

**B. T. MORLEY, star founder.** All kinds of printing, bookbinding, and all other work done in the most perfect manner. Office at the corner of Oak and Second streets, Buchanan, Mich.

**C. W. CHURCHILL, dealer in Groceries.** Wholesale and Retail. Office at the corner of Oak and Second streets, Buchanan, Mich.

**D. FIELD HOUSE, Berrien Springs.** This old and famous hotel is still under the management of Mrs. Field and Son, who will spare no effort to maintain a first class hotel in the County seat.

**E. S. DODD, M. D., physician & surgeon.** Special attention given to chronic diseases. Office at the corner of Oak and Second streets, Buchanan, Mich.

**F. A. WHITE, Druggist and Apothecary.** South side of Front Street, Buchanan, Mich.

**F. & A. M. Summit Lodge No. 192.** This lodge is a regular meeting every Monday evening at 8 o'clock. Office at the corner of Oak and Second streets, Buchanan, Mich.

**F. & A. M. The regular communication.** This lodge is a regular meeting every Monday evening at 8 o'clock. Office at the corner of Oak and Second streets, Buchanan, Mich.

**G. F. EDWARDS, Attorney.** Office at the corner of Oak and Second streets, Buchanan, Mich.

**G. H. MOLIN, M. D., homeopathic physician and surgeon.** Office at the corner of Oak and Second streets, Buchanan, Mich.

**J. O. F. The regular meetings.** This lodge is a regular meeting every Monday evening at 8 o'clock. Office at the corner of Oak and Second streets, Buchanan, Mich.

**J. VAN RIPER, Attorney and Counselor.** Office at the corner of Oak and Second streets, Buchanan, Mich.

**J. M. WILSON, Dentist.** Office at the corner of Oak and Second streets, Buchanan, Mich.

**JOHN WEISBERGER, manufacturer of Lumber.** Office at the corner of Oak and Second streets, Buchanan, Mich.

**N. HAMILTON, licensed auctioneer.** Office at the corner of Oak and Second streets, Buchanan, Mich.

**REDDING HOUSE, Z. F. Redding.** Office at the corner of Oak and Second streets, Buchanan, Mich.

**REED HOUSE, O. Reed, Proprietor.** Office at the corner of Oak and Second streets, Buchanan, Mich.

**S. & W. V. SMITH, dealers in staple goods and groceries.** Office at the corner of Oak and Second streets, Buchanan, Mich.

**S. P. C. C. H. High, dealer in Dry Goods and Groceries.** Office at the corner of Oak and Second streets, Buchanan, Mich.

**WOODLAND HOUSE, Three Oaks.** Office at the corner of Oak and Second streets, Buchanan, Mich.

**W. G. THOMPSON, Auctioneer.** Office at the corner of Oak and Second streets, Buchanan, Mich.

**W. G. THOMPSON, Auctioneer.** Office at the corner of Oak and Second streets, Buchanan, Mich.

**W. G. THOMPSON, Auctioneer.** Office at the corner of Oak and Second streets, Buchanan, Mich.

**W. G. THOMPSON, Auctioneer.** Office at the corner of Oak and Second streets, Buchanan, Mich.

**W. G. THOMPSON, Auctioneer.** Office at the corner of Oak and Second streets, Buchanan, Mich.

**W. G. THOMPSON, Auctioneer.** Office at the corner of Oak and Second streets, Buchanan, Mich.

**W. G. THOMPSON, Auctioneer.** Office at the corner of Oak and Second streets, Buchanan, Mich.

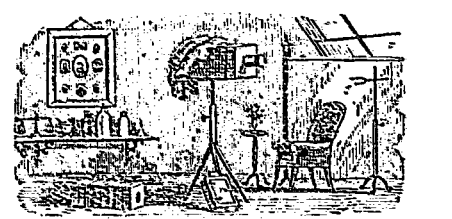
**W. G. THOMPSON, Auctioneer.** Office at the corner of Oak and Second streets, Buchanan, Mich.

# Berrien County Record.

VOLUME XII.

BUCHANAN, MICH., THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1878.

NUMBER 9.



H. E. BRADLEY, Photographer.

FIRST-CLASS WORK AT LOW PRICES.

Six Doors North of Bank, Buchanan, Mich.



Fresh and Salt Meats, SAUSAGE, &c.,

Cash Paid for Stock, Poultry, Hides, Pelts, Furs, &c.

W. F. MOISEBERRY & CO.

DR. A. N. VAN RIPER.

Consulting and Operating Surgeon, for Deafness, Blindness, and all diseases of the head, throat, and lungs.

ARTIFICIAL EYES.

Madison Dispensary, DR. C. BIGELOW.

MARRIAGE GUIDE.

THE BICKFORD AUTOMATIC FAMILY KNITTER.

J. F. HAHN, Undertaker.

Metallic and Casket Coffins.

A FINE HEARSE.

EMPLOYMENT!

COUGH, COLD, OR SORE THROAT.

THE PEOPLE'S PAPER.

THE DAILY POST.

OPIMUM.

MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS.

THE SILENT FRIEND.

COUGH, COLD, OR SORE THROAT.

THE PEOPLE'S PAPER.

THE DAILY POST.

## Poetry.

PRAYERS VS. THE DEVIL.

W. R. WHISKY.

'Twas midnight's holy hour, and dark, and dank the night;

The rain came drizzling on the roof; the glass was low;

Followed each successive thunder clap—the wind

Whistling round the corner, then against my window blind;

Seemed to spend its fury. I heard some noise, when I awoke;

Without some spectral voice most plainly spoke;

The words seemed clear, distinct and plain, Ah, thought I, some poor fellow out in the rain;

Cold, wet, freezing, and hungry, too, no doubt, Desires lodging—and jumping quickly out.

