

1 week 10¢ 2 weeks 20¢ 3 weeks 30¢ 4 weeks 40¢ 5 weeks 50¢ 6 weeks 60¢ 7 weeks 70¢ 8 weeks 80¢ 9 weeks 90¢ 10 weeks 100¢ 11 weeks 110¢ 12 weeks 120¢ 13 weeks 130¢ 14 weeks 140¢ 15 weeks 150¢ 16 weeks 160¢ 17 weeks 170¢ 18 weeks 180¢ 19 weeks 190¢ 20 weeks 200¢ 21 weeks 210¢ 22 weeks 220¢ 23 weeks 230¢ 24 weeks 240¢ 25 weeks 250¢ 26 weeks 260¢ 27 weeks 270¢ 28 weeks 280¢ 29 weeks 290¢ 30 weeks 300¢ 31 weeks 310¢ 32 weeks 320¢ 33 weeks 330¢ 34 weeks 340¢ 35 weeks 350¢ 36 weeks 360¢ 37 weeks 370¢ 38 weeks 380¢ 39 weeks 390¢ 40 weeks 400¢ 41 weeks 410¢ 42 weeks 420¢ 43 weeks 430¢ 44 weeks 440¢ 45 weeks 450¢ 46 weeks 460¢ 47 weeks 470¢ 48 weeks 480¢ 49 weeks 490¢ 50 weeks 500¢ 51 weeks 510¢ 52 weeks 520¢ 53 weeks 530¢ 54 weeks 540¢ 55 weeks 550¢ 56 weeks 560¢ 57 weeks 570¢ 58 weeks 580¢ 59 weeks 590¢ 60 weeks 600¢ 61 weeks 610¢ 62 weeks 620¢ 63 weeks 630¢ 64 weeks 640¢ 65 weeks 650¢ 66 weeks 660¢ 67 weeks 670¢ 68 weeks 680¢ 69 weeks 690¢ 70 weeks 700¢ 71 weeks 710¢ 72 weeks 720¢ 73 weeks 730¢ 74 weeks 740¢ 75 weeks 750¢ 76 weeks 760¢ 77 weeks 770¢ 78 weeks 780¢ 79 weeks 790¢ 80 weeks 800¢ 81 weeks 810¢ 82 weeks 820¢ 83 weeks 830¢ 84 weeks 840¢ 85 weeks 850¢ 86 weeks 860¢ 87 weeks 870¢ 88 weeks 880¢ 89 weeks 890¢ 90 weeks 900¢ 91 weeks 910¢ 92 weeks 920¢ 93 weeks 930¢ 94 weeks 940¢ 95 weeks 950¢ 96 weeks 960¢ 97 weeks 970¢ 98 weeks 980¢ 99 weeks 990¢ 100 weeks 1000¢

**L. P. & G. W. FOX,**  
DEALERS IN  
**Boots & Shoes,**  
**HATS AND CAPS,**  
**READY-MADE CLOTHING,**  
Furnishing Goods, &c.,  
**BUCHANAN, MICHIGAN.**

**PRINTS 5 CENTS. DRY GOODS!**  
**Wm. H. FOX,**  
At the old store of Binus & Rose,  
is offering  
5,000 yards of the very best Calicoes, at 6¢ cents.  
500 yds. good 4-4 Shooting, 7c.  
Full stock Bleached and Brown Table Linens, 85¢, 40¢, 45¢, 60¢.  
Turkey Red Table Linen, 75¢ and 85¢.  
200 yards Crash Toweling at 6 cents. (Job lot)  
Full stock of Shirts, Denims, Ticks, at lowest prices ever offered.  
Full and complete line of Ladies, Misses' and Children's Hosiery, from low priced to Fancy Striped Balbriggan.  
500 French Woven Corsets, 50 cents; worth 75 cents.

**Business Directory.**  
**A. F. WHITE, Druggist and Apothecary,** south side of Front Street, Buchanan, Michigan.  
**B. E. PETTIT, D. Homoeopathic Physician and Surgeon,** Special attention paid to chronic diseases. Office at residence, 100 W. C. Street, Buchanan, Mich.  
**C. T. MOLEY, Stationer,** All kinds of printing, bookbinding, stationery, etc. Office at residence, 100 W. C. Street, Buchanan, Mich.  
**DR. B. S. BUS, George Bird** will visit and consult with the afflicted from 10 to 12 o'clock, every day of the week. Free of charge. Office at residence, 100 W. C. Street, Buchanan, Mich.  
**C. O. SMITH, M. D. Physician and Surgeon,** Office over E. Smith's Drug Store, Buchanan, Mich.  
**CHAS. C. COLLINS, General** in America and Europe. Office at residence, 100 W. C. Street, Buchanan, Mich.  
**C. B. CHURCHILL, Dealer in Clocks,** Watches, Jewels, etc. Office at residence, 100 W. C. Street, Buchanan, Mich.  
**DE FIELD HOUSE, Berrien Springs,** Michigan. This house is now open for the reception of guests. It is a first-class hotel. Good tables in connection with hotel.  
**DR. D. W. HARRIS, Dayton, Mich.**  
**E. S. DODD, M. D. Physician and Surgeon,** Special attention given to chronic diseases. Office at residence, 100 W. C. Street, Buchanan, Mich.  
**E. M. PLIMPTON, Attorney and Counsellor at Law,** Office at residence, 100 W. C. Street, Buchanan, Mich.  
**EAGLE HOTEL, Berrien Springs,** Michigan. (Near the Court House) having changed proprietors, has been newly furnished throughout. It is a first-class hotel. Good tables in connection with hotel.  
**F. & A. M. Summit Lodge No. 192** is a regular meeting every Monday evening at 8 o'clock. Free of charge. Office at residence, 100 W. C. Street, Buchanan, Mich.  
**F. & A. M. The regular meetings** of Buchanan Lodge No. 68 are held at Masonic Hall in this village, on Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Free of charge. Office at residence, 100 W. C. Street, Buchanan, Mich.  
**G. H. MALLIN, M. D. Physician and Surgeon,** Office at residence, 100 W. C. Street, Buchanan, Mich.  
**GALLEN HOUSE, Gallen, Mich.** Z. P. Rizzuto, Proprietor. Under entirely new management. Every arrangement made for the comfort and convenience of guests. Charge reasonable.  
**I. O. O. F. The regular meetings** of Buchanan Lodge No. 68 are held at Masonic Hall in this village, on Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Free of charge. Office at residence, 100 W. C. Street, Buchanan, Mich.  
**J. M. WILSON, Dentist, Office** at residence, 100 W. C. Street, Buchanan, Mich.  
**JOHN WEISBERGER, manufacturer** of Lumber. Custom sawing done to order, and at reasonable rates. Cash paid for fire kind of logs. Mill on South Oak Street, Buchanan, Mich.  
**N. HAMILTON, House** at residence, 100 W. C. Street, Buchanan, Mich.  
**REED HOUSE, O. Reed, Proprietor,** Berrien Springs, Mich. Good family connection with the house.

