

HINE'S DOLLAR WEEKLY JOURNAL



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LOWELL JOURNAL

BY JAS. W. HINE.

THE OHIO ELECTION.

The Republicans elected their State ticket by about 20,000 plurality, and the Legislature will undoubtedly be Republican on joint ballot. The democrats are charged with fraud in holding back returns, and hiding ballot boxes. The prohibition vote fell far short of the estimate. The result is a grand Republican victory. Now for New York.

Much has been said and written against the use of corsets. Learned doctors have cried out against them, and labelled them "deformers of female anatomy." Lecturers and others too numerous to enumerate have portrayed the physical evils resulting from the use of the corset, and from its infamy the corset has had to face formidable opposition. But the corset has come to stay. Come to stay! That is what the corset has come for—of corset is. Only last week Mrs. Walter Bidwell of Albion, Mich. was shot at by a crazy man. The lunatic fired at her three times with a revolver. One of the balls struck her square in the back, hitting a steel spring in her corset and glancing off, leaving the lady only slightly injured. Had she worn no corset Mrs. Bidwell undoubtedly would have been killed. The corset saved her life. It was her armor and it protected her. No man's armor round her could have shielded her so well. Give the corset its due.

The JOURNAL was correct in its prediction last week that D. R. Waters would be appointed U. S. Marshal. Notice of his appointment was received Saturday and now with the aid of a step ladder you can mount to a conversational parallel with the new Marshal, who is a bigger man than old Kelsey. It is now understood that Waters will not permit himself to be discovered as the original and only—beware of counterfeiters—Tichborne Claimant.

Wednesday morning, after the Ohio election news was read, the price of shaving at the barber shops was, (or might have been) according to length of faces, as follows: Republican face, 5 cents; democratic face, 45 cents.

That non-partisan scheme, to have an honest election and no fraudulent voting, worked like a charm in Ohio. It ought to be tried in Mississippi and a few other states by and by. Works splendid.

The Republicans of Ohio who "stood up to be counted" last fall stood up to stay. The democratic aid society, alias prohibition party, did not gather them in. Nay, not very much.

We've patted this third party on the back long enough. Dang it, some of our folks thought we were honest and they went and voted the prohibition ticket.—Ohio Democracy.

Two more remarkable achievements to be recorded in the history of the nineteenth century, viz: the Hell Gate explosion and the opening of the Biddle House in Detroit.

Leonard, the prohibition candidate for Governor, may now go back to his mug of ale and bread. But he should be careful not to overload his stomach with bread.

Mary Anderson, the beautiful, lovely, charming, adorable actress, has big feet. This information comes direct from London and it twisted the cable badly.

The Detroit Journal says that "Roswell P. Flower, of New York, is in Canada shooting ducks." First time we ever heard of a dead duck shooting live ducks.

Monday's dispatches from democratic headquarters predicted Hoadly's election by 20,000 to 20,000 plurality. Tuesday's ballots told a different story.

Chicago can sit down on St. Louis now and chuckle. Chicago's base ball club stands at the head and the St. Louis club at the foot of the league list.

The sea serpent this year is 800 feet long—three times as large as he was last year. Just what we expected under the present administration.

Under a temporary aberration of mind the Detroit base ball club found itself sixth instead of last on the league list.

Harper's Weekly says civil service reform has come to stay. Which reminds us once more of poor dog Trny.

O yes, we remember. That joint discussion between Forsaker and Hoadly "just laid out Forsaker."

The winter in Toronto is generally about seven months long and four feet deep.

The Ohio democrats do not feel so much like kissing the prohibition cook now.

Good morning, Gov. Forsaker. Good evening Mr. Hoadly.

Senator Sherman's bloody shirt was what?

To Mrs. Frank Robinson Oct. 14, a 94 lb. boy.

The Lowell Furniture Co. is doing a good business.

No diphtheria in Lowell, Miss Beller having recovered.

Found a pair of spectacles. Owner call at JOURNAL office.

A Knights of Labor organization has been started in Lowell.

Mr. and Mrs. Lou Hunt of Grand Rapids at Mrs. Powlson's.

Risedorph has sold his interest in the barber shop to Ora Hayden.

The Grand Rapids "newspaper feller" have organized a press club.

Polo at the rink next Wednesday night. Also skating with music.

Ort. Hill's place is bounded on the south and east by a new sidewalk.

Wheat went up to 85 and 87 cents Wednesday—right after the Ohio election.

Mrs. E. J. Booth and daughter Genevieve have been spending some time in Detroit.

Lost—a gold pen and holder, with pencil attachment. Reward if left at this office.

The progressive spelling school will meet with Miss Mattie Perrin next Friday evening.

Leave orders for job printing as early as possible, and they will be filled as rapidly as possible.

Rev. G. L. Pearson of Tombstone, Arizona, was the guest of Prof. Shuart a portion of last week.

M. J. Bullis dug 83 bushels of potatoes in half a day. M. J. Bullis then went to bed and meditated.

J. Q. Look is now sole proprietor of Look's drug store, having purchased the Eaton interest therein.

B. C. Smith, the tailor, has moved. His shop is now in the Carr and Davis building on the bridge.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Hoyt, of Battle Creek, have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. Shuart of this village.

The job of freecoin in the Congregational church is finished and services will be held there next Sunday.

Will S. Coleman and wife move from Detroit to Grand Rapids, where Will has secured a lucrative position.

Look at the label on your JOURNAL. What does it say? To some it is a neatly printed invitation to "pay up."

Miss Anna Blain, of Romulus, N. Y., and Mrs. Halsey Kinne and son, of Ovid N. Y. are visiting Mrs. J. Q. Look.

The "Peek-a-boo club" will give a hop at Music Hall next Thursday evening. Howe and Kellogg's new orchestra.

