ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS DISCONTINUED AT EXPIRATION

Business Directory.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH. — Preaching every Lord's day at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Also Sunday School at 12:00 noon, and Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 P. M. Prayer meeting each Thursday evening at 7:30. C. W. Workers meet every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.

TNITED BRETHREN CHURCH—Rev. J. W. DeLong, Pastor. Sabbath services: Sabbath School 12:00 x.; Preaching 10:30 A. x.; Young People's Meeting 6:00 r. x.; Preaching 7:00 r. x. Prayer Meeting and Bible Reading Thursday evening 7:00. Everybody invited to all those services. PRESEYTERIAN CHURCH. Rev. O. J. Rob erts, Pastor. Sabbath services: Preaching 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath School 12:00 M. Young People's meeting 6:30 P. M. Prayer emeeting, Wednesday evening, 7:30.

ADVENT CHRISTIAN CHURCH—Rev. A. P. Moore, Pastor. Preaching at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12 M. Y. P. prayer meeting Thursday evening. Cottage prayer meeting Thesday evening. Covenant meeting Saturday before the first Sunday of each month, with communion the first Sunday of the month, Strangers always welcome.

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

To & A. M.—Buchanan Lodge No. 68 holds a regular meeting Monday evening on orbefore he full moon in each month.

A. O.U. W.—Buchanan Lodge No. 98 holds its A. reular meeting the 1st and 3d Friday evening of each month. A. R.—Wm. Perrott Post No. 22. Regular U. meeting on the first and third Saturday sening of each month. Visiting comrades always welcome.

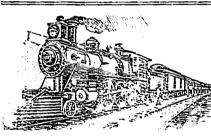
TYOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS, Wm. Perrott Post V No. S1. Meetings held regularly, in Grange Hall, first and third Saturday of each month. DOBERT HENDERSON, M. D., Physician and L. Surgeon. Office, Rough's Opera House Block. Residence, No. 90 Front Street. Calls answered all hours of the day and night.

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TRAINS EAST LEAVE BUCHANAN Detroit Night Express, No. S...... 12:28 A.

TRAINS WEST. LEAVE BUCHANAN. Chicago Night Express, No. 7. 4:08 A. M. Chicago & Kalamazoo Accom., No. 21. 8:03 A. M. Bost., N. Y. and Chi. special, No. 1. 12:00 M. Mail, No. 3. 21:2 P. W. 21:2 P. W.

Mail, No. 2. 9:48 A. M Chicago & Kalamazoo Accost., No. 22. 7:22 P. M

A. F. PEACOCK, Local Agent. O. W. Russles G. P & T. A.

VANDALIA LINE TIME TABLE.

In effect June 10, 1895. Trains leave FOR THE NORTH.

No. 52, Ex. Sun., 1:35 P. M. No. 56, Daily, 7:05 P. M. No. 54, Ex. Sun., 11:30 P. M. No. 58, Ex. Sun., 8:43 A. M. No. 60, Sun. only, 9:44 A. M. FOR THE SOUTH.

No. 53, Ex. Sun., 11:23 A. M. For Terre Haute No. 51, Ex. Sun., 4:06 A. M. No. 55, Daily, 3:26 P. M. No. 57, Ex. Sun., 6:01 P. M. No. 59, Sun. only, 7:38 P. M. For Complete Time Card, giving all trains and stations, and for full information as to rates, through cars, etc., address

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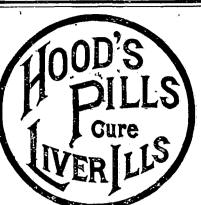
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VOLUME XXIX.

BUCHANAN, BERRIEN COUNTY MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1895.



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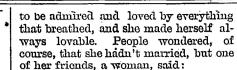


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"Laura never looked upon marriage as an achievement, but as a surrender. She has found it more of a career to be a belle than to marry. She ought to change her views now, but she's gotten in such a fixed habit of being young and beautiful and making conquests. I don't know how she is ever going to surrender to any one unless she gets a real romantic hero, and how's any man going to be a hero these days?"

Laura had not seen the Watermans for years, and she set about making conquests anew of them with her usual assidnity, and characteristically she seemed to devote as much effort to the dry dust colored Emma as to her brother. She sat on her own piazza with Emma

one morning sewing, because Emma never sat with her hands idle, and talking kindergartens. She astonished herself with what she knew about kindergartens when she tried. James Waterman strolled by, and Laura shifted her attitude to a prettier pose as he stopped to speak, and then called upon him to come and see how well she could hemstitch, and she made a nice showing of pretty hands as well as of the table center she was working. Emma looked at her as if she were committing a crime and snorted audibly as she got up, saying she must go write some letters. Laura bore her departure sweetly. She wished to please always, but as between a man and a woman there was never any doubt

which she most cared about. Waterman drew up a chair and sat down by her, and she went on hemstitching and listening. She always listened if the man would talk.

"I had a letter from Dawson this morning—Jack Dawson, you know him, don't you? He's coming down tomorrow. Says he's got to get out of town before the beastly Fourth. It certainly is a necessity to escape all that row. I suppose the children will have some firecrackers at the hotel, and if they get too

noisy I'll run over here. May I?" "I always have a little Fourth of my own. It might be worse than the children's, but I hope you'll try the exchange." Laura looked at him with her usual soft smile, then dropped her thimble, and Waterman had to pick it up for her, and the conversation took a new turn when he brought it back set on his little finger and expressing incredulity as to its being big enough for any grown woman to sew with.

When he next saw Emma she said, "Isn't Laura Marlowe the most smooth, deceitful thing, talking to me about kindergartens, and taking so much care of her complexion all the time, and angling after you?" "Well, Emma, I don't see anything

very damaging in your specific charges, and I'm sure there is not much ground for saying she's angling after me. She'd have no use for me when she got me. She's sweet to everybody. You say that

"She's got to the time now she's thinking about settling herself seriously, for all she gets herself up to look so young—young for her age that is—and I guess she thinks you are as well as she "You are making a fool of yourself,

Emma, about a very pleasant, gentle, pretty woman. She likes admiration; she's very amiable; she certainly never gave any one any ground for saying she was a husband hunter, whatever else they had against her. We all know some of the matches she has refused." "Amiable—that's her card," said

Emma. "No one with any real feeling about anything can be so smooth to everybody. She's utterly artificial, and she'll quit refusing fine matches soon, I can tell you that, what with the money they've lost and the years she has gain-

Waterman remarked, of course, that women were wonderfully nasty to each other, and added that he was going out rowing with Laura in an hour, and that

he must go see about the boat. "I dou't trust her as far as I can see her," said Emma to herself when she was alone with her thoughts. "Of course she must be getting married soon. She's not going to settle down to being an old maid, as I've done. Any one would think I was 20 years older. But I'm not, and I'll keep James well in mind of her age anyhow. At his time of life he's more apt to be taken by youth than when he was younger himself. I know she's a heartless cat, always posing for some-

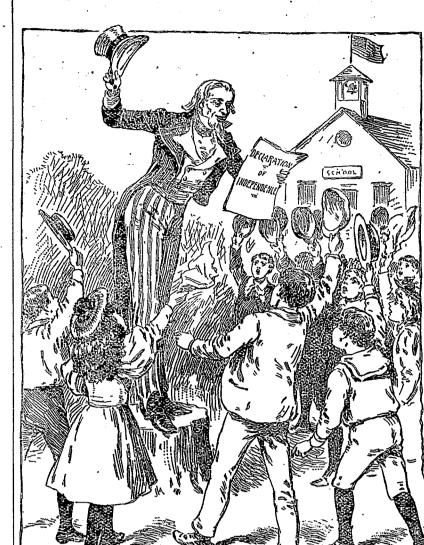
James enjoyed his row with the cat. She was a very pleasant cat, certainly. stroll on the beach after he had seen her home ran over the charges his sister brought against her. Was it true she had no feeling? He could not get over entirely his prejudice, inherited from Puritan ancestors, that anything agreeable must be a little false. He did not mind the little wiles and little fibs about her age that his sister made mountains of. He "liked her womanish ways and her desire to please every one, but was there any depth of feeling there? Wasn't it true that she was artificial? There was an intensity in these meditations that might have told him that she was not all artificial; that he

was paying tribute to the reality of her womanhood by the seriousness of his consideration of her moral qualities. At home Laura was being questioned about her row by her mother. She said she had had a pleasant time, and her mother remarked impressively that James Waterman was a fine man and would make some woman a good hus-

"I suppose so," said Laura and yawned. It was no news that her mother wanted her to get married. Her



DALTON SAT DOWN BESIDE HER. mother was a gentlewoman who never



the sunset from her porch. It was her custom to hold a sort of reception there, and several people were already there when they arrived. Even Emma sat there, stiff and severe, as if the sunset itself were a frivolous display Laura had got up to show herself off. She had come with a friend of hers, Miss Anderson, who had said when she couldn't get the theater she liked an hour of Laura Marlowe. Poor Laura was looking lovely in a light lace bedecked gown, with flowers in her bosom and a soft gracious word for every one on her

"George, there is no one like her; hasn't been these 20 years, more or less," Dalton whispered to Waterman. "I've been a little in love with her this long time, and I believe the disease would come to a head if I were to stay here

Waterman turned and walked away without a word. He marveled that Dalton should show himself such an offensive donkey. He'd never noticed anything of the kind in him before.

tionable Dalton, and he sat down beside her, and-you could see it even if you could not hear-plainly began to cover her with fulsome compliments, and plainly, too, she liked it. "She is just an actress--a comedience, just as that woman called her," said Waterman to himself, with unnecessary bitterness. "If she worries any one around it will probably be Dalton. He has the most money.' Waterman settled himself to enjoy the beauties of nature in the most secluded

corner he could find. "I congratulate you on getting away from the Fourth, Dalton," said a young fellow named Nason.

as I can," said Dalton. "You have to take some of it, unless you cross the wa-Anderson.

smell of gunpowder even here," said "Yes, you will," said Laura pleasantly. "I always have a little celebration

of my own.'' "She is too young to give up her childish delight in firecrackers," whispered Miss Anderson to Emma. 'Oh, I say, Miss Marlowe, that's hard on me. What do you do it for?" Dalton

Laura sat up a little straighter in her chair, looked around her, and, by the way, drew a corner of her crape shawl that Dalton was playing with away from him. "Haven't any of you ever heard of patriotism-of loving your country?"

There was a laugh. They all looked at her a little bewildered, a little aston-

"Beastly place," said Nason. "We are all trying to get away from t." caid Miss Anderson "A good deal to be said against our

"I suppose so, but it has cost rivers of good blood. I love my country! I Laura was speaking with a feeling very different from her usual tone. They

stinct to good her on. "Patriotism is out of fashion. Young people now are cosmopolitan," said Emma. "You are letting yourself fall

behind your contemporaries, Miss Mar-The dart took effect, but not as any

about her an instant, her eyes shining bright in the failing light, her small white hands clasped in her lap—"my contemporaries should have some patriotism if these others have not. I remember the war"—her mother gave a gasp and put out her hand toward her, but Laura kept on with a quiet intensity—"I remember when men marched away at the call of this country you think nothing of, and never came back, when patriotism cost something and the bill was paid. I saw the wounded" -- She stop-

have been!" said Dalton, with good in-"I was, but I was big enough to scrape

lint, and I knew"— Laura had began this last sentence with a sort of defiance, she began to cry. She got to her feet, remember. They fought like men anyped again. She had been alternately kerchief in a ball between her palms. broken laugh:

SHE DID NOT FEEL PATRIOTIC "You've made me feel like firing a cannon for the Fourth, Miss Laura, Waterman called after her, and Emma Emma was actually wiping her eyes. She had had an older brother killed in

"After all, the Fourth, dates farther back than Miss Marlowe's memory,' said Miss Anderson aside to Dalton, while Waterman was engaging Mrs.

Marlowe in talk. "All the same it is a question of patriotism, and I call that as gallant a charge for one's native land as I ever heard of. I'm going to order some fireworks down myself, telegraph for them

tonight," said Dalton. Miss Anderson, seeing the men had gone over to the enemy, gave up the direct attack and said she adored fireworks and always did think patriotism

was lovely. Laura came back, pale, but composed and very quiet. Waterman helped out the situation by proposing that they all take a stroll down to the beach and see the moon come up. That move helped every one and himself in particular, for he was burning with an inexplicable desire to pay the tribute of his admiration to Laura at once. He walked with her, and as the others passed out of earshot he began telling her how deeply what she had said had moved him, and how women's hearts were the true conservators of patriotism and everything else worth talking about, all with equal

eloquence and incoherence. Then Laura had another perfectly natural moment. She sat down on a rock and looked at him as the first rays of the big moon fell on them. "I don't feel patriotic now a bit," she said plaintively. "I feel as if I had burned my ships behind me, and I wish

I hadn't. I don't see how I can be old enough to remember all that." Waterman had to clinch his hands to keep from picking her up in his arms then and there—she was so pretty and so dear and silly. He knew now what was the matter with him-he was in love. He sat down close by her and

caught her hands and told her so. "I never was so grateful to any one for making love to me before in my life." That was Laura's first answer to his declaration, given with an odd little laugh and with sweet eyes looking into his. Her last words that night, as he stood with her alone at her door, were: "It's very queer to try to call you Jim; but, Jim, I never should have surrendered if I hadn't had that feeling that my ships were ablaze behind me and the other women were laughing at me. This is a kind of answer for them. Yes, yes, don't make a noise. You know I always liked you, and I had to love you when you came out so strong just

at this time; but, Jim, I wasn't 12 years old when the war closed." Jim had all the data for knowing she was 16, and he was bewildered for a minute that she should bother further with the subject. Then he recognized it as the most characteristic touch imaginable and found it charming.

The engagement was announced the next day, and from that day to this the Fourth is treated by Mr. and Mrs. Waterman as a matter for personal rejoicng. But Mrs. Waterman still veils the number of their joint celebrations in mystery, although every one remembers, of course, just when they were married, and although she can't resist educating her oldest boy in military lore with tales of war times they have again become secondhand tales—things she "has heard from others." She has never surrendered completely on her chronology

stonished nations as they r that all men are created equal started out of their lethargy like those who have been exiles from childhood when they suddenly hear the dimly remembered accents of their mother's tongue. - Bancroft.

Thrilled All Nations.

Considerate. Kind Lady-Willie Waffles, I heard you boys tied a bunch of firecrackers to a dog's tail. Don't you think that is very cruel? Willie Waffles—No'm. We cut it off

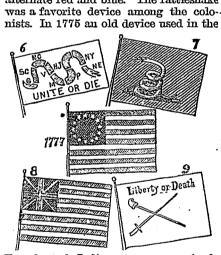


by the colonists at Bunker Hill, fought on June 17, 1775. Indeed it has never been proved that they had any standards, though one writer says "they were as various as the troops were motley." There is a picture of the battle in the rotunda of the capitol at Washington, painted by Trumbull, the celebrated American artist of that day, in which the Americans are pictured fighting under a red flag having a white canton bearing a green pine tree. Warren is said to have reminded his troops of the motto on their standard, on one side of which was, "Qui transtulit sustinet" (He who brought us here will sustain us), and on the other, "An appeal to heaven." This appears to have been the Connecticut motto. An old lady told Mr. Lossing, the historian, that her father was at the battle and assisted in hoisting the flag. He described it to her. The ground was blue, with one corner quartered by the red cross of St. George, in one section of which was a pine tree. On July 18, 1775, a standard was presented to Washington bearing the motto, "An Appeal to Heaven." On Oct. 20, 1775, a plan was suggested for a Revoground and a tree in the middle bearing the motto, "An Appeal to Heaven." It was the flag of American floating batteries. This was undoubtedly adopted by Massachusetts, and it was used on Anxerican ships.

