

SPECIAL SALES FOR FEBRUARY!

The Greatest Bargains in Laces for February

We have the top 3 dozen off of the large stock of Val. Laces in America. The sale price will be from 2c per yard up to 10c. They are slightly soiled from handling. We also offer about a cord of all kinds of laces, all under price, 2c to 10c per yard. We offer an entire line of Hamburg, Swiss and Nainsook Embroidery an insertion from 2c yard up. All clean, nice goods and cheap. You will have to see them to appreciate them.

Wash Dress Goods for February

Cotton Voiles, worth up to 25c for 12 1/2c each. One line Lace stripe white Lawn worth up to 25c per yard, all for 10c per yard. We offer one black Taffeta Silk, 27 inches wide at 89c. We also have other widths. We offer one line of Silks for shirt waist suits, new styles for spring, 75c and upward.

Muslin Underwear and Petticoats

One line muslin Underwear, which includes ladies' drawers, made of good unbleached cotton and full size they are hemstitched ruffles, also embroidery or lace trimmed; ladies' long white skirts; short skirts; night dresses; chemise; also a full line of Misses' and children's wear—all for 25c each. There is nothing peculiar about the above except that they are the best goods for the money that we have ever had and you can buy them all the year round.

Greatest Bargains in Domestic for February

Special sale of linens from our January sale remnants of damask, more or less soiled, napkins, doilies, dresser scarfs, luncheon cloths, towels and toweling. All very cheap, odds and ends to close. We continue the sale of domestics—Lonsdale bleached cotton, short lengths, 6 1/2c. Lonsdale cambric, short lengths, 10c. Fruit of the Loom, 4-4 bleached cotton, 6 1/2c.

GEO. WYMAN & CO.

South Bend, Indiana.

GOOD NEWS

Many Buchanan Readers Have Heard It and Profited Thereby

Good news travels fast," and the thousands of bad back sufferers in Buchanan are glad to learn that prompt relief is within their reach. Many a lame, weak and aching back is laid to rest, thanks to Doan's Kidney Pills. Here is an example worth reading.

Mr. Earl, living on Sycamore street, says: "Before I took Doan's Kidney Pills my back ached the time and was very troublesome when working, as I have to top so much. I was so bad that after I had stooped for a short time I could not straighten again without a great effort and with much suffering. When I first got up in the morning I was so dizzy I had to hold onto something to keep from falling, and I could hardly walk from one room into another. Doan's Kidney Pills promptly removed all these symptoms and I had no return of them since I stopped the treatment."

Plenty more proofs like this from Buchanan people. Call at W. N. Brodrick's drug store and ask what his customers report.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50c. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name, Doan's and take no other.

EXCURSIONS

VIA THE PERE MARQUETTE

Low Rates to the West. One way, second class colonist fares to the west, northwest and California. On March 1, 1905, extremely low rates will be offered to the west northwest and to California. Tickets will be on sale every day through the month of March.

Ask Pere Marquette ticket agents for particulars or write H. J. Gray, D. P. A., Grand Rapids.

H. F. MOELLER, G. P. A. Detroit.

Low Rates to the South.

Mardi Gras at New Orleans March 6, 7 and 8, 1905.

On account of the Mardi Gras festival at New Orleans on above date the Pere Marquette will sell tickets at a rate of one fare for the round trip plus \$2.25. Good going March 1 to 6 inclusive, good returning not later than March 11, 1905. Return limit will be extended on certain conditions. Ask agents for full information. H. F. MOELLER, G. P. A. f24

Old papers for sale at the Record office, 5 cents per bunch.

SCHWBACH'S MACHINERY

Shirt Waist Outfit Gets Into Hands of Chicago Men.

The sewing machines, tables and other property that formed the "inside" of the shirt waist factory of the lamented Mr. Schwbach have been sold by Bascom Parker to Bernstein Cohn & Co., of Chicago, manufacturers of overalls, shirts, etc.

The machinery has been moved from the Murry building on second street and is now stored with R. C. Atkinson. Just what the new owners will do is a question, but it is understood that Niles can have a chance at it for a consideration.

The firm are desirous of locating a plant somewhere outside of Chicago and would employ about 200 hands if it is sold. They would require a good sized two story factory building. Mr. Cohen has been in Niles consulting with some of our local capitalists and he was to be here again today.

They are not seeking to sell any stock, but want the town that gets the factory to give them a substantial bonus in a building, valuable site or cash.

The town that bids the highest can get it.—Niles Sun.

ELECTRIC CAR HITS TRAIN

Accident Happens on the Chapin Street Line—No One Injured.

Car, No. 5, of the Indiana Railway company's lines, ran into the St. Joseph passenger train as it was leaving the city on the Lake Shore tracks at the Chapin street crossing about 7 o'clock this morning. The vestibule of the car was torn off, the car was thrown from the track and its axles were sprung, but the crew and passengers escaped without injury.

The street car was proceeding northward on Chapin street in charge of C. E. Covell, conductor, and J. A. Finkenbinder, motorman. At the Lake Shore crossing the conductor alighted to see if the track was clear, and gave a signal to hold the car. The brakes were applied, but owing to the condition of the rails or for some other unaccountable reason they refused to work. The wheels slipped along on the rails and the car struck the rear coach of the passenger after breaking the gates at the crossing, which has been lowered after the signal was given.—South Bend Saturday Tribune.

ANOTHER RICH STRIKE

Made by Phiscator, The Baroda Gold King

IN THE KLONDIKE FIELD

Remarkable Story of His Experience In Alaska

Benton Harbor Feb. 6.—Frank Phiscator, the most sensational of 'Klondike gold kings' has discovered new fields of wealth in the Yukon district that will add millions to his coffers.

Intimation of this new discovery, has been brought in letters to the friends of the former Baroda man in this city and the extent of the strike will make Phiscator, by far, the luckiest man, who ever panned the dust in the far northwest possessions of Uncle Sam.

From farmer to millionaire is the brilliant path that has been trodden by Phiscator within the last ten years. The path however has led through guesseous caves of hardship and privations, across the abyss of sensational damage suit, and into a valley where nothing but the glitter of gold can be seen.

Immediately following the report of the first discovery of gold in the spring of 1895 in the northern lands of Alaska, Phiscator at that time the manager of a small fruit farm near the village of Baroda, deserted the field one beautiful autumn day, returned to the house and informed his aged mother that he had decided to journey to Alaska to prospect for gold.

Satisfied in her own mind that it would be best for him to remain at home, the mother tried to persuade her son to remain farming, but Phiscator argued that with all conditions favorable, that the net revenue of the little farm would only be a few hundred dollars annually and for that reason he had decided to try to seek a fortune in a strange land.

A few weeks later, bidding his friends about the village, good bye and with his mother stationed on the front door step of her humble little cottage, Phiscator waved a farewell to the weeping parent and an instant later was being driven overland to take a train for the Pacific coast.

Upon arriving at Seattle the Michigan prospector, a typical farmer in appearance and actions, remained in that city until he sailed from the states for Alaska on the first steamer northbound the following April.

While aboard on the craft Phiscator formed the acquaintance of Henry Martindale, who proved to be an expert prospector of California, bound for Alaska on the same mission. Upon arriving at Dawson City, Martindale and Phiscator formed a partnership and after walking overland a distance of 180 miles, enduring many hardships and short of provisions, the two gold seekers arrived in the Yukon river district. Martindale after surveying the situation and being absent for a week from a shack which proved to be the living quarters of Phiscator, returned and related to his companion that every valuable claim bordering on the Yukon river for a distance of 50 miles, had been staked and registered by prospectors who had visited that district early that season. Disheartened and disappointed by his survey of the land, Martindale, then a man of sixty summers, became ill and a week later died.

Phiscator, for the first time realized his helpless condition. Being without friends or money, thousands of miles from home, armed himself with his remaining provisions and with a determination to win, broke camp and journeyed up the Yukon river valley for a distance of 120 miles and entered the Blackten lands some thirty miles southwest of the Yukon river region and there staked out a claim on Silver Creek. Phiscator's efforts were soon crowned with success. Later the claim became one of the best paying in the Alaska gold fields. Profits from this mining property and other commercial investments in Dawson City made Phiscator a millionaire.

