

Business Cards and notices, 50 cents per line per week. Legal advertisements, 75 cents per line per week. Transient advertisements, 10 cents per line per week. Copying and printing, 10 cents per line per week. Copying and printing, 10 cents per line per week. Copying and printing, 10 cents per line per week.

DON'T READ THIS! Unless you desire to SAVE MONEY. We are selling Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Caps, and Gen's Furnishing Goods lower than any other house in town. We buy lower and in larger quantities than any house in our line, and by discounting our bills we are enabled to give our customers the lowest prices on goods. We can and will shade prices given by any other house in our line.

DRY GOODS! Wm. H. FOX, To the front in Low Prices. Calicoes, 4c, 5c, and very best, 6c. Lonsdale and Fruit of Loom cottons, 10c. 50 pieces 4-4 bleached cotton, soft and fine, 9c, worth 12c. Dress Gingham, 8c, 9c and 10c. Dress Goods, the largest assortment and the lowest prices in the county. Black Cashmeres for Saques, 40c, 45c, 50c, 60c, 75c, 85c, 95c, \$1.15, \$1.25, \$1.50. Hosiery, Hosiery! 1,000 pairs Ladies' Hose, from auction, 9c a pair, former price 25c. Full line Kid Gloves, in 2 buttons, light and dark shades, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50. \$1,000 worth of Ladies' Cotton Underwear at a great sacrifice to close. Also, at a bargain, Ladies' Linen Suits, Ladies' Calico Suits, Ladies' Stuff Suits.

RIVERSIDE NURSERIES, BUCHANAN, MICH. C.S. BLACK, Proprietor. Apple Peach, Pear, Cherry, Lombard Poplar and Evergreen Trees, will be sold very cheap. Trees have never been better and are first-class. No Trees Healed In. FARMERS and others in want of trees should examine this stock before buying.

L. P. ALEXANDER, Justice of the Peace, Notary Public, Insurance & Collection Agency. Money to Loan. Also, REAL ESTATE AGENT. Harness Makers, Boot Makers, Manufacturers & Builders. LEATHER AND RUBBER GOODS, BELTING AND BUILDING MATERIALS. At J. S. Tuttle's, Niles, Mich. DR. A. N. VAN RIPER, Eye and Ear.

NEW FURNITURE STORE. N. BROWN, SELLS FURNITURE. As Cheap as the Cheapest. A. J. Thompson & Co., GENERAL Commission Merchants, For the Purchase and Sale of Grain, Seeds, Hides, Green and Dried Fruits, Butter, Eggs, &c. Particular Attention Given to Truits and Vegetables. 192 S. Water St., Chicago.

MIDWIFERY! MRS. MARIA DUTTON, MIDWIFE AND NURSE. A WONDERFUL REMEDY. J. E. HAHN, Undertaker. Metallic and Casket Coffins. A FINE HERSE.

PRINTS 5 CENTS. REMEMBER! OUR STOCK OF DRY GOODS, HOSIERY, Gloves and Ribbons, SOLD FOR CASH. Therefore we will make you LOWER PRICES THAN ANY STORE. Examine Before Buying. S. P. & C. C. HIGH. Denims 10 & 14 Cts.

Business Directory. A. F. WHITE, Druggist and Apothecary. B. D. FERRIS, M. D., Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon. C. T. MORLEY, Star Foundry. D. S. DODD, M. D., physician & surgeon. E. S. DODD, M. D., physician & surgeon. F. & A. M. Summit Lodge No. 192. G. H. McLean, M. D., Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon.

Poetry. There are many kinds of letters, Messengers of good or ill, Messengers of joy or sorrow; Yet they're welcome to us still. Tokens of esteem and friendship, Tokens of undying love; Tokens of some one's remembrance, Dearer than might else above. Friendships letters good and kind, And received by us with pleasure, Tellings news and asking questions, That we answer at our leisure. Business letters short and terse; Stating just the merest facts; The writer gives you just an outline, You supply what words it lacks. Dunning letters, short, unpleasant, If it unclucks is our lot, Saying, if you haven't all, Then please send us what you've got. Then love letters, long and loving, Calling you his duck or dove, Vowing to be ever constant, Promising eternal love. All love letters are alike, Sounding strangely soft and flat, But of course to the receiver They sound anything but that. Each one tells the same old story, Told us many times before; Each one asks a dreadful question, Of a thing we and asking more. Then home letters, far more welcome Than any of the rest; Telling the minutest news; Surely, of all letters best. News from home and all the loved ones, Each one writes if but a line; Each one tells some slight occurrence, That will cheer your heart each time. Then letters of invitation, Showing some remembrance, too; Saying that on such an evening We would be pleased to see you and you. Then dead letters make their appearance, After traveling round a spell; They have a charitable way of telling, To read the thoughts we failed to tell. Letters, we know, are but small items, Some will cheer us in the strife, Others will embitter our lives' moment, But they'll help make the sum of life.

A MIDNIGHT DRAMA. What a sigh was that! not noisy, but profound and eloquent at once of an old grief and a fresh perplexity. Bob Withers, the gentleman in his shirt-sleeves before the mirror, had heaved that sigh every night for ten years simultaneously with the act of removing from his head the family wig, which concealed the almost complete destitution of the natural covering. The grief is therefore an old one, but an element of perplexity has mingled with this nightly sigh more lately—namely, since having wooed and won Angie McLane in his wig, he has been screwing up his courage to the point of revealing to her that it is a wig, as he feels in fairness he ought to do. He has put it off, and put it off, never finding just the right opportunity for the confession, until now the wedding is but a month off, and the task seems harder, more impossible, than ever. He is at present spending a couple of days at the house of the McLanes in the country, with a view of getting acquainted with the family. For the sake of enjoying unalloyed the pleasure of Angie's society for this short time, he has compromised with his conscience by resolving at once on leaving to write to her and tell the truth, but by no means to procrastinate further. Meantime the process of getting acquainted with the family does not get on very prosperously. Bob is a poor match for the parental point of view, and a bitter disappointment to the McLanes. Nothing but Angie's resolute character could have extorted the grudging consent which their engagement had at length received. The family consisted, besides Angie, of her father and mother, and two brothers, John and George. Mr. McLane kept his room, being a confirmed invalid. John, strong-willed and arrogant in temper, ruled the family with a rod of iron—George being kinder tempered, but of much less strength of character. Angie was the only member of the family who could not be laid under the thumb, and she had carried the point of her engagement against his bitter opposition. Mrs. McLane was a more shuttlecock between John and Angie, receiving an impulse from one which lasted till the other got hold of her. John had accepted the engagement with exceedingly bad grace, and made scarcely decent pretense of concealing from Bob his contempt and hostility, and his desire to find any pretext for forcing a quarrel. This was particularly unpleasant and demoralizing to Bob, because the injury to his own self-respect by the sense of the tacit deceit he was guilty of as to his wig, left him unable to meet John's overbearing insolence with the quiet dignity he would have liked to assume. As he reached the foot of the staircase, voices were audible above, and lights were gleaming down. His rest was cut off; he could not go back to his room without being discovered. He now distinguished the voice of Mrs. McLane in an agitated tone, entreating somebody to be careful and not get shot, the gruff, vigorous of the brothers responding, and then their steps rapidly descending the stairs. Should he go up, and take the risk of a volley while announcing himself? It would make a pretty tableau. Presenting himself in such a guise and under such circumstances, what sort of a reception could he expect from John, who treated him with undisguised contempt in the drawing-room, and whose study it was to place him in a disagreeable light? He might have hesitated longer, but at the moment the voice of Angie, crying down to her brothers to be careful, decided him. He could not fag; he had under such terribly false circumstances, and without his wig.

