

VOLUME XII.

BUCHANAN, MICH., THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1878.

NUMBER 21.

Business Directory.

B. T. MORLEY, star founder. All kinds of printing... BIRD'S 'BUS—George Bird will run his 'bus to and from the railroad... C. B. CHURCHILL, dealer in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Spectacles, &c.



We are the ones who broke down the combination that kept the prices of meats so high that a poor man could not afford to eat meat, and we propose to continue to benefit the poor by doing so.

Fresh and Salt Meats, SAUSAGE, &c.

At prices so low that you cannot say fault. Cash Paid for Stock, Poultry, Hides, Pelts, Furs, &c.

DR. A. N. VAN RIPPER, 42-Shop on Front Street, foot of Day's Avenue, C. M. W. F. MOLESBERY & CO.



Consulting and Operating Surgeon for Deafness, Blindness, and all diseases and deformities of the Eye and Ear.

ARTIFICIAL EYES

in the north-west, and will insert them to correspond with any size or color at a reasonable price.

A. N. VAN RIPPER, M. D., Buchanan, Mich.

H. E. BRADLEY, Photographer

Second Door West of Tremont House, Buchanan, Michigan.

THE BICKFORD AUTOMATIC FAMILY KNITTER

For full particulars and lowest prices for the Best Knitting Machine Yg. Co. BICKFORD, Knitting Machine Yg. Co. BRATTLEBORO VT.

J. F. HAHN, Undertaker

Metallic and Casket Coffins, Ready-made, constantly on hand, or made to order on short notice.

A FINE HEARSE

Published at all orders, on short notice.

THE CELEBRATED Richmond Ranges, The "Brilliant" Oil Stove, TAILOR AND LIVERY STORES, REFRIGERATORS and ICE BOXES.

ISAAC W. BANGS & CO., 215 State Street, near Palmer House, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

For Sale at This Office.

A FARM of 45 acres, best quality of land, good situation, good improvements, with the office of Buchanan Springs, Mich. Price \$10,000.

A HOUSE AND LOT on Front Street, Buchanan, Mich. Price \$2,500.

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BARGAINS

What a story long could this rose tree tell, For long it lived and served us well: Of our very life has it formed a part, And fondly we cherish it in our heart.

It was waxen blossoms, so pure and white, Its waxen blossoms, so pure and white, Its waxen blossoms, so pure and white, Its waxen blossoms, so pure and white.

They have often been twined into garlands fair, By youthful hands for their brows to wear, As they made merry, with mirth and song, Some holiday, a gay, happy throng.

On missions of love they have oft times sped, And been treasured 'til withered their leaves and dried, Even then prized lovingly by the heart, From its faded loveliness it would not part.

They have graced the scenes of the festive hall, Where festal waltzing to music fell, They have decked the altar where prayers ascended, And humble forms in devotion bend.

And its blossoms sweet have never been denied, To adorn with beauty the fair young bride; In pretension we've never deemed her way, Thus in brighter glory her happiest day.

We have placed them around our beautiful dials, And o'er them their fragrance are kindly shed, They were loved's best offering to the lifeless clay, Of those who no longer would cheer our way.

This child we not if we guard with care, And tenderly cherish his love's fair hair, For to us it has been like a friend tried and true, In prosperity's hour and adversity's too.

A Twelve Thousand Pound Cheque.

The hour grew late, and Mr. Brand paced his chamber in moody silence. The train had come in, but his messenger had not returned, and the merchant was troubled—troubled by a vain sort of doubt, which haunted him in spite of his faith in Lake.

A merry, sober old trader of long experience said that Lake was too young to all the important positions which he held, but Mr. Brand never found his trust in Tom misplaced.

Having heard rumors concerning a house with which he had extensive dealings, the merchant had dispatched Lake to London, telling him to make inquiries, and in any case to get the partners of the firm in question to settle their accounts.

So Lake had gone from Liverpool to London. The time appointed for his return passed, and still he did not come.

A lady entered, and stole to the merchant's side; her own sweet face was anxious, and there was a tremor in the music of her voice, as she said: "Do you think he will be here to-night, dear papa?"

"I hope so, Mary, but it is very late."

"Is there no other train?"

"Only the night express, and that does not stop, except at the central stations."

"Perhaps he will come, papa; he would not mind coming ten miles, even if he had to walk."