I donned my clothes, and ready from foot to head, I listened: I heard some thinking 'neath my bed;

I grasped the lamp—then listening for his call, I strained my attention. I had no more than

Strained, thought I, it's nothing but the rain, I extinguished the light, just then against the pane;

I saw, by the lightning's glare, Some man, ghost, or devil standing there,

In a light I made, and stepping to the door, I opened it: a girl, perhaps twelve years or more,

Stood there. I asked her just, in and from the rain, She sat beside the fire: then I turned again;

For a sharp, quick tap, tap, upon the door Summons my attention. I had no more than

Than touched the latch when crack, crack, and then, I saw the girl transformed into a wren.

I stepped out, then perched upon a chair, Rap, rap, again; I knew some one is there. I looked without, but nothing was heard.

I shut the door, just then a solitary voice, a single word Came from my bonfire. Puzzled, perplexed, amazed

At this strange unnatural order of things or ways, I sat down to revolve my bewildered brain,

Rap, rap, and springing to my feet again, I peeped out in the darkness, but only found

That night in her blackness was all around, No shadow of life or man was there.

I closed the door: a deep-toned voice, beware, I heard, I heard, I heard, I heard, I heard,

Fell on my ears, so distant and plainly I heard, That I knew they issued from the little bird.

Astonished, confounded, I scarcely believed the fact, This little wren possessed what other birds lack.

So addressed the little stranger in a pleasant tone, But my words were finished all was gone.

My light grew faint, fluttered, died, went out, I felt to missing—in the course of five minutes, or thereabouts,

Of a full-fledged bird, stood up before me within a pace, Gloved, tailed, wings, a serpent's head and face.

A skin of scales—the most repulsive looking thief That ever stole the soul of man, or tortured him with grief.

Dumbfounded I stood against, while a frightful and

Caused my quaking soul to doubt a further existence here, My teeth chattered, my eyes protruded from

My knees, palpitant, like the glass bottles in my pocket, My hair upon end, make me the picture of

And I said to myself 'tis the devil incarnate I know, And I thought for a trick of deception to him,

Whereby to escape the wicked and wily old fiend, Varied and strange were the thoughts which

Like the lightning's flash through my reeling brain, But nothing available, no logic or reason,

I began to pray, and the devil to weaken, I expostulated, I threatened, I endeavored to

But the old devil only advanced, hissing back, Now coaxed him though I—ah, that is the theme,

I'll just fight the old fellow, and smash up his scheme. But scarcely a smile had spread o'er my face,

When opening his jaws he advanced a pace, Saying, "My good sir, down in a fiery

## American vessels in European waters.

Her commander, a sea-born Englishman, named Gilderoy, was an officer of undoubted courage and cunning, to which he added a vindictiveness that rendered him obnoxious to many of his own crew.

The Meteor was flying from a new and very formidable foe—flying with a hold filled with booty. On the day preceding the one that had just closed upon her in flight, she had captured an American cruiser, after a spirited contest.

The prize had proved one of value, and Captain Gilderoy did not wish to risk an engagement with the vessel following in his wake.

Captain Conyngham, the pursuer, was a second Paul Jones. He was one of the most daring spirits of our then infant navy, and his name had become a terror along the coast of England.

He pursued and captured a number of British ships, which he either burnt or sent into friendly ports; and when he described the Meteor, fresh from her victory, he hesitated not to crowd all sail and give chase.

There were men on the decks of the Revenge, as Conyngham's vessel was appropriately named, who watched the flying Englishman. Much speculation concerning the result of the chase ran through the several groups.

And Conyngham smiled when he turned to reply to the words of a youthful Lieutenant who stood beside him, sea-glass in hand.

"We can outlast her, Gilbert," the American captain said, with emphasis. "This wind favors both of us alike, and in the calm that will soon prevail, she must lay by till day."

The young officer turned from his captain and again his eyes were strained to make out the form of the ship rapidly disappearing among the prevailing shadows.

Conyngham did not return to his glass, but watched the face of his youthful companion.

"I am confident that Miss Temple is on board the Englishman," he said, at last.

"Of course she is!" exclaimed the lieutenant, with a flush. "I know she was on board the Meteor when I fell into the Meteor's hands, and I am satisfied she is a prisoner."

"The fairest prize old Gilderoy has captured in many a long day," remarked Conyngham, with a laugh at the lieutenant's smile, and the flash that lighted up the depths of his anxious eyes.

The conversation was interrupted by an unexpected veering of the wind that pale the cheeks of the numerous watchers on the deck, and the officers separated.

Now, having learned something of the Meteor's pursuer, let us return to the flying vessel. The calm prophesied by the American captain fell upon the ocean shortly after the descent of darkness. It worried Gilderoy, and he held frequent consultations with his officers, now on deck, now in his state-room. He held consultation in the latter place over a bottle of choice wine, and under the liquor's influence he soundly cursed the Yankee privateer.

Beckoned on the water and beneath the stars, the Meteor lay like a huge, slumbering leviathan. Her lights were hidden, and the spectral figures that trod her decks converged in whispers.

In a small apartment not far remote from the council cabin, stood a beautiful young girl. There was a look of sorrow in her dark eyes, and her face was quite pale. She appeared to be listening, for her head was bent toward Gilderoy's room, from which direction came a faint and confused murmur of voices.

"I know we are becalmed," she said to herself in an audible tone, "and I know, too, that the officers are worried about it. The men? I know that many of them hate Gilderoy. Didn't I hear the helmsman say last night that the sailors would refuse to fight for the man who rules them with a rod of iron, and when he had spoken thus, didn't he remark to a fellow tar that the prisoners did not know their strength? Yes, that he did. The men think of mutiny, and the man at the wheel is now ready to rise against the captain of this ship. They want a leader; they grow in silence the chain of tyranny, with which their captain has bound them. I will spring the mine! I will lead the Meteor's mutineers, and the Revenge may have our prize."

Adaline Temple spoke with stern determination and clenched her hands. The observer would have laughed to think that she had decided to head a body of mutineers—that she—a fragile girl of nineteen, had resolved to rob the English navy of one of its best vessels or to perish in the attempt.

She left the room with a resolute well formed, and steadfast in her determination. Like a spectre she glided down the dark corridors of the vessel, and at last, climbing upward with care, reached the deck.

Captain Gilderoy and his lieutenants were below, discussing the situation over several bottles of wine. Adaline saw the stars overhead, and turned her face to the various points of the compass without greeting a breeze that would have pleased the British captain.