All this took place far quicker than I can write it. The glimmer of the descending lamp already shone dimly in the hall, and Bob frantically looked about him for a hiding place. But all the furniture stood up too high from the floor, and the corners were distressingly bare. He sprang into the dining-room, but in the dark he could not see how the hand lay, and hurried on into the library. The dying fire still shed a dim light around, and he eagerly canvassed the various possibilities of concealment which the room offered. Youthful experience in the game of hide-and-seek now stood him in good stead, and showed him at a glance the inutilities as refuges of half a dozen places that would have deluded one less practiced by the specious but too easily-guessed shelter they afforded. Vainly seeking a safe refuge, he ran round the apartment like a rat in a trap. He already heard the brothers in the dining-room picking up the silver and wondering to find it all there, when, obeying a sudden inspiration, he clambered upon a lofty bookcase that ran across one end of the room, arching above the dining-room door, and reaching within a few feet of the ceiling. In cold blood he never could have sealed it. Lying at full length upon the top of the bookcase, with his back to the wall, the bulge of his wall still visible from the further part of the room, in case it should occur to his pursuers to look so high. The latter now entered the library; and, peering over the edge of the bookcase, Bob recognized with singular sensations the two gentlemen with whom he had been quietly conversing a little earlier in the evening. Then they were arrayed in faultless evening dress, and their manner, although supercilious enough, was calm and polished. Now he saw them half dressed, with disheveled hair—John carrying a student's lamp in his left hand, and in his right an ugly-looking cane-sword, with a blade painfully naked, while George held a revolver as if to cock. Talking in a low tone, as they called one another's attention to various spots where possibly the burglar might be concealed, they went slowly from corner to corner, probing every recess with the sword, and in an attitude of strained attention to every sound. Their faces, grotesquely lit by the mingled fire and lamp light, showed a fierce hunter's look that made Bob fairly sick. He did not dare to look at them long lest the magnanimity of his gaze should attract their involuntary attention. Nay, he even made a frantic effort not to think of them, from the fear that some physical current might have the same effect—for he believed strongly, though vaguely, in the mysteries of animal magnetism, and had a notion that a person conversative to such influences might detect the presence of his victim by the very terror the latter had of him. He could scarcely believe his fortune, when, a moment later, the two brothers passed again beneath him back again into the dining-room. Perhaps five minutes after, they returned, that is, as far as the dining-room—and Bob gathered from their conversation that they had found one of the fastenings in the basement in a condition indicating that the burglar might have escaped there. Mrs. McLane and Angie, having satisfied themselves that the coast was clear, descended to the dining-room, and a lively discussion of all aspects of the problem ensued, which was highly edifying to Bob. The conversation became still more interesting as it turned on himself. He heard Mrs. McLane saying: "He must be a hard sleeper, for I knocked several times on his door." Then one of the brothers grunted something contemptuously, and he heard Angie's voice exclaiming on the ground that he must be tired after his long journey. "Are you sure you looked everywhere in the library?" was Mrs. McLane's next question, at which a cold sweat started out on Bob's face. He had just begun to feel quite comfortable. John and George, however, declared that they had looked everywhere. "Did you look under the sofa?" "Behind the window curtains?" "In that dark corner by the bookcase?" asked the ladies in succession. Ingenious cruelty of fate! Even Angie was racking her brain to guess his hiding place. What if it should be she who hit upon it? Bob drew a breath of relief as John replied, with some asperity, to all these questions, that he had told them once that they looked everywhere. This silenced them, but Angie said, a moment after: "Just let me ask one more question: 'Did you look on top of the bookcase?'" It seemed to Bob that he had died then, and could to life again, to hear John reply, contemptuously: "Over the bookcase? There's no room there, and if there were, nobody but a monkey could get up." "There's room enough," persisted Angie, "and I have often noticed, when sitting in the library, what a nice hiding place it would be. What if he should be up there now, and hear what I'm saying?" she added, in an agitated whisper. "Nonsense!" said John. "Well, there's no harm in looking, anyway," said Mrs. McLane. "Come along then," gumbled John. "You shall see for yourselves." "At this Bob shut his eyes and turned his face to the wall. The ostrich instinct in the human instinct of despair, he tried to fly away from himself, and leave his body there as a detached effort was desperate, and seemed almost successful. But he could not quite sever the connection, though his soul appeared to be hovering over his body, only attached by a single thread—but a thread which, alas! would not break. A moment after, they all passed through the door directly beneath him, and going clear to the other end of the library, stood on tiptoe, and peered at his hiding place. There seemed to be eyes in his back, which felt their scrutiny. But the lamp they carried did not suffice to bring out his figure clearly. "I'm sure I see something," said Angie, getting up on a chair. "It's only the shadow of the fire-light," replied John. "Light the gas and let us make sure," said Mrs. McLane. George stood upon a chair under the chandelier and lit one of the burners. An inarticulate ejaculation fell from every mouth. A human figure was distinctly visible, reclining on the top of the bookcase, with his face toward the wall. The ladies would have forthwith run away but for the fact that one door of the room was directly beneath the bookcase, and the other close to it. Upon Bob's paralyzed senses fell the sharp words of John: "We've got you. Get down!" He did not move, but at the summons his soul, with inexpressible reluctance and disgust, began to return from the end of its floating thread, and reinhabit the quarters for which it could not quite shake off responsibility. "Get up, or I'll shoot!" said George. "Oh, don't shoot him!" cried Mrs. McLane, while Bob, still motionless, dimly hoped he would. "Get up!" reiterated John; and he did get up. His will was inactive, and John's was the force that moved his muscles. He turned around and sat up, his legs dangled over the edge of the bookcase, and his wet, white, wretched face blankly directed toward the group—a most pitiable figure. "Jump down," said John; "and if you try to escape, you will get shot." Bob let himself down without regard to how he was to alight, and in consequence was severely bruised against a chair and the edges of the bookcase. He stood facing the group. His eyes mechanically sought Angie's. What was his surprise not to perceive in her expression of mingled curiosity and fright the slightest sign of recognition? A glance showed him it was the same with the others. John and George evidently supposed they were dealing with an ordinary burglar, and the others were apparently quite devoid of suspicion as to his identity. His wig! He had forgotten all about it. That explained their singular demoralization. The bald man in stockings, trousers, and shirt, caught hiding in the library after an attempt on the silver, quite naturally failed to recall to their minds the youth of rather foppish attire and luxuriant locks who bade them good-night a few hours previous. As this fact and his explanation broke upon Bob's mind, he felt an immense sense of relief, instantly followed by a more poignant perception of the inextinguishable fatality and cruel absurdity of his position. He had little time to think it over and determine his best course. John stepped forward, and with the point of his cane sword motioned him into a corner, thus leaving the way clear for the ladies, who at once hurried into the dining-room, throwing glances of fear and aversion upon Bob as they passed. Angie paused at the doorway and asked: "What are you going to do with the dreadful man?" Bob even then was able to notice that he had never seen her so ravishingly beautiful as now, with golden hair falling over her charming *desolabile*, while her eyes scintillated with excitement. She would have blushed to have been seen by him in such an undressed toilet, but with an odd feeling of being double, he now perceived that she now regarded him as she would have an animal. "George and I will attend to him. You had better go to bed," replied John to her question; and then he sent George after some cord, meanwhile standing in front of Bob with cocked revolver. Had he scanned the prisoner closely, he might have detected something familiar in his lineaments, but in a glance as an average burglar, whose identity was a question for the police. Bob had not uttered a word. In the complex falsity of his position he could not indeed muster presence of mind to resolve on any course, but regarded with a kind of fatuity the extraordinary direction events were taking. But when George returned with a rope, and ordered him to put his hands behind him; he said, in a tone so quiet that it surprised himself: "Hold on, Mr. McLane; this joke has gone too far. I am Robert Withers, at your service, and respectfully decline to be considered in the light of a burglar any further." George's jaw dropped with astonishment, and John was scarcely less taken aback. "Did I hear him?" ejaculated the former, after a moment, in a tone of incredulous conviction, as he recognized at once the voice and now the features of Bob; "but where's your hair?" Bob blushed painfully. "I wear a wig," he replied, "and to-night, coming down stairs after you were all bed to get my ring which I had left on the table here, I did not fully dress. Going back it was my luck to stumble over that cursed stand in the other room." "But what did you hide for?" asked John sharply. Bob just touched his bald head and replied: "I heard the ladies up."

