

BUCHANAN RECORD.

JOHN G. HOLMES, Editor.

THURSDAY, FEB. 28, 1884.

One of the worst cyclones of modern times passed through Georgia last week. Three hundred persons were killed, nine hundred wounded and over \$2,000,000 worth of property destroyed.

Congressmen Xaple, Wynans, Carleton and Maybury, Democrats from this state, are outspoken for free lumber. Such a change would effect a saving of American forests, but what of the thousands of men employed in the lumber trade?

Gov. Hoadly has written to Speaker Carlisle, urging him to see that the tariff on wool is returned to its former rates. It was in Ohio that the wool growers were most plainly heard from at the last election.

The liquor dealers of Ohio have succeeded in gaining control of the Democratic legislature, and the Scott law, that has given such satisfaction throughout the State, is to be repealed. This is a good invitation to the temperance advocates to continue to vote the Democratic party into power.

The Democratic National Committee at their meeting held in Washington, last Thursday, decided to hold their National Convention at Chicago on July 8, five weeks later than that by the Republicans, in the same place. Chicago is fast showing evidence of becoming the hub.

Georgia cotton manufacturers are being heard from on the Morrison tariff bill. They do not want the duty on cotton reduced. Political affiliations make no difference with their ideas on this question so far as cotton is concerned. Of course it is right to place lumber and salt and ores on the free list, as it is they that are robbing the poor down-trodden American citizens, but for God's sake, don't touch cotton.

It will be interesting to know just what will be done with the Danville and Cophah murderers, who have come before the Congressional Committee and frankly claimed to have shot into the crowd of colored people, and that they shot to kill. If arrested for murder they must of course be tried in the vicinity of their homes, and before a jury of their neighbors who believe as they do, that it is the same crime to shoot a "nigger" that it is to shoot a dog. Are they in danger of punishment? Perfectly safe. Their case needs no concealment.

Anent the interesting facts brought to light by the committees who are investigating the Southern riots, the St. Louis Globe Democrat utters the following:

It may be waving the bloody shirt to bring these facts to the attention of the public in a definite and official way; if so, then the bloody shirt will have to wave, that's all for duty, honor, decency, demand that such enormities be not passed by without proper consideration. Then let us know why it is that murder and oppression, ostracism and intimidation on account of politics, cannot be stopped.

In the Cophah murder investigation now being held in New Orleans, J. F. Damon, a merchant in Jackson, Mississippi, testified that he heard Ras Wheeler, the pet of the Democratic party and the murderer of Matthews, say: "Yes, old Hoar is coming down here on an investigation," qualifying with opprobrious epithets the committee, and continuing, "If I get a crack at him I will kill him as I killed Print Matthews." It was the Democratic party of Mississippi as much as its Ras Wheeler that is on trial before the people. But don't mention it for the world. That would be waving the bloody shirt, and if there is any one thing that the average Democrat despises, it is to see that garment flap.

A few weeks since a Detroit man named Wilson stole a barrel of kerosene, and when Policeman Bullard went to arrest him, shot Bullard with a shot gun, killing him in a short time. Wilson has just had his trial and notwithstanding the fact that he does not deny the shooting or that he did it purposely, the jury of twelve American citizens found him guilty of murder in the second degree, and recommended him to the mercy of the court. The only visible reason for mercy, is that he was a thief and drunk. Judge Swift before whom the case was tried came to the rescue of dame justice, and promptly sentenced the murderer to hard labor in Jackson penitentiary for life. His idea of mercy in such cases is more in accord with the people than was that of the jury.

