

Business Directory.

B. T. MORLEY, star foundry. All kinds of casting, including engine parts, agricultural, light, heavy, etc. Iron turning and job work done to order. Old metal taken in exchange for work. Portage sent, as the door.

BIRD'S BUS. George Bird will run his bus from the Railroad to the Hotel, on any part of the route. Fare 25 cents, no riding baggage.

C. B. CHURCHILL, dealer in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Spectacles, etc., repairing done to order. All kinds of Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry, Main Street, Buchanan, Mich.

DAVID E. HINMAN, Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Collections made and process promptly returned. Office, Room 2, Collins & Warner Bldg.

DR. J. W. BEISTLE, Dentist, has his rooms over the Grange Store, where he has prepared to do all work pertaining to the profession. Filling Teeth with the gold and tin-fil, and repairing Children's Teeth with speciality. Charges reasonable. Also done a fine tooth powder for cleaning the teeth and purifying the breath. Buchanan, Mich. 5-1

DE FIELD HOUSE, Berrien Springs. This old and famous hotel is still under the management of Mrs. De Field & Son, who will spare no efforts to maintain a first class hotel at the County Seat.

E. S. DODD, M. D., physician and surgeon. Office at the corner of Main and Second Streets, Buchanan, Mich. Residence on Day's Avenue, east side, Buchanan, Mich.

E. M. PLIMPTON, attorney and coun- sellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office on Main Street, over Redden & Graham's store, Buchanan, Mich.

F. A. WHITE, Druggist and Apoth- ecary, south side of Front Street, Buchanan, Mich.

F. & A. M. Summit Lodge No. 192 holds a regular meeting every Monday evening at 8 o'clock at the hall of the lodge, in each month. W. W. Fox, Sec.

F. & A. M. The regular meetings of Buchanan Lodge No. 75 are held at their hall, in Buchanan, on Tuesday evening of each week, at 7 o'clock. Transient brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend. W. W. Fox, Sec.

G. H. EDWARDS, Attorney at Law, Office corner Main and Second Streets, Buchanan, Mich.

G. H. EDWARDS, M. D., homeopathist and Physician and Surgeon. Special attention paid to chronic diseases. Office and Residence on Portage street, south side of Front Street.

J. O. O. F.—The regular meetings of Buchanan Lodge No. 75 are held at their hall, in Buchanan, on Tuesday evening of each week, at 7 o'clock. Transient brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend. W. W. Fox, Sec.

J. VAN RIPER, Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Collections made and process promptly returned. Office, Second floor, Block, Buchanan, Mich.

JAMES W. ORR, Attorney and Coun- sellor at Law, Office with J. Van Riper, Mortgage foreclosure and collections a specialty. Buchanan, Mich.

J. M. WILSON, dentist. Office first door north of the bank. Charges reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.

JOHN WEISBERGER, manufacturer of lumber. Custom sawing done to order, and at reasonable rates. Cash paid for all kinds of lumber. Mill on South Oak Street, Buchanan, Mich.

N. HAMILTON, licensed auctioneer will attend to all sales promptly, and sell at as reasonable a price as possible. Office in the County Jail, Buchanan, Mich.

REDDING HOUSE.—Z. P. Redding has opened a hotel in the corner of Main and Second Streets, Buchanan, Mich. Good food and connection.

REED HOUSE, O. Reed, Proprietor. Berrien Springs, Mich. Good hotel in connection with the house.

S. & W. W. SMITH, dealers in staple and fancy groceries, provisions an Orochey, Central Block, Buchanan.

S. P. & C. C. HIGH, dealers in Dry Goods and Notions. Central Block, Front Street, Buchanan, Mich.

WOODLAND HOUSE, Three Oaks, D. P. Woodman, Proprietor. This house has been completely renovated, and is now open for the reception of transient guests. It is a first-class hotel. Good service in connection with it. 7-17

AUCTIONEER. ANY ONE having household or other goods to sell at public auction, will find it to their advantage to employ W. G. THOMPSON Auctioneer, GALEN, MICH. RATES REASONABLE.

Moving & Raising BUILDINGS. Any person having a building to move or raise can be accommodated by calling on E. M. GRIFFIN, Front Street, Buchanan, Mich.

Good Facilities. Prices Reasonable. MONEY TO LOAN IN SUMS TO SUIT, on approved real estate security in three to five years.

ALSO, REAL ESTATE AGENT MOSES LEGGERS, Office with L. P. Alexander, Front Street, Buchanan, Mich.

DR. A. N. VAN RIPER, Counting and Operating Surgeon, for Deafness, Blindness, and all diseases and deformities of the Eye & Ear. Operations performed at the residence of the patient. We have an interest in the largest stock of

ARTIFICIAL EYES in the northwest, and will insert them to correspond with any size or color at a reasonable price. Consultations by mail promptly answered. I. A. N. VAN RIPER, M. D., Buchanan, Mich.

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

A FINE HEARSE Furnished to all orders, on short notice.

\$57.60 AGENTS profits per week. Will prove to be a profitable investment. For further particulars, apply to J. F. HAHN, 215 Talcott St., New York.

THE CELEBRATED Richmond Ranges, The "Brilliant" Oil Stove, TAILOR AND LAUNDRY STOVES, REFRIGERATORS AND ICE BOXES, ISAAC W. BANGS & CO., 215 State Street, near Palmer House, CHICAGO.

