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NUMBER 29.

Geo. Wyman & Co.

SPECIAL SALE

OF
WOOL BED BLANKETS
FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST.

This lot of Blankets are sample pairs they have been to nearly every city in the country, put up at first-class hotels; some are soiled. We offer them during August for about 60 cents on the dollar. If you are interested this is one chance in a thousand.

We also offer a sample line of Hosiery the same way.

We offer one of the best qualities of colored Taffeta Ribbon at less than half price; widths Nos. 5 to 80s, price 5 to 15c.

We offer a sample line of Umbrellas, 25c to \$2.50; very much under price.

COME AND SEE US.

Geo. Wyman & Co.

NEW MEN IN THE SHOP

Party of Non-Union Workmen Enters the Steel Mill at Monessen.

CARNEGIE PLANTS ARE RUNNING

Two Points the Steel Magnates Congratulate Themselves Over.

Strikers Get the Men at Bay View as Reinforcements and Say 'Wait' as to the Carnegie Properties.

Pittsburg, Aug. 20.—The tie-up of the Continental and Pennsylvania tube plants of the National Tube company in this city was completed during the night and early hours of the morning. The machinists and a few other employes of the Pennsylvania men went first, quitting at 6 o'clock at night in response to the call of the organizers of the American Federation of Labor, who had been working among them for several weeks. Then in large numbers they surrounded the Continental works at Frankstown and called on the workers there to quit and join the strikers. At midnight a large number of the Continental workers dropped their tools and by morning the last man had left the place.

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 19.—A report from McKeesport at 1:30 this morning said that it was reported generally throughout the valley that 150 men had gone on strike in the converting mill of the Duquesne works. It is claimed that five lodges of the Amalgamated Association have been organized in the different departments of the works.

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 19.—A party of strike-breakers brought up from the south by special train was safely delivered in the steel mill at Monessen early yesterday morning, and the United States Steel Corporation expects to add that plant to the number running partly or in full with non-union men within a few hours. The Carnegie properties also resumed last night without a break in the forces operating them, and that fact, joined with a promise of an early start at Monessen, leads the steel officials here to take a very hopeful view of the situation. The strikers claim that men enough to start the Monessen mills cannot be obtained, and that they have not yet shown their hand at Duquesne and the other Carnegie plants, but promise that later developments will indicate their strength to better advantage.

Trouble Bores for the Future.
It was anticipated that there would be trouble when the non-union men reached Monessen, for the strikers were watching the railroads and river, and had expressed a determination to prevent the entrance of the strike-breakers. The men who were handling the movement for the steel corporation successfully veiled their action,

however, and laid their charges solely within the plant hours before it was known definitely by any one on the outside that the men had arrived. It is not known how many men were in the party nor where they were obtained. The mills are guarded and the men will be kept on the premises until all danger of trouble ceases. The strikers will undoubtedly make an effort to induce the strike-breakers to quit, and the fear is expressed that there will be trouble if any demonstration is made against the men or property.

President Shaffer Under the Weather.
The strain of the strike is telling on the physical strength of President Shaffer. He was ill yesterday and kept to his bed most of the time. He declined to see any of the many callers who sought him, and his wife, who met them in his stead, explained that he was worn out and sick and must have rest in order to carry on his work. He was unwell on Saturday, and in discussing his health said: "I simply must not get sick. I haven't time at this stage." He is a man of large physique and ordinarily very strong, but has lost in weight and color during the last two trying months.

News That Pleased the Strikers.
The news that the Milwaukee men had decided to cast their fortunes with the strikers, supplemented by the wired announcement that the steel men in the Riverside plant at Wheeling had voted to strike awakened new enthusiasm in the ranks of the Amalgamated Association and its followers. The action at Wheeling leaves only 150 men working in the trust plants.

BAY VIEW MEN "WALK OUT."
Meeting Resolved to Undo the Refusal to Strike—Other Western Plants.

Milwaukee, Wis., Aug. 19.—The Bay View men will strike. The vote on President Shaffer's order to strike was 157 to 38 in favor of obeying the mandate. On motion the vote was made unanimous.

The plant of the Illinois Steel company at Bay View is shut down indefinitely and about 1,400 men are rendered idle. There was a debate of five hours on the question.

When the meeting was called to order Saturday afternoon it is said 105 members of the lodge out of a total of 219 were present. Assistant Secretary Tighe made a long appeal to the men to obey the mandate of President Shaffer. Tighe was followed by W. C. Davis, of South Chicago, who spoke on the same lines. President Joseph Redfern, of the Bay View lodge, took the negative side and was followed by others who were not in favor of going out.

A secret ballot showed a majority in favor of a strike. When the result was announced a motion to make the vote unanimous in favor of obeying the famous order was carried without a dissenting voice. If the strike is of long duration Milwaukee's suburb of Bay View will be seriously affected, as that section of the city is practically made up of mill men, and the merchants depend upon these patrons for a living.

Superintendent George L. Reis, of the Bay View plant, said after the meeting that he was very much disappointed at the outcome. "I fully expected that when the question came to a vote the men would stand by their contracts with the Illinois Steel company and refuse to strike," said Mr. Reis. "The amount of wages to be lost by the men going out will foot up \$90,000 per month."

STRIKES AN ICEBERG.

Steamer Islander Wrecked and Over Three Score of People Perish.

THE DISASTER OCCURS AT NIGHT

Force of the Collision Jammed the Stateroom Doors, Thus Imprisoning Passengers and Crew.

Victoria, B. C., Aug. 20.—The steamer Islander, the crack Alaskan vessel of the Canadian Pacific Navigation company, was wrecked Thursday last at 2 a. m. by striking an iceberg off Douglas island and sixty-five were drowned. An extra of the Juneau Dispatch of Juneau says:

"Word of the disaster reached Treadwell at 8:30 a. m. by a party of passengers headed by the chief engineer, who walked up the beach, a distance of twenty-five miles, to appeal to the city for help. The Treadwell steamers Lucy and Jenkiner and the Juneau steamer Flossie promptly responded.

Fast in Their Staterooms.

"The Flossie arrived in from the scene of wreck at 12 o'clock, with her flag at half-mast and six dead bodies on board, and the surviving passengers. The description of the disaster by the survivors is heart-rending. They say that the Islander struck an iceberg, and so severe was the shock that every door was jammed fast in the staterooms, and the ill-fated passengers, numbering 107, and the crew of seventy-one were forced to break through the windows to reach the deck. Steward Simpson lost ten in his department, and his description of the wreck is clearly given. He was awakened by the shock and could not get out of his stateroom until he broke out the window.

Ordered Out the Lifeboats.

He reached the bridge, where the pilot, LaBlonde, was on watch, and, with the mate, ordered out the lifeboats. The vessel was then taking water fast and the chief engineer reported the pumps unable to take care of the water. He also went below with an ax, broke down the lower stateroom doors, and stayed at this work until the water forced him to go to the upper deck.

"By this time the ship's boats were loaded and had got away and while the officers were getting out the last life raft Captain Foote called to all hands to clear the ship, as she was about to go down. This was the captain's last order, as at that moment the ship sunk, and the captain, leaping clear of the wreck, was picked up by a lifeboat, which in some manner was overturned. The night was very misty and all hands were forced to shift for themselves."

Some of the Victims.

As the vessel went down her boilers exploded, causing the death of many who might have escaped. Captain Foote was on the bridge when the vessel struck, and stayed there and went down with his steamer. Among the passengers lost on the Islander were:

Mrs. Ross, wife of the governor of the Yukon territory, her child and niece; Dr. John Duncan of this city; W. G. Preston and bride of Seattle; F. Mills, Victoria; Mrs. J. C. Henderson, Victoria; W. H. Keating and two sons, Los Angeles, Cal.; J. V. Douglas, Vancouver; Mrs. Phillips and child, Seattle; Mr. Fall, Victoria; Mrs. Nicholson, wife of Captain Nicholson; M. Folk, saloon waiter; Mrs. J. W. Smith, Vancouver; A. Kendall, night saloon man; Mrs. W. Smith, Vancouver; J. A. Bethan, Vancouver; Mrs. J. L. Wilcox, Seattle.

CATASTROPHE ON THE OHIO RIVER

Steamboat Capsizes and Perhaps a Score Die, Ten Being Women.

Paducah, Ky., Aug. 20.—The steamer City of Golconda, plying between this city and Elizabethtown, Ills., was struck by a squall during a storm about 7 p. m. yesterday as she was en route to Paducah, and turned over in ten feet of water six miles above this city, as she was going into Crowell's landing. The disaster occurred just as supper was served, and many of the seventy-five passengers were in the cabin. The wind struck the boat without warning, and there was no time for those on the inside to escape. Captain Jesse Bauer and Pilot E. B. Peck were the last to leave the boat, and swam to shore. They saved several struggling in the water, and left the survivors in a house near the bank and came to the city.

The Mary No returned at 11:30 p. m. yesterday with those saved. They report that ten women were drowned, and the total number of those who perished will reach seventeen or twenty. None of the bodies was recovered, as the rescuers could not get into the cabin. The only woman saved was Mrs. Hayden, wife of the engineer. Captain Bauer, who arrived here two hours after the catastrophe, said: "The boat was getting ready to land when the squall struck her, and she listed. The boat settled down in ten feet of water over a reef, and two of the men who were in the cabin—H. E. Worten and N. S. Quartermore—of Hampton, broke through the glass and were saved. Three colored deck hands saved a woman and child, and I think she was the only woman saved."

The boat was valued at about \$10,000, and had been in the trade for several years, being owned by Captain Otto Bauer, of Golconda, Ills.

W. A. SUNDAY IN THE PULPIT.

Ex-Base Ball Man Speaks to a Very Large Audience.

Ludington, Mich., Aug. 16.—Sunday afternoon saw at Epworth Heights perhaps the largest crowd that has ever assembled in this part of the state on a like occasion. Over 4,000 people were on the grounds, not more than half of whom could be accommodated by the big auditorium. The attraction was Rev. W. A. Sunday, the Chicago evangelist and former member of the National Base Ball League. Sunday has carried some of the tricks he learned on the diamond into the pulpit, and often emphasizes a statement in a manner which strongly reminds his auditors of a scene out of the ninth inning with the score a tie. Mormonism was disposed of with one characteristic blow. "Joseph Smith, the old liar," was all that was necessary. King Canute, who served as an illustration of man's inability to govern the elements, came off easier, being simply designated as "the old fool."

Boy Sneezes Out a Bullet.

Ann Arbor, Mich., Aug. 20.—The 12-year-old son of Martin Howard, who lives north of this city, was shot in the head and sneezed out the bullet. The ball entered the head behind the ear, passed around the base of the brain, and lodged in the roof of the mouth. Medical assistance from the city was summoned, but before the doctor arrived the victim was taken with a sneezing fit. During one of his "kerchoos" the bullet was forced through the flesh in the mouth and dropped out. When the physician arrived he stopped the flow of blood from the wound. The boy will recover.

And He Hasn't Got Back Yet.

Byron, Mich., Aug. 15.—Peter D. Mills, a farmer living a mile from Byron, left home April 22 last to go to the village, telling his wife that he would be back in an hour, and has not been seen since. His friends have not been alarmed as to his sudden disappearance, thinking that he might have gone to Montana to visit a married daughter there, but getting no trace of him through correspondence with her and other distant friends, now fear that he has met with some accident or has been murdered.

Dying Wishes Not Observed.

Bay City, Mich., Aug. 17.—The late Judge Sanford M. Green, whose interment took place Wednesday at Flint, desired that his remains should be incinerated. It was also his wish that Rev. Mrs. M. E. Root, of the Spirituists, should preach his funeral sermon. Neither of these requests were carried out by the family. The Episcopal service was read by Dr. Gallagher, of Saginaw, and the body was laid to rest beside that of Mrs. Green, who died twenty-two years ago.

Left Him a Fresh Start.

Hillsdale, Mich., Aug. 16.—C. H. Smith started business with five pennies Monday. His drug store was burglarized Sunday night, the thieves entering by prying open a cellar door. They took about \$20 and some cigars. They cleaned out the money drawers, slot machines and stamps, and everything but five pennies, which they left lying on the counter.

Well-Known Ann Arbor Man Dies.

Ann Arbor, Mich., Aug. 16.—Christian Mack, president of the Ann Arbor Savings bank, one of the best known banks in the state, and proprietor of the largest dry goods store in this city, dropped dead in his store Wednesday. He was the father-in-law of Willis J. Abbott, the journalist, and of Harry Hawley, also well known in newspaper circles.

Young Cummings Held for Murder.

Baldwin, Mich., Aug. 19.—The inquest in the case of the death of Percy Cummings has been concluded and James Cummings, the brother, is charged with his murder. He testified for himself and practically said he was too drunk on the road that night to know how his brother died. Other testimony indicated a fight between the brothers.

Couldn't Have Been Grossman.

Manchester, Mich., Aug. 19.—A report from Middleton, O., that Edward Grossman of this place, had been murdered by paper mill employes and his body thrown on a railroad track seems to be unfounded. A letter was received from him by his relatives only a few days ago, dated Inkster, N. D.

Makes the Deaths Number Four.

Calumet, Mich., Aug. 19.—Matthew Amala, injured in the Tamarack mine accident, died from his injuries. He is the fourth to die.

Michigan Minute.

Lee—A rural free delivery route will be established here about Sept. 15.

Mount Clemens—Dr. Folsom, the new postmaster, has appointed Howard Weeks, son of Representative Weeks, deputy postmaster.

Minden City—Enmett Hall, aged 13, while drawing grain into a barn lost his balance and fell under the wagon and was crushed to death.

Lansing—Martha E. Root and Mrs. Elmer Carpenter were rival candidates for the presidency of the State Spirituists' association, in session here. Mr. Carpenter entered the race as a dark horse, and won out.

Orders to North Atlantic Squadron.

Nantucket, Mass., Aug. 20.—The north Atlantic squadron has received orders to sail for Hampton roads. All preparations for the continuance of the maneuvers at this place have been countermanded and the vessels of the squadron are already getting up steam.



IT WON'T HURT YOU
To examine our stock of pretty and useful things for the house. It wont hurt you to pay the price either.

BUT IT WILL HURT YOU
If you buy goods elsewhere and then find out you could have saved just half the sum here.

BETTER GOODS FOR LESS MONEY

Binns' Magnet Store

BUCHANAN, MICHIGAN

preparatory to their departure. While the exact reason for the change of plans is not known, it is believed here that the trouble in South America has something to do with it. The vessels were scheduled to be in Newport on Aug. 25, and the camp here was to have remained until Friday next.

Pest of Fleas in a Zoo.

New York, Aug. 20.—A pest of fleas infects the cages of all animals in the Central park zoo, causing the brutes great torment. Keeper Shannon said that a number of fawns were almost maddened over and over in their cages in vain endeavor to rid themselves of their tormentors. As for the monkeys, they are almost maddened and jump and shriek day and night.

DISASTER AT PHILADELPHIA.

Five People Killed by the Explosion of a Benzine Tank.

Philadelphia, Aug. 20.—Five persons are known to have been killed by the explosion of the big benzine tank at the Atlantic Refining company's oil works at Port Breeze at midnight. The dead are: John McCullom, engine company 49; James Balls, engine company 49; John Dougherty, truck company No. 9, and a fireman and an employe of the refining company, too badly burned to be recognized.

When the explosion occurred the firemen of engine company 49 and employes of the Atlantic Refining company, in all about fifty men, were at work in the pumping house drawing off oil from the burning tanks. The flames shot high in the air and the pumping house was almost completely demolished. The firemen who had been playing streams on the other tanks then directed their attention to the rescue of the men who had been imprisoned in the pumping house. It was nearly an hour before the men could be reached. Meanwhile a score of streams of water were pouring upon the ruins of the pumping house. The promptness with which the firemen turned their attention to the rescue of the men undoubtedly saved a score of lives.

As quickly as the men were rescued from the ruins they were sent to the hospitals in the lower section of the city. Five bodies were recovered and sent to the morgue, but only three of them could be identified. Two bodies were roasted to a crisp, and so blackened that it was almost impossible to tell whether they were those of white or colored men.

None of the seventeen injured men taken to the hospitals is seriously injured. They were suffering chiefly from burns and bruises and after having their wounds dressed nearly all were able to leave the hospitals.

Four More Victims Dead.

Youngstown, O., Aug. 20.—Four of the eleven men injured by the explosion Sunday of molten metal in the blast furnace department of the Ohio plant of the National Steel company are dead. Their names are Richard Richards, John Cruikshank, Mike Jorinka, Andy Kahut, Mike O'Brien, Joseph Bugos and George Malnik. This makes seven dead as a result of the accident, and others of the injured are in a very serious condition.

Terrible Accident at Chicago.

Chicago, Aug. 20.—Five persons were killed and thirteen were badly hurt in a grade-crossing collision at 47th street and the Pennsylvania tracks at 8 o'clock at night, when a west-bound electric car ran into an express train. Four were killed on the spot and the fifth died later. The others are expected to recover.

