

Our Store will be closed Friday to arrange and mark down the stock for this, the Greatest Sale ever held in this section.

B. R. DESENBERG & BRO.

BUCHANAN, - - MICHIGAN

Sale begins Saturday morning Jan. 18th
Continues for two weeks closing Saturday evening Feb. 1st 1908.

14TH ANNUAL PRE-INVENTORY SALE

Begins Saturday Morning, Jan. 18th
Continues to Saturday Evening, Feb. 1st

THE GREATEST SALE OF THEM ALL

Feb. 3rd we begin our inventory and in order to get the stock down to the very lowest notch before that date, we will begin Saturday morning, Jan 18th one of the greatest price cutting sales we have ever offered. You know by our previous sales they are always to be relied on. You will find still greater bargains than ever before. Our policy not to carry goods from season to season assures you always the very latest styles and new goods to select from.

Throughout the store values equally as good as the following are awaiting you. Nothing reserved. Everything marked down.

Choice of Men's Fine Suits

Not a suit reserved, Black Boys
\$18.00 to \$22.50 Suits **14.85**
15.00 to 18.00 Suits **11.85**
12.00 to 15.00 " **9.35**
10.00 line Suits **6.85**

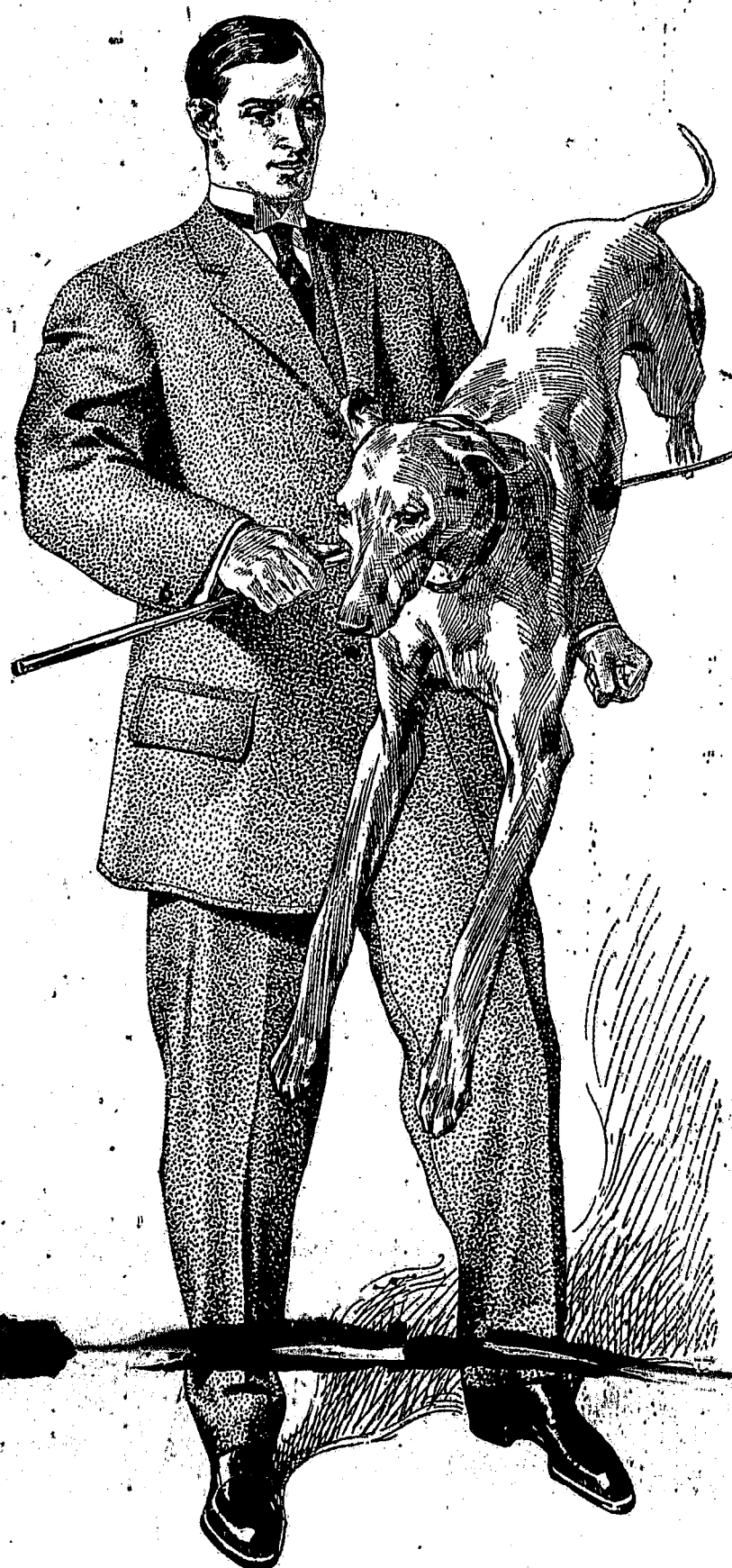
Odds and Ends in Men's Suits, where they are only a size or two in a lot, worth up to 15.00, strictly all wool, choice of this lot **4.85**