AN ACT NOT DOWN ON THE PROGRAM

Obstreperous Nag Nearly Caused a Panic at Fitz's Show in Owosso

Seven hundred pounds of angry and frightened horseflesh almost broke up the performance of Bob Fitzsimon's show at the Owosso opera house last week and created a small-sized panic in the big audience. In the first act of "A Fight for Love" Bob, who poses as country gentleman, shows a horse, which furnishes the only means of returning the heroine to her home with her reputation undamaged. The villain, of course, has caused a shoe to be removed.

The only horse in the city which could be persuaded to go up the opera house steps is a small but active animal driven on a delivery wagon for a local meat market.

When it was led on to the stage last week it was obvious that it was nervous and uneasy. The first diversion was created when the horse recognized its master in the gallery, and broke into an exciting dialogue between the villain and Bob, with loud whinnings. It submitted to have the shoe on the left fore foot removed by Soldier Tom Wilson, and made no objections when Fitz replaced it.

When he picked up the hoof in his right hand and started to rasp the sharp nails still sticking through, the trouble began. The horse raised on its feet and tipped over the blacksmith forge. Bob and Wilson were hauled about the stage, and only after a lively struggle succeeded in bringing the frantic horse down to all four feet, Bob raised the hoof again, and the horse plunged into the anvil, knocking it over. At this a man in the gallery who knew the horse and feared a catastrophe, shouted to Fitz:

"You can't shoe him, Bob; don't try it."

Fitz was angry and retorted.

"Hi can, and hi will."

Once more he picked the horse's hoof up. The horse plunged, and a nail tore an ugly gash in Fitz's hand from the wrist to the end of his thumb. The horse swung into the footlights. The orchestra fled and the people in the front seats rose in terror as it looked for a moment as if the horse would plunge among them.

Thoroughly aroused, Fitz planted both feet, and by exerting all the strength of his right arm dragged the horse to the center of the stage. With blood dripping from his hand he held the horse and finished the rasping, while the horse snorted and trembled.

The house cheered frantically in acknowledgement of the big fellow's display of strength. Bob completed the job of rasping by a vicious back-handed cuff on the horse's head, a whack that brought the animal to its knees. Then he snapped his fingers in the villain's face and walked off. The balance of the evening he carried his left hand in a bandage.

Public Sale of Land

We will sell at public sale on Tuesday Feb 14, what is known as the Isaac Long homestead located three miles south of Buchanan and five miles southwest of Niles, consisting of 85 acres of No. 1 improved land in first class condition. 1 large brick house in good condition, 1 barn in good shape 40x60, 1 corn crib, 1 hog pen, 1 work shed all in good condition. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock sharp. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids. This sale will take place rain or shine as there will be a fire in the house and plenty of room for all. Terms made known at sale.

Edward J. Long, Kate A. Long, Executors.

F. Starkweather, Auctioneer. f 10

"U. S. Corn Cure for ladies is good for men too. I travel all over the United States but have found nothing equal to it, one bottle took the soreness out of two very bad corns and took the corns out in a few days." Mr. M. P. Fox, New York City. Price 15c or two bottles for 5c at Dr. E. S. Dodd & Son.

COOLIDGE NOMINATED

At The Berrien Springs Convention Wednesday afternoon.

THIRD TERM AS JUDGE

Nomination was Made on the Sixteenth Ballot

Interest in Berrien county politics has been centering for sometime upon the outcome of the judicial convention that was held in Berrien Springs, Wednesday.

The delegation from the Southern part of the county went through Buchanan on their way to the convention and a special train from Benton Harbor, brought the delegates from the northern part of the county.

The convention was called to order at 1:30 by A. N. Woodruff, chairman of the county committee. Chas. A. Clark, of Galien, was made chairman and Editor J. N. Klock, of Benton Harbor, secretary.

The chair selected the following committees:

Organization and order of business, —Fred A. Hobbs, Benton Harbor; Carmi Smith, Niles; Montgomery Shepard, St. Joseph.

Credentialed—Gail Handy, Sodus; L. E. Wood, Niles; B. H. VanCamp, Benton township; Herman Cealke, Lincoln; C. E. Baker, Waterliet.

Tellers—E. C. Griffin, Niles; A. D. Kent, St. Joseph; Frank L. Hammond, Benton Harbor.

Delegates were elected to the state judicial convention which is to meet at Grand Rapids. Berrien county is entitled to 23 delegates. The delegate selected from Buchanan to the state convention was John W. Brocius.

When nominating speeches were called for, Attorney H. S. Gray, in behalf of the Benton Harbor delegation, placed before the convention the name of Hon. George M. Valentine. Mention of Mr. Valentine's name was received with cheers.

Attorney Chas. W. Stratton, of St. Joseph, in a rousing speech, placed in nomination Hon. L. C. Fyfe, of his city.

Judge Coolidge's name was ably presented by Attorney A. A. Worthington, of Buchanan, whose remarks won much applause.

There were 301 delegates, making 151 necessary to a choice. On the first ballot L. C. Fyfe, of St. Joseph, received 118; G. M. Valentine, of Benton Harbor, 99; George M. Bridgman, of Lake township, 4; Judge Coolidge, 80.

Ballot after ballot was taken with very little change in the results, the Coolidge men "standing pat" and waiting for the break which was sure to come and on the sixteenth ballot they were rewarded for their patience, the Valentine forces throwing their strength to Coolidge and thus nominating him for a third term.

In summing up the convention the News-Palladium says in part:

Niles gave way to Buchanan, and Judge Coolidge's neighboring town presented his name to the convention. Attorney A. A. Worthington made an excellent address, as he always does in convention, and occupied his full time.

The special train carrying the delegations from the north end of the county to Berrien Springs was stuck several times in little snow drifts that a locomotive of ordinary power would have been able to pull through without any effort. The master mechanic of the division of the road was on the special and he must have felt proud of this branch where a train has to back up half a mile and put on full steam to run through a two inch drift of snow.

The county committee explained that the convention was put at Berrien Springs so that none of the three cities could complain of favoritism. The convention did not formally

adjourn but quit business about 4:40. Judge Ellsworth, Dr. Bastar, Harry Bird, Charles L. Young and a lot of others were very anxious to get home and hired a man to drive them across to Berrien Center to come home on the Big Four. They reached home at 9 o'clock; those who pinned their faith in the Pere Marquette reached home about 8.

Agonizing Burns

re instantly relieved, and perfectly healed, by Bucklen's Arnica Salve. C. Rivenbark, Jr., of Norfolk, Va., writes: "I burnt my knee dreadfully, that it blistered all over. Bucklen's Arnica Salve stopped the pain, and healed it without a scar." Also heals all wounds and sores. 25c at all drug stores.

REDUCED RATES IN LIVERY

Having secured the work with the funeral car I have added a fine hack to my stock and other new rigs suitable for the business. I will make funeral work a specialty and will make special rates in all livery and will send a driver in case they are wanted without extra charge. : : :

W. D. House

Buy MORLEY'S New Troy Mills CHOICE BUCKWHEAT FLOUR Guaranteed Pure. For sale by C. D. Kent, C. B. Treat & Co. and B. T. Morley.

New Cloths



Have just received a full line of new cloths for the fall and winter trade. The goods are right and the price is right. Call and see them.

JOHN HERSHENOW, Merchant Tailor.

ROUGH'S OPERA HOUSE

2-NIGHTS-2

Saturday and Monday

FEB. 11 and 13

Universal Song Festival and Picture Show.

The Famous Picture Play of

"Ben-Hur"

5000 feet of moving pictures. Hear De-gogorza and LeMar sing.

Prices 10, 20 and 30 cents.

Reserve seats on sale at Van's Bakery

Lo-tus Liver Pills are the great Pills for Ladies, curing constipation and giving a clear, fresh complexion. Large boxes, 50 pellets, for sale by Dr. E. S. Dodd & Son.