Premature Explosion of a Projectile.
Fort Riley, Kan., Aug. 20.—By the premature explosion of a 7-inch projectile of the Sixteenth battery field artillery siege gun, in command of Captain Van Dusen, while at target practice, Private Watson's head was blown off, and Private King and six other soldiers were badly injured.

PHILLIPS COMPANY BANKRUPT
Corn King's Firm Owes More Than It Can Pay as Things Are Going.

Chicago, Aug. 17.—After all other efforts failed the George H. Phillips

company has plunged into voluntary bankruptcy. George H. Phillips himself, a creditor of the company in amounts he is unable to name, filed the petition asking for a receiver. This move is claimed to be in the interest of all creditors and to forestall action of three individual creditors who had already begun action to force involuntary bankruptcy. The Chicago Title and Trust company was appointed receiver.

The company owes \$210,000, and has good (perhaps) assets of \$125,000 and worthless ones of \$100,000. Phillips declares he will resume and pay every dollar the firm owes, giving up all he earns to the creditors except a fair living salary.

Submarine Boat Launched.

New York, Aug. 20.—The second of the new submarine boats for the navy was launched at Elizabeth, N. J. The vessel was named the Moccasin by Miss Grace Day of Virginia, sister-in-law of Senator Martin of that state. The Moccasin is 63 feet 4 inches long, 11 feet 9 inches beam, and has a 160 horse-power engine for traveling on the surface of the water and a 70-horse-power dynamo for speeding under water. She is expected to have a speed of eight knots while traveling on the surface. She is fitted with five torpedo tubes.

Kitchener Reports a Battle.

London, Aug. 20.—Lord Kitchener, in a dispatch from Pretoria, says that a party of South African constabulary surprised a strong Boer laager, near Middelburg, Cape Colony, killing twenty-three men. The constabulary numbered 150 men, but, owing to the strength of the enemy, 600 to 800 men, they were unable to follow up their success, and during their retirement they lost one man killed and had six men wounded. Fourteen men are missing.

Texas Will Lose Much Money.

Dallas, Tex., Aug. 19.—Of the \$338,000 of state money that Treasurer Robbins had in the First National bank of Austin when it failed the outlook now is that at least \$300,000 will be lost. The legislative investigation developments have made this appear certain. Attorney General Bell's official opinion is a condemnation of Treasurer Robbins for having made deposits in the bank. The legislative committee, in their report, may censure him even more strongly.

Convicted of Hoodlery.

Washington, Aug. 16.—Edward P. Thompson, who was for years in the Indianapolis postoffice in responsible positions, was convicted at Havana yesterday of manipulation of postoffice funds, and sentenced to \$400 fine or six months in prison. He would draw money orders for himself and put his due bill in the place of the cash. When an inspection was due he would put the cash in, and when the inspector was gone he would take the cash out and replace it with his due bill.

Storm Was Comparatively Harmless.

Mobile, Ala., Aug. 19.—The gulf coast, from Pensacola to New Orleans, is at last under view, telegraphic communication having been resumed from one point which is central. The general report is that aside from damage to wharves and bath houses, sail boats and smacks, trees, outhouses and fences, the instances of serious loss are few. There has been no loss of life as far as is known here.

Mexico Down on Gambling.

City of Mexico, Aug. 20.—The government has decided to wage war on the gambling houses, and Minister of War Reyes will issue a circular order to all army officers notifying them that if they are found in any gambling establishment they will be dismissed from the service and turned over to the civil authorities.

Embraced an Opportunity.

Pittsburg, Aug. 19.—The employes of the Pennsylvania Tube works, a plant in this city controlled by the National Tube company, completed their organization as a lodge of the American Federation of Labor Saturday and then made a demand for a general advance in wages. They threatened to join the strike unless their demand was granted.

CLOSING OUT SALE

Bargains in Summer Footwear

We are making special inducements on all
Oxfords, Tennis Shoes
Slippers,
 And Summer Footwear

As we desire to move these goods quickly to make room for

FALL GOODS.

Now is your Opportunity.

CARMER & CARMER,
 BUCHANAN, MICH¹

32 FRONT STREET.

THE LADY OF LYNN

By SIR WALTER BESANT

Being a recital of the schemes of a profligate, fortune-hunting earl to get possession of the enormous wealth of an innocent country maiden by marrying her.

We have the pleasure of announcing that the story will be published in our columns, affording our readers

A DELIGHTFUL LITERARY TREAT

GOOD STORY TELLER.

Booker Washington's Stories in Dialect of His Race.

Booker T. Washington ranks with the best of the story tellers. At the Young Men's Christian Association convention he told of his early attempt to arouse the colored men of the south to work regularly, save their money, stop stealing chickens, lead good lives, etc. One of his agencies was the establishment of schools. Money was scarce, and it was a day of small beginnings. The first class was held on a porch of a house, but it rapidly outgrew the accommodation, and in casting about for ampler facilities, he found an old, abandoned hen-house. Finding a venerable darkey idle, he said to him, "Sam, you go up tomorrow morning and clean out that old hen-house back of Mr. —'s house."

"Sho'ly, Mr. Washington," was the reply, "you won't clean out a henhouse in de daytime?"

Speaking of the emotional tendencies of the negro in religious affairs, he told of an old colored woman who went to an Episcopal church. She went up to the gallery and prepared to enjoy the services. She grew steadily more and more excited and more noisy, carrying on at a great rate, and attracting general attention. The sexton went up to remonstrate.

"What's the matter, my good woman?" he began.

"Oh! I'm so happy," she said, waving her hands. "De Lord has come; His glory is all about heah. Ise got religion at last."

"Very good, sister," said the sexton, in a very mollifying tone, "but don't make so much noise. This is no place to get religion."—Boston Herald.

Benton Harbor Abstract Co.—Abstracts of title. Real estate mortgage loans. Office 104 Water St., Benton Harbor, Mich.

Pepto Quinine Tablets cure a cold.

ECCLESIASTICAL WIT.

Rev. Dr. Henson Gets Even with Bishop J. H. Vincent.

Probably no two ministers in the country are better known than Bishop J. H. Vincent of the Methodist Episcopal church and Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson, for many years pastor of the leading Baptist church of Chicago. Bishop Vincent was the leading spirit in the Chautauqua assemblies and always on the lookout for attractive speakers. Dr. Henson had prepared a lecture entitled "Fools," and he was eagerly engaged to deliver it at Chautauqua. There was an immense audience, and Dr. Vincent introduced him, saying: "Ladies and gentlemen, we are to have a great treat this evening, in the shape of a lecture on 'Fools' by one— Here there was a look of consternation in the faces on the platform and a ripple of laughter through the audience. Pausing until this subsided, the speaker continued: "Of the brightest men in the country." This witty surprise caused tumultuous merriment, which did not subside for a moment after Dr. Henson came forward. There was a gleam in his eye, and everybody was curious to hear how he would treat this unique introduction. He began: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am not half as big a fool as Dr. Vincent— Here the laughter broke forth again with redoubled vigor. Pausing, in his turn, until it had quieted down, he continued: "Would have you believe?" The lecturer made a graceful bow to his introducer, and the roar that greeted this ready sally was such that it was some time before he could begin his lecture.

Long Timbers from Oregon.

A San Francisco man was in the city to place an order for some timbers 8x20 inches and 100 feet long, says the Portland Oregonian. He will probably have no trouble in securing all such timbers he wants, as the mills here frequently saw timbers 100 feet long. Special orders have to be placed for logs suitable for such timbers. Benson's camp, at Bunker Hill, is filling such orders right along. A few days ago a log 102 feet in length and containing 12,852 feet, was put in the water there. That stick was growing when Columbus found this continent, and was quite a tree when Lewis and Clark arrived in Oregon.

His Perfect Defense.

I heard a rather good story the other day about a conductor who was once brought up before General Manager McNamara on a complaint made by a passenger, says the Albany Press. The passenger was a woman and her complaint was that the conductor had stared at her. "A woman complains that you rudely stared at her while she was riding on our car," said the general manager. "Says I stared at her?" rejoined the conductor. "How did she know I stared at her?" The judge, who loves a bit of humor, saw the point, and told the man to go back to his car.

Big Profit in Oregon Strawberries.

When Rood River's (Or.) most successful strawberry season closed this year it was found that the total shipments of berries footed up close to 40,000 crates, as compared with 28,000 last year. This year's crop has netted the Hood river farmers \$75,000 in hard cash, and there is hardly an acre in the valley planted to strawberries that has not netted the owner from \$100 to \$400. A conservative estimate of the average returns for the valley would give the farmers a net profit of \$150 per acre for their strawberry crop.—Portland Oregonian.

Read the Record.

CONSCIOUS WORD-MAKING.

Hops Indians Form New Words and Discard Old Ones.

"The Hupa Indians of Northern California," says Pliny E. Goddard, in the American Anthropologist, "have a custom which compels them to form new words and to discard old ones. After a burial ceremony is completed it is a serious offense to utter the name of the deceased in the hearing of a relative. It often happens that the name is that of some common animal or object, when a new designation must be invented, at least for use in the presence of the relatives of the deceased. If the new name happens to 'take,' or the person who had been called by the old one was prominent in the tribe, the change will be likely to be permanent. Three instances of this kind have come to my notice. The old word for wild goose was h'a. An important man known by that name having died some years ago, the word has largely gone out of use. The young people know only tie-kunch-ye-de-tie, 'the one that likes salt.' Nearly all the Indians say mitl-ke-o-hat, 'what one buys with,' to avoid na-da-au, the older word for money. A woman having lost a relative who bore the name of djo-kjo, 'grouse,' employs the poetical expression wit-wat-yetl-tchw, 'the flower maker' from the similarity of a grouse's drumming and the noise made in pounding acorns. This process of word-building, in the course of a few centuries, may have largely changed the words of the language."

WISHED TO RESIGN.

"Is this Hazel street?" asked a young woman in one of the back seats of an East Tenth street car, who was carrying a diminutive poodle dog under her arm.

"No, madam," said the conductor. "I will tell you when we come to it." Later on she repeated the question, and the conductor answered with show of impatience. Finally, when Hazel street was reached, he rang, and the car came to a stop. "This is Hazel street," said the conductor.

"O I don't want to get off at that street; I only wanted to know where it was; I go to the end of the line."

Then as the car started again, she looked down at the pup and said, in tones of extreme affection: "There, dearie, there's where your muddy lives!"

When he took his car in the conductor would have resigned if it had not been for the entreaties of the motor-man.—Indianapolis News.

PERSONALS.

Sir John Ramsden is the richest of all English baronets. His income is estimated to foot up \$840,000 a year.

The empress of Russia operates a typewriter and assists her husband by taking down many of his letters from dictation.

Chekhiv Bey, the new Turkish minister to this country, is a keen-going sportsman and extensive breeder of thoroughbred horses, in which he takes a great interest.

Oliver Stevens of Boston has been the county district attorney for twenty-seven consecutive years. He is a democrat, but has been twice re-elected by the republicans.

John W. Gates, the steel wire magnate, is probably one of the best amateur billiard players in the country. He is very fond of the game and plays nearly every evening.

In the performance of her duty Ida Hathaway, a nurse at the Hartford hospital, contracted ophthalmia from a child patient and became blind. Hartford people have raised a fund of \$3,000 for her support.

LITTLE LAUGHS.

Well Named.

Harry—Say, she is your step-mother, ain't she?
 Alice—I guess so. Anyway, she steps out and leaves me to work.

Why She Rejected Him.

Mrs. Seeker—And so you have refused Mr. Jinks. I thought you liked him.
 Miss Seeker—I did, but none of the other girls seemed to care a bit for him.

Flattered.

Tramp—Them doughnuts was so good, mum, I fear I can never again eat ordinary grub.

Lady—Er, sit down there, just a moment. I'll put you up a nice lunch, my man.

Enterprise.

Miss City (entering small country notion store, wherein was collected a little of everything)—Have you Black's "In Silk Attire"?

Clerk—No. But here's one new piece of Anderson gingham, ma'am.

Slow.

Policeman—What are you trying to put that letter in there for? That ain't a letter box; it's a fire alarm box.

Mr. Wayback—I know all that, but that house over there is on fire, and I'm going to notify the fire department.

Sollicitous.

Little Ethel—I guess you don't like coffee, do you, Mr. Smith?

Mr. Smith—Why, yes, Ethel. I am very fond of coffee.

Little Ethel—Well, you make such a noise swallowing it that I thought it hurt you.

The Climax.

Tommy—You must be a regular lady killer, Mr. Sappy.

Mr. Sappy—Why do you think that, Tommy?

Tommy—Well, Mabel said that after you left last night she nearly died laughing.

What Ailed Her.

The Rev. Dr. Thirdly—What's this? Weeping? I have come just in time. My dear young lady, you are undergoing a change of heart.

Young lady—No—boo-hoo—my heart hasn't changed, but, Oh, dear! Oh, dear! His has!

Decentful.

Sidewalk ticket seller—Opera ticket, sir?

Rev. Shabby Longcoat—I am indignant! Do I look like an opera-going man?

Ticket seller—How was I to know them was yer best clothes?

Out of Practice.

Boss (to workman)—Do you call that a good job? Have you ever served an apprenticeship?

Workman—Yes, twenty years ago.

Boss—What have you been doing since?

Workman—I've been out on a strike most of the time.

Imitations.

Teacher—Bobby, you must go and wash your face.

Bobby returns with mouth and nose fairly clean. His forehead is wet and dirty.

Teacher—Bobby, why— Bobby—I did wipe it as high as my shirt would reach!

QUESTION OF ACCENT.



Doctor—"Mr. Gayboy, you must keep your general health. Go out early every morning and drink in the fresh air!"



Mrs. Gayboy (early next morning)—"What are you doing out there, John Henry?"

Mr. Gayboy—"Obeying the doc. He told me to drink in the fresh air."

WAKEFUL.



Author—"Some of my brightest thoughts come to me while I am asleep."

Editor—"You don't get enough sleep."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *W. A. Parke & Sons*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

First publication August 8, 1901.

oreclosure Sale

Default having been made in the terms and conditions of a certain mortgage dated the 13th day of June A. D. 1898, executed by Ephraim W. Saunders and Louisa Sanders his wife, of the village of Buchanan, county of Berrien, state of Michigan, to Cass C. DeArmond of the county and state aforesaid, which mortgage was duly recorded in the office of the register of deeds of said county of Berrien, in Liber 75 of Mortgages, on page 57, on the 16th day of June, A. D. 1898; on which mortgage there is claimed to be due on the date of this notice the sum of four thousand and ninety-three dollars and fifty cents, to which is to be added the further sum of thirty dollars as an attorney fee stipulated for in said mortgage; and no suit or proceeding at law having been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof, or the power of sale contained in said mortgage and of the statute in such case made and provided.

Notice is hereby given that on the 24th day of November A. D. 1901, at one o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of enforcing said mortgage, the premises therein described will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder at the front door of the court house in the city of St. Joseph in said county of Berrien; said premises being situated in the village of Buchanan, county of Berrien, State of Michigan and described as follows:—Commencing fifty (50) feet west of the south-east corner of lot forty-three (43) of Hamilton's plat of the village of Buchanan, thence west twenty-six (26) feet, thence north thirty feet, thence east twenty six (26) feet, thence south ninety-nine (99) feet to the place of beginning.

Dated August 8, 1901.

ALISON C. HOE, CAS C. DEARMOND, Mortgagee.

Attorney for Mortgagee.

First publication August 1, 1901.

Estate of Frank E. Spaulding Deceased.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Berrien, ss. Probate Court of said county.

At a session of the Probate Court for said county, held at the Probate office in the city of St. Joseph, on the 30th day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and one.

In the matter of the estate of Frank E. Spaulding deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Amos C. Spaulding, executor of said estate, praying for the reasons herein stated that he may be authorized, empowered and licensed to mortgage the real estate of said deceased in said petition described, for the purpose of paying debts of said deceased.

Thereupon it is ordered that Monday, the 26th day of August next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be held in the Probate office, in the city of St. Joseph, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered, that the said petition be given notice to the persons interested in said estate of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Buchanan Record a weekly newspaper printed and circulated in said county, on three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

FRANK H. ELLSWORTH, Judge of Probate.

ROLAND E. BARR, Probate Register.

Last publication Aug. 22, 1901.

Estate of Levi A. Spaulding, deceased.

First publication August 15, 1901.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Berrien, ss. At a session of the Probate court for said county, held at the Probate office in the city of St. Joseph, on the 12th day of August in the year one thousand nine hundred and one.

Present, FRANK H. ELLSWORTH Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Levi A. Spaulding deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Amos C. Spaulding, executor of said estate, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be held in the Probate office, in the city of St. Joseph, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered, that the said petition be given notice to the persons interested in said estate of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Buchanan Record a weekly newspaper printed and circulated in said county, on three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

FRANK H. ELLSWORTH, Judge of Probate.

ROLAND E. BARR, Probate Register.

Last publication September 5, 1901.

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Berrien Co. Abstract Office,

Court House, St. Joseph, Mich. Money to loan on improved farms at six and seven per cent according to amount and time. Farms for sale \$20 per acre and upward. Abstracts of Title and titles examined. Telephone order at our expense, if in a hurry, and abstracts will be sent by first mail, prompt service and lowest prices. Berrien Exchange Bank, Berrien Springs. M. Wilkinson will be at the Bank every Thursday. DIX & WILKINSON.

