

FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Japan Tea, Extra C Sugar, Nice Brown Sugar, Splendid Syrup, Good Green Coffee, Havana Filled Cigars, Canned and Dried Fruits, and all.

FANCY AND STAPLE GROCERIES.

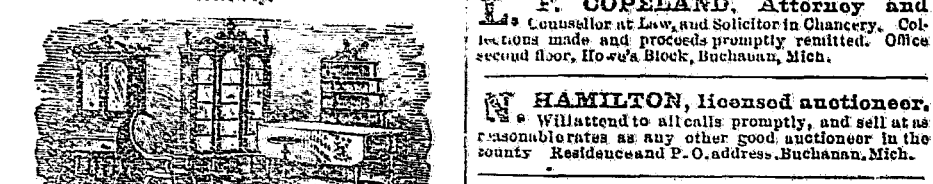
At a small advance on cost, FOR CASH, at
S. & W. W. SMITH'S.
 Sole agents for Compressed Yeast, Trumpet Roll Plug Tobacco, the best goods in the market. The LaBastie Chimney, a wonderful French invention that will save you the annoyance and loss caused by the breakage of lamp chimneys. Also, dealers in Crockery, Glassware, Table Cutlery, &c., &c.
 The People's Store. Central Block.

CLOTHING.

We Have the Largest and Best Selected Stock of
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
CLOTHING,
AND
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,
 Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of
FURNITURE.
 For Common Wood Seat Chair to the latest
 Secretary.



All Work Fully Warranted.
 Planing, Matching & Job Work
 Done With Dispatch.

These contemplating buildings would do well to
GIVE US A CALL,
 For we can make
ALL KINDS OF FRAMES
 as good and cheaper than any carpenter can do.
WE MEAN BUSINESS.

Business Directory.

- A. F. WHITE,** Druggist and Apothecary, 101 North Front Street, Buchanan, Mich.
- B. B. PETTIT,** M. D., Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence at 101 North Front Street, Buchanan, Mich.
- B. T. MORLEY,** Star Foundry. All kinds of casting, including iron and brass. Office at 101 North Front Street, Buchanan, Mich.
- BIRD'S BUS,** George Bird will run his bus to and from the Railroad Station and Hotel, to any part of the village. Fare only 25 cents, including baggage.
- C. SMITH,** M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office over Emery & Smith's Drug Store, Buchanan, Mich.
- C. B. CHURCHILL,** Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Jewels, Spectacles, &c. Also, repairing done. All work warranted. Store, third floor, west of Buchanan Hotel, north side of Front Street, Buchanan, Mich.
- DE FIELD HOUSE,** Berrien Springs. This old and famous hotel is still under the management of Mrs. J. De Field, who will give every attention to the comfort and convenience of her guests. Mrs. J. De Field, Proprietress.
- DAYTON HOUSE,** Dayton, Mich. This beautiful house, has been newly furnished and is now open for the reception of guests. Charges reasonable. Mrs. C. C. Day, Proprietress.
- E. S. DODD,** M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office at 101 North Front Street, Buchanan, Mich.
- F. M. PLIMPTON,** Attorney & Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office at 101 North Front Street, Buchanan, Mich.
- FAGLE HOTEL,** Berrien Springs. (Near the Court House) having changed proprietors, has been newly furnished throughout. The utmost care and attention to the comfort and convenience of her guests. A good table in connection with the hotel. Mrs. J. De Field, Proprietress.
- F. & A. M. Summit Lodge No. 102** holds regular meetings on Monday evening at 8 o'clock, at the residence of Mrs. J. De Field, Buchanan, Mich.
- F. & A. M. The regular communications** of Buchanan Lodge No. 68 are held at Buchanan Hotel, on Friday evening at 8 o'clock. The guests are welcome. W. W. Quinn, Secy.
- F. H. BERRICK,** M. D., Office in John O. White Building, Buchanan, Mich.
- G. H. MOLIN,** M. D., Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence on Portage Street, Buchanan, Mich.
- GALVIN HOUSE,** Galien, Mich. Under careful management. Every arrangement made for the comfort and convenience of guests. Charges reasonable.
- I. O. O. F.** The regular meetings of Buchanan Lodge No. 78 are held at Buchanan Hotel, on Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. The guests are welcome. W. W. Quinn, Secy.
- J. M. WILSON,** dentist, Office at 101 North Front Street, Buchanan, Mich.

Poetry.

HIG FOR IT AT HOME.

