

BUCHANAN RECORD.

VOLUME XXV.

BUCHANAN, BERRIEN COUNTY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1891.

NUMBER 20.

Business Directory.

SABBATH SERVICES. SERVICES are held every Sabbath at 10:30 o'clock, a. m., at the Church of the 'Larger Love'...

O. O. P.—Buchanan Lodge No. 75 holds its regular meeting at Odd Fellows Hall, on each Tuesday evening.

A. M.—Buchanan Lodge No. 68 holds a regular meeting Monday evening on or before the full moon in each month.

O. O. F.—Buchanan Grand No. 40 meets on the second and fourth Saturday of each month, at 2 o'clock, a. m.

A. O. U. W.—Buchanan Lodge No. 98 holds its regular meeting the 1st and 3rd Tuesday evening of each month.

A. R. Wm. Perrot Post No. 32. Regular meetings on the 1st and 3rd Saturday evening of each month. Visiting comrades always welcome.

WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS. Wm. Perrot Post No. 32. Meetings held weekly, in Grace Hall, regular and third Saturday of each month.

M. M. KNIGHT, M. D. (Homeopathic). Office and residence in Buchanan, Mich.

L. BAILEY, Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence in Buchanan, Mich.

J. M. WILSON, Dentist. Office, first door north of the Bank, Buchanan, Mich.

M. S. MEAD, Manufacturer of Lumber. Cuts sawing promptly attended to on short notice. Buchanan, Mich.

H. M. Brodie, M. D. Graduate of the St. Louis, Mo., Homeopathic Medical College. Office in Buchanan, Mich.

BEST BUILDING BRICK. Improved Brick and Tiling. I am now prepared to furnish the Best Brick...

TILING. Having recently erected an Improved Brick and Tiling Kiln.

Best Brick. The market favors. All ranging in size from two to eight inches.

FIRST-CLASS TILING. Call and see my brick and get prices.

Summer School. Normal & Collegiate INSTITUTE, Benton Harbor, Mich.

Dr. J. T. SALTER. Would inform the citizens of Buchanan and surrounding country that all who want his PAIN SUBDUER...

LIVER PILLS. Made or endorsed by himself, can obtain them at any of the Buchanan Drug Stores.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL. The Niagara Falls Route to Boston.

TRAINS EAST. LEAVE BUCHANAN. 10:30 A. M. Kalamazoo Accommodation, No. 3. 3:30 P. M. Mail Express, No. 9.

TRAINS WEST. LEAVE BUCHANAN. 7:30 A. M. Kalamazoo Accommodation, No. 13. 4:30 P. M. Mail Express, No. 9.

St. Joseph Valley Railway. On and after Sunday, Dec. 14, 1890, trains will run as follows:

DIX & WILKINSON, Law and Abstract Office, BUY AND SELL REAL ESTATE.

MONEY TO LOAN. A large or small sum, at low rates, on improved farms only.

BERRIEN SPRINGS MICH. \$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to satisfy...

NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE. The Leaders of Low Prices.

CHILLAS, ADLER & COBLE, 127 SOUTH MICHIGAN ST., South Bend, Ind.

The Leaders of Low Prices. Store open Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

J. W. BEISTLE, Agent.

Fast Black Dress Goods.

Fast Black Cotton Dress Goods has become a great favorite with Ladies at this time of the year...

500 pieces Sateens, in handsome designs, our price to close, 14 yards for \$1.00...

500 pieces black and white colored Sateens, 32 inches wide, same as are sold every place at 25c, our price 12 1/2c.

A magnificent line of French Sateens, with black ground and seven toned figures, the handsomest goods ever shown.

This season for the first time was made the new goods called.

It is a beautiful fabric woven soft and thin, does not wrinkle. The designs are beautiful; this material makes a very attractive dress.

We have all the new cotton goods out and if you buy one of our dresses you are sure to get the correct thing.

Rose & Ellsworth, South Bend, Ind.

Teeth! Teeth! ARTIFICIAL TEETH, from one tooth to full sets.

Filling Teeth with Silver, Bone or Amalgam. 50 CENTS.

OSTRANDER, THE DENTIST, Buchanan, Mich.

Hosiery! Hosiery! Hosiery! Underwear and Laces.

Black Hosiery is still the most popular with the Ladies, and our line of them is just what you are looking for...

DRY GOODS STORE. We call attention to our reliable goods in the above departments.

Hosiery! Hosiery! Hosiery! Underwear, Underwear!

For Ladies, Gents and Children, all qualities, all grades and all prices.

Drapery Nets. We have a full line of these popular goods, coming in all sizes of coin spots, and the different quantity effects.

Sun Umbrellas. Another invoice has just been received. We are showing and selling the popular goods at popular prices to save money.

Dr. Miles' Nervine. There is nothing like the RESTORATIVE NERVE TONIC...

