The Lowell Ledger.

"WITH MALICE [illegible]OWARD NONE AND CHARITY FOR ALL."

VOL. IV [illegible] 2. LOWELL, K[illegible]NT COUNTY, MICH., JULY 3, 1896. WHOLE NO. 158

L[illegible]ADIES, Don't [illegible]

$1. OX[illegible]RDS

At Winegar's. Black and Tan, [illegible] Toe, Latest Style.

GEO [illegible]WINEGAR.

[illegible]CKERT'S

ICE CREAM AND ICE CREAM SODA

[illegible]ood as the best. Not "How Cheap?" [illegible] Good? Now on Tap.

[illegible]LL PLANING MILL,

[illegible] & SON, PROPS., AND DEALERS IN

[illegible], Shingles and Cedar Fence Posts,

[illegible] DOORS, BLINDS, DOOR AND WINDOW FRAMES AND [illegible] EXHIBITION AND SHIPPING COOPS, DRIED [illegible], MATCHING, RE-SAWING AND [illegible] WOODEN EAVE TROUGHS.

[illegible] SON, Lowell, Mich.

THE LOWELL MARBLE WORKS.

JOS. H. HAMILTON, PROP.

Successors to Kisor & Ayres, Dealers in and Manufacturers of

MARBLE & GRANITE CEMETERY WORK.

All work Guaranteed.
Please Call before Purchasing.

DON'T DO IT!

DON'T BUY

[illegible]ricultural Implements

Without calling upon and examing the prices and wares of the old Stand by dealer,

H. NASH,

Wagons and Carriages as good [illegible] cheap as the cheapest.

[illegible]TIMONIAL.

BIG RAPIDS, MICH., May 11, '96.

[illegible] suit and duck pants all O. K., [illegible] them. The suit fits like the [illegible] If you have time to [illegible] Will's, you can make [illegible] like it very much. [illegible] better fitting [illegible]

"FROM SHORE

TO SHORE." CLASS OF [illegible] BEGIN LIFE'S VOYAGE.

Between 700 and 800 People Attend the Commencement.

"Hotter than Tophet," was the general comment of the 800 people packed into Music hall last Friday evening to hear the Lowell high school graduates of 1896 speak their little pieces and say their little say.

The stage was beautifully decorated with flowers and potted plants and the "sweet girl graduates," with members of school board forming a sombre and strongly contrasting background, looked their very prettiest.

The class is composed of the following members: Della M. James, Edith M. Mange, Elsie V. Godfrey, Lottie L. Pletcher, Effie L. McDiarmid, Donna E. Wisner, Frank F. Coone—six girls to one boy.

The program, as published two weeks ago, was followed and the graduates acquitted themselves nobly. Comparisons are odious and we will make none.

Success and long life to the class of '96.

SERIOUS ROW BETWEEN CEDAR SPRINGS YOUNG MEN.

Henry Curtis Seriously Stabbed by Harry C. Morrill.

Cedar Springs, Mich., June 29.—Late yesterday afternoon a bloody encounter took place on the banks of Sand Lake over a small affair. Harry C. Morrill was giving his sweetheart a sail boat ride when he passed another boat containing several young men including Clifford Curtis, who shouted and asked Morrill if he was going to get married. Morrill did not reply but immediately pulled for shore and took the lady home.

He returned to the lake and asked Curtis what he meant by saying what he did. He answered that he meant what he said and pulled his coat and started for Morrill, who pulled out his knife and made a pass at Curtis, who ran away. Morrill thew stones and also hurled his knife at him. He threw it back, and Henry Curtis, brother of Clifford, arrived and took his brother's part. Then Morrill slashed right and left, stabbing Henry Curtis three times, once on the upper lip, slashing clear across the front of his face, once behind the right ear and on his arm. Curtis was a pitisight last night and to-day lies in bed in a precarious condition.

Don't fail to go to Oliver's to see Dresden guards.

Free show—those ladies wheels at Boylan's.

A good boat to trade for wood. This office.

Money to loan on real estate. Low rates, no bonus. Lowell State Bank.

ANOTHER MACCABEE ROW.

Grand R[illegible] Kick on a Re-[illegible]

Grand [illegible] Another [illegible] the local [illegible] is Batav[illegible] The te[illegible] landers [illegible] of M[illegible] from [illegible]

KILLED.

BALLOONIST COLE MEETS DEATH AT NORTH PARK,

Ascended in a Gale and Blown Against Switchback.

HUNDREDS SAW THE UNFORTUNATE MAN PLUNGE TO THE EARTH.

Hiram H. Cole, the aeronaut who has been giving exhibitions at North Park, Grand Rapids, for some weeks past, was killed last Sunday evening at the park while trying to make an ascension in a strong wind.

His balloon blew against the roof of the switchback, severing the trapeze ropes and throwing Cole to the ground, thirty feet below. He landed squarely on his head and shoulders and did not recover consicousness before he died at 8:45, an hour and a half after the fall. Cole had expressed fear of going up during the afternoon. Once he made up his mind not to try, but later said he thought it best to fulfill his contract.

A large crowd witnessed the accident. The balloon was released by the helpers and shot up with great force. Suddenly a gust of wind caught it and hurled it against the switchback. Cole made a desperate effort to ward off the collision with his feet. The attempt was futile. The balloon hugged the edge of the roof, sawing the trapeze cords and tearing off the shingles. Cole fell headlong and was at once surrounded by a crowd. Dr. Reid, the Soldiers' Home surgeon, was first to reach him but no effective aid could be tendered. Cole and a helper named Fred Randell had boarded at the pavilion since coming to this city. Cole has been in the business about eight years and was considered thoroughly capable. He has a wife and child at Big Rapids.

Ten cents buys 1 lb. of good tea dust at Geo. B. Craw's, successor to Barber & Craw.

Waist sets from 25 cents per set up at Oliver's.

S. B. Knapp has finished laying a steel roof on the residence of Mrs. P. A. Hine and invites an inspection of the same by all who contemplate roofing. Mr. Knapp finishes his work with a coat of paint.

Elegant pearl handled gold pens for $1.25 each at Oliver's.

AFRAID OF EACH OTHER.

Grand Rapids Republicans on the State Convention.

Grand Rapids, Mich., June 29.—The matter of the place of holding the next state Republican convention is causing a great deal of trouble as far as local members of the party are concerned. Maj. C. W. Watkins is the local member of the committee and he has been pretty certain of bringing the convention to this city until now. It has been argued in favor of this city that there are no gubernatorial candidates here and therefore it is the best place for holding the convention, but it now develops that the other candidates are afraid of the Bliss sentiment in Kent county [illegible] are therefore fighting this [illegible] [illegible]erence of sever[illegible] [illegible]bers of the [illegible] [illegible]ght and [illegible] has [illegible]

And the Band Played "Hail Columbia."

The arc lights were turned on, Wednesday evening, and the city band which was in waiting played "The Cheers" and "Hail Columbia" to greet them. The streets were thronged and a little Fourth of July celebration indulged in. Everybody was jubilant.

Races at Grand Rapids.

The entries to stakes of the Grand Rapids Driving Club, as now recorded, promise a series of races, which singly, or as a whole, are worth going to see.

The dates and specialties as announced by the Secretary are as follows:

July 7. Three-year-old 2:40 class, trotting, (21 entries), $500.00; 3:00 class, trotting, (24 entries), $500.00; 2:30 class, pacing, (17 entries), $300.

July 8. Three minute class, pacing, (17 entries), $500.00; 2:24 class, trotting, (25 entries), $1,000.00; 2:15 class, pacing, (6 entries), $500.00.

July 9. Three-year-old and under 2:35 class, pacing, (14 entries), $300; 2:40 class, trotting, (11 entries), $500; 2:30 class, trotting, (23 entries), $1,000; 2:11 class, pacing, (7 entries), $500.

July 10. Two twenty class, trotting, (5 entries), $500.00; 2:20 class, pacing, (21 entries), $1,000.00; 2:15 class, trotting, (6 entries), $500.00.

Reduced rates of fare on all railroad centering at Grand Rapids.

Good watches for $5.00 each at Oliver's.

Four pounds crackers, butter or soda, for 25cts. at Bergin's.

Celebrated Niagara brand can goods at Bergin's.

Amboy cheese, none better, at Bergin's.

People who undertake to force the public to put up with their professional quackery by the means of law, very often get left. We are still doing business at the old stand and solicit the further patronage of an appreciative public.

A. E. CAMBELL, Dentist.

A Double Runaway.

Wm. Gott's dray team ran away partly loaded with fruit baskets, Monday afternoon. In starting they ran so close to McCarty's delivery horse as to lose a whole bundle of basket covers on his thill. Mac's horse evidently wanted to deliver his share of the load and so turned carefully about and dashed after Gott's horses. The trio narrowly escaped a collision on Main street with the sprinkling wagon and went on distributing baskets and covers right and left, but forthnately doing no damage beyond smashing a few baskets. McCarty's horse having distributed his covers turned off after running about three blocks and Gott's horses went to their own stable. In loading, one of the baskets fell upon the horses and started them, one of the wheels passing over Mr. Gott's foot. A lucky runaway; it might have been much worse.

THREE BARGAINS.

We have just bought three lots of shoes at a bargain and we are goin[illegible] to sell them at a price that ought [illegible] make them move very quick. [illegible] are doing this more for the [illegible] doing a rushing business [illegible] ten days, than for profit $1.50, [illegible]

BARGAIN [illegible] ought to

Sixty pair [illegible] this price. tips, razor to[illegible] NO. 2. worth $2.5[illegible] tailor made, 20th be sold [illegible] Dongola, button, [illegible] needle toe at $2.00. This [illegible]ld all over the state for $[illegible] [illegible]n't be beat for style and wear.

BARGAIN NO. 3.

Twenty-four pair women's tailor made, 20th century, tan bals, latest [illegible] drawn out razor toe, [illegible] [illegible] hundreds of women are [illegible] month [illegible] so pretty or as [illegible] and trip w[illegible] color, lo[illegible] [illegible] them $3.00. $2.00. [illegible] the winwearing tans no[illegible] good to wear that [illegible]

See the three bargains i[illegible] dow. The old reliable shoe [illegible]

A. J. HOWE & SON.

LADIES, ATTENTION!

If you want a new

SPRING CAPE!

Call on E. R. COLLAR, who has a full line of fine ones. [illegible] the

If you [illegible]

Affidavit of Circulation. State of Michi[gan], county of Kent. […]

Mr. Greene of Belding is […] son, Dr. M. D. Greene […]

[…] authorities […] SILVER T[…]

[…] an act, trusting […] the spirit of conci[liation] […] with which we put […] in a plain way […] of our fellow […] of all men and […] time has come for […] an hour when the […] ves as individuals and […] t to be held. It is the […] indicate his preference […] United States who […] represents those d[…] of this republic […]

THE BEACON LIGHT.

BY M. T. CAL[…]

INTERNATIONAL PRESS A[SSOCIA]TION.

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

"Ah," thought he, "now I know why she listens so indifferently to my happiest words, and so dexterously avoids my declarations." And he sighed quite as forlornly as Walter had done.

Lady Annabel at last turned to her daughter.

"We will return home at once, my love, if you wish, and I will commission our kind friend, Viscount Somerset, to make inquiries concerning the artist. […] your gallant preservers. I will also write to your uncle to come up from Bath to receive him. You know how eagerly he always sought after a trace of these Vernons."

Walter's li[ps] writhed while he vowed mentally the name should yet stand proud and high even in aristocratic London. So in sullen silence he watched the group pass on toward the entrance out of sight. He rose up then and strode through the crowd.

The name of Lady Annabel Collinwood arrested his attention once again. The speakers were immediately in front of him.

"Lady Annabel? Oh, no that is the Hon. Mrs. Dacre—she that was formerly Annabel Marston, of Lincolnshire, a distant relative, however, of Lady Collinwood […] violet bonnet and gray pelisse, I mean."

A strange look of revengeful ire flashed over the gloom of Walter's face as he followed the direction given, and found the lady indicated—she that was once Annabel Marston of Lincolnshire.

She was a fair woman, with dark and rosy cheeks, whose beauty was so well preserved one might have easily believed her only thirty. She was talking gaily with a gentleman in uniform, and her clear, joyous laugh came musically to Walter's ears. He ground his […]

"[…] happy, the traitress, and my [r]uined father sleeps in his hurr[…]iled by her from his native […] into a c[…]red he, as like a madman […] his hands. […] to the street, and and then ris[ing], flung himself […] box and took […] his head upon written manuscrip[t] […] he sat thus, attentively. Only the […] a small […]ial to the thread of our […]osely-

"And now, Walter, you […] to the mysterious sadness of [my] life—the dark secret that has eat[en] the Spartan's vulture through my […] finding its way only with […] your knowledge. I do […] that you will be […] memory. I […] death to dreadful as […] fear, my son, to the […] to your father's […] you will see that, […] was my sin, it was nothing […] of wickedness that was [fo]und around me—to the terrible atonement my life has made. Most of all you will […] ing Tom's Bible was the means of reconciling my soul with Heaven—of bringing to my restless, sorrowful heart the peace for which it had so long sighed. We are nearing the land every day—the land which for ten long years I have known only in my dreams; but I shall never see […]t. Too surely has the hand of death laid hold upon me. I heard you anxiously inquiring of the ship's surgeon the other day if there was nothing to help my cough. I could have answered what he evaded. Do not grieve for me; I shall be happy—so happy to lay off this cumbersome garment of flesh, these blind eyes o[f] doubt. For you my son, I leave a rich legacy of experience to warn you away from the rocks that shipwrecked my peace […] name. I have no fear for y[ou] […] know your artist name w[…] ble—that the wealth I […] be more blessed wo[…]

[…] of Lampki[…] […] $3.00 sho[es] […] sell at $1.50. […] these shoes the mo[st] […] handiest for ever[y] […] to its resin- […] is compress- […] blocks in the usual way, […] machine driven by two […] can turn out about 2,000 per day. We should […] doubt the cohesive prop[erty] […] itself. All woods are not […] resin, and in most cases […] of a small percentage […] other inflammable ag[…] be advantageous.

[…] to bicycling on M[…] it is not a day […] who has seen […] muddy clothes […] countenances of […] take part in the r[…] furnish affidavit that […] in that sort of […]

[…] of the Hoonans, […] Whatever […] this man, […] weapons in […]

is our island […], for all her aristocratic relations […] Lady Annabel […] of an entree into Lady Annabel's drawing-rooms. I must answer this flattering letter from his grace of G——. I hear he is a generous patron of the arts. He may make my advancement swifter. I shall elude all Lady Annabel's inquiries until I have a position her polished brow may not frown upon."

Signor Vernoni verified the proud resolves of Walter Vernon. The two island pictures had made him famous. Although they had endeavored to keep it private, the story of the beautiful Lady Eleanor Collinwood as connected […] circle, and contributed undoubtedly to their popularity. Orders from the highest sources poured in upon him. Then it was he responded to Admiral Lord Collinwood's earnest invitation, and presented himself at Collinwood House. The admiral was fortunately in London, and received him with the same friendly warmth he had shown on their first meeting. Lady Annabel, too, was exceedingly kind and courteous, but Walter was instantly aware of an antagonistic feeling, despite her gentle expressions of gratitude. She alluded quietly to his own refusal to meet them before, and acknowledged that it had grieved her daughter.

When their conversation first began to flag, Lady Annabel arose with her inimitable grace of manner and said:

"Now, my dear admiral, if you please you shall come to the library and have a quiet little chat with me, while I send for Lady Eleanor to come down to the drawing-room. She is not yet aware of Mr. Vernon's presence. It is natural they should wish their first meeting to be without witnesses."

He smiled in cheerful acquiescence.

"A good idea and very thoughtful in you to remember it, Lady Annabel!"

Five minutes Walter was left alone. He needed thrice the time to calm his heart; then he heard a light, quick step without, and the door opened for a graceful figure robed in sea-blue satin and sparkling with jewels. Both fair white hands were outstretched, and she said eagerly:

"Cruel, cruel Walter, why have you delayed so long?"

Then she paused abruptly. The tall, handsome man, with his glossy whiskers and foreign moustache—was that [Wa]lter? [Th]e smile that broke over his face [re]assured her.

"Ah, it is certainly you—I was almost afraid. Oh, Walter, are you half as glad as I to meet again after this long interval? Foolish Walter—as proud as ever, […] should wait till the honors were so thick about you, but I am too happy now; and your father—he is not with you?"

She had not given him a chance to reply before. Still holding her hand, he said gravely:

"My father never reached the land, Lady Eleanor—his prophecy was fulfilled."

Her ready tears showed how completely she had kept her old nature. Walter had meant to be very dignified and reserved; but with her genial, old-time manner, it was impossible; and when they parted—although no word of love had been hinted—they were Walter and Ellie, as in days gone by.

If Lady Annabel's face showed sign of uneasiness at Eleanor's affectionate good-bye and earnest entreaty that he should come often, there was no sign of it in the courteous words with which she echoed her daughter's invitation.

CHAPTER XII.

