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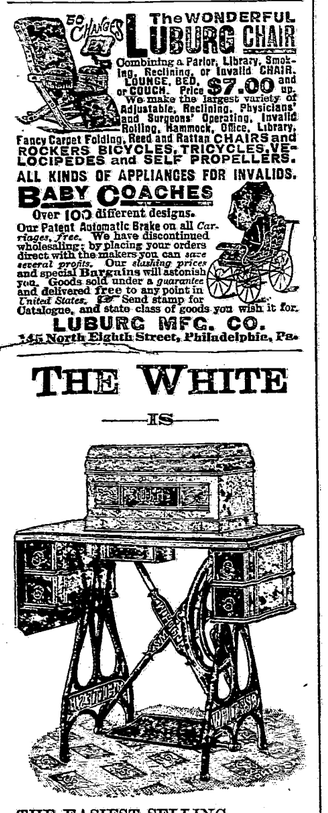

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ENDEAVOR.

A moaning cry, as the world rolls by,
Through the gloom of cloud and glory of sky,
Rings in my ears forever.
And I know not why it profits a man
To plow and sow, to study and plan,
And reap the harvest never.
"Abide in truth, abide,"
Spake a low voice at my side,
"Abide thou, and endeavor."

And even though, after care and toil,
I should see my hopes from a kindly soil,
Though late yet blooming ever;
Perchance the prize were not worth the pain,
Perchance this fretting and waste of brain
Wins its true guerdon never.
"Abide, in love abide,"
The tender voice replied,
"Abide thou and endeavor."

Strive, endeavor: It profits more
To fight and fail, than on time's dull shore
To sit an idler ever;
For to him who bares his arm to the strife,
Firm at his post in the battle of life,
The victory faileth never.
"Therefore in faith abide,"
The earnest voice still cried,
"Abide thou, and endeavor.

—The Morning.

Kate Erskine.

BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

"That man again!" and the lips of Kate Erskine curled, though rather with annoyance than scorn.

"I don't see any occasion for so much feeling," replied May Allison, her chosen companion. "He is remarkably handsome, magnificent in physical proportions, and minds his own business—a recommendation that cannot be given the majority of his sex."

"Perhaps a trifle too much so," with ill-concealed pique

"You have met him before, Kate?"

"Yes; everywhere we have been this summer. He haunts me as a shadow, and, by some perverse fate, is always appearing at the exact time to save me from inconveniences, if not deadly peril."

"A remarkably useful gallant," laughed May. "What is the name?"

"Lisle Liston. At least that is what I was told in Florida, and in the Garden of the Gods. Didn't I write you of my adventures?"

"Not a word! Was this gentleman the hero?"

"Upon both occasions. He saved me with as much nonchalance as if I were simply a waxen doll, and—"

"Not a passably good looking young lady of twenty, and weighing some hundred and thirty."

"Then betook himself off without giving me an opportunity to thank him."

"Glorious! I think I will cultivate this *rara avis*," and unheeding the frown she saw gathering, and the fires kindling, in the black eyes, she continued provokingly: "A beau, so different from the ordinary, is worth knowing. But tell me how and when you met him, Katie, dear; what he said and what he did. I know it must have been the most charming of flattery, and I am just dying with curiosity."

"What he said didn't occupy more than an instant."

"Ah! What he did, then. Please tell me, so that I can bow down in worship, even if at a respectful distance."

"Yes."

And, though plainly showing how much she was annoyed by the badinage of her friend, Kate continued:

"Our party was camping on the St. John's river, and, while the gentlemen—my father and uncles—were hunting and fishing—"

"You of the feminine persuasion, were gathering flowers and curiosities?"

"Certainly!"

"And were introduced to the young gentleman now stretched in a picturesque attitude upon the sand by the shore?"

"A queer introduction," replied Kate, with a laugh, but which ended in a shiver, "the medium being an aligator."

"Preposterous, even if true."

"And so true that the recollection causes fearful dreams even now. You know my birds'-egg hobby? It came near being indulged in once too often. I saw a queer nest in a tree, hanging over a dark lagoon; saw a queer bird fly away; climbed, crawled out upon the branch—"

"A remarkably lady-like proceeding."

"Oh!"—with a queer blush—"I hadn't an idea that there was a man within a mile, and, as I was reaching for the large, specked aggs—"

"You made a precious spectable of yourself by falling."

"I wouldn't, if the limb hadn't broken."

"And down came cradle and baby and all," sang May, and so loudly as to attract the attention of the gentleman they were discussing.

A single glance, however, appeared to satisfy him, and as he became absorbed in watching the ripples kissing the sands of the beach, and the wings of the gulls that cut, as with white sickles, the glassy surface of the ocean, Kate resumed:

"Fortunately, the water wasn't deep, and as I was scrambling out, drenched and covered with mud, a great monster of an alligater shot out of the reeds and rushed to me with open mouth and and snappy red eyes!"

"Intent, no doubt, upon a dainty breakfast or dinner. Ugh! the cannibal; though I must own he showed good taste in the selection. But, seriously, I should have screamed."

"That's just what I did do, and with all my strength. But, before I fully realized the desperateness of the situation, a deep and manly voice shouted in Spanish: *'Tongan cuidado!'*"

"'Have a care'. Yes I understand."

"Then the report of a gun broke the stillness."

And a bullet broke the skull of the impudent 'gator at the same time, what next Kate?"

"I hardly know; but I have a faint recollection of being assisted—"

"Carried, you mean, with your head resting upon a manly bosom, your eyes turned up with thankfulness, his looking down into them with intense admiration. How sweet!" and her laughter rang out merrily.

"Do give over your nonsense, May. There wasn't anything of the kind. Without a word, he walked by my side, until very near our camp, then disappeared as suddenly as he came."

"Without 'good-by' or claiming a kiss as a reward! What on idiot the man must be."

"Very far from it, I imagine; and I must acknowledge that he did say something, and very much to the purpose."

"Told you that you were the most beautiful being in the world, and—well, I wasn't there—and how madly he loved you."

"It was simply, *'Dios te guardia.'*"

"'God guard thee.' Well, that was something. And you saw no more of the silent gentleman?"

"Not until we met in the Garden of the Gods."

"Hum — including Cupid? What was your adventure there?"

"Very like the other."

"Chased by Indians, nearly devoured by a mountain lion; or hugged by a bear? I vote for the latter every time."

"Neither. I was hunting for flowers; had stopped near a bush, and was about to stoop down, when, as if it came from the clouds, there rang out, with startling distinctness; *'Arto!'*"

"'Halt!' The gentleman must belong to the military. But go on, Kate."

"And in the same breath, *'Mira!'*"

"Well, what did you 'see'?"

"Nothing in particular, but the flash of a gun. A moment later, however, a hideous rattlesnake was dragged out and tossed near my feet."

"I should much have preferred the gentleman in that position. Had I been Eva, he might have tempted me with—ice-cream, say—but a snake, never."

"How you do rattle on, May."

"Which reminds me to ask if the champion did not cut off the rattles and present them to you?"

"Yes; and I have them yet."

"So, and treasured."

Her shrill and merry laugh again broke in upon the reverie of the lounger by the sea, and caused him to look up sharply. Then he arose, slowly walked down the beach and disappeared.

"Of all human conundrums, this is the hardest I ever attempted to solve," continued May. "I wish he would turn up in the role of knight preserver for me, Kate."

"What would you do?"

"Make him talk, and something besides Spanish, or there is no power in eyes and lips."

"Talk what?"

"Love! But we must go in. You remember we have an engagement with a sailing party."

An hour later, when the sun has tampered his burning kisses, they appeared in the most dainty, boating costumes, and walked slowly to where White Wings were waiting its precious freight.

In so doing they passed near where Lisle Liston was lying, in his favorite careless, but graceful attitude, and, in her merry, mocking mood, May called out:

"Skipper, what of the sea?"

She did not intend to be heard, but quick as thought the answer came low-voiced but distinct:

"Last night the moon had a golden ring."

"Oh!" exclaimed Kate, nervously, to her companion; "if these words should be an omen!"

"A good one, if at all," was replied, "for didn't you hear him say something about a 'golden ring', and what does that portend, if not marriage?"

The company was waiting for them, and soon the yacht, swift, but crank, was dancing over water that seemed too indolent to ever rise into billows, or break into foam. Then song sprang simultaneously to the lips of all on board, save Kate Erskine. Silently she watched the receding shore and the stalwart form, and wondered at the strange interweaving of their lives; if the future held any more surprises, what the ending would be, and why the tongue of the man whose eyes burned with love had never spoken of it.

To her witty and more dashing friend her sympathetic face said this and more. Then, as daylight faded and night came, she distinctively looked at the curdling sky, and with extreme vividness, the next line of the question, "But to-night no moon I see," flashed up from memory.

She could see the outline of the curving shore, the white foam of the waves as they broke upon it, and felt the little boat rising and falling beneath her, though, as yet, there was little of wind; she could hear the plaintive cry of the gulls, as they whirled past, and the growling of the breakers, as they met the defiant rocks, and gnashed their white teeth in wrath.

Then, and suddenly, the water appeared to lift itself in giant throes to the sky, the clouds to whirl down to meet them. From an almost calm, a passionate outbreaking of the elements came; from a zephyr, a furious tempest was born. The transparant blue of the heavens became inky black. Little, motionless clouds were transformed into the writhing, twisting, battling monsters, and, as if shaken from their folds, flashes of lightning came, the angry billowing of the watery orchestra was answered by the deafening overture of the thunder, and the rain fell, drenching and blinding.

A cool-headed, strong-armed and brave-hearted sailor was the master of White Wings. Peril and he were no strangers. Against heavy odds he had often battled, but he realized that he was in the most desparate conflict of his life. At the first warning of danger he had shortened sail; had done everything possible for safety. The faith a seaman always has in his craft 'bided with him; the love for his "ocean bride" became more strong than was ordinarily the case. He watched the monstrous lips of the waves, as they licked the gilded sides, broke over the tiny prow, and opened cavernous mouths to swallow their prey, and groaned in agony of spirit:

"My God! if she were not overloaded, I could weather the point and get under the lee. But now—"

His voice was lost in the shrieking of the frightened girls, the despairing cry of men, who but a moment before boasted of the nerve to, unflinching, face death; the bursting of a grander peal from the thunder organ, the deeper crashing as the feet of the rain trampled down the foaming crests of the sea, a more ferocious diapason of mad winds, tearing and scattering the cloud. Hundreds of human voices combined in one would have been lost in the lowest whisper of the triumphant march of doom and destruction in the awful majesty and might of the anger of the storm.

In speechless agony, with limbs paralyzed by fear, Kate Erskine sat holding the hand of her friend. In every wave she saw hundreds of hideous faces, hundreds of monstrous hands ready to clutch and drag her down to fathomless depths. Then, mast and sail were blown away, and the White Wings lay a helpless wreck in the trough of the sea.

Of what followed Kate knew nothing, until her eyes opened upon a very different scene — upon a clear sky, through which the moon was sailing, unclouded; upon a calm sea, over which a little boat was being urged by strong arms; upon a face bending over her in pity.

"Mr. Liston, I—" she gasped.

"Am safe."

"The others?"

"Are making merry, no doubt over the accident."

"You say nothing of the saving part you played."

It was no more than any man should do any woman," he answered, ignoring the desparate chances he had taken, "is a thousand-fold less than I would do for you, Miss—I cannot call you thus coldly—for you, dear Kate."

Pulling the boat under the shadow of trees that fringed a grassy bank, he rested upon the oars, and pleaded, with all the strength and nobleness of his manhood, his love.

"Long ago," he said, "I should have told you of this, Kate, but a black and horrible shadow hung above me. Enemies netted me in a web of crime, dishonor and disgrace. This very day my perfect innocence was established, and without a blush of shame. I can face the world, can offer you the love long hidden in my heart, and ask you, darling, to be mine, that I may ever be by your side, to save you from danger."

"Three times you have saved my life," she faltered, and hid her blushing face in her hands.

"And you will permit me to claim my reward, Kate?"

From her burning lips he took her answer, and on them left the seal of betrothal. Then he hurried her home, for fear of bad consequences from exposure. May Allison saw them coming, took in the situation at a glance, rushed to meet Kate, fairly ran her up stairs, and sent Liston away laughing, as she exclaimed:

"O, dear, how shamefully I am neglected. No alligator will try to devour, snake bite or ocean to drown, so that I can catch a nice young man."

"Have a little patience, dear," whispered Kate sympathizingly, "and your time will come."

It did and before the flowers bloomed again.—*Yankee Blade.*

Refined Cat.

There are some scientists who believe that animals can be taught to talk. Before this is realized, it will be necessary for animals to learn the usuage of good society. The cat described in the following seems to be reaching this state rapidly:

At the Quincy House in Boston may be seen in the office an oilpainting of an immense cat. The first time I noticed the picture, I was proceeding into the dining-room, and, while waiting for dinner, was amused at seeing the original of the picture walk sedately in, all alone, and going to an empty table, seat himself with majestic grace in a chair. The waiter, seeing him, came forward, and pushed up the chair as he would do for any other guest. The cat then waited patiently, without putting his paws on the table, or breaking any other law of table etiquette, until a plate of meat came, cut up to suit his taste (I did not hear him give his order), and then, placing his front paws on the edge of the table, he ate from his plate. When he had finished, he descended from his table and stalked out of the room with much dignity.—*Yankee Blade.*

Queer Wills.

A man who has been dead so long that he shall be nameless, was hanged in Charleston for murder. He protested his innocence to the last, and the day before the execution made a will, leaving his personal property, valued at four hundred and thirty-nine dollars in money, and a silver watch and chain, to his relatives, and "eternal damnation" to the jury that condemned him, mentioning each man by name. A wealthy Frenchman, after disposing of his estate, provides for an erring daughter as follows: "It is to me a great cause of mortification and regret to mention the name of Clothilde, my daughter, now twenty-three years old. To protect this instrument I bequeath to her one barleycorn. I pray she will repent and prepare for the Lord's forgiveness." Another man, who was a widower and had an only daughter, who seemed to have been the cause of much trouble to her father, disposes of his estate and gives to his daughter "my blood horse, Jim, feeling satisfied that if she will either ride or drive him it is likely she will be brought home a corpse, in which satisfactory event then let the horse be sold and the proceeds given to the poor.

A Responsive Chord.

A man of considerable wealth, who died in New York some time since, made a distribution of his personal estate which did not suit his disconsolate widow. Among other unsatisfactory things, he bequeathed to a brother the proceeds of certain land and stocks of value, while he left to the widow the proceeds of other stocks and lands comparatively valueless, as a portion of her legacy. But the widow was sole executrix of the will, and when she came to sell she disposed of the land and stocks in a lump, setting a high valuation on those she was to have the proceeds of and a low valuation on the others, the valuation of the two lots taken together making a fair price for the whole. By this means she exactly reversed that position of her husband's will relating to the land and stocks in question. The brother, not relishing such sharp practice on the part of his sister-in-law, brought a suit to recover the actual value of the bequest made to him, whereupon the widow proposed that instead of spending the estate in law they should marry each other and enjoy it together. This proposition "struck a responsive chord" in the breast of the brother. They were married accordingly, and are said to be having a jolly time in spending the fortune which the deceased gentleman was so kind as to accumulate for them.