DR. MILES' NERVINE. TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.

SAVE YOUR STRENGTH BY USING ALLEN B. WISLEY'S GOOD CHEER SOAP.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE. The success of this Great Cough Cure is without a parallel in the history of medicine.

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This Interests You!

For the Next 30 Days. We will give any one of the following presents with trade:

Side Lamp, Ladder and Chair Combined, Brennan Bros.' Improved Smoothing Irons.

Portrait. Made from any Photo you may furnish. Work guaranteed.

Call and Examine Samples. Sparks & Hathaway, DEALERS IN Groceries, Provisions, Feed and Bakery Goods, Buchanan, Mich.

P. T. HENDERSON, UNDERTAKER. Have a fine line of a full stock of Caskets and Coffins...

H. E. LOUGH, Watchmaker and Jeweler, MAIN STREET, Buchanan, Mich.

Repairing Gold Spectacles a Specialty.

DR. MILES' NERVINE. TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.

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ONLY ONCE. It was a pitiful mistake. An error sad and grim. I waited for the railway train; The light was low and dim.

It came at last and from the car, There stepped a dainty dame, And she was the fairest of the place, She straight upon me came.

"Oh Jack!" she cried, "Oh dear old Jack!" And kissed me as she passed, "Then looked again, and lightened cried, "O! what a bad mistake!"

I said, "Forgive me, maiden fair, That I am not your Jack, And as regards the matter here, I'll straightway give it back."

And since that night I have often stood On the platform lighted dim; But only once in a man's whole life Do such things come to him.

—Boston Courier.

Bertram Morton's Bondage. It was five hours after his arrival in London that Bertram Morton received the letter.

A few minutes before it was placed in his hand, he had said to his friend, Mr. Challis—

"I feel as if I were going to my own funeral, and I don't know why."

And Mr. Challis had answered— "You could not look more serious if you were, Bertram. I understand you have come home to marry that girl?"

With a painful gloom in his voice. And that was the peculiar nature of Bertram Morton's bondage—obligation to bestow his hand where his heart was not.

It was an odd story. He was the only son of wealthy parents, who had died when he was a child, leaving him the guardianship of his Uncle Vernon.

Then, in a quiet Hampshire village, he had met a girl, the daughter of his uncle's man-servant, who had been the wife of his father.

Mr. Vernon was a very eccentric man—eccentric, not even his wife declared he was as "odd as Dick's hat band."

It was generally thought that he capped the climax of his eccentricities, when he came home one day with a pretty, bright-eyed girl, which some one had cruelly asserted, in the cars and which he had adopted on the spot.

Nobody came to claim the infant, and it was brought up under the name of Edith Fernon, Mr. Fernon having earned to love his wife as if it was his own flesh and blood.

Mr. Fernon died the year Bertram left college. His last act was to call his nephew to his bedside, and make him promise to marry Edith the day she was twenty.

"I cannot leave her a sufficient income to keep her from poverty," he said, "and it has always been my cherished hope to see her married."

The young man gave the required promise unhesitatingly. The solemn sacredness of a deathbed injunction would have awed him into submission, even had he been a free man.

After the death of his uncle he took the management of his fortune into his own hands, and he never wavered. After eight years of a perilous career, knowing that Edith was now nearing her twentieth birthday, and that the time was at hand when he must marry her, he felt, do nothing else.

He had written to his aunt, informing her of his intended return, and enclosing a bundle and was abroad. "And you really mean to marry this girl?" said Mr. Challis, in a tone of surprise.

"To tie yourself to a woman whom you can never love—who is so devoted to you as to be almost savagely."

"Of course I shall marry her. Have I not in all these years closed my heart to my own kind? I don't, without breaking my promise?"

Challis leaned back among the cushions of the carriage—they were driving from his house to his place of business.

"Don Quixote outdone! But what right have you to make your own and the girl miserable for life? There is one hope, however; she may have the sense to reject you."

Bertram answered angrily— "Young ladies of this age are too practical to reject a large fortune. She is human, you know—and a woman."

"Now, that I think of it," said Mr. Challis, as he led the way to his private study, "it is a queer business, this."

It came two days ago. You can read it while I glance at my papers."

Bertram took the letter. He was first struck by the beauty and elegance of the penmanship, which he felt to be a perfume of exhalation from the paper; next, he suddenly became aware that he was reading something of infinite importance to him—if he scarcely breathed again till he had read it.

"Mr. BERTRAM MORTON—Sir:—In answer to your letter of the sixteenth permit me to say that I cannot accept the distinguished honor you would confer upon me. While I appreciate your generous motives, and thank you for your many kindnesses to me in the past, I hope you will do me the justice to admit that I am not accountable for any rash promises you may have made to your living and dead. I am, therefore, if I reserve the right to marry whom I please, or of remaining single; and perhaps I may as well add that Providence has recently provided me with a more than ample opportunity to taste not to take everything for granted. I will address this note in care of your bankers in London, hoping you will receive it on your arrival, so that there will be no thought of misunderstanding between us. We meet—if, indeed, we meet at all. But, although I can't help regarding your offer of marriage as very absurd, under the circumstances, I still ask to be remembered as your former friend. Yours truly, Edith Fernon."

