

Berrien County Record.

VOLUME X.

BUCHANAN, MICH., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1877.

NUMBER 52.

Length of Advertisement	Rate per Line
1 week	10¢
2 weeks	20¢
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8 weeks	80¢
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11 weeks	1.10
12 weeks	1.20
13 weeks	1.30
14 weeks	1.40
15 weeks	1.50
16 weeks	1.60
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18 weeks	1.80
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20 weeks	2.00
21 weeks	2.10
22 weeks	2.20
23 weeks	2.30
24 weeks	2.40
25 weeks	2.50
26 weeks	2.60
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28 weeks	2.80
29 weeks	2.90
30 weeks	3.00
31 weeks	3.10
32 weeks	3.20
33 weeks	3.30
34 weeks	3.40
35 weeks	3.50
36 weeks	3.60
37 weeks	3.70
38 weeks	3.80
39 weeks	3.90
40 weeks	4.00
41 weeks	4.10
42 weeks	4.20
43 weeks	4.30
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POETRY.

Written for the Berrien County Record.

BY FRANKIE PALING.

What pleasure a visiting frolic
Affords us now and then,
When our spirits are depressed with labor,
It revives them up again,
And into this blessed respite,
From work we sweetly rest,
And enter the charms of visiting,
With a hunger, eager zest.

The parlors are tidied and dusted,
And you are invited in,
Everything is as fresh and lovely
To you as a bright new pin.
The most respectful courtesies
Are shown to you when there;
Even requesting you to take
The easiest rocking chair.

The house-keeper brings apologies,
Says the room is not as bright;
She is very sorry she was caught
In such a terrible plight.
She will clean up every corner,
Saying that we can't see
But everything is as nice
As it can possibly be.

The table is set at tea time,
Every delicacy is there,
While hosts, all in a flutter,
Every now and then will declare,
That she hadn't had time for cooking
And had just set on what she'd got;
We mustn't think it the best she can do
For really it is not.

All the cut glass and delicate china
Is brought from its hiding place;
Nothing is left that can possibly bring
To the table an added grace.
The best company manners
Are put on expressly for you,
While they seem all sugar and sweetness,
When you take but a company view.

The children are dressed in their company
gait,
We hear their hair has a company twist
And they're carefully tutored to behave
themselves,
Nothing for comfort is missed.
A little dainty is most always used
To make it glide smoothly along,
While we think that in visiting everything's
wrong.

While at home we know every thing's
wrong,
Politeness and good breeding seems to characterize
all,
If they are the same every day.
But we must judge others by ourselves,
And try to do what is fair.
Are we as agreeable when at home,
As we are away from there?

Oh no, we would deny the truth,
For most always away from home
We try to put the best side out,
Leaving the bad alone.
But still when our visit is over,
When our pleasant respite is past;
We enter our field of labor again,
 Glad to be at home at last.

STORY.

THE BETTER WAY.

One evening, as the twilight was
dusking into deeper shades, Farmer
Welton stood in his door yard with a
gun in his hands, and saw a dog coming
out of his shed. It was not his dog,
for his was of a light color, while this
was certainly black.

The shed allowed to was open in
front, with double doors, for the passage
of carts, and this shed was part of
a continuous structure connecting
the barn with the house. Around
back of the barn was a sheepfold.

There had been trouble upon Farmer
Welton's place. Dogs had been
killing his sheep—and some of the
very best at that. He had declared,
in his wrath, that he would shoot the
first stray dog he found prowling
about his premises. On this evening
by chance, he had been carrying his
gun from the house to the barn when
the canine intruder appeared. Aye, and
in the barn he had been taking
the skin from a valuable sheep which
had been killed and mangled.

So when he saw the strange dog
coming through his shed, he brought
his gun to his shoulder, and with
quick, sure aim, fired. The dog gave
a leap and a howl, and, having whirled
around in a circle two or three
times, he bounded off in a tangent,
yelping painfully, and was soon lost
to sight.

"Hallo, there, Welton! What's to
pay now?"

