



**THAT SPECKLED HEN.**  
A Thrilling Account of Mrs. Pancksley's Thanksgiving Dinner.

Time, Thanksgiving day, eighteen hundred and what's-the-difference. Place, the sitting-room of a snug little dwelling in an interior village far enough from the madding crowd to be free from gas bills, anarchists and aldermen.

Fiercely raged the storm outside. The wild November blasts howled and shrieked through the tree-tops, the overhanging boughs rasped the side of the house as if filing notice of an intention to take a lien on the premises, and on the rug before the ample fireplace the yellow dog that saved the household the bother and expense of a garbage barrel moaned and grumbled in his sleep as if something he had eaten lay heavily on his conscience.

In an ample rocking chair of the Andrew Jackson period sat bolt upright an elderly, hard-featured, silent woman with iron-rimmed spectacles and red hair. With her hands clasped over one knee and her lips drawn tightly to-



"ARE YOU MRS. PANCKSLEY?"

gether she gazed motionless into the fire, whose fitful glow strove faintly to lighten the gloom of the dreary day now drawing rapidly to its close. Who can fathom the mystery of a tall, angular woman with red hair? Who can interpret the stony silence that veils her past? Who shall say what tempests of passion have swept over her when not a soul was at hand to incur the weird horror of their reflex action?

And the storm raged on.

Amid the uproar of the elements she became suddenly conscious of a loud, imperious knocking at the door. She went and opened it and a large, red-boned, shaggy-haired man with raw whiskers stepped inside.

Shaking the rain from his garments, he inquired:

"Does Mrs. Pancksley live here?"

"She does."

"Are you Mrs. Pancksley?"

"I am."

"How changed! Do you remember," he went on, with a tremor in his voice, "that on a stormy Thanksgiving day twelve years ago you sent a little boy out to kill a speckled hen for dinner?"

"Yes! Hiram, my boy, is it—"

"Wait a minute. Did you tell him that if he didn't find that hen and chop her head off in five minutes you would skin him alive?"

"Perhaps I did. But—"

"He didn't come back, did he?"

"O no! No!"

"Well, he's come back now. \* \* \*

That will do, mother. Give me a chance to breathe. Are you glad to see me?"

"O Hiram! Hiram! To think that my long lost son, that I'd given up all idea of ever seeing again in this world, has come back to me! It's too good to be true!"

"It's true, mother," he said. "I have a vaccination mark on my arm and a scar on my head made by a broomstick fifteen years ago to show for it. I'm the same boy. I have been almost over the whole world, and I am sorry to say, mother," he added, with a sigh, "that I've come back without the hen."

The tall, angular, red-haired woman resumed her seat in the Andrew Jackson rocking-chair, rubbed her nose thoughtfully, and gazed into the fire.

"Never mind, Hiram," she said, slowly. "The speckled hen is still alive. You will find her in the chicken-house. Go and cut her head off, my son, and I'll cook her for your Thanksgiving dinner."

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R. D. Stocking, Sporting.  
M. D. Wilson, Photographer.

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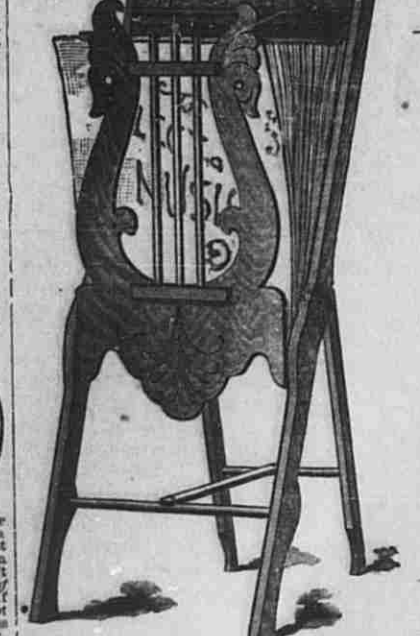
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**GIVE THANKS**  
GIVE THANKS! Hear the bells a ringing! Hear the choir singing! While some souls are crying out: "What shall I give thanks about?" "My child is gone!" "My wife is dead!" "My fortune's lost!" "I'll curse instead!" "Cease, ye bells a ringing; hush the choir singing! Woe my soul is stinging; heart in anguish ring! No place hath praise, within me here, But all is aching, pain and fear!"