Repairs for all Stoves.

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Berrien County Record.

VOLUME XII.

BUCHANAN, MICH., THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1878.

NUMBER 25.

BARGAINS

—IN—

SPRING

GOODS,

TO BE FOUND

—AT—

HIGH'S

New Store!

—AT—

Noble's Old Store.

COME IN,

COME IN,

And We Will Make You

LOW PRICES!

ON EVERYTHING.

S. P. & C. C. HIGH.

Merchants, Manufacturers, and others who use Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Cards, Circulars, in fact any kind of Printing, will find the Record Steam Printing Office supplied with material for doing first class work, and prices will be found as low as can be obtained anywhere. Try us and be convinced.

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Published by request.

I SEE THEM STILL.

The following beautiful lines, from the Philadelphia *Franklin*, were attributed to the editor who has recently lost a loved and accomplished companion. Their touching simplicity cannot fail to reach the heart of every one, who from bitter experience can sympathize with the author.—*Franklin* Post

I see thee still!
Remember, faithful to her trust,
Calls thee in beauty from the dust:
Thou comest in the morning light—
Thou'rt with me through the gloomy night:
In dreams I meet thee as of old,
Then thy soft arms my neck enfold,
And thy sweet voice is in my ear,
In every scene to memory dear.

I see thee still!
In memory hallowed token round;
This little ring thy finger bound—
This lock of hair thy forehead shaded,
This silver chain by thee was bound;
These flowers, all withered now like thee,
Beloved, thou didst call for me,
This book, this line, here didst thou read;
This picture, ah! yes, here, indeed.

I see thee still!
Here was thy summer noon's retreat,
This was thy favorite fire-side seat,
This was thy chamber, where each day,
I sat and watched thy sad decay.
Here on this bed thou hast laid die,
Here on this pillow thou didst die.
Dark hours, once more, its voice unfold—
As I sit here, I see thee pale and cold.

I see thee still!
I see thee still!

An Adventure With Smugglers.

Told by a United States Custom Officer.

The adventure I am about to relate occurred about eight years ago, in the northwest part of Maine, near the Canadian border. Our government places a stiff tariff, or "duty," on many articles of import, such as silks, liquors, cigars, etc. Human nature is perverse, and I am sorry to say, there are men who try to evade the payment, in other words, "smuggle."

There had been, for a number of years, more or less smuggling in that section of the State, of whisky, clothing, guns, pistols. These were constantly brought across the "line" and sold; though, for the most part, in small quantities.

A good many persons—mostly transient and disreputable fellows—were in some way interested in it. The subject was one no one said much about, however; for to come out openly against the traffic would have made secret enemies of a class that most persons would rather keep the right side of.

The writer was then seventeen years old. Though not much acquainted with any of the "smugglers," I yet knew the country thereabouts as well, perhaps better, than almost any other person; for I had trapped and "prospected" for lumber in the woods along the border for two or three years.

That autumn I had two acres of potatoes to dig. It was the first season we had raised the "Early Rose" potatoes. They yielded wonderfully. On those two acres there were raised six hundred bushels. I was nearly a fortnight harvesting the crop.

There came along, one morning, as I was digging, a stranger. He was a rather singular-looking man, dark-complexioned, with a black, stubby beard, and had on, I think, a glazed cap. I had seen him coming across the fields, thirty or forty rods away, and he struck me as being an odd fish, even at a distance. So I kept industriously at work, and waited for him to make his errand known.

He began by remarking that it was fine weather for trapping. Then he spoke of hunting caribou up on "the line;" asked about moose there, and wanted to know if I had ever seen any other game up that way.

I felt that the fellow was sounding me for some purpose of his own, and gave brief answers, keeping hard at work. This, however, did not hinder me from seeing that he was observing me closely, and I began to get angry at such cool scrutiny from a stranger.

"Look here!" said I, at length, a good deal out of patience; "what are you driving at, anyhow? If you've any business with me, you might as well state it."

"All right," said the stranger, "I see you're a square man. Wouldn't you like to make a little money easier than by digging potatoes?"

"Very likely," I said.

"So I thought."

He then went on to say that he was moving into the State, and had a quantity of baggage up at Lake Meguntic (in Canada), which he wanted to get down, and ended by offering me one hundred dollars to make five trips with him through the woods across the border.

"You might as well say that you are smuggling," I observed.

"Oh, I don't call it by that name at all."

"Call it what you've a mind to," said I, laughing.

"But can't I get you to help me? You're recommended to me," he said.

"No, sir!"

"But why not?"

"That's my business," I told him, but added that when I couldn't get a living in a more honorable way than that, I would go somewhere else and try.

Somewhat to my surprise, the man began to laugh heartily. He then drew out a paper and asked me to read it.

I suppose that's part of your trade. But I guess you haven't got much information."

"Oh, I've learned what I wanted, and that is your honest opinion of smuggling."

"Any man's welcome to that," I retorted.

"What do you say to going on the other tack, then?" questioned Stuart. He then told me that he had been sent to discover and arrest a gang of smugglers who were operating along that frontier, and offered me twenty-five dollars a week to go with him. What he wanted was to avail himself of my knowledge of the country.

