

Grand April Sales

Silks! Silks!!
Geo. Wyman & Co., offer the crowning sale for the season in silks for April.
Lot No. 1
Fancy Taffetas, Fancy Louisines, Embroidered Pongees for shirt waist suits, all at one price, 50c per yard. These silks were made to sell for a great deal more money.
Lot No. 2
This lot of silks was made to sell at \$1.25 and \$1.50. We offer them for April at 85c per yard. A great variety.
Carpets, Draperies, and Curtains
Our carpet trade for March was way ahead of our expectations. We continue our March sale of carpets during April.
Domestics! Domestics!!
500 pieces fine cotton voiles, great variety. These goods were made to sell at 15c—our price is 10c per yard.
Standard prints, 3½c, 4c and 5c.
Lawn, 4c to 7½c.
The 7½c ginghams are the run of the

mill in 15c goods, all for 7½c.
100 pieces 36 inch best quality silkolines 8c
Cotton crash 2½c to 5c per yard.
All linen 72 inch double damask 75c, napkins to match \$2.50 per dozen.
Fine printed pique, white grounds with small figures made to sell for 10c, at 5c.
Ribbons For April
Geo. Wyman & Co., offer one line of fancy and printed warp and ombre wide widths, 25c and 35c per yard. Other lines up to \$1 per yard for belts, etc.
Val. laces 1c, 2c, and 3c and up, slightly soiled.
One line embroidered waist patterns with embroidered cuffs and fronts, 85c.
One line embroidered laces, all overs for waists, 25c to \$1.50 per yard.
Cloaks and Millinery
We invite you to visit these departments—they are filled with new goods for Easter and spring wear.
You can depend on getting good goods at the lowest prices always.

GEO. WYMAN & CO.

South Bend, Indiana.

BUSINESS CARDS

D. R. L. E. PECK, D. M. O. Physician and Surgeon, Office over R. C. Hardware, Telephone 22, Buchanan, Mich.

WILLIE C. C. M. D. Physician and Surgeon, Office over R. C. Hardware, Telephone 22, Buchanan, Mich.

Frank A. Stryker, Co. Drain Commissioner, office corner Front and Main Sts., Buchanan, Mich. Belle phone 29.

DR. JOHN O. BUTLER,
DENTIST.
HEDDEN BLOCK
Phone 22.

DR. JESSE FILMAR
DENTIST

OFFICE—108-109 OFFICE BLOCK,
Nitrous Oxide Gas Given in Extracting Teeth
BELL PHONE 95-2 rings.

J. W. EMMONS M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Diseases of Women a Specialty.
Office over express office. Office hours 10 a. m. until 4 p. m.; in at all other times except when out in actual practice.
Residence corner Lake and Front streets, formerly the Hubbell residence. Calls promptly attended to day or night.
Phone, Residence and Office 112.

Perrott & Son
Funeral Directors
108-110 Oak Street,
Phone 113. BUCHANAN, MICHIGAN.

RICHARDS & EMERSON
UNDERTAKERS,
FRONT ST., BUCHANAN, MICH.

SOUTH BEND FOUNDRY CO.,
SOUTH BEND, IND.,
make all kinds of Grey Iron, Building, Street and Machine
CASTINGS
Do Pattern, Blacksmith and Machine Work,
SASH WEIGHTS, ETC.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.
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 newsdealers.
MUNN & Co 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 225 F St., Washington, D. C.

IT IS ALL OVER NOW

Unique Strike at St. Joseph Has Ended

LEADERS LOST CONTROL

Company Stood Pat and Windows Will Not Be Opened

St. Joseph May 3.—St. Joseph's unique strike is ended. Yesterday all but ten of the striking girls returned to work in the Cooper-Wells knitting mill, signing an agreement to observe all the rules of the institution and to give at least two weeks' notice before leaving their positions. While nothing is specified in the rules as to the windows President Wells assured the citizen's committee that the girls would be given opportunity of obtaining all the fresh air available.

Windows at present will all be lowered from the top instead of every second one as under the old arrangement. When the weather becomes warmer the windows will be raised from the bottom and if necessary holes will be cut through the floors.

By agreement the girls appeared at the factory to determine whether the company was willing to take them back as a body without signing a contract. The officials held to their course announced the day following the walk out and as an answer handed each girl a set of rules and asked that they sign the contract.

It was then the break came. Several of the girls signed without hesitation and the stampede began.

The strike leaders were unable to hold their forces in check. Before many minutes all but ten of the strikers had signed. These refused to return under the conditions imposed by the factory officials.

ODOR OF HIDES WAS TOO MUCH

The Court.—"If that bundle of hides is opened will a strong odor come from them?"

Witness.—"Yes, it will be quite strong."

Court.—"Then the witness and attorneys, if they wish, will go out into the corridor to identify the goods."

Off stalked the witness and Prosecuting Attorney White and defendant's attorneys Southworth and Sanders, to take a whiff at the critter skins.

An ugly pile of hides was introduced as evidence during the trial of the case of The People vs. Ulysses Bristol and John Haveling in the circuit court this morning. Everybody in the court room eyed the little package with suspicion, and when the witness admitted that "large chunks" of bad odors, not synonymous with violets, might be stored up in the bundle awaiting freedom, consternation reigned and a hurried order was given to the court officers to take the disturber away, and witness and attorneys were invited to attend the post mortem proceedings.

Bristol and Haveling are accused of stealing hides from a slaughter house near Buchanan and selling them in South Bend. The goods were recovered and were introduced by Prosecuting Attorney White for identification by the complaining witness.

—News-Palladium.

Rev. J. A. Halmhuber will preach two sermons next Sunday on prayer meetings, 10:30 public worship, subject, "A Dead Prayer Meeting."

11:45 Sunday school, 6:30 Y. P. A. 7:30 preaching service, subject, "A Live Prayer Meeting." Special music on Sunday evening. All are welcome.

A Creeping Death
Blood poison creeps up towards the heart, causing death. J. E. Stearns, Belle Plaine, Minn., writes that a friend dreadfully injured his hand, which swelled up like blood poisoning. Bucklen's Arnica Salve drew out the poison, healed the wound, and saved his life. Best in the world for burns and sores. 25c at all drug stores.

30 Club
The closing meeting and election of officers of the 30 club was held Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Boardman. The officers were elected as follows: Mrs. Frank Rough, president; Mrs. Chas. Pears, vice president; Mrs. Dr. Curtis, secretary; Mrs. M. B. Fitch, correspondent; Miss Georgia Wilcox, Treasurer. Mrs. Frank Rough and Mrs. Boardman were elected as delegates to the State Federations of women club with Mrs. Chas. Pears and Mrs. Chas. Boyle as alternates. It was decided at this meeting that a picnic will be given later in the summer.