John picked the revolver on the sofa and stood pensive. Finally he said, a with a stoic smile: "Mr. Withers, how do you propose to get out of this? Shall I call in the ladies and let you explain? They will presently be wanting to know what you have done with the burglar." Bob made no reply. Already bitterly humiliated, he saw no way of avoiding indefinite and yet bitter humiliations. John thought a few minutes longer, and then said: "Take a seat, Mr. Withers; I have a proposition to make." They sat down. "You are aware," continued John, in the calmest, most imperturbable tone, "that I don't like your match with my sister, and have done my best to break it off. But she is an obstinate girl, and I had pretty much given up hope. These peculiar circumstances have most unexpectedly put you in my power, and I propose to make the most of my advantage. If I were to call in Angie now and introduce you, I feel tolerably well assured that it would be the end of your matrimonial expectations in that quarter. Still, you have a chance for your life. I will call her if you say so?" And John rose. "For God's sake, don't let her come in here!" groaned Bob, in abject panic. John grinned, stepped toward the door, and then turned back irresolutely, muttering: "Wonder if it wouldn't be the shortest way out of it to call her down?" Then, with a savage reflection upon the uncertainty of a woman's course under any given set of circumstances, he came back, and, re-entring himself opposite Bob, said, with a sarcastic smile: "So you don't like my little suggestion of giving you one more chance with Angie? On the whole I think you are wise. The other alternative is to leave the house at once, relinquish your engagement, and never see her again. Make your choice, and as quickly as convenient, for I'm getting sleepy," and he yawned lazily. Bob sat in an attitude of utter dejection, staring at the ashes of the fire, which an hour ago had blazed as brightly as his own love-lit fancies. He was completely demoralized and almost incapable of thought or resolution. There was something so pitiable in Bob's odd-looking, dismantled figure, half-dressed, with that queer, white, baldous head, dimmed, black eyes, and expression of crushing shame and despair, that it would have moved almost any one to compassion. He did stir compassion in George, but there was no mercy in John's still, blue eyes. Two or three minutes passed in a silence so complete that even the almost noiseless movement of the French clock on the mantel was distinctly audible. "You are taking altogether too long to make up your mind, Mr. Withers. It will make shorter work to call Angie," finally said John, sharply, his patience quite at an end. He rose and stepped to the door as he spoke. "It won't be necessary, John—here I am!" said a clear voice, with a sharp ring in it that the family had learned to know meant decisive work, and Angie stepped into the room, her blue eyes flashing with indignation and her lip trembling with scorn, beautiful as a goddess. Bob stood facing her from the look of a man waiting for doom from the firing squad. As he stood there, drawn up to his full height, with just a touch of appeal softening the defiance of his expression, it was a manly face and figure in spite of all. But her brothers received Angie's first attention. "You mean, cowardly fellow!" she said, in tones of concentrated contempt. "I would not have believed that men were so mean! And I am almost as much ashamed of you, Mr. Withers," she added, turning to Bob, with a softer but yet angry voice. "Did you think, sir, that I took you for your beauty? I don't care if you wear 40 wigs, or none. You are absolutely vain, sir." She was smiling now. "You should know that when a woman loves a man it is of grace and not of works. Anybody," she added, turning to him as if contrasting his slight figure with Bob's fine physique, "Mr. Withers doesn't wear shoulder pads." With that parting shot she disappeared into the dining room, in a moment replying to say: "Mr. Withers, you may forgive them if you want to. I am by no means sure that I shall. And now go to bed, all of you, and don't be keeping us awake." There was an outward silence for a few moments. Then John said: "I don't ask your pardon, Mr. Withers, because I meant to succeed, and I'm sorry I didn't. But I know when I'm beaten, and you need expect no further opposition from me. Let's go to bed." There would not be any absolute necessity for reserve, if the world were honest; even then it would prove expedient. For, in order to attain any degree of deference, it seems necessary that people should imagine that you have more accomplishments than you discover.—[Shenstone.] Love is a secondary passion in those who love most, a primary in those who love least. He who is inspired by it in a high degree, is inspired by honor in a higher; it never reaches its plenitude of growth and perfection, but in the most exalted