"He still follows," were the words that fell from his lips; "but with the help of Neptune we'll outlast him in the night."

Though the officer spoke with much assurance, there lurked in his tongue a latent fear which his companions detected, and exchanged significant glances.

Over the face of the deep, night was setting, and the vessel kept straight before the wind, to the joy of the commander who had lately spoken. The shadows gradually veiled the far-away pursuer from sight, and when the officers separated, expressions of triumph were on their lips.

The British vessel was the Meteor, a fast sailer, whose armament consisted of twenty-eight guns. She was a well built double-decker, and had seen much service in the war which had raged almost three years between Great Britain and the American colonies. Her speed and her formidable armament had made her a terror to

## White Hands.

Poets, novelists, and high-toned people have always had a great deal to say about white hands.

Their heroines are always represented as having hand milk-white, and lily-white, and all other kinds of white. And the hands in question are small and soft and bear no marks of toil, and are fit only for sorting silks, and for lovers' lips to kiss—and very aristocratic and high-toned at that.

Taking up a late fashion magazine, we read, among "Toilet Items," as follows:

"No woman, no matter how graceful and well-formed she may be, can be thoroughly a lady if her hands be big, and brown, and coarse."

We do not wish to dispute author's opinion, for this is a free country; and if everyone has not a right to his opinion, then we needn't have any more Fourth of July, and birthdays of Washington, and people might as well leave off christening their babies Thomas Jefferson. But what we beg to inquire, is to become of the thousands of women all over the land who do their own house-work, and make their husbands pies and puddings with their own hands?—who fry the doughnuts, and peel the onions, and wash the potatoes, and scrub the pots and kettles, and attend to things generally? Labor of that kind will blacken and harden the loveliest hands in the world in a week; and it is no use to talk of rubber gloves, and lemon juice, and glycerine to a woman who has the work to do for six in a family, and a baby to attend in the bargain.

And so it appears that our best house-keepers, the women who make the homes of their families places of neatness, peace, and contentment, cannot be ladies, cannot be beautiful, because their hands are not white.

What a fate for them! We wonder if a majority of them have a realizing sense of it? We wonder if the writer of that article—for it bore a name—would be willing to eat labor's bread and milk for dinner, that his wife might not blacken her hands peeling potatoes and slicing quinces? We wonder, if he would send his "shirts" to the laundry, and clean out the stoves himself, in order that she might preserve her hands white, so as to be a lady?

We admire white hands ourself; they are lovely, and much to be desired—so are pearls and diamonds; but we cannot have them. Some of the most perfect ladies we have ever known were women who did their own house work; who sewed for the family till their fingers were pricked to pieces; who had toiled for the good of those they loved until their hands were hard and brown as a farmer's and never considered that they were losing caste by so doing.

The hands of our mothers and grandmothers—in this Republican country are stained with toil; but we would not wish to hear them stigmatized as lacking in refinement and loveliness because of that. The kindly, loving hands which were so often our childhood hands were racked with pain—the gentle hands which knew so well how to soothe care and trouble away—the hands in whose magic touch they were strength and comfort, and peace for many a transgressor—what mattered it if they were white or brown?—what mattered it if they were horny with the performance of kindly deeds, or velvet-like with the luxury of idleness?

It is every woman's duty to be beautiful, and if she can have white hands, let her have them, by all means; but a lady is a lady, be she found in hovel or palace—be her hands white or black; and all creation knows her when it sees her, and admires her accordingly.—Kate Thorn, in New York Weekly.

A moment's silence was followed by curses, and the nineteen mutineers looked into the faces of the men who they had armed with English pistols and cutlasses. Obedience alone would save their lives, and in a few moments the British mutineers were prisoners like their more faithful comrades, and the good ship Meteor was in Yankee hands.

Before dawn rockets revealed the Meteor's position to her pursuer, and the astonished Conyngham soon stood on her bloodless decks! Then the young American lieutenant encountered the heroine of the hour—the girl on whose finger he had already placed a shining ring.

"I knew that you were near in the Revenge," she said to him, "and I thought I would present you with the Meteor. Why, Gilbert, if I had not led the mutineers, I might have run away from you, as I did yesterday!"

Gilbert Farley assumed command of the valuable prize, and in many of his cruises he was accompanied by the gallant girl whose fame was sung on decks of every vessel in our little navy.

After the war—well, the reader can guess what "happened after the war."

A young man who lives on a farm near Bochara, Australia, lately went to sleep on a sofa after a hard day's work, and had been lying there some time when he got up and went outside. His companions observed that he walked with a staggering gait, and little notice was taken of the matter, as they expected him to rejoin them immediately. The somnambulist, for such he really was, passed through three or four gates, untying and retying the fastenings, which are made of rope, and made his way to the woodshed. There he hung his coat upon a nail, took down a pair of shears he had been using in the daytime, and proceeded to shapen them. He next caught a sheep, and had just finished shearing it, when he was awakened suddenly by the arrival of his friends, who had come with a lantern to search for him. The shock of waking caused him to tremble like a leaf, but he soon gained his equilibrium. The sheep was shorn as well as the work had been performed in broad daylight, and the night was by no means clear one.

Mr. Lloyd Garrison is now 74 years of age. On the 13th of October, it will be sixty years since he learned the printers' trade in the Newburyport Herald office, and if he lives until then the means to take a "case," and set some type to celebrate the event.

