

TOKENS.

Behold a fish of wings
Along the sunny bank
Beneath the southern grove
The birds are coming back;
A bit of summer red
Gleams on the robin's breast,
The daisies sparkle sweet
On green leaves and a nest.

Behold a mist of blue
Along the pasture bank
As if the sky had stooped
To kiss the earth's rough cheek.
The silver streams are clasped
With ribbons of soft green,
And in the sun we see
The rose's silken sheen.

The trees awake and stir
Through all their branches bare,
And sigh at the embrace
Of the sweet, amorous air;
And little timorous flowers
Whose lives are pale and fleet,
Feel the new influence
And blossom at their feet.

O, miracle of Spring!
The sunbeam smites the rock;
Life bursts its icy bonds
Obedient to the shock—
The trumpets of the air
Call to the silent dead;
And spirits everywhere
Arise in white and red.

—M. F. B.—in *Good Company*.

GOURLAY BROTHERS.

The Story of Two Loyal Hearts.

In a quiet street off one of the quiet squares there is a tall, gloomy house, with narrow, dusty windows, and a massive double door, that still bears a brass plate with the words "Gourlay Brothers" engraved thereon.

The lower part of the house was used as an office, but the blinds were rarely drawn up, the door seldom swung back to the energetic push of customers, the long passage echoed no hurried footsteps, and Eli Haggart, the clerk, was, to all appearance, the eldest man in London, till one came to know his masters.

The Gourlay Brothers were never any busier than their faithful old servant—never hurried, harassed, or worried; never late and never early. Every morning at ten o'clock they entered their office together, read their letters, glanced at the paper, left instructions for possible callers, and then went to the city. They always took the same route; at eleven they might be seen passing along the sunny side of Cannon street, at 1:30 they entered the same restaurant, and sat at the same table for luncheon. Wet or dry, shade or shine, summer or winter, every working-day for thirty years they had gone through the same routine, always excepting the month of September, when they took their annual holiday.

They were elderly men—John, tall, thin, melancholy looking, with light gray eyes, scanty gray hair and whiskers, and a general expression of drabness pervading his whole face, and faultlessly neat attire. Roger was shorter, rounder, more cheerful and generally warmer in color. His pervading hue was brown, keen reddish eyes that must have been merry once, crisp auburn hair that time had not yet quite transmuted to silver, a clean shaven ruddy face, and brown hands full of dents and dimples. John was the elder; still he looked up to Roger with grave respect, consulted him on every subject, and never, either in or out of business, took any step without his advice and approval. And Roger was no less deferential; without any profession of affection, or display of feeling, the Gourlay Brothers dwelt together in closest friendship and love; their life was a long harmony, and during all the years of their partnership no shadow had fallen between them, and their public life was as harmonious as their private intercourse. In business they were successful, every speculation they made prospered, everything they touched turned to gold; and as their whole lives were spent in getting, not spending, they were believed, and with reason, to be immensely wealthy. "Cold, hard, stern, enterprising," men called them; with an acuteness of vision and a steadiness of purpose only to be acquired by long and close application to business. Reserved in manner, simple in their tastes, economical in their habits, the Gourlay Brothers were the last men in the world to be suspected of sentiment, their lives the least likely to contain even the germs of a romance. And yet they had not been always mere business machines; the sole aim and end of their existence had not always been money. In early years they had brighter dreams, nobler ambitions.

At school John had distinguished himself, and his brilliant university career gave promise of a brilliant future. Roger had been a bright, ardent boy, with a taste for music that was almost a passion, and a talent little short of genius. With his deep earnestness, intense steadiness of purpose, and clear, vigorous intellect, John could scarcely have failed to make a distinguished lawyer. Roger was a born artist, with a restless, lofty ambition. Life seemed very bright for the brothers; there was nothing to prevent, and everything to assist each in following his inclination. But in the very dawn of their career their father died, and they were suddenly reduced from affluence to actual poverty. Nothing remained from the wreck of a magnificent fortune but the bitter experience that always accompanies such reverses. Fine friends failed them, flatterers looked coldly on their distress, those who had most freely partaken of their lavish hospitality passed by on the other side. Not a friend remained in their adversity but one, and she had indeed the will but not the power to help them. The boys left the college and turned their thoughts to business. It was hopeless to attempt to follow up their profession with an invalid mother and idolized only sister depending on them for support. John secured a situation as clerk in a city warehouse. Roger accepted a desk in the office of Bernard Russell, an old friend of his father's. They moved to cheap lodgings, and for several years plodded on wearily, the only gleam of sunshine in their altered home being the occasional visits of Alice Russell to their sister. Maude Gourlay and Alice had been school-fellows and friends; they usually spent their vacation together, and Alice felt the misfortune that had fallen on the family as if it had overtaken her own. But she could do nothing except pay them flying visits, send trifling gifts of fruit and flowers, and write pretty, sympathetic notes to Maude.

A few years of hardship and poverty fell on Mrs. Gourlay's always feeble frame. Still for her daughter's sake she clung to life, with a strange tenacity; but when Maude's lover, who had gone to Australia to make his fortune, returned, no wealthier, but sufficiently so to claim his right in altered circumstances, Mrs. Russell, who had suddenly drifted away

from him and he was left solitary in some unknown, infinite space. But there was nothing of that in his voice as he asked Alice for her address and permission to call upon her in the afternoon. Then, taking his brother by the arm, he led him away, and they continued their walk without exchanging a single word about the strange encounter.

In the afternoon John called at Miss Russell's hotel, and in a few moments he found himself seated beside her in a pleasant sitting-room overlooking the sea.

"Alice," he said, plunging into the subject at once, "do you remember a conversation you had with my brother a long time ago?"

"Yes, I remember, Mr. Gourlay," she replied, sadly.

"He made a request for me then which it was not in your power to grant; I am come to make a similar one for him now. Roger loves you, Alice. He has loved you all those long, weary years, though you will at least believe I did not know it then."

"Poor Roger!" Alice said, softly. "You care about him? You will make him happy even at this late hour? Tell me, Alice, that you love my brother!"

"Yes, Mr. Gourlay, I do. Why should I deny it? I have loved him always, though I did not know that he cared about me, and if the little life that is left me can make him happier, I will devote it to him gladly, proudly—poor Roger! You see I am too old for pretences, Mr. Gourlay, and I fear I am dying; therefore, I tell you all."

"Dying, Alice? No, no! you will live many years yet, I hope, to make my dear brother happy—brave, loyal, great-hearted Roger. Let me send him to you now, and Alice, for my old and long affection's sake, make him happy. He deserves it, and that is the only way I can ever help to repay the devotion of his life."

"I love him," Alice replied, simply. "I cannot do more."

In their lodgings John Gourlay found his brother pacing restlessly up and down.

"Roger, I've found out your secret and hers," he said, laying both his hands on his shoulders, "loyal, faithful friend, go to her; she loves you, she is waiting for you."

"Poor Alice! how she must have suffered!"

"How we all have suffered! but it's nearly over now, Roger—the grief, pain, regret. It's all clear and bright. Roger, dear friend, can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, John? Say rather can you forgive me?"

"True to the last, John murmured, as he wrung his brother's hand. "Now, Roger, go to her; she is waiting for you. She loves you—loves you, Roger! Good-bye, and may you both be happy!"

Late that evening when Roger Gourlay returned home full of deep, quiet gladness, he found his brother sitting in an easy chair near the window, apparently asleep. The full moon shone down on his pale face, and showed a smile on his lips; his hands were clasped on an open book that rested on his knee. The attitude was life-like, but at the very first glance Roger felt that his brother was dead. The doctors said that he had died of disease of the heart. Perhaps they were right. More people die of that malady than the world knows of.

A Fossil Sea Serpent.

