

ADVICE TO GIRLS.

Do Not Be Ashamed to Help With the Housework.

There are many young women who think it is quite beneath them to lighten their mothers' tasks by helping to do the housework.

My dear girl, do stop a moment and think how selfish and heartless is your conduct and how you are lowering yourself in the eyes of every sensible person.

Do you think you are impressing the young man who is calling upon you with your refinement? He is without doubt deciding that you are too idle and selfish to make a good wife.

Some evening you wear a fresh, crisp organdie gown to a party and bring it home a few hours later crushed and soiled. You are satisfied; you have been happy in it, and you throw it aside to be again laundered.

Do you ever think that every hour of your pleasure has been paid for with an hour of your weary mother's hard work?

Look at the frills and laces and remember that each one had to be carefully ironed.

It would be a great deal more to your credit if you knew exactly how to freshen and beautify your gown as well as to crush and soil it.

You would enjoy your party far more if you were a dress which you had yourself prepared. You have no idea how proud and pleased you would feel as you were leaving home if your mother could say: "How well you have done up your dress, my dear."

The young man would be proud of you, too. He would at once see that you were an industrious, clever girl, and an unselfish, loving daughter.

"What a fine wife she would make," would surely be his next thought, and he would be back to call promptly.

Mark my words, my dear girls, you can gain nothing by being selfish to your mother.

Your conscience will trouble you and every sensible, true man will pass you by when he is looking for a wife.

TO MAKE A CUP OF COFFEE.

The Chef of a New York Hotel Gives This "Secret" of His Success.

How to make a perfect cup of coffee is an art, which in ancient times it coffee had been known then, would have been thought to be a gift of the gods.

The chef at one of the big New York hotels, who is noted for the excellence of the coffee he brews, gives this "secret" of his success:

"Good coffee," he says, "and good blends are necessary in all cases where a good cup of coffee is expected."

"Java gives the best satisfaction. The term 'blend' refers to the district from which the article comes, not to the grade. Even the best of blends may at times lose their character by being under-roasted or over-roasted."

"Take a granite coffee pot, free from any abrasion where the iron may be exposed to the coffee. The contact of these two is ruinous. This applies to tin pots too; in fact where any metal is used and it is exposed to the action of the coffee or where the bottom of the pot or the surface edges are worn. The vessel should be a drip pot. Whether it be a cloth china or metal sieve, it is best to have a drip arrangement. A cloth drip or bag or such a percolator as has a cloth attachment is recommended."

"Place in the granite saucepan one heaping tablespoonful of medium-ground coffee for each cup and a half you make. Pour enough hot water on it and stir with a spoon until all the coffee has been moistened. This procedure will take about one minute. In the meantime the pot must be ready to receive this moistened coffee, which is poured into the percolator or bag. To this is added sufficient boiling water to make the number of cups of coffee to correspond with the spoonfuls of ground coffee used."

"After the coffee has dripped into the pot through the bag, draw the coffee off into another vessel, remove the lid from the top of the pot and pour this coffee through the grounds and let it drip through again. Continue this at least three times allowing it to fully drip through; then set the coffee pot on your stove, where it is hot enough to have your coffee boil not less than three minutes or more than five."

"After it has boiled place it in such a position on the stove that it will keep ready for service. Better results are obtained by allowing the coffee to stand in this position at least a half hour before using it."

"For each cup of special coffee wanted place one teaspoonful of freshly ground coffee in the pot or percolator. Then pour the coffee, which has been drawn off, into the vessel in the pot or percolator containing the freshly ground beans. Let it drip through and you will find that not only will you have a coffee that is doubly strong but with the flavor and aroma of the fresh-ground coffee."

A Hair Receiver.

Is there any article more of a necessity to feminine comfort than some sort of a convenience as a receptacle for hair? Every bedroom occupied by the gentle sex should be supplied with a hair receiver. How many girls have spent a night at a friend's, and, after making the morning toilet, looked in vain for something in which to deposit the objectionable little roll of hair one wishes to put out of sight! Nothing to be found! Not even a scrap basket—another useful article usually considered superfluous in bedrooms—so she is forced to leave the unattractive reminder of her dainty presence in bold relief on the dressing table.

To make an inexpensive and pretty hair receiver, take a butcher's cuff—they are about five cents a pair—and put in a bottom of cardboard, neatly covered with silk. Line the cuff with colored silk, gathered with a narrow ruffle around the top. If red silk is used, sew on the outside of the cuff a bunch of poppies or red roses, and suspend the receiver by a red satin ribbon, with a small bow at the top. The flowers may be varied with the color of the lining—daisies with yellow, roses with pink, forget-me-nots with blue. It is always desirable, of course, to have such things harmonize with the prevailing color of the room.

Avoid a Choppy Walk.

In walking endeavor to take a long, graceful, gliding step rather than the short, choppy motion which one so often sees.

Walking on the toes gives a mincing, dancing-school master gait. Let the weight fall on the balls of the feet, turn the toes out a trifle, and transfer the weight of the body from one foot to the other as each step is taken.

Avoid balancing the body by throwing the hips alternately out and in. This produces a walk that is neither graceful nor refined, and no woman should care to imitate it.

Two Handy Pockets.

The small lace handkerchief sometimes gives the owner much trouble. This annoyance can be done away with if one has in her gown a small pocket on the left side or jacket or waist. This can be made either triangular, square or round in shape; the small bit of lace is tucked into this and the edges peep over the top of the pocket.

Another pocket does away with the rolling up of the handkerchief and putting it up the sleeve. The cleve at the wrist has a small slit which admits the handkerchief and allows the border to fall over the gloved hand.

Select Your Umbrellas.

To avoid after lamentations the woman with limited means should make the selection of a new umbrella the subject for earnest thought.

She should remember that a good umbrella outlasts a cheap one, and looks better while it lasts; a good black umbrella is always in good taste and will harmonize with any gown.

A twisted wood handle studded with silver or a plain crystal ball displays excellent taste.

Avoid bizarre handles and gay color effects in coverings.

THE HAIR.

A Receipt for Preventing It From Falling Out.

To the well-groomed woman the care of her hair is a subject of paramount importance, and every new recipe to prevent it from falling out, to keep it in the necessary condition of wave, fluffiness, and generally well cared for appearance is hailed with joy and immediately tested.

Some well-meaning persons have sworn by kerosene, and many easily-persuaded women have tried it, only to find themselves a nuisance to the family while the "cure" was in process, and in the end obliged to abandon its use from the very disagreeable after-effects of the treatment.

All authorities on the natural oil of the hair, judiciously augmented by an artificially applied oil, will be of material benefit in producing luxuriant, glossy tresses and prevent the long ends from splitting and the hair from falling out, for the reason that the roots are properly nourished.

Another reason why some good oil should be carefully applied to the roots of the hair is the necessity of keeping the scalp loose from the head, and by this means permitting the natural oil of the hair to nourish it a nature intended it should.

It has been found that the best, purest olive oil, purchased at some reliable grocery or Italian warehouse or in small quantities from the drug store, has all the medicinal qualities of kerosene without any of its disagreeable after-effects.

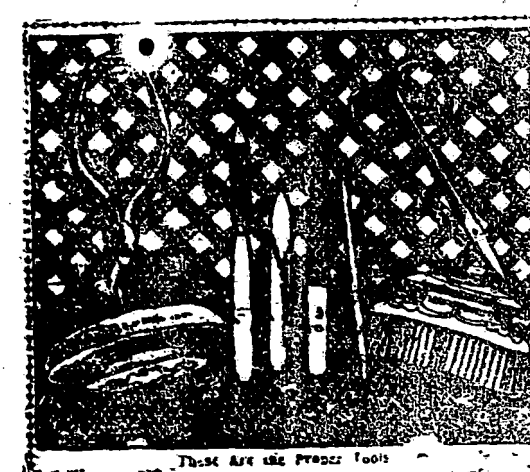
Only use very little at a time, dipping the fingers into a saucer containing not more than half a teaspoonful of the very best oil. Then massage the scalp thoroughly (not letting the oil touch the long ends of the hair) until it is worked in so completely that the scalp feels almost dry.

This treatment applied once a week with a shampoo the principal ingredient of which is the white of an egg and then washed with hot water and white castile soap, and afterward carefully and thoroughly rinsed with hot water once every two weeks, it is said, will prevent the hair from falling out, will keep it fluffy and yet glossy, and those who have tried it say it is one of the best of the many recipes recommended.

Manicuring the Nails.

The manicuring of the nails is one of the most important details of the toilet. Correct manicuring is one of the most frequently neglected details, which are treated by professional manicures are often in a worse condition than those badly cared for at home.

The first consideration will be the implements to be employed. A wood fibre or brittle brush is the first necessity—this being neither too soft nor stiff enough to tear the flesh. A thin bladed knife is the second, the one pictured being the only shaped knife which will not injure the cuticle. A



pair of surgical scissors must be selected. The usual curved manicure scissors are never to be used. The file should not be flexible. It should not be so thick as the average manicure file. A thin, stiff blade of tempered steel with fine incisors is the best. A clipper, as in the illustration, is advisable for making the nail even, but is not absolutely necessary. The soft chamomile skin polisher usually employed for the purpose is the last requisite tool.

The only materials employed will be a bit of ammonia or soda for the water in which the nail is first soaked; a box of powdered cuttle-fish bone and possibly some fine soft powder for the final polishing. Coloring cream should never be used.

A True Story.

We had a very funny experience in the country one summer.

Mamma and grandma had gone to the city, and left my cousin Jane and Lillian and the servants to take care of the house, while they were gone. My Cousin Jane was sleeping with me. She was awakened about two o'clock in the morning by some one walking in the hall. She opened the door and found my cousin Lillian trying to find her door in the dark. Jane asked her what was the matter, and she said some one was walking on the piazza roof under our windows.

They called the servants and lighted a lamp in the hall. As soon as the creature saw the light, it came and looked right in the window. One of the servants screamed and said it was a witch, and ran away and buried her head in pillows.

It was nothing but an organ grinder's monkey.

My cousin thought the boys next door dressed up their dog and put it on the roof to frighten us, but a gentleman told us that the organ grinder's monkey got loose and steal what they could at night.

You know the monkeys are awful little thieves.

Four Little Household Hints.

All cake tins should be lined with evenly buttered paper before baking. All good cakes should have a sheet of paper placed on the top.

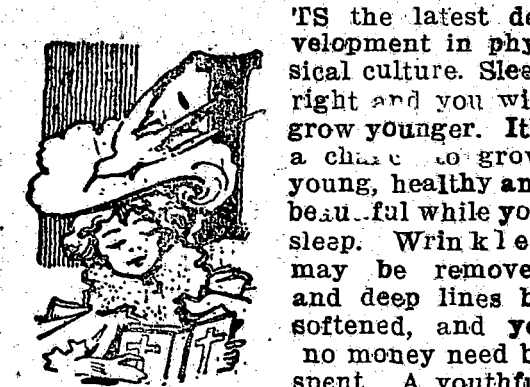
To remove varnish stains from the hands is quite easy if, before washing, you rub them with a flannel dipped in methylated spirits.

To prevent metal from rust rub over the surface a mixture formed by melting together equal parts of ozokerite, paraffin and beeswax.

Stains of paint which have become dry on any garment are difficult to remove, but with persistent use of benzine or spirits of turpentine it can generally be managed.

SLEEP ON YOUR BACK.

A New Idea and the Reason For It—Its Chance to Grow Young.



ITS latest development in physical culture. Sleep right and you will grow younger. It's a chance to grow young, healthy and beautiful while you sleep. Wrinkles may be removed and deep lines be softened, and yet no money need be spent. A youthful expression may be given to the face, and more graceful curves to the body, and yet no time need be wasted in Delsarte exercises. It's only a little matter of sleeping right.

A physical culturist has arisen who has a new theory in regard to the correct way to lie while sleeping. Madam Pote is her name, and for her theory she claims much. It revolutionizes all ideas in regard to sleeping ever given in the past.

She says: "Away with the pillows. All women sleep with their heads too high at night."

Not even worry will make a woman grow wrinkled and old so rapidly as sleeping with her head on a high pillow. Sleep with no pillow at all. Have your head on a level with your body, and, better still, rest it for a while even lower than your body.

And here is the philosophy of it: All during the day, when the head is held in its normal position, the muscles of the face drop, and when the tissues are lacking in strength, and the skin flabby, wrinkles come. At night we should counteract the drooping of the muscles. We should try and lift the tissues up. By sleeping with the head on a level with the body or with the head lower than the body, the drooping lines which give an expression of care and age to the face gradually disappear.

Here is an exercise, highly recommended by Madam Pote: Always before retiring press the fingers hard upon the upper part of the face and rub upward. This brings into play the opposite movement of the muscles. All day their tendency has been a downward droop. At night rub them upward. It is well to remember that opposition movements, if practised regularly, always produce harmonious developments. If the skin is dry it is wise to apply thoroughly a pure cold cream each night before beginning the upward rubbing movement.

But it is not alone sleeping without pillows that Madam Pote advocates. She also says: "Lie flat on your back. It's all nonsense about bad dreams. It is the most healthful position one can assume when going to sleep. Lie flat on the back, and for strengthening a weak back let the spine touch the bed its entire length. This will strengthen the spine and tend to make one stand erect. While lying on the back the spine should be curved outward instead of inward at the waist line."

Now for the arms. Instead of falling at the sides, Madam Pote says: "Raise the arms so that the hands are parallel with the head. This position will raise the bony frame of the chest from the lungs. The effect of this will be to give the lungs the fullest amount of space compatible with the fact that they are enclosed by the ribs, thereby making respiration more easy."

As is well known, one of the first signs of approaching sleep is deep and even breathing. Even an obstinate case of insomnia may often be cured by forcing oneself to breathe slowly and regularly, and it can easily be seen how much the position of the arms mentioned in the foregoing will aid in obtaining entire relaxation and the consequent rest to the muscles.

It should be remembered that we are but creatures of evolution, and that the erect posture which we assume is in some respects not the one best calculated to bring out the most graceful of a woman's curves. All day long every woman has to support the weight of her arms and shoulders. The necessity tends to shorten the muscles which underlie and support the curves of the bust. It is the woman who lounges—the woman who rests—that obtains the best figure, and she does it simply because she unconsciously stretches and exercises the muscles of her bust whenever she locks her hands above her head and lets herself drop back among the cushions.