HENCEFORward Walter mingled freely in the best and noblest society. He work[ed] […] his ea[…] […]ok time […] to accept [invi]tations to […]s, din[ners] […]parties, as […]

[t]o quiet Eleanor's alarm when she first […]

There was one little incident to mark the day. As he loitered by Eleanor's side he drew from her bouquet a spray of jasmine.

"Ah, Lady Eleanor," said he, "do you remember how these milky stars trailed their splendor over the rocks in our old home?"

She smiled—then sighed.

"I have forgotten nothing—not the most trivial circumstance."

"Then," said he, touching lightly a diamond suspended from his watch-chain, "you have not forgotten this, nor the more precious words that accompanied it."

The blue eyes fell beneath his passionate glance—a soft rose blushed over her cheek, and the sweet lips faltered as she answered—

"Yes, I remember."

"And you will not gainsay the promise?" pursued he.

"Is that a fair question, Walter?" asked she, archly, rising hastily to cross the room to speak with her uncle.

Walter's heart bounded.

"What more can I desire?" thought he. "To-morrow I will make my formal proposal both to the admiral and Lady Annabel."

But when the next day came, and eager and joyous he sought Collinwood House, he found a strange change in Eleanor. She was pale and nervous with a constraint and formality that […] not been evidently forced and unnatural. When he made known his errand he was still more astonished and grieved. Her cheek alternately flushed and pal[ed] […] presence, and then sinking back into her chair, faltered:

"O Walter, don't, don't! It is heart-rending for me to hear there is no hope!"

"No hope!" repeated Walter, blankly. "Surely, after your words yesterday you cannot accuse me of presumption."

She had buried her face in her hands.

"No, no—not that! O, what can I say in explanation?"

She […] a few moments in perplexed distress, and then calming herself continued more coherently:

"It is best you should hear the truth, Walter. Had your proposal come yesterday, I should have been the happiest girl in England; to-day it only adds to my misery, for by my own voluntary promise I am betrothed to another."

"Another!" exclaimed Walter, springing to his feet. "What can I understand by this, Lady Eleanor?"

"Do not try to understand it," answered she sadly, "only be sure to realize the actual truth of the circumstance."

He was pacing to and fro in uncontrolled agitation.

[E]leanor made no attempt to soothe him, but sat like one stricken dumb through some terrible calamity. Suddenly Lady Annabel's sweet voice was heard without the door. As if in utter terror, Lady Eleanor dashed her hand […] traces of tears, and whispered hurriedly:

"It is my mother! Walter! Walter, if you love me, do not let her suspect how unhappy I am—how much it grieves me to give you up!"

"To give me up? Ah," retorted Walter, "[…] Lady Annabel's doings—she never liked me."

"You ar[e] wrong, Walter—you are unjust to her! Ah, if you could know—if you could hear as I did last night! Walter, Walter, help me bear my fate bravely—perform my duty faithfully!"

He was looking dismally at her entreating, agonized face.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

His Brother's Revenge.

We are all more or less familiar with that exasperating class of individuals who seem to feel that the simple common sense of the world is centered in themselves and that the rest of us are in need of guidance and direction in the simplest duties of life.

Mr. B—— was a young man of this class. He was always painfully profuse in details regarding anything he wished done. He had a parrot, of which he was excessively fond, and when he was about to go abroad for a few months, leaving his bird behind, he bored and exasperated his family and friends with senseless details regarding the care of the parrot and his last words, screeched from the deck of the steamer that bore him away, were:

"Hi, Jim!"

"What?" shouted the brother on the pier.

"Look out for my parrot!" came faintly over the water.

As if this was not enough he had no […] Liverpool than he sent […] his bro her, […]

[…] whole […] special election to be […] Fox & Mason's furniture factory burned to the ground at Co[…] $15,000 to $20,000, with […]surance. It is believed […] originated in the dry […] has been doing a very […] and had 500 […] orders. The […]

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"MIGHTY HUNTERS" WAS LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"He Was a Mighty Hunter Before the Lord" — Genesis 10:9 — Spiritual Archery and the Arrow of the Gospel.

IN OUR day, hunting is a sport, but in the land and the times infested with wild beasts, it was a matter of life or death with the people. It was very different from going out on a sunshiny day with a patent breech-loader, to shoot reed-birds on the flats, when Pollux and Achilles and Diomedes went out to clear the land of lions and tigers and bears. My text sets forth Nimrod as a hero when it presents him with broad shoulders and shaggy apparel and sun-browned face, and arm bunched with muscle—"a mighty hunter before the Lord." I think he used the bow and arrows with great success practising archery.

I have thought if it is such a grand thing and such a brave thing to clear wild beasts out of a country, if it is not a better and braver thing to hunt down and destroy those great evils of society that are stalking the land with fierce eye and bloody paw, and sharp tusk and quick spring. I have wondered if there is not such a thing as Gospel archery, by which those who have been flying from the truth may be captured for God and heaven. The Lord Jesus in his sermon used the art of angling for an illustration when he said: "I will make you fishers of men." And so I think I have authority for using hunting as an illustration of Gospel truth; and I pray God that there may be many a man today who will begin to study Gospel archery, of whom it may, after a while, be said: "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord."

How much awkward Christian work there is done in the world! How many good people there are who drive souls away from Christ instead of bringing them to him! All their fingers are thumbs—religious blunderers who upset more than they right. Their gun has a crooked barrel, and kicks as it goes off. They are like a clumsy comrade who goes along with skillful hunters: at the very moment when he ought to be most quiet, he is crackling an alder, or falling over a log and frightening away the game. How few Christian people have ever learned the lesson of which I read at the beginning of this service, how that the Lord Jesus Christ at the well went from talking about a cup of water to the most practical religious truths, which won the woman's soul for God! Jesus in the wilderness was breaking bread to the people. I think it was good bread; it was very light bread, and the yeast had done its work thoroughly. Christ, after he had broken the bread, said to the people: "Beware of the yeast, or of the leaven, of the Pharisees." So natural a transition it was; and how easily they all understood him! But how few Christian people who understand how to fasten the truths of God and religion to the souls of men. Truman Osborne, one of the evangelists who went through this country years ago, had a wonderful art in the right direction. He came to my father's house one day, and while we were all seated in the room, he said: "Mr. Talmage, are all your children Christians?" Father said: "Yes, all but DeWitt." Then Truman Osborne looked down into the fireplace, and began to tell a story of a storm that came on the mountains, and all the sheep were in the fold: but there was one lamb outside that perished in the storm. Had he looked me in the eye, I should have been angered when he told that story; but he looked into the fireplace, and it was so pathetically and beautifully done that I never found any peace until I was sure I was inside the fold, where the other sheep were.

The archers of olden times studied their art. They were precise in the matter. The old books gave precise directions as to how an archer should go, and as to what an archer should do. He must stand erect and firm, his left foot a little in advance of the right foot. With his left hand he must take hold of the bow in the middle, and then with three fingers and the thumb of his right hand he should lay hold of the arrow and affix it to the string—so precise was the direction given. But how clumsy we are about religious work! How little skill and care we exercise! How often our arrows miss the mark! Oh, that there were more institutions established in all the towns and cities of our land, where men might learn the art of doing good—studying […]nown as […]

how to bring the notch of that arrow on to that bow-string, and its whirr was heard through the Corinthian theaters, and through the courtroom, until the knees of Felix knocked together. It was that arrow that stuck in Luther's heart when he cried out, "Oh, my sins! Oh, my sins!" If it strike a man in the head, it kills his scepticism; if it strike a man in the heel, it will turn his step; if it strike him in the heart, he throws up his hands, as did the Emperor Julian of old when wounded in the battle, crying, "O Galilean, Thou hast conquered!"

If you want to be a skillful in spiritual archery, you must hunt in unfrequented and secluded places. Why does the hunted go three or four days in the Pennsylvania forests or over Raquette Lake into the wilds of the Adirondacks? It is the only way to do. The deer are shy, and one "bang" of the gun clears the forest. From the California stage you see, as you go over the plains, here and there, a coyote trotting along, almost within range of the gun—sometimes quite within range of it. No one cares for that; it is worthless. The good game is hidden and secluded. Every hunter knows that. So, many of the souls that will be most worth for Christ and […] value to the church are s[…] They do not come in your way […] will have to go where they are. […] der they are down in that ce[llar]; yonder they are up in that garret. […] away from the door of any church […] Gospel arrow has not been pointed a[t] them. The tract distributor and city missionary sometimes catch a glimpse of them, as a hunter through the trees gets a momentary sight of a partridge or a roebuck. The trouble is, we are waiting for the game to come to us. We are not good hunters. We are standing in some street or highway expecting that the tim[id] antelope will come up and eat out [of] our hands. We are expecting that the prairie-fowl will light on our church-steeple. It is not their habit. If the church should wait ten millions of years for the world to come in and be saved, it will wait in vain. The world will not come. What the church wants now is to lift its feet from damask ottomans, and put them in the stirrups. We want a pulpit on wheels. The church wants not so much cushions as it wants saddle-bags and arrows. We have got to put aside the gown and kid-gloves, and put on the hunting-shirt. We have been fishing so long in the brooks that run under the shadow of the church that the fish know us, that they avoid the hook, and escape as soon as we come to the bank, while yonder is Upper Saranac and Big Tupper Lake, where the first swing of the Gospel net would break it for the multitude of the fishes. There is outside work to be done. What is that I see in the backwoods? It is a tent. The hunters have made a clearing and camped out. What do they care if they have wet feet, or if they have nothing but a pine branch for a pillow, or for the northeast storm? If a moose in the darkness steps into the lake to drink, they hear it right away. If a loon cry in the moonlight they hear it. So in the service of God we have exposed work. We have got to camp out and rough it. We are putting all our care on the people who come to our churches. What are we doing for the thousands upon thousands that do not come? Have they no souls? Are they sinless that they need no pardon? Are there no dead in their houses, that they need no comfort? Are they cut off from God, to go into eternity—no wing to bear them, no light to cheer them, no welcome to greet them? I hear to-day surging up from the lower depths, a groan that comes through our Christian assemblages and through our beautiful churches; and it blots out all this scene from my eyes today, as by the mists of a great Niagara, for the dash and the plunge of these great torrents of life dropping down into the fathomless and thundering abyss of suffering and woe. I sometimes think that just as God blotted out the churches of Thyatira and Corinth and Laodicea, because of their sloth and stolidity, he will blot out American and English Christianity, and raise on the ruins a stalwart, wide-awake missionary church, that can take the full meaning of that command, "Go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

I remark, further, if you want to succeed in spiritual archery you must have courage. If the hunter stand with trembling hand or shoulder that flinches with fear, instead of his taking the catamount, the catamount takes him. What would become of the Greenlander if, when out hunting for the bear, he should stand shivering with terror on an iceberg? What would have become of Du Chaillu and Livingstone in the African thicket, with a faint heart and a weak knee? When a panther comes within twenty paces of you and it has its eye on you and it has squatted for the fearful spring, "Steady there!"

Courage, O ye spiritual ar[chers]! There are great monsters […] prowling all around ab[out] […] all we n[…]

has been filled. […] looked at it, I said […] is nothing—eight hu[ndred] […] Why our American va[…] lion, five hundred thou[sand] […] strong drinks, and we […] two hundred thousand men with […] nothing to […] but to see that it is filled. Oh! [at]tack this great monster o[f] […]ance, and the kindred mo[…] fraud and uncleanliness. […]pit, to rally all your Christ[ians] […] assault. Through the press, thr[ough] […] Ameri[…] through the platform, […] together, it. Would to God […] fanaticism, but can Christians w[…] I think it not for crack-b[…] went out from for holy Christ[…] der the sovereign, was in 1793 […] party that was Lucknow, I[…] There were ten thou[sand] […] the greate[st] […] in that hunting party, ever pro[…] camels and horses and ele[phants] […] some princes rode, and There […]es, under exquisite housings, […] hundred coolies waited upon roy[alty] […] a[g]ain, and the desolate places of […] were invaded by this excursion, […] the rhinoceros, the deer, and elephant fell under the stroke of saber and bullet. After awhile the party brought back trophies worth five thousand rupees, having left the wilderness of India ghastly with the slain bodies of wild beasts. Would to God that instead of here and there a straggler going out to fight these great monsters of iniquity in our country, the […] membership of our churches […] band together and hew in t[…] great crimes that make the l[and aw]ful with their roar, and […] on the bodies and soul[s] […] Who is ready f[…] […] for the Lord?

I am sure that there […] who at some time have b[een] […] Gospel arrow. You felt […] that conviction, and you […] the world deeper; just a[…] when the hounds are after […] into Scroon Lake, expectin[g] […] way to escape. Jesus Christ […] track today, impenitent ma[n] […] wrath, but in mercy. O ye […] panting souls! here is the […] God's mercy and salvation, […] may cool your thirst! S[…] of sin today. By the red […] leaped from the hear[t] […] bid you stop. Is […] house anyone who can […] that comes from the hea[rt] […] Son of God? Why, do y[…] there are, in the banished […] that, for that offer you get to[…] fling the crown of the universe […] feet, if they possessed it? […] went out on the mountains, the[y] took them, and they died.

There is in a forest in Ge[rmany a] place they call the "deer-leap"—[t]wo crags about eighteen feet apart, between them a fearful chasm. This is called the "deer-leap" because once a hunter was on the track of a deer; it came to one of these crags; there was no escape for it from the pursuit of the hunter, and in utter despair it gathered itself up, and in the death agony attempted to jump across. Of course, it fell, and was dashed on the rocks far beneath. Here is a path to heaven. It is plain, it is safe. Jesus mark[s] it out for every man to walk in. [T]here is a man who says, "I won't w[alk] in that path; I will take my own wa[y]." He comes on until he confronts th[e] chasm that divides his soul from hea[]ven. Now his last hour has come, and he resolves that he will leap that chasm from the heights of earth to the heights of heaven. Stand back, now, and give him full swing, for no soul ever did that successfully. Let him try. Jump! Jump! He misses the mark and he goes down, depth below depth, "destroyed without remedy." Men! angels! devils! what shall [we] call that place of awful catastrophe? Let it be known forever as the sinner's death-leap.

"As Unto the Lord."

"I envy you," said one worker to another at their […]ing. "I envy you the privi[lege of be]ing in the work all the ti[me]."

"Are you not in it a[…]" asked the person addre[ssed, in a sur]prised tone.

"Oh, no," was the […] him for work for my living […] reform-

"As to that," sai[d] […] was his […] port my family b[…] shoes, he bless you, I am […]ing on a time! The c[…] of all the basting and s[…]ed. for I do it '[…] to fret unde[r] […]

[…]rt, London. […]r John Wil[…] it, until the[…] […]aj. R. White, not suppo[rt] […] Hon. Henry F. I said, 'Y[…] movers in the Since the[…] committed for work, […] accused persons portu[…] The men commit[…] […] were admitted in $10,000 per […] bail in each case, and in addition, were each required to furnish […],000.

FATAL STAR.

A […] Story.

[T]his [is the] Fourth of July in San Francisco. The clear blue sky, like a mammoth bowl cut from one great turquois and turned over the town, is a background for thousands of flags floating from the roofs of public buildings and windows of private patriots. All […] are big. Everything is on a [large scale] in California, the fruit that […] the great roses that […] youths are buying for their […] The children are playing [in the] streets with mighty torpedoes, [that m]ake an explosion calculated to […] one. Large men, with ample […]ies on their arms, may be seen in every direction. Immense baskets are being borne to the doors of their customers by grocers, butchers and confectioners. Immense suppers are to be given tonight, and many happy returns of the glorious Fourth will be drunk in rivers of champagne. Everything is on a large scale but the Chinese, whose small figures and alert movements are in marked contrast to the bulk and size of everything else on which the eye falls.

Yet little Washy-Washy balances on his head a clothes-basket that would serve him for a cradle, or in his kitchen—for he is a favorite cook with California housewives—stirs a pot in which he might easily be boiled himself.

In the arms of San Francisco sleeps Chinatown, the curious offspring of old China, of which Americans think that they know all that is to be known because they can visit the shops and go into all the strange places, and, if they are in the humor, make themselves sick with an opium-pipe among opium smoking Chinamen.

Lin Ham is an ordinary dealer. He keeps no shop. He executes orders for the favored few. In each he puts a surprise—an invention for the day. His are the curious boats, all made of colored fire, moving on the water, apparently by […] a stream of fire at the stern, m[…] little men in blue and gold and […]on, and all going [o]ff in a wonderful flash and whiz and [fl]utter at last. His are those cylinders [wh]ich, rising into the air, discharge [won]derful sprays and stars and jewels […]ard, while at the same time fiery acrobats let themselves earth[ward] by golden ropes and only vanish [as they t]ouch the ground. His was the [gold]en dragon that coiled and […]onward, and wrote "July" […]

sort, but if I had, you would not buy them, Min Toko."

They are speaking in Chinese, for Min Toko, though not a child of Chinese parents, has been brought up by them. You can […] story that his father was a Russian, […] and his mother a Tartar when you look at him.