A few days since the British Government presented to the United States a vessel, already fitted for northern sea service, to be used for the relief of our lost explorers. When the question came before Congress in the form of a resolution of thanks, but two were found to object. One of these was the Irish patriot Finerty, from Chicago, who is mad at the Britishers. This brings from the Chicago Daily News the following appropriate remark:

It occurs to us that before we attempt to introduce the American hog into foreign lands, we should first endeavor to get the foreign hog out of American politics. If there is a more intolerable nuisance than the foreigner who comes to this country for the purpose of reforming our institutions and running our government we have so far failed to discover him. We have observed that when a foreigner once gets a foot hold in our politics he does his best to bring the spirit and principles of our republic into dispute. We cannot recall one imported statesman who has not on all occasions proved a thorn in the side of a stumbling block in the way of national progress. The imported statesman is always a man with a grievance, and under his pernicious influence this government would, if not restrained, speedily become an insurrection among the nations of the earth. We have no use for that kind of statesmanship whose sole ambition is to get even with somebody, or something, and have object to this country's being evened as a means for paying off old grudges and avenging personal grievances.

A Democratic Catechism.

Q.—Is it wrong, in the abstract, to interfere with the freedom of election?

A.—Yes, it is wrong.

Q.—Is it not wrong, in the abstract, to intimidate or seek to intimidate the members of any political party, white or black, whose only crime is that they purpose to vote as they choose?

A.—Yes, it is wrong.

Q.—Is the shotgun, in the abstract, a legitimate argument to employ against your opponents in a political campaign?

A.—Certainly not.

Q.—And does the same remark apply to the bludgeon, the self-cocking pistol, and the torch?

A.—Obviously does.

Q.—Why, then, are you opposed to the resolutions calling for an investigation of the alleged Danville and Cophah county outrages?

A.—Because it pains us to see the bloody-shirt waved.

Q.—Wherein consists the waving of the bloody-shirt?

A.—Any criticisms upon the methods of Democracy in any of the Southern States is a waving of the bloody-shirt.

Q.—Is this so even if the criticism is founded upon perfectly trustworthy evidence in regard to the nature of those methods in Danville and Cophah county?

A.—Of course.

Q.—What, then, is the whole duty of Republicans, especially colored Republicans, in Danville, Cophah county, and the other Southern States possessing similar political advantages?

A.—It is their duty, as patriotic citizens, to abstain from voting the Republican ticket.

Q.—Explain this point more fully.

A.—Not to abstain from voting the Republican ticket in the places named offends the Democratic voters; to offend the Democratic voters is to provoke them to murder. Republican voters, to murder Republican voters is possibly to prompt surviving Republicans, south and north, who love fair play and hate injustice, to protest; and the protest is to wave the bloody-shirt.

Q.—Does murdering men for their political opinions constitute a waving of the bloody-shirt?

A.—No.

Q.—Does protesting against such murder constitute such a waving?

A.—Oh, yes.

Q.—When will the bloody shirt be permanently laid to rest?

A.—Just as soon as all Republicans in sensitive sections of the south renounce allegiance to their party and consent to take their politics straight from the local barons.—New York Tribune.

STATE ITEMS.

Constantine has a resort called the "robbers' roost."

The Dowagiac Times calls attention to the fact that colored tramps are seldom seen.

Col. Beard lectures at Decatur, March 6, on the "Honor and Pathos of the War."

The engine house at the Chapin mine on the Menominee range, was burned a few days ago. Loss \$20,000.

A fruit man in Mason county lost over 2,000 peach trees by putting too much salt around the roots.

The Ionia man arrested for writing letters to Julia Crouch proves to be a woman, or rather a woman's dupe. She wrote the letters to Crouch and sent the arrested man, who can neither read nor write, for the reply.

The citizens of towns along the Air Line of the Michigan Central road appear to be considerably displeased with missing two of their most useful trains that have been taken off by the company.

Jackson was visited by a destructive fire Sunday, in which three persons perished and a number of others were badly burned. The loss of property amounted to nearly half a million of dollars.

Memphises is to have an immense henery. The hatching house will be 30 by 30 feet, to which another building will be added 30 by 70. The proprietor will keep 1,000 hens and fresh eggs for the market.

The paper mill at Allegan was stopped several days on account of the accidental use of sulphuric acid instead of muriatic. The machinery was considerably damaged, and the hands of a workman badly burned.