Hold ye! Hold ye! List the promise given! Most shall they be, who, in sorrow driven, Pass beneath the chestnut rod, Laying ever, trusting God, Be stronger, fall not, bend low the head. So, in sweet peace, shall ye be led, Ever in the joyful singing: "To the cross I'm clinging," Angels round thee winging, while the bells are ringing: "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here below," Amen.

WILL VISSCHER.



**A Thanksgiving Experience.**  
BY WILLIAM ARBETHING.

They were a very young couple; that accounted for it largely, and while the affair was certainly ludicrous it was not without a touch of pathos. They both declare that they have better sense now, and that the like, with them at least, shall never occur again, so there can scarcely be any harm in telling all about it.

When they went to housekeeping in a modest way in a fashionable street in the national capital rents were not so high as they are now. They had many friends, some of them very wealthy ones, and as her entire life had been spent in Washington, she felt that a change from single to double blessedness would not alter things materially.

While the streets and her friends remained unchanged there was a certain indefinable something that shaped itself presently—she could not ascertain as she had been used to in her father's house: neither on such a scale, nor with such lavish hospitality.

She fretted a little, at first quietly, then she confided her woes to her husband, for she told him everything, and he, good fellow, took it very much to heart.

Being a lawyer with not any considerable practice, for he was a young man in his profession, he did not see his way out of it in that direction. But the idea suddenly struck him that he would try to get some kind of an official position. They had influential friends in the political world, and it appeared quite clear sailing.

The plan met with his wife's prompt approval and she concluded on the spot to begin the siege by giving a Thanksgiving dinner. Some people might have thought it wiser to first get the desired position and then give thanks, but she looked upon it differently, from the point of view of the almanac: as it were.

A presidential candidate had just been elected and would take his seat the following March. The minister of the church they attended was also the pastor and intimate friend of his excellency-elect, and it seemed very fitting and auspicious that he, together with his wife, should be honored guests. There was, also, a certain distant cousin of the successful candidate, a very pompous old lady with a terrible predilection for her neighbor's

affairs, whom it was considered to ask, and to entertain her there was young Mr. de Post, who led cotillions and gossip with equal facility.

While Mrs. Grimm had very pretty glass and china, in keeping with the rest of her modest establishment, it did not seem grand enough for such a distinguished and critical company, so she borrowed her mother's service, from the silver soup tureen to the nut crackers.

This plan was readily feasible, as her parents took dinner with an elder sister upon that day. No sooner was this arrangement completed than it seemed very out of place to let Fanny, the colored maid, wait at table with such accompanying magnificence—they ought to have a butler. They got one in the person of Fanny's father, who had come up from Massachusetts Junction to spend the day with his family, and that was where the trouble began.

He was an eminently respectable old man, and when he had gotten himself, after much groaning and the assistance of his wife, the cook, into an old dress suit of Mr. Grimm's, he looked as if he knew the proper thing to do, which was far from the case. His wife had been doubtful from the first. "He kin drive a kerrige jest lovely," Miss Maria, she said, "but he doan know nuthin' 'bout waitin'."

"But Fanny can drill him," Miss Maria had said, airily, as she set out to Thanksgiving services in company with her husband.

Fanny, dressed in a new gown and with a huge white cap on her very black head, admitted the guests with a gravity of countenance that would have befitted a servant of fifty years. Fanny had woeful misgivings. Jupiter, her father, had not proven a very apt pupil. He asked many strange questions after he had insisted that he understood everything. The butler's pantry was too small to hold them both or she would have remained by her parent during the ordeal; but she stationed herself at the foot of the dumb waiter to admonish in stage whispers if necessary.