"To many women this particular position would not be comfortable, and as a matter of fact it is not particularly beneficial, for the close interlocking of the fingers will interfere with the circulation of the blood in the hands, and if persevered in will infallibly distort the knuckles. It is therefore very much better to adopt the new position which I mention, thereby obtaining not only rest but beautiful curves."

"The average woman," continues Madam Pote, "ruins her figure and adds a sagging line to her face by the position she assumes when sleeping. In the first place, she lies on her side, with her head on a high pillow. And though this has been advocated as a sure cure for insomnia, it is also sure producer of wrinkles, and tends to give the face a drawn expression."

"The Japanese women have skins as smooth as satin, and to sleep with their heads on a pillow is a thing unknown to them. They merely rest their necks upon a little block of wood and sleep all night with their heads on a level with their bodies."

"The American women cuddle up in a heap when they go to sleep, and declare they are perfectly comfortable."



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"The woman in need of physical strength, the woman anxious for a well-rounded, symmetrical form and an uncrinkled face, should learn to lie correctly while sleeping."

Otherwise With Weight. "What makes the average woman tell falsehoods about her age?" "Because she can't blame it on the scales."

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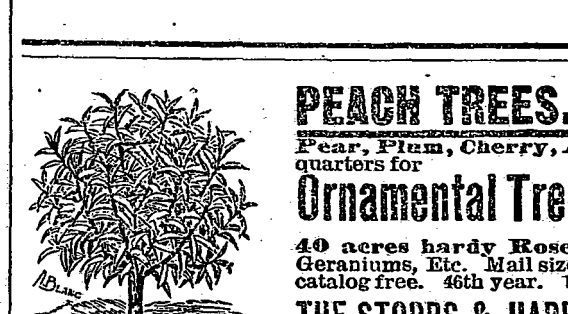
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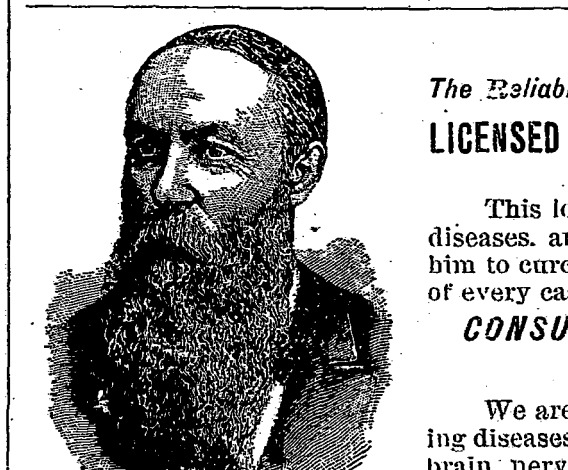
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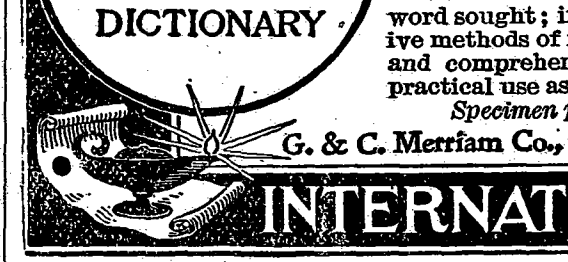
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THE CHANCES OTHERS HAVE

"I might be rich, I might be great," I heard one sadly say,
 "Could I have had my master's chance to start upon the way;
 Had he been placed where I was placed men would not praise his name;
 Had I been favored as he was I would have greater fame!
 They that ignore me now would all be sycophants, to dance
 Attendance on me here if I had only had his chance!"

The wires whereby men's messages are sent beneath the seas,
 The gleaming rails o'er which men speed what time they loiter at ease,
 The graceful domes that rise until they seem to pierce the sky,
 The mighty ships that cleave the main as fast as eagles fly,
 The disks and tubes through which men see o'er space's broad expanse
 Are not the works of him who sighed to have some other chance.

The songs that live through centuries are not the songs of men
 Who longed for favors others knew and tossed away the pen;
 The names upon the noble arch that makes the artist glad
 Are not the names of men who yearned for chances others had!
 Of all the wonders of our age that rise at every glance
 None came from him who might do much had he some other chance.
 —S. E. Kiser.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

"Well, now, major," said one of the party in knickerbockers and golf stockings, "I would never have put you down as a believer in spooks."
 The party here alluded to was a party of bicyclists, gathered together in the hall of a roadside inn, which called itself "the hotel of the place," but owed its prosperity chiefly to the fact that there was no "place" to speak of thereabouts.
 "What do you call spooks, young man?" asked the major in a leisurely way.
 "A spook," drawled the doctor of the party, "may be defined as something at the bottom of a happening that never happened."
 "That's funny enough," said the major, "and, of course, it lets me out. I don't believe in the existence of anything at the bottom of nothing."
 "I thought not," said number one. "You don't look like a naturally timid man. Of course, I know that naturally timid people often make the best soldiers."
 "And what has timidity to do with it?" said the major.
 "Well, it's generally these nervous, tremulous folks who persuade themselves they have seen—what-you-may-call-'em, isn't it?"
 "Is it?" said the major. "H'm—well, since you don't think me an easily frightened and tremulous person, perhaps you may be the more ready to believe what I can tell you, and—"
 "Go on, major," was the general chorus.
 "And can swear to, if—"
 "Never mind the swearing," said the young woman in blue serge.
 "I will tell you."
 "But you will tell us, won't you?" the young woman gently pleaded.
 "Very well, then, as you all know, I ride a wheel now on all occasions when a wheel is possible. Time was when I looked down upon bicycles—looked down on them from the back of a fine, bonny gray, about sixteen hands—a beast that would take me four miles in half an hour at an easy fox trot or carry me straight across country at a gallop, without stopping to so much as wing at any ditch or fence that might occur on the way."
 "Now, about that fox hunt of Cruiskeen's—he was an Irish horse, with an Irish name—there was a certain individuality which I learned by ear after a few months, just as you learn how to know a familiar tune. If I had lent Cruiskeen to any of you, for instance, and you were bringing home a party of horseback riders, I could instantly have distinguished Cruiskeen's trot among all the others. Now I want you to pay particular attention to that point.
 "Well, one day—I was out west then—I was riding Cruiskeen along a bit of freshly made macadamized road, just as good and hard a bit of road as that I superintended myself. It was about 10 o'clock in the morning, when the sun was terribly hot.
 "Just as I got to a clump of young larches that had been planted along the road about two years before, I heard a horse coming along the road—coming toward me. Cruiskeen had been at a walk, but when I heard the hoofbeats of the other horse I spurred up, just out of curiosity, for there were few people about there who owned horses, and I knew all of them.
 "So here was Cruiskeen trotting on toward the north, well, say, and this other horse was cantering easily from the north, southward. I should have met the man on horseback in about a minute.
 "But as we turned the corner by the clump of larches I was very much surprised to see—nothing.
 "There wasn't a sign of man or beast anywhere on that road.
 "At the same time the easy canter turned into a trot."
 "Echo, of course," the doctor suggested.
 "Doctor," said the major, sadly, "did you hear me say I could swear to Cruiskeen's trot anywhere? or were you asleep when I said that? And was the canter also the echo of Cruiskeen's trot?"
 "Well, let me finish. While I was wondering at the strangeness of the thing, knowing that there was no other road where a horse's trot would sound like that within leagues, Cruiskeen suddenly shied to one side of the road, and shied so violently as to throw me clear out of the saddle.
 "Luckily, I was not seriously hurt, only a little bruised. And Cruiskeen being a good, affectionate beast, would not gallop away and leave me. He

wanted to, poor fellow. He was looking away along the road in the direction he had come from, neighing violently, with his eyes staring. I never saw a quadruped such a picture of fright in all my life.

"As soon as I could get my senses together, I could distinctly hear the invisible horse trotting away. It had passed on, and the hoofbeats were getting fainter and fainter."

"You see," said the young man, who had first started the conversation, "that was an Irish horse. Irish horses are like Irish humans—imaginative."

"That only accounts for Cruiskeen's shying, Mr. Perk's," said the blue serge young woman, "not for the major's hearing the hoofbeats. And the major isn't Irish; he is—"

"Pennsylvania Dutch, young lady," said the major. "Now if the company wants to hear the rest of the story—or the sequel, if you like—why just wait till I light this cigar."

"Light lamps and forward," came in chorus from all parts of the hall.

"The sequel, my incredulous friends, was the discovery of a murder," said the major in his most matter-of-fact manner.

"Yes, a murder. Cruiskeen could hardly be got to go any further, but I had business to attend to at the post, and that was still four miles away."

"Considering how incredulous all you civilians are, I need hardly tell you that the fellows at the post would not easily have swallowed a story like mine. Some would have called it sunstroke; some might even hinted at intoxicating liquors.

An insinuation which I could not have borne. So I said nothing about the matter at headquarters. I simply transacted my business, mounted Cruiskeen again and turned his head homeward."

"When we came to the clump of young larches poor Cruiskeen began to tremble. I was obliged to dismount and lead him by the bridle."

"We had passed the spot where Cruiskeen had shied on the way to the post, when he gave a jerk at the bridle and pulled back. I knew that I had found something—a trail."

"All I could see when I stooped to look at the bank of the drain was a mark, as if someone had kicked the earth away with the heel of a boot. But that was enough."

"Well, I needn't give you all the details of my search. Somehow, I felt that I was looking for blood trails, but I found no blood. I only found the branches broken and bent, making a trail right into the middle of the clump. And at last I found the body."

"Yes, the poor fellow had not been dead twenty-four hours. He had been shot right through the head. He had an empty revolver holster on his belt, and he wore spurs on his boots."

"The question was, where was the horse?"

"Cruiskeen and I solved that mystery, too. The murderer, fearing that a horse coming riderless to the next farm, or still more to the settlement further on, would arouse suspicion, had killed the horse, too, and with the assistance of some accomplice had dragged its dead body through the rail fence, evidently removing two rails for the purpose."

"That was a curious coincidence," I suppose, doctor?"

"Did they catch the murderer?" the young woman asked.

"I am sorry to say, my dear young lady," said the major, "that the murderer was traced to an enlisted man of my own regiment, and it came out that his wife, a half-breed Indian, had suggested the crime and helped him in it. The victim was a young drug drummer."

"Then the whole party lighted up and wheeled home to the city."

Kerosene Beeswax Nov.

The busy little bee was long ago cheated out of his monopoly in the honey-making business by artificial honey manufacturers. Now he is left to improve the shining hour as best he may, for his corner on wax is rapidly slipping away from him. Paraffine, a product of crude petroleum, is taking the place of beeswax in commerce very largely, and half the "wax" candles of to-day are pure paraffine and never saw the inside of a beehive.
 Whiting, Ind., just over the southern line of Chicago, is the place where this wonderful wax is made. Cleveland, O., has a paraffine works, but it is only a small affair compared to the Whiting plant. The paraffine works are quite distinct and apart from the oil refinery—which is near the lake front—and is quite a large plant in itself. The oil treated here is the "residual oil," or oil from which all illuminating and fuel oils have been distilled practically worthless by an outsider.
 As it is pumped from the oil refinery into its first receptacle, the "tar stills"—huge piles of iron and brick with innumerable pipes—it has the appearance of liquid tar or New Orleans molasses or anything else that is dark, heavy, sluggish, and looks as unlike the beautiful candles as possible. The company has the money to pay for the services of expert chemists, and by their skill, combined with continual work, this rosy, dark stream becomes a thing of beauty.
 A parallel could easily be drawn between the paraffine works and a beehive, only instead of one building, there are many, each under its own manager, and each doing its part in converting this worthless-looking refuse into wax.

Death Levels all Ranks.

"No," exclaimed the mother Turkey, "I would prefer my children not to associate with those incubator chicks."
 "Because they are so headless and don't know how to feather their own nests?" queried the Duck.
 "No, it isn't that so much I have brooded over," replied the Turkey. "But there's something so artificial about them."
 "However, when the incubator chicks heard this they thought of the funeral baked meats of Thanksgiving and remarked significantly: "Death levels all ranks."
 By careful observation you will notice that wealth brings happiness—as often as poverty.

COUNTY SEAT NEWS

CIRCUIT COURT.

In the case of the people vs. August Woodke, for violation of the liquor law, the defendant was fined \$25 and \$5 costs.

In the case of Charles Steele, et al, vs. Louis S. Hamilton, et al, for assumpsit, a judgment of \$111.77 was rendered in favor of the plaintiff.

In the case of the people vs. Wm. M. Hewitt, for American Express forgery, the defendant withdrew his plea of not guilty and pleaded guilty.

Henry E. Enix has been granted a divorce from Ona B. Enix on the ground of extreme cruelty.

Albert G. Harlin, by his attorney, L. C. Fyfe, has filed a bill of foreclosure against Wm. Burks on certain lands in Berrien county.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Geo. W. Bridgman to Jas. Brooks lot 5 blk 3 Bridgman, \$400.

David Knight to Ira B. Sizer, 57-100 of an acre in Chikaming, \$1.

John A. Parsons ex'r et al to Ira Boyle and Melvin Boyle property in Bertrand, \$6,700.

John A. Parsons et al to Edward F. Leiter property in Bertrand \$2,500.

Chas A. Johnson to Eli Leich property in Niles \$750.

James Owen Wm. H. Morley 80 acres in Weesaw, \$2,000.

Dennis Owen to James Owen 80 acres in Weesaw, \$2,000.

Thos. L. Wilkinson to Wm. A. Gidson property in Berrien Springs, \$280.

Wm. Haryer et al to Wm. A. Feather Jr. lot 5, 1st add to Baroda, \$550.

Henrietta L. Stewart to A. M. Stewart, property in Bainbridge \$600.

Geo. M. Nelson to Willard Nelson, property in Watervliet \$300.

Mary J. Evans to Edwin I. Bird property in Buchanan, \$85.

Edwin I. Bird to Mertie L. Burks property in Buchanan, \$85.

Edwin I. Bird to Mertie L. Burks property in Buchanan, \$700.

Wm. R. Lyon to Wm. Puttkamer acres in Hager \$550.

Orville W. Coolidge to Chas. Hoffman and Lewis C. Proud 10 acres in Buchanan, \$325.

Frederick Imhoff to August Lietz 16 acres in Hagar, \$1,500.