"Is that you, Frost?"

"Yes, to be shootin' somethin'—
ain't ye?"

"I've shot a dog."

"Yes, I see him scootin' off.
It was Brackett's, eh?"

Before the farmer could make any
further remark, his wife called to him,
and he went in.

Very shortly afterward a boy and
a girl came from the shed as the
dog had come. Down back of Welton's
farm, half a mile or so, was a
saw and grist mill, with quite a little
settlement around it, and the people
having occasion to go on foot from
that section to the farms on the hill,
could cut off a long distance by cross-
ing Welton's lot. The boy and girl
were children of Mr. Brackett.

When they reached home they were
met by a scene of dire confusion. Old
Carlo, the grand old Newfoundland
dog, the loving and the loved, the
true and the faithful—had come home,
shot through the head, and was dying.
The children threw themselves upon
their shaggy mate, and wept and
moaned in agony.

Mr. Brackett arrived just as the
dog breathed his last. One of the
older boys stood by with a lighted
lantern, for it had grown quite dark
now, and the farmer saw what had
happened.

"What person did this?" he asked,
moaningly.

"John Welton did it," said Frost,
coming up at that moment. "He's
been losin' sheep, and I guess he's
kinder wrathy."

"But my dog never killed a sheep
before," said the boy.

"He never killed a sheep before,"
said the girl.

"He never killed a sheep before,"
said the boy.

"He never killed a sheep before,"
said the girl.

Peter Brackett was even more mis-
erable than John Welton, though
perhaps he did not know it. He held
in close companionship the very worst
demon man can embrace—the demon
of wrathful vengeance—and in order
to maintain himself at the strain to
which he had set his feelings, he was
obliged to nurse the monster. He did
not attend church on that day, nor
did his wife. Two or three times dur-
ing the calm, beautiful Sunday, as he
glanced over to his neighbor's dwell-
ing, he found himself beginning to
wish that he had not gone to see John
Welton in such a heat of anger; but
he put the wish away, and nursed
back his wrath.

On Monday, toward noon, the con-
stable came up from the village and
read to John Welton an imposing
legal document. It was a summons
issued by William Garfield, Esq., a
Justice of the Peace and Quorum, or-
dering the said John Welton to ap-
pear before him at two o'clock on
Wednesday, at his office, then and
there to answer to the complaint of
Peter Brackett, etc. The officer read
the summons, and left with the de-
fendant a copy.

It was the first time John Welton
had ever been called upon to face the
law. At first he was awe-stricken,
and then he was wrath—He told him-
self that he would fight to the bitter
end. And now he tried to nurse his
wrath, and became more unhappy
than before.

On Tuesday evening Parson Sarely
called upon Mr. Welton. The good
man had heard of the trouble, and
was exceedingly exercised in spirit.
Both the men were of his flock, and
he loved and respected them. He sat
down alone with Welton, and asked
him what it meant.

"Tell me calmly and candidly all
about it," he said.

After a little reflection Mr. Welton
told the story. He knew the old clergy-
man for a true man and a whole-
hearted friend, and he told everything
as he understood it.

"And neighbor Brackett thinks,
even now, that you shot the dog
knowing that it was his?"

"I suppose so."

"If you had told him the facts in
the beginning do you think he would
have held his anger?"

This was a hard question for John
Welton, but he answered it manfully.
"Truly, Parson, I do not think he
would."

"Were you ever more unhappy in
your life than you have been since
this trouble came?"

"I think not."

"And if possible, neighbor Brackett
is more unhappy than you?"

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, he is the most angry and
vengeful."

A brief pause, and then the parson
resumed:

"Brother Welton, with you but few
words are needed. You are a strong-
er man than Brother Brackett. Do
you not believe he has a good heart?"

"Yes."

"I wish you could show him how
true and good your heart is."

"Parson!"

"I wish you could show him that
you possess true Christian courage."

"Parson, what do you mean?"

"I wish you had the courage to
meet him and conquer him."

"How would you have me do it?"

"First conquer yourself. You are
not defeated."