Time and again the bones of large animals have been found in the marl-beds of Monmouth County, N. J., but the soft and friable bones which have frequently been found in the marl-beds of Mr. John Vankirk, of Marlborough, indicate it to be a cemetery of these osseous relics. There is evidence that in the "long ago" a great ocean rolled its waters over the now dry land of the Eastern States, and that the land rose and sank several times, thus telling of successive seas. New Jersey was in this way, before it was upheaved, part of an ancient sea-bed. It is not doubted that the precious substance of the marl-beds is derived from the skeletons of huge monsters which found a burial in the dark mud of that ancient sea. The finding at Marlborough a few days ago of the remains of one of these monsters is regarded as proof of this. The discoverer was Mr. Charles McCue, who found the bones in the marl pit of John Vankirk, twenty-four miles from the sea. Mr. McCue immediately reported his find to Prof. Samuel Lockwood, Principal of Freehold University and Superintendent of Monmouth County Schools, and one of the most learned naturalists and geologists in New Jersey. The huge jaws were fenced with terrible teeth much like but far more formidable than those of a crocodile. They were in good condition. The portion of the backbone found was also in good condition. Professor Lockwood, after a careful examination of the bones, pronounced them to be undoubtedly those of a fossil sea serpent known as the *pythonomorpha*.

The Professor said to a *Herald* reporter: I can say in all truth this was the sea serpent of our ancient New Jersey ocean. The Professor, in describing the monster, said it had a body of great bulk, the most exposed parts of which were protected by small bony plates or scales. It had two paddles well forward and two behind, the size and solidity of the bones of which indicated extraordinary propelling force. Extending far behind was the tail, stout, long and serpentine, but somewhat flat, so that it could afford great aid in propulsion by a skulking movement. The neck was long, yet thick and sufficiently powerful to sustain the great head high out of the water. Regarding the bony frame of the lower jaw, the skeleton showed a sort of elbow attached to it which was very significant. It had to swallow its prey entire, and oftentimes this was a fish of very large size. By means of its elbow-jointed jaw the monster could enlarge the opening over the gullet. Still this act of swallowing was slow, and the retaining of a powerful, struggling prey would be very difficult. Hence the upper jaw had an auxiliary contrivance which exactly met the necessities of the case. It was, in reality, a jaw with small curved and very sharp teeth, and had the appearance of a grapple. The Professor, in describing this, said: "As the great jaws with their formidable teeth gave a hitch and thus forced the struggling prey a little way down the mouth to get another hitch they had to open wide again, and then the prey would fall out. At this juncture down came the little grapple

jaw and held the struggling prey in place. So the movements of the great jaws and the small grapple jaw alternated until the prey was safely down the great maw. It is plain that during this snake-like method of swallowing, so slow and laborious, the wedging-up of the throat would in ordinary animals stop the breathing. In the case of the sea serpent this difficulty was met by the position of the great air-tube, which was near the front teeth of the lower jaw, instead of back in the mouth, where the cram was severest. Besides, we find in serpents a place for the tongue in front of the mouth. This organ, too, is always with them cylindrical, bifurcate and retractile. Moreover, they all make a hissing sound. Although perhaps of threatening aspect, the serpent's tongue is a beautiful and harmless organ, and its two divisions are as soft as two strands of floss silk. It is a vulgar ignorance which in terror calls it a 'stinger,' but if the term be allowable let us ask what kind of a 'stinger' did the pythonomorpha have, and what a hissing must that monstrous mouth have made?"

Regarding the size of the monster Professor Lockwood said: "The back bones in our possession are too few for safe conjecture. I do not think it was less than forty feet long, and it may have been sixty feet. On another occasion I demonstrated the existence of one that was not less than eighty feet long, but it had teeth twice the size that our present specimen had."

"How this great tyrant of the deep came to an ignoble end," he continued, "no one knows. He died certainly not of old age, for in the examination of the skeleton I discovered remnants of the secondary teeth. The bones show marks upon them of fishes' teeth, seeming to prove that while the dead monster lay like a wreck on the old ocean bed the fishes tore him from limb to limb and gnawed off his flesh."

A hunt will be made for some missing parts of the fossil skeleton and remains of others of these monsters of the reptilian age supposed to be buried in the marl-beds of Monmouth County.—N. Y. *Herald*.

As Strange as Fiction.

All old Texans and the student of the history of Texas are familiar with the ill-starred Meir expedition, which left Texas in the fall of 1841 for the purpose of invading Mexico. The expedition started out under command of General Semervill, and on the 19th of December, when in the vicinity of the Rio Grande, was ordered back. After the return of General Semervill and a portion of the command, some 300 men who were left determined on hostile demonstrations and elected William S. Fisher as commander. The expedition then advanced on the town of Mier, in Mexico. A detachment arriving there on the 21st and demanding provisions took the alcalde of the town with them as a hostage and returned to where the main body was camped to wait the arrival of the articles demanded. While the Texans remained in camp Mier was occupied by General Ampudia, of the Mexican army, with 2,000 men. On the afternoon of the 25th of December the Texas forces started for the town and encountered the forces of Ampudia in its vicinity, and a fight ensued, in which the Mexicans were driven through the town, but still fighting. After several parleys and representation of the overwhelming numbers opposed to them and promises of generous terms the Texans were induced to surrender. The prisoners were then started for the City of Mexico, a number being killed en route, and on arriving at Salado, on the 26th of March, an order was received from Santa Anna, directing that every tenth man be shot. Accordingly one hundred and fifty-nine white and seventeen black beans, representing the number of Texans left, were placed in a box and each man drew, the ones drawing the black beans being taken out and shot. In "Thrall's History of Texas" occurs the following paragraph: "First Ampudia and then Santa Anna took a fancy to a mere lad by the name of Hill, and young Hill's father and brother were released, and the young man sent to the best college in Mexico. He adopted the profession of a milling engineer, and is still a citizen of Mexico." Mr. Hill, who has never been to Texas since the time he started on the expedition, left Vera Cruz some days since by the Alexandre line of steamers for New Orleans, at which place he has already arrived, and will be in Galveston on the arrival of the Morgan line steamer this morning. He is a brother-in-law of General W. G. Webb, of Houston, and will be welcomed in Galveston by many old Texans, who remembered his father on his return from Mexico in 1844, when the prisoners were released. The changes wrought in Texas since the departure of Mr. Hill, when a mere lad, thirty-nine years ago, have been of such magnitude that it would require more space than is allotted this paragraph, but for the bare enumeration of them.—Galveston (Texas) News.

Fire by Friction.

The process of producing fire by the friction of wood, so often described in books of travel, was recently performed by a band of Zulus at the London Aquarium. Some straw being laid on the ground as a bed, two sticks were placed on it a few inches apart, to form a support for a third stick, which was laid across them. This had a deep notch cut in it to receive the blunt point of a drilling stick, which was twirled like a chocolate-muller between the palms of the hands. When the twirler's hands reached the bottom they were either dexterously shifted to the top again, or another of the Africans squatting around took hold and relieved the first. A spark was got in the charred dust in about five minutes, and was received with shouts and leaps of delight by the fire-makers, one of whom, carefully shielding it in a handful of straw, soon fanned it into a flame.

It is said that John Jacob Astor always has a detective in his service, and his dwelling is never left unguarded. Hence he has never suffered from depredations. The detective who accompanies Mrs. Astor to all places where her diamonds are to be displayed, is said to represent an elegantly dressed gentleman who mingles quietly among the guests.

Londoners who six years ago looked upon ice water as an unhealthy beverage, and stared when Americans ordered it, now find it indispensable.

Our Young Folks.

CHILDHOOD'S GOLD.

They need not go so far away.
Through heat and cold, to hunt for gold;
They might beside us sit or stray—
Our hands are full as they can hold.

Gold? Gold is poured out of the sky
From rise of sun till day is done;
With falling leaves it flashes by;
In liquid gold the rivers run.

"It was scattered all the way from school,
In stars and bells adown the dells;
We children gathered aprons full,
Where little Dandelion dwells.

And Golden Cowslip to our feet
Came like a king, his hand to bring;
And Columbine, with nod so sweet,
Shook gold upon our path,—gay thing!