If Your Overcoat Looks a Little Shabby If you think you ought to have a new suit

Then you cannot afford to miss Spiro's Famous Annual Clearing Sale. You can buy at this Sale a fine \$20.00 Suit or Overcoat for only

\$12.12

This is an actual fact. After a very large fall business, we must get rid of all the remaining fancy suits and winter overcoats still on hand. We carry a very large stock and if we would not have these sales it would accumulate on us too fast to be handled in the regular course of business. The quickest way we know of is a sharp, merciless cut, and this we have done, giving late buyers opportunities for buying clothes seldom offered.

Single and double breasted sacks in the newest and most fashionable fabrics and colorings; belt overcoats; Chesterfield overcoats, Rytons, Padlock, Box Backs, all from our finest makers; such as Hart Schaffner & Marx, Michels Stern, Ely Meyer and Sam Peck, Hand made, sewed with silk throughout and lined with the finest Princess serges or Farmer satins. Positively \$15 to \$20 values, choice this week at \$12.12.

See Display in Both Windows

THE ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS **SPIRO'S** The BIG STORE
119-121 South Mich. St., SOUTH BEND, Ind.

BUCHANAN RECORD. TWICE A WEEK

MAC C. CHAMBERLIN
PUBLISHER R.
O. P. WOODWORTH
EDITOR.

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

TERMS
\$1.00 PER YEAR.

FEBRUARY 10, 1905.

Call for Republican State Convention To the Republican Electors of the State of Michigan:

The State Convention of the Republicans of Michigan is hereby called to meet at the Majestic Theatre Building in the city of Grand Rapids, on Tuesday, February 14th, 1905, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of nominating candidates for Justice of the Supreme Court and Regents of the University and transacting such other business as may properly come before the Convention.

In accordance with the resolutions of 1876 and 1900, every county will be entitled to one delegate for each five hundred of the total vote cast therein for Governor at the last election in a Presidential year (November, 1904), and one additional delegate for every fraction amounting to three hundred, each organized county being entitled to at least two delegates.

Under the resolutions of 1858, no delegate will be entitled to a seat in the convention who does not reside in the county he proposes to represent.

The delegates from the several counties in each Congressional District are requested to meet in district caucus at the State Convention for confirmation:

- 1—One Vice-President;
- 2—One Assistant Secretary;
- 3—One member of the committee on "Credentialed";
- 4—One member of the committee on "Permanent Organization and Order of Business";
- 5—One member of the committee on "resolutions";

In compliance with the resolutions of 1890, the secretary of each county convention is urged to forward to the Secretary of the State Central Committee at Clare, by the earliest mail after the delegates to the State Convention are chosen, a certified list of delegates to the State Convention from his county.

By order of the Republican State Central Committee.

GARIBU J. DIEKEMA, Chairman.
DENNIS E. ALWARD, Secretary.
Berrien County is entitled to 23 delegates.

Catarrh

of the head, throat and lungs, is a condition where the lining of the air passages have become diseased, and throw off poisonous matter. Catarrh of the stomach and other organs is a like condition of these organs.

"Hermit"ta

removes the poisonous accumulations and restores the membrane to a healthy condition.

Put up in large bottles.
Sold by Druggists. Price \$1.00
Dr. E. S. Dodd & Son,

THOS. S. SPRACUE & SON,
PATENTS
Wayne County Bank Bldg., DETROIT

The Fortunes of the King

The new play entitled "The Fortunes of the King" in which Mr. James K. Hackett will begin a two week's engagement at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, on Feb. 18, is the joint work of Mrs. Charles A. Doremus, the author of several successful dramatic compositions, and Leonidas Westervelt, whose name is familiar to readers of present day fiction. Unlike the majority of modern makers of romantic drama they have not invented their hero and the land of his exploits nor have they filched their story from the pages of a novel. Instead they have taken for their principal character Charles Stuart, afterwards Charles the Second of England, and have woven into his actual history just sufficient fiction to make "The fortunes of the King" a spirited, interesting, picturesque drama of the romantic sort.

In the play Charles is shown at the period of his career when, having been defeated by Cromwell, he was forced to escape from England by perilous paths and through many adventures. It is doubtful if the madcap Charles was much dismayed over the loss of his throne as his taste led to gallantry and sport rather than to pomp and power. Being suddenly freed from responsibility, save in the matter of keeping his head on his shoulders, he no doubt entered into light-hearted adventure with zest. At this point he encountered Jane Lane according to the dramatist, and after saving her life fell complete captive to her charms. She, being unaware of his exalted station, returns his love with the utmost tenderness and honesty, and from this circumstance grow the many beautiful sentimental scenes which are to be found in the play.

When Charles is upon the point of being captured by his pursuers, Cromwell's men, Jane Lane has an opportunity to save in turn, the life of her lover. By an adroit device she accomplishes this in a scene of intense interest and dramatic power. In his escape Charles is by no means unmindful of the woman who has claimed his affections more securely than his enemies might, ever have gyved his wrists, and in the final dash for safety in France, the heroine is at the hero's side, daring all with him.

Through all his career, short in point of time but long in experience, Mr. Hackett would seem to have been preparing himself for just this character. Physically he is, of course, splendidly suited to the role, and it should afford opportunity for the display of those qualities with which he is endowed that have combined to make him the exceedingly popular romantic actor that he is. The role of Jane Lane will be played by Miss Charlotte Walker, who has for several seasons been Mr. Hackett's leading woman, and whose beauty and accomplishments have made her a decided favorite among playgoers. Other well known players in the cast are Alexander Frank, James Seely, Peter Lang, Samuel Hardy, Frederick Webber, Geo. Dickson, Geo. Schaeffer, Thos. Hall, Robert Holmes, E. L. Duane, Flora Juliet Bowley and Eleanor Sheldon.

Reduced rate tickets on sale first and third Tuesdays of each month until April, 1905. See agents for Routes and Rates.

H. F. Moeller

GIRL DIES IN BLIZZARD

Homesick Student At Berrien Springs Goes Out Into Storm

Berrien Springs, Feb. 9.—Brooding because her mother failed to visit her as the mothers of other girls did, and homesick for a sight of home, pretty Olive Templeton, the daughter of wealthy parents in Sawyer, Wis., and a student at the Adventist college here, is believed to have deliberately walked out into zero weather with the idea of freezing to death. It is thought her body now lies deep in the snow in the road near the institution.

Miss Templeton entered the college last fall. She was 17 years old and a bright student. Last Thursday morning she left chapel exercises suddenly and despite the most vigilant search no trace of her has since been found. Sheriff Tennant was notified yesterday morning and spent several hours searching the nearby roads and dragging the river, but to no avail.

An examination of Miss Templeton's room after her disappearance shows that before leaving the girl had removed all her heavy winter underclothing and replaced it with light summer wear; that she had put on no heavy outer wraps and had cast her leggings aside.

All her money was found and in addition a plaintive letter to her mother, in which she spoke of being homesick and complained because her mother did not come to see her.

Sometime after the girl left her room she was seen on the road about a half a mile from the college walking in the direction of the woods. Soon afterward a heavy storm set in and the road is now buried beneath several feet of snow, in many places as deep as four feet. Beneath this white shroud the body of the girl is now supposed to lie.

The theory of elopement and murder is scouted. The girl had no male friend here and the report that she had been sent from home because of the importunities of a lover cannot be verified. Certainly no one answering to such a description has been seen about here.

OLD STORY STILL IT'S NEW

How Old Man Susan Gave Up Deeds To Property

An old, old story, but told in a new and exciting way, is furnished by a suit commenced in chancery Thursday morning by Martin Susan, pioneer in the south end of the county, against Joseph Cook, his step son, to regain possession of property he had, so it is alleged, been cheated out of. A. C. Roe of Buchanan appears as attorney for the complainant.

Susan, an honest old German, a farmer of thrift but unlearned in American ways and unable to speak a word of English, was possessed, and he still is, but not in heart, of a step son, Joseph Cook. The old man held two pieces of valuable farm property in Buchanan and Bertrand townships. One day Cook came to visit the old man. Right here lies the climax of the plot.