The Way They Do It in France.

A stylish looking man walked into a bank in France during the interval for lunch, the cashier alone having remained at his post to rectify an error in the books.

"Monsieur," said the intruder, exhibiting a revolver, "I shall feel obliged by your handing up at once five hundred thousand francs."

The cashier obeyed without saying a word, and the man walked out unmolested. A quarter of an hour afterward the clerks returned. The cashier uttered a wail of dispair, and related what had happened, stating that a million of francs had been stolen. In course of time the thief was taken into custody, and in prison was visited by our cashier.

"My dear friend," he said, "you are charged with the robbery of a million of francs."

"Why, it was only half that amount."

"I am perfectly aware of that. I took the other half myself. Submit to the sentence for a million, and when you have served your time we will divide the money."

The strangest part of the business is that the scheme was actually carried out, and that the cashier, though suspected, was never interfered with.

Astrology and Railway in China.

The extension of the Tien-Tsin railway to Tung-Chow has (the Shanghai correspondent of the Standard says) encountered an unexpected obstacle, which, it is to be feared, will prove fatal to its progress, for the present at least. The great fire which destroyed part of the Imperial Palace in Peking recently caused much disturbance in the minds of the old-fashioned and superstitious, who are still strong in the capital. In consequence the Emperor and his mother consulted the imperial astrologers, who, after much deliberation, declared that the fire was an evil omen, and was intended as a warning against permitting the approach of the "Western invention" to the sacred city. The further extension of the railway has been prohibited by imperial decree.

Relics of Capt. Kidd at York Beach.

There is an excitement at York beach owing to the discovery of hieroglyphics deeply cut in an immense boulder, which was evidently rolled there, as it is the only one of the kind, being a land stone rolled close to the edge of the water on a rocky cliff. The rock always bore the name of Capt. Kidd Rock, long before the hieroglyphics were discovered on it. It is situated in front of the cottage known as Capt. Kidd Cottage, and which bears its name painted on a neat sign over the door. The cottage is owned by Mrs. Rix of Lebanon, N. H. The hieroglyphics are receiving careful study by scientists with a view to locating the "buried treasure." Besides many emblems there is a map distinctly traced. The most peculiar part is that there are two long cuts three times the length of the short ones, and the middle cut that runs at right angles with the long ones is just half the length of the long ones. At the end of the last mark is a deep hole cut indicating where the treasure is supposed to be located. An old legend has always been connected with this place, as the last place known to have been visited by the "King Pirate." After passing the point known as "The Nubble" he passed directly in Cape Neddick River, and many believed that the "Mounds" in Ellis Park contain the hidden treasure. The gentleman owning the Park so far has refused to let them be opened, although the map indicates that as the place.—*Boston Industrial Journal.*

Two Sensible Women.

I was at the theatre the other night. Many fashionable people were present, and there were not many vacant seats. Just as the curtain rolled up on the first act a handsomely dressed and portly lady hurried down the middle aisle, accompanied by a young miss in her teens. Each wore a glaring red felt hat with brim as broad as that of a Mexican sombrero. They were met with looks of apprehension all along the line of seats, and as they passed still farther on toward the front, a sigh of relief would escape those who were relieved of the fear of having them just in front. They took chairs half a dozen rows removed from the stage, just in front of a man and his wife. The afflicted couple were so over come at the sight of the hats that a violent expression of disgust escaped from the lips of the man before he thought. He looked at the hats, then at his wife, and made a motion to leave the theatre. But just at that instant the two ladies quietly removed their hats, rolled them up in the shape of big cigars and stuffed them away in convenient pockets of their wraps. A burst of laughter from the audience was interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. John Drew, for whom it was turned off to applause.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

Flowers in the Parlor.

Some old-fashioned folks still say that growing plants should not be kept in our windows. They argue, plants are filled with rich black earth from swamps full of malaria, and this soil being watered and kept at a high temperature, must itself breed the germs of disease. Mother earth is scarcely so dangerous as this argument would imply. If only a few plants are kept, the entire amount in the pots containing them would be little more than the peck of dirt that everybody is supposed to eat at some time during his or her mortal life. The fear of malaria coming in homeopathic doses is utterly chimerical. Dry earth is itself one of the best disinfectants, and especially earth placed in pots containing house plants should be in the sunlight. In winter houses are apt, through poor ventilation, to be filled with foul odors, often from the cellar. From the breath and from burning light, the air is poisoned by carbonic acid gas. This gas the growing plants absorb, especially during the night, when least ventilation is given to rooms. In the daytime the soil itself absorbs foul odors, which are taken up and used as food by growing plants. Instead of being an injury to health, plants in the house are a benefit, provided they do not so obstruct windows as to prevent plenty of sunlight in the room.

Language of the Umbrella.

We all know that there is a language of nature. Every sentimental girl (without being a botanist) is acquainted with the language of flowers. But it has remained for a recent writer to indicate the language of umbrellas: "To place your umbrella in a rack indicates that it is about to change owners; an umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, signifies courtship; when the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings, it indicates marriage; to carry it at an angle under the arm signifies that an eye is to be lost by the man that follows you; to put a cotton umbrella by the side of a silk one means 'exchange is no robbery;' to lend an umbrella may be interpreted, 'I am a fool;' to carry an umbrella just high enough to tear out men's eyes and knock off men's hats signifies, 'I am a woman'."—*St. Louis Republic.*

Trees With Large Leaves.

Trees of the palm family have larger leaves than any others. The Inaja palm, which grows on the banks of the Amazon, has leaves which reach a length of from thirty to fity feet and are ten or twelve feet in breadth. Specimens of the leaves of the Taliput palm, a native of Ceylon, have been met with that were twenty feet long and eighteen feet broad. These leaves are used by the natives to make tents, and form very efficient shelters from the rain. The leaves of the double cocoanut palm are often thirty feet long and several feet wide. When the wind is strong they clash together with a noise that may be heard at a great distance. Only one leaf is produced each year, and they are so firmly attached to the stem of the tree, and so strong in themselves, that a man may sit on the end of one and rock to and fro in perfect safety.—*Scientific American.*

Blowing Wells.

A correspondent writes from Eckley, Washington county, Colorado, stating that they have a 6 inch bored well over 200 feet deep—the first 5 or 6 feet through a stratum called native lime, the balance being clay soil and gravel—water being found in quicksand. The well seems to act as a barometer, before a storm blowing pure-smelling cool air with a force that is heard in a house 30 yards away; as the storm passes, it sucks the air down with an equal force.

The country is very level, or what is there called a flat, having sand creeks or gravelly waterways, where water can be had at a few feet below the surface, while at a quarter of a mile each way it is only found at a depth of 200 feet. There are several of these blowing wells in that vicinity.

UNDERTAKING!

I am prepared to attend all cases in my line upon short notice and in the best manner.

EMBALMING

A SPECIALTY.

Satisfaction guaranteed in both prices and work. I also keep a full line of

PICTURE FRAMES,

And Mouldings for framing, always on hand.

J. MILEY

Thoughts.

Never fear to bring the sublimest motives into the smallest duty and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.—*Heber.*

When a strong brain is weighed with a true heart it seems to me like balancing a bubble against a wedge of gold.—*O. W. Holmes.*

The strongest men are the most tenderhearted. The coolest and sweetest waters flow from under the greatest rocks.—*W. W. Battershall.*

"Dust to dust" rounds out the sum of life for the soul that grovels earthward. The soul that has affections, aims, endeavors that transcend this world does not expect to die.—*Rev. A. P. Peabody.*

A Dangerous Precedent.

The York man who won his wife by writing numerous love letters on five-dollar bills has started a fashion that will make courting harder than ever. Not only will the dear creatures refuse to return such missives in case of a quarrel, but they will insist on bills of larger denomination being used. The world will seem but a dreary place to a man who has been using five-dollar bills for stationery for his love letters, when he gets a note like this from his adored object: "Another young man is writing to me on ten-dollar bills. Unless you employ twenty-dollar bills all is over between us."

Why Fires Burn Brightly in Winter.

There are several reasons why a fire burns so brightly in frosty weather. First, the air being cold is denser, and the heated air and gases from the fire are comparatively more buoyant. Consequently there is a greater draught. Then the air, being denser, contains more oxygen in an equal volume, and that gas being quickly supplied, the combustion is fiercer and more perfect. In frosty weather, too, the atmosphere is comparatively free from moisture, which of course has a tendency to damp a fire.

Dates and Figures.

An observing friend asks me if I have ever noticed that women never reckon time by the calendar years. For instance, a man says "My house was burned in the summer of '67." His wife says, "Our house was burned eleven years ago last summer." Yes, I have noticed this feminine peculiarity, and I doubt very much if one married woman out of twenty can off-hand tell the exact year of her wedding. She may have the month and the day on her tongue's end, but the '69's and '81's she has no use for.

Fueilleton.

The morphine craze is growing alarmingly. A manufacturer of hypodermic needles in Portland, Me., says he has sold 25,000 of these dangerous instruments since 1886.

An Indiana man has died and provided that his farm of 1,000 acres be divided into tracts of ten acres each, on which houses shall be built, each to serve as a home for a deserving woman above 35 years of age.

A San Francisco man was thrown off a street railway dummy because he wished to pay his fare with a 3-cent piece and 2-cent piece. He sues for $5,000, claiming the money offered was legal tender.

An editor's wife never goes through her husband's other trousers pockets to strike a package of love-letters. Editors are not like the wicked, unfaithful men of the world—editors rarely have the other trousers.

The hereditary grand falconer of Great Britain is the duke of St. Albans. He is paid a salary of $4,825 a year for holding the title, although it is doubtful if he would know a falcon if he saw one.

A negro in Craig county, Virginia, has named his three children, respectively, Jailey Green Bird Mayflower Brickley, Oregon Texas Georgianna Brickey, and Molina Truxilla Eutaw Sebilla Tootater Brickey.

Accepting the challenge of a New York Spiritualist, Herrmann, the magician, writes: "I still claim, as I have always done, that no spiritualistic medium can adduce any so-called 'manifestation' or 'phenomenon' that I can not on the spot duplicate and expose."

The direct use of electricity as a labor-saving machine has been applied at the great steel works, Cleveland, Ohio, where a large electro-magnet is used, suspended from a crane, to pick up 800 lb. billets and drop them where wanted by the touch of a key, the movement of the crane being done by steam.

Eight years ago Mrs. Frank Leslie was sleeping in the attic of a cheap boarding-house. She was then fighting to give her illustrated weekly a foothold. She got it that foothold, and now sells it to Arkell, of Judge, for $400,000. Her first hit was in the enterprising and persistent work done immediately after the assassination.

An English laborer unearthed a valuable signet ring while digging in the clay at Sittingbourne a few days ago. A large cameo is let into the metal, upon which is beautifully engraved a representation of a pair of horses harnessed to a chariot, which is being driven by a man in the dress of a Roman charioteer. The ring is in perfect preservation, and is, no doubt, a Roman relic, as it was discovered on the site of an old Roman settlement.

At Washington's second inauguration he wore a full suit of rich black velvet, with short clothes diamond knee buckles and short silk stockings. His shoes were of japanned leather brightly polished, surmounted with large silver buckles. His hat, decorated with the American cockade, he carried in his hand. His powdered hair was gathered in a black silk bag and tied with a black ribbon. A light dress sword with green scabbard and a richly ornamented hilt hung by his side.

Mussey writes from Washington to the Cincinnati Commercial: "Some of the prices that are being paid for accommodations along the avenue are almost beyond belief. Little restaurants or saloons that pay $200 or $300 rent a year, demand almost that amount for the occupancy of one window. Senator Stanford has paid $500 for the use of the windows of two rooms in a small hotel at the corner of Fifteenth street and New York avenue, and New York Congressman has paid $100 for two windows over a plumber's shop on the south side of the avenue.

BUCHANAN RECORD.

JOHN G. HOLMES, Editor.

THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1889.

One Buffalo, N. Y. firm paid out $720,000 for advertising last year.

President Harrison has appointed Senator T. W. Palmer of this State, to be United States minister to Spain.

Southern California is now an exciting point of attraction to gold seekers. Rich findings are reported from there.

278 of the 399 vetces written by the entire list of Presidents were written by Cleveland.

An Iowa man died last week from drinking carbolic acid in mistake for alcohol. Is this one of the effects of prohibition?

Ex-congressman Horr is unanimously recommended by the Michigan delegation in congress, as minister to Mexico, under the new administration.

The legislature has passed and the governor signed a bill to submit to the people at their election next month, a constitutional amendment to raise the governor's salary to $4,000.

About the first reform that President Harrison tackled was the handshaking craze. He very sensibly objects to having fifty or sixty millions of people crippling him up by shaking his hand. Instead he reviews the crowd from the white house portico.

THE examination of Elmer Barber, for the participation in the robbery of of Cass DeArmond, that has been interesting this community for several weeks, was finished before Justice Alexander yesterday, and resulted in Barber being discharged.

In democratic Detroit the registration business is placed in saloons in a majority of the voting precincts of the city, so that no matter how strong the abhorrence of entering such places, a man has as his only alternative to go there to register or lose his vote. Will the legislature not make this kind of work impossible?

The report reached this country Saturday, that there had been a short scrimmage between the German war ship Olga and the American Nipsic, in Samoa, and that the Nipsic had been blown up, with all hands, by a torpedo from the German ship. The report has not been confirmed or positively denied, and at this time the situation in Samoa is a mystery.

The bill that places the auditing of county bills with an auditing committee of three instead of having the business done by the full board of supervisors, appears to be a good one. The claim work is now practically done by the committee of thee members, and the subsequent action of the full board is usually a mere matter of form. With the contemplated change it is thought that at least two meetings of the board of supervisors for each year, may be omitted. It would certainly be a great saving in expense.