**Poetry.**  
**NEWS FROM THE WAR.**  
Gaily the paper man  
Touching the guitar,  
While he was reading the  
The news from the war.  
Singing, "You bet your boots  
Now here'll be fun;  
We don't care who it shoots,  
War has begun."  
He sang as how he knew,  
Six months before,  
There'd have to be a Bu-  
Ropean war.  
Now he was glad enough  
That it had come.  
And his heart leaped at the  
Roll of the drum.  
But, when the Glee at last,  
Among his youth,  
Sent Petrovskikhavast  
Over the Pruth;  
When Borisovichukus  
Met Stokholmdorf,  
Sighed the newspaper man,  
"Give us a rest."  
No rest—for Khalafat,  
Itschekskamos  
Daripstefomalt,  
Phirskigolts  
Met in the field where  
Guignevogoroff  
Wallachskwopelino  
Frosh—  
**Story.**  
**HOBSON'S CHOICE.**  
There was a flutter of cardinal  
ribbons, and a laugh so shrill that the  
few loungers in the little waiting-  
room glanced curiously through the  
window of the telegraph office. With-  
out was the clear and intensely cold  
twilight of a winter evening, a streak  
of vivid red light dying away in the  
west, and a white crescent moon high  
above it. Lights yet flashed from the  
numberless windows of the great  
mills in the distance, out of whose  
doors dark lines of operatives were  
still issuing in apparently endless suc-  
cession. Lights streaming brilliantly  
from the windows of store and dwell-  
ing house defied the gray shadows that  
were slowly settling over the popu-  
lar and snowy street, where free-  
dom seemed to be running riot in  
wild laughter and wilder shouts, in  
the beat of horses' hoofs and the gay  
chime of bells. Within, through a  
close atmosphere impregnated with  
stale tobacco, the gas lamps flared  
yellowly on dingy walls, decked with  
the usual collection of colored posters,  
railway maps and advertisements, on  
the rusty pyramid of iron used as a  
stove, and on lines of rickety settees  
occupied by various heavily-loaded  
individuals, who were dozing and  
smoking away the ten minutes that  
must elapse before the arrival of the  
night train from the city.  
Roused by the laugh, more than  
one sleepy individual straightened  
himself and stared into the telegraph  
office, where a petite young woman,  
with the glossiest of short black curls  
and sweetest of bright black eyes, was  
leaning her two elbows on a table,  
and talking with a lank and light-  
haired girl opposite.  
The young woman first mentioned  
was dressed in alpaca that was rusty  
from long wear, besides being some-  
what white in the seams and frayed  
at the edges of trimming and braid.  
Her collar and cuffs were far from  
being clean, but the coquettishly-did  
boy at her throat and the showy  
bracelets on her wrists were supposed  
to atone for slight defects. The little  
brown hands that supported her chin  
were also somewhat grimy. She had  
slipped two broad gold rings on the  
slight forefinger of the right one, and  
it was the action, accompanied by a  
grimace, that had provoked her com-  
panion's shrill laugh.  
"Oh, Tilly! Miss Evans! I never saw  
the likes of you!"  
"Sh-h!" said Miss M'Evans, her  
black eyes dancing with fun, as she  
pulled the rings off, dropped one in  
her pocket, and placed the other on  
the second finger. "Don't make a  
noise in my office, Poll Evans!"  
"It's the queerest thing that you  
can't tell your own mind. It would  
take a power of talk, though, to make  
me think you ain't putting some of it  
on. I guess if I had two after me—"  
"Oh, pshaw, Poll, wait till you  
know something about it. You never  
had a bean in your life, and I've had  
a dozen or so. And now I mean to  
get married!"  
"Well, said Poll, rather sullenly,  
"Oh, so old as you. Anyway, I  
expect always to be sharp enough to  
know which of two things I like best."  
"Sharp isn't the word, Poll. It's  
not a question of fortune. I don't  
know whether I'd prefer to be Mrs.  
Jones, the wife of the jeweler, or Mrs.  
Johnson, wife of one of the bosses of  
the mills. I don't know whether I  
like best Jones' blue eyes—and I  
adore blue eyes—or Johnson's black  
moustache. Oh!"—and the brown hands  
were thrown out so impatiently that  
the big ring came near flying off—  
"there never was a girl in such a  
quandary!"  
"Two kinds of pie," Poll said com-  
prehensively.  
"I wish the two fellows were as  
near alike as the two rings. I keep  
one in my pocket and one on my fin-  
ger, and each one thinks I'm wearing  
the ring he gave me. Good joke—  
eh, Poll?"  
Poll laughed again, but queried,  
rather doubtfully, "If they ain't en-  
gagement rings, how'd they happen  
to give 'em to you?"  
"Oh, I had a philopona with John-  
son, and won it, and the foolish fellow  
brought me a ring for a present, and  
tried to propose. I rather think he  
didn't succeed, though," and Miss  
M'Evans laughed at the recollection.  
"And as for Jones, he first stole that  
narrow gold ring I used to wear, and  
then, when I asked him for it, he took  
the ring off his own finger and offered  
me that instead. I told him it was  
worth twice as much, as my own; and  
I'd sell it if he didn't return my prop-  
erty. Bah! I'd like to see either of  
them propose to me till I'm ready to  
have 'em!"  
"You'll find that be!"  
"Honestly, Poll, I don't know.  
When I find out which I like best, I  
suppose. You see, if one should man-  
age to pop the question, I should have  
to accept or refuse. If I should re-  
fuse either one of them, I should be  
sure to be sorry afterward; and if I  
accepted one, I should be dreadful  
sorry I couldn't accept the other.  
They're like two pieces of dress goods  
that you try to decide between, you  
know; after you buy one and get  
home with it, you're always sorry that  
you hadn't taken the other."  
"R'm!" was Poll's response, as  
she tossed off her faded shawl. "Did  
you ever hear of the man who fell be-  
tween two stools?"  
"Oh, pshaw! I understand flirting  
pretty well. I know how to manage;  
and there was another flash of the  
black eyes and a settling of the co-  
quettish red bow, "I shall marry  
one or the other, you'll see. I won't  
be a telegraphic operator all my life."  
There was a whistle and roar of an  
approaching train. Miss M'Evans  
tossed her sewing, and pulled her hat  
and cloak down from a high peg, upon  
which Poll proceeded to hang her own  
outer garments, saying, with a chuckle:  
"See here, Tilly—suppose one of  
'em should write to you? I don't see  
how you'd get around that."  
"Don't you bother your head.  
They're not very good with their pens,  
either of them. If they should—"  
"What then?"  
"Why, I should have to take the  
first. See here, Poll; Sunday I'm  
going to church with Jones, Tuesday  
I'm going to the theater with John-  
son. Wednesday I'm going to ride  
with Jones, and Saturday afternoon  
I'm going skating with Johnson.  
Talk of angels!" she finished in a  
hurried whisper, as the waiting-room  
door was thrown open and a young  
man strode across to the window of  
the telegraph office; a wide-awake  
looking young fellow, with dark hair  
curling close under his fur cap, and a  
smile showing the gleaming teeth un-  
der his black moustache.  
"Well, Miss Tilly, ready to go to  
supper?"  
"All but one glove. Want to send  
a message to any of your relations  
while I put it on?"  
The new comer laughed and nodded  
to Poll, who had already seated her-  
self, prepared to do her nightly duty.  
"If you were a quarter as hungry  
as I am, you wouldn't wait for the  
glove."  
"Well, I'll be back in an hour, Poll."  
Then there was a second throwing  
open of the door, a rush of cold air,  
a laugh, and a streaming backward of  
red ribbons, and the two were gone.  
Poll tilted herself in her chair, and  
pulled an illustrated newspaper from  
her pocket, in the columns of which  
she was soon absorbed. Not so much  
absorbed, however, that she did not  
perceive a second entrance through  
the waiting-room door. A more aris-  