P. N. Weaver to Chas. F. Pears, s 1/2 lot A blk. 8, Manfield's add to Buchanan, \$1.

Sam'l Mars to Solomon Neidlinger 20 acres in Lake \$1050.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Major E. Smith, 27, Niles, Mich., Pearl Snook, 28, Elkhart, Ind.

Herbert Mittan, 23, Gusta M. Rogers, 20, Buchanan township.

Frank B. Martl, 27, Mary Kling, 20, St. Joseph.

Outing, the apostle of fresh air and sunshine, of healthful exercise and exhilarating sports, defies, in its March issue, the conventional aspect of winter and dispels its influence. Whilst other publications are rendering the feelings with human slaughter in Louth Africa, it presents the peaceful landscape and the ways of "Big Game in Matabeleland," its forests, its flora, and its fauna, with illustrations that are a revelation. It follows the "Leaping Tuna" in our Pacific Waters; describes "The Irish Wolf Pound," destined to play a notable part in ridding the Northwest of a scourge. Takes its Golfing readers round "The Links of the Far West," its aquatic devotees rowing over "The Pleasant Courses of San Francisco Bay," and its Cyclist on an "Easter Trip through France. Tells the doughty deeds on track and field in "Wonderful Athletic Performances," gives a birdseye view of "Match Day on the St. Andrew's Links of Old Scotia," and takes its heroine in fiction through a Skiing adventure worthy of the title "A Modern Cinderella."

Its monthly Review of our sports rings with the Skaters' flying feet, the Curlers' broom, the clang of Ice Hockey, and the swift swirl of the Ice Yachtsman, whilst keeping track of the Trotter, the sportsman at the Shows and the Fisherman preparing for his spring excursions.

Its artists imbued with the true spirit of the publication, are happy and skillful exponents of it.

The American Amateur Photographer for February is as interesting as usual and is replete with matter of interest to the amateur photographer.

The illustrations are especially fine, the frontispiece being a fine picture of Dewey's Arch at New York. The other illustrations are timely and the various topics are treated in an entertaining and instructive manner, many new ideas being exploited, in these columns. Published by the OUTLINE CO., New York.

The leading article in the March Scribner is H. J. Whigham's second article on the Boer War, this one dealing with the fights made by Lord Methuen's division in its progress from the Orange River to the Modder River. Mr. Whigham described three battles, and this is the first continued magazine account of that campaign to be published. His own photographs and his own maps make perfectly clear to the general reader what has hitherto appeared as merely fragments of news in the daily press. The strategy, as well as the adventure of the campaign, appear clearly in Mr. Whigham's writings.

Napoleon Bonaparte will appear in the March Century in a new role—that of a temperance advocate. In the second instalment of Dr. O'Meara's hitherto unpublished "Talks with Napoleon" at St. Helena, it is recorded that, having a pain in his side; the ex-Emperor asked his physician to show him where his liver was situated; and the latter, in some remarks on the causes of inflammation of that organ, mentioned intoxication as one of them. Thereupon Napoleon remarked:—"Then I ought not to have it, as I never was drunk but once in my life; and that was twenty-four years ago, at Nice. I drank three bottles of Burgundy and was completely drunk. O, how sick I was the next day! I wonder how a man who once gets drunk can ever think of doing it again. Such headaches, vomiting and general sickness; I was nearly dead for two days."

To almost every girl there comes, between girlhood and womanhood, a time when she feels prompted by her own vitality to take some share in the world's work. It accounts for much that is vigorous in church and social life. Cornelia Atwood Pratt writes of this period in the March Delineator. Her article is thrilling, and will in itself do much to induce directness of aim.

The Delineator is devoted solely to the interests of women, and in many of its main features is an invaluable guide to the thrifty women who make their own clothes, as well as to the women who purchase their clothing, yet desire advice and suggestions in doing so.

Call at the Record office and find out how to secure one of those wonderful Archarena Boards.

Wood Wanted

Some first quality 16 inch beech or maple wood. Apply to Record of file.

Cassopolis Genuine Flour sold only by Mrs. Bertha Roe.

New Feed and Sales Stable.

Having leased the Front street livery barn, I will conduct the same as a first class Feed and Sales stable. Personal attention given to the feeding of horses put up at my barn. When you come to town, let me feed your horse. Satisfaction guaranteed. JOHN C. WENGER.



Headache for Forty Years.

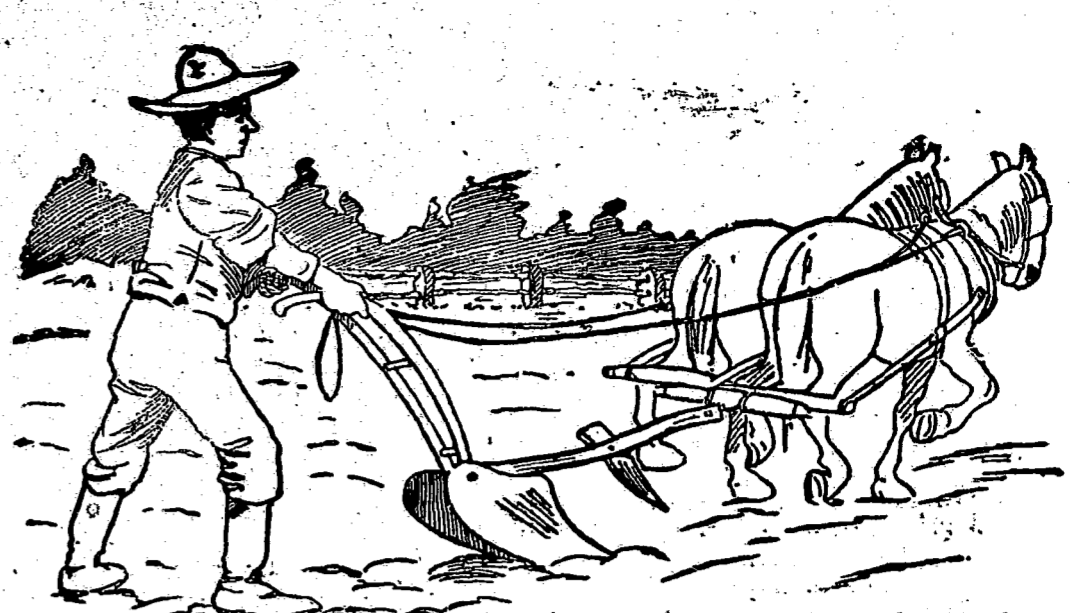
For forty years I suffered from sick headache. A year ago I began using Celery King. The result was gratifying and surprising, my headaches leaving at once. The headaches used to return every seventh day, but thanks to Celery King, I have had but one headache in the last eleven months. I know that what cured me will help others.—Mrs. John D. Van Keuren, Saugerties, N. Y.
 Celery King cures Constipation and all diseases of the Nerves, Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. Sold by druggists. 25c and 50c.

MRS. Z. R. WHELLOCK, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Women and Children's diseases a specialty. Calls day or night promptly attended to. Office hours: 9 to 10 a. m. 1 to 3, 7 to 10 p. m. Office in connection with G. L. Bailey, M. D. Telephone Reddon 15

WM. D. HOUSE

Will carry passengers to South Bend every Thursday. Leaving Buchanan at 7:30 and returning from street car depot at 4 p. m. Engage your seats. Fare 50 cents, round trip



I am a farmer located near Stony Brook, one of the most malarious districts in this State, and was bothered with malaria for years, at times so I could not work, and was always very constipated as well. For years I had malaria so bad in the spring, when engaged in plowing, that I could do nothing but shake. I must have taken about a barrel of quinine pills besides dozens of other remedies, but never obtained any permanent benefit. Last fall, in peach-time, I had a most serious attack of chills and then commenced to take Ripans Tabules, upon a friend's advice, and the first box made me all right and I have never been without them since. I take one Tabule each morning and night and sometimes when I feel more than usually exhausted I take three in a day. They have kept my stomach sweet, my bowels regular and I have not had the least touch of malaria nor splitting headache since I commenced using them. I know also that I sleep better and wake up more refreshed than formerly. I don't know how many complaints Ripans Tabules will help, but I do know they will cure any one in the condition I was and I would not be without them at any price. I honestly consider them the cheapest-priced medicine in the world, as they are also the most beneficial and the most convenient to take. I am twenty-seven years of age and have worked hard all my life, the same as most farmers, both early and late and in all kinds of weather, and I have never enjoyed such good health as I have since last fall; in fact, my neighbors have all remarked my improved condition and have said, "Sav, John, what are you doing to look so healthy?"

WANTED.—A case of bad health that R. P. A. S. will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. Note the word R. P. A. S. on the package and accept no substitute. R. P. A. S. 10 for 5 cents or twelve packets for 45 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one thousand testimonials will be mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., No. 23 Spruce St., New York.

New York Tri-Weekly Tribune

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, PRACTICALLY A DAILY, AND THE CHEAPEST KNOWN.

New York WEEKLY TRIBUNE

PUBLISHED ON TUESDAY.

For over fifty eight years a National Family Paper for farmers and villagers, whose

readers have represented the very best element of our country population.

It gives all important news of the Nation and World, the most reliable Market Reports. Fascinating Short Stories, an unexcelled Agricultural Department, Scientific and Mechanical Information, Fashion Articles for the Women, Humorous Illustrations for old and young. It is "The People's Paper" for the entire United States.

Regular subscription price, \$1.50 per year. We furnish it with the RECORD for \$1.75 per year. Regular subscription price, \$1.00 per year. We furnish it with the RECORD for \$1.25 per year.

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO BUCHANAN RECORD, BUCHANAN, MICHIGAN.

The Affairs of Europe

are faithfully portrayed in the original and exclusive cable dispatches which THE CHICAGO RECORD prints daily from the leading capitals of the old world. This magnificent special service is in process of being greatly extended to include every important city in the world; and it is supplemented by the full regular cable service of The Associated Press.

The Chicago Record, alone of all American newspapers outside New York city, now prints original and exclusive cable dispatches daily from the leading capitals of Europe.

I am showing nobby lines of

Childrens suits, 3 to 8 yrs. Boy's suits, 14 to 19 yrs. Overcoats and Pea Jackets

School Shoes that will wear and keep you dry shod.

G. W. Noble.

Official Directory.

COUNTY OFFICERS. Circuit Judge... Sheriff... Register of Deeds... School Commissioner...

TOWNSHIP OFFICERS.

Supervisor... Clerk... Highway Commissioner... Justices... School Inspectors... Constables... Health Officer...

Business Directory.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH - Sunday services... UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH - Sabbath services... ADVENT CHRISTIAN CHURCH - Rev. E. W. Shepard, Pastor...

METHODIST CHURCH - Rev. H. L. Potter, Pastor... PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - Rev. James P. van... EVANGELICAL CHURCH - corner Oak and Second Sts...

ROBERT HENDERSON, M.D., Physician and Surgeon... AUCIONEER J. B. Clemens, BUCHANAN, MICH.

Dr. E. O. Colvin, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON... J. Asa Garland, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

L. E. PECK, M. D. Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon... Orville Curtis, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

DR. CLAUDE B. ROE Dentist... FRANK P. GRAVES, LeRoy A. Wilson, Graves & Wilson, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS AT LAW.

DR. JESSE FILMAR, DENTIST... Will be at Galien on Tuesday of each week BELL PHONE 99.

BUCHANAN RECORD.

D. H. BOWER, EDITOR. PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY. TERMS \$1.00 PER YEAR. THURSDAY, MAR. 1, 1900.

ADVERTISING RATES.

DISPLAYED advertisements, 10c. per line per insertion. "Locals," "Business Notices," "Cards of Thanks," and similar notices 5 cents per line per insertion.

The Bellevue Gazette of February 22, has a two column article urging the claims of Hon. D. M. Ferry for the nomination of governor at the Republican State Convention.

We are in receipt of a couple of London papers which have been read with much interest. The publications are the Daily Mail, and The Sun both of February 3. The Sun has on its first page a copy of one of the Detroit Journal's cartoons.

Light Gov. T. L. Woodruff, of New York made an eloquent address at the Michigan Club's banquet last week, and was introduced by toastmaster, John Patton, as a possible running mate for President McKinley, which announcement was loudly applauded by all who were present at the banquet.

The Washington correspondent of the Detroit Journal speaks thus in compliment to Congressman Hamilton, under date of the 7th: "Congressman E. L. Hamilton is one of the deepest and most careful students in the house, today, and it was for that reason that the Men's club of Dr. Wallace Radcliffe's church, the club of which Justice Harlan of the United States supreme court is president, asked him to make an address on trusts and the remedy to be applied. Mr. Hamilton made the talk last night. He said in part that he did not believe the present laws could be made to reach them, nor did he believe that any law could reach them until an amendment to the constitution was passed. He thought no unification of state laws could be made to control them, but was decidedly in favor of getting legislation that would make it possible to regulate them. His speech was very closely listened to by a large number of the club members."

Ferry the Logical Candidate. Among the many excellent gentlemen mentioned for Governor, Dexter M. Ferry, whose residence is in Detroit but whose home is Michigan, seems the logical candidate. His name is familiar the length and breadth of the state, and wherever known it is respected and honored. True, Detroit is the home of Pingree, but she has trouble enough of her own, without being charged with his administration, so as regards location it should not for one moment be seriously considered.

Regarding fitness for the position no word of criticism can be offered. In point of party service he has been a loyal soldier without pay. His friendship for educational institutions has always been of the kind that tells, as our own Olivet College can testify. His business career has been an open book for fifty years and is a part of the mercantile history of his state. In fact he is the embodiment of honorable American citizenship.

Taking all things into consideration Michigan has no better candidate. Bellevue Gazette.

Roscoe D. Dix's Candidacy. As viewed by the Bay City Tribune.

In the case of Roscoe D. Dix, who has announced that he will accept a renomination for auditor general, the office can be said to seek the man.

Mr. Dix has not clamored for a third term. He hesitated for weeks to declare even tentatively that he was in the field. Finally hosts of friends throughout the state insisted that he enter the race, and Mr. Dix yielded to their importunities. His candidacy is neither factional nor geographical. In the largest sense it is state-wide for in the discharge of the duties of one of the most responsible places in the gift of the people of Michigan, Mr. Dix has earned the esteem of republicans and democrats.

Without reflecting upon any of Mr. Dix's predecessors it can be said with truth that the office of auditor general never has been more faithfully and ably filled than by the present incumbent. To the direction of the department Mr. Dix brought a well-

equipped mind, a constitution that had proved its strength on many a hard fought field during the civil war, and a disposition to work ten hours a day.