As we go to press we are not unconscious of the fact that we have been doing business under a republican administration just three days and one hour. As predicted, times are better. In The Times office it has been all hustle, bustle, people going in and out of our back doors in streams. In this short time we have taken in one cord of wood on subscription and 13 cents in cash.—*Dowagiac Times.*

If the President makes no distinction between the North and the South in the administration of the laws, and in his suggestions to Congress, the South will not be backward in giving his administration all the support to which it is entitled from her. All the South asks for is fair treatment, and that President Harrison is understood as promising. The address is a paper of merit, and will tend to increase the estimation in which the President is held by the people—*Savannah News.*

Two years ago the then Legislature was repeatedly warned by the State Republican that the County Option bill was unconstitutional, and the very point upon which it broke down before the Supreme Court was pointed out, besides other points not passed upon by the Supreme Court then, because it was not necessary to go any farther, but which are still to be considered. We pointed out that the State Constitution of Michigan is peculiar, and that because a law had been held constitutional in other States, under other constitutions, was no reason that it would be constitutional in Michigan. But the then Legislature was urged on by the same paper that is urging this one now. Practically its constant cry was: "Pass it! Pass it! It has worked in other States. Never mind whether it is a defective bill in practical details or not, push it through! The Prohibitionists don't like it; the Democrats don't like it; a good many level-headed Michigan Republicans don't like it—therefore pass it! Pass it and grind our Detroit ax! It won't cover Detroit anyway; therefore, pass it!" That Legislature foolishly permitted itself to be thus hounded into passing it; and pretty soon the Republican party was landed in the ditch. Exactly that same cry is again raised, with exactly the same motives. "Put her through, anyhow; no matter where you land yourselves and the party! Pay no attention to sound criticisms of the bill. Don't be disturbed by constitutional objections. Our ax needs grinding again. Pass the bill, anyhow!" The Republican party cannot afford to make another mistake. A Republican Legislature can not afford to be again misled. No bill ought to pass whose constitutionality is at all doubtful. It is a very dangerous experiment to trifle with the earnest temperance sentiment of Michigan by passing bills that either are knocked out by the Supreme Court, or that do not work in practice, but that, when they come to be tried, strengthen instead of weakening the saloon power. Let the Republican party just once or twice more pass laws that prove failures, or whose effects disappoint the expectations of temperance people, and its power will be dangerously weakened, to say the least. It is time to quit the hurrah boys business, and take no step that is not dictated by the highest wisdom.—*Lansing Republican.*

Chas. Strong, of Burlington, while fishing through the ice in Maynard's lake, Fredonia, caught a pickerel which measured 3 feet 9 inches in length and weighed 21¼ pounds. The breadth of the lower jawbone at the gills was 8 inches.

FROM BERRIEN CENTRE.

J. W. Fifield of Wheaton College, Ill., came home to-day for a week's vacation. Jas. will finish the Classic Course at the end of this year in that Institution.

H. L. Rutter and wife are going to house-keeping on his grand father's, E. T. Dickson's, farm. They will get settled by Wednesday.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Becker, on March 12, 1889, a daughter. All parties doing well.

E. Murphy has gone to Galien to-day, fever.
on business.

E. W. Parker is quite ill with bilious.

Mrs. Mary Webster is very sick with erysipelas.

W. H. Robinson is improving at this writing.

Berrien Centre school closes on Friday, March 15.

J. C. Burrows Camp, S. O. V. met last Saturday evening and elected the following officers: H. W. Rapp, Capt.; H. L Rutter, 1st Lieut.; Wm. Hill, 2nd Lieut.; appointive officers, A. C. Palmer, Chaplain; J. C. McCoullough, Orderly Sergt.; E. D. Rutter, Quarter M. Sergt.; A. R. Hill, Color Sergt.; H. Dare, Sergt. of Guard; S. L. Myers, Corp'l of Guard; E. S. McCollough, Picket. Guard.

Many of our farmers are busy in the sugar camps these fine days.

The Disciple meeting at Eau Claire closed lately with 42 accessions.

The Franklin Chapel protracted meeting conducted by Rev. G W. Sickafoose, will close to-night. Six accessions so far.

The wife of Frank Clark of Niles township, was buried at Morris Chapel on Saturday last. C.

THREE OAKS ACORNS.

Our C. L. S. C. entertainment given at the Congregational church Wednesday evening, March 6th, was a pronounced success. A large and appreciative audience was present.

The Chamberlain, Warren & Hatfield Co., has rented the Behler building in order to give more room for their milliner and dressmaking departments, and Joe Martin has removed his stock of Jewelry to the Chas. Close building, formerly occupied by Messrs. Boardman & Wherle

E. K. Warren has been on the sick list during the past week, but is improving, and will soon be found at his desk again.

J. R. Hill was in town last Thursday.

Our new editor, Mr. E. C. Howe, has rented the "Phillips Opera House," and will soon move his printing office to those quarters.

The Y. P. S. C. E. gave an interesting social and literary program at the Congregational church, Tuesday evening of this week.

One of our young men who started to Washington territory nearly two weeks ago, is here again. He went with a full determination to "grow up with the country," but Three Oaks has some attractions which increase conversely as the square of the distance. This is contrary to the laws of gravitation, but true, nevertheless.

The Chataugua circle met with Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Martin, Monday evening. The lessons are all scientific now, and chemical experiments form one feature of the exercises. Soon, bugs, beetles, and spiders will be in order in connection with the lesson in zoology. The society meets with Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Warren, next Monday evening.

Our annual village election passed off quietly on Monday, March 11th. The democratic colors are floating, and it might seem to the casual observer that a democratic victory was being celebrated. However, as nearly the entire republican ticket was elected, we take it they are rejoicing over what appears to be the advent of an era of unusual prosperity.

John Bloom, six miles northwest of Three Oaks, will sell personal property at auction, March 20. Samuel Pennell will entertain the audience.

FROM GALIEN.

It is really amusing how and with what gallantry the porters display in soliciting traveling men. They will carry your grips "gratis", and treat you with smiles, if you will permit them the privilege.

Mr. P. Shoemaker and wife, former residents here, but now of Standish, Mich., made their many friend here, last week, pleasant calls.

One of the most enthusiastic elections ever held in our village was held on Monday. The issue was on a wide platform for evil or against it. Parts of each ticket were elected. The follare the officers elected: President, Wm. Beach, D.; Clerk, C. A. Clark, R.; Treasurer, Glover; Trustees, Melvin Smith D., Fred Hess, D., Tim. Smith, R.; Assessor—tie, George Partridge, R., Andrew Shearer, R; Street Commissioner, Chas. Green, R.; Constable, Wm. Niles, R.

Mr. Albert Manns has removed from our village to a place more northerly.

Willie Thurston has returned from Washington territory. He expresses himself as delighted with the country.

Mr. Cyrus Thurston is moving to Three Oaks and proposes to be one of the citizens of that giant city.

Chas. Voke spent Sunday in Jackson with his many friends there.

Miss Maggie Smith returned from Michigan City on Friday evening.

The anxiety felt by parents, relatives and friends of G. A. Blakeslee, Jr., as to his whereabouts, were greatly relieved by the finding of his body, on Monday afternoon about 4:30, in the harbor at Michigan City, the body being brought to the surface by the action of the wheel of one of the large steamers passing up the river. Mr. Blakeslee and C. A. Clarke, his son-in-law, were notified and went to Michigan City Monday evening. Mr. Blakeslee at once recognized the body as that of his son, it being in a remarkably good state of preservation for the length of time the body had been in the water—nearly four months. They returned with the body, on Monday evening, on the midnight train. [It has been a question in the minds of relatives and friends for some time whether his death was accidental or he had met with foul play. The Michigan City papers of Tuesday evening, convey the idea that his death was accidental. From the News we have the following: "An examination of the remains failed to reveal any indication of foul play owing to the decomposed state of the body." But this statement was false, as the body was found to be in a good state of preservation for the length of time it had been in the water. A post mortem examination, held after the body was brought to Galien, revealed the fact that he had met his death by villians of Michigan City, as there were found to be two deep in dentations on the forehead and one near the right temple, either of which would have been sufficient to have caused immediate unconsciousness if not immediate death. The nose was also found to be broken, this showing that the examination at Michigan City must have been conducted without proper care or judgment. On his person was found his watch and only about $10 of the $75 or $80 that he was known to have had with him on the fatal night. The funeral services were held at his residence, on Wednesday morning, at 10 A. M. A large concourse of people gathered to pay their last respects to the deceased. The services were conducted by Rev. L. Scott.

MRS. ZIMRI L. COOPER was the victim of a curious and painful accident, Tuesday afternoon. Alone at their home, on Grant street, with her little child, she was running a sewing machine when the point of the needle struck the plate and broke in two, the upper and heavier part of the needle veered to one side, went through the nail and fore finger of Mrs. Cooper's left hand, and completely pinioned her to the machine. In vain did she try to raise the arm of the machine and release her hand. With her right hand she dragged the machine across the floor to the front of the room, raised the window and called for help. Mr. A. S. Root, a neighbor across the street, came to her assistance, but he could not release the pinioned hand, the machine having been sprung so out of position that it could not be moved. Mr. Root called a gentleman passing, but the combined strength of the two men could not release Mrs. Cooper's hand. Then one of the men came over and secured the services of Drs. E. J. & F. N. Bonine, but before the suffering and uncomplaining lady could be released from her imprisonment the machine had to be taken apart, piece by piece. All this occupied fully an hour of time, and Mrs. Cooper's suffering may be imagined; it can not be told.—*Niles Republican.*

The Burlington's "Eli."

The formerly popular Vestibule Fast "Eli" Train of the Burlington Route has been resumed between Chicago and Kansas City, St. Joseph and Atchison, leaving Chicago daily at 5:30 p. m. The Burlington's Vestibule Trains to Omaha, Denver and St. Paul will continue as before. They are the best trains between Chicago and the points mentioned. Tickets can be obtained of any ticket agent of connecting lines, or by addressing P. S. Eustis, G. P. & T. A., C., B. Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

State Items.

Litchfield will bore for gas.

Mrs. John Torten of Bay City, awakened yesterday morning to find her 3-months-old baby dead. It had been smothered.

The Covert News gives a lucid account of "white caps" threatenings in the vicinity of that berg, that is, on the whole, a very touching affair.

Michigan still at the front. Maurice Finn, of Grayling, has found a big gold mine near Marquette. The first blast threw out rock assaying $30,488 to the ton, with richer rock below.

During the recent great fire at Kalkaska, one of the buildings was well supplied with fire grenades, and excited citizens carried them out as carefully as if they had been filled with attar of roses.

The youth in one of the country schools of Calhoun county recently brought several well filled jugs of cider to school, and a half dozen or so got gloriously drunk and were obliged to be carried home.

Kalamazoo is just beginning to wake up to the importance of being on the line of the Columbus, Lima & Northwestern Railroad, which is going to be built somewhere through this part of Michigan, from Northern Ohio to the lake. Considerable quiet work, it is said, is being done, and a telegram received Thursday morning from the road's attorney, J. H. Padgham, of Allegan, adds another to the long list of probabilities in favor of a route through this city.—*Kalamazoo Telegraph.*

Twenty-three good little Ann Arbor newsboys were arrested and stood up in a row before Justice Pond last week, for selling a vile Sunday paper of Detroit. The lads were admonished not to vend the unclean publication hereafter, and discharged. If other Michigan towns would follow the steps of Ann Arbor in the suppression of the sale of indecent publications it might have a beneficial effect upon the moral teachings of the rising generation, if of no value to the present.

Extortions in Chinese Prisons.

A writer in The Chinese Times says of Chinese prisons that the amount of extortion that goes on in them is amazing, and the warders and others display surprising ingenuity in extracting money from the unhappy prisoners. The newcomer almost invariably forgets to fee the night watchman. The consequence is that sleep is rendered almost impossible by the terrible noise which is kept up outside his window all night, and he speedily apologizes for his forgetfulness and makes good the oversight. If the coolie who cleans out the cell is not satisfied he collects all the insects he can find and introduces several hundreds into the apartment of his victim, who is then only too glad to call his services into requisition to get rid of them again, even at an exorbitant price.

Many of the warders and servants are criminals who have escaped capital punishment by the omission of the emperor to mark their names for death when the list for the autumn execution is submitted to him. This list, which sets forth the name and condition of the criminal and the circumstances of his crime, is divided into three parts. The first contains the new cases, the second those which were not marked the previous year, the third those which have escaped marking for two years. It is said that the emperor marks about eight names in ten, and that a man who escapes once is safe from subsequent marking, although he has to go down to the execution ground the two following years. The list is brought from the palace direct to the place of execution, and until its arrival neither criminal nor officials know who is to die, the unhappy victims only being sure of their fate upon hearing themselves called out to pay the last penalty. The prisoners who have escaped are imprisoned for life, but they have a very easy existence, and, as they are employed in the prison and share in the extortions practiced on other prisoners, they often amass considerable wealth.—London Times.

PRESERVING FOOD IN CANS.

Vast Proportions of the Industry—The Housekeeper's Boon.

An industry in this country which has grown to enormous proportions is that of preserving food products by canning and bottling. In 1807 M. Appert, a distinguished French chemist, found that organic substances remained fresh an indefinite time by being kept from contact with the air. Comparatively little use was made of this invention for many years, except by sailors. About the year 1835, however, a small local trade sprang up in this country in canned oysters and tomatoes. The discovery of gold in California gave an impetus to the trade, but the first great expansion of it was during the civil war. Since that time the canned goods trade has advanced by leaps and bounds until at present there is a capital of $11,000,000 invested here in fruit and vegetable canning alone, giving employment to 35,000 persons, who earn yearly $3,000,000, and turn out of goods $20,000,000, leaving a net profit of about 20 per cent. to the investors.

During the war advantage was taken by the Union commissariat department of the economy in bulk and the ease in transportation of canned goods. Canned meat was found useful for rations in forced marches; canned milk was a valuable substitute for fresh milk in the hospitals when the latter could not be had, and the health of the army was largely maintained by canned fruit and vegetables.

At the end of the war those engaged in the manufacture of these goods turned their attention to supplying the European markets with salmon and lobster. The lobster export trade had started ten years previously in the New England states. Soon after the Canadians began the salmon packing industry, but did not meet with success. But the utilization of the enormous run of salmon up the Columbia and other rivers on the Pacific coast put new life into the industry. Some idea of how much the trade has grown may be gathered from the fact that, while in 1866 the pack of salmon was only 4,000 cases, during the past four years it has averaged 3,800,000.

The next great era in the trade was the compression of corned beef. Chicago, being a great cattle center, at once embarked heavily in this enterprise. Foreign governments largely recognized the value of this system of preserving beef. They ordered large quantities of it for consumption by their war forces. Much of this was stored as a reserve in case of war, but as the supply was exhausted it has been continually renewed, to the profit of the American.

The success of the Americans in canning goods provoked the English and French people to emulation. Unable to compete with the United States in what had been already done, they turned their attention to the canning of celicacies. This trade was developed to a very large extent in Europe, and extended to this country. But the importation of these goods has fallen off in recent years, as this country has gone into the manufacture of this class of goods, and produces a much cheaper article, not at all inferior to the imported.

The development of the canned goods industry has been great, but the variety of articles treated in this way has been even greater. Beginning as it did with ship's beef, it has extended until it embraces nearly all the desirable products of the animal and vegetable kingdom. Lieut. Greely, after his famous arctic expedition, said that canned apples, peaches, pears, rhubarb, green peas, green corn, onions, potatoes and tomatoes were all subjected to the temperature of 60 degs. below zero. They were solid for many months at a time, the second summer they thawed, and the following winter they were frozen solid again. When these articles were eaten they presented the same appearance as though freshly canned, and their flavor was as good when the last can was opened as during the first month.