I wished particularly to earn a hundred dollars that fall, but I refused his offer. I knew that to aid a detective would get me into trouble. I should be "spotted," and, like enough, would be sent to jail.

But Stuart came again the next day. He had an oily, flattering tongue, and he said if I would do my best to help him work up this "job," as he called it, he would get me into the detective service, where a keen young fellow like myself (such were his words) could make a fortune.

A great many boys of seventeen would be caught by such an offer. I was caught, and took a week's pay in advance to consummate the arrangement.

The next week we set off, disguised as two milk trappers, and spent nearly a fortnight wandering about the boundary, picking up such information as the settlers on each side were indiscreet enough to give us.

There was but one road across the "line," through the wilderness from Canada to Maine; but there were a number of "bear paths," and old tote roads.

One of these, called "Durkee's tote trail," we watched constantly for five days, on a hint dropped by an old French settler.

Certain signs and tracks indicated that there had been recent passing and repassing, but thus far we had not seen any person upon it.

Early the sixth morning, we set off to follow the trail up to Meguntic. We had not gone a hundred rods, and were still on the Maine side of the line, when we heard voices ahead, and had just time to slip into the first bush the path, when two men came in sight with packs on their backs.

We took a good look at their faces as they passed, but Stuart did not attempt to arrest them. They were both young men, and had bulky packs.

It was evident they had not come very far that morning, for it was scarcely sunrise when they passed us. There was a frosty dew on the grass and bushes.

As soon as they were out of hearing, we came from our place of concealment and followed back on their trail, to trace them, if possible, to their camp, which Stuart thought would prove a sort of half-way house for storing contraband goods.

But for the frosty dew we should not have found it. Some two miles further up, and just over the line, there was a thick second growth of scrub fir and spruce. Ten or a dozen years previously the lumbermen had cut off the old growth. The tracks in the frost at this point turned from the trail and led into this dense green thicket.

We followed cautiously in, and, after beating about awhile, stumbled on an old lumber-camp, where the loggers had formerly spent the winter. So completely hidden was it by the second growth of dense fir, that one might have passed and repassed within three rods of it, without discovering it.

"Here's their den!" Stuart whispered.

We peeped about it; then approached closer, and looked in a chink between the logs. No person was in the camp.

We unbuttoned the door and went in. A number of old grain-boxes, each made to hold a hundred bushels, lay bottom up on the floor. Under these was a rich sight—Havana cigars, and liquors, box on box, flask on flask; French brandies, and old bourbon whisky! Stuart ran his eye over it, and said there was at least a thousand dollars' worth.

"A good haul!" he chuckled.

"So the line over here," I said. "We can't touch 'em over here."

"See if I don't," laughed Stuart. "In such a case as this I'll take the risk. I've seen 'em carrying the stuff across. And in this out-of-the-way hole it is, not so easy proving just where the line is."

He had hardly uttered the words when we heard voices in the fire outside and close by.

"They've come back for something," Stuart muttered.

There wasn't even a chance to get out. The detective hastily tipped up one of the big grain-boxes, and we both slipped under it. The edge was hardly down on the floor when the door was pushed open.

"Strange Big didn't button it," were the first words we heard; it was a harsh, coarse voice, as the owner of it stepped into the camp. He was followed by another and another, till a gang of at least ten men had come in and thrown down their guns and packs.

Some of them sat down on the very box we were under. There was a "knot-hole" in the box above us, large enough to have stuck a fist through.

To say that we felt uncomfortable there in the "very den" of that lawless gang, expecting nothing but that we should be discovered any minute, but faintly expressed our emotions; my own, at least.

True, we might make a stout fight with our carbine and revolver; but we should certainly be overpowered and put out of the way. The safety of every man in the gang would demand that we should be disposed of effectually; and, from their talk, they seemed

ed the men to do any desperate deed. Half their conversation was oaths. The smugglers seemed tired. We soon understood that they had been traveling all night. They sat and lay around for ten or fifteen minutes. One of them, whom the rest called "Cap'n," then said:

"Pack away the stuff, boys, and then get up breakfast."

They all rose up and unbound their packs.

"Shall we stow it in this box?" asked one, tipping up the box we were under at least a foot.

Our hearts leaped, and we gripped our weapons.

"No, put it in this one," said another.

The man let the box fall back. It seemed as if they must hear our breathing, for we panted in spite of ourselves. We dared not even whisper to each other.

When they had finished packing the goods, some of them commenced getting breakfast, while the others sat talking together. The conversation was partly in French and partly in English, interspersed with a profusion of oaths.

A great deal of interesting matter came to our ears—names of men engaged with them, all along, from Montreal to Portland, and many facts and methods of their illicit traffic. We were, of course, interested in this; though we felt that every bit of information thus given would be an additional reason for killing us, should we be discovered.

Boiled potatoes, fried pork, butter, cheese and bread, were soon ready. Three or four of the rascals sat down around our box. It seemed as if they must see us through that great staring knot-hole. We could see their faces plain enough as they swore and ate alternately.

After eating, they smoked what seemed to be excellent cigars. Blankets were then thrown down, and soon, but for the heavy breathing and snoring, all would have been quiet.

Two of them had spread their blankets on the box above us, so that they covered the knot-hole, and were lying on their backs, with their heads to the box very close against a time.