tocratic looking young gentleman  
this, slender, blue-eyed, and very  
nicely dressed. Poll, with her head  
bent over her paper, was quite aware  
that he had come up to the window,  
and was staring discontentedly into  
the office.  
"Miss—Miss Evans, has your  
friend come to supper?"  
Poll came down on all the four legs  
of her chair and faced about.  
"My friend? Oh, you mean Tilly.  
Yes, she has," and the paper was  
raised again.  
Mr. Jones, after drumming doubt-  
fully on the sill for a moment, went  
out of the room with undignified haste,  
and slammed the door with such force  
that even Poll was somewhat discom-  
posed. But she only commented, as  
she resumed her former comfortable  
position.  
"I'm glad I ain't got Tilly's affairs  
to manage."  
She would, perhaps, have admired  
the way Tilly managed them herself if  
she could have heard the conversation  
which took place at that young lady  
and her escort walked toward Mrs.  
Evans' boarding house. Despite the  
keen air and his alleged humor, Mr.  
Johnson was much inclined to saunter  
and talk in the style denominated  
"soft."  
"What sort of a day have you had,  
Miss Tilly?"  
"Oh, a comfortable sort of a day.  
Not much to do, and no one to bother  
me. But you always have to be on  
hand in that dusty depot. I wish  
you'd give up telegraphing."  
"And take in sewing, and earn a  
quarter of what I do now. That's the  
way men talk. Telegraphing is too  
public, I expect."  
"I'd rather a woman I care for  
didn't do it."  
"Nonsense!" flashed Tilly. "You  
couldn't learn telegraphing, yourself  
in a year. I learned it in a fortnight.  
Telegraphing is a real art. It takes  
a deal more brains than all your work  
at the mill."  
Mr. Johnson was naturally nettled.  
"That can't be so. What with ac-  
counts, and management, and respon-  
sibility of machines, I have my hands  
full. Telegraphing is as easy as read-  
ing when one is accustomed to it."  
"It's not easy. You needn't con-  
tradict me. It's exceedingly impolit-  
e of you."  
"I'm polite to you! Why, Miss  
Tilly, the young man said, lowering  
his voice lest the passers on the walk  
should hear; "you are the woman I  
want to be most polite to. You know  
I—"  
"I know I wish you'd hurry. I'm  
freezing to death here, right in sight  
of the house. I should think you'd  
been fifteen minutes coming a quarter  
of a mile."  
Mr. Johnson mutely mended his  
pace. Arrived before the boarding  
house, he stood still and mute on the  
sidewalk. Tilly, safe on the steps,  
and with the door half open, turned  
back to him.  
"I know I'm cross, but I can't help  
it. I'm as hungry and cold as I can  
be. You are real good to come round  
and walk home with such a bear as I  
am. You'll come again, won't you?"  
She added, coaxingly, laying a little  
gloved hand on his arm. "I'll be as  
pleasant as I can be."  
The little gloved hand was seized  
and pressed to lips half hidden by a  
black moustache. Miss M'Evans was  
for a moment confounded by this sud-  
den audacity. Recovering her wits,  
she glanced hastily up and down the  
street, and snatched her hand away.  
Like Mr. Uriah Heep, she had "gone  
too far"; but she could go back again.  
"What do you mean, sir? I think  
hereafter I shall have to depend on  
the escort of Mr. Jones."  
"I beg your pardon." The young  
man stepped back a little, and the  
rays of a street lamp showed a cheek  
flushed like a girl's. "I will bid you  
good-night, and not interfere with  
Mr. Jones again," was the bitter ad-  
dition.  
"Don't be foolish. I didn't say  
you interfered with Mr. Jones."  
"He was coming around this even-  
ing, I suppose?"  
"I didn't say that either. He came  
last night. Mr. Jones is very respect-  
ful to me, although I am in a tele-  
graphic office."  
"How can you speak in that way?  
As if I could be any way but respect-  
ful to the girl I—"  
"Oh, never mind apologies. It's  
too cold for extras to-night, and I  
want my supper. And I'm sure I  
don't want to quarrel with you."  
"Then you'll forgive me?" was the  
quick question.  
Tilly turned again and held out her  
hand, saying in her old tone, "I'm a  
good deal better at forgetting, I think.  
If you are always very circumspect in  
the future, I shan't remember this at  
all. Good-bye; I'll see you to-mor-  
row," and the little figure vanished.  
The same little figure, dressed in a  
smart suit of black silk and a hat with  
gay plumes, was seated, on the next  
Wednesday afternoon, by the side of  
Mr. Jones, in a stylish outer. Some  
parts of the conversation that took  
place I here record:  
"Pretty house there on 'our left,"  
remarked Mr. Jones.  
"Very."  
"It takes my fancy, it's so cozy  
and domestic. I mean to live in such  
a house when I settle down, provided  
it suits my wife. How do you like  
the house, Miss Tilly?"  
"Oh, houses are pretty much all  
the same to me, if they are not board-  
ing houses."  
"Yes, boarding houses are disagree-  
able. Don't you think a man ought  
to be settled in a house of his own by  
the time he reaches my age, Miss  
Tilly?"  
"I don't know what your age is,  
Mr. Jones."  
"I'm twenty-eight."  
"Oh, then I have the advantage of  
you by seven years. I'm twenty-one."  
"Just the age I'd like my wife to be."  
Mr. Jones said, with a side glance  
at Tilly's face.  
Miss M'Evans did not blush, but  
pulled her fur closer, with the remark:  
"It's a little singular, but I am ex-  
actly of Mr. Johnson's age. He was  
telling me so two days ago."  
"Was he?" Mr. Jones gave the  
horse a keen cut with the whip as he  
spoke.  
"Oh, don't! Do you know you  
promised me I might drive? and you  
always keep your promises," Tilly  
said, favoring Mr. Jones with a glance  
and smile that restored his good hu-  
mor. His half-veiled and half-amused  
look became wholly admiring as he  
surrendered the reins to the little  
hands stretched out for them.  
"What a puzzle you are, Miss Til-  
ly! A fellow doesn't know how to  
take you. I know a fellow, though,  
who would be very glad to take you  
if he could get you"—and Mr. Jones  
bent his head so that he could send a  
level glance from his blue eyes into  
Tilly's black ones. Miss M'Evans  
looked straight at the sunny road be-  
fore her.  
"Mr. Jones, how your horse does  
kick snow in my face! I don't like  
riding behind him at all."  
"You like neither the horse nor the  
master," was the piqued reply. "If  
it was Johnson's horse, you'd admire  
it."  
A very sober face was turned  
around to him then, and the black  
eyes looked reproachful and propiti-  
atory.  
"Why do you talk so?"  
"Tilly," was the immediate and  
eager beginning. "Tilly—now don't  
turn your head away again, as you  
have been doing all the afternoon. I  
want you to look at me, and I want  
you to talk to me soberly. I'm deter-  
mined I will speak. You shan't be  
off of on with me just as you take a  
fancy. We're going to have an un-  
derstanding one way or the other.  
Now, Tilly, will you or won't—"  
Oh, be careful, there. Good gracious!  
what a close shave that was!"  
A very close shave. The black-  
eyed general had found herself in  
danger of a proposal, and with a de-  
pendent, sheer, had grazed by a sled  
heavily loaded with wood. Mr. Jones,  
more annoyed than he liked to say,  
jumped out to investigate the damage  
done to his newly-painted sleigh,  
while Tilly scolded roundly.  
"It's all your horse; he will shy at  
everything."  
"That's the irate rejoinder."  
"Did you ever hear of a horse shying  
into the thing he was afraid of?"  
"I don't want to hear anything about  
horses, or to drive one like this. I  
want to go home," was the capricious  
response.  
"Howward Mr. Jones drove, with  
compressed lips. It was not until  
they were in the town, and fairly be-  
fore the mills, that Miss M'Evans  
glanced at him. "I'm just the worst  
girl in town," she said, "and I know  
I've ruined your sleigh."  
Mr. Jones looked at the downward