"No, Go on."

And thereupon the good old clergy-
man drew up his chair and laid his
hand upon his friend's arm and told
him just what he would have him to
do. He spoke earnestly, and with
tears in his eyes.

"Brother Welton, have you the
heart and courage to do this?"

The farmer arose and took two or
three turns across the floor, and finally
said:

"I will do it."

On the following day, toward the
middle of the forenoon, Peter Brackett
stood in the doorway with his head
bowed, as if he was thinking whether he
should harness his horse and be off
before dinner, or whether he would
wait until afternoon. He could not
even put his mind to ordinary chores.
"I wonder," he said to himself,
"how the trial will come out! I suppose
Welton will hire old Whitman to take
his case. Of course the office'll be
crowded. Tom Frost says it's noised
everywhere, and that everybody'll be
there. Plague take it! I wish—"

His meditations were interrupted
by approaching steps, and on looking
up he beheld neighbor Welton.

"Good morning, Peter."

Brackett gasped, and finally an-
swered:

"Good morning," though crustily.
Welton went on, frankly and pleas-
antly:

"You will go to the village to-day?"

"I suppose so."

"I have been summoned by Justice
Garfield to be there, also, and really,
Peter, I don't want to go. One of us
will be enough. Garfield is a fair
man, and when he knows the facts he
will do what is right. Now you can
state them as well as I can, and what-
ever his decision is I will abide by it.
You can tell him that I shot your
dog, and that your dog had done me
no harm."

"Do you acknowledge that Carlo
never harmed you—that he never
troubled your sheep?" inquired
Brackett, with startled surprise.

"It was not his nature to do harm
to anything. I am sure he would
sooner have saved one of my sheep
than have killed it."

"Then what did you shoot him for?"

"That's what I was coming for,"
said Peter. "You tell the justice that I
had lost several of my best sheep—
killed by dogs—that I had just been
taking the skin from a fat, valuable
sheep, that had been killed and man-
gled—that I was on my way from
my house with my gun in my hand,

"GIVE HIM A LIFT."

Give him a lift. Don't kneel in prayer,
Nor moralize with his despair;
The man is down, and his great need
Is ready help—not prayer and creed.

"His time when the wounds are washed and
healed,
That the Christly motives be revealed;
But now, whatever the spirit may be,
More words are but mockery."

One grain of aid just now is more
To him than tons of aid to come.
If you must, in your full heart;
Give him a lift—give him a start!

The world is full of good advice,
Of prayer, and praise and preaching noise;
But the generous souls who aid mankind
Are scarce as gold and hard to find.

Give like a Christian—speak in deed;
A noble life's the best of deeds,
And he shall wear a loyal crown
Who gives ten a lift when they are down.

Saved From Ashitabula.

The Bellevue (Ohio) News gives a
singular account of the escape of a
well-known citizen of that section
from two terrible railroad disasters.
The narrative is as follows:

"Mr. Fesse is well known over this
whole section of country and esteem-
ed for candor and integrity. It will
be remembered that Mr. Fesse passed
through a similar calamity a few years
ago, losing his entire family, wife and
two children. At that time they had
been on a visit to friends in Pennsylv-
ania, and took the cars at Erie on their
way home. He said then a strange
disinclination to go seized him,
that his mind was weighed down
with an impression of some impending
calamity. He thought the im-
pulse without reason and foolish, so
would not heed or even speak of it.
He had a waking dream, not long be-
fore, wherein he saw his wife and
children lying in coffins in a church,
as distinct and vivid as though real,
yet he was wide awake. This was
assigned as a reason too unreasonable
for a sensible person to notice. While
riding along, with his little boy asleep
on his lap, he felt a sudden jerk and
jar, and immediately found himself
under water, with his head fastened so
he could not move it. The whole
affair flashed through his mind, and
there, under nine feet of water, a
lifetime of thought was experienced
in an instant. To open his mouth
was to fill it with water—breathe he
must or perish—life were worth the
effort, and, making one all most su-
perhuman struggle, his head was
free. Then seizing something above
him, he found a window and crawled
out and up, just as a man was pass-
ing with a lantern on a log across the
stream partly weighed down by the
wreck. The man exclaimed on seeing
him, "Great God! you get out of
there!" Totally unnerved, he could
do or say nothing; his presentiment
had become a terrible reality. A
bridge had given way as their train
was passing, and the car they were in
had turned over and the one next be-
hind had fallen on top of it. His
poor wife was fastened down with a
beam so that her body could not be
recovered until the wreck had been
partially removed. The bodies of
his children were found out side the
car but near together, appearing as if
some one had been there to aid them
as they came near the surface, they
might have been saved. At the fun-
eral every feature of his waking
dream was there just as he had seen
it days before; and he then and
there resolved that if ever the sub-
ject of such impressions again he
should regard them as self sacrifice.
In the meantime Mr. Fesse had mar-
ried again. Taking his family, he
went this last fall to visit the Centen-
nial and Pennsylvania friends. He
had determined to get home on Sat-
urday, Dec. 30, and informed the
friends here to that effect. To do so
they must take No. 5 into Cleveland
Friday night. By making proper
application he could get a pass over
the road, and three several times he
attempted to write for it, and as
often a strange impulse seized him
that he had better not. As the time
approached to go the same present-
ment came over him as he felt before;
hence in accordance with his resolu-
tion, nothing could have persuaded
him to come that way. They, there-
fore, started one day earlier, and
came around by Wheeling at a much
greater delay of time and money.
When at Wheeling he read an ac-
count of the awful fate he had escap-
ed this very day. We can only say
there are stranger things in this world
than was ever dreamt of in our phi-
losophy."

Light Without Matches.

To obtain light instantly without
the use of matches and without dan-
ger of setting things on fire, take an
oblong phial of the whitest and clear-
est glass; put in a piece of phospho-
rus about the size of a pea, upon
which pour some olive oil, heated to
the boiling point, filling the phial
about one-third full, and then seal the
phial hermetically. To use it, remove
the cork and allow the air to enter the
phial, and then recork it. The whole
empty space in the bottle will then
become luminous, and the light ob-
tained will be equal to that of a lamp.
As soon as the light grows weak its
power can be increased by agitating
the phial and allowing a fresh supply
of air to enter. In winter it is some-
times necessary to heat the phial be-
tween the hands to increase the flu-
idity of the oil. Thus prepared, the
phial may be used for six months.

Where Anna Falls.

The following from the Burlington
Hawkeye, while striking as a bit of
fantasy, is hardly fair to the
criticism: Anna Dickinson is a fail-
ure in the love scenes of her own plays.
When the experienced actor slides up
to her and reaches his arm around
her rigid waist, she grabs him by the
wrist and holds him off at arms length,
while he says his piece, and then,
when she reaches the melting moment,
she lowers her head to let it drop up
on his shoulder; the constrained ac-
tion is so like the gesture of a ven-
erable William goat in the act of assist-
ing a teasing boy over a pasture fence,
that the audience gleefully look to see
the unhappy lover battered clear over
into the orchestra fiddles, and there
is a general murmur of disappoint-
ment, when he braces his feet and re-
ceives the drop of her head with a
scarcely audible grunt.

Grandiose is the crowning climax of
the drama, and the actress, who
is the

Unprecedented Cold Weather in the South.

In Texas snow has fallen to the
depth of from six to eighteen inches,
crushing in roofs and freezing num-
bers of horses and cattle to death. A
negro froze to death in Houston, and
one in Dallas. In Louisiana trains
have been snowbound, and a negro
was killed at Shreveport. In
Mississippi members of the Legislature
were snow-bound, and for de-
quorum could not be had. Persons
crossed the river on the ice at
burg for the first time in the
history of that section. In Alabama,
Tennessee, Georgia, North Carolina,
South Carolina, and Virginia, the snow
cold are unprecedented. In Ge-
orgia and South Carolina sleet has been
very destructive to trees, telegraph
lines, etc.

A Seven Hundred Thousand Dollar Bonanza.