Emma Abbot warbles in Grand Rapids to-night and to-morrow afternoon and evening. Several Lowell people will hear her.

Rickert now sells oysters; has a big cigar and candy trade and is constantly making something new in the line of confectionery.

Rink open with music Saturday night. Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Bissell, late of Penn Yan, N. Y. have become permanent residents of Lowell.

The funeral of the late Duncan Shepherd was held at the Bailey church in Vergennes, Wednesday forenoon, Rev. J. T. Husted, officiating.

Mrs. M. M. Perry went to Jonesville to attend the wedding, on Wednesday, of her sister, Miss Mattie Sinclair, and Dr. Hawkins of that village.

Several young ladies of Lowell recently organized a "progressive spelling school" and the class hold frequent meetings. Sensible young ladies.

Married—At the residence of the bride's father, Thursday evening, Oct. 8, by the Rev. J. T. Husted. Mr. Hubert Hendricks and Miss Emma Hall.

A little girl fell down Mrs. O'Heron's stairs a few days ago, followed by a baby and child. The girl was considerably bruised, but the baby was uninjured.

Have you seen any dead tramp prowling around here? The one that rumor said might have been killed by that other tramp who came here with a bandaged head.

A new course of study for the Lowell public schools has been adopted and will soon appear printed in pamphlet form. We are pleased to note that the schools here are in a very prosperous condition.

The central school building is crowded with pupils and more room is needed. Something will have to be done to increase the capacity to accommodate the steady increase in the number of students.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, of the M. E. Church, will hold a Social Wednesday eve, Oct. 21, at Mrs. A. W. Weekes'. All come, and enjoy the refreshments and literary exercises.

By order of the SECRETARY.

The Lowell Fishing Club held a meeting Monday evening and transacted considerable business. Another meeting will be held Monday evening, Oct. 26 at the same place—at the office of E. W. Dodge. All members will please be present.

F. D. Eddy has received as a present from the Ames Sword Co. of Massachusetts, a very handsome S. O. V. sword, with his name inscribed on the blade. The sword is a beauty and was presented

to Frank for his kindness in designing the figures thereon.

Recent visitors: Miss Etta Rathbun, of Wisconsin, and Miss May Risedorph at Henry Risedorph's; Mrs. Dermont, of Ewart, at A. T. Daniels'; Miss Mattie Brown and Miss Lettie Dean, of Grand Rapids, at Dr. McDannell's; Mrs. Belle Potter, of Reed City, at M. Hiller's; Dewey Hayes, of Grand Rapids.

Twenty-seven relatives and friends of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Blair gave that worthy couple a birthday surprise and some nice presents Oct. 7. Mrs. Blair received a set of glass ware, a gold ring, a new dress and Mr. Blair received a cap, a costly pipe and plenty of good ammunition for the pipe. All had a grand time.

The annual convention of the Kent County W. C. T. U. will be held at the M. E. Church in Cedar Springs, Oct. 20, 21 and 22. The programme, printed this week at this office, is an unusually good one. The opening session will be held Tuesday evening Oct. 20, at 7 o'clock, and the closing session will be held Thursday morning, Oct. 22 at 9 o'clock.

Last Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Corey were pleasantly surprised by the arrival of between thirty and forty friends at their home. Mr. and Mrs. C. have been married just ten years and the company came to celebrate the event. They brought many nice presents and choice refreshments and had a good time. Mr. and Mrs. C. feel very grateful for the surprise.

Prof. Hubbard and wife, assisted by their large class and other home talent, will give a grand concert at Music Hall this evening. For particulars see bills, which show a fine program. Admission 25 cents. Prof. and Mrs. Hubbard have been conducting a large musical convention here with gratifying success and to night's concert closes the term. It will be worth attending.

Get tell it—that our own and only Charley Hampton, he of the vasty lung, he whose magic voice still echoes in the capitol dome at Lansing, he who thrashed the cultured East last fall with the bruised and bleeding body of the Republican party and, single handed and alone elected Ben Butler President of these United States—well, he, this same irresistible heart smasher, Charley, has been elected chief of the Harbor Springs fire department—and the corporation will not have to buy a trumpet.

The Kent County board of supervisors met on Monday Oct. 12. J. N. Davis, of Grand Rapids, was elected chairman. The following committees were announced:

Claims—Jacob W. Walker, Avonley Roberts, Adolphus L. Skinner, Henry H. Havens, Oliver I. Watkins, Edgar L. Phelps, Nelson Kelley.

Equalization—Abiel A. Wilson, Edgar R. Johnson, Harry H. Ives, Henry O. Schermerhorn, Jas. C. Johnson, Simon P. Peterson, Chas. L. Shattuck, Byron McNeal, Nelson B. Rich.

Finance—Robert B. Loomis, George Snyder, Nathaniel Rice.

Public Buildings—Jas. B. Gulliford, John Hendley, John Benjamin, John Sketee, Clinton D. Shoemaker.

Rejected Taxes—James W. Brown, Jeremiah Payne, Hugo B. Rathbun.

Roads and Bridges—John T. Gould, William S. Johnson, Sherman T. Colson, Clinton D. Shoemaker, Volney T. Cowles, John Healdy.

Education—Sherman T. Colson, Peter C. Schickel, Edgar L. Phelps.

The Saranac Local gives this version of the affair mentioned in the JOURNAL last week, respecting the tramp who came here to get his head repaired:

The citizens of Lowell and vicinity are considerably excited, so rumor says, over the disappearance and possible murder of a tramp. One day last week a couple of fellows were in this village, one of them a song and dance man, who gave an exhibition on the street. They went from here to Lowell, where the one who took the collection appeared, and the dancing fellow was badly cut about the face and was quite bloody. The fellow remained in Lowell one night afterwards, and was seen to have considerable money, consequently suspicions have been aroused of foul play.