Not only has Mr. Dix performed the duties of his office faithfully; he has inaugurated wise reforms and suggested laws that have already put thousands of dollars into the state treasury that otherwise would have been lost to the taxpayers. Add to this, his vigilance in the collection of taxes has safeguarded the interests of the state and saved in the aggregate an amount larger than the expense of conducting the auditor general's department during the past three years.

With such a competitor none of the other excellent candidates for this important office need feel humiliated if the gallant veteran from Berrien county pass under the wire a three-time winner.

COMMON COUNCIL.

A special meeting of the Common Council of the Village of Buchanan, Mich., was held in the Council Chambers of said Village Monday evening, Feb. 26, 1900.

President Keller presiding. Present Trustees Arthur, Bishop, Black, Kent and Pears. Trustee Richards being absent. A report of the Finance Committee read as follows: The finance committee to whom was referred the following bills report favorable on same and would recommend their allowance as per statement below:

GENERAL FUND. Luther Hamilton, Burying dog, 25. D. V. Brown, N. watch, 2.00. W. Vinton, Feb. salary, ww 40.00. Geo. Howard, " ww 40.00. E. S. Roe, Supplies, ww 1.05. Harry Smith, Labor, ww 1.00. J. B. Ryerson, " ww 50. \$84.80

HIGHWAY. E. S. Roe, Shovels, 1.00. L. Hamilton, Labor snow plow, 5.00. L. Renninger, " 30. Jno. Eisenhardt, " 44. W. Coverdale, " 66. Ed. Bates, " 75. F. W. Eldredge, Salary, Feb. 35.00. C. O. Hamilton, Snow plow labor, 5.25. E. E. Remington, Repairs, 10.30. F. Barnes, Draying, 1.25. H. R. Adams, Supplies, 2.97. \$82.86

Moved by Trustee Bishop supported by Trustees Arthur that the report of the Finance Committee be accepted as read and orders drawn for the several amounts from funds specified. Ayes 5—Trustees Arthur, Bishop, Black, Kent and Pears.

The Annual Report of the Village Clerk and Village Treasurer was read by the Clerk and on motion of Trustee Bishop and Kent the same were accepted and placed on file.

President Keller made the following appointments: Trustees Black and Arthur to act with the Clerk as members of Board of Registration. Trustees Richards and Kent and Mr. J. L. Richards members of Board of Election Commissioners. Moved by Trustee Pears supported by Trustee Bishop that the appointments of President Keller be accepted. Ayes 5.

On motion of Trustees Black and Bishop the Council adjourned. W. N. BRODRICK, Clerk.

A BRILLIANT AFFAIR.

Buchanan Commercial Club's Second Annual Ball. The second annual ball of the Buchanan Commercial Club was held last evening and notwithstanding the raging storm it was a brilliant success in every particular. The rooms of the club were charmingly decorated, and the Opera House was a mass of bunting and flags, the national colors being the prevailing decoration scheme. The attendance was remarkably good considering the weather a large number from out of town being present. Music was furnished by the Beckwith Memorial Orchestra of Dowagiac. The grand march was delayed a little to enable the out of town guests to participate; and took place at 9 o'clock being led by President F. T. Plimpton and Mrs. Alfred Richards jr., about sixty-five couples participating. Dancing was indulged in until the early hours of the morning, and every one was unanimous in saying that it was the most enjoyable social event of the season. Many handsome costumes were worn, but space and time forbid an extended description of them. Among the guests from out of town were Messrs. C. G. Phillips, and A. B. Curry of New Carlisle, Messrs. C. S. Quimby, N. H. Bacon, Carl J. Fox, H. L. Fox, Harry DeMott, Salma Barmore, F. A. Bryan, R. T. Hutton, Dr. F. Bonine, Mrs. Dr. F. Bonine, Mrs. Carl J. Fox, Mrs. Harry DeMott, Mrs. F. A. Bryan, Misses Bertha Gun-

MERCHANT TAILORING. STRICTLY FIRST CLASS. Having secured an extra fine cutter, both in Ladies' and Gent's garments, I am prepared to please you in every respect. FIT AND WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED. PRICES FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS: Pants Cleaned and Pressed 15c; Suits Cleaned and Pressed 75c. Repairing neatly done. Ladies garments remodeled first class. All goods new. CARL JOHNSON, CUTTER. G. H. PARKINSON.

berg and Gail King, all of Niles, Miss Ella Smith of Benton Harbor, Dr. Baldwin of Berrien Springs, Messrs. C. E. White, B. E. Vrooman, Mrs. W. C. Porter, Misses Ida Howard, Edith Bishop of Dowagiac, Excellent refreshments were served under the direction of Mrs. D. S. Devlin. The various committees in charge of the affair deserve great credit for their successful work.

PERSONAL.

Dr. Garland was in Niles Monday. Mr. A. L. Sewell was in Niles, Monday. Rev. E. R. Black was in Niles, Monday. Mrs. Nellie Fast went to Cassopolis Monday. Mrs. Geo. B. Richards was in Niles, Monday. Dr. H. M. Brodrick was in Dayton, Monday. Mr. C. T. Lee spent Sunday in Dowagiac.

Mr. Harry Schreiber spent Sunday with his parents. Mayor W. J. Gilbert of Niles was in town Saturday. Mr. Lee Salters of Three Oaks was in town, Saturday. Mr. J. W. Crowley of South Bend was in town Friday. Mr. O. H. McKay, of Ann Arbor, is in town this week. Mrs. H. F. Kinery returned home from Cassopolis Monday. Mr. W. A. Palmer went to Cassopolis, Monday, on business. Dr. H. C. Rockwell of Benton Harbor was in town, Monday.

Mrs. Elmira Pierce of Niles visited relatives in town this week. Miss Nina Holiday visited her sisters at Three Oaks Saturday. Mrs. Eli Helmick returned on Friday from a visit at Fremont, Ohio. Mr. Guy Tremmel of Dowagiac has been visiting his brother a few days. Mr. Sylvester Redding of Adamsville was a visitor in Buchanan, Monday. Miss Bertha Gunzberg of Niles is the guest of Mrs. W. N. Brodrick to day. Miss Lou Moulton returned on Tuesday from a visit at Grand Rapids. Messrs J. H. Jones, J. W. Pitcher and J. M. Lee of Coloma were in town yesterday. Mrs. P. T. Henderson returned Monday from a week's visit with her sister in Stevensville. Mrs. A. A. Amsden and Miss Mertie Amsden of Dowagiac are the guests of Mrs. Geo. Boyer. Mrs. Ida Keating, of Clyde, Ohio, who has been visiting Mrs. E. S. Roe returned to her home, Tuesday. Rev. and Mrs. E. R. Black and son Carey, left on Tuesday for their new home at Jeffersonville, Ind. Rev. J. H. Paton was in town Saturday, called to officiate at the funeral of the late George Churchill. Representative Joel H. Gillette and wife were in town, Friday attending the funeral of the late Jacob F. Hahn. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Godfrey started last Saturday for New Orleans, where they will witness the famous Mardi-Gras.

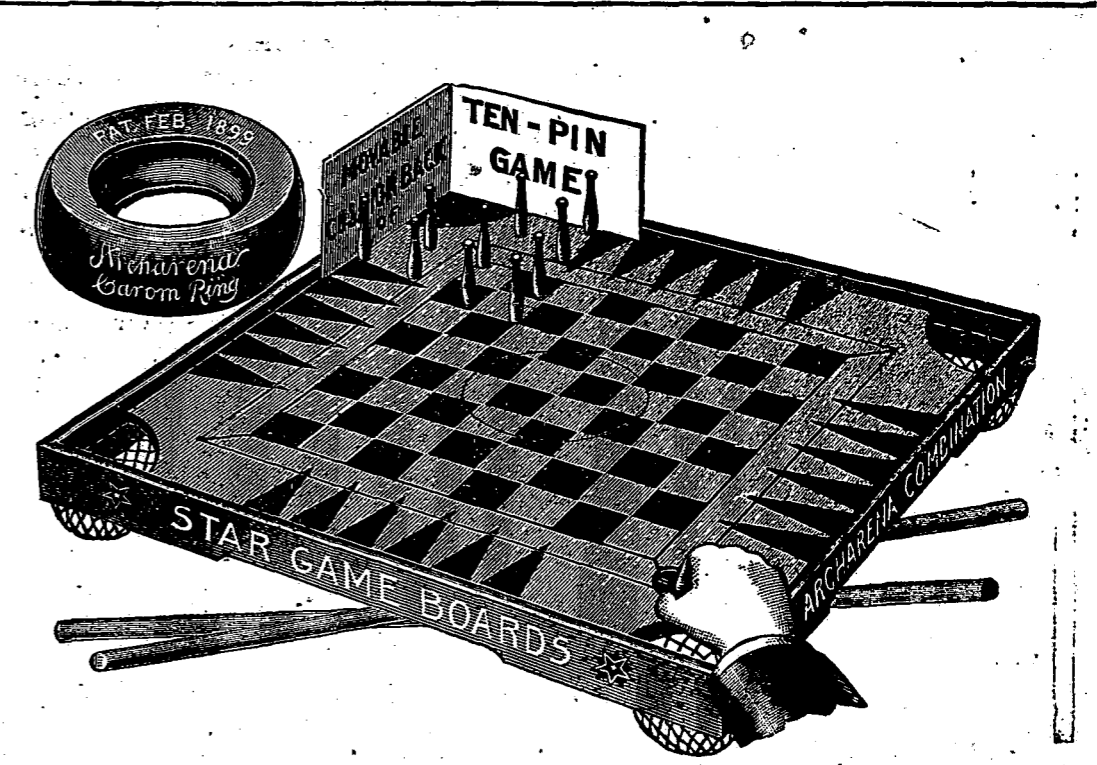
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Snyder were called to Edwardsburg, on Sunday to attend the funeral of Mrs. William Casselman. Rev. E. C. Berger was in town, Monday on his way home from Marshall where he had delivered an address before the Good Government League on Sunday evening. Mr. E. D. Batchelor and son Frank left on Friday for their home in Glendive, Montana. Frank took one of the Record's famous Archarena Boards with him.

A friction clutch on the shaft at the power house of the Electric Light and Power Station broke yesterday forenoon, causing a shut down of the power plant for several hours. The break was speedily repaired and running all right before noon.

GROCERIES. Our stock of Groceries is full and complete. We have everything for the comfort of your table. Goods delivered FREE. C. D. KENT.

School Supplies and School Books. A complete stock. AT Runner's.

MOST SUCCESSFUL. Was our Anniversary Sale and we fully appreciate your favors. WE STILL HAVE Plenty of desirable articles that will be just the thing to buy for a birthday or wedding gift. Call and see us. A. JONES & CO., JEWELERS & OPTICIANS.



We have secured the agency for the famous ARCHARENA GAME BOARD and have been enabled to make the following unparalleled offer the STAR GAME BOARD, 16 games on one board, retailing at \$2.50, and the Buchanan Record for one year for only \$3.00.

Election Notice. The Regular Annual Election of the Village of Buchanan, Michigan, will be held in the Engine House No. 1 in said Village on Monday, the Twelfth (12) day of March, 1900 between the hours of 7 o'clock a. m. and 5 o'clock p. m. At the election there will be elected: One President for a term of one year. Three Trustees for a term of two years. One Clerk for a term of one year. One Treasurer for a term of one year. One Assessor for a term of one year. W. N. BRODRICK, Village Clerk, Feb. 27, 1900. For Sale. Well improved farm four miles west of Buchanan, known as "Clear Lake Farm," with all the live stock and all farming implements. Inquire of MARY E. SCHERMERHORN, Buchanan, Mich. Registration Notice. Notice is here by given that the Board of Registration of the Village of Buchanan, Michigan will be held in session in the Village Clerk's office at W. N. Brodrick's Drug Store, Saturday, March 10, 1900, between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 8 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of completing the Registration of the said Village. W. N. BRODRICK, Village Clerk, Feb. 27, 1900. Do You Know. That you can get your horse fed at the Klondike Livory Barn for ten cents, including hay. Pepto Quinine Tablets cure a cold.

D. E. S. DODD & SON.

DRUGGISTS AND BOOKSELLERS.

Have now on hand a large stock of

School Books.

Books for Every Grade. All the new ones.

We also have TABLETS, INKS, PENCILS, SPONGES and SLATES.

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAP, TOOTH BRUSHES and

Dodd's Sarsaparilla, 75c. Per Bottle.

FOR

WOOD, COAL,

Baled Hay, Straw, Corn, Oats, Ground Feed, etc.. Give us your order.

BLODGETT & BLODGETT

BELL PHONE 17.

DAYS AVE., BUCHANAN

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House and Lot, one of the very prettiest in Buchanan. City water and electric lights. No. 5 North Detroit Street. On easy terms. Apply to ALFRED L. SEWELL or I. L. H. DODD, Buchanan, Mich.

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THE MAN FROM MISSOURI.

They Had to Show Him.

There is a saying that is much in use now, "I am from Missouri, you will have to show me." We all sympathize with that cautious and doubting individual. Now about patent medicines? When manufacturers of a patent medicine advertise its wonderful curative properties why do they not tell you the ingredients of which it is made. Pepto Quinine Tablets are advertised to cure a cold, relieve dyspepsia and constipation. They are made from Quinine, which we all know about, from Pepsin which aids digestion and Cascara which is the best remedy for constipation. Price 25c per box. Sold by druggists. CALHOUN REMEDY COMPANY, Limited.

Battle Creek, Mich.

The ladies of the Presbyterian Aid Society will give a literary and musical social at the residence of Mrs. Clarence White, Friday evening, March 2, 1900.

Social by Presbyterian ladies, Friday night at Mrs. Clarence White's For Sale.

Two full blood short horn bull calves, from the World's Fair stock. E. J. WHITMER, South Bend, Ind.

A good time is promised all who attend literary and musical at Mrs. White's, Friday, March 2, 1900.

IF YOU HAVE A COUG

Do Not Dry It Up With Syrups.

If you have a cold do not dry up the mucous with syrups or brims, but use Pepto Quinine Tablets. They not only cure the cold but improve the general health. 25c per box.

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Exchange bought and Sold. Your patronage solicited.

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BUCHANAN RECORD.

