

CORRESPONDENCE.

Lawrence.

The roads are badly blocked about here, almost impossible to go to town. Who was it that prophesied an open winter?

There was a pleasant social party at Fred Phelps' last Friday evening. A goodly company and a pleasant time is reported.

There will be a concert soon, of a character sufficiently varied to please everybody, for the purpose of raising money to buy singing books for the Sunday school.

James Abrams is training his yearling colt. Jim had better look a little out or he will ruin the little fellow. He—the colt—only weighs 1,100 pounds. It will be very easy to grow thoroughbreds on his legs.

Our lyceum has challenged the Barnes district lyceum to a joint debate at our school house, on the evening of February 2d. The question for debate is—"Resolved: That the Statesman Deserves more Gratitude from his Country than the Warrior."

Charlie Hope, who was taken to the county home a short time since, died there on the 11th of January and was buried here on the 13th. His son Edward being the only relative he had, there was no funeral ceremony. The deceased was of unclouded mind for some time before his death. His grandfather, father and one brother had died in the poor houses.

The lyceum draws good houses each evening; the literary, music and debates are good; there is a little too much disorder at times, but we think as soon as the people are educated, there will be no more of it. The question for discussion this week is, "Resolved:—That as the World Progresses, the People become more wicked." John Q. Adams Jr. and Will Watson are chief disputants.

Mrs. Geo. Phelps' old black horse "Old Sam" has gone over the divide. Fred was obliged to shoot him on account of old age. He was an old war horse, brought from Alabama by Capt. John Bennett of Hamilton, was on hand at the capture of Jeff Davis and was brought home by the captain, who should have given him civilized burial. [Yes, and the old fellow should have been cared for as long as life lasted and allowed to die a natural death. En.]

North Hamilton.

Lydia Shepard is the guest of Fred Harris. Freeman Hoadley is visiting his brother at Pipestone.

Will Harris and wife ride in a new swell box cutter now.

Fred Harris and Clare McAlpine are home from Valparaiso on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Straw of Bangor, and two Mr. Etsons of Eaton County, were called here by the illness of R. F. Harris.

B. F. Harris, whose illness we have mentioned from time to time, died at his home on Tuesday morning, January 12th, after an illness of nearly two years. He was born at Springport, Cayuga County, New York, on November 23d, 1823, being at the time of his death, fifty-seven years, one month and twenty-one days of age. In the year 1861, he was married to Francis Eason; they came to Hamilton, where he has since resided, a kind and affectionate husband and father, and beloved by his neighbors. Physicians treated him for ulceration of the bowels, but a post-mortem examination revealed a cancer. For a number of months back, and especially during the last two weeks of his life, he suffered intensely, until death kindly came to his relief and he fell asleep. Ancestry in Jesus, blessed sleep, from which none ever wakes to weep." The funeral was held at his late residence, on Friday last. The services were conducted by Rev. G. A. Buell of Bangor, assisted by Rev. Mr. Gosling of Keeler. The sermon was a very impressive and appropriate one, from these words, "I am the resurrection and the life," John, 11-25. The casket was deposited in the Hamilton Cemetery, by the side of his son Roy. The deceased leaves a wife and two grown daughters to mourn his loss. This is the second time they have been called on to "pass under the rod" within a year. Hosts of sympathizing friends and neighbors extend their heartfelt sympathy to them in this, their sad bereavement.

Lawton.

Victor Finch is laid up with a split toe, contracted while chopping wood.

A public sale will be held at the residence of Wm. Boyce in Porter, January 25th.

A number of our citizens have been cleaning off their roofs to prevent them from going down cellar.

C. S. Adams received a telegram last week announcing the death of his uncle Eli Adams, at Vassar, Michigan.

Jared Doughty, a prominent hardware merchant of Mt. Pleasant, spent last Saturday with friends in town.

Mrs. D. W. Powell drew an elegant clock and Mrs. Showers and George Irwin each a fine album at B. J. Desenberg's last Saturday.

N. O. Martin has been under the weather for some little time, so much so that his father has been obliged to do the pumping for him.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Jones desire to express their heartfelt thanks to those who so kindly assisted them during the sickness of their lost darling, Lena.