A Jackson dame stepped up to a lady on Main street the other day and spoke to her. What he said is not chronicled, but for reply he received two blows across the face from the lady's umbrella, and duce suddenly had business across the street.

Donbless the oldest person in the state is Mrs. Martha Belhumeur of this city, who was born near the city of Quebec in January, 1770, and is consequently 114 years old at this time. The old lady is quite active, and does most of her room work. Until the past year her eyesight was unimpaired, in the slightest, but during the past few months it has measurably suffered the change incident to old age, though she is still able to read coarse print without the aid of glasses. She is the mother of a number of children, most of whom have attained a ripe old age.—Nesqueune Herald.

He gave Him Some Information.

A story is told of a young sophomore, the newly appointed editor of a college paper in New England, who, on his way home in vacation some years ago, made the acquaintance of a quiet gentleman on a railroad train.

"Good-morning, I perceive," said the stranger, "you are a sophomore."

"You must find much to amuse you in this country. We are so very crude, so new," said the sophomore, who was an Anglo-American.

"There is one thing, however, on which I flatter myself we compare favorably with John Bull—our newspapers. The journalists of this country rank high, sir—high."

Having received a civil reply, he continued: "I am myself an editor. Like to look at a copy of your paper?" pulling out the small sheet from his pocket.

"Now, you have no idea—nobody not in the profession can have any idea—of the labor and mental strain involved in that small sheet of paper. There may be a few who do it for the love of it, but for the most part it is a thankless work."

His companion changed his place soon afterward, and the next day, on a train, he had overheard the conversation, said to the young man: "Do you know who that was?" "No." "It was Mr. Walter, of the London Times."

—You'll be Compelled.

"What is the most delicate sense—feeling or sight?" inquired the Professor. "Feeling," was the ready reply. "Give me a proof of it."

"Well, my friend, can you feel his mischievous, but nobody can see it." "Good," gave me another.

"Well, you said that you could not feel poverty, but you could not see you way to lend me the \$1 I wanted to borrow." "He! That will do."

—Pearl, Sittings.

"THE SILVER KING."

A Colorado Man Who Thought He Was a Murderer—Saved by a Child.

"Why don't you do it?"

The speaker was a blue-eyed maiden of 4 summers, a perfect little fairy, with her wealth of golden ringlets blown hither and thither by the wanton breeze, and a look in her liquid eyes already giving indication of the woman's soul and woman's tenderness.

"The person addressed was a magnificent specimen of manhood, or rather would have been so considered under other circumstances. Tall and of magnificent build, with a face combining traces of great manly beauty, but disfigured by many signs of dissipation, he lay on the ground in a partial state of intoxication, from which he seemed to be just recovering.

"The place where the lying was under a clump of cottonwoods on the banks of the Platte, near a beautiful cottage where his little questioner lived.

He turned over on his side and, resting his head upon his hands, gazed up into the face of his companion with a look of considerable interest and surprise.

"Why should I get up?" he asked, by way of a reply, sitting at the same time to nearly a sitting posture and gently touching the hand of the maiden as if to assure her of his holy to be contaminated by his fingers.

"Oo! Mamma would like oo to come home with me and dit something to see."

"Does your mamma live in that cottage?" pointing in that direction.

The little one sagely nodded her head and, taking hold of his hand, pulled him to rise, and afterward led him almost unhesitatingly to the doorway watching the actions of her darling with some surprise and anxiety.

"Mamma, he is told and wants something to eat," was her explanation in her sweet, childish way.

Not without some hesitation the lady acceded to her child's wishes with regard to the uncouth stranger, and he as hesitatingly accepted the invitation to enter the house, as he did so, fearing that he was trying an imposture, he neither could explain nor account for.

With a shamefaced manner, and with as polite as to prove that the instincts of a gentleman were unimpaired, he said: "Madam, I hope you will pardon this intrusion. At first I thought to refuse the solicitations of your daughter, but her winsome manner and something which I cannot resist, led me to me to what I fear you will consider rashness. Yours is the first home which I have entered for a long time.