John picked the revolver on the sofa and stood pensive. Finally he said, a with a stoic smile: "Mr. Withers, how do you propose to get out of this? Shall I call in the ladies and let you explain? They will presently be wanting to know what you have done with the burglar." Bob made no reply. Already bitterly humiliated, he saw no way of avoiding indefinite and yet bitter humiliations. John thought a few minutes longer, and then said: "Take a seat, Mr. Withers; I have a proposition to make." They sat down. "You are aware," continued John, in the calmest, most imperturbable tone, "that I don't like your match with my sister, and have done my best to break it off. But she is an obstinate girl, and I had pretty much given up hope. These peculiar circumstances have most unexpectedly put you in my power, and I propose to make the most of my advantage. If I were to call in Angie now and introduce you, I feel tolerably well assured that it would be the end of your matrimonial expectations in that quarter. Still, you have a chance for your life. I will call her if you say so?" And John rose. "For God's sake, don't let her come in here!" groaned Bob, in abject panic. John grinned, stepped toward the door, and then turned back irresolutely, muttering: "Wonder if it wouldn't be the shortest way out of it to call her down?" Then, with a savage reflection upon the uncertainty of a woman's course under any given set of circumstances, he came back, and, re-entring himself opposite Bob, said, with a sarcastic smile: "So you don't like my little suggestion of giving you one more chance with Angie? On the whole I think you are wise. The other alternative is to leave the house at once, relinquish your engagement, and never see her again. Make your choice, and as quickly as convenient, for I'm getting sleepy," and he yawned lazily. Bob sat in an attitude of utter dejection, staring at the ashes of the fire, which an hour ago had blazed as brightly as his own love-lit fancies. He was completely demoralized and almost incapable of thought or resolution. There was something so pitiable in Bob's odd-looking, dismantled figure, half-dressed, with that queer, white, baldous head, dimmed, black eyes, and expression of crushing shame and despair, that it would have moved almost any one to compassion. He did stir compassion in George, but there was no mercy in John's still, blue eyes. Two or three minutes passed in a silence so complete that even the almost noiseless movement of the French clock on the mantel was distinctly audible. "You are taking altogether too long to make up your mind, Mr. Withers. It will make shorter work to call Angie," finally said John, sharply, his patience quite at an end. He rose and stepped to the door as he spoke. "It won't be necessary, John—here I am!" said a clear voice, with a sharp ring in it that the family had learned to know meant decisive work, and Angie stepped into the room, her blue eyes flashing with indignation and her lip trembling with scorn, beautiful as a goddess. Bob stood facing her from the look of a man waiting for doom from the firing squad. As he stood there, drawn up to his full height, with just a touch of appeal softening the defiance of his expression, it was a manly face and figure in spite of all. But her brothers received Angie's first attention. "You mean, cowardly fellow!" she said, in tones of concentrated contempt. "I would not have believed that men were so mean! And I am almost as much ashamed of you, Mr. Withers," she added, turning to Bob, with a softer but yet angry voice. "Did you think, sir, that I took you for your beauty? I don't care if you wear 40 wigs, or none. You are absolutely vain, sir." She was smiling now. "You should know that when a woman loves a man it is of grace and not of works. Anybody," she added, turning to him as if contrasting his slight figure with Bob's fine physique, "Mr. Withers doesn't wear shoulder pads." With that parting shot she disappeared into the dining room, in a moment replying to say: "Mr. Withers, you may forgive them if you want to. I am by no means sure that I shall. And now go to bed, all of you, and don't be keeping us awake." There was an outward silence for a few moments. Then John said: "I don't ask your pardon, Mr. Withers, because I meant to succeed, and I'm sorry I didn't. But I know when I'm beaten, and you need expect no further opposition from me. Let's go to bed." There would not be any absolute necessity for reserve, if the world were honest; even then it would prove expedient. For, in order to attain any degree of deference, it seems necessary that people should imagine that you have more accomplishments than you discover.—[Shenstone.] Love is a secondary passion in those who love most, a primary in those who love least. He who is inspired by it in a high degree, is inspired by honor in a higher; it never reaches its plenitude of growth and perfection, but in the most exalted