We observe in the Arizona Weekly Enterprise, a notice of the death of Mrs. W. E. Gault, which occurred at Florence, Arizona, on Thursday, Dec. 30th, of consumption. She was formerly Miss Josie Simmons of this place, and was at one time a teacher in the school here. A husband, two little boys, mother, sister and brother mourn her loss.

A young man from Porter brought a fair damsel into town one evening last week and the two were spliced by one of our justices. It is reported that the young lady's father objected and that that is the reason the job was done here. After the ceremony, the bridegroom gladdened the hearts of some of our merchants by purchasing a large assortment of clothing, a gold watch and chain, a revolver, and many other articles. He had about a thousand dollars with him, the proceeds of the little farm he had sold, and he proposed to be up with the times. They started that night for the north woods to visit an uncle.

Gobleville.

Monday opened with a grand snow storm and blizzard.

Chris Veley returned from the state of New York last week.

John Clement is able to be out again after his wrestle with the "unicycles."

John Mason lost a fine two years old fat beef last week. Choked to death.

Bert Brown has secured a situation with a Kalamazoo firm and will go "on the road."

Albert Hamlin has returned to Gobleville and has resumed his old place in the factory.

Geo. Goodrich will run Howard's saw mill at this place, by the thousand. The mill is being well stocked.

Charley Brown has been passing a couple of weeks in Grand Rapids, with his brother. Mate had to split her own wood.

A powerful lot of snow, but the poorest sleighing we have had this winter. A little thaw would improve it very much.

Charlie Bush and wife of Iowa, are home on a visit. Charlie is looking after his farming interests here—the Niles place.

Paul Redding, late manager of the late Electric Light, has entered an office at Traverse City. Paul is a good printer.

Parties are drawing logs from near Pagemiles's Lake to this place, a distance of fourteen miles. What is the matter with Paw Paw?

About twenty of the boys and girls had a jolly sleighride and a pleasant evening visit at the residence of Rolla Bush, one evening last week.

Hank Fry sold an ugly hog to Bush & Ferguson the other day. It took five dogs and eleven men with clubs to tree the brute. Lots of fun for the boys.

While Mr. Houghton was loading logs his handspike slipped and the log rolled back upon him. Fortunately help was near and he was extricated without serious injury.

"Under the Gas Light" will be played here on Friday and Saturday evenings, January 21st and 22d. This elegant play is under the auspices of the band boys, who have spared no pains to make it a success.

Edson Howard's partner in the factory has taken up his bed and—run. Things got too warm, too many lickings promised him, and as he couldn't stand up under one of them, but was knocked out in the first round, he concluded to bid the boys adieu.

It isn't often that a Waverly boy gets left, but Clifford Blakeman did on Friday last. On his return from school at this place, his horse, a lively colt, jumped out of the road, upsetting the cutter and spilling Cliff out and then proceeded to try its speed. Very little damage done.

Petty thieving has been going on at our school this winter, which is very annoying. Scholars could not leave their mittens in the cloak room with any certainty of finding them again. The youth who committed the depredations is known, and any repetition of the offense will be summarily punished.

Through our efforts in the NORTHEAST, we induced two firms in Kalamazoo to start branch houses here and, in the same way, got a good harness maker to locate here. Now we are in want of someone to start a newspaper. There is a good field here, open to any honest man with a little money and a good deal of brains, and we would say to such a man, bring your own material, as the people are so disgusted with the present office that it could not be run with success. P. S.—Couldn't the NORTHERNER start a branch office here?

Decatur.

Mrs. Neff of Paw Paw is visiting at Mrs. Bagbee's.

Died, on the 13th inst., Oliver High, aged seventy-seven years.

J. H. Haynes and B. O'Dell are in attendance at the Grand Rapids poultry show this week.

Mrs. Leslie Rogers returned from Charlotte last week, where she has been visiting her parents.

Mr. Luther Howe of East Decatur, died on the 12th inst., at the advanced age of eighty-seven years.