Chicago Market Letter

Weekly review of grain trade and exceptional market conditions furnished exclusively to the RECORD by the house of Fyee, Manson & Co., Board of Trade, Chicago.

Everybody in the trade is thankful that the unusual disturbance is over, that prices of wheat futures are down to a level where the trade can now figure on the help from the other side. The trade can now look back and smile on the wild talk of a few weeks ago about Manitoba and Argentine imports and about the American markets being independent of importing Europe. It is quite clear to every one now that this country, so far as its wheat trade is concerned, must get down where it always has been before, so that prices are in line with the quotations on the other side. There is every prospect that we are going to raise a large crop of wheat. We cannot eat it all. It is only good sense at this stage of the game to let prices drift to a point where they will become interesting to exporters and to the consuming countries abroad.

There is an effort at present to make it appear that John W. Gates abandoned his May wheat deal because he saw a storm coming in New York stocks. We will leave it as we had it last week when it was abandoned because he saw the country was going to deliver him more wheat than he could market in a great many months and at a great loss. Chicago has now got prices back so they are at a discount under all other markets except those of the Southwest, Kansas City and St. Louis. This is as it should be. The deliveries on May contracts to day go into strong hands. The mills will want the choice wheat. While this may be a sufficient reason for not further depressing cash wheat prices, the trade is confronted with most excellent crop prospects and it will not be surprising if further favorable conditions for the Northwest as well as the winter wheat belt will keep buyers in doubt for a little while yet.

In corn the bearish element in the trade struck a snag. Certain big holders of May corn were not to be forced into liquidation of their lines. When their bull attitude was discovered the market quickly found supporters again. Today over 1,000,000 bus. of corn went to the bull leaders on delivery. They will take and merchandise the corn. Shipments are going on at 350,000 to 600,000 bus. a day. Receipts for the week fell to 660,000 bus. 640,000 less than the week previous. Stocks are reduced nearly 3,000,000 bus. in two months.

Export clearances are greater than total primary receipts. The market may now be easily influenced by weather. Prospect is now for a late season. The country has shown no disposition to offer corn since the cheap rates vanished April 1st. It will take a very promising start for the new crop to justify any setback in prices. A strong speculative buying movement may follow.

In oats there is pressure enough to cause the May, which we suggested as a rare sale at 32c a few weeks ago, to sell at 28½c. Further depression was adverted by cash interests taking the May offerings and delivery this morning was 1,000,000 bus. to very strong people. Eastern demands are reducing stocks here and Northwest.

Card of Thanks
We wish to thank the friends and neighbors who left their beds at midnight on Tuesday, to awaken us and assist us in saving everything possible from the fire which destroyed our home. To Mr. and Miss Searles we feel indebted for our lives as they were the first to awaken and warn us of our danger. Mr. Imhoff, Mr. Frank Wells and many others have shown themselves to be the true ideal of loyal friends and neighbors. We feel deeply grateful for their kindness.

MR. AND MRS. E. B. SMITH.

Buggies Painted
Have your buggies painted. Harry Weaver will do them right and reasonable. Old blacksmith stand in rear of Jennings Slater's. t. f.

A Full Line of
Cement, Plaster and
Lime.

Estimates Made on
all Kinds of Cement
Work


H. R. Adams

Lumber

Yards on S. Oak St., Buchanan.

Get Our Prices on all
Kinds of Lumber,
Sash and Doors.

The Genuine
Rubberoid
Roofing.



Light and
Cool
in summer.
Warm and
Dry
in winter.
**MINOR'S
TREAD EASY
SHOES**
with
Cork Cushion
Insoles. \$3.50

SCHOOL SHOES.

That will keep the
feet dry

HARD PAN SHOES.

for muddy weather.

New line of Neckware just received
See our new line of Hats and Caps

G. W. NOBLE

Buchanan, Michigan.

Birdsell Wagons

at

E. S. ROE'S HARDWARE

SEE THEM
PRICES RIGHT

MAY

Fresh Vegetables of all kinds. Radishes, Lettice, Rhubarb and Onions. Strawberries, new and fresh. Received three times a week.

Milk Jars 5 cent per gallon.
Jugs 6 cents per gallon.

New line of Garden Seeds. We can supply your needs.

Try a sack of Gerebelle Flour when you want good bread.

W. H. KELLER

Phone 27. Buchanan, Mich.

- Spring Styles -

The fabrics for men's suits were never so beautiful as now.

We show many new shades and designs in gray, soft brown, and "Continental" blues.

The shapes too are almost as novel as the fabrics, Single breasted straight cut, round cut and double breasted with many variations of each style.

The shoulders are cut broad, the backs loose or close fitting; the lapels are long or broad; vents in back, some on the side and some in the middle.

They are beautifully designed, and expressing the very latest ideas, with faultless lines, and clever hand tailoring. They charm every man who tries them on.

Hand made, all wool H. S. & M. suits and spring overcoats from \$15.00 up to \$25.00.

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.
O. P. WOODWORTH
EDITOR.

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

TERMS
\$1.00 PER YEAR.

MAY 5, 1905.

Everybody agrees upon the proposition that Andrew Carnegie and John D. Rockefeller ought to be ashamed to make any more money.

One state still allows imprisonment for debt, and the name of the backward commonwealth is New York. The horse car is another relic of barbarism in New York city.

The United States manufactures 70 per cent of the silk it consumes, and stands second to France in the production of silk goods, a result directly due to a protective tariff.

The last word of triumph seems to be one of melancholy. Mr. Jeffries says "I feel gloomy," because, like Alexander, he can find nobody willing to stand up before him in the arena.

Japan's population, including Formosa, is nearly 50,000,000. In seventeen years the city population of Japan has increased 4,400,000 and the rural population 3,200,000. The Japanese birth rate of 32 per 1000 is high compared with that of other countries, and the death rate of 19 per 1000 is lower than that in the United States.

Monday Club

The M. L. club met with Mrs. E. S. Dodd for president's day, Monday, May 1. Called to order by the president, the club united in singing the club song composed by Mrs. S. E. Smith. The secretary read the report of the previous meeting.

There being two vacancies caused by members leaving town, Mrs. Ida Baker was returned to the list and Mrs. H. Wells added as a new member.

The election of officers followed: President, Mrs. M. Samson; vice president, Mrs. E. S. Roe; secretary, Mrs. Dana Phelps; cor. secretary, Mrs. W. East; treasurer, Mrs. F. Stryker.