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Judge of Probate... FRANK H. ELLSWORTH
Sheriff... A. P. CHURCH
Recorder of Deeds... H. A. HACKLETT
Treasurer... JOHN F. GARD
School Commissioner... C. D. JENNINGS
Prosecuting Attorney... T. W. RICHARDSON
Village Court Commissioners... L. J. FLETCHER
Surveyor... C. W. STRATTON
Drain Commissioner... G. BYRON PRATT
Oroners... FRANKLIN GOWDY
Superintendents of Poor... CHESTER G. BARDEN
Township Officers... JOHN GRAHAM
Supervisor... G. H. BARNHART
Highway Commissioner... W. M. DILBERT
Mer rs Board of Review... CHAS. BISHOP
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School Inspectors... WILLIAM BROOKS
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Passepartout Outfits. Only 25c and 50c at the RECORD office.

Camera For Sale. A genuine Eastman 4x5 with Roll holder, at a bargain.

Summer Boarders. Any one desiring to take summer boarders are requested to send their names and full particulars of their modations to Mr. E. D. Morrow

IF YOU HAVE A COLI Do Not Dry It Up With Syrups.

If you have a Cold do not dry up the mucous with syrups or balms, but use Pepto Quinine Tablets.

The North American Review for August is particularly rich in articles on timely topics. Ex-Senator G. F. Edmunds discusses the action of the Supreme Court in "The Insular Casts." Writing of "The Supreme Court and the Dependencies," George S. Boutwell, formerly Secretary of the Treasury, concludes from an analysis of the opinions rendered by the members of the Court in the recent tariff suits that, if similar suits should be tried before the Court after the territorial government of Porto Rico has been organized, a majority of the Court will decide that that island comes within the protection of the Constitution. O. P. Austin, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, gives an account of "The World's National Indebtedness" in an article which is a general introduction to the series on the public debts of the leading nations to be begun in the September number of the Review. Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer criticises the late John Fiske's history of early New York, Benjamin Taylor in a paper containing some surprising revelations as to the ideas and practices of British workingmen, shows "How Trade Unionism Affects British Industries." Colonel L. W. V. Kennon, who is now in command of a regiment on service in Northern Luzon, describes the infamous measures by "The Katipunan of the Philippines," a secret society whose field of operation extends over the whole group of islands, to prolong the insurrection against American rule.

The Designer for September abounds in attractive advance styles for autumn apparel and millinery, both of which are lucidly described and artistically displayed. Of especial interest to mothers should be the articles "Aprons for our school girls" and "Preparing a child for boarding school," the former prettily illustrated. The Kentucky love story "Faint Heart and Fair Lady," by Henry Cleveland Wood, is continued in this issue, and two short stories "Her Grandfather's Clock" and a bit of "Finery," the latter a tale for girls, are also given. Amateur camera snappers should gladly avail themselves of the suggestions given in "Caricature Photography," for thereby they may employ their spare time pleasantly and with possible profit in a monetary sense. "A Colonial Minuet Drill" gives instruction for a particularly dainty little entertainment, suitable for raising money for church society, and "Off for a tramp" by H. L. Holcomb, will be welcomed by feminine lovers of fresh air and sunshine. Numerous designs for fancy work are supplied in this issue, and the latest in literature is discussed in "Notes of New Books." Under "Health and Beauty" are furnished reliable recipes for beautifying the hands and arms, while "The Ideal Bathroom" shows how many comforts in the watery line are possible for those who can afford them. "The Cultivation of the Voice" especially considers the elocutionist this month, and "Points on Dressmaking" treats of the finishing of the fashionable skirt. Selections for parlor or school-room recitation, etiquette hints, nursery lore, household advice, recipes for pickling, canning and preserving and "Among Ourselves," the latter a resume of current topics interesting to women, are also presented in this very entertaining number, the price of which is 10 cents.

Two Important Articles. Mr. William Allen White has just returned from Lawton, where he went to write for the Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia, the story of the "opening" of the Indian lands. Mr. White's vivid account of the mushroom city that sprung up in a single night is of striking and timely interest. Lord Balfour, of Burleigh, Secretary for Scotland, and Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, will contribute to an early number of the Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia, a paper of official significance on Carnegie's Gift to Scotland. Lord Balfour is one of the trustees of the millions Mr. Carnegie has given to the Scotch universities.

At this season the country clams the flows of the field. Frank French has transferred many of the flowers into Outing's pages for August, where they are as dainty and beautiful as on a summer's day in New Hampshire. How to eradicate mosquitoes is occupying the active brains of the scientists of the world. W. S. Harwood's paper in August Outing is interesting and hopeful reading on the subject for anglers and campers generally. These are dog days literally, and the highways and byways the

country over are infested with surly and uncontrolled curs. How to sustain the rights of the passer by against the wayside pup is explained by Hon. John S. Wise in the August number.

ANOTHER WALL STREET STORY

"The Man Who Won," by Edwin Lefevre.

In "The Man Who Won," dramatically illustrated by W. R. Leigh, McClure's Magazine for August will contain, in the opinion of several who have read the manuscript, the very best of Edwin Lefevre's stories of Wall Street. The moral which is so skillfully hidden away in these tales of stock gambling—that it is wiser and more profitable to let speculation alone—does not occur to one until the story is finished and the mind is working on the motif. "The Man" in the tale wins, and he wins from the "Napoleon of the street," John P. Greener, who, by the way, is the counterpart of a very well-known financier, long since deceased. But the manner of his winning is not forgotten in contemplation of the size of the stake. Mr. Lefevre certainly knows the under side of the life he depicts so graphically.

The New York World

Time has demonstrated that the thrice-a-week World stands alone in its class. Other papers have imitated its form but not its success. This is because it tells all the news all the time and tells it impartially, whether that news be political or otherwise. It is in fact almost a daily at the price of a weekly and you cannot afford to be without it.

Republican and democrat alike can read the thrice-a-week World with absolute confidence in its truth.

In addition to news, it publishes first-class serial stories and other features suited to the home and fireside. The thrice-a-week World's regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the Buchanan RECORD together one year for \$1.75.

The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$2.00.

The August Forum opens with an article by Mr. Albert Watkins on "The Failure of the Two-Party System." It points out the advantages of the system of groups, which is a characteristic of German politics. Mr. F. W. Clarke shows the significance of "The Government Exhibit at Buffalo." The lesson of "The President's Tour" are discussed by Mr. Henry Litchfield West, who was among the journalists included in the party of distinguished tourists. Another Washington correspondent, Mr. F. E. Leupp, reveals some serious "Defects in Our Pension System," with striking illustrations of these abuses. Mr. Henry Gannett warns against certain common "Statistical Blunders." In a paper entitled "The American Workman's 'Golden Age'" Mr. W. J. Ghent makes it plain, from the testimony of contemporary authorities at various periods, that it is a mistake to suppose that the condition of workingmen in this country has been undergoing a process of deterioration.

The Father of the British Navy.

Sir Henry Keppel, who was 91 years of age in June, has been passing the winter in Cairo. Of him an old friend of his who is also there recently wrote: "Herr Keppel is here, full of life and energy. If I am at 70 as strong and well as he appears to be now I shall be quite satisfied that time has treated me with leniency. To hear Harry Keppel tell his sea—and land—yarns all most fills one with envy. The buoyancy of the distinguished old sailor's humor reminds one of the sea tales of one's youth."—London World.

NORA'S VIEW.



"Why, Nora, what are you doing?" "Oh, please, ma'am, it's that well-groomed look I'm tryin' to get."

There is in the heart of most women such a deep well of love that the winter of old age cannot freeze it.—Chicago News.

Colds Melt Away

If you use Krause's Cold Cure. Prepared in convenient capsule form they are easy to take and effect a speedy cure of the most obstinate cases. Price 25c. Sold by W. F. RUNNER.

If you have Headaches

don't experiment with alleged cures. Buy Krause's Headache Capsules, which will cure any headache in half an hour, no matter what causes it. Price 25c. Sold by W. F. RUNNER.

Jangling Nerves.

Are you irritable? Do you sleep badly? Is it hard to concentrate your thoughts? Is your appetite poor? Do you feel tired restless and despondent? Try Lichty's Celery Nerve Compound. It will do you more good than anything you have ever tried. Sold by W. F. RUNNER.

Krause's Headache Capsules

were the first headache capsules put on the market. Their immediate success resulted in a host of imitations, containing antipyrine, chloral, morphine and other injurious drugs, purporting to be "just as good." Avoid these imitations and insist on your having Krause's which speedily cure the most severe cases and leave no bad after affects. Price 25c. Sold by W. F. RUNNER.

THE DANGER SIGNAL

Are You Sleepy After Meals? It is the Danger Signal. Do not Delay too Long.

If you are sleepy after meals it is a sign of inactive liver and poor digestion. This will lead to serious trouble, if neglected. Pepto Quinine Tablets are a combination of pepsin which aids digestion. Quinine which drives away malaria, and cascara, which regulates the liver and cures constipation; Pepto Quinine Tablets will make you feel like a new person, and you are liable to live in health for many years. Pepto Quinine Tablets. 25c.

The Light of the World

Our Savior in Art

cost nearly \$100,000 to publish. Nearly 100 superb engravings of Christ and His Mother by the great painters. Child's stories for each picture. Beautifully illustrated. Presses running day and night to fill orders. 12 enclosures of paper for just \$1.00. Mrs. White, in Massachusetts has sold over \$5,000 worth of books. First experience. Mrs. Sackett of New York has sold over \$4,000 worth of books. First experience. Mr. Howell took 11 orders first two days. Mrs. Lowell took 31 orders first week. Christian man or woman can make \$1,000 in this county quick. Territory is going rapidly. Write quick for terms. Wanted, State Manager to have charge of correspondence and all business. Address THE BRITISH-AMERICAN CO., Corcoran Building, Washington, D. C.

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man or woman to look after our growing business in this and adjoining Counties, to act as Manager and Correspondent; work can be done at your home. Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope for particulars to A. H. SHERMAN, General Manager, Corcoran Building, opposite United States Treasury, Washington, D. C.

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Nobby Shoes for Ladies. Natty Patent Leathers which are the fad in Lace Boots and Oxfords. The Best Make of Kids which are always in style, from an old ladies' low broad heel to the tasty French heel of the up-to-date. Children's and Misses' Shoes in Abundance. Shoes that will hold—Shoes that will wear—Shoes that are guaranteed and no back talk if not as represented. GEO. W. NOBLE

Read The RECORD

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At The "Popular Store." HOT WEATHER NECESSITIES. If you need anything a dry goods store carries, you may buy at Ellsworth's and feel you are getting your money's worth. LOW PRICES TO MAKE BUYING EASY. Millinery AT LESS THAN COST. White Sailor Hats, sold for 50c, now 25c. Trimmed Hats, sold for \$2.00, now 98c. Trimmed Hats, sold for \$3.00, now \$1.49. Trimmed Hats, sold for \$4.00, now 1.98. Everything in the Millinery Department at less than half price to close the season.

Wash Dress Goods. T: T PRICES. 10 and 15c per yard Dimities, Lawns, and Batistes— all be cleared out at 5c. Lawns, Dimities, Gingham, Sateens, Jap, Crinkles at 10c. French Dimities and Cotton Foulards that have been selling all season for 25c a yard, will go this week for 15c. Half wool Challies with satin stripes at 19c. All wool Challies with satin stripes 50c. Full line of white and black India Linens at low prices. All silk Foulards (75c and \$1.00 qualities) to close 50c.

Domestics AT BOTTOM PRICES. Standard Prints, fast colors (value 3) this week 2 1/2c per yd. Standard Prints for 3, 4c and 5c per yd. Percales, 36 inches wide for 6 1/2c. 36-in LL Brown Muslin 4c. Crashes for 1/2c, 5c, 6 1/2c, 8 1/2c and 10c. Turkish Towels 5c, 10c, 12 and 15c. Crea A Damask Table Linen 25c per yard. Special Table Cloth 72 ins. wide, heavy and best ever shown for 6c. All Linens at reduced prices during July. Here is a bargain offering.—A lot of soiled Bed Spreads, fringed and hemmed. These are sold at prices much less than cost—from 75c to \$10.00 each. Wash them and you have something great for your money and trouble. Everything in my Domestic Department is new and you can't find lower prices on these goods anywhere.

ALL Parasols AT COST. It will pay you to come down to ELLSWORTH'S store even though the weather is hot. Come down to see the splendid new goods in the Domestic Department and take advantage of the clearing prices in all parts of the store. JOHN CHESH ELLSWORTH, SUCCESSOR TO ROSE & ELLSWORTH. 113-115 N. MICH. ST. SOUTH BEND, INDIANA. Store Open Thursday and Saturday Evenings

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ONLY A FEW MORE DAYS LEFT for you to get in on

BIG REDUCTION SALE

We still have a nice lot of SET RINGS to go at half price also everything in our window in the way of silverware and clocks

A. JONES & CO. JEWELERS BUCHANAN MICHIGAN

BUCHANAN RECORD.

D. H. BOWER, EDITOR. PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS \$1.00 PER YEAR PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

THURSDAY, AUGUST 22 1901

PERSONAL.

Mrs. F. Sewell of Niles was in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kouse were in Niles Thursday.

Mr. Will Wolcott was a Bakertown visitor last week.

Mr. Frank Reese of Mishawaka, Ind. is in town today.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Barnes were Buchanan visitors Sunday.

Miss Winifred Noble is spending her vacation in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Sparks went to Benton Harbor Tuesday.

Master Lyle Kingery is visiting relatives at Glendora this week.

Mrs. Frank Sunday and son are spending a week in Dowagiac.

Mr. George Joslin of Chicago is spending his vacation in town.

Dr. Curtis returned Saturday from a couple weeks visit in New York.

Mr. J. A. Childs returned Saturday after spending a week in Evanston.

Mrs. Newberry of St. Louis is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Hanly.

Dr. E. W. Roe of Chicago came to Buchanan Saturday for a visit with relatives.

Miss Lula Hodge returned Friday from a visit with her sister in Cincinnati, O.

Mr. Raymond East of Marion, Ind. is spending a few days with relatives in town.

Miss Pauline Alfante of So Bend is spending a few days with friends in town.

Miss Hattie Atwood of Walkerton, Ind. is visiting her aunt Mrs. D. Hahn of this place.

Mrs. Harry S. Rough left Thursday for a few weeks visit with friends in Chicago.

Mrs. Sawyer left Tuesday for Elkhart called by the sickness of her sister Mrs. Bressler.

Miss Nellie Hickman of Laporte is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Kingery.

Miss Olive Brenner was in town the first of the week called by the death of little Donald Peck.

Mrs. I. L. H. Dodd left Tuesday for a weeks visit with Benton Harbor friends and relatives.

Miss Myrtle Holliday went Wednesday to South Bend for a two week's visit with friends.

Mrs. Clinton Bliss returned home to Mayville, Ill. accompanied her mother Mrs. Joseph Bliss

Mr. Ed. Baker of Chicago is in town, called by the illness of his mother, Mrs. Steven Baker.

Miss Golia McNeil of Decatur has been visiting at the home of Miss Gertrude Simmons on Detroit st.

Masters Paul and Billie Burdige of Cincinnati, O. are visiting their grand parents Mr. and Mrs. W. Hodge.

Mr. and Mrs. Day Pennell of Berrien Springs visited with Mr. and Mrs. N. Canfield last Wednesday.

Editor J. M. Reed of the Benton Harbor Banner Register made the Record a pleasant call last Friday.

Misses Grace and Ethel Godfrey are visiting their uncle S. W. Haskin and family near Grand Rapids, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hathaway and daughter and Mrs. Richard Hall and daughter spent Monday in Weesaw.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hawkins and the Misses Hart and Warner of Chicago visited Dr. Filmar a couple days last week.

Mr. Aaron Miller went to Chicago Sunday.

Dr. G. A. Conrad of Gallien was in town Tuesday.

Mrs. Marian Bolton is spending the day at Niles.

Mr. M. Caphcart was a Benton Harbor visitor Tuesday.

Mr. Charlie Hess is spending the week at the Pan American.



Mr. John W. Talbot of the firm of Talbot & Talbot of So. Bend paid Mrs. S. E. Johnson a pleasure call on Friday last.

Miss Isabel Vaughan of Denver, Colo. and Miss Wilma Roe of Chicago are guests at the home of Rev. Wm. M. Roe.

Mr. Roy Mead visited his parents Sunday, returning to Chicago Monday, where he has a position at Marshall Field.

Elder Wm. M. Roe occupied the pulpit in the Christian church at Eau Claire last Sunday, both morning and evening.

Mrs. Kelley and daughter of Grand Rapids and Mrs. Merson visited in the Country last Thursday with Mrs. N. Canfield.

Mrs. E. J. Hopkins and daughters Myrtle and Genevieve of Dowagiac are spending a few days in town calling on friends.

