

ROSE & ELLSWORTH'S CLOAK DEPT.

ABSOLUTE CLEARING SALE OF OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF CLOAKS

—AND—

Outer Garments

For 30 days, at 1-4 or 25 per cent off regular selling price.

"The Pace That Kills" is overwork—makes no difference what kind. Using greasy and inferior soaps is one road to premature decay—sore hands—sore hearts—clothes never clean. Not so when

KIRK'S AMERICAN FAMILY SOAP

is used. Cheerfully proceeds the labor of wash-day with health and long life assured. Hands all right—heart light—clothes pure and white as a Greenland snowdrift.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

Our Cloak stock is all new—bought this season. We have no old goods to work off, and this magnificent opportunity will enable you to procure late style, high cost garments at a merely nominal price. No reserve—everything in this department will be sold at a discount of 25 per cent.

THE QUEST.

A crowd had gathered in the market place. A bush had fallen on the motley throng. Then one, a stranger youth full fair of face, raised up his voice and sang in song.

"Eras sweet, the lay, and when the end was made, the people praised the minstrel; bade him to pass out on his way. And many pressed upon him silver, saying, 'This will reward thee. The duty air that was so light to learn.'"

The minstrel smiled and took the gold. He bowed, and then he sang again. The crowd around him, and the minstrel, were all that were left in the street.

leaped over the farther branch of the stream and lauded safe.

Never a word he said, but set off running again for his life, and I must stagger to my feet, jump and run after him. I had been weary before, but now I was sick and bruised, and partly drunk with the brandy. I kept stumbling as I ran; I had a stitch that came near to overmaster me, and when at last Alan passed under a great rock that stood there among a number of others it was none too soon for David Balfour.

A great rock, I have said, but by rights it was two rocks leaning together on the top, both some twenty feet high, and at the first inaccessible. Even Alan (though you may say he had as good as four hands) failed twice in an attempt to climb them, and it was only at the third trial, and then by standing on my shoulders and leaning my weight such force that I thought must have broken my collar bone, that he secured a lodgment. Once there, he let down his leather girdle, and with the aid of that and a pair of shalloon footholds in the rock I scrambled up beside him.

Then I saw why we had come there, for the two rocks, both being somewhat hollow on the top and sloping one to the other, made a kind of shelf or saucer, and many as three or four men might have lain hidden.

All this while Alan had not said a word, and had run and climbed with such a savage, silent frenzy of hurry that I knew he was in mortal fear of some lurking creature, and that he had the rock behind him, nor so much as relaxed the frowning look upon his face, but clapped flat down, and keeping only one eye above the edge of our place of shelter scooted all round the compass. The dawn had come quite clear; we could see the stony sides of the valley, and its bottom, which was strewn with rocks, and the river, which went from one side to another and made white falls, but nowhere the smoke of a gun, nor any living creature, but some eagles screaming round a cliff.

Then at last Alan smiled.

"Aye," said he, "now we have a chance; gang you to your sleep, lad, and I'll watch."

And so I lay down to sleep; a little peaty earth had drifted in between the top of the two rocks, and some broken grass there, to be a bed to me. The last thing I heard was still the crying of the eagles.

When I awoke I would be nine in the morning when I was roughly awakened and found Alan's hand pressed upon my mouth.

"Whoest!" he whispered. "You were snoring."

"Aye," said I, surprised at his anxious and dark face. "and why not?"

He peered over the edge of the rock and signed to me to do the like.

It was now high day, cloudless and very hot. The valley was as clear as a pane of glass, and the water of the river was a camp of redcoats; a big fire blazed in their midst, at which some were cooking, and near by, on the top of a rock about as high as ours, there stood a sentry, swiftness of foot as the wind. All the way down along the river side were posted other sentries; here near together, there wider apart; some planted like the first, on places of command, some on the ground level, and some on the summit of a hill, so as to meet half way. Higher up the glen, where the ground was more open, the chain of posts was continued by horse soldiers, whom we could see in the distance riding to and fro. Lower down, on the sides of the glen, but as the stream was suddenly swelling to the confusion of a considerable river they were more widely set, and only watched the fords and stepping stones.

I took but a few minutes at them and ducked again into my place. It was strange indeed to see this valley, which I saw so solitary in the hour of dawn, with its walls dotted with sentries and its riversides with armed and armed troops.

"Ye see," said Alan, "this was what I was afraid of, Davie—that they would watch the burnside. They began to come in about two hours ago, and man, but ye're a grand hand at the sleeping! We're in a narrow place. If they get up the sides of the burn, and spy us with a glass, but if they only keep in the foot of the valley we'll do very well. The posts are thinner down the water, and come might we'll try our hand at getting by them."

"And what are we to do till night?" I asked.

"Lie here," says he, "and bide the night. That one good Scotch word, bide, was indeed the most of the story of the day that we had now to pass. You are to remain here in the foot of the valley, and if you see any sign of a griddle; the sun beat upon us cruelly; the rock grew so heated a man could scarce endure the touch of it, and the little patch of earth and fern which kept cooler was so wet that it was as a snake."

All the while there was no water, only raw brandy for a drink, which was worse than nothing; and we kept the bottle as cool as we could, burying it in the earth, and got some relief by bathing our heads and hands in it.

The soldiers kept stirring all day; the bottom of the valley, now changed guard, now in patrolling parties along the sides of the burn. These last parties are so great a number that I could not see them, but I could see the smoke of a pipe in a bottle of clay, and being a hopeless task it was gone about with the less care. Yet we could see the sentries pike their bayonets among the heather, which sent a cold thrill into my spine, and the way we were to pass hung about our rock so that we scarce dared to breathe.

The tediousness and pain of these hours upon the rocks grew only the greater as the day went on, the rock getting sorer and sorer under the sun. At last, about two, it was beyond men's bearing, and there was now temptation to resist and with pain to thole. Alan and I were now got a little into the west, there came a patch of shade on the other side of our rock, and we were able to shuffle forward a little. "As well one death as another," said Alan, and slipped over the edge and dropped on the ground on the shadowy side.

