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"LEDGER,"  
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\$1.00 PER YEAR.

# Lowell Ledger.

ADVERTISE NOW  
IN THE  
"LEDGER,"  
RATES  
MODERATE.

"WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE AND CHARITY FOR ALL."

VOL. I.

LOWELL, KENT COUNTY, MICH., JANUARY 6, 1894.

NO. 28.

## CLEARANCE SALE OF SHOES

Sixty Pairs, broken sizes, Ladies' Kid Shoes,  
Worth \$5.00, \$4.50 and \$3.50.

We will Sell This Entire Lot at the Uniform Price of

**\$2.50 PER PAIR**

If we Have Your Size You are Lucky.

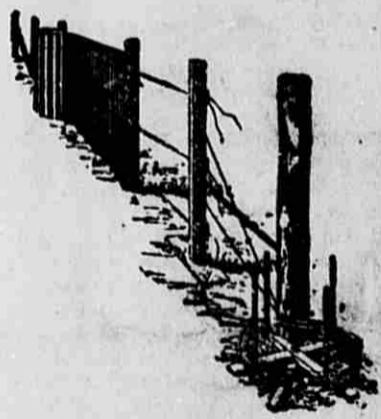
50 Pairs Ladies' Kid Button	Worth \$3.00	@	\$2.00
50 " " " " " "	\$2.00	@	\$1.50
50 " " Grain " " "	\$2.00	@	\$1.50

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN BOYS', MISSES  
AND CHILDREN'S SHOES.

This is Your Opportunity. Remember, we Always Do Just  
as we Advertise

**Geo. Winegar.**

## Look After Your Fences!



Having Purchased of the Lindendoll Fence Company the Townships of Vergennes, Lowell, Bowne, Keene, Boston, & Campbell, I am Enabled to Furnish my Patrons and All Others with the

**BEST \$6.00 FENCE MACHINE EVER SOLD  
IN MICHIGAN.**

Please Call at my Store and Examine the Superior Merits of this Machine. Respectfully yours.

Headquarters for  
General Hardware.

**R. B. BOYLAN**

## B. C. SMITH, THE TAILOR Will Give You Fits

IF HE MAKES YOU A SUIT OF CLOTHES.

**Every Garment Guaranteed.**

**LATEST AND BEST STYLES, LOW PRICES.**

## H. NASH,

Dealer in agricultural implements.

## Galloway Robes,

COATS AND MITTENS,

For cold weather.

## McCARTY'S

IS THE PLACE TO

Buy Groceries, Produce and Crockery

OF ALL SORTS AND KINDS, FOR HE IS THE

## FARMER'S FRIEND

Pays Cash for everything a Farmer can raise, beg or borrow. Always Ready for Business.

## G. A. R. JUBILEE.

Old Soldiers, Their Ladies and  
Friends Enjoy Themselves.

MRS. A. D. VANDEUSEN'S BIRTHDAY.

Kent County Schools Contribute  
for the Miners.

WILLIAM POTTER SUFFERS NO MORE.

Line Written in Memory of Mrs. J.  
J. McNaughton.

GRAND ARMY INSTALLATION.

It was a merry company that packed the G. A. R. hall Wednesday evening. There were the grizzled old veterans of the war with their goodly wives, all a little worse for wear, but still young in heart and yet in the ring. Then there were the Sons and daughters of veterans with many friends, down to the wee toddlers, of whose voices a pioneer California preacher once said: "Stay Madam, that's the sweetest music ever heard in San Francisco."

After the installation ceremonies of the Grand Army and Women's Relief Corps, the ladies, some young and some older, spread a substantial feast on tables reaching from end to end of the hall, while a jolly company of "youngsters" enlivened the occasion by singing the grand old war songs that have moved the people so deeply in the days gone by. Twice were the tables filled, after which came the speech-making, without which no meeting is complete.

We can but echo the sentiments expressed at the meeting: "Members of the Grand Army of the Republic, long may you live to enjoy the blessings of peace and prosperity in the country you have served so well."

BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Thursday, December 28, being the forty-fifth birthday of Mrs. A. D. VanDeusen, a few friends were invited to spend the evening. After the oyster supper to which all did justice, cards and conversation whiled away the time till the guests, surprised at the lateness of the hour, took their leave, voting it a pleasant evening, and wishing Mrs. VanDeusen many happy returns of the day. Mr. VanDeusen presented his wife with a handsome gold watch-chain and charm in remembrance of the day.