Canned goods have proved a great boon to the housekeeper. In cities, at any rate, the goods preserved are cheaper than if bought in the fresh condition. This arises from the fact that they are always packed where the material is cheapest and most abundant. A great economy is exercised, too, by the wholesale preparation of meat and fish.

The popular idea that canned goods are injurious to health is a mistake. Tin, which forms the coating of the thin iron plates of which the cans are made, is not acted on at all by any ordinary acids or by the gases of decomposition. Certain firms in this city have followed up every case of alleged poisoning from canned goods without finding a single one of them authentic. The ordinary precautions of taste and smell as applied to fresh goods are a sufficient protection against danger in similar goods when canned, and, judging by the progress of the past decade in this method of food preservation, it seems likely to have a still larger future before it.—New York Sun.

Equine Sore Throat.

The equine family have fully as long if not a longer train of ills than the human race. And in many instances there is a very striking resemblance. Quinsy in a horse is much like it is in a human. Take diphtheria also as an illustration. In the horse it is known simply by the name of sore throat. But in merely aggravated cases, or even mild cases, sore throat shows a number of symptoms similar to a person with the diphtheria. The horse's throat is first inflamed, and is then followed by the yellow collection of spots so much dreaded in diphtheria. — St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PRACTS AND PHYSIC.

Take the first advice of a woman; under no circumstances the second.—Proverb

The Verdict Unanimous.—2

W. D. Sult, Druggist, Bippus, Ind. testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle has given relief in every case One man took six bottles and was cured of rheumatism of ten years' standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Belville, Ohio, affirms: "The best-selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a half dollar a bottle, at W. F. Runner's Drug Store.

Women are extremists—they are either better or worse than men.—La Bruyere.

A Woman's Discovery.—2

"Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luthur Lutz." Thus write W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C.—Get a free bottle at W. F. Runner's Drug Store.

A woman forgives everything but the fact that you do not covet her.—A. de Musset.

Don't You Believe It.

There is nothing just as good. Its equal does not exist. Papillon (Clarke's extract of flax) Catarrh Cure. Eminent physicians recommend it to you. Prominent newspapers, and reliable people who have been cured of this offensive disease, all unite in saying IT IS THE BEST for Catarrh, Hay Fever, Rose Cold, Coryza, etc., etc. Ask reliable druggists for it. $1.00, sent prepaid on receipt of price.

Sold at W. F. Runner's Drug Store.

Women love always; when earth slips from them they take refuge in heaven.—Anon.

English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft or Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses. Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ring-Bone, Stifles, Sprains, all Swollen Throats, Coughs, Etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted. Sold by W. F. Runner, Druggist, Buchanan, Mich. 40y1

O woman! it is thou that causest the tempests that agitate mankind.—J. J. Rosseau.

Bone Scratching Extraordinary.

Horbert Sperry, Tremont, Ill, had erysipelas in both legs, was confined to the house six weeks. "When I will able to get on my legs, I had an itching sensation that nearly run me crazy. I scratch them raw to the bone. Tried everything without relief. I was tormented in this way for two year, I then found your Papillon (Clarke's extract of flax) Skin Cure at the drug store. IT HAS CURED ME SOUND AND WELL. $1.00 a bottle at reliable druggists. Sent prepaid on receipt of price. Sold at W. F. Runner's Drug Store.

There is no torture that a woman would not suffer to enhance her beauty. —Montaigne.

A Sensible Man

Would use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. It is curing more cases of Coughs, Colds and Asthma, Bronchitis Croup and all Throat and Lung Troubles, than any other medicine. The propietors has authorized any druggist to give you a Sample Bottle *Free* to convince you of the merit of this great remedy. Large Bottles 50c and $1. 42y1

The first person mentioned in history who turned over a new leaf was Eve.

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c and $1.00. *Trial size free.* At all druggists. 42y1

Woman is a charming creature who changes her heart as easily as her gloves.—Balzac.

The Homeliest Man in Buchanan

as well as the handsomest, and others are invited to call on any druggist and get *free* a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits and is guaranteed to relieve and cure all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Large bottles 50 cents and $1. 42y1

A lady and her maid when acting in accord will outwit a dozen devils.—Old Proverb.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl st., N. Y. 44y1

Women are too imaginative and too sensitive to have much logic.—Mme. du Deffand.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 15 cents per box. For sale by W. F. Runner, Druggist. 24y1

Women are constantly the dupes or victims of their own sensitiveness.—Balzac.

Itch, Mange and Scratches on human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Wollford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by W. F. Runner, Druggist, Buchanan, Mich. 40m6

Women distrust men too much in general and not enough in particular. —Commerson.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

"Wanted—A plain cook," reads an advertisement. Wonder whose wife put that in the paper?

FARMERS!

INSURE YOUR PROPERTY IN THE

FARMERS' MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.,

—WITH—

Wm. BURRUS, Director.

Estate of Godlip Hagley.

First publication, March 7, 1889.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Berrien,—ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate office, in the village of Berrien Springs, on the 28th day of February, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

Present, DAVID E. HINMAN, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Godlip Hagley, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Maria Hagley, praying that a certain instrument now on file in this Court, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, may be admitted to probate, and that administration of said estate may be granted to the petitioner, the executrix named in said will, or to some other suitable person.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the first day of April next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden in the Probate Office, in the village of Berrien Springs, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted: And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Buchanan Record, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

(A true copy.) DAVID E. HINMAN,
[SEAL.] Judge of Probate.

Last publication March 28, 1889.

POSTPONEMENT.

RECEIVER'S SALE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Berrien—ss. The Circuit Court for the County of Berrien—In Chancery.

In the matter of The St. Joseph Valley Railroad Company, an insolvent corporation.

By virtue of an order duly filed and entered in the above matter on the 16th day of January, 1889, I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on Tuesday the 26th day of February, 1889, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the front door of the Court House in the village of Berrien Springs, Berrien County, Michigan, all the franchises, right of way, road bed and iron, rolling stock, depot erections and all fixtures and equipments and the other property, stationary and movable, in any way belonging or pertaining to said St. Joseph Valley Railroad.

Berrien Springs, January 26th, 1889.

DAVID H. PATTERSON, Receiver.

The above sale is postponed until the 11th day of March, A. D. 1889, at the same hour and place as on February 26, 1889.

DAVID H. PATTERSON, Receiver.

Estate of Evalinda Phillips.

First publication March 14, 1889.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Berrien, ss.—At a session of the Probate Court for said county, held at the Probate office, in the Village of Berrien Springs, on the sixth day of March, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

Present, DAVID E. HINMAN, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Evalinda Phillips, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified of Lodema S. Molsberry, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to Benjamin Chamberlain or to some other suitable person.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 8th day of April next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden in the Probate office, in the Village of Berrien Springs, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted: And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Buchanan Record, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

(A true copy.) DAVID E. HINMAN,
[SEAL.] Judge of Probate.

Last publication April 4, 1889.

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A New and Influential Factor in Republican Politics.

Complete Reorganization.
New Management.

As a vigorously Republican newspaper THE GRAPHIC appeals to Republicans all over the country for support. The new ownership is daily making a better paper in news and illustrations and proposes to aid sound Republican principles with aggressive pen and pencil.

THE GRAPHIC is the only illustrated daily paper in the world, and offers the best record of passing events for out-of-town readers through its pictures and news columns.

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THE WEEKLY GRAPHIC

is just the paper for Republicans throughout the country who need a general newspaper in addition to their local weekly. It is a twelve-page paper, six of which are devoted to clever pictures of current political and news events, and six pages to bright articles by bright writers, social, political and literary chat with all that makes a sound newspaper.

REPUBLICANS:

During the coming year some of the most prominent leaders in the Republican party will contribute timely articles to THE WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

Remember that THE GRAPHIC, being an illustrated paper, does not interfere with any other paper.

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One month	80
Weekly Graphic	2 00
Six months	1 00

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LIBERAL COMMISSIONS.

Address,

GRAPHIC PUBLISHING CO.,
39-41 PARK PLACE,
NEW YORK.

CHANCERY NOTICE.

The Circuit Court for the county of Berrien—In chancery—Mary Geiser, complainant, vs. Frank Geiser, defendant. A bill of complaint having been filed in the above entitled cause, and a subpoena to appear duly issued, and it satisfactorily appearing upon proof by affidavit that the said subpoena could not be served before the return day thereof, because said defendant is a resident of the State of Indiana. On motion of Alex. Emery, complainant's solicitor, it is ordered that said defendant appear in said cause and answer the bill of complaint filed therein, on or before the 25th day of May, 1889, and that in default thereof said bill to be taken as confessed.

Dated, Niles, Mich., January 18, 1889.

ZIMRI L. COOPER,
Circuit Court Commissioner,
Berrien County, Mich.

ALEX. EMERY,
Complainant's Solicitor. 52-6

MORTGAGE SALE.

WHEREAS, Christian I. Reiner and Catharine Reiner, his wife, made and executed a certain mortgage on the 11th day of February, A. D. 1883, to George H. Trenaman, which said mortgage was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Berrien County, Michigan, in Liber 42 of Mortgages, on page 95, on the 5th day of March, A. D. 1883, which mortgage was, on the 6th day of December, A. D. 1883, duly assigned by said Trenaman to Charles Beckman, which assignment was duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Berrien County, Michigan, in Liber 44 of Mortgages, on page 204, on the 10th day of December, A. D. 1883. Said mortgage was given to secure the payment of two hundred dollars, evidenced by two promissory notes of one hundred dollars each, bearing even date with said mortgage, with interest at the rate of seven per cent payable annually; one note due on or before the first day of May, A. D. 1883, the other note due on or before the first day of August, A. D. 1883, and by the terms and conditions of said mortgage and notes the said sum of two hundred dollars and interest had become due and payable; and whereas, default having been made in the payment thereof, there is claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice the sum of two hundred dollars ($200) and no proceedings at law or in equity have been instituted to recover said amount or any part thereof. Therefore, pursuant to the power of sale in said mortgage and of the statute in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given, that said mortgage will be foreclosed and the premises described therein sold at the front door of the Court House, in the village of Berrien Springs, Berrien County, Michigan, on

Saturday, the 27th Day of April,

A. D. 1889, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, to satisfy amount which will then be due on said mortgage, costs and expenses, and fifteen dollars attorney fee allowed by law. The premises described in said mortgage and are to be sold on this foreclosure are situated in the village of New Buffalo, in the County of Berrien and State of Michigan, and described as follows, to wit: The north half (n ½) of block three hundred and seventy-six (376) and the north half (n ½) of block three hundred and seventy-five (375).

Dated January 25, 1889.

CHARLES BECKMAN,
Assignee of Mortgage.

DAVID E. HINMAN and W. H. BREECE,
Attorneys for Assignee.

THE LADIES' FAVORITE.
NEVER OUT OF ORDER.
If you desire to purchase a sewing machine, ask our agent at your place for terms and prices. If you cannot find our agent, write direct to nearest address to you below named.
NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. ORANGE, MASS.
CHICAGO, ILL. 28 UNION SQUARE, N.Y. DALLAS, TEX. ST. LOUIS, MO. ATLANTA, GA. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

WALLACE RILEY, AGENT.

WANTED—AGENTS TO SELL OUR SALAmande Tipped Lampwick. Everlasting. Light equal to gas! Profits 200 per cent. Samples by mail 10 cents. Write Phoenix Lampwick Co., Elmira, N. Y. 6m1

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FOR SALE.

A FARM OF SEVENTY-SEVEN ACRES. Forty-five (45) acres under cultivation, twenty (20) acres in pasture, and twelve (12) acres of timber. A good house with cellar, barn and other buildings; good orchard and small fruits. For particulars call at this office or at the premises, two and one-half miles south-west of Galien.

5tf2m* J. B. DOWLING.

Our Agents Make Money.

We have a new line of low-priced, attractive, fast-selling books. We give best terms. We help worthy agents who can not pay in advance for books. Our agents are successful and make money. It will pay you to write for circulars and particulars.

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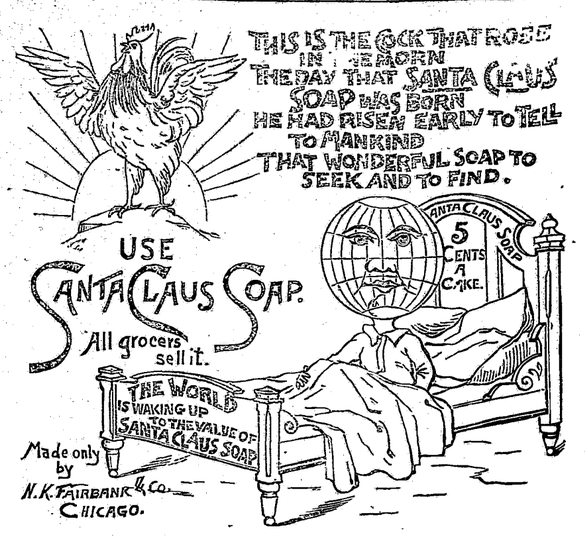
Wanted a Wife! By ANDRUS BROWN of Peru. The Richest man in South America. Send name and address with 2-cent stamp for full particulars to JAMES BROWN, P.O. Box 105 Cleveland, O.



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—AT—

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Stock Larger Than Ever!

Prices Low as the Lowest!

Good, serviceable second-hand Books, of such kinds as are in use, taken a fair price in exchange. Large stock of shelf-worn and second-hand books a reduced prices. First come, first served.

The People Will Buy

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Notwithstanding the dull times,

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Have more than doubled their trade.

GOOD GOODS

At remarkably low prices is what has done it.

SEEDS!

TIMOTHY, CLOVER, GARDEN SEEDS,

—AT THE—

SEED EMPORIUM.

BISHOP & KENT, Proprietors.

A GOOD

CUTTER

AND

FUR ROBE

FOR

$20.00

WOOD & HOFFMAN,

BUCHANAN, MICH.

BUCHANAN RECORD.

THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1889.

Entered at the Post-office at Buchanan, Mich., as second-class matter.

W. TRENBETH,

Merchant Tailor

Has constantly in stock the largest stock and most desirable

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

SUITINGS,

For Gentlemen's Wear,

to be found in Berrien county at the lowest living prices for good work.

Fall and Winter Stock

now in, of which

An Inspection is Solicited.

Buchanan Markets.

Hay—$6 @ $14 per ton.
Butter—18c.
Eggs—12½c.
Lard—8c.
Potatoes,—30c.
Salt, retail—$1.00
Flour—$4.00 @ $6.00 per bbl., retail.
Honey—16.
Live poultry—6 @ 8c.
Wheat—95c.
Oats —25c.
Corn—32c@33c.
Beans—1.55@1.65.
Buckwheat flour—$3.00.
Dressed pork—$6.00 per cwt.
Live Hogs—4¼c.

Wedding Present.