25 percent discount on Men's, Boys' and Children's Overcoats

Single Overcoats, Men's and Young Men's, all one lot, worth up to \$14.00, gray and fancy, choice **3.85**

All Men's Pants, every pair in the store 25 percent off

Boys' Knee Pants, Cordory and Casimeres **39c**



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Our 3rd
RANSACK SALE

*Began last week and is
 Now in Full Blast*

You know what we are up to when we say Ransack Sale. We are going to have a clean store when we inventory. Our business year ends January 31st, and shelves, boxes and drawers have been ransacked for odd lots and broken lines which are placed on counters at low prices. Surplus stocks have had prices slashed fearfully. Get the benefit of this sale. Come early.

Your Railroad or Street Car Fare Paid on a Purchase of \$15.00 or Over. ✓ We Pay express or freight on merchandise amounting to \$5.00 or Over.

ON THE COASTER SPECIAL.
 By TAYLOR WHITE.
 Copyright, 1907, by N. E. Daley.

"Do you think King can keep this pace all the way to town?" asked Joyce anxiously.

Dick Torrington's chin squared itself as he looked at the sturdy black flying over the hard packed snow.

"If King doesn't keep going," he said, with an uneasy laugh, "you'll keep on being Joyce Waring and not Joyce Torrington. I've timed it so as to just make the train. If we miss that, your father will be after us in no time at all."

Joyce shivered at the suggestion. For years she had lived in dread of the stern old man who since his wife's death had looked on life with hatred. When Joyce had come, her gentle mother had slowly faded away, and Hiram Waring, blaming the innocent child for the death of the woman he loved so passionately, had never shown her the affection that was her heritage.

As a child her innocent transgressions were punished with an unjust severity, and when Dick Torrington had asked her father for her hand he had been driven from the house for no other apparent reason than Mr. Waring's hatred of Joyce. The father would not give his consent to a marriage because it would make her happy, and thereafter he watched her more closely than ever.

But Dick Torrington was not of the sort to take his unjust dismissal without an effort to win the woman he loved, and the elopement was the result.

Busby was the terminal station of a branch line on which the single train made two trips daily each way. Hank Carew took a pride in the punctuality with which the road was run, and it was certain that the morning train would leave exactly at half past 9.

By planning the elopement so as to reach the station just as the train started, Dick was assured that there could be no successful pursuit. King could cover the ground faster than Waring's double team, even should the latter be already hitched.

The start of the elopement had been successfully accomplished, and now King was flying over the road toward



"IT WILL HELP US MAKE TIME."

the town, while Hiram Waring still pattered about the barn in blissful ignorance. Presently, however, he would come into the house, and then perhaps he would realize what was up. Meanwhile they would have made the train, and presently they would be across the state line, where licenses were not necessary. The laws of their own state required residence before a license could be issued, and as town clerk Joyce's father was charged with the issuance of licenses.

All would have gone well if a small boy had not thrown a snowball at Dick. The well packed ball of snow missed the driver, but struck King a smart blow in the ribs. The high spirited horse was unused to such treatment and bolted down the road with Dick frantically saving at the reins.

"It is all right!" he shouted. "It will help us make time. It will be easy if I can stop him before we reach the Hill."

Joyce's face blanched. The Hill (always spelled with a capital) was a steep descent of nearly a mile, with one ugly turn. If King should bolt down the hill, there was little chance that Dick would be able to guide him around the curve, and they would be thrown down the side.

"You will stop him before then," she said confidently. But the corners of her mouth were drawn and her lips were white. She knew King and realized how little chance there was even while she sought to comfort Dick with her confidence.

It was a little more than a mile to the top of the Hill, and Dick fought the horse every inch of the way. He had called to Joyce to kneel in the bottom of the cutter, and just as they reached the descent he pulled King's head to one side and guided the crazed animal into a tree.

Dick shot over the side of the cutter as they struck, but he was on his feet in an instant to hold the horse. There was no need for that. King lay still on the sparkling snow with his head twisted oddly to one side, and for a

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moment Dick gazed sadly upon his favorite.

Joyce, he had seen, was unharmed. Her position and the thick robes had saved her from worse than a shaking up, and she had regained the seat.

"Poor old King!" she cried as she saw with relief that Dick was unhurt. "I could kill that little Edwards boy."

"Never mind the Edwards boy," said Dick brusquely. "What we have to think about is the train. We never can walk that hill in time to make the train. Have you nerve enough to coast it in the cutter?"

"I'd risk anything rather than return home," cried Joyce. "I never will let father catch us."

"Then here goes," cried Dick gayly as he pulled the cutter back into the road and caught up one of the broken shafts. "It's been a long time since I went bobbing, but I think I can make it."

He gave Joyce the shaft to hold and pushed the cutter over the brow of the hill, climbing in over the back when he had it started.