FOR THE MINERS

The Kent county schools have been making collections for the relief of the miners in the Upper Peninsula. The collections reported from Lowell and surrounding towns are as follows:

Ada—District No. 1, \$4; No. 8 \$2.  
Bowne—No. 1, \$2; No. 3, \$2.50.  
Bowne and Caledonia—No. 2, \$5.25.  
Caledonia—No. 1, \$1.87; No. 5, \$3; No. 9, \$2.65.  
Cannon—No. 1, \$1.10; No. 3, \$1.75  
No. 6, \$6; No. 7, \$1.40.  
Cascade—No. 4, \$1.50; No. 7, \$3.24;  
No. 8, \$5; No. 10, \$1.70; No. 12, \$8.25.  
Grattan—No. 1, \$13.58; No. 3, \$1.30; No. 8, \$2.50.  
Lowell—No. 4, \$5.50; No. 5, \$1, No. 8, \$1.25; No. 9, 49 cents; Sunday school, \$2.66; No. 12, \$1.25.  
Vergennes—No. 7, \$1.36; No. 10, \$2; Fr. 4, \$1.75.

SUSAN I. WYMAN DEAD.

Mrs. Susan I. Wyman of West Lowell died on Tuesday, January 2, of consumption, after a long illness, at the age of twenty-six years and six months. Funeral services were held at the Baptist church in this village on Thursday, conducted by Rev. J. T. Husted.

\$22 SAVED.

The LEDGER has saved the village the sum of \$22 in the matter of publishing the council proceedings for the ensuing year. The price paid formerly was \$40, but the LEDGER asked for an opportunity to bid for the printing, which was granted. The bids were opened at the council meeting Tuesday night, and were each found to be for \$18. Although the contract was awarded to the Journal, the taxpayers of the village will remember that were it not for the LEDGER, they would continue as formerly, to pay \$40 for the privilege of reading the council proceedings.

DEATH OF MRS. J. J. McNAUGHTON.

The death of Mrs. McNaughton, brief mention of which was made in our last issue, came as a shock to the community in which she had resided for nearly forty six years. Only a short time previous to her death she had taken an active part in the Congregational church fair, and her co-workers will always remember her last hours with them. Mr. McNaughton has the sympathy of the community in his dark hour.

John Matthews, father of the deceased, moved to this vicinity in 1838. His daughter Rebecca was born ten years later. In 1864 she married C. F. Howk, who died about six years ago, leaving her with one son, Lew J. Howk. In December, 1891 Mrs. Howk became the wife of J. J. McNaughton, who on Wednesday last was forced to part with her, by that grim messenger which sooner or later comes to us all.

Nay, question not, God knoweth best,  
We should not murmur when we weep;  
Her feet were weary, let her rest,  
God giveth his beloved sleep.

Aye, it is hard, but God is just,  
And well we know his ways are wise,  
And some day from the dreamless dust,  
Our fondest hopes again will rise.

We can but trust and trusting wait,  
And waiting will not be in vain;  
Some day we'll read the book of fate,  
And God will make his purpose plain.

The funeral services were held at the residence on Friday, conducted by Rev. Jas. Provan in the presence of a large gathering of friends.

THE LOWELL CUTTER FACTORY.

That valuable local institution closed down for a couple of weeks on Saturday last in order to make much needed repairs. The company has had a busy season having in the season closed turned out nearly fifteen thousand cutters. They expect to resume operations on buggy work soon.

DEATH OF WM POTTER.

William Potter died at his home in this village on Wednesday morning, at the age of 77, after a lingering illness, of cancer and paralysis. Funeral services were held at the residence at 10 a. m. yesterday, Rev. A. P. Moors officiating. The remains were taken to Greenville for interment. Obituary notice next week.

J. J. McNaughton was in Grand Rapids Tuesday.

A. A. Husted left Wednesday for Vineyard, Georgia.

Mrs. E. N. Leonard spent the holidays in Wyoming, Canada.

Roy R. Eaton returned Monday, to his medical studies at Chicago.