face, shaded by the short jetty curls,  
and relented.  
"I don't care about my sleigh half  
as much as I do about you."  
"Then you're not angry? I've had  
such a pleasant ride! Now won't you  
let me get out here? Because I've got  
to stay at the depot till tea time. I  
never have a holiday without paying  
for it."  
"May I come and walk home with  
you to-night?"  
"Oh, yes; I'll wait for you," and  
Tilly ran into the depot triumphant.  
It was about a week after this that  
Miss M'Evans came home to supper  
with a tragic face, and a letter in her  
pocket. Poll, in the doorway, nudged  
her, and pointed to her plate on the  
dining table, beside which lay another  
letter. Tilly swept this also into her  
pocket, ate her supper in absolute si-  
lence, and afterward beckoned Poll to  
follow her up stairs.  
"Don't say a word," Miss M'Evans  
said, sitting down on the first chair  
she came to. "I know all about it.  
One letter is from Jones and the other  
from Johnson, and they're both dated  
today. And there you sit and laugh!"  
It was not very kind of Poll, but it  
was a fact that she had sat down on  
the bed and laughed until the tears  
ran down her cheeks. Tilly read the  
last letter with a gloomy face.  
"I wish I was a Mormon," she said,  
crouching both miseries into a mass.  
"Oh, Lor!" cried the shocked Poll.  
"Well, if I was, I could marry both  
of them, and I can't for my life tell  
which I like best. Poll, which do you  
think is nicest?"  
"You ain't goin' by anything I say?  
I like Johnson best."  
"Oh, but Jones is more of a gentle-  
man. And they're both coming here  
to-night to Ellen Reeve's surprise party,  
and each says I can answer him to-  
night. Think of that, Poll!"—and  
Miss M'Evans walked the room des-  
perately—"both coming for an answer  
to-night!"  
"Well, you'll have to get dressed.  
Which'll you take?"  
"I shall have to take the first one  
that asks me square. I hope it'll be  
Jones—no, I don't; I hope it'll be  
Johnson."  
Poll, after another stare and laugh,  
commenced her toilet. Tilly perforce  
commenced hers, sighing as she brush-  
ed out her curls.  
"Oh, dear, I shall be so awfully  
sorry, whichever way it turns out!"  
Poll, in the intervals of assuming a  
green, merino and braiding her hair  
was interrupted by the perfect dis-  
traction of her room mate, who finally  
sat down and declared she would not  
move all the evening.  
"Say I'm sick, Poll. No, you  
needn't either; I'll just face it out,"  
and Miss M'Evans sprang to her feet  
and seized a neck ribbon.  
"She does beat the Dutch!" thought  
Poll, an hour later, as she watched  
Tilly moving about among the noisy  
and motley gathering below stairs, as  
gay as the gayest, her own saucy, in-  
different self again. "In one corner  
Jones was standing, stationary as the  
enormous vase of flowers on the table  
at his side, over the top of which he  
stared at Tilly. In another corner  
Mr. Johnson was trying to smile at  
the sallies of a young lady at his side,  
and also covertly watching Tilly, who  
was an illustration of perpetual mo-  
tion. Between talking, laughing,  
dancing and flirting, she had not  
seconded to spare. She smiled most  
agreeably on her two adorers, but man-  
aged to vanish like a sprite from their  
immediate neighborhood. In vain  
they made monuments of themselves.  
Tilly would not notice. But as fate  
would have it, she presently tore a  
breath of her dress across. For the  
moment, in her annoyance, she forgot  
everything but the accident, and with  
an apology to her partner, whirled  
out of the Virginia Reel and started  
for her own room.  
On one side of the door that led to  
the hall stood Jones, and on the other  
stood Johnson. Both started forward  
to speak to her, but paused, each per-  
ceiving the other's intention.  
Tilly gave them a smile apiece, and  
murmuring something about fixing  
her dress, passed them, fled through  
the dark hall, up the dark staircase,  
and gained her own room in a breath-  
less state.  
How long she was pinning up that  
breathless she never knew. When she  
dared step away no longer she put  
out her lamp and slowly—very slowly  
—began to descend the stairs. Of  
course she at last reached the bottom  
step, upon which she sat down, and  
dolefully regarded the lines of light  
under the parlor doors, as if they  
would help her to a conclusion.  
It was but a moment that she sat  
there, but in that moment she was ter-  
ribly startled by a sudden movement  
close by her in the dark. Her hand  
was clasped in two others, and a voice  
whispered:  
"Tilly, I want my answer. Aren't  
you going to give it to me?"  
Miss M'Evans was struck dumb.  
Here was the crisis upon her. Here  
had Jones or Johnson come to the  
point at last. And which had come  
to the point she did not know. Not  
an outline of the figure so close to  
her could she see, and the suppressed  
voice gave her no clew. "Oh, me!"  
was her mental ejaculation, "if I was  
only a cat and could see in the dark!"  
Being no more a cat than a Mor-  
mon, she had to content herself with  
the wish. "Not knowing how to act,  
she neither responded or moved.  
"Why don't you speak? I know  
it's you," and a daring hand touch-  
ed the short curls on Tilly's forehead.  
Miss M'Evans would have given  
a deal to have been as sure of the  
identity of the questioner. If he  
would only speak aloud, or if some  
one would open one of the parlor  
doors!  
"Tilly"—this time the whisper  
was urgent—"it's now or never with  
me. If you don't give me an up-and-  
down 'yes' or 'no' you'll never have  
the chance again."  
Oh, which was it? Black moustache  
and blue eyes dancing before Miss  
M'Evans in the blackness as she  
stood face to face with destiny. And  
feeling that it was destiny, she put  
her right hand in those that prisoned  
her left, and said also in a whisper.  
"Well, then—yes."  
The next instant there was an ex-  
clamation somewhere beyond, in the  
darkness that sounded very profane.  
The coat-collar or arm of the individ-  
ual nearest Tilly was seized by a  
third person, and—lover she had just  
accepted was whirled violently against  
the opposite wall. There was a scuffle  
in the dark. Tilly, little coward that  
she was, uttered a loud scream and  
ran back up stairs as fast as her feet  
would carry her. Just as she reached  
her own door the parlor doors be-  
hind burst open, and an indescribable  
hubbub followed. Tilly crouched in  
the dark with her heart beating vio-  
lently, could distinguish nothing, un-  
til, after several minutes, she cautiously  
crept back to the head of the  
stairs. The crowd was going back  
to the lighted rooms. Neither Jones  
nor Johnson was to be seen. Amidst  
the loud laughter and indistinct specu-  
lation upon her, Miss M'Evans caught  
a sentence here and there.  
"They never was good friends."  
"Wonder which would 'a' come out  
ahead if they'd gone on?"  
"Not Jones; he went off sullenly  
enough. Wish Johnson'd 'a' fought  
it out."  
"Who on earth was that that scream-  
ed?"  
Guilty Tilly drew her head back,  
ran to her own room, locked the door,  
and threw herself on the bed in a  
state of mind impossible to describe.  
To one of her lovers she was at last  
engaged—but to which? And as for  
the other who had, of course, been  
also waiting to waylay her in the hall,  
there was nothing in the world more  
certain than that she had seen the  
last of him. All plain enough except  
identity. It would be difficult to  
record the speculations, hopes and  
fears that tormented Miss M'Evans  
as she lay for two mortal hours on  
that patchwork-covered bed, with her  
face in her hands: Only two hours,  
yet it seemed five to her, before the  
door was shaken and Poll's voice de-  
manded admittance. Tilly sprang to  
the door.  
"Oh, Poll," was her first anxious  
question, "did either of them hurt  
the other—and which did it?"  
Poll nearly dropped the lamp, but  
recovered herself and set it down de-  
liberately; and then turned and sur-  
veyed Tilly's disheveled figure.  
"If you ain't a picture! What on  
earth have you been staying up here  
for? I've been half badgered to death  
to find you, and came here the last  
place. He's down stairs yet wait-  
ing!"  
"What's down stairs, Poll?"  
"You don't say you don't know!  
Which of them spoke to you? Hain't  
you settled it yet?"  
"One of 'em did, Poll, but it was  
dark, and I don't know which. And  
I said yes, and they had that dread-  
ful fight!"  
"Well, if you ain't the baster-  
most!" said Poll's white-blue eyes  
opened to their widest extent. "All  
I know is, Johnson's down stairs now,  
bound to wait till he sees you; and  
Jones left double quick after that set-  
tle. Both of 'em was mad enough, if  
that's all, but they wa'n't hurt to  
speak of."  
"Oh, dear me!" Miss M'Evans  
thought of the man that fell between  
the stools. "Perhaps Jones has gone  
off in a huff, and Johnson's waiting  
to give me a piece of his mind."  
"It must be a mighty pleasant  
piece, then. He's as chipper as you  
like just now. If I was you, I'd go  
down stairs. The folks are all gone.  
I guess that soream of yours scared  
them off."  
Once within the door of the desert-  
ed and disordered parlor, Miss M'-  
Evans did not remain in ignorance as  
to who her accepted lover was. Two  
arms were thrown around her, and  
two lips shivered by a black mous-  
tache. She passed to the door. Whether  
Miss M'Evans thought regretfully  
of the blue eyes that were lost for  
ever, I cannot tell. At any rate, she  
smiled radiantly enough to make Mr.  
Johnson forget his bruised shoulders  
and sides. And when, half an hour  
later, Mr. Johnson exclaimed, "How  
on earth Jones ever got into that hall  
without my knowing it, I can't think  
—and what was the good of his  
pitching into me?" she only answer-  
ed with a laugh:  
"Oh, never mind Jones."  
"I suppose he thought I meant to  
say yes to him," was the innocent  
rejoinder. "He might have known  
better."—Harper's Bazar.