An outcast upon the face of the earth, without friends and with no home, I abandoned all hope and given myself up to the despair of the lost. Madam, you cannot imagine the shame which now possesses me for the first time in my life."

"Madame, I am innocent, but that time seems ages ago. Born in a little town in Wisconsin, I was early possessed with a passion for the theater, and while I was quite young, leaving my mother with a small competence and two children, myself and a sister several years younger. That I was spoiled was not so remarkable, for we were idol, every whim and caprice being gratified as far as possible, and there was no length to which their love did not carry them in lavishing their wealth upon the unworthy object."

"This girl here's pretty likely, an' I bet she could shell co'n like five hundred. Ain't got a lo'n around here nowhairs that yer ken blow. I reckon. Would like to see the auth'n like mine afore I go home."

"Still you don't understand this arrangement," said the proprietor. "It requires years for a countryman to see all its points."

"Mebbe so, sir; mebbe so. I wasjes a lookin' at them bone things an' a thinkin' what fine loss teeth they'd make. An' an old fellow told me that ain't kair, 'cause yer lost his teeth. Now yer mou't get some putty an' stick them bones in it while its soft, an' make it inter the right shape, an' arter its hard yer can't get it out of teeth, yer see. An' this here part would make a good vagin body. An' these here wires would do ter put on the trot line. That ain't an outlash in the river that could break this big one," and he twanged the deep base wire.

"We'd ask you to retire now," said the proprietor, "as we want to practice."

"All right," and the old fellow went away. About an hour afterward he came back, bringing a curious arrangement made of several leather straps, a lot of cords and two pieces of pine of its proper points.

"Get yer sorter curious arrangement here, mister," he said to the proprietor, "but I don't reckon you understand it."

"I don't, but I'll try to understand it with yer right hand, himm' an' yer finger an' this with yer left." The man took hold and the squatter continued, "You've been a livin' in town all the time, an' yer don't understand this arrangement," and he pulled the strings and sent two large fish-hooks into the thumbs of the proprietor.

"That's the music," he said, when the man pulled, and he continued, "I understand it," and leaving the victim to take care of the trap, the old fellow sauntered away.—Arkansas Traveler.

How Sheridan Received a Creditor.

A bill standing for some years with one Jones, a fashionable bootmaker, provoked the incensed and irate creditor to call on Sheridan personally, determined to have his money. One morning a loud knock at Sheridan's door was speedily answered by a demure-looking footman, inquiring his business.

"Your master, I must see him," said the footman.

"I don't know," said the footman, "but I'll try to find him."

"What is all that uproar about, Jones?"

"Jones (loud): 'Boots, sir; Jones, of Bond street.'"

"Sheridan rushed out and seized both his hands."

"My dear Jones, how are you? Delighted to see you."

"Follow (to denounce Jones), how dare you, I tell you, you shall be in the hall! Walk in, pray."

Arm in arm, Spider and Fly enter the parlor together.

"Thank you, sir."

"Glass of wine?" (Pours one out.)

"That chat, embracing every conceivable subject, was continued until Jones, feeling weary, retired to his room."

"Bring your wife and children, Kemble, Siddons, Jordan, all in it. (Rings the bell.) James, carriage; due at the house. Good-by, Jones; regards to Mrs. J. Stop, now you are here, measure me for half a dozen pair of top boots. (Jones did.) Thank you, James. Door closes upon mystified Jones; he had two orders, one for boots, the other for the play."

The experiments of Hon. John N. Dixon, of Iowa, in the way of spraying the trees of his great orchard with a solution of kerosene, resulted rather unexpectedly in finding a sure remedy for the codling moth. The season after spraying the trees just as the apples were forming, the codling moth was not seen, and the fruit absolutely free from worms in a year noted for wormy apples.—Chicago Journal.

Didn't Understand.

The old squatter sauntered into the hotel yesterday just as some one began to finger the keys of a piano. Stopping, gazing for a moment, he exclaimed, "Well, I'll be damned!" and sat down.