The reader can imagine our situation, for not our feelings, as the hours dragged by. We scarcely dared to move a limb. I suffered terribly from constant cramp and a desire to sneeze.

On account of the bad air, probably. Well, the day passed, and I hope never to pass such another. It was, in truth, a day to try one's soul.

Towards night the "cap'n" awoke, and roused the rest of the gang. They then partook of another meal of pork, potatoes, bread and butter and whisky.

We had not learned the captain's name. But there was an "Eph," a "Soth," a "Mike," a "Jed," and a "Lige," in the gang. From their talk while eating, we gathered that a "Bige" and a "Johnny" were expected to "come up" that evening; and we guessed these were the two we had seen and tracked in the morning.

After eating, the men took their guns and set off on their return trip up to "the lake." We waited ten or fifteen minutes, then raised the box and got out from under it. Neither Stuart nor myself could stand erect for a while. We helped ourselves to such food as they had left, for we were both ravenously hungry. But we made haste, that we might get away before "Bige" and "Johnny" should return.

Stuart said he must get hold of these two at all hazards. It was already after sunset. Rather than risk a scuffle with them there in the shanty, Stuart concluded to attempt their arrest outside.

We took two blankets and went down about half a mile on their trail, where we lay down amongst some fir, near the old road on which we had come up in the morning.

Shortly after dark we heard them pass, going up to their store camp.

We spent the night there, and very early in the morning posted ourselves in some cedars, close to the trail. In about half an hour we heard them coming.

When they had approached to within yards, we stepped out suddenly, and covered them, point blank, with our revolver and carbine. They stopped and stood motionless.

Stuart told them, in a few words who we were and what we wanted. It turned out that they were only "third men." They made no show of resistance. Having handcuffed them, we took them, with their packs, to the settlement. They both offered to turn State's evidence—to save themselves.

The next day we got the deputy sheriff and five men, whom the sheriff summoned, to go back with us to the store camp to seize the contraband goods; and, if possible, to arrest the whole gang.

But over half the cigars and liquors had been taken away. By some means—spies, perhaps—the gang had learned their danger, and taken what they could of their goods. However, we seized what was left; and the evidence, given by the two men arrested, would have led to the capture of the whole gang had they not left for other parts.

In March following, however, Stuart arrested "Eph" McLaughlin and "Bige" Judds in the Grand Trunk Depot at Portland, being able to identify them from the view he had taken of their faces through the knot-hole in the old grain box.

They started when he justly told them how he came to know them; and "Eph" Judds, who was a tall, thin, and gaunt man, with a long, thin nose, and a pair of eyes that seemed to stare out of his head, exclaimed: "Eph, with an oath, and guiding his teeth, 'you'd never got this chance on us!'"

Barth Beadonfield is in his 74th year. Mrs. Gladstone is 70. John Bright is 67. Lord Grandville 63. Bismarck is 63. Gortchakoff 60. Von Moltke 58. MacMahon 72 and Dulaure 70.

Cost of Diamond Digging.

Diamond digging is expensive. We will take, for example, the average digger, who owns a quarter of a claim and works his own ground. He can take his choice, according to locality, of paying from \$1,000 to \$10,000 for his quarter claim—i. e., 7½ feet by 31 feet. It pays best to buy high-priced ground. His outfit of digging tools, washing-machine, etc., will cost say \$1,000. His gang of twenty Kaffirs will cost him five dollars each per week, or \$100. One over-seer besides himself, twenty-five dollars per week. Meat and tobacco for Kaffirs, five dollars per week extra. The expenses for carting and taxes will make his total outlay at the least \$200 per week, or over \$10,000 a year, exclusive of living. If one cannot spend \$500 per month, I believe it is of no use to go to Kimberley to dig for diamonds. To offset this expense is, of course, good luck in "digging," and from the very beginning of operations the digger often not only escapes expenses, but makes a handsome profit. There is no doubt that diamond digging pays two-thirds of those who engage in it, well. The fortunes made, as a rule, are small and numerous. Rarely has any one cleared \$50,000 from any one claim. Success seems to be very evenly distributed, and chiefly attainable by those who can begin with say from \$3,000 to \$5,000.

The amount of money paid for Kaffir labor alone is enormous. For instance, there are a thousand wheels; allowing five Kaffirs to each, we have 5000 laborers daily at the mine. These, at \$5 each per week, are paid \$25,000, or \$100,000 per month, or \$1,200,000 per year, and this for 5,000 Kaffirs only. The assessment of the Kimberley mine for the year 1877, simply for the purpose of distribution of rates or taxes, was \$5,151,500, or about \$7,000,000, if we add a third to bring the first amount up to selling prices. It apparently never occurs to the digger to inquire into the unstable nature of the whole Kimberley fabric. Immense sums of money are invested in and around the mine, and owners of town lots, of houses, of public buildings, and of claims, have settled into the calm feeling of security. But no feeling disturbs the digger of Kimberley. His belief in the immortality of the mine is supreme. But there are influences at work which are crowding the small capitalist from the fields. The increasing depth, crumbling reef, inflowing water are fast multiplying the expense of working. The great bugbear of the digger is the word "company," but even now small proprietors are becoming merged in large aggregations of claims, and the next phase of mining operations must undoubtedly be that of several large and competing companies, or perhaps a single one controlling the whole mine. Then the individual romance of diamond-hunting will be over. But there is no danger that the diamond will ever become common. Nature has placed it in lands difficult of access, and it is likely to remain a royal gem, surrounded with the eclosion of royalty.—*Dr. W. J. Morton, in August Scribner.*

The Reliable Man.