I followed him at once, and instantly fell all my length, so weak was I and so glad that that long exposure. Here then we lay for an hour or two, aching from head to foot, as weak as water, and lying quite naked to the eye of any soldier who should have stroled that way. None came, however, all passing by the lesson in a very violent manner, as I had sometimes the upper hand of him in the fishing, he was not sorry to turn to an exercise where he had so much the upper hand of me. He made it somewhat more of a pain than all that had been, for he stormed at me all the while, and would push me, and would either have a letter or wash his hands of us.

I thought Alan would be graveled at that, for we lacked the means of writing in that place, but he was a very good man, and would do anything for us. He searched the wood until he found a quill of a cushat dove, which he shaped into a pen; made himself a kind of ink with gunpowder from his horn and water from the running stream, and tearing a corner from his French military commission (which he carried in his pocket like a tallman, and kept him from the galls) he sat down and wrote as follows:

DEAR KINSMAN—Please send the money by the bearer to the place he keeps of. Your affectionate cousin, A.S.

It was three full days gone, but about five in the evening of the third he heard a whistling in the wood, which Alan answered, and presently the bonny came up the roadside, looking for us and left. He seemed less sulky than before, and no doubt he was well

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We lay there (for the banks hid us, and our heads and shoulders in the water, and our wrists thru in the running water till they ached with the chill, and at last, being wonderfully renewed, we got out the mealbag and made drammach in the pan. This, though it is but cold water mingled with oatmeal, yet makes a good enough dish for a hungry man; and where there are no means of making fire or (as in our case) good reason for not making one it is the wisest thing of those who have taken to the heather.

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The moon rose at last and found us still on the road. It was in its last quarter and was long beset with clouds, but after awhile shegotten out showed many dark spots of mountain mist, and was reflected far underneath us on the narrow arm of a sea loch.

At this sight we both paused, I struck with wonder to find myself so high and watching, it seemed to me, upon mountains, Alan to make sure of his direction.

Seemingly he was well pleased, and he must certainly have judged us out of earshot of all our enemies, for throughout the rest of our night march he kept his eyes fixed upon the moon and the stars, and his feet were very firm, and he was very sure of his footing. The nature of the cross tarric, or fiery cross, which is the signal of gathering in our clans, is to be a ring of fire, and the nature of the cross is to be a ring of fire, and the nature of the cross is to be a ring of fire, and the nature of the cross is to be a ring of fire.

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This was all as bad as could be, and the little note the bonman had carried us from Mrs. Stewart was of a miserable sadness. In it she besought Alan not to let himself be captured, assuring him if he fell in the hands of the troops both he and James would be better in the dead man. The money she had sent was all that she could beg or borrow, and she prayed heaven we could be doing with it. Lastly, she said she inclosed us one of the bills in which we were described.

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This put a reflection in my mind—that if I were to separate from Alan and his telltale clothes I should be safe against arrest and might go openly about my business. Nor was this all, for suppose I was arrested when I was in the streets, there was little against me, but suppose I was taken in company with the reputed murderer, my case would begin to be grave. For generosity's sake I dare not speak my mind upon this head, but I thought of it one's loss.

I thought of it all the more, too, when the bonman brought out a green purse with five guineas in gold and the best part of another in small change. True, it was more than I had, but then Alan, with less than five guineas, had to get as far as France. I will say less than two, beyond Queensterry, so that, taking things in their proportion, Alan's taking was not really a penalty to my life, but a burden on my purse.

But there was no thought of the sort in the honest head of my companion. He loved he was serving, helping and protecting me. And what would I do but hold my peace and chat and take my chance?

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Rose & Ellsworth,

South Bend, Ind.

Open Wednesday and Saturday Evenings.

VERSIVER'S CURE FOR HEADACHE

Headache, yet Guler's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing liver troubles, and relieving the most distressing conditions of the bowels.

CURE FOR COLD AND STOP THAT COUGH.

N. H. Downs' Elixir WILL DO IT.

Prices, 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 per bottle.

Warranted. Sold everywhere.

KIDNAPPED.

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

CHAPTER XIX. THE FLIGHT IN THE HEATHER—THE ROCKS.

So there we stood, side by side. Sometimes we walked, sometimes ran, and as it drew on to morning walked over the less and ran the more. Though upon his face that country appeared to be a desert, yet there were huts and houses of the people, of which we must have passed more than twenty, hidden in quiet places of the hills. When we came to one of these Alan would leave me in the way, and go himself and rap upon the side of the house, and speak awhile at the window with some sleeper awakened. This was to pass the news, which in that country was so much of a duty that Alan must pause to attend to it even while fleeing for his life, and so well attended to by others that we must have heard already of the murder. In the others, as well as I could make out (standing back at a distance, and hearing a strange tongue), the news was received with more of consternation than of surprise.

For all our hurry day began to come in while we were still far from the river in a rugged valley, strewn with rocks and where ran a rushing river. Wild mountains stood around it; there grew there neither grass nor trees.

The first peep of morning then showed us this horrible place, and I could see Alan knit his brow.

"This is no place for you and me," he said. "This is a place they're bound to watch."

And with that he ran harder than ever down to the water side in a part where the river was split in two among three rocks. It went through with a horrid thundering that made my belly ache, and there hung over the in a little mist of spray. Alan looked neither to the right nor to the left, but jumped clean over the middle rock and fell there on his hands and knees to check himself, for that rock was small and he might have pitched over on the far side. I had scarce time to measure the distance or to understand the peril before I had followed him, and he caught and stopped me.

So there we stood, side by side, upon a small rock slippery with spray, a river dinging upon all sides. When I saw where there was a place on a deadly ledge of fear, and I put my hand over my eyes.