Once back in the cutter he took the shaft and improvised a steering rudder. The body work afforded him leverage, and Dick laughed as the sleigh began to gain speed.

For the first half mile the road was straight, and little steering was necessary. Then ahead loomed the turn, and Dick's face turned grave as he dug the shaft into the road.

Slowly the sleigh responded to the pressure, and in another instant they had swung around the curve as neatly as a champion coaster on his low pointer, and they were again on the straight and headed for the station.

Hank Carew had just backed his engine down from the house, and a white plume of steam rose from the dome as the engineer waited for the minute hand of the clock to touch the bottom of the dial.

The runaways were still a quarter of a mile from the station when the cutter slowed up, but they had gained more than a minute in their swift descent, and they did not have to run.

As they came up to the station platform the little knots of loungers gathered about them. Rapidly Dick explained the reason for the coast, and the listeners cheered as they heard the tale. For years they had grumbled at the way Waring treated Joyce, and they were glad that at last she was to be released from her father's hard reign.

"Here comes your dad now!" piped a shrill voice. And with one accord they turned to see the familiar Waring team tearing over the brow of the hill.

Carew glanced at the steam gauge and the clock. Then he leaped out of the window.

"All aboard that's going!" he called in a stentorian voice. "We're changing the schedule today. The 9:30 is going out at 9:28!"

Another instant and the train was rattling down the road toward the state line, and Hiram Waring came dashing up to the platform to be greeted by ironical cheers.

"The train went ahead of time!" he spluttered. "I shall report this to the officials!"

"You're wrong, squire," drawled Ned Burns, who posed as a wag. "That ain't the regular train. That's the Coaster special. Makes close connection with the Cutter express, from up your way."

The laugh which followed showed Waring that the sympathy was all with the runaways. He was to be a candidate for county treasurer in the fall. It would not do to turn his townspeople against him. As he headed the horses for home he half turned in his seat.

"When that Coaster special completes the round trip," he shouted out, "you might tell Dick Torrington to come out to my place. I ain't going to kill the fatted calf, but there's a turkey I was saving up for Christmas. I guess that'll do as well."

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ANNOUNCEMENT

Of the Winter Banquet of the Chicago-Buchanan Society

During the first week in February next there will be held the first annual banquet of the Chicago-Buchanan society (composed of the former residents of Buchanan and vicinity.)

It has been thought that quite likely a number of present Buchanan people or those who once were and are now living in some other "neck of the woods" besides Buchanan and Chicago might wish to attend the reunion. We wish to say they will be most heartily welcomed among the old girls and boys.

All persons desiring to attend communicate at once with the secretary of the society.

J. M. PLATTS,
 Downers Grove, Ill.

IT DOES THE BUSINESS

Mr. E. E. Chamberlain, of Olaton, Maine says of Bucklen's Arnica Salve: "It does the business; I have used it for piles and it cured them. Used it for chapped hands and it cured them. Applied it to an old sore and it healed it without leaving a scar behind." 25c at W. N. Brodriek's drug store.

FOR SALE—Two-seat cutter cheap inquire at Klondike livery.

The Romans and the Sea.

Virgil is understood to have lived long on the bay of Naples, and he dwells repeatedly with unsurpassed effect on the littoral phases of the sea, but on the element at large he expresses little but a sense of vastness, power, malevolence. It is a toilsome and perilous expanse, to be hurried across and escaped.

Across the land the Romans went with indomitable confidence, marking their way with those works of peculiar permanence, so that today the Briton traverses the original roads they built, and the Gaul walks beneath their arches. But even in imperial times the voyage from Brundisium to Greece was something of a hardship. The ocean was a thing "bestrew'd with wreck and disaster." In its depths or on its shores lay the bones of those who never received burial and hence could not pass over the Styx.

When Tiberius built a yacht he floated it on the quiet lake Nemi and very likely kept it anchored like a palatial houseboat. The sea lacked that essential stability which the Romans so much valued. It was estranging. Roman adaptability made it a medium of empire, but never with the viking spirit.—Sewanee Review

Johnny's Interpretation.

Little Johnny was hustled off to church one Sunday morning with the admonition that if he could not remember the text when he came home he couldn't go out to play that afternoon. At the dinner table he was asked the text of the sermon and said:

"Don't be afraid, you'll get the quilt."

The mother laughingly replied, "You must be mistaken Johnny," but he was sure he was right. The matter dropped until, during the week, the pastor called, when it was learned that the text was, "Fear not, the comforter will come."—Chicago Tribune.

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First publication Jan. 10, 1908
ESTATE OF JOHN McFALLON, Deceased
 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 7th day of January, A. D. 1908.
 Present: Hon. Frank H. Ellsworth, Judge of Probate.
 In the matter of the estate of John McFallon, deceased.
 Ellen McFallon having filed in said court a petition praying that the administration of said estate be granted to the Petitioner or to some other suitable person.
 It is ordered, that the 6th day of February, A. D. 1908, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be 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.
 FRANK H. ELLSWORTH
 Judge of Probate
 Last Publication Jan. 28, 1908

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