Jupiter wiped the perspiration from his brow with a red bandanna and car-

ried the silver tureen. With the exception that he put his thumb in Mr. de Post's soup and then wiped it dry with his bandanna, that portion of the banquet progressed favorably. But when the raw oysters were served he took a plate of macaroons from the sideboard, and, doubtless mistaking them for a new variety of crackers, gravely offered them. The hostess flushed violently and tried to distract attention from her husband who, though he said only a few words to Jupiter, had looked such unutterable things as to cause him to drop the dish on the sideboard with a bang. Presently he barely grazed the minister's head with the turkey platter. Feeling that energy might compensate for the vacancy existing in his mind, Jupiter proceeded to ply every one with the dishes on the table. Salted almonds and bonbons careered about the board with lightning rapidity. He even grasped the macaroons again, but a sudden mistrust seemed to seize him and he dropped the dish. He was breathing heavily and each moment his unwonted apparel seemed to grow smaller for him.

The hostess strove bravely to appear as if this was a daily occurrence in every well regulated household, and that a stream of gravy extending across the cloth and down a breadth of her best gown was merely an adjunct of



**"SEND UP THEM TOMATTUSES."**

waiter that set all the glasses and crockery on the pantry shelves to jingling in unison.

A family altercation was in energetic progress. The guests looked at each other and the hostess tried to chatter it down. But no one human throat was powerful enough for that.

"Send up them tomattuses."

"I tell you they ain't none."

"They is, Miss Maria says they is."

"I tell you they ain't, you ole black fool you," the voice was that of the cook. "I dun forgot to open 'em, I dun tell you. If you doan b'lieve me use your own eyes, you ole country niggah in Maw's Jaw'n's paity close, a lookin' like a scarecrow in a cawn fiel'. Now look!"

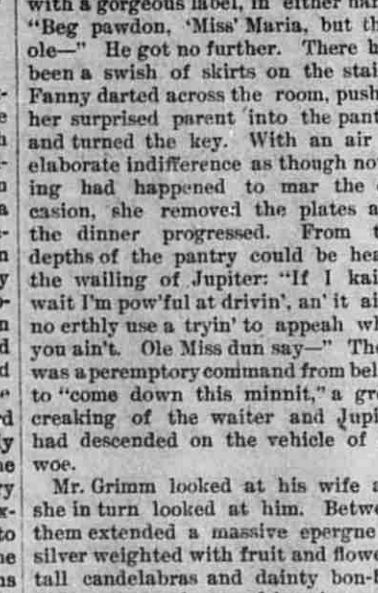
The waiter came up with a bang. All was still. Jupiter was doubtless "looking." Presently the guests looked too. He appeared upon the scene with an unopened can, glowing with a gorgeous label, in either hand.

"Beg pardon, Miss Maria, but that ole—" He got no further. There had been a swish of skirts on the stairs. Fanny darted across the room, pushed her surprised parent into the pantry, and turned the key. With an air of elaborate indifference as though nothing had happened to mar the occasion, she removed the plates and the dinner progressed. From the depths of the pantry could be heard the wailing of Jupiter: "If I kain't wait I'm pow'ful at drivin', an' it ain't no ertly use a tryin' to appeah what you ain't. Ole Miss dun say—" There was a peremptory command from below to "come down this mimit," a great creaking of the waiter and Jupiter had descended on the vehicle of his woe.

Mr. Grimm looked at his wife and she in turn looked at him. Between them extended a massive epergne of silver weighted with fruit and flowers; tall candelabras and dainty bon-fon dishes, strangely out of keeping with the furniture and the tiny dining-room. There was a look in his eyes that lightened things, though, and the verge of tearfulness was banished. Later, however, when the guests were gone and she had had a good cry in his arms, she said: "John, Jupiter was right. We have no business trying to appear what we are not, and whether we get the position or whether we're never a cent richer, I've that good lesson to be thankful for to-day and for the rest of my life."