The above is quite a different story from that told by the tramp who stopped here. And yet it may be as true as the story the tramp told. It does not seem at all improbable that the tramp who came here with a wounded head had the cash of the firm in his pocket. But it is not generally believed that his companion was murdered, as nothing indicating a tragedy has been discovered.

Go where we may we are constantly hearing of the unequalled success that Dr. Hess has with his patients. Very truly it may be said of him that he can cure when all others fail, as many of our best residents will testify. He is performing astonishing cures everywhere. People visit him from near and far and all seem to appreciate his superior skill and excellent judgment in the treatment of chronic diseases, especially cancer, stomach and lung troubles. One case in particular came to our notice of late. A few weeks ago we were in the office of Dr. Hess when a gentleman came in, evidently in the last stages of consumption, perfectly emaciated, and bloodless looking, walked with the support of a cane. Our first impressions were that he was just ready to die and that if this man had come to the doctor for treatment that he was indeed a foolish man, that time and expense could avail him nothing; however, he began treatment with the Dr. and we have since read a letter written by him of his great improvement and we could but sit and wonder, and had we not the conclusive

evidence before us and that being a letter written by himself, we could have hardly believed it as he said he had improved in every respect and had gained five pounds in some two or three weeks. So none need put consulting him if ailing from any cause whatever. He will be here again Monday Oct. 19th at the Davis House.

For Perry Hannah.

The editors of the State, on the occasion of their meeting the past summer, were entertained by Hon. Perry Hannah in a truly sumptuous manner. A committee selected for the purpose has prepared, for presentation to this gentleman, a badge, of which the following is a description: In size this elegant testimonial is five and one-half by two inches. The design is composed of various emblems and inscriptions upon a ground of elegant white satin. At its upper end the satin ground is crossed by a bar of yellow gold bearing the name of the recipient in raised polished letters; beneath the bar is a handsome engraved scroll; depending from this bar is the center pendant containing the inscription "From Michigan Editors," with an ink bottle and two quill pens crossed, these emblems being raised in different-hued gold. Beneath this device is a second bar of yellow gold having upon it in raised letters the date "July 7, 8, 1885." From this bar is suspended the principal emblematic pendant. This has a flat back of yellow Roman gold, on which is raised in full relief the old time hand press. The press is worked up in every style, each part being placed in its position as in the full sized machine from which it was copied. The press is surrounded by a wreath of gold, one side representing laurel leaves, the other oak. The wreath is fully up to the rest of the workmanship of the badge, being put together leaf by leaf. We will add that no description can do justice to this gem of art. It must be seen and studied to be appreciated.—Chicago News Union.

The badge was made by M. S. Smith & Co., Detroit. The editor of the JOURNAL, who was one of the committee, can testify that it is the handsomest badge he ever looked at.

The Way of the Transgressor, &c. A word went over the hills and fens, And the smiling farms of fair Vergennes. That a verdant sight, on a clearing new Which forest and hill hid from the view, Had planted to melons an ample space. Had season, and sun, and a virgin soil, Had richly rewarded the green horn's toil, And there, half hid by the green wood shade, The melons lay ripe for "cooners" raid.

A carriage went over the hills and fens, On a country road in fair Vergennes. With a living freight of "cooners" bold, And steadily on its course it rolled, Till a backwash field with reddening straw Barred the melon feast from the "cooners" maw.

Into the grain, nor reeked nor thought, Of the ruin that wheel and horse hoof wrought, The cooners turned and held their way, Till the juicy treat before them lay.

A cry went over the hills and fens That startled the owls in fair Vergennes. As a "cooner," returning from the rail, Saw something move in a thicket's shade, With an arm thrice nerved by courage or fright Or that power which thrilled the old time knight.

A melon he hurled uncharged with death, 'Twas the striped cut with the bad bad breath, And that midnight yell burst from his throat As the attar of roses besprinkled his coat. That overcoat, bought for a visit east, 'Twas ruined, for, only a melon feast.

An odor went over the hills and fens, That stilled the dogs in fair Vergennes. A horrible stench that to right and left Was wafted afar on the wings of night, And the tainted "cooner" rode alone, With another curse and another groan, And he sadly thought as he held his nose That deep in the earth he must bury his clothes. The rest of the raiders would not ride But cowardly shunned their comrade's side, And trudging on foot with chuckle and grin Shuffled from afar the "wages of sin."

His tale went over the hills and fens To the pleasant homes of fair Vergennes. And, when the story the green horn heard From gossip tongue, or the song of bird, He scratched his head, and says he, "I think That every cooner's a 'barnal' sneak, The sneak that coons melons goes on low legs The four footed sneak coons chickens and eggs If either durned sneak should be trapped or shot,

'Tis the sneak that knows better an one does not Guess I'll harbor the sneak that catches the hen 'Tew pepper the sneaks that pretend 'twew be men."

THE WORLD'S CHAMPION.

Mr. Edward Hanlan, the great oarsman, and until his recent contest with Beach in Australia, the champion of the world, may certainly be looked upon as an authority in everything affecting athletic sports. Before leaving Australia for this country, he wrote a letter in which he stated that he had used St. Jacobs Oil with the most beneficial results. He found it a reliable remedy for muscular pains in the arms and limbs, and from his personal experience took great pleasure in recommending it. No stronger proof of the truth of what is claimed for St. Jacobs Oil could be furnished than this, and it will undoubtedly carry great weight with all thoughtful and intelligent people.

Attend Hine's Auction Saturday afternoon and evening.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

A yoke of heavy oxen. Address box 532, Lowell, Mich., or inquire at the premises of Mary A. Smoak, three miles northeast of Lowell. 15 w 3.

Attend Hine's Auction Saturday afternoon and evening.

Teachers' Examinations.

Public Examinations of Teachers for the Schools of Kent Co. for the Fall of 1885 will be held as follows:

October 2, GRAND RAPIDS; October 16, ROCKFORD; October 23, LOWELL; October 30, GRAND RAPIDS; November 13, GRAND RAPIDS.