A HINT TO THOSE WHO LOOK BLACK-HILLSWARD.
 Would you have the shining metal?
 Do not o'er the wild world roam,
 Following a fleeting phantom—
 Stay and dig for it at home.
 Do not heed the luring story
 Of treasures distant hidden hold;
 Stand adventures disappointed,
 Tired and weary of the road.
 Wish still for something better,
 Many fancies youth will rear;
 Mountains of the yellow mica
 In the distance glow appear.
 And the longing is contagious,
 Drinking from a golden cup,
 For the means of grander living,
 On highways to pick it up.
 But Dame Fortune is too fickle
 In her train afar to roam;
 Would you win her golden treasure,
 Stay and dig for it at home.
 In the land that lies before you
 Find you wealth by honest toil;
 Never rotary disappointed,
 Rightly sought the generous soil.
 Only faint, weak hearts repining
 Cast away the good at hand;
 Fortune's smile will rarely crown them,
 Sought for in a distant land.
 But success rides on before you,
 And the means of grander living,
 Let us now the mine are sifting,
 And the tides are rushing in.
 Let no foreign expedition
 Lure your restless steps to roam;
 Gold is nearer than the mountains—
 Stay and dig for it at home.

STORY.

NOT PROVEN.

CHAPTER I.

There were few prettier pictures than that of the old rectory garden on that bright winter morning. Tip-top, her arms raised to a branch of glowing holly, her golden hair falling from her fair face over her seal-skin jacket, and her violet eyes sparkling, was May Westleigh, the rector's daughter, while within a few feet of her, watching her efforts with much amusement and a vast amount of admiration, stood Thomas Midway, a handsome young muscular Christian, attired in a tuxedo suit and felt hat. Suddenly the latter burst forth: "It is the rector's daughter, and she has grown so dear, so dear, that I would be the jewel in her crown." "Don't be absurd, Tom," interrupted the lady. "You are a gallant gentleman, truly, to see a female in distress and not aid her." "I have not offered six times at least, May, and been refused?" "And will be again, sir. This is the most lovely piece of holly I have seen this season, and I am determined that no other fingers than mine shall touch it until I give it to dear Jack when he comes this evening. They don't grow holly in India, do they, Tom?" "No, I think not." "Then it will be a welcome offering to an English heart. Oh, how glad, I shall be to see the dear old fellow." "If you speak so enthusiastically, May, 'pon my word I shall be jealous," remarked the gentleman. "Jealous—you! and Jack! Nonsense. Why, Tom, I love him like a brother. We were brought up, you know, as children together." "So he told me, May, when we met in India, and he gave me the letter of introduction to the rector. Indeed," proceeded Thomas Midway, still inspecting the gathering of the holly, which persistently clung to its parent stem, "he spoke so incessantly about you that I fancied—"

He caught her in his arms and pressed a kiss on her smooth cheek. "My darling, you are right!" he replied, gravely in his turn. "If I thought I should lose you or another was seeking to win you from me, I think I should either kill him or myself." "Now you are talking pure nonsense, Tom, dear. Let us go in," she laughed, as taking his arm, they moved over the crisp, frosty lawn to the quaint old rectory, a very Jack-in-the-green of ivy, which encircled its highest gables. But even during the embrace, May had kept the holly branch from coming in contact with Thomas Midway, and did so still. Was this an omen too?
 CHAPTER II.
 The clear winter's morning had given place to a bleak, wintry night, and the snow dashed sharp and cutting in the faces of the rector and his old pupil, John Westmacott, as they whirled along the dread Scottish road from the railway station to the rectory. "Now, doctor," exclaimed Jack, merrily, "let me take the reins while you tell all the news. Remember the road? Aye, every stone of it as if I had traveled it but yesterday. How kind it was of you, on such a night, to come yourself to meet me. How jolly I felt to see dear old Calthness again. What song is that May used to sing about there being no place like home? Neither is there. And how is May?—bless her heart! Older, of course; and pretty, I'd swear!" "Well, all the change you will find in her, Jack, is for the better; and I have one piece of news that will surprise you perhaps, but I think I'll leave it for May herself to tell or your own eyes to read." "Why did John Westmacott start and grow nervously anxious for that news and no other?" "Nay, doctor," he remarked, "remember how long I have been away. Don't tantalize me. What is it? Does it concern—concern May?" "Not so much, Jack. She is engaged to be married." John Westmacott gripped the reins so sharply that the horse reared. It gave excuse for his temporary silence, then rather huskily came the interrogation: "To whom, doctor?" "Your friend, Thomas Midway." "My friend!" muttered the ex-pupil between his teeth; "course him! Then aloud, "How long has she been engaged, doctor?" "Only since you have been on your voyage home, dear boy, or she would have written to tell you. You will have to wish her joy." "I do," and "but this under his breath—"him. He has robbed me of her." It was so. John Westmacott had come back to his childhood, the love of his youth. In those days he had termed her his little wife; laughingly she had accepted the title. In nothing had he been more serious. During all his absence, while fighting for that fortune he had realized, amid care and trouble, one idea had upheld him, the returning to England and marrying May Westleigh. He had never doubted that she knew of and reciprocated his affection. He had come back to find his happiness scattered to the winds. How he went through the evening which ensued, he never knew. How he calmly kissed the cheek May, in all innocence, presented to "her brother," how quietly he listened to the story of the holly bough, and how he took Thomas Midway's hand, was a mystery he never unraveled. All seemed the act of another person, not himself. He and his secret somehow stood apart. Only when he found himself unexpectedly alone with May, just before leaving, did he lose self-control. Flinging out his hands toward her, he cried bitterly: "Why, who have you thus deceived me? You knew I loved you. Why did you not warn me of this? Why let me return to be so cruelly disappointed? Why, of all men, did you select Thomas Midway, who knew my secret? He is a crafty coward to have won you from me, but, by heaven, he shall rue his treachery!" "Jack!" exclaimed the girl, pale and alarmed, "what do you mean?" "That I love you, May, have loved you, must love you to my dying hour." Before she divined his intent he had taken her in his arms, pressing a kiss on her forehead, then he had gone, and the girl, full of grief, dropped weeping on a chair. A voice aroused her. Looking up she beheld Thomas Midway by her side. His face was white, his brows contracted, his lips compressed. "May," he said hoarsely, "I have heard every word. I was yonder"—pointing to the conservatory. "What is all this? What does he mean by your deceiving him?" "Because," answered May, a little pale, "I said no one should touch this branch but myself, Tom, and no one shall. But see," and a quiver in her voice, she held the holly toward him, "there is blood upon it! It is a bad omen."