The proprietor, don't you know, who was present, was greatly amused and turning to the old fellow, said:

"Don't understand this arrangement, I suppose?"

"No, I ain't no mighty intimate with it. I heard one once as I was going along the road, but Jule—that's my wife what was with me, loved it as a banger."

"Come on and we'll show you how to play on it," and, as the squatter took position near the instrument, a simpering young woman scattered her fingers over the keys. The old fellow was deeply interested and he looked around with an air of astonishment.

"It's intended for music, ain't it?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," replied the proprietor. "It's a fine music."

"I might glad ter hear yer say so. When I come ter town an' go home, write me siller axes mo' o' I hearn any of them things. You can't hear 'em here, I tell you."

He turned over on his side and, resting his head upon his hands, gazed up into the face of his companion with a look of considerable interest and surprise.

"Why should I get up?" he asked, by way of a reply, sitting at the same time to nearly a sitting posture and gently touching the hand of the maiden as if to assure her of his holy to be contaminated by his fingers.

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PHACTS AND PHYSIC.

There was music in the air of a downtown store in New York the other day, when 400 song birds, each in a separate vicker cage, were sold at auction.

—An End to Bone Soring.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Pa., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel my duty to let suffering humanity know it."

"I have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Buckley's Arnica Salve, and my leg is sound and well."

Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Buckley's Arnica Salve at 25c per box by D. Weston.

New London, Conn., is the only town in New England which imposes a tax upon commercial travelers.

Townley's Toothache Anodyne cures instantly.

Neuralgia has very properly been called the "twin sister" to rheumatism. Both are equally painful, a like stubborn, and results of the same cause.

Athlophoros proves the both yield to the same treatment. Says Mr. J. E. Reed, of Los Angeles, Cal.: "I cannot tell you how glad I am that I found this great remedy, Athlophoros. I had a violent neuralgia in my face and took it immediately according to directions. Before I finished the first bottle the pain was gone and has never returned."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine for every one in the spring. Rheumatism and travelers will find it an effective cure for the eruptions, boils, pimples, eczema, etc., that break out on the skin—the effect of disorder in the blood, caused by sea-diet life on board ship.

Buchanan Prices Current.

Corrected every Wednesday by BARNES & BARNES. These figures represent the prices paid by dealers, unless otherwise specified.

Wheat, per bushel (red)	98 1/2
Wheat, per bushel (white)	98 1/2
Flour, per barrel (No. 1)	5 00
Flour, per barrel (No. 2)	4 75
Flour, per barrel (No. 3)	4 50
Flour, per barrel (No. 4)	4 25
Flour, per barrel (No. 5)	4 00
Flour, per barrel (No. 6)	3 75
Flour, per barrel (No. 7)	3 50
Flour, per barrel (No. 8)	3 25
Flour, per barrel (No. 9)	3 00
Flour, per barrel (No. 10)	2 75
Flour, per barrel (No. 11)	2 50
Flour, per barrel (No. 12)	2 25
Flour, per barrel (No. 13)	2 00
Flour, per barrel (No. 14)	1 75
Flour, per barrel (No. 15)	1 50
Flour, per barrel (No. 16)	1 25
Flour, per barrel (No. 17)	1 00
Flour, per barrel (No. 18)	75
Flour, per barrel (No. 19)	50
Flour, per barrel (No. 20)	25
Flour, per barrel (No. 21)	00
Flour, per barrel (No. 22)	00
Flour, per barrel (No. 23)	00
Flour, per barrel (No. 24)	00
Flour, per barrel (No. 25)	00
Flour, per barrel (No. 26)	00
Flour, per barrel (No. 27)	00
Flour, per barrel (No. 28)	00
Flour, per barrel (No. 29)	00
Flour, per barrel (No. 30)	00

Rough's Opera House.

One Night Only.

Friday Evening, March 7.

For the Benefit of Wm. Perrott.

POST, G. A. R., of BUCHANAN.