The next minute Alan had set the bloody bottle to my lips and forced me to drink about a gill, which sent the blood into my head again. Then putting his hands to my mouth and his mouth to my ear he shouted, "Hang or drown!"

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H. E. LOUGH,

Watchmaker and Jeweler,

Main Street, Buchanan, Mich.

Repairing Gold Spectacles a Specialty.

G. W. NOBLE

Will sell 200 pair of Ladies' Dongolia Buttons, worth \$2.00 for \$1.50. 300 pair worth \$2.50 for \$2.00. 200 pair Men's Congress, worth \$2.00 for \$1.50. 200 pair Men's Congress, worth \$2.50 for \$2.00.

THE METROPOLITAN Accident Association,

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Indemnity \$100 per Month. Death Benefit \$5000. Life Pension for loss of Limbs.

H. D. HOUGH, Agt., Buchanan, Mich.

LIFE SKUNK

AND MINK OF ALL AGES WANTED.

Fur Pelts bought in season. Address Michigan Fur Co. Buchanan, Mich.

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MICHIGAN CENTRAL

Trains East: Leave Buchanan, 8:22 A.M. Atlantic Express, No. 10, 12:22 A.M. Day Express, No. 8, 12:00 P.M. Night Accommodation, No. 6, 11:30 P.M.

Trains West: Leave Buchanan, 7:15 A.M. Chicago Night Express, No. 7, 8:10 A.M. Pullman Day Express, No. 9, 10:30 A.M. Chicago Accommodation, No. 5, 11:00 A.M.

THE NICEST LINE OF OXFORDS

for Ladies, Misses and Children ever shown. A full line in

HATS, CAPS CLOTHING

IN ALL GRADES.

SULPHUR BITTERS

Cleanse The Vitiated Blood

When you see Its impurities Bursting through The Skin In Pimples, Blisters And Sores.

Rely on Sulphur Bitters and Health will follow.

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By sundown we had made some distance, even by our slow rate of progress, though to be sure the sentry on the rock watched us in our view. But now we came on something that put all fear out of season, and that was a deep, rushing burn that tore down in that part, but joined the glen river. At the sight of this we cast ourselves on the ground and plunged head and shoulders in the water, and I cannot tell which was the more pleasant, the great shock as the cool stream went over us or the greed with which we drank of it.

We lay there (for the banks hid us, and our heads and shoulders in the water, and our wrists thru in the running water till they ached with the chill, and at last, being wonderfully renewed, we got out the mealbag and made drammach in the pan. This, though it is but cold water mingled with oatmeal, yet makes a good enough dish for a hungry man; and where there are no means of making fire or (as in our case) good reason for not making one it is the wisest thing of those who have taken to the heather.

As soon as the shadow of the night had fallen we set forth again, at first with the same caution, but presently with more boldness, standing our full height and stepping out at a good pace of walking. The way was very intricate, lying up the steep sides of mountains and along the brows of cliffs; clouds had come in with the sunset, and the night was dark and cool, so that I walked without much fatigue, but in continual fear of the sentries who were watching us, and with no guess at our direction.

The moon rose at last and found us still on the road. It was in its last quarter and was long beset with clouds, but after awhile shegotten out showed many dark spots of mountain mist, and was reflected far underneath us on the narrow arm of a sea loch.

At this sight we both paused, I struck with wonder to find myself so high and watching, it seemed to me, upon mountains, Alan to make sure of his direction.

Seemingly he was well pleased, and he must certainly have judged us out of earshot of all our enemies, for throughout the rest of our night march he kept his eyes fixed upon the moon and the stars, and his feet were very firm, and he was very sure of his footing. The nature of the cross tarric, or fiery cross, which is the signal of gathering in our clans, is to be a ring of fire, and the nature of the cross is to be a ring of fire, and the nature of the cross is to be a ring of fire.

HARRY BINNS,

OPPOSITE HOTEL.

pleased to have got to the end of a dangerous commission.

He gave us the news of what he had that it was alive with redcoats, and arms were being found and poor Alan brought in trouble daily, and that Alan and some of his servants were already clapped in prison at Fort William under strong suspicion of complicity. It seemed it was fired on all sides that Alan Breek had fired the shot, and there was a bill issued for both him and me with one hundred pounds reward.

This was all as bad as could be, and the little note the bonman had carried us from Mrs. Stewart was of a miserable sadness. In it she besought Alan not to let himself be captured, assuring him if he fell in the hands of the troops both he and James would be better in the dead man. The money she had sent was all that she could beg or borrow, and she prayed heaven we could be doing with it. Lastly, she said she inclosed us one of the bills in which we were described.

Alan was advertised as "a small, pocket-marked, active man of thirty-five or thereby, dressed in a feathered hat, a French sash of blue, with silver buttons, and lace a great deal tarnished, a red waistcoat and a blue coat, with a shag, and I was a tall, dark, about eighteen, wearing an old blue bonnet, very ragged, an old highland bonnet, a long homespun waistcoat, blue breeches; his legs bare; low country shoes, wearing the toe; speaks like a lowlander, and has no beard."

This put a reflection in my mind—that if I were to separate from Alan and his telltale clothes I should be safe against arrest and might go openly about my business. Nor was this all, for suppose I was arrested when I was in the streets, there was little against me, but suppose I was taken in company with the reputed murderer, my case would begin to be grave. For generosity's sake I dare not speak my mind upon this head, but I thought of it one's loss.

I thought of it all the more, too, when the bonman brought out a green purse with five guineas in gold and the best part of another in small change. True, it was more than I had, but then Alan, with less than five guineas, had to get as far as France. I will say less than two, beyond Queensterry, so that, taking things in their proportion, Alan's taking was not really a penalty to my life, but a burden on my purse.

But there was no thought of the sort in the honest head of my companion. He loved he was serving, helping and protecting me. And what would I do but hold my peace and chat and take my chance?

"It's little enough," said Alan, putting the purse in his pocket, "but it'll do you any business."