The vote on what subjects to study next year decided on art and Shakespeare.

Mrs. Roe read the annual report.

After the club adjourned very toothsome refreshments were served by the president and vice president. The ladies separated feeling that a very profitable year had been closed in a most enjoyable way.

Clean Towels

For everyone at

Sunday & Boone's
Barber Shop and Bath Room

Give us a call

abandoned.

The Egalite girls gave a swell May party at the Armory last Monday night.

Marshall Field has bought some stock in our city's cold storage plant.

John Paige who lived in Buchanan some years ago was married about three weeks ago to a Chicago lady and resides on Whitcomb Court this city.

St. Joe's strike is over as all but ten of the girls signed an agreement to abide by the rules and the knitting factory resumed work yesterday morning.

While Mrs. Sylvestu Warner was raking her yard recently, she found the wedding ring of Mrs. W. C. Hovey lost 15 years ago. Needless to say that lady was more than pleased.

Ex-mayor H. A. Foeltzee was severely burned about the face and hands Tuesday by the explosion of benzine gas in a room where he runs a cleaning department in connection with his tailor business. The force of the explosion blew out the glass front of the building and the fire department was called out. He had a narrow escape.

Dr. John Koehne is giving a week's lectures on "The Tragedy of a Rose," "Agnosticism," "Caesar and the Christians," and kindred subjects all in substantiation of christianity. He is more than meeting ones expectations, for they are the most brainy, logical, educative and withal entertaining, that we have had the pleasure of hearing. We would like to give you some of the good things but it would be like trying to compress a feather bed into a box a foot square to try and report them here. The lectures are given in the Methodist church as the congregational proved to be inadequate.

A little life may be sacrificed to a sudden attack of croup, if you don't have Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil on hand for the emergency.

Ralph M. Chapman, "Chap, the detective," was arrested by Cupid Tuesday evening and sentenced to spend the remainder of his life behind the bars of one woman's heart. "Chap," got married and the bride is one of Kalamazoo's prettiest girls, Miss Madelon Beryl Wynn. The event was a carefully guarded secret until Wednesday morning. "Then 'Chap' fessed up. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman are well known in this city. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Chapman and has made a reputation as a catcher of criminals. But he at last has himself been caught. Mrs. Chapman is the daughter of Mr. John Wynn of Buchanan, Mich. She is a clever pianist. For the present Mr. and Mrs. Chapman will reside at 429 West Lovell street.—Kalamazoo Gazette.

"Neglected, colds make fat graveyards." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup helps men and women to a happy vigorous old age.

The trustees of the Riverside camp grounds held a meeting in the Evangelical church last Monday, and submitted a proposition to the state Y. P. A. Association in regard to the holding of the state convention of the Y. P. A. at Riverside Park next August. From all indications it looks very much as if the convention would be held here. It will be attended by about two hundred delegates and will last four of five days. If the state association decide to hold the convention here, the plan is to have it take place the week before the camp meeting opens, this will allow the delegates to stay and attend the camp meeting.

Only One Kind of Pie

An easterner on his way to California was delayed by the floods in Kansas and was obliged to spend the night in a humble hotel—the best in the town. The bill of fare at dinner time was not very elaborate, says Youth's Companion, but the traveler noticed with joy that at the bottom of the card, printed in pen and ink was a startling variety of pies.

He liked pies and there was custard, lemon, squash, rhubarb, Washington, chocolate, mince, apple and berry pies, and several other varieties. He called the waitress to him.

"Please get me some rhubarb pie," said he.

"I'm afraid we ain't got any rhubarb pie," she drawled.

He took another glance at the list. "Well, get me some squash pie,"

please."

"We haven't got that, either."

"Berry pie?"

"No."

"Lemon pie?"

"No."

"Chocolate pie?"

"I'm sorry, we—"

"Well, what on earth are they all written down here for? On today's bill of fare, too!"

"Well, I'll tell you," said the girl, apologetically. "That list is always written down there for show when we have mince pie, because when we have mince pie no one asks for anything else."

MINES FOUND BY ACCIDENT

Grave Proved to Be Full of Gold and a Rabbit Burrow of Silver Figures Prominently.

Most of the great gold fields have been discovered entirely through accident, asserts the New York Herald. The romances connected with their discovery have been brought to mind by the story which comes from England of the young man on his way home from New Zealand with a fortune which came to him by accident.

He is the son of a billposter, who found his way to New Zealand and worked in the mines. One day, while standing on the edge of a creek, he picked up a stone to throw at a bird. A glance at the missile showed him that it was gold.

The stone proved to be the clew to a rich mine, of which the young man sold his share for \$375,000.

The largest nugget ever found in California was discovered by a halfbreed Indian in a brook where he was washing his overalls. It was almost pure gold and weighed over 75 pounds, worth \$17,400.

Among the mining exhibits at the world's fair was a nugget worth \$2,200. A woman had picked it up to throw at her cow, but, seeing the color and weight, she thought better of it and took it home.

Another romantic little story, not without its pathos, is told of the famous Oliver Martin nugget. Martin was a miner whose partner had died. He was digging the grave in a sandy spot at the base of a cliff when his pick struck something hard. It proved to be a nugget which weighed 150 pounds and sold for \$36,270.

The famous silver mines of Zacatecas, Mexico, from which \$500,000,000 worth of ore has been taken, were discovered in a remarkable way. An Indian in pursuit of an antelope was climbing the steep slope of a hill and seized a bush to help himself up. The plant gave way and revealed beneath the roots rock which proved to be almost pure silver.

One of the richest mines in the Antilles was the outcome of a rabbit chase. An Indian was hunting rabbits one day, when one of them was chased by his dog into a hole in the hillside. The Indian started to dig the rabbit out, but before he had shoveled half a dozen spadefuls of earth found that he was literally shoveling silver.

Chaufeur—I want to get some gasoline for my machine.

Dealer—Yes, sir; what odor, please? New Mown Hay, Attar of Roses, or Violets, sir?—Yonkers Statesman.

Get SCOTT'S Emulsion

When you go to a drug store and ask for Scott's Emulsion you know what you want; the man knows you ought to have it. Don't be surprised, though, if you are offered something else. Wines, cordials, extracts, etc., of cod liver oil are plentiful but don't imagine you are getting cod liver oil when you take them. Every year for thirty years we've been increasing the sales of Scott's Emulsion. Why? Because it has always been better than any substitute for it.