Applicants for First and Second Grade Certificates are requested to attend the Regular Examination, October 30.

By order of the Board of Examiners, JAMES CHALMERS, Secretary.

11w11

Attend Hine's Auction Saturday afternoon and evening.

"Home, Home, Sweet Home, There is no place like home."

And therefore I have decided to stay at Home and keep right on

SELLING GROCERIES in LOWELL.

I was going west but didn't get time to pack up, so just went to work and

ORDERED THE Finest and Largest Stock

of goods for spot cash ever seen

IN TOWN, and am going to sell them for Spott Cash

Lower than the lowest.

TEAS, TEAS, TEAS.

MAYBE YOU DON'T LIKE TO BE TEASED BUT THIS IS TO NOTIFY YOU THAT I HAVE THE FINEST LOT OF FIRST PICKING TEAS FOR 30 CTS. PER POUND THAT YOU EVER PUT TO STEEP.

Try my 30 ct. tea! Try my 25 ct. tea! Try my 15 ct. coffee!

TRY MY NEW PACKED CALIFORNIA CANNED GOODS.

BUTTER! I PAY FOR BUTTER ACCORDING TO ITS QUALITY!

To those who make strictly first class butter I pay a first-class price!

I defy competition on all first-class GROCERIES. A. B. JOHNSON.

EVERYTHING CAN BE FOUND IN OUR ESTABLISHMENT In Ready Made Clothing.

We have made heavy purchases for the Fall and Winter trade and recognizing the fact that wheat does not bring the prices of former years, we have made our prices lower than ever, preferring the NIMBLE SIXPENCE to the SLOW SHILLING. Right here we will say that WE WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD by any of our competitors, even at the expense of that "sixpence."

SUITS! SUITS!! SUITS!!!

Men's and Youths' Woolen Suits at astonishingly low prices. We have an elegant line of Corkscrews, Cassimeres and Fancy Suits in all fashionable shades and made up in latest styles. Bring your boy to us for a SCHOOL SUIT. We can fit him out in something that will wear well, look well and fit well, at little expense to you.

OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS!

A complete line of Men's, Youths' and Boys' Overcoats of all styles and prices. See them before purchasing elsewhere.

Hats and Caps.

All New, Latest Styles and at Low Prices.

In Gents' Furnishing Goods,

WE HAVE EVERYTHING THAT YOU COULD DESIRE OUR LINE OF UNDERWEAR CANNOT BE EXCELLED FOR QUALITY AND PRICE.

Trunks and Valises,

THE ONLY COMPLETE LINE IN LOWELL.

The Cold Facts

are, that our stock is all new. We have no shelf-worn and out of style garments to offer you at "less than cost." Your own good sense will teach you that no merchant can sell goods "at cost" or "less than cost" and live. We ask a fair profit, no more, no less. We know that a comparison of our goods (quality and price considered) with others will result in our favor. Last but not least, from 10 to 15 per cent can be saved to you by dealing with

EAST SIDE. MARKS.

Look out for Bargains!

IN

CLOAKS, UNDERWEAR,

FLANNELS, YARNS,

DRESS GOODS, &

SILKS!

Remember this is the only place you can buy the celebrated

Buffalo Flannels

AND

STALEY YARNS.

COLLAR & WEEKES.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE. In the matter of the estate of Frederick Snyder, deceased. Notice is hereby given that I shall sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, on MONDAY, THE 27TH DAY OF OCTOBER A. D. 1885, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the front door of the Post Office Building in the Village of Lowell, in the County of Kent, in the State of Michigan, pursuant to License and authority granted by the Probate Court of Kent County, Michigan, all of the estate, right and interest of the said deceased, in and to the real estate situated and being in the County of Kent, in the State of Michigan, known and described as follows, to-wit: All that certain place or parcel of land, situate in the Village of Lowell, County of Kent and State of Michigan, commencing Two Hundred and Fifty-six (256) feet westerly on the north line of Bridge Street, from a point where the said north line of Bridge Street intersects the west line of Water Street on Abel Avery's recorded plat; thence north one hundred (100) feet, thence west twenty-five (25) feet; thence south one hundred (100) feet to the north line of Bridge Street; thence easterly along the north line of Bridge Street twenty-five (25) feet, to place of beginning. Dated, August 29th, A. D. 1885.

WE THE UNDERSIGNED, Corporators of "The Lowell Fishing Club of Lowell, Michigan," having filed certificates of Articles of Association in the Office of the Secretary of State, Lansing, Michigan; and also in the Office of the Clerk of Kent County in said State, as required by Chapter 198 of the Laws of the State of Michigan for 1883: Do hereby give notice that a meeting of said Corporation will be held in the Village of Lowell, in Kent County, Michigan, on Thursday the 8th day of October, 1885, at Seven o'clock p. m., in the office of E. W. Dodge, Esq., for the purpose of electing the officers of said Corporation for the ensuing year; also for the adoption of a Constitution and By-Laws, and for the transaction of such other business as may legally come before the meeting.