Miss Mable Powers, Mrs. Helen Steward and little nephew returned to Chicago Sunday after a few days visit with Mrs. W. W. Waterman.

Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Martin and daughter Lillie of Riverside, Cal. are visiting at the home of Mrs. Martin's aunt Mrs. A. M. Bainton on River st.

Miss Lenora E. Patten of Chicago spent Sunday in Buchanan the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Carmer and their niece Miss Myra G. Fitz Gerald.

Misses Mabel and Gertrude Paul of LaPorte, Ind. returned home Friday after a two weeks visit with their grand-parents Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Anstiss.

Col. and Mrs. A. S. Frost of Evanston are visiting at the Childs cottage this week. Mr. Frost was colonel of the first So Dakota regiment in the Philippines.

Mrs. Richard Hall and daughter who have been visiting relatives here will leave for their home in Scranton, Penn. tomorrow, going by way of the Pan American

Misses Mae Fydell, Lou Howe, Lucille Weese, Adeline Hall, Hattie Hathaway and Mrs. B. Lister spent Sunday with Miss Mabelle Flood at Michigan City.

Mrs. John Jarvis, Miss Lenna Brocus, Mrs. J. Smith, Mrs. T. Brown, Miss Markley and Mr. Bird Lister went to Chicago, Sunday on the excursion.

Mesdames D. Dutton, Dumbolton, Geo. Stanton, W. L. Saunders and Miss Winifred Bliss went to Michigan City Sunday on the excursion.

Mrs. Will Wolcott returned Tuesday from an extended visit with her parents at Finley, O. accompanied by her sister Miss Daisy Vernon who will spend the winter here.

Among those who went to South Bend with McFallon Thursday were Mrs. Schreiber, Mrs. Sanger and daughter, Mrs. Hosford, Mr. and Mrs. H. Merrill, Messrs. Jake Rough and Clare Covey.

Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Cunningham, Mrs. Upham, Mrs. Hern, Miss Gertrude Friesleben, Dr. Garland, Mr. Wilbur Ruark and Atty Bachelor started to float down the St. Jo river Sunday. They expect to go down as far as Somerleyton, camping along the river.

HE HAS DASTARDLY ENEMIES.

Who Take Their Revenge by Setting Fire to His Property.

Allegan, Mich., Aug. 19.—At 2 a. m. Saturday the four-story frame wagon works building of E. B. Born was burned, together with the contents. Loss \$20,000, with \$8,500 insurance. Born has secret enemies here, as this is the sixth time he has been burned out, four times within six years. Allegan is nearly without water, being shut out by the big dam holding the water four miles from here for the electric plant. Saturday many hydrants in town were found turned so as to diminish the force and make sure of the total destruction of the plant.

Suit Against Bank Directors.

Niles, Mich., Aug. 20.—Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Landon of New York have begun suit in the Berrien county circuit court against the directors of the defunct First National bank of this city, which closed its doors last March as a result of Cashier Johnson's embezzlements, to recover the amount of their stock, plus the assessment levied by the comptroller of the treasury. The complainants, who held twenty shares of the bank's stock, allege gross carelessness in its management on the part of the bank directors. It is claimed that the directors were repeatedly warned by the comptroller that the cashier's habits were not good, and that the warnings were unheeded.

Constantinople, Aug. 20.—Two companies of Ottoman troops have occupied Kilsobair, disputed territory along the Bulgarian frontier and the Bulgarians charge d'affaires has demanded their recall within a specified time.

IN A ROW BOAT

Three Daring St. Joe Men Will Cross Lake Michigan

In a small row boat three daring St. Joseph men propose to cross the breadth of Lake Michigan, following the course taken by the Chicago steamers. They will leave St. Joseph at 3:30 o'clock Wednesday morning and row the entire distance to Chicago. Barring the possibility of an accident and a severe storm they expect to cover the 70 miles in 24 hours. The men who are about to undertake the hazardous feat are Joseph Mason, Duffy Mason and Burton Morrison. They are all expert boatmen and are perfectly at home on the water. Should they be overtaken by a storm and their craft capsized they would probably have no difficulty in holding out until relief came from an appassing steamer. Nevertheless it is a dangerous undertaking and one which has never been done before, at least not to the knowledge of local mariners.

Friday morning the three men sent out an open challenge to Chicago and Detroit for a race across the lake. Should the challenge receive an acceptance the race would be perhaps the longest ever run by oarsmen on the great lakes. One of the men stated this morning that he and his companions fully expect to establish a record which cannot be beaten.—Benton Harbor News

FRAUD AT NILES

Alleged in Connection With Water Works.

NILES, Mich., August 15—It is openly charged that the city's water plant has been defrauded out of thousands of dollars during the past eight years, and that public officials countenanced glaring irregularities. The plant which cost the city upwards of \$76,000, has not been self-sustaining, although the records at the pumping station show that the consumption of water has averaged about 800,000 gallons per day. An investigation has been set on foot, and startling developments are expected. Kalamazoo Telegraph.

SUE NILES BANK OFFICIALS

Stockholders Declare Losses Due to Carelessness of the Stockholders.

L. H. Landon and wife of New York have begun suit in the Berrien county circuit court against the directors of the defunct First National bank of Niles, which closed its doors last March as a result of Cashier Johnson's embezzlements, to recover the amount of their stock plus the assessment levied by the comptroller of the treasury. The complainants charge gross carelessness in management on the part of the bank directors. The bank is short \$190,000 and the stockholders have been assessed 100 per cent on their holdings. All the directors are wealthy. Chicago Chronicle.

Prize romance of the Gretna Green culminated to-day when Emil Walters, aged 25, was married to Holdie Fandeus, aged 16. Walters hails from Berlin. Two years ago Walters and the young lady became acquainted in Germany. As a last resort to prevent the match the parents with the girl sailed for America. Walters took the next liner and arrived in New York a week after his sweetheart. After a short visit in New York city the parents came to St. Joseph, Walters following. The parents of the girl consented to the marriage.—Grand Rapids Herald Friday.

Inhuman Act of a Mother.

Baltimore, Aug. 20.—With his tongue nearly burned out and his lips and mouth terribly scathed and blistered, Daniel Blizzard, a 7-year-old lad, was placed in care of the Society for Protection of Children from Cruelty. The boy's mother was sentenced to six months in jail for torturing the child. The lad told his mother a falsehood She lit a coal oil lamp and held a stove poker over the blaze until it was red hot. She then forced the boy's jaws open and thrust the burning iron into his mouth and tortured him by keeping it there several minutes.

Patent Office Clerk Ousted.

Washington, Aug. 19.—Edward V. Shepard of Massachusetts, chief clerk of the patent office, was summarily dismissed from his position. This action was the culmination of an investigation that has been conducted for several days past by Commissioner of Patents Duell, the assistant commissioner and other officials, in connection with the disappearance of certain moneys contained in unclaimed registered letters returned to the office.

Turks Cross the Frontier.

Constantinople, Aug. 20.—Two companies of Ottoman troops have occupied Kilsobair, disputed territory along the Bulgarian frontier and the Bulgarians charge d'affaires has demanded their recall within a specified time.

OBITUARY

DONALD MOWREY PECK was one of the twin babies born to Dr. and Mrs. Peck August 1, 1899, and lived to brighten their home two years and seventeen days.

On the morning of the 16th of August he was found playing with some medicine in his papa's office and when a half hour later he was taken with convulsions, it was feared he might have swallowed some medicine that contained poison, but later, symptoms developed which indicated that his sickness and death was due to other causes. He passed away at 2:30 a. m. Saturday, Aug. 17th, 1901, after 17 hours suffering.

Two little sisters, Alene, five years old, and little Doris, the twin sister, remain to the bereaved parents and friends.

The funeral services were held at the residence Monday, August 19th, at 2:30 p. m., and were conducted by Rev. J. F. Bartmess. Notwithstanding the rain pouring in torrents the house was filled with the many relatives and friends of the Dr. and his wife, all expressing their deepest sympathy. The floral offerings were most abundant and beautiful. The music was given by Mrs. A. B. Sewell and her sisters. A number of young ladies acted a pall bearers.

COUNTY SEAT NEWS

WEDNESDAY'S NOTES.

Judge Coolidge yesterday morning handed down an opinion decreeing that Mrs. Julia Allen Brobst is the owner of the old court house property at Berrien Springs and that the deeds were secured by the exertion of undue influence on the part of her husband.

The decision of the court ends one of the most interesting legal fights in the history of the county. The case is that of Julia Allen Brobst vs. Flavius J. Brobst and the People's University. The plaintiff's claim was that her husband had hypnotized her and secured deeds to her property valued at \$20,000. The court house property was included. The People's University secured an interest in the lands and buildings.

Judge Coolidge orders all deeds restored to Mrs. Brobst. Her attorneys were Cady, Andrews & Murdoch of Benton Harbor.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Court was in session Monday when Judge Coolidge sentenced Edward Adams, who had heretofore plead guilty of assaulting Mrs. Kate Dudley of Royalton township, recently to six years at Jackson. Adjourned to Monday, Sept. 2.

Frank and Ellen Pullen vs. Chas. E. and Edson J. Stone, trespass, upon premises. Filed Aug. 12.

Frank Knee vs. Clarence L. Warner, suit on notes approximating \$2000. Filed Aug. 14.

Armilda B. Buck vs. Robert M. Buck, divorce. They were married in Pipestone, April 28, 1875, and lived together until Aug. 1, 1897. Nine children, whose ages range from 4 to 25 years, were born unto them. Charge, extreme cruelty and non support. Filed Aug. 15.

Two other suits for divorce were filed.

Mr. Herm Davis through Atty Sanders has obtained a divorce from his wife Mrs. Maggie Davis.

PROBATE COURT.

Estate of George W. Colvin, petition for license to sell real estate. Hearing Monday, August 19, at 10 a. m.

Estate of Frank E. Spaulding, petition for license to mortgage real estate. Hearing Monday, August 26, at 10 a. m.

Estate of Charles L. Hoffman, petition for final accounting. Hearing Monday, August 26, at 10 a. m.

Estate of Peter J. Smith, petition for the appointment of an administrator. Hearing Monday, August 26, at 10 a. m.

Estate of John Platt, petition for appointment of administrator. Hearing Monday, August 26 at 10 a. m.

Estate of Annie Marston, petition for the probate of will. Hearing Monday, Sept. 9 at 10 a. m.

Estate of Parris H. Webster, petition for final accounting. Hearing Monday, Sept. 9 at 10 a. m.

Estate of Leonard J. Sheldon et al

JOHN HERSHENOW

The Reliable Tailor

Buchanan Mich.

Suits made to measure from \$18.00 up. Workmanship, Material guaranteed as first class in every respect.

PICKLES PICKLES PICKLES

TRADE IS GOOD.

Fly Paper, poison or sticky.

Table Peaches, try them they will please you.

Baking Syrups, the demand is good.

Our Cheese is RICH and will suit your taste.

RAISINS

PRUNES

APRICOTS

JUST RECEIVED.

Pure Cider Vinegar.

W. H. KELLER

Why Why Why

It is for your interest to buy wall paper at RUNNER'S. 1st. He orders direct of a large factory thereby saving a jobber's profits.

2nd. He can show a larger assortment of samples at better prices than any dealer can possibly do who carries everything in stock.

3rd. Every pattern in the assortment can be had in any quantity till Jan. 1st, 1902.

4th. Any paper in the assortment can be procured without additional cost in 30 hours' time.

Call and be convinced. W. F. RUNNER.

NEW WALL PAPER STORE

I have purchased the Wall Paper stock of H. O. Churchill and will carry a complete line of the latest patterns of WALL PAPER AT RIGHT PRICES.

Estimates cheerfully furnished on papering and painting of every description. Satisfaction guaranteed.

STEVE ARNEY NEXT TO P. O. BUCHANAN MICH.

petition for license to sell real estate. Hearing Monday, Sept. 9 at 10 a. m.

Estate of Levi A. Spaulding, petition for the determination of the lawful heirs. Hearing Monday, Sept. 9 at 10 a. m.

Estate of William Becker, petition for the appointment of administrator. Hearing Monday, Sept. 9 at 10 a. m.

Estate of Addie L. Swain, petition for license to sell real estate. Hearing Monday, Sept. 9 at 10 a. m.

Estate of Clara Menz, petition and request for assignment of the executor. Hearing Monday, Sept. 9 at 10 a. m.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Laura J. Weisgerber to Frank M. Ward lots 5 6 7 blk G A C Day add Buchanan \$1400.

W H Thayer to John W Beistle lots 7 8 9 blk G A C Day add Buchanan \$1.

Amos F Conrad to Anna J. Platz property in Buchanan \$1.

Alison C Roe administrator to the estate of Jno Weisgerber to W Monro lots 1 2 blk D A C Day add Buchanan \$700.

Sadie C Bagley to Hattie E Gano, 1/2 of the n 90 ft lot 10 blk 7 Morton & Riford add Benton Harbor \$600.

Wm. L. Schue to Hattie E Gano 1/2 of the n 90 feet lot 10 blk 7 Morton & Riford add Benton Harbor \$600.

Deputy revenue collector A. C. Martin of Paw Paw called on Judge Ellsworth Friday and informed him that under the new internal revenue regulations consequent upon the repeal of the stamp act and the return to the prior situation fifty cent revenue stamps are required on all probate bonds such as executor's, administrator's and other officers' bonds.

After receiving the above notice Judge Ellsworth received word from S. M. Lemon, internal revenue collector at Grand Rapids, to the same effect.

Basket Picnic

The ex-soldiers of Buchanan and vicinity will have a basket picnic on the school house grounds August 28. All ex-soldiers and sailors and their families are cordially invited. Come and we will have a good time.

STEPHEN SCOTT, Pres. JOHN C. DICK, Sec.

Notice.

The Latter-day Saints of Buchanan will hold a two days meeting in Mr. S. W. Reddens grove, on the Niles hill, commencing Saturday, August 24, 1901, at 2 p. m. and be continued over Sabbath. There will be able speakers present. All are cordially invited. H. A. RICHARDSON Branch President.

We solicit your subscriptions to daily papers and weekly papers and magazines to be sent direct by mail to your address.—BINNS Magnet Store, Buchanan.

If a dealer asks you to take something said to be "just as good as Rocky Mountain Tea made by Madison Medicine Co." ask him if he makes more money. Ask your druggist.

The Michigan Central R. R. Co. will run a special excursion train from Three Rivers to Michigan City and Chicago on Sunday, August 18, passing Buchanan at 7:45 a. m. arriving at Michigan City at 8:45 a. m. and Chicago at 10:20 a. m. Returning will leave Chicago at 6:30 p. m. and Michigan City 8:00 p. m. Fare from Buchanan to Michigan City and return 45c and Chicago \$1.20. A. F. PEACOCK.

Try a Claret Phosphate at W. N. Brodrick.

Wood Furnace For Sale.

A strictly first class wood furnace in good condition, will be sold at bargain. Inquire of J. L. OR GEO. B. RICHARDS, Administrators.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS

Safe. Always reliable. Ladies, Ask Druggist for CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutes and imitations. Buy of your Druggist or send 4c. in stamps for Particulars, Testimonials and "Relief for Ladies" in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Sold by all Druggists. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO. 2100 Madison Square, PHILA., PA. Mention this paper.

DR. E. S. DODD & SON

Druggists and Booksellers

SCHOOL BOOKS TABLETS AND INK

Of all kinds, for all grades; for country and town use.

Also Dodds Liver Pills.

German Cough Balsam and Dodds Sarsaparilla 75 cents per bottle

VAN'S WHOLE WHEAT BREAD

Perfectly nourishes the system, gives vigor to the Brain, power to the Muscles and strength to the Bones.

It contains the WHOLE of the Wheat.

VAN'S BAKERY

Avoid the heat and worry of baking—and the risks. You will get at least as much satisfaction from our bread and save time and worry.

Cottage Bakery

BERTHA ROE.

Phone 127.

BUSINESS NOTES.

Send money by American Express Co. money orders at reduced rates. F. W. RAVIN, Agt.

Where are you buying your Groceries? If you are not suited send your next order to G. E. Smith & Co

While there is life there is hope I was afflicted with catarrh; could neither taste nor smell and could hear but little. Ely's Green Balm cured it. —Marcus Shultz, Rahway, N. J. The Balm reached me safely and the effect is surprising. My son says the first application gave decided relief. Respectfully, Mrs. Franklin Freeman, Dover, N. H. The balm does not irritate or cause sneezing. Sold by druggists at 5c or mailed by Ely Brothers 6 Warren St., New York.

People who trade at our store all ways go away satisfied. We keep everything found in an up-to-date grocery. Phone No. 22. G. E. SMITH & Co.

LADIES—Ask your druggist for Lydia Klendinst's Famous French Cream and Cold Cream.

Benton Harbor Abstract Co.—Abstracts of title. Real estate mortgage loans. Office 104 Water St., Benton Harbor, Mich.

THE DANGER SIGNAL

Are You Sleepy After Meals? It is the Danger Signal. Do not Delay too Long.