Send for free sample

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists
409-415 Pearl Street, New York
50c. and \$1.00. All druggists

Fresh Vegetables

Are coming in fast. My stock contains everything in the market and their quality is unexcelled.

GARDEN SEEDS

All the leading varieties of vegetable seeds can be found at my store. Quality the best.

C. D. KENT

THE LIGHT RUNNING FOX

The Climax of 20th Century Typewriter Construction.

Every good feature common to other typewriters is found on The Fox, and shows improvement.

Placed on free trial anywhere, and second-hand machines of other kinds taken in part payment.

FOX TYPEWRITER CO.
EXECUTIVE OFFICE AND FACTORY
Grand Rapids, Mich. 122

Kalamazoo Sales Office
C. H. CARYL, Mgr.

110 S. Burdick St.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

\$33 to the Pacific Coast

Every day, March 1 to May 15, 1905, from Chicago. Choice of routes via the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway

Via St. Paul and Minneapolis, via Omaha, or via Kansas City. Tickets good in tourists sleeping cars, in which the rate for a double berth, Chicago to Pacific coast points, is only \$7.

ROBERT C. JONES,
Michigan Passenger Agent,
32 Campus Martius, DETROIT.

Send me books descriptive of

Name

Address

Good Advice...

WHAT?

Come now, bring your dinner and stay all day.

WHY?

Because while you have time, you can plan your rooms, study up the latest styles of coloring and decorating in Wall Paper and learn prices, better than when the rush of Spring work begins.

at **W. F. Runner's**

Immense line of Samples. Prices that Defy Competition.

ADVERTISE IN THE RECORD

VERNON

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

New Spring Goods

You will want a new Spring suit, hat or top overcoat, perhaps all of them, within the next few weeks and we want to show you through our mammoth stock and convince you how far a little money will go in our store. We have but one price and that's the right price. Finest Line of Neckware and Gents. Furnishings in the City.

FOR EASTER FINE PREMIUM HAMS

AT

Mutchler's Meat Market

PERE MARQUETTE

TIME TABLE—Dec. 4, 1904.

Trains leave Buchanan as follows:
For Hartford, Holland, Muskegon, Grand Rapids, Saginaw, Bay City, and the north; also New Buffalo, Michigan City, Porter, Chicago and the south and west, at 8:35 A. M. and 5:00 P. M.

Close connections at Benton Harbor with Main Line trains north and south.

C. V. GLOVER. H. F. MOELLER.
Agent. Gen'l Pass. Agent

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

"The Niagara Falls Route."

TRAINS EAST.

LEAVE BUCHANAN.

Detroit Night Express, No. 8.....12:42 A. M.
Express, No. 46.....5:11 P. M.
Mail, No. 2.....9:40 A. M.
Grand Rapids Special, No. 42.....3:13 P. M.
Train No. 14.....5:39 P. M.
Chicago & Kalamazoo Accom., No. 22.....6:00 P. M.

TRAINS WEST.

LEAVE BUCHANAN.

No. 37 Pacific Express.....11 a. m. stop only to let off passengers.
Fast Mail No. 3.....5:45 A. M.
Chicago & Kalamazoo Accom., No. 15.....8:13 A. M.
Train No. 43.....10:48 A. M.
Mail No. 6.....3:40 P. M.
No. 45 Grand Rapids & Chicago Special.....2:31 P. M.
No. 47 Chicago & Kalamazoo Express.....7:42 P. M.
Local Agent, A. L. JENKS

O. W. RUECKES, G. P. & T. A.
Stop on signal or to let off passengers.

Benton Harbor—St. Joseph Division

Effective April 15, and until further notice the trains of the Benton Harbor—St. Joe division will be operated on the following schedule:

STATIONS

p.m. a.m. p.m. p.m. a.m.

4:00 7:30 1:00 lv. South Bend ar. 7:35 2:20 11:55

4:50 7:57 1:27 Warwick 7:06 1:27 11:26

5:20 8:09 1:56 Galien 8:57 1:20 11:39

6:00 8:15 1:48 Glendora 8:45 12:20 11:07

6:38 8:26 1:56 Baroda 8:59 12:30 10:59

7:00 8:38 2:05 Derry 9:25 11:35 10:51

7:20 8:49 2:12 Vinland 9:22 11:20 10:45

8:53 2:25 Benton Harbor 6:12 0:37

7:40 9:05 2:35 ar. St. Joseph lv. 6:00 11:00 10:25

All trains will be run daily except Sunday.

At Galien the trains will be run via the main line station.

M. L. JENKS, Agent.

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

Fleck's Stock Food,

Poultry Powder and

Lice Killer.

We have all the PATENT

MEDICINES called for in

this market. We sell PER-

FUMERY, TOILET SOAP,

besides always

Dodd's Cough Balsam

Dodd's Liver Pills

Dodd's Sarsaparilla

75c per bottle.

Closing of Mails.

GOING EAST

9:15 a. m., 12:00 and 4:45 p. m.

GOING WEST

7:45 a. m., 12:00 p. m., 3:15 p. m.,

5:50 p. m.

GOING NORTH

7:45 a. m., 4:20 p. m.

Benton Harbor Abstract Co.—Abstracts of

title. Real estate mortgage loans. Of

1112 Water St., Benton Harbor, Mich.

Mr. Faden is painting his home.

Bismarks 15c a doz. at the Model

Bakery.

Mr. Eli Halmeck is putting a new

roof on his home.

The interior of Brodrick's drug

store is being repainted.

WANTED—Hired man by the

month. IRVING JAQUAY,

m5 Buchanan.

The Model Bakery will have lots of

fresh home made cakes for you

Saturday.

The Buchanan Cash Grocery will

have a special sale on washing powder

next Saturday.

Bad blood and indigestion are

deadly enemies to good health. Bur-

dock Blood Bitters destroys them.

New awnings have been put up in

front of the stores of Richards & Em-

son, J. H. Portz and J. H. Hershonow.

The lumber and coal business of

H. R. Adams has been sold to Wm.

Roantree, who will take possession

July 1.

A new coat of paint is lending

additional charm to the already beau-

tiful corner residence of Mr. Amos

house.

Mrs. Lucy Ray, daughter of Mrs.

Spaulding, who lives north of town,

is the proud parent of a son, born

Wednesday.

A load of Buchanan people drove

to Niles Monday evening to attend

the revival meetings, that are being

held in that place.

J. T. Dempsey was in Chicago this

week and purchased a full blooded

Percheron stallion. He will be in

Buchanan, on exhibition Saturday.

Mr. Joe Anstis who moved to La-

Porte about three months ago, is

moving back to Buchanan and will

occupy his old home on Portage

street.