What goblet glistens with such wine
As the bee sips from buttercups?
What gold beads on the wet grass shine,
Sparkling to breezy downs and ups!

Our homes are sweet upon the hills,
Where love is sure, and life is pure,
And sunshine every season fills;
How can a country child be poor?

No robber seizes our midnight hours;
No coffers cold our treasures hold;
Dewdrops and sunbeams, stars and flowers—
Gold! Gold! Who shares our childhood's gold?
—Lucy Larcom, in *St. Nicholas* for April.

KON'S HELPING HAND.

"That is a little beauty," said Grandpa Sin Mu, and round and round he turned the pot that held the tree he was admiring. It was actually a tree of the plum family, for Grandpa Sin Mu was one of those famous Japanese gardeners who have such wonderful success in dwarfing trees, till they grow in pots that one can carry in his hands. This dwarf was about two feet high and thick with blossoms.

"A beauty, a beauty," exclaimed Grandpa Sin Mu again and again, "and all for my grandson Kon. Let me look at it on this side, and on that side, and now on this again."

So on every side of the tree-pigmy Grandpa Sin Mu's round, ruddy face beamed as the sun.

As his features were small, but his face big, broad and jolly; as he wore no beard and was very bald, his face resembled the sun all the more fully.

"My grandson Kon deserves a plum-tree," said the devoted grandpa. "As fine a boy of twelve as I ever saw. I wonder what he is doing now?"

What Kon was doing then I don't know, but I do know what he was doing the next day.

"Mother, I think I will give my dragon an airing. I will take him out of his stall and give him a mouthful of fresh air."

Giving the dragon an airing! What American boy would venture to do it?

"You think a good deal of your dragon, Kon?"

"Of course I do. It is all I've got. Kon's dragon was a harmless kite. It had a very comical head, two wings, a pair of claws, and a long tail. The tail was old (no older, though, than the rest of the dragon) and was on the point of forsaking the body."

"I am just as afraid," said Kon to his mother, "that my dragon's tail will go sailing off sometime when it is up in the sky."

"What if I should look out and see it wriggling up toward the sun? That would make me laugh," said his mother. "And make me cry," thought Kon.

"You are getting old," said Kon to his beloved dragon, as he let him out of the corner where he kept him and that he called his "stall." "Getting old, getting weak, and I don't know where I shall get another. What is the matter with that bamboo?"

This was a little slit of bamboo stretched across the kite-frame, and as the wind swept over it the little bamboo slit hummed away as if a bumble bee had been caught in the dragon's claws, and in its imprisonment made a constant musical protest.

"O, if I am not happy," said Kon to his mother, "when I am on top of a high hill, and my dragon is in the air, and I can hear the bamboo humming! It is the happiest place in the world."

"Sure of it, Kon?"

"Why, yes, mother."

"Happier when you are pleasing yourself than when you are making somebody else happy?"

"There, mother, I should know you were Grandpa Sin Mu's daughter. He is always saying, 'make somebody happy. Help some one.'"

"Your grandpa is a very good man."

"So he is, mother. If he had not been I should not have had so nice a mother. I should not have had this dragon. There is my name which he put on it. Isn't it in a funny place, on the dragon's chin?"

There it was in large letters: "K-O-N."

"Good-bye, mother."

"Good-bye."

The dragon sailed about in the air unusually well that day, and Kon heard the bamboo humming some distance up. Then all was still, and, sitting on the hill-top, Kon watched his beloved dragon as it hung motionless in the air.

"How happy am I!" thought Kon. Yes, he was happy. He felt that he could stay there hours enjoying that rest which is always grateful to a fat boy, and enjoying, too, the sense of power which one has who controls the movements of a dragon.

"There's old Itsi," he suddenly exclaimed. "He don't know me, but I know him."

It was an old man coming across the pasture carrying a dwarf plum-tree all in blossom.

"Is this the way to the big village street?"

"Yes, sir. Follow this path. Nice plum-tree you have there. May I see it?"

Old Itsi suddenly seemed very gruff. "Strangers must not be meddlers," he muttered, and moved off.

In a few moments Kon's dreamy ease was interrupted by a loud cry:

"Help—p-p!"

Kon turned, and there was Itsi clinging to the side of a ledge. The path across the field, one that was safe enough ordinarily, ran over a ledge of rocks. Itsi wanted, though, to improve on this, and attempted to find a shorter way over the rocks, and there the ledge was steep and slippery. He made a misstep and down the face of the ledge he went sliding. Luckily, his fall was arrested by a projecting shelf of rock, but somehow he sprained his foot. He dared not drop lower, and with his sprained foot he could hardly work his way up the rock without dropping the dwarf tree.

"Help—p-p!" he shouted.

"I don't know about helping you, gruff old grandisr," thought Kon. In a moment more, he said, "I will do as Grandpa Sin Mu says, and lend a helping hand. Let me pull in my kite."

Alas, in drawing the dragon home that creature must have resisted, for the string broke. Away went the dragon, bobbing up and down, executing all sorts of capers in the air as if it had met with an enemy and were rolling over and over with it in a death-grapple.

"There!" said Kon, pettishly; "so much for lending a helping hand."

But the next moment the boy's generous impulses prevailed, and away he ran. "Here I am!" he shouted. "What's the matter?"

"O, thank you, boy. I sprained my foot when I slipped down here, and I can't well get back unless some one will reach down and take this pot up to a safe place. You see I can't set it anywhere."

Itsi held up the pot, and Kon reached down his chubby hands and grasped it. "What's this?" thought Kon, noticing words on the wrapper of the pot: "For my beloved Kon."

"Where did you get this?"

"I will tell you, boy, in a moment." Old Itsi's hands were free, and he gradually worked himself up into a safe place.

"Sin Mu sent that to his grandson, Kon, living in a house on the big village street. I must hunt him up, somehow, wherever he is. It is a dwarf plum that is very valuable." And Itsi held out his hands for the tree.

"Why, my name is on it, sir! That's a surprise."

"You are Kon, then? Well, young friend, you have saved your own property by your kindness."

But where was the dragon? That went tumbling down, fighting and grappling all sorts of invisible enemies, whirling in every direction. At last it came tumbling toward Grandpa Sin Mu's garden, where he was walking. It has been already said that his head was bald. In Grecian history it is told that an eagle, mistaking Aeschylus' bald head for a stone, let a tortoise fall upon it in order to break the shell. Poor Aeschylus! he did not recover from it. Poor tortoise! one might also say. Whether the dragon in this story had a like intent when it saw Grandpa Sin Mu's shining head is not known, but as he looked up he saw the dragon coming. Horrors! With mouth open, wings extended, claws thrust forward, the dragon came right upon grandpa's head! It did not specially hurt grandpa, but it was too much for the dragon, and the jar shook off the dragon's tail.

"What is this?" asked Sin Mu. "A kite? And what's the name on it? K-O-N. It belongs to my grandson. I will take it to him at once."

He carried the fragments to Kon's mother, and she told him about Itsi.

"Is that so? Kon shall have a new kite. I will put something on it also."

When Kon went into the barn he found another dragon in the "stall," and on it were these words: "Given to the boy who was willing to lend a helping hand."—Rev. E. A. Rand, in *Christian Union*.

A Waif From the Tay Bridge Disaster.

A strange but not altogether improbable story comes from Norway, where it saw the light in the columns of the *Morgenblad*, a well-known local newspaper. On the 12th of last month, as some fishermen were hauling their nets in one of the fiords on the western coast, apparently not far from Bergen, they sighted an "extraordinary object" some distance further out. Fancying at first that it was a new monster, they retired to a safe distance. Finally, however, curiosity got the better of them; they cautiously approached the bobbing mystery, but only to discover that it was a railway carriage, in a sadly smashed and dismantled condition, with the following letters painted on it: "Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway."