L. K. Saulbury of Grand Rapids was in town a few days this week.

Miss Kate Edmonds spent New Years with Mrs. M. H. Brown at Otisco.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mason died at her home in Ada township on Tuesday. The funeral took place at the Grattan church on Wednesday.

John Clark of Saranac was in town last Saturday.

To remove paint—Sit down on it before it is dry.

A man mad with whisky naturally uses intemperate language.

Chicken thieves regard a bird in the hand worth two in the roost.

It is much easier to organize a trust than to trust the parties who organize.

Cora Adams of Vergennes visited one day this week at Mrs. Arthur Reid's.

Mrs. Emma Hendrick of Benton Harbor is visiting her parents, A. A. Hall and wife.

Miss Minnie Blakeslee entertained a few of her friends Wednesday. Progressive Pedro was the amusement.

Henry French and wife of Port Huron were the guests of Robert Swayze and wife several days this week.

Mrs. D. N. Goodsall and daughters Cora and Eda and Mrs. Ed Congdon of Smyrna visited Mrs. Wm. Rexford at Fallasburg Tuesday.

The attendants upon the church of Christ at Cascade township have contributed \$22.50 for the relief of the suffering miners.

Married, in Lowell, January 2, by Rev. A. P. Moors, at the residence of the bride's father, Erastus Scott, Mrs. Emma J. Scott and Frank McManamon of Okemos, Mich.

William Robinson and grandson, Albert Jones of St. Joseph, formerly residents of Lowell, visited the family of Frank J. Fox last week and called on their many friends in the village.

Literary reading circles and clubs are becoming numerous among the ladies. The gentleman cannot organize and maintain even one lyceum or debating club. Whist and cards appear to be their best hold.

It is reported that the Congregational choir will be re-organized under the supervision of J. H. Rickert, who has been chosen chorister, and will consist of R. D. Stocking, organist, Miss Hattie Wilson, soprano, Mrs. Mate Hunt, alto, George Winegar, base and J. H. Maynard, tenor.

The Sanilac Republican charges five cents a line for publishing poetry by amateurs. We hope the Republican will get all there is to publish, but we don't see why it should cut prices. Fifty cents is cheap enough. —North Branch Gazette.

A young lady examining and pricing hosiery in one of our dry goods stores recently, finding a pair she liked asked the clerk "how high those came." Green Clerk—"Why I don't know exactly but I think about two inches above the knee. You may step into the back room and try them on if you like." That clerk is now in another department. —Caro Democrat.

The annual meeting of the Congregational society was held last Wednesday night and re-elected Francis King and Frank T. King trustees. The annual meeting of the Congregational church was also held the same evening. Mrs. O. R. Eaton was re-elected clerk, Francis King treasurer and J. H. Rickert chorister. The election of a Sunday school superintendent was deferred to some future time.

Mrs. A. O. Heydlauff and daughter spent a few days in Grand Rapids this week.

At the regular review December 27, Lowell Hive, 324 L. O. T. M. elected the following officers for 1894: Past L. C., Mrs. Agnes E. Parks; L. C., Mrs. Jane A. VanDusen; Lieut. L. C., Mrs. E. Faulkner; F. K., Mrs. Maggie Reutersterz; R. R., Mrs. Bessie Swayze; Serg., Mrs. Louisa Hazleton; M. A., Mrs. Della Buckley; Chap., Mrs. Hattie Speaker; Picket, Mrs. Louisa Denny; Sentinel, Mrs. Kate Wilson.

Cara McFarlan, R. K.

When every man has become so thoroughly a creature of habit that he will buy this year just where he did last year, then it will be time to stop advertising.

Mrs. Whittaker, mother of Mrs. Ed Webber, has returned from her home at Northville.





Towell Ledger.

A MONSTER WHALE

RECENTLY WASHED ASHORE ON LONG ISLAND.

South Eighteen Foot High by Twelve Feet Wide—Could Only Get Down a Row Boat Full of Occupants with but Slight Effort.

HE PICTURES you see here are reproductions of photographs of the mighty big whale which was washed up on the beach down at Bridgewater, N. L., the other day. They were taken especially for publication by Prof. W. C. Barthold of East Hampton, and they are exceedingly interesting. For who around these parts ever got a whale near enough to shoot a camera at him? Did anybody, anyway, ever before snap a shot at a whale, living or dead?