A little Chinese boatwoman took him from his dying mother's arms and nursed him with her own, somewhere near those quarters where there are English warehouses and the barbarian comes to traffic in tea and porcelain and he starved and played and swam about with her own, and early in his boyhood came to San Francisco. There he dwelt in Chinatown, and became renowned amongst the showmen of San Francisco for his acrobatic feats. To-night he is engaged to assist in a performance on the lawn before the mansion of Benson Blashfield, Esq. Mr. Blashfield will have fireworks and a great supper, the crowning feature of which will be the feats of Min Toko, who, amongst other things,

"COME TO ME ALL YE BUTTERFLIES."

throws a rope into the air, where it is caught by some unseen power, sends a kitten up its length until it vanishes from sight, sends a monkey to find it, follows himself and draws the rope up after him, and ten minutes after is heard calling from the inside of a great lacquered box to be let out, and there he is, indeed, coiled up like a great serpent. Oh, there is nothing Min Toko cannot do, and no one ever discovers how he does anything.

Now he laughs.

"I know you have what I want, or can make it in a twinkling, Lin Ham," he answers. "As for money, I am richer than you think. Name your price. I have told you what I want—to kill a man without a knife or a blow or poison—to kill him so that it seems to be done by the hand of Fate; so that no one can suspect me."

"Is he a Chinaman?" asks Lin Ham.

"He is an American," said Min Toko. "He has taken the woman I love from me. This rich man, to whose house I go to-night, has a daughter. I love her. You grin! Why not? I am handsome; I am no Chinaman; I am famous; I am a favorite with the ladies, and she smiled on me. You grin again! Of course, the rich man would say no. I did not mean to ask the rich man. If she loved me, that was enough. I could spirit her away where they would never find us. That is what I mean to do."

"You are mad!" says Lin Ham.

"No," says the acrobat. "She could be won. She can be still, if I can kill [thi]s man."

[…] you mean […]

make in ten minutes would wipe your rival out of existence. But of what avail would it be? Rich American ladies do not marry such as you. Her relatives would kill you if you touched her hand."

"I have kissed it thrice when we were alone," says Min Toko. "Yes, I have kissed her hands three times. The next time it should have been her mouth. Let me kill this bridegroom so that she cannot suspect me and it shall be yet. Look!" He thrusts his hand into the bosom of his tunic and draws forth a pouch. "See!" he whispers, piling bank notes before Lin Ham. "How much for that toy?"

The eyes of the old man glitter. He gathers up the heap in his claw-like hands, and says, slowly:

"This sum makes me have enough with which to return to China and live there happy for the rest of my life. After all, what does one more dead barbarian matter? But I will tell you this: Unless you can make your rival take the toy in his own hands, it is useless."

"I can manage that," Min Toko replies.

The old Chinese goes to a little recess in the room, before which hangs a beaded screen, and comes back, holding in his hand a curious kite.

"You fly it like any other kite," he explains. "When at its full length, you begin to call: 'Come down, butterfly!' A butterfly descends the cord and flies away. 'Follow rose!' you say. A rose glides down the string and drops to ashes. 'Come down, pretty mouse!' you call next. The mouse descends and runs up your shoulder and is gone. Then you call for a blue bird, for a white bird, for a red bird, for a yellow bird, a green bird. Thus it might end with the applause of the people. But let me work upon this kite ten minutes longer and add one trifle more, and then there will be something else to see. Then you may call aloud: 'Come to me out of the sky, bright star.' And far above you you may see a star blue bright as any in the heavens. At this moment, he whom you wish to kill must hold the cord, for that star brings death. As it touches the man's breast life departs from him. Mark me well: the other things that come down the cord are innocent as drops of dew. The star is fatal."

"I understand," replies Min Toko. "Hasten with your work, Lin Ham."

A little later the old Chinese puts into the hands of the younger man a paper box covered with shining roses, butterflies and birds, and says to him:

"Min Toko, the great performer, you have bought of me a pretty kite, which brings down from heaven the birds of the air, and the flowers the spirits pluck. For all I know, you may coax the stars down its cord also. It is well […]

There has been the usual reception, the usual display of gorgeous presents, a fine band has been playing, professional dancers have done their part; now they are ready for Min Toko and his performances.

The whole lawn is flooded with electric light, and, in mighty tents, all decorated with roses, they are setting forth a feast. The bride and bridegroom sit upon a sort of throne that seems made of orange blossoms. Tiers of seats, occupied by people in evening dress, surround the lawn, leaving an archway through which the performers enter. It is opposite the bridal-throne; and, as Min Toko passes through, bowing and smiling, his eyes meet those of the bride, and he seems to give her special greeting.

Standing in the midst of the circle, he begins to gather, from heaven knows where, white roses, of which he makes a mighty ball, how, no one can guess. This he throws toward the throne. As it floats in the air it opens and forth flies a little pink Cupid, who flings kisses abroad and flies skyward and is gone. Thunders of applause follow this compliment to the bride, and then the little boy-in-waiting on Min Toko brings in the chairs, the tables, the fans, the wands, the boxes, and the show begins. It is sufficient to say that the man seems to be able to overcome the laws of gravitation, to stand upon nothing, to fold himself up like a foot-rule, to put himself away in spaces that seem impossible; and to do all this gracefully, with beautiful accessories.

The bride's eyes never leave him. Min Toko did not boast falsely. Though his position and residence in Chinatown seem to her to place him as far beneath her as though she were an empress and he a serf, she has always admired him intensely, and she knows that he is in love with her. She has often wished that he were of her race and kind. He has been made a sort of pet amongst the Californians before whom he has performed, and he has had opportunities to speak a few words to her and, as he said, to kiss her hand thrice. To-night she feels that she bids him adieu and to-night he fascinates her strangely.

When at last, as usual, he inquires if any two of the audience will assist him in some closing performances, she whispers to her bridegroom:

"Come, Arthur, let us go."

And the young man replies,

"Awfully bad form; but if you wish it, of course."

It is a look that Min Toko has given her that makes her do this thing, and the bridegroom hands her down into the center of the lawn, and they three stand together there.

"Will you be pleased to help me fly this kite, sir?" says Min Toko to the bridegroom, as he flings into the air the thing we know of. "See, this is how!"

The kite darts upward swiftly in a moment. Its brilliant breast is no longer visible. Only a long copper-colored cord shimmers in the air from Min Toko's hand moonward.

"Come to me all ye butterflies!" he cries. "Come! Come!" And down the cord sweep a myriad butterflies and cover the performer's bosom and vanish. "Little mouse!" he cries. "Come, little mouse!" and whistles exquisitely. And the little gray mouse creeps down, sits on his shoulder and is gone. "And now, sir," Min Toko says, with a bow to the groom and a smile to the bride, "if you like you may call a blue bird and a white bird, a red bird, a yellow bird, a green bird, and after that one of the stars from heaven." And he puts the cord into the bridegroom's hand, who calls loudly:

"Here, you blue bird, come if you can!" And there is a blue bird and amidst shouts of merriment, and while the bride claps her little palms and showers smiles about her, the birds of all colors come down.

The green bird has arrived and disappeared, when suddenly the bride puts forth her hand playfully and snatches the cord from the bridegroom's hand.

"You shan't have all the fun," she says, with a pretty pout. "I intend to call the star down myself. Ah, how the cord pulls! No, you shan't touch it. I will do it alone. What do you say, Min Toko? 'Brightest star of heaven come to me!' Is that right?"

She beams on him and lifts her sweet, shrill voice and calls aloud, and far up in the sky appears a great diamond star, that shimmers and glows as it comes earthward. And, with one wild spring, Min Toko snatches the cord from the bride's hand, saying something that she only hears as he does so, and pushing her fiercely from him so that she falls into her bridegroom's arms.

Then the star is upon Min Toko's breast and he lies upon the ground, and the gaudy kite flutters down and lies beside him; and those who gather about him see that he is dead, with the fearful burn of electricity upon his bosom.

The kite must have attracted it, they say. Plainly, when he snatched it from […]

[…] the conven- […] it now develops that the other candidates are afraid of the Bliss sentiment in Kent county […] are therefore fighting this […] […]erence of sever[…] […]bers of the […]

For Itching Piles, irritation of the genitals, or itching in any part of the body, Doan's Ointment is worth its weight in gold. No matter how long standing the trouble, Doan's Ointment will not fail to give instant relief.

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Burdock Blood Bitters is nature's true remedy for constipation and kindred ills. It acts directly on the bowels, the liver, the skin, and while cleansing the blood imparts strength to the digestive organs.

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That in my cheek's a rose,
But I don't care to match it with
That blossom on your nose."

Make boiled starch with weak soapsuds made of white soap instead of clear water, and you will have no difficulty with its sticking.

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W. N. U., D.--XIV--27.

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Lowell Ledger.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT LOWELL, KENT COUNTY, MICH.,

—BY—

FRANK M. JOHNSON.

Entered at Lowell post office as second class matter.

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A QUESTION OF CONFIDENCE.

Brother Charlie of the Lowell Journal says that the hard times are the result of a "lack of confidence," and now that McKinley is nominated, Gee Whiz! how things are going to boom. Everybody is going to have any quantities of confidence—confidence to give away. Anyone lacking confidence can get a batch made to order by applying to Br'er Charlie. Crops are going to be big and prices high; everybody is going to get lots of work at high wages; everything will be lovely and the goose hang high. That's the proper caper, Br'er Charlie; you can't hustle those good things along a minute too soon.

And all we have to do is to "have confidence." "Confidence" is good. We hope Br'er Charlie won't turn out like the good man who set a day for the world to "come to an end."

The g. m. had confidence that on the day appointed, the Lord would destroy the world and take the g. m. to Heaven. In fact, his confidence was so great, he made ready his flowing white robes and on the eventful morning, donned the spotless garments and waited with great confidence to be caught up into the air. As day wore on, the g. m. grew tired looking around for a place ... at the same time to be ... who ... he clambered to ... ments, set ... straw stack and lying the smoke ... Some boys and cinders filled his movements man jumped up and ... when despair, ejaculated: ... "Well, here I am in hell, ... expected."

Mr. Whitney has a great deal ... say about the east, what ... wants and what the east ... do. The Whitneys ... Clevelands are ... that the ... to the ... Carlisles and ... going to ascertain ... United States of America no longer revolve about Wall street. The big cow of commerce has been bossed and milked by New York bankers long enough. The farmers of the west have been doing the feeding and living on wind pudding, while the nabobs of the east carry off the milk and cream without so much as a "thank you." Something is going to drap, Bro. Whitney, and you'd better stand from under.

* *

We wish to commend the good sense of Lowell mothers in keeping their babies from the graduating exercises. So far as known there was only one at Music hall last Friday evening; and that one made its presence known to everyone in the ... don't blame the little one ...

... in Europe by the sweat of other men's brows. Who gave a few men possession of the mineral of the world? For whom was that wealth created? Who should own it? A revolution such as the world has never seen may solve these questions.

* *

North Park managers and their patrons are reponsible for the death of Aeronaut Coie. If the people had not demanded an exhibition of foolhardiness and the managers supplied the demand, the man might have lived to some good purpose.

* *

The gold barons of the east threaten a panic in event of the adoption of the double standard by the people. Well, they are mean enough to cause a panic, if in their power.

* *

CORRESPONDENCE

Keene Center.

Happiness is of two kinds, the kind you expect to get and the kind you don't get.

Frank Miller and wife from Ionia spent Sunday with H. N. Lee.

We understand that there was not a very good turn out to Mr. Moon's social.

The grasshoppers are eating up the crops around Greenville and surrounding country and have got as far as Mark Brown's farm in Otisco.

Mrs. H. S. Lee visited Mrs. O. Choats, her daughter, at Fallasburg a few days last week.

Mrs. Wilbur Moon is visiting her daughter, Myrtie at Iron Mountains for a few weeks.

Earl Kenney cut grain in Woodland last week.

Enoch Wilkinson and wife of Saranac visited his son, B. F. Wilkinson, Sunday.

W. S. Hammontree visited his parents at Sumner last week.

Josh Giddens drove to Stanton Junction Sunday.

School closed at Potter's Corners last Friday. Mrs. Gill, teacher, has gone to her home in Hubbardston.

The Children's day exercises at Keene church, Sunday, were very interesting. There was a large attendance and the little folks did splendidly.

Mrs. Tucker of Broken Bow, Neb., says they have had three very hard hail storms, which almost ruined everything. It was from 6 to 10 miles wide and 150 miles long. The crops were looking fine, but the people are feeling blue now. Mrs. Tucker is the lady to whom Mrs. Wilkinson shipped the goods.

Mrs. Morgan Titus and son visited her mother at Lake Odessa last week.

Maud Faulks has returned home from school at Ionia. Her home is with ... Bowen.

... with ... of Coopersville is spending a ... weeks with her aunt, Mrs. Emra Bowen.

Misses Cora and Lura Moon are home keeping house for their mother while she is away.

Amasa Lee and wife visited his sister, Mrs. James Bowen, Sunday.

Fred Lee and family visited at Alfred Bowen's, and went down to the electric plant, Sunday.

Uncle Brock Conner of Easton died last Friday and the funeral was held at the Easton church, Sunday. He was an old settler and quite well known in Keene.

Mrs. Austin Lamberton has a sister visiting her from Grand Rapids.

School closed last Friday at the Striped school house in the Ayers district. Nettie Biggnell of Smyrna, teacher. They had very nice exercises.

George Golds from Grand Rapids is visiting in Keene.

The Ladies Aid Society will be at Mrs. William Campbell's, July 8. Everybody cordially invited.

League meeting next Sunday evening. Bert Howard of Ionia is expected to lead. Let us have a full house.

... Sunday, visiting her son, little Jimmie Phelps.

Mrs Allen Godfrey of East Lowell spent Sunday with her parents, H D Weeks and wife.

Mr and Mrs Perkins in company with her father, Wesley Jones, of Stanton visited Orrin Ford, Sunday.

The Lowell Journal correspondent made a mistake in the item concerning the 4th of July picnic and dance at the Lake. It is gotten up by Orla Weeks and George Frost. The Swiss have noth'ng to do with it and the boys would be very glad to see the Smyrna band boys and their girls. A very cordial invitation is extended to all.

Don't forget to remember that we are doing nothing but first class work at the Banner Laundry.

G. W. Severy, Prop.

Grattan.

Cutting wheat is the order of the day. The clicking of the reaper may be heard on every side. The head is not very full this year.

Chas. Jakeway's pet deer, Rock River broke its leg.

David Walsh returned to the old place again and is sure to stay, we hope.

Jennie Rennells is visiting her father at Saranac.

The huckle berries are an abundant crop this year.

A great many are making preparations for the 4th.

John Kropf cut 15 acres of heavy wheat with a Pony Deering binder last Monday.

Mrs. A. Reed and children picked berries at H. Mason's last Monday.

Mrs. C. B. Francisco is on the gain.

We are all very glad to hear Mr. Byrne is improving.

Mrs. M. Hogan is not improving.

Items are scarce this week, it is too busy times with the farmers.

River Road.

Born to Carl Roht and wife, Sunday, June 28, a daughter.

Visitors at Sheldon Parker's, Sunday, Misses Lena, Bertha and Nellie Hagons and Minnie Scherphorn of Grand Rapids.

Mrs. L. J. Post with her friend, Mrs. A. A. Crippens of Grand Rapids called on C. B. Carter, Sunday.

Minnie Martin is at home after teaching the past three months in the Snow district.

Miss Hattie Peirson and G. A. Wisner of Grand Rapids were guests of Mrs. S. B. Parker, recently.

Geo. Warwick is home after spending nearly a year in Indiana.

Ruby Ernst spent last week with her friend, Stella Batey in Cascade.

The wheat in this vicinity is not so badly injured by the insects as was expected, but rye is not a full crop.

Fox Corners.

[TO LATE FOR LAST WEEK.]

P. W. Fox is quite ill at this writing.

Mrs. S. Lee spent a week with her son, Chas. and family recently.

Mrs. Allen Robinson attended the funeral of her mother in South Lowell, Sunday.

Eugene Lee and wife and son, Glenn, drove up to view the new electric light plant recently.

Mrs. Ed Hoskin and children of Grand Rapids and Miss Anna Gibson of Lowell visited Mrs. Eugene Lee recently.

S. S. Lee and sister, Frances, took dinner with his uncle, Eugene Lee and family recently.

Fallassburg.

Miss Frances Hubbell of Saranac visited her aunt, Mrs. Wm. Rexford over Sunday.

Mrs. Richmond visited her sister, Mrs. Denny last Thursday.

Mr. Stanton and M. C. Denny went to Grand Rapids, Rally day.

Mrs. Titus visited her father at Lake Odessa last week.

Kit Booth rode up from Grand Rapids last Monday on her wheel.

Frank Lucas and wife visited her father last week.

Ada Booth visited Minnie Rouse last week and went to the rally at Grand Rapids.

Mr. Falla... broke through his ... day, but was got out ...

George Bloomingdale is just recovering from an attack of bilious fever.

Mrs. C. W. Hart is entertaining her brother and sister of Grand Rapids.

We believe some of our young people would find it less expensive driving on Sunday evening if they would use more prudence in holding the reins instead of punching holes in people's carriage tops.

S. E. Bevier is entertaining a friend from the state of New York.

Last Saturday afternoon a large number of our people gathered at the Mrs. C. W. Hart in the form of a surprise party. The day was spent in playing croquet, eating ice cream and listening to an instructive, as well as, amusing program, after which Mrs. A. S. Stannard in behalf of those present, presented the host and hostess with $8.25 in money as a reminder of the esteem with which they are held. Mr. Hart soon enters the Saranac high school as a teacher and we wish him the success he well deserves.