NOTICE OF COMMISSIONERS ON CLAIMS. State of Michigan, County of Kent, ss. Probate Court for said County. Estate of Warren B. Thompson, deceased. The undersigned, Commissioners appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate of said County, Commissioners on Claims in the matter of the estate of Warren B. Thompson, deceased, do hereby give notice that the claims of all persons having claims against said estate, and who wish to present their claims to us for examination and adjustment, are to be presented to us on or before the 14th day of November, A. D. 1885, at nine o'clock a. m., of each day, at the office of E. W. Dodge, Esq., in the Village of Lowell, in said County to receive and examine such claims. Dated, September 25th, A. D. 1885.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE. In the matter of the estate of Abrah D. Shear, deceased. Notice is hereby given that I shall sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, on TUESDAY, THE 17TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, A. D. 1885, at two o'clock in the afternoon, at the front door of the Post Office in the Village of Lowell, in the County of Kent, in the State of Michigan, pursuant to License and authority granted to me on the 17th day of August, A. D. 1885, by the Probate Court of Kent County, Michigan, all of the estate, right, title and interest of the said deceased, in and to the real estate situated and being in the County of Kent in the State of Michigan, known and described as follows: Commencing at the north west corner of Section Two (2) in the Township of Lowell, County of Kent, State of Michigan, running thence East along the North line of said section, about eighty (80) rods, to Washington Street, so called, in the Village of Lowell, thence South along Washington Street, Twenty five (25) rods, and Eight (8) links, thence West, parallel with the North line of said section Two (2) about Eighty (80) rods; to the West section line; thence North Twenty five (25) rods to place of beginning. Lated, Lowell Oct. 31 A. D. 1885.

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LOWELL JOURNAL. JAS. W. HINE, PUBLISHER. Lowell, Mich., October 16, 1885.

Detroit, G'd Haven & Milwaukee RAILWAY THE OLD RELIABLE ROUTE TO ALL PORTS EAST AND WEST. In effect May 17, 1885.

TRAINS LEAVE LOWELL GOING EAST: 6 Through Mail, 6 55 A. M. 8 Evening Express, 11 00 P. M. 10 Atlantic Express, 11 25 P. M. 16 Mixed, 12 30 P. M.

GOING WEST: 1 Morning Express, 12 30 P. M. 3 Through Mail, 4 40 P. M. 5 Evening Express, 10 10 P. M. 7 Night Express, 4 30 A. M. 11 Mixed, 12 30 A. M.

Through tickets to all principal points East for sale at the Company's office, Lowell, Nov. 7 and 10 run daily; other train's daily, Sunday excepted.

W. E. DAVIS, Lowell Agent. Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., Chicago, Ill.

W. C. T. U. Column. For God and Home and Native Land

Edited by Mrs. M. S. CHAPMAN of Lowell, Mich. Pledge.

We the undersigned, for our own good, and the good of the world in which we live, do hereby promise and engage, with the help of Almighty God, to abstain from buying, selling, or using Alcohol or Malicious Beverages, Wine and Cider included.

A Temperance Sketch. I saw it hanging up in the kitchen of a thrifty, healthful, sturdy farmer in Oxford county, Maine—a bottomless jug!

The host saw that the curious thing had caught my eye, and he smiled. "You are wondering what that jug is hanging up there, for, with its bottom knocked out?" he said. "My wife, perhaps, could tell you the story better than I can; but she is bashful, and I ain't, so I'll tell it.

"My father, as you are probably aware, owned this farm before me. He lived to a good old age, worked hard all his life, never squandered money, was a shrewd, careful trader, and a good calculator; and, as men were accounted in his day and generation, he was a temperate man. I was the youngest boy; and when the old man was ready to go—and he knew it—the other boys agreed that, since I had stayed at home and taken care of the old folks, the farm should be mine. And to me it was willed. I had been married then three years.

"Well, father died—mother had gone three years before—and left the farm to me, with a mortgage on it of \$2,000! I'd never thought so much of it before; but I thought of it now. I said to Molly—my wife:

"Molly, says I, 'look here! Here's father had this farm in its first strength of soil, with all its magnificent timber; and his six boys, as they grew up, equal to so many men, to help him; and he has worked hard—worked early and late—and yet look at it! A mortgage of \$2,000! What can I do?"

"And I went to the old jug—it had its bottom in then—and took a good stiff drink of old Medford rum from it.

"I noticed a curious look on the face of my wife just then, and I asked her what she thought of it; for I supposed, of course, she was thinking of what I'd been talking about. And so she was. Says she:

"Charles, I've thought of this a good deal; and I have thought of a way in which I believe we can clear that mortgage off before five more years are ended."

"Says I: "Molly, tell me how you'll do it."

"She thought for a little while, and then she said, with a funny twinkle in her blue eyes—says she:

"Charles, you must promise me this, and promise me solemnly and sacredly, Promise me that you will never again bring home for the purpose of drinking for a beverage at any one time more spirit of any kind than you can bring in that old jug—the jug that your father has used ever since I knew him, and which you have used since he was done with it."

"Well, I knew that father used once in a while, especially in haying time, and in the winter when we were at work in the woods, to get an old gallon jug filled, so I thought she meant that I should never buy more than two quarts at a time. I thought it over, and after a little while told her I would agree to it.

"Now mind," said she; "you are never—never—to bring home for a common beverage more spirit than you can bring in that identical jug."

"And I gave her the promise. And before I went to bed that night I took the last pull at that jug. As I was turning it out for a sort of a nightcap, Molly looked up, and says she:

"Charles, have you got a drop left?" "I told her there was just about a drop. We'd have to get it filled on the morrow. And she said, if I had no objection, she would drink that last drop with me. I never shall forget how she brought it out—That Last Drop!—and ever, I tipped the old jug bottom up, and got out a great spoonful, and Molly said that was enough. She took the tumbler and poured a few drops of hot water into it, and a bit of sugar, and then she tinkled her glass against mine, just as she'd seen us boys do when we'd been drinking good luck, and says she:

"Here's to the old brown jug!" "Sakes alive! I thought to myself that poor Molly had been drinking more of the rum than was good for her; and I tell you, it kind o' cut me to the heart. I forgot all about how many times she'd seen me when my tongue was thicker than it ought to be, and my legs not quite so steady as good legs should be; but I said nothing. I drank the sentiment—'To the old brown jug!'—and let it go.