"He should not have missed the train," said Mr. Brand, sternly; "punctuality is an imperative duty with men of business."

"But, papa, something may have occurred to detain him."

"The fair player" was silenced—her father was angry, and knowing his station in the world, and how inveterate was his dislike to any breach of discipline or duty, she did not venture to speak again.

The time dragged slowly on; Mr. Brand continued his restless walk, and Mary sat subdued and quiet, watching him. She saw that he was listening as the night express went whirling by, and from the depths of her heart there went a prayer that Lake would come safely home.

The girl loved him, and would have staked her life on his truth, and knew that he was not beyond his time through any weakness or wrong. Two slow weary hours passed. Mr. Brand was reading the commercial news; but for the first time in his life it did not interest him; he was thinking of the young clerk, and the heavy sum of money that would be in his possession should the London firm have paid him.

And Mary, reading her father's countenance, felt chilled and pained by the slur cast on her lover's honesty by his suspicions—her every thought was a denial to his doubts, and, as the rapid clatter of a horse's feet rang out, she ran to the window.

"Look!" she said, dashing the curtains aside with eager hands; "look, papa, I said he would come—I knew he would."

The merchant's stern features relaxed with a smile of pleasure; he was not emotional or demonstrative, but his daughter's gladness pleased him.

There were a few moments of expectancy, and then the door opened, and he saw straight to Mr. Brand, only nothing, with a boy's lovely face whose glance thrilled his soul.

"They have paid," he said, quietly, as he placed a thick pocket book in the merchant's hand; "but I think we were only just in time."

"Indeed!"

"There was a consultation at the banker's, before I could get cash for the cheque."

"Do you think they will break?"

"I don't know. They have given me an immense order, but it would not be wise to forward the goods."

"You do not think that we had the slightest fear?"

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Written for the Berrien County Record. OUR ROSES TREE.

Near by our door is a bush fair, Throwing its fragrance abroad on the air, Drooping its bow to the ground around it, Whirring its leaves in the wind around it.

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Tom took two chairs, placed them side by side near the fire, led Mary to one and seated himself in the other. He had done his duty as the merchant's clerk, and now was Mr. Brand's prospective son-in-law and partner.

"I had an adventure," he said; "I was the hero of a strange story in a ride by express."

Mary bent forward to listen—Tom clasped her hand in his own. Mr. Brand, sat opposite them, interested by the speaker's manner, as he began: "When I got the cheque I had an idea that it might not be well, so to make sure I presented it at the banker's. There was, as I told you, a consultation before they cashed it, and while the consultation was going forward I noticed a stranger looking at me intently. I knew the man in my younger and wilder days. I had met him often at the race course, in billiard rooms, and in other places more or less respectable. Now he was changing a cheque for some petty amount, and was evidently astonished by the immensity of the order I had presented. I left the bank with my pocket book full of notes, and found that I had lost the train. The next would be the night express, so I strolled into a billiard room. A man is just as safe with a fortune in his pocket as if penniless, so that he is very enough to hold his tongue. There was some clever play going on, and I stood watching the players till some one challenged me to have a game. If I have one special vanity, it is my aversion with the cue. I accepted, and as I did so a strange feeling which had been growing upon me took a sudden turn which startled me.

"My challenger was the man whom I had noticed at the banker's. There was nothing strange in the fact of his being in the room, one of his favorite resorts, but I was possessed by the vague shadow of a single idea. I had read somewhere of a man being followed and plundered in a train, and somehow I associated the story with the man before me. It was the first time I had paid him any particular attention. But I gave him full observation now. The more I looked at him the less I liked him. He was handsome, gentlemanly, with a fair form and elegant figure, full of spirit and elegant strength. His manner was singularly unassuming, his face frank and genial, but by looking closely at him you could see something sinister lurking in the depth and softness of his eyes.

I never liked a stranger to be affable and prepossessing, and my friend was the very pink of affability and grace.

We played for an hour with alternating success; he was an amusing companion, well informed, and had traveled; but I was shy of conversation. I left him, and still having some time to spare, went to see a friend in the Temple.

When, at the expiration of some 80 or 40 minutes, I emerged into Fleet street, almost the first person on whom my eye fell was my late antagonist at billiards.