## Cutting Diamonds and their Value.

The process used in cutting diamonds is exceedingly interesting, for we all know that the hardest substance in this world is this stone; yet when presented to us in a form of a jewel it is cut in a most precise and geometrical manner. Diamonds, like most crystals of the same formation, can be split in a certain direction; this property known as "cleavage," allows the first rough shape to be given to the stone, and also to remove the outward crust, or such parts as are defective. The stone is then fastened with cement to the extremity of a stick, and as nothing but a diamond can cut another, it is rubbed against another diamond mounted in a similar fashion. Diamond dust mixed with oil is placed between the two stones. A flat surface or "face," is thus formed on each diamond. The cement is then heated, and the position of the stone changed, and this operation is repeated until the diamonds show the elements of the shape that is ultimately to be given to them. The grinding and polishing to which the stone has still to be subjected are done on circular steel horizontal plates revolving at great speed and covered with diamond dust and oil; the stones are held to brass handles with soft solder. The process is long and expensive, besides requiring great skill on the part of the workman, who can greatly increase the value of a stone by skillful cutting. Diamonds when cut affect either the shape of a "brilliant," or that of "rose." The brilliant has a flat surface at the top, called the "table," from this facets slope outward till they reach the "girdle," or point of greatest width of the stone; from there they decrease, forming an inverted pyramid terminated by a small facet. Rose diamonds are made out of thinner stones, and often chips from large diamonds, and are cut in a pyramidal shape, the base of which is in the setting. Almost microscopic roses are used for ornament in gold-work, and when set quite close together form a caillouti. Diamonds and most precious stones are sold by weight, the unit being the carat. The value of diamonds increases with the size more than it does with the weight, so that a two-carat stone is worth four times as much as a one-carat stone. Diamonds are most valuable when pure white, but pink, black, and dark yellow diamonds are often of great value. Imitation stones in glass have been made, with more or less success, at different times, in different countries, but they can in a very few instances pass for real gems. The most dangerous counterfeits are those called doublets, where a thin coating of real stone is applied to a base of colored glass; the sapphire is one of the stones that is most successfully imitated in this way.—Harper's Bazar.

A Plucky Woman.

There is a woman out in Muskegon who would put the most ultra advocate of woman's rights to shame, and bring a blush on the cheek of even the breeches-mad Dr. Mary Walker. This Muskegon lady and her husband located a farm in that promising country and built a house thereon. But the man does not live on the claim; he has been working in Barrie all winter, and she has taken care of the land. Taking care of the best cultivated farm in the world would be hard enough work for any woman; but doing this on entirely new land in a wild country would seem to require all the strength and endurance of a strong man; and yet this woman has cleared three acres of hard wood land with her own arm this winter! Yes and looked after a family of children besides. She is an English woman, all accustomed to such rough living, but she seemed to be inspired with all the pluck and endurance of her countrymen, and is literally carrying a home for herself out of the unbroken wilderness. And strange to say she knows nothing about woman's rights or female suffrage; but she knows how to use the strength with which Heaven has blessed her. She has succeeded in doing that wherein many men have often failed; for those who have never experienced it have no idea of hardships endured while the clearing of a bush farm is in progress. We have been particularly requested to mention no names, or else we would give it to the public; as it is, all we say to this plucky woman—in the language of the poet—is, "More power to your elbow!"—Hamilton Times.

The Assassination in Ireland.

LONDON, April 2.—The Earl of Leitrim was shot opposite a cottage from which he had recently evicted a widow. Eighty-nine of his tenants were under notice to quit. His body was found in a ditch. The left side of his head "is battered in." It is thought he was also shot in the head, but the fatal shot was through the heart. The left arm is broken, and the right completely shattered. The driver and clerk were shot in the head. The ground where the murder was committed showed traces of a hard struggle. A following piece and a part of another gun were found near the spot. Three or four men were seen loitering in the neighborhood before the murder.

Another Weather Tinker.

The following are Prof. Couch's predictions for April: The storm periods will be from the 1st to the 4th; 7th to 9th; 12th to 13th; 15th to 16th; 19th to 21st; 24th to 25th, and from the 27th to the 29th. From the 27th to the 29th a storm will sweep the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Also, there will be a severe storm, accompanied by earthquake activity, May 5th to 6th, manifested on the Andean and Californian coasts. Each of these will be accompanied by a severe tidal wave on the Pacific and Atlantic.

## Bidden McGinnis at the Photographer's.

"Now, ye'll sit quiet, an' look at that stick, at the corner of the box, an' don't move whilst I'm countin'," says he. At the same time puttin' something that could picky-bones had

gave him until the front of the little box. "Now mind," says he, "don't stir," and wid that he turned his back an' began to count for his life. For I cud see plain enough, that the laugh wasn't out at him yet. Och, lave me alone, but I knew enough to not let him bate me out at anythin' this time, d'ye mind? So I jist plann'd myself strect round and cock'd me

two eyes strect in front at me: An' troth, I had quite enough to kape me employed watchin' the little stick and the box, and his own back, d'ye mind? "That'll do for the prisint," says he, "but remain where ye are, for I may have to take you over again."

An' wid that he handed a bit at a slate to old skinn'y-bags, an' he whipp'd it into his little dim: Purty soon he kem out, an' the two war talkin' together like a couple of pirates, dislumpin' betune themselves. So, when they had settled the matter, wid me to me, an' says he, "I have the picture av ye now, only," says he, "I'll show it to ye to convince ye, but we wur not chasin' ye out at yer eyes, any way."

An' Whinny—oh, Whinny, aushla! If there wasn't meafid four eyes and two months in the face av me. All other ways, as natural as life, top skirt an' all.

"I'm not willin' to giv' ye so much for the price," says he, "an' iv ye'll jist look at a luvly little bird that I'll hold in my hand until I count thurty, I'll jist take two av yer eyes out an' clasp them into me pocket to remember ye by, and yer mouth an' yer voice. Deed, I'll never forgit, as long as I live," sez he.

So wid that the old fairy gev him the slate bag again







## Berrien Co. Record.

THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1878.

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. P. Rowell & Co., 41 Park Row, N. Y., S. M. Pettigill, 87 Park Row, N. Y., and Russell & Cheesman, St. Louis, Missouri, are our authorized agents to contract for advertising, at our lowest rates, for the columns of the **BERRIEN COUNTY RECORD.**

**WHERE**  
Is the cheapest place in town to buy Boots, Shoes and Clothing?  
At L. P. & G. W. Fox's.

**WHY**  
Should you all deal with them?  
Because you can buy the best goods for the least money.

**WHEN**  
Is the best time to go for the Spring Bargains?  
At this very time, without losing a day.

**WHO**  
Can show you the best Hat or Cap in town?

**L. P. & G. W. FOX,**  
Buchanan, Mich.

Kro K. is getting about ripe again.