THURSDAY, MAR. 1, 1900.

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

LOCAL NOTES

Village Caucuses.

There will be a republican caucus held, Monday evening, March 5, 1900 for the purpose of placing in nomination candidates for the various offices to be voted at the coming election to be held, March 12, 1900 and to transact such other business as may properly come before the caucus. It will be held at Rough's Opera House and be called at 7:30 o'clock.

By order

G. W. Noble,
A. A. Worthington,
I. L. H. Dodd,
Committee.

Mr. O'Conner of Albion has charge of the telegraph office during Mrs. Godfrey's absence.

Rev. Dr. Thompson, of Detroit will occupy the pulpit of the Christian Church on Sunday morning and evening.

Rev. D. E. Vanvector, of Argos, Ind., will preach at the Larger Hope Church on Sunday. Services will be held at 10:30 a. m. and 3 p. m.

On Wednesday next the Lady Maccabees will meet at Mrs. Trout-fetter's for dinner, on Thursday at 1 o'clock with Miss Clara Harper for work.

Mr. Chas. Groves who for many years employed at Morris the Fair resigned his position there on Saturday, and will enter the employ of E. S. Roe on April 1st.

The Lady Maccabees held their regular meeting on Tuesday evening and initiated a class of nine. Dr. Garland was also elected assistant. At the close of the meeting refreshments were served.

The heavy storm of the past week has delayed all through trains from the east on the Michigan Central. Train No. 15 due here at 12:30 noon was 3 hours late and train No. 87 due at 5:30 Tuesday morning was about 8 hours late.

Mrs. S. A. Benjamin, State President of the W. C. T. U., was present at the parlor meeting last Friday at the home of Mrs. Sewell. Mrs. Benjamin gave an interesting talk and several new members were added to the society.

A meeting of the district delegates of Odd Fellows was held here yesterday to determine the time and place of holding a special session of the Sovereign Grand Lodge. It is expected to hold the session March 20, at Benton Harbor.

Mrs. J. F. Bartness has received welcome news from her husband, receiving late last Thursday a letter announcing his safe arrival at Madera and Gibraltar. The steamer on which the party were sailing being two weeks over due, when they landed.

Mrs. Leiter and sons who live near Mt. Zion church were agreeably surprised last week, Wednesday, by a number of their young friends. An enjoyable evening was passed in music, games, and social conversation, refreshments being served.

CHURCH NOTES.

UNITED BRETHREN.

Meetings are in progress at the U. B. church each evening at 7:30. These services are conducted by Evangelist C. H. Bell. Every body is invited to these services. Preaching at 10:30 a. m., and 7 p. m., Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.

Good music, a special feature in all these services.

T. C. T. U.

The W. C. T. U. will meet at the home of Mrs. Eli Egbert on Friday afternoon, March 2nd, at half past two o'clock.

Mr. W. G. Hathaway who was the delegate of the A. O. U. W. to the Grand Lodge at Detroit, returned home last Thursday. He reports that the membership in the past year in Michigan shows a net gain of 2197, which is the largest of any one year in the history of the order in Michigan. The total membership in the state Dec. 31, 1899 was 22,688.

The "J. C. Club" met with Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Geyer at their pleasant home in the "Bend of the River." The program was largely musical and of excellent quality interspersed by amusing and instructive features, planned and executed by the amusement committee. President C. H. Wells conducted an old fashioned spelling school of which Mrs. Fred Andrews was "ye best speller." Next meeting with Mr. John Wells, March 7th.

The H. O. B. Club entertained their gentlemen friends on the evening of Feb. 22, at the home of Miss Orma Babcock. The home was appropriately decorated with bunting and Chinese lanterns with the pictures of George and Martha Washington as a center. The early part of the evening was spent in games of various kinds and at 10:30 all sat down to a bountiful supper served by Messrs. Lee Mead and Howard Wynn, after which followed toasts. At a late hour all left for their homes.

The "mad dog scare" as it has been called is assuming a serious phase in Buchanan, and every citizen should aid the authorities in disposing of any dogs found unmuzzled. Health officer Garland has telephoned State Inspector C. A. Tyler to come to Buchanan at once. Dogs belonging to John Perrott, Onas Hoffman, Clarence White and Milton Fuller have been shot, and a dog belonging to Geo. D. Baker has died from the disease. Mr. Albert Swift living just across the river had a narrow escape from being bitten on Monday by a dog thought to be mad. The dog, snapped at his hand but fortunately a mitten protected his hand and he was not bitten.

The Seniors of our High School gave their annual reception to the Juniors and teachers at the home of Miss Mabel Hathaway last Friday evening. The preparations made for the entertainment were very elaborate and great credit is due to the Seniors for the royal good time that all present enjoyed.

The rooms were very tastily decorated with bunting, plants, and cut flowers. In one room were the Senior Class colors, in another those of the Juniors, and in honor of the U. of M. teachers, the dining room was decorated with the yellow and blue of "Old Michigan."

Among the many games played was a new one called "The Dictionary Girl," Miss Carrie Swink winning first prize. Dainty refreshments were served by the members of the Senior class.

Such occasions cannot fail to quicken the spirit of good feeling that should exist between our High school classes and members of the faculty, and they serve to raise the moral and intellectual tone of our schools.

Nome City, Alaska, Is twenty-four hundred and fifteen miles from Seattle, via ocean, thirty-three hundred and eighteen miles overland. It is said to be the richest gold field discovered up to this time. The first steamer will leave Seattle on or about 20, 1900. For full particulars, maps, etc., Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, 32 Campus Martius, Detroit, Mich.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. WILLIAM CASSELLMAN who died suddenly at Montague, Mich., was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Silver of Edwardsburg, and a member of Sylvia Chapter No. 74, O. E. S. of Buchanan. She taught school at Galien and had many friends in this vicinity. The funeral took place from the residence of her parents at Edwardsburg on Sunday afternoon, Rev. E. F. Newell of the M. E. church officiating.

Mr. Frank Redden, of Galien, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Redden, of Bakertown, died very suddenly this morning of heart failure. The deceased was about 26 years of age and has many friends hereabouts who will regret to learn of his decease.

Drying preparations simply develop dry catarrh; they dry up the secretions which adhere to the membrane and decompose, causing far more serious trouble than the ordinary form of catarrh. Avoid all drying inhalants and use that which cleanses, soothes and heals. Ely's Cream Balm is such a remedy and will cure catarrh or cold in the head easily and pleasantly. All druggists sell it at 50 cents or it will be mailed by Ely Brothers, 46 Warren St. N. Y.

Buried With Masonic Honors.

Buchanan Lodge No. 68 F. & A. M., the past week laid away with appropriate rites all that were mortal of two of their most faithful members. The first funeral was that of Jacob Fredrick Hahn, which was held at the Advent Christian Church on Friday morning at ten o'clock. A large audience assembled the services at which Rev. H. L. Potter officiated, Elder C. J. Royer, delivering the prayer. Mr. Potter's address was a touching tribute, his text being "Be thou faithful unto death." Many beautiful floral offerings were sent by various friends as well as the lodge of which he was so faithful a member.

Among those present from out of town were Hon. Joel H. Gillette and wife, of Niles.

The second funeral was that of the late Master of Buchanan Lodge, Mr. Geo. Churchill, and this was held on Saturday, at eleven o'clock from the Advent Christian Church, Rev. J. H. Paton, officiating. Notwithstanding the frightful weather of Saturday, a large number of Masons followed to their final resting place. Rev. Mr. Paton delivered a touching address replete with comforting words of assurance to the grief stricken family, Rev. H. L. Potter reading the scripture, and Rev. J. C. Royer, making the prayer. The pall bearers were Past Masters I. L. H. Dodd, D. V. Brown, S. A. Wood, Stephen Scott and Frank A. Stryker, and Bro. C. E. Russell. The floral offerings were especially fine, one tribute coming from the Cass County Farmer's Insurance Company of which deceased was a director.

When the members of Buchanan Lodge returned to their rooms after the funeral, they found that the ladies of Sylvia Chapter had prepared an elegant lunch of hot coffee, ham sandwiches, pickles and doughnuts, and it is unnecessary to say that the same was highly appreciated by all who partook.

The 30 Club had an interesting meeting with Miss Florence Mead yesterday. Mrs. H. F. Kingery reading the lesson, Miss Wilcox furnishing the paper on "The Lake School." Mrs. W. N. Brodick favoring the Club with a pleasing solo.

Public Sale.

At the farm of the undersigned, 4 1/2 miles south and 1 mile east of Buchanan, near the Dunkard church, on Thursday, March 8, 1900 at 9 o'clock a. m., the following articles: One bay horse, 2 good cows, one with calf by side, 1 two year old heifer, 2 Poland China brood sows and 11 shoats, 3 tons clover hay, 2 tons timothy hay, harness, blankets, robes, heating stoves, bed room suits, hair mattresses, a fine lot of carpet, velvet, brussels and Ingrain and household goods too numerous to mention.

MRS. SUSAN G. ROUGH.

J. B. CLEMENS, Auct.

Workmen Buried in a Wreck.

Mason, Ind., Feb. 24.—The window glass factory at Matthews, this county, owned by the Van Camp Hardware company of Indianapolis, which was burning completion, collapsed this afternoon and about a dozen men were more or less seriously injured. The building which fell was the eighty feet square.

Big Battle With Yaquis.

Petlan, Sonora, Mex., Feb. 26.—Another big battle has been fought by Mexican regulars and Yaqui Indians. The battle raged all day Friday and the loss on the Mexican side was 300 killed and wounded. Among the dead was Guernimo Acacrate of M. Paso, Tex. Seventy-three dead warriors were left behind after the Indians had retreated.

World Work-Two Ways.

Niles, Mich., Feb. 25.—The commissioners of Cass and Van Buren counties have been petitioned by a large number of land owners to lower the water in the Dowagiac creek so that the creek will drain the land adjacent to Decatur. If lowered the creek will fail to furnish power to operate the Niles Electric plant and the city would be compelled to resort to steam power.

Family Escaped.

Mason, Mich., Feb. 25.—A house three miles north of this city, in Alameda township, owned by Albert L. Jackson, and occupied by a family named Jackson, burned with its contents at an early hour Saturday morning. The family made their escape from the burning building in safety. Loss \$1,100, partially insured.

Seven Killed in Explosion.

Texarkana, Ark., Feb. 25.—News reached here from Pullman, Ark., a small station on the Pittsburg & Gulf railroad, fifty miles north of here, of the explosion of a sawmill boiler at that place in which seven men were killed. The whole building covering the engine was blown down upon the workmen and efforts are being made to extricate those confined in the debris. The only one whose name was learned is Hoover Thompson, the fireman.

APPETITE COMES BY EATING.

Don't insist on to Eat in the Morning. Suffered Easily by Effort. "Hungry as a shark" says many a man as he sits down to breakfast on a braising winter morning and fails to indiscriminately on oatmeal, chops, baked potatoes or whatsoever offers. "No desire for a morsel!" often says the same man as he takes his seat on one of these muggy, dog-day mornings and languidly surveys the set-out on the board. Not even a spicy nutmeg mellow, out in halves, stuffed with cracked ice and breathing a delicious fragrance through the room, makes appeal enough to his jaded senses to tempt him to raise a spoon to his lips and transfer a little gouge out of the melen into his mouth.

What is the reason of all this? Pure laziness! The man's tongue, his gastritis, his jaws, his salivary glands, his internal pepsin apparatus—all that constitute him physically—are permeated with laziness, and as a result to any kind of work as a tramp to sawing wood for breakfast. The tramp is affected in this way only so far as his muscles and his will are involved. No one ever knew him to reject an unsavored breakfast. But here is the case of a man totally abandoned to laziness in muscle, nerve, senses, desire, secretion and feeling. His system has struck work in every organ from crown to toe. He is listless, inert, apathetic, tramp, breakfast and all.

Few people ever study the subject of laziness as it deserves to be studied—especially by the lazy themselves. That is one of its worst symptoms, that it makes a man too inert even to want to study what makes him inert. Your overseer of the poorhouse, stick in hand, does study it—that is, in other people—and comes to certain very decided opinions alike as to its origin and cure. He sees that it originates inside a man, and must be cured from the outside; that "don't want to work" is a subjective feeling, only to be overcome by an objective, "you've got to work." "If you can't or won't make yourself work, then I'll make you!" is his rousing word to the tramp.

Now, what other practical philosophy than this does every sensible man find himself compelled to fall back on when he comes down to breakfast on a sultry August morning, and discovers that tramp salivary gland and tramp pepsin gland and tramp taste nerve, and smell nerve, are all lazy, listless and totally depraved on the subject of nutmeg melons, chops, fried potatoes, or even coffee? "If you won't work, then I'll make you work!" he finally rouses himself to say.

Appetite comes by eating, as perspiration by sawing wood. So there, then—whether you crave it or not—creep and swallow that bit of chop, or gulp down that spoonful of coffee. Ah! already you seem waking up to a trifle! Now for another and still another bit! Why, you positively begin to enjoy a breakfast on your own account! Nostrils are sniffing spontaneously with melon fragrance; jaw muscles are working with vigor in squeezing out the juicy flavor of steak, and from certain familiar internal sensations, it is clear as day that the pepsin fonts down below are flowing merrily as a White Mountain brook! The apathetic laziness is getting routed out of you by external stimulus, isn't it? That was all that was the matter!—Boston Herald.

Healthiest Town in America.

The honor of being the healthiest town in the United States, and perhaps in the world, belongs to Millerstown, Pa. The death rate, according to the latest statistics, issued from Washington, gives Millerstown but one in every 1,000 inhabitants. The average death for the big towns and cities in the United States runs from ten in 1,000 up to twenty and even more.

Millerstown has about 2,500 inhabitants. It lies in the Juniata Valley at the base of the Blue Mountains overlooking the Juniata River, about thirty-three miles west of Harrisburg on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The exceedingly healthy condition of the town is largely due to the water supply which is free from pollution. The town is supplied with water from springs which flow into the Juniata River. While it is not claimed that the springs contain medicinal properties, the water is transparently pure. The absence of any manufactures or big works keeps the air free from smoke and dirt.

The sanitary arrangements of the town are in excellent condition and receive close attention from the officials.

Intoxicating liquors are almost an unknown quantity, although the town is not prohibition. The people are quite up to date in all their surroundings and occupations.