Then he took the warmest parting of the bonman. "For," says he, "ye have done very well by me, and you need not at a venture, and I will always give you the name of a good man."

Lastly the bonman took himself off by one way, and Alan and I (getting our chattels together) struck into another to resume our flight.

DIX & WILKINSON,

Law and Abstract Office,

BUY AND SELL REAL ESTATE.

MONEY TO LOAN.

large or small sums, either rates, or improve farms only.

COUNTY OFFICE BUILDING.

BERRIEN SPRINGS MICH.

St. Joseph Valley Railroad,

Table No. 11, taking effect Monday, November 14, 1892.

Leave Berrien Springs, 8:45 a.m. 6:50 p.m. Arrive Buchanan, 7:20 a.m. 8:20 p.m. Leave Buchanan, 7:15 a.m. 8:10 p.m. Arrive Berrien Springs, 11:10 a.m. 7:10 p.m.

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BUCHANAN RECORD.

JOHN C. HOLMES, Editor.
THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1893.
Boston had a million dollar fire, Tuesday. Five lives were lost.

Grover Cleveland was elected President of the United States, on Monday of this week. He has been pretty certain of the job, however, for some time before.

The result of the Senatorial caucus at Lansing, Thursday night, was the re-election of Senator Stockbridge, and he will serve the State in the United States Senate another six years.

A couple of Tennessee fools stripped to the waist and horse whipped each other an hour, Friday, because they loved the same woman. They hadn't got through yet, but the seconds interfered.

Benjamin Butler died suddenly of apoplexy at his home, in Washington, D. C., early yesterday morning. He was 74 years of age. He has been one of the prominent figures in the history of this country, more especially during the sixties.

Miss H. Knoblock was found hanging by a small strap in the loft of his barn, in South Bend, Friday. It was at first supposed to have been suicide, but later the murder question was thought of, and a solution is now being sought by the coroner.

Gov. Flower, of New York, when asked by a delegation of business men to recommend a \$500,000 appropriation for the World's Fair, said "Rats." He now sees his own folly, and asks the legislature to double the \$300,000 appropriation made at that time.

Representative Buel, of the Michigan Legislature, has a bill before that body to ask the President to give notice to Congress of a constitutional amendment, providing for the election of President and Vice President by direct vote of the people, without the intervention of the electoral college.

One of the first measures to show in the Senate at Lansing was a joint resolution, by Senator Fox, authorizing the sale of the folding beds in the capital building, which gave the late lamented Dan Soper so much trouble, and turn the proceeds into the State Treasury. Another joint resolution attempts to fix the salary of members of the legislature at \$500, regardless of the length of session.

The Nappanee Advance says that a number of farmers north-west of that town as far as South Bend have had a little experience with a fruit tree agent. The agent operated on Bohemian oats plan, with Fay's currants. He solicited an order, offering to purchase the crop of currants for the first three years, at 25 cents a quart, after which time the currant bushes become the property of the farmer. The farmer is asked to give his notes for the currants payable at some future time. Twenty-five cents a quart is a big price for currants, and the notes drawn up and properly signed. Some time after Mr. Farmer receives a notice from the bank that his notes is there for settlement, and the atmosphere smells sulphurous and the price of currants drops.

White fish of good-size are being caught in Diamond lake.

Three thousand five hundred dollars was distributed among the Jackson prisoners for extra work last month.—Detroit Journal.

Dowagiac Methodists talk of building a \$30,000 church, providing that Mrs. Lytle donates \$10,000, and have the structure erected as a memorial to her dead husband.

It cost George Conner, of Clinton, \$650 and costs for calling Anna Owens a thief, when she was not. He will be sure of it next time, before he speaks about it.

A South Haven woman went to Coventry to a dance, against her husband's wishes. He followed her, seized her while she was dancing and choked her, then threw her on the floor and stamped on her. That man evidently believes in discipline.—Waterloo Record.

Dowagiac has been in a fever of excitement over the prospect that a manufactory of railroad supplies was to be located in that place, upon the condition that fifty houses be built for the men to live in, but now there appears the awful suspicion that they have been hoodooed.

The longest train ever seen in the upper peninsula was brought from the mills to Lake Linden. It consisted of 132 empty cars, and went up a grade 200 feet to the mill, and around curves in such a way as to describe the letter "S", being over a quarter of a mile in length.—Detroit Journal.

Faw Paw is a local option town, and when a drunken doctor went into the Courier office, a few days ago, and knocked a lot of type into a cocked hat, it made the editor howl. In closing an article on the incident, he said: "The town is jam full of drunk souls," and from appearances any man who has the price can get all he wants to drink.—Detroit Journal.

MORE SPOOKS.—Marcellus has become a resort for spirit seekers. A worthy gentleman of the dental profession, of our city, was lured to that mystic shrine, and watched at what he saw. In obedience to the command of King Saul, it is said that the witch of Endor brought the prophet Samuel from the dead, and now, at Marcellus, our doctor was brought face to face with a dental friend long since dead. The doctor claims to be an agnostic, that is a man who does not believe in God, in heaven, or hell, or not even in "Bob" Ingersoll. But when the doctor met his friend face to face, his knees shook together like Belshazzars, and he kept his feet and head with difficulty. Since this little experience he hardly knows what to believe, but he is trying to figure out the distance to the other world.—Dowagiac Standard.

FROM GALEEN.

The roads are drifted so badly in this section that its farmers find it necessary to get together in squads and shove their way through in order to get to town. The drifts are the worst on the east and west roads.

Last Wednesday evening, Rev. C. P. Birdsey and his bride were met at the Accommodation by a committee from the Columbian L. & S. C. a literary society of this place of which Mr. Birdsey is a member, who escorted them to their pleasant home, where the remainder of the club were formed, and where the ladies of the club had prepared a sumptuous supper.