In September, 1775, Colonel Moultrie, in South Carolina, had a flag made which was blue, with a white crescent in the corner. On June 28, 1776, this flag, with the word "Liberty" inscribed upon it, was raised on what is now Fort Moultrie. This was the first American

flag displayed in the south. The colors of the American fleet (July, 1776) were 13 stripes, with a rattlesnake

across, bearing the motto, "Don't Tread In Paul Jones' flag the stripes were alternate red and blue. The rattlesnake



French and Indian war was revived being a rattlesnake cut into parts. It was adopted by the newspapers to represent the separate colonies and with

the motto, "Unite or Die." On the 8th of February, 1776, Colonel Gadsden presented to congress a standard for the commander of the navy. It was a yellow flag, with a rattlesnake in the middle coiled ready to strike, and the motto, "Don't Trend on Me." At the equipping of a fleet a committee was appointed at Cambridge to consider a flag. The result was the union jack, coupled with 18 stripes. This was the close of the year 1775. The flag was hoisted on the 2d of January at the Cambridge camp. At the battle of Long Island. Aug. 26; 1776, the British captured from a small band of Americans are damask flag, with the motto, "Liberty." battle of White Plains, Oct. 28, 1776, the Americans carried a flag with a crossed sword and staff, with a liberty cap on the end of the staff and the motto,

'Liberty or Death.'' The earliest suggestion of stars in an American flag is in a standard of the Philadelphia Light horse (1774-5), though it is not probable that this influenced the design of the national flag. It was on the 14th of Jane, 1777, that the American congress decided on a banner. It was on that day resolved "that the flag of the 13 United States be 13 stripes of alternate red and white; that the Union be 18 stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." This design was at once promulgated, and the vast number of colonial flags bearing rattlesnakes, pine trees, union jacks and other emblems and mottoes disappeared, and the remainder of the war was fought out under the stars and stripes.

S. W. SAVAGE. Citizen Train. George Francis Train sat in state in Madison Square park the other day, and as he lolled on a bench munching peanuts a man came along who had been drinking. There are few persons on earth who think the sage of the square an easy mark for their shafts of wit. "Kin you tell me," asked the lurch-

ing chap, "why you are crazy?" George Francis looked at him seriously for a moment. "Yes," he anwered; "I am pursued by fools who ask questions." "Don't sensible folks ever talk to you?" went on the man.

"Never," replied the philosopher. "You have answered your own question," he went on. "If you need the information really, you put yourself down as a silly person. If you're not bright enough to see the point, you are con-victed of being one of the class you mention. In any event you're a fool. Now go home and reason it out." And the half dazed individual sauntered away. -New York World.

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NUMBER 24.

THE NATIONAL EMBLEM.

More Than Two Years of Warfare. With-

A national ensign was not adopted till June, 1777. A glance at the pro-

miscuous banners under which the dif-

ferent American forces campaigned dur-

ing the first two years of the Revolution

will be found of interest at this anniver-

The first regular battle of the war was Bunker Hill. It is not likely that

there were any colors carried by the few

militiamen who were hastily got togeth-

er at Concord and Lexington two months

before. But after the skirmishes at

sary of the birth of the nation.

So say unreservedly all of those who have smoked them.

BINNS,

OPPOSITE HOTEL, BUCHANAN

SUNDAY SCHOOL EVANGEL.

EDITED BY

REV. O. J. ROBERTS.

This column is open to any who has any communication bearing upon practical Sunday School work, or has any news concerning the progress of the work. We solicit correspondence along these lines from all workers.

Crystal Springs Convention,

July 31 Aug. 1. You will be there, of course, and you will bring your friends there. Who will you hear? Well, some of the best talent along the Sabbath school lines, in this country. Among others will be, Mr. M. H. Reynolds, State Superintendent of Normal Work, who will give two Normal lessons; Miss Mabel Hall of Chicago, a Primary teacher having a national reputation. She will give an address on the principles and methods of Primary Work, and will conduct a Primary class exercise with a class of children. Mr. A. H. Cross, editor of the Sunday School Advance, who will give an address on the young man. Rev. W. H. McElroy of Cassopolis will present the Missionary phase of Sabbath sehool work. The always important topic, Teacher's meetings, will be presented by Mr. E. K. Warren.

President of Berrien Co. S. S. Union, and many other interesting speakers. In addition to those announced last week, it gives us great pleasure to be able to announce that the Hon. T. E. Barkworth, president of the State Sunday School Association, will be present on the second evening and deliver an address. We feel very much gratified in having secured a promise from Mr. Barkworth to be present, not alone because of the position in the State work, but because of the fact that as a speaker he can do a work for us that will be great help. We speak advisedly when we say that no one can afford to miss hearing Bro. Barkworth, on the even-

ing of Aug. 1. How will you get to Crystal Springs? Where is it? All Methodists in Southwestern Michigan can tell. It is in Cass county, about six miles north-east of Niles. If you wish, you can drive there and be in time for the first session, Wednesday afternoon, at 1:30. Bro. E. D. Wood of Summerville, Cass county, who is our Committee on Enertainment, authorizes us to say that there are plenty of good hitching places in the shade, on the grounds, and hay and grain will be tor sale on the grounds. If you come by rail to Berrien Centre on the Big Four, you will find a conveyance, direct to the camp ground for twenty-five cents, provided you have a card from your school certifying that you are a Sunday school workerwhich means that you are an officer, teacher, pupil or Sunday school worker. If you do not have any written credentials, you will have to pay fifty cents. If you come by way of Michigan Central, there will be conveyances from Niles and Pokagon. As to railroad rates, you will notice that tickets will be sold on July 31 and Aug. 1 good to return Aug. 3; tickets sold on and after Aug. 2, good to return on or before Aug. 12 or 13, at one and one

third fare. As to entertainment: From the very nature of things, the Committee cannot promise free entertainment, What the committee does state is this: There will be a boarding house open and a lunch counter in connected with the same. A place will be furnished those who desire to put up tents. The boarding hall will lodge a limited number. There are upwards of a hundred cottages on the grounds, and it is safe to say that a large majority of them will have room for one or more extra beds. Straw will be furnished free for beds. No charge for admission on the grounds.

What will you bring with you? Well, whatever else you forget, do not forget your pocket-book. You will have an opportunity to make an offering to carry on this work. Bring all your friends with you. See to it that your pastor is there and your superintendent. See to it that you are there yourself. Come on Wednesday, early, and stay to the end. Because, if you are not there all through, you will miss the prize to be given all faithful attend-

The final details of the program of the Convention at Crystal Spring, July 31 and Aug. 1, will soon be completed.

Don't.

Don't call the Sunday school the 'nursery" of the church. Don't imagine that any amount of

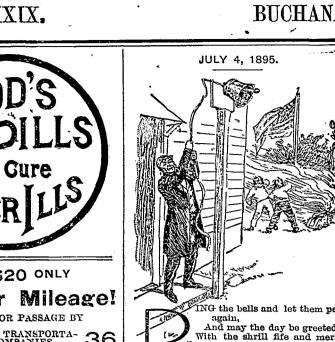
praying will take the place of hard

study of the lesson. An ass did open his mouth once and uttered words of wisdom, but we must remember that he was a four-legged ass. Don't allow yourself to forget that your teaching will go just as far as

your living goes, not one inch farther. An ounce of practice is than a ton of teaching. Don't estimate your zeal as a Sabbath school worker too highly. Espec-

ially if it is measured by a penny put in the class collection. We are glad to report a new Sabbath

school organized in the Kelsey district, north of Buchanan, with a membership of forty. Mrs. Martha Bradley, Supt. God bless this new school.



again, And may the day be greeted With the shrill fife and merry strain, With swelling song and drums'

refrain And cannon roar repeated. So let us do. The good old ways In this are past improving, And in these fin de siecle days Let powder fizz and bang to praise A country worth the loving.

Of all the land beneath the sky This beats the whole caboodle. Besides she's ours, and that is why We fling her banners forth on high And volley Yankee Doodle. Here's all that may delight the eye

Or please a manly spirit.

Plains big and fair, hills blue and high,
And sea washed shores, and smiling sky

Do Freedom's sons inherit. Here man is man, and fame and place Are earned, not heritages. The tanner wins a glorious race; The great rail splitter's sad, strong face Looms large on history's pages.

Old Europe trembles at the sign That bids her thrones ring hollow, While sixty million sons of time Set fast the pace, lead swift the line And leave the world to follow. Still let us lead. The cause of man Is worth man's best endeavor. Still run the course the natriots ran.

Still keep Old Glory in the van

A BURST OF PATRIOTISM.

BY VIOLA ROSEBORO'. [Copyright, 1895, by American Press Associa-Mr. Waterman and his sister had just gotten off the train at a little station.

"How do we get to Rose Shore?" asked

the gentleman of a person in blue uni-

"Have to take the barge from here," said the authority. Emma Waterman turned to cast her eyes toward the blue summer sea that glinted through the trees and bushes half

"No, no, Emma," said her brother.

laughing. "You haven't learned the

language of the point. Everything is

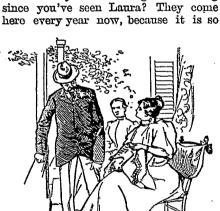
ı mile away

nautical here. A 'barge' is one of those 'buses." And he began making his way to a capacious vehicle in which other travelers were stowing themselves. The two were going for a month's summering to Rose Shore. Rose Shore was an out of the way bit of Atlantic coast where friends of theirs were summering, a primitive place by comparison, where they were going to stay at a primitive hotel and be quiet and rest themselves; where they were quite sure that nothing would happen, or rather they were as sure of it as they could be, when Emma had an abiding conviction that some amazon was liable to leap armed from the earth anywhere or any time and marry her brother by force. As

would have shown the initiated that this belief of her was even now stirring "The Marlowes are down here," she said. "They have a cottage. How long

they drove through the beautiful wild

fields of hay and roses her conversation



HE CAME TO SEE HOW SHE COULD HEMSTITCH. economical, I suppose. I wonder if Laura keeps up all that girlishness yet? She's nearly as old as I am. I remember see-

ing her when I was at school. They say she makes up terribly now.' 'Well, the last time I saw her she didn't seem to have to make up. She was more attractive than most of the buds about. She's a wonderful woman,

"She is a wonderful piece of artifi-

ciality," said Emma, with emphasis.

said her brother.

"Yes, she is rather artificial," said James Waterman in a conciliatory tone, but there was a note of conviction in If Laura Marlowe and Emma Waterman were anywhere near the same age, it was not on the basis that women are as old as they look. Emma and her brother were near the same age, but she looked the old maid, and he had not the marks of the old bachelor. She was of that old time Boston type that shows from top to toe that beauty in that quarter is considered inferior, that pleasant

ness is distrusted, and that sincerity and intellectuality are supposed to inhere in broad toed shoes and abrupt, hard manners. Withal she was a good sort. James Waterman had seen too much of the world to be so distinctly Bostonian. He was a quiet, well dressed man, with shrewd, kindly gray eyes, a brown mustache touched with gray and a respecta-

Laura Marlowe had been a beauty all her life. Just how long that was she took ill judged pains to conceal. She was just that type of woman who wishes to deceive herself about anything she does not like, and in that Laura could succeed incredibly, but it is a stiffer business to deceive others. She had been too much of a belle from the time of her early teens for there to be much tery to her world as to the of her years, and it was folly for her to try to make one. Waterman had said the important thing when he declared her charming:

The events of this story took place

some years ago, and if I told just when I would give data by which, with a moderate arithmetical equipment, the reader could compute how old Laura really was,

but though I deprecate her concealment

I like her too much to betray her. She

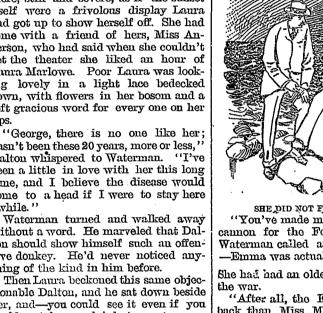
was a brown eyed, auburn haired, gen-

tle, glorious beauty and the most wom-

anish woman I ever knew. She wanted

insisted on anything directly, but she could stick to her point indirectly a long time. Her conversation in general socie ty was much restricted of late years by the necessity of keeping Laura's age out of sight. She did not dare talk on anything for fear of a date showing its snaky head. She could not emulate Laura's dexterity in avoiding the neighborhood of dates, so she kept still. It was on the 3d of July that Dalton arrived at Rose Shore, and that day at sunset time he and Waterman strolled

over to call on Miss Marlowe and watch



"I make a point of getting off as easy

"What a nuisance it is!" said Miss "I suppose we'll have to stand some

country, " said Dalton.

all watched her curiously with an in-

one expected it too. "My contemporaries" -- Laura looked

defiance of herself in her real uplift of patriotic feeling, and then all at once saying: "I know you'll all think I'm crazy, but every one seems to have forgotten everything, and—and you can't, it seems to me, if you lived through all that. I—I think the southerners must be more patriotic than we are, if they how. I can't bear to hear" - Laura stopwiping her eyes and rolling her hand-She went now to the door to go in the house, only turning to say, with a little "I'll be back in a minute in my right mind. Don't be frightened "





Geo. Wyman & Co. offer at special price 50 pieces Kaiki washable China Silks, 20 inches wide, for 25c.

50 pieces figured and stripe pointed Ducks, 35 to 40 inches wide, for 10c.

50 pieces printed Flanneletts for 5c.

50 dozen fancy strive balbriggan Undershirts and Drawers, 25c.

50 pieces 45-inch Swiss Flouncing, black ground with colored dots, for 75c per yard.

50 pieces 45-inch plain colored Swiss Flouncing, 50c per

50 pieces printed fancy Pongees, 6tc per yard.

The above goods would be cheap at twice the price.

50 pieces of Lowell Extra Super, all-wool Ingrain Carpets at 50c per yard. This quality of carpet sold in 1873 | an and Niles. for \$1.20 by the manufacturer

100 white China Silk, 20-inch Parasols. with white ribs, for \$1.00; with black ribs, 95c.

It looks as though merchandise had struck bottom. We are offering unusual bargains throughout the house.

COME AND SEE US.

WYMAN &

South Bend, Ind.

We close our store every evening at 6 o'clock, except Saturday.

Buchanan Record

D. H. BOWER.

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1895.

The American Newspaper Directory for 1895 accords to the RECORD the largest circulation of any weekly published in Berrien County.