Shipwreck's Horror to Be Done Away With. Charles Elias, who lives at Peter Foley's cottage, at Great Neck, Long Island, has started on a career of philanthropy.

He has invented a life saving apparatus and instead of an once patenting it so as to get a "take off" or profit on all lives saved by it, he gives it to the public.

It was the recent distressing shipwreck of the Norwegian bark Drot, whose castaway crew resorted to cannibalism that caused Mr. Elias to try to devise a remedy for such disasters. The apparatus which he has invented is a water tight barrel-shaped aluminum case, seven feet high, and weighing but twelve pounds. This is weighted with lead at the bottom to insure its standing upright in the water. It is made in two halves, which open with rubber hinges on one side, and fasten together on the other side.

It is large enough around to hold a big man, or a woman and child. At first it might be imagined that it would be hard to get inside this peculiar life preserver. But by opening the aluminum cylinder a person may step into it and shut it after him as easily as one goes through a door and closes it after him. The cylinder is made water tight with clamps on the inside. On the outside it looks like a buoy. There is a set of pockets on the inside of the case for storing a twenty days supply of food and water.

THE GROUND SEA

A Peculiar Condition of the Ocean, Which Wrecks Vessels in a Calm.

Many visitors to the coast at this time of the year are sorely puzzled when a boatman either refuses to put off from shore, or most to go far from land, on a day when there is no sign of an approaching storm, and the water is only moved by a long and gently rolling swell. Arguments in its favor, and if the old salt is pushed for a reason he will only reply with some cryptogramic remark about "the ground sea," the questioner retorting more bewildered than before.

It is hard to understand how such a gentle swell can prove danger, but to experienced eyes it gives a warning that must be heeded. All along the west coast of Scotland, unaccounted for cases of ships which on a perfectly calm day have been within a few hours first caught by a gentle roll of water and finally thrown on a rock-bound shore by the dreaded "ground sea."

To understand this curious marine phenomenon it must be borne in mind that out on the Atlantic waves are often formed to a height of forty feet. Driven before a heavy gale, these advance at a rate of from thirty to forty miles an hour. Traveling at such a rate they soon get out of the wind-swept area, but even though, for them, the storm is past, they still roll in fury their undulations often being felt five hundred miles from the point of their creation.

In the region of the storms these waves are fierce, breaking billows, but as they get further away, they settle down into long rolling ridges, which travel onward in long, unbroken lines, perfectly parallel with each other. Out on the open sea these ridges often stretch out for a distance of over thirty miles, and as they travel in three, each successive wave being larger than its predecessor, the sight is an imposing one. The further they progress the smaller they become in height, but this is compensated for by the fact that their motion is communicated to the mass of water below until the roll can be detected fully fifty feet under the surface. This gives them the name of "ground sea."

In this peculiarity their danger lies, for when a becalmed ship is caught in them her draught the resisting power that enables her to ride out a storm, becomes the fulcrum which the liquid mass uses to hurl her onward to destruction. On a calm day any sailing craft caught in the "ground sea" near a rocky shore is as good as lost unless a wind can spring up and enable her to beat out to sea. Many a ship has met this fate. The reason many more do not get lost is due to the gentle swell that so deceives a landsman and warns the sailor.

As the "ground sea" advances it pushes a certain amount of water before it. This also forms into ridges, like its pursuer, but of less height and approximately no depth. The "false sea," as it is called, is little more than a rolling swell, but it gives a warning of from twenty minutes to two hours' duration, enabling a ship either to run into port, get out to sea, or securely anchor; while at the seaside resorts the beachmen run close in shore, to the surprise of the "trippers." When it is remembered that a wave twenty feet high, which is often attained by the "ground sea," strikes with a force of one ton to the square inch, the necessity for caution will be recognized.

All waves that come in parallel ridges, however, are not dangerous, as there is a "wind billow" that is closely allied to the "ground sea" in appearance. "Wind billows" are due to a heavy wind blowing but a few miles off the land, but as they have but a comparatively short distance to travel they have no depth. Consequently even a rowing boat is perfectly safe on them if properly handled.

Why We Laugh and Why We Don't.

Anthropologists say that the ability to laugh comes to the child as it grows older. The first smile is observed when the child is about forty to sixty days old; but it does not begin to laugh until some time after that. According to Mantegazza and others, the power of laughing has to be acquired, just as a child learns how to talk or to walk. Laughter at the earliest is observed in infants only after they are three months old.

Children and women laugh more than men, not because the sexes of life lies less heavily upon them, but because the former are more excitable and the moderating power of the cerebral hemispheres is less in them than among men generally.

Profound study makes men serious, and so foolish people are sometimes noted for laughing immediately. Yet laughter is not so much an index to intelligence as it is to the condition of health. Healthy, vigorous people are proverbially of good humored, joyous, laughing natures, while the "sallow, gloomy eyed dyspeptic" is a description scientifically accurate although it has its origin from the brain of a poet.

The envious, wicked and malevolent rarely laugh, because, ethnologists say they are impregnated with bile, and are therefore morose. The haughty, the vain and the awkward also laugh very little, for fear of losing their dignity. The Spanish people, who are proverbially grave, are a good example.

People who have lines extending downward from the angle at the mouth toward the chin well marked rarely laugh and, moreover, show a tendency to pensiveness in youth and melancholy in after life.

Those who have lines radiating outward from the eyes are, on the contrary, people who laugh a good deal, especially when the upper lip is framed by two deep furrows running to the mouth. Lavater, the noted Swiss Physiognomist, says that frank, easy, copious laughter indicates "a good soul devoid of vanity." Such people often have a great many wrinkles running obliquely outward and downward from the eyes. They also have full, open lips and a round, large forehead.

THE CRUCIFIXION OF PHILIP STRONG.

By REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON,
Author of "In His Steps: What Would Jesus Do?" "Malcolm Kirk," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I.—Philip Strong, a minister, receives two calls, one to a college town, where he may live a quiet, scholarly life, to his liking, the other to a manufacturing town, where there is plenty of work to do among the laboring classes. He accepts the more active field.

Chapter II and III.—Philip discovers that a number of his wealthy parishioners have property rented for saloons and gambling houses. He interviews one of them and is advised that he had better not stir the matter up. The next Sunday he preaches upon the subject, and Mr. Winter, one of his most prominent parishioners rises from his seat and walks out of the church. The same evening Mr. Winter calls on the minister and resents what he calls an insult to himself, and threatens to withdraw his support from the church, unless the minister withdraws from the pulpit, and the next Sunday a large crowd attends Phillips church, expecting a sensational sermon, but Phillip disappoints them by preaching on an entirely different subject.

Chapter IV.—Phillip attacks the saloons and preaches against them to a large congregation. He calls upon his people to join with him in an attempt to exterminate them. Later he leaves his house to visit a sick child, and a man on the opposite side of the street fires two shots at him.

Chapter V.—Phillip has been severely though not mortally wounded. His assassin is arrested and at Phillip's request is brought before him; Phillip assures him that he bears him no ill will and prays for him.

Chapter VI.—Phillip preaches on the Sunday question and makes new enemies. Coming home one evening he finds his wife in a faint on the floor, a knife stuck into the back, and two anonymous scrawls, one addressed "To the Preacher," the other "To the Preacher's Wife." Chapter VII.—They were warnings to leave town. The minister's wife begs her husband to leave the field for another, but instead he prepares to continue war against the devil there and in his own fashion.

Chapter VIII.—Phillip astonishes his parishioners by proposing to move their church edifice into tenement district.

So it came about that Philip Strong plunged into a work which from the time he stepped into the dingy little hall and faced the crowd peculiar to it had a growing influence on all his strange career, grew in strangeness rapidly as days came on.

He was invited again and again to address the men in that part of Milton. They were almost all of them mill employees. They had a simple organization for debate and discussion of questions of the day. Gradually the crowds increased as Phillip continued to come and developed a series of talks on Christian socialism. There was standing room only. He was beginning to draw a number of the men, and a strong affection was growing up in their hearts for him.

That was just before the time the trouble at the mills broke out. He had just come back from the hall where he had now been giving every Thursday evening and where he had spoken on his favorite theme—"The Meaning and Responsibility of Power, Both Financial and Mental." He had treated the subject from the Christian point of view entirely. He had several times roused his rude audience to enthusiasm. Moved by his theme and his surroundings, he had denounced, with even more than usual vigor, those men of ease and wealth who did nothing with their money to help their brothers. He had mentioned, as he went along, what great responsibility any great power puts on a man and had dealt in a broad way with the whole subject of power in men as a thing to be used and always used for the common good.

He did not recall his exact statements, but felt a little uneasy as he walked home, for fear he might possibly have influenced his particular audience against the rich as a class. He had not intended anything of the kind, but had a vague idea that possibly he ought to have guarded some words or sentences more carefully.

He had gone up into his study to finish some work when, the bell rang sharply, and he came down to open the door just as Mrs. Strong came in from the other room, where she had been giving directions to the girl, who had gone up stairs through the kitchen.

The minister and his wife opened the door together, and one of the neighbors rushed into the hall so excited he could hardly speak.

"Oh, Mr. Strong, won't you go right down to Mr. Winter's house? You have more influence with those men than any one around here."

"What men?"

"The men who are going to kill him if some one doesn't stop it!"

"What?" cried Phillip, turning pale, not from fear, but from self reproach, to think he might have made a mistake. "Who is trying to kill him—the mill men?"

"Yes! No! I do not, cannot tell. But he is in great danger, and you are the only man in this town who can help to save him. Come!"

Phillip turned to his wife. "Sarah, it is my duty. If anything should happen to me, you know my soul will meet yours at the gates of paradise."

He kissed her and rushed out into the night.

CHAPTER IX.

When Phillip reached the residence of Mr. Winter, he found himself at once in the midst of a mob of howling, angry men, who surged over the lawn and tramped the light snow that was falling into a muddy mass over the walks and up the veranda steps. A large electric lamp out in the street in front of the house threw a light over

the strange scene.

Phillip wedged his way in among the men, crying out his name and asking for room to be made so that he could see Mr. Winter. The crowd, under the impulse which sometimes moves excited bodies of men, yielded to his request. There were cries of "Let him have a minister if he wants one!" "Room here for the priest!" "Give the preacher a chance to do some praying, where it's needed mighty bad!" and so on. Phillip found a way opened for him as he struggled toward the house, and he hurried forward, fearing some great trouble, but hardly prepared for what he saw when he finally reached the steps of the veranda.

Half a dozen men had the mill owner in their grasp, having evidently dragged him out of his dining room. His coat was half torn off, as if there had been a struggle. Marks of bloody fingers stained his collar. His face was white, and his eyes filled with the fear of death. Within, upon the floor, lay his wife, who had fainted. A son and a daughter, his two grown up children, clung terrified to one of the servants, who knelt half fainting herself by the side of the mill owner's wife. A table overturned and fragments of a late dinner scattered over the side-board and on the floor, a broken plate, the print of a muddy foot on the white tiling before the open fire—the whole picture flashed upon Phillip like a scene out of the French revolution, and he almost rubbed his eyes to know if he was awake and in America in the nineteenth century. He was intensely practical, however, and the nature of his duty never for a moment escaped him. He at once advanced and said calmly:

"What does all this mean? Why this attack on Mr. Winter?"

The moment Mr. Winter saw Phillip and heard his voice he cried out, trembling: "Is that you, Mr. Strong? Thank God! Save me! They are going to kill me!"

"Who talks of killing or taking human life contrary to law?" exclaimed Phillip, coming up closer and placing his hand on Mr. Winter's arm. "Men, what are you doing?"

For a moment the crowd fell back a little from the mill owner, and one of the men who had been foremost in the attack replied with some respect, although in a sullen manner: "Mr. Strong, this is not a case for your interference. This man has caused the death of one of his employees, and he deserves hanging!"

"And hanging he will get!" yelled another. A great cry arose. In the midst of it all Mr. Winter shrieked out his innocence. "It is all a mistake! They do not know! Mr. Strong, tell them they do not know!"

The crowd closed around Mr. Winter again. Phillip knew enough about men to know that the mill owner was in genuine danger. Most of his assailants were the foreign element in the mills. Many of them were under the influence of liquor. The situation was critical. Mr. Winter clung to Phillip with the frantic clutch of a man who sees only one way of escape and clings to that with mad eagerness. Phillip turned around and faced the mob. He raised his voice, hoping to gain a hearing and reason with it, but he might as well have raised his voice against a tornado. Some one threw a handful of mud and snow toward the prisoner. In an instant every hand reached for the nearest missile, and a shower of stones, muddy snowballs and limbs torn from the trees on the lawn was rained upon the house. Most of the windows in the lower story were broken. All this time Phillip was eagerly remonstrating with the few men who had their hands on Mr. Winter. He thought if he could only plead with them to let the man go he could slip with him around the end of the veranda through a side door and take him through the house to a place of safety. He also knew that every minute was precious, as the police might arrive at any moment and change the situation.

But in spite of his pleas the mill owner was gradually pushed and dragged down off the veranda toward the gate. The men tried to get Phillip out of the way.

"We don't want to harm you, sir. Better get out of danger," said the same man who had spoken before.

Phillip for answer threw one arm about Mr. Winter, saying: "If you kill him, you will kill me with him. You shall never do this great sin against an innocent man. In the name of God, I call on every soul here to—"

But his words were drowned in the noise that followed. The mob was insane with fury. Twice Mr. Winter was dragged off his feet by those down on the walk; twice Phillip raised him to his feet, feeling sure that if the crowd once threw him down they would trample him to death. Once some one threw a rope over the wretched man's head. Both he and Mr. Winter were struck again and again. Their clothes were torn into tatters. Mr. Winter was faint and reeling. Only his great terror made his clutch on Phillip like that of a drowning man.

At last the crowd had dragged the two outside the gate into the street. Here they paused awhile, and Phillip again spoke to the mob.

"Men, made in God's image, listen to

me! Do not take innocent life. If you kill him, you kill me also, for I will never leave his side alive, and I will



"If you kill him, you will kill me."

not permit such murder if I can prevent it."

"Kill them both—the bloody coward and the priest!" yelled a voice. "They both belong to the same church."

"Yes, hang 'em! Hang 'em both!" A tempest of cries went up. Phillip towered up like a giant. In the light of the street lamp he looked out over the great sea of passionate, brutal faces; crazed with drink and riot, and a great wave of compassionate feeling swept over him. Those nearest never forgot that look. It was Christlike in its yearning love for lost children. His lips moved in prayer.