So long as this notice appears in this place, the publisher of the RECORD will make a wedding present of THE BUCHANAN RECORD one year to any couple who marry and settle in Berrien county, the only requirement being that they apply for it within three months after their marriage. The same will be extended to those who are married within this county and go elsewhere to live, but such will be required to subscribe for one year, upon making application. That is, by paying the price of one year they will be given credit for two years and receive the RECORD that time.

Republican Township Caucus.

The Republicans will hold a Republican Caucus at Sons of Veteran hall, in the village of Buchanan for the nomination of township officers, on Saturday, March 23, 1889, at 3 o'clock P. M. By arrangements of

TOWNSHIP REP. COM.

"BOOM THE TOWN!"

ROBIN RED BREAST has put in her appearance.

COL. L. M. WARD has been appointed postmaster at Benton Harbor.

ARE you one of those who has a March cold?

DAVID BROMLY, living near Greenville, Mich., is here for a short visit.

A DAUGHTER at George York's since Sunday.

THEY have a 12½ pound boy at Wm. Conradt's.

CHARLEY REDDEN is home from Chicago for a visit.

A TEN month's old child of Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Gothic, living on Fulton's addition, died yesterday forenoon.

THE fellow who would be displeased with our spring weather would find fault if he were going to be hung.

EVERYBODY attend the railroad meeting next Thursday afternoon in S. O. V. hall.

AN eight pound boy was born to Mr and Mrs. B. Peters at two o'clock this afternoon.

J. H. MATHEWS and W. W. Richmond, doing business as Berrien Springs Manufacturing Co., have dissolved.

WILL PROUD has sold his house and lot over in "Canada" to H. C. Storm. Consideration $550.

LAKE navigation will open early this spring, as the amount of ice in the lakes is much smaller than usual this year.

MRS. J. H. GRAHAM, of St. Joseph, has suffered several years from ivy poisoning, and is now in Chicago being treated for the affliction.

STORES about town are being closed at 7:30 this week, on account of the revival meetings being conducted in the hall.

A PATENT for a hand-plow and weeder was granted to Greenleaf Glidden, assignor to E. E. Glidden, on the 6th inst.

THE money necessary to secure the great hotel at St. Joseph has been subscribed, and the important thing now is to locate it.

OUR Galien correspondent gives an account of the finding of young G. A. Blakeslee, who disappeared in Michigan City last Thanksgiving.

MRS. EMMA HAYES and children, who have been visiting Mrs. Hayes' mother, Mrs. Cox, returned to their home at Rankin, Ill., this morning.

A standard oil supply station is being established in Niles, from which Niles and Buchanan dealers will be supplied.

MRS. HOWARD SMITH is in Bay City a delegate from the Buchanan Woman's Corps, to the State encampment.

POSTMASTER BOOMERSHEIM, of Three Oaks, was in town Tuesday and brought his entire name with him.

FRITZ KAMM, of New Buffalo, furniture manufacturer, was here Tuesday looking for help. He found it.

VET. SMITH will sell a lot of personal property at auction, one-fourth of a mile east of Hill's Corners, March 20. John A. Babcock, auctioneer.

AMONG the new comers to town this week is a pair of twins to Will Churchill. He keeps them at the office where callers are expected to show up if they want to see the interesting little ones.

THERE is a great liklihood that the good people of Sawyer, in this county, will hear something drop with a "sickening thud," before many moons shall have rolled by.

JAMES ONEN, of Dowagiac, and his brother Dennis, of Niagaria, New York, both former residents of Buchanan, were here for a visit with old friends Saturday.

LIST of letters remaining uncalled for in the post-office at Buchanan, Mich., for the week ending Mar. 12, '89: Mrs. Martha Miller, Mrs. L. J. Holl.

J. G. MANSFIELD, P. M.

MR. W. B. FRENCH, treasurer of Bertrand townships, holds up his hand for the championship. He was the first to settle with the county treasurer, and collected all of the taxes of the township.

MARCH number of the Wide Awake fully sustains the excellent reputation held by this most excellent juvenile magazine. In juvenile works the publications of D. Lothrop & Co. Boston, publishers of Wide Awake, are hard to beat.

CHAUNCY M. DEPEW and Cornelius Vanderbilt passed through this place last Friday, on a tour of inspection, and no one is yet heard from who felt an earthquake shake the country round about.

THE bill enabling the village of Buchanan to bond herself to the amount of $10,000 for public improvements, passed the House at Lansing Tuesday and the Senate yesterday, and is now in the hands of the Governor.

MONROE REDDING will sell a lot of farm property at public auction, at his residence on Terre Coupee Prairie, near A. F. White's farm, next Thursday, March 21. A span of good roadsters will be sold.

THE caucus committee for the ensuing year, appointed at the Republican Village Caucus Saturday evening, is John Bishop, Abiel Hathaway, and John G. Holmes.

WALTER NOBLE went Monday to Ann Arbor where he has secured a position as clerk in the clothing store of his uncle, A. L. Noble. Walter has a large circle of friends here who wish him good fortune, wherever he may be.

M. H. BAUM, of Three Oaks, is in trouble. He was on the republican ticket for village recorder, and the man who run ferninst him was voted for as clerk. Mr. Baum had the most votes by several, but is undecided whether he is elected Recorder or the other fellow Clerk.

AT New Buffalo the following village officers were elected Monday. President, Claus Shultz; Clerk, Joseph Boughton; Treasurer, Peter Mess; Trustees, C. C. Hodges, H. E. Thurston, N. G. Mallory, Wm. Baker; Marshal, Valentine Swemm. Five republicans, two democrats and one greenbacker.

C. B. TREAT has bought the iron bound building in the millyard just south of this office, and moved it to the lot next south of the express office. There are conflicting rumors as to whether Charley is going to assume the responsibilities of a harvester agency, or use it for the wool business.

Marriage Licenses.

NO.	
532	Edward J. Long, Niles. Lodema Broceus, Buchanan.
533	Fred Kretchman Royalton. Louisa Keller, "
534	Charles W. Price, Joliet, Ill. Hattie E. Pearl, St. Joseph.

THE station agent at Berlamont is a physician, and between trains can look after patients.—*Kalamazoo Telegraph.*
He is E. J. Post, lately located at Dayton as Michigan Central agent, and a student with Dr. Spreng, late of this place.

AS AN offset to the Benton Harbor plea for a city charter, St. Joseph is now asking that the two towns be combined under one city charter, the whole to be called St. Joseph. The proposed new charter combines the two towns only upon matters in which they are mutually interested.

IF the old story that peaches will live through a temperature of 22 below zero be true, this small corner of the world will have a peach crop this year unless something like late frosts come in the way. The coldest weather we had during the winter was 10 below.

ABOUT seventy-five new names were placed upon the village register Saturday, and there were many others who didn't think of it until it was too late. The names can be given the Recorder at any time up to the evening of registration day next year. Attend to it while in your memory.

BERTRAND TOWNSHIP REPUBLICAN CLUB MEETING.—There will be a special meeting of the Republican Club of Bertrand Township, at the residence of C. H. French, on Tuesday, March 19, 1889, at 7 P. M. All members requested to be present, as business of importance will come before the Club.

BY ORDER OF PRES.

THE Democrats of Niles will probably stop cursing Representative Aleshire for voting for the city charter amendment bill, when they have had a little time to study the situation. They had ample time to notify him if they did not want the bill passed, and that they did not do so is more their fault than his.

The Election.

Tuesday was a bright, sun-shiney, full-bred, Republican day in every respect. The day passed off with the usual quiet. Three tickets were in the field: The Republican, which was all elected; the democrats nominated all democrats but two—W. F. Runner and John R. Hill, who are prohibitionists—they called it a Union ticket; the prohibitionists nominated a full ticket, including the two who were on the Union ticket. Following is a full report of the vote cast:

PRESIDENT.

B. D. Harper, R.	206
Wm. R. Rough, U.	177
John Weisgerber, P.	38

MARSHAL.

John Shook, R.	224
Wm. H. Glover, U.	171
David Galeener, P.	25

TREASURER.

Chas. B. Treat, R.	244
John Shetterly, U.	129
Joseph Blake, P.	41

ASSESSOR

Howell F. Strong R.	245
Tertullus C. Elson, P.	43

RECORDER.

Frank A. Treat R.	246
John R. Hill, U. P.	176

TRUSTEES.

Aaron Miller, R.	225
Wm. A. Palmer, R.	204
Nathaniel Hamilton, R.	210
Robt. Henderson, U.	190
Wm. F. Runner, U. P.	180
Joseph L. Richards, U.	180
Myron S. Mead, P.	42
Peter Weese, P.	43

Six scattering votes.

A CHANGE has been made in the proprietorship of the Benton Harbor Palladium printing office. The office is now the property of F. R. Gilson, he having bought the interest of his partner, F. A. Hobbs. They have got out the best daily and weekly papers that have ever been published in that end of the county, and Mr. Gilson promises to continue in the same line.

DISSOLVED.—Al. Hunt has bought E. F. Meach's interest in the furniture store of Meach & Hunt, and will continue the business alone. It is not yet definitely determined whether Mr. Meach will remove to Jackson or Lansing, or remain in Buchanan and engage in furniture manufacture. For the best interest of the village of Buchanan it is to be hoped the latter will be decided upon. Mr. Meach is a good citizen and we should take an interest in keeping him here.

A Dowagiac committee has just been making a tour of several towns of the size of that city, to study the question of waterworks, and they find the subject so flattering that there is talk of making that kind of improvement in Dowagiac. The same subject is also being discussed for the benefit of Buchanan. Where plants of this kind are put in and operated by the city upon business principles they are paying good interest on first cost.

THE Knowles pump in the Wagon Works engine room gave out last week, and while at work repairing it, Sunday morning, Mr. Hussey built a small fire of coke on the brick floor of the boiler-room to warm his hands by. A spark from this caught in the roof of the boiler-room and created an alarm that brought the fire company and steamer ready for business. The fire was extinguished by the use of pails, and the steamer was not needed. The damage done by the fire was estimated by Mr. Rough at about $10. Fully insured.

THE establishment of the Buchanan branch of the retail commercial agency seems to have caused something of a ripple of needless anger to appear among certain citizens. There is no need of it in any way affecting the man who shows any inclination to pay his debts. It is to be and will be used on the class of dead-beats with which the town is amply supplied who have no kind of regard for the promise to pay, who look upon the getting of goods upon tick and then never paying for them as so much clear gain. The man who intends to pay his debts and tries to do so cannot and will not be molested by the agency or any of its members.

FULTON POWERS met a young man named Martin, from Galien, upon Front Street one day last week, and without reason or provocation pounced upon him and gave him a pounding. Saturday Martin had him arrested, and Justice Dick sent him to jail for ten days without the privilege of a fine for some one else to pay for him. Every few days we hear of this fellow pouncing upon some one who is unable to defend himself, and giving him a pounding. He may some day run afoul of someone who will unjoint his worthless neck for him, and teach him to keep his hands off. The plea always made for him is that he was drunk. A very poor excuse.

THE union revival meetings being held this week at the Opera House, under the leadership of Rev. E. P. Hammond, are largely attended and much good is being accomplished. Places of business by mutual consent are closed at 7:30, so as to allow clerks to attend. The best meeting of all so far was held last evening, an earnest gospel sermon was preached at 7 o'clock, at the foot of the Opera House stairs, by Rev. J. K. Martin. This was followed by services in the hall. Mr. Hammond preached a searching sermon. A large choir, with several instruments, furnishes excellent music. An important adjunct of the meeting. A meeting is held at 10 A. M. in the Advent church, and a children's meeting in the same church, at 4 P. M. Mr. Hammond can only remain till Saturday morning, and all who can should attend the meetings to-night and to-morrow. *

Berrien Springs Journal.

The Board of Supervisors for Berrien county cost the county for their sessions of 1887 and 1888, $1,087.... The following cases were commenced in the Circuit Court during the month of February; Law Rouse vs Melseimer et. al., summons; Fedore vs. Baker and Montague vs, Baker, appeal; O. A. LaCrone vs. Fisher, certiorari from justice court; Upton Mfg. Co. vs. George Lamore et. at., ejectment, chancery; Sutherland vs. Janson et al., fore; Garrett, divorce; Fish vs. Berrien Countp Agr. Society, fore; Kelley et al. vs. Salters, spe. pre; Raymond vs. Raymond, divorce; Kent vs. Kent, divorce.

THE

FAIR!

BUCHANAN, MICH.

The Leader in Low Prices. Look at these prices and judge for yourselves.

14 quart tin pails	20c	Dinner pails	10c, 25c to 50c
6 quart tin pails	10c	Three paper pins	5c
10 quart tin pails	15c	Web halters	25c
Copper bottom tea kettles	40 to 60c	Crystal water sets	65c to $1
Copper bottom wash boilers	$1.00 to $1.25	Nickel alarm clocks, warranted	$1 to $1.25
Tubular lanterns, best made	50c	Old maid's coffee and tea pots	10c
Bird cages, Japanned and brass	40c to $1.00	½ dozen goblets	25c
1 gallon glass oil cans	35c	½ gallon glass pitcher	25c
Lamps	25 to 65c	Curry combs	5c to 20c
Knives and forks per set	50 to $1.75	Horse brushes	10c to 50c
Looking glasses	15 to 60c	Hat racks	5c to 10c
Hotel or slop pails	25c	Milk pans, any size	10c
Hand saws, warranted	35 to 50c	14 quart milk pail and strainer	50c
Cast steel carpet hammers, warranted	50c	10 quart milk pail and strainer	35c
Large size hammer	10c	1 pound good plug tobacco	25c
Crumb tray and brush	25c	1 pound good fine cut tobacco	30c
500 pocket-books	5 to 50c	1 box good cigars	$1.00
3 papers of tacks	5c	14 quart dish pans	30c
3 dozen clothes pins	5c	10 quart dish pans	25c
Flour sifters with crank	10 to 25c	17 quart dish pans	35c
Milk strainer	10c		

TRY "THE HERO" FIVE CENT CIGAR.

JOHN MORRIS, Proprietor.