After supper Prof. F. H. K-loy, with an appropriate speech, presented to Mrs. Birdsey, in behalf of the club, an elegant nocker, and also expressed to her the best wishes of the club, for a long and happy life. Mr. Birdsey is very popular here, and every one extends heart-felt congratulations to him.

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Williams, of Mishawaka, were here the guests of H. S. Cone, Saturday and Sunday of last week.

A sleighful of young people went to Troy to attend church, Sunday evening, but much to their disappointment they arrived too late to hear the sermon. It might have been the drifted roads which made them so long getting there.

The creamery is ours. All the necessary stock has been taken, and the contract signed, and a committee to select the site has been appointed and as soon as this is secured the work will begin at once. The creamery will probably be ready for business about May 2, 1893.

The following account of the experience of the St. Joseph steamers in the blizzard of last Thursday, comes from Grand Haven: "The terrible experience of the steamers Wisconsin and Lora, on Lake Michigan yesterday, go to show that the storm that set in Wednesday night was a fearful one.—The Wisconsin arrived at the port at 6 o'clock yesterday morning, but the blinding snow, coupled with the darkness and heavy sea, caused Captain Connor to put her out to sea at 10 o'clock, and she did not get in until late in the evening of today, and he found her was abreast of Point Sauble. He then came about and ran for this port, reaching here early this morning, but having with him with ice. With the exception of the breaking of some of her cabin windows and small damage to her cargo, she came out all right.

The Lora left Joe Wednesday night, bound for Milwaukee with a cargo of steel. Her experience was even worse than that of the Wisconsin. Her cargo shifted, her bowsprit was stove in, as also were her gangways. Captain Lockbridge found he could not make Milwaukee or Racine and was bound for Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Yesterday morning he gave up hope of ever reaching port, and they say it is only a miracle that they kept her afloat.

They had no idea where they were until they passed the Boonville light in the early this morning. Three of the captains ribs were broken, and two of the crew were knocked down when her bulwarks went in. The crews of both steamers say it was the biggest sea they ever experienced.

Neither Dead Nor Sleeping. The following letter written by Mr. Wm. Dalling, G. M. of the A. & F. Construction Company, to F. W. Willis, editor of the Waterloo Press, and published in that paper, will be of interest to our readers:

"Knowing that you are interested in the progress of this company in making its preliminaries necessary for the construction of our railway, we desire to give you the following information: This company has obtained contracts with companies organized for the purpose of building an airline railway in the states of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Surveys have been made in Ohio and Illinois, and we are now negotiating for contracts with companies in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. When these matters are completed we shall have located our line from the Hudson to the Mississippi. It has also been run from Nappanee, Indiana, to Benton Harbor, Michigan. We propose in starting to establish three blast furnaces at the base and connect them with our main line at Nappanee by spur, which we will commence to construct next spring before the month of May expires, and hope to have completed and running together with the industrial plant at the Lake by the last of the year 1893. This plant will be increased from time to time in order to assure the fixed charges of the main line, and it itself will be a good paying investment.

The people in Michigan, Indiana and Ohio have subscribed toward this preliminary work in all some \$3,500, which is less than one fourth of the actual expense of our work to date. The remaining three-fourths and over we have carried ourselves. We have decided to complete our surveys and perfect our charters from the Hudson to the Mississippi, and then commence the construction of this spur, as this spur will be our first line and will aid in the construction of the main line, providing for the fixed charges, and to construct it we must concentrate all our efforts.

This is our work, and we hope before the end of the year to give you the assurance of our good faith by moving the dirt and beginning the actual constructing."

The chaises are that the post office will remain where it is during the next four years, for the buildings suitable for having the offices are owned by republicans and are to be moved to the office, and the land is mostly owned by republicans also, and they won't sell any, so the office will remain where it has been, until the post-office will have to go empty.—Bridgman Cor. to Palladium.

They might move the office to Hill's Corners.

The Board of Supervisors are at their usual January grind. The bonds of the new county officers are to be approved and some tinkering to be done with the boundaries of St. Joseph and Benton townships, and they have authorized the offer of \$500 for the arrest and conviction of the murderer of Mary Conley, of Niles, and they have a great number of claims to audit and allow.

Four members elected last spring have resigned. These are, Kingsland of Hagar, Zombro of Benton Harbor, Thompson of Niles, and Vincent of Three Oaks. Their places are filled by Messrs. Handy, Sterns, Tichenor and Wm. Chamberlain. Messrs. Chamberlain and Sterns are not new at the business.—J. R. Str.

The absence of a snow plow was conspicuous this morning, as is the case at all times when snow falls. The condition of our streets is entirely of the condition of some country road.

Hand, McNeilly & Co., 106 Adams Street, Chicago, Ill., have been authorized to take the management of the sale of their new Universal Atlas. Any one desiring a pleasant and profitable position would do well to write them.

U. A. WHITE, editor of the Macmillan News, has a little 5-year-old daughter who attends Sunday school, and while there had heard a story of hanging out the red flag for her.

A few days ago her mother entered in room where the child was playing just in time to prevent the little one, in all probability, from committing suicide. She had fastened a rope to the shelf bracket, and then tied the other end around her neck and was standing on a chair, apparently all ready to jump to the floor. When questioned by her mother as to why she was doing so, she replied that she wanted "to hang like the king in the bible."—Detroit Journal.

A fight between game birds from Kalamazoo and South Bend parties took place in this city, last evening. Kalamazoo winning 5 out of 11. The affair was kept very quiet, but it held a large crowd attended.—Wides Field.

A SHATTERED MIRROR. It recalls a Burglar's Blunder and a Houseowner's Narrow Escape. Hanging in Inspector Schack's room of the East Chicago police station is a small shattering mirror. Through badly shattered, the inspector would not part with it for a large sum of money, for it tells a story which, though true, is stranger than fiction.