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Is a new discovery for the prompt, permanent cure of Piles in every form. Every druggist has it.  
Ripans Tabules: gentle cathartic.



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THE GREAT HINDOO REMEDY  
PRODUCES THE ABOVE RESULTS IN 30 DAYS. Cures all Nervous Diseases, Falling Memory, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Nightly Emulsions, etc., caused by mental strains, gives vigor and life to shrunken organs, and quickly but surely restores Lost Manhood in old or young. Easily carried in your pocket. Price \$1.00 a package, six for \$5.00 with a written guarantee to cure or money refunded. Don't let any unscrupulous druggist sell you any kind of imitation. Insist on having INDAPO—no other. If he has not got it, we will send it by mail upon receipt of price. Furnish in sealed envelope, free. Address Oriental Medical Co., Props., Chicago, Ill., or send to SOLD by Hunter & Son, Druggists, LOWELL, MICH., and other leading druggists.

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Morphine habit cured in 10 to 20 days, 20,000 cases cured. Book of testimonials free. No Pay Bill Cured. I. L. STEPHENS, M. D., Lebanon, Ohio.







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AND I AM PREPARED TO GIVE WARMTH TO ALL IN MY FINE LINES OF

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Buffalo Blankets, Flannels AND Yarns, Best in the world.

OF COURSE I HAVE A FINELY ASSORTED LINE OF

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Consult Your Own Interest by Calling at My Store Before Buying.

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

## Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

### NEIGHBORHOOD NOTES.

#### Auton.

Clare Ford is better.  
Mrs Doris Church is not improving.  
G. Roach and children are on the sick list.  
C. E. Francisco and wife are on the sick list.  
Mrs Bierni and three of the children are sick.  
Mrs George White was in Gd. Rapids recently.  
Mrs Josie Linn and son George are on the sick list.  
Mrs Orrin Trumbull is visiting her daughter, in Courisno.  
Benj White, of Smyrna, went to Lake View, last Tuesday.  
Miss Anna Pritchard is visiting her aunt, Mrs P. Vandebroek.  
Richard Huckleberry moved to Peirson with his family last week.  
Benj White and wife, of Smyrna, visited with Mr Simmons Sunday.  
Knox Norman and wife, of Belding, were at S. D. Godfrey's, Thursday.  
Nick Blosson and wife, of Chosenany, visited his father and family at Otusco.  
Engene Russell, of Luther, went to Gd. Rapids, from Geo. H. Godfrey's, Monday.  
Thos. Cooper, of Illinois, visited his mother and brother in East Grattan last week.  
Geo. Beckwith and family have moved into one of Dan'l. Vernon's tenant houses.  
Mrs Simmons returned Monday from a week's visit at Howard City, with relatives.  
Mrs Carrie Sage and children, of Smyrna, visited Geo. Converse and family last week.  
John Williams and wife, of Fairplains, visited with Mr and Mrs Maurice Trumbull, Wednesday.

Quite a number of the G. A. R. and others are going to take in the S. O. V. Xmas dance at Lowell.  
Elder Smith failed to fill his appointment Saturday night. Elder Waite, of Cannon, filled his place.  
Chas. Jakeway is moving the Duga hall and building a basement, and will move the building on it.  
There was a dance held at the home of P. Houlihan, Wednesday evening, and enjoyed by 26 couples.  
Mrs A. R. Weekes funeral was held at Alton on Thursday. Rev. J. T. Husted, of Grand Rapids, officiating.  
Mrs Peter Vandebroek returned Wednesday after a ten days visit with her parents and sister, near Stanton.  
Mrs Jas. Aldrich, of Bowne, Mrs Geo. Fletcher, of Lowell, Jas. Godfrey and daughters were at Lake View, Friday.  
The change in the mail delivery from Lowell to Grattan does not suit the patrons here, as it will make the paper one day later.  
S. D. Godfrey attended the Mills revival meeting one evening at Gd. Rapids, recently and reports a great interest manifested.  
Geo. H. Godfrey, wife and daughter, Cora attended the funeral of their niece Miss Ida White, last Friday. Cora will remain at Lake View, for a couple of weeks.  
Alto Dashes, you need not boast of "one man wearing his Sunday clothes which looks like a wedding in the near future." we have three in this vicinity doing same, besides one gone west to return soon with his bride.