"Well, I went out after that and did my chores, and then went to bed; and the last thing I said before leaving the kitchen—this very room where we now sit in—'We'll have the old brown jug filled to-morrow. And then I went off to bed. And I have remembered ever since that I went to bed that night, as I had done hundreds of times before, with a buzzing in my head; that a healthy man ought not to have. I didn't think of it then, nor had I ever thought of it before; but I have thought of it a good many times since, and have thought of it with wonder and with awe.

"Well, I got up the next morning and did up my work at the barn, then came in and ate my breakfast, but not with such an appetite as a farmer ought to have, and I could think even then that my appetite had begun to fail me. How-

ever, I ate breakfast, and then went out and hitched up the old mare; for, to tell the plain truth, I was feeling the need of a glass of spirits, and I hadn't a drop in the house. I was in a hurry to get to the village. I got hitched up, and then came in for the jug. I went for it in the old cupboard and took it out, and—

"Did you ever break through the thin ice, on a nipping cold day, and find yourself in an instant, over your head in the freezing water? The jug was there, but the bottom was gone! Molly had been and taken a sharp chisel and a hammer, and with a skill that might have done credit to a master-workman, she had clipped the bottom clean out of the jug, without even breaking the edges or the side! I looked at the jug, and then I looked at Molly. And then she burst out. She spoke—Oh I had never heard anything like it. No, sir, nor have I ever heard anything like it since, she said:

"Charles! There's where the mortgage on this farm came from! It was brought home that jug—two quarts at a time! And there's where all the debt has been! And there's where your white, clear skin and your clear, pretty eyes are going! And in that jug, my husband, your appetite is going, also! O! let the bottom stay out forever! Let it be as it is, dear heart! and remember your promise to me!"

"And then she threw her arms around my neck, and burst into tears. She couldn't speak more.

And there was no need. My eyes were opened, as though by magic. In a single minute the whole scene passed before me. I saw all the mortgages, on all the farms in our neighborhood; and I thought where the money had gone. The very last mortgage father ever made, had been to pay a bill held against him by the miller, for filling his trough, for years! Yes, I saw it all, as it passed before me—a flitting picture of rum!—rum!—debt—debt!—and, in the end—death! And I returned my Molly's kiss, and said I:

"Molly, my own! I'll keep the promise! I will—so help me heaven!"

"I have kept it. In less than five years, as Molly had said, the mortgage was cleared off; my appetite came back to me; and now, we've got a few thousand dollars out at interest. There hangs the old jug, just as we hang it up, on that day when from that time there hasn't a drop of spirits been brought into this house, for a beverage, which that bottomless jug wouldn't have held!

"Dear old jug! We mean to keep it; and to hand it down to our children, for the lesson it can give them—a lesson of life-of a life happy, peaceful, prosperous and blessed!"

And as he ceased speaking, his wife, with an arm drawn tenderly around the neck of her youngest boy, murmured a fervent "Amen!"—Selected.

So, Boston Breezes. Mr. and Mrs. S. K. Remington are visiting in Lansing.

W. S. Story has gone to N. Y. for a few weeks visit.

N. F. Gould had a straw stack burn within a few feet of his barn last Saturday P. M. Cause: boys playing with matches. Had it not been for the timely arrival of some Base Ball players and the favorable condition of the wind, no one doubts but what his buildings would have burned.

School at the center has closed.

Cannon Echoes. Hon. A. B. Cheney of Sparta lectured in the Congregational Church Saturday evening. Subject, Temperance.

Mrs. Dr. Clark of Grand Rapids is the guest of Mrs. G. T. Young.

Mr. Dave Young has improved so as to be able to ride out.

A Young man from Lowell occasionally spends Sunday at Cannonsburg. A few of the citizens are becoming acquainted with his ways and the next time they will have their treasures safely secured.

ZITA. Vergennes Visitor. Mrs. Sanford Fuller had a stone cancer taken from her breast Oct. 7. The operation was performed at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Henry Trednick, (in Lowell) and by Dr. Wood of Grand Rapids, assisted by Dr. Stann of Grand Rapids and Dr. Malcolm of Lowell. She is doing well and will be able to go home in a few days.

Died.—at the residence of Nelson Collar in Vergennes Oct. 12, 1885, Mr. Duncan Shepard of Iowa. Mr. Shepard is a brother of Mrs. N. Collar. He has been in poor health for some time; came to his sister's about ten weeks ago, where he has remained ever since; was fifty-eight years old and died of consumption.

Mr. Elmer Schenck and friend Miss McKinzie, of Grand Haven spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Y. Schenck.

Grattan Gatherings. Frank McArthur would have had 3000 bushels of potatoes but for the rot.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Hilton of Pontiac with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lessor, are visiting relatives at Saranac.

L. Lessor found one of his best short horn heifers, 3 years old—died Oct. 7, she having slipped down a hill and laid on her back.

That wedding mentioned last week took place Oct. 12. Mr. and Mrs. Boylan are taking a trip north of Cadillac.

For three successive Thursdays our citizens have been called to attend the funeral of one beloved from their number, and last Thursday it was Mr. Sylvester Lester, on the town line of Grattan and Cannon, who died Oct. 6. Mr. Lester has been an ardent Christian for years and his faith grew brighter in health's decline. Rev. A. M. Griffith was called to officiate in the last sad services held at the home of the deceased. The aged wife and one son who long his young wife 16 months ago, are left in the now doubly lovely home to mourn for another well beloved.

Eddie Brooks lately found two small boys chasing one of his fat turkeys, and the intention of roasting it in the field.

Bowae Zebrars. Mrs. Coppens returned from her visit to Hesperia, bringing her mother with her.

At a meeting of the stockholders of the grange hall, the 8th, it was voted to grant Mr. Nash an extension of time for the use of the hall. The store will continue as usual, and the post-office, well, who can tell?

The Bohemian cat man struck an old granger in Bowae a few days ago, and the flea that he got in his ear surprised

him. He has not been seen in this locality since.