The little mirror was once the property of George High, and was the means of saving that gentleman a loss of about \$25,000. About 7 o'clock on the evening of Oct. 8, 1883, Mr. High, his family and several guests were eating dinner. While they were thus engaged two burglars, who had evidently been "spying" the house for some time, placed a ladder against the rear of the house. By that means one of the men reached the second story window and entered the house. Walking straight through the hall, he entered Mrs. High's bedroom. That evening Mrs. High and her guests were going to attend a reception, and their diamonds and jewelry were spread out on the dresser. As the thief entered the room his eyes caught sight of the gems and he started to possess himself of them.

The small mirror hung in the corner of the room opposite the mirror in the dresser. It reflected one of his hands for the diamonds the thief saw what he supposed was a hand stretched out to grasp him. It was the reflection of his own hand on the large mirror re-reflecting in the smaller one. Believing that he was about to be captured, the burglar whipped out his revolver, aimed quickly and fired. He hit the man in the small mirror and forgot all about the diamonds. Running to the window he jumped upon the ladder and slid to the ground.

Alarmed by the shot, the family rushed up stairs and found the room full of smoke and the small mirror shattered. Looking out of the window, Mr. High saw two men running down the alley toward Lake Michigan. In the corner of the mirror was a bullet hole, and broken glass was scattered over the floor. The case was reported to Inspector Schack, but the "climber" has never been called by the police, were never captured.

One day Mr. High sent for the inspector and presented him with the broken mirror. The inspector wrote a short history of the affair, had it framed and it hangs below the mirror in his office.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Fate of Hannibal. Hannibal's life and fate were so supremely great and sad. He was a patriot who had only the best interests of his country at heart. In the wars of Carthage against Rome he carried his armies across the Straits of Gibraltar, over the Alps and into Italy to the very gates of Rome. For more than a score of years he remained there, supporting his forces upon the enemy and proving himself to be such a literal and lasting scourge that the Roman mothers would quiet their children with the sound of his dreaded name. Finally, when old in years, and he was driven forth and defeated, he made a bold attempt at his own death by drinking the poison of an ancient war.

Yet in his old age he became a fugitive, wandering from one country to the other and finding no rest, owing to the vindictive persecutions of the Romans, who were then all powerful. At last, discovering a spot on earth open to him as a refuge, deserted by his former friends, his country enslaved and his once imperial native city in ruins, he gave way to despair and ended his life with poison.—Yankee Blade.

He Knew Him Well. This bit of conversation was overheard at Canterbury on the day on which Henry Irving unveiled the statue of Marlowe: "Yes, and a very good man to put a statue up to, too!" observed a resident; "I knew him well." "Oh, come, you are as old as that," Oh, no, Marlowe was an Elizabethan poet. "I'dunno about that; he was a good sort whatever people might say. I am going to see his widow now; she lives here."

"Is either mad or somewhat mixed," thought the narrator, "who is it you think the statue is being erected to, my friend?" "Why, to Marwood, the executioner, of course! He came from these parts and were a rare good sort. Good afternoon to you, sir."—Fall Mail Gazette.

The Culture of Steel Grass. In the West Indian island of New Providence there is a new and important industry in the cultivation of steel grass, which is equal to Manila hemp for making rope and twine. This fiber plant, which was formerly regarded as a noxious weed, requires four years to reach maturity, and tens of thousands of acres of land of New Providence are now devoted to its growth.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Knowing Kite. First Boy—What does my kite doge down to the ground that way for?" Second Boy—Huh! Don't you know? It's tryin to get back to you so you'll put on more tail—Goo! News.

England May Have Been a Dead Sea. The borders of the Dead Sea are now extensive salt pans, and the water is not so dense as the Drott, England, brine. The few molluscs that are found correspond with the brackish shells of recent salt lakes, while the ripple marks deposited in the lower stages indicate the near influence of the sea on an expanse of muddy coast adapted for wading and estuary-hunting animals.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Repairer Talks. A trouser presser says: "Now, there's a gent in the Alpine building; he sends me five pairs of trousers to day and wants 'em tomorrow, sure. Well, he don't get 'em, see! He'll send around here for 'em 'bout a week, and then I'll jump on to them and have 'em right under the iron. Sometimes gents sends in here for to have a suit pressed right away and then never come back and never send for them. They don't get about them, I s'pose, or go off somewhere in a hole and die. Oh! I keep them a month or two and then sell 'em to pay charges. I've had suits worth \$100 left here and never called for or never written about."

It's surprising how forgetful some people are. They just come here with a rush and say, "I want these right away—well, tomorrow, I s'pose, and that's the last I see of them for a week or two, maybe never. Men are mostly fools anyhow. I have a customer who sends his valise over here for his trousers, then sends 'em back again, saying they ain't half done. Very well, says I, 'I'll do 'em over,' and I takes 'em and slaps 'em under the iron before his eyes and he goes away and I hangs 'em all over a chair and goes about my business, and for his trousers, then sends 'em back again, saying they ain't half done. Very well, says I, 'I'll do 'em over,' and I takes 'em and slaps 'em under the iron before his eyes and he goes away and I hangs 'em all over a chair and goes about my business, and for his trousers, then sends 'em back again, saying they ain't half done. 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Merchant Tailor,

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CLOTHS,
SUITINGS,
Pants Goods,

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

An Inspection is Solicited.

Front Street, Foot of Day's Avenue,
BUCHANAN, MICH.

Buchanan Markets.

Wheat—99 @ \$10 per ton.
Corn—10c.
Retail—\$1.00
Bar—\$4.00 @ \$4.50 per bbl., retail.
Lard—15c.
Poultry—5 @ 10c.
Eggs—20c.
Hens—57c.
Ducks—52c.
Turkeys—1.00.
Sows—\$1.75.
Pigs—75c.
Butter—70c.

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EVERY man should protect his family by being a member of the A. O. U. W., because it is the oldest, largest, and most reliable mutual benefit association in the world.

The last day we have had without a fall of snow in this place was Dec. 20, 1892, and some people begin to think it is becoming monotonous. About time for a January thaw.