And just then the outer circle of the crowd seemed agitated. It had surged up nearer the light with the evident intention of hanging the mill owner on one of the crosspieces of a telegraph pole near by. The rope had again been thrown over his head. Phillip stood with one arm about Mr. Winter and with the other stretched out in entreaty, when he heard a pistol shot, then another. The entire police department had been summoned and had finally arrived. There was a skirmishing rattle of shots. But the crowd began to scatter in the neighborhood of the police force. Then those nearer Phillip began to run as best they could away from the officers. Phillip and the mill owner were dragged along with the rest in the growing confusion until, watching his opportunity, Phillip pulled Mr. Winter behind one of the large poles by which the lights of the street were suspended.

Here, sheltered a little, but struck by many a blow, Phillip managed to shield with his own body the man who only a little while before had come into his own house and called him a liar and threatened to withdraw his church support because of the preaching of Christ's principles.

When finally the officers reached the two men, Mr. Winter was nearly dead from the fright. Phillip was badly bruised, but not seriously, and he helped Mr. Winter back to the house, while a few of the police remained on guard the rest of the night. It was while recovering from the effects of the night's attack that Phillip little by little learned of the facts that led up to the assault.

There had been a growing feeling of discontent in all the mills, and it had finally taken shape in the Ocean mill, which was largely owned and controlled by Mr. Winter. The discontent arose from a new scale of wages submitted by the company. It was not satisfactory to the men, and the afternoon of that evening on which Phillip had gone down to the hall a committee of the mill men had waited on Mr. Winter and after a long conference had gone away without getting any satisfaction. They could not agree on the proposition made by the company and by their own labor organization. Later in the day one of the committee, under instructions, went to see Mr. Winter alone and came away from the interview very much excited and angry. He spent the first part of the evening in a saloon, where he related a part of his interview with the mill owner, and said that he had finally kicked him out of the office. Still later in the evening he told several of the men that he was going to see Mr. Winter again, knowing that on certain evenings he was in the habit of staying down at the mill office until nearly half past 9 for special business. The mills were undergoing repairs, and Mr. Winter was away from home more than usual.

That was the last that any one saw of the man until, about 10 o'clock, some one going home past the mill office heard a man groaning at the foot of a new excavation at the end of the building and climbing down discovered the man who had been to see Mr. Winter twice that afternoon. He had a terrible gash in his head and lived only a few minutes after he was discovered. To the half dozen men who stood over him in the saloon, where he had been carried, he had murmured the name of "Mr. Winter" and had then expired.

A very little adds fuel to the brain of men already heated with rum and hatred. The rumor spread like lightning that the wealthy mill owner had killed one of the employees who had gone to see him peaceably and arrange matters for the men. He had thrown him out of the office into one of the new mill excavations and left him there to die like a dog in a ditch. So the story ran all through the tenement district, and

in an incredibly swift time the worst elements in Milton were surging toward Mr. Winter's house with murder in their hearts and the means of accomplishing it in their hands.

Mr. Winter had finished his work at the office and gone home to sit down to a late lunch, as his custom was, when he was interrupted by the mob. The rest of the incident is connected with what has been told. The crowd seized him with little ceremony, and it was only Phillip's timely arrival and his saving of minutes until the police arrived that prevented a lynching in Milton that night. As it was Mr. Winter received a scare from which it took a long time to recover. He dreaded to go out alone at night. He kept on guard a special watchman and lived in more or less terror even then. It was satisfactorily proved in a few days that the man who had gone to see Mr. Winter had never reached the office door; but, coming around the corner of the building where the new work was being done, he had fallen off the stonework, striking on a rock in such a way as to produce a fatal wound. This tempered the feeling of the workmen toward Mr. Winter, but a widespread unrest and discontent had seized on every man employed in the mills, and as the winter drew on affairs reached a crisis.

The difference between the mills and the men over the scale of wages could not be settled. The men began to talk about a strike. Phillip heard of it and at once, with his usual frankness and boldness, spoke with downright plainness to the men against it. That was at the little hall a week after the attempt on Mr. Winter's life. Phillip's part in that night's event had added to his reputation and his popularity with the men. They admired his courage and his grit. Most of them were ashamed of the whole affair, especially after they had sobered down and it had been proved that Mr. Winter had not touched the man. So Phillip was welcomed with applause as he came out on the little platform and looked over the crowded room, seeing many faces there that had glared at him in the mob a week before. And yet his heart told him he loved these men, and his reason told him that it was the sinner and the unconverted that God loved. It was a terrible responsibility to have such men count him popular, and he prayed that wisdom might be given him in the approaching crisis, especially as he seemed to have some real influence.

He had not spoken ten words when some one by the door cried: "Come outside! Big crowd out here want to get in." It was moonlight and not very cold, so every one moved out of the hall, and Phillip mounted the steps of a storehouse near by and spoke to a crowd that filled up the street in front and for a long distance right and left. His speech was very brief, but it was fortified with telling figures, and at the close he stood and answered a perfect torrent of questions. His main counsel was against a strike in the present situation. He had made himself familiar with the facts on both sides. Strikes, he argued, except in very rare cases, were demoralizing—an unhealthy, disastrous method of getting justice done. "Why, just look at that strike in Preston, England, among the cotton spinners. There were only 600 operatives, but that strike, before it ended, threw out of employment over 7,800 weavers and other workmen who had nothing whatever to do with the quarrel of the 600 men. In the recent strike in the cotton trade in Lancashire at the end of the last 12 weeks the operatives had lost in wages alone \$4,500,000. Four strikes that occurred in England between 1870 and 1880 involved a loss in wages of more than \$25,000,000. In 22,000 strikes investigated lately by the national bureau of labor it is estimated that the employees' lost about \$51,800,000, while the employers lost only \$30,700,000. Out of 353 strikes in England between 1870 and 1880 191 were lost by the strikers, 71 were gained and 91 compromised, but in the strikes that were successful it took several years to regain in wages the amount lost by the enforced idleness of the men."

There were enough hard thinking, sensible men in the audience that night to see the force of his argument. The majority, however, were in favor of a general strike to gain their point in regard to the scale of wages. When Phillip went home, he carried with him the conviction that a general strike in the mills was pending. In spite of the fact that it was the worst possible season of the year for such action and in spite of the fact that the difference demanded by their loss of wages the very first day of idleness, there was a determination among the leaders that the 15,000 men in the mills should all go out in the course of a few days if the demands of the men in the Ocean mill were not granted.

To be continued.

Watch for Our

Hyacinths

—AND—

Primroses.

A RIVERSIDE GREENHOUSE

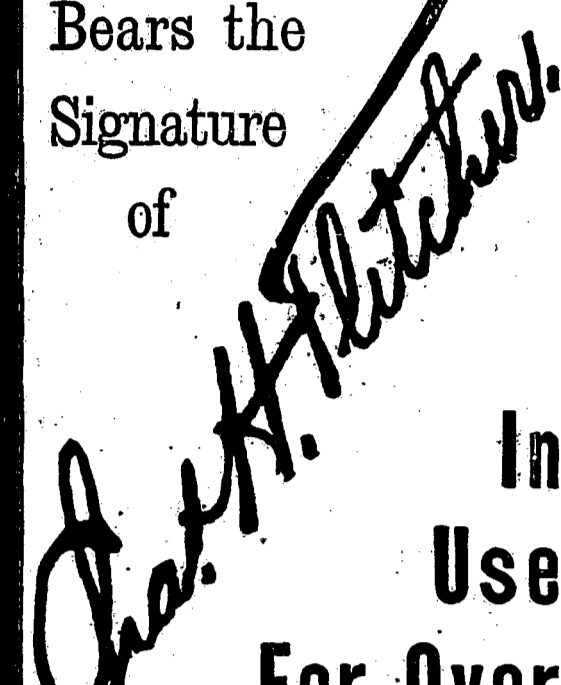
A Superb Work of Art. The Sichel Madonna, a Platino Print 12 1/2 x 17 inches, printed on heavy rough paper, the effect of which is elegant, rich and artistic—Ed. Price, \$1.50.
OUR OFFER: 1 Platino Print of the Sichel Madonna, \$1.50 both to art subscribers good for 90 days.
1 Year's Subscription to Good Housekeeping 1.00 for \$1.
Good Housekeeping is acknowledged to be one of the most wholesome and helpful magazines published. Some of its contributors are: Margaret E. Sangster, Nellie Dos Rancho, Linda Hall Leonard, Albert Blodgett Fisher, Susan Hayes Ward, Pres. G. Stanley Hall, Amelia F. Barr, Geo. W. Cable, Helen Campbell, Elizabeth Butlerworth, Susan M. Poole, Harriet Prescott Spofford.
Send cash, money order or draft, to Good Housekeeping, Geo. D. Chamberlain, Publisher, Springfield, Mass.

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Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

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Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

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Pumpkin Seed -
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A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

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At 6 months old
35 DROPS - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

At The "Popular Store."

NEW WHITE AND WASH DRESS GOODS.

LOOK-AHEAD FOLKS do much of their summer sewing during the late winter months. I begin to show these Wash Dress Goods—these White Dress Goods, in all their freshness, in all their brightness, in all their purity—thus early to enable those hundreds of my store's patrons who are forehanded in such matters to make their selections with satisfaction. Profit pruning always forms a most prominent feature of these special selling events. As I have before emphasized, I believe this liberal treatment of early buyers pays me. It certainly pays you when you take advantage of the opportunities this store offers.

Wash Goods.

FOULARDINE, the most perfect imitation of Foulard Silk ever produced. This is an entire novelty and will make you a beautiful summer dress at a low price—15c per yard.

DIMITY SATIN RAYE, a dainty combination of silk and cotton which has been brought out in response to frequent requests for a finer dimity cloth enlivened with silk designs.

MOUSLIN DE SOIE, both in plain and embroidered effect. This exquisite production has assumed a prominent place among fine gauzy textures, and of all elegant materials for evening or party attire at a moderate expense, there is no substitute for Mouslin de Soie.

ENGLISH DIMITY, As a sheer dress fabric that possesses the desirable qualities of strength and utility, Dimity stands alone.

1900 NOVELTY, The attractiveness of this fabric, owing to its silky appearance, places it in the rank of leading novelties for ladies' shirt waists. All the shirt waist materials shown are the latest.

EGYPTIAN CORD looks very much like gingham, but is sheer and makes a very desirable summer gown or waist.

DOTTED SWISS MUSLIN, In consideration of its superior worth as a washable, warm weather texture that is always stylish, it may justly be classed among the very best.

THE OTHERS are Silk Wefts, Standard Madras, fine quality Victoria Zephyrs, Empress Corde, Novelty Oxford, Japanese Crinkle Cloth, Sea Island Dimity, Anita Corded Batiste, 36 inch Chambray Madras, light blue and light pink Piques.

Toile des Nord and Amoskeag A. F. C. Gingham, new spring styles, made to sell at 15c, for only 10c per yard.

White Goods.

In all their Purity.

Nainsook Checks, Nainsook Stripes, Fancy Checks, Fancy Stripes, Warp Wefts, Fancy Wefts, Fancy Piques, Piques, Cable Cord, Cable Cord Dimity, India Linens, Persian Lawn, Victoria Lawn, Swiss Mul 60-84 Organdies, Mercerized Mull, Mazalia, French Nainsook, English Nainsook, Dotted Swiss.

A special line of **INDIA LINENS** selling from 8c to 35c per yard; and a special quality Nainsook, 19 yards for \$200, are worth asking for at the white goods counter. These goods are fresh, new; just open for this sale.

Embroideries!

10 PER CENT OFF.

The daintiest line of Embroideries this store has ever set out for its customers. Prices—3, 5, 6, 8, 10, 15, 25 cents per yard up, and 10 per cent off makes an extra inducement for you to buy.

The Muslin Undergarment stock has been replenished. The lively selling in this department is very gratifying. The lines are not broken yet, so come down in time to make an excellent selection.

STORE NEWS—The Corset display here at the store has attracted a great amount of favorable comment. Do you buy your Corsets here? We can give you a good fit, a stylish Corset and save you money. The Glove stock is most complete; all sizes and styles await you. You can often pick up a bargain in Gloves at this store.

Ellsworth's Carpets, Curtains and Shades are famous throughout these counties. You will find it to your interest to look here before you buy. Some bargains in Cloak department. Come down and look them over.

JOHN CHESS ELLSWORTH,

SUCCESSOR TO ROSE & ELLSWORTH.

113-115 N. MICH. ST. SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

Store Open Wednesday and Saturday Evenings.

CORRESPONDENCE

GALLEN.
Principal W. M. Milham, of Three Oaks, was in town, Friday.

The old F. Smith store building was sold at auction, Monday. Ed. Babcock was the purchaser, the price being \$645. Mr. Babcock intends making repairs on the building and putting in a stock of farming implements.

Frank Simpson, of Avery, was in town, Saturday.

Dell Roberts returned home, Monday, he having been spending the winter in Ohio.

Abram Smith, of South Bend, was in town, Tuesday on business.

In spite of the stormy weather quite a crowd were in the town hall, Saturday night to witness the G. A. R. entertainment, but the room was so full of smoke from the refractory stove that the program could not be carried on with. The orchestra played "Smoky Mokes" 2 step and the crowd dispersed. The entertainment will be given next Friday night. The stove has been repaired.

Rev. John R. Dayton preached in the M. E. church, Sunday night. The weather was strong and there was only a small audience.

Ed. Synold returned, Saturday from Colon, Mich.

Dr. H. Cunliffe was in St. Joseph, Monday, being summoned as a witness in the Kaufman trial.

The town council have ordered two gasoline street lamps on trial and if they prove satisfactory, the street corners will be fitted with them. Fifteen lamps will be required.

The school board contemplate replenishing the school library with 100 new volumes of standard works.

Mr. R. W. Montross made a business trip to Chicago, Wednesday.

There was an accident to the pump at the Wolverine Handle factory, Tuesday, which caused the mill to shut down for the balance of the day.

The 3 S. railroad has been leased by the I. I. I. company who will use the road as a lake terminal, the deal taking effect March first.

A number of young people from here attended the Washington's birthday masquerade dance at Three Oaks.

There will be two tickets in the field at spring village election this year—the republican and union. The republicans held their caucus, Thursday afternoon in the town hall and the union ticket will be placed in nomination, Saturday night at the same place. The saloon question will be the main issue.