What is the old saying about April showers and May flowers?

SCHOOL is commenced in full blast again this week.

A STIFF breeze made the dust fly rather disagreeably all day Saturday.

The season is a month or more earlier than usual, this year.

KATE CLAXTON is coming to South Bend to-night.

CHARLEY HIGH is in Chicago buying a stock for the spring trade.

G. H. ROUGH sends us late copies of California papers.

We sell the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Marble* for \$5 per year.

THE outlook for all kinds of fruit and grains has not been better in this vicinity for many years.

THE mill yard was filled with teams Saturday, which indicates a large number of people in town.

MRS. HENRY DECKER, of Dayton, is the mother of a fine boy. The age dates from Friday, April 5.

WHEAT was sold in this place for \$1.15, when it was quoted in Chicago at \$1.09.

TOM COTTRELL, the noted rogue of South Bend, has turned temperance missionary.

THE boys are beginning to make the needed repairs on their fishing tackle, to get them ready for business.

THE Grange Store, in Benton Harbor, was to have commenced operation Monday morning.

THE *Evening News* says that an Irish laborer, named Joseph Stein, killed himself at St. Joseph, Sunday.

REV. H. WORTHINGTON has a fine fig tree, which now bears two good sized figs, last year it bore one.

THERE are 75 copies of the *Evening News* and 15 of the *Evening Telegraph* sold in this place.

GEORGE ROBINSON, of Iowa, is visiting at his mother's, Mrs. John Buckles, in this place.

TEN car loads of wheat were shipped from the Station at Dayton Tuesday evening.

THE RECORD gave a more complete report of the county elections, last week, than any other paper in the county.

THE Village Assessor has been busy, the last week, making estimates on the value of town property.

IT cost a Dowagiac saloon keeper \$29.40 for the privilege of selling liquor on election day. It was paid as a fine.

D. E. HINMAN has secured a room in Rough Brothers' block, on second floor, where he will hold forth hereafter.

THE prospect now is that we will have an enormous crop of all kinds of fruit unless perhaps a late frost should give it a nip.

CELEBRATION.—The Odd Fellows will celebrate their anniversary at Benton Harbor and Mishawaka, the 26th of April.

THE auctioneer had another trial at the goods in the Tremont House last Saturday. Many of them sold very cheap.

WE learn that a post office has been established at Hill's Corners, in Weesaw Township, with A. E. Gardner as Postmaster.

FRANK CHITTENDEN, of Dayton, has been engaged as clerk in the Grange store in Benton Harbor. A good selection for the association.

QUITE a party of the youngsters met to have a good time at the home of Miss Florence Shinn last Friday. It was her thirteenth birthday.

At a meeting of the Alumni of the Buchanan High School, held at the residence of W. O. Hamilton Tuesday evening, Miss Nettie Bainton was chosen to represent them in the graduating exercises the last of the present term.

REV. MR. MORRISON lectured in South Bend, Monday evening. He has a wooden representation of the Jewish Tabernacle.

IN another column will be found the new advertisement of Geo. Churchill's Hardware Store. Read, and heed.

A REWARD of \$300 is offered by Sheriff DeMont for the arrest and conviction of the rascals who robbed Albert Weaver. Catch them if you can.

ARE you going to buy a necktie to-morrow evening and help buy a bell for the M. E. Church? They will be sold at the Grange Hall.

A petition is being circulated to have the Common Council rescind their vote to divide the soldiers' lot in Oak Ridge Cemetery. Nearly two hundred names have been secured.

THE Board and others interested in the school have gone to Berrien today to look after the interests of the District in the case of Caleb C. Wray against the District.

SOME wheat fields in this vicinity have been badly injured by the Hessian fly. Sown too early last fall. Late sowing will leave them in the lurch every time.

MR. ALEXANDER is intending to erect a fine lamp-post in front of the Post-office, and has a patent gas-generating lamp for use thereon.

IN consequence of the greater part of our Dayton correspondence being already in type in another form, we do not publish it as a communication this week.

THE St. Joseph life-saving crew have some interesting exercises in line-throwing with their mortar. The station is under the supervision of Capt. N. W. Napier.

H. E. BRADLEY has commenced work on his building, in accordance with the grant of the Common Council to erect a wooden building within the fire limits.

THE Marshal was called upon Saturday to clear Oak street of marble players. The game had become an intolerable nuisance, so far was it carried.

TELEPHONIC connection has been completed between South Bend and Niles, and now the Niles people can converse with their Hoosier neighbors at leisure.

THE case against the Michigan Central Company, for damages for killing Philander N. Weaver at this place, three years ago, is before the Circuit Court this week.

GOOD TIMES EXPECTED.—The Good Templars will hold a mask social in the Grange Hall, April 20th. A prize will be given to the best disguised lady and gentleman.

THE jury in the case of Dorinda Weaver vs. the Michigan Central, for damages for killing Philander Weaver, disagreed. Ten were for plaintiff, and two for defendant. Damages were asked to the amount of five thousand dollars.

THERE is an appeal for a new trial in the case of the People vs. the Gablick brothers, of Niles, for stealing from the Michigan Central Company's cars at that place, with a chance that unless the plea is granted, the case will be carried to the Supreme Court.

THE Young Ladies' Mission Band of the M. E. Church of this place will hold a social in the Grange Hall, to-morrow (Friday) evening. The proceeds are to be used toward the purchase of a new bell for the church. All are invited.

THE Northern Berrien County Co-operative Association is the name of the Grange organization at Benton Harbor. They have a subscribed stock of \$25,000, \$347 of which had been paid in at the time of organization, March 12.

JOHN M. GYER has purchased a fine four-year-old colt of the French Norman Perche blood, lately imported, and was brought to this place yesterday morning. Mr. Gyer promises to have the colt in this place next Saturday if the weather is suitable, and invites everybody to come and see him.