From the fact that there was a portmanteau inside, containing clothes marked "P. B." it is supposed to have been one of the relics of the Tay Bridge disaster, separated from the other carriages by the wrench to which the whole train was subjected, and then floated out to sea with the ebbing tide. That the waif may have drifted in a north-easterly direction toward the nearest point of the Norwegian coast is as little surprising as the circumstance that in midwinter no vessel happened to see it en route. If one wagon was so completely severed from the others, we may now understand how it is that the wreck of the train has yielded such comparatively few memorials. The North Sea, and not the Frith of Tay, has been the cemetery of the victims.—London Telegraph.

A Monarch of the Sea.

The City of Rome, the new steamer of the Inman Line, now being built at Barrow-in-Furness, Lancashire, England, will be a marvel of marine architecture. The *New York Herald* says she will be the largest and finest merchant vessel in the world. She will be 2,000 tons larger than the Arizona or the City of Berlin, her sister ship, and 800 tons larger than the new Cunarder now being constructed on the Clyde. She is to cost over \$1,000,000, it is said, and will be as near perfection in the way of safety, speed and comfort as it is possible for steamer companies and ship-builders to attain. She will be completed in the spring of 1881, and is to be placed on the regular line between New York and Liverpool. The dimensions of the City of Rome will be: Length of keel, 546 feet; length over all, 590 feet; breadth of beam, fifty-two feet; depth of hold, thirty-eight feet nine inches; depth from top of deck houses to keel, fifty-two feet. Her measure will be 8,300 tons. The hull will be of the best iron and will be built in the best manner, with eleven horizontal bulkheads and two longitudinal bulkheads through the engine and boiler rooms. The engines will be of 7,500 horse-power, with six cylinders, three of which will be high-pressure and three low-pressure. It is promised that the new vessel will attain the great speed of eighteen and a quarter knots an hour.

It takes a while to get used to a woman's ways. When a young husband steals up behind his wife, while she stands at her dressing-case, and suddenly bends forward and prints an unexpected kiss on her lips, he gains the knowledge that a woman holds about 197 pins in her mouth when she is dressing.

—Boston Post.

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DR. BOSANKO,

a physician of large practice, and a graduate of one of the most noted medical institutions of Europe, noting that in humid or malarial districts a large proportion of disease was **Rheumatism**, devoted the greater part of his time and study to the examination and treatment of this "terror of the human frame," and to finding a remedy for this excruciating malady. His labors resulted in the formulation of his now justly celebrated

Rheumatic Cure, which has met with success unparalleled in the history of medicine during the past ten years, and which has added new luster to his already brilliant world-wide reputation, and secured to himself the proud distinction, **King of Chronic Rheumatism**. We do not claim that the cure is a panacea for a long catalogue of diseases, like many others, but know that for **Rheumatism** alone it is a sovereign remedy, and we simply say that it will cure. The success of the cure has been so marked, its supreme qualities so soon appreciated by sufferers, that we feel it a paramount duty to push forward a medicine which has already brought the contracted tendons and muscles, the stiff and painful joints, and swollen, inflamed flesh of thousands of rheumatic sufferers into healthy normal action. Cold or damp never produces **Rheumatism**, but simply develops it, and it is not always dangerous unless it extends to the heart, then the risk is greatly increased. This occurs more frequently when the disorder has been neglected at the commencement or when unsuitable remedies have been employed. The disease, although not immediately dangerous, will, if not checked, gradually deprive the patient of health, disorganize the joints, waste the muscles, and render the patient a cripple perhaps for life. Should you at any time feel a stiffness in the joints or pain in the bones, particularly of the legs, contraction and soreness of the chords, tendons, and muscles generally, accompanied with more or less redness, swelling, tenderness, and inflammation of the flesh, rest assured that this distressing malady—**Rheumatism**—has settled upon you and marked you for a victim. Do not hesitate! For a trifling cost the enemy may be dislodged and defeated before it secures a strong hold upon the system, by the use of **Dr. Bosanko's Rheumatic Cure**.

We would also call your attention to Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy

which is a safe, sure, and permanent cure for all kinds of **Piles**. In general use and not a failure known. We guarantee this remedy for the most annoying of complaints, often resulting in permanent disability, to be without an equal. It is wonderful to know the amount of suffering that is patiently endured by those afflicted with this disease, who, through false modesty, never make complaint to those who could give them relief. All are liable to be attacked, particularly those whose occupations are sedentary.

Piles are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, loins, and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs; at times symptoms of indigestion are present, as flatulency, uneasiness of the stomach, etc. A moisture like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable

itching, particularly at night after getting warm in bed, is a very common attendant. **Piles** may continue a long time without affecting the general health, or they may occasion many disagreeable symptoms, and if not timely attended to, they may produce falling of the bowel, fistula in ano, etc., and instances are not wanting where persons have died from the excessive bleeding accompanying this disease. Fully one-half of the people are, or have been, sufferers from **Piles**, many without knowing it; and to all who are predisposed to this disease we confidently assure them that **Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy** will prevent as well as cure. As soon as a soreness, itching, and signs of inflammation or hard bunches begin to show themselves at the anus, steps to a means of cure should be taken at once, and nothing equals the **Dr. Bosanko Remedy**.

DR. BOSANKO'S REMEDIES

speaking for themselves! To try them is to be cured. When you are unable to get these goods of your Druggist, and you can not induce him to promptly order them for you, by remitting us \$3.00 (by draft, money order, or registered letter), we will send you 4 bottles of the **Rheumatic Cure**, or 6 of the **Pile Remedy** by express, charges paid. Orders for less than this amount will be sent at the expense of the party ordering. To avoid delay give us full directions for shipping. Write plain your name, with your town, county, and State. Ask for Dr. Bosanko's Remedies. Insist upon having them, and take no other. Dr. Bosanko's treatise on **Rheumatism** and **Piles** will be sent to any address, free of charge, on application.

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS AND REFERENCES:

Hear what Ex-Mayor Garvey, an influential and prominent citizen of Piqua says:

The Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co.— Piqua, O., Dec. 29, 1879.

Gentlemen: I feel under many obligations to you for the relief afforded me by the use of your invaluable medicine, Dr. Bosanko's Rheumatic Cure. I have been for years a sufferer from chronic rheumatism, suffering at times most excruciating pains, and depriving me of many nights' sleep. After consulting a number of physicians and obtaining no relief, I commenced using your Rheumatic Cure, and after using four bottles, and taking the Blood Purifier in connection with it, I am absolutely cured, free from any pain, able to attend to my business, and resting perfectly comfortable at night.

Respectfully yours, S. B. GARVEY.

What the Cashier of the First National Bank of Troy, O., says:

Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piqua, O.— Troy, O., Dec. 30, 1879.

Gentlemen: I was troubled with Rheumatism last spring in the acute form so badly, that I was unable to use my hand. Through the recommendations of my friends, I was induced to try your Rheumatic Cure, which immediately began to soothe, comfort and allay the pain, and in a short time I was relieved of this distressing disease. I take great pleasure in recommending this valuable remedy to those similarly afflicted.

Yours, respectfully, JNO. L. MEREDITH.

Suffered from Rheumatism for fifteen years:

J. C. Wadleigh, with E. H. Sargent & Co., Wholesale Druggists, 125 State Street Chicago, says:

I am sixty years old and have suffered from Rheumatism for fifteen years. By the use of two bottles of your valuable cure, I am better than I have been in the last ten years, and continue to improve. I feel as though I would once more be free from that most painful of all diseases, rheumatism.

It cured her when other medicines had failed:

Piqua, O., April 30, 1879.

The Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co.— Gentlemen: I wish to thank you for the great benefit my wife derived from your Pile Remedy. It cured her when other medicines had failed. I have no hesitancy in recommending this incomparable medicine to my friends. Most gratefully yours, THOMAS W. DEVEESE.

Cured after the use of a single bottle:

Troy, O., March 10, 1879.

The Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piqua, O.—

Gentlemen: I have been afflicted with rheumatism for more than four years. I have employed physicians, and used several kinds of patent medicines with no permanent relief. Finally I was induced to make a trial of your "Rheumatic Cure," and I am happy to say that I can pronounce myself cured after using but one bottle. Relief experienced after the first two or three applications.