This particular whale was dead of course. You know that. But he hadn't been dead long and was a capital specimen for the uses of photography. When alive he stood sixty-five and a half feet in his stockings, and he had a half ton on him that measured eighteen feet in length by twelve in width. He

could suck in a rowboat as easily as you or I suck in a mint julep through a straw. He tipped the scales, according to Capt. Jerry Ludlow, at sixty tons or thereabouts. And Capt. Jerry Ludlow, who converses about whales, speaks as one having authority, says the New York World.

This fellow was a sulphurback. Perhaps that means nothing to you. But you know the high priced rarity counted in the mention of the word caraback. Well, a sulphurback bears the same relation to the ordinary whale that a caraback does to the ordinary duck. They are chookful of oil.

The monster mammal you see in the pictures here when lying down dead was three feet higher than any man about him, and a good big part of him was buried in the sands like a pyramid when he posed for Prof. Barthold. He was such a strapping great creature in fact that a week ago, when he was first washed up by the sea, he could be seen from the neighborhood of Saggs Pond, a mile away.

In DARKEST AFRICA. Major Thys, who is in charge of building the Congo railroad, sent a letter home to Brussels, a short time ago, that excited much surprise. He said that the Congo natives themselves had at last begun to show much interest in the iron highway that is building through their villages, and many of them were now employed in the work. During the two years since the building of the road began the enterprise

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PLAYING WITH A TIGER.

EVEN LIONS SOMETIMES WANT TO ROMP WITH MEN.

Instances Where They Acted Like Great, Fearless Kittens—The Lion More He Dreaded Than the Tiger When Engaged in Laying Traps.

The idea with almost every one is that a lion or tiger is almost sure to attack, and that the most one is to bring on an encounter. This is far from being true. When infuriated by wound or pressed by hunger almost any wild beast is dangerous to man, but there are occasions when the most ferocious of them desire peace at any price.

At Nellur, on the west shore of the gulf of Bengal, I went out with a party of British officers to search for a man-eater who had created great devastation to the west. He had, indeed, driven most of the natives out of a section five miles square, and the number of people it was said he had eaten was above twenty. The tiger's lair was in a large thicket which backed against the coast range of mountains. In the midst of this thicket was an old ruin, and the beast probably had his bed there.

There were ten of us in the party, including natives, and we had begun to beat up the thicket when I stepped into a hole and wrenched my ankle. That settled me for the day at least, and I was assisted back to camp, which was about half a mile from the thicket. A sort of easy chair was made for me at the foot of a tree, and one of the natives was left to attend to my wants. I heard the hunters beating up the game, but the pain took away my interest in the hunt. I had my boot off, and the man was softly rubbing my ankle with brandy, when all of a sudden he fastened his eyes on something behind me and his face became terror-stricken.

"What is it—a snake?" I whispered. "No—the tiger!" he gasped in reply. "Is he close at hand?" "Not five feet away, sahib, and looking right at us!" My gun was ten feet away and was perfectly helpless. Overhead was a hawk, but before I could reach the thicket the tiger would have me. "Can you catch the branch over your head?" I asked the native. "Yes, sahib, but I cannot leave you."

"Save yourself if you can, or we shall both be knocked over. If you spring into the tree the tiger may be frightened off by your action."

The man straightened up and made a spring, and the next instant was in the branches. He was hardly quiet before I heard the tread of the tiger in the dry grass a few yards away, and the native whispered: "Say your prayers, sahib; he is here."

In a few seconds the tiger came up. I was lying at full length, my head considerably higher than my feet, and so I saw every movement he made as he fell in the face and uttered a low growl, but it was not one of anger. I saw that the beast was full of curiosity and wonder, and he snuffed at my hand.

He sniffed at my right hand which lay beside me, passed his nose down to my injured foot, and the fumes of the brandy seemed to delight him. He lay flat down and began to lick my foot and ankle. His tongue was hot as fire and as rough as a cow's, and I winced, now and then, in spite of my efforts not to. It was something new for the man-eater, and he was delighted. He licked away until I thought he had sucked all the oil out of my foot, and then he rolled over on the blanket as you have seen a cat do after feeding.