Clark Ford made Geo. W. White a short visit at Milwaukee, last week. The first time they had met since their school days.  
Died, at the home of her parents, Jos. G. and Adelia I. White, of quick consumption, Nov. 21st, Miss Ida B. White, aged 20 years, 4 mos. A large concourse of relatives and friends followed her remains to their last resting place in the Lakeview cemetery. The deceased leaves, besides her parents, two sisters and a brother, with a host of relatives and friends to mourn her loss.

H. Nash sells the Galloway Robes, Overcoats and Mittens. 22  
An elegant Bed Room Suit for \$15, at Kopf Bros. Call and see it. 22

#### GRATTAN MATRONS.

Pretty snug winter weather last week.  
Mr and Mrs Wm Lesster are visiting Oakland Co. relatives.  
Mr and Mrs D. B. Miller were in Grand Lodge last week visiting a sister.  
The receipts of the social held with Mrs A. Slayton were \$4.60 instead of \$3.60 as reported.  
E. J. Byrne and two brothers Melvin and Jack are in Muskegon visiting their sister, Mrs J. Doran.  
Mrs John Rich, visiting her brother, L. E. Brooks and family, has returned to her home in Greenville.  
The regular meeting of Venus Chapt. O. E. S. was held last Saturday night and important business transacted.  
Mrs Belle Sparks, of S. Dak., has arrived to spend the winter with her parents, Mr and Mrs Seymour Purdy.  
The suit of Mrs Eli Smith vs. Joseph Myres before Justice O. C. Watkins Friday called out a good attendance. Judgment for plaintiff for \$30.  
Mrs Clinton Green and several others have been on the sick list, and Chas. Francisco was under Dr. Spencer's care after his sale, Nov. 21, having taken cold.

The mail going from Grattan to Lowell in the morning, now goes after dinner each day returning next morning so both Grattan mails, Lowell and Belding routes are noon mails.

The annual meeting of the Ashley Church for election of officers and other business, will be held Friday, Dec. 1st. Members are especially urged to attend and respond to roll-call.

Relatives from North Mich., Jackson, Battle Creek, Belding, Oakfield, Grattan and Vergennes attended the funeral services held for Mrs A. R. Weekes, at Alton church Nov. 23. Rev. J. T. Husted delivered a most impressive address from the text: "There is but a step between me and the grave." Over 25 years ago when the deceased became Mrs W., she also became stepmother to a large family and what better testimony could be given than that the children loved her; all were present at these services except one daughter in Washington, and one step-daughter in S. Dak. Our sympathies are with the family who mourn this loving, faithful mother.

#### MAUD.

Patrick Duffy is on the sick list.  
Garrett Doyle is hauling beans to Lowell.  
Mike Carey is getting ready to build a new barn.  
Tom Hurley has gone back to the Upper Peninsula.  
Bert Heffron was in G'd Rapids, Friday, on business.  
John Malone has completed the new basement under his barn.

The juvenile choir sang their first mass at the funeral of Mr Donohue.  
Miss Tressa Malone, of Denver, Col., is spending the winter with her parents.  
Dr and Mrs Sullivan visited Mr and Mrs Walter White, of Smyrna, Sunday.  
Toby Burns is building a wing to his house and putting a cellar under the old part.  
John Malone, Sr., has been sick with a cold on his lungs, also John, Jr. Both are better.  
Mr Donohue, aged 90, father of Mrs John Norton, of Oakfield, was buried, Wednesday.