Wm. Allen, hostler for Dr. Greene of Mishawaka, has just fallen heir to \$12-000, by a New York uncle's death. May Smith, a laundress of South Bend has

Capt. Henry W. Howgate, the former disbursing officer of the signal service, was sentenced at Washington, on Tuesday to eight years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. He was convicted last week on two counts alleging forgery and falsification of accounts in 1879.

fallen heir to \$5,000, in the same man-

New British Cabinet.

The Marquis of Salisbury has completed the work of forming a new cabinet. The new ministry is as follows: Premier and secretary of state for foreign affairs-Marquis of Salisbury. President of the council—Duke of

Lord high chancellor-Baron Hals-

Lord privy seal-Viscount Cross. Chancellor of the exchequer-Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.

Secretary of state for home affairs-Right Hon. Sir Matthew White Ridley.

First lord of the treasury—Right Hon. A. J. Balfour. Secretary of state for the colonies-Hon. Joseph Chamberlain. Secretary of state for war—Marquis

of Lansdowne. First lord of the admiralty-Right Hon. George J. Goschen.

Secretary of state for India-Lord George Hamilton. President of the Board of Trade-Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie.

President of the local government board—Right Hon. Henry Chaplin.

Lord lieutenant of Ireland—Earl Cadogan.

Lord chancellor of Ireland-Baron Ashbourne. Secretary for Scotland-Baron Bal-

four, of Burleigh Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster-Right Hon. Sir Henry James. The other appointments are as follows:

Financial secretary of the treasury-Robert William Haabury. Under secretary for foreign affairs-

Right Hon. George N. Curzon. It will be recalled by the RECORD readers that the Right Hon. George N. Curzon, who is the new under secretary for foreign affairs, is the gentleman who married Miss Mary Leiter, of ChiADDITIONAL LOCALS.

CHILDREN'S DAY Observed Sunday at the Presbyterian Church.

Children's Day services were observed on Sunday evening at the Presbyterian church. It had been arranged originally to observe these services on June 9th, but owing to the unexpected absence from town of some of the officers it was thought best to postpone the exercises for four weeks. The auditorium of the church was crowded with members of the Sunday School and their friends. A very pleasing program had been prepared and it was well rendered. The program consisted of singing, responsive readings, address by the pastor and the collection of the pyramid boxes which had been distributed some time previous. The music was a feature of the exercises. It consisted of quartettes, a duet by Misses Bernice and Florence Mead, a solo by Miss Florence Hinman, a violin solo by Percy Hatch with organ accompaniment by Mrs. Ivy H. Flowers, and last but by no means least, the singing of patriotic songs by the scholars of the primary classes.

PERSONAL. Ansalem Wray was in Niles Monday. Rev. O. J. Roberts was in Niles this

F. T. Plimpton spent Sunday in

Mr. L. Wehrle was in Three Oaks on Walt. Stone of Niles is visiting Geo.

Levi Sparks of Fairland was in town John Beardsley visited Benton Har-

bor on Sunday. Joe Baker of Chicago is visiting

Mr. George Woodbury of Chicago is Mrs. II. C. French of Cassopolis visited relatives in town this week. Receiver L. H. Withey of the Hatch

Cutlery Co., was in town last week. Will Stevens, now a student at Big Rapids, spent the Fourth in Buchanan. Mr. George Anderson of Benton Harbor is visiting friends in Buchan-

Mrs. Wm. Paul returned from her visit with relatives at Cincinnati on

Miss Mamie Morrall of Wamego, Kansas, is visiting at the home of Mrs.

Miss Olive Woodbridge went, on Wednesday, for a visit with friends at Mrs. E. Hawking of Remmington, Ind., is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. F.

Miss Emma Arney, who has been at Dowagiac for some time, has returned

Miss Winifred Higbee, who has been teaching at Port Huron, is home for her vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Smith of Decatur are visiting relatives in Buchan-Miss June Thompson of South Mil-

waukee is visiting at W. P. Hatch's, on Moccasin avenue William Burke started Wednesday morning for England, He will be gone for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Weaver of Chicago are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs P. N. Weaver. Mrs. Clara Smith went to Coloma on

Friday for a visit with her brother, Chas. Dodd, and family. John Groves of Kalamazoo visited

his mother, Mrs. Post, and his brother. C. W. Groves, last week. Mr. Herb Schoch of Edwardsburg

came to Buchanan on Saturday for a week's visit with friends.

Miss Ettie Treat, who has been visiting Buchanan friends for some time, left for Boston last Friday.

Mr. N. C. Stiles of Middletown, Ct., who is interested in the Hatch Cutlery Co., was a visitor in town Friday. Master Floyd Russell of Marcellus

is visiting Buchanan relatives, and is the guest of O. S. Tourje's family.

Chas. J. Sheets, formerly in the employ of Wm. Treubeth, lately of Indianapolis, is visiting his family in this

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Carmer droye back from Hillsdale county last week, starting Thursday morning reaching here Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Mabel Bosworth of Plymouth, Ind., who has been visiting her par-

ents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. French, re-

turned home yesterday. The Misses Georgia and Alda Emery passed through Galien, Monday even-

ing, for Buchanan, on their way home from Muskegon.—Galien Advocate, Miss Katherine Tilley of Indianapolis is the guest of her friends Mr. and

Mrs. Wm. Blowers, of Kalamazoo, who are visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Lough. Elmer Beardsley of Chicago visited relatives in town, last week. He came by boat to Benton Harbor and then rode down from that city on his wheel.

Misses Viola Conrad, Lillie Andrews and Nettie Drake and Messrs. Claude Roe, Harry Bronson, W. A. Conrad and Carlton Wade were in South Bend on Saturday attending a teacher's ex-

Mr. J. G. Ham, representing the Centaur Company of New York, with which he has been connected the past thirteen years, visited his brother, Mr. Tabor Ham, this week.-Mishawaka Cor. South Bend Tribune.

Misses Minnie and Amelia Desenburg of Lawton, Miss Clara Stien of Denver. Colorado, and Mr. Lew Desenberg of Cleveland, Ohio, were the guests of Messrs. B. R. and Sig. Desenburg last Friday.

The Laramie (Wyo.) Boomerang of June 6, has the following account of the marriage of a former Dayton lady: The marriage of Judge Charles W. Bramel and Mrs. Luama Shepardson, recently of Dayton, Michigan, was consummated at 8 o'clock last evening, at he home of the bride's brother, Noah Weaver. Rev. Jacob Norris officiated, in the presence of not more than a half dozen. While the wedding was a quiet one, it was no less a happy affair. Judge Bramel is one of our best known citizens, and is at present the Prosecuting Attorney of the county. His long time residence here and his constant identification with the mining and business interests of this section, both as an attorney and an individual, make it entirely unnecessary for any extensive comment in this connection. It is pleasing news to the judge's many friends to learn that he has secured a most charming lady as a companion for the future. She is a sister of Mr. Weaver, as above stated. She is also a cousin of the widely known General Weaver of Iowa, and is an accomplished, genial lady. The marriage is the culmination of an acquaintance

the ceremony, last night, a wedding dinner was spread at the judge's residence, in the north part of the city, and an enjoyable social time had by the the company. They have the best wishes of the community.

Mr. P. H. Kelley, formerly superintendent of the Fair Plain school, later. of Galien and Hartford, and wellkuown in this and adjoining counties. and Miss Zora Wilson, who taught in the Morton school in this city last year, were united in marriage at the home of the bride in Paw Paw, Wednesday evening, June 26, by Rev. Geo. L. Cady of Benton Harbor. Mr. E. A. Blakeslee of Galien was best man, and Miss Lois Wilson, sister of the bride, attend ed as bridesmaid. There were also present, Mrs. Cady of this city and Miss Daker of St. Joseph. After the ceremony and a marriage feast, Mr. and Mrs. Kelley left for Detroit on a wedding trip. Mr. Kelley is now Superintendent of schools at Mt. Pleasant, and has a fine position.—Benton Harbor Palladium.

NEW TROY.

July 1, 1896. The wheat harvest has commenced. There is not one-half a crop, in this township-one-fourth crop, will be nearer. Also the hay crop won't go a fourth.

A good deal of millet, buck wheat Everybody going somewhere to the Fourth. We will stay at home and

look after the town.

ver and back the first time July 1. He has a four years job. There will be more news after the THE POPE.

Eugene Hill carried the mail to Saw-

GLENDORA.

From our Regular Correspondent. . Mr. Schlappi died June 18. His body was taken to Obio for burial. He leaves a widow and three children to mourn their loss. They have the sympathy of their many friends in this

Mr. Dayton Mills is very low, at this writing. It is doubtful of his ever being any better, as he has already passed his 91st mile post.

The weather is fine, and everybody is busy. Some harvesting and the rest picking berries. A number of our young people spent

very pleasant day at Clear Lake, Sat-Scott Stevens and S. Penwell are home for a short visit. They will soon

return to their school in Big Rapids. H. H. Stearns reports that he is getting along nicely at his school, at Lan-

Geo. Schlappi is visiting friends in Ohio. Rev. Wm. Roe of Buchanan immers-

ed Miss Bertha Smith, at Boyle's lake, Sunday. There will be preaching at the Christian church, next Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. Also preaching at the Bap-

tist church, Sunday evening. The W. C. T. U. mother meeting will be held Friday, July 5, at 2:30 p. m., in the M. E. church. All ladies, especially mothers, are invited.

BENTON HARBOR.

From our Regular Correspondent. July 2, 1895. Del. Mittan of Buchanan is in the city visiting his brother Will.

C. R. Hollis & Son have begun send ing up hot air bolloons again Saturday nights. Two young lads, Masters Baley and

Bean have started a new paper called the Twin City Star. It is estimated that there were three thousand strangers in St. Joseph last

Sunday afternoon. Spencer, Barnes & Stuart have closed their factory till after the Fourth,

to invoice and make necessary repairs. The street railway extension ordinance passed the city council by a vote of five to three, but was promptly vetoed by the Mayor, so Morton Hill

people will have to walk a while longer. The family of Consul O'hara will leave in a few days for their new home in Nicaraugua. His son Barratt has ordered a printing press and will publish the only paper in San Juan del

The pipe organ for the new Universalist church has come and is being set up, and there will be an organ recital next Friday evening by Louis Arthur Rutter, a pupil of Guilmaut, Paris, and of the Royal Conservatory of Music,

Stuttgart, Germany. Israel Hatfield, of Goshen, Ind., who had been employed at the Hotel St. Joseph, was found dead beside the C. & W. M. tracks, opposite the Godfrey canning works, Friday night. He had evidently fallen from a train and was

terribly mangled. George Anderson went to Buchanan Monday morning on his wheel and will return Wednesday night. He and his family expect to start for Prince Edward Island, Canada, next Monday, going via Boston, to visit sisters there. They will be gone two or three months. William Flansburgh, who came here from the East last Spring and engaged in the real estate business, shot himself in the head at the Higbee House, last Friday afternoon. He is still alive. but there is no hope of recovery. It is thought financial difficulties prompted

On investigation it was found that the persons who buried the child that was found in the marsh were guiltless. It was an infant that had lived but a few hours and the parents were poor and felt that they could not afford a better burial. The mother in a critical condition. Thus do sensations collapse.

The Twin cities have agreed to divide the celebration of the Fourth this year. The forenoon will be given to St. Joseph for the parade of laying the corner stone, etc. In the afternoon the crowd will come over to the Harbor to witness the balloon ascension and parachute drop, races, fireworks, etc. As the Palladium says: "Patriotism, in its, purest, broadest, highest, heartiest sense will be on tap all day and the surrounding world is invited to come and help

The Men's Sunday Evening club is conducting interesting services at the M. E. church. Last Sunday night they were of a patriotic nature and were largely attended. The church was decorated with flags and bunting. .

Why Not You? is the culmination of an acquaintance formed in Laramie, about four years ago, when Mrs. Shepardson was visiting the city. They afterwards corresponded, and when Judge Bramel was in the east, five weeks ago, the date of their marriage was agreed upon. After

NEWS BRIEFS Prof. Thomas H. Huxley, the eminent scientist, who has been ailing for some time, died at 3:45 o'clock, Saturday afternoon.

The Michigan Central has declared a two per cent annual dividend, payable Aug. 1. The U.S. government has been de-

feated in its suit against the estate of Leland Stanford. The suit was brought to recover \$15,000,000. The St. Joseph Valley Paper Co. of Elkhart has gone into the hands of a

receiver. It was a comparatively new

Nimrod Bennett, a deaf mute living near Granger at the Michigan line, while walking along the Grand Trunk prominent local livery stable. last Sunday evening, was killed by a Grand Trunk fast train.

WASHINGTON LETTER. A NEW LABOR CENTER.

The Importance of Having Headquarte at the Nation's Capital. Washington is assuming importance as a center of labor interests owing to the belief which seems to be quite general among the labor leaders that as the more important objects of organized labor are to be secured by legislation, they should be present in person at the Nation's capitol where the National legislature meets. Therefore it has been the custom when any matters of interest was pending before Congress, for the various organizations to send on committees to represent their in-

terests here. This method has been found to be expensive, and in many respects unsatisfactory. As is wellknown, the headquarters of the Knights of Labor have recently been removed from Philadelphia to this city, and a building has been erected.here for the use of the national officers. The national organization of stonecutters is also here, and it is said that other bodies of organized labor contemplate making this city their central point. The significance of this movement can be readily appreciated, and it is construed by many to mean a more intelligent appreciation of the methods by which the condition of the laboring

classes are to be improved. A rather striking demonstration of what might be termed a more liberal If not a more intelligent policy on the part of labor organizations was afforded in the recent action which placed the government printing office under the civil service rules. This change was advocated with a single exception by all the labor unions represented in that great establishment. The single exception was that of the bookbinders, and it is understood that they subsequently agreed to the change. The matter was fully debated by the vari-

ous unions and the effect of it was fully understood. The belief was then entertained and is still held by many of the labor people that this move would result in the demonstrations of the various unions. It is of course understood that under the civil service rules appointments to positions in the government printing office are open to all who demonstrate their fitness by passing the required examinations. The law does not recognize the existence of unions, and applicants, of course, will not be required to be members of any of the organiza-

Then, too, the permanency of the positions is more assured than under the old system, and the practical need of organization for mutual protection will, it is claimed, not be so apparent. It is thought by some that a large numbers of the union will from motives of economy and other considerations abandon their membership in these organizations, and depend upon the civil service law, rather than on the unions, to keep their places. On the other hand, it is asserted, that while the interests of the individual will be benefited, the organizations will not be injured. The situation, however, is an interesting one and will, no doubt, be re-

garded as making an epoch in the history of organized labor in this country. A large number of the skilled workers in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing are under the civil service rules. and now it is likely that an effort will be made to bring the machinists, the iron-workers, and other employes in the gun foundry in this city under the civil service law, A few years ago a proposition of this kind would have been looked upon as ridiculous, as it

was supposed that a civil service examination meant a test of the scholastic requirements of applicants. It is now, however, generally understood, that these examinations are adapted to ascertain the fitness of persons for specific places, and have nothing to do with the book learning of the persons examined except so far as the duties of the position demand qualifications of that character. While the civil service law does not confer upon the appointes a fixed tenure upon the office, yet it does away with the principal reason which, under the old system, lay at the bottom of most removals, namely, the desire to give the place to some particular individual. It is impossible to do that under the civil service law, and so removals from office, as a rule, are because of the inefficiency of the employe, or for other

reasons of like nature.