LIST OF LETTERS.  
Remaining in the Post Office at Buchanan, Wednesday, April 10th, 1878:  
Figgert, Hatter Richardson, George H. Hoyt, Samuel Russell, Milley Mrs. Myers, Lucy

This is published free for the information of the readers of the Record, therefore there is no charge for delivery of letters advertised herein. Persons will, however, in claiming any of the above, call for "advertised letters."

MRS. E. JENNINGS died yesterday from the effect of a large tumor in the bowels. An attempt was made by several physicians and under the direction of Dr. Bonine of Niles, to remove the tumor last week, but it was so connected with the intestines as to render its removal impossible. Since the operation was performed she had been improving, and there was some hope entertained of her recovery, until yesterday morning, when inflammation set in.

IT is an open secret that Harry Hans' Bill Poster, a disreputable sheet published in South Bend, Ind., is printed in Buchanan. —*Evening News.*

That intelligent correspondent is just as badly mistaken as if he had burned his nose. The Bill Poster is not printed in Buchanan.

The other night a thief stole about a bushel and a half of potatoes from the cellar of Cyrus Hudson, in Niles Township, and at the same time carried a pocket-book containing \$10. Mr. Hudson will be happy to have him take the rest of the potatoes in the cellar at the same price per bushel. —*Free Press.*

A LIVELY excitement was created, Friday afternoon, by a runaway. Arthur Allen's team, that he had left standing in J. Weisberger's mill yard, ran up Oak street, turned in by the church and were stopped in the alley east of F. M. Gray's store. No damage was done other than to break a clevis that was nearly worn in two.

MR. JAMES CASE has a fine calla lily, of which he does some bragging. The dimensions of the plant as he gives them are as follows: 10 inches in circumference at the base; flower stalk 5 feet and 4 inches in height; length of flower 11 inches, width 6 inches; leaf stem 42 inches. The plant is eighteen months old and has had 14 flowers, one of them double, and now has ten leaves, one of them measuring 20 inches in length and 14 inches in width. If any one can beat this in the calla line let them be heard.

THE stock of goods in N. O. Fanner's store is to be sold at chattel mortgage sale in this place, next Wednesday. It is just such sales as this in a town of this size that will kill the town quicker than anything else that can be done. It takes the trade from the dealers who do the legitimate business of the town, and it is they who keep up the place and should be supported. The consumers will receive a slight benefit for the present, but no great gain will come to them in the long run.

DR. A. M. COLLINS objects to our copying the special from the *Inter Ocean* regarding his case in Grand Rapids, and sends us from that place the following card, published by his wife in the *Daily Enquirer*:

EDITOR DAILY ENQUIRER:—As my name was used in your paper in connection with Dr. A. M. Collins, I wish to say that it was used without any authority whatever from me. I never preferred any charges against him.

THE COUNTY PRESS.  
[Berrien Springs Era.]  
A number of farmers near Water-viet contemplate emigrating to Arkansas. \$8,121.50 is to be paid by St. Joseph this year for the improvement of roads and bridges. \$192.50 is for work done last year.

THE trial of Billy Campbell, of this city, for shooting George Backstrom, of South Bend, at a Massacre ball in that city, some six weeks ago, was concluded this morning. Campbell was sentenced to six months in the county jail and fined \$1000. A new trial will be asked.

Hadsell, formerly of the Hartford *Day Spring*, having a new green-back paper at Bangor, which he calls the *Greenback Tomahawk*.

THE village of Buchanan has a very economical Common Council this year. It is a greenback one—one that understands just how to run the financial and every other part of any government. The first specimen of their wonderful economy comes in the refusal to employ an attorney. Last year the village had an attorney at the expense of \$45 and did not happen to have many cases to attend to.

THE next we expect to hear is that this eminently wise part of the Council will move to dispense with the unnecessary office of Marshal because he has not made an arrest for a week, or perhaps the Treasurer because there is no money for him to handle. Last Monday the Marshal made an arrest for assault, and because there was no attorney for the prosecution and to see that the papers were properly drawn up, the case was quashed. There are likely to occur cases of this kind every few days, but it may be cheaper, if not better, to be without an attorney. There was a special meeting called for the purpose of appointing one, but went so far only as to appoint a committee of three, consisting of Trustees Johnson, Black and Roe, to consult with the several attorneys to see which one can be hired the cheapest. The committee was appointed upon the motion of Dr. Roe, and supported by Charles Black.

ROBBED.—Last Saturday evening, at about 6:30 o'clock, Albert Weaver started from Dayton to walk out to Amos Sheppard's place, near Clear Lake. When he was in the lot of woods on the west side of the Drybread marsh, belonging to Fred Andrews, he was stopped by a man who asked where he could stop over night, and while the two were talking, another man struck Weaver over the head and knocked him down, and before they let him go, robbed him of \$100 in money and a sack of fine studs worth about fifteen dollars. Mr. Weaver managed to work along to his destination, which he reached about 9:30. He described the man who stopped him as a tall, spare-faced man, with a heavy black mustache, the other he did not fairly see and could not describe. Parties went to the place from Dayton the next morning and found marks of struggle, and followed the tracks of the larger man to Dayton, and the same kind of tracks were found going the other way as far as the scene of the attack. Mr. Weaver was intending to go West again Monday morning. Mr. Weaver has been in a critical condition since, and there is yet some doubt of his recovery.

FOR RENT.—A good room 22 feet square, in Record building. Apply at this office.

BUCHANAN, April 9, 1878.  
EDITOR RECORD:—With your permission I would like to make plain to the land holders of Buchanan township, through the medium of your paper, the facts concerning the new road that is being opened in the north part of the township by Mr. Coveney. In order that this road might be on the section line, where it should be, a petition from twenty-eight of the land holders of this part of the township has been presented to the Highway Commissioner to have the road laid and opened to the public. I understand that two or three parties who oppose this road are circulating a remonstrance and representing to the people that the road will be a great expense to the township, that it will cost the township fifteen hundred dollars to open the road, &c. Now for the facts: Mr. Coveney asks that the township lay out the road and make secure the right of way, and he authorizes me to say that he will then, at his own expense, put the road in good traveling condition, and the township will not be to one cent of expense for that purpose. He has already cut a ditch on one side of the proposed road through the low ground, and has had the rails split for the crossways, besides cutting down the brush and trees and grubbing out the stumps through the entire route. By means of this road a trip to and from Buchanan village is shortened one mile. Now, as Mr. Coveney's liberality builds the road, and there will be no expense to the township, let the people not be deceived by such representations as we understand are being made in order to get signers to the remonstrance.