The Misses Freeman attended the graduating exercises of the Ionia high school last week.

Vergennes.

Mrs. Ben Soules and daughter, Ethel, were the guests of Mrs. Soules' uncle, D. S. Blanding, and family part of last week.

Letter Parker of Muskegon has come to spend his school vacation with his grand parents, Wm. Misner and wife.

J. J. Berrigon of Rochester, N. Y., was a guest of G. W. Crosby, Monday evening.

Vergennes can boast of another graduate, Della James, who graduated from the Lowell high school last week. Success to Miss Della.

Dell Dennis and family were guests of Quint Hudson and wife last Sunday.

R. B. Boylan of Lowell took supper with G. W. Crosby last Monday evening.

Rev. A. N. Hudson has gone to Steel's Corners to visit his son and family.

G. W. Crosby has his wheat and rye all cut and in the barn. The most if not all of the harvesting except oats will be finished and in the barn's before the fourth. When was harvesting ever finished up in June before?.

Peach Hill Grove.

The people of this place mourn the death of Mrs. Eggleston, this being her former home. To know her was to love her. The family have our deepest sympathy in their affliction.

Mr. Everhart lost a horse last week.

Eddie Misner of Detroit is visiting his mother, Mrs. S. A. Ware.

Misses Hattie and Leo Weeks and Mrs. Judd Hapeman visited their sister, Mrs. Allen Godfrey, last week.

J. J. Filkins and C. M. Hubbel rode up from Cannon on their wheels and took breakfast with their brother, J. N. Hubbel and family, Sunday morning.

Ira Buck visited in Grand Rapids one day last week.

S. A. Ware and family attended the rally day exercises in Grand Rapids, last Thursday.

Isaac Filkins is visiting his sister, Mrs. J. N. Hubbel.

Fine job printing at this office.

DON'T STOP TOBACCO.

How to Cure Yourself While Using it.

The tobacco habat grows on a man until his nervous system is seriously affected, impairing health, comfort and happiness. To quit suddenly is too fevere a shock to the system, as tobacco to an inveterate user becomes a stimulant that his system continually craves. "Baco-Curo" is a scientific cure for the tobacco habit, in all its forms, carefully compounded after the formula of an eminent Berlin physician who has used it in his private practice since 1872, without a failure. It is purely vegetable and guaranteed perfectly harmless. You can use all the tobacco you want while taking "Baco-Curo." It will notify you when to stop. We give a written guarantee to cure permantly any case with three boxes, or refund the money with 10 per cent interest. "Baco-Curo" is not a substitute, but a scientific cure, that cures without the aid of will power and with no inconvenience. It leaves the system as pure and free from nicotine as the day you took your first chew or smoke.

Cured By Baco-Curo and Gained Thirty Pounds.

From hundreds of testimonials, the originals of which are on file and open to inspection, the following is presented:

Clayton, Nevada Co., Ark., Jan. 28. Eureka Chemical & Mfg. Co., La Crosse, Wis.—Gentlemen: For forty years I used tobacco in all its forms. For twenty-five years of that time I was a great sufferer from general debility and heart disease. For fifteen years I tried to quit, but couldn't. I took various remedies, among others "No-To-Bac," "The Indian Tobacco Antidote," "Double Chloride of Gold," etc., etc., but none of them did me the least bit of good. Finally, however, I purchased a box of your "Baco-Curo" and it has entirely cured me of the habit in all its forms, and I have increased thirty pounds in weight and am relieved from all the numerous aches and pains of body and mind. I could write a quire of paper upon my changed feelings and condition.

Yours respectfully, P. H. Marbury, Pastor C. P. Church, Clayton, Ark.

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M. C. GREEN, M. D. Physician and Surgeon. Office at Residence Bridge street, Lowell, Mich.

G. G. TOWSLEY, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office hours, 10 am to 3 pm. and 7 to 8 pm.

J. M. GOODSPEED, M. D. Office and Residence on Hudson street. Office hours from 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. and 7 to 8 p. m, Sunday, 2 to 5 p. m.

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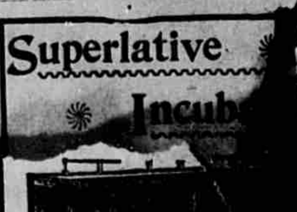
Superlative ... Incubator



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... BLAST

By Barnard Bigsly.

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"Oh, yes, he's very nice, isn't he? But I fear he's out of work, and, though he's such a perfect gentleman, I don't think we can rely on his stopping with us for long."

George laughed with enjoyment at his wife's forebodings; it was rather too good a joke to think that a Chicago shipwright in full pay couldn't afford to indulge in the purchase of a picture book.

"You are incorrigible, George," the wife said with laughing lips. Then a little seriously: "Is it likely to be a busy season at the dry-dock?"

"You bet. Why, Moore & Marston have more orders on hand than they can ever fill. The Red Star company has the lines laid for a hundred thousand dollar passenger boat. Burroughs & Watts have given orders for two ... tugs, and there are six barges I know will be turned out of our yard this summer."

"Times should be good, George."

"Never better."

At that moment the front door opened and a young woman entered—a tall, shapely girl, with good features, and fair hair lying on her forehead like a cloud of feathery glory; yet, there was a shadow of unhealth in the flawless transparency of her complexion, and her step lacked the lithness and activity of buoyant youth.

Alice Palmer's lines had not been cast in pleasant places, except so far as she was enabled to board with her sister, Nell Harland. She clerked in a great ... bazar kept by a P... brew merchant, who cared nothing for the helpless girls who sold his glittering wares, ... well that when one broke down—as, poor things, they were often in the habit of doing—there were a score to take her place.

"You look tired to-night, Ally," the mechanic said anxiously, as the girl took her place at the table.

"Tired!" she replied, "I am clean ... out. A big country excursion ... and the store ... be tired too, ... stand twelve ... with the ... your mind ... prosperity ... like you, selling ... for a beggar ... keeps them in ..."

"... said her brother-in-law, "there's something wrong ... society which permits such ... there ought to be a law to put a stop to it. There ought to be a law passed to compel employers of female labor to pay fair wages and decent treatment. But, Ally, throw the thing up, and rest till you can better yourself. You know how welcome you are to live with us."

"It may come to that, George, for something that has happened to-day leads me to expect my discharge on Saturday night."

"Oh, Ally, dear, how is that? They ... to think so much of you?" ... asked.

"... was through no fault of mine. ... know Charlie Grant, don't you?" ... the reporter on the Herald who is ... to marry Carrie Chambers? Yes, ... well, he came into the store to ... me a message for her, and while ... was talking to me Mrs. Buddulph, ... millionaire pork-packer's wife—oh, ... how I do hate those new rich ... drove up in her carriage and ... to my counter. Char... ... fully aside till she ... but as soon as ... she began a ..."

... George ... laughter. ... "boy!" he said ... "Ah, but ... So. While all ... were convulsed ... bounced out of ... minutes afterwards ... and said that he ... clerks to receive ... ness hours."

"He did, did he, the insolent puppy!" George vociferated, his face flushed with passion. "Back to the bazar you shall never go, Ally. Tomorrow I will call on him and settle it."

"You will do no such thing, George Harland," his wife interposed, decisively. "You will only be getting yourself into trouble, and no good will come of it. Perhaps Ally had better resign her position and wait for something more suitable."

Thus, it was resolved that another encumbrance should be laid on the broad back of the breadwinner, who shouldered the burden cheerfully, for George Harland had a big heart and never fretted over trifles.

The young women retired to put the children to bed, and the mechanic, well pleased with himself and his surroundings, drew his chair closer to the stove and lit his pipe to enjoy his usual evening smoke. As the clouds curled upwards to the ceiling the tint of his thoughts became ... less roseate—a feeling of unrest ... possessed him. Ally's health ... brutality ...

rankled in his mind, and for the first time in his life he found himself wandering whether "Windy" Atkins, the demagogue of the yard, was not right after all in his denunciation of capitalists and his florid portrayal of the wrongs of labor. It did seem cruel that a fairly-educated, well-behaved girl like Ally should be wearing herself out for a bare subsistence.

Then, there was that little trouble down at the yard—not worth making a fuss about, certainly not to be mentioned to Nell—perhaps, after all, he ought to have taken more interest in it and attended the meeting at O'Brien's saloon to-night. Hanged, if he didn't think it would be a good thing to go and talk the matter over with that editor-fellow, Grey, if he should chance to be in his room.

He found our hero up to his eyes in study, but cordially glad to see him.

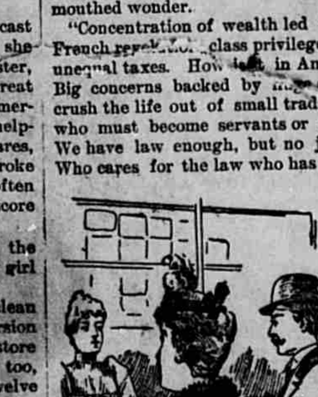
"I read that paper of yours, which Col. Gilchrist tossed into the waste basket, and see many good points in it—perhaps too conservative for these critical times, but that is a good fault."

"Well, sir," Harland answered, "I don't know, after all, that I'm right. It does seem hard that there should be so much suffering in this land of plenty, that one man should be rolling in riches and another equally industrious—for I take no account of loafers—should hardly be able to keep the wolf from the door."

"It does, indeed," Grey responded, decisively, thinking of his own attenuated services and inability to secure employment. "It is a hard problem to solve, and—" He paused and blushed scarlet. "I'm trying to master it. Don't think that I ever hope to be the apostle of the New Civilization, but I may be one of its pioneers."

Harland gazed at him with open-mouthed wonder.

"Concentration of wealth led to the French revolution; class privileges, and unequal taxes. How is it in America? Big concerns backed by ... capital crush the life out of small tradesmen, who must become servants or starve. We have law enough, but no justice. Who cares for the law who has money



"YOU OUGHT TO BE VERY GRATEFUL TO MR. BIDDULPH."

and influence sufficient to defy it? Our tax administration is a disgrace to civilization, and—"

"Still it's a pretty good country to live in, Mr. Grey."

"Yes, as long as your ox is not gored. If you could shut your eyes to the misery of thousands in this city of Chicago, you might think it a charming place to dwell in."

"And what are you going to do about it?"

"Mass labor against capital."

"By trades unions?"

"Yes. By concentrated action. By the power of the ballot box."

"Talking of trades unions, I want your advice as to a case in point."

"Proceed."

"We had two men in our yard who have scamped their work and, as the saying goes, 'sassed the boss,' who gave them the sack. Now, there's some kind of a fuss about the matter and ... of the men are attending a ... to-night to talk the matter ... I don't suppose it will amount ... much, but I'm kind of uneasy, and that's why I came upstairs."

"Oh, that is all nonsense. The workingmen of this country are too intelligent to make a mountain of such a molehill as that. I wouldn't worry about it if I were you."

Nevertheless, just as Harland that night was going to bed, a tap came to the door, and a fellow workman beckoned him outside.

"I've been to the meeting, George, and I thought I'd drop in and tell you how things went."

"You might have saved yourself the trouble," Harland laughed. "I know how things went, just as though I'd been there. 'Windy' Atkins made a screed on the bloated lumber lords, there was a good deal of beer consumed, and then Fred Sawyer and a few old hands just sat down on the silly performance."

"You are wrong, George," was the serious reply. "The only man who spoke at length was the walking delegate from New York, and—"

"Who in thunder's he?" Harland asked fiercely. "What can a New Yorker know about our local quarrels? And what did he say?"

"Ordered us all out on a strike without an hour's notice."

CHAPTER X.

A WOMAN'S WORD.

"From plague, pestilence and famine, from battle and murder and from sudden death," says the grand old Litany, "Good Lord, deliver us;" and assuredly, if the inspired sage who wrote these words had lived in the latter days, he would have added: "And from ... and walking delegates," for humanity confronts no evil more appalling than the pitiless edict which goes forth that the breadwinner shall not toil, and his women and children shall be martyrs to the Great Cause of Labor versus Capital. Down in the dust fall the devotees of reform and the juggernautic car of demagogism crushes them to powder.

Only one little month of four weeks has elapsed since the shadow of evil fell upon the shipyards, and see what changes ... has wrought. Men's very natures ... twisted from their normal beings ... the passions which stir within them.

And poor Joe Henderson—Harland's young friend who had just carried him the evil tidings—as honest a young fellow as ever wielded an adze, was one of the first victims of the unreasoning hatred of wealth—wrecking everything, even to Alice Palmer's love, for the bright "saleslady" was betrothed to him.

The shipbuilders, driven to exasperation by the unreasonable demands of the union on Moore & Marston, had voted a general "lock-out," and two thousand heads of families in the city of Chicago were out of employment. Men gathered at the street corners, crowded the great labor halls, paraded with bands and flags, or cheered in mass meetings Schlossinger's fierce denunciations of the bloated bondholders.

Meanwhile supplies from the labor league were served with tolerable regularity, and all felt that right must triumph over might.

Two months passed, and the subsidies from the central committee became less frequent. Still the masters stood firm; the men solid. Then went the startling whisper abroad that one hundred French-Canadian skilled mechanics had been hired in the place of the strikers, and that work would be resumed, under protection of big patrols of police, at Moore & Marston's yard on the following Monday.

Meanwhile how fared it with the Harlands? But badly. The insurance policy has lapsed, the upholsterer has taken away the parlor furniture, though it was nearly paid for, the sewing machine has been replevied, and Nellie's pretty volumes have been seized under ... contract" by the book agent. It is not a question of luxuries with them, but of bare subsistence.

An empty cupboard! It is difficult for one living in this land of plenty to realize what that means—what it means to see one's loved ones in want and lack the means of relieving them.

In vain Alice Palmer humbly appealed to Cohen for reemployment; the strike had hurt business, she was told, and she was not wanted.

Grey meanwhile was busy. He had spoken at one or two meetings and perhaps had done more harm to the cause of order than Schlossinger could accomplish in his wildest flights of blatant fury, for this young enthusiast brought forward batteries of strong argument that appealed to the reason rather than the emotion of men and made him converts of the cooler, steadier-hands, who had but laughed at their comrades' frenzies. Grey was intense, earnest, ready to lay down his life for the cause.

Now, when the Monday morning came on which it was announced that Moore & Marston's yard would be in "full blast" again, George Harland, who had all along declared that no union in a free country should stop him from working when work was to be got, started from his home with his dinner pail in his hand.

"Do not be a fool; you are risking your life," had been Grey's advice, nettled at the obstinacy of the man who would not acknowledge that the few must suffer for the benefit of the many.

"Do not go!" Alice cried, clinging tearfully on his arm.

"Pshaw, girl!" he replied roughly. "I never drew a cent of the union's money, and I've always declared that I would take the first job that came along. No man shall dictate ... whether I work or lie idle."

So George Harland went to his doom.

The day passed wearily for the women. Night came on, and with heart-beating anxiety they waited the coming of the breadwinner. "George is late," Nell said, nervously; "I do wish he would come."

"Oh, he will be here before long," Alice replied, with assumed cheerfulness.

"Hark!" the young wife screamed as she flew to the door: "What is that noise in the street?"

Grey, attracted by the tumult, flew downstairs and joined the trembling women.

What a sight met their gaze! Their George—the idol of this humble home—with blood-stained face and torn clothes—swinging his ax over his head and battling for his life against a hundred fierce assailants. In vain a dozen policemen rally round him. They are beaten down like grain before the sickle; and the mob, hoarse and furious, rushed over their bodies on to the victim. There was something grand in his despairing efforts, as, like a gladiator, he faced his enemies.

"Down with the scab! Kill him! kill him!" shriek a score of angry voices.

Ah, surely it is all over.

Felled to the earth by a crushing blow on the back of the head, he drops at the feet of his persecutors.

"Hang him! Hang him!" yell the infuriated mob.

But over his prostrate body stands Frank Grey, unarmed—pouring forth an impassioned appeal to the frenzied men to spare their victim. Impotent, but heroic effort. Men ... reason and become ... ferocity. An instant ... have lain beside ... when the hissing ... spread terror among ... Pinkertons! The ... cry, and as the ... police agency is ... backwards and forwards ... then breaks like ... by its own fury ... bends low over ... lifts the nerveless ... battered face ... God, ...

He helps Grey ... den to the h... He's piteous c... bed, he linger... door and tries ... sympathy, which ... fuse to form, ... to Alice, he ... door, and hea... a groan, as he ...

street, straight on his way to give himself up at the nearest police station.

For days George Harland's spirit hovered between life and death—and all the time ... was at the door, and the poor ... women knew not where to ... help, too proud even to let ... know they were lacking ... necessities of life.

"Allie," said ... sorrowful wife one day, when G... was convalescing, "will you take ... Willie? I am going down town."

"Yes; but where are you going, Nell?"

"To the pawnbroker's," was the sad reply.

"Oh, Nell!"

Those who live in less prosperous countries could hardly understand the tone of anguish in the girl's tones, where none is so poor he would not blush to own he had fled to that last refuge of the destitute.