The hunters and beaters had been quiet all this time, having come together for counsel, but now they began to shout and tom-tom, and the noise came down to us very distinctly. The tiger sat up and sniffed the air and growled. A gun was fired and the native in the tree, around the camp and down at me, and then the domitable courage of the hardy Indian yeoman, driven from a Staffordshire home by hard times, and who did not share the latter's misfortune, Dick Ashland, his father and his grandfather, before him, had farmed some meagre lands at Chauncy Green, in South Staffordshire, and when the old man died an elder brother claimed possession of the farm. There was an aged mother to support, and Dick Ashland shared that duty with his brother, though he did not share the latter's misfortune. Dick tried a little farming, but he was not successful, and he was uniformly unlucky, goods, chattels, implements, and all were seized and sold, until Dick Ashland came to an end, and despairing of success at home, he sought fortune in a freer and less iron-

He-Shed the most interesting girl ever met, though she is a genius. She can't say anything but Yes and No. She—Which did she say to you? The ladies have taken to wearing combs in their hair, and with a knowledge of this fact we venture to suggest that the sweetest thing in combs is honey.

Mrs. Brooks—I often wonder why some folks go to church. Mr. Stream—So do I. Now, there's Mrs. Short. Why she hasn't had a new bonnet in twelve months. Materfamilias—Another cup broken! Really, children, I shall have to get you some enamel mugs. Big Brother, with a grin—Why not, mother? All the girls have 'em.

German Syrup

Regis Leblanc is a French Canadian store keeper at Notre Dame de Stanbridge, Quebec, Can., who was cured of a severe attack of Congestion of the Lungs by Bosche's German Syrup. He has sold every bottle of German Syrup on his personal recommendation. If you drop him a line he'll give you the full facts of the case direct, as he did us, and that Bosche's German Syrup brought him relief through nicely. It always will. It is a good medicine and thorough in its work.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT CURED ME. Dropsical Swelling, Cold as Ice, LIFE WAS A BURDEN.

"Swamp-root" cured my ailment. I had suffered everything but death. I had a dropsical swelling of the legs, a cold as ice, and a life that was a burden. I had tried everything but death. I had a dropsical swelling of the legs, a cold as ice, and a life that was a burden. I had tried everything but death.

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MOTHERS FRIEND

MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY.

Colvin, La., Dec. 2, 1886—My wife used MOTHERS FRIEND before her third confinement, and says she would not be without it for hundreds of confinements.

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DO YOU COUGH

DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM

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THOMSON'S

SLOTTED CLINCH RIVETS.

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# THE LOWELL STATE BANK

LOWELL, MICH.  
CAPITAL, \$25,000.00.

## OFFICERS:

A. J. BOWNE, President. DANIEL STRIKER, Vice President. M. C. GRISWOLD, Cashier.

## DIRECTORS:

A. J. BOWNE, R. E. COMBS, DANIEL STRIKER, J. C. GRISWOLD, M. C. GRISWOLD  
We Solicit Your Business.

## HOME NEWS

1894.

Good bye, 1893.

Martin Mason of Grattan was in the City Monday.

M. H. Amphlett was over from Ionia Saturday.

E. E. Taylor of Grand Rapids was in Lowell Tuesday.

How many times this week have you written it "1893.?"

The many teams that line our streets are no indications of hard times.

Wm. A. Smith and M. Gamily were over from Ionia Monday.

Some second hand sewing machines in good order cheap at R. D. Stocking's.

Pastor Shanks is assisting Rev. Rose of Ada in special meetings this week.

Worden's orchestra furnished music for a New Year's party at Coopersville.

Miss Chattie Sparks of Belding was visiting friends in Lowell for a few days last week.

If you want an outside newspaper or magazine you can save money by clubbing with the LEDGER.

Harry W. Bulcher, A. H. Thompson, W. L. Peck and H. B. Pick, of Ionia, were in Lowell last week Friday.

The reason women don't appreciate the telegram at half its value, is that postscripts cannot be added without extra charge.

A set of Ridpath's Universal History has been added to the circulating library. It will be very valuable as a work of reference.

Miss Ethel Cauble, who has been visiting Pastor and Mrs. Shanks during the Holidays returned to Oberlin Tuesday morning.

There is a woman down in Texas who is such an artistic enthusiast that she tries to provoke family jars in order that she may decorate them.

The Belding Star comes to us enlarged and improved and threatening other innovations, rights in the face of these hard times, too. Twinkle away, Mr. Star.