Unclaimed letters remaining in P.

O. at Buchanan for a week ending

May 2. Letters; Miss Allace Waid,

Mr. Daniel A. Bahner, T. E. Cameron,

G. W. Noble, P. M.

Mrs. Helen Isbell and two sons,

Lawrence and John, of Chicago, have

moved into the Marble house on

North Fourth street, and will make

Buchanan their future home. The

Record extends a hearty welcome to

them.

Herman Davis, who has been em-

ployed by C. D. Kent for several years

as deliveryman, has been compelled

to resign his position on account of

his health. He expects to devote his

time to the care of his berry patch.

Ed Hanover, of Glendora, has ac-

cepted the position with Mr. Kent and

is now driving the delivery wagon.

Representative Lovell of Berrien

has introduced an important amend-

ment to the election laws. It would

do away with voting "straight" tick-

ets by placing a cross at the head of

the ballot. The cross under

party names is to be eliminated, and

every man voted for on the ticket

must have a cross in the square before

his name.

The News-Palladium will now at-

tain the height of fame possible for

any newspaper to attain, says the

Niles Sun. It is made defendant in

a \$10,000 damage suit, the plaintiff

being a young woman named Bessie

Nelson, whose feelings have been

deeply wounded. As the Palladium

is a stock company affair and the

stockholders are responsible people,

Atty. Hicks will undoubtedly push

the case for all there is in it.

The Buchanan-Bertrand Townships

Sunday school union will hold its

May convention at the Portage Prairie

church Sunday afternoon and evening,

May 14. A union young people's ser-

vices will be held in Buchanan at the

Christian church at 6:30 o'clock fol-

lowed by a union service at 7:30 in

the interests of Sunday school work.

Plan to attend the convention. A

good program is provided.

After an absence of fifteen years

from the waters of southern Lake

Michigan, the whitefish have returned

this spring to their former haunts

along the east shore, much to the joy

of fishermen at Michigan ports. At

St. Joseph the catches ever since the

ice disappeared have been good, and

anglers have taken more perch than

for many seasons. The best catch so

far recorded was that of Captain H.

O. Wilson's fish tug, which brought

1,000 pounds of prime whitefish into

that port early Tuesday.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Paden is in town this week.

Earl Dunbar is visiting in Battle

Creek.

F. H. Readell is spending the week

at home.

Cyrus Curtis, of Galien, was in

town today.

Miss Gertrude Wood, of Niles, was

in Buchanan yesterday.

G. W. Sattler, of Stemm, was a

Buchanan visitor yesterday.

Elis Clark returned to Arkansas,

after a visit with his family.

Miss Grace Readell of Chicago, is

visiting relatives in Buchanan.

Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Blake, of South

Bend, spent Tuesday in Buchanan.

Miss Clara Sabin has returned from

Kalamazoo after an extended visit.

Wm. F. Koeller and W. D. House

were South Bend visitors yesterday.

Dale Swem, of Galien, was in town

yesterday and attended the dance last

night.

Mr. W. B. Blowers will be home

tomorrow from Terre Haute, Ind., to

remain over Sunday.

Mrs. M. K. Ewalt, of Berrien

Springs, is the guest of her daughter,

Mrs. E. I. Bird.

Mrs. Byron Brant of Buchanan,

spent the week at the home of Mr.

and Mrs. D. A. Crane.

Rollo Frank and Miss Sadie Will,

of South Bend, visited relatives and

friends in Buchanan, this week.

J. B. Moulton came to Buchanan

today and has been shaking hands

with old friends on the street.

Miss Sadie Pangborn, accompanied

her grandmother, Mrs. S. A. Streeter,

to Grand Rapids for a short vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hewitt, of

Sparta, Wis., are visiting with Dr.

Emmons, and will remain over Sun-

day.

Mrs. Unice Frank will go to Kala-

mazoo tomorrow after spending a week

in Buchanan, with her sister, Mrs. W.

P. Wood.

E. E. Russell and daughter Miss

Bessie of Chicago, were in town today.

Mr. Russell is moving from the Windy

City to Niles.

T. Mack Walker and cousin, Mrs.

Fred Poyser, went to South Bend

Thursday and attended the grand

opera, "Tannhauser."

Mr. Wm. Mann, foreman of the M.

C. R. R. carpenter department, of

Niles, with his wife and daughter,

Hazel, were the guests of Mr. and

Mr. Anslem Wray over Sunday.

Geo. R. Rich started Tuesday ev-

ening for Washington, D. C., to at-

tend the International Congress of

railway appliances. The Rich Manu-

facturing Co., have a large exhibit at

this congress and Mr. Rich will have

charge of this exhibit.

♦ ♦ ♦

Cleared For Action

When the body is cleared for action

by Dr. King's New Life Pills, you

can tell it by the bloom of health on

the cheeks; the brightness of the eyes;

the firmness of the flesh and muscles;

the buoyancy of the mind. Try them

At any drug store, 25c.

♦ ♦ ♦

In passing down Front street the

eye is caught by indications of pros-

perity in the shape of new awnings on

several business houses, fresh paint,

(placarded as such to protect the new

spring suits), and an increase of

attractive display in store windows.

But not withstanding the transforma-

tion from the "Sleepy Hollow" of a

year ago to the busy town of today

we can not see that the increase in

Under the Rose

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

Copyright, 1903, by the Bowen-Merrill Company

"You need rest," he said, "and shall have a tent to yourself. Now go!" he continued, placing his hand for a moment, not unkindly, on her head. "I shall give orders for your entertainment. It will be rough hospitality, but you are used to that. I am not sorry, child, you hate our brother Francis if it has driven you to our court."

CHAPTER XXVI.

ALTHOUGH the daughter of the constable received every attention commensurate with the cheer of the camp, the day passed but slowly. With more or less interest she viewed the diversified group of soldiers drawn by Charles from the various countries over which he ruled—the bravest troops from Flanders, the alert looking guards recruited from the mountains of Spain, the men of Friedwald, with muscles tough as the fibers of the fir in their native forests. Even the orient—suggestive of many campaigns—had been drawn upon, and the bright garbed olive skinned attendants, moving among the tents of purple, or crimson, blended picturesquely with the more solid masses of color.

For the Flemish soldiery who had brought the fool and herself into the camp the young girl had a nod and a word, but it was the men of Friedwald who especially attracted her attention, and unconsciously she found herself picturing the land that had fostered this stalwart and rough soldiery. A rocky, rugged region surely, with vast forests, unbroken brush! Yonder armorer polishing a joint of steel seemed like a survivor of that primeval epoch when the trees were roofs and the ground the universal bed. Once or twice she passed him, curiously noting his great beard and giant-like limbs. But he minded her not, and this, perhaps, gave her courage to pause.