If you are sleepy after meals it is a sign of inactive liver and poor digestion. This will lead to serious trouble, if neglected. Pepto Quinine Tablets are a combination of pepsin which aids digestion. Quinine which drives away malaria, and cascara, which regulates the liver and cures constipation; Pepto Quinine Tablets will make you feel like a new person, and you are liable to live in health for many years. Pepto Quinine Tablets. 25c.

Card of Thanks.

We desire to express our sincere thanks to our many friends, who by words of sympathy, by gifts of flowers, and by services rendered help to lessen a little the grief caused by the death of our dear baby.

DR. AND MRS. L. E. PECK.

BUCHANAN RECORD.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 22 1901

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

LOCAL NOTES

Mr. Cass Proud has been sick for the past few days.

New steps have been placed in front of Dodd's drug store.

John Hershonow has a very sore finger the result of a boil.

A large number from here attended the circus at Benton Harbor Tuesday.

Mrs. W. C. Tillotson entertained a few friends at lunch last Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. Walter Boone was confined to his home a few days last week by sickness.

Thirteenth tickets were sold to Michigan City and seventeen to Chicago Sunday.

Miss Esther Devin has accepted a position as teacher in the Benton Harbor schools.

The price of milk has advanced to 6 cents a quart owing to the scarcity of rain water.

Miss Lutie Longfellow is assisting in the postoffice during Miss Winifred Noble's absence.

Miss Kit Kingery is fishing to-day, and has been taking orders for fresh fish for the past week.

B. R. Desenberg and Bro. have made extensive repairs on the walk in front of their clothing store.

Mr. John McFallon has decided to stop the South Bend trips on Thursday owing to the rush of other business.

Dr. Filmar will leave Saturday for a trip in the East, taking in the Pan American Exposition. He expects to be back Sept. 9.

The Clear lake bus broke down on the hill just before getting on the main road. An enjoyable walk home in the mud was had by the party.

The rain of Sunday and Monday will do a great deal of good, although too late for most of the early corn it will help the late corn and potatoes.

Mr. Arthur Lambert of Niles, while painting at the Michigan Novel Pulp Co's., buildings fell from a scaffold Friday and broke his left leg in two places.

Camp Meeting is in progress across the river at the Riverside Camp grounds. The rain has made things pleasant and large crowds listen daily to eloquent sermons.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Smith of Denver, Col., are proud to announce the arrival of a little daughter at their home the 15th inst. Mrs. Smith will be remembered here as Miss Pearl Witter.

The Michigan Central R. R. Co. has about 100 men at work on the improvements now going on in the yards at Michigan City. According to present plans over \$30,000 will be spent on extending the yards.

Berrien Springs is now the headquarters for balloonists. A monster balloon has been purchased by one of the men of the village and he has engaged aeronauts to give ascensions at Eau Claire at the soldiers' reunion and has made other contracts.

Word was received yesterday of the death of Mrs. F. C. Berger, wife of Rev. Berger who was pastor of the Evangelical church at this place several years ago. She died Tuesday night at the Ann Arbor hospital.

Mr. A. Jones received a box of peaches from his father at Brooklyn, Iowa. This is the first year they have been able to raise any there on account of the cold weather and they are naturally very much elated over it. Mr. Jones says the peaches were about the same as raised here.

While rowing on the St. Joseph river at Benton Harbor Wednesday, Howard Lauham, 18 years old was struck by a stray bullet, fired by some unknown person. The bullet entered the chest and lodged not a pin head's distance from the lung. The attending physician was unable to remove the bullet and the boy's condition was reported as precarious.

Chas. Potter, who owns an eighty acre plat on what was at one time the bottom of Gitchell lake followed his usual practice this year of putting about 12 acres into potatoes. In previous years he has secured usually about 200 bushels to the acre. His 1901 crop is in fine condition notwithstanding the drouth, and it looks as if Mr. Potter had a veritable gold mine in his 12 acres of potatoes.

Mr. J. L. Richards will have the nicest and most modern house in this part of the country when it is completed. He has added a fine new porch, hot and cold, hard and soft water, and is having the whole interior repapered and painted. Mr. Steve Arney who is doing the papering and painting stated that he expected to be done by the first of September, when Mr. Richards will move in.

Rural free delivery service has been ordered established at Cassopolis, Cass county, on October 1 with four carriers—Geo. B. Warner, James M. Noble, Thomas M. Sears and Marc A. Abbott. The four routes will be 108 7-8 miles long, will cover an area of 151 square miles, and serve a population of 2,520. The postoffices at Redfield, Brownsville and Day, and the Star route, will be discontinued. Mail will go to Cassopolis.

The Natura Company, manufacturing chemists, recently organized in Benton Harbor have on the market a line of proprietary medicines which they will make in that city. It is a tonic called Natura, a vegetable remedy calculated to act on the nerve centers of the body and to impart healthy action to various physical forces. The company is organized under the laws of Michigan with an authorized capital stock of \$50,000 of which \$10,000 is paid in.

DR. E. S. DODD & SON. DRUGGISTS AND BOOK SELLERS. BUCHANAN MICHIGAN.

We would respectfully request all who are indebted to us to call and pay their accounts.

Many are small, some are large, we want both. We have accommodated you, and we would like you now to accommodate us. We hope that you will each take this as a personal matter and give it your attention at your earliest convenience.

Mr. Geo. Stanton had the inside of his left hand badly cut at the Cabinet Shop yesterday.

Miss Pauline Alfount of So. Bend played the violin at the M. E. church last Sunday morning.

Mr. O. D. Kilby and wife, of Dewagiac will move here shortly. Mr. Kilby will be the local representative of the Metropolitan Life Ins. Co., and has expressed himself as very favorably impressed with Buchanan.

Bishop G. W. Johnson and Deacon Abner A. Mitchell, two colored ministers preached on the street corner yesterday afternoon. They are members of the St. John's Evangelist Methodist Episcopal church, and reside in Niles. They expect to come again.

The members of the Degree of Honor will hold a picnic at Clear Lake Aug. 31st, 1901. A. O. U. W. members and families are especially invited to attend but everybody will be welcome. Be very careful to bring a well-filled basket, as that is the necessary feature of a picnic.

We begin with this issue a serial story entitled The Lady of Lynn. It is from the pen of Sir Walter Besant and is a recital of the schemes of a fortune-hunting Earl to get the enormous wealth of a country girl by marrying her. The story is one of the most interesting ones just written, and should be read by everybody. Don't miss the first chapters, beginning on page 6 and continued on last page.

Napier's bridge across the St. Joseph river south of St. Joseph has been condemned as unsafe for public traffic. The bridge is one of the largest highway bridges in this part of Michigan and is an old one. It has been closed before at numerous times, but temporarily repaired and reopened. The bridge is one of the most popular drives in Berrien county and the resort owners protest at its being closed. The expense of rebuilding will fall heavily on St. Joseph township. Traffic from this city across the river is now made via Benton Harbor.

MATRIMONIAL

Wm. A. Dillon of South Bend, Ind. and Miss Edith E. Stevens of Eau Claire, Mich. were united in marriage Wednesday eve, August 14, at the Grace M. E. parsonage in South Bend. The bride was charmingly attired in white and was attended by Miss Blanche Sheldon of Buchanan; the groom wore conventional black and was attended by Elton A. Sheldon of Buchanan. After the ceremony was performed the young couple were driven to the home of the groom where a few friends and a reception were awaiting them. The young couple departed Thursday morning for a short visit with the bride's parents. They will reside in South Bend.

CHICORA IS FOUND

Capt. Gordon Has Discovered Spar Ten Miles North of St. Joseph.

Upon what is considered unquestionable authority in marine circles, it is believed that the wreck of the lost steamer Chicora has at last been located. Capt. R. J. Gordon, of the steamer Gordon, while nearing the St. Joseph harbor from South Haven, yesterday, when some 10 miles to the north of the harbor, discovered a broken spar extending a few inches above the surface of the water during the swell of the waves. Gordon noted the location of the spar by landmarks. The spar is stationary, and for that reason it is thought to be attached to a hull below the surface. Gordon is satisfied that it is the long lost steamer.

Marine men in this city are inclined to entertain the idea that it must be the Chicora wreck, as no other boat has been wrecked in that section of the north shore for years.

If the above proves to be ungrounded there are some spiritualists from Chicago who are satisfied they can locate the long missed boat — Niles Star.

CORRESPONDENCE

DAYTON.

Nearly every body from here took in the excursion Sunday.

A gang of M. C. R. R. men are stopping in town, painting the three bridges. Quite an exciting time for Dayton.

A. E. Whitely of Chicago is visiting his family.

Mrs. Byron Redding has a sister visiting her from Chicago.

James Tallman has moved into the DeArmond house, and Mr. Leiter will soon take possession of his new home.

Ed Philipps of Galien has moved into part of Mrs. Smeads house.

COMMON COUNCIL

A regular meeting of the Common Council of the village of Buchanan was held at the council chambers Tuesday evening, August 6, 1901, President Black presiding.

Present trustees Pears, Remington, Glover, Kingery, Monro, absent Curtis. Minutes of meeting July 2, 1901, read and approved.

The Finance Committee made the following report:

To the common council of the village of Buchanan, Mich.

The Finance committee to whom was referred the following bills have examined same and recommend their allowance as per statement below.

GENERAL FUND

A C Roe, deed and sidewalk ordinances	\$5 35
C E Phelps, labor engine house	2 50
Jno Twell, filing saw	30
Jno Rouch, 2 days on B of R	4 00
Jno Camp, salary July	15 00
D V Brown, salary July	2 50
G E Smith, 5 mo salary	81 50
C A Chapin, lighting July	152 50
J B Peters, police	4 50
C D Kent, supplies	1 59
J M Beistle, 2 da on B'd of R	4 00
C O Hamilton, police	3 00
J F Wing, polish w w	2 00
C D Kent, supplies	40
J P Anstiss, ft and drayage	24 16
Mueller Mfg Co, supplies	10 14
Geo Howard, salary July	40 00
Will Vinton, salary July	40 00
Harry Smith, labor w w	6 00
M B H & C O R R, ft 2 cars	124 30
Geo Beede, labor w w	62
F Thomas, labor w w	2 40
O Blodgett, labor w w	1 50
Geo Black, supplies	5 33
J B Clows Sons, supplies	5 15
L S Cool Co, supplies	73 98
Weiling & Sons,	7 00
	\$564 22

HIGHWAY FUND

Beistle & French, tile	8 50
F Barnes, drayage	9 50
F Thomas, labor	14 15
M S Mead, plank	1 83
Geo Beede, labor	11 40
Chas Turner, team work	5 00
C O Hamilton, team work	5 00
W Rynearson, labor	75
L Miller, labor	15
M Shinn, labor	1 25
B Smith, labor	36
Jno Camp, salary July	20 00
Jno Rouch, lumber	70 93
G H Black, pipe and plank	19 95
	\$168 74

CREMERY FUND

Jos Shook, labor	9 20
Jesse Proud, applying on acct	15 00
C Wilson, labor	1 88
C O Hamilton, trimming hedge	1 00
	\$27 08

Motion by Remington supported by Glover that the bills of the Finance committee be accepted and orders drawn for same. Ayes, Pears, Glover, Remington, Monro, nay Kingery.

Motion by Monro supported by Glover that the bill of A. A. Worthington and A. Miller be deferred until next meeting, ayes, Pears, Glover, Remington, Monro, Kingery.

Motion was then made by Pears supported by Monro that the Street committee receive bids and specifications be secured in regard to cross walks, and same be taken up at next meeting, ayes, Pears, Remington, Glover, Monro, Kingery.

Motion by Pears supported by Remington that the petition of B. T. Morley be referred to street committee for consideration at next meeting, ayes, Pears, Remington, Glover, Monro, Kingery.

Motion was then made by trustee Kingery that the communication from Atty C. be left for discussion at next meeting, ayes, Pears, Remington, Glover, Monro, Kingery.

Motion by Kingery supported by Glover that the sum of \$3 be drawn from the General Fund and be returned as rebate on over charge of

An Eighteenth Century Duel



This duel is one of the dramatic situations in our next Serial Story

The Lady of Lynn

By Sir Walter Besant

Now running in this paper.

tax to A. Griswold, ayes, Pears, Remington, Glover, Monro, Kingery. Motion by Monro supported by Kingery to adjourn. Ayes, Pears, Glover, Remington, Monro, Kingery. GLENN E SMITH, Village Clerk.

The little village of Eau Claire is entertaining the Berrien County Battalion this week to the best of her ability, and every old soldier who is fortunate enough to be present and there are many, will remember the reunion of 1901 to his dying day.

Pepto Quinine Tablets.

These tablets relieve and cure constipation. 25 cents.

METHODIST.

The pastor will reach morning and evening. Sunday School at 13 m. All not in attendance at any other School are cordially invited to attend. The Epworth League will be held Sunday evening at 6:15 to 7:15. A general invitation to young people is extended.

FOUND—A Shepherd dog. Inquire at the Record office.

Letters remaining in the P. O. at Buchanan for the week ending Aug. 20th, 1901, Mr. Francesco Marcellus, Mrs. Sarah Devoe, Mr. and Mrs. Arcie Smith, Joe Cool, Miss Bunnetsen. Postal Cards, R. E. Grimes 2, A. J. Peirie, Mrs. Lucy Wood Jaquay, Miss Cicla Jackson.

G. W. NOBLE, P. M.

FOR SALE—Chicken coop at Mrs. Mylers.

Tuesday, September 10th. Annual low rates to northern Michigan resorts. Your opportunity to visit Ludington, Traverse City, Elk Rapids, Charlevoix, Petoskey, Bay View or Mackinac Island at slight expense for railroad fare. Tickets will be sold on above date only for certain trains, and will be good to return until September 20th, inclusive.

Ask agents for rates, train time, etc. or see bills. Rates are very low as usual, and as the crowded condition of the resorts will be relieved after September 1st plenty of room will be found at hotels, etc. in the northern region.

Pepto Quinine Tablets cure a cold.

EXCURSIONS

VIA THE

PERE MARQUETTE

Sunday, August 25, Grand Rapids, Muskegon, Whitehall, Pentwater and Hart Annual Schwabenfest or German picnic at Grand Rapids, the greatest event of the year among the Germans. It will be held in Teutonia park at Reeds lake, to which street cars run at frequent intervals from all parts of the city. A base ball game between Grand Rapids and Matthews, Ind. Clubs will also be played at the lake. If you do not care to go to Grand Rapids try a day at Muskegon or other towns along the shore to Pentwater.

Train will leave St. Joseph at 7:25 a. m. Returning, leave Pentwater at 5:30 p. m. Muskegon 7:30, Grand Rapids 8:00. Round trip rates are very low as usual.

THE LADY OF LYNN

By SIR WALTER BESANT

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CHAPTER I.

THE HEIRSS AND THE POET.

THE happiest day of my life up to that time, because I should be the basest and the most ungrateful of men were I not to confess that I have since enjoyed many days far exceeding in happiness that day, was the 20th day of June in the year of grace 1747.

For on that day, being my nineteenth birthday, I was promoted, though so young, to be mate or chief officer on board my ship, the Lady of Lynn, Captain Jaggard, then engaged in the Lisbon trade.

I will tell you presently how I was so fortunate as to be apprenticed to so fine a craft as the Lady of Lynn. Just now it is enough to set down that she was the finest vessel in the little fleet of ships belonging to my young mistress, Molly Miller, ward of Captain Crowle.

There were eight ships, all her own—the Lady of Lynn, the ship in which I served my apprenticeship; the Jolly Miller, named after her father; the Lovely Molly, after herself; the Joseph and Jennifer, after her parents; the Pride of Lynn, the Beauty of Lynn, the Glory of Lynn and the Honor of Lynn—all of which you may take if you like as named after their owner. Molly owned them all.

I have to tell you in this place why one day in especial must ever be remembered by me as the most surprising and the happiest that I had ever known.

I was standing on the quarter deck on duty when the boy came up the companion, saying that the captain wanted to speak to me. So I followed, little thinking of what he had to say, expecting no more than some question about log or cargo, such as the skipper is always putting to his officers.

In the captain's cabin, however, I found sitting at the table not only Captain Jaggard himself, but my old friend and patron, Captain Crowle. His jolly face was full of satisfaction and good humor, so that it gave one pleasure only to look at him. But he sat upright and assumed the air of dignity which spoke of the quarter deck. A man who has walked that part of the ship in command doth never lose the look of authority.

"John Pentecoste," he began, "I have sent for you in order to inform you that on the recommendation of Captain Jaggard here"—Captain Jaggard gravely inclined his head in acquiescence—"and with the consent of Miss Molly Miller, sole proprietor of this good ship, the Lady of Lynn, I have promoted you to the rank of chief officer."

"Sir!" I cried, overwhelmed, for indeed I had no reason to expect this promotion for another two or three years. "What can I say?"

"We don't want you to say anything, Jack, my lad." The captain came down from the quarter deck and became my old friend again. "Give me your hand. You're young, but there's never a better sailor afloat, is there, Captain Jaggard?"

"None, Captain Crowle; none for his years."

"For his years naturally. He's salt through and through, isn't he, Captain Jaggard?"

"And through, Captain Crowle." My skipper was a man of grave aspect and few words.