Yours truly, ELLIOT MILLER, Bookseller and Stationer.

National Military Home for disabled Volunteer Soldiers:

DAYTON, O., Sept. 11, 1879.

The Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piqua, O.—

The undersigned certify, that after the use of two bottles of Dr. Bosanko's Rheumatic Cure, the pain and inflammation of the parts affected was removed, and that they were able to walk quite a distance. Having been deprived of the use of their limbs before using said medicine, they cheerfully recommend the Dr. Bosanko's Rheumatic Cure as the best medicine in use for that terrible disease.

GEO. F. KUHLES,

A rheumatic sufferer for sixteen years.

JOSEPH SHULTZ,

A rheumatic sufferer for eighteen years.

What the druggists say of these remedies:

Owosso, Mich., Sept. 20, 1879.

Dr. Bosanko.—

Dear Sir: Please send us two dozen of your Rheumatic Cure. It is taking well here, and appears to be doing wonders. Send as soon as possible and oblige, Respectfully yours, OSBORN BROS.

By Telegraph:

Owosso, Mich., Oct. 7, 1879.

Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piqua, O.—

Express us two dozen of your Rheumatic Cure on first train. OSBORN BROS.

Paul Graef, Jr., Druggist, Piqua, O., says:

I invariably recommend your medicines to my customers, for the reason that they perform all that is claimed for them.

Says it is the best in use:

HOBART, MICH. Nov. 13, 1879.

Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piqua, O.—

Gentlemen: Enclosed find check on Grand Rapids for \$40.50, the amount of my bill. Send me two dozen of your Rheumatic Cure. It is the best in use. Respectfully yours, W. H. CUSHING.

Cottingham & Sterrett, Druggists, Troy, O., says:

They never fail in rendering entire satisfaction to all who have tried them.

C. T. Armstrong, Druggist and physician, Corunna, Mich., says:

Your Pile Remedy has given first class satisfaction.

For want of space we append the names of only a few of the numerous patrons at home and abroad, who have tried and testified to the merits of our remedies, and respectfully refer to them.

C. Langdon, Cashier Piqua National Bank.

M. Friedlich, Vice-President Citizens National Bank, Piqua, O.

W. M. Pursell, of John O'Ferrall & Co., Piqua Car and Agricultural Implement Works.

H. K. Wood, of Wood, Farrington & Co., Linseed Oil Manufacturers, Piqua, O.

B. Upton, of Upton & George, Coal Merchants, Piqua, O.

E. D. Baxter, Agent P. C. & St. L. R. R., Piqua, O.

B. F. Brown, Ex-County Commissioner, Piqua, O.

Wm. Patterson, Piqua, O.

J. Z. Stephens, of Heywood, Gearhart & Stephens, Agricultural Implement Agency, Troy, O.

J. T. Thompson, Undertaker, Troy, O.

David Miller, Gunsmith, Troy, O.

A. D. McPherson, Troy, O.

J. W. Hottel, Troy, O.

John E. Henne, Troy, O.

John Upton, Telegraph Operator, Urbana, O.

John Rauch, Urbana, O.

I. J. Friedlander, of Heidelberg, Friedlander & Co., Cincinnati, O.

Sol. Goldsmith, of Mack, Stadler & Co., Cincinnati, O.

Martin Guiterman, with A. & J. Trounstone & Co., Cincinnati, O.

Lewis Stern, of Lewis Stern & Co., Chicago, Ills.

Manufactured by the DR. BOSANKO MEDICINE CO., Piqua, Ohio, U. S. A., to whom all orders should be addressed.

These Remedies are for Sale by

W. A. SEVERSON, Practical Druggist, Buchanan, Mich.

Berrien Co. Record.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1880.

Entered at the Post-Office, at Buchanan, Mich., as Second-Class Matter.

SUBSCRIBERS' RECEIPTS.

We wish our subscribers to be particular to notice the date against their names upon their papers, and see that the account is right. We always give receipts for payments made on subscription in our receipt book, and denote the time to which the subscription is paid. If there is any mistake our bills will be notified at once. Never wait more than two weeks for the date to be changed after payment is made.

OUR SPRING STOCK

BOOTS & SHOES, CLOTHING, Gents Furnishing Goods

Are in stock, bought for cash, and will be SOLD AT ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

LOOK AT OUR LINE OF MEN'S FINE SHOES, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Boots and Walking Shoes.

G. W. NOBLE.

EDWARDSBURG has been designated as a money-order post-office.

MAJOR DUNNAN, of the Niles Republican, was in town Tuesday.

Mr. J. M. PLATT has the thanks of our editor for a basket of ripe pears.

FOREIGN money orders are now being issued at the South Bend post office.

OVER 3,000 persons attended the young peoples' picnic at Berrien Springs last week.

We are informed that a barn near Niles was struck by lightning Tuesday morning.

SOME pretty sharp thunder and lightning was mixed in with the rain Tuesday forenoon.

Mrs. NETTIE JENNINGS, nee Samson, is in this place on a visit with her relatives and friends.

THE Niles Democrat says that Henry Lamberton's wheat yielded 50 bushels per acre.

For full particulars in the dog business inquire of Harvey Hudson. The Marshal is entirely out.

FRANK ROSS has an elephant on his hands now, and all on account of his being forty years old.

The graders on the St. Joseph Valley Railroad are gradually working toward Berrien Springs.

SEVERAL of the K. T.'s of this place will take part in the proceedings at Chicago next week.

THE Niles Republican issues a daily edition during the session of Crystal Springs camp meeting.

DR. P. B. MYERS and Clarence White are making preparations to go to California in a few weeks.

BERRIEN SPRINGS people complain that their late apples are falling from the trees at a rapid rate.

SOUTH BEND does not succeed in setting the Grand Trunk shops. They will remain where they are.

DEMOCRATS may profit by reading the Republican State platform. They will find it in this paper.

THE Lake Shore Daily News has been sold by Dudley & Jennings to K. L. Beers & Skinner.

A MEETING of the stockholders of the St. Joseph Valley Railroad is to be held in this place to-morrow.

QUITE a number of our Methodist citizens are at Crystal Springs this week attending camp meeting.

WE publish a supplement this week that contains a considerable amount of valuable reading matter.

No Greenbacker should fail to read the platform of the Michigan Republicans, found elsewhere in this paper.

THE Presbyterian social at the residence of Capt. G. H. Richards, on Tuesday evening, was well attended.

GEORGE W. POTTER, for twenty-five years a resident of Berrien township, died at his home, July 31, aged 57 years.

The drain of specie from Europe this summer appears to be about as extensive as it was last year. It comes at a rapid rate.

Mrs. DR. ANDERSON has returned to her old home in this place, after an absence in Ann Arbor for a year or more.

MR. B. M. QUINN is the man who never forgets the printer, and Tuesday he treated the RECORD office to a basket of fine apples.

MR. BYRNS, a staid farmer of the Genesee Valley, New York, is making a visit to his daughter, Mrs. L. P. Alexander, in this place.

EVERY Republican should read the platform adopted by the Republican State convention at Jackson last Thursday. See another column.

A. ST. JOSEPH man writes to Hon. G. H. Jerome that a silver eel twenty-seven inches long had been caught in the river at this place.

THE Methodists of this place will worship under a new roof hereafter. The walk leading to the church has also been renewed.

THE Odd Fellows' ice-cream social, held at the residence of H. N. Mowrey, on Tuesday evening, was a pleasant affair. A goodly number were present who report having had a splendid time.

A PERFECT torrent of rain fell in this place Tuesday. This is something that was sadly needed, and has placed the ground in good plowing condition once more.

EVERYBODY should read the comments of the Chicago Times on the speech made in Stanton, Virginia, by Wade Hampton a few days since. It is in this paper.

SUNDAY evening, August 1, a fine bay mare was stolen from the pasture of Gabriel Druliner, near New Carlisle, and has not since been seen or heard from.

REGULAR meeting of the Garfield and Arthur club of Buchanan will be held once in two weeks, commencing next Wednesday evening. Don't forget the date, Wednesday evening, Aug. 18.