"What sort of country is Friedwald?" she said abruptly.

"Wild," he answered.

"Is the duke liked?" she went on.

"Yes."

"Do you know his—jester?"

"No."

For all the information he would volunteer the man might have been Dr. Rabelais' model for laconicism, and a moment she stood there with a slight frown. Then she gazed at him meditatively. Tap, tap, went the tiny hammer in the mighty hand, and, laughing softly, she turned. These men of Friedwald were not unpleasing in her eyes.

Twice had she approached the tent wherein lay the fool, only to learn that the emperor was with the duke's plai-sant. "A slight relapse of fever," had said the Italian leech as he blocked the entrance and stared at her with wicked, twinkling eyes. She need be under no apprehension, he had added, but to her quick fancy his glance said, "A maid wandering with a fool!"

Apprehension? No. It could not be that she felt but a new sense of loneliness, of that isolation which contact with strange faces emphasized. What had come over her? she asked herself, she who had been so self sufficient, whose nature now seemed filled with sudden yearning and restlessness, impatience—she knew not what. She who thought she had partaken so abundantly of life's cup abruptly discovered renewed sources for disquietude. With willing heart she watched the sun go down, the glory of the widely radiating hues give way to the pall of night. Upon her young shoulders the mantle of darkness seemed to rest so heavily she bowed her head in her hands.

"A maid and a fool! Ah, foolish maid!" whispered the wanton breeze. The pale light of the stars played upon her, and the dew fell until, involuntarily shivering with the cold, she arose. As she walked by the emperor's quarters she noticed a figure silhouetted on the canvas walls. To and fro the shadow moved, shapeless, grotesque, yet eloquent of life's vexation of spirit. Turning into her own tent, the jestress lighted the wick of a silver lamp. A faint aroma of perfume swept through the air. It seemed to soothe her—or was it but weariness?—and shortly she threw herself on the silken couch and sank to dreamless slumber.

When she awoke the bright hued dome of the tent was aglow in the morning sun. The reflected radiance bathed her face and form. Her heaviness of heart had taken wings. The little lamp was still burning, but the fresh fragrance of dawn had replaced the subtle odor of the oriental essence. Upon the rug a single streak of sunshine was creeping toward her. In the brazier which had warmed her tent the glowing bark and cinnamon had turned to cold, white ash.

Through the girl's veins the blood coursed rapidly. A few moments she lay in the rosy effulgence, restfully conscious that danger had fled and that she was bulwarked by the emperor's favor, when a sudden thought broke upon this half wakeful mood and caused her to spring, all alert, from her couch. To dress with her had never been a matter of great duration. The hair of the jocularist naturally rippled into such waves as were the envy of the court ladies. Her supple fingers adjusted garment after garment with swift precision, while her figure needed no device to lend grace to the investment.

Soon, therefore, had she left her tent, making her way through the awakening camp. In the royal kitchen the cook was bending over his fires, while an assistant mixed a beverage of barley water, yolks of eggs and semina wine, for Charles when he should become aroused. Those courtiers already astrid cast many glances in the girl's direction as she moved toward the tent of the fool.

But if these gallants were sedulous she was correspondingly indifferent. Anxiety or loyalty—that stanchness of heart which braved even the ironical eyes of the black robed master of medicine—drove her again to the ailing jester's tent, and, remembering how she had ridden into camp and into the august emperor's favor, these fondlings of fortune looked significantly from one to the other.

"A jot less fever, solicitous maid," said the leech in answer to the inquiries of the jestress, and she endured the glance for the news, although the former sent her away with her face aflame.

"An the leech let her in, he'd soon have to let the patient out," spoke up a gallant. "Her eyes are a sovereign remedy, where bolus, pills and all vile potions might fail."

"If this be a sample of Francis' dam-sels, I care not how long we are in reaching the Low Countries," answered a second.

To this the first replied in kind, but soon had these gallants matters of more serious moment to divert them, for it began to be whispered about that Louis of Hochfels had determined to push forward. The unwonted activity in the camp ere long gave credence to the rumor. The troopers commenced looking to their weapons. Squires hurried here and there, while near the tents stood the horses, saddled and bridled, undergoing the scrutiny of the grooms.

Some time, however, elapsed before the emperor himself appeared. Nothing in the bead roll or devotional offering of the morning had he overlooked. The divers dishes that followed had been scrupulously partaken of, and then only—as a man not to be hurried from the altar or the table—had he emerged from his tent. His glance mechanically swept the camp, noting the bustle and stir, the absence of disorder, and finally rested on the girl. For a moment from his look it seemed he might have forgotten her, and she, who had involuntarily turned to him so solicitously, on a sudden felt chilled, as confronted by a mask. His voice, when at length he spoke, was hard, dry, matter of fact, and it was Jacques-line whom he addressed.

"You slept well?"

"Yes, sire," she answered.

"And have already been to the fool's tent, I doubt not."

The mask became half quizzical, half friendly, as her cheeks mantled beneath his regard. Was it but quiet avengement against a jestress whose tongue had been unsparing enough, even to him, the day before? Certes, here stood now only a rosy maid, robbed of her spirit, or a folle, struck witless, and Charles' face softened, but immediately grew stern as his mind abruptly passed from wandering jestress and fleeing fool to matters of more moment.

Under vow to the Virgin the emperor had announced he would not draw sword himself that day, but seated beneath a canopy of velvet overlooking the valley he so far compromised with conscience as personally to direct the preparations for the conflict. On his sable throne, surrounded by funeral hangings, how white and furrowed, how harassed with many cares, he appeared in the glare of the morn to the young girl! Was this he who held nearly all Europe in his palm? Who between martial commands talked of holy orders, the apostolic see and the seven sacraments to his priestly confessor?

And from aloof she studied him, with new doubts and misgivings, her thoughts running fast, and anon bent her eyes to the hill on the other side of the valley. In her condition of mind, confused as before a crisis, it was a distinct relief when toward noon word was brought that the free baron was approaching. Soon, not far distant, the cortege of Louis of Rochfels was seen; at the front, flashing helmets and breastplates; behind, a cavalcade of ladies on horseback and litters, above which floated many flags and banners.

Would he come on? Would he turn back? Many opinions were rife.

"Oh," cried a page with golden hair, "there will be no battle after all."