Of all the "qualities" that combine to form a good character, there is not one more important than reliability. Most emphatically this is true of the character of a good business man. The word itself embraces both truth and honesty. We see so much all around us that exhibits the absence of this crowning quality, that we are tempted, in our bilious moods, to deny its very existence. But there are, nevertheless, reliable men, men to be depended upon, to be trusted, in whom you may repose confidence, whose word is as good as their bond, and whose promise is performance. If any one of you know such a man make him your friend. You can only do so,

Berrien Co. Record.

JOHN G. HOLMES, Editor.
THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1878.
Republican State Ticket.

For Governor—CHARLES M. CROSWELL, of Lenawee.
For Lieutenant Governor—ALONZO SESSIONS, of Ionia.
For Secretary of State—WILLIAM JENNY, of Macomb.
For Treasurer—BENJAMIN D. FRITCHARD, of Allegan.
For Auditor General—WILLIAM L. LAWDER, of Mecosta.
For Commissioner of Land Office—JAMES M. SEASWELL, of Kalamazoo.
For Attorney General—OTTO KIRCHNER, of Wayne.
For Superintendent of Public Instruction—CORNELIUS A. GOWER, of Saginaw.
For Member State Board Education—GEORGE F. EDWARDS, of Berrien.
For Congressman—Fourth District—CAPT. JOHNS J. BURNOWS, of Kalamazoo.

The Ohio Labor Reforms in their platform call for an equal distribution of property.

John G. Tappan, Treasurer of the Boston Belling company, has turned out to be a defaulter to the tune of \$970,000. He has resigned, and the company is "busted."

Alexander Cameron is the greenback nominee for State Senator from Kalamazoo county. He is another disappointed office seeker, having been defeated for that office and shelled by A. S. Cobb, a Democrat, in 1875.

Thomas M. Nichol, Secretary of the Honest Money League of the northwest, has completed his labors in this State and gone to Maine, but will probably return before election.

The Inter-Ocean is having trouble with its Typographical Union men, and is trying to make arrangements with non-Union men to do their work. Many of the large establishments are refusing to employ men who belong to these unions.

In the Senate of the United States there are now fourteen men who fought against the Union, and in the House of Representatives about eighty. Of course they are all truly loyal and patriotic now—that class generally is—in a horn.

Ben Butler, the champion of the "National" party in Massachusetts, is a millionaire, and has a great portion of his wealth invested in bonds of the District of Columbia, that he bought for 83 cents on the dollar. He is the loudest howler against bloated bond holders and money aristocrats in that State.

The Legislature of New Hampshire is now considering a bill for the suppression of the tramp nuisance. The penalty for being a tramp in that State is to be imprisoned at hard labor for fifteen months, and for any offense committed by such gang, the time to be extended to two, three or five years. The probability is that New Hampshire will have but few tramps if that bill passes.

The workingman's great aim is to obtain in return for a day's work the largest amount of purchasable comforts—raiment, shelter and food. During the war, at inflated prices, it required a month's wages of a workingman to purchase a decent suit of clothes. Now a better suit can be had for a week's wages. Which, then, are the best for the workingman, inflation, or honest rates?

A greenback speaker in theingham county national convention openly asserted that "Zach Chandler could be convicted of hiring the miscreants who burned Will Johnson's reaper, near Pontiac, to do the deed for the sake of manufacturing campaign power." Convict him, by all means. No better way can be found to shut him off as a politician.

The Republicans of the Second District have unanimously renominated Hon. Edwin Willits for Congress. Mr. Willits is the man who took pains to refer to the Rebel Archives for information in regard to the rebel claims for damages done during the war, and thereby saved to the Government a number of millions of dollars. Just such men as he are the ones that are needed in Congress at this time; and we trust he will be re-elected.

The greenback club at Plymouth employed a California man, named York, to speak last week Wednesday. In the course of his speech he said, in alluding to the burning of harvesting machines: "This is nothing to what may be expected if there is no change in the management of affairs. The time is arriving when the man worth millions will have to divide up."

This was heartily endorsed by many present, all of which goes to indicate the tendency of that party. The same sentiment is expressed in the platform of the New York State Greenback party:

There has been trouble among the riot class in Washington, the last week. A man named Cohens has been raising a disturbance by communistic speeches, inciting a mob of several thousand ruffians to interfere with the workmen in several of the largest establishments and on public works. Several of the mob were shot by the police, and Cohens arrested and locked up. The trouble lasted three days. If the authorities will arrest such leaders upon the first appearance of such out-breaks, a great amount of trouble will be saved. Kearney, the most notorious leader of this stripe, has just come from the Pacific coast to the east for the express purpose of spreading his communistic doctrines, and creating dissatisfaction among the working classes. The best thing for the peace of the country, will be to put such men in a safe keeping as soon as their mission becomes known.

The latest news from the Mexican frontier indicates the probability of further trouble between the United States and Mexico. The Mexican government is said to have given commission in its army to the worst brigands and cattle thieves on the border, so as to protect them when they make raids into Texas.