"And I must bear my share of the sacrifice. Oh, do let me, Nell," and Alice ran to fetch the pretty trinkets and best dress it had cost her so much pinching to earn.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Cleveland, O., Mystic Shine meeting; one fare rate; selling dates, June 21, 22. Return June 25.

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Chicago, Ill., National Democratic convention; one fare rate; selling dates, July 3 to 6; return July 12.

Cincinnati, O., Grand Lodge Elks; one fare rate; selling dates not yet completed.

Bay View, Mich., Camp Meeting and Assembly; one fare rate; selling dates July 6 to 16; returning August 15th.

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Nov. ...

Lv.	Going East	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
"	Grand Rapids	7 00	1 30	5 25
"	Elmdale	7 35	2 04	6 04
Ar	Lowell	8 00	2 20	6 20
Lv	Lowell	8 15	11 20 A.M	4 20
"	Lansing	8 54	3 16	7 26
Ar	Detroit	11 40	5 40	10 10
		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
	GOING WEST	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Lv	Detroit	7 40	1 10	6 00
"	Lansing	10 24	3 32	8 37
		P. M.		
Ar	Lowell	2 20	6 20	
Lv	Lowell	11 20	4 20	
"	Elmdale	11 48	4 43	10 05
Ar	Grand Rapids	12 30	5 20	10 45
		P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

GOING SOUTH				
Lowell lv	7 00			
Pratt Lake	7 08			
Elmdale ar	7 15	11 40		
Elmdale lv		12 00 m		
Logan		12 10 p m	4 55
Freeport ar		12 20	5 05
G'd Rapids ar		12 30	5 20
Lansing	8 54	3 16	7 26
Detroit ar	11 40	5 40	10 10
GOING NORTH	No. 2	No. 4	No. 6
Det. via D.&L.		7 40 a m	1 10 p m
Lansing		10 24	3 32
Grand Rapids	7 00 a m	1 30 p m	5 25
Freeport		1 25	5 30
Logan		1 35	5 40
Elmdale ar		1 45	5 50
Elmdale lv	7 36	2 05	6 05
Pratt Lake	7 50	2 10	6 12
Lowell	8 00	2 20	6 20

Parlor cars on all trains between Grand Rapids and Detroit, seats 25 cents.

Trains arrive and depart from Front street passenger depot.

CHICAGO & WEST MICHIGAN RY.,

Trains leave Grand Rapids for Chicago 8:30 a. m., 1:25, p. m., 11:30 p. m.

Leave for Manistee, Ludington, Traverse City and Petoskey, 7:30, a. m., 5:30, p. m.

GEO. DeHAVEN, Gen. Pass. Agent, Grand Rapids.

W.H. Clark, Agent Lowell.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

Detroit & Milwaukee Division,

Time Table in Effect May. 4, 1896.

WESTWARD.

STATIONS	Morn. Exp No. 11, Ex Sunday	Mail No. 13, except Sunday	Steam'r Exp. No. 15, Ex Sunday	Chicago No. 17 Daily	Night Exp. except Sunday
	a m	a m	p m	p m	p m
Detroit Lv	6 55	11 15	4 05	8 00	10 45
Milwauk Jct	7 15	11 32	4 25	8 15	11 00
		p m			
Pontiac	8 00	12 17	5 07	8 58	12 15
					a m
Holly	8 41	1 08	5 51	9 39	1 14
Durand	9 35	2 00	6 50	10 15	2 13
Owosso Jct	10 15	2 30	7 30		3 05
Ionia	11 49	3 57	8 55	No. 23	5 08
	p m				
Lowell	12 17	4 25	9 24		5 46
G Rapids Ar	12 50	5 05	10 05	7 40	6 35
G R & I J Lv	1 05	5 10	10 09		6 55
Ferrysburg	2 05	6 10	11 00	8 40	8 40
G Haven	2 10	6 15	11 05	8 45	9 45
Chicago Ar		6 00			a m
Milwaukee			6 00		
	p. m.	p. m.	p. m	p. m.	

EASTWARD.

STATIONS	Express No 22 Daily	Steamer No 14 Ex Sunday	Mail No 16, Except Sunday	Eve'g Exp No 18, Ex Sund'y	Night Exp. No 82 Daily
	p m	p m	p m	p m	p m
Milwaukee	9 00	9 00			
Chicago			7 30		
G Haven Lv	7 10	5 40	9 00	2 10	6 00
G R & I Jct	8 12	6 37	10 05	3 12	10 40
G Rapids	8 15	6 45	10 20	3 25	11 00
Lowell		7 15	10 55	4 00	11 53
Ionia	No 12	7 40	11 22	4 28	12 35
	daily	am	p m		
Owosso Jc		8 57	1 15	6 00	3 05
	a m				
Durand	5 10	9 35	1 47	6 55	3 53
Holly	5 55	10 14	2 26	7 40	4 47
Pontiac	6 35	10 53	3 05	8 25	5 37
Milwauk Jct	7 15	11 32	3 45	9 05	6 30
Detroit Ar	7 35	11 50	4 05	9 25	7 05

Milwaukee and Chicago by steamer during navigation only.

Chair car, buffet car and sleeping car service.

Eastward No 12 has Pullman sleeper and buffet car attached Chicago to Detroit daily.

No. 14 has parlor buffet car attached Grand Haven to Detroit extra charge (25 cents). No. 18 has parlor car attached, extra charge, (25 cents). No. 82 has sleeper to Detroit.

Westward No. 11 has parlor car attached (extra charge 25 cents.) No 15 has parlor buffet car attached Detroit to Grand Haven (extra charge 25 cents). No. 17 has the finest of Pullman sleepers and buffet cars attached to Chicago daily. No. 81 has sleeper to Grand Rapids.

City office first door east of the King Milling Co. where tickets are on sale for all points through and local.

Open 7 a. m. to 8 p. m. Sunday, 4 to 5 p. m.

CHAS. M. HAYES, Gen. Mgr., Montreal P. O.

W. E. DAVIS, G. P. A., Montreal P. O.

A. O. HEYDLAUFF, Local Agent.

CHICAGO & GRAND TRUNK DIV.

Trains leave Durand for Battle Creek, Chicago and West at 9:35 a. m., 1:32 p. m., and 6:50, p. m. and 10:25 p. m.

For Flint, Port Huron and all points east, 5:03 a. m., 9.30 a. m., 6:35 p. m., and 10.20, p. m.

Cincinnati, Saginaw & Mackinaw R. R. trains leave Durand for Saginaw and Bay City 6:00 a. m, 9:40 a. m., and 6.50 p. m.

E. H. Hughes, Benj. Fletcher, T. P. A., A. G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

THE ROCHESTER HAY AND GRAIN CARRIERS

RIGGED FOR SLINGS OR TWO FORKS ONE ON EACH PULLEY.

AGENTS WANTED.

Address, W. G. RICKER, ROCHESTER, ...

QUEEN ... FULL CANOPY. ... CURTAINS ... EACH S... NO JOINTS ... MORRIS WOODH...

Lowell Markets.

Invariably corrected Friday morning.

Wheat, white	$ 55	@	
Wheat, red	55	@	
Butter	8	@	10
Onions		@	
Corn	30	@	
Oats	18	@	
Rye	30	@	
Barley, per hundred	75	@	80
Flour, per hundred	2 00	@	
Bran, per ton	12 00	@	
Middlings, per ton	12 00	@	
Corn meal, per ton	15 00	@	
Corn and oats, per ton	16 00	@	
Eggs	8	@	
Potatoes	10	@	
Beans	40	@	55
Beef	4 50	@	5 00
Pork	3 50	@	4 00
Chickens	8	@	9
Wool, washed	7	@	14
Wool, unwashed	5	@	10

FREE PILLS.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of constipation and sick headache. For malaria and liver troubles they have been proven invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c per box. Sold by L H Hunt & Co., druggist. 4

Look at the label on your paper, and if the date isn't 1896 you are behind and ought to come in and see us or send a remittance through the mail.

Charges will be made for cards of thanks and resolutions of condolence in this paper hereafter, as per advertising card at head of editorial column.

F. E. LOVETT, House Painter, Decorator. Paper and Graining, Wall Tinting. Painting a Specialty. ... guaranteed first class, and ... Cards ... east of Ledger ... All work ... prices reasonable ... Residence four doors ... office.

Hard Times Prices.

The undersigned has opened a blacksmith shop in the "checkered front" building and is prepared to do repairing, horseshoeing and general blacksmithing at rock bottom prices.

Shoes Re-set 12½ cents.

New Shoes, 25 cents.

Your patronage solicited.

John R. Scott.

... R·I·P·A·N·S ...

...well Ledger.

...EVERY FRIDAY AT

...LL, KENT COUNTY, MICH.,

—BY—

FRANK M. JOHNS...

...southern portion of the state. At Detroit trees, chimneys, signs, wagons and people were tossed about like toys, street cars traffic was badly crippled, but only one person was injured very severely—by lightning. Reports from Galesburg say grain was greatly damaged by being beaten to the earth. Three houses and the opera house at Crosswell suffered from lightning, but not seriously. D. R. Evans' house at Northville was struck by lightning; several cows on the Thompson farm were killed and the hired man considerably injured. Wilson's hardware store was considerably wrecked at Mt. Morris. Edward T. McGoldrich, aged 25, of Galesburg, was killed by lightning on a farm while taking refuge under a tree; his horse was also killed. J. F. Mason's general store was destroyed by lightning with a loss of $2,500, and Will Hotham's barn was damaged at Warren. A Detroit and Birmingham suburban car was badly wrecked. A large amount of timber was blown down near Royal Oak. Other points report damage also.

Music Teachers at Saginaw.

The eleventh annual meeting of the Michigan Music Teachers' association was held at Saginaw. The president, Mrs. Kate Marvin Kedzie, of Lansing, called the meeting to order and Mayor Baum delivered a formal address of welcome. Mrs. C. E. Marskey, president of the Polhymnia Club, also delivered an address of welcome. The president, Mrs. Kedzie, responded. The association then adjourned to listen to a piano recital by the famous artist, W. H. Sherwood, of Chicago, assisted by Perry Averill, of New York. ...tal was given by the Polyhymnia ...der the direction of Prof. ...ted by Mr. Sherwood, Miss ...ing and the Euterpean ...aginaw. A reception ... the clubs after the concerts, one day was occupied ... musicians and ...al very important ... Scharwenka. ... and by two ... was chosen ... Michigan association, and Frederick Xavier Detroit, secretary-treasurer ... Saginaw ... was selected for the next ...

Republican ... of ...

The Michigan ... Detroit association ... meeting.

... Editors of Michigan.

The Michigan Republican Press association held a two days' session at ... with a full attendance and all were taken to the state prison. After they got out business was taken up. The address by President Gilson counseled harmony and diligent, united labor for the ticket, platform and doctrines of the party. He said the national convention was the commanding officer, and as good soldiers the editors should fall in line and work for success. Hon. Perry F. Powers, of Cadillac, read a paper on "How Can the Michigan Republican Newspaper Association Best Co-operate With the Republican League?" Mrs. T. S. Applegate read a paper on "Women in Journalism." The libel law was ably discussed by Gen. Kidd, of Ionia, and Editor Conger, of the Grand Rapids Herald. It was decided to hold the next meeting at Port Huron.

At the close of the meeting the editors took a train to make a pilgrimage to Canton, O., where they visited and congratulated Gov. McKinley.

Polish Blood Shed ...

The troubles at ... hall ... there was ... lic church (Polish) ... last Friday ... tinues to be ... that one made its ... to everyone in the ... blame the little ...

... ...ticles in ... by the sw... other men's ... Who ... men possession ... nobles of the ... a big celebration ... Alma, ... across Grand ... as the superintendent ... children marched in the ... Sunday school rally day ... Grand Rapids.

... citizens of Omar held a large meeting to formulate plans for securing the county seat from Standish.

Over $12,000 was subscribed in one day at Flint for an electric railway between Flint and Fenton, via Long lake.

Andrew Thompson, aged 60, of Concord, was seriously if not fatally hurt while trying to break a three-year-old colt.

Mrs. W. A. Summers received burns that will prove fatal, caused by her dress catching fire from a gasoline stove.

Orlo Muskgrove, 23 years old, is being held at Montgomery on the charge of assaulting his 10-year-old sister.

Midland county supervisors have reduced county officials' salaries from 15 to 30 per cent—their own per diem included.

Mrs. Peter Bossette was thrown from her carriage at Lapeer and her skull was crushed, arm fractured and leg broken.

Thirty-two thousand crates of raspberries were shipped from Benton Harbor in one day, all being one days' picking.

The general synod of the Holland Christian Reformed church was held at Grand Rapids, the sessions being mostly in private.

The state convention of the Socialistic labor party will be held in Detroit, July 11, for the purpose of nominating a state ticket.

John Wise, who entered the residence of Mrs. Mary Lamb, near Mason, and tried to rob and criminally assault her, was convicted.

Frank Howard, of Jackson, was crushed by a train at Ypsilanti. Death was almost instantaneous. He tried to board a moving train.

Vicksburg voted on propositions to bond for $12,000 for water works and for $3,500 for electric lights and both carried by a good majority.

While bathing in Lake Huron Joseph Harrison, aged 12, of Point Edward, was taken with a cramp and drowned in four feet of water.

Miss Carrie Edwards fell down stairs with a lamp at Sturgis. The flame ignited her hair and her hands, face, neck and shoulders were terribly burned.

...ellowship, or professorship, is to be established at the U. of M. by the alumni, in the name of President James B. Angell in honor of his 25 years of service.

Three upper peninsula persons were drowned in one day: Kate Tophela, aged 9, and Xavier Gillet, aged 11, near Calumet; John J. Cleary, near Escanaba.

Chas. Presnall, aged 18, ran away from home several months ago. His widowed mother has just received word that he was killed by the cars at Blackburn, Mo.

The board of regents in executive session at Ann Arbor voted to bestow diplomas upon candidates numbering 745, the largest class ever graduated from the University.

Daniel Dumas, while riding with a friend, near Lake Linden, was thrown from the vehicle by the horses running away and, striking upon his head, received fatal injuries.

The plant of the Grand Rapids Mattress Co. was almost destroyed by fire. Of the large two-story brick factory only the walls remain. The loss will reach $25,000; insured.

The Lake Superior Iron Mining Co. at Ishpeming has reduced the working forces by letting out 425 men. The output of the mine will be thus restricted by 1,000 tons of ore daily.

Mrs. Chas. Elwell, of Vienna township, Genesee county, arose from her ... midnight and jumped to the ... below; her collar bone ... was badly hurt.

... met with a se... his farm in Gilead, ... A large barn door ... crushing him, dislocat... and severely bruising ...

... time since Gogebic ... 10 years ago, people ... attention to farming. ... miners have found ... only escape from ...

... met to discuss ... and politics. ... but it is un... about bringing the ... to bear on the ...

...onklin, aged 65, near ... mistook a pitcher of gas... and started to pour it on the gasoline stove. In ... clothing took fire and ... to death.

... has issued a proclamation ... July 11, 1896—the one-hundredth anniversary of the surrender of ... British forces to the Americans ... state holiday, and urging ... citizens to join with Detroit ... in celebrating the event.

... J. Lamb, a well-known commission merchant, of Grand Rapids, ... arrested for alleged fraudulent use of the mails. An Allegan ... order, shipped him ... eggs. ...

... congress $3.00 shoes ... sell at $1.50. ... these shoes the ... handiest for ... blocks in the usual way. ... machine driven by two ... can turn out about 9,000 per day. We should be in... the cohesive properties ... itself. All woods are not ... resin, and in most cases ... of a small percentage of ... other inflammable ag... be advantageous.

... to bicycling on Me... it is not a day for ... who has seen the ... muddy clothes ...

The anti-saloon league, which recently opened state headquarters at Grand Rapids, employed Rev. John F. Brant, of Cleveladd, as superintendent and organizer and has begun to push local work at various points.

The new Presbyterian church was dedicated at St. Louis, Rev. Barclay, of Detroit, delivering the sermon. All but $108 of the $2,000 indebtedness was raised. The church is a beautiful structure and a credit to the city.

The glycerine house of the Lake Superior Powder works at Marquette, blew up, throwing a column of smoke and red flame over a 100 feet high. Of the half a dozen workingmen in the immediate vicinity not one was injured.

The Berrien Springs Water Power Co. has been granted the right, and will at once construct a dam 20 feet high across the St. Joseph river near Benton Harbor to obtain power for an acetylene gas plant and two other factories.

Editor J. N. Klock, of Benton Harbor, was arrested for violating the new bicycle ordinance, which orders the use of bell and lantern and forbids riding on sidewalks. In his paper Klock had vigorously advocated the new ordinance.

Deputy Game Wardens H. L. Avery and Alfred Ashley seized some more nets valued at $320, in the bay off New Baltimore. Mr. Avery's little steam yacht Bouncer did the work. This makes about $2,000 worth of nets scooped up there this year.

Capt. Wm. Stoner, an old and well known lake captain, who has suffered from nervous prostration for some time past, attempted suicide at Monroe by jumping from the bridge into the river but he was rescued with great difficulty before he was unconscious.