I thought there was something more than a mere coincidence in this second meeting, since we stood together at the banker's. He was in a cigar shop opposite.

Not a hundred yards from the Temple gate stood a man whom I recognized with a very welcome feeling. It was George Vixen, the detective. He was fashionably dressed, and looked an aristocrat of the first water. I went up to, and greeting him as I should an old familiar friend, held out my hand and said:

"Come, and drink a glass of wine with me, I have something to say."

He shook hands in the most natural way possible. I took his arm, and we entered the public bar of an adjacent hotel.

I told him my suspicion, told him of my own mission, and of the journey that I had to perform by rail.

"I saw that, watching through the glass of the door, he was taking a mental photograph of the two of us."

"They mean business," said Vixen, quietly; "but I shall be with you. We must part at the door, or they will see that we have scented the game."

"And you," I said, "how will you act?"

"I shall travel to Liverpool by the night express."

"He left me, I had no fear now, knowing him to be a clever and determined fellow."

Taking a casual glance across the road, I saw my man with his companion, and I was glad to see that they were tracking me, though I lost sight of them before reaching St. Paul's.

I strolled along the churchyard, wandering nearly to Islington, then made for the station; my acquaintance of the billiard room did not come in sight, though I kept well on the alert.

I took my ticket, lingering almost to the moment of starting, before I entered the carriage; but my man did not appear. Two men were in the compartment with me. I could not see the face of one, and the other was a stranger.

"The bell rang. The guard had just time to put a bewildered old gentleman in by my side, and we were off."

The man whose face I had not seen turned toward me, and said: "I could hardly repress an exclamation. There was no mistake, it was a frank, genial, countenance, nor the lurking devil in those eyes, whose softness was so sinister in its gleam."

"He had me then at last," Vixen had broken his promise, and was left to travel that perilous journey alone, with the man who had followed me all the way to the station. He was confident, and an old hand, and I was sure that he would succeed in his organization of the order, was formed in Big Rapids, Michigan.

and locomotive traveling in general, was fast asleep in the corner. That the intentions of my billiard player were bad, manifested by the fact of his having assumed a false moustache and beard. They added to the beauty of his face, but left to his eyes that sleepy, cruel glitter that is characteristic of the Asiatic.

He spoke to me, remarked the oddity of our being traveling companions, and grew unpleasantly familiar. I answered him, not wishing to appear churlish or afraid, knowing that I could trust something to my own strength should the worst come.

We had made the last stoppage, and were rolling swiftly through the gloom when, among other topics, our conversation touched on jewelry, he drew a showy ring from his finger, telling me it was a curious piece of workmanship, having a secret spring, which he said I could not discover.

I took it, searched in vain for a spring, then returning it to him. It dropped and rolled under my feet.

I stooped to pick it up, and so did he, but in that moment, while my head was down, he had me tightly by the throat, and threw me to the carriage floor.

His confederate was upon me in an instant. I could scarcely breathe, and could not struggle, for a heavy knee was upon my chest, and two strong, brutal hands were crushing the life from my throat.

Though the horror of the situation did not last a minute, it seemed an eternity to me. I felt the ruffian's hands searching for the pocket book, and I strained desperately for a chance of resistance.

Their work was nearly done. Cramped in that small space, I was powerless, and the veins in my throat and head were swelling like sinuous bars, when the old gentleman in the corner awoke and came to my assistance.

I heard a low whirr of some weapon in his descent, and my first assailant reeled from me stunned. Then the old gentleman with a strength and rapidity of action wonderful to see in a person of his age, seized the scoundrel, lifted him away, and dashed him out at a seat.

There was a brief struggle, and then I heard a sharp click—scoundrel the second had a pair of handcuffs on his wrists.

"They were more prompt than I had expected," said the old gentleman, removing his woolen comforter, with which he fastened my first assailant's hands behind my neck, and a railway carriage does not afford much scope for a struggle."

The pocket book was safe. The ruffians were securely bound, and the old gentleman who, without his spectacles and muffer, stood out in bold and pleasant relief as the detective kept guard over them.

At the station they were handed over into the custody of the police. I was all right by that time. Vixen rode with me as far as the hotel nearest here, and to-morrow he will call to see if I am any the worse for my ride by express.

The contents of the pocket book were Mary's bridal dowry.