And truly, confronted by the aspect of the emperor's camp, the marauder had at first hesitated. But if the dangers before him were great those behind were greater. Accordingly, leaving the cavalcade of the princess, her maids and attendants, the free baron of Hochfels, surrounded by his own trusted troops, dashed forward arrogantly into the valley, bent upon sweeping aside even the opposition of Charles himself.

"Yonder's a daring knave, your majesty," with some perturbation observed the prelate who stood near the emperor's chair.

"Certes, he tilts at fame or death with a bold lance," replied Charles. "Would that Robert of Friedwald were there to cry him quits."

While thus he spoke, as calm as though secluded in one of his monastery retreats, weighing the affairs of state, nearer and nearer drew the soldiers of Louis of Pfalz-Urfeld—roughly calculating, a force numerically as strong as the emperor's own guard.

The young girl, her face now white and drawn, watched the approaching band. Would Charles never give the signal? Imperturbable sat the mounted troopers of the emperor, awaiting the word of command. At length, when her breath began to come fast and sharp, Charles raised his arm. In a

bold, steady body his men swept onward. The girl strove to look away, but could not.

Both bands, gaining in momentum, met with a crash. That nice symmetry of form and orderliness of movement were succeeded by a tangle of men and horses, the bristling array of lances had vanished, and swords and weapons for hand to hand warfare threw a play of light amid the jumble of troops and steeds, flags and banners. With sword red from carnage Louis of Hochfels drew his men around him, hurling them against the firm front of Charles' veterans. It was the crucial moment, the turning point in a struggle that could not be prolonged, but would be rather sharp, short and decisive. If his men failed at the onset all was lost. If they gained but a little ascendancy now their mastery of the field became fairly assured. Great would be the reward for success; the fruits of victory—the emperor himself. And savagely the free baron cut down a stalwart trooper. His blade pierced the throat of another.

"Clear the way to Charles!" he cried exultantly. "He is our gerdun!"

So terrible that rush the guard of Spain on the right and the troops of Flanders on the left began to give way. Only the men of Friedwald stood, but with the breaking of the forces on each side it was inevitable they, too, must soon be overwhelmed. Involuntarily, as the quick eye of the emperor detected this sign of impending disaster, he half started from his chair. His hand sought his side. In his eyes shone a steely light. The prelate quickly crossed himself and raised his head as if in prayer.

"The penance, sire," he murmured, but his voice trembled.

Mechanically Charles replaced his blade. "Yea, better a kingdom lost," he muttered, "than a broken vow."

Yet after so many battles won in the field and diet, after titanic contests with kings in Christendom and Solyman in the east, to fall by the mockery of fate into the grasp of a thieving mountain rider—

"Ambition, power, we sow but the sand!" whispered satiety.

"Vainglory is a sleeveless errand," murmured the spirit of the flagellant. Yet he gazed half fiercely at his priestly adviser, when suddenly his gloomy eye brightened; the inutility of ambition was forgotten; unconsciously he clasped the arm of the jocularist, who had drawn near. His grip was like a gauntlet. Even in her tense, strained mood she winced.

"The fight is not yet lost!" he exclaimed.

As he spoke the figure of a knight, fully armed, who had made his way through the avenue of tents, was seen swiftly descending the hill. Upon his strong Arabian steed the rider's appearance and bearing signaled him as a soldier apart from the rank and file of the guard. His coat of arms, that of the house of Friedwald, was richly emblazoned upon the housings of his courser. Whence had he come? The attendants and equestrians had not seen him in the camp. Only the taciturn armorer of Friedwald looked complacently after him, stroking his great beard as one well satisfied. As this late comer approached the scene of strife the flanks of the guard were wavering yet more perilously.

"A miracle, sire!" cried the prelate.

"But one that partakes more of earth than heaven," retorted Charles, with ready irony.

"Who is he, sire?" breathlessly asked the young girl. At her feet whimpered the blue eyed page, holding to her skirt, all his courage gone.

But ere he could answer—if he had seen fit to do so—from below, out of the vortex, came the clamorous shouts: "The duke! The duke!"

The master of the mountain pass heard also and felt at that moment a sudden thrill of premonition. The guerdon, the quittance—could it be possible after all the end was not far? He could not believe it, yet a paroxysm of fury seized him. His strength became redoubled; wherever his sword touched a trooper fell.

But, like a wave, recovering from the recoil, the soldiers of Friedwald broke upon his doomed band with a force manifold augmented—broke and carried the flanks with it, for the assaulting parties to the right and left were dismayed by the strength unexpectedly hurled against the center. The bulky Flemish, the lithe Spaniard, the lofty trooper of Friedwald, overflowed the shattered line of the marauders.

"Duke, Robert!" and "Friedwald!" shouted the Austrian band.

"Cowards! Would you give way?" cried the free baron, striking among them. "Fools! Better the sword than the rope. Come!"

But in his frenzied efforts to rally his men the master of Hochfels found himself face to face with the leader of the already victorious troops. At the sight of him the pretender paused. His breast rose and fell with his labored breathing. His sword was dyed red, also his arms, his clothes. From his forehead the blood ran down over his beard. His eyes rolled like those of an animal. He seemed something inhuman, an incarnation of baffled purpose.

"If it is reprisal you want, Sir Duke, you shall have it!" he panted.

"Reprisal!" exclaimed Robert of Friedwald scornfully. "The best you can offer is your life."

And with that they closed. Evading the strokes of his more bulky antagonist, the younger man's sword repeatedly sought the vulnerable part of the other's armor. The free baron's strength became exhausted. His blows rang harmlessly or struck the empty air.

A sensation of pain admonished him of his own disability. About him his band had melted away. Doggedly had they given up their lives beneath

sword, mace and poniard. The ground was strewn with the slain. Riderless horses were galloping up the road. The free baron breathed yet harder. Before his eyes he seemed to see only blood.

Of what avail had been his efforts? He had won the princess, but how brief had been his triumph! With a belief that was almost superstition he imagined his destiny lay throneward. But the curse of his birth had been a ban to his efforts; the bitterness of defeat smote him. He knew he was falling; his nerveless hand loosened his blade.

"I am sped," he cried—"sped!" and released his hold, while the tide of conflict appeared abruptly to sweep away.

As he struck the earth an ornament that he had worn about his neck became unfastened and dropped to the ground. But once he moved, to raise himself on his elbow.

"The hazard of the die!" he muttered, striving to see with eyes that were growing blind. A rush of blood interrupted him, he fell back, straightened out and stirred no more.