Soon after Cook arrived, two men drove up to the house, asked for old man Susan and, ushered into his presence, they informed him that they were from Kalamazoo and that they had come to take his property away from him.

Then appeared Cook as the "protector of rights."

He told his step father that by making out a deed to his property to him he could escape the demands of the Kalamazoo fellows, and that after they were gone the property would be reconveyed to him.

Susan fell into the trap. He gave his step son the deed, but alas, they were recorded and never has the land been reconveyed. Now the old man has lost his wife, a daughter is in the insane asylum, and he is penniless, and he wants the property back.

The defendant is in Colorado.—News Palladium.

Exclusiveness.
Exclusiveness is a brand of nothing, used by nobody who is anybody, to protect somebody from the dangers of nothing. You'll find it everywhere, more in Boston than in New York, more in New York than right here in Hayfield, but Hayfield isn't rid of it. Exclusives are people who don't know enough to go to large. Exclusive society is a rickety, leaky, lopsided association of idiots, fools, tailors' dummies, languidlers and hangers on, so substantial-less that you have to feed a couple of dozen of 'em into a hopper to grind out a dwarf.—Hayfield Mower.

GREAT BEAUTY IN A WEED.

Although Declared a Positive Nuisance, They Make Harvest Fields Pleasing to the Eye.

Perhaps everybody has at times declared weeds a nuisance and wondered why they were created. Without discussing this question, and without considering whether or not all weeds do not serve some useful purpose, did we but understand it, it yet remains that much of the beauty of the autumn landscape is due to weeds. They develop just in time to make glorious the harvest fields, and it would appear that their blossoms are an expression of joy over the bounties nature has given to man. Wheat harvest would hardly seem such a time of rejoicing were it not for the bloom of the wild morning glory and the "nigger head." How lavish nature is with these beautiful blossoms at this time! She seemingly tries to fence every field with them, as if to call attention to the golden harvest she has provided by scattering round about it her coined money, the yellow flowers. And then, when the corn and other crops have ripened, what a profusion of her royal color—yellow—she distributes over the fields in honor of the event! Acres of Spanish needles and golden rod, with white and yellow moths flitting hither and thither, please the eye with their rich coloring. And before she ends her harvest festival she will drape the trees with her royal yellow. Green is not earth's color. Earth is yellow, the sky is blue, and the blending of these two colors produces the green of grass and trees a marriage of the earthly and the spiritual. Sometimes earth breaks away from the dominion of the sky and robes herself in native yellow, and then we see that she is wondrously beautiful in herself, even though her garments be woven of ragged weeds.

Subterranean Retreat at Lot, France, Proves Great Attraction to Novice Explorers.

One of the strangest holiday resorts, and one of the most interesting, is that recently made accessible to the public at Padirac, in the department of Lot, France. There was a wonderful series of caverns, containing magnificent stalactites and a subterranean lake and river, has yielded its secrets to the adventurous explorer, and the dangers of the visit have now been ingeniously reduced, so that the average sight-seer may traverse these "antres vast" with ease and safety.

For ages the caves remained absolutely unexplored, but by the enterprise of M. Martel, a barrister, they have been thoroughly examined and described, and by means of iron stairways and galleries have been rendered accessible. The vast crater-like opening is 300 feet in circumference, and when M. Martel made his first visit to the depths he had to descend on a board attached to two ropes, after the manner of a swing. He went down 300 feet, and, with several companions, began an extraordinary series of discoveries. The chief of these is an underground river which he navigated in a collapsible boat.

COUNTERFEITS SELL HIGH.

Because of Artfulness in Manufacture, Fake Ten Kroner Notes Bring Thirty Kroner.

A singular feat in the forgery of bank-notes has just been accomplished in Copenhagen. With no apparatus better than a small lithographic press and one or two most imperfect and primitive tools, a lithographer had succeeded in producing 10,000 notes of ten kroner each, so perfect that only stupidity in circulating them prevented a great success. The police refused to believe that notes so perfect had been produced with means so inadequate, but the lithographer, with artistic pride, asked for his press, and, going to work in his cell, soon demonstrated that it was possible to be at once a knave and a fine artist. And now in Copenhagen the strange spectacle is witnessed of forged ten-kroner bank-notes, worth nothing as money, selling freely among connoisseurs for 30 kroner, as beautiful specimens of lithographic work.



OVERCOATS for cold weather.

UNDERWEAR for present use.

G. W. NOBLE

Buchanan,

Michigan.

WHEN YOU WANT

LUMBER, SHINGLES,
LIME, CEMENT,
WOOD COAL
COKE

—Buy it of—

H. R. Adams

Yards on S. Oak St., Buchanan.

AMONG

those most useful goods, a first-class FOUNTAIN PEN, a BOOK, a bottle of Choice PERFUME, a box of fine STATIONERY or a BIBLE, may be found in good assortment at

RUNNER'S

Announcement!

I WISH to announce to my friends and the people of Buchanan, that I have purchased the Bakery business recently conducted by Mrs. Bertha Roe and will be pleased to receive a share of your patronage. I will make a specialty of fancy baking for parties, also catering for parties, balls, etc.

John H. Portz

Third door west of postoffice.

Clean Towels

For everyone at

Sunday & Boone's
Barber Shop and Bath Room

Give us a call



Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newspapers.
MUNN & Co 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 635 F St., Washington, D. C.

EVERY CHILD

Who makes a CASH purchase of 25c worth of goods at my store,

Saturday
FEBRUARY 11
1905

well receive

A SACK OF CANDY

Sugar not included, and but one sack of candy will be given to each child.

W. H. KELLER

Phone 27.

THOS. S. SPRACUE & SON,
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Wayne County Bank Bldg., DETROIT

VERNON

205-207 SO. MICHIGAN ST.
SOUTH BEND INDIANA.

A \$6.98 Suit Sale

For the next ten days we will sell Men's and Boys' suits, worth double the money, for \$6.98. We are determined to reduce our mammoth stock of clothing and have picked out nearly 400 fine worsted suits from our regular stock and you will be surprised when you see them. Handsomely tailored with the Broad Shoulder Effect.

ADVANCE SPRING STYLES

are commencing to arrive and we will be compelled to have the space used for our winter goods. This is the chief reason why you are buying these suits for \$6.98. You can't afford to miss this sale, even if you don't need the suit until next year.

LOOK IN OUR DISPLAY WINDOWS AND PICK OUT ONE.

VERNON

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA.

Home Sugar Cured Hams

AT

Mutchler's Meat Market

MILLINERY SALE.

During the entire month I will close out a lot of goods for a Chicago Millinery House. They are bargains and will go at cost. Come early and get your choice. All pattern hats black, brown and all the leading colors. A lot of plumes, pompons, caps and ribbons to be also sold. The sale will last one month only.

Mrs. E. Parkinson

D. R. E. S. Dodd & Son

Druggist & Booksellers thank the people of Buchanan and vicinity for their patronage and ask for its continuance

We are Agents For

Doan's Stock Food,
Cody's Cough Powder and
Doan's Kidney Pills.

have all the PATENT MEDICINES called for in this market. We sell PERMERY, TOILET SOAP, etc. always

Doan's Cough Balsam
Doan's Liver Pills
Doan's Sarsaparilla

75c per bottle.

LOCAL NOTES

Some eyes, spectacles.
BINNS' MAGNET STORE

A number of Buchanan citizens Niles today attending the

of Weider Sehen dancing hold their next dance on evening, Feb. 14, Valentine

ing at the Christian church morning and evening. Bible follows the morning services come.

eph Anstiss has sold his team to Bishop and will retire from the logging business. He is undecided to just what he will do, but may move away from town.

Old gold and silver.
W. W. Wood.

Our new spring stock of wall paper is ready for inspection.

BINNS' MAGNET STORE

Song Festival and Picture show, at Rough's Opera House, Feb. 11 and 18.

Big reduction on photographs through January and February at Eison's.

Big Universal Song Festival and Picture show next Saturday night Feb. 11, at Rough's Opera House. 10 and 30 cents.