Nuptial.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Broceus, in this township, was the scene of a pleasant gathering last evening, the occasion being the marriage of their daughter Lodema to Mr. Edward J. Long, son of Isaac Long. There were present about 150 of the relatives and friends of the contracting party present, and all went merry. The ceremony was conducted by Rev. J. F. Bartmess. The happy couple were the recipient of numerous congratulations and an elegant display of presents of which the following is a list:

Bed room set and 52 yards carpet, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Broceus, father and mother of bride. Tennyson's poems, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Miller. Glass fruit and sauce dishes, Wm. Long. Decorated water pitcher, Mr. and Mrs. H. Smith. Cullender, Alvin Bachman. One pair linen towels, Raymond Broceus. One dozen napkins, E. J. and C. Beistle. Solid silver engraved teaspoons, Mr. and Mrs. Riley Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Steve Scott, Mr. and Mrs. J. Houseworth, Mr. and Mrs. G. Harding, Mr. and Mrs. J. Imhoff, Mr. and Mrs. A. Lydick, Miss H. Blake, Miss G. Tichenor, Mr. F. Tichenor, Mr. and Mrs. E Butts. Glass fruit berry dish, silver standard, H. A. J. and L. Feather. Napkins, Mr. and Mrs. G. Bradley. Rug, Miss L. Michael, Miss Kit Kingery, Mr. L. R. Boyle, and Mr. C. H. Baker. Tablecloth, Mr. and Mrs. H. Broceus. Tidy, Miss Lottie Brown. Ottoman, Mr. and Mrs. A. Wray. Side lamp, Mr. and Mrs. J. Broceus. Tidy, Mrs. L. Haslett. Table spread, A. Bachman. Head rest, Misses M. and C. Houseworth. Throw, Mr. and Mrs. A. McGowen. One dozen napkins, Mr and Mrs. J. H. Stiner. Plush corner stand, L. Searls. Bread plate and water pitcher, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Spalding. Ornamental bronze pitcher, Mr. and Mrs. C. Bainton. Flat irons, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Rough. Silver tablespoons, Mr. Uriah Long. Letter containing $5, Mr. Isaac Long. Silver butter dish, Mr. and Mrs. Abram Broceus. Silver pickle caster, Mr. and Mrs. Hanley and daughter. Silver spoon holder, Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Howe. Silver and glass sugar bowl, Charles, John, Henry and Mary Heim. Silver tablespoons, Mr. I. M. Long. Salt and pepper caster, Mr. W. Wells and Lady. Silver teaspoons, Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Blake and son, Robert. Silver butter knife, Maude Wilson. One pair silver salts, Jacob and Mary Vire. Set silver teaspoons, Mrs. Isaac Long. Fancy vase, Fannie French. Set silver fruit knives, Arba Gyer and sisters. Decorated cup and saucer, Mrs. Francie A. Bliss. Silver sugar spoon, Miss Kate Long. Decorated moustache cup and saucer, Milton J. Bliss. Silver spoon holder, Miss Minnie Brown. Crystal fruit dish, J. Blake and family. Crystal creamer, Grandma Quint. Decorated fruit dish, Miss Alma Walton. Silver fruit knives, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Andrews, Toodles and Sadie Searls. Fancy boquet holder, Mr. and Mrs. B. Longfellow. Spice case, Mrs. A. M. Glover. Pair silver napkin rings, Mr. and Mrs. S. Quint. Silver berry dish, Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Blake and daughters. Rolling pin, Milton Bachman. Hanging lamp, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Rough and family, Mrs. J. M. Wells and Wava, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Arney. Library lamp, Alonzo Howe. Potato masher, Frank Bachman. Bed quilt, Mrs. E. A. Bachman. Fancy vase, Mr. and Mrs. Morton Gyer. Pair Guinea's, Mrs. Dunbar. Napkins, Mr. and Mrs. J. Stiner.

Mr. and Mrs. Long settle at once to the stern realities of house keeping on the Calvin farm, in the bend of the river, where they will be at home to their friends after this week.

Railroad.

As the spring season advances the usual crop of railroad rumors come to the front. Mr. William Dallin, of Chicago, a railroad contractor who has charge of the Baltimore & Ohio branch, mentioned last week, has written to Mr. B. Helmick stating that he and his associates contemplate building a road from South Bend to St. Joseph this season, and that he would be here next Thursday, March 21, to talk to the citizens of this place regarding the matter. Nothing is known here of his intentions or wants, or is likely to be until he makes them known at the proposed meeting.

The advertised sale of the narrow gauge road set for March 11, was adjourned to March 22. Presumably to await the pleasure of Mr. Dallin. Another season should not be allowed to pass without having that road built through Buchanan. There has been talk enough about it to have built a dozen roads.

The B. & O. will give us pretty good family connections, being one of the oldest railroads in this country, and nothing small about it.

MR. FRANCIS TAYLOR died in Niles Tuesday, aged 92 years. He was a native of Hartford, Conn., but came west at an early day. He was a member of the first city council of Chicago in 1837. His remains were buried beside those of his wife in Cedar Grove cemetery, Notre Dame.—*South Bend Tribune.*

Resolutions.

The following preamble and resolutions on the death of Godlip Hagley were adopted at a regular meeting of Mt. Hope Grange, No. 87:

WHEREAS, Death has again entered our gates and taken from our midst a worthy and beloved Brother. Therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Hagley, Mt. Hope recognizes and mourns the loss of a worthy member, a staunch supporter and a genial brother.

Resolved, That our Grange manifests its respect for our deceased brother, and our sympathy and condolence with the bereaved relatives in this their hour of sorrow, by draping our charter in mourning; inscribing these resolutions on our records; sending a copy to the sorrowing family, and also the Buchanan Record for publication.

COM.

Berrien Springs Era.

Geo. H. Murdoch, jr., has been elected treasurer of the inter-state press association, of Northern Michigan and Northern Wisconsin....C. A. Wilkinson has sold his interest in the Journal to his partner, E. C. Howe. Mr. Howe will remove the Journal plant to Three Oaks. Mr. Wilkinson has not fully decided as to his future course, but may establish a paper at this place.

Locals.

New Goods! New Goods! New Goods! New Goods at MORRIS' FAIR. 3

Go to the SEED EMPORIUM for all kinds of Seeds.

Have you seen that elegant new Box Paper, at BINNS'. 2

You can get Olives and Olive Oil at BOARDMAN & WEHRLE'S. 2

Extra Recleaned Clover, at the SEED EMPORIUM. (BISHOP & KENT.)

Call and see our Wood Fiberware. Buy a Washdish and it will never rust out. Yours, MORGAN & CO. 3

New Novelties! New Novelties! New Novelties! New Novelties at MORRIS' FAIR. 6

News, Stationery, School Supplies, Tissue Paper, INK, Blank Books, Memorandums, Balls, Bats, HARMONICAS, and Notions in general.

POST-OFFICE NEWS DEPOT.

FOR RENT OR SALE.—I have a second hand piano for rent or sale cheap.

J. G. HOLMES.

One pound good Plug Tobacco for 25c, at MORRIS' FAIR. 6

MORGAN & Co's is the place to buy Groceries cheap. 2

NOTICE.

We are going to make a change in our business. Will sell at wholesale prices for cash until April 1.

MEACH & HUNT. 5

W. L. HOGUE & Co. are selling Clothing at cost, and their fine suits are rapidly being sold out, If you want a bargain, don't wait too long. 4

Our garden seeds are here. Come early. TREAT BRO'S. 2

New Handkerchiefs, New Scrim, New Ginghams, lots of New things at CHARLIE HIGH'S. 3

One pound good Smoking Tobacco for 15c, at MORRIS' FAIR. 10

Ho! Ho! You will not know what nobby Prints and Satteens we have, unless you come and see at BOYLE & BAKER'S. 4

Evaporated fruits are very cheap. We have a full line. TREAT BRO'S. 5

Fancy Dress Goods and Trimmings to match, something new, at BOYLE & BAKER'S. 7

One pound good Fine Cut chewing Tobacco for 25c, at MORRIS' FAIR. 13

New Spring Goods at TRENBETH'S. Call and see them.

One dollar buys a nice Derby Hat, at W. L. HOGUE & Co's. They can't be bought anywhere else in Berrien county so cheaply. 8

FOR SALE.—Choice Seed Barley. CHAS. F. HOWE.

New Goods this week at HIGH & DUNCAN. 2

Oh! You must see the new Embroideries to know how nice they are, at BOYLE & BAKER'S. 10

Our 5 and 10c counter is chuck full and running over at MORRIS' FAIR. 16

School Books and School Supplies, at KEELER'S DRUG STORE.

Ladies, come and see our New Dress Goods, Ginghams, Prints, Hdkfs, and in fact a general assortment of any thing you want, all fresh at HIGH & DUNCAN. 7

Clover and Timothy at the Seed Emporium. 4

It pays to trade with HIGH & DUNCAN. 9

Don't forget that W. L. HOGUE & Co. are slaughtering prices on ALL kinds of Goods. 11

It is no mistake, we show the best line of Dress Goods in town. BOYLE & BAKER. 13

Hats! Hats! We have just received a line of spring styles Ladies, we invite you all to call and see the new styles at BOYLE & BAKER'S.

CHARLES A. SIMONDS & CO.,

ALWAYS LEAD BUT NEVER FOLLOW IN THE

BOOT AND SHOE TRADE

Fifty cases of new Spring Stock shipped from Eastern factories, Feb. 21st, due here on Tuesday the 26th. Without fear of contradiction it will be the largest and most complete Stock ever opened up in Berrien County. With special bargains now in stock we defy any and all competition. A few odds and ends in stock at nearly half price. Bargains for any and all. Don't forget to give us a call.

43 MAIN STREET, - - - NILES, MICH.

All those who wish to save 25 cents on the dollar on all Shoes they need for themselves and families, will consult their interest by calling at the store of W. L. HOGUE & CO. 6

FOR SALE.—The Conant property on Main street. For particulars call at the premises.

Look at the New Goods at BOYLE & BAKER'S. 19

Ladies, we are getting in our spring Goods. Lots of White Goods and Embroideries to show you at BOYLE & BAKER'S. 23

Don't forget that I still sell Pianos and Organs. If you contemplate buying either, see me before buying.

J. G. HOLMES.

Go to HIGH & DUNCAN for Bargains.

TAKE NOTICE.—All of my unsettled accounts and notes have been left with Charles Pears for collection. All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to me please call and settle.

T. F. H. SPRENG.

DRESS-MAKING.

Miss Elmira Burrus is prepared to do dress-making in the latest styles and give good work. Call at her home on Day's Avenue, near the depot.

25 pieces of new Dress Goods just arrived at BOYLE & BAKER'S. 23

W. O. HAMILTON will sell good Milk and as cheap as anybody

FARM FOR SALE, within two miles of Buchanan. J. G. HOLMES.

School Books,

New and Second-Hand.

ALSO

WALL PAPER.

At greatly reduced prices, to make room for new stock,

AT

W. H. KEELER'S

DRUG STORE.

One door east of post office.

GEO. WYMAN & CO

Will place on exhibition to-day, and the sale will commence on Friday, March 1st, the following list of goods,

SILKS.

Falle Francaise, Rhadama, Gross Grain. in a large line of colors except black, for 50 cts. per yard. These goods have sold as high as $1.25 per yard.

Quite a line of Tricoteens and Satins, at 19 cents, in colors.

About 100 pieces 18x24 inch Silk Plushes, mostly 24-inch, all colors, 62½ cents. These goods are worth up to $1.50.

One lot Black Gros Grain Dress Silk, 20 inches wide for 60 cts.

One lot Black Gros Grain Silks, 24 inches wide, for 93 cents. No one ever saw such values.

Our Dress Goods Sale will continue during March, Our Carpet Sale will continue, and we will continue to make them up free of charge during March.

SHIRTS.

We will offer during March Unlaundried Shirts for less money than you ever saw them for like quality.

White Shirts, unlaundried, made of Wamsutta Muslin and 21 hundred Linen, re-inforced back and front, all sizes and all length sleeves, for 80 cents each, one or a dozen, same price.

White Shirts, unlaundried, made of Lonsdale Muslin, 18 hundred Linen, re-inforced, for 67 cents each, one or a dozen.

White Shirts, unlaundried, made of Androscoggin Muslin, re-inforced back and front, 16 hundred Linen, for 50 cents.

We will sell a broken lot of Figured Percale Shirts at 50 cents each that usually sell for $1.00.

If the goods arrive on time, we shall offer an entire new line of Children's Shirt Waists at 20, 25, 35 and 40 cents, figured and stripe, unlaundried.

We would suggest that you buy a few Shirts at 50, 67 and 80 cents, as they will be hard to beat. We have been unable to beat them at the price. We have set them out at this price just to see how many we can sell in one month. Bring your pocket book with you when you come, for we may have something else to sell you when you get here. See?

COME AND SEE US.

GEO. WYMAN & CO.

South Bend.

BOXES TO RENT IN THE

SAFE DEPOSIT AND STORAGE VAULTS

OF THE

Citizens' National Bank,

NILES, MICH.

Giving absolute protection from burglary and fire. Please call and inspect these vaults. They are the only ones in Berrien County.

For Sale!

The undersigned having come in possession of the manufactured stock of the Buchanan Manufacturing Co. now offer for sale

At Great Bargains

A FINE LINE OF

Queen Folding Beds,

SIDEBOARDS &

CHIFFONIERS.

These goods are as fine as can be manufactured by any establishment, and to realize on them we offer them for sale at prices lower than ever before heard of. Call at the sales-room in the Redden Block, foot of Day's Avenue, and examine the goods and learn prices.

☞We also offer for sale at a bargain all the OFFICE FIXTURES of the Buchanan Manufacturing Co., and all the LUMBER in the yards.

L. L. REDDEN.
S. A. EARL.

As Spring approaches, please bear in mind that

ROE BROS.

are better prepared than ever to supply your wants in Paints, Oils Glass, Doors, and Sash, Builders' Hardware of all kinds, Lime, Cement, Hair, Plaster, &c. A large stock of Steel and Wire Nails, and the old reliable Glidden Barbed and Smooth Wire Fencing, just received.

Call and examine and get prices.

We respectfully ask all who are indebted to us to call and settle. We are now trying to balance our books and pay all we owe, and your account paid to us will help.

Yours truly,

DR. E. S. DODD & SON,

Druggists and Booksellers.

FURNITURE EMPORIUM.

All Kinds and Prices Constantly on Hand.

UPHOLSTERING A SPECIALTY.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

MEACH & HUNT,

Main Street, Buchanan, Mich.

THE LITTLE DRUG STORE

AROUND THE CORNER,

FOR PURE DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, PERFUMES

AND TOILET ARTICLES.

Also, Blank Books, School and Writing Tablets. In fact, everything pertaining to a first-class stock.

BARMORE.

Jonathan and His Continent.

By Max O'Rell, Author of "John Bull and His Island," "John Bull, Jr., Etc.," and "Jack Allyn."

[Translated by Mme. Paul Blouet. Copyrighted by Cassell & Co., New York, and published by special arrangement through the American Press Association. Paul Blouet (Max O'Rell) is a remarkably clever Frenchman, who has devoted his talents mostly to satirizing the Anglo-Saxon race. The book from which the following extracts are made is his latest production, and material for it was gathered during his recent visit to America.]

To an irritable person, the rudeness of the railway and hotel servants would be enough to spoil all the pleasure of a visit to America. But the Americans themselves are good tempered and pay no attention to these things. I know some who even get a certain amount of amusement therefrom.

The negro who makes your bed is more polite; but his politeness is not disinterested. A few moments before the arrival of the train at your destination, he brushes you down and receives the invariable 25 cents for his trouble. These negroes, independently of the salary paid them by the company they work for, make sometimes from $10 to $12 a day in this way, say from $2,500 to $3,000 a year.

How many a white would turn black for less!

Returning to Jacksonville from St. Augustine, I omitted to engage my place in a parlor car, and was obliged to find a seat in the ordinary cars. The evil was not great, seeing that the journey takes but fifty minutes.

