

The Lowell Ledger.

"MALICE TOWARD NONE AND CHARITY FOR ALL."

VOL. V, NO. 24. LOWELL, KENT COUNTY, MICH., DECEMBER 2, 1897. WHOLE NO. 232.

Men's woman's
Woman's Donge Foxes Be... \$1.25,
Woman's xxx Gowan Fox... Bal, 1.00
Woman's Beavala or Co...
Woman's Pleeced Kid... something nice and
dresy, 2.00.
Misses Fleece Kid Bun... warm school
shoe, 1.50.
Children's fleecing Kid... Bal, 50c
Men's Beave... 1.25 up.
Men's Beave... 1.25 up.

JOHN EATON'S DEN BURNED.

More Trouble For Neighbors and Officers.
Old John Eaton is in trouble again; this time his den was destroyed by fire. The cleansing event took place last Thursday night, while the old man was in Grand Rapids. When he returned and found his burrough gone, he insisted on taking up his residence with Frank May, until Supervisor White and Deputy Morse made him pay his board bill and move on. He left for Grand Rapids again Monday with the intention of making his headquarters at the Soldier's Home. We have no idea that the authorities will allow the public to be swindled in that manner. He has money, property, and a pension; let him pay his way.

John Gulliford Burned Out.

John Gulliford, who about two years ago purchased the James Godfrey farm in Keene, about two miles from this village, lost his house by fire about 11:30 last week Tuesday night.

He was awakened by the glare of light at his bedroom window and found the roof all ablaze. He and his wife managed to save a portion of their household goods but the house and adjacent woodshed were destroyed. They have no near neighbors and so received no assistance. The house and furniture were insured in the Ionia County Mutual.

John has moved into the James Godfrey house in this village for the present.

Receipt Settlement of Insurance Claim.

The New York Underwriter's Insurance company, of which S. P. Hicks is the efficient local agent, settled with the Michigan Cutter and Buggy Company, Nov. 26th, for its loss by fire on the 21st, paying the face of the policies, \$1,000. Such promptness entitles the company to the favorable consideration of the people.

Special Services at The Catholic Church.

Father Brown of the Apostolate of St. Francis de Salis will open a mission at St. Mary's church, Lowell, on December 5, to continue two weeks. The Subjects to be treated are of vital importance and concern man's happiness here and his eternal destiny. During the second week subjects of special interest to non-Catholics will be discussed. There will be no controversy. Services will be conducted in the spirit of charity. During the third week, also there will be a question box, into which questions concerning the Catholic faith may be put and will be answered by Father Brown. —[Con.]

CLARK AND COMPANY's Thanksgiving Service.

The congregation of Lowell and are founded a union service of thanksgiving held at the Episcopal church, last evening. Rev. L. N. Patterson, officiated, and J. W. Rochelle of Keene charges. The service was furnished by a choir of 20 voices. The direction of the service was given by the Rev. Mr. McMahon, and Mrs. McMahon, and Mrs. Garstone, and Miss English, and Miss Misner.

Resolved that we, the officers and members of Court Lowell, No. 1213, seriously mourn his loss, and do hereby order our charter to be draped mourning for the period of 30 days that a copy of these resolutions presented to Mrs. Chas. Garstone applies to be printed in the Journal and Lowell Ledger, and CHESTER LARRY, C. R. FRED J. MORSE, R. S.

Human Sharks Felled.

This is the way they do it in Grand Rapids.
Frank B. Simmons borrowed \$20 from a chattel mortgage shark, at the rate of \$2 a month. After receiving \$20 the shark assigned his claim to another shark, who, after he, too, had received more than the original claim, assigned to a third party. The three sharks together bled Simmons for \$76 then No. 3 threatened to foreclose on all Simmons' property except the clothes he wore. Simmons went to law, had the mortgage canceled and recovered \$25 and costs. It is said that the three sharks worked in conjunction to bleed poor people, each assigning to another, after he had taken all he thought it was safe to take.

Death of James Brannan.

James Brannan, a well known resident of West Lowell, died at his home on Thanksgiving day, from a complication of diseases. A wife, four daughters, and a son survive him. Funeral services were held on Sunday.

Matrimonial.

One of the prettiest home weddings took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Wheaton, in Keene, Wednesday, Nov. 24, when their daughter Flora was united in marriage to Mr. Dell Weatherby, by Rev. B. I. Child of Belding. Only the relatives and most intimate friends were present. After the ceremony a lovely dinner was served, after which all left for their homes, wishing the happy couple a long and prosperous life. —[Contributed.]