Tickets are being sold for an entertainment at St. Joseph academy, Thanksgiving evening.  
Thanks to our neighbor for the kind assistance. Just what we have wanted for a long time. Hope you may continue in the good way.  
M. Welsh was building a chimney on Jas. Parker's house, but when the cold weather came he quit his labors and has gone to seek fresh pastures.  
S. D. Norman left, last Monday, for Chicago and St. Paul, where he will visit friends and spend Thanksgiving with his sister and mother at Staples, Minn.  
The teachers of the St. Joseph Academy spent Saturday and Sunday in Gd. Rapids. The pupils of that school will give an entertainment, Thanksgiving night. Admission 25c. Benefit of the school.

See the JOURNAL'S premium offers on another page.  
For sale, cheap, gentle horse suitable for ladies and children to handle and drive, good looker, dark chestnut, perfectly safe and reliable.  
H. S. SCHREINER, Freeport.

John Yarger was in the Valley City, Monday.  
R. Quick, of Lowell, visited his son, B. E., Friday.  
R. Wolcott and D. O. Ward were in Hastings, Tuesday.  
Wm. Moore entertained his Sunday-school class, Sunday.  
Elmer Lightfoot was in Gd. Rapids, Friday and Saturday.  
Job Cheesebrough was in Gd. Rapids, Friday and Saturday.

Rev. H. H. Halsey is having very good success in his meetings at Parmalee Station.  
Ed Welber, of Lowell, was in town, Monday, in the interest of his laundry business.  
J. Cheesebrough has traded his span of black colts for personal property in Grand Rapids.  
Miss Iva Moulton, of North Irving, spent four days of last week visiting friends in the village.  
Isaac Moore and wife spent Sunday with the latter's parents, John Reuter and wife, west of town.  
Dr. McQueen and wife, of Lowell, spent Saturday evening and Sunday with B. E. Quick and wife.

Meetings closed in the M. E. church, Sunday evening, after seven weeks of hard work; their converts number two.  
Mr Smith, of Owosso, who has been helping in the meetings here, expects to go to Middleville to help in meetings there.  
J. W. Foglesong attended the funeral of Mrs Huntsman, near Clarksville, Monday. The deceased is a sister of Mrs Jas. Brew, of this place.  
John Moore and wife, who have been visiting their daughter, Mrs John Nagler, in Hastings, the past two weeks, returned home Friday evening.

Born to Mr and Mrs Earl Curtis, Nov. 23rd, a ten pound son.  
Mr Fuller, near the Thomas school house is reported very ill.  
Mrs S. P. Curtis is expected home from Chicago, next Saturday.  
Mr and Mrs W. Johnson attended County Grange at Cascade last Wednesday.  
Misses Nellie and Emma Winks and Edith McConnell are attending school at Clarksville.

W. D. Sterling and family and Fred Syles and family came home to attend Nellie Keil's wedding.  
Born to Mr and Mrs Robert Mickey, of Chicago, a son, Nov. 23rd. The two cousins are pretty near twins.  
A. C. Glidden, of Paw Paw, will meet with farmers at Alto Wednesday, Nov. 29th at 9:30 a. m. to make arrangements for a Farmers Institute to be held in So. Boston Grange hall, this winter.

Married, last Thursday evening at the homes of the bride's parents by Rev. Weesbrook, Will VanSickles to Miss Edith Ellis and the same day Lewis Yeater to Miss Nellie Kiel.  
Rev. Weesbrook had good luck catching wedding fees that day, still we are inclined to think that one or two got away. He will undoubtedly capture them about Xmas and New Years.

John Yeater died last Saturday morning and his funeral was held yesterday at eleven o'clock a. m. The remains will be interred in the family burial lot at So. Lowell cemetery. Mr Yeater was one of the pioneers of this section of country and had acquired a fine estate. He was a genial obliging christian gentleman loved by everybody, young and old.

W. J. Ecker & Son, make and have a full stock of wooden cavertroughs.  
Town Line Tidings.  
Mrs F. M. Thompson is on the sick list.

W. F. Rector went to Grand Rapids, Tuesday.  
Mr and Mrs Elwood Thompson are on the sick list.  
Mrs Martin Schneider, Jr., is visiting friends in Ionia.  
Miss Rhoda Weesbrook is working for Mrs F. M. Thompson.