A Lake Shore engine struck a milk wagon at Kalamazoo throwing the horse 50 feet over a fence, killing Clarence Skillman, the driver, had leg broken and was fatally injured internally. Ernest Fountain was also badly bruised. The wagon was demolished.

The weekly weather crop bulletin says cooler weather has improved wheat, which is now beginning to turn. Rye continues do well. Corn is growing slowly, but is in good condition. Early potatoes are coming up finely. Haying is general, with a good crop. Grasshoppers are doing much damage in various localities.

L. C. Stockton, late of Sidney, Neb., has associated himself with D. A. Reynolds, of Lansing, and has begun the publication of an evening paper at Lansing devoted to the interests of free silver and such other reforms as the convention to be held in St. Louis July 22 may incorporate in its platform.

A farmer of Argentine, Genesee Co., who has been bothered with the codling moth claims to have a sure method for exterminating the pest. He places a common fishing light about two feet from the ground after dark, and the insects gather about the light by thousands, and flying too close to it, are burned to death.

Berrien Springs has voted to issue $20,000 bonds to build a dam across the St. Joseph river and put in an electric light and water works system. At the special election 180 votes were cast, every one in favor of the proposition. The township of Oronoko, in which Berrien Springs is situated, voted $10,000 for the same purpose.

Herman Cole, of Manistee, was killed at North park, Grand Rapids, in a balloon ascesion. A strong west wind was blowing and the balloon dashed against the switch back pavilion. Cole hung for an instant and then his grasp loosened and he fell about 30 feet, striking on his neck. A large crowd witnessed the tragedy.

The trial of Rev. C. E. Lee, of the Second Baptist church, of Grand Rapids, charged with improper conduct toward a young lady member of the congregation, lasted all night and the sun was well up when the clergyman and laymen adjourned. The finding of the of the council was not made public, but one member says that Lee will never preach again.

William and Frank Donnelly, of Emmet, went to Memphis for the express purpose of clearing out the town. After getting thoroughly drunk, they vigorously assaulted several inoffensive citizens, nearly killing Col. Jack McGreary. They were arrested by the marshal and several assistants, after being hammered into submission. Justice Groat fined them $25 and costs each.

Harry C. Morrill and a lady friend were sailing on Sand lake, near Cedar Springs, when Clifford Curtis, passed in another boat, and asked Morrill in a joking way when he was going to get married. Morrill went ashore, took the lady home, returned to where Curtis had landed and demanded an explanation of his words. Curtis refused and Morrill pulled out his knife and made a dive for Curtis. Henry Curtis, a brother, came upon the scene and Morrill stabbed him three times. Curtis is in a precarious condition.

Knights of St. John, in session at Dayton, O., re-elected the old o... and chose Erie, Pa., for the next meeting.

The first portion of the ... destined for Cuba will embark ... Spain on 20 steamers the latter part of August. They will number 50,000 ...

Emperor William, of Germany, ... preparing for a long cruise along the coast of Norway during which time he will study the currency question. In official circles in Berlin it is ex... that a fresh attempt ... German...

THE FOUR QUARTERS

NEWS OF INTEREST FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE.

Ninety Miners Imprisoned in a Mine by a Cave-in, Without Any Hopes of Their Rescue Alive—Washington County Visited by a Cloudburst.

Ninety Miners Buried Alive.

While 90 miners were at work in the Red Ash vein of the Twin shaft, at Pittston, Pa., the roof caved in, and it is believed that all of the men perished. About 40 of the imprisoned men were English-speaking miners, the others foreigners. The men were at work propping up the roof when the fall occurred. The alarm was immediately given, and rescuers were put to work without delay, but after 12 hours work not a single body had been found. At that hour all hope of finding any person alive had been abandoned. Supt. Lathrop, of the Lehigh Valley Coal Co., who is authority, says it will be 10 days before the bodies are reached.

Later—After 60 hours hard work it is almost a settled fact that of the small army of men who are entombed in the ill-fated Twin shaft at Pittston not one survives. Not only is every approach to their dark tomb barricaded by enormous masses of rock and debris, but it is known that in the mine there is a large quantity of water which increases in volume every minute. Thus the chances of recovering their bodies are more remote than ever. Prominent officials say that weeks or months may be consumed in clearing away the fallen coal in order to reach the bodies of the victims.

Silver the Thing for Indiana Democrats

The Democratic state convention for Indiana was the largest ever held. The silver sentiment had developed rapidly and the advocates of free coinage had with comparative ease captured a controlling interest in the convention, instructing their Chicago delegates to stand through thick and thin by the most extreme silver deliverance and the nomination of Gov. Claude Matthews to the presidency. The platform also advocated the recognition of Cuba. The candidate for governor, B. F. Shively, made a vigorous, enthusiastic speech, giving special attention to the indorsement of the silver plank, which is as follows:

We reaffirm our adherence to and faith in the democratic doctrine of bimetalism, and therefore we demand the immediate restoration of bimetalism by the free and unrestricted coinage of both silver and gold as primary money, at the ratio of 16 to 1, with ut waiting the co-operation of Great Britain or any other foreign power, all such coinage to be full legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private.

Serious Cloudburst in Ohio.

The northeastern portion of Washington county, O., suffered heavy damage from a cloudburst, particularly along the eastern tributaries of the Little Muskingum river. At a settlement called Fifteen the church, school house and five dwellings were washed away. Slabtown, a place of 12 cottages, was washed away and the cottages were carried down the Ohio river. In the same village Evilseer's flour mill, Ketts' store and Heslop's postoffice were swept down stream. On Archer's Fork Geo. Deucher's flour mill, McCowan's general store and the dwellings of Geo. Deucher, Thomas Ludington, Jacob Davis, James Courtney and John Gordon have disappeared. In the neighborhood of Hill's postoffice three school houses were carried away by the flood. If any lives have been lost no reports have been made.

New York Democrats.

One day sufficed for the Democratic state convention at Syracuse, N. Y. The platform adopted declares that the decline in the commercial value of silver has brought about a disparity between that metal and gold which can only be adjusted with the co-operation of other governments. Until an international agreement can be reached it declares for the maintenance of the existing gold standard. It also reiterates the "tariff for revenue only" clause and indorses Cleveland's administration. A resolution expressing sympathy with the insurgents in Cuba was adopted. The delegates-at-large are as follows: David B. Hill, Roswell P. Flower, Edward Murphy, Jr., Frederick R. Coudert. Alternates-at-large, Robert Earl, Smith M. Weed, Jacob A. Canter, William Purcell.

PARAGRAHIC CHRONICLE.

John Hays Hammond has sailed from Cape Town for America.

The national Sunday school convention was held in Tremont temple, Boston.

Free silver made a good start at a big meeting at Cooper Union hall, New York City. Senator Ben Tillman, of South Carolina, was the principal speaker.

Gen. W. W. Wilson, an American, who with about 18 men, four of whom were graduates of West Point, landed in Cuba early in December last with 200 rifles, 50,000 rounds of ammunition, supply of dynamite, etc. has been killed in battle.

Wm. Ryan, of Virginia, ... returned from Havana. He ... Maceo visited Ha... that he had an ... Ryan claims th... Cubans' ho... recognizin...

A NEW CANDIDATE.

Ohio Democrats Declare for Silver and Boom John R. McLean for President.

The state convention of the Democrats of Ohio resulted in a new presidential banner being flung to the political breeze. The keynote of the convention was silver. On that issue all the nominations were based. Neither the temporary nor the permanent chairman nor any others referred to anything else in their speeches and the platform covers only that one issue. Gen. A. J. Warner presided. The following nominations were made: Secretary of state, Chilton A. White; judge of the supreme court, E. J. Blandin; dairy and food commissioner, Patrick McKeown; member of board of public works, William Beaumont.

Ex-Gov. Campbell has been the favorite of Buckeye Democrats for the presidential race until the silver wave struck and on this question he was following the gold standard doctrine too closely. Therefore the name of John R. McLean was presented as Ohio's choice and he received 618 votes out of 673. The delegates-at-large are, John R. McLean, Allen W. Thurman, L. E. Holden, E. B. Finley. McLean is proprietor of the Cincinnati Enquirer and has been advocating free silver for years in his paper. L. E. Holden is proprietor of the Morning Plain Dealer and the Evening Post at Cleveland and has also been a strong advocate of free silver. E. B. Finley, while in congress, was an ardent a silver man. Allen W. Thurman, kept up a silver organization in Ohio when that element was in the minority at Democratic conventions. He is a son of the late Allen G. Thurman, who ran on the ticket with President Cleveland in 1888. Chilver A. White, who heads the ticket for secretary of state, served in congress during Lincoln's administration.

NEWS ITEMS IN BRIEF.

France has decided to admit foreign corn to her markets.

Lyman Trumbull, the eminent jurist and statesman, died at Chicago, aged 83.

Miss Lydia Bowsher, aged 64, was ground to pieces by a C., H. & D. train, at Lima, O.

Texas Democrats send a silver delegation to Chicago, instructed for Bland, of Missouri.

Gold was howled down and a 16 to 1 coinage plank adopted by North Carolina Democrats.

Irving L. Ford, the Negro who brutally murdered little Elsie Kreglo, on May 4, was hanged at Washington.

The latest method of booming the free silver idea is the production of a drama at Chicago entitled "The Silver Lining."

The information that the United States is thinking of purchasing the Danish West Indies has created a sensation in London.

Thos. Colt, Elbert Noble and Dominica Romero were hanged at the Colorado state penitentiary for the murder of Policeman Solomon at Trinidad.

Armenia is again appealing to the Christian world for food, clothing and shelter. Many of the persecuted people are living on grass and herbs.

While sailing on Clearwater lake, Minn., a yacht capsized, drowning Anna and John Putnam and Bessie Newhall, of Minneapolis, and a Mr. Sherman, of St. Paul.

Georgetown, British Guiana, has a financial panic on as a result of the boundary dispute with Venezuela. Numerous firms have failed and business is at a standstill.

P. B. Evans, of Utica, O., shot into a charivari party making a noise because of the marriage of his daughter. A bullet struck James Arrington and killed him almost instantly.

Ex-State Senator L. C. Ohl, of Mahoning county, O., was acquitted of the charge of offering a bribe to Senator Avery to hold up an appropriation bill for the Ohio State university.

James J. Corbett and Tom Sharkey, the navy champion, met in fistic combat at San Francisco. The fight was fierce and was declared a draw owing to police interference. Sharkey seemed to have the best of it.

Georgi Berovitch, prince of Samos, has been appointed governor of Crete in succession to the Moslem governor, Pasha. The Island of Samos is autonomous, although it pays tribute to the Turkish government, and Prince Georgi Berovitch is a Christian.

Jerome Rowan, a rich banker of Batavia, N. Y., and father of Lansing Rowan, the California actress who challenged Corbett to meet her in a scientific sparring contest, committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart when he read of his daughter's challenge.

The Chicago Post publishes an article to the effect that Henry Villard and other American and European capitalists have completed plans to secure a through line from the Atlantic to the Pacific by combining the B. & O., Chicago & Great Western and Northern Pacific.

Li Hung Chang, the Chinese premier, while visiting the polytechnic at Charlottenberg, Germany, submitted to the Roentgen ray examination, which showed the track of the bullet fired by the would-be assassin while he was at Shimoneski, Japan, arranging a treaty of peace between China and Japan. The bullet was soon located.

Six persons were drowned at Shawano lake, Wis., during a gale. A party consisting of O. A. Risum and wife, Herman Drackrey and wife, Louis Gokey, wife and child, Miss Emma Garbrecht and Miss Margaret Crow, started from Cecil in a yacht for a few days' outing on the lake. When about three miles from shore the boat ... capsized by a sudden ... Risum and Mr. Drackrey ... capsized yacht for several ... latter holding a child ... fore they were arrested...

Hon. M. Romero, Me... to the United States, has ...

M'KINLEY A...

Committee Notifies Hi... tion as Candidate fo...

The members of t... pointed by the St. Lo... notify ex-Gov. McKin... ation for the presidenc... in a special train and w... ton by a permanent campaign committee organized in that city. In carriages and tally-hos they were taken to the McKinley residence at the head of a big procession. When the ex-governor appeared before the assembled thousands Senator Thurston, as chairman of the committee, made a characteristic eloquent speech delivering the official notification. The crowd was enthusiastic and repeatedly cheered the sentiments expressed. When quiet was restored Major McKinley arose and delivered his reply, accepting the nomination in words full of patriotic fervor, pledging himself to stand by the platform adopted by the Republican party and declaring that protection and reciprocity were needed to make our county prosperous.

Mystic Shriners.

The twenty-second annual session of the Imperial Council of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine was held at Cleveland. One of the big features of the day was the parade in which about 4,000 shriners marched dressed in their picturesque costumes. New imperial officers are: Imperial potentate, Harrison Dingman, Washington, D. C.; deputy, Albert D. McGaffy, of Denver, Col.; chief sabban, Ethelbert Allen, Kansas City, Mo.; assistant sabban, John H. Atwood, Leavenworth, Kas.; high priest and prophet, Wm. H. S. Wright, St. Paul, Minn.; oriental guide, Lew B. Windsor, Grand Rapids, Mich.; treasurer, Wm. S. Brown, Pittsburg; recorder, Benjamin W. Rowell, Lynn, Mass. Detroit was fixed upon as the place of holding the convention in 1897.

A Whole Family Killed Without Cause

The American three-masted schooner Mabel Hooper, of Rockland, Me., brings news of fresh atrocities by the Spanish troops in Cuba. Near Sagua, province of Santa Clara, an American named Gonzales owned a tobacco plantation, but failed ... his tobacco to the Spanish ... when ordered to do so. ... that the Spaniards had ... horses so he could not ... This was apparent... Gonzales was esc... of troops. He w... his family into ... troops then built fir... family endeavored to ... shot down as they cam... his wife and four little ... murdered.

Thousands of Men Idle.

The annual depression in manufacturing circles has arrived. At McKeesport, Pa., with the exception of two mills in the butt weld department, the entire plant of the National Tube Works Co., the National Rolling Mills and the Dewees wood, iron and steel mills are shut down and 12,000 men are out of employment for an indefinite period. The Braddock Wire works, the largest of the plants of the consolidated steel and wire company, followed the ruling of the wire nail trust and shut down, throwing 800 more out, and the trouble over the Amalgamated association scale will cause 7,500 ... to be added to the list.

David Belasco recovered a ... at New York for $16,000 aga... Fairbank, a millionaire so... facturer and pork packer, of ... for training Mrs. Leslie Carter ... stage.

THE MARKETS.

LIVE STOCK.

	Cattle	Sheep	Lambs
New York—			
Best grades	$4 30 4 65	$4 25	$6 75
Lower grades	3 00 .4 00	3 00	[illegible]
Chicago—			
Best grades	4 15 .4 50	4 00	[illegible]
Lower grades	3 50 .4 00	[illegible]	[illegible]
Detroit—			
Best grades	3 75 .4 00	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lower grades	3 00 .3 60	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cincinnati—			
Best grades	3 90 .4 10	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lower grades	3 00 .3 75	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cleveland—			
Best grades	3 80 .4 00	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lower grades	3 00 .3 60	[illegible]	[illegible]
Pittsburg—			
Best grades	4 00 .4 ...	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lower grades	3 00 .3 ...	[illegible]	[illegible]

GRAIN, ETC.

... 12.00 per ton. ... per bu. Live ... turkeys, ... per doz. Butter, ... creamery, 16c.

... OF TRADE.

... is not clear to some ... in recent conventions ... for coinage and expectation ... the monetary action of the ... the woolen mills have ... as to wages ... stoppage ... the weakness of wheat and of ... the returns of harvesting ... wheat and ... decidedly ... not ... the great staples are not likely to be ...

An aerolite fell near the home of Thos. Richards at Alliance, O., shaking his house by the force of the concussion with the earth. Richards dug it up, finding a spheroid of meteoric iron weighing nine pounds.

At the convention of the National ... association at James... elected as ... Hays, De... Will Kel... presi... Tenn.; ...yton, O.; ...go, Ill.

...ono-

...every bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla contains 100 doses. This is true only of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure biliousness, headache.

EIGHTY-FOUR YEARS.

Old Clock Which Can Hold Its Own with a Modern Timepiece.

J. C. McCoy of St. Louis is in possession of a remarkable clock that has an interesting history, says the Boston Advertiser. It was made in 1816. This ... horologe was originally the timepiece of the old Territorial bank of St. Louis, which was chartered in 1813 ... was the first bank west of the Mississippi river. At the close of that institution, the clock passed into the possession of the Bank of Missouri in 1818. When that establishment collapsed in 1822 the clock became the property of the bank's president, Col. T. F. Riddick. After his death in 1831 it served as a timepiece for his son-in-law, the late C. T. Billon. From him it went to his brother, F. L. Billon. It was kept by him over thirty years, and his death, some months ago, led up to a condition which has forced the family to think of selling it. During the long period which the venerable clock has spent in Missouri it has been kept constantly running, without ... any repairs, except an occasional cleaning, and records time with excellent accuracy. It is what was originally known as a "Willard timepiece," being named after the patentee and manufacturer of that style of clocks in Connecticut. The clock is made in the fashion of colonial time pieces, the pendulum swinging in a square box which is suspended from the dial. That portion of the clock which protects the shaft ... pendulum bears painted ... of which is a mediaeval ...