Parlor Entertainment.

The following program will be given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ruben Quick on Friday evening, Dec. 10, under the direction of the Epworth League:
Piano solo, Miss Cogswell.
Male quartet, English, Misner, Winegar, Force.
Cornet solo, F. M. Johnson.
Reading, Esther Ruben.
Vocal solo, Paul McCarty.
Duet, Mr. English, Miss Pattison.
Recitation, Ola M. Johnson.
Male quartet.
A cordial invitation is extended to all.

New Landlords Again.

Hotel Brace has changed hands again and is now in possession of Chas. E. Betts and Chas. Kelsey of Sparta, who take hold this week. Mr. Betts has had charge of a hotel in Sparta for the past four years, and brings experience, which will enable him to conduct a high class hostelry.

Dr. Watson to Leave Alto.

Alto, Mich., Dec. 1.—Dr. and Mrs. T. W. Watson will leave this place for Toledo, Ohio, this week, where the doctor has a good opening in view. Although the doctor and his estimable wife have been with us but a short time, by a thorough practice of those principles of morality best calculated for any profession, they have won the respect and admiration of a large circle of friends, who regret their departure. Yet all join in wishing them success, which is certain to crown those, who, like them can rely upon a good name that has been obtained by their own exertions.

Resolutions of Condolence.

Whereas, it has pleased the Great High Chief above to remove from our midst, our beloved brother, Charles Garstone, and
Whereas, this Court is left to mourn the absence of one who, by his quiet, manly bearing and kindly disposition endeared himself to all with whom he made acquaintance, therefore be it
Resolved that we, the officers and members of Court Lowell, No. 1213, seriously mourn his loss, and do hereby order our charter to be draped mourning for the period of 30 days that a copy of these resolutions presented to Mrs. Chas. Garstone applies to be printed in the Journal and Lowell Ledger, and CHESTER LARRY, C. R. FRED J. MORSE, R. S.

HOW IS BUSINESS?

Every day of our lives someone asks that question.
Business must be pretty good with us, or we would not need six men to do the business.

There is a Reason for all things.

And the reason we do such a business is because we get what the people in this community want, from the best manufacturers in the United States, at prices that please the people.
You can sit in our store all day and you will never hear anyone kicking about the price in here.
Just as easy to do business as it is to pretend to, if the price is right. We want to say to the people who have not bought their

WARM GOODS FOR WINTER

yet, that we carry a full line of all kinds of winter goods and enough of them so that you can get the size and kind you want, from now

UNTIL THE FIRST OF MARCH

at prices you will like to hear about.

The Old Reliable Shoe House,
A. J. HOWK & SON.



Lowell Ledger
LUMBER
Manufacture of...
MATCHES...
Lowell, Mich.

Special Sale
Prosiery
for a short time I will sell...
at the following prices...
the time to stock up...
I probably never lower...
ladies full size...
men's 15c, 20c, 25c

Only One Girl
in This World for...
Her name is Liber...
ter face on the "dollar...
dads" (silver one).
I am Jealous Heart
I don't like to have...
carrying her picture...
with them;
I want those picture
myself.
I am trying to make...
lection of them; and for...
purpose of inducing you...
with them. I am offering...
the opportunity to buy...
groceries with Uncle Sam...
portrait than you ever ha...
fore.

What do you think of...
SELECT OYSTERS in...
only 50c per quart.
ON FRIDAY MORNING
They are worth two qua...
Standards.
Mixed pickles in mustard...
Wheat Grits 6 lbs 25c.
Rolled Oats 8 lb 25c.
Aunt Jemima's Pancake...
only 10c.
We sell A. B. C. Soap...
of it, 5c.
Also have a fine line of...
and Bottled Goods.
Everything in the Grocer...
GEO. B. CRAIG
See me before selling...
Poultry and Beans
Hand Made Lumb...
WAGON
FULLY WARRANTED
For Sale at... at John M.P.E. St.

Clothes Don't Make The Man
But they certainly do make a great difference in their appearance, as in the case of these two men. My suits, pants and overcoats are made from goods of your own selection from hundreds of the best and latest styles of goods on the market. The goods, fit and workmanship are guaranteed with a guarantee that guarantees.
SMITH, The Leading Tailor.
Fall and winter samples now in.