NOW is the time to harvest your burdock and Canada thistles. Let them dry well and then stack them on a bed of live coals. Let them season well before threshing.

PREACHING next Sunday at the Christian church by Eld. Birdsall. Subject: "Resurrection of the dead." J. R. Joe will sing a beautiful song entitled: "A Reign of a Thousand Years."

OUR post master was sixty years old Tuesday and thinks he can lay any other sixty-year-old man in town flat on his back, and out walk any man who can't walk faster than he.

Mrs. LAGORE's horse took a notion that it was going too slow while she was driving along West Front street, Tuesday afternoon, and started off at a sharp run. No damage was done other than to give Mrs. L. a good scare.

If the census of Buchanan could be taken now it would show a larger increase than last month. Three families were added to the population last week. Two from Canada and one from South Bend.

At a special meeting of the Common Council, held on Wednesday evening of last week, O. W. Ross resigned his office as one of the Trustees of this village. The vacancy will probably be filled at the next regular meeting.

THAT Detroit safe man has been around here again and this time sold to the Rough Bros. one of their fine moulded vaults with combination safe lock. The whole weighs 1,300 pounds, and is to be built into the new building of the Rough Bros. wagon works.

NOTHING like a full display of healthy cheek. The St. Joseph people are trying to build an expensive boulevard about their town, and now they call upon the candidates for the various county offices to clip in and help them build it. Probably not over half of the candidates thus approached will ever have occasion to use that grand improvement.

MORE HORSES.—Notwithstanding the fact that quite a number of new dwellings have been put up this season in Buchanan, the demand is not supplied, and we need more. They are rented as fast as they are built. It would be a good investment for those who own a number of lots to build neat cottages upon them for rent. If something of this kind is not done people will have to find other localities for want of houses to shelter them here.

EVERY Berrien county Republican is well pleased that their favorite candidate, Hon. J. J. Van Riper, was nominated to the office of Attorney General by the Republican State convention. The entire ticket is an exceptionally good one, there being no candidate against whom a word can be said, but the appearance of Mr. Van Riper's name on the ticket will give it a special strength in the western portion of the State.

"COL." COPELAND has been delivering Greenback speeches in the vicinity of Newaygo, and now the Newaygo papers have the cruelty to be hunting up his record for publication. Better let politics alone, Mr. Copeland, and stick to your text on "Snobs and Snobbery," and you will have better success.

ON August 9, Harvey Juday made complaint before Judge Dick, charging William Smith with having committed adultery with his wife. Smith was arrested, and on motion of the Prosecuting Attorney, the examination was adjourned to August 14, and Smith, in default of furnishing bonds in the amount of \$500 for his appearance, was committed to jail.

WE are now prepared to treat our neighbors and friends to the purest cold water. Williams & Wolverton, of South Bend, have just completed a sixty-foot well of the Chapman patent on our lot, on Front street, that is capable of furnishing water for the whole neighborhood for the next century, and still have water to spare. Call and take a drink, and be refreshed.

THE twelfth annual edition of Rowell's American Newspaper Directory has just reached us. It contains a description of 10,287 papers and so far as we have a personal knowledge is wonderfully accurate. Of the above number of papers 9,558 are published in the States, 165 in the territories, and 564 in the British possessions. This book is used in this office about as often as a dictionary, serving as a gazetteer of the United States and Canada, besides the office it fills as a directory.

"ZACH" JOHNSON, well known to nearly everybody in Buchanan, is brought out by his friends in St. Joseph Co., Ind., as candidate for Sheriff in the following card. The RECORD wishes to remark that "Zach" can beat any man the Democracy can pit against him.

EDITOR TRIBUNE.—Please announce that the friends of "Zach" Johnson, the stock buyer and butcher, will "boom" him for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention. We present him as the working man's candidate, the rich man's candidate, and as everybody's candidate.

THE Michigan Central Company will sell round trip tickets to Chicago during the Knight Templars' celebration next week, at reduced rates.

THE last number of Trumper Notes Conn's Musical Magazine, contains a very complimentary notice of the Buchanan Band.

THE work of laying the joice for the first floor on Rough Brothers' new building is now being done and the brick wall will soon begin to grow.

Giles Fisher has been arrested at St. Joseph on a charge of rape. His examination was continued until the 17th inst.—B. S. Journal.

THE Supervisors of Oronoko and Berrien townships have decided to raise the bridge across the river between those two townships four feet higher. About the time they get that done some fishing snail will come up from the lake and demand that the bridge be raised to let their masts under. That business has every appearance of an imposition on a generous hearted public.

At the meeting of the Garfield and Arthur club, held Monday evening, a constitution and by-laws for the government of the club were adopted, and the following officers elected for the campaign: President, J. J. Van Riper; Vice Presidents, N. Johnson and B. D. Harper; Recording Secretary, H. C. Smith; Corresponding Secretary, A. M. Worthington; Treasurer, LeRoy H. Dodd. The next meeting of the club will be held on Wednesday evening, Aug. 18, at the club room in Hamilton's new building.

THERE was a Republican pole raising at Bronson's corners, about two miles east of this place, Saturday afternoon. A sumptuous feast in picnic style was prepared in the grove near by, after which eloquent speeches were delivered by Messrs. N. Johnson and E. M. Plimpton. There was a good attendance. The flag staff was placed in position in good shape, and a spirit of good feeling was manifested on all sides.

A SPECIAL train will leave the station at this place to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock for Kalamazoo. Returning will leave that place at 3 p. m. of the same day. The fare for the round trip being placed at \$1.50. The annual encampment of the State Militia is to be held in that place.

Since the above was put in type we have received a card stating that the train would not leave this place as it can not be run to meet with the South Bend train, but will start from Niles. That lets us out on that trip.

It has become a common practice to use West Front street as a driving park. Hardly a day passes, and especially on Sundays, but that from one to a dozen resort to that place to test the speed of their fast horses. In nearly every family along that street, west of Detroit street, there are one or more small children who are frequently in the streets, and upon several occasions they have barely escaped being run over, while at one time a little son of Mr. Beardsley was badly hurt by being run over in that place. Now, being a resident of that particular part of town, and being directly interested, we propose that a stop be put to that being used for a race ground if there is any efficacy in our village by-law regarding fast driving in the street.

BURNED.—During the storm Tuesday forenoon lightning struck H. G. Samson's barn on the Howard crossing, just east of town, and burned the barn with its contents, consisting of about 300 bushels of wheat, about fifteen tons of tame hay, two horses, a colt, a bin of oats, besides some other feed and the farm tools. The wagon, drill, and a few other articles that could be readily moved were run out and saved, but the rest was a total loss. Two sheep that were in a shed adjoining the barn were killed and the shed burned. The loss will foot up at about \$2,500. There was no insurance on the property.

PROBABLY FORGOTTEN.—As is customary upon such occasions, Dr. Berwick, upon the sale of his paper, published an article stating what were his intentions and object in assuming and retaining the management of the Reporter. In this he remarks that he had no idea of continuing the management of the paper, but took hold of it simply that the publication of an Independent paper should be continued here, as he considered it essential that there should be another paper besides the RECORD published in Buchanan. The Doctor most evidently have forgotten that at least three different times he offered to sell out to the proprietor of the RECORD, at what he said would be a very low price, and at the same time expressed the belief that one paper was all that Buchanan should support, with the number in the county that now exists. A comparison of statements should not be allowed to find them at variance, as in this case, but we take it as a matter of forgetfulness on the part of the Doctor rather than otherwise.