R. G. Dun & Co's Weekly says. The half yearly report of failures next week will include about 6,900 against 7,039 for the first half of last year, and liabilities of about \$88,000,000 against \$101,578,142 last year. But for the Cordage concern, the aggregate would be nearly 23 per cent. less than last year, and the manufacturing liabilities 26 per cent. less, but including it the manufacturing liabilities will be about \$40,000,000 against \$41,376,102 last year, and the trading \$45,000,000 against \$52,345,978 last year, while miscellane ous were only \$2,700,000 against \$7, \$56,072 last year. The liabilities for the second quarter will be about \$41, 000,000 against \$47,813,683 for the first quarter this year, but \$37,595,973 for the second quarter of 1894. Railroad receiverships cover eleven roads with 3,356 miles, \$109,656,410 of indebtedness and \$87,423,531 of stock. Fail ures in Canada have been about 1,100 against 1,042 last year. Failures for the past week have been 256 in the United States against 214 last year, and 22 in Canada against 35 last year

LITERARY NOTES.

In the July number of the North American Review the Hon. Edward O. Leech, late Director of the United States Mint, an advocate of the gold gtandard, explains from his point of view, "How Free Silver Would Affect Us." Dr. Louis Robinson furnishes for the July number of the North American Review the third of a series of articles on "Wild Traits in Tame Ani-

mals," and in connection therewith considers "The Sheep and the Goat." mais," and in connection therewith considers, "The Sheep and the Goat."

The safeguards of marriage are treated of by Dr. Parkhurst, in the July Ludie'z Home Journal in a way that will strike many as particularly direct and to the point. Never, perhaps, has the marriage question been so dealt with. The romentic life of the widow of Octave Feuillet is charmingly treated by Madame Blanc, under the pseudonym of "Th. Bentzon," while Hezekiah Buttersworth tells the "The Story of Brook Farm,", that unique New England experiment which is unknown to a large part of the present generation. The illustrations show "Brook Farm" as it is today. The musical features of this issus are many: the most valuable, probably, being an article on "The voice of highest range," by Frederic Peaker, one of the best known authorities on voice culture, and Mrs. Garrott Webster's carefully prepared article on "The pay of women musicians." Instrumentalists are remembered in a set of very melodious waltzes called the "The American Gril Waltzs," by Mr. Richard Stall, the well-known composer. Ella McKenna Friend writes of the home life of the personality of Rosa Bonheur, the celebrated animal painter, and a recent portrait is given of "The Recluse of Fontaineblean". Catherine Leslie Field's short story, "Miss Teele of Gilbury Green," is a delightful bit of simple New England fiction. The Ladies' Home Jaurnal is published by the Curtis publishin Company of Philadelphia, for ten cents per number and one dollar per year.

Household for July is an interesting number and contains the following interesting number.

Household for July is an interesting number and contains the following interesting articles: "The Gospel of Clam Fritters" by Rev. C. A. S. Dwight, "Gan'pa Jarric's Fourth of July," by Mrs. F. H. Sears; "Blanks and Prizes," by Lavinia S.

Goodwin; "Too Late," by Mira L. Cobbe; "Narrow Escape of the iresh-water Cruisers," (a story for boys); and a host of other articles. Published by The Household Pub. Co., Boston.

Outing for July opens with "The Red Parasol," a complete story in which an Oxford reading party and a clever mimic find some mischief for idle hands to do on the Norfolk Broads. Other notable features of a strong and superbly illustrated number are: "Two Weeks with Newfoundland Salmon"; "Bavarian Byways"; "Acadiana Rambles"; "Lenz's World Tour Awheel"; "A Little Excursion Into Savagery"; "American Sallor-Soldiers"; "The Lake Yacht Racing Association" and "A Vacation Tramp in the High Sierras," by a party of American Undergraduates.

THE STORY OF A PORTRAIT.

How the Painting Was Rescued From Probably Chicago's first painting with a history was an excellent portrait of one of her fairest citizens-a belle of 1837. Fine work as it was, however, at one time there was imminent danger of its becoming a decorative signboard of a

Long before the days of the iron horse a wandering artist strayed along what is now the corner of Lake and Clark streets, and there opened a studio. Among the early patrons of his brush was a dazzling creature who yearned to have her beauty perpetuated upon canvas. She was a leader in the swelldom of the town, the adored object of both secret and outspoken admiration of all the bachelors of her set. Her family had not come over in the Mayflower, but her blood was the most cerulean in the faraway down east whence it came. Hence it was with propriety that she proposed to gratify her ambition, and posed, bedecked with a wonderful "amazone" and waving numberless plumes, disporting herself with equanimity on the back

of a rearing, plunging steed. The artist had a fine subject. Need less to say he rendered it full justice When the canvas was finished, the impressive ensemble was placed upon exhibition in the artist's studio, and everybody who was anybody dropped in and lavished his admiration upon it. After a time the novelty of the display wore off. People had seen all they wanted of it, but the fair equestrienne's portrait still hung upon its creator's walls, unclaimed, and, alas, unpaid for. The landlord of the embryonic Sir Joshua Reynolds grew unpleasant to him. He became addicted to the abominable habit of "dropping in" upon the young artist and making nunecessary remarks about "the rent" at all kinds of inopportune moments, until at last life became a burden to the child of art, and in despair he decided to return to his native east and abandon all his dreams of fame in the wild prairie town of the

Among the inartistic and unpretentious citizens of the town was a certain highly prosperous stable keeper who was aware of the circumstances connected with the unpaid for picture and the painter's impecuniosity. The night preceding the former's proposed departure for the city of his birth it was given out among the good people roundabout that the stable keeper had purchased the famous portrait for \$500, and that henceforth it should be the attraction of his signboard over his new livery stable. The rumor spread like wildfire within a few hours, and at nightfall artist and stableman had the satisfaction of receiving a visit from the haughty relatives of the picture's original. The required sum was gladly paid by them. Two hundred fell to the lot of the shrewd liveryman, the painter received his first price, \$300, and every one was serene over the historic transaction .-Chicago Tribune.

SMALL BOY AND BIG VOICE.

They Create a Commotion on a Chicago The boy and his voice were not mates. That was evident the moment the former attempted to use the latter. The one was not quite a "5 foot boy,' while the other would easily pass as a '7 foot voice." They both got on an Alley L train at Congress street, and the boy undertook to say something about having 5 o'clock papers to sell, whereupon the windows rattled and the car began to rock. The old man who had jumped so high that his head nearly struck the roof looked at the boy re-

proachfully for a moment and then attempted to be humorous. 'A little louder, please," he said. "Huh?" returned the boy inquiringly. "Speak a little louder. Have you lost

your voice?

The other passengers laughed, and the boy seemed somewhat discomfited. 'Paper?" he asked, going close to the "No," replied the man, gratified at the success of his little joke. "I was merely wondering why you didn't speak

out instead of whispering."

The boy was close to the man's ear by this time, and he let out a cry of "Evening papers!" that fairly jarred the He got to the door first, and the book that the old man threw after him mere-

ly raised a bump on the side of the conductor's head.—Chicago Times-Herald. The Chinese Court. The ceremonial of the Chinese court is somewhat exacting. It used to include, if it does not now, complete prostration before the throne. Last century a Persian envoy refused to go through the degrading ordeal. Directions were given to the officials to compel him by stratagem to do so. On arriving one day at the entrance to the hall of audience, the envoy found no means of going in except by a wicket, which would compel him to stoop very low. With great presence of mind and considerable audacity the embassador turned round and entered backward, thus saving the honor of his coun-

HER WEDDING PRESENT. Marie Was No Doubt as Much Surprised as Freddie Was. excellent dinner, sat down to smoke a good cigar while his wife ran up stairs to make her toilet for the theater. that he did not even look accusingly at his watch when, after the promised 'minute' had developed into 60, she

entered the room. "Seems to me that you are looking very nice tonight, my dear," he remarked. "I am so glad you think so, darling. Of course I care moré for your admiration than that of any one else. Besides the Skinners sit right behind us this

Mr. Smithers looked anxious. "So that is new, is it? Wasn't the old one good enough?" "N-not quite, dear. Besides I earned

the money for this one myself." "But how did you earn"-"Oh, after you left I fell to thinking what a lot of money \$25 was to spend on a wedding present for Marie when I really needed so many things. Then an idea struck me. I remembered all those pretty things I found in your big trunk after we were married—the ones that horrid girl, whoever she was, sent back when the engagement was broken. I wouldn't have one of them myself, but so I went up stairs and looked them all over. I selected that lovely silver backed mirror and cleaned it up until it looked just like new, and then I''-

"Sold it to buy the dress? I see!" "Nothing of the kind. I bought the mirror I sent to Marie with our best why, Freddie, are you ill?"

that is all!"-Baltimore Herald.

against the northern sky-stately buildings in choice architecture, tall and imposing spires, but such as differ from anything we know about. Whether the foundation of this mirage is a reality and only unrecognizable because of transposition as to directions, whether it is a work of some mysterious remnant of our race that once occupied the pole. or whether this is some fanciful feature of the frost, as the peculiar shrubbery we see on the window pane—whatever this is, it must be consigned to the perplexing enigmas of the unknown region. Who knows but some spot, once the theater of busy and advanced human life, may have escaped the general cataclysmal wreck, and this city may be the silent and as yet undiscovered witness of prepolar times, standing alone in the dead desolation, in the rigid shroud of now polar death. If we must be barred from entering this undiscovered country, we may add to our equipment by a careful noting of its mixture, and then give to the base of these phenomena a most thorough study.—Philadelphia Press.

"Sometimes," said an old soldier, one sees the captain of a company marching proudly along, in time with the music, but out of step, the company right, the captain wrong. Distressing But then I have seen a musician marching out of step to the music of his own hand, and there is now and then a solstep. The familiar order is, 'Left, left, left, left, left, the left foot down at the heavy tap of the drum.' "—New York

Sandy McKay (coming out of a public house and meeting his minister face don Globe.

News and Notes.

affects its feeding value. To cure smut in seed grain soak it 15 minutes in water heated to 132 degrees. Be exact about time and temperature. The new crop of California wheat is

pyrethrum, hot water or kerosene emul-California grapegrowers have met with success in cutworm destruction by mixing two pounds of paris green to a

For killing the cabbage worm use



W. J. Baker

After the Grip

Wonderful and Permanent. *C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: "I had kidney trouble and severe pains in my back, which was brought about by a cold contracted while in camp at Linnfield in 1862. I have been troubled more or less since that time and have been unable to do any heavy work, much less any lifting. I received only temporary relief from medicines. Last spring I had an attack of the grip, which left me with

A Bad Cough, Very Weak

Hood's spirite Cures

ing the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal Four Big Successes .- 1 than make good all the advertising claimed for them, the following four remedies have reached a phenomenal sale: Dr. King's New Discovery. for consumption, coughs and colds, each bottle guaranteed; Electric Bitters, the great remedy for liver, stomach and kidneys; Bucklin's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, and Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are a perfect pill: All these remedies are guaranteed to do just what is claimed for

try.—London Standard. Young Mr. Smithers, having eaten an So peaceful was his state of mind King's New Discovery; it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in results." Trial bottles free, at W. F.

evening, and this dress will give her a bad headache before the second act is

dress with the money you gave me. The wishes. Won't she be surprised, and-"Not at all, my dear! You are quite right. Marie will no doubt be much surprised, for, you see, she herself was the girl who returned those presents;

Numbers of explorers who have sought

the arctic regions in quest of the pole have told of a mysterious city mirrored

dier who never really learns to keep

Thin as the Mist. Scene, a town in the north on a very

to face)-Losh, sir, it's an awful deceivin thing, this mist. D'ye ken (im-One lot Men's Shell Cordovan, in Congress, pressively), I wandered in there the noo, thinkin it was the grocer's?-Lon-\$5.00.

Late cutting of red clover seriously

reported in fine condition.

bag of bran and sprinkling about their

North Pembroke. Mass.

Relief from Hood's Sarsaparilla

physically, in fact my system was completely run down. I tried a bottle of Hood's Sarsapa rilla and it made me feel so much better that I continued taking it, and have taken six bottles. It has done wonders for me, as I have not been so free from my old pains and troubles since the

war. I consider Hood's Sarsaparilla a God-sent blessing to the suffering." WILLIAM J. BAKER, Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restor-

Having the needed merit to more them and the dealer whose name is at-

you more of them. Sold at W. F. Runner's Drug Store. Marvelous Results-1. Form a letter written by Rev. J. Gunderman, of Dimondale, Mich., we are permitted to make this extract: "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery, as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the Baptist Church of River Junction she was brought down with Pneumonia succeeding La Grippe. Terrible paroxysms of coughing would last hours with little interruption and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr.

tached herewith will be glad lo tell

Runner. Regular size 50c and \$1. 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 25 cents per box. For sale by W. F. Runner, Druggist. 29y1 HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache. A pleasant laxative. All Druggists. To Avoid

Constipation is to prolong life. Ripans Tabules are gentle, yet positive in their cure of constipation. One tabule gives relief. Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

DO YOU Want Money? or a Home? Want Work? or a Farm? Want to open a store in a thriving town? Want to raise live stock? Want to know how to buy improved farms in a well-settled region without paying cash? Particulars and publications sent free by F. I. Whitney, St, Paul, Minn.

Has some special attractions in the way of low prices on lots of

UNDERWEAR, GLOVES, LACE CURTAINS CARPETS, EMBROIDERIES, LACES, &c., that must now be closed out.

IN OUR

We have one lot of Men's Enameled Lace Shoes, Yale toe, elegant dress Shoes, worth \$5.00.

CLOSING PRICE \$3.50

One lot Men's Tan Shoes, large buttons, Opera toe. Very nobby. Worth \$3.50. . C LOSING PRICE \$2.50.

Globe toe. The best wearing shoe made. Worth CLOSING PRICE \$3,75. Remember that we also sell the best \$2.00 Shoes

in America. Full line of all styles, toes and Two lots of Colored Shirts, broken sizes, that are to be sold out. If you can find your size you can

have your choice of THE 75C KIND FOR 59C.

THE 50C KIND FOR 39C. We sell the best 50c Unlaundried White Shirts in the market, fine linen bosoms and bands, open back or front.

&B. R. DESENBERG & BRO.

The One Price Double Store.

WALL PAPER.

Fine new line 1895 styles. Do your papering early, while paper hanging is

cheap. See latest patterns at RUNNER'S

LEO. GROSSMAN & CO.

Land Carlott Summer Coops. Now is your opportunity to supply yourself with Summer and Outing Dresses at and 50c to 25c. reduced prices. We have reduced the price on Dimities, Organdies, Jaconets, Batiste, Brilliants, Crepes, Grenadines, etc. Yellow, pink, blue and ecru Swisses and Organdies. Also a full line of solid Black Wash Goods; black and white figured, black with colored figures.

15 pieces Point D'Esprit, 48-inch net,

20 pieces of Pin Dot Dress Swiss, usu-

150 pieces of Oriental Laces at half price.