Bertram drew a long breath of relief; yet he was inconsistent enough to feel slightly piqued at the coolness with which his offer was rejected. He had been spoiled byattery, and it was a cruel blow to him.

He passed the note to his friend and said— "Congratulations! I am a free man! Rid of that bondage at last!"

The banker took it and read it through hastily, said "Humph!" and read it through again.

"On the whole," he continued, "I think I'll be in no hurry about going home. I am free to do as I please now, and I don't see any objection to my staying with you and your wife to Brighton."

"Then you will go, after all? Good! Lizzie will be delighted."

Just two weeks from that day, he was in London, and he was in the carriage with Mr. Challis and Edith.

"The bells of Brighton! That sounds sufficiently sensational," returned Bertram. "Who is entitled to that distinction?"

"Miss Adelaide Bonner, daughter of Sir James Bonner. They say she is uncommonly handsome. By the by, I know the baronet slightly."

"Yet you seem never to have met her charming daughter?"

"No. This is her first season, I understand."

That evening, almost the first person Bertram was introduced to was Adelaide Bonner. She was a girl of twenty-two, and was too evident a fact to admit of denial; one of those beauties whom men worship and rave over—all, proud and calm, with the darkest eyes, the clearest complexion, the most charming smile, and the most charming vivacity of speech.

A woman with many natural graces and the good sense to add no artificial ones; living in an atmosphere of homage and adoration, and yet not a bit vain or conceited. Her envious self-possession on all occasions might easily have persuaded some people that she was a heartless being.

Bertram Morton knew better; the moment he looked into her eyes he knew that her wonderful beauty was only a casket for the rare jewel it contained.

It was only for a few minutes that he was permitted to see her. She was engaged to a young man, and he was obliged to go to his room. He was, however, not a little disappointed.

He was now more bewildered than ever. He began to see there was a misunderstanding somewhere.

"Listen to me!" he exclaimed. I don't know what you mean. Your words are all very well, but you are a hum of voices, a rustle of silks, a jingle of merry laughter and exclamatory phrases—and half a dozen ladies and gentlemen came into the conservatory with me."

So it ended, Bertram was sane enough to see that it was all up with him now. He got away from the group as quickly as possible, and ten minutes later he was glad to escape from the house.

After the first, sharp, cruel throbs of agony, his pride rose supreme. He was not one to sue for unwilling favor. It should be as she wished; they would be strangers to him. Before he had time to get into his room he had made up his mind to leave Brighton.

"I will take a day or two to leave cards, and then I will go home and see my aunt," he said, "I ought to have done so long ago."

He went two days after. He reached the pleasant village where his aunt resided about eleven o'clock in the morning. He walked through the place, glancing absently about at scenes that he had never seen before.

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The less flattering his prospects, the more madly he loved her. Suspense grew intolerable at last, and he could wait no longer. He resolved to meet his fate to the touch, even if he lost it.

It was known that Adelaide Bonner intended to leave Brighton almost immediately, to visit some friends. If he was to see her, he must go at once.

But the coveted opportunity did not present itself until Miss Bonner's last evening. A few of her most intimate friends had received invitations to a farewell party at her father's house on that day.

Before the party broke up Bertram found an excuse to lead her into the conservatory, and then he there poured forth the story of his love.

"Have you no pity?" he said at length. "Will not time make a difference? I will wait months—years—"

"It is in vain, Mr. Morton."

"The full, lustrous eyes looked unavailingly into his. There was no sign of tremor in the ripe, curving lips; but, rather, an expression of scorn."

A touch of haughtiness came into his own manner as he saw this. "I have done my duty, and I have done it with a bitterness he could not wholly suppress. I have made a mistake."

"Yes, you have made a mistake," she answered; "one that was not at all complimentary to me, and one that a gentleman could never have been guilty of." Her indignation seemed to get the better of her at this point, and her eyes fairly blazed, as she went on: "I do not understand what satisfaction it can give you to see me in such a position. Your conduct has been incomprehensible from first to last. I hope you will yet be convinced that I am neither blind, nor utterly silly!"

Bertram looked at her in blank amazement. For an instant he was too disconcerted to speak. Then a faint protest was all he could utter.

"It is not clear to me how I insulted you," he managed to say. "I have done nothing worse than love you. I could not help that—nobody could help that."

Her gesture was half entreaty, half reproach. "Enough!" she cried. "Let this end. And since it is your choice to meet me as a stranger here, I see no reason why we should not be strangers henceforward."

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