Calendar pads for 1905, just the thing for fancy work, only one cent each at the Record

Next Sunday is the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. This will be observed by appropriate services at the M. E. church Sunday evening, Feb. 12.

See "Ben Hur" the worlds famous play pictured out by one of the best machines ever seen in Buchanan. The illustrated songs alone will be worth the price of admission, 10, 20 and 30 cents. Next Saturday and Monday night.

J. B. Sturtevant reports the sale of the Fred Baumann farm, of 40 acres located a couple of miles west, to Mrs. Mary B. Smith of Buchanan, who with her son, B. L. Smith, will take possession March 1. Consideration \$2,600.—Niles Sun.

The ladies' aid society of the Evangelical church will sell aprons and serve supper next Saturday Feb. 11, in the building on Main street formerly occupied by the Star restaurant. The aprons will be on sale beginning at 2 p. m. and supper will be served from 5 till 8, price 20c. The ladies invite the patronage of all. Remember on Saturday.

Stanley D. Guy of Coloma and Harry O. Pierce of Niles, are no longer members of the deputy staff of Sheriff Tennant. They are now numbered among the slain. In the new court calendar the name of Chas. Curtis will appear as deputy sheriff from Watervliet township and Mr. Pierce has handed in his resignation to the sheriff. It is understood that ex-Alderman Crawford of Niles, and a relative of Sheriff Tennant, will be appointed in his place. Rollan Potter has been reappointed deputy at Galien.

The report that the Michigan Central railway will build into Grand Haven from Allegan or Marshall is believed to be true. Such a move means the inauguration of car ferry service between that city and Milwaukee. Some time ago the Michigan Central acquired control of the Detroit & Northern Ohio railway. This road held important terminal facilities in Grand Haven but tracks for some reason were never laid. This property is the finest along the river front and it is expected will now be utilized for a car ferry terminal. The road controls important dockage in Milwaukee.

This year Easter Sunday falls on April 23, says and exchange. The date is unusually late. But few times in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries has Easter been so belated. In 1810 it fell on April 22 and on the same date in 1828 and again in 1832. In 1848 it came on April 23 and in 1859 on April 24. The latest Easter recorded in the two centuries was in 1886, when it fell on April 25. There will be but two more Easters on April 23 in the twentieth century, in 1916 and 2000. In 1943 it falls on April 25. Last year Easter came on April 3. The earliest Easter record in the two centuries thus far was in 1818, when it fell on March 22.

FARM FOR RENT—240 acres, best adapted for stock and dairy purposes. Four miles from Buchanan.

FARM FOR RENT—160 acres good for grain or stock, two miles from Glendora creamery, R. B. Jennings. F. 10-17

Poisons In Food

Perhaps you don't realize that many pain poisons originate in your food, but some day you may feel a twinge of dyspepsia that will convince you. Dr. King's New Life Pills are guaranteed to cure all sickness due to poisons of undigested food—or money back. 25c at all drug stores. Try them.

PERSONAL.

Mr. T. Mack Walker was a Cassopolis visitor Tuesday.

Mr. Jay Dewey, of South Bend, was a Buchanan visitor Tuesday.

Dr. H. M. Brodrick was in Dowagiac Wednesday, to attend the snow race.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Lewis went to Benton Harbor the first of the week for a two week's visit.

Representative S. H. Kelley was in town Wednesday on his way to Berrien Springs to attend the convention.

Editor L. W. Hovey of the Three Oaks Acorn and Postmaster T. D. Childs, also of Three Oaks, made the Record a pleasant call Wednesday morning.

Fraud Exposed

A few counterfeiters have lately been making and trying to sell imitations of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, and other medicines, thereby defrauding the public. This is to warn you to beware of such people, who seek to profit, through stealing the reputation of remedies which have been successfully curing diseases, for over 35 years. A sure protection, to you, is our name on the wrapper. Look for it, on all Dr. King's, or Bucklen's remedies, as all others are mere imitations. H. E. BUCKLEN & CO., Chicago, Ill., and Windsor, Canada.

BENTON HARBOR.

Slighrides and parties have become "too numerous to mention."

Have you seen the two sun spots that are now visible to all good eyes?

Mrs. Fletcher Lewis is down from Buchanan to visit Mrs. Albert Russell. H. T. Stretch has been granted a patent on a saw-setting machine.

Harold F. Sayles the evangelist, is holding revival services in St. Joe.

Drs. Watson and Tabor are taking a three weeks post graduate course in Chicago.

The horticultural society of this county will have a meeting in St. Joe Friday, the 10th.

Last Friday was St. Blase's day and throat blessing services were held in the catholic churches of the Twin cities.

Our society ladies are perfecting arrangements for a grand charity ball, to be held in the near future, for the benefit of the new hospital fund.

The G. & M. Co. expected to open navigation with the Argo during the latter half of February, but the severe cold has formed ice which will prevent it till sometime in March.

C. R. Butts has sold his Union restaurant and taken possession of the Leland house, formerly the Park hotel, which stands next to the lot on which the \$20,000 mineral bath house will be built.

Geo. Anderson and Mrs. C. Nash went to Buchanan Monday, to sell the place owned by the late Alma R. White and settle up her estate. Mr. Anderson returned Wednesday evening, but Mrs. Nash will visit a few days longer and then return to make her home with her daughter, Mrs. Geo. Anderson.

In consideration of \$5,000 paid them by our development company, The Baker-Vawter company will move another of its plants here from Chicago, thus doubling the capacity of the one already here and giving employment to 200 to 300 people. The payroll is already \$800 to \$1,000 per week.

DAYTON

F. H. Weaver and family returned to their home at Jackson, Mich., Saturday.

Emma Arnold is in Buchanan this week.

Mrs. Emma Cripe of South Bend visited relatives here over Sunday. Frank Phillips is very sick with lung fever.

Caddie Hall was home Sunday. Mrs. Martin came home Tuesday. Mrs. Southerton of Battle Creek and Mrs. E. Parkinson of Buchanan, visited Mrs. A. E. Weaver, Wednesday and Thursday of last week.

Greatly In Demand.

Nothing is more in demand than a medicine which meets modern requirement for a blood and system cleanser such as Dr. King's New Life Pills. They are just what you need to cure stomach and liver troubles. Try them. At All Druggists, 25c., guaranteed.

QUALITY

Has given us our reputation and our output enables us to name

Rock Bottom Prices

If You Want the BEST GOODS for the Least Money

—TRADE AT—

Buchanan Cash Grocery

Leaders in Low Prices and First-class Goods.

We Can Save You Money

on any Magazine or Paper published. Every new subscriber to the RECORD and every old subscriber who renews, will be given the benefit of our Special

CLUBBING RATES

Call at the RECORD OFFICE and renew your subscription and take advantage of these cheap rates.

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Only \$1 per year.

W. W. WOOD NEW LIVERY.

Expert

Watch and Jewelry Repairing

Old Gold and Silver Bought.

Buchanan, Mich.

NOTICE

To all who trap, I will pay the highest market price for Fur and Hides of all kinds. Also will pay highest market price for Old Iron, Rags, rubbers and Paper Stock and Metal of all kinds.

I will pay 45c per 100 for Old Iron delivered in Niles.

Myer Franklin

NILES, MICH.

Having rented the Front Street Livery Barn and put in a full line of first class rigs, I am prepared to accommodate the public with the best Livery service at all times at reasonable prices. A specialty made of feeding.

Geo. Batchelor, Buchanan

For

An attractive meal of well-prepared food, go to

The City Restaurant

Pleasant and Comfortable Rooms.

Mrs. Nettie Lister, Proprietor

BUCHANAN Steam Laundry

Our Wagon will Call for and Deliver Your Laundry Let Us Hear from You

W. E. Pennell

PATENTS

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GASNOW & Co.

Under the Rose

By **FREDERIC S. ISHAM,**
Author of "The Strollers"

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The rustling of a gown admonished him he was not alone, and, looking around amid the crimson flowers, to his startled gaze appeared the face of her of whom he was thinking; above the broad, white brow shone the radiance of hair, a gold that was almost bronze in that dim light; through the green tangle of shrubbery, a silver slipper.