GODFREY and LAWRENCE
Will Conduct a Special Sale of
CLOTHING
During the next 20 days in order to make room for their magnificent stock of
HOLIDAY GOODS
Now on the way.
They desire to give the public notice that
SANTA CLAUS
will make his headquarters at their place of business this season, and everybody is cordially invited to inspect their goods in season. There will be pleasure and profit in the call.
L. J. Robinson and wife have returned from a visit with their daughter, Mrs. G. W. Schneider, at Albion with friends at Marshall and with their brother Hiram at Grand Haven.
Miss Palmer of Big Rapids was the guest of Miss Bertha McCarty Thanksgiving.
Mrs. Harriet Peck is visiting Mrs. Renwick in Grand Rapids.

The Tower Ledger

SEVEN DAYS.

ABOUT "BARB."

BY O. P.



was Barbarossa Napoleon Bonaparte Smith!

How his mother ever came to hear of such a name always perplexed us. Of course, having heard of it, we did not wonder at the selection; her race has always shown a love for high-sounding cognomen. Barb's first appearance among us was in this wise: One gray November afternoon, Lois and I were left alone in the house, mamma having gone out on one of the Good Samaritan errands, the sleet and snow drove sharply against the windows, and the wind whistled defiance to the fire that glowed and crackled. Suddenly the door-bell rang a loud, resonant peal, and I went and opened the door.

There, on the upper step, stood the forlornest little figure artist ever painted! A small apparition, as black as blackness can be compared with anything but itself! With a jacket and pants that suggested the "rags and fags" of the nursery rhyme—"With shoes like the mouth of a fish;" with a straw hat innocent of brim; with snow powdering his woolly hair; sleet on his curly lashes; snow sifting down his back, and drifting over him and whirling around him. I surveyed a minute in astonished silence, he returned my stare with round, unblinking eyes. Then he inclined, composedly, "Is Mrs. Smith at home?" I began to say that he must have mistaken the house, for no such person lived here, when Lois, whom I had just had attracted to the open doorway, remarked that perhaps he might mean our Nancy, whose last name was Smith, though we had never had occasion to recall that in the sixteen years she had been our service. On this suggestion I informed the apparition that Mrs. Smith wasn't at home, and wouldn't be till late in the evening; but I would deliver any message. He displayed a row of astonishingly white teeth in a cheerful grin, stepped in, and first carefully wiping his apologetic for shoes, and closing the door, said, decisively: "Oh, if Mrs. Smith lives here, I'm a-goin' to live here, too."

Lois and I looked at him and then at each other, and then asked him if he was with us; for should attempt such a thing, Gibbon's "The Fall of the Roman Empire" would be a mere sketch. But what mischief was that boy guilty of? After overhearing us, one day, regretting that our Scotch terrier's ears should be prominent, didn't he stick that ungulate animal's ears close to his head with shoe-maker's wax, and then exhibit him to us, as an instance of the triumph of art over nature. And didn't he bring desolation into Lois' dainty room, in the vain effort to discover a secret panel there? So street comrade of his, an ardent reader of dime novels, had related to me a thrilling story, in which scoundrels figured largely; and thereafter Barb's sole object in life was to discover such a panel in our old-fashioned house. One day he found that, behind the chimney in Lois' room, the door, upon being tapped, gave forth a hollow sound. Coincidence. So did the paper in the yellow-covered novel. It was the work of a moment for Barb, in his eager certainty of hidden treasure, to run his knife around the panel, lift it up, and—oh, me! oh, me! The soot-box that hadn't been opened for twenty years! The soot at in a thick, black cloud settled on the fair, white curtains, clung to the counterpane, made the whole dainty room dingy and soiled and uninvitable! Barb fled. Before me, on the screen, I see him as he looked that night when we had discovered the disger, searched for, but failed to find it, and were beginning to fear head run away, and he emerged from the ash-barrel, where he had lain concealed all the afternoon and stood among us, surely the most wretched figure that was ever seen.

It was after this, but not long, that we began to be troubled about Barb. Often he was gone all day, returning at night, unable to give a satisfactory account of himself; often we heard of him in company of boys it were better he should not know. Nancy's threats, Lois' gentleness, mamma's patience, seemed to avail nothing. We had almost made up our minds that Barb must leave us, when, one November afternoon, about two years from the day he had appeared among us, we heard of Barb for the last time. Oh, poor Barb! poor Barb! Down in the crowded streets, he had joined a crowd which a sudden alarm of fire had called together; in his excitement he had not heard the cries which warned him of an engine's being close upon him. There was no time to rein in the galloping horses; no one had been to blame. Oh, poor Barb!

"He's at Station B, ma'am," the officer said. "The doctor says it can't be long, for his lungs are hurt bad. He kept moaning for Miss Lois! Miss Lois! and as soon as we could make out where he came from the chief sent me to tell you."