35 pieces Kaika Silks, also 10 pieces of

SILKS.

reduced from 40c to 29c.

100 dozen Ladies' Black Hose, or black with white feet, reduced from 50c to 25c. 50 dozen Ladies' Pure Silk Vests in sky pink or cream, at 50c.

100 dozen Summer Corsets, the 50c

SHIRT WAISTS.

kind reduced to 30c.

from 65c to 39c.

200 dozen Ladies' Waists, in stripes checks or solid pink, blue or tan, none better made, at \$1.19 and 98c. We reduced the price on our Silk Waists from \$5.00 to \$3.50 50 dozen Men's Knit Shirts, suitable for cycling and other out-door sports; reduced

Check Silk, suitable for Waists and Children's Deesses (not last year's goods) but | A large supply of Bunting and 4th of July decorations. GROSSMAN'S SOUTH BEND, IND.

Stands for Advertising.

Stands for Business.

Stands for Come, Come, See my new store full of Seasonable

No Old Stock.

Goods.

Screen Doors and Wire Cloth, Cultivators, Gasoline Stoves, Oils, Paints, Bug Poison, Tinware, Bolts, Bars or Brackets. If I havn't what you want I'll order it by telegraph.

troughs or roofing, and do repairing.

A first-class tinner will put on eave

J. Godfrey, New Store, Front St.

FINE CUSTOM MADE CLOTHING.

1-4 OFF FOR 30 DAYS,

FOR CASH ONLY

All accounts must be settled immediately, as we must have money.

Call and See Bargains.

W. TRENBETH, MERCHANT TAILOR.

IT

NECESSARILY

FOLLOWS

that long experience in buying and judging the value of furniture enables us to meet your wants wisely and well. We've mastered our business. So experience and care have brought us a stock this season that will more than please you. Come and see.

GEO. B. RICHARDS,

FURNITURE STORE.

AT THE OLD

Rich in the flavor of ripe fruit, And cold and sparkling—made fully to suit A fastidious taste. What else can be said? Save that such soda don't go the head.

THAT DESCRIBES THE

LOUGH'S.

Have You Tried It Yet?

FRESH STOCK OF FRAGRANT PERFUMERY.

Dr. E. S. DODD & SON

Druggists and Booksellers.

Endeavor to buy perfumery to suit the many tastes, and we have just put in our case this week a very select line of odors. We keep Toilet Waters, Colognes, Powders and Soap. Shall be glad to show you.

DODD'S SARSAPARILLA, 75 CENTS,

is still curing people of "that tired feeling."

Having bought the interest of Louis Wehrle in the firm of Boardman & Wehrle, I would like to express my thanks for a past liberal patronage. Shall try by good goods at fair prices to merit the same in the

L. D. BOARDMAN.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

FARM AND VILLAGE PROPERTY

Also, one very desirable business lot on Day's Avenue.

THOS. LLOYD BUCHANAN.

SHINGLES.

CULVER & MONRO

In addition to a complete stock of Lumber, have a fine and large stock of Shingles

at from 75 cents per thousand up.

At the Old Weisgerber Mill, BUCHANAN, MICH.

For a Good Shave or Hair Cut

WALTER HOBART'S BARBER SHOP, Front St., second door east of Roe's hardware.
ALSO AGENCY FOR STAR LAUNDRY.

D. N. SWIFT D. D. S.,

Graduate of Dental Department University of Michigan. DENTIST

Office, Treat & Redden block, Successor to S. Ostrander.

GOLD CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK.

I handle the celebrated Lackawanna and Lehigh hard Coal, and Jackson Hill Domestic Lump soft Coal, Blacksmith Coal. Orders may be left at Rnuner's drugstore. J. A. STEELE.

BUCHANAN RECORD.

THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1895.

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

The American Newspaper Directory for 1895 accords to the RECORD the largest circulation of any weekly published in Berrien County.

Buchanan Markets. Hay—\$6 @ \$8 per ton. Lard-10c. Salt, retail-\$1.00 Flour-\$3.60@\$4.00 per bbl., retail. Honey-12c. Live poultry-6@10c. Butter-12c. Eggs-100. Wheat-70c. Oats -S2c. Corn, 50c.

Clover Seed-Rye, 58c. Beans-\$1.30 @1.50. Live Hogs-4½c. IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Our friends who have appreciated our efforts to run a newspaper on a business basis, will begin to reap a substantial benefit as the result of their co-operation with us. Beginning with May 1, we shall make a reduction in the subscription price of the RECORD, making the price only one dollar a year in advance. All subscriptions will be discontinued upon the expiration of same, as in the past. Send in your subscriptions and take advantage of our liberal rate.

Watermelons are in market.

George B. Simonds of Benton Harbor has been granted a pension.

Niles is agitating the forming of a new Building and Loan association.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Batchelor welcomed the advent of a new baby daughter on Friday last.

The N.M.C.C. will hold their next meeting at Clear Lake on Friday of this week.

Arthur Cheeney of St. Joseph has been appointed as yardmaster for the Vandalia railway at South Bend.

The date of the Berrien County young people's picnic has been decided upon. The picnic will be he held in Buchanan on August 7.

afternoon off on Tuesday and as a consequence the fish suffered at Clear A Buchanan gentleman who was at

J. P. Beistle and Wm. Monro took an

alias Wm. Whitney on the streets of A special to the Detroit Evening News, dated at Niles, estimates the

St. Joseph this week saw W. J. White

wheat crop of Berrien county at but one quarter of an average crop. Mrs. McColley entertained the J. Y. P. S. C. E. at her home last Friday

The RECORD goes to press this week one day early than usual, to give all hands a chance to observe Independ-

A game of ball was played between the "Blues" and the Buchanan "Reds", at the new ball ground, on Tuesday afternoon. The score was

The Evangelical campmeeting will commence at their beautiful grounds, near this village, on Friday, Aug. 16, and close on the evening of Sunday,

Our reader will find the current enstallment of our great serial, "At Market Value", on the fourth page of this issue, as our first page is devoted to matter of a more patriotic nature.

Niles will celebrate the fourth with a test of their waterworks system and everyone who can walk, ride or come by train will be at our big celebration in Buchanan.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Munson have the sympathy of their friends in their recent bereavement. Their infant son Kenneth died on Saturday afternoon, aged six months and sixteen days.

Walt. Hobart now rejoices in a "ground floor" barber shop. He has rented the place formerly occupied hy Hodge the butcher, second door east of Roe's hardware store.

The Niles Commandery K. T. have been invited to act as escort of honor to the Grand Commander in the ceremony of laying the corner stone of the Berrien County court house on July

Dr. W. A. Baker's new brick building at Coloma burned Tuesday morning from an explosion of gasoline in F. A. Hemmingway's bakery. Loss about \$4000. Hemmingway was badly burned | for sale or rent. The doctor showed a about the face, neck and arms.

Herb Hanover had his right hand injured last week, at the Cutlery works. It is quite painful, but Herb expects to be behind the bat for the "Blues" on Thursday, in the great game with the

The race meeting at Niles was a great success, last week, and Gephart's Driving Park was the Mecca for all pilgrims and sojourners who were anywhere near Niles. The management of the park has received many compli-

The Vandalia and Big Four railways have put their summer schedule into time engaged in covering the swamps effect, and the trains are well-arranged for persons who wish to go either north or south, on either road, as the trains make close connection with Michigan Central trains.

List of letters remaining uncalled for in the post-office at Buchanan, Mich., for the week ending July 1, 1895: Mrs. Ida Brenaman, Mr. S. E. M. Coulter, Mr. A. L. Mitchell-2.

Call for letters advertised. JOHN C. DICK, P. M.

Subject at Christian church Sunday morning: "The living fountain and

Everything is in readiness for the

broken cistern." Union services will be held in the Advent church on Sunday evening Rev. W. G. McColley will preach the

big Fourth of July celebration in our village. The parade will form at 8 o'clock, in the morning, under the charge of Charles S. Black, who will act as marshal. The procession will form on Oak street right resting on Front. Upon the arrival of the band the parade will begin. The line of march will be as follows: North on Oak to Evangelical church, east on Second to Main, south on Main to Front, east on Front to Day's Ave, south on Day's Ave. to Chicago, west on Chicago to Oak, north on Oak to Front where the fire apparatus will be left at their respective houses. The balance of the procession headed by the band will march down Front street to the Earl where the Chicago Edgars and Buchanan Blues will be in readiness to fall in line, and the procession will then march to the base ball grounds, where the great game will be played. At one o'clock the sports will take place on Front street. The first will be a hose contest, or virtually an exhibition drill of the Buchanan Fire Department, followed by a bicycle race, the course for which will be around the block bounded by Front, Day's Ave, Chicago and Oak streets. This race will be followed by a water race, a foot race, and a pie eating contest. Then will follow the afternoon base ball game between the Edgars and Buchanan Blues. In the evening the band will give an open air concert on the street, and at about 9 o'clock will occur the grand fireworks display.

The place decided upon by the committee, from which the fireworks will be displayed will be the top of the Redden building on Front and Day's Avenue The various committees in charge of the celebration have worked hard and there is no doubt but that Buchanan's celebration will be a grand success. Come to Buchanan and see it.

A fire caught in a wheat field, just adjoining the school house grounds and belonging to Fred Andrews, on Tuesday afternoon, and burned some twelve or fifteen "shocks", before it was put out. Had fire the gotten much more headway before discovery, it might have set fire to the Union school

The village authorities have shown their determination to enforce the ordinance relative to the sprinkling of lawns at the specified time. Several water takers have had their attention called to the matter by finding the city water shut off from their premises. That is right, gentlemen, if we have laws it is your duty to see that they | named. are enforced.

Buchanan Lodge No. 75, I. O. O. F., installed the following officers Tuesday evening: Harry Hanover, N. G.; Walla Case, V. G.; Wm. H. Keller, Rec. Sec.; Allen Emerson, Per. Sec.: John Hanover, Treas.; Alvin Rokley, W.; Samuel Bunker, R. S. N. G.; Harry H. Smith, L. S. N. G.: Hiram Bunker, I. G.; Samevening from 6 to 8. All reported a uel Alkus, R. S. V. G.; S. W. Van Meter, L. S. V. G.: W. F. Hurlbut, Rep. G. L.

> The Buchanan "Blues" are making great preparations for their games with the Chicago "Edgars", on the fourth of July. The ball games, both morning and afternoon, will be played on the new grounds, just east of town, on the old park ground. These grounds have been fitted up in fine shape, and those attending will be sure of a good

Dr. E. O. Colvin, who is a former resident of Buchanan, but who has been at Ann Arbor for the past four years, graduated from the University of Michigan last week. He was a member of the first class to complete the medical course since its change to a four year course. Dr. Colvin will locate at Buchanan, having an office over the grocery store of C.D. Kent.

The presence in town of an auction sale of an assignee's stock gives the RECORD an opportunity to suggest that our readers and citizens generally should patronize only home merchants. Buchanan merchants can give you as good value for your money as any one can do, and in addition to this they spend their money in Buchanan, pay taxes in Buchanan, live in Buchanan, and are interested in Buchanan. Spend your money with your home mer-

Monday forenoon Mrs. B. T. Morley was at the farm of Mr. F. Tichenoz, over the river, and while engaged in picking cherries Mrs. Morley had the misfortune to fall from the tree, a distance of twelve or fifteen feet, falling heavily on her right heel and broke the bones of the heel, inflicting a painful injury that will cause Mrs. Morley much suffering. It will be several weeks before the injured member will be healed.

Dr. Swasey is advertising his four new cottages on Moccasin Ave. either RECORD representative through one of the cottages on Friday last and they are exceedingly comfortable and convenient houses and at the moderate rent asked there should be no trouble whatever in securing desirable tenants. Everything about the houses is as complete as it is possible to make it, city water, plate glass, bath 100m, water closet, good cellar and cistern, etc.

A special to the Detroit Tribune from

Niles says: William Yaw, the wealthy farmer who disappeared a month ago, with \$500, and who was thought to have met with foul play, has been heard from. He is in Kansas, but will not return home. A searching party was at the near Galien, in hope of finding th body.

Clairvovant Examinations Free. The first and most important thing for the proper understanding of and fational treatment of chronic or linrering disease of any kind, is its thorough examinations and true diagnosis. You can secure this with a full explantaion of the cause, nature and extent of your disorder free of charge by enclosing a lock of hair, with name and age, to Dr E. F. Butterfield, Syracuse, N. Y. A single page in an issue of the Cen-

tury taken for advertising purposes, costs \$500; in Harper's, \$400 down to \$100, A yearly advertisement in one column of the New York Herald costs \$20,300 for the lowest and \$130,000 for the highest priced column. These figures will doubtless be of interest to men who invest \$2 or \$3 a month, and flatter themselves with the idea that they are extensive and liberal adver-

The following is the program of exercises, at St. Joseph, in connection with the laying of the corner stone of the Berrien county Court House:

Song—Star Sprangled Banner.
Laying of Corner by the Grand
Lodge, F. & A. M., of Michigan.

Music.
Original Poem, by Nixon Waterman, read by Rev. H. W. Davis. Oration, by Hon, O. W. Coolidge.

Song—America.

Benediction.

Disband. Under Sheriff H. A. Hathaway returned, Monday, from Michigan City, Ind., where on Saturday, with the assistance of Michigan City officers, he captured Emma Mansfield Denny and Ernest Faulkner, wanted here charged with robbing George Mitchell of \$30, a watch and other valuables. About two months ago the woman came to Buchanan and began keeping house for Mitchell, and there associated with Faulkner, whom she found sojourning here. On June 13, while Mitchell was at work, the woman and her associate, it is alleged, took the watch and other valuables and, stealing a boat, rowed down the river to St. Joseph, and from St. Joseph, it is said, walked to Michigan City. The watch was found in Michigan City, but the money was gone.

The editors and publishers of Benton Harbor and St. Joseph met last Friday fternoon at the Palladium office and formed an association known as the Twin City Press Club. The following officers were elected:

President-F. R. Gilson, Benton Harbor Palladium.
Secretary—L. E. Merchant, St. Joseph Saturday Herald.
Treasurer—J. N. Reed, Benton Har-

bor Banner-Register. The Club will meet as occasion demands, on call of the President, and will include in its membership all the publishers of the two cities. The de-

tails of the organization will be perfected at a future meeting. The immediate object of the Club is to see that the Michigan Press Association is properly received and entertained on the occasion of the annual meeting in Benton Harbor July 9 and

The result of the races at Gephart's Driving Park at Niles last week is as follows, the winners in each class being

Two-year-old-Coltnot named, owned by E. Merrill, Coldwater. Fastest time, 2:27 trot-Loretta B., Harry Hoffman, Three Rivers, 2:27.
2:40 pace—Nicol B., W. K. McNicol

Pontiac, 2:29¾. 2:40 trot-Domino, J. B. Heutteman, Detroit, 2:30. 2:27 pace-Mack Noble, John Mott, Marshall, 2:25½. 2:16 pace—Strongwood, F. B. Lacey,

Kalamazoo, 2:1814. (Track record for pacing.) 2:23 trot-Jim Smith, J. B. Heutteman, Detroit, 2:22%.
Three-year-old—Lynx, Chas Clement

Colon, 2:34. Free for all—Racine, S. L. Caton, Lansing, 2:20%. (Track record for trotting.)
2:32 pace—Albert Allen, Wm. Mellen, Three Rivers, 2:23½.
Running race—Burgard, DeLong &

Wynn, Niles, half mile, :511/2.