"Well, then, let us drink the lad's health." And upon that the cabin boy, who needed no further order, dived into the locker, produced a bottle, opened it and placed three glasses.

"No better Lisbon," said Captain Jaggard, pouring it out. "Goes even to the table of the king, God bless him!"

"Now, gentlemen"—Captain Crowle pushed a glass to me—"first a glass to Miss Molly, my little maid. Jack, you've been my playfellow, and you're now her servant."

"I could ask nothing better, sir."

"I know—a good and zealous servant. Drink it off, a full glass, running over, to Molly Miller."

I am proud of you, Jack, because everybody speaks so well of you. I met your father this morning and gave him the good news to rejoice his good old heart. He was too proud to confess his joy. But we know him, don't we, Jack? Well, I confess I shall not be happy till you are Captain Pentecoste, with a share in every cargo.

"Nay, Molly, the ship is yours, and I am but your servant, though a proud and joyful servant."

And so we sat and talked, while Nigra went on with her work, sitting at the feet of her mistress, whom she watched all the time as a dog keeps one eye always upon his master.

At this time my mistress was 16, a time when many girls are already married. But she was still a child, or a young girl at heart, being one of those who, like a fine Orleans plum, ripen slowly and are all the better for the time they take. In person, if I may speak of what should be sacred, she was finely made, somewhat taller than the average, her hair of that fair color which is the chief glory of the English maiden. If a Lisbon girl could show that fair hair, with those blue eyes and that soft cheek touched with ruddy hue and the velvet bloom of the September peach, she would draw after her the whole town, with the king and his court and even the grand inquisitor and his accursed crew of torturers.

She was of a truly affectionate disposition, her mind being as lovely as her face. In manners she was easy and compliant, in discourse sometimes grave and sometimes merry. As for her great possessions, she was so simple in her tastes and habits, being in all respects like the daughter of a plain merchantman's skipper, that she understood little or nothing of what these possessions meant or what they might bestow upon her.

No one, however, must believe that there was any thought or discourse concerning love between us. I had been her companion and playfellow. I knew her very mind and could tell at any time of what she was thinking. Sometimes her thoughts were of high and serious things. Mostly they were of things simple, such as the prospects of the last brew or the success of the latest cordial. Of suitors she had none, although she was now, as I said, 16 years of age. There were no suitors. I very well know why, because, perhaps for friendly reasons, Captain Crowle had told me something of his ambition for his ward. She was too rich and too good for the young men of Lynn. What would any of them do with such an heiress? She was too rich and too good even for the gentleman of the county, a hearty, rough, good natured country who hunted and shot and feasted and drank. What would they do with an heiress of wealth beyond their highest hopes had they any knowledge of her wealth? But I believe that they had none. No one knew how rich she was except the captain. The girl was intended by her guardian for some great man. He knew not as yet how he should find this great man, but he knew that there were very few, even of the noble lords in the house of peers, whose fortune or whose income would compare with that of his ward—his little maid. And I, who knew this ambition, knew also that I was trusted not to betray confidence nor to disturb the girl's mind by any talk of love. Now, the mind of a young maid piously disposed is like the surface of a calm sea, which looks up to the sky and reflects the blue of heaven, undisturbed till Dan Cupid comes along and agitates the calm with the reflection of some shepherd swain and ripples the surface with new thoughts which are allowed by heaven, but belong not to any of its many mansions.

Therefore we talked of everything except love.

The sun went down as we sat talking. The sun went down, and the soft twilight of June, the month which most I love because there is no darkness and a man on watch can discern ahead breakers and ships as well as the vast circle of the rolling sea. And then Nigra gathered her work together and arose.

"Come to supper, honey," she said. "Come, Massa Jack," and she led the way.

Supper over, the captain, instead of turning round his chair to the fireplace, filling his pipe and calling for another glass of October, as we expected, pushed back his chair and rose with dignity.

"Jennifer," he addressed Molly's mother, "the persuader."

Jennifer was her Christian name. She got up and drew from the corner by the cupboard a stout crab tree cudgel, twisted and gnarled like the old tree from which it came. "Be not revengeful, John," she said.

"No, no. I am a justice of the peace. I am captain on my own quarter deck. Punishment I shall bestow, not revenge."

"Well, John, but he is young, and you are old."

Captain Crowle laughed. "Young, is he? And I am old, am I? We shall see."

Some one was going to be tried, judged, found guilty, sentenced and to receive his sentence at once. The thing

was not unusual in the house of a justice of the peace.

"Come with me, Jack. It shall not be said that I inflicted this punishment without a witness. All the world shall know about it, if so be the culprit desires. Come with me, Jennifer, keep within, and if you hear groans praise the Lord for the correction of a sinner."

Greatly marveling, I followed the captain as he marched out of the parlor. Arrived at the garden, he looked around. "So," he said, "he has not yet come. Perhaps it is light enough for you to read some of his pernicious stuff." With that he put his hand into his pocket and drew forth a paper. "Read that, Jack. I say, read it."

I obeyed. The twilight gave sufficient light for reading the manuscript. Besides, the writing was large and in bold characters. "Why," I said, "I know this writing. It is Sam Semple's."

"Very good. Go on, therefore!"

"At the very first words I understood what had already happened and guessed pretty well what was going to happen."

"Molly divine! Thy heavenly charms prevail, As when the sun doth rise stars fade and pale."

"No need for much more of the rubbish, Jack. Read the last of it. I read it all, and it made me sick."

"So, matchless maid, thy silence grants consent. See, at thy feet, the poet's knee is bent When evening roses scatter fragrance faint And the sad Philomel renews his plaint."

"Did ever man hear such stuff, Jack? Go on."

"Within this bow, afar from sight of men, Tomorrow, Wednesday, at the hour of ten, That bow, a shrine of love and temple fair, I will await thee—Samuel Semple—there."

"What do you think of that, Jack? Samuel Semple, the ragged, skulking, sniveling, impudent son of a thieving excise-man! A very fine lover for my little maid! Ha, will he? Will he?"

The captain grasped his cudgel with resolution.

"Sir!" I said, with submission. "What did Molly say to this precious epistle?"

"Molly? Dost think that I would let the little maid see such ranting stuff? Not so. The black woman brought the precious letters to me. There are three of them. Wait, Jack. Thou shalt see. Hush! I hear his step. Let us get into the summer house and lie snug to see what happens."

We stepped into the summer house, now pretty dark, and waited expectant.

Like the captain, I was filled with amazement that Samuel, whom I knew well, who was my schoolfellow, should presume to lift his eyes so high. Alas! There is no bound or limit, I am assured, to the presumption of such a stranger of foolish rhymes. Yet I felt some compunction for him because he would most assuredly receive a basting such as would cure him effectually of the passion called love, so far as this object was concerned.

Presently we heard footsteps crunching the gravel. "Snug, my lad. Lie snug," whispered the captain. We heard the steps making their way along the path between the gooseberry and currant bushes. Then they came out upon the grass lawn before the summer house. "The grass is as big as a quarter deck, Jack," said the captain. "It will serve for the basting of a measly clerk. I've knocked down many a mutinous dog in the quarter deck."

The poet came to the summer house and stood outside, irresolute. He could not see the two occupants. He hemmed twice aloud. There was no reply. "Matchless Molly!" he whispered. "Divine maid! I am here at thy feet. Nymph of the azure sea, I am here."

"The devil you are!" cried the captain, stepping out. "Why, here is a precious villain for you! Jack, cut him off in the rear if he tries to get away. So—so, my young quill driver, you would poach on the preserves of your betters, would you? Would you? Would you?" At each repetition he banged the wooden post of the summer house with his cudgel.

The poet made no reply, but he looked to right and to left and behind him for a way of escape, but found none.

for I was ready to bar his flight, wherefore his shoulders became rounded and his head hung down and his knees trembled. Samuel Semple was caught in a trap. Some young fellows would have made a fight of it, but not Samuel. All he thought about was submission and nonresistance, which might provoke pity.

"Three times, jackanapes, hast thou presumed to send stuff to my ward. Here they are." He took from me the last sheet of doggerel verse and drew from his pocket two more. "Here they are—one, two, three—all addressed to the matchless Molly. Why, thou impudent villain, what devil prompted thee to call her matchless Molly? Matchless to such as you! Take that, sirrah, and that!" They were laid on with a will. The poet groaned, but made no reply, again looking vainly to right and left for some way of escape.

The basting which followed was really worthy of the days when Captain

Crowle with his own hand quelled a mutiny and drove the whole crew under hatches.

It was a poor, shrinking, trembling figure full of bruises and aches and pains that presently arose and slunk away. I should have felt sorry for him had he taken punishment like a man. Why, I would maroon any of my crew who would cry and grovel and snivel when tied up for his three dozen. It made one sick and ashamed to see him and to hear him, with his "Mercy, captain! Oh, enough, good captain! Oh, captain, I confess! I deserve it all. Never again, captain. Oh, forgiveness, forgiveness!" and so on. I say it made me sick and ashamed. When all was over, I followed him to the garden gate. "Oh, Jack," he groaned, "you stood by and saw it all! I am a dead man. He shall be hanged for it. You are the witness. I am nothing but a bag of broken bones, ribs and collar bones and skull. I am a poor, unfortunate, murdered man. I am done to death with a cudgel."

"Go home," I said. "You a man? You cry like a whipped cur. Murdered? Not you. Cudged you are, and well you deserved it. Go home and get brown paper and vinegar and tell all the town how you have been cudged for writing verses to a matchless maid. They will laugh, Sam Semple. They will laugh."

The captain went back to the parlor somewhat flushed with the exercise.

"Justice," he said, "has been done without the cart and the cat. My pipe, Jennifer, and the home brewed. Molly, my dear, your very good health."

A day or two afterward we heard that Sam Semple had gone to London to make his fortune. He was carried thither by the wagon that once a week makes the journey to London, returning the following week. But when Sam Semple came back it was in a chaise, with much splendor, as in due course you shall hear. You shall also hear of the singular gratitude with which he repaid the captain for that wholesome correction.

CHAPTER II.

A NOBLE LORD.

IT is three years later. We are now in the year 1750. At 12 o'clock in the morning the ante-room of the townhouse of the right honorable the Earl of Fyningdale was tolerably filled with a mixed company attending his levee.

Soon after 12 o'clock the doors of the private apartments were thrown open, and his lordship appeared wearing the look of dignity and proud condescension combined which well became the star he wore and the ancient title which he had inherited. His age was about 30, a time of life when there linger some remains of youth and the serious responsibilities are yet with some men hardly felt. His face was cold and proud and hard, the lips firmly set, the eyes keen and even piercing, the features regular, his stature tall, but not ungainly; his figure manly. It was remarkable among those who knew him intimately that there was as yet no sign of luxurious living on face and figure. He was not as yet swelled out with wine and punch; his neck was still slender, his face pale, without any telltale marks of wine and debauchery. So far as appearance goes, he might pass if he chose for a person of the most rigid and even austere virtue.

This, as I have said, was considered remarkable by his friends, most of whom were already stamped on face and feature and figure with the outward and visible tokens of a prodigal life, for, to confess the truth at the very beginning and not to attempt concealment or to suffer a false belief as regards this nobleman, he was nothing better than a cold blooded, pitiless, selfish libertine, a rake and a voluptuary, one who knew and obeyed no laws save the laws of (so called) honor.

These laws allow a man to waste his fortune at the gaming table, to ruin confiding girls, to spend his time with rake companions in drink and riot and debauchery of all kinds. He must, however, pay his gambling debts; he must not cheat at cards; he must be polite in speech; he must be ready to fight whenever the occasion calls for his sword and the quarrel seems of sufficient importance. Lord Fyningdale, however, was not among those who found his chief pleasure scouring the streets and in mad riot. You shall learn in due course what forms of pleasure chiefly attracted him.

I have said that his face was proud. There was not, I believe, any man living in the whole world who could compare with Lord Fyningdale for pride. An overwhelming pride sat upon his brow, was proclaimed by his eyes and was betrayed by his carriage. With such pride did Lucifer look round upon his companions, fallen as they were and in the depths of hopeless ruin.

He was dressed in a manner becoming to his rank. Need we dwell upon his coat of purple velvet, his embroidered waistcoat, his white silk stockings, his lace of ruffles and cravat, his gold buckles and his gold clocks, his laced hat carried under his arm, his jeweled sword hilt and the rings upon his fingers? You would think by his dress that his wealth was equal to his pride, and by his reception of the suitors that his power was equal to both pride and wealth together.

To be continued

WANTED:—We can give a few Teachers, Students or others pleasant and profitable employment for the vacation season. For particulars address Manager P. O. Box 151 Tecumseh, Mich.

Howe's Vanilla, Strawberry and Chocolate Ice Cream at W. N. Brodick.

Help Wanted

From ten to twelve more girls at the shirt waist factory. Apply at once.

The beauty thief has come to stay. Unless you drive the pimples and blackheads away; Do this; don't look like a fright; Take Rocky Mountain Tea to-night. Ask your druggist.

Helps young ladies to withstand the shock of sudden proposals, that's what Rocky Mountain Tea has done. 35c. Made by Madison Medicine Co. Ask your druggist.

Pepto Quinine Tablets are a cold.

MONEY TO LOAN

ON IMPROVED FARMS. PARTIAL PAYMENTS AT ANY TIME. \$300 AND UPWARDS. WENGER & HATHAWAY, LOCAL AGENTS.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

"The Niagara Falls Route."

LEAVES BUCHANAN. Detroit Night Express, No. 8, 12:20 A. M. Mail, No. 6, 9:46 A. M. East Eastern Express, No. 14, 5:23 P. M. Chicago & Kalamazoo Accom., No. 22, 6:40 P. M. Train No. 34 due about 7:15 p.m. will stop to leave Chicago passengers.

LEAVES BUCHANAN. Pan American Special, No. 5, 7:15 A. M. Chicago & Kalamazoo Accom., No. 21, 8:13 A. M. Bost., N. Y. & Chi. Special, No. 15, 1:30 P. M. Mail, No. 3, 4:39 P. M. Train No. 23 due about 3:15 p.m. will stop to take on passengers for Michigan City and points beyond.

PAACOCK, Local Agent. O. W. RUGGLES, G. P. & T. A.

Milwaukee, Benton Harbor & Colusa Bay Railway Co. Time Table.

EFFECTIVE MONDAY, DEC. 17, 1900. AT 12:05 O'CLOCK A. M.

GOING SOUTH.		GOING NORTH.	
Daily Ex. Sun.	Daily Ex. Sun.	Daily Ex. Sun.	Daily Ex. Sun.
P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
4:00	7:00	11:10	6:40
STATIONS			
Benton Harbor			
*Napier			
4:09	7:09	11:01	6:31
4:12	7:11	10:56	6:24
4:16	7:14	10:51	6:17
4:20	7:18	10:45	6:11
4:25	7:24	10:41	6:04
4:42	7:38	10:30	5:53
4:50	7:44	10:20	5:45
*Gravel Pit			
Baintons			
5:10	8:00	10:00	5:25
Buchanan			

Freight train No. 15 leaves Benton Harbor daily except Sat. and Sun. 1:00 p.m. arrive Buchanan 2:30 p.m.

No. 7 leaves Benton Harbor Sunday only 8:00 a.m. arrive Buchanan 9:00 a.m.

No. 5 leaves Benton Harbor Saturday and Sunday only 7:30 p.m. arrive Buchanan 8:30 p.m.

No. 8 leaves Buchanan Sunday only 9:30 a.m. arrive Benton Harbor 10:30 a.m.

No. 6 leaves Buchanan Saturday and Sunday only 9:00 p.m. arrive Benton Harbor 10:00 p.m.

Freight train No. 16 leaves Buchanan daily except Saturday and Sunday 3:00 arrive Benton Harbor 7:00 p.m.

No. 1 makes close connections at Buchanan with M. C. R. R. for Kalamazoo, Detroit and all points east.

*Flag Station. E. D. MORROW, Com'l Agt., Benton Harbor, Mich. D. H. PATTERSON, Superintendent, Benton Harbor, Mich. F. M. Ward Agt. Buchanan, Mich.

Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis Railway.

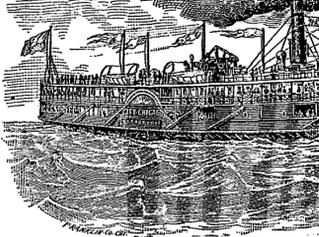
BIG FOUR ROUTE.

THE POPULAR ROUTE BETWEEN THE MICHIGAN CITIES AND ALL SOUTHERN PORTS. Trains carrying passengers leave Erie as follows:

GOING NORTH. No. 22, 1:48 p.m. No. 24, 3:46 p.m. No. 28, 8:02 a.m. GOING SOUTH. No. 23, 7:55 a.m. No. 25, 1:57 p.m. No. 27, 6:13 p.m. *The above train runs between Benton Harbor and Elkhart only.

L. G. SMITH, Agent, Benton Harbor. W. J. LYNN, Gen. Pass. Agt., Cincinnati, O. E. B. A. KELLOGG, Trav. Pass. Agt., Anderson, Ind.