THE COUNTY PRESS.  
[Berrien Springs Era.]  
A number of farmers near Water-viet contemplate emigrating to Arkansas. \$8,121.50 is to be paid by St. Joseph this year for the improvement of roads and bridges. \$192.50 is for work done last year.

THE trial of Billy Campbell, of this city, for shooting George Backstrom, of South Bend, at a Massacre ball in that city, some six weeks ago, was concluded this morning. Campbell was sentenced to six months in the county jail and fined \$1000. A new trial will be asked.

Hadsell, formerly of the Hartford *Day Spring*, having a new green-back paper at Bangor, which he calls the *Greenback Tomahawk*.

THE village of Buchanan has a very economical Common Council this year. It is a greenback one—one that understands just how to run the financial and every other part of any government. The first specimen of their wonderful economy comes in the refusal to employ an attorney. Last year the village had an attorney at the expense of \$45 and did not happen to have many cases to attend to.

THE next we expect to hear is that this eminently wise part of the Council will move to dispense with the unnecessary office of Marshal because he has not made an arrest for a week, or perhaps the Treasurer because there is no money for him to handle. Last Monday the Marshal made an arrest for assault, and because there was no attorney for the prosecution and to see that the papers were properly drawn up, the case was quashed. There are likely to occur cases of this kind every few days, but it may be cheaper, if not better, to be without an attorney. There was a special meeting called for the purpose of appointing one, but went so far only as to appoint a committee of three, consisting of Trustees Johnson, Black and Roe, to consult with the several attorneys to see which one can be hired the cheapest. The committee was appointed upon the motion of Dr. Roe, and supported by Charles Black.

ROBBED.—Last Saturday evening, at about 6:30 o'clock, Albert Weaver started from Dayton to walk out to Amos Sheppard's place, near Clear Lake. When he was in the lot of woods on the west side of the Drybread marsh, belonging to Fred Andrews, he was stopped by a man who asked where he could stop over night, and while the two were talking, another man struck Weaver over the head and knocked him down, and before they let him go, robbed him of \$100 in money and a sack of fine studs worth about fifteen dollars. Mr. Weaver managed to work along to his destination, which he reached about 9:30. He described the man who stopped him as a tall, spare-faced man, with a heavy black mustache, the other he did not fairly see and could not describe. Parties went to the place from Dayton the next morning and found marks of struggle, and followed the tracks of the larger man to Dayton, and the same kind of tracks were found going the other way as far as the scene of the attack. Mr. Weaver was intending to go West again Monday morning. Mr. Weaver has been in a critical condition since, and there is yet some doubt of his recovery.

FOR RENT.—A good room 22 feet square, in Record building. Apply at this office.

CHOICE stack of perfumes just received, at Dodd's.

FOR SALE OR RENT.—A good house and lot. Enquire at this office.

Suits for \$8.00, worth \$9.00.

Shoes for 50, " 1.50.

Hats for 50, " 1.50.

Other goods in same proportion, at the Bankrupt store of A. L. Noble.

New Goods! New Goods! just received at T. M. Fulton & Co's.

QUERY: "Why will men smoke common tobacco, when they can buy Marburg Bros. 'Seat of North Carolina,' at the same price?" 48yl

Table Linen, Napkins, Towels, cheap, at T. M. Fulton & Co's.

Look at spring dress goods of all kinds at T. M. Fulton & Co's.

Old papers for sale at this office.

NOTICE.—To all whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that the books of accounts of H. J. Howe, late merchant of this place, as also the notes due him, have been placed in my hands for settlement and collection. All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said H. J. Howe, either by note or on account, are requested to call at my office and make payment or settlement thereof as soon as practicable, thereby saving costs and expense.

BUCHANAN, Mich., March 26, 1878. E. M. PLIMPTON.

Chronic Diseases.

Persons afflicted with any form of chronic diseases or weakness should read the advertisement of Dr. Bruce in another column of this paper, which will inform them what he treats and cures, and of the equitable plan on which he does business.

CHOICE stack of perfumes just received, at Dodd's.

FOR SALE OR RENT.—A good house and lot. Enquire at this office.

Suits for \$8.00, worth \$9.00.

Shoes for 50, " 1.50.

Hats for 50, " 1.50.

Other goods in same proportion, at the Bankrupt store of A. L. Noble.

New Goods! New Goods! just received at T. M. Fulton & Co's.

QUERY: "Why will men smoke common tobacco, when they can buy Marburg Bros. 'Seat of North Carolina,' at the same price?" 48yl

Table Linen, Napkins, Towels, cheap, at T. M. Fulton & Co's.

Look at spring dress goods of all kinds at T. M. Fulton & Co's.

Old papers for sale at this office.

NOTICE.—To all whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that the books of accounts of H. J. Howe, late merchant of this place, as also the notes due him, have been placed in my hands for settlement and collection. All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said H. J. Howe, either by note or on account, are requested to call at my office and make payment or settlement thereof as soon as practicable, thereby saving costs and expense.

BUCHANAN, Mich., March 26, 1878. E. M. PLIMPTON.

Chronic Diseases.

Persons afflicted with any form of chronic diseases or weakness should read the advertisement of Dr. Bruce in another column of this paper, which will inform them what he treats and cures, and of the equitable plan on which he does business.

THE PEOPLE of this vicinity have become too well acquainted with Dr. V. Clarence Price, for him to need endorsements at our hands.

Dr. Price makes his next visit for consultation with persons suffering from throat, lung, heart, kidney or other chronic ailments, at Niles, Bond House, on Saturday and Sunday, the 13th and 14th of April.

A Literary Treat.