Will Try It Again. A marriage license was issued, Saturday afternoon, to Nathan C. Harding of Buchanan and Alma Harding of Kalamazoo. There is nothing particularly strange about the issuing of a marriage license, but it is not a com-mon occurrence for the County Clerk to issue two licenses to the same parties and also a divorce. A few years ago they were married, and Aug. 21, 1893, Mr. Harding decided he wanted to become single again and filed a bill for divorce, which was granted June 19, 1894. They have since "kissed and made up", and will re-enter the matrimonial field. - Benton Harbor Pal-

Marriage Licenses. Sovereign Versaw, 30, Sawyer; Sarah J. Jones, 18, Galien. Walter D. Martin, 22, Niles; Louise K. Schwarz, 19, same.

Charles H. Love, 27, Ionia; Sadie Goodfellow, 25, St. Joseph, Ernst Fisher, 29, Niles; Clara A. Smith, Steven A. Kemp, 28, Watervliet; Sylvia Wolkens, 35, same.

Hubert Wise, 33, Chicago; Marie Stah ey, 31, same. Charles B. Aholt, 36, Missouri; Helen Cunningham, 47, Pennsylvania. Gustave Teifke, 24, Stevensville; Katha-

arina Luedt, 19, same. Albert Malsch, 27, Lake; Minnie Domke. Charley Rutledge, 27, St. Joseph; Minnie High, 18, Marcellus. Nathan C. Harding, 30, Buchanan; Alma

Harding, 24, Kalamazoo.

George E. Thomas, 44, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mary L. Potter, 32, Brooklyn, N. Y. Real Estate Transfer. Horace Black and wife to Jno. P.

Carr, property in the village of Buch-See our five-cent Purse assortment. BINNS, Opp. Hotel.

A bay horse with white star in forehead strayed into my pasture. The owner can have same upon proving property and paying charges. T. R. McCUE.

Moccasin Mound Farm. Awarded Highest Honors-World's Fair.



MOST PERFECT MADE. pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free rom Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

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TREAT & REDDEN'S

Decorated Semi-Porcelain Ware

EVER SHOWN IN THE CITY.

Old Line Patterns at Cost.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

6c PER ROLL

A Nice Trimmed Fat FOR 50c.

SPRING CAPES.

YOUR OWN PRICE.

C. H. BAKER.

We desire to express our thanks to the people of Buchanan for the royal welcome given us Saturday.

We shall endeavor to merit your patronage.

OTIS BROS.

We buy and sell for cash only. Our prices will convince you. Try us.

W. H. Keller, Justice of the Peace and Insurance Agent. Office over Lough's jewelry store, Buchanan, Mich-See our ten-cent Purse assortment.

BINNS, Opp. Hotel. Call at the MAIN STREET MARKET for all kinds of Fresh and Salt Meats. See our Bill Books.

BINNS, Opp. Hotel, The M. C. R. R. will sell excursion tickets to all stations west of Detroit river at one and one-half cent per mile, on July 3 and 4. Good for return not later than July 5.
A. F. PEACOCK.

Ladies, see our Pocket Books. BINNS, Opp. Hotel.

Choice cuts of all kinds at reduced MAIN STREET MARKET.



Mrs. J. P. Bell, Ossawatomie, Kan. wife of the editor of The Graphic, the leading local paper of Miami county, writes "I was troubled with heart disease for six years, severe palpitations, shortness of breath, together with such extreme nervousness, that, at times I would walk the floor nearly all night. We consulted the best medical talent.

They said there was no help for me, that I had organic disease of the heart for which there was no remedy. I had read a year ago, as a last resort, tried one bottle of Dr. Miles' New Cure for the Heart, which convinced me that there was true merit in it. I took three bottles each of the Heart Cure and Restorative Nervine and It completely cured me. I sleep well at night, my heart beats regularly and I have no more smothering spells. I wish to say to all who are suffering as I did; there's relief untold for them if they will only give your remedies just one trial." Dr. Miles Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at \$1, 6 bottles for \$5, or it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure Restores Health

A BARGAIN. I have 80 acres of good land for sale cheap. Will accept house and lot in Buchanan in exchange.

FOR SALE OR RENT, The four new cottages on Moccasin avenue. These houses have all modern improvements, and will be rented or sold on very favorable terms; if sold, but a small cash payment will be required, or would take other Buchan an dwellings in part payment.

· DR. J. A. SWASEY. The undersigned have dissolved partnership by mutual consent. All parties known themselves indebted to the firm, will kindly settle their accounts by cash or note at once.

L. D. BOARDMAN. LOUIS WEHRLE.

Money to Loan on Real Estate. The International Savings, Loan & Building Institution, New Haven, Conn., incorporation, authorized capital of \$20,000,000. SeeTHOS, LLOYD, General agent for Buchanan and vicinity

For a good meal, go to ARTHUR'S Restaurant.

Ladies Visiting Cards. We have just added a new series of script type which is just the thing for adies' calling cards, invitations, etc. We have the latest styles of cards, and

prices are reasonable. Call and see

them, at the RECORD office. DRESS MAKING. -- MISS ELMIRA BURRUS is prepared to do all kinds of work in this line, at her home, on Day's avenue, fourth house north of the M. C. depot.

Home Make Lard, at the MAIN STREET MARKET.

ୠ୕୬୬*୰୰୵*୕ଌ୕*ଵ*୕ୡ୕୕ଌ୕୕ଌ୕ଌଌ୕ଌଌ୕ଌଌ୕ଌ୕ DR MERIL & DISEASES WAR FAMOUS FORTHEBLOOD SO PLEAS- LE DRS.MIXER

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT. &

MICH.

FAIR EXCHANGE

IS NOT ROBBERY.

We do not claim to give you gold dollars for a penny.

SIDES THAT PLEASE YOU.

and guarantee to give you one hundred cents' worth for every dollar expended with us.

CARMER & CARMER, 32 FRONT ST., BUCHANAN.

CAN'I INTEREST YOU IN

I am showing large and attractive lines in Silk Mitts, Umbrellas, Parasols, Gauze Underwear, Laces, Embroideries Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Fans, Challies, Dimities, Percales Sateens, White Goods, Ribbons, Mosquito Nets, Prints, Ging

full line of staples

Always on hand at lowest prices. Come and see me. It will

Machine Oil, Osborne Binders and Mowers,

Oil and Gasoline Stoves, At prices always right. TREAT& MARBLE

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ALL LINES OF Seasonable Goods

For the next 30 days. 500 PAIR, OXFORDS.

All widths, all grades, that must be sold. G.W.NOBLE.

Leave orders for

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PURE MANILLA, 600 feet to the lb. 600 feet to the lb. Quality guaranteed U

First publication July 4, 1895.

TATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Berrien, —ss. DAt a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate office, in the city of St. Joseph, on the 25th day of June, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five. Present, JACOB J. VAN RITTER, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Amanda E. Wilson, deceased. son, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Alice E. Hamilton one of the heirs of said deceased, praying that partition of the real estate of said deceased, described in said petition may be made amongst the heirs at law of said deceased, escaping to the status of said deceased, escaping to the status in such each made and made amongst the heirs at law of spid deceased, according to the statute in such case, made and provided.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 29th day of July next, at ten o'clock in the fore noon 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 city of St. Joseph, 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.

[SEAL.]

JACOB J. VAN RIPER,

(A true copy.)

Last publication July 25, 1895.

Estate of Amanda E. Wilson.

First publication, June 27, 1895. First publication, June 27, 1895.

CTATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Berrien,—ss.

Probate Court for said County.

At a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate office, in said county, on Wednesday, the 19th day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-Present, Jacon J. Van Ripen, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Jacob Rough, deceased.

George W. Rough, Executor of said estate, comes into Court and represents that he is now prepared to render his final account as such Thereupon it is ordered that Monday, the 22nd day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the examining and allowing such account, and that the heirs at law of said decearaccount, 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 at the Probate office, in the city of St. Joseph, in said county, and show cause, if any there be, why the said accounts should not be allowed. And it is further ordered, that said. Executor give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said account, 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.

JACOB J. VAN RIPER,

Judge of Probates

Lust publication July 18, 1895. Last publication July 18, 1895.

Estate of Jacob Rough.

My little son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes And mov'd and spoke in quiet, grown up wis Having my law the seventh time disobeyed, I struck him and dismiss'd With hard words and unkiss'd, His mother, who was patient, being dead. Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep I visited his bod,

But found him slumbering deep, With darkened eyelids and their lashes yet From his late sobbing wet, And I, with moan. Kissing away his tears, left others of my own For on a table drawn beside his head He had put, within his reach, A box of counters and a red vein'd stone, A piece of glass abraded by the beach

And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells
And two French copper coins, rang'd there with careful art To comfort his sad heart. So when that night I prayed To God and wept and said:
"Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath, Not vexing thee in death.

And thou rememberest of what toys Wo make our joys,

How weakly understood Thy great commanded good, Then, fatherly not less Than I whom thou hast molded from the clay, Thou'lt leave thy wrath and say,
'I will be sorry for their childishness.'"

—Coventry Patmore in Church Standard.

AT MARKET VALIIF

By GRANT ALLEN.

[Copyright, 1894, by Grant Allen.]

[CONTINUED.] As they were leaving the theater, while Mrs. Clarke and Florrie went off in search of their wraps from the ladies' cloakroom, Reggie drew Charlie Owen mysteriously aside for a moment. "Look here, old fellow," he said coaxingly in a whispered undertone, buttonholing his friend as he spoke, "you're coming on to supper with us. Could you manage to lend me a couple of sovereigns for a day or two?"

Charlie looked glum. He pursed his un-

der lip. Like Bardolph's tailor, he liked not the security. "What's it for?" he asked dubiously. Reggie made a clean breast of it, "Well, the brougham and things have run into a little more than I expected," he answered, with a forced smile, "and of course we must open a bottle of cham, and if Mrs. Clarke wants a second—she's a fish at fizz, I know-it'd be awkward, don't you see if I hadn't quite cash enough to pay the waiter."

"It would so," Charlie responded, screw ing up a sympathetic but exceedingly

"Do you happen to have a couple of quid about you?" Reggie demanded once more, with an anxious air.
Charlie Owen melted. "Well, I have," he answered slowly. "But mind you, I shall want them on Saturday without fail to pay my landlady. She's a demon for ber rent. Raises blazes if it runs on. Will insist on it weekly. Can you promise me faithfully to let me have the oof back by Saturday?"

Reggie drew a sigh of relief. "Honor bright!" he answered, clutching hard at the straw. "It's all square, I assure you. I've remittances coming. "Where from?" Charlie continued, not wishing to be hard, but still anxious for

"the collateral," as Florrie's papa would have put it. "Oh, I've telegraphed today to my peo-ple at Venice," Reggie responded airily. But "my people" of course was a enpho-

"And got an answer?" Charlie insisted. He didn't want to seem mean, but business is business, and he desired to know on what expectations precisely he was risk

ing his money.
"Yes, here it is," Reggie replied, drawing it out somewhat sheepishly from the recesses of his pocket. He didn't like to show it of course, but he saw too well that on no other terms could he be spared the eternal disgrace of having to refuse Florrie Clarke's mamma a second bottle of Veuve Clicquot, should she choose to de-

Charlie ran his eye over the telegram. It was short, but satisfactory: Entirely disapprove. Am sending the money. This is the last time. Remember.

"She always says that," Mr. Reginald interposed in an apologetic undertone. "Oh, dear, yes, I know, it's a way they have," Charlie responded, with a tolerant smile, as one who was well acquainted with the strange fads of one's people. "How much did you ask her for?"

"A tenner," M: Reginald responded. Charlie Owen draw the coins with slow deliberation from his dress waistcoat pock-"Well, this is a debt of honor," he said in a solemn voice, handing them over impressively. "You'll pay me off of course before you waste any money on paying bills or landlords and such like." Reggie slipped the two sovereigns into his trousers pocket with a sigh of relief. "You are a brick, Charlie!" he exclaimed,

turning away quite happy and prepared, as is the manner of such young gentlemen in general, to spend the whole sum recksly at a single burst on whatever first offered, now he was relieved for the moment from his temporary embarrassment. For it is the way of your Reggies to treat a loan as so much cash in hand, dropped down from heaven, and to disburse it freely on the nearest recipient in light hearted anticipation of the next emergency.

The supper was universally acknowledged to be the success of the evening. It

often is, in fact, where the allowance of Veuve Clicouot is sufficiently unstinted. Mrs. Clarke was most affable, most increasingly affable, and as to Miss Florrie, a pretty little round faced ingenue, with a vast crop of crisp black hair, cut short and curled, she was delightful company. It



Charlie ran his eye over the telegram. was her role in life to flirt, and she did it for the love of it. Reginald Hesslegrave was a distinctly good looking young man, very well connected, and she really liked him. Not of course that she would ever for a moment have dreamed of throwing herself away for life on a man without the means to keep a carriage, but Miss Florrie was one of those modern young ladies who sternly dissociate their personal likes and dislikes from their matrimonial schemes, and as a person to sup with, to talk with and to flirt with she really liked Master Reggie—nay, more, she admired him, for he knew how to "go it," and ability for "going it" was in Miss Florrie's eyes the prince of the virtues. It was the one that enabled a man, however poor in reality, to give her the greatest amount of what she lived for-amusement. So Florrie flooded Reggie with the light of her round black eyes till he was fairly intoxicated with her. She played her crisp curls at him with considerable effect and was charmed when he succumbed to them. Twas a pity he wasn't the heir to £100,-000. If he had been, Miss Florrie thought, she might have got papa to discount it offhand on post obits and have really settled down to a quiet life of balls and the

aters in his agreeable society. So much smitten was Reggie, indeed, that before the end of the evening, under nce of that a Veuve Clicquot, he remarked chaffingly to Florrie at a moment when Mrs. Clarke was deep in talk with Charlie Owen, "I tell you what it is, Miss Clarke—or rather Florrie—I shall call you Florrie—some

day you and I will have to make a match Miss Florrie did not resent this some what abrupt and inartistic method of broaching an important and usually serious subject. On the contrary, being an easy going soul, she accepted it as a natural compliment to her charms and smiled at it good humoredly. But she answered none the less, with a toss of the crisp black curls: "Well, if we're ever to do that Mr. Hesslegrave you must find the

wherewithal first, for Tean tell you 1 want a carriage, and a yacht, and a houseboat. The man for my heart is the man with a houseboat. As soon as you're in a posi-tion to set up a houseboat, you may invite me to share it with you, and then"-she looked at him archly, with a witching smile_"I may consider my answer." She was a taking little thing -there was

no denying it. "Very bad style," so the ladies in the stalls remarked to one anothtle look of quizzical surprise. He had got away alone with her after no small struger as they scanned her through their opera glasses, "but awfully taking!" And Reg-inald Hesslegrave found her so. From that moment forth it became his favorite day dream that he had made a large fortune at a single stroke-on the turf. of course-and married the owner of the crisp black curls. So deep rooted did this ideal become to him indeed that he set to work at once to secure the large fortune. And how? By working hard day and night and saving and investing? Oh, dear me, no! Such bourgeois methods are not for the likes of Mr. Reginald Hesslegrave, who

of a wife of his?" tered out demurely. prided himself upon being a perfect gen-tleman. By risking Kathleen's hard earndo," he auswered at last after a long pause. "You know it very well. You know you're playing with me. That isn't ed money on the Derby favorite and accepting "tips" as to a "dark horse" for

BY THE BLUE ADRIATIC. April in Venice, young ladies aver, is "just too lovely for anything." And Rufus Mortimer utilized one of its just too lovely days for his long deferred project of a picnic to the Lido.