THE last issue of the Three Oaks Independent, edited by the present proprietor of the Buchanan Reporter, has the following editorial, which we publish for the special edification of our Democratic friends in this vicinity who favor coalition. It will be noticed they do not receive flattering encouragement from him: "The Democracy's overtures to Greenbackers and their asking them to come over to the party that can defeat the Republicans, reminds us of a Chicago real-estate dealer who called a friend aside and said to him in a confidential way, 'I have 2,400 lots in the suburbs which are only mortgaged to the trifling sum of \$240,000. I am selling them at \$75 a lot, which makes the whole number worth \$90,000 saying nothing of corner lots and prospective rise in values. Deducting the encumbrance I am worth \$60,000. Please not pay a week's board in advance.' So the Democracy boast loudly of their ability to carry the elections this fall; they are, in fact, exceedingly rich in prospective votes, but their riches are not cash, and they are continually trying to trade their worthless checks to the Greenbackers for something that will board them at the public crib."

WE will send to any person who will give us a list of five names, of their musical friends, having pianos or organs, and ten cents, a copy of the new and beautiful DIAMOND ISLAND WAITE, a good teaching piece, written in G and D, for organ or piano, by F. G. Hull. Give the address of each person. Your order will be promptly filled. HULL BROTHERS, 220 Main St. W., Buchanan, Mich.

FARMERS, remember that you can not tell when or where lightning will strike next, and that you are not safe without having your buildings insured. I am prepared to insure farm property at special rates that are reasonable, and by good, reliable companies. JOHN G. HOLMES, Agt.

It is somewhat strange how so many of the Democrats who had been taking the RECORD should have learned the remark, "That lets me out" so as to repeat it with such unanimity when told of the sale of that paper, and that it was to be run in the interest of greenbackism.

TURNER, the Berrien Springs lawyer, is said to be contemplating taking the stump in this county for Hancock and English. He is a Democrat in the true sense of the word, and the Republican committee can afford to pay him liberally if he will talk until election day.

COMPLAINT comes to the RECORD that certain young folks have lately been in the habit of going to the cemetery on Sunday, and broken branches from the trees and thrown them upon the burial lots; trampled upon the lots, destroying plants placed upon them by loving hands, and with their yelling and boisterous conduct generally, have proved themselves far from being ladies and gentlemen. If this should hit anybody we hope they will apply the remedy.

LIST OF LETTERS. Remaining in the Post Office at Buchanan, Wednesday, Aug. 11, 1880. Barber, John; Barnhart, Edwin; Boyd, Miss Mary; Loser, Mr. G.; Miller, Rev. James; Mohler, John; Martin, Walter B.; Mowrey, Richard; Rose, Mrs. N. J.; Stockman, Fred; Tanner, M. T.; Tennant, Catherine; Webb, Will.

POSTAL CARDS. Gregg, Mr. H.; Loring, John; Pennell, Samuel; Park, Miss Fannie; Thompson, Charles; Urey, G. A.

This list is published free for the information of our readers, and before there is any charge for delivery of letters, as it is a service to the public, and is not a business. Persons will, however, in claiming any of the above, call for "advertising letters." L. P. ALEXANDER, P. M.

THE true inwardness of the fight about the poor fund in Niles was explained to a reporter of the RECORD recently. He said that a lot of hungry professionals in that place had been in the habit of getting orders and putting in bills for all kinds of cases, and the county paid them. But now the city has to bear the burden alone and the matter is more closely looked after, which makes said h's feel a little disappointed, and consequently commenced to find fault. This explains why that city used to use so great a proportion of the county poor fund.

Red Ribbon Meeting. There will be a regular meeting of the Red Ribbon Society at Kinyon's hall to-morrow, Friday evening, at 8 o'clock. There will be a general discussion of an amendment relative to a prohibitory law to be considered at the session of the State Legislature, and also repealing the license law, which, in fact is allowing an evil to exist which is in every instance causing distress, suffering, anguish and pain to thousands, who are made homeless and deprived of the enjoyments and pleasures that they might otherwise enjoy were it not for this terrible evil that now exists throughout this nation.

Everybody is invited to attend who favors the abolishment of the traffic, as well as speakers who can favor the society with appropriate remarks. A. J. EYCHMAN, President. W. E. PLIMPTON, Secretary.

Reunion of the Veterans of Southwestern Michigan. The annual reunion of the soldiers and sailors of southwestern Michigan will be held in the city of Niles on the 25th, 26th and 27th days of August, 1880. There will be a three days encampment on Island No. 2, (a beautiful island in the St. Joseph river, and within the city limits) under the command of Col. W. W. McIlvaine, as commandant.

Tents, camp equipments, (except blankets), and rations will be furnished free. Bring your own blankets. The public exercises will be held on Thursday, Aug. 26, when distinguished speakers will be present. Every effort is being put forth to make the reunion a grand success.

The railroad will sell tickets at reduced rates and special trains will be run on the 26th. Any information in regard to the reunion will be furnished on application to Capt. W. J. Edwards, Adjutant, Niles, Mich.

The Greenback County Convention met at Berrien Springs, Monday, and went through the useless work of nominating a ticket of county officers. Following is a list of the candidates nominated: Judge of Probate, John W. R. Lister; Sheriff, Wm. A. Keith; Clerk, B. F. Warren; Treasurer, T. C. Bradley; Register of Deeds, C. M. Valentine; Prosecuting Attorney, A. C. Roe; Surveyor, A. L. Drew; Senator, Charles F. Howe, an out spoken Democrat. After the nomination of Mr. Howe it was learned that he had refused to take the RECORD because it was to be a Greenback paper, and a motion was made to rescind the vote nominating him, but it did not carry, and a committee was appointed to wait upon Mr. Howe and find out what kind of a flat money he liked best, and act at their pleasure about leaving his name on the ticket or appointing another man. The ticket is a strong one, especially the candidate for Clerk. For one reason we, with many others in this vicinity who know him, alas, too well, would be pleased to see him elected, and another why we should not. The first is: An election might give him a means of settling the many differences between himself and numerous citizens of this place. The other is: We would hate awfully to have the business of that important office pass into the hands of any such worthless, good-for-nothing scoundrel as he is. F. D. Orrant, of Benton Harbor, was hanging around the outskirts of the convention (just outside the bar) trying to get nominated for Prosecuting Attorney, but did not succeed.

MUSICAL. We will send to any person who will give us a list of five names, of their musical friends, having pianos or organs, and ten cents, a copy of the new and beautiful DIAMOND ISLAND WAITE, a good teaching piece, written in G and D, for organ or piano, by F. G. Hull. Give the address of each person. Your order will be promptly filled. HULL BROTHERS, 220 Main St. W., Buchanan, Mich.

FARMERS, remember that you can not tell when or where lightning will strike next, and that you are not safe without having your buildings insured. I am prepared to insure farm property at special rates that are reasonable, and by good, reliable companies. JOHN G. HOLMES, Agt.

ITEMS FROM GALILEN. Mr. Albert Clark, living about 2 1/2 miles south of this place, had his barn struck by lightning last Tuesday, during the hard rain that visited this vicinity. Mr. Clark managed to get out his horses and buggy, but everything else was destroyed. There were about twenty-two tons of hay, together with quite an amount of farming tools burned. It was insured for \$600 in the Berrien County Mutual.

Mr. Orr Henderson and family started for Kansas on Tuesday morning. Mr. C. L. Harris has again moved over on Front street, into the "old brown house that Jack built."

Mrs. Belle Brown is very low with brain fever. She is not expected to live.

Mr. Sumner Black, from Buchanan, was in town Monday.

A 1,500 pound hog and a two-bodied calf went through this place on the cars, and attracted considerable attention among our citizens.

The Good Templars are talking of getting up a public entertainment soon.

Mr. Frank Howe, of Bertrand, was in town one day last week.

Hop at Burger's Hall next Friday night. NIDROD.

Locals. Smiths for Groceries. Morris will have the best Cigar that has ever been in town, Saturday. Call for "Morris' Best." Clear Havana filler.

Look out for a large stock of Crockery and Glassware at Barmore Bros' next week.

New stock of Pipes, nice assortment, at KINYON'S.

Everybody is bragging up the Walker Boots, sold only by WAITE & WOODS.

20 Chests of the new crop of Jap Tea just received at Grange Store. They sell the best 50 cent Tea in town. One trial will convince the most skeptical.