That every day has its pains and  
sorrows is universally experienced,  
and almost universally confessed; but  
let us not attend only to mournful  
truths; if we look impartially about us  
we shall find that every day has like-  
wise its pleasures and its joys.

He who speaks an uncharitable  
word, no matter how truthfully, will  
have a spark of human nature in  
him, regret that he did so when the  
occasion passed.

Why is a good constitution like a  
money-bag? Because its full value be-  
comes known when it is broken!







## Berrien Co. Record.

THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 7, 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.

**Agents.**  
Geo. F. Rowell & Co., 41 Park Row, N. Y., S. M. Pettigill, 27 Park Row, N. Y., and Rowell & Chesman, St. Louis, Missouri, are our authorized agents to contract for advertising at our lowest rates, for the columns of the BERRIEN COUNTY RECORD.

## NOBLE! NOBLE!

—WILL SELL—

## BOOTS! SHOES!

## HATS! CAPS!

## Ready-Made Clothing!

## Gents' Furnishing Goods!

## CHEAPER THAN ANYBODY.

## BOYS CLOTHING A SPECIALTY.

## CASH! CASH!

SCHOOL is out and the youngsters are now having their own fun.

MR. AND MRS. O. W. ROSE were in town Monday.

NILES was full of circus acts last Friday.

DICK DEMONT has nine boarders at the country expense at his domicile.

FLITCHER HARPER, the last of the Harper Brothers, publishers, is dead.

THERE was a good shower in St. Joseph last Friday.

THE county Treasurer was in town on Saturday last.

SEE new advertisement of Burko Shoe Store in another column.

REPORTS from heavy fleeces of wool are now in order.

THE "Devil" has had his head shaved. Jap. Murphy performed the operation successfully.

So far as we are able to learn the prevailing price for wool will be 80 cents this year.

S. M. Finley, of Niles, had a collar bone broken, on Monday last, by being thrown from his buggy.

A deaf and dumb man was selling photographs on the street Monday and Tuesday.

REV. WM. M. COPLIN, of Holland, is in town shaking hands with his host of friends.

JOHN E. BARNES had a little fun with some bees, and now he is nursing his face and hands.

THEY are making calculations for a grand ball in New Troy, the night of the 4th of July.

THE outworn is doing some destructive work in a few of the corn fields in this vicinity.

THE Crystal Springs Methodist Camp Meeting will commence August 14th, this year.

THERE is more building and repairing going on in the county this year than usual.

THE outworn killed 15,000 tomatoes for a Benton Harbor man, so says the Times.

THE next meeting of the Mexican Veterans will be held in Kalamazoo, June 19th.

If you want to see a busy place, just step in and see the seventy men at work making furniture for the Buchanan Manufacturing Company.

DURING the past week Marshal Evans has been working a considerable force on the streets, and is doing up the job in fine style.

THE citizens of New Troy have become a little tired of wading and have been putting clay on main street of the city. A good idea.