Besides the parlor cars, the train comprised three cars, two of which were almost full. I installed myself in the third, which was empty.

Up comes the conductor.

"Come out, you can't travel in that car," he said.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because it is the colored people's car."

"Am I not as good as they?"

"I tell you you can't travel in this car."

"I am sorry, for once, that I am not colored," I said to him; "it is much the cleanest of your carriages."

I went to the end of the last car, and found myself just in front of the apple, banana, jujube, cap and book store.

From my seat I was able to contemplate the wondrous activity of the commercial gentleman at the head of this department.

During the whole fifty minutes' ride he kept up an unceasing going and coming.

When his last tour of the train had been made, he put by all the merchandise which he had not sold, took off his uniform, put on a black coat and hat, and fastened into his cravat a huge diamond pin. I looked on at the rapid metamorphosis with great interest. When his toilet was completed, he turned round, and, seeing that I was looking at him, he threw me a patronizing glance, eyeing me from head to foot. I thought he was about to say:

"What is it you want?"

"Well, business is looking up, eh?" I hazarded.

"Mind your own d—— business," he replied, and, turning on his heels, he departed.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Jonathan's servants all appear to me to be reduced duchesses and noblemen in livery.

When you speak to a man servant, before answering you he scans you from head to foot and seems to say: "Who may you be? Be careful how you talk to me. We are a free nation, sir: all equals here, and I am as good as you."

And you feel inclined to say to him:

"I congratulate you, young man, upon living in a free country; but since we are all equals here, and I am civil to you, why on earth cannot you be civil to me?"

The fellow is lacking in logic.

The manner of the maid servant is different; she wears a look of contempt and profound disgust; she seems to say with a sigh: "How can men be such brutes as to allow women to work? What despicable creatures they are, to be sure!"

To get an idea of the prodigious labor undertaken by an American servant girl, one has but to see her at work doing a room, feather broom in hand.

A day or two after this remarkable manner of dusting had attracted my attention, I came across the following in Puck:

Sarah is doing the drawing room. Enters the mistress of the house, evidently fearing to be choked by the cloud of dust that fills the room.

"Sarah, what are you doing?"

"I'm dustin' the room."

"I see. When you've finished, please to undust it."

Servants' wages range from $200 to $500 a year—I mean, of course, in good ordinary house, and not in millionaire's mansions. Mr. C. Vanderbilt pays his chief cook ten thousand dollars. I write the sum in letters that the reader may not exclaim: "Surely there is a misprint here; the printer has put one nought too many."

In spite of the enormously high wages they pay, the Americans have so much trouble in getting good servants, that numbers of them are, so to speak, driven from their homes and obliged to take refuge in hotels and apartment houses.

Negro ones are the only ones at all deferential in manner, or who have a smile on their faces from time to time; but many people have an objection to them, and charge them with serious faults, such as finding things which are not lost, and breaking the monotony of life by dressing up in their employers' raiment when occasion offers.

An American of my acquaintance, upon going to his room one evening to dress for a dinner party, found his dress coat and waistcoat missing from the wardrobe. Guessing their whereabouts, he went upstairs, and there, in his negro butler's room, were the missing garments.

He rang for the culprit.

"Pompey," he said, "I have found my dress clothes in your room. What is the meaning of it?"

"I forgot to put dem back, sah."

"You have had them on, you rascal."

"Yes, sah."

"How dare you wear my clothes?"

"Please, massa, I got married yesterday," and the broad black face of Pompey was lit up with a rather sheepish looking grin.

All the caricatures of the comic papers are outdone by realities in America.

I know a lady who, losing her patience with her housemaid one day, said to her:

"I expect my servants to do so and so."

"Your what?" cried the indignant damsel. "I'll just tell you what I think of you. You ain't no lady, that's certain."

Here are two advertisements which I extract from an Indianapolis paper:

"Situation as dish washer required by a lady. Apply Sentinel office."

"A lady (white) undertakes washing at home." (Address follows.)

Democracy can no further go.

"I take care never to part on bad terms with my servants when they leave me." This was said to me one day by a clever Boston lady, who, to my thinking, lacks sufficient admiration for the democratic institutions of America.

I guessed that she intended a covert satire on the greatest republic in the world.

"Why?" I demanded.

"Because, when one of those girls leaves me, it is quite within the range of possibility that she will marry some western ranchman, and one day, when her husband becomes a senator, she may be useful to me at Washington."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The great mass of the American people live on tough meat uncooked and iced water unfiltered.

I take it for granted that sheep and cattle are born at as tender an age in America as elsewhere, but the society for the protection of animals probably prevents their being killed for food while they are young enough to enjoy life, and so the patriarchs alone are reserved for the table.

That which renders the problem of dining almost past solving is that the meat has to be attacked with plated knives which tear but do not cut it. I suppose that, as half the lower class Americans still eat with their knives, it was necessary to abandon the idea of having steel knives for fear of their accidentally gashing their faces. If sharp steel knives were in general use in America the streets would be full of people with faces scarred and seamed like those of the Heidelberg students.

The Americans drink little else but water at table, and one cannot help wondering how it is that the filter seems to be an almost unknown institution in the land. Leave your glass of water untouched on the table, and in a few moments a thick sediment of mud or sand will be visible at the bottom of it.

Down south it is worse still.

At Jacksonville I was waited upon at table by an extremely obliging negro.

One day he brought me some water, put ice in it, and discreetly withdrew behind my chair.

I took up the glass and minutely inspected its contents.

"Epaminondas!" I cried.

"Dat's not my name, sah; I'm called Charles."

"Charles, look at this water; there is a snake in it."

Charles took the glass, looked in it, and then, with a reassuring grin, announced:

"It's dead, sah."

"That is comforting," said I, "but it may have left eggs, which will come to life by thousands inside me."

Charles was facetious, and was not to be put out of countenance for such a trifle. He took up the glass again, re-examined it, and replaced it on the table.

"Dere's no danger, sah; it's a male," he said.

In almost all hotels south of Washington the waiters are colored men. The service is but poor. The negroes are slow—it is the guests who do the "waiting."

At Delmonico's especially, and in the principal hotels of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Washington you can dine admirably. In the smaller towns you must be content with feeding.

But let us take our seats at the table d'hote of the best hotel in any second rate town that you please in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, or some other state of the Union.

No printed menu. A young woman, with an elaborate coiffure of curls, rolls and bangs, but no cap, approaches, darts a look of contempt at you and, turning her back upon you, gabbles off in one breath:

"Croutauporturbotshrimpsaucerosstbeefturkeyeranberrysaucepotatoestomatoesappletartmincepievanillacream."

Do not attempt to stop her; she is wound up, and when she is started is bound to go to the end. You must not hope that she will repeat the menu a second time either. If you did not hear, so much the worse for you. Unfortunately the consequences are grave; it is not one dish that you miss—it is the whole dinner. You are obliged to order all your repast at once, and the whole is brought you, from soup to cheese, at one time.

I was so ill inspired one day as to order some soup to begin with. The waitress refused downright to bring me anything more.

"That is all you ordered," she said to me.

"You do not suppose I can make twenty journeys to the kitchen for you."

I rose and sought the hotel keeper. I made the humblest apologies, pleaded that I was a foreigner who had only been in America a fortnight, and was not yet accustomed to the habits of the Americans. I promised solemnly never to transgress again in this way. Mine host went to the young person who was at the head of the battalion of harpies in the dining room, and interceded for me with her. I had the happiness of being forgiven, and was allowed to appease my hunger.

From that day forward, as soon as one of these witching damsels began her incantation, I cried out:

"Hold! Enough! Bring it all in."

Then I would eat the least distasteful of the messes and leave the rest. I can assure you the hotel did not make much profit out of me.

This is how the dinner is served:

The "duchess" begins by flinging a spoon and knife and fork down on the table in front of you. It is for you to set them straight, and I would advise you to do so without any murmuring. When you have taken your soup, the said "duchess" brings you a plate, around which she places a dozen little oval dishes in a symmetrical fashion that one can but admire.

The first little dish contains fish and a teaspoonful of sauce of some kind. It is needless to inquire the name of this sauce. All the fish sauces are the same; only the name varies. The second apparently contains a little lump of raw beef; the third a slice of roast turkey; the fourth mashed potatoes; the fifth a stewed tomato; the sixth cranberry sauce; the seventh chicken salad; the eighth some rice pudding, and the last contains (horrible dictu!) a slice of apple tart, with a large helping of cheese in the middle of it. These two things are eaten together and are consequently served on the same dish.

You begin at the left. The first presents no obstacles but its bones and is soon disposed of. You turn your attention to the next dish on the right and attack the beef. It is impregnable, you can make no impression upon it. You pass. The turkey is not obdurate and you fall to on that, making little raids on the potatoes, tomatoes and cranberry sauce between each mouthful. Thanks to the many climates of America (the thermometer varies in winter from 75 above zero in the south to 45 below in the north), you have turkey and cranberry sauce all the winter, strawberries six months of the year and tomatoes all the year round.

Oh, the turkey and cranberry sauce! I ate enough of that dish to satisfy me for the rest of my days. No more turkey and cranberry sauce for me, though I should live to be a hundred!

Of course all the meats, placed around your plate, soon begin to cool, and you have no choice but to bolt your food, diving with knife and fork into the little dishes right and left as dexterously as you can.

Finally you come to the apple tart on the extreme right. You carefully lift the cheese and, placing it aside, prepare to eat your sweets without this strange seasoning. Unhappily the pastry has become impregnated with an odor of roquefort, and again you pass. A vanilla cream terminates your repast.

Having disposed of this, you ask yourself why, in a free country, you may not have your various courses served one after the other; why you must bolt your food and bring on indigestion; and above all why the manager of the hotel, in his own interest as a man of business, does not before all else study the comfort of his customers. The answer is not difficult to find. It is the well being of the "duchess," and not that of the travelers, that he devotes his attention to studying. The traveler is obliged to come to his house, and he can treat him anyhow. His "helps" will only consent to stay with him, on condition he gives them heavy wages and light duties. He has no choice but to submit to his servants or to close his hotel. The Americans, free though they may be politically, are at the mercy of their servants, whether in public or private life. This kind of tyranny is hateful. To throw off the yoke of the superior classes is very well; but I am not aware that the yoke of the common people is at all preferable. John Bull commands all his paid servants. Jonathan obeys his.

Thus, in the hotels of America outside of the large cities, with the rarest exceptions, the dinner is served from 1 o'clock to 3, the tea-supper from 6 to 8. You happen to arrive at half past 3, tired out and famishing. You hope to be able to obtain a good meal without delay. Illusion! You must wait until the dining room door is opened, and pass two hours and a half in wretchedness. How often have I entreated, implored! "Could you not get a chop cooked for me, or an omelet, or something? If that is impossible, for mercy's sake give me a slice of cold meat." Prayers and supplications were unavailing. Occasionally a landlord would express his regrets and make excuses for his inability to oblige me; but far oftener I got no kind of response at all. Once or twice I tried making a tempest, without any more success. Another time I tried politeness. "Excuse me," I said, "if I am intruding. I hope that by putting up at your hotel I shall not be too much in your way. I have not the honor to be a citizen of the greatest republic in the world, but am only a poor European who does not know your ways. In future I will take careful precautions. But this time, and just for once, I should be so much obliged for something to eat. I should be distressed to occasion any derangement in your household, but just for once, only once."

Sheer waste of breath. The hotel is as it is; you may use it or stay away.

The Americans are quite right to study the comfort of their servants, but the well being of one class should not exist at the cost of the well being of another, and the people who travel are as interesting as those who serve at table.

Tyranny from above is a sore; tyranny from below is a pestilence.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Hotels are one of the strongest attractions in America to Americans, especially the ladies.

When we Europeans travel, we alight at a hotel, because it is impossible that we should have a pitching place of our own in each town we visit, or friends able to receive us; in other words, we go to the hotel, because we cannot help it. When we leave our good bed and table, and set out to see the world a little, we say to ourselves: "The worst of it is that we shall have to live in hotels perhaps for a month or two; but, after all, it cannot be helped, we must put up with hotels since we have made up our minds to see Switzerland, or Scotland, or Italy." Our object in traveling is to see new countries, make pleasant excursions, climb mountains, etc., and to attain that object we must use the hotels as a convenience, as a sad necessity.

In Europe, the hotel is a means to an end.

In America, it is the end.

People travel hundreds, nay thousands of miles for the pleasure of putting up at certain hotels. Listen to their conversation and you will find that it mainly turns, not upon the fine views they have discovered, or the excursions and walks they have enjoyed, but upon the respective merits of the various hotels they have put up at. Hotels are for them what cathedrals, monuments and the beauties of nature are for us.

In February, 1888, I went to see the Americans take their pleasure in Florida. During the months of January, February and March flocks of society people from the towns in the north go to Florida where the sun is warm and the orange trees are in full beauty of fruit and flower. Jacksonville and St. Augustine are in winter what Saratoga, Newport and Long Branch are in summer, the rendezvous of all who have any pretensions to a place in the fashionable world.

But what do they do at Jacksonville and St. Augustine, all these Americans in search of a "good time?" You think perhaps that, in the morning, they set out in great numbers to make long excursions into the country or on the water; that picnics, riding parties and such out of door pastimes are organized.

Not so. They get up, breakfast, and make for the balconies or piazzas of the hotels, there to rock themselves two or three hours in rocking chairs until lunch time; after this they return to their rocking chairs again and wait for dinner. Dinner over, they go to the drawing room, where there are more rocking chairs, and chat or listen to an orchestra until bed time. And yet, what pretty environs the little town of Jacksonville has, for instance! For miles around stretches a villa dotted orange grove.

And the table d'hote!

In France we look well at the bill and study it; we discuss the dishes, arranging them discreetly and artistically in the mind before making their acquaintance more fully on the palate. We are gourmets. In America the question seems to be not, "Which of these dishes will go well together?" but, "How many of them can I manage?" It is so much a day; the moderate eaters pay for the gluttons.

You see women come down at 8 to breakfast in silk attire, and decked in diamonds. And what a breakfast! First an orange and a banana to freshen the mouth and whet the appetite; then fish, bacon and eggs, or omelet, beefsteak or chop with fried potatoes, hominy cakes, and preserves.

"How little you eat, you French people!" said an American to me one day, as I was ordering my breakfast of cafe au lait and bread and butter.

"You are mistaken," I said, "only we do not care for our dinner at 8 o'clock in the morning."

The larger the hotel is the better the Americans like it. A little, quiet, well kept hotel, where, the cookery being done for twenty or thirty persons instead of a thousand, the beef has not the same taste as mutton; a hotel where you are known and called by your name, where you are not simply No. 578 like a convict; this kind of pitching place does not attract the American. He must have something large, enormous, immense. He is inclined to judge everything by its size.

Jacksonville and St. Augustine boast a score of hotels, each capable of accommodating from six hundred to a thousand guests. These hotels are full from the beginning of January to the end of March.