William Kelly, a Government sur-
veyor in 1760, who made a survey of
a large portion of New Jersey, bought
a tract, described on the original map
as tract No. 91, containing over 7,000
acres, and at that time practically
worthless. He leased the entire plot
to a man named Parsons for ninety-
nine years, the consideration being
that the taxes should be paid. The
lease expired December 15, 1876, and
the original deed, with a copy of the
lease, is in the possession of Henry
Albert and his brother, laborers in the
employ of the Lehigh Valley Railroad
Company, who claim to be clear, as
the occupants of the property all hold
it by leases. The tract is now worth
\$700,000.

The large flocks of geese that are
constantly passing over the town are
frequently shot at, but they generally
fly at too high an altitude to be
killed by the leaden missiles. Some-
times, however, the shots take effect. The
other day we were watching a flock
flying southward, when the report of
a gun was heard, and we saw one of
the geese begin to fall slowly. The
others perceiving that their comrade
was wounded, uttered shrill cries of
distress, and about a dozen of them
flew under the wounded bird, huddling
together so that their backs formed
a sort of bed, on which the wound-
ed one rested. They buoyed it up for
some time, the others looking on and
manifesting their concern by uttering
loud, discordant shrieks. Finding that
their companion was unable longer to
accompany them in their flight, they
abandoned him to his fate.—Anaheim
(Cal) Gazette.

A negro was found dead in Georgia,
having fallen and broken his neck
while stealing chickens from a high
roost. He was a class leader in a
church, and his pastor, in preaching
a funeral sermon, was bothered by the
question where the soul of the dead
brother had gone. "His well known
piety," said the preacher, "indicates
that he died a Christian; yet there
are circumstances connected with his
death that are perplexing. If, after
he fell, and before he struck the ground,
he repented of his sins, there can be
no question but that he is in
glory; but there was mighty
time for him to think of it."

A Western newspaper has the
following notice: "All notices of
marriage, where no bride cake is
the notice will be sent up in
type and poked in an outside box-
er of the paper. Where a handsome
piece of cake is sent, the notice will
be put conspicuously in large letters;
where gloves or other bride favors are
added, a piece of illustrative poetry
will be given in addition. When,
however, the editor attends at the
ceremony in person, and kisses the
bride, it will have special notice—
very large type, and the most appro-
priate poetry that can be begged, bor-
rowed or stolen."

We ought always to conform to the
manners of the greater number, and
so behave as not to draw attention
to ourselves. Excess either way shocks,
and every man truly wise ought to at-
tend to this in his dress as well as
in his language, never to be affected
in anything, and follow, without being
in too great haste, the changes of
fashion.

A gentleman had a board put up
on a part of his land on which was
written "I will give this field to any
one who is really 'contented.' And
when an applicant came, he asked:
'Are you contented?'" The general
answer was: "I am." "Then what
do you want with my field?"

Every man is said to have at least
one chance to acquire wealth. In the
case of a newspaper man, this oppor-
tunity comes on the 29th of Febru-
ary every year, except leap year.

Friendship and Civility.

Be civil and obliging to all, diffident
before God and nature command you;
but friend to one, and that friendship
keep sacred, as the greatest tie upon
virtue; for no other is either happy
or lasting.

Fride has a greater share than good-
ness in the remembrance of good
men with those who have committed
faults. It is not so much to correct
them that we speak, as to persuade
them that we speak are exempt
from the faults which we deplore.
—Seneca.

I think it best not to dispute
with those who are probably better
than we are.

Berrien Co. Record.

THURSDAY MORNING, FEB. 8, 1877.

To Advertisers.
The "Record" is the best Advertising Medium in South-western Michigan, having the largest circulation of any other paper in this part of the State.

NOBLE! NOBLE!

—WILL SELL—

BOOTS! BOOTS!

—SHOES! SHOES!

HATS AND CAPS!

CHEAPER THAN EVER

FOR CASH.

VELENTINE'S DAY next Wednesday.

PREPARATION for sugar making is now in order.