SATURDAY afternoon Mr. N. Hamilton gave an exhibition of Wood's Reaper and Self Binder, on Oak street.

THE annual work of repairing roads has been going on pretty extensively throughout the county, the last week.

In another column will be found an interesting letter from Dr. P. B. Myers, from Omaha, while on his way to California.

A SLIGHT sprinkle fell in this place Friday afternoon, extending about four miles north, not enough to do much good to vegetation.

A MAN named Patrick Yore, living in Benton township, was badly given by a fatuous bull, a few days since. Not fatal, however.

MISS SARAH BLACK has completed her term of school in Three Oaks, and is now at home, in this place, for a rest.

THE farmers say that the crops of tame grass will be very short in this vicinity this season, in consequence of the dry weather.

We learn that Mrs. Dr. Woodbridge has been quite ill the last week but is now recovering. She is under the care of Dr. Melvin.

Our berry raisers are beginning to ship their fruit. We noticed that the Accommodation train last evening took berries for Kalamazoo, Marshall, Albion and Detroit.

You cannot be too careful in handling fire while the dry season lasts. Villages and farmhouses are being burned in the northern part of this State, from fires carelessly started in the woods.

THE Marshal now has in his possession the book containing your account with the Village, and will soon give you a chance to pay that little tax. Are you ready?

THE Odd Fellows of this place propose to have an ice cream social at H. N. Mowrey's residence on Saturday evening. They always have a good time when they get to see H.

OF all welcome sounds we ever heard the sweetest is that of a neighbor's boy with a new drum, after he has kept the neighboring air in a quiver about six hours, honest time.

A wedding in high life is expected in New Carlisle, this evening. The contracting parties are Mr. Lyman Egbert and Miss Flora, daughter of Eli Wade.

MISS MATT HAMILTON and MISS MATTIE KANK, teachers in the Union School, started from this place Tuesday morning to spend a part of vacation with relatives in Illinois.

MISS NELLIE DENNISON started for Centralia, Ill., on Tuesday, to spend the summer vacation with her mother, with the intention of returning for the Fall term of school.

MR. WM. HIGGS and wife and child, of Lincoln township, were thrown from a wagon by the team running away, one day last week. Mrs. H. and child died from the injuries received.

LOOK HERE! POST NO MORE BILLS ON THE POST OFFICE BUILDING. That is no longer the public bulletin board, and if you want your bills to stay posted you had better put them in some other place. Don't forget it.

FIVE young chaps went from this place to St. Joseph, Tuesday morning, to find a job at berry picking. They went down the river in a skiff, starting from here at two o'clock in the morning.

MR. H. J. KINGSLEY will sell his farm stock and tools in the village of Dayton, Thursday, June 14th next. N. Hamilton will wield the mallet.

ON Tuesday afternoon Mr. Orson Campbell an employee in Ingham, Leslie & Co's factory in Benton Harbor was caught in the belting and his left arm and shoulder so badly wrenched that he died shortly after.

How strange it is that people take such an interest in the good of the town, when they have some pet scheme they want mentioned in the local paper. They don't care for an advertisement, but it will be so good for the place to have people know that their business is carried on there.

SOME of the saloon keepers of this county are endeavoring to get the county treasurer to do a credit business with them for a portion of their tax. The State law requires the tax to be paid within a certain time, and we trust our Treasurer will see that they are paid then.

MR. WOOD, of Dayton, has moved his house from the lot in town to his farm on the site of the old house, which was burned a few years since. This is a far more pleasant place than the small lot and will be more convenient for his farm work.

THIS fruit growers in the north part of this county do not expect to have any strawberries, unless they are sown with a good drizzling rain pretty soon, as the berries are all drying up and the vines withering.

ONE would think from the pile of boxes in his store, that George Noble intends collaring the whole community at once. Don't be too fast, George, you may collar some one who is too much for you yet.

A NILES correspondent to the Detroit Tribune, says: "The saw-mill of John H. Ullery, four miles north on the Pipestone road, was burned on the 31st ult. It caught fire from a spark while the men were absent at dinner. Loss not far from \$1,000; no insurance."

MR. WM. G. HERMAN has again allowed his inventive genius to show itself. This time it brings forth a pad-lock, in which the clasp is thrown by the key and the lock is supposed to be non-pickable. Quite ingenious withal.

THE Red Ribbon Club of Buchanan, will hold a meeting at Collins & Weaver's Hall, Tuesday evening, June 12th, for the election of officers and such other business as may come before the Club.

E. M. PLIMPTON, President. June 6, 1877.

THE following items from St. Joseph we find in the Inter-Ocean.

"A colored man by the name of Wolf Patrickson, who stole a watch, shot-gun, and other articles from E. J. Bonine & Brothers, of Cassopolis, was arrested by Marshal Rigney yesterday morning, and awaits in jail for an examination."

Lewis Smith, who was found under one of Mrs. Cook's beds in the dwelling on the bluff, with silverware in his pockets, waived his examination and was taken to Berrien for future trial."

The Association was then entertained by short addresses by Rev. J. M. Robinson, Rev. H. Worthington and others, when the meeting adjourned to the first Wednesday in June, 1878, where there is to be a real old-fashioned log-cabin-raising-bee, to which everybody is invited.

**SCHOOL FUNDS.**—The annual apportionment of the Primary School interest fund, in this State, gives to this county \$5,976.85, there being, according to the census, 13,932 children of school age in this county. This is at the rate of 46 cents per scholar.

The cistern that was commenced on Oak street is occasioning the workmen considerable trouble. Excavating was first commenced one week ago last Monday in a circle twelve feet across, and it has been in so that it is now more than thirty feet across the top, with fine prospects of being larger.

ALL wishing to attend the Red Ribbon picnic at Diamond Lake to-morrow will be conveyed by the M. C. R. R. from Buchanan and return for 50 cents. As passengers will be run from Niles to Buchanan on the return trip to accommodate those who go from this place. Those going from here will take the mail train at 8:41, arriving at Diamond Lake about 10 o'clock. On the return the train will leave Diamond Lake at 7 o'clock, thus giving ample time for fun at the lake and on the island. We believe many intend to go from this place.

THE Odd Fellows of this place propose to have an ice cream social at H. N. Mowrey's residence on Saturday evening. They always have a good time when they get to see H.

OF all welcome sounds we ever heard the sweetest is that of a neighbor's boy with a new drum, after he has kept the neighboring air in a quiver about six hours, honest time.

A wedding in high life is expected in New Carlisle, this evening. The contracting parties are Mr. Lyman Egbert and Miss Flora, daughter of Eli Wade.

MISS MATT HAMILTON and MISS MATTIE KANK, teachers in the Union School, started from this place Tuesday morning to spend a part of vacation with relatives in Illinois.

MISS NELLIE DENNISON started for Centralia, Ill., on Tuesday, to spend the summer vacation with her mother, with the intention of returning for the Fall term of school.

MR. WM. HIGGS and wife and child, of Lincoln township, were thrown from a wagon by the team running away, one day last week. Mrs. H. and child died from the injuries received.