Quite a number of old soldiers in town are sick and in need of assistance. They should be looked after.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Roberts and Miss Hattie Roberts went to Detroit last Monday on a visit to friends.

Eva McCabe and Lena Free of Paw Paw, were the guests of Mrs. Will Mosier on Friday last. Wonder if Frank S. saw them?

Observer's Observations.

Wheat brings 76 cents.

Hay sells for \$10 per ton.

The sleighing is thick and lots more coming.

It has snowed thirty-nine days in succession.

Mr. A. C. Webb is still confined to his room.

If we don't have a thaw soon, all the cisterns will be dry.

Emery Showerman, the Clifton House landlord, boasts of being the heaviest man in town.

Uncle Dan Sherrod's old sorrel trotter passed away last Saturday morning in his 31st year.

Wheat and clover are wintering finely, as the ground is not frozen and is well covered with snow.

Albert Grout is about to buy a part of Richard Underwood's farm—twelve acres—price \$550.

Last Saturday, a crazy man visited several houses in the Lee district, scaring the women nearly to death.

Miss Nellie Qas is pumping on and singing with a brand new organ recently purchased of Bill Branch.

Frank Lee, who used to attend our county fair so regularly with his herd of prize horns, is out here on a visit from Butler County, Missouri.

Miss Allie Setchfield, who has been off her feed for some little time past, came out and staid a week with us and family, on a re-creating expedition.

Seward Payne, who went to the far west last fall, to seek his fortune, has returned to his native hearth, satisfied that Michigan is good enough for him.

Sam Kline has returned from Kansas and is springing around one of our handsome school ma'ams. We can't say whether she is inclined to Kline or not.

The old folks had a surprise oyster supper at John Dunnington's the other night, John's 63d birthday. The bivalves suffered badly and a good time was had.

Will Lee and Lew Salisbury went to Kalamazoo last week with a load of beef. The Kalamazooans are no more hungry for good beef than the Paw Pawers.

Lew Barnard, the sewing machine man, was up this way the other day and got that sewing machine on us, and the female population of our family is happy.

Elks are seen on the streets of Kalamazoo quite frequently of late. They are different, however, from those in the far west, as they carry no horns on their heads.

A. C. Glidden returned from the agricultural meeting over at Cassopolis, with his pockets full of pennies and swapped them with Fred Covert for silver. Penny-ante is quite a game.

The ex-president of the Little Joker Fly Paper Company has settled his bean controversy and all is happy and serene. A few extracts from "The Conner on Beans" buried the tomahawk.

Jim Galligan has been suffering of late with a scorching Kansas fever and wants to sell his farm, tools, stock and everything, and see that sweet sunny clime where summers last all the year—in a horn.

Judge Parkhurst of Decatur, drives a mouse colored trotter, and whenever any of our sporting men pull out to go by he checks up his charger and allows them to pass for fear, we suppose, of violating the statute against fast driving.

They had a dance at Robert Orr's the other night, and the music was so inspiring to Mr. Orr that it sent him back to his boyhood days and he shook the lights fantastic in fine style, notwithstanding the fact that he is living on borrowed time.

Sporting men have commenced jogging some of their flyers for the spring campaign. Jim Lane shed his harness and shoes on the 15th of October, and will not resume them till the 15th of next month. He is booked to trot in 2:25 this season.

John Burnett cut a tree on his farm, a few days since, that reached seven feet high, seven feet before it struck a limb, and was five feet and four inches across the butt, which was a pretty fair sized tree for this day and age of the world.

That obituary on the death of our dogs was gotten up in very good shape, and its writer has our thanks. The only possible objection we could have made was that it was written in too cold hearted a style, but we attribute that to the cold, chilly winds of "Three Mile." We would have written it ourself, but our heart was too heavy, too sad for the occasion. We have sent for another pair, however, which we hope, in time, will heal the broken heart and dry the scalding tears, caused by the sudden death of these faithful friends.