"Ah, it is you, fool!" she said languidly. It may be he contrasted the indifference of her tones now with the unconscious softness of her voice when she had addressed him on another occasion—in another garden—for his face flushed and he would have turned abruptly when—

"Oh, you may remain," she added carelessly. "The duke has but left me. He received a message that the man hurt in the lists was most anxious to see him."

Into the whirl of his reflections her words insinuated themselves. Why had the free baron gone to the trooper? What made his presence so imperative at the bedside of the soldier that he had abruptly abandoned the festivities? Surely more than mere anxiety for the man's welfare. The jester looked at the princess for the answer to these questions, but her face was cold, smiling, unresponsive. In the basin of the fountain tiny fish played and darted, and as his eyes turned from her to them they appeared as swift and illusive as his own surging fancies.

"The—duke, madam, is most solicitous about his men," he said in a voice which sounded strangely calm.

"A good leader has always in mind the welfare of his soldiers," she replied briefly.

Her hand played among the blossoms. Over the flowers she looked at him. Her features and arms were of the sculptured roundness of marble, but the reflection of the roses bathed her in the warm hue of life. As he met her gaze the illumined pages of a book seemed turning before his eyes. Did she remember?

She could not but perceive his emotion, the tribute of a glance beyond control, despite the proud immobility of his features.

"Sit here, fool," she said, not unkindly, "and you may tell me more about the duke, his exploits—of that battle when he saved the life of the emperor."

The jester made no move to obey, but, looking down, answered coldly, "The duke, madam, likes not to have his poor deeds exploited."

"Poor deeds!" she returned and seemed about to reply more sharply when something in his face held her silent.

Leaning her head on her hand, she appeared to forget his presence, motionless save for a foot that waved to and fro, betraying her restless mood. The sound of her dress, the swaying of the foot, held his attention. In that little bower the air was almost stifling, laden with the perfume of many flowers. Even the song of the birds grew fainter. Only the tiny fountain, more assertive than ever, became louder and louder. The princess breathed deeply, half arose. A vine caught in her hair. She stooped to disentangle it, then held herself erect.

"How close it is in here!" she murmured, arranging the tress the plant had disturbed. "Go to the door, fool, and see if you can find your master."

Involuntarily he had stepped toward her, as though to assist her, but now stopped. His face changed. He even laughed. That last word from her lips seemed to break the spell of self control that held him.

"My master!" he said in a hard, scoffing tone. "Whom mean you—the man who left you to go to the soldier? That blusterer my master! That swaggering trooper!"

Her inertness vanished. The sudden anger and wonderment in her eyes met the passion in his.

"How dare you—dare you!" she began.

"He is neither my master nor the duke, but a mere freebooter, a mountain terrorist."

Pride and contempt replaced her surprise, but indignation still remained. His audacity in coming to her with this falsehood, his hardness in maintaining it, admitted of but one explanation. By her complaisance in the past she had fanned the embers of a passion which now burst beyond control. She realized how more than fair she looked that evening. Had she not heard it from many? Had not the eyes of the king's guest told her? And she believed that this lie must have sprung to the jester's lips while he was regarding her.

As the solution crossed her mind, revealing the pleasant, a desperate and despicable as well as lowly wooer, her face relaxed. In the desire to test her conclusion she laughed quietly, musically. Cruelly kind smiled the princess.

"You are mad," she breathed softly. "You are mad—because—because you—"

He started, studying her eagerly. He fancied he read relenting softness in her gaze, a flash of memory into a past, where glamour and romance and the heart history of the rose made up life's desideratum, wherein existence was but an allegory of love's quest and the goal its consummation. Had she not bent sedulously over the rose of the poet? Had not her breath come quick-

ly, eagerly? Could he not feel it yet, sweet and warm on his cheek? Into the past, having gone so far, he stepped now boldly, as though to grasp again those illusive colors and seize anew the intangible substance. He was but young, when shadows seem solid, when dreams are corporeal stuff and fantasies, rocklike strata of reality.

So he knelt before her. "Yes," he said, "I love you."

And he thus remained, pale, inert, all resentment or jealousy succeeded by a stronger emotion, a feeling chivalric that bent itself to a glad thralldom, the desire but to serve her, to save her. His heart beat faster. He raised his head proudly.

"Listen, princess," he began. "Though I meant it not, I fear I have greatly wronged you. I have much to ask your pardon for, much to tell you. It is I—"

The words died on his lips. From the princess' face all softness had suddenly vanished. Her gaze passed him, cold, haughty. Across the illusory positiveness of his world, immaterial, psychological, ghostly, an intermediate orb, a tangible shadow, was thrown. Behind him stood the free baron and the king. Quickly the fool sprang to his feet.

"Princess!" exclaimed the hoarse voice of the master of Hochfels.

"My lord?"

For a moment neither spoke, and then the clear, cold voice of the princess broke the silence.

"Are all the fools in your country so presumptuous, my lord?" she said.

The king's countenance lightened. He turned his accusing glance upon the fool. As in a dream stood the latter. The words he would have uttered remained unspoken. But briefly the monarch surveyed him satirically, darkly, then, turning, with a gesture, summoned an attendant. Not until the hands of two soldiers fell upon him did the fool betray any emotion. Then his face changed, and the stunted look in his eyes gave way to an expression of such unbridled feeling that involuntarily the king stepped back, and the free baron drew his sword. But neither had the monarch need for apprehension nor the princess' betrothed use for his weapon. Some emotion deeper than anger replaced the savage turmoil of the jester's thoughts as with a last fixed look at the princess he mechanically suffered himself to be led away. Louise's gaze perforce followed him, and when the canvas fell and he had disappeared she passed a hand across her brow.

"Are you satisfied, my lord?" said the king to the free baron.

"The knave has received his just deserts, sire," replied the other, and, stepping to the princess' side, raised her hand to his lips.

"Mere de Dieu!" cried the monarch, passing his arm in a friendly manner over the free baron's shoulder and addressing Louise. "You will find Robert of Friedwald worthy of your high trust, cousin."

Without, they were soon whispering it. The attendant who was the Count of Cross, breathed what he knew to the Duke of Montmorency, who told Du Bellays, who related the story to

from a servant, learned that Caillette had not been in his apartments since the day before; that he had ridden from the tournament ostensibly to return to his rooms, but nothing had been heard of him since.

No further doubt remained in his mind that the duke's pleasant had sent a comrade in motley to the emperor, and as he would not have inspired a mere fool's errand Charles without question was in Spain, several days nearer to the court of the French monarch than the princess' betrothed had presumed. Caillette had now been four and twenty hours on his journey. It would be useless to attempt pursuit, as the jester was a gallant horseman, trained to the hunt. Such a man would be indefatigable in the saddle, and the other realized that, strive as he might, he could never overcome the handicap.

Then of what avail was one fool in the dungeon, with a second on the road? Should he abandon his quest, be driven from his purpose by a nest of motley meddlers? The idea never seriously entered his mind. He would fight it out doggedly upon the field of deception. But how?

Step by step the king's guest had left the palace behind him until the surrounding shrubbery shut it from view, but the path, sweeping onward with graceful curve, brought him suddenly to a beautiful chateau. Lost in thought, he gazed within the flowering ground at the ornate architecture, the marble statues and the little lake in whose pellucid depths were mirrored a thousand beauties of that chosen spot, an improved Eden of the landscape gardener wherein resided the Countess d'Etampes.

"Why?" thought the free baron, brightening abruptly, "that chance which served me last night, which forced the trooper to speak today, now has led my stupid feet to the soothsayer."

Within a much beglitt and gorgeous bower he soon found himself awaiting patiently the coming of the king's favorite. Upon a tiny chair of gold too fragile for his bulk the caller meanwhile inspected the ceilings and walls of this dainty domicile, mechanically striving to decipher a painted allegory of Venus and Mars or Helen and Paris or the countess and Francis, he could not decide precisely its purport, when she floated into the room, dressed in some diaphanous stuff, a natural accompaniment to the other decorations, her disabille a positive note of modesty amid the vivid colorings and graceful poses of those tributes to love with which Primiticcio and other Italian artists had adorned this bower.