LOOK HERE! POST NO MORE BILLS ON THE POST OFFICE BUILDING. That is no longer the public bulletin board, and if you want your bills to stay posted you had better put them in some other place. Don't forget it.

FIVE young chaps went from this place to St. Joseph, Tuesday morning, to find a job at berry picking. They went down the river in a skiff, starting from here at two o'clock in the morning.

MR. H. J. KINGSLEY will sell his farm stock and tools in the village of Dayton, Thursday, June 14th next. N. Hamilton will wield the mallet.

ON Tuesday afternoon Mr. Orson Campbell an employee in Ingham, Leslie & Co's factory in Benton Harbor was caught in the belting and his left arm and shoulder so badly wrenched that he died shortly after.

How strange it is that people take such an interest in the good of the town, when they have some pet scheme they want mentioned in the local paper. They don't care for an advertisement, but it will be so good for the place to have people know that their business is carried on there.

SOME of the saloon keepers of this county are endeavoring to get the county treasurer to do a credit business with them for a portion of their tax. The State law requires the tax to be paid within a certain time, and we trust our Treasurer will see that they are paid then.

MR. WOOD, of Dayton, has moved his house from the lot in town to his farm on the site of the old house, which was burned a few years since. This is a far more pleasant place than the small lot and will be more convenient for his farm work.

THIS fruit growers in the north part of this county do not expect to have any strawberries, unless they are sown with a good drizzling rain pretty soon, as the berries are all drying up and the vines withering.

ONE would think from the pile of boxes in his store, that George Noble intends collaring the whole community at once. Don't be too fast, George, you may collar some one who is too much for you yet.

A NILES correspondent to the Detroit Tribune, says: "The saw-mill of John H. Ullery, four miles north on the Pipestone road, was burned on the 31st ult. It caught fire from a spark while the men were absent at dinner. Loss not far from \$1,000; no insurance."

MR. WM. G. HERMAN has again allowed his inventive genius to show itself. This time it brings forth a pad-lock, in which the clasp is thrown by the key and the lock is supposed to be non-pickable. Quite ingenious withal.

THE Red Ribbon Club of Buchanan, will hold a meeting at Collins & Weaver's Hall, Tuesday evening, June 12th, for the election of officers and such other business as may come before the Club.

E. M. PLIMPTON, President. June 6, 1877.

THE following items from St. Joseph we find in the Inter-Ocean.

"A colored man by the name of Wolf Patrickson, who stole a watch, shot-gun, and other articles from E. J. Bonine & Brothers, of Cassopolis, was arrested by Marshal Rigney yesterday morning, and awaits in jail for an examination."

Lewis Smith, who was found under one of Mrs. Cook's beds in the dwelling on the bluff, with silverware in his pockets, waived his examination and was taken to Berrien for future trial."

The Association was then entertained by short addresses by Rev. J. M. Robinson, Rev. H. Worthington and others, when the meeting adjourned to the first Wednesday in June, 1878, where there is to be a real old-fashioned log-cabin-raising-bee, to which everybody is invited.

ALL wishing to attend the Red Ribbon picnic at Diamond Lake to-morrow will be conveyed by the M. C. R. R. from Buchanan and return for 50 cents. As passengers will be run from Niles to Buchanan on the return trip to accommodate those who go from this place. Those going from here will take the mail train at 8:41, arriving at Diamond Lake about 10 o'clock. On the return the train will leave Diamond Lake at 7 o'clock, thus giving ample time for fun at the lake and on the island. We believe many intend to go from this place.

THE Odd Fellows of this place propose to have an ice cream social at H. N. Mowrey's residence on Saturday evening. They always have a good time when they get to see H.

OF all welcome sounds we ever heard the sweetest is that of a neighbor's boy with a new drum, after he has kept the neighboring air in a quiver about six hours, honest time.

A wedding in high life is expected in New Carlisle, this evening. The contracting parties are Mr. Lyman Egbert and Miss Flora, daughter of Eli Wade.

MISS MATT HAMILTON and MISS MATTIE KANK, teachers in the Union School, started from this place Tuesday morning to spend a part of vacation with relatives in Illinois.

MISS NELLIE DENNISON started for Centralia, Ill., on Tuesday, to spend the summer vacation with her mother, with the intention of returning for the Fall term of school.

MR. WM. HIGGS and wife and child, of Lincoln township, were thrown from a wagon by the team running away, one day last week. Mrs. H. and child died from the injuries received.

LOOK HERE! POST NO MORE BILLS ON THE POST OFFICE BUILDING. That is no longer the public bulletin board, and if you want your bills to stay posted you had better put them in some other place. Don't forget it.

FIVE young chaps went from this place to St. Joseph, Tuesday morning, to find a job at berry picking. They went down the river in a skiff, starting from here at two o'clock in the morning.

MR. H. J. KINGSLEY will sell his farm stock and tools in the village of Dayton, Thursday, June 14th next. N. Hamilton will wield the mallet.

ON Tuesday afternoon Mr. Orson Campbell an employee in Ingham, Leslie & Co's factory in Benton Harbor was caught in the belting and his left arm and shoulder so badly wrenched that he died shortly after.

How strange it is that people take such an interest in the good of the town, when they have some pet scheme they want mentioned in the local paper. They don't care for an advertisement, but it will be so good for the place to have people know that their business is carried on there.

## TAXES! TAXES!

Having received the assessment roll for the year 1877, I shall be at T. M. Fulton & Co's store on Saturday of each week during the month of June, 1877, as the law directs, to receive the taxes assessed within the limits of the corporation of Buchanan. Office hours from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m.

AMOS P. EVANS, Marshal.

Let us be clean, in order that we may be healthy. To be thoroughly so, and to counteract eruptive tendencies and render the skin white and smooth, let us use Glenn's Sulphur Soap. No eruption can withstand it. Depot, Orienton's No. 7 Sixth Avenue, New York; Hill's Hair & Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50 cents.

Young & Son have a new stock of goods.

Mrs. S. K. Wilson is able to be around the house again.

A summer cook room is being attached to the Needham house. Mr. Seidmore doing the work.

Woe is the student of telegraphy who is practicing in a Michigan Central office without permission from the officers, for Mr. Reed, Supt. of telegraphing, says they must "git," and no more be taken without first obtaining his permission.

Regarding our side-walks, Mr. Editor, as a matter of course, it is necessary for a city of our standing to have good side-walks. They are, however, a little out of repair and on the decline at present, on account of other important business which the "city fathers" have in hand at present. They have just let a job of paving on the south side of town. They will probably now turn their attention to the north side.

Your servant has never had the honor of making a very intimate acquaintance with your village, but while passing through its streets, the other day, and comparing its perfect neatness, its shade trees, &c., &c., with other towns of our knowledge we decided that, if our choice were given us, we would prefer living in Buchanan to any other town on the M. C. R. R., between Michigan City and Jackson via the Air Line, unless peradventure it be Dayton.

"THE DUKE"

Mammoth Stock of new goods, at T. M. Fulton & Co's Famous Chicago Cheap Store. War on high prices.

Walk into High's. You will find that they will make you lower prices on anything you want than any store in town.