Yes, he came over from Waverly and went into one of our butcher shops and stole a chunk of pork weighing about seven pounds, put it under his coat and started for the door. He was quickly stopped by the hawk-eyed butcher, who began to enquire into the matter. "Now just look here, mister," holding up his hand, "do you see that big wart?" "Yes, but what has that to do with it?" "Why, you just steal a piece of pork and rub on the wart, and then bury it under a flat stone and the wart will disappear in less than a week." "Well, mister man, you are a gude wan," said Joe, and he was allowed to go on with his wart-killing business, unmolested.

Elder Hammond, who lives on Little Prairie, had rather a hard time with his village last Sunday. He started for this village in the morning but, after going a short distance, the horses jumped sideways, tipped the cutter over, threw Mr. H. out and ran back home. He went back and secured the team and drove to town hurriedly, for the hour at which he was expected to preach was close at hand. He put the horses in Merwin's barn, but when the hostler undertook to put the blankets on, one of them kicked him over, and then the reverend gentleman undertook to handle them himself, when the horse kicked him on the ankle, making a severe cut nearly three inches long. It is needless to say the Disciples dispensed with the usual sermon that day.—Decatur Republican.

The people of Michigan formerly had a notion that Henry Chamberlain was a man of considerable good sense, and it was on account of that notion that in 1874 they came very near electing him governor of this state. After his recent performance at Lansing, however, climaxed by his idiotic petition to the legislature to impeach Gov. Luce, there can be but one opinion as to the quality of his brains. He seems to be a good deal of a fool.—Evening News.

W. J. SELLIK--DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES, ETC.

GREAT CLEARING SALE AT SELLIK'S!

PLEASE NOTE PRICES ON THE FOLLOWING:

Table listing various goods and their prices, including Men's Alexis Fur Caps, Scotch Caps, Boys' Scotch and Turban Caps, Woolen Blankets, Ladies' Cloaks, and Scarlet.

1/4 OFF ON ALL HIGHER PRICED GARMENTS.

Misses' and Children's Cloaks Reduced in the same Proportion.

A SUPERB LINE OF

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRESS GOODS REDUCTION ALL ALONG THE LINE.

IN OUR

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT,

It is astonishing the number of Bargains to be found there.

OVERCOATS AT 1/2 PRICE AT SELLIK'S.

S. T. BOWEN--CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES.

THE GREAT

Annual Closing Sale

OF

"ODDS" AND "ENDS"

BEGINS AT

BOWEN'S 2 STORES

ON

Thursday, January 5th, 1887,

TO CONTINUE

TWO WEEKS.

AT WHICH TIME WE OFFER

Odd Coats, Odd Pants, Odd Vests, Odd Caps, Odd Shoes, Odd Boots, to fit the largest man or smallest boy, at prices that will surprise you all. My entire Overcoat stock to be sold regardless of cost.

1ST COME, 1ST SERVED.

Citizens of Paw Paw and Van Buren County, I mean business; no further comments needed. Come in and make money for yourselves. Yours, Etc.,

S. T. BOWEN.

C. R. AVERY--DRY GOODS.

GREAT CLEARING SALE AT STAR DRY GOODS HOUSE!

UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY AND GLOVES, CLOSING OUT PRICES.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN OUR CLOAK ROOMS.

Stock somewhat broken owing to our Large Sales, yet we will fit and please you, at decided Reductions from Former Low Prices. All our Departments overhauled, and prices marked to insure a speedy sale of all Winter Goods.

YOURS FOR BARGAINS.

C. R. AVERY.

DUNNING & BILSBORROW.

E. G. BUTLER--GROCERIES.

Dunning & Bilsborrow,

I keep constantly on hand a Full and Complete stock of

GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS

Of all kinds which I will sell at Reasonable Prices.

My New

Crockery and Glassware

is now complete of the latest and best patterns, and is the best in the market.

ALSO

STAND LAMPS

Of all varieties and brackets, and an elegant show of

LIBRARY LAMPS!

with decorated dome shades, very cheap.

MY GROCERIES are as good as any, and as cheap, at the old reliable stand.

Store on Kalamazoo St., Paw Paw

E. G. BUTLER.

J. C. DUNNING. FRED BILSBORROW.