He glanced at the bough, and, truly, fallen on it, as bright as the berries themselves, were a few crimson drops. "Bad omen, May," he laughed, wrapping her wounded finger in his handkerchief; "what childishness! Why, you are absolutely pale! 'Pon my word, your concern of Jack is already making me jealous." "Don't let it do that, Tom," she said, bravely. "Why not?" he smiled, amused at her seriousness. "Because, Tom, you are, I believe, the best tempered man I ever knew; but—" "But?" he questioned, fondly regarding her. "I am sure you love me so truly, that you are jealous of any one. I fancy you would not be answerable for your actions!" "The clear winter's morning had given place to a bleak, wintry night, and the snow dashed sharp and cutting in the faces of the rector and his old pupil, John Westmacott, as they whirled along the dread Scottish road from the railway station to the rectory. "Now, doctor," exclaimed Jack, merrily, "let me take the reins while you tell all the news. Remember the road? Aye, every stone of it as if I had traveled it but yesterday. How kind it was of you, on such a night, to come yourself to meet me. How jolly I felt to see dear old Calthness again. What song is that May used to sing about there being no place like home? Neither is there. And how is May?—bless her heart! Older, of course; and pretty, I'd swear!" "Well, all the change you will find in her, Jack, is for the better; and I have one piece of news that will surprise you perhaps, but I think I'll leave it for May herself to tell or your own eyes to read." "Why did John Westmacott start and grow nervously anxious for that news and no other?" "Nay, doctor," he remarked, "remember how long I have been away. Don't tantalize me. What is it? Does it concern—concern May?" "Not so much, Jack. She is engaged to be married." John Westmacott gripped the reins so sharply that the horse reared. It gave excuse for his temporary silence, then rather huskily came the interrogation: "To whom, doctor?" "Your friend, Thomas Midway." "My friend!" muttered the ex-pupil between his teeth; "course him! Then aloud, "How long has she been engaged, doctor?" "Only since you have been on your voyage home, dear boy, or she would have written to tell you. You will have to wish her joy." "I do," and "but this under his breath—"him. He has robbed me of her." It was so. John Westmacott had come back to his childhood, the love of his youth. In those days he had termed her his little wife; laughingly she had accepted the title. In nothing had he been more serious. During all his absence, while fighting for that fortune he had realized, amid care and trouble, one idea had upheld him, the returning to England and marrying May Westleigh. He had never doubted that she knew of and reciprocated his affection. He had come back to find his happiness scattered to the winds. How he went through the evening which ensued, he never knew. How he calmly kissed the cheek May, in all innocence, presented to "her brother," how quietly he listened to the story of the holly bough, and how he took Thomas Midway's hand, was a mystery he never unraveled. All seemed the act of another person, not himself. He and his secret somehow stood apart. Only when he found himself unexpectedly alone with May, just before leaving, did he lose self-control. Flinging out his hands toward her, he cried bitterly: "Why, who have you thus deceived me? You knew I loved you. Why did you not warn me of this? Why let me return to be so cruelly disappointed? Why, of all men, did you select Thomas Midway, who knew my secret? He is a crafty coward to have won you from me, but, by heaven, he shall rue his treachery!" "Jack!" exclaimed the girl, pale and alarmed, "what do you mean?" "That I love you, May, have loved you, must love you to my dying hour." Before she divined his intent he had taken her in his arms, pressing a kiss on her forehead, then he had gone, and the girl, full of grief, dropped weeping on a chair. A voice aroused her. Looking up she beheld Thomas Midway by her side. His face was white, his brows contracted, his lips compressed. "May," he said hoarsely, "I have heard every word. I was yonder"—pointing to the conservatory. "What is all this? What does he mean by your deceiving him?" "Because," answered May, a little pale, "I said no one should touch this branch but myself, Tom, and no one shall. But see," and a quiver in her voice, she held the holly toward him, "there is blood upon it! It is a bad omen."

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