The Benton Harbor Palladium passed through a pi experience, by letting the local paper of their daily fall through itself, last Friday. Those are troublesome times in a printing office.

BUSINESS CHANGE.—Mr. Levi Redden has bought C. B. Treat's interest in the grocery business of Treat Bros., and will henceforth devote his attention to business in that line.

W. A. PALMER AND FAMILY started Tuesday morning for Tampa, Florida, when they expect to visit a few weeks with the family of H. H. Kinyon. They will stay until our storm is over.

MR. CYRUS KING, an aged colored man, died at his home in Fulton addition Sunday morning, from the effect of a cancer. He was a pensioner, having served in the army during the rebellion.

CHARLES A. CHAPIN, of Niles, has just bought another block of Chicago real estate. This time it is a stone yard between Franklin street and the river, both of Harrison street, and costs \$99,178, or \$8.50 a square foot.

The Citizens' Bank of Niles has announced the work of the post-office, and is furnishing its patrons with the new Columbian postage stamps at the usual rate, at the old stand. No extra charge for large lots.

NILES CITY council is being asked to add \$800 to the reward offered by the Board of Supervisors for the capture of the murderer of Mary Conley. It would most likely not facilitate his capture one minute.

The Coloma Courier pronounces the story about tar and feathers on Carter, of Watervliet, which has been going the rounds of the state press, to be a chestnut "to badly roasted for consumption". In other words, clear out of date.

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The Modern Woodmen America is the best life insurance organization in Buchanan, because its assessments are graded; it is restricted to healthiest localities; the age is limited to 45 years; it is the cheapest. Take a policy and protect your family.

South Carolina is going into the liquor business on its own hook. A law has been passed by which all liquor dealers are made state officers, after July 1, 1893, and the profits will all go to the state. This addition to the crops of state officers and attempt to regulate the traffic, will be watched with interest.

BENTON HARBOR college is entertaining the citizens of that village with exhibitions of the microscopical menagerie, which the aforesaid citizens live upon when they eat dates, raisins, figs, vinegar, and drink Benton Harbor water. This entertainment may be amusing, but it is very wrong. This is one of the cases where ignorance is more blissful than knowledge.

A LITTLE job of hauling snow from in front of the business houses, would not be a bad idea. It has been thrown from the sidewalk into the gutters until it is nearly impossible to get near the hitching rail. Sometimes before the Fourth of July we shall be likely to have a thaw, and these banks will be decidedly in the way then. It is easier to move them now.

BERRIEN COUNTY has fifty-four saloons, which pay a tax of \$85,185.96. Of these, two are in Buchanan, fourteen in Benton Harbor, two in Berrien Spring, thirteen in Niles, two in New Buffalo, sixteen in St. Joseph, one in Three Oaks, and one in Watervliet. Buchanan is the most expensive place in this county for conducting the business. Besides paying the regulation tax of \$500 each, it costs them \$50 per month each for bondsmen.

The Benton Harbor Banner is kicking because B. R. Sterns is Mayor of Benton Harbor and at the same time appointed Deputy Sheriff. As Mr. Sterns tendered his resignation of the office of Mayor, and the City Council have not accepted it, there can be but little blame attached to him. There was a time when the RECORD held the state prize belt as a kicker, but the Banner has it now. No improvement is made or good thing comes to a citizen of Benton Harbor lest the Banner kick.

Senator Jewell, of Dowagiac, assumed to speak for "three-fourths of the Seventh district" in supporting Cyrus C. Luce for Senator in the republican caucus at Lansing. Mr. Jewell's figures are too high, and his estimate of the republican sentiment of the district could hardly have been based on careful investigation. We believe that three-fourths of the party in this district preferred Senator Stockbridge.

MR. VINCENT was a man of more than ordinary ability; marked integrity; frank and outspoken in his views upon all subjects; honest and upright in all his ways. No man in Berrien county enjoyed the respect and confidence of those who knew him to a greater degree, as is well attested by the positions of honor and trust he was called upon to fill by his neighbors: He was seven times elected supervisor of his township; was eleven years a member of the school board of his village, and stood among the first in church and Sunday school, and was exceedingly benevolent and charitable.

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Obituary.
Died, at his home in the village of Three Oaks, Jan. 10, 1893, after a short illness, Edwin Herbert Vincent, having but just completed the forty-second year of his age.

Mr. Vincent was born in Florida, De Kalbe county, Miss., Nov. 27, 1850. He came with his parents to Laporte county, Ind., in 1857, and has ever since, with the exception of about two years in Illinois and Iowa, been a resident of Laporte county in this country.

Coming to Buchanan in 1871, he has since been a resident of this county first engaged in the grocery business at Buchanan, and subsequently forming a partnership with the Hon. James L. McKee, at Three Oaks, which continued until his death.

Mr. Vincent was a man of more than ordinary ability; marked integrity; frank and outspoken in his views upon all subjects; honest and upright in all his ways. No man in Berrien county enjoyed the respect and confidence of those who knew him to a greater degree, as is well attested by the positions of honor and trust he was called upon to fill by his neighbors: He was seven times elected supervisor of his township; was eleven years a member of the school board of his village, and stood among the first in church and Sunday school, and was exceedingly benevolent and charitable.

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REV. THOMAS DIXON THINKS A GREAT CRISIS IS AT HAND.

Discontent Among the Masses is Increasing, and the Power of Each One to Work Evil or Good is Increasing.

ALBION, Mich., Jan. 8.—Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., accompanied by Mrs. Dixon, is on a lecture tour of two weeks in the west.

I know there are those who say that there are always calamity howlers; that every age are Jeremiahs.

There was a Jeremiah of old, who told Israel of approaching danger, fulfilled in the fact.

The Reformers burst on the world with their message. If you will Renaissance, you men inside the world to the pope in less than a century.

There is a great day in the history of the world, and that day is the day of the Lord. Before every crash of empire in the past there has been a period when the heart of the people was conscious—just as clearly as you are conscious today in the beauty of the sunlight that there is a storm moving somewhere on the horizon.