"How charming of you!" vaguely murmured the lady, sinking lightly upon a settee. "What an early riser you must be, duke!"

Although it was then but two hours from noon, the visitor confessed himself open to criticism in this regard. "And you as well, madam," he added, "must plead guilty of the same fault. One can easily see you have been out

had repaired to the bedside of the soldier the night before he had only his trip for his pains, as the man had again sunk into unconsciousness shortly before his coming. Thus the free baron was still in ignorance of the person to whom the fool had betrayed him.

"With a firm step the king's guest entered the chamber of the injured soldier. Upon a narrow bed lay the trooper, his mustachios appearing unusually red and fierce against his now yellow, washed out complexion. As the free baron drew near the couch a tall figure arose from the side of the bed.

"How is your patient, doctor?" said the visitor shortly.

"Low," returned the other laconically. This person wore a black gown, a pair of huge broad rimmed glasses resting on the bridge of a thin, long nose, and in his clawlike fingers he held a vial, the contents of which he stirred slowly. His aspect was that of living sorrow and melancholy.

"Has he been conscious again?" asked the caller.

"He has e'en lain as you see him," replied the wearer of the black robe.

"His days are numbered," quoth the free baron to himself, staring forward. But as he spoke he imagined he saw the red mustachios move, while one eye certainly glared with intelligent hatred upon the doctor and turned with anxious solicitude upon his master. The latter immediately knelt by the bedside and laid his hand upon the already cold one of the soldier.

"Speak!" he said.

It was the command of an officer to a trooper, an authoritative bidding, and seemed to summon a last rallying energy from the failing heart. The man's gaze showed that he understood. From the free baron's eye flashed a glance of savage power and force.

"Speak!" he repeated cruelly, imperatively.

The mustachios quivered; the leader bent his head low, so low his face almost touched the soldier's. A voice—was it a voice, so faint it sounded?—breathed a few words:

"The emperor—Spain—Caillette gone!"

Soberly the king's guest walked down the echoing stairway out into the open air of the court. The emperor in Spain? It seemed not unlikely. If the emperor had gone to Spain a messenger, riding posthaste, could reach Charles in time to enable that monarch to interpose in the nuptials and override the confidence the free baron had established for himself in the court of Francis. An impediment offered by Charles would be equivalent to the abandonment of the entire marital enterprise.

Pausing before a massive arched doorway that led into a wing of the castle where the free baron knew the jesters and certain of the gentlemen of the chamber lodged, the master of Hochfels, in answer to his inquiries

from a servant, learned that Caillette had not been in his apartments since the day before; that he had ridden from the tournament ostensibly to return to his rooms, but nothing had been heard of him since.

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in the garden and," he blundered on, "stolen the tints from the roses."

Sharply the countess looked at him, but read only an honest attempt at a compliment.

"Why," she said, "you are becoming as great a flatterer as the rest of them. But, confess now, you did not call to tell me that?"

"No, madam," he answered, taking credit to himself for his diplomacy, "it is not necessary that truth should be premeditated. I had a serious purpose in seeking you. Of all the court you alone can assist me. It is to you only I can look for aid. Knowing you generous, I have ventured to come."

"You interest me," she laughed. "It must be a pressing emergency when you honor me—so early in the day."

"It is, madam," he replied, "very pressing to me. I want the wedding day changed."

"Changed!" she exclaimed, staring at him. "Deferred?"

"No; hastened, madam. It is too long to wait. Go to the king; ask him to shorten the interval; to set the day sooner. I beg of you, madam!"

"Oh, this is delicious!" purred the countess. "I will be your messenger, your advocate, and will plead your cause and will win your case. But what about the princess? What will she say when?"

"It shall be my task to persuade her. I am sure she will consent," returned the suitor.

"Perhaps you have spoken to her already?" asked the countess.

"No, madam; without your assistance, of what use would be her willingness?"

"What a responsibility you place on my weak shoulders!" cried the other. "However, I will not shift the burden. I will go to his majesty at once. And do you go to the princess."

"At your command," he replied and took his departure.

CHAPTER XV.

WITH his arms behind him, the duke's fool moved as best he might to and fro within the narrow confines of his jail. The events which had led to his incarceration were so recent he had hardly yet brought himself to realize their full significance. Neither Francis' anger nor the free baron's covert satisfaction during the scene following their abrupt appearance in the bower of roses had greatly weighed upon him, but not so the attitude of the princess.

How vividly all the details stood out in his brain—the sudden transitions of her manner; her seeming interest in his passionate words; her eyes, friendly, tender, as he had once known them, then portentous silence, frozen disdain! Into the marble-like pallor of her face a faint flush had seemed to insinuate itself, but the words had dropped easily from her lips. "Are all the fools of your country so presumptuous, my lord?"

Above the other distinctive features of that tragic night to the pleasant this question had reiterated itself persistently in the solitude of his cell. From her height could she not have spared him the scorn and contempt of her question? Over and over through the long hours he had asked himself that, and as he brooded the idealization with which he had adorned her fell like an enshrouding drapery to the dust. Of the vestment of fancy nothing but tatters remained.

A voice without, harsh, abrupt, broke in upon the jester's thoughts. A key was inserted in the lock, and, with a creaking of bolts and groaning of hinges, the warden swung back the iron barrier. Upon the threshold stood the commanding figure of the free baron. A moment he remained thus and then, with an authoritative gesture to the man, stepped inside. The turnkey withdrew to a discreet distance, where he remained within call, yet beyond the range of ordinary conversation. Immovably the king's guest gazed upon the jester, who, unabashed, calmly endured the scrutiny.

"Well, fool," began the free baron bluntly, "how like you your quarters? You fought me well—in truth, very well. But you labored under a disadvantage, for one thing is certain—a jester in love is doubly a fool."

"Is that what you have come to say?" asked the pleasant, his bright glance fastened on the other's confident face.

"I came to return the visit you once made me," easily retorted the master of Hochfels. "By this time you have probably learned I am an opponent to be feared."

"As one fears the assassin's knife or a treacherous onslaught," said the fool.

"Did I not say when you left that night the truce was over?" returned the king's guest, frowning.

"True," was the ironical answer. "Forewarned, forearmed. And that sort of warfare was to be expected."

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"Yes," answered the pleasant, "it is too late."

In the fool's countenance or his manner the king's guest sought confirmation of the dying trooper's words; also was he fencing for such additional information as he might glean, and for this purpose had he come. Had the emperor really gone to Spain? The soldier's assurance had been so faint sometimes the free baron wondered if he had heard aright or if he had correctly interpreted the meager message. He hoped to provoke from the plain

had repaired to the bedside of the soldier the night before he had only his trip for his pains, as the man had again sunk into unconsciousness shortly before his coming. Thus the free baron was still in ignorance of the person to whom the fool had betrayed him.

"With a firm step the king's guest entered the chamber of the injured soldier. Upon a narrow bed lay the trooper, his mustachios appearing unusually red and fierce against his now yellow, washed out complexion. As the free baron drew near the couch a tall figure arose from the side of the bed.

"How is your patient, doctor?" said the visitor shortly.

"Low," returned the other laconically. This person wore a black gown, a pair of huge broad rimmed glasses resting on the bridge of a thin, long nose, and in his clawlike fingers he held a vial, the contents of which he stirred slowly. His aspect was that of living sorrow and melancholy.

"Has he been conscious again?" asked the caller.

"He has e'en lain as you see him," replied the wearer of the black robe.

"His days are numbered," quoth the free baron to himself, staring forward. But as he spoke he imagined he saw the red mustachios move, while one eye certainly glared with intelligent hatred upon the doctor and turned with anxious solicitude upon his master. The latter immediately knelt by the bedside and laid his hand upon the already cold one of the soldier.

"Speak!" he said.

It was the command of an officer to a trooper, an authoritative bidding, and seemed to summon a last rallying energy from the failing heart. The man's gaze showed that he understood. From the free baron's eye flashed a glance of savage power and force.