GRAHAM & MORTON TRANS. CO.



Summer time card of the steel side-wheel steamers "City of Chicago," "City of Milwaukee" and the "Chas. McVea" running between Benton Harbor, St. Joseph and Chicago.

LEAVE BENTON HARBOR. 7:00 a.m. daily except Sun. 8:00 p.m. daily except Sun. 9:00 p.m. daily including Sun. Steamer leaves from St. Joe.

LEAVE ST. JOSEPH. 7:30 a.m. daily except Sun. 8:00 p.m. daily except Sun. 9:00 p.m. daily including Sun. 10:00 p.m. Sunday only.

ARRIVE CHICAGO. 6:30 a.m. daily except Sun. 12:30 noon daily ex Sat & Sun. 11:30 p.m. daily ex Sun. 9:00 p.m. Saturdays only 10:00 a.m. Sundays only.

ARRIVE BENTON HARBOR. 11:30 a.m. daily except Sun. 9:00 p.m. daily except Sun. 8:30 a.m. daily (Trip ends at St. Joseph).

The right is reserved to change this schedule without notice; J. S. MORTON, Sec. and Treas. J. H. GRAHAM, President. Docks:—Chicago, foot of Wabash avenue; St. Joseph, E. A. Graham; Benton Harbor, North Water street.

Benton Harbor Abstract Co.—Abstracts of title. Real estate mortgage loans. Office: Water St., Benton Harbor, Mich.

NOT A TRUST.

The Combination of Pepto Quinine Cascara and Other Ingredients.

A trust is said to be an unjust combination to do away with competition. The combination of Pepto Quinine Cascara, and other healthful ingredients make a remarkable remedy called Pepto Quinine Tablets. The pepto helps to digest your food, the quinine cures a cold and drives away malaria, and the cascara regulates the liver and cures constipation. Try Pepto Quinine Tablets, for sale by all druggists 25 cents per box. They will make you feel like a new person.



OPERATING THE S. S. & S. R. R.

In effect Jan. 13th 1901.

EAST BOUND. WEST BOUND.

| Daily Ex. Sun. |
|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|
| No. 5 | No. 6 | No. 7 | No. 8 | No. 9 | No. 10 |
| a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. |
| 7:55 | 1:40 | 7:30 | 12:05 | 6:20 | 7:40 |
| 8:10 | 1:45 | 7:35 | 12:10 | 6:15 | 6:20 |
| 8:30 | 1:50 | 7:50 | 12:15 | 6:50 | 6:30 |
| 8:45 | 1:55 | 8:05 | 12:20 | 6:55 | 6:35 |
| 9:10 | 2:20 | 8:12 | 12:25 | 6:55 | 6:35 |
| 9:30 | 2:37 | 8:25 | 12:30 | 6:55 | 6:35 |
| 9:45 | 2:44 | 8:38 | 12:35 | 6:55 | 6:35 |
| 10:00 | 2:50 | 8:43 | 12:40 | 6:55 | 6:35 |
| 10:15 | 2:55 | 8:48 | 12:45 | 6:55 | 6:35 |
| 10:30 | 3:10 | 9:00 | 12:55 | 6:55 | 6:35 |
| a.m. | p.m. | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. |

St. Joseph stop. Stop on signal.

For full particulars inquire of local agent or address: F. H. HALL, Traffic Manager, S. S. & S. R. R., St. Joseph, Mich. G. E. H. ROSS, Traffic Manager, S. S. & S. R. R., St. Joseph, Mich. Streetor, Ill.

PERE MARQUETTE

Effective July 1st, 1901.

Trains leave Benton Harbor for Chicago and west at 3:30 a.m., 10:30 a.m., 2:13 p.m., 7:47 p.m., 5:10 a.m., 10:30 a.m., 2:45 p.m., 7:58 p.m., 10:18 p.m. For Saginaw and Detroit at 3:00 a.m., 2:45 p.m., 7:47 p.m. For Muskegon at 3:00 a.m., 10:20 a.m., 2:45 p.m., 7:47 p.m.

H. F. MOELLER, G. P. A., Detroit. G. W. LARKWORTH, Agt. Benton Harbor.

Chicago and Michigan City Line

America Route.

LEAVE MICH. CITY. 8:00 A. M. daily including Sunday. ARRIVE CHICAGO. 11:00 A. M. including Sunday.

LEAVE CHICAGO. 7:30 P. M. daily including Sunday. ARRIVE MICH. CITY. 10:30 P. M. including Sunday.

E. G. DUNBAR, Gen. Manager, Chicago. E. S. CHAW, Gen. Pass. and Agt. Chicago, Ill.

Indiana Transportation Company, Michigan City and Chicago Line. Commencing May 1st, Steamer "Mary" will run as follows:

Leave Michigan City daily 6:05 a.m. Chicago 9:00 a.m. Chicago week days 6:30 a.m. Chicago 9:30 a.m. Chicago week days 8:00 p.m. Chicago 11:00 p.m. Sundays 10:00 a.m. Chicago 1:00 p.m. Chicago 8:00 p.m. Chicago 11:00 p.m.

Fare one way \$7.50, round trip \$1.00, good for season. Sunday \$5.00, round trip good for day only. Passenger and freight dock No. 1, State street Chicago. E. S. CHAW, General Passenger and Freight Agt. Geo. G. OLIVER, General Manager.

VANDALIA LINE

Terre Haute & Logansport Ky. Co.

TIME TABLE.

In effect Nov. 26, 1899. Trains leave South Bend as follows: FOR THE SOUTH

900 Drops

CASTORIA

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

INFANTS, CHILDREN

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

Recipe of **Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHEE**

Pumpkin Seed—
Aloe—
Rochelle Salts—
Anise Seed—
Sage—
Sulphur—
Glycerine—
Mint—
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Sassafras—
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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Under the Maples.

BY EDGAR WELTON COOLEY.

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A youth and a maiden stood under the maples. The youth was holding the maiden's hand, and his eyes and the moonlight were looking down into her upturned face. Her hair dangled from its strings, and her hair, yellow as the moonbeams, clung about her neck in riotous ringlets. Her eyes were blue and wistful, but her lips were as silent as the night.

The youth's voice was low and trembled, as though a sob, which he had tried to swallow, was lodged in his throat.

In babyhood these two had played together; in childhood they had wandered, hand in hand, across the violet-dotted fields and along the clover-carpeted lanes. Into each other's hearts they had grown, and to each the future without the other, seemed uninviting.

But the youth was about to depart for a far country, and they were standing together under the maples for the last time, perhaps for years—perhaps for ever.

Jason was a sojourner on the border land between youth and manhood. He was ambitious, visionary, perhaps—and the quiet country town seemed to possess no encouraging possibilities. Stories of vast wealth wrested from the rocks of Alaska had proven fascinating to him and he had determined to seek for riches in the frozen Klondike.

"I will return to you some day, my Princess Mildred," he said, "I will return to you with love in my heart and gold in my hand and will build for you a palace of marble in the midst of a thousand acres."

At this Mildred smiled sadly and glanced up at a star in the heavens.

"That is the North Star, Jason," she said. "Every night I shall look at it with tearful heart as it hangs suspended, like love's undying taper, over the ice-bound northland, whence my love has gone. All other stars change, Jason, but the Polar Star is constant—as constant as my heart."

She pinned a violet on his coat and he kissed her wistful eyes.

Then he said "Good-bye," and she stood quite still and watched his retreating figure as it passed down the road and out of her sight. Thus Jason started on his search for wealth; thus Mildred began her weary waiting.

The brown cottage faced the country road in the edge of the village. It stood in a little cluster of trees, and from the south only the gable and one chimney could be seen through the heavy foliage. On the north a climbing rose bush clung to the pillars of the porch, and the blossoms peeked between the leaves and through the open door at their likenesses within. A pathway, wandering amid the shadows and the perfume from the porch to the board fence, which stood paintless and gloomy, in front, stopped at the gate where Mildred stood of evenings in the dusk and the twilight.

Beyond the gate, the road stretched, to the right, over the far fields into the wearisome distance; to the left, into the heart of the village, past the four stores, the postoffice, the tavern, the meeting house, and on to the fields again, and the hills, and the woods and the sunset.

As the darkness deepened, the fields grew more and more indistinct to the woman's vision, and the road seemed to end in a mist which grew ever nearer to her.

But through the mist a star shone brightly—the Polar Star. And Mildred watched it with wistful eyes and smiled sadly. "He will return," she said to herself; "he will return to me with love in his heart."

But after two years in the Klondike Jason found himself one morning in a crowd of desperate, disappointed men, who cursed their way aboard ship and returned to Seattle with tales of hardship, discouragement and failure in their search for the hidden



"I Will Return to You, Mildred," wealth that would not reveal itself to their hungry eyes.

Poisoned by contagion from that baser element in whose company he had been thrown during those two years on the ragged edge of civilization, Jason drowned all recollections of his Princess Mildred and spent the next few months in idle dissipation in the cities on the coast.

Without ambition, hopeless and despondent, he lay, one night, amid the sear and yellow verdure on a vacant lot, gazing upward at the sky Among the million glittering lights that dotted the azure arch he saw but one—the Polar Star.

Suddenly, like a long, dead memory, there came to him the picture of a girl with wistful eyes and golden curls, standing under the maples, with the

moonlight kissing her upturned face. Fumbling in his pocket, he pulled out a dirty wallet from whence he took a faded violet. He pressed the blossom to his lips, then staggered to his feet and strode away through the night.

When one has no money traveling is slow and uncertain. But in January Jason reached Colorado. Footsore and weary, but with the bright vision of his Princess Mildred before him, he was limping across the foothills. The air was bitterly cold but dry, and not the faintest breeze was stirring. Before him the cold, gray mountains pressed their snow-capped peaks against the cloudless blue. The sunshine fell with uncommon brilliancy, and the atmosphere was so transparent that objects fifty miles away appeared scarcely as many rods.

Of a sudden he felt a sharp pain on his face as though he had been stung by a bee. Again and again he experienced the painful sensation, although not an insect could be seen. Then he noticed that a mist was swiftly hiding the mountains from his sight. A breeze sprang up and the air became a dazzling mass of scintillating particles like diamond dust.

Jason paused and gazed with fran-



tic, startled eyes. He knew that the dreaded "White Death" was wrapping its chilling shroud around him. He had heard old miners tell of the "White Death" and he knew the glistening fragments in the air were particles of ice so solidly frozen that they reach one's lungs before they melt. He knew that deadly pneumonia invariably claims the luckless traveler who inhales the breath of the "White Death."

But although frantically he gazed around him, there was no habitation visible, no building in which shelter could be sought. He wanted to cry out in his agony, but he dare not open his mouth for fear the ice would fill his lungs. He took a greasy bandana handkerchief from his pocket and tied it across his mouth.

Then to his agonized eyes, there came from out the mist the figure of a girl. The features were those of his Princess Mildred, and she seemed to beckon him. He followed her and she led him to a deep ravine.

Weak and exhausted, he flung himself over the edge and rolled down the bank. The ravine led upward to a chasm in the side of the mountain, from out of which a small stream flowed. Staggering onward, he finally pulled himself into the chasm and found shelter under a projecting ledge.

Piling a quantity of loose bowlders across the entrance, he soon had a snug retreat into which the ice-laden breeze could not enter. Then he lay down to rest.

It was daylight when he awoke and the air was clear. He felt no evil effects of the storm and was about to continue on his journey when his eye was attracted by a brilliant glitter in the tiny stream. Falling upon his knees, he peered into the crystal water. Directly below him a hollow had been worn in the rock by the current. The bottom of this pocket was lined with gold dust.

Jason gazed in stupid wonder for several moments, then a mist dazed his eyes and a wild exhilaration possessed him. Clambering down the rocks he greedily scraped the gold dust into his handkerchief, and then cautiously withdrew.

A week later he was at work with pick and shovel and pan, searching for the lode from which these particles had been washed. And one evening the light of the setting sun fell upon him, picking great nuggets out of a ledge his pick had penetrated, and laughing hysterically.

And that is how Jason located the famous Princess Mildred Mine.

A man and a woman stood under the maples. The man was holding both of the woman's hands, and his eyes and the moonlight were looking down into her upturned face.

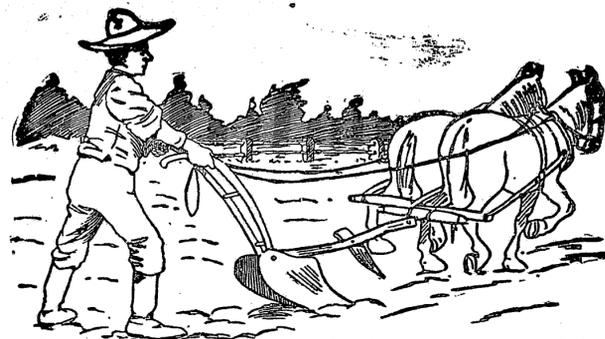
"You have been so long returning, Jason," she said. "And did you find no gold?"

The man tangled his hand in her hair and held it out in the moonlight. "Yes," he answered her, "at last I have found the brightest gold on earth. See, it is dripping through my fingers. You shall have a marble palace in the midst of a thousand acres, my Princess Mildred, and it shall face to the north where the Polar Star hangs forever in the heavens."

The woman plucked a violet and pinned it on his coat, and he kissed her happy eyes.

Read the Record.

Howe's Vanilla, Strawberry and Chocolate Ice Cream at W. N. Brodrick.



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.

Years I had malaria so bad in the spring, when engaged in plow work, 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 Tablets, 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 Tablets 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, "Say, John, what are you doing to look so healthy?"

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I have received the warrant for the collection of village taxes and will be prepared to receive payment of the same at the First National Bank, Buchanan, on and after Monday, June 10, 1901. **ARTHUR W. ROE, TREAS.**

Village Taxes

Howe's Vanilla, Strawberry and Chocolate Ice Cream at W. N. Brodrick.

THE TIME TO LAUGH.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

These Lucky Girls from Boston—When the Court Laughed—Nora's View of It—A Question of Accent—He Wished to Resign.

A BOSTON MAN LEARNS.

Archibald Belden of Boston recently came down to New York on a visit. There was, of course, nothing that New York could teach him, since he was from Boston, but he makes it a practice of visiting the second city of the Union once or twice a year, just to see how far behind the times it is. On the present occasion, the day after arrival, Mr. Belden happened to be in the Manhattan Hotel, when he ran across an old friend in the lobby. They shook hands, and the New-Yorker invited him to have a drink.

"Well, what shall it be?—a Manhattan cocktail?"

Belden agreed, and they had two cocktails, and then two more on him. Several days later the two friends again met in front of a down-town hotel.

"Hello, Dick," cried the Bostonian, "come on up to the Manhattan Hotel with me and we'll have another one of those Manhattan cocktails."

"Why, what's the use of that? We can go right in here and get them just as well."

"What?" cried Belden, "in here? Why, I've been going all the way up-town every day to the Manhattan Hotel to get one."—New York Times.

WHEN THE COURT LAUGHED.

From the London Tit-Bits: Counsel—"I insist on an answer to my question. You have not told me all the conversation. I want to know everything that passed between you and Mr. Jones on the occasion to which you refer."

Reluctant witness—"I've told you everything of any consequence."

"You have told me that you said to him: 'Jones, this case will get into the court some day.' Now, I want to know what he said in reply."

"Well, he said, 'Brown, there isn't anything in this business that I'm ashamed of, and if any snoopin', little, yee-hawin', four-by six, gimlet-eyed lawyer, with half a pound of brains and sixteen pounds of jaw, ever wants to know what I've been talking to you about, you can tell him the whole story.'"

THOSE LUCKY BOSTON GIRLS.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer: "Miss Beenz never gets nervous about the heat."

"But she's from Boston, you know."

"Yes, I fancied so. She scowled horribly when I split an infinitive yesterday. But why does that save her from worrying over the heat?"

"She never knows how hot it really is."

"Explain."

"Why, when she takes the thermometer from the hook her hands are so cold that the mercury gets a chill and falls down in a comatose condition, and by the time she can bring her nearsighted spectacles to bear on the tube the freezing point is in sight. 'Fifty-three,' she said yesterday as she stared at the thermometer. 'Isn't it singular how the imagination will affect the human mind? Now, I don't—call that hot.' And it was actually 81 in the shade!"

STORYETTES.

She was a girl of wisdom. He said to her: "Do you love to wander in the moonlight?" "Yes," she answered. "Why?" "Because it saves the gas." Then he did some mental arithmetic, thought it over, and said: "Will you be mine?"

The new minister of a small town in Inverness-shire was walking home from morning service recently when he chanced to overtake one of his parishioners, an old shoemaker. "Good morning, Mr. Bain," said the minister. "How is it your good wife is not out today?" "She's no' but poorly," was the reply. "It's nae wink of sleep she's had for the last three nights." The minister was sorry to hear such a poor account of Mrs. Bain's health and expressed a wish for a speedy improvement. "I'm thinking if she could get a guid sleep," said the shoemaker, "she'd soon be on the mend. Maybe if ye're passing the hoose tomorrow ye'll noe object to ca' in an' just give her frae 'lastly' to the end of your discourse this morning. I'm no' sayin' it wdna be very helpful."