I have almost always accepted with reserve the American superlatives, followed by the traditional "in the world;" but it may safely be said that the Ponce de Leon hotel, at St. Augustine, is not only the largest and handsomest hotel in America, but in the whole world. Standing in the prettiest part of the picturesque little town, this Moorish palace, with its walls of onyx, its vast, artistically furnished saloons, its orange walks, fountains, cloisters and towers, is a revelation, a scene from the "Arabian Nights."

Here the Americans congregate in search of a "good time," as they call it. The charges range from ten to twenty-five dollars a day for each person, exclusive of wines and extras. The American who goes to the Ponce de Leon with his wife and daughters, therefore, spends from one to two hundred dollars a day. For this sum, he and his family are fed, played to by a very ordinary band, and supplied with an immense choice of rocking chairs. On his return to New York, he declares to his friends that he has had a "lovely time." The American never admits that he has been bored, in America specially. The smallest incidents of the trip are events and adventures, and he never fails to have his "good time." He is as easily pleased as a child; everything American calls out his admiration, or at least his interest. Remark to him, for instance, that to go by train to Florida from the north one has to travel through more than six hundred miles of pine forest—which makes the journey very uninteresting—and he will throw you a pitying glance, which seems to say: "Immense, sir, immense; like everything that is American."

The temperature of Florida in winter is rarely lower than 64 degs., and ranges from that to 75; but the climate is moist and enervating, the country a vast marsh, so flat that by standing on a chair one could see to the extremities of it with the aid of a good field glass. Some enterprising American should throw up a hill down there; he would make his fortune. Every one would go and see it.

It is not everybody who can afford the luxury of the Ponce de Leon hotel, but it is everybody who likes to be seen there in the season.

You must be able to say when you return to the north that you have been at the Ponce de Leon. This is how it can be managed. You go to some other hotel near the Ponce. In the evening, dressed in all your diamonds, you glide into the court yard of the great caravansary. Another step takes you to the immense rotunda where the concert is going on. You stroll through the saloons and corridors, and, taking a seat where you can be seen of the multitude, you listen to the music. About 10 or 11 o'clock you beat a retreat and return to your own hotel. Wishing to set my mind at rest on this matter, I went one evening, about half past 9, to the Casa Monica and Florida house. There, in the rooms where the musicians engaged by the proprietors play every evening, were at the most a score of people.

Everything is on a grand scale in good American hotels, especially the bills.

I caught the following bit of conversation at the St. Augustine station as I was leaving:

"Hello! you are off, too?" said a young man to a friend who had just installed his wife in the train for Jacksonville.

"My dear fellow, I have been here a fortnight; the Ponce de Leon is magnificent, but the bill is awfully stiff."

"Never mind, old man," rejoined the other, "you will take it off your wife's next dress money."

With few exceptions the waiters in all the great hotels are negroes. You are served slowly, but with intelligence and politeness. No "duchesses" in the great cities of the north or the fashionable resorts of the south.

Those good negroes have such cheerful, open faces! They seem so glad to be alive, and they look so good natured that it does one good to see them. When they look at one another they laugh. When you look at them they laugh. If a negro sees another negro more black than himself he is delighted; he calls him "darky" and looks on him in a patronizing way. Their great dark eyes that show the whites so, when they roll them in their own droll fashion; the two rows of white teeth constantly on view, framed in thick retrousse lips; the swaying manner of walking, with turned out toes and head thrown back; the musical voice, sweet but sonorous, and so pleasing compared to the horrible twang of the lower class people in the north, all make up a picturesque whole. You forget the color and fall to admiring them.

And how amusing they are!

At the Everett hotel, Jacksonville, I one day went to the wrong table.

"You've come to do wrong table, sah," said the attendant darky. Then, indicating the negro who served at the next table, he added: "Dat's do gentleman dat waits on you, sah."

I immediately recognized my "gentleman," and changed my seat. The fact is that all the negroes are alike at a glance. It requires as much perspicacity to tell one from another as it does to distinguish one French gendarme from another French gendarme.

I never met with such memories as some of those darkies have.

As I have said, the hotels of Florida are besieged during the winter months. At dinner time, you may see from six hundred to a thousand people at table. The black head waiter knows each of the guests. The second time they enter the dining room, he conducts them to their places without making a mistake in one instance. If you stop but a day, you may return a month after, and not only will he recollect your face, but he will be able to tell you which little table you sat at, and which place at that table was yours.

At the door of the dining room a young negro of 16 or 18 takes your hat and puts it on a hat rack. I have seen hundreds thus in his care at a time. You leave the dining room and, without a moment's hesitation, he singles out your hat and hands it to you. It is wonderful when one thinks of it. I give you the problem to solve. Several hundred men, most of whom you have not seen more than once or twice before, pass into a room, handing you their chimney pots or wide awakes to take care of. They come out of the room in no sort of order, and you have to give each the hat that belongs to him. I have tried hard and often, but never succeeded in finding out how it is done.

Another negro in the hall goes and gets your key when he sees you return from a walk. No need to tell him the number of your room—he knows it. He may have seen you but once before, but that is all sufficient—he never errs.

And the negresses! good, merry looking creatures with buxom faces and forms, supple, light, graceful gait and slender waists, aping the fashion, and having very pretty fashions of their own, coquetting and mincing, as they walk out with their "tic'lars" (particulars). The enjoyment of life is written on their faces, and one ends by thinking some of them quite pretty. I have seen some splendid figures amongst them. You should see them on Sundays, dressed in scarlet or some other bright color, with great hats jauntily turned up on one side, and fanning themselves with the ease and grace of Belgravian ladies.

Negresses are not employed as chamber maids in hotels. They go into service only as nurses, and of course children love them. Unhappily for you, it is the objectionable "duchess" that you find again, up stairs this time. The evil is not so great as it is in the smaller towns where these young persons wait at table also. In the best hotels their only duty is to keep the bedrooms tidy. You must not ask any service of them beyond that. If you desire anything brought to your bedroom, you ring, and a negro comes to answer the bell and receive your order.

I remember having one day insulted one of these women—certainly unintentionally, but the crime was none the less abominable for that.

This was it.

I was dressing to go out to dinner, and wanted some hot water to shave with. Having rung three times and received no answer, I grew impatient and opened the door, in the hope of seeing some servant who would be obliging enough to fetch me the water in question. A chambermaid was passing my door.

"Could you please get me some hot water?" I said.

"What do you say?" was the reply, accompanied by a frown and a look of contempt.

"Would you be so good as to get me some hot water?" I timidly repeated.

"What do you think I am? Haven't you a bell in your room?" said the harpy.

And she passed along indignant.

I withdrew into my room in fear and trembling, and for a few minutes was half afraid of receiving a request to quit the hotel immediately.

I shaved with cold water that day.

CHAPTER XL.

If you go to a changer, he will give you five francs in French money, or four shillings in English, for a dollar. But in America, you are not long in discovering that you get for your dollar but the worth of a shilling in English money, or a franc in French.

The flat that lets for 4,000 francs in Paris, and the house that is rented at £200, or 4,000 shillings in London, would be charged $4,000 in New York, Boston or Chicago.

The simplest kind of dress, one for which a Parisian of modest tastes pays 100 francs, would cost an American lady at least $100. A visiting dress costing 500 francs in Paris would cost $500 in New York. A bonnet that would be charged 50 francs is worth $50. The rest to match.

Here is a dressmaker's bill which fell under my eyes in New York:

Robe de chambre	$200
Cloth dress	175
Opera cloak	300
Riding habit	150
Bonnet	30
Theatre bonnet	50
Black silk dress	240
Ball dress	050
Total	$2,025

In this bill, there is neither mantle, linen, boots, shoes, gloves, lace, nor the thousand little requisites of a woman's toilet, and it is but one out of the three or four bills for the year. I am convinced that an American woman, who pretends to the least elegance, must spend, if she be a good manager, from $6,000 to $8,000 a year. Add to this the fact that she loads herself with diamonds and precious stones. But these, of course, have not to be renewed every three months.

A great number of Americans come to Europe to pass three months of every year. This is not an additional extravagance; it is an economy. They buy their dress for a year, and the money they save by this plan not only pays their traveling expenses, but leaves them a nice little surplus in cash.

A hotel bedroom on the fourth floor, for which you would pay five francs a day, is $5 in the good hotels of the principal towns of America. A cab which costs you one franc and a half in France, or one shilling and sixpence in England, costs you a dollar and a half in New York. The proportion is always kept.

The dollar has not more value than this in the lesser towns of the United States. The omnibus, for instance, which takes you to the station from your hotel for sixpence (or half a shilling) in England, and for half a franc in France, costs you half a dollar in America.

Copper money exists in America, but if you were to offer a cent to a beggar he would fling it at you in disgust. When the barefooted urchins in the south beg their formula is: "Spare us a nickel," or "Chuck us a nickel, guv'nor." The nickel is worth five cents. The only use of the cent that I could discover was to buy the evening paper.

The only things cheap in the States are native oysters, and English or French books that have been translated into American.

If expenses are enormous in the United States I must hasten to add that it is chiefly the foreign visitor who suffers in purse. The American can afford to pay high prices, because his wants are larger than they would be in Europe. Situations bringing in three or four hundred dollars, as in France in England, are unknown in America. Bank clerks and shop assistants command salaries of a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars a year. A railway car conductor gets $50 a month.

In the grades above in the professions, the fees, compared with those earned in Europe, are also in the proportion of the dollar to the shilling or franc. A newspaper article for which would be paid in France from 100 to 250 francs (and no French paper, except The Figaro, pays so much for articles) is paid for in America from $100 to $250. A doctor is paid from $5 to $10 a visit. I am, of course, not speaking of specialists and fashionable doctors; their charges are fabulous. I know barristers who make over $100,000 a year.

Every one is well paid in the United States, except the vice president.

If I have spoken of the high cost of living, it is to state a fact and not to make a complaint. I went to America as a lecturer, not as a tourist. Jonathan paid me well, and when cabby asked me for a dollar and a half to take me to a lecture hall, I said, like M. Joseph Prudhomme: "It is expensive, but I can afford it," and I paid without grumbling.

CHAPTER XLI.

"Well, sir, and what do you think of America?"

Without pretending to judge America ex cathedra, I will sum up the impressions jotted down in this little volume, and reply to the traditional question of the Americans.

When one thinks of what the Americans have done in a hundred years of independent life, it looks as if nothing ought to be impossible to them in the future, considering the inexhaustible resources at their disposition.

America has been doubling its population every twenty-five years. If immigration continues at the same rate as it has hitherto, in fifty years she will have more than two hundred millions of inhabitants. If, during that time, Europe makes progress only in the arts and sciences, while the social condition of its nations does not improve, she will be to America what barbarism is to civilization.

While the Hohenzollerns, the Hapsburgs and the Firebrandenburgs review their troops; while her standing armies are costing Europe more than $1,000,000,000 a year, in time of peace; whilst the European debt is more than $25,000,000,000, the American treasury at Washington, in spite of corruption, which it is well known does exist, has a surplus of $60,000,000. Whilst European governments cudgel their wits to devise means for meeting the expenses of absolute monarchies, the Washington government is at a loss to know what to do with the money it has in hand. Whilst the European telegrams in the daily papers give accounts of reviews, mobilizations and military maneuvers, of speeches in which the people are reminded that their duty is to serve their emperor first and their country afterwards, of blasphemous prayers in which God is asked to bless soldiers, swords and gunpowder, the American telegrams announce the price of corn and cattle and the quotations on the American stock exchange.

Happy country that can get into a state of ebullition over a presidential election, or the doings of John L. Sullivan, while Europe in trembling asks herself, with the return of each new spring, whether two or three millions of her sons will not be called upon to cut each other's throats for the great glory of three emperors in search of excitement!

America is not only a great nation, geographically speaking.

The Americans are a great people, holding in their hands their own destiny, learning day by day, with the help of their liberty, to govern themselves more and more wisely, and able, thanks to the profound security in which they live, to consecrate all their talents and all their energy to the arts of peace.

The well read, well bred American is the most delightful of men; good society in America is the wittiest, most genial and most hospitable I have met with.

But the more I travel and the more I look at other nations, the more confirmed I am in my opinion that the French are the happiest people on earth.

The American is certainly on the road to the possession of all that can contribute to the well being and success of a nation, but he seems to me to have missed the path that leads to real happiness. His domestic joys are more shadowy than real. To live in a whirl is not to live well.

Jonathan himself sometimes has his regrets at finding himself drawn into such a frantic race, but declares that it is out of his power to hang back. If it were given to man to live twice on this planet, I should understand his living his first term a l'Americaine, so as to be able to enjoy quietly, in his second existence, the fruits of his toil in the first. Seeing that only one sojourn here is permitted us, I think the French are right in their study to make it a long and happy one.

If the French could arrive at a steady form of government, and live in security, they would be the most enviably happy people on earth.

It is often charged against the Americans that they are given to bragging. May not men who have done marvels be permitted a certain amount of self glorification?

It is said, too, that their eccentricity constantly leads them into folly and license. Is it not better to have the liberty to err than to be compelled to run straight in leash? If they occasionally vote like children, they will learn with age. It is by voting that people learn to vote.

Is there any country in Europe in which morals are better regulated, work better paid, or education wider spread? Is there a country where you can find such natural riches, and such energy to turn them to account; so many people with a consciousness of their own intellectual and moral force; so many schools, where the child of the millionaire and the child of the poor man study side by side; so many libraries, where the boy in rags may read the history of his country, and be fired by the exploits of its heroes? Can you name a country with so many learned societies, so many newspapers, so many charitable institutions, or so much widespread comfort?

M. Renan, wishing to turn himself into a prophet of ill omen, one day predicted that, if France continued republican, she would become a second America.

May nothing worse befall her!

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BLISSFIELD, MICH., April 21, 1888.

Dr. F. B. Brewer:—DEAR SIR: It is with gratitude for my restored health that I now write you. I doctored with several prominent doctors of Southern Michigan for over a year, but constantly grew worse, until I commenced taking your medicines. After suffering with Bright's Disease for over two years, I am now restored to good health. I was given up by other doctors to die, but after taking your medicine for a few weeks began to improve and continued to do so until my health was restored. MRS. E. E. PARKER.

Will be at Niles, Mich., Bond House, Wednesday, the 20th of March.

DR. F. B. BREWER,
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OUR

Advice to Everybody

who has a diseased Liver is to at once take proper means to cure it. The function the Liver is designed to perform, and on the regular execution of which depends not only the general health of the body, but the powers of the *Stomach, Bowels, Brain*, and the whole nervous system, shows its vast and vital importance to human health.

NO HUMAN BEING

should run the risk for a single day of neglecting this important organ, but should promptly get a box of Dr. C. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills, made by FLEMING BROS., Pittsburgh, Pa., and use according to directions they will cure you promptly and permanently. Around each box is a wrapper giving full description of the symptoms of a diseased Liver. They can be had of druggists.

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