"Speak!" he repeated cruelly, imperatively.

The mustachios quivered; the leader bent his head low, so low his face almost touched the soldier's. A voice—was it a voice, so faint it sounded?—breathed a few words:

"The emperor—Spain—Caillette gone!"

Soberly the king's guest walked down the echoing stairway out into the open air of the court. The emperor in Spain? It seemed not unlikely. If the emperor had gone to Spain a messenger, riding posthaste, could reach Charles in time to enable that monarch to interpose in the nuptials and override the confidence the free baron had established for himself in the court of Francis. An impediment offered by Charles would be equivalent to the abandonment of the entire marital enterprise.

Pausing before a massive arched doorway that led into a wing of the castle where the free baron knew the jesters and certain of the gentlemen of the chamber lodged, the master of Hochfels, in answer to his inquiries

from a servant, learned that Caillette had not been in his apartments since the day before; that he had ridden from the tournament ostensibly to return to his rooms, but nothing had been heard of him since.

No further doubt remained in his mind that the duke's pleasant had sent a comrade in motley to the emperor, and as he would not have inspired a mere fool's errand Charles without question was in Spain, several days nearer to the court of the French monarch than the princess' betrothed had presumed. Caillette had now been four and twenty hours on his journey. It would be useless to attempt pursuit, as the jester was a gallant horseman, trained to the hunt. Such a man would be indefatigable in the saddle, and the other realized that, strive as he might, he could never overcome the handicap.

Then of what avail was one fool in the dungeon, with a second on the road? Should he abandon his quest, be driven from his purpose by a nest of motley meddlers? The idea never seriously entered his mind. He would fight it out doggedly upon the field of deception. But how?

Step by step the king's guest had left the palace behind him until the surrounding shrubbery shut it from view, but the path, sweeping onward with graceful curve, brought him suddenly to a beautiful chateau. Lost in thought, he gazed within the flowering ground at the ornate architecture, the marble statues and the little lake in whose pellucid depths were mirrored a thousand beauties of that chosen spot, an improved Eden of the landscape gardener wherein resided the Countess d'Etampes.

"Why?" thought the free baron, brightening abruptly, "that chance which served me last night, which forced the trooper to speak today, now has led my stupid feet to the soothsayer."

Within a much beglitt and gorgeous bower he soon found himself awaiting patiently the coming of the king's favorite. Upon a tiny chair of gold too fragile for his bulk the caller meanwhile inspected the ceilings and walls of this dainty domicile, mechanically striving to decipher a painted allegory of Venus and Mars or Helen and Paris or the countess and Francis, he could not decide precisely its purport, when she floated into the room, dressed in some diaphanous stuff, a natural accompaniment to the other decorations, her disabille a positive note of modesty amid the vivid colorings and graceful poses of those tributes to love with which Primiticcio and other Italian artists had adorned this bower.

"How charming of you!" vaguely murmured the lady, sinking lightly upon a settee. "What an early riser you must be, duke!"

Although it was then but two hours from noon, the visitor confessed himself open to criticism in this regard. "And you as well, madam," he added, "must plead guilty of the same fault. One can easily see you have been out

in the garden and," he blundered on, "stolen the tints from the roses."

Sharply the countess looked at him, but read only an honest attempt at a compliment.

"Why," she said, "you are becoming as great a flatterer as the rest of them. But, confess now, you did not call to tell me that?"

"No, madam," he answered, taking credit to himself for his diplomacy, "it is not necessary that truth should be premeditated. I had a serious purpose in seeking you. Of all the court you alone can assist me. It is to you only I can look for aid. Knowing you generous, I have ventured to come."

"You interest me," she laughed. "It must be a pressing emergency when you honor me—so early in the day."

"It is, madam," he replied, "very pressing to me. I want the wedding day changed."

"Changed!" she exclaimed, staring at him. "Deferred?"

"No; hastened, madam. It is too long to wait. Go to the king; ask him to shorten the interval; to set the day sooner. I beg of you, madam!"

"Oh, this is delicious!" purred the countess. "I will be your messenger, your advocate, and will plead your cause and will win your case. But what about the princess? What will she say when?"

"It shall be my task to persuade her. I am sure she will consent," returned the suitor.

"Perhaps you have spoken to her already?" asked the countess.

"No, madam; without your assistance, of what use would be her willingness?"

"What a responsibility you place on my weak shoulders!" cried the other. "However, I will not shift the burden. I will go to his majesty at once. And do you go to the princess."

"At your command," he replied and took his departure.

CHAPTER XV.

WITH his arms behind him, the duke's fool moved as best he might to and fro within the narrow confines of his jail. The events which had led to his incarceration were so recent he had hardly yet brought himself to realize their full significance. Neither Francis' anger nor the free baron's covert satisfaction during the scene following their abrupt appearance in the bower of roses had greatly weighed upon him, but not so the attitude of the princess.

How vividly all the details stood out in his brain—the sudden transitions of her manner; her seeming interest in his passionate words; her eyes, friendly, tender, as he had once known them, then portentous silence, frozen disdain! Into the marble-like pallor of her face a faint flush had seemed to insinuate itself, but the words had dropped easily from her lips. "Are all the fools of your country so presumptuous, my lord?"

Above the other distinctive features of that tragic night to the pleasant this question had reiterated itself persistently in the solitude of his cell. From her height could she not have spared him the scorn and contempt of her question? Over and over through the long hours he had asked himself that, and as he brooded the idealization with which he had adorned her fell like an enshrouding drapery to the dust. Of the vestment of fancy nothing but tatters remained.

A voice without, harsh, abrupt, broke in upon the jester's thoughts. A key was inserted in the lock, and, with a creaking of bolts and groaning of hinges, the warden swung back the iron barrier. Upon the threshold stood the commanding figure of the free baron. A moment he remained thus and then, with an authoritative gesture to the man, stepped inside. The turnkey withdrew to a discreet distance, where he remained within call, yet beyond the range of ordinary conversation. Immovably the king's guest gazed upon the jester, who, unabashed, calmly endured the scrutiny.

"Well, fool," began the free baron bluntly, "how like you your quarters? You fought me well—in truth, very well. But you labored under a disadvantage, for one thing is certain—a jester in love is doubly a fool."

"Is that what you have come to say?" asked the pleasant, his bright glance fastened on the other's confident face.

"I came to return the visit you once made me," easily retorted the master of Hochfels. "By this time you have probably learned I am an opponent to be feared."

"As one fears the assassin's knife or a treacherous onslaught," said the fool.

"Did I not say when you left that night the truce was over?" returned the king's guest, frowning.

"True," was the ironical answer. "Forewarned, forearmed. And that sort of warfare was to be expected."

"Well," unreservedly replied the free baron, who for reasons of his own chose not to challenge the affront, "in those two instances you were not worsted. And, as for the trooper who attacked you, I know not whether your lance or the doctor's lancet is responsible for his taking off. But you met him with true affiant. You would have made a good soldier. It is to be regretted you did not place your fortune with mine. But it is too late now."

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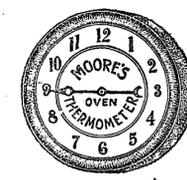
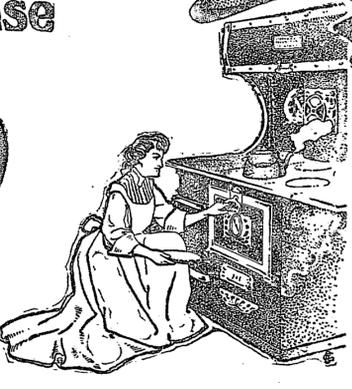
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First publication Jan. 27, 1905.

Estate of Anna Foster, Deceased.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, the Probate Court of the County of Berrien.

In the matter of the estate of Anna F. Foster, deceased.

Having been appointed administrator of the estate of Anna F. Foster, deceased, I do hereby give notice that four months from the 23d day of January, A. D. 1905, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to me for examination and adjustment, and that we will meet at the drug store of William N. Brodrie, Buchanan, Michigan, said county, on the 27th day of March, A. D. 1905, and on the 4th day of April, A