NEXT Thursday will be the eleventh birthday of the Record.

They are harvesting their crop of mumps in O-loma now.

Birds of a feather generally flock together.

O. D. Hackell talks of starting a democratic newspaper at Bargyr.

They have been having an extensive religious revival at Laporte.

The Grange social on Tuesday evening, was well attended.

The Buchanan Cornet Band have been giving some cool music on the streets of late.

Berrien Springs has caught the drama, and has got it bad.

HEMPHREY is on the horse, owing to the warm weather, probably.

A BALKY horse was the only thing that created any excitement in our streets Saturday afternoon.

ECONOMY is all the rage these hard times. The smokers in Scott's Road use corn cob pipes.

The first premium at the poultry show, at the Rivers, was given to Mr. Smith. Do you know him?

WILLIE, son of Henry Kann, of Dayton, died Sunday evening, aged five years and eight months.

A fine lot of fish was brought into town on Friday afternoon last, caught at the St. Joseph river with a seine.

This week we publish the first monthly report of the Buchanan High School for the present term.

The Niles Light Artillery gave a grand ball on Wednesday evening of last week.

Woodchuck that shadow. Did Mr. Woodchuck really fourth in the middle of the day or in the morning?

THE M. B. Church, of this place, contributes \$70 toward the salary of the Presiding Elder of the district.

Thus far we hear nothing of any damage to the peach crop on the lake shore, from cold weather.

"When times are hard and cash is low, and trade comes in most awful slow, what is a man to do?"

THERE are 400 pupils enrolled in the High School at the present time, which is about 100 more than ever before enrolled.

The young ladies of Dowagiac are giving what they term "lap socials." Each young fellow takes a lady in his lap, and they have a social time all to themselves.

The editor of the Berrien Springs Journal went "over the hill to the poorhouse" last week. He tells a pretty good story.

ABOUT a dozen of the Masons of this place went down to Three Oaks, on Monday evening, to drive the "goat" for the Dr. to ride.

SOME of the Good Templars of this place went to Niles, on Tuesday evening, to attend a social given by the lodge of that place.

MR. SAMSON, of this place, sold two-year-old steer to a butcher in Niles the other day, that weighed 1,715 pounds.

MR. DETWEILER, the great temperance lecturer, gave one of his lectures at the M. B. Church, Monday evening, to a full house.

The South Benders are having a next theatrical performance. The theatre on the docket is a Polish place, contemplating having a couple of weeks pulling some evening next week.

OUR CLUB LIST.

To subscribers for the RECORD we can furnish reading matter for the ensuing year at the following exceedingly low rates:

	PRICE	WITH
*Godey's Ladies Book.....	\$8.00	\$4.00
*Democrat's Monthly Magazine.....	3.00	3.75
*Peterson's Magazine.....	2.00	3.00
*Harper's Weekly.....	4.00	4.75
*Monthly Magazine.....	4.00	4.75
*Scientific American.....	3.00	4.00
*Littell's Living Age.....	3.00	4.00
*The Christian Union.....	1.50	2.00
*American Agriculturist.....	1.50	2.00
*Littell's Living Age.....	3.00	4.00
*Scribner's Monthly.....	3.00	4.00
*The Atlantic.....	3.00	4.00
*The Nation.....	3.00	4.00
*The Independent.....	3.00	4.00
*The Commonwealth.....	3.00	4.00
*The Western.....	3.00	4.00
*The North American.....	3.00	4.00
*The New York Tribune.....	3.00	4.00
*The Boston Herald.....	3.00	4.00
*The Philadelphia Record.....	3.00	4.00
*The Washington Post.....	3.00	4.00
*The Chicago Tribune.....	3.00	4.00
*The St. Louis Globe.....	3.00	4.00
*The Cincinnati Enquirer.....	3.00	4.00
*The Detroit Free Press.....	3.00	4.00
*The Michigan Farmer.....	1.00	1.50
*The Michigan Pioneer.....	1.00	1.50
*The Michigan Standard.....	1.00	1.50
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