Samples of The Poultry and Horse Review to be given to the next forty persons paying a year's subscription to the LEDGER may be seen at this office.

The Lowell District Fair association will hold its annual meet at the office of the secretary over Look's drug store on Monday January 8. All members are requested to be present, especially farmers.

J. S. HOOKER

Bill Nye says: "Go where you will in this country to-day and you find men talking about tariff and tax on raw material who haven't had a mouthful of raw material or any other kind in their house for weeks except as their wives earned it and brought it home to them. The country is full of men who have thought so hard for the common weal that the seats of their trousers shine like the dome of the Massachusetts state house."  
—[New York Sun.]

The farmers of Michigan are warned to beware of strangers who go about the country painting patent medicine signs on barns and other buildings. They ask the farmer to sign a certificate that the work has been properly done, and in a short time the certificate turns up at some bank or other as a promissory note. These sharpers have recently been "working" Wisconsin farmers.

The state census will be taken in 1894. The enumerators will be appointed by the town board in townships and by the municipal authorities in incorporated cities. Town or city clerks will transmit the names of appointees to the secretary of state before the 20th of May. The compensation of enumerators is \$2.50 per day for ten hours work. The results of the work will be sent to the state department for compilation, which will be a work of vast magnitude. The work for the last state census required the service of forty clerks two years.

Dewitt C. Hunter was in from Keene Saturday.

Clayton Baker of Smyrna walked our streets Monday.

Get your holiday pictures at Wilson's over the post office.

Gilbert J. Curtiss of Saranac was a Lowell visitor Monday.

John Tournell of Grand Rapids was in town last Saturday.

J. E. Ackerson and family spent Christmas with Lowell friends.

William Hartwell of Rockford was in the village last week Friday.

Monroe Ladner of Cannon was doing business here last week Friday.

Charles Keech, of Alton was transacting business in Lowell Saturday.

Mrs. George B. Avery and son Artie spent last Saturday in Grand Rapids.

O. A. Robinson and wife have returned from their holiday visit to Muskegon.

Orton Hill has been spending his holiday vacation with his family in their new home.

Have your magazines bound. Orders left at the LEDGER office will receive prompt attention.

Pay a year's subscription to the LEDGER and get the Poultry and Horse Review for a year free.

Mrs. Emma J. Robinson was granted a divorce last Saturday from George Robinson for non support.

Turkeys shun barber shops just at this season of the year because they don't like to hear the continual cry of "nex."

Soggy pie is mentioned as one of the causes of dyspepsia. One of the causes of soggy pie is young married women.

Strange as it may seem many a girl falls out when she falls in. She falls in love and falls out with her parents.

Harry Alverson, tinner at W. R. Blaisdell & Co.'s hardware store, is spending a few weeks visiting his parents in Missouri.

Miss Gladys VanDeusen visited her cousin, Ruby Story, at Pratt's Crossing on New Year's day, and attended the skating party held on Pratt's lake.

"Feed my lambs" reads a motto that hangs in a Wall street broker's office. It suggests itself that "Shear my lambs" would be more appropriate.

Veritable prayer of a little girl who had been punished and told to pray: "O God! please make me good; not real good, but just good enough so I won't have to be whipped."

If you should be attacked with la grippe stick your feet in hot water—with a little mustard in it—put a piece of flannel dipped in hot hamamelis (witch hazel) over your chest with a piece of dry flannel over that, drink warm sage tea and at night, every two hours, take six pellets of aconite—the homeopathic preparation—and during the day a one grain pill of sulphate of quinine. Keep yourself warm and eat whatever your appetite calls for. This treatment will positively cure you.—[Chicago Record.]

Robert Sherington and Miss Mattie Wenger, both of gaines township, were married yesterday afternoon in the county bridal chamber by Rev. J. T. Husted. The couple wanted to be married by a minister and Mr. Husted happened to be around just in time to scoop in a nice fat wedding fee of 25 cents.—[Grand Rapids Herald, December 21. Free trade fee, eh, Elder?]

Many thanks to the bewildering number of friends who, in such a surprising manner invaded the parsonage on Monday evening, for the beautiful set of dishes and other presents which they brought. Words can but faintly express our appreciation of these manifestations of kindly regard and good feeling. A. P. Moors and family.