Mrs. B. D. Dennisoh, who has been ill for some time, is convalescing.

Miss Emma Carlisle visited friends in Hill's Corners over Sunday.

Clarence Smith, who is clerking in a drug store in Kalamazoo, was at home the first of the week on a short visit.

Mrs. Rebecca Platt is in very poor health.

Charley Harrington has moved his family into the rooms in the rear of the German Lutheran church.

Pretty severe winter the past week, there being 2 feet of snow on the level, Wednesday morning.

NEW BUFFALO.

The funeral of Rev. R. H. Spafford was held at the Baptist church, Wednesday, Feb. 21. By his death New Buffalo loses one of their best citizens and a very earnest christian worker. The funeral was a very large one and many beautiful bouquets were presented by the numerous friends. The remains were taken to New York for burial accompanied by Rev. E. D. Rundell.

Mrs. Ernest Peo was buried from the German Lutheran church, Wednesday. Thus are the living soon to pass away.

Mr. G. H. Mannell is to start another grocery store here in the near future.

A Washington's birthday entertainment netted the school about sixteen dollars to be used for library purposes.

We have a school board of the right material. They gave the teachers a day for visiting schools last week and have re-engaged the principal at an increased salary of \$90 per year. They believe in advancement.

A number of our railroad employees were called to LaPorte, Monday to give testimony on a railroad wreck which happened near there last week.

Principal Stevens spent Thursday in Coloma visiting the school and Friday in St. Joseph.

DAYTON.

Seba Allen, Lou Mathews, John Marbel and Will Fettle went to Chicago, Thursday.

Frank Thayer, of Mishawaka, Ind., spent Sunday with his friend, Wm. Downing.

Ed. Richter and Ed. Sebasto went to Michigan City, Saturday.

John McDonald was the lucky one to find the key to the mail sack.

Mr. Smith, of South Bend, made a short call on his niece, Mrs. B. Ferguson.

Mrs. Warner is quite poor in health. Mrs. L. Martin is home again.

Correction.

A typographical error occurred in the card published last week by Messrs. Williams and Downing which we desire to correct. The copy sent us read "that they had more loaned furniture than they could use" while the types had it "more burnt furniture etc.," which while true, was not the idea Messrs. Williams and Downing wished to convey. Then in setting up the rest of the article, the word of was inserted in front of the name which changed the sense of the card. Messrs. Williams and Downing appreciate highly the kindly feeling of their neighbors in Dayton.

BERKLEN SPRINGS.

Messrs. Uline and Yarian are doing custom sawing at their mill by the river.

Eighth grade examination has held in the High school last Friday. Samuel Simpson is going to start a coal and wood yard. He says it's to be "right."

Geo. Ewalt is about to move to town.

Lee Murphy is limping around with the aid of a crutch, caused by a kick from a horse.

Capt. Brown, an old resident of this place, died last week.

A chicken pie social was held at the house of Smith Pennell last Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Sherwood has sold her house to George Ewalt and has bought the old Pullen place.

Rev. Maxfield, of Benton Harbor, has been helping our pastors in the revival meeting. The meeting closed, Sunday night.

Mr. Steffey, another old resident, died the first of this week.

Benton Harbor news came under the Berrien Springs heading in the RECORD last week.

For some days past the weather has been genuine winter and Tuesday and Wednesday's snow storm was the heaviest in years.

The Monday Literary Club met with Mrs. Robt. Henderson this week, and despite the storm a goodly number were out. Mrs. P. N. Weaver had an excellent paper on "Finland and Fins," Miss Maria Samson an interesting paper on "Poland and Kosciusko."

An instrumental duet by Mrs. W. F. Runner and Mrs. N. Norris was enjoyed by all, as was the paper on "Polish Opera Composers" by Mrs. E. S. Roe. Next Monday the club will meet with Mrs. D. E. Hinman and the programme will be "an afternoon with Tolstoi."

Mrs. C. D. Kent, Mrs. H. D. Rough and Mrs. E. S. Roe entertained the members of the "Happy Go Lucky Club" and their friends at the home of Mrs. Roe on Monday evening. About fifty were present and a very enjoyable evening was passed. Several novel features in the programme were worthy of mention. Eleven tables were placed in the rooms and no two games played were alike, the winners at each table progressed, keeping score with candies placed in little sacks. Refreshments were served progressively at the conclusion of each game. Mrs. Glen Smith and Mr. H. S. Rough were the prize winners, Miss Minnie Shafer and Mr. Herbert Roe carrying off the booby prizes.

Help Wanted.

Women and girls to operate single winding and sewing machines in Featherbone factory. Steady work. Wages \$8.00 to \$7.00 per week. Address

THE WARREN FEATHERBONE CO., Three Oaks, Mich.

Letters, unclaimed remaining in P. O. at Buchanan, Mich., for week ending, February 27th, 1900, F. J. Miller, Chas. Taylor, Mrs. John Ayr, H. C. Olymer, Mrs. J. B. Mauzy, Mr. W. W. Mauzy, Lewis Withy, John K. Reynolds, G. W. Noble, P. M.

Pepto-Quinine Tablets.

These tablets relieve and cure constipation. 25 cents.

EDUCATIONAL.

SCHOOL NOTES.

FIRST GRADE.

Mrs. Strawser visited our school last week.

Among the material for decoration for our exercises, was a white silk handkerchief bordered with flags, belonging to Ruby Strawser. It was sent from Manila.

SECOND GRADE.

The average daily attendance for February was 27 with but two cases of tardiness.

We were glad to see so many of the children's friends present at our birthday reception, Wed., Feb. 22.

We will finish our first Second Reader this week and will then begin "Stepping Stones to Literature."

THIRD GRADE.

Ruby Eldredge spelled the school down Friday.

Tuesday Longfellow's birthday was observed by reading the story of his life and some of his poems.

General topics for this week are, minerals, time and time pieces, ways of measuring time.

FOURTH GRADE.

A great deal of time was spent last week upon preparations for the program for Feb. 21st. Regular work was resumed on Friday.

The pupils are putting together a dissected map of the United States. Carey Black left school on Friday. We are sorry to lose him from our midst.

FIFTH GRADE.

Mr. Avery presented us with a fine picture of Benjamin Franklin, which will be framed by the pupil's contributions.

Copy book No. 4 was finished Wednesday. No. 4 1/2 will be taken up next.

Miss Esther Devin visited us Friday forenoon.

Merle Eldredge spelled the school down Friday afternoon.

SIXTH GRADE.

Standard time is a subject of study now.

Pupils are interested in the story of California in the time of the gold craze, brought by Ruth East.

A special study of the cotton plant and it uses, is being made.

SEVENTH GRADE.

Our geography work is now upon Asia. Many of the pupils declare that they do not in the least admire the Asiatic names.

Tamerson Carlisle, who was ill last week, is in school.

The Washington exercises passed off nicely. We were glad to welcome the friends who were present.

EIGHTH GRADE.

Mr. Avery has presented us with a Manual.

It has been decided by vote that we will have a chart for class standing again this month.

Nettie Wenger did the best work in arithmetic last month.

Louis Runner and John Cunningham took the examination given by Mr. Jennings last Saturday.

Esther Devin called Friday.

The grade will hold their second class meeting at the home of Rex Lamb next Friday evening.

B. R. Desenberg & Bro. have presented each pupil with a war atlas. We are very thankful for this useful gift.

Buchanan Market.

The following quotations are furnished the RECORD by the Niagara Mills, Bainton Bros. proprietors:

Wheat..... 67c
Oats..... 25c
Corn..... 30c

Township Taxes.

The warrant for the collection of Township Taxes has been placed in my hands and I will be ready to receive payments on the same at Lee Bros. & Co's Bank, on and after December 9th.

HERBERT ROE, Treasurer.

Administrator's Sale.

At the late residence of Warner O. Hamilton, deceased on Tuesday, March 6, 1900 at 10 o'clock a. m., the following property; 5 horses; 4 cows; 1 fall calf, 125 bushels of corn, swell box cutter; lumber wagon; mower; harness; household goods and other articles not mentioned.

ENOS HOLMES, admr.

Estate of WARNER O. HAMILTON, H. A. HATHAWAY, auctioneer.

BENTON HARBOR ABSTRACT CO.
Abstracts of Title, Loans Negotiated Real Estate and Conveyancing

SPRING SHOES.



Our Spring Stock is beginning to arrive, and the styles and goods being simply fine. Many new and tasty designs are found in our stock and we will be pleased to have you call and see them.



OUR FIGURES ARE RIGHT.

CARMER & CARMER,
BUCHANAN, MICH.

32 FRONT STREET.

ANNUAL STATEMENT.

Receipts and Expenditures of the Village of Buchanan, Year ending Feb. 28, 1900.

To the Honorable President and Board of Trustees of the Village of Buchanan. The following annual report for the year ending February 26th, 1900 is herewith presented.

TAX STATEMENT.

Assessed valuation	\$592,890
Real valuation	468,980
Personal valuation	123,710
Tax levied	9,488.04
General tax	\$5,334.21
Highway tax	1,183.38
Debt paying tax	2,968.48
Poll tax	198.00
	\$9,681.04

General tax collection	\$5,165.01
Highway tax collection	1,147.78
Debt paying tax	2,869.45
Poll tax collection	114.00
Delinquent tax	384.80
	\$9,681.04

GENERAL FUND.

DEBIT.	
Balance on hand	\$ 210.07
Water works	1,927.82
General tax	5,165.01
Co. Treas. liquor license	495.00
Co. " delinquent tax	105.45
Bank loan	600.00
License	9.10
Fines	8.00
Lamps, etc.	3.60
	\$8,519.05

CREDIT.	
Paid	
April orders	\$ 495.60
May orders	511.69
June orders	608.22
Highway fund	400.00
July orders	528.09
August orders	499.95
Bank loan	609.30
September orders	317.13
October orders	446.87
November orders	488.94
December orders	744.11
Highway fund	400.00
January orders	457.98
February orders	442.90
Balance	1,568.27
	\$8,519.05

HIGHWAY FUND.

DEBIT.	
Balance on hand	\$ 187.17
Co. Treas. delinq't tax	20.95
Bank loan	200.00
General Fund,	825.00
Highway tax	1,147.78
Poll tax	114.00
	\$2,444.90

CREDIT.	
Paid	
April orders	\$ 48.37
May orders	221.23
June orders	200.39
July orders	190.05
August orders	241.95
Bank loan	203.10
September orders	551.38
October orders	211.07
November orders	870.39
December orders	87.37
January orders	49.75
February orders	61.96
Balance	7.89
	\$2,444.90

CEMETERY FUND.

DEBIT.	
Balance on hand	\$169.41
L. Dumbolton, note	35.00
John Conrad note	17.88
Mrs. J. Hess	25.00
Henry Brocius note	21.00
A. A. Worthington	4.37
General fund	125.00
C. Moulton	25.00
	\$422.94

CREDIT.	
Paid	
April orders	\$ 3.15
May orders	58.32
June orders	69.45
July orders	60.12
August orders	84.44
September orders	108.12
October orders	18.24
November orders	20.00
December orders	1.50
January orders	2.50
February orders	.99
Balance	11.02
	\$422.94

MERCHANT TAILORING.

Best work. Satisfaction guaranteed. I have purchased the stock of cloths formerly carried by Wm. Trenbeth and at such a figure that I can give you GREAT BARGAINS in SUITS, OVERCOATS, and TROUSERS.

Trenbeth's Old Stand. **J. HERSHENOW,** MERCHANT TAILOR.

Special Sale of PIANOS AND ORGANS.

During the next two weeks I will offer great bargains in the following instruments that I have recently taken in exchange toward new ones.

Sterling Piano, upright	\$25 00
Chickering Piano, square	98 00
Mathushek Piano, square, fine	75 00
Haines Bros. Piano, square	50 00
C. J. Whitney Piano, square	40 00
Geo. M. Guild & Co. Piano, square	30 00
C. D. Pease & Co. Piano, square	22 00
Estey Organ, 6 octave, walnut	65 00
Estey Organ, 6 octave, walnut	40 00
Farrand & Votey, 6 octave, walnut	68 00
Kimball 6 octave, walnut	38 00
Lyon & Healy, 6 octave, walnut	35 00
Leiby & Co., 7 octave, oak, piano case	85 00
Estey, 5 octave, walnut	50 00
Estey Organ, 5 octave, oak	50 00
Estey Organ, 5 octave, oak	44 00
Wilcox & White, 5 octave, walnut	30 00
Clough & Warren, 5 octave, walnut	25 00
Kimball, 5 octave, walnut	20 00
Smith American, 5 octave, walnut	15 00
Smith American, 5 octave, walnut	10 00
Spand & Mertens, 5 octave, walnut	8 00
Smith American 5 octave, walnut	7 00
Smith & American, 6 octave, walnut	5 00
Melodeon Piano case	3 00

Will give time if desired. This is a rare opportunity for those wishing a low priced instrument.

OTIS BIGELOW, DOWACIAC, MICH.

DEBT PAYING FUND.

DEBIT.	
Balance on hand	\$1,589.36
Co. Treas. delinq't tax	53.51
Bank loan	200.00
Debt paying tax	2,869.45
	\$4,712.32

CREDIT.	
Paid	
Interest on bonds	\$2,500.00
Richards Estate	1,170.62
W. A. Palmer	618.43
Bank loan	203.10
Balance	220.17
	\$4,712.32

RECAPITULATION	
Bal. in General fund	1,568.27
" in Highway fund	7.89
" in Cemetery fund	11.02
" in Debt paying fund	220.17
	\$1,807.35

Cash on hand \$1,807.35
All of which is respectfully submitted.
W. W. TREAT, Treasurer.

STATEMENT OF OUTSTANDING LIABILITIES.

Farson Leach & Co.	
W. W. bonds	\$50,000
Estate of G. H. Richards, notes	2,000
W. A. Palmer	2,500
	\$54,500

Dated Buchanan, Mich., Feb. 28, 1900.
W. H. KELLER, President.
W. N. BRODRICK, Clerk.



Nasal CATARRH
In all its stages there should be cleanliness. Ely's Cream Balm cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly.

ALL KINDS OF TINWARE.



—SOLD BY—
W. H. KELLER,
—DEALER IN—
FINE GROCERIES AND CROCKERY
BUCHANAN, MICH.