Do you know the Lido? 'Tis that long natural bulwark, "the bank of sand which breaks the flow of Adria toward Venice," as Shelley calls it. It stretches for miles and miles in a narrow belt along the mouth of the lagoons. On one side lies the ocean and on one the shallow pool of mud banks and canals. This is the only place near Venice, indeed, where a horse can find foothold, and on that account as well as for the sake of the surf bathing it is a favorite resort of Venetians and visitors in spring and summer. The side toward the lagoon rises high and dry in a sort of native breakwater, like the lofty Chesil beach that similarly cuts off the English channel from the shallow expanse of the Fleet in Dorsetshire. Its opposite front descends in a gentle slope to the level of the Adriatic and receives on its wrinkled face the thunderous billows of that uncertain main. Hor-

CHAPTER IX.

the Leger!

friends one bright April morning when the treacherous sea was sleeping calmly like a child and no breath of wind from the Dalmatian bills disturbed the tranquil rest of its glossy bosom. They crossed over partly in Mortimer's own private gondola, partly in a hired barca-a hencoop, as Arnold Willoughby ir-

ace's "turbulent Hadria." Hither, then,

Rufus Mortimer brought his guests and

reverently called it-from the steps of the Molo. As they passed out of the harbor the view behind them rose even lovelier than usual. That is the way to see Venice. Its front door is the sea-it breaks upon one full face as one looks at it from the Lido. We who arrive at it nowadays by the long and tedious railway embankment over the shallow lageon hardly realize that we are entering the city of the doges by its back door. We come first upon the slums, the purlieus, the Ghetto But the visitor who approaches the Bride of the Adriatic for the first time by sea from Trieste or Alexandria sees it as its makers and adorners intended he should see it. As he draws nigh shore the great buildings by the water's edge rise one after another before his enchanted eyes. He sees Fortuna on her golden ball above the Dogana di Mare, he sees the doge's palace with its areade and its loogia, he sees the

clustered enpolas and spires of St. Mark's, he sees the quaint volutes and swelling domes of Santa Maria della Salute. Ther as he nears the Molo the vast panorama of beauty bursts upon him at once in all its detail-the Bridge of Sighs, the famed Lion Column. St. Theodore on his crocodile. St. Mark on his airy pinnacle, the Piazzetta, the Piazza, the Campanile, the Clock Tower. He lands by the marble stens and finds himself face to face with the gorgeous pilasters of Sansovino's library, the facade of the great church, the porphyry statues, the gold alabaster, the blaze of mosaics, the lavish waste of sculpture. With a whirling head he walks on through it all, amazed, conscious of nothing else save a phantasmagoria of glory and thank-

ing heaven in his heart that at last he has This was the view upon which the occupants of Rufus Mortimer's gondola look-ed back with delighted eyes that April morning. But this was not all. Behind and above it all the snow capped chain of the Tyrolese Alps and the hills of Cadore rose fairvlike in a semicircle. Their neaciled hollows showed purple, their peaks gleamed like crystal in the morning sun. Cloudless and clear, every glen and crag pinked out by the searching rays, they stood silhouetted in pure white against the solid blue sky of Italy. In front of them St. Mark's and the Campanile were outlined in dark hues. 'Twas a sight to rejoice a painter's eyes. Arnold Willoughby

and Kathleen Hesslegrave sat entranced as they looked at it. Nothing rouses the emotional side of man's nature more vividly than to gaze at beautiful things with a beautiful woman. Arnold Willoughby sat by Kathleen's side and drank it all in, delighted. He half made up his mind to ask her that very day whether, if he ever could succeed in his profession, she would be willing to link her life with a poor marine painter's. He didn't mean to make her Lady Axminster. That was far from his mind. He would not have cared for these "where mean ambition aims at palaces and titled

names," as George Meredith has phrased it. But he wanted to make her Mrs. Arnold Willoughby. As they crossed over to the Lido he was full of a new discovery he had made a few days before. A curious incident had happened to him. In hunting among a bundle of papers at his lodgings which his landlady had bought to tie up half kilos of rice and macaroni, he had come, it appeared, upon a wonderful manuscript. He hardly knew himself at the time how important this manuscript was to become to him hereafter, but he was full of it, all

the same, as a singular discovery. "It's written in Italian," he said to Kathleen—"that's the funny part of it, but still it seems it's by an English sailor. and it's immensely interesting-a narra tive of his captivity in Spain and his trial by the inquisition, for standing up like a man for her grace's claim to the throne of

"What's the date of it?" Kathleen asked, not knowing or not catching the special Elizabethan tinge of that phrase her grace, instead of her majesty.
"Oh, Elizabeth, of course," Arnold answered lightly. ""Such a graphic story! And the queerest part of it all is it's writ-

ten in cipher." "Then how did you make it out?" Kathleen asked admiringly. To her mind it seemed a perfectly astonishing feat that any man should be able to decipher such a thing for himself by mere puzzling over it. "Why, easily enough," Arnold answered, with a smile, "for happily I took it for granted, since I found it in Italy, the language was Italian, so I soon spelled it out. Those sixteenth century people always made use of the most simple ciphers. almost foolishly simple. Any child could read them."

Kathleen looked up at him with profound admiration. For her own part, she couldn't imagine how on carth it could be done. "How wonderful" she exclaimed. "You must show it some day.

And it's interesting, is a some day.

to see it." "Yes, it's interesting," Arnold answered. "As interesting as a novel. A perfect romance. Most vivid and amusing. The writer was a man named John Collingham of Norfolk, the owner and skipper of an English bark. He was taken by the Spaniards off Cape Finisterre and thrown into prison for six months at Cadiz. Afterward he escaped and made his way to Venice, where he wrote this memorial in cipher to the council of ten, whom he desired to employ him, but what became of him in the end I haven't yet got to. It takes

some time to decipher the whole of it." That was all for the moment. More important concerns put the manuscript afterward for a time out of Kathleen's head. though in the end she had good reason indeed to remember it. However, just then, as soon as they landed, Rufu. Mortimer hurried her off to admire the view from the top of the Lido, and he took excellent care she should have no other chance that day of private conversation with Arnold

Willoughby.

They lunched at fresco on the summit sea to the right, and the long stretch of the shallow lagoon to the left, with the distant towers of Venice showing up with all their spires in the middle distance, and the jagged range of snowy Alps gleaming white in the background. As soon as they had finished Rufus Mortimer managed to get Kathleen to himself for a quiet stroll along the sea beach. The sand was hard and firm and strewn with seaweed. Here and there a curled seahorse lay tossed up

stened bright like pearls on the line of high water.

Kathleen felt a little shy with him. She guessed what was coming, but she pretended to ignore it and began in her most conventional society tone, "Have you heard that Canon Valentine and his wife are coming out here to Venice next week to visit us?" Mortimer gazed at her with a comic lit-

gle, and he meant to make the best of this solitary opportunity. "Have I heard that Canon Valentine and his wife are coming?" he asked, with a sort of genial satire in his voice. "Now, do you think. Miss Hesslegrave, I planned this picnic to the that hore, Canon Valentine, and that stick

Lido today and got off with you alone here for nothing else but to talk about "I-I really don't know," Kathleen fal-Mortimer gazed at her hard. "Yes, you

what I want, and you can see it, Miss Hesslegrave. You can guess what I've come here for. You can guess why I've brought you away all alone upon the sands." He trembled with emotion. It took a good deal to work Rufus Mortimer up, but when once he was worked up his feelings ran away with him. He quivered visibly. "Oh, Miss Hesslegrave," he cried, gazing wildly at her, "you must have seen it long since! You can't have mistaken it. You must have known I loved you! I've as good as told you so over and over again, both in London and here, but never till today have I ventured to ask you. didn't dare to ask, because I was so afraid you'd say me nay. And now it has come to this, I must speak. I must! I can't keep it back within myself any longer." Every woman is flattered by a man's asking for her love, even when she means to say "no" outright to him, and it was something for Kathleen to have made a conquest like this of the American millionaire whom every girl in Venice was eager to be introduced to. She felt it as such. Yet she drew back, all tremulous. "Please don't, Mr. Mortimer," she

back a little space and gazing at her earnestly. "Because," Kathleen answered, finding it hard indeed so to phrase her feelings as not unnecessarily to hurt the young man's, "I like you very much—as a friend—that is to say—but I could never love you." "You thought you could once," Morti-mer replied, with a face of real misery. could see you thought it once. In Venice here last year you almost hesitated, and if your mother hadn't shown herself so anxious to push my interest with you I really believe you would have said 'yes then to me. What has made the difference

now? You must-you must tell me."

pleaded as the American tried hard to seize

her vacant hand. "I-I wish you would

not. I know you're very kind, but-I

"Why not?" Mortimer asked, drawing

don't want you to take it.'

"I hardly know myself," Kathleen anwered truthfully. "But I must hear it," the American answered, placing himself in front of her in an eager attitude. He had all the chivalrous feeling of his countrymen toward women. Rich as he was, he felt, and rightly felt, it was a great thing to ask such a girl as Kathleen Hesslegrave for the gift of her heart, and having wound himself up to make what for him was that fatal plunge he must know the worst forthwith. He must learn once for all then and there whether or not there was any chance left for him. So he stood with clasped hands, repeating over and over again: "You must tell me, Miss Hesslegrave. I have a right to know. The feel ing I bear toward you gives me a claim to

"I can't tell you myself," Kathleen replied, a little faltering, for his earnestness touched her, as earnestness always touches women. "I shall always like you very much, Mr. Mortimer, but I can never love "Do you love somebody else-will you

tell me that?" the young man asked almost fiercely. Kathleen hesitated and was lost. "I-I don't know myself, Mr. Mortimer," she answered feebly. Mortimer drew a long breath. "Is it

Willoughby?" he asked at last, with a sudden turn that half frightened her. Kathleen began to cry. "Mr. Mortimer," she exclaimed, "you have no right to try to extort from me a secret I have



"I shall always like you very much, Mr. Mortimer." never told yet to anybody-hardly even to myself. Mr. Willoughby is nothing more than a friend and a companion to me." But the American read her meaning through her words for all that."Willough he cried-"Willoughby! It's Willoughby who has supplanted me. I was half afraid of this." He paused irresolute for a moment. Then he went on much lower. "I ought to hate him for this, Miss Hesslegrave, but somehow I don't Perhaps it isn't in my blood. But I like him and admire him. I admire his courage. I admire your courage for liking him. The worst of it is I admire you, too, for having the simple honesty to prefer him to me-under all the circumstances. know you are doing right. I can't help admiring it. That penniless man against American millions! But you have left my heart poor—oh, so poor, so poor! There was one thing in life upon which I had fixed it, and you have given that to Willoughby, and, Miss Hesslegrave, I can't even quarrel with you for giving it! Kathleen leaned forward toward him anxiously. "Oh, for heaven's sake," she cried, clasping her hands, "don't betray me, Mr. Mortimer. I have never breathed a single word of this to him, nor he to me. It was uncanny of you to find it out. I ask you as a woman, keep it-keep it sacred, for my sake, I beg of you!"

Mortimer looked at her with the intensest affection in his eyes. He spoke the plain truth. That woman was the one object in life on which he had set his heart, and without her his wealth was as worth-less dross to him. "Why, Miss Hessle-grave," he answered, "what do you think I am made of? Do you think I could surprise a woman's secret like that and not keep it more sacred than anything else on earth? You must have formed indeed a very low opinion of me. I can use this knowledge but for one aim and end-to do what I, can toward making Willoughby's path in life a little smoother and easier for him. I wished to do so for his own sake before. I shall wish it a thousand times more for your sake in future."

Tears stood in his eyes. He spoke earnestly, seriously. He was one of those rare men who rise far above jealousy. Kath leen was touched by his attitude-what woman would not have been? For a moment she half regretted she could not answer him "yes." He was so genuinely in love, so deeply and honestly grieved at her inability to love him. Of her own accord

sh- took his hand. "Mr. Mortimer," she said truthfully, "I like you better this minute than I have ever liked you. You have spoken like a friend. You have spoken like a gentleman. Few men at such a moment could have spoken as you have done. Believe me, indeed I am deeply grateful for it." "Thank you," Mortimer answered,

brushing his tears away shamefacedly. Americans are more frank about such matters than we self restrained Britons. "But, oh, Miss Hesslegrave, after all, what poor comfort it is to a man who asks your love, who loves you devotedly!" They turned with one accord and wan-dered back along the sands in silence toward the rest of the party. So far as Rufus Mortimer was concerned, that picnic had been a dead failure. 'Twas with an effort that he managed to keep up conversation the rest of the afternoon with the mammas of the expedition. His heart had received a very heavy blow, and he hardly sought to conceal it from Kathleen's ob

servant vision. Sad that in this world what is one man's loss is another man's gain. Arnold Willoughy, seeing those two come back silent from their stroll along the sands together. looked hard in Kathleen's face and then in Mortimer's and read the whole history. He felt a little thrill of pleasure course

through his spine like a chill. "Then he has asked her," Arnold thought, "and she—she has refused him. Dear girl, she has refused him! I can trust her after all. She prefers the penniless sailor to the richest man this day in Venice!" It is always so. We each of us see things from our own point of view. Any other man would have taken it in the same way as Arnold Willoughby. But Kathleen

went home that evening very heavy at heart for her American lover. He was so kind and true, so manly and generous, she felt half grieved in her heart she couldn't have sajd "yes" to him. CHAPTER X. VISITORS IN VENICE. Canon Valentine stared about him in the midst of the Piazza with a stony British stare of complete disapprobation. He rejected it in toto. "So this is modern Venice?" he exclaimed, with the air of a man

who revisits some painful scene he has known in its better days. "This is what emancipated Italy has made of it! Dear me, Mrs. Heselegrave, low altered it is, to be sure, since the good old times of the Austrian occupation!" "Ali, yes," Kathlen interposed, not entering into his humor, "no doubt you see great changes, canon. You haven't been here before since united Haly. How

it's really and truly Italian! The canon gazed at her, full face, in the blankest astonishment. "Quite the contrary," he answered cartly. "I see very great changes, but they're all for the worse. These pigeons, for example, they were always a nuisance, flying about under one's feet and getting in one's way at every twist and turn, but there are ten times as many of them now as there ever

much lovelier it must look to you, now

"Why, I love the pigeons," Kathleen cried, all amazed. "They're so tame and familiar. In Egland the boys would throw stones at them and frighten them, but here under the sha low of St. Mark's they seem to feel as if they belonged to the place and as if man was a friend of theirs. Besides, they're so characteristic, and they're historically interesting, too, don't you know. They're said to be the descendants of the identical birds that brought Doge Dandolo good news from friends on shore, which can! led him to capture Crete and solay the foundations of the Venetian empire. I just love the pigcons."