Look out for a fine lot of Bed Room Sets at M. BARNES & Co's.

5 Barrels more of that Golden Syrup at T. M. FULTON & Co's.

Higs will do you good if you buy of them now.

Smiths for Good Goods. WANTED.—A few Day Boarders. JOHN MORRIS.

Something new and very nice. Ask for the "Darlings," at KINYON'S.

A fine line of Mirrors can be found at M. BARNES & Co's.

The old Veto Cigar, sold only at the Grange Store, puts a veto on any 5 cent cigar sold in Buchanan.

Great Bargains this week, at FULTON'S.

OUR UNDERWEAR at last year's prices, REMEMBER, FOR A SHORT TIME. S. P. & C. C. HIGH.

Ladies! We have a few more Walking Shoes which we are closing out cheap. Call before all are gone. WAITE & WOODS.

Smiths for Low Prices. The first locomotive for the narrow gauge. It can be seen in front of Morris' Restaurant.

Don't fail to examine the beautiful line of Glassware on exhibition at GRANGE STORE.

Those large packages come from Fulton's.

MORE CORSETS arrived at Higs to day.

Best boot in the world, the Bldwin, for sale only at Grange Store. Every pair warranted.

Smiths for Crockery. 5 pair Hose for 25 cents, at T. M. FULTON & Co.

New goods at Fulton's this week.

Higs show the best 50c Corset in this town.

Lacey's best Flour, at SMITHS.

ATTENTION, FARMERS! Wait and see the CELEBRATED WALKER BOOTS, sold only by WAITE & WOODS.

All kinds of builders materials at Rough Bros', hardware.

Remember that Higs are giving you bargains now.

A fresh lot of the Chief Soap, at BARMORE BROS'.

More new goods at Barmore Bros' to-day.

Headquarters for Paints and Oils at Rough Bros', hardware.

Don't buy your boots until you have seen the Walker Boots at WAITE & WOODS.

Smiths for Glassware. Fultons are receiving their new fall goods.

Big bargains in Teas at BARMORE BROS'.

The original separable Sleeve Button, in great variety, at WEAVER'S.

Everybody says that Kinyon beats them all on Sugars. B. T. Morley will make Cider Friday, Aug. 13, and every Friday and Saturday thereafter until the rush begins and then will make all he possibly can.

All styles of Walking Shoes for sale at cost, at GRANGE STORE.

New Laces at FULTON'S.

If you want something nice, try Kinyon's Pickled Salmon.

You can buy a bolt of Muslin cheaper at HIGNS.

Elegant Parisian Silk Handkerchiefs, in old gold, scarlet and pink, at WEAVER'S.

Remember we keep the largest stock of Glassware in the market and sell the cheapest.

BARMORE BROS. Five hundred Corsets to choose from, at HIGNS'.

Examine our fine variety of Gents' Driving Gloves. WEAVER & Co.

B. T. Morley sells the best makes of Plows and Implements, and keeps the largest assortment of Plow repairs of anybody in the State.

Kinyon's Cigar trade is increasing every day. Go it goods at low prices will tell.

Our patterns of Glassware are always new and desirable. Come and see. BARMORE BROS.

Look out for a fine display of Foreign Fruits at Morris', Friday.

All kinds of builders' supplies at Rough Bros' hardware.

For Warm Meals at any hour call at Morris' Restaurant.

Everybody smokes "Our Best," a 10c Cigar for 5c, for sale only at Kinyon's.

The best whole stock Kip Boot in Buchanan is found at Noble's. Cheap, cheaper, CHEAPEST.

The finest line of Prints in town just received at GRANGE STORE.

You can get all kinds of Plows and Repairs at Rough Bros. Hardware.

We have the finest 20c Coffee in the market. Call and see. BARMORE BROS.

Great reduction in the price of Maslins at the GRANGE STORE.

The Big Bug Cigar is a 5c Cigar. No 10c kept at BARMORE BROS'.

Fultons are having a big trade. Green Vegetables of all kinds, at BARMORE BROS'.

Do you notice the piles of Crockery and Glassware going out of Kinyon's store? Low prices will tell.

Smoke the Nation's Pride Smoking Tobacco, found at BARMORE BROS'.

Have you seen that Piece of black Momic Cloth, at HIGNS'.

Morris is prepared to get up warm meals at all hours.

You ought to see those splendid Glass Sets at KINYON'S.

An entire new stock of Crockery and Glassware of the latest patterns, just received at KINYON'S.

Milk pans, jugs and jars, of all sizes, at BARMORE BROS'.

The largest stock of Glass Ware in town at BARMORE BROS'.

Farmers, do not neglect to keep your buildings insured. We are prepared to make special rates on good farm risks, on three or five years risks. JOHN G. HOLMES, Agt.

The Dr. Bosanko Medicine Company. We present in to-day's issue the advertisement of this company for their celebrated Remedies.—The Dr. Bosanko Rheumatic Cure and Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, and respectfully direct the attention of our readers to the fact that the use of some of our best known and prominent citizens in the country, who, from actual trial, give their experience.

While on a tour of inspection through the laboratory recently, we were surprised at the number of orders and complimentary letters received from their customers. At its present rate of progress, this is destined to be one of the most pleasing situations in Northwestern Ohio. Medicines endorsed by such men as are embraced in the list of testimonials can not fail to become Standard Household Remedies wherever known.—Miami Herald, Tiffin, O.

A lot with a good frame house, situated in a pleasant part of this place, can be bought for a bargain by applying at this office. Terms very easy and price exceedingly low.

Every Invalid a Druggist. By buying the new and popular medicine Kidney-Wort, you get in each package enough of the compound to make six quarts of the medicine. Thus, the money which is usually paid for medicine, prepared on liquid. It is a specific cure for Kidney and Liver diseases.

An Earnest Friend. Rev. E. F. L. Gauss, Galena, Ill., writes: "For over ten years I had been suffering from pains in the small of the back and region of the Kidneys, which was most excruciating and at times almost insupportable. Doctoring brought no relief, except perils and

develops his manner, nobler it makes his heart brave and strong as a woman's.

dark month is derived from accurately means the time the moon in passing through phenomena—from one full moon, or from one new moon to the next, is divided into time to make, and was used to cover by all barbarians. The division of time was the year of the seasons. That twelve months were divided into seven days, Jews, Greeks, Romans and Ptolemy, watch the calendar. Julius Caesar, and not long after him, was ordered for him as August for Caesar. It cannot be said that we ever discovered that time was wrong, or that anyone ever changed the moon. The old lunar calendar was always loosely followed and were recorded as “in the reign of King Tumbelical the officials still keep it and not long ago, fifteen years, i.e., as “14 Victoria,” meaning the year of the fourteenth year, and even in “this country years are dated “in the year of the independence of the United States.”

Dark Stone in Ireland. The dark is said about “the dark walling in the West and South-Ireland. But one of the chief of that descent is entirely over-ruled by the new system of the and neolithic ethnologists. In question is the Spanish, the close commercial and even to the west coast of Ireland (even to

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timidity, gentleness of speech, feeling and action, a shrink- ing, modesty and public gaze, and a love of good words and deeds, and a profound abhorrence of all things unbecomingly and impudently and in action. These are the men admired and sought for in the world.

"We are very rich?" "We are very rich," said she; "your father values me at \$3,000,000, and the baby, at \$1,000,000, and the child, at \$1,000,000." "That closed the conversation," said the next morning, "and getting on his overcoats, he the new path that had been coolly observed, "Well, I do have better self off about the subject just next morning, he the rest of us some decent duns."

Hill's monument is 221 feet in height of heavy Quincy granite, and is a copy of the Washington obelisk, on the fifth anniversary of the battle, June 17, 1825, but the monument was in Washington for several years the work of the ladies took to the raised monuments, and got the monument in March, 1827, and was subscribed with money raised by the monument. The monument was erected July 2, 1842.

It is contained in the corn obelisk of the United States from 115,000 to 120,000 pounds of corn, and is a potato, which is the third largest article raised in agriculture.