The detective speaks of the senior partner in the firm of Brand & Lake as the most hospitable and generous man he ever met in the course of his professional career.

Lake was quite cured of his love for billiard playing. He had too narrow an escape, and he did not forget the lesson.

The Air Ship.

HARTFORD, CONN., June 12, 1878.

Three postponements, necessitated by heavy rains, had induced the Hartford people to believe that fate was making a dead set against Professor Bieltel's determination to show that his new flying machine was really capable of aerial navigation. To-day was far from favorable for an outdoor exhibition, yet it was given, and with gratifying success.

The large assembly that came to witness what they fully believed would be only another unsuccessful attempt to solve the problem of navigating the air, were pleasantly disappointed. The machine not only rose in the air, but moved backward and forward, up and down, at the option of the aeronaut, and although embracing in the propeller, the evolutions were accomplished without waste of gas in descending or any use of ballast whatever.

The aeronaut worked the central propeller of the machine with effect and rose over every obstacle to the height of 100 feet. The breeze was blowing to the eastward, and the exhibitor allowed his machine to be carried westward for an eighth of a mile, and amused himself by showing his ability to ascend or descend at will. Then the propeller at the pointed end of the frame work was set in motion, and the machine shifted its course, twisting and turning in small circles. Still its general drift was to the eastward, with the wind, and the spectators freely expressed the opinion that its powers were at an end, and that it could never return against the wind; but at a signal from Professor Bieltel the machine was pointed back toward the exhibition grounds. The propelling wheel was started at top speed, and with accelerated motion it began to revolve, and the machine advanced rapidly toward the spectators, and was again carried westward for an eighth of a mile, and amused himself by showing his ability to ascend or descend at will. Then the propeller at the pointed end of the frame work was set in motion, and the machine shifted its course, twisting and turning in small circles. Still its general drift was to the eastward, with the wind, and the spectators freely expressed the opinion that its powers were at an end, and that it could never return against the wind; but at a signal from Professor Bieltel the machine was pointed back toward the exhibition grounds. The propelling wheel was started at top speed, and with accelerated motion it began to revolve, and the machine advanced rapidly toward the spectators, and was again carried westward for an eighth of a mile, and amused himself by showing his ability to ascend or descend at will. Then the propeller at the pointed end of the frame work was set in motion, and the machine shifted its course, twisting and turning in small circles. Still its general drift was to the eastward, with the wind, and the spectators freely expressed the opinion that its powers were at an end, and that it could never return against the wind; but at a signal from Professor Bieltel the machine was pointed back toward the exhibition grounds. The propelling wheel was started at top speed, and with accelerated motion it began to revolve, and the machine advanced rapidly toward the spectators, and was again carried westward for an eighth of a mile, and amused himself by showing his ability to ascend or descend at will. Then the propeller at the pointed end of the frame work was set in motion, and the machine shifted its course, twisting and turning in small circles. Still its general drift was to the eastward, with the wind, and the spectators freely expressed the opinion that its powers were at an end, and that it could never return against the wind; but at a signal from Professor Bieltel the machine was pointed back toward the exhibition grounds. The propelling wheel was started at top speed, and with accelerated motion it began to revolve, and the machine advanced rapidly toward the spectators, and was again carried westward for an eighth of a mile, and amused himself by showing his ability to ascend or descend at will. Then the propeller at the pointed end of the frame work was set in motion, and the machine shifted its course, twisting and turning in small circles. Still its general drift was to the eastward, with the wind, and the spectators freely expressed the opinion that its powers were at an end, and that it could never return against the wind; but at a signal from Professor Bieltel the machine was pointed back toward the exhibition grounds. The propelling wheel was started at top speed, and with accelerated motion it began to revolve, and the machine advanced rapidly toward the spectators, and was again carried westward for an eighth of a mile, and amused himself by showing his ability to ascend or descend at will. Then the propeller at the pointed end of the frame work was set in motion, and the machine shifted its course, twisting and turning in small circles. Still its general drift was to the eastward, with the wind, and the spectators freely expressed the opinion that its powers were at an end, and that it could never return against the wind; but at a signal from Professor Bieltel the machine was pointed back toward the exhibition grounds. The propelling wheel was started at top speed, and with accelerated motion it began to revolve, and the machine advanced rapidly toward the spectators, and was again carried west