The watch meeting at the M. E. church New Year's eve was of marked interest. The attendance was good, and a spirit of unusual devotion pervaded the hearts of nearly all present until the close.

If you want photographs for the holidays at the new gallery come at once.

Lots of business in Lowell every day.

Winegar has inaugurated a clearance sale of shoes.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Waterman are both quite poorly.

Wilson's gallery is newly furnished. Get your photos there.

Miss Emma Bostoff spent Christmas with Ionia friends.

Everything is new in Wilson's gallery over the post office.

D. G. Look reports a better holiday trade this year than last.

The new gallery in the Lee Block is now ready for business.

Mrs. J. O. Chapin has returned from a seven weeks visit in Canada.

Mrs. Robertson of Keene is visiting her parents, J. Robertson and wife.

Chester Whitney of Caledonia made Lowell a visit a few days since.

City Marshal Edmunds has been suffering from an attack of the grip.

Miss Elsie Richmond spent New Years at O'vid with her cousin and other friends.

Next forty subscribers to the LEDGER get the Poultry and Horse Review free for one year.

Mrs. Cornelius Kram went to Grand Rapids New Years to visit her sick daughter, Mrs. Jennie Morgan.

Richmond & Perkins have commenced taking photographs in Lee block, corner of Main and River sts.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. VanDeusen entertained, with other friends, Fred Beinstead of Owosso, on Friday evening.

Call at the new gallery, and get acquainted. We have the Wilson negatives and will furnish duplicates cheap.

Married, in Lowell, at the residence of Clayton Gunn, brother of the bride, Miss Mary Gunn and LeGrand Rathbone, both of Grand Rapids, by Rev. A. P. Moors.

Have you read Boylan's new ad? Farmers who contemplate fixing up their fences the spring would do well to call and see R. B.'s new fence machine. It's a dandy.

"Here, send me that d-d Democrat paper another six months," was the salutation that greeted the LEDGER scribe Monday morning, accompanied by the needful half-dollar.

S. P. Hicks local agent for the Home Insurance Company, is distributing some lovely calendars for 1894. The words and music to "The Old Oaken Bucket" are printed on the back of each.

Lemis Covert has returned from Dakota where he has been since last March. He was accompanied by Wm. Andrews who has made Dakota his home for nearly six years. They will return to the west in the Spring.

J. B. Yeiter, so well known in Lowell and vicinity will engage in the furniture business here. He has rented the store between McCarty's and Wisner's mill, where his many friends will find him after the eighteenth of this month.

The Twice-a-Week Detroit Free Press and the Ledger one year only \$1.75. Both papers on trial three months for 50 cents. A card to the Free Press will get you two copies of that paper free. Free samples of the LEDGER can be had at the office. Don't borrow your neighbors papers. Take some of your own.

Boys see here! Bring us five yearly subscriptions or subscriptions amounting to \$5, and we will make you a present of a patent tubular hand sled "Youth's Companion" worth \$2. Call at the office and see sample. Here is the chance of a lifetime to secure a handsome coaster for a little effort. Go in for it with a will.

### WHAT BETTER EPITAPH.

"She made home happy!" These few words I read  
Within a churchyard, written on a stone;  
No name, nor date; the simple words alone  
Told me the story of the unknown dead.  
A marble column lifted high its head,  
Close by, inscribed to one the world has known,  
But ah! that lonely grave with moss o'er-grown,  
Thrilled me far more than his who armies led.  
"She made home happy!" through the long, sad years  
The mother toiled, and never stopped to rest  
Until they crossed her hands upon her breast,  
And closed her eyes, no longer dim with tears.  
The simple record that she left behind  
Was grander than the soldier's to my mind.

# THE GIANT IS SELLING OUT

Its Great Stock of

## Suits and Overcoats!

For Men and Boys.

## HATS, CAPS, AND FURNISHINGS

—AT—

Most Enormous Reductions Ever Heard of.

We will not give Prices Here. Call and See for Yourself.

# THE GIANT!

Corner Canal and Lyon Streets.

Grand Rapids, - - - Mich.



With the only complete bicycle plant in the world, where every part of the machine is made from A to Z, is it any wonder that Victor Bicycles are acknowledged leaders? There's no bicycle like a Victor, and no plant so grandly complete as the one devoted exclusively to the manufacture of this king of wheels.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

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The Clothier,

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