimed; passed through this place Friday evening and managed in some way to get upon the railroad a short distance west of the depot and drove down the track to near the Bakertown crossing, where the horse mired in the marsh. Mr. Chaucey Ashcraft saw West drive down the track, and mistaking that all was not right, followed him and when Mr. Ashcraft came near where the horse was mired, West left the horse and ran down the track to the crossing and rode off with some men who were passing. Mr. Ashcraft got the horse out of the mud, and a man who was with Ashcraft followed on after West, whom he overtook on Terre Coupee Prairie, and brought back to this place, and turned over to the Marshal. After the examination West was left with a man in the Tremont House, while awaiting a reply to a telegram, which had been sent to Elkhart, and allowed to get away. Marshal Evans followed him and found him Evans in Three Oaks trying to hire another team. Before starting back Mr. Evans found the liveryman and marshal from Elkhart in pursuit of this place and from here went to Elkhart, where West will be held for trial. A woman, claiming to be his wife, and a little girl about eleven years of age, were with him. West claimed to be a doctor and was peddling pills.

AT DODD'S Drug Store may always be found good goods at fair prices.

AN old physician, retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India Missionary the formula of a simple Vegetable Remedy, for the speedy and permanent Cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a Positive and Radical Cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, feels it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a conscientious desire to relieve human suffering, he will send (free of charge) to all who desire, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and successfully using. Sent by return mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper.

DR. W. C. STEVENS,
Monroe Block, Syracuse, N. Y.

Ladies, we have the best kind of glove for \$1.00 that has ever been sold in this town, black and colors, at High's.

PLENTY of new styles in clothing arrived to-day.

FOR SALE at the Oak Grove Saw-mill, 400,000 feet of pine and other lumber for fencing, houses, barns, or any other purposes at very low prices for cash.

Look at those cheap serges at NOLAN'S.

A Sewing Machine for pay is a very good thing, but a Sewing Machine free is better, and it is a good one too. For particulars write to H. O. Morell, Son & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

You are asked every day through the columns of newspapers and by your Druggist to use something for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint that you know nothing about, you get discouraged spending money with but little success. Now to give you satisfactory proof that GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER will cure you of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint with all its effects, such as Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Habitual Constipation, Palpitation of the Heart, Heart Burn, Water-brash, coming up of food after eating, low spirits etc., we ask you to go to your Druggist, O. E. Woods & Co., and get a sample bottle of GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER for 10 cents and try it, or a regular size for 75 cents, two doses will relieve you.

When a discoverer of any scientific subject, asks the co-operation of the learned in science, to test the merit and truth of his discovery by severe tests and practical results, and then to endorse and recommend it, it is fair to presume that it is able for the purpose intended. Such has been the course pursued by Messrs. Hall & Co., proprietors of Hall's Vegetable Sialian Hair Renewer. And all those who have tested it (among whom we may mention Dr. A. A. Hayes and S. Dana Hayes, Chemists and State Assayers of Massachusetts; Walter Burleigh, M. D., Prof. of Surgery in Penn. University; Philadelphia; Geo. Gray, M. D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology,) assert it is the best preparation in use for all cutaneous diseases of the scalp. Restores gray hair to its original color, prevents the hair from falling out, creates a new growth. It is certainly worthy of a trial.—Newburyport Herald of Gospel Liberty.

Proceedings of the Common Council of the Village of Buchanan.

A special meeting of the Common Council of the Village of Buchanan was held at the Council Room, in Engine House No. 1, on Saturday evening, May 13, 1876.

Present—G. S. Black, President; B. D. Harper, Recorder; Messrs. Bins, Churchhill, Fox, Howe and Strong.

The minutes of the last regular meeting, held at 8 o'clock, were read, and on motion of Mr. Strong, supported by Mr. Churchhill, they were approved.

Moved by Mr. Bins, supported by Mr. Howe, that the President, G. S. Black, act with the Assessor in the review of the Assessment Roll of 1876. Motion carried.

Moved by Mr. Bins, supported by Mr. Bins, that Trustee Howe act with the Assessor in the review of the Assessment Roll of 1876. Motion carried.

Moved by Mr. Fox, supported by Mr. Strong, the Common Council adjourned.

A special meeting of the Common Council of the Village of Buchanan was held at the Council Room, in Engine House No. 1, on Monday evening, May 22, 1876.

Present—G. S. Black, President; B. D. Harper, Recorder; Messrs. Bins, Churchhill, Fox, Howe and Strong.

The minutes of the special meeting, held at 8 o'clock, were read, and on motion of Mr. Strong, supported by Mr. Churchhill, they were approved.

Moved by Mr. Bins, supported by Mr. Bins, that Trustee Howe act with the Assessor in the review of the Assessment Roll of 1876. Motion carried.

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channel for the year 1876, was received, certified to the Common Council by the Assessor, Messrs. Black and Howe, committee. The said Assessment Roll was then examined by the Common Council, as required by Sec. 51 of the Village Charter.

Moved by Mr. Howe, supported by Mr. Bins, that there be raised the sum of \$1,113.06 for highway purposes and that the Assessor be directed to extend the same on the Assessment Roll for the year 1876, accordingly. Motion carried.

Moved by Mr. Fox, supported by Mr. Fox, that there be raised the sum of \$697.60 as a general tax for the year 1876, and that the Assessor be directed to extend the same on the Assessment Roll, accordingly. Motion carried.

Moved by Mr. Fox, supported by Mr. Howe, that the amounts due for side-walks and repairs be returned by the Street Commissioner, be assessed as a special tax on the lots so returned, and that the Assessor be directed to extend the same on the Assessment Roll. Motion carried.

On motion the Common Council adjourned.

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