Now had the din of strife ceased altogether when descending the slope appeared a cavalcade, at the head of which rode a lady on a white palfrey, followed by several maids and guarded by an escort of soldiers who wore the king's own colors. A stricken procession it seemed as it drew near, the faces of the women white with fear, the gay attire and gorgeous trappings—a mockery on that ensanguined arena.

Proudly proceeded the lady on the white horse, although in her eyes shone a look of dread. It was an age when women were accustomed to scenes of bloodshed, inured to conflicts in the lists, yet she shuddered as her palfrey picked its way across that field. At the near side of the hollow her glance singled out a motionless figure among those lying where they had fallen, a thickset man, whose face was upturned to the sky. One look into those glassy eyes, so unresponsive to her own, and she quickly dismounted and fell on her knees beside the recumbent form. She took one of the cold hands in hers, but dropped it with a scream.

"Dead!" she cried. "Dead!"

The lady stared at that terribly repulsive face. For some moments she seemed dazed; sat there dully, the on-lookers forbearing to disturb her. Then her gaze encountered that of him who had slain the free baron, and she sprang to her feet. On her features an expression of bewilderment had been followed by one of recognition.

"The duke's fool!" she exclaimed wildly. "He is dead, and you have killed him! The fool has murdered his master!"

"It is true he is dead," answered the other, leaning heavily on his sword and surveying the inanimate form, "but he was no master of mine."

"That, Madame la Princesse, we will also affirm," broke in an austere voice.

Behind them rode the emperor, a dark figure among those bright gowns and golden trappings, the saddlecloth and adornments of his steed somber as



"Dead!" she cried.

his own garments. As he spoke he waved back the cavalcade, and in obedience to the gesture the ladies, soldiers and attendants withdrew to a discreet distance. Bitterly the princess surveyed the monarch. Overwrought, a torrent of reproaches sprang from her lips.

"Why has your majesty made war on my lord? Why have you countenanced his enemies and harbored his murderers?" And then, drawing her figure to its full height, her tawny hair falling in a cloud about her shoulders, "Be sure, sire, my kinsman, the king, will know how to avenge my wrongs!"

"He cannot, madam," answered Charles coldly. "They are already avenged."

"Already avenged!" she exclaimed, with her gaze upon the prostrate figure.

"Yes, madam, for he who hath injured you has paid the extreme penalty."

"He who was my husband has been foully murdered!" she retorted vehemently. "What had the Duke of Friedwald done to bring upon himself your majesty's displeasure?"

"Nothing," answered the emperor more gently.

"Nothing! And yet he lies there—dead!"

"He who lies before you is not the duke, but Louis of Hochfels."

"Ah," she cried excitedly, "I see you have been listening to the false fool, his murderer!"

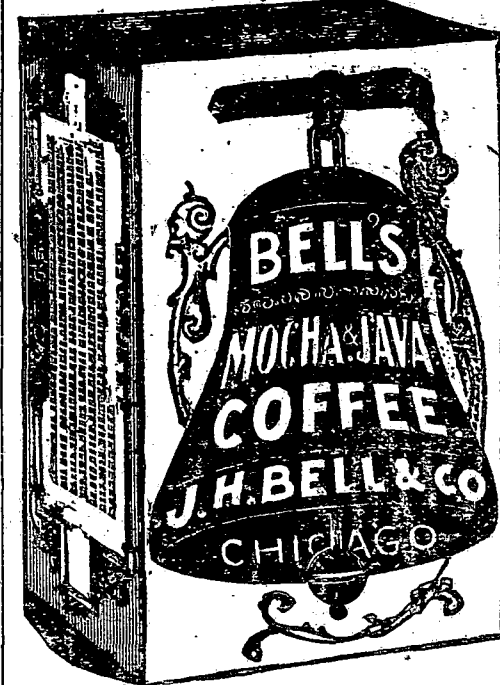
An expression of annoyance appeared on the emperor's face. He liked not to be crossed at any time by any one.

"You have well called him the false fool, madam," said Charles curtly, "for he is no true fool."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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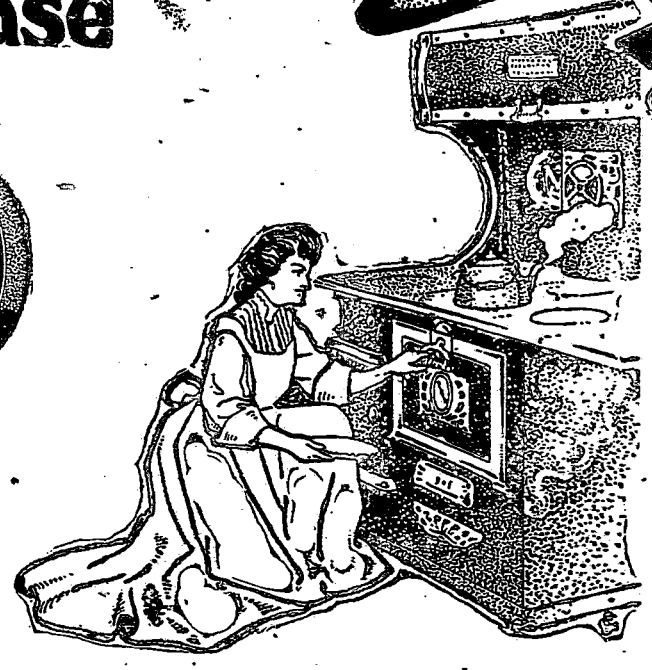
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"Death was fast approaching," writes Ralph F. Fernandez of Tampa Fla., describing his fearful race with death, "as a result of liver trouble and heart disease, which had robbed me of sleep, and of all interest in life. I had tried many different doctors and several medicines, but got no benefit, until I began to use Electric Bitters. So wonderful was their effect, that in three days I felt like a new man, and today I am cured of all my troubles." Guaranteed by all druggists; price 50c.

First publication April 21, 1905.

Estate of Anna Stevens, incompetent.

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

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of St. Joseph in said County, on the 18th day of April, A. D. 1905.

Present: Hon. Frank H. Ellsworth, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Anna Stevens, incompetent.

John C. Wenger having filed in said Court his final administration account and his petition praying for the allowance thereof and for the assignment and distribution of the residue of said estate.

It is ordered, that the 15th day of May, A. D. 1905, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon at said probate office, he and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is further ordered that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Buchanan Record, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

(A true copy) FRANK H. ELLSWORTH, Register of Probate.

Last publication May 5, 1905.

Benton Harbor Abstract Co.—A abstracts or title. Real estate mortgage loans. Of 104 Water St., Benton Harbor, Mich.

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