Mr. and Mrs. Babcock of So. Boston spent Sunday at M. A. Holcomb's.

The Club dance at the hall Friday evening was largely attended.

A party of about forty guests walked in upon Rev. Weyant Tuesday evening last. They were engaged in packing up their goods preparatory to starting for their new appointment but the size and determination of the crowd induced them to cease operations. After a pleasant evening's visit, mingled with some sport, and a hearty feast upon the bountiful supply of pies and other things too numerous to mention, Uncle Russell Smith in behalf of the company presented Mr. Weyant and family, a handsome album, a tea set and a small amount of money. Mrs. Weyant a new dress, in a few well chosen remarks which were responded to by Mr. W. in a feeling manner. The company then departed leaving their best wishes. DAVE.

Morse Lake Ripples. Mrs. Houghton, her two little boys and Mrs. Frank Wood intend to start for York State on a visit next Tuesday.

Mr. Geo. Coppens and family and Mrs. John Coppens started for Kansas a week ago last Monday. Mr. M. Vanderlip has rented Geo. Coppens house.

Mr. S. P. Curtis was at home to spend Sunday Oct. 4th. We are pleased to notice that his present occupation seems to agree with him first rate.

Mr. Wes. Yeiter recently captured three coons at one haul. He wasn't hunting coons and it was a poor morning for coons, too.

The W. C. T. U. of Alto West Bowne and West Lowell will hold a Union of Unions at Alto Saturday, Oct. 17th. The exercises will consist of discussions, songs, recitations, readings, etc. and an address in the evening.

The bridge over Pratt Lake outlet is undergoing a rebuild, resulting in great inconvenience to people, wishing to traverse the road between Merrimans and the U. B. parsonage.

There was a barn raising at Mr. Wm. Graham's last Monday afternoon.

Mr. Wm. Denise has the "boss" potato crop of this vicinity, although Mr. Wainer says he has four on the scales now, that weigh ten pounds. Potatoes are rotting some, but not so badly as is reported from other states. W. C.

Olisco News. We are instructed by a long and laborious poem which was once used to paralyze our childish efforts at elocution that "it is better late than never." Acting on this profound advice it may yet be interesting to some of our readers to be informed that Mr. Lehman is teaching the fall term of school at Otisco; and that, on the Saturday previous to the opening of the school, the school house, an unoffending structure, became the victim of "spontaneous combustion." It is, of course, impossible to forget that many eminent men of learning deny the possibility of this mode of burning but at least the school house was seen to burn whether spontaneously or otherwise, and was only prevented from being consumed by the exertions of some of our citizens who applied mud from the neighboring pond and extinguished the flames. A bottle of kerosene was found carefully placed between the clapboards and the lathing near the spot where the fire started.

It would appear that the morals of our little community are in a state of degeneracy as we have not only incendiary but burglary in our midst. A short time ago Mr. Stockholm's store was broken open in the night and about forty or fifty dollars worth of goods borrowed without good security by some, probably, impudic person or persons. Mr. Stockholm does not anticipate speedy payment.

Among our visitors we number Mrs. McLaughlin of Salem, Mich. visiting at her father's, Mr. A. Green, also Mrs. C. N. Leonard of Cleveland, Ohio, daughter of Rev. J. L. Andrus.

Miss Jennie Harris who has been visiting friends in this place and her home in Hubbardston, has returned to her school near Ensley Newway Co.

Masquerading was a feature of the entertainment at the hotel last Friday evening. It is said to have been an enjoyable affair.

Attend Hine's Auction Saturday afternoon and evening.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the postoffice at Lowell, Kent Co., Michigan Oct. 16, 85.

Ladies' List—Mrs. Martilla Ains, Mrs. Chas. Hunter, Sr., Miss Mary Hastings, Mrs. Ann Miller, Mrs. Moses Mason, Mrs. Susana Rogers.

Gents' List—Cyrus Aldrich, Jas. Brannan, G. W. Bury, John Duff, C. J. Evans, Henry Keen, Revilla Rising, L. L. Riggs (2), Wm. H. Stone.

Persons calling for these letters will please say "advertised" and give the date of this notice. M. M. PERRY, P. M.

Attend Hine's auction Saturday afternoon and evening.

BUY IT AND TRY IT. Try it for earache, Try it for headache, Try it for toothache, Try it for backache.

Foran ache or a pain Thomas' Electric Oil is excellent.—Chas. F. Medler, box 274, Schenectady, N. Y.

Thomas' Electric Oil is the best thing going, says Cured him of rheumatism and moe of carache.—no drops.—Master Horace Brenner, Clinton, Iowa.

Try it for a limp, Try it for a lameness, Try it for a pain, Try it for a strain.

From shoulder to ankle joint, and for three months, I had rheumatism which yielded to nothing but Thomas' Electric Oil. Thomas' Electric Oil did what no physician seemed able to accomplish. It cured me.—John N. Gregg, Supt. of Railway Construction, Niagara Falls.

Try it for a scald, Try it for a cut, Try it for a bruise, Try it for a burn.

Price 50 cts. and \$1.00. FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Prop's. BUFFALO, N. Y.

DICKENS' READINGS. The Novellist's Platform Efforts Which Caused Death. (Scottish Review.)

We can assure our readers who never heard Dickens read that they lost nothing which might help them to understand his creations. His biographer tells us that he and other friends remonstrated with him against the unwisdom of the excitement and labor of these readings; but the money returned argued on the other side. He continued them with a few intervals until nearly the end of his life, went to America a second time, in the end of 1867, for the sole purpose of getting money by reading, was very ill the whole time, but kept on, despite of warnings, and had his reward in the shape of enormous gains—\$200 a night. "The manager is always going about with an immense bundle that looks like a sofa cushion, but is in reality paper money, and it had risen to the proportion of a sofa on the morning he left for Philadelphia." He cleared \$20,000 in his expedition. Before returning home he had already secured a London firm of speculators to give 100 readings more in England for \$2,000 net.