Miss Jessie Stapleton visited Miss Rhoda Weesbrook, Sunday.  
Mrs H. Thompson, of Lansing, is visiting her grand daughter, Mrs Clinton Snow.  
School commenced, Monday, in Snow school house, Mr Peet, of Whitneyville, teacher.

Miss Iva Gregory is staying with her cousin, Mrs W. S. Hescha, and attending school.  
Miss Lula Stapleton is staying with her sister, Mrs Frank Andrews, at Cannonburg.

Mr and Mrs Gristwood, Miss Pierce and Mrs Weesbrook Sundayed with Mr and Mrs Stinton.  
The Ladies Aid Society will meet with Mrs Clinton Snow, Dec. 6th. A cordial invitation to all.  
Willie Gregory is staying with his grand-parents, Mr and Mrs Wm. Stinton, and attending school.  
Elmer Richmond and bride returned, Thursday. Mr R. took his bride to their home in Vergennes, Sunday.

#### CLAY.

Robbie Nash visited friends in Ionia last week.  
Frank Bunker has returned from his visit in Albion.  
Miss Carrie Jordan, is at work for Mrs Chas. Coppens.

#### BOWNE.

Mrs James Aldrich is visiting relatives in Lake View.  
Mrs Robert Johnson, is visiting relatives in Gd. Rapids.  
George Pole, of Carlton is visiting his sister Mrs W. H. Watts.  
Mrs Charles Coppens, is visiting relatives and friends in Hesperia.

The young infant, of Arthur Hendrick's was buried at this place Sunday last.  
Arthur Godfrey and wife visited friends in Lake Odessa, Saturday and Sunday.

The news has just reached this place that Mrs Ira Gardner, of Battle Creek, is not expected to live.  
Kisor & Ayres have set recently in the Bowne Centre cemetery a Beautiful Granite monument over the grave of the late Thos. Huntington and another for Mrs Wm. Thomas they have the reputation of putting up the latest work that is seen in this section at least.

H. Nash sells the Galloway Robes, Overcoats and Mittens. 22  
West Lowell Links.  
John Yeater was buried Nov. 28th.  
Mr and Mrs M. J. Sterling visited here, Sunday.

Born, to Mr and Mrs Geo. A. Johnson, a 7 lb. girl, Nov. 25th.  
Prof. and Mrs W. D. Sterling, of Hastings, attended the wedding of Miss Nellie Keil and Lewis Yeater, Nov. 23rd. Mr and Mrs Yeater are well known and highly respected here. We extend our congratulations.

Elmer Richmond is on the sick list this week.  
Leroy Syles and family have moved back on their farm.  
Mr C. Denny has finished his work as juror in Grand Rapids.  
A number of people from this vicinity attended the funeral at Alton, last Thursday.  
The friends of Mrs Will Bailey nee Hattie Sherrard, will be sorry to hear that she is ill at her home in G'd Rapids.  
Elmer Richmond and wife have returned from their trip to Northern Michigan and will welcome their friends at their home in Vergennes.

The JOURNAL editor wants cash. If you owe him now is a good time to pay.  
HOW'S THIS!  
We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.  
F. J. CHENEY & Co. Prop. Toledo, O.  
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.  
West & Truax Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O., Wadding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

### Using Mamma's Christmas Gift



So EASY a child can run it  
So QUIET it does not wake the baby  
No DUST; catches it all  
SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS  
CATALOGUE FREE. If your dealer does not keep the Goshen Sweeper, send us your order and we will have it filled.  
GOSHEN SWEEPER CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

THE QUESTION IS



THE ANSWER IS



WHY?

BECAUSE

COON'S PLEASES ALL!

IN CAPS YOU CAN SECURE THE BEST BARGAINS  
IN UNDERWEAR  
IN GENTS FURNISHINGS  
COON'S PRICES ARE AT THE BOTTOM.