John picked the revolver on the sofa and stood pensive. Finally he said, a with a stoic smile: "Mr. Withers, how do you propose to get out of this? Shall I call in the ladies and let you explain? They will presently be wanting to know what you have done with the burglar." Bob made no reply. Already bitterly humiliated, he saw no way of avoiding indefinite and yet bitter humiliations. John thought a few minutes longer, and then said: "Take a seat, Mr. Withers; I have a proposition to make." They sat down. "You are aware," continued John, in the calmest, most imperturbable tone, "that I don't like your match with my sister, and have done my best to break it off. But she is an obstinate girl, and I had pretty much given up hope. These peculiar circumstances have most unexpectedly put you in my power, and I propose to make the most of my advantage. If I were to call in Angie now and introduce you, I feel tolerably well assured that it would be the end of your matrimonial expectations in that quarter. Still, you have a chance for your life. I will call her if you say so?" And John rose. "For God's sake, don't let her come in here!" groaned Bob, in abject panic. John grinned, stepped toward the door, and then turned back irresolutely, muttering: "Wonder if it wouldn't be the shortest way out of it to call her down?" Then, with a savage reflection upon the uncertainty of a woman's course under any given set of circumstances, he came back, and, re-entring himself opposite Bob, said, with a sarcastic smile: "So you don't like my little suggestion of giving you one more chance with Angie? On the whole I think you are wise. The other alternative is to leave the house at once, relinquish your engagement, and never see her again. Make your choice, and as quickly as convenient, for I'm getting sleepy," and he yawned lazily. Bob sat in an attitude of utter dejection, staring at the ashes of the fire, which an hour ago had blazed as brightly as his own love-lit fancies. He was completely demoralized and almost incapable of thought or resolution. There was something so pitiable in Bob's odd-looking, dismantled figure, half-dressed, with that queer, white, baldous head, dimmed, black eyes, and expression of crushing shame and despair, that it would have moved almost any one to compassion. He did stir compassion in George, but there was no mercy in John's still, blue eyes. Two or three minutes passed in a silence so complete that even the almost noiseless movement of the French clock on the mantel was distinctly audible. "You are taking altogether too long to make up your mind, Mr. Withers. It will make shorter work to call Angie," finally said John, sharply, his patience quite at an end. He rose and stepped to the door as he spoke. "It won't be necessary, John—here I am!" said a clear voice, with a sharp ring in it that the family had learned to know meant decisive work, and Angie stepped into the room, her blue eyes flashing with indignation and her lip trembling with scorn, beautiful as a goddess. Bob stood facing her from the look of a man waiting for doom from the firing squad. As he stood there, drawn up to his full height, with just a touch of appeal softening the defiance of his expression, it was a manly face and figure in spite of all. But her brothers received Angie's first attention. "You mean, cowardly fellow!" she said, in tones of concentrated contempt. "I would not have believed that men were so mean! And I am almost as much ashamed of you, Mr. Withers," she added, turning to Bob, with a softer but yet angry voice. "Did you think, sir, that I took you for your beauty? I don't care if you wear 40 wigs, or none. You are absolutely vain, sir." She was smiling now. "You should know that when a woman loves a man it is of grace and not of works. Anybody," she added, turning to him as if contrasting his slight figure with Bob's fine physique, "Mr. Withers doesn't wear shoulder pads." With that parting shot she disappeared into the dining room, in a moment replying to say: "Mr. Withers, you may forgive them if you want to. I am by no means sure that I shall. And now go to bed, all of you, and don't be keeping us awake." There was an outward silence for a few moments. Then John said: "I don't ask your pardon, Mr. Withers, because I meant to succeed, and I'm sorry I didn't. But I know when I'm beaten, and you need expect no further opposition from me. Let's go to bed." There would not be any absolute necessity for reserve, if the world were honest; even then it would prove expedient. For, in order to attain any degree of deference, it seems necessary that people should imagine that you have more accomplishments than you discover.—[Shenstone.] Love is a secondary passion in those who love most, a primary in those who love least. He who is inspired by it in a high degree, is inspired by honor in a higher; it never reaches its plenitude of growth and perfection, but in the most exalted

John picked the revolver on the sofa and stood pensive. Finally he said, a with a stoic smile: "Mr. Withers, how do you propose to get out of this? Shall I call in the ladies and let you explain? They will presently be wanting to know what you have done with the burglar." Bob made no reply. Already bitterly humiliated, he saw no way of avoiding indefinite and yet bitter humiliations. John thought a few minutes longer, and then said: "Take a seat, Mr. Withers; I have a proposition to make." They sat down. "You are aware," continued John, in the calmest, most imperturbable tone, "that I don't like your match with my sister, and have done my best to break it off. But she is an obstinate girl, and I had pretty much given up hope. These peculiar circumstances have most unexpectedly put you in my power, and I propose to make the most of my advantage. If I were to call in Angie now and introduce you, I feel tolerably well assured that it would be the end of your matrimonial expectations in that quarter. Still, you have a chance for your life. I will call her if you say so?" And John rose. "For God's sake, don't let her come in here!" groaned Bob, in abject panic. John grinned, stepped toward the door, and then turned back irresolutely, muttering: "Wonder if it wouldn't be the shortest way out of it to call her down?" Then, with a savage reflection upon the uncertainty of a woman's course under any given set of circumstances, he came back, and, re-entring himself opposite Bob, said, with a sarcastic smile: "So you don't like my little suggestion of giving you one more chance with Angie? On the whole I think you are wise. The other alternative is to leave the house at once, relinquish your engagement, and never see her again. Make your choice, and as quickly as convenient, for I'm getting sleepy," and he yawned lazily. Bob sat in an attitude of utter dejection, staring at the ashes of the fire, which an hour ago had blazed as brightly as his own love-lit fancies. He was completely demoralized and almost incapable of thought or resolution. There was something so pitiable in Bob's odd-looking, dismantled figure, half-dressed, with that queer, white, baldous head, dimmed, black eyes, and expression of crushing shame and despair, that it would have moved almost any one to compassion. He did stir compassion in George, but there was no mercy in John's still, blue eyes. Two or three minutes passed in a silence so complete that even the almost noiseless movement of the French clock on the mantel was distinctly audible. "You are taking altogether too long to make up your mind, Mr. Withers. It will make shorter work to call Angie," finally said John, sharply, his patience quite at an end. He rose and stepped to the door as he spoke. "It won't be necessary, John—here I am!" said a clear voice, with a sharp ring in it that the family had learned to know meant decisive work, and Angie stepped into the room, her blue eyes flashing with indignation and her lip trembling with scorn, beautiful as a goddess. Bob stood facing her from the look of a man waiting for doom from the firing squad. As he stood there, drawn up to his full height, with just a touch of appeal softening the defiance of his expression, it was a manly face and figure in spite of all. But her brothers received Angie's first attention. "You mean, cowardly fellow!" she said, in tones of concentrated contempt. "I would not have believed that men were so mean! And I am almost as much ashamed of you, Mr. Withers," she added, turning to Bob, with a softer but yet angry voice. "Did you think, sir, that I took you for your beauty? I don't care if you wear 40 wigs, or none. You are absolutely vain, sir." She was smiling now. "You should know that when a woman loves a man it is of grace and not of works. Anybody," she added, turning to him as if contrasting his slight figure with Bob's fine physique, "Mr. Withers doesn't wear shoulder pads." With that parting shot she disappeared into the dining room, in a moment replying to say: "Mr. Withers, you may forgive them if you want to. I am by no means sure that I shall. And now go to bed, all of you, and don't be keeping us awake." There was an outward silence for a few moments. Then John said: "I don't ask your pardon, Mr. Withers, because I meant to succeed, and I'm sorry I didn't. But I know when I'm beaten, and you need expect no further opposition from me. Let's go to bed." There would not be any absolute necessity for reserve, if the world were honest; even then it would prove expedient. For, in order to attain any degree of deference, it seems necessary that people should imagine that you have more accomplishments than you discover.—[Shenstone.] Love is a secondary passion in those who love most, a primary in those who love least. He who is inspired by it in a high degree, is inspired by honor in a higher; it never reaches its plenitude of growth and perfection, but in the most exalted

Berrien Co. Record.

THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 9, 1877.

To Advertisers. The "Record" is the best Advertising Medium in South-western Michigan...

NOBLE! NOBLE!

WILL SELL. BOOTS! SHOES!

Ready-Made Clothing!

Gents' Furnishing Goods! CHEAPER THAN ANYBODY.

BOYS CLOTHING A SPECIALTY.

CASH! CASH!

APRILS retail at 80 cents per bushel of the groceries.

A NEW roof is being put on a part of Mrs. Post's house, on Oak street.

OUR town has been well furnished with street music the last week.

THE new roof on Weisgerber's mill is completed and all is in working order.

St. Joseph corporation pays their night watch \$12 for four weeks' services.

Quite a number of our young people are attending the young folks picnic at Berrien Springs today.

O. H. MANNING, of Elkhart, formerly of this place, was here on Monday, calling upon his old friends.

THE Grangers are inviting this week to find out whether they have made any thing the last six months.

QUITE a number went from this county to Petoskey, to M. E. Camp Meeting, last week.

CAMP MEETING commences next Tuesday. Secure your teams early if you are going.

QUITE a number in this vicinity are complaining of a general indisposition or ill health.

THE Buchanan Cornet Band is doing considerable practicing lately, and are now playing some pretty good music, well.

WHERE does the smoky appearance of the atmosphere originate? Are there fires in the near vicinity that cause it?

AT one of the late trials of the Fire engine the boys say they sprayed the water 140 feet high. Pretty good for hand work.

A SILK handkerchief was found on the ground at the lawn social, Tuesday evening. The owner may recover the same by calling at this office.

A FIRE company of fifty-one members has been formed in St. Joseph and the village council voted to donate \$25 for an incidental fund.

THE Evening News says: Henry Smith, of Galien, lost four fingers of his right hand by a boiler machine he was attending.

REMEMBER the lawn social to be given by the fire company, at the old school house grounds, to-morrow (Friday) evening.

A GOOD drenching rain would be very acceptable just now. Some kinds of vegetables are very much in need of it.

A NEW sidewalk on the east side of the "Dramatic" House, is among the much needed improvements that have been made this week.

HERAPERT when any one sends a drop letter, let them sign their name, and it will sometimes keep those out of trouble who are innocent. **

COL. C. H. BRISTOLLO, who claims to belong to the Egyptian army, delivered a temperance lecture in Collins & Weaver's Hall, on Sunday afternoon last.

WHO CAN BEAT IT.—On Friday last Peter Watkins, Jr. living about four miles north of this place, threshed 363 bushels of wheat from nine acres of land. It was of the Polts variety.

A LETTER to Mr. E. M. Plimpton from his son Harry, in Southern Kansas, says preaches a good article selling for fifteen cents per bushel. A little cheaper than they are here.

DID you make up your mind to go to Berrien with the rest of the young folks and have a good time? We learn that our young friend Herbert Smith has been appointed to speak this afternoon.

ELDER JOSHUA V. HIMES, the veteran Advent preacher, is now at his old home in this village, on a visit to his son Walter, and calling upon his many friends. He has been absent about a year, but time seems to have dealt gently with him, so that he appears as hearty and robust as we have ever seen him; in fact he says his health was never better. Mr. Himes is pastor of a congregation at Bridgport, Conn., where he will soon return.

MANNING ROBERTS, of Edwardsburg, Cass county, accidentally shot himself through the leg below the knee, making a flesh wound, while cleaning his revolver last week.

LAWN SOCIAL.—There was a lawn social for the benefit of the Buchanan Cornet Band, Tuesday evening. The Band exchequer was enriched to the tune of thirty-six dollars. A very good lift for the boys.

JAMES EARLY, who was arrested in Niles, by the officers of Berrien, for passing counterfeit money, has been held in \$1,000 bail to appear at the next term of U. S. District Court at Grand Rapids.

SOME one who was quite thirsty stole two bottles of Hostetter's Bitters from the shelf in Dodd's drug store, this week. The members of the red ribbon club please arise and explain.

THE State tax apportioned to this county for 1877, is \$27,248.04, in Cass they will pay \$25,500.51 and Van Buren \$18,700.37. The total to be raised by the State is \$1,710,021.30, on an assessed valuation of \$630,000,000.

C. H. BRISTOLLO, who has lectured in this place on Masonry and Temperance, is just now being "gone for" by correspondents in the "Evening Ocean." A communication in yesterday's issue looks rather damaging to that gentleman's claims.

LOST.—A lady's small black leather satchel was lost in the road between this place and the Wagner place, near South Bend, on Sunday, July 29th last. The finder will be paid for his trouble if he will leave the same with the owner, Ira Wagner, or at this office.

A PETITION to the Governor for the pardon of the Miss Madron, who was sent to the House of Correction nearly two years since, has been circulated in this place and sent to the Governor.

THE young ladies of Manistee are said to have resolved to cut the acquaintance of any young man who drinks or swears. If they should do that here each sex would have to "go it alone" to socials, ice cream parties, &c.

THE challenge of the South Bend boys has been accepted by the Laporte boys, and the two companies will run on Dexter Park, Chicago, on the 23rd inst. The stakes are \$800 a side.

WE hear a complaint of a neglect on the part of the Common Council to repair the fence surrounding Oak Ridge Cemetery, the complaining parties saying that hogs and sheep are in the habit of browsing on the graves, and have repeatedly been driven away.

H. N. HATHAWAY, the night hand at the depot in this place, was quite seriously hurt on the head, last evening, by the lever of the semaphore. This morning he was still insensible, and the chances for his recovery could rather poor.

LAST Thursday our "devil" was swayed and set, and in the evening he was surprised to find about all the young folks in town at his home, and the next morning came to work with a fine gold watch in his pocket, a present by his father, as the result. He thinks it not so bad to have a birthday and surprise after all.

THE Pomona Grange will have a basket picnic in Thomas Merra's grove, near Berrien Centre, to-morrow (Friday). J. J. Woodman, J. Webster Childs, J. T. Cobb and C. L. Whitney have been invited to speak. Go and have a good time.