He was a dundish little man, but he had a loud voice, and evidently wanted every one to know what he said. He and a companion, who, be it to his credit, seemed ashamed of the company he was in, stood in the hotel rotunda last Saturday night. The little fellow was talking about Ireland, and he said many hard things about the country and the people. A big man stood near by listening to the little fellow's vapourings. He merely smiled until the little fellow said, in a very low tone: "Show me an Irishman and I'll show you a coward." Then the big fellow stepped up and, touching the little fellow on the shoulder, said in a heavy bass voice: "What's that you said?" "I said show me an Irishman and I'll show you a coward," said the little fellow, whose knees were shaking under him. "Well, I'm an Irishman," said the big fellow. "You are an Irishman? Well," and a smile of joy flitted over the little fellow's countenance as he saw a hole through which he could crawl, "I'm a coward."

The cities which have passed anti-expectoration ordinances are the scenes of numerous humorous incidents connected with the enforcement of the new laws. A well-dressed, evidently prosperous old man, whose high color told eloquently of gout and other results of high living, broke the law while in a street car recently. A quiet but determined young man, whose manner was courtesy itself and whose speech was that of an educated and refined person, called the offender's attention to the prohibitory sign. Then began a wordy wrangling in which the latter became gradually angrier and angrier, while the public-spirited accuser preserved his coolness and his courtesy. The old man closed the controversy with: "I know all about that law. It was never intended for gentlemen, but for loafers." It is doubtful if he quite understood the reason for the shout of laughter that shook the car windows.

FORCE OF HABIT.

Mrs. Fussy—Now, when I finish ordering what I want, please don't ask if there's anything else. If I want anything I'll remember it without your assistance. Do you understand?

Grocer—Yes'm. Anything else?

The new cone on Mt. Vesuvius, formed during the late eruptions, has been suddenly engulfed into the crater. The mountain has now assumed its old appearance.

Subscribe to the Record, only \$1 per year.

Pepto Quinine Tablets cure a cold.

THE LADY OF LYNN

Continued from page 6

The levee began. One after the other stepped up to him, spoke a few words, received a few words in reply and retired, each apparently well pleased, for promises cost nothing. To the poet who asked for a subscription and proffered a dedication my lord promised the former, accepted the latter and added a few words of praise and good wishes. But the subscription was never paid, and the dedication was afterward altered so far as the superscription to another noble patron. To the clergyman who asked for a country living then vacant my lord promised the most kindly consideration and bade him write his request and send it him by letter for better assurance of remembrance. To the officer he promised his company as only due to gallantry and military skill. To the place hunter he promised a post far beyond the dreams and the hopes of the suppliant. Nothing more came of it to either.

The company grew thin. One after the other the suitors withdrew to feed on promises. It is like opening your mouth to drink the wind. But 'twas all they got.

When they were gone, Lord Fylingdale looked round the room. In the window stood, dangling a cane from his wrist, a gentleman dressed in the highest and the latest fashion.

Yet when one looked more closely it was seen that this gallant exterior arrayed an ancient gentleman whose years were proclaimed by the sharpening of his features, the wrinkles of his feet, the crow's feet round his eyes and his bending shoulders, which he continually endeavored to set square and upright. Hat in one hand and snuffbox in the other, he ambled toward his lordship on tiptoe, which happened just then to be the fashionable gait.

"Thy servant, Sir Harry," my lord offered him his hand with condescension. "It warms my heart to see thee. Therefore I sent a letter. Briefly, Sir Harry, wouldst do me a service?"

"I am always at your lordship's commands. This, I hope, I have proved."

"Then, Sir Harry, this is the case. It is probable that for certain private reasons I may have to pay a visit to a country town, a town of tarpaullins and traders, not a town of fashion." Sir Harry shuddered. "Patience, my friend. I know not how long I shall endure the barbaric company. But I must go. There are reasons—let me whisper, reasons of state, important secrets—which call me there." Sir Harry smiled and looked incredulous. "I want on the spot a friend?"—Sir Harry smiled again, as one who began to understand—"a friend who would appear to be a stranger. Would you, therefore, play the part of such a friend?"

"I will do whatever your lordship commands. Yet to leave town at this season—it was then the month of April—the assembly, the park, the card table, the society of the ladies—It is possible that the Lady Anastasia may go there. She will, as usual, keep the bank if she does go."

The old beau's face cleared, whether in anticipation of Lady Anastasia's society or her card table I know not.

"My character, Sir Harry, will be in your hands. I leave it there confidently. For reasons—reasons of state—it should be a character of—"

"I understand. Your lordship is a model of all the virtues."

"So we understand. My secretary will converse with thee further on the point of expenditure."

Sir Harry retired, bowing and twisting his body something like an ape.

Then a gentleman in scarlet presented himself.

"Your lordship's most obedient," he said, with scant courtesy. "I come in obedience to your letter of command."

"Colonel, you will hold yourself in readiness to go into the country. There will be play. You may lose as much as you please to Sir Harry Malvys or to any one else whom my secretary will point out to you. Perhaps you may have to receive a remonstrance from me. We are strangers, remember, and I am no gambler, though I sometimes take a card." And he, too, retired.

There remained one suitor. He was a clergyman dressed in a fine silk cassock with bands of the whitest and a noble wig of the order ecclesiastic. I doubt if the archbishop himself had a finer.

"Good, my lord," he said. "I am, as usual, a suppliant. The rectory of St. Leonard le Size, Jewry, in the City, is now vacant. With my small benefices in the country it would suit me hugely. A word from your lordship to the lord mayor—the rectory is in the gift of the corporation—would, I am sure, suffice."

"You are living, as usual, I suppose, at great expense."

"At small expense considering my abilities, but still at greater expense than my slender income will allow. Am I not your lordship's domestic chaplain? Must I not keep up the dignity due to the position?"

"Your dignity is costly. I must get a bishopric or a deanery for you. Meantime I have a small service to ask of you."

"Small? My lord, let it be great; it cannot be too great."

"It is that you go into the country for me."

"Not to Bath or to Oxford?"

"Not to either; to another place, where they know not thy name or thy fame. Very good. I thought I could depend upon your loyalty. As for arrangements and time, you will hear from my secretary." So my lord turned on his heel, and his chaplain was dismissed.

When the levee was finished and everybody gone, Lord Fylingdale sank

into a chair. I know not the nature of his thoughts save that they were not pleasant, for his face grew darker every moment. Finally he sprang to his feet and rang the bell. "Tell Mr. Semple that I would speak with him," he ordered.

Mr. Semple, the same Samuel whom you have seen under a basting from the captain, was now changed and for the better. He wore the dress of a poet. At this time he also called himself secretary to his lordship.

"Semple," said his lordship, crossing his legs and playing with the tassel of his sword knot, "I have read thy letter."

"Your lordship will impute"—

"First, what is the meaning of the preamble?"

"I have been your lordship's secretary for six months. I have therefore perused all your lordship's letters. I have also in my zeal for your lordship's interests looked about me, and I discovered what I ventured to state in that preamble."

"Well, sir?"

"Namely, that the Fylingdale estates are gone so far as your lordship's life is concerned, but in a word all is gone, and that—your lordship will pardon the plain truth—your lordship's credit cannot last long and that—I now touch a most delicate point to a man of your lordship's nice sense of honor—the only resource left is precarious."

"You mean?"

"I mean a certain lady and a certain bank."

"How, sir? Do you dare? What has put this suspicion into your head?"

"Nay, my lord; I have no thought but for your lordship's interests, believe me."

"And so you tell me about the rustic headdress, and you propose a plan?"

"I have had the temerity to do so."

"Yes. Tell me once more about this girl and about her fortune."

"Her name is Molly Miller. She is an orphan. Her guardian is an honest

sailor who has taken the greatest care of her property. She was an heiress already when her father died. That was 15 years ago. She is now 19."

"Is she passable—to look at? A holden with a high color, I warrant."

"A cream colored complexion touched with red and pink, light hair in curls and blue eyes, the face and figure of a Venus, the sweetest mouth in the world and the fondest manner."

"Hang me if the fellow isn't in love with her himself! If she is all this, man, why not apply yourself for the post of spouse?"

"Because her guardian keeps off all would be lovers and destines his ward for a gentleman at least, for a nobleman he hopes."

"He is ambitious. Now as to her fortune."

"She has a fleet of half a dozen tall vessels—nay, there are more, but I know not how many. I was formerly a clerk in a counting house of the town, and I learned a great deal—what each is worth and what the freight of each voyage may produce—but not all. The captain, her guardian, keeps things close. My lord, I can assure you from what I learned in that capacity and by looking into old books that she must be worth over £100,000, over £100,000!"

"I can take this fortune without your assistance."

"With submission, my lord, you cannot. I know too much. The girl's fortune when you have it will go the same way as your rents and woods have gone. Provide for me, therefore, before you begin to spend that money."

"I will give you a life position, with £200 a year. The girl, you say, has no lover."

"She has no lover. Your lordship's rank, your manner, your appearance, will certainly carry the day. By contrast alone with the country bumpkins the heart of the girl will be won."

"Mr. Semple," his lordship yawned, "do you suppose that the heart of the girl concerns me? Go and complete your scheme."

The Lady Anastasia was in her dressing room in the hands of her friseur, the French hairdresser, and her maid. She was the young widow of an old baronet. She was also the daughter of an earl and the sister of his successor. She therefore enjoyed the freedom of a widow, the happiness natural to youth and all the privileges of rank. No woman could be happier. It was reported that her love of the card table had greatly impaired her income. The world said that her own private dowry was wholly gone and a large part of her jointure.

She kept a small establishment in Mount street. Her people consisted of no more than two footmen, a butler, a lady's maid, a housekeeper and three or four maids, with two chairmen. She did not live as a rich woman. She received, it is true, twice a week, on Sundays and Wednesdays, but not with any expense of supper and wine. Her friends came to play cards, and she held the bank for them. On other evenings she went out and played at the houses of her friends.

While the friseur was still completing her head Lord Fylingdale was announced. The lady blushed violently. She sat up and looked anxiously in the glass.

"Betty," she cried, "a touch of red; not much, you clumsy creature! Will you never learn to have a lighter hand? So! That is better. I am horribly pale. His lordship can wait in the morning room. You have nearly finished, monsieur? Quick, then—the last touches! Betty, the flowered satin petticoat! My fan! The pearl necklace! So!" She looked again at the glass. "Am I looking tolerable, Betty?"

"Your ladyship is ravishing," said Betty, finishing the toilet.

Lady Anastasia swam out of the room with a gliding movement, then the fashion, and entered the morning room, where Lord Fylingdale awaited her.

"Anastasia!" he said softly, taking her hand. "It is very good of you to see me alone. I feared you would be surrounded with courtiers and fine ladies or with singers, musicians, hairdressers and other baboons. Permit me," and he raised her hand to his lips. "You look divine this morning. It is long since I have seen you look so perfectly charming."

The lady murmured something. She was one of those women who like above all things to hear praises of what most they prize, their beauty, and to believe what they most desire to be the truth, the preservation and perfecting of that beauty.

"But you came to see me alone. Was it to tell me that I look charming? Other men tell me as much in company."

"Not altogether that, dear lady, though that is something. I come to tell you of a change of plans."

"You have heard that the grand jury of Middlesex has presented me by name as a corrupter of innocence, and I know not what, because I hold my bank on Sunday nights?"

"I have heard something of the matter. It is almost time, I think, to give these presumptuous shopkeepers a lesson not to interfere with the pursuits of persons of rank. Let them confine themselves to the pretences who play at pitch and toss."

"Oh, what matters their presentment? I shall continue to keep the bank on Sunday nights. Now, my dear lord, what about these plans? What is changed?"

"We thought, you remember, about going to Tunbridge in July."

"Well, shall we not go there?"

"Perhaps. But there is something to be done first. Let me confide in you."

"My dear lord, you have never confided in anybody."

"Except in you. I think you know all my secrets, if I have any. In whom else can I confide? In the creatures who importune me for places? In friends of the race course? My dear Anastasia, you know, I assure you, as much about my personal affairs as I know myself."

"If you would always speak so kindly!" Her eyes became humid, but not tearful. A lady of fashion must not spoil her cheek by tears.

"Well, then, the case is this: You know of the condition of my affairs—no one better. An opportunity presents itself to effect a great improvement. I am invited by the highest personage to take a more active part in the affairs of state. No one is to know this. For reasons connected with this proposal I am to visit a certain town—a trading town, a town of rough sailors—there to conduct certain inquiries. There is to be a gathering at this town of the gentry and people of the county. Would you like to go, my dear friend? It will be next month."

"To leave town and in May, just before the end of the season?"

"There will be opportunities, I am told, of holding a bank, and a good many sportsmen—'tis a sporting country—may be expected to lay their money. In a word, Anastasia, it will not be a bad exchange."

"And how can I help you? Why should I go there?"

"By letting the people, the county people, understand the many virtues and graces which distinguish my character. No one knows me better than yourself."

The lady smiled. "No one," she murmured.

"—or can speak with greater authority on the subject. There will be certain of our friends there—the parson, Sir Harry, the colonel."

"Pah, a beggarly crew and blown upon! They are dangerous."

"Not at this quiet and secluded town. They will be strangers to you as well as to me. And they will be useful. After all, in such a place you need an opening. They will lead the way."

The lady made no response.

"I may call it settled, then?" He still held her hand. "If you would rather not go, Anastasia, I will find some one else, but I had hoped—"

She drew away her hand. "You are right," she said. "No one knows you so well as myself. And all I know about you is that you are always contriving some devilry. What is it this time? But you will not tell me. You never tell me."

"Anastasia, you do me an injustice. This is a purely political step."

"As you will. Call it what you please. I am your servant, you know that; your handmaid in all things save one. Not for any other woman, Ludovick, not for any other unfortunate woman, will I lift my little finger. Should you betray me in this respect?"

He laughed. "A woman? And in that company? Rest easy, dear child. Be jealous as much as you please, but not with such a cause."

He touched her cheek with his finger. He stooped and kissed her hand and withdrew.

Lady Anastasia stood awhile where he left her. The joy had gone out of

her heart. She trembled. She was seized with a foreboding of evil. She threw herself upon the sofa and buried her face in her hands, and, forgetful of paste and patch and paint, she suffered the murderous tears to destroy that work of art, her finished face.

CHAPTER III.
GREAT NEWS FOR LYNN.

THE evening of the day before I was to sail Captain Crowle and I were walking through the narrow street they call State lane into the great market place, where stands the Crown inn. The room appropriated to the Society of Lynn, which met every evening all the year round, was that on the ground floor looking upon the market place.

The society or club, which is never dissolved, consists of the notables or better sort of the town, the vicar of St. Margaret's, the curate of St. Nicholas, the master of the school, my own father, Captain Crowle and other retired captains, the doctor, some of the more substantial merchants, with the mayor, some of the aldermen, the town clerk and a justice of the peace or two. This evening most of these gentlemen were already present.

Captain Crowle saluted the company and took his seat at the head of the table. "Gentlemen," he said, "I wish you all a pleasant evening. I have brought with me my young friend, Jack Pentecrosse—you all know Jack—the worthy son of his worthy father. He will take a glass with us. Sit down beside me, Jack."

"With the permission of the society," I said.

Most of the gentlemen had already before them their pipes and their tobacco. Some had ordered their drink—a pint of port for one, a Brown George full of old ale for another, a flask of canary for a third, and so on. But the captain, looking round the room, beckoned to the girl who waited. "Jenny," he said, "nobody calls for anything to-night except myself. Gentlemen, it must be a bowl or half a dozen bowls. Tell your mistress, Jenny, a bowl of the biggest and the strongest and the

sweetest. Gentlemen, you will drink with me to the next voyage of the Lady of Lynn."

But then a thing happened. News came which drove all thoughts of the Lady of Lynn out of everybody's mind. That toast was forgotten.

The news was brought by the doctor, who was the last to arrive.

Doctor Worship was a person who habitually carried himself with dignity.

"Gentlemen," The doctor laid his hat upon the table and his cane beside it. Then he took his chair, adjusted his wig, put on his spectacles, and then, laying his hand upon the arms of the chair, he once more looked around the room, and all this in the most important, dignified, provoking, interesting manner possible. "Gentlemen, I have news for you."

Captain Crowle made answer, speaking in the name of the society. "Sir, we await your pleasure."

"My news, gentlemen, is of a startling character. I will epitomize or abbreviate it. In a word, therefore, we are all about to become rich. All you who have houses or property in this town, all who are concerned in the trade of the town, all who direct the industries of the people or take care of the health of the residents, will become, I say, rich."

The doctor pulled out a pocketbook from which he extracted a letter. "I have received," he went on, "a letter from a townsman, the young man named Samuel Semple—Samuel Semple," he repeated, with emphasis, because a look of disappointment fell upon every face.

"Sam Semple?" growled the captain. "Once I broke my stick across his back." He did not, however, explain why he had done so. "I wish I had broken two. What has Sam Semple to do with the prosperity of the town?"

To be continued

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