The Republicans of Maine have adopted the following financial plank in their State platform:

5. The Republican party is committed to unremitting efforts, not only to secure the legitimate results of the war, the sovereignty of the Union, equal rights of all citizens, and the free and untrammelled rights of suffrage, but also to redeem the pledges which the government made to those who furnished means or gave their services to save the Union. Whether these pledges are in the form of bonds or greenback notes, we insist that both forms of the debt of the nation should be paid with the same fairness and integrity with which an honest man seeks to pay his individual debts.

6. We demand honest money for the people. Our currency must be made of good as coin and redeemable in it. The government promised this. The Republican party has legislated to perform it, and, in the course of resumption, has now nearly accomplished it. There must be no steps sideways or backwards.

7. We congratulate our fellow citizens on the unmistakable evidence that the near approach to a stable currency is preparing the way for an early permanent revival of business and industry, so long depressed by causes growing out of the gigantic civil war, among which a depreciated and fluctuating currency is most prominent and greatly aggravated by mischievous agitators and demagogues in and out of Congress for measures which, if adopted as the policy of the government, would bring permanent disorder and ruin to business, discredit and dishonor upon the nation, and tend to subvert many of those principles which are fundamental to the existence of civilized society.

One of the most blood curdling outrages occurred on the New York Central railroad a few weeks since. A lady was on her way to Albany, to meet her husband. She was richly dressed, and wore diamonds. At Rome, two men entered the car and took seats near her. When the conductor came through, the lady was about to pay her sleeping-car fare when the two men interposed, said she was insane, and they were taking her to the asylum at Utica, and paid her fare, in spite of her protestations and tears, the conductor and passengers acquiescing. At Utica, the two men carried her off, put her in a hack, drove to a house of ill-fame, outraged her, stole her jewelry and clothing, and left her insensible and stripped naked, where her husband found her the next morning. Detectives were at once put upon the track of the villains, but they could not be found.

The National Greenback State Convention of New York, Wednesday, adopted a platform which, after declaring for unlimited paper currency, contains two planks which farmers will do well to ponder. One of these planks reads:

"The increasing poverty of the working classes is attributable, in great part, to the monopoly of the soil, the natural source of wealth, and therefore we demand the adoption of land limitation laws."

There are no great land estates in New York which this plank can refer to except large farms. Evidently the resolution means that workingmen who own no land want the big farmers to divide their farms into small patches, and be compelled by law to give up parts of their farms to the "working classes" of the cities and villages. The demand is exactly the same as that suggested in Michigan by the notorious address of the Secretary of the Ionia county "National" club.

Another plank of this "National" club demands that the hours of labor be reduced by law "in proportion as the use of machinery increases," and "other causes which throw workers out of employment." Here is the Communist and Socialist attack on labor-saving machinery, declaring that machinery, like "other causes," throws workers out of employment—this is the same old story. It is hostile to machinery and invention by requiring that, if people will use machinery, they must be required by law to reduce the hours of labor as a penalty for using machinery, so as not to produce more than could be done by hand work. Such doctrines as this fully account for the burning of reapers and mowers, and the opposition to the use of agricultural machinery by farmers.

The next step to be taken is to declare that farmers shall not own farms of over forty acres each; that farmers shall not use outliners, which save their hiring hand labor to hoe corn, or threshing machines, which save their hiring hand labor to thresh and winnow grain, or drills, or horse hay rakes, or other machinery which save the hiring of men; or else, if they will use such machines, they shall only work their hired men five or six hours a day, but shall pay them as much as they now do. The Communist and Socialist drift of such propositions is evident. —Evening Telegraph.

The greenbackers have taken another long stride towards the reform goal they are striving so hard to reach. Not satisfied with a ten per cent mortgage on one of their leaders, and a bank stock holder at the head of T. L. Sherwood's navy of Kalamazoo, they have placed in the wool lawyer, on the ticket for Congress. This is the party that believe in putting farmers and business men to the front. But we suppose they believe in killing their enemies with kindness, and next November they will vote them to death. Now if there are lightning rods agents and pill peddlers enough for county officers, the laboring man's cause is won. He can "hang up the shovel and the hoe, and take down the fiddle and the bow." —Hartford Day Spring.

Hooded, they would, be assassins of Kaiser William, has been sentenced to be beheaded.

Remarkable Shooting.

On July 18 we witnessed for an hour the shooting feat of Dr. W. F. Carver, who during 7 hours and 38 minutes (or 8 hours and 10 minutes, including resting spells), fired 6,212 times at glass balls flying in the air. Of these he hit and broke 6,500, and missed 712. He attempted to break the 6,500 glass balls in 500, and accomplished it in 433 minutes (7 h. 9 m. 13 s.). The wind blowing from the front drove some smoke into his eyes, causing many of the misses. Those present at the finish say he seemed to suffer no inconvenience from the effort, except that produced upon his eyes by the smoke. The glass balls were 2 1/2 inches in diameter, and filled with feathers, which flew out in all directions, as the balls were broken. They were tossed up by hand 20 to 30 feet in front of him, and each ball had to be aimed at and hit on the fly, with a single bullet (not with a handful of shot), and between each shot the gun was lowered, the old shell thrown out, and a new one inserted, and the gun raised and aimed. We noted several instances where 16 shots were fired in 19 to 24 seconds. As the loaded rifle weighs 10 lbs., the raising of the gun 6,212 times was equivalent to lifting 62,120 lbs., or 31 tons. The strain upon the eye and nerves of taking sight so many times must have been very great. This experiment shows the power of endurance which the human body and mind are capable of, and in this respect is interesting. It can be of little practical utility for others to learn to shoot on the wing with the rifle. —American Agriculturist.