THERE is a set of youngsters in this town who make a practice of sitting about the side walks and throwing burs into the cloths or hair of passers by. If the Marshal will take pains to look some of these young rascals in the cooler a short time it may do them good.

Ed. RECORD.—In publishing the list of names attached to the presentation of the Silver Tea Set presented to the undersigned, by inadvertence, the names of Mr. W. O. Hamilton and wife and J. F. Hahn and wife were omitted. Please insert them this week and oblige.

E. M. AND J. L. PLIMPTON.

List of Letters. Remaining in the Post Office at Buchanan, Wednesday, Aug. 8th, 1877.

Remainder in the Post Office at Buchanan, Wednesday, Aug. 8th, 1877.

WHO CAN BEAT IT.—On Friday last Peter Watkins, Jr. living about four miles north of this place, threshed 363 bushels of wheat from nine acres of land. It was of the Polts variety.

A LETTER to Mr. E. M. Plimpton from his son Harry, in Southern Kansas, says preaches a good article selling for fifteen cents per bushel. A little cheaper than they are here.

DID you make up your mind to go to Berrien with the rest of the young folks and have a good time? We learn that our young friend Herbert Smith has been appointed to speak this afternoon.

ELDER JOSHUA V. HIMES, the veteran Advent preacher, is now at his old home in this village, on a visit to his son Walter, and calling upon his many friends.

WHO CAN BEAT IT.—On Friday last Peter Watkins, Jr. living about four miles north of this place, threshed 363 bushels of wheat from nine acres of land. It was of the Polts variety.

A LETTER to Mr. E. M. Plimpton from his son Harry, in Southern Kansas, says preaches a good article selling for fifteen cents per bushel. A little cheaper than they are here.

ANOTHER swindle has come to light in the East called the bed spring swindle, in which the "agent" calls upon the innocent party and bargains for the storage of a given number of spring beds, and induces him to sign a contract to that effect.

BUCHANAN, Aug. 6, 1877. EDITOR RECORD.—That Insurance Agents should be moderately, is to be expected. Indeed, we should feel very much disappointed if they didn't, even those of them who profess better things.

THE current expenses for 1875 were as follows:

Amount paid the President (not \$25,000) 18 20

Amount paid the Secretary 508 00

Amount paid all the Directors 110 92

Total 636 12

The same year the Company bore the expense of \$600 or \$700 to save the expense of a separate assessment, which, with the expense of printing, stationery, postage, Attorney's fees, Constable's fees, and office rent, amounted to some over \$800 more.

FROM DAYTON. Aug. 7th, 1877. Have another warm biscuit? Now do. Pops & Torney started the great mill yesterday and are going to make nice flour, so we can have warm biscuits for our evening.

MOVED by Mr. Harper, supported by Mr. Hamilton, that the bills reported correct by the Committee on Finance and Claims be referred to the Common Council adjourned.

MOVED by Mr. Harper, supported by Mr. Hamilton, that the bills reported correct by the Committee on Finance and Claims be referred to the Common Council adjourned.

MOVED by Mr. Harper, supported by Mr. Hamilton, that the bills reported correct by the Committee on Finance and Claims be referred to the Common Council adjourned.

MOVED by Mr. Harper, supported by Mr. Hamilton, that the bills reported correct by the Committee on Finance and Claims be referred to the Common Council adjourned.

MOVED by Mr. Harper, supported by Mr. Hamilton, that the bills reported correct by the Committee on Finance and Claims be referred to the Common Council adjourned.

MOVED by Mr. Harper, supported by Mr. Hamilton, that the bills reported correct by the Committee on Finance and Claims be referred to the Common Council adjourned.

MOVED by Mr. Harper, supported by Mr. Hamilton, that the bills reported correct by the Committee on Finance and Claims be referred to the Common Council adjourned.

MOVED by Mr. Harper, supported by Mr. Hamilton, that the bills reported correct by the Committee on Finance and Claims be referred to the Common Council adjourned.

MOVED by Mr. Harper, supported by Mr. Hamilton, that the bills reported correct by the Committee on Finance and Claims be referred to the Common Council adjourned.

MOVED by Mr. Harper, supported by Mr. Hamilton, that the bills reported correct by the Committee on Finance and Claims be referred to the Common Council adjourned.

MOVED by Mr. Harper, supported by Mr. Hamilton, that the bills reported correct by the Committee on Finance and Claims be referred to the Common Council adjourned.

MOVED by Mr. Harper, supported by Mr. Hamilton, that the bills reported correct by the Committee on Finance and Claims be referred to the Common Council adjourned.

MOVED by Mr. Harper, supported by Mr. Hamilton, that the bills reported correct by the Committee on Finance and Claims be referred to the Common Council adjourned.

MOVED by Mr. Harper, supported by Mr. Hamilton, that the bills reported correct by the Committee on Finance and Claims be referred to the Common Council adjourned.

Proceedings of the Common Council of the Village of Buchanan. A regular meeting of the Common Council of the Village of Buchanan, held at the Common Council room, in Engine House No. 1, on Friday evening, July 6, 1877.

Present.—Wm. Peas, President; B. D. Harper, Recorder; Messrs. Binns, Churchill, Hamilton, Mowrey and Richards, Trustees.

The Committee on Finance and Claims reported the following bills, recommending their allowance:

Amos Evans, 35 days as Marshal and Street Commissioner, \$38.23; lamp-burner, 50 cents, " 58.73

W. A. Patterson, 35 nights as night watch, " 36.00

John G. Hart, for sending and delivering the Village Record, " 14.11

Geo. H. Richards, 1 day on board of review, " 1.50

N. Hamilton, " 1.50

O. A. Woodworth, daying, " 2.45

H. J. Howe, mdr., " 12.74

B. P. Plimpton, legal services, " 6.00

Mrs. Dalton, rent of pound, " 6.00

Hiram Fellows, moving grass in cemetery, " 14.00

C. E. Perrier, work on hose, " 4.50

Chas. Russell, " 3.75

W. C. Patterson, 1 load of stags, " 75

S. S. 75 lbs of stone, " 24.75

Wm. Peas, 34 days' work with team, " 21.75

Wm. Peas, 34 days' work with team, " 21.75

Wm. Peas, 34 days' work with team, " 21.75

Wm. Peas, 34 days' work with team, " 21.75

Wm. Peas, 34 days' work with team, " 21.75

Wm. Peas, 34 days' work with team, " 21.75

The Last Hymn. Messrs. J. S. White & Co., music publishers, Marshall, Mich., have laid on our table a copy of their last publication, entitled The Last Hymn.