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.—This valuable monthly has become a general favorite throughout the country. No such publication graced our homes before the great publisher became inspired with the happy thoughts which led him to the enterprise, a little over a year ago. Under the able management of its distinguished editor, Dr. C. F. Deems, like wine it improves with age, and there is no doubt whatever but that Frank Leslie's *Sunday Magazine* will continue to increase in public esteem and patronage until it reaches a circulation unprecedented in the annals of periodical literature.

The May Number of this precious work is now ready. It contains a large variety of articles, home and foreign matters, masterly editorials on timely subjects, stories, poems, paragraphs, music, sermons, wit, fun, etc., etc., calculated to interest, instruct and elevate the million, of all ages, classes, sects and beliefs. Its 128 quarto pages teem with matter both religious and secular, original and selected, non sectarian and extremely pleasing, illustrated with 100 beautiful engravings. The best living writers and artists contribute to this magazine. It will be well to send 25 cents to the publisher for a specimen copy.

Annual Subscription, \$8; Single Numbers, 25 cents, post-paid. Address your orders to Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 58, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

A Book that Everybody Wants.

We have received from the National Publishing Company of Chicago, the advance sheets of their new work, entitled *The Pictorial History of the World*, by JAMES D. MCCABE, a well-known historical writer. It is the most valuable book that has been published in this country for many years. It contains a separate and admirably written history of every nation of ancient and modern times, and is full of useful information concerning them, presented in popular style, and in a manner that will enable the reader to refer instantly to any subject upon which information is desired. The book is a complete treasury of history, and there is not a question that can be asked concerning any historical subject, but an answer to it can be found in this work. The author does not content himself with a mere dry statement of facts; but sketches the life and manners of the various nations of which he treats, in like-like colors, and presents to the reader the causes which led to the prosperity and decay of the great powers of the world. He shows us the various great men—the warriors, statesmen, poets, sages, and orators of ancient and modern times, and makes them familiar to the reader; he explains the secret motives of their actions, and points out the lessons which their lives teach. A valuable feature of this work is a complete history of the late war between Russia and Turkey,—the only one in print. The mechanical execution of the book deserves the highest praise. It contains 1280 large double-column pages, printed in the clearest and most beautiful style on paper of the very best quality. The book is embellished with over 650 fine engravings, embracing battles and other historical scenes; portraits of the great men of ancient and modern times; portraits and views of the principal cities of the world. These engravings are genuine works of art, and were made at a cost of over \$25,000. The great number and high character of these engravings make this the most valuable art publication of the century.

It is for sale by subscription only, and agents will find that this book will sell readily when all others fail, from the fact that it is a work that the people really want. See the publisher's advertisement for agents in another column.

CHOICE stack of perfumes just received, at Dodd's.

FOR SALE OR RENT.—A good house and lot. Enquire at this office.

Suits for \$8.00, worth \$9.00.

Shoes for 50, " 1.50.

Hats for 50, " 1.50.

Other goods in same proportion, at the Bankrupt store of A. L. Noble.

New Goods! New Goods! just received at T. M. Fulton & Co's.

QUERY: "Why will men smoke common tobacco, when they can buy Marburg Bros. 'Seat of North Carolina,' at the same price?" 48yl

Table Linen, Napkins, Towels, cheap, at T. M. Fulton & Co's.

Look at spring dress goods of all kinds at T. M. Fulton & Co's.

Old papers for sale at this office.

NOTICE.—To all whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that the books of accounts of H. J. Howe, late merchant of this place, as also the notes due him, have been placed in my hands for settlement and collection. All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said H. J. Howe, either by note or on account, are requested to call at my office and make payment or settlement thereof as soon as practicable, thereby saving costs and expense.

BUCHANAN, Mich., March 26, 1878. E. M. PLIMPTON.

Chronic Diseases.

Persons afflicted with any form of chronic diseases or weakness should read the advertisement of Dr. Bruce in another column of this paper, which will inform them what he treats and cures, and of the equitable plan on which he does business.

"The old Water Mill."

We have received from the publisher the above beautiful song and chorus, by C. F. Shattuck, author of the immensely popular temperance song, "To-night You've been Drinking again!" Price, 35 cents. Also, "Bird of the Angel Wing," by the popular composer, J. R. Thomas, price, 40 cents. Mailed, on receipt of price, by all music dealers or by the publisher, M. S. Huyett, St. Joseph, Mo.

Try It Once.

The proprietors of the Great English Remedy show their readiness to have the virtue of their medicine tested, for they authorize all their agents in this county to refund the full price paid for it, when, by using one-fourth the contents of a 50c bottle, that it does not prove all that is recommended for it in all diseases of the throat and lungs, asthma, chronic sore throat, consumption, &c. This is very fair, and shows their confidence in the remedy. Sold in Buchanan by F. A. White.

Nervous Debility.

VITAL WEAKNESS OR DEPRESSION; a weak exhausted feeling, no energy or courage; the result of MENTAL OVER-EXERCISE, OR EXCESSIVE, OR SOME DRAIN upon the system, is always cured by HUMPHREY'S HOMOEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 35. It tones up and invigorates the system, dispels the gloom and despondency, imparts strength and energy,—stops the drain and rejuvenates the entire man. Been 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 HOMOEOPATHIC MEDICINE COMPANY, 109 FULTON ST., NEW YORK. 1371

We are glad to assure our readers that the Great English Remedy is meeting with the success its merits so justly deserved.

An Astonishing Fact.

A large proportion of the American people are to-day dying from the effects of Dyspepsia or disordered liver. The result of these diseases upon the masses of intelligent and valuable people is most alarming, making life actually a burden instead of a pleasant existence of enjoyment and usefulness as it ought to be. There is no good reason for this, if you will only throw aside prejudice and skepticism, take the advice of Druggists and your friends, and try one bottle of Great English Remedy. Your speedy relief is certain. Millions of bottles of this medicine have been given away to try its virtues, with satisfactory results in every case. You can buy a sample bottle for 10 cents to try. Three doses will relieve the worst case. Positively sold by all Druggists on the Western Continent.

Asthma is quickly and surely relieved by a timely use of the Great English Remedy.

With