The following from an exchange applies excellently to this vicinity: When anybody dies, gets married, runs away, steals anything, builds a house, makes a big sale, or whips his man—or wife—breaks his leg, or gets his senses kicked out of him by a mule or anything remarkable, and you have reason to believe that you know as much about the occurrence as anybody else, don't wait for some person to report it, or trust us to find out by instinct, but come and tell us about it, and send us facts on a post card. This is the way news is supplied, and it takes a goodly supply of that necessary article to make a good home paper. Let us know every item of news that transpires in your neighborhood.

The proper place for every honest greenback man is in the Republican party. It created the greenback, and has maintained and defended it against the attacks of rebels, reactionaries, and Democrats. Under the wise and fostering policy of the Republican party, the greenback has appreciated to within a fraction of parity with gold, and it is the intention of the party to make it fully equal to gold and keep it there. The Democratic party has always fought greenbacks, and would degrade them now if they had the power. —Indianapolis Journal.

Friend Wilber H. Clute, of the Three Rivers Reporter, is a disappointed man: He wanted to run for Congress this fall on the irredeemable ticket in the 4th district, but T. R. Sherwood, a Kalamazoo lawyer, was nominated. Before this time for another nomination there won't be any irredeemable party, and that is why the usually joyous countenance of Wilber is sad. —Lansing Republican.

J. H. McVicker, the actor of Chicago, has filed a petition in bankruptcy. The cause of his failure is attributed to the fact that he signed the bonds to the amount of \$500,000 of Gage, the defaulting City Treasurer, and has spent a considerable amount of money in contesting a suit brought against him in the matter.

Brick Pomeroy charges \$100 per day for talking repudiation to down-trodden laborers and abusing "Shylocks" who pray upon the laboring poverty of the country; and, when one of Brick's adherents writes to him and asks if that isn't rather more than labor ought to pay for talk in these hard times, he replies that "it is strange how little some people know," and blandly inquires if anybody supposes he can carry on his great work of reform for nothing. —Mason News.

New York, July 28.—Twenty-two tons of fine silver bars, valued at \$750,000, were shipped from the Assay Office this morning for the Philadelphia Mint, for coinage into standard silver dollars.

The National Banker says the amount of money annually paid to the newspapers for advertising in this county exceeds \$800,000,000.

STATE ITEMS.
Oscoda county boasts of a live Indian 110 years old.
A light crop of wheat is reported in parts of Branch county.
The Bay City Growler is to be established in Chicago.
Ike Morey, of Cheshire, Allegan county, whipped his wife. It cost him \$45.
Gen. Stoughton, after a residence of several years at Grand Rapids, moves back to Sturgis, his old home.

Dr. Miles Hinkins, of Lexington, a veteran of the war of 1812, died one day last week, aged 80.
Dr. E. P. Griswold, of Sand Lake, Kent county, has been arrested on a charge of bastardy.

The annual picnic of the Kalamazoo P. O. Society is to take place at Augusta, September 8.
A bee tree was recently cut, up in Tuscola county from which 240 pounds of honey was taken.

It is said that Luther Alman of Ann Arbor has been rendered insane by sunstroke.
The work of putting the new furniture in the new capitol is progressing rapidly.
The Hesperian says there are 200 less nationals in Big Rapids now than two or three weeks ago.

Clarence Cook, of Coldwater, was found dead in his bed Monday.

During the recent warm weather the men in Loud's salt works, at Oscoda, found it a positive luxury to go out and stand in the sunshine occasionally, when the mercury marked 112 degrees in the sun.

A great fire is raging in the woods near Howard City, at and about Curran's lumber tract. The citizens and lumbermen are doing all they can to subdue the flames.

Over 4,000 bushels of wheat were marketed at Jonesville, Friday and Saturday of last week, at from 85 cents to \$1 per bushel.

Capitalists, at Battle Creek, are talking of again starting into operation the coming winter its hosiery and woolen mills, which have laid idle for several years. If they do it will give employment to 200 laborers, men, women and children. Several of the manufacturers in that city are running 14 hours a day.

J. M. Kennedy, of Eaton Rapids, has commenced suit against the Kent county Democratic committee to collect a lively bill incurred in the fall of 1876 for campaign purposes.

A Battle Creek man found a long-lost brother in the person of a tramp whom he fed, and now he has to support him.

There is a man in the copper region of Lake Superior who, in the early days of copper speculation up there, hatched out a fortune of \$800,000. He squandered his money, and is now in the poorhouse.

A Japanese graduate of our State University, named Kimpai Saito, has been appointed educational director of his native province in Japan.

The balance of cash in the State treasury July 20, 1878, was \$816,822.88; receipts during the week ending July 27, were \$49,824.42; payments during the same time were \$101,922.91; balance in treasury July 27, 1878, \$564,724.39; decrease for the week \$52,098.49. —Lansing Republican.