That Dickens was a very careful man will be very evident to every one. His quarrels with his publishers about money make one of the least agreeable features in his character. That he was generous to his literary friends we have already said. The hundred readings began, and soon again began the distressing bodily symptoms which had appeared in America, but which the rest of the voyage home had allayed. The doctors at length remonstrated for the continuance of the readings. He got better, and then applied for permission to begin again, and received permission for a final twelve, provided there were no railway traveling. We heard two of the last, one of which he prided himself more than any—The Murder of Nancy by "Sykes." He was to fill the "effect" was tremendous, that "B." was so terrified that he was dazed all the evening, that "some were taken out fainting."

We certainly say that there was no such effect near us. Fagin was very fine, Sykes was passable, Noah Claypole was a fool, but not the supreme snob of the story, and Nancy was intolerably "stagn." We have seen her better done at a country theatre, and all simply because, to give her individually, the reader had to rave and throw himself about. The same evening he read "Mrs. Gamp." We expected much fun out of this, but by the time it came he was evidently exhausted, and it was painful to watch him. He gave his last reading on the 18th of March, 1870, and followed it by a few graceful and touching words from the platform of "heartfelt, grateful, respectful, affectionate remembrance" to the manager, and then he was now irreparable. Fresh signs of ruined health followed one upon the other, and on the 8th of June he was seized with a fit, while seated at dinner with his sister-in-law, and died within twenty-four hours, without the least return to consciousness.

Fixing the General Manager. [New Orleans Times-Democrat.] A railroad official who now resides in this city told a good story yesterday about the manner in which he fixed the general manager of a road in the west, so that the force of passenger agents could be increased.

"I was the only passenger agent of the road," said the official, "and owing to the fact that I had to work against quite a large number of agents in the employ of rival lines, it was difficult for me to secure business. I repeatedly asked for help, but the general manager did not think a larger force was necessary, so one day I hired two Irish waiters in my hotel to run for me. They gave them a \$50 bill and instructed them to come to my office for a ticket. I knew the general manager would be around, and also the passenger agents of the other roads. The moment the two waiters appeared on the sidewalk near my office the passenger agents and myself made a rush for them. They displayed the money which I had given them and stated that they wished to go to a point which was reached by my road and several others.

The fun began right there. We wrestled all over the sidewalk with the Irishmen. I called out and expostulated with the man who had the money, but he was not my man. The other agents did the same thing. Finally the pow-wow attracted the attention of the general manager, and he came to the door of the office to see what it was about. As soon as he did so, I commenced to talk him down, and after making a great deal of noise I dragged my two men into the office and sold them the tickets. The general manager came up to me with a bland smile and said: 'Ah, you had pretty hard work to get those passengers out of the clutches of the other agents?' I confessed that the task was by no means easy, and then took occasion to state that often, owing to the fact that I had to contend single-handed against four or five agents of another line, the road lost many passengers. The general manager did not say anything at the time, but the next day issued orders for the appointment of two passenger agents. He saw by the little job I put up how hard an agent had to struggle to get a passenger, and concluded that I needed reinforcement. When I went to the hotel that night for supper the waiters gave me back the tickets, and I returned them to their places in the ticket-case.

One More Victim. [Limo-Klin Club.] A communication from a citizen of Union Springs, Ala., has put a temporary stop to a dead man wearing a badge of the Limo-Klin club had been found in his back yard. The man could not be identified by name further than that the badge bore the initials "G. J."

As to the cause of his death there was no mystery about it. The owner of the place had later put a trap for chickens in his pen-house to protect his fowls from ruthless hands. It was evident that the deceased had entered the coop and grabbed at the torpedoes, as it was found exploded, and the body had over 200 bird shot peppered into it.

"Do name of 'pat' person," said the president after consulting the book "The Zulu Grapvine Jackson." I have heard reports that a rider was extra fond of chicken, and de appetition was that his appetite led him to his death. Let us be a solemn warning to de rest of you. In de fast place you am 'spected to let de old folks be alone. In de best place, if you can't de yo, you must run yo own risks an' not expect de club to pass yo resolutions of sympathy. We shan't put on yo craps for Elmer Jackson, an' his widdier needn't apply to us for any help to erect a monument over his torpedoes remains.

There being no further business of importance, and the roof leaking in twenty-one different places, the meeting damply adjourned.

For Nervous Wakefulness. (Scientific American.) When nervous wakefulness ensues at night time, when there is a desire to sleep, but on account of a peculiar state of mind and body, rest will not come. Inhalation of pure air is a safe and efficient remedy. It is observed in these conditions that a person only breathes half way, and that the oxygen in the lung is kept exhausted. A physician recommends a few full respirations as the best remedy for this kind of wakefulness, which is produced frequently by the condition of the atmosphere as well as state of the mind.

Many forget that the hair and scalp need cleaning as well as the hands and feet. Extensive use of Ayer's Hair Vigor has proven that it is the best cleansing agent for the hair—that it prevents as well as removes dandruff, cools and soothes the scalp, and stimulates the hair to renewed growth and beauty.

MONEY TO LOAN! \$25,000 to loan on first class farm security at low rate of interest. 9x13 HUNT & DAVIS, Grand Rapids, Mich.

COONS & MC NAUGHTON. Are now ready to offer the people of Lowell and vicinity The Largest New Stock of Parlor Goods, Couches, Bed Room Suites, Center Tables, Spring Mattresses.

And everything else found in a first-class Furniture Store, at prices that will astonish you. Examine our goods and be convinced. We have also a Complete line of UNDERTAKER'S GOODS which we guarantee to give satisfaction. We shall sell Good Goods at Bottom Prices. Give us a call.

COONS & MC NAUGHTON. ONE