New goods at Noble's cheaper than ever.

Linens, Linens, at Noble's.

Full line of notions and fancy goods just received at T. M. Fulton & Co's.

Set of teeth for \$10, and warranted, at

J. M. WILSON'S.

Best German table linen, 40 to 45 cents per yard, at T. M. Fulton & Co's.

PARASOLS! PARASOLS! PARASOLS!—From 20 cents up. All silk parasols for \$1.00. Call and see the largest stock of parasols in Berrien Co., at T. M. Fulton & Co's.

A large supply of Straw Hats, at Noble's.

Misses' and Women's Side Lace Shoes, a new supply, at NOBLE'S.

White Vests and all kinds of dust-ers now in stock, at NOBLE'S.

WALL PAPER.

The largest stock of Wall Paper ever brought to Western Michigan, can be found at Finley's Drug Store, in Niles.

Orders left with E. F. Allen, Paper Hanger, Painter and Decorator, in Buchanan, will have our prompt attention.

4tf J. K. & S. M. FINLEY.

LETTER HEADS, NOTE HEADS, ETC.

—We make a specialty of this class of work, and claim we cannot be beat, either in quality of work or prices. Come and see us when you want work of this description, and we will guarantee to give you complete satisfaction.

All those wanting a nice lounge, very low, for cash, can be accommodated at Spencer & Barnes.

Send to Dr. E. A. Curtis, Dowagiac, for his "Open Letter to the Public," sent free. It tells you how to preserve and recover your health, and how chronic disease may be cured in a short time, with but little trouble and at a trifling cost.

How Women Can Make Money.

We have seen sample pages of "Buckeye Cookery and Practical Housekeeping," a superb book, just published, and can endorse it as a very handsome as well as practical book, which will sell if brought before the people. The publishers want one active, intelligent woman in each of the towns named below to undertake a thorough canvass. Their terms are very liberal.

Agents wanted in Buchanan, Niles, St. Joseph, New Buffalo and Three Oaks.

Sample pages containing valuable receipts, sent free to any address, with circular telling how the book may be obtained without money, on easy conditions. The outfit for agents costs very little, and those in the field net from \$1 to \$5 per day. Send address on postal to

BUCKEYE PUBLISHING CO., 17-2 Marysville, Ohio.

From Rev. M. P. Webster, Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Weston, Mass.

"Having been afflicted with dyspepsia and all its attendant sufferings for fourteen years past, and the last five or six with a chronic diarrhoea, I am happy to state that I find myself greatly improved. To those who are afflicted with the dyspepsia, or derangement of the liver and stomach, producing general prostration of strength, I would recommend the 'Peruvian Syrup' as one of the most effective remedies that I have ever known."

Sold by all druggists.

The Russian Court invited Dr. Ayer and his family to the Archduke's wedding in the Royal Palace. This distinction was awarded him not only because he was an American, but also because his name as a physician had become favorably known in Russia in his passage round the world. —Public (Col.) People.

Good Advice.

Now is the time of year for Pneumonia, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, and all the other diseases of the lungs. Do not allow for one moment that cough to take hold of your child, your family or yourself. Consumption, Asthma, Pneumonia, Croup, Hemorrhages, and other fatal diseases may set in. Although it is true, German Syrup is curing thousands of these dreaded diseases; yet it is much better to have it in hand when it is needed. One bottle will last your whole family a winter, and keep you safe from danger. If you are consumptive, do not rest until you have tried this remedy. Sample bottles 10 cents. Regular size 75 cents. Sold by your druggist, J. H. Roe & Co.

Scarlet Fever is the Herod of the present age. Parents you can disarm the monster and save your little ones by using Dr. Ayer's Sallowy Soap.

Nervous Debility.

VITAL WEAKNESS OR DEPRESSION; a weak exhausted feeling, no energy or courage; the result of mental overwork, indiscretions, or excesses, or some drain upon the system, is always cured by HUMPHREY'S HOMEOPATHIC SYRUP No. 28. It tones up and invigorates the system, dispels the gloom and despondency, imparts strength and energy, stops the drain and rejuvenates the entire man. Used twenty years with perfect success by thousands. Sold by dealers. Price, \$1.00 per single vial, or \$5.00 per package of five vials, and \$2.00 vial of powder. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Address: HUMPHREY'S HOMEOPATHIC MEDICINE COMPANY, 109 FULTON ST., NEW YORK.

To all wishing to save money these hard times. Call at T. M. Fulton & Co's Dry Goods and Notion Store, where you can buy new fresh goods at jobbers' prices.

## Good Advice.

Now is the time of year for Pneumonia, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, and all the other diseases of the lungs. Do not allow for one moment that cough to take hold of your child, your family or yourself. Consumption, Asthma, Pneumonia, Croup, Hemorrhages, and other fatal diseases may set in. Although it is true, German Syrup is curing thousands of these dreaded diseases; yet it is much better to have it in hand when it is needed. One bottle will last your whole family a winter, and keep you safe from danger. If you are consumptive, do not rest until you have tried this remedy. Sample bottles 10 cents. Regular size 75 cents. Sold by your druggist, J. H. Roe & Co.

Scarlet Fever is the Herod of the present age. Parents you can disarm the monster and save your little ones by using Dr. Ayer's Sallowy Soap.

Nervous Debility.

VITAL WEAKNESS OR DEPRESSION; a weak exhausted feeling, no energy or courage; the result of mental overwork, indiscretions, or excesses, or some drain upon the system, is always cured by HUMPHREY'S HOMEOPATHIC SYRUP No. 28. It tones up and invigorates the system, dispels the gloom and despondency, imparts strength and energy, stops the drain and rejuvenates the entire man. Used twenty years with perfect success by thousands. Sold by dealers. Price, \$1.00 per single vial, or \$5.00 per package of five vials, and \$2.00 vial of powder. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Address: HUMPHREY'S HOMEOPATHIC MEDICINE COMPANY, 109 FULTON ST., NEW YORK.

To all wishing to save money these hard times. Call at T. M. Fulton & Co's Dry Goods and Notion Store, where you can buy new fresh goods at jobbers' prices.

A Restorer of Intrinsic Worth and One that Pleases All.

WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, INFLUENZA, HOARSENESS, LUNGS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS. It is a powerful expectorant, and cures all the above diseases, and all other ailments of the throat and lungs. It is a powerful restorative, and cures all the above diseases, and all other ailments of the throat and lungs. It is a powerful restorative, and cures all the above diseases, and all other ailments of the throat and lungs.

Without a Parallel.

We believe that the wonderful results accomplished by the use of "SHILOH'S CONSUMPTIVE CURE," are without a parallel in the history of Medicine. Those who disbelieve this and have occasion to try it can be convinced without expense to themselves. Its success is so wonderful and sure that we sell it on a guarantee to cure Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, Inflammation of the Lungs, and all other ailments of the throat and lungs. It is a powerful expectorant, and cures all the above diseases, and all other ailments of the throat and lungs. It is a powerful restorative, and cures all the above diseases, and all other ailments of the throat and lungs.

Figures are What is Wanted.

Not election majorities, but such as interest the great army of American producers. Twenty-five years ago