...OT THE ... Have, ... Yourself of ... Pai...

BACKACHE?

Here's the Way to Rid ... the Weariness and ... Attending It.

Some people suffer with headaches, many people are worn out and weary all the time, many more people have lame back and backache. Few people understand the real cause of their aches, and fewer yet know how easily they can find a cure. Just a word of explanation before we prove that what we say is true. The back is the key-note of the kidneys. It aches; that's a sign that the kidneys are not working properly; it is lame; another sign, the kidneys are out of order. The kidneys, you know, are the filters of the blood, but filters sometimes get clogged up. This means in their case that the blood courses through the entire system impregnated with poisonous uric acid, bringing on many a disorder which, if neglected, means disease perhaps incurable. And ... about the cure:—Don't take our word ... it; read what others say:

Mr. David C. Oaks is proprietor of the well known hardware and paint shop at ... East Main Street, Kalamazoo. Mr. ... has suffered a great deal from kidney ...; he described his condition and ... as follows: "I had a bad, lame back, ... I suppose was caused by my kidneys. ... was confined to my bed during bad ... I might say, from time to time, ... have been in that condition for years. ... urinary organism was affected, urine ... scanty, highly colored, and difficult ... passage. I was in a bad shape when ... box of Doan's Kidney Pills, about ... had heard. I have used now ... of them, and the pills have ... the pain and trouble. There ... improvement right from ... it has continued right ... Doan's Kidney Pills are the right ... right place."

... all dealers—price, 50 cents. ... Foster Milburn Co., Buffalo, ... agents for the U. S. Remember ... and take no other.

... a hobby is always com... ... is too slow.

... Dr. Thomas' Eclec... ... the pain of the ... is an ideal family ...

... squeals the most. ...te.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

But that day, and other days, passed without my seeing a sign of him. I spent nearly all the hours of daylight on the coast. Again and again I went through the scene which I had pictured. I stood a few paces from him on a stretch of sand. I reproached him, and exulted in the vengeance which I was about to take. I could see myself raise my right hand, and fire. I could see the man fall lifeless. Over and over again during those weary hours of waiting I acted my part in this drama.

I gloried in the thought that he was now famous that life held great prizes which his hand could grasp. He had cut short my dream of joy. I could do even more to him. I could kill him when the ball of success and ambition was at his feet. In the first flush of his triumph he would find me waiting for him. Oh, it was well I had been tardy in my acts! I could now take far more than life from my foe!

So day after day I sat or lay on the coast, full of such thoughts as these. Except when looking for my foe, I spent all my time in my own room. Day after day went by, but we met not. I supposed him to be away from home. No matter. I could wait a month, a year, ten years. Had I not sweet thoughts wherewith to while away the time? I made no more inquiries about him. I was afraid he might hear of them, and guess who wanted him. I waited calmly and patiently.

CHAPTER VIII.

ONE morning I stayed later than usual in my room. Glancing through my window, which looked upon the broadest part of the dusty road running through the village, I saw that St. Seurin was in such festival guise as it could assume. Men, women, and children were standing about, dressed in holiday clothes. Then I remembered that the girl who waited upon me had said something about to-day being a great festival of the Church. I had given little heed to her words. I watched the crowd for a few minutes, and presently saw a sight which, had my mood been happier, would have delighted me. Girls and boys came, bearing tall wicker baskets full of leaves, pulled from various flowers and green shrubs. The sandy space in front of me was cleared. A young man ran nimbly from point to point, tracing as he went lines in the dust. Then, seizing the baskets, one after another, he distributed their glowing contents in such a way that in less than twenty minutes what looked like a carpet of a variegated pattern, formed of flowers, covered the dusty space.

As he hastily threw the last splash of crimson roseleaves into its place, the procession of priests, acolytes, and choristers appeared. It paused on the fair carpet, and some ceremony, such as blessings, was gone through. Every hat was doffed, every knee was bent—all save one. There, on the outskirts of the crowd, with head uncovered, in deference to others, but standing erect, I saw the tall form of Eustace Grant.

He had returned! A thrill of delight ran through me as I gazed on the hated features of the man who had robbed me of all I cared for. I drew back into the room, and watched him through my window. My time had come!

The procession resumed its march. The people followed it: most likely to the church. The space was all but deserted. The various hues of the flower carpet were now blended together without order or pattern. Grant replaced his hat, crossed the road, and struck down a path which could only lead to the sea. I laughed as I saw him disappear.

With a grim deliberation I threw open the barrels of my pistols, and loaded them afresh. No lack of precaution on my part should aid the escape of my enemy. Then I sat down and waited. I wanted him to have a fair start, so that our meeting might take place as far up that deserted coast as possible.

When I thought I had given him sufficient grace, I sallied forth in pursuit. I turned down to the sea as he had turned. I ... the foot of the hill which ... St. Seurin from the ... then stood with the ... my right hand, and ... away in front of ... in the distance ... on the ...

...within three hundred yards of him, I noticed that his head was bent forward, as is natural to those who think as they walk. His hands were behind him, and he paced the coast with a slow, but lengthy stride. Little he guessed who was upon his traces!

Suddenly he turned aside, and struck up the beach toward the cliff. I stood still and watched him. I saw him reach the top of the beach; then, as it were, disappear into the face of the cliff. I doubled my pace and hurried on, laughing in vengeful glee. I had him now! For by this time I knew every foot of that coast line. I knew that at the spot where Grant had vanished some convulsion of nature had torn the rocks apart; that entering through what looked like a narrow fissure, you came upon a straight smooth space, bounded by unscalable crags, and carpeted by a soft white sand. Not a cave, because it was open to the heavens; but all the same a natural cul de sac.

I had found this place. I had explored it. I had even longed that Eustace Grant might be in there, while I stood at the entrance and held him like a rat in a trap. And now the thing I longed for had come to pass. Perhaps to escape from the heat of the sun my enemy had chosen the one place in which I wished to meet him. I was right in saying that fate was shaping everything to my hand. Here I should face him, force him to fight, and slay him! I had him now!

Strange to say, no thought of an issue adverse to myself entered my head. So confident, so certain I felt, that I paused for a while at the entrance of the trap, and steeled my heart by recalling all the wrongs which I had suffered. I stood there until the sun made the barrel of the pistol, which I had drawn from my breast, as hot as fire.

Then I crept between the two rocks, and went to reckon up with Eustace Grant!

The change from the brilliant sunshine to the ... gloom of the grot, or whatever it ... could be called, was so sudden that for a moment I could not distinguish objects. When my eyes grew accustomed to the shade, I saw that Grant was lying on a heap of sand at the farthest end of the ravine. His broad-brimmed hat was by his side, and he seemed fast asleep. I crept toward him. My feet made no sound as they trod on the soft dry sand. I stood over him and looked down on his powerful face, strong, sun-burned neck, and large, muscular limbs. He looked the type of manhood. Ah! no wonder he could win a woman's love if he strove for it!

A note book lay near his left hand. Most likely he had been jotting down something which struck his fancy, when the grateful shade and the murmur of the distant sea had lulled him to sleep—a sleep from which he would awake only to sleep again forever! Nay, I might have placed the muzzle of the pistol next his heart, and have sent him, without awakening, from one sleep to another. But I had no intention of murdering the man in cold blood; nor would it have suited me for him to die without knowing to whom his death was due. Besides I meant it to be a fair duel—a duel to the death—between us. So I stooped, and I laid one of my pistols near his right hand; then I walked back toward the mouth of the grot, leaned against a rock, and waited for him to awake.

Not for a moment do I attempt to disguise the devilish, vengeful feelings which could urge me in this calm manner to plan and compass this man's death. Now that years have passed since that day, I do not even ask you to bear in mind the wrong that had been done me. I simply relate what I did, and shall not murmur at the blame which I know will be meted out to me.

The man slept soundly. I waited; but no thought of foregoing my purpose entered into my brain. I waited until the dread that we might be disturbed struck me. I had gloated over my promised victim long enough. Now let me act the crowning act.

I detached a loose morsel of rock, and tossed it toward the sleeping man. It fell on his outstretched hand. He started, rose to a sitting posture, rubbed his eyes; then, looking round, saw me, and knew why I was there. He saw the look of triumph and fell purpose on my face; he saw the pistol in my hand; he sprung to his feet, and took a step toward me.

I raised my hand and covered him with the pistol. He must have looked almost down the muzzle. "Stand still," I said, "or I fire!"

The bravest man may well hesitate ere ... rushes on certain death. Eustace ... short. My voice, ... told him that ... The steady ... aimed a... though my weapon was still ... at his broad breast. Deadly as my hate was I was fain to admire his courage.

"I think you are mad," he said; "but listen, I have something to say."

I stamped my foot: "Coward! villain! take that pistol or I swear I will shoot you as you stand!"

He stooped and picked up the weapon. A wave of fierce delight ran through me. The moment of reckoning was at hand.

Yet he balked me. He held up his hand, and fired both barrels in the air. I uttered a cry of rage.

"You are a man of honor, I suppose?" he said. "You cannot slay a defenseless man."

I thrust my left hand into my pocket and threw a handful of cartridges toward him. He should not escape me.

He hurled the pistol from him far over the top of the rock. My hope of killing him in fair fight was gone. I gritted my teeth, and swore that nevertheless he should not escape. "Coward!" I shouted, with my finger trembling on the trigger.

He was bold, for he still stood erect and faced me. His face grew pale. No wonder, for death was close at hand. He spoke; his voice was clear and distinct.

"Listen," he said, "one moment before you stain your soul with this crime. Viola, your wife—"

He said no more. The sound of her name roused in me a burst of mad fury; all my enforced calm left me. "Silence, you hound!" I shouted.

Grant must have seen the change in my face, and guessed what it presaged. Doubtless life was dear, very dear to him. He sprung toward me. My finger pressed the trigger, and the report rang out. My hand as I fired was as steady as a rock, and before I saw the effect of my bullet I knew that it had done its work.

The smoke cleared off. Grant was staggering to and fro. His hand was pressed to his right breast, and the red blood was creeping through his closed fingers and dyeing his pure white coat. Suddenly he fell, and lay like a log at my feet. The thing which I had for nights and days sighed for had come to pass.

But not with the effect I had pictured. Instead of the exultation which I had promised myself, a tide of utter horror swept through me. One, only one, thought filled my brain—I had taken this man's life, and was a murderer.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What Girls Are Doing.

Some young people anxious to have a last opportunity of meeting socially before the season breaks up formed the idea of giving a progressive dinner party. It is not an entirely new idea, but when such a dinner as was given the other evening is well managed, and the right young people are brought together, it works admirably and is most amusing. A progressive dinner party, to one who does not know, sounds very queer. It suggests progress in cooking—being asked to partake of progressive dishes, if so they may be called. But in this case it was the men who progressed (not the girls; they are progressing fast enough). So, to begin with, the invitations were sent out as to any ordinary dinner party, only with "Progressive Dinner" written in one corner. The usual card given to each man as he enters the house, designating whom he was to take in, was the same as at any other dinner party. Dinner was served at eight o'clock. At the end of every course each man changed his seat to the one on the other side of his companion, it being so arranged that he would return at the end of the dinner to the girl whom he took in. It was great fun, and although it did not give much time for talk, still they had an opportunity for variety in conversation, and every one seemed to enjoy it immensely. The young hostess, having excellent taste, besides a deal of talent for drawing, had made out especially pretty menus and dinner cards, each one with a little sketch and appropriate verse. She also took the entire decoration of the table in her own hands, and it did her credit. Spring flowers were used instead of the conventional roses, and there were lilacs, buttercups, arbutus, all in profusion, with candle shades of white chiffon and silk. This dinner was given in a private house, but similar dinners have been given at Sherry's on a much larger scale—small tables for four to six—and a dance afterwards. The girls seemed to prefer the informality of the smaller one. It is too late in the season to be formal.—From Harper's Bazar.

An Ohio Girl's Strange Faculty.

Miss Harriet Morgan died recently in Piketon, O., from quick consumption contracted last winter while going to watch at the bedside of a sick friend. She possessed one peculiarity which had given her considerable notoriety in the region adjacent to her home and which entitled her to rank as a curiosity.

Her right hand was a trifle larger than her left, but it was so perfectly formed that a casual observer would not notice the difference in them. She also had the power to increase the size of the larger hand by a simple effort of her will. She could not explain how she did it, but without an ... she could lengthen the fingers ... flesh swell considerably. ...

Succeeded When Others Failed

A GRATEFUL PIONEER OF JACKSON, MICH., RELATES AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.

Near Death's Door—Intense Suffering—Given Up by Doctors, But Saved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

From the Industrial News, Jackson, Mich.

The readers of the Jackson Industrial News have often expressed their gratefulness and satisfaction with its course in keeping them posted on all important inventions and discoveries, and it has always been our aim to particularly note such facts in the development of science, which may be of benefit to the ever-growing circle of Industrial News readers. We were lately informed by one of our friends that Mr. Jacob Paskle, residing at 113 Union street, Jackson, Mich., who has lived in this city for over twenty-six years, and is now 69 years old, had a marvellous escape from death or at least a long lingering sickness by reading one of the descriptions of wonderful cures accomplished through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The first practical acquaintance Mr. Paskle had with the Pink Pills was two years ago, when he suffered a severe attack of rheumatism, and after trying other remedies and his family physician's prescriptions without avail, he tried Pink Pills, and before quite using two boxes was entirely relieved.

About eight months ago Mr. Paskle caught cold, and his rheumatism returned, but much severer and accompanied by indigestion and intense pain in the stomach. His faithful wife called in the family physician, who pronounced it a case of la grippe, combined with stomach trouble, and said on account of Mr. Paskle's advanced age he could not cure him, all he could do would be to give him something to relieve his pain. Mr. Paskle was not satisfied, and tried several other remedies recommended, but he got no relief. Of course, he had been cured of rheumatism about a year and a half previously by the use of Pink Pills, but as this was the la grippe and stomach trouble combined with his former disease, he thought it required different remedies to cure him.

The pain Mr. Paskle was suffering was something only a person having been afflicted with this combination of painful diseases can imagine. He became so sensitive that he would scream if anyone would even touch his bed.

At last, after suffering for months and trying nearly all other remedies recommended to him, he made up his mind to at least cure his rheumatism, and he began taking Pink Pills again. After the use of two boxes he found to his great joy that he was not only relieved of his rheumatism, but the grippe and the stomach trouble had also entirely disappeared. Mr. Paskle is now enjoying perfect health and can eat any food, even sour pickles, which is one of his favorite relishes, and the use of even the smallest part of one would heretofore cause him trouble. This wonderful recovery at his advanced age, after his physician had given him up (the name of the physician can be obtained by applying to Mr. Paskle), and after trying all other remedies convinced him that the healing properties in Pink Pills are far greater than ever claimed for them, and he thought it his duty to relate his experience through this paper for the benefit of suffering mankind.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

CUNNING LITTLE ANIMALS.

Catching Moles Is an Art That Requires Experience and Adroitness.

San Francisco Post: "No, boys, it isn't money that makes my pockets bulge out in that way, but it is the equivalent," remarked a gray-haired, gray-bearded rancher from Mendocino, as he took in the slack of a hay rope that did services for a belt.

"To tell you the truth, my breeches pockets and my coat pockets too, are pretty well lined with moleskins. Within the last year I have developed into a mole hunter, and it pays. I have several acres in strawberries at Ukiah, and they need considerable water. I used to put in a lot of time digging little trenches and turning water this way and that, but it was disappointing to go out the next day and find that I had been irrigating a mole hill. I set watch on the little pests, and I soon learned their habits. Since then it is no trouble at all to get them.

"In the first place, I found that a mole never comes straight to the top of the ground, but always on a ... and you will see the gro... for some time before h... hill. If you step v... of him when he ... will instantly sto... no use to try to ...

"But a mole is ... If he is disturbed ... o'clock to-day he ... till exactly 2 o'clo... can set a watch by ... its being right. ... my berry patch ... whenever I dist... day when it is ... back I take ... As soon a... mound I plant ... close up his hole. ... do is to scoop him out ... drop him in my pock... scratching like a goo... him, stretch his skin o... a man here in this ... apiece for them to mak...

A Singular Ac...

While Frank Faber ... some repairs under a st... Devil's Lake, Wis., a s... clothes and began to dr... He grabbed hold of a ... on while the screw con... and did not let go until ... of clothing except his ... moved from his body. ... slightly bruised.

... the Sal... ... in its ... ...ir shape and finish ... ...shed only by the ...

Her Story of ... stored to He...

Condition Before and After the Birth of Her Child.

From every city, town and hamlet on this vast continent, come letters from suffering women; from those whose physicians have been unable to assist them, or from that numberless class whose confidence in Mrs. Pinkham's advice and the curative properties of her Vegetable Compound is unbounded.

Every letter received from women is recorded, and hundreds of volumes of cases treated aid in furnishing practical information for the women of to-day. No letters are published without the request of the writer. The strictest confidence is observed. The following letter represents thousands:—

"I always enjoyed good health until six months before the birth of my babe. Then I was very weak; my back ached all the time. My physicians said I would be all right after the birth of the child, but I was not, although at that time I had the best of care. The pains in my back were almost unbearable. I had leucorrhœa in its worst form; menstruations were painful.