The pressure of life is becoming day more and more intense. Men have said again and again that the poverty of the poor is the same. I wish some of you could sit here this morning dressed so you could know just what I know every day in the year.

It is true also that we are interested in another lesson. We are hearing of the poverty of the poor, more power, irreversibly rich. There is a family New York whose wealth is estimated at \$50,000,000.

And then the evil ones are becoming more and more evil, more and more aggressive in crime, more and more desperate and devilish than ever.

There never was a time when there were such mean newspapers—a public press in some quarters without a single particle of principle in its columns, from the top where you find the address of the publication down to the bottom, yet crowded with sensational news and with all the experience of years, with hell packed into its columns until it literally sets the world on fire at its touch, each day getting meaner and meaner and becoming squalid and mightier for evil and crime.

Then the wrongs of the ages are piling up. We are suffering for what our ancestors did, and it grows more and more aggravated year by year.

Second—Then there is another reason why we feel that this crisis is approaching—because the swiftness of physical progress is such that we are never able to get ahead of it.

not satisfied with a 200 speed in a horse. They want it to fly with muscles of steel. Thank God, there are some men in this world like Robert Bonner, who know that a horse's speed is not to be used for anything except to trot, gallop, canter, and gallop.

The cry of the world today is for more speed. We are not satisfied with the pace in the army. In the next war we have we are going to have bicycle cavalry.

It is an electric age, and therefore one of boundless powers. I passed Menlo Park yesterday and thought of the world that is sitting for the next announcement from his brain, that shall fill our hearts with gladness because it makes the world brighter and more beautiful.

The march of science is a history of miracles. The scientist now can lift the skull of an idiot and make him into a wise man. Drunkards are transformed into sober men, and slaves into free men.

Material science has rediscovered God; that God even is in matter, in the body, and that there is a spiritual entity even in that which we thought could be dissolved into its elements.

There were two conscious feelings in the man, one which he knew he was his master. A few years ago, if you talked like that, people would have said he was crazy.

Our nations are arming themselves as never before. We are arming to be ready to do to one another what we are doing to ourselves.

It is coming, and when it does, O God, the results that may come to nations and kings that sit now with thrones so secure and the crowns on their heads. Wait, wait the great, restless, crowded, and restless, and when dynamic is used instead of lead and powder.

Fourth—Then there is another thing of interest, and that is the tithing of life in the religious world. There is throughout the world today this growing conviction that the tithing of life is more interesting, that something must be done. It is a new life divine throbbing in the heart of the church of Jesus Christ.

The press today must discuss religion. The nearest newspaper in New York is bound to write an editorial on religion, because all the world that read newspapers are thus demanding that they shall know the subject that most interests the world.

On the other hand, the good are becoming better. With all the desperate wickedness of the great city there never was a time when there were truer Christians in it than today.

Swiftness of physical progress. Second—Then there is another reason why we feel that this crisis is approaching—because the swiftness of physical progress is such that we are never able to get ahead of it.

not suffer because their wages are limited. So in their great dry goods store there is a corps of three physicians—the one for the head, the one for the heart, and the one for the feet.

I find in every city of this great nation a new throbbing of life being felt in the church of Jesus Christ. What does this mean? It simply means that our civilization is approaching rapidly an hour of supreme crisis.

When Silas Wegg thought he had the Golden Dusterman completely in his power, he was looking into the door of the auriferous gentleman's house and making noises through the keyhole to intimate that he had the Dusterman's nose on the grindstone and meant to keep it there.

Where the fashions come from. We are going to have a great war by and by, and when the smoke is cleared away there will be fewer nations than the nations that were.

Why, the harlots of France give the fashions for the police. The new fashions of the next year's ball costume will be digested through the process of evolution in the demimonde of Paris.

An interesting tale has been reported from New Hampshire to the Chicago Herald. It is the story of a man named Hampshire, the mativator of our distinguished townsman, Colonel John W. Ell.

How wonderful and how inscrutable, he cried, "are the operations of nature! Here in this rocky fastness, far from the haunts of humanity, this figure stands out in silhouette, defying the processes of time.

As incident occurred in the Union Square theater on Wednesday night that nearly ruined the movement of the lugubrious "Theater." An Englishman of middle age, dignified, and of a manner entered the house, attended by a valet carrying an immense basket of flowers.

It is an old plaint of philanthropy the ingratitude of its proteges. The millennium will come when the deserving are found every time and the helping are found every time.

Here is a scheme I witnessed some years ago on a Central Pacific train bound for Fresno. Edwin Booth was aboard, also Mrs. Booth, and a young girl named by the great tragedian.

Ladies and gentlemen, I yield to the majesty of the law. There is only one of me and many of you, I depart, and with me the comedy element of this entertainment disappears.

Doctors maintain that no more favorable medium for the culture of micro-organisms can be found than human sewage. Cases are cited in which the water of the city has been introduced into old cesspools, have resulted in an epidemic of diphtheria.

Where the Profit Was. The following story is told of a building saloon keeper in the city of a certain new house. Mr. Brown? "Yes, you are right."

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OH, YES, SHE GOT THE DUCKS!

The Terrible Discovery of a Decadent Amateur Huntsman.

A young man, who combines love of society with love of adventure with gun and rod, was cruelly betrayed by an unscrupulous bill collector one day before Thanksgiving.

"Do you ever hit anything?" demurely queried the comely young woman. "I can hit anything that I can see," returned the bill collector.

"Oh, no novice with a gun," pleaded the comely young man persuasively. "You ought to see!"

"Well, I don't believe that you will get any ducks tomorrow," interrupted the girl, her chaffing spirit thoroughly aroused.

He hastened to a game stall in Fulton market where he was acquainted and selected a fine pair of ducks, to which he attached the address of the comely young woman in Brooklyn.

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What is CASTORIA? Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance.

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