Among the hurtful consequences of obstructed digestion, is the impoverishment of the blood, and a defective condition of the fluid not only produces dangerous organic weakness, but, according to the best medical authorities, sometimes causes asphyxia.

WANTED.—200 men to walk into C. H. Rea's shop and pay from 25 cents to \$50 each. It has been due for a long time.

BEE.—I will sell one or twenty swarms of bees, in good movable frame hives, cheap for cash.

50 dozen of these beautiful five cent coppers, just received at Wm. A. Fulton & Co's.

Take your boots, shoes and harness to C. H. Rea if you want a good job of repairing done.

Down! Down! Down They Go! Bottom reached at last at High's, in dress goods, shawls, cloths and cottonades, only at High's.

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to Redden & Graham will please call and settle their accounts.

NOTICE.—Any person wanting CHOLEWELL BRICK can now be supplied, as we have on hand a supply of good ones.

New York City prices on table linen, crashes, towels, ticking and oil cloths, at the One Price Store of High's.

Summer Pants, Summer Coats, Straw Hats, and all light weight suits at cost, at L. P. & G. W. Fox's, for the next 80 days.

MISS EM. MERRAD has removed to rooms over S. P. & C. C. High's store, foot of Main street, where she will attend to all kinds of work in the line of dressmaking.

Lowest prices in Buchanan on Crocker, at S. & W. W. SAITTI'S.

Mr. O. D. Carlisle painted the double granary for Curtis Lamb on the Terre Coupe Prairie. The work gives good satisfaction.

During the next thirty days we wish to close out all of our broken lots of boots, shoes, and summer clothing.

Toilet soaps of all grades, from Lubin's down to common, at Dodd's.

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.

LOOK! LOOK! LOOK! At T. M. Fulton & Co's before you buy one dollar's worth of Dry Goods, as we are selling out their Summer Goods at a great reduction.

"How I wish that my Skin was as white and soft as yours," said a lady the other day to a female friend.

Some extra new brands of Cigars, at Dodd's.

Save your money and buy your Dry Goods, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Lace Curtains, Shawls, and fancy goods of all kinds, at T. M. Fulton & Co's for money double store. Fronts on Main and Front Streets.

Noble will sell his summer goods very low for cash.

Gen. Plossanton's blue glass theory may or may not be correct; but there is no question about Terry's Salicylic Soap. It is all that is claimed for it and more too.

GREAT EXCITEMENT!!—10,000 men killed in one day! Nevertheless we are sole agents for the sale of the celebrated Laporte and Gosbon flannels in Buchanan.

LETTEL'S LIVING AGE. The numbers ending July 25, and August 4, respectively, have the following noteworthy contents: George Sand; Matthew Arnold; Fortnight Review; The Moon Dead; Cynical; Pascal and Montaigne; by the late Prof. Grote; Contemporary; The Egyptian Campaign in Abyssinia; from the notes of a staff-officer, Blackwood; The Little Old Man of the Baignolles; a chapter from a Detective's Memories, translated for The Living Age; for the French of Emile Gaborian; The Planet of War; Cornhill; Miss Mary Carpenter; Spectator; Notes on the Geographical Distribution of Animals; Popular Science Review; Japanese Children; Spectator; Parliament; Saturday Review, etc., together with instalments of "Carita," by Mrs. Oliphant; "Pauline," by the author of "Mr. Smith's" from advance sheets, "Green Pastures and Piccadilly," by Wm. Black; the conclusion of "The Marquis of Lousie," by Geo. MacDonald, and choice poetry and miscellany.

Out on this Coupon and send to Farrell & Co. for redemption. Premium Coupon. On receipt of this Coupon, together with 25 cents to help pay for this advertisement, we will send gratis a VALUABLE RECEIPT.

Are You Going to Paint? THEN BUY MILLER BROS. CHEMICAL PAINT.

Are You Going to Paint? THEN BUY MILLER BROS. CHEMICAL PAINT.

Are You Going to Paint? THEN BUY MILLER BROS. CHEMICAL PAINT.

Are You Going to Paint? THEN BUY MILLER BROS. CHEMICAL PAINT.

Are You Going to Paint? THEN BUY MILLER BROS. CHEMICAL PAINT.

Are You Going to Paint? THEN BUY MILLER BROS. CHEMICAL PAINT.

Are You Going to Paint? THEN BUY MILLER BROS. CHEMICAL PAINT.

Are You Going to Paint? THEN BUY MILLER BROS. CHEMICAL PAINT.

Are You Going to Paint? THEN BUY MILLER BROS. CHEMICAL PAINT.

Are You Going to Paint? THEN BUY MILLER BROS. CHEMICAL PAINT.

Are You Going to Paint? THEN BUY MILLER BROS. CHEMICAL PAINT.

Are You Going to Paint? THEN BUY MILLER BROS. CHEMICAL PAINT.

Are You Going to Paint? THEN BUY MILLER BROS. CHEMICAL PAINT.

Are You Going to Paint? THEN BUY MILLER BROS. CHEMICAL PAINT.

Are You Going to Paint? THEN BUY MILLER BROS. CHEMICAL PAINT.

Are You Going to Paint? THEN BUY MILLER BROS. CHEMICAL PAINT.

Are You Going to Paint? THEN BUY MILLER BROS. CHEMICAL PAINT.

Are You Going to Paint? THEN BUY MILLER BROS. CHEMICAL PAINT.

Are You Going to Paint? THEN BUY MILLER BROS. CHEMICAL PAINT.

Are You Going to Paint? THEN BUY MILLER BROS. CHEMICAL PAINT.

A Handsome Income To Every Patron of This Paper. VALUABLE RECEIPTS. HOUSEHOLD, FAMILY, DOMESTIC AND MEDICINAL, GIVEN AWAY!

B. P. B. 3! Lost \$100,000! \$20,000 Reward!

Are You Going to Paint? THEN BUY MILLER BROS. CHEMICAL PAINT.

Are You Going to Paint? THEN BUY MILLER BROS. CHEMICAL PAINT.

THE NEW WHEELER & WILSON Family Sewing Machine, No. 8.

Are You Going to Paint? THEN BUY MILLER BROS. CHEMICAL PAINT.

Are You Going to Paint? THEN BUY MILLER BROS. CHEMICAL PAINT.

SPENCER & BARNES FURNITURE! GOOD AGENTS WANTED.