"Any work or care would entirely unnerve me. When my babe was 11 months old, friends persuaded me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Before I had taken one bottle I felt the effects. My back did not ache so badly, and I felt stronger. After taking four bottles I felt well. My ambition returned, menstruations were painless, leucorrhœa entirely cured, and I could take care of my babe and do my housework. I shall always recommend your Vegetable Compound for all women, especially for young mothers."—Mrs. H. L. Goold, Oregon, Wis.

If Mrs. Goold had been well before the birth of her child, subsequent suffering would have been avoided. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound should always be taken before and after birth, in order that the system may withstand the shock.

Granulated sugar is the purest brand, consequently the cheapest. Do not use quite as much as of other kinds—one-half inch less for a cupful.

Low Rate Excursions South.

On the first and third Tuesday of each month till October about half-rates for round trip will be made to points in the South by the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

When the stomach is satisfied the food is bitter.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

A thoroughbred dog is never as smart as a cur.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of **Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer.** Free $2 trial bottle and treatise. Marvelous cures. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Great characters are born as poets are.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, &c. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

Most sorts of diversion in men, children, and other animals is an imitation of fighting.

The five o'clock tea is the grub that makes the butterfly of fashion.

...rup ...

LOWELL STATE BANK.

Affidavit of Circulation.

State of Michigan ...

Lowell Ledger

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT LOWELL, KENT COUNTY, MICH.

—BY—

FRANK M. JOHNSON.

Entered at Lowell ... class ...

MRS. GOOLD'S GRATITUDE
How She Was ...

... Business Transacted ... Real Estate Security

HOME NEWS

In Judge Adsit's court, last week Thursday, Mrs. Susan A. Bush was granted a divorce from Charles E. Bush. The lady takes the name of her first husband—Williams.

Mrs. A. F. Hinchey of Pontiac has been spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Wm. Burnett.

Mrs. M. C. Simpson, daughter of Chas. Althen and wife is seriously ill at her home in Ionia. Dr. McDannell was called there in consultation Monday.

Mrs. Mary Robertson entertained Mrs. Moore's ten of the Baptist church to a tea, Tuesday afternoon.

Earl and Edith Thomas are visiting relatives in Cannonsburg. Earl is quite a bicyclist and intends to put in some of his time at his favorite sport.

According to the new city directory, the population of Grand Rapids is something over 100,000; but the census taker will make the figures look differently.

The annual picnic of the Old Settlers' association of Kent county was held at Reed's lake, on Friday last, with the largest attendance that ever turned out at any of the club's picnics.

Three weeks ago Charles Pressell, an 18 year-old boy of Grand Rapids, ran away from home, and word has now been received that he was killed by the cars at Blackburn, Mo.

August 27th is the date decided upon for the band convention at Ionia.

Lester McDiarmid is home from Ypsilanti.

Harry Lee has been up from Grand Rapids several days this week.

Getting very dry and rain is badly needed.

Huckleberries that beat all records for quality and quantity are being gathered in southwestern Michigan.

The enormous yields of all varieties of berries this season in the lake shore fruit belt has caused a famine in ... crates. The factories have advanced prices and are running overtime to supply the increased demand, but in some localities berries have been left unpicked for want of packages in which to market them.

Miss Bertha McCarty is home from her studies at Windsor.

The report of Rev. J. T. Husted of the Second Congregational church for the year just closed shows that he has preached 143 sermons, made 87 prayer meeting addresses, 48 Sunday school addresses and 410 pastoral calls. He officiated at 55 funerals and 50 weddings. Mr. Husted has recently declined a call to Wyandotte.—[Grand Rapids Press.

Milo Brown of Grand Rapids is visiting his sister, Daisy Brown.

A. L. Peck and wife left Saturday morning for Liverpool and will sail from New York, Wedne... cabin of Steamer ... last Frid... chased his ticket.

Mrs. N... everyone in th... blame the little ... Was nothing ... pairs of Lamp... congress $3.00 sh... sell at $1.50. ... these shoes the ... handiest for ...

... She made its ... it in wood saw... for two ... why saw... should not ... They are manufactured ... dingly sim... ed the saw ... to its resi... it is compress... blocks in the usual way. ... a machine driven by two... er can turn out about 9,000 per day. We should be in... doubt the cohesive properties ... itself. All woods are not ... rds resin, and in most cases ... of a small percentage of ... other inflammable ag... ht be advantageous.

... to bicycling on ... it is not a day for ... who has seen the ... muddy clothes and ... countenances of the ... take part in the race ... furnish affidavit that ... in that sort of ...

... of the Hoosa... Whatever ... last this ... weapons ...

... Grand Rapids ...

... ball boys were de... at Saranac last Fri... the ball team at that ...

... Perry was doing legal business ... Grand Rapids, Monday.

Mrs. J. W. Walker of Washington avenue has a Bell fuchsia with fifty-five full blossoms and forty-two buds. Next.

The Vergennes aid society will have a lawn social, July 4th, afternoon and evening, at the home of J. R. Banks. A good program is prepared. Ice cream and cake will be served. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Bring your hammock, croquet set and fire works.

Prof. W. A. Ludwig spent Sunday with his sister, Mrs. Chester Oatley, at Portland.

Principal Ludwig and family go to day to Charlotte for a two weeks visit. They expect to spend the most of the summer vacation in Lowell.

Librarian Robinson gives notice that during vacation, the library will be open only on Tuesday and Saturday from 6 to 8 p. m.

BATTLE CREEK, June 28, 1896.

Mr. Johnson: Enclosed you will find order for $1.00. Many thanks for your patience, I could not get along without the paper.

Yours respectfully,
O. A. VANDEUSEN.

The Home and Foreign Missionary Societies of the M. E. church will hold their July meeting at the home of Mrs. Chas. Quick, next Tuesday at 2:30 p. m. All members are urgently requested to be present. Election of officers and mite jug opening for home society.

Capt. E. W. Avery has been able to ride out in a wheel chair several times lately and shake hands with his many friends.

At the race meeting last Saturday, there were two entries in the pacing race and C. H. Wesbrook took first money, Sam Davis, second. There were four entries in the running race and Charlie Watters' "R. P." and "Lillian C" took first and second moneys respectively.

Little Austin Coons is recovering from a recent illness.

H. A. Sherman has been "under the weather" several days this week.

The Detroit Construction Company will put in the new waterworks for Grand Ledge—$24,200, exclusive of the wells.

A story is going the rounds, of a young couple who attended a lecture in Marshall recently. When the collection was being taken, the young man commenced fishing in his pocket for a dime. His face expressed his embarassment as he hoarsely whispered "I guess I haven't a cent. I changed my pants." The young lady who had been examining the unknown regions of a woman's dress for her purse, turned a pink color and said "I'm in the same fix."—[Concord Independent.

Thousands of fruit baskets are being brought into Lowell now. They ought to have been manufactured here.

Frank A. Rodgers, who is a Republican candidate for the nomination for prosecuting attorney, takes no stock whatever in the silver movement and declares that he is not the least afraid of a combination of the free silver forces in this country.

The construction of the dam across the Grand river at Portland, to secure water power for the new electric light plant, will be begun as soon as the Board of Supervisors gives the necessary permission. The village will build the dam itself, instead of letting the work out on a contract.

Another prisoner has been refused at the Ionia reformatory because his sentence was for less than six months. ... Lane of Adrian pronounced ... ce and he makes the fifth ... magistrate who has shown ... by sending short time ... during the past few ...

... O. Donnell orates at ... h.

... be a young men's meeting ... hall, over Loveland's ... Sunday at 5 p. m., ... interest of the Young ... All young men are ... nt.

... fancy butter are ... at, by Geo. B. Craw.

... The New Gallery.

... Moffit's new photograph ... ready to do business in ... approved style of modern ... everything is spink, spank ... of the latest improved ... All work guaranteed. First ... crayon artist in employ. The ... of the public respectfully ...

VALUABLE PRESCRIPTION.

... Morrison of Worthington, Ind., ... writes: "You have a valuable pre... in Electric Bitters, and I can cheer... recommend it for constipation and sick ... e, and as a general system tonic it has ..." Mrs. Annie Stehle, 2625 ... avenue, Chicago ...

Death of Da...

Died, at his ho... 29, 1896, Daniel R... aged 62 years. Funeral services were held at the residence on the morning of July 2nd, conducted by Rev. James Provan.

Mr. Ranney was born in Jefferson county, New York, Jan. 28, 1834. He enlisted in Company L, 10th Regt., N. Y. Heavy Artillery, as a private, and September 11, '62, was promoted to second lieutenant. Again, August 20, 1863, he was promoted to first lieutenant, and on June 28, 1865, was honorably discharged.

At Cleveland, Ohio, Nov. 12, 1865, Mr. Ranney was married to Jane Ranney, who survives him; with six children: Mrs. H. H. Lake, Miss Daisy G. Ranney, Mrs. B. E. Quick, Miss Mary Ranney, Miss Stella Ranney and Mr. Bert Ranney.

Mr. Ranney was a genial gentleman and a good citizen and during his ten years' residence in Lowell, made a host of friends, who will ever retain of him most kindly memories.

Death of Mrs. Eggleston.

Esther Ann, wife of John S. Eggleston, died at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Wm. Burnett, in this village, Saturday evening, June 27. Mrs. Eggleston's health had been poorly for a number of years; six years ago the grippe attacked her, leaving a complication of troubles, and for the past year she had been confined to her bed. Though a great sufferer, she was very patient, and never once was heard to murmur at her lot. At Christmas time last year, she gave up housekeeping and went to spend her remaining days with her mother, where she could have her constant care and attention.

Esther Burnett was born in Galt, Ont., December 1, 1857. When a child of 4 or 5 years, her parents removed to this place, where she has since resided. January 1, 1885, she was married to John Eggleston of Wilson, N. Y., and in the following October a child was born to them, Mina, who is now left motherless. Besides this little daughter, she leaves a widowed mother, one sister, Mrs. F. W. Eggleston of Laramie, Wyoming, one brother, A. W. Burnett of this place and other relatives, her father having gone on before, a year ago last November.

Funeral services were held at the house at 2, p. m. Tuesday, Rev. A. P. Moors officiating, and a large number of friends were in attendance to pay their respects to one whom they had known and loved from childhood. Mrs. Eggleston was very well known in this community and had hosts of friends and the sorrowing friends remaining have the sympathy of them all.

Eli Reed, of Youngstown, who was reported ill unto death over a year ago, is visiting his son here. It was like welcoming one from the dead to see him.

A man can drink till he scarce can blink,
Yet ride in a car or a wagon;
He can moisten his throat in a barge or a boat,
But he can't ride a wheel with a "jag" on.

A new line of Seth Thomas clocks in handsome styles at U. B. Williams'.

E. R. Collar calls the attention of our readers to his large and complete assortment of seasonable goods.

Good Rio bulk coffee at Bergin's, 25cts.

Buy all kind of wood of J. W. Ecker & Son.

Mocha and Java coffee, best in the world, at Bergin's.

R. D. Stocking has the best wheel for the money. Call and prove it.

It is a pleasure to wear those metal plates made by Dr. Cambell.

THE IDEAL PANACEA.

James L. Francis, Alderman, Chicago, says: "I regard Dr. King's New Discovery as an ideal panacea for coughs, colds and lung complaints, having used it in my family for the last five years, to the exclusion of physician's prescriptions or other preparations."

Rev. John Burgus, Keokuk, Iowa, writes: "I have been a minister of the Methodist Episcopal church for 50 years or more, and have never found anything so beneficial, or that gave me such speedy relief as Dr. King's New Discovery." Try this ideal cough remedy now. Trial bottles free at L. H. Hunt & Co.'s drug store.

It Wasn't His Razor.

The king was sore distraught. There was anger in his royal heart.

"What, ho," he roared. "Why failed the keen edge of my battle ax in to-day's conflict?"

The knight of the kitchen ... bowed him low.

"Your majesty," he rejoined, ... reported that her highness ... royal complained ... upon ...

An Endless Line

Of Canned Goods, Sweet Goods, Coffees, Teas, Brooms and everything in the Grocery Line will be found at my store.

Also a full line of Berries, Melons, Banana, Lemons, Oranges, Onions, Cucumbers, Peas, New Potatoes, and all kinds of Farm Produce at the

Right Prices.

GEO. B. CRAW.

CARRIES NEITHER PURSE NOR SCRIP.

Let Love alone. He is divinely led,
And feels the way his veiled eyes do not see.
No throne nor principalities hath he,
Nor any place to lay his royal head.
No care hath he about his daily bread;
He recks not whether he be bond or free;
But, full of faith and sweet security,
He goes forth cheerily to woo and wed.

For Love believes that all God hath is his,
Freely he takes, freely he gives away,
With melting, mingling touch of hand and lip.
Let Love alone. He claimeth all there is.
The whole world trembles with his potent sway,
The king who carries neither purse nor scrip.

—Anne L. Muzzey in New York Sun.

SLAVE RAIDS IN AFRICA.

More Than a Hundred Villages Destroyed In One Campaign.

As we approached the falls we saw that the river banks had been depopulated and the villages were in ashes. We passed dead bodies floating in the river. Canoes were standing on end like hollowed columns; crowds of fugitives were afloat and hiding among the reedy islands. These were all signs of a general terror, but we could get no information of its character. Vague ideas of an invasion from some savage tribe came to our minds, and now and then we had a misgiving that there must be Arab slavers in the neighborhood.

Continuing our ascent, on the third day we came in sight of a huge Arab camp on the right bank, and before long we discovered that the Arabs of Nyangwe (Livingstone's farthest point), having heard the most exaggerated reports of our successful descent of the Kongo in 1877, had hastened after us to reap a harvest of ivory and slaves. They had been too successful. Over 118 villages had been destroyed below Stanley falls alone, a rich plunder of ivory was in their camp, and several hundred slaves, old and young, were herded like goats and heavily fettered in the slave pen. It then appeared that while we had been negotiating with the negro chiefs along the river, making roads, building stations and hauling steamers overland, the Arabs of Nyangwe had been coming down the river, laying the country waste. We had at last met, about 50 miles below the falls. A glance at the scenes of the camp was sufficient to reveal what a future awaited the Kongo valley had we not conceived the project of opening the river to civilizing influences. There was not a moment to lose. We had no authority to open fire on the miscreants. They were subjects of the Prince of Zanzibar, ... a protege of England, and to ... hostilities with them ... involve us in serious ... But while ... dared not ... that the ... States ...

A Rich Treat In Store for Ou...

UNCLE AAR...

Or, A Wife Redeem...

A SPLENDID LITTLE SERIAL STORY,

—BY—

MRS. ISOBEL H. FLOYD.

The above short Serial is a charming little tale—a Pathetic Life-Picture — and full of quiet interest from first to last. No one can read it and not feel that it has done them good. It teaches a lesson, brings it home and impresses it on the heart in a manner that leaves a lasting influence on human character.

"HELLO!" HE CRIED.

"WHERE YER GOIN'?" HE SAID.

We have recently secured the right to

Print This Story,

—AND IT—

Will Shortly Appear in These Columns.

It will run but a few weeks, and will be given in liberal installments until completed.

SUBSCRIBE N...

So as to Make Sure of the ...

We also have other attractive fe... ment of which will be made in du...

... Forget ...

HE IS A CHARACTER YOU ...

HEAT YOUR ...

This warm weather ... precious health thereby ...

BREAD, CAKE ...

As cheap as you can ... Ice Cream and Soft ...

... An aerolite fell near the home of Thos. Richards at Alliance, O., shaking his house by the force of the concussion with the earth. Richards dug it up, finding a spheroid of meteoric iron weighing nine pounds.

At the convention of the National ... association at James... elected as ... Hays, De... Will Kel... presi... Tenn.; ... yton, O.; ... go, Ill.

... O. A. Risum and ... Herman Drackrey and wife, Louis Gokey, wife and child, Miss Emma Garbrecht and Miss Margaret Crow, started from Cecil in a yacht for a few days' outing on the lake. When about three miles from shore the boat was capsized by a sudden squall. ... Risum and Mr. Drackrey ... capsized yacht for several ... latter holding a child ... fore they were arrested ...

Hon. M. Romero, Me... to the United States, has ...

... sailed ... ring ex... es. 1,500 ... rapid-fire ... cartridges, ... wder and ... Winona ... d fired ... aped.

... ook is not clear to some ... in recent conventions ... coinage and expectation ... favoring that policy may ... incline them to a waiting ... uncertainty retards improve... standing the widely prevalent ... monetary action of the St... will be sustained by the peo... woolen mills have ... period of sum... main, of them, and ... versies as to wages made it ... stoppage ... last longer ... weakness of wheat and of ... tions in decidedly good ... returns of harvesting thus ... estimates as to wheat and ... on has been decidedly im... hay crop has also been ... at no west. It is not wholly ... no essary. conclusion that ... great staples are not likely to be ...

... OF TRADE.

... y. 13.00 per ton. ... per bu. Live ... lb; turkeys, 9c; ... per doz. Butter, ... creamery, 16c.