While Geo. C. Fray, foreman of the Chesborough mill, at Bay City, was at work in the drill-house, Saturday, an iron shive weighing 50 pounds fell a distance of thirty feet, striking him on the right shoulder and back. He received a very serious, if not fatal injury, but the result cannot yet be known.

The Evening News says: A State that can raise 22,558,811 bushels of wheat in a year can stand a hard winter pretty well. That's the kind of State this Michigan of ours is!

A Bay City servant girl, given to sleep-walking, walked out of a second story window, struck in a flower bed, got up and went to the front door, rang the bell and inquired if her mistress was in. She was awakened and put to bed.

J. E. Marwin, formerly of Cassopolis, has been arrested at Charleston, S. C., for conspiracy to murder and rob. He was delivered up to the authorities of Peoria, Ill., where 14 indictments are pending against him for forgery.

Villains are reported near Burr Oak. Some farmers bought self-binding this year, and one of these is reported as torn to pieces by some fellows they call tramps—out of work and won't raise a finger unless they can get more pay than the who harvest is worth. —Coldwater Republican.

A special to the Evening Telegraph from Battle Creek says: A barn on the farm of T. Sherwood, west of this city, was burned to-day with its contents. It was the work of an incendiary. The wheat in the field caught fire on another farm, and about thirty shocks were burned before the fire was extinguished.

A Port Austin youth "sparked" a Port Austin damsel every Sunday night for four years and did not come to terms with her, and now her thrifty father presents to the youth's parents a bill for 208 suppers—for he always came in time for tea. —Evening News.

The Adrian Times thinks that the greenback wave reached its highest point in Michigan some time ago, and is now receding. Its outward flow will be accelerated from this time on. The delirium of the fever has passed away, and men who have suffered from the attack are taking a rational view of matters once more.

The Saginaw Republican says that two bright young men of that city, during the sengerfest week, out of 96 hours only slept eight. Towels soaked with brandy and applied to their heads kept them awake. They were bound to see the show.

The Michigan Tribune says it is estimated that there are 10,000 to 15,000 bushels of last year's wheat still in the hands of the farmers of Calhoun county, who have refused almost twice as much for it as they can now get.

Fish Commissioner Jerome has just finished distributing 500,000 eels in the waters of this State. The eels are brought from the east in mud and river-grass. Some of the eels put out last year have grown to a weight of nearly two pounds.

William Hayden, of Tecumseh, has shipped flour to Ireland for the last two years, and last week he had an order for 1,000 sacks to be shipped to Sligo.

A three-year-old son of James Walker, of Alpena, was killed on the 24th by a wood-rack falling upon him and holding his head, face downward, so closely to the ground as to produce suffocation. The rack was partially propped up on its side, and two or three little children had been playing around it.

A boy of 16, named Chas. Bennett, and living in Evansville, Ill., on a visit to his uncle, Wm. Shackleton, of Walker, Kent county, met with a terrible accident Saturday evening. While standing in front of a reaper, the horses took a sudden start, and the machine was upon him in an instant, mangle his feet so that they will be nearly useless. All that will be saved of the right foot will be the heel, while the left may be saved to the instep. —Grand Rapids Times.

A Dexter saloonist has recently paid \$50 to settle a prospective suit against him for selling liquor to a man after having been forbidden to do so by the drinker's wife.

A cow belonging to Riley Marsh, of Midland, and a small heifer were missed for eight or nine days, and were about given up for lost, when at length—on the 21st—they were found outwaded alive in the large sewer in the eastern part of town. They had evidently entered the sewer to avoid the flies, and had proceeded so far that they could not back out, neither could they go any farther ahead. One of them had to be dug out, a distance of 75 feet. Both were alive but very weak.

At a little place called Shelby, a few miles from Muskegon, the latter part of last week, a girl about 16 years of age was foully outraged by four boys varying in age from 15 to 19 years, and one of the boys was the girl's own brother. The two of the boys have been captured, but the others are still at large. —Muskegon Reporter.

At the last meeting of the city council of Marquette a resolution was adopted setting forth that "it is utterly impossible for the city to pay interest on her bonds," and directing the mayor to order the city treasurer not to pay interest now due until further orders from the council.

A sickening case of superstition has just occurred at Grand Rapids. A young man who died of typhoid dysentery, was left uncare for until the color emitted from the room (in a block) drew the neighboring tenants to make complaint. The parents on being questioned for the reason of such shocking neglect, replied that it was their belief that if the body was moved the good spirits would leave it and the bad spirits take possession.



The most chaste and delicate perfumes for the handkerchief are Dr. Price's Unique perfumes, Pet Rose, Lilla Boquet, Hyacinth, Sweet Amaryllis, or any of his odors. The exquisite delicacy of their fragrance will delight all lovers of scents.

REMEDY FOR HARD TIMES.
Stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style. Buy good, healthy food, cheaper and better clothing; get more real and substantial things of life every day, and especially stop the foolish habit of running after expensive and quack doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, and makes the proprietors rich, but put your trust in the greatest of all simple remedies, Hop Bitters, that cures always at a trifling cost, and you will see better times and good health. Try at once. Read of it in another column.

BUCHANAN PRICES CURRENT.
Corrected Weekly meeting for the Record by S. W. WHITE, D.D., in Grand Rapids and Buchanan, Mich.
This paper represents the prices paid by dealers, unless otherwise specified.

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