"I dare say you do," the canon answered testily, "but that's no reason why they should be allowed to stroll about under people's heels as they walk across the Piazza. In the good old Austrian days, I'm sure, that was never permitted. Intolerable, simply! And then the band! What very inferior music! When the Austrians were here, you remember, Amelia, we had a capital bandmaster, and everybody used to come out to listen to his German tunes in the evening. The square was always gay with bright uniforms then—such beautiful coats-Austrian hussar coats-deen braided on either side and flung carelessly open. The officers looked splendid by the tables at Florio's. Venice was Venice in those days, I can tell you, before all this nonsense cropped up about united Italy." "But what could be lovelier," Kathleen exclaimed, half shocked at such treason, 'than the Italian oalcers in their picturesque blue cloaks, the Bersaglieri especially? I declare I always fall quite in love

with them." "Very likely," the canon answered. He was never surprised for his part at any aberration of feeling on the part of young girls since this modern education craze. It had unsexed women for him. "But the place is spoiled for all that. You should have seen it at its best, before it was vulgarized. Even St. Mark's is gilded and furbished up now out of all recognition. It's not fit to look at. Amelia, my dear, don't you agree with me, the place was far more picturesque when the Austrians had "Oh, very much more picturesque!"
Mrs. Valentine echoed dutifully. She was

a meek looking old lady, in a long, black

cloak, absolutely overborne by 50 years of

the canon's individuality, and she would have answered the exact opposite in perfect good faith if only she perceived the canon expected it. Irreverent young men in their cathedral town were wont to speak of her familiarly as "the prophet's donkey." The canon examined critically the facade of St. Mark's-that glorious composite facade of no particular time or style or fashion which Kathleen admired so fervently, with its fantastic mixture of all elements alike-byzantine, oriental, romanesque, gothic, renaissance. "Very mixed," the canon murmured, holding his head on one side, "very mixed indeed. I can't say I care for it. It's so low and squat. And how the mosaics disfigure it! In answer to criticism like that poor Kathleen had nothing to say, so she wisely held her tongue. She knew when to be silent. The canon strolled on, with Mrs. Hesslegrave by his side, past Leopardo's bronze sockets, which still hold aloft the great flagstaffs of the republic in front of the marvelous church; past the corner of St. Mark's, where stand the square pillars from St. Saba at Ptolemais; past the main gate of the palace, with its sculptured design of Doge Francesco Foscari, in cap and robes, kneeling in submission before the lion of St. Mark; past the noble arcades and loggias of the Piazzetta; past the two huge columns in the seaward square and down by slow degrees to the steps of the Molo. Kathleen listened in wonder, half incredulous, to his criticisms as he passed. She was so little accustomed herself to anything save breathless admiration and delight at the glories of Venice that this strange attitude of cold blame seemed to her well nigh unnatural. To think that any man should stand unmoved before the

very faces of St. Mark and St. Theodore! At the Molo they called a gondola and glided in it slowly down the Grand canal. The canon thought it had fallen off since the days of the Austrians. Half the palaces were worse kept, and the other half were scraped and cleaned and redecorated throughout in the most ridiculous Wardour street fashion. He couldn't bear to see Venice Blundell-Mapled. It was all quite depressing. But what astonished Kathleen the most was the singular fact that after passing the bend in the canal by the Palazzo Contarini, the canon seemed almost entirely to forget in what city they were, though this was his first day for 30 years in the sea born city, and looking no longer at churches or palaces began to gossip about the people he had left behind him in London. His world went with him They might have been in Bond street or Rotten row for any notice he took of the Rialto or the Ca d'Oro. He glided past the Fondaco without even a single word. He never deigned to give a glance to the School of St. Mark or the tower of San Zanipolo To Kathleen's artistic soul it was all a strange puzzle. She couldn't understand it. Had the man no eyes in his head that he could pass those glorious arcades, those exquisite balconies, without even looking

up at them? "And you are going to tell us something about this Axminster business," Mrs Hesslegrave remarked after a pause as they reached the front of the arsenal on their circuitous peregrination, which Kathleen had arranged so as to take in at one round all the principal buildings. "Poor dear Lady Axminster! Has anything been done yet about this affair of the peerage?" "Oh, dear, yes," the canon replied, brightening up at the suggestion. "I was coming to that. I intended to tell you all about it. Haven't you read it in the papers? We're in hopes at last we're really

going to get a definite settlement." "That's well," Mrs. Hesslegrave echoed, with a sympathetic smirk. "What's being done about it now? We haven't seen a paper in this benighted place for weeks and weeks, don't you know, except, of course, Galignani. It's really quite dreadful how one falls behind the times about all the most important and interesting things that are going on in England!"

The canon looked big. This appeal flat-tered him. He liked to feel he came primed with news about the best people. we've taken the thing to the house of lords," he said, with as much delight as if he were himself the appellant. "Poor Algy has claimed the peerage on the ground that his cousin Bertie is dead, as I told you. We've reduced success to a practical certainty. The lords will adjudicate on his claim in a week or two, but it's a foregone conclusion. I'm very glad, I must say, for Algy's sake and for his wife's too. She's a nice little thing, Mrs. Algy Re burn!"

"My brother knows her slightly," Kathleen said, with a tolerant smile, seems to think a great deal of her.' "Oh, yes, she's a charming woman, Mrs. Hesslegrave interposed. "A most charming woman." Mrs. Hesslegrave thought all peers and peeresses, actual or prospective, particularly charming-even more charming indeed than the rest of the people in the best society. The canon took no notice, however,

these interjected remarks. He severely ignored them. To say the truth, he regarded the entire Axminster connection as hi own private property from a social point

of view and rather resented than otherwise the impertment suggestion that any one else in the world could have anything to do with them. "Yes, we've reduced it to a practical certainty," he went on, lean-ing back in his place in the gondola and staring hard at the water. "The crux of the case consisted, of course, in the difficulty of proving that the man Douglas Overton, who shipped from the port of London in the Saucy Sally—that was the name of the vessel, if I recollect aright for Melbourne, was really the same man as Albert Ogilvie Redburn, seventh Lord Axminster. And it was precious, hard to prove satisfactorily, I can tell you, but Maria has proved it—proved it up to the hilt. Maria's a very clever woman of the

yer said to her in my hearing, 'Nobody but you, Lady Axminster, would ever have succeeded in pulling it through, but thanks to your ability and energy and acumen not even the house of lords can have the shadow of a doubt about it.' And the house of lords, you may take your affidavit, will doubt anything any mortal on earth could doubt to keep a claimant out of a peerage if only they can manage it.' "But you think it's quite safe now?" Mrs. Hesslegrave asked, with interest. Anything that referred to a peer of the realm had for her mind a perfectly en-

world, and she knows how to work these

things like a private detective. Her law-

thralling attraction. "Oh, dear, yes, quite safe. Not a doubt in the world of it. You see, we've estab. lished, in the first place, the fact that the man Douglas Overton really was Bertie Redburn, which is always something. And we've established, in the second place, the complementary fact that the Saucy Sally. from London for Melbourne, went ashor on some wretched island nobody ever heard of in the Indian ocean, and that all souls on board perished, including, of course, the man Douglas Overton, who is Bertie Redburn, who is the late Lord Ayminster. A child can see it, let alone the privilege committee.'

"I'm glad it's going to be settled," Mrs. Hesslegrave remarked, with unction. "It's such a dreadful thing for poor Mr. Algernon Redburn to be kept so long, through no fault of his own, out of the money and

"Oh, dreadful," the canon assented, "dreadful, dreadful, dreadful, But there! poor Bertie never had any conscience. It was quite painful, the distressing views he used to hold on such subjects for a man in his postion. I always set it down to the gypsy blood in him. I've heard him say more than once he longed to be doing what he called something useful for the mass of the community. Long before he gave way to these abnormal longings and neglected his natural duties and ran away to sea he's told me time and again he felt a sailor's life was a life of undoubted value and usefulness to the country. A sailor was employed in carrying commodities from one place where they were produced to another place where they were wanted or eaten or something-consumed, I think he called it—and nobody could deny that was a good and useful thing for the people that consumed them. 'Very well, Bertie,' said I, half in joke, don't you know. 'Then why shouldn't you go yourself and carry coals to Newcastle or whatever else may be the crying want in that line of the moment? never dreaming, of course, the poor silly boy would go and follow my advice, as he did to the letter. But there, these things come out all right in the long run. 'There's a divinity that shapes our ends,' as Tennyson or somebody says-ah, thank you, was it Shakesneare? __ 'rough hew them how me may.' and that's been the case, I say, with this Axminster peerage business. For the upshot of it all is that poor Bertie's dead and gone, sooner than one could reasonably have expected, and Algy's come into the

property and title before his time, which is a very desirable thing to have happened. for Bertie might have married a woman after his own heart, no doubt—a sailor's Poll, for choice—and if he had, why, one trembles to think what the children might have been like-a perfect disgrace to their

Mrs. Hesslegrave smiled an acquiescent smile. But, as for Kathleen, a flash of light broke suddenly upon her. "A sailor is employed in carrying commodities from the place where they are produced to the place where they are needed, and that nohody can deny to be on the whole a useful and a valuable function for society!" Surely this line of reasoning, were it right or wrong, sounded strangely familiar to her! And then, as she thought it over, it broke upon her like a revelation that she had heard similar words before now-from Arnold Willoughby! From Arnold Willoughby! From the courteous artist sailor. A strange misgiving seized upon her. If Lord Axminster could disguise himself as Douglas Overton, why not also as Arnold Willoughby? She thought at once of her sailor friend's extraordinary knowledge of art and literature for a common sailor, of his chivalrous manners, of his demeand which so belied his dress and his preten sions. Turning sharply to Canon Valentine, she ventured to put all at once the

"Did Lord Axminster paint? Had he any knowledge of art, I mean?" "Oh, dear, yes," the canon answered without a second's hesitation. "He studied in Paris under a first rate paintera fellow with one of their long winded, double barreled names—Bastien somebody it was-Inever can get the hang of them. Kathleen asked no more. Her heart was strangely troubled, for her sailor had spoken more than once incidentally of Bastien-Lepage's studio. Loyalty to Arnold Willoughby made her hold her peace and refrain from blurting out the doubt that rose within her. If he was really Lord Axminster, why, it would be wrong of her even to attempt to surprise his secret, still more to betray it. The words from which she suspected she discovered his identity had been spoken in confidence in the most private conversation. Kathleen couldn't help framing to herself offhand a pretty little romance, based on the familiar Lord of Burleigh model, "He was but a landscape painter, and a village maiden she!" -a romance of how this young man had tried to win her love as a common sailorand, what was more, succeeded in it-and how he meant in the end to astonish the world by telling her he was an earl and carrying her off unawares to his home in Devonshire to share the fancied glories of Membury castle.

And while now she wonders blindly, Nor the meaning can divine, Proudly turns he round and kindly, 'All of this is mine and thine." [TO BE CONTINUED.]

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WEEKLY NEWS

THE BUCHANAN RECORD.

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read your disease as you would an open SEE WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY. Rev. H. P. Henderson of Albion, Mich. writes—you cured my wife of Catarrh, and otherwise restored her to perfect health. I can recommend your treatment as wonder-

Mr. Henry Killick of Orangeville, Mich., cured of epilepsy of 20 years standing. Mr. John Harwood, Gorey, Mich., catarrhal deafness restored in one months 2 time-could not hear anything out of one

Mr. C. F. Corwin, Independence, Ind., rheumatism and paralysis-could not walk a step; threw away his crutches in three Mr. Edgar Benedict, Argos, Ind., epilepsy cured, and has never had another

Mrs. Eva Parham, Burr Oak, Mich., disease of the mind, nervous system, and female trouble, was given up by all physicians, restored to public health, and is today doing her own work.

Mrs. Sarah A. Posey, Corydon, Ky., dropsy and dyspepsy. Her case was given up by all the doctors; today she is well. If you would like to know more about her case, write to her.
Mrs. Matilda Gangwer, Lewisburg, Ohio, heart disease and female complaint of many years standing-cured. Mr. T. H. Beavers, Mt. Summit, Ind., catarrh, bronchitis, nervous prostration and a general giving down of the whole system—his recovery astonished every one. Read what Cincinnati papers say:—"Since the advent of Dr. Beaty injourgeity, the lame, blind, and halt are coming for relief at all hours. His office is crowded from morning till night. A man was brought from one of the hospitals, on a cot, who had been confined to his bed for two years. After an hours treatment he could walk, but was very much exhasted from the treatment. He is improving, and will soonbe out oncembre. There is no question but what Dr. Beaty is precisely what he claims to be, and we would advise the afflicted to give him a trial."

Dr. Beaty, can refer you to hundreds.

Dr. Beaty can refer you to hundreds and hundreds of persons whom he has treated and cured. Now, if you are afflicted with any chronic ailment or lingering disease, come and see Dr. Beaty. You will be treated kindly, and if there is a cure on this earth for you, you will get it. Remember the Date and Come Early. Office Hours Commence at 9 A. M. Sharp.

FREE EXAMINATION OF THE URINE. Each person apply for medical treatment will please bring two or three ounces of urine for analysis.

Notice of Sale of Real Estate. First publication June 27, 1895,
CTATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Berrien—ss.
In the matter of the Estate of Mary E. and
Clareace R. Allen, minors.
Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an
order granted to the undersigned Gnardian of the
estate of said above named minors, by the Hon.
Judge of Probate for the County of Berrien, on
the 24th day of June, A. D. 1895, there will be
sold at public vendue to the highest bidder, at
the premises in the county of Berrien, in said
State, on Monday, the 12th day of August, A. D.
1895, at eleven o'clock in the forencon of that
day, (subject to all encumbrances by mortgage
or otherwise existing at the time of the death of
said deceased, or at the time of sale and also
subject to the right of dower and the homestead
rights of the widow of said deceased therein),
the following described real estate, to-wit: Commencing ten and 81-100 rods south of the northwest corner of the northeast quarter (24) of the
southwest quarter (34) of section twenty-six (26),
in town seven (7) south, range eighteen (18) west;
thence south eight (8) rods; thence cast fourteen
(14) rods; thence north eight (8) rods; thence west
fourteen (14) rods to the place of beginning, in
Berrien County, Michigan.
Last publication August 8, 1895. First publication June 27, 1895.

YOU HAD LOAD OF WOOD TO

man you met that you had a load of wood to sell, and every man you met would in turn tell every man he met that you had a load of wood to sell, it would, in course of time, become pretty well circulated that you had a load, of wood to sell; but why not cut it short—not the wood, but the method—and place a good ad in a good newspaper like the Recond, and tell everybody al once. "Delays are dangerous," and the Recond would start in where the last man left off and keep on telling everybody that you had a load of wood to sell.

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