We hurried on cloaks and hats and followed the officer into the chill November day. Barb was with a rough, gray blanket, and we were covered, and they did as we came in. Who rushed him lying so, the woman rushed on his set, still full on her head and threw with a passionate cry: "Oh, Barb! ye haven't got religion! ye haven't got religion!" and ye' go into the fiery furnace and ye' be reborn!"

Lois and I drew Nancy away, and she went to the little shop in the back, taking both the little, bruise, black hands in hers. "Don't list to her, Barb," she said. "She does not know what she says. She does not know what she says. Dear, try hear and understand what I say. I you remember about, Sunday Man I ur to tell you about, Sunday night? The one, you know, who hoaled i sick, and took little children in his arms? You are going to dren in is arms? You are going to Him, Be; and He will love you, and help you and teach you how to live." The grips moved faintly. "Will He be good me, like you are, Miss Lois? Will He get my grief, without its hurt me so orful?"

"Dee," she said, "He is better to you than you can say. I say to you, Barb, I want you to try to say to Him, 'I little prayer'!" Try, dear try!"

Into the silence the woman faltered, while Barb held fast the kind hands that seemed an anchorage for him, who was drifting so fast away. "Now lay me down to sleep, I pray—Lord—"

No need, oh, Barb! No need to finish the prayer! The soul you would have commended to His holy keeping had gone to Him.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR JUNIOR READERS.

What Mary Gave, True Story of a Good Little Girl—The Romance of Success and the Dreaming of Things to Come.

A Nonsense Verse. THE Runcolorum in a cave had dwelt for twenty years. It slept upon a mushroom bed, and watered it with tears. Because, to tell the truth, it had few hopes and many fears.

For instance, it was quite convinced that quince-and-apple jam, if eaten when the moon was full, with Canterbury lamb, would make the kitchen chimney smoke, and cause the door to slam.

It also had a firm belief that those who climbed up trees, and didn't previously rub some butter on their knees, would find their Sunday hats were full of ants and bumble bees.

"Whilst dangers such as these abound," the Runcolorum cried, "I don't find life worth living, though to do so I have tried. With that, it laid itself upon its mushroom bed and died!" —Felix Leigh, in Little Folks.

What Mary Gave. She gave an hour of patient care to her baby sister who was cutting teeth. She gave a string and a crooked pin and a great deal of good advice to the three-year-old brother who wanted to play at fishing. She gave Ellen, the maid, a precious hour to go and visit her sick baby at home, for Ellen was a widow, and left her child with its grandmother while she worked to get bread for both. She could not have seen them very often if our generous Mary had not offered to attend the door and look after the kitchen fire while she was away. But this was not all Mary gave. She dressed herself so neatly, and looked so bright and kind and obliging, that she gave her mother a thrill of pleasure whenever she caught sight of the young, pleasant face she wrote a letter to her father.

All kinds of things happen in newspaper offices. Here is one, chronicled by the Atlanta Constitution: A Georgia farmer has a son who writes verse, but is too modest to submit it for publication. One day, when the farmer was going to town, he took a bundle of poems along with him and handed them to an editor. "They're pretty fair," said the editor. "His rhyme is all right, but there's something wrong with his feet." "Well," said the farmer, "I won't deny it; he has got corns!"

A Fault Admitted. A tall man who had been speaking with another man, and who wondered why the other man acted so queerly, says the Cleveland Leader, saw a boy

As He Saw It. "I don't suppose there will ever be another American play like 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,'" said the theatrical man.

"Is it still before the public?" inquired the man in the sweater. "Of course it is. It has run for nearly fifty years. And it'll run for fifty years more."

"Well, that's pretty good, of course; but I don't see any sense in making so much to do about a little thing like a century run."—Washington Star.

A Natural Mistake. A tall man who had been speaking with another man, and who wondered why the other man acted so queerly, says the Cleveland Leader, saw a boy

A Little Mixed. A tall man who had been speaking with another man, and who wondered why the other man acted so queerly, says the Cleveland Leader, saw a boy

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Nursery Rhymes Illustrated

Two little children, whose names I don't know, were stolen away on a fine Summer's day, and left in a wood, as I've heard people say? And when it was night, so sad was their plight; the sun it went down, and the moon gave no light! They sobbed and they sighed, and they bitterly cried, and the poor little things, they laid down and died.

And when they were dead, the robins so red brought strawberry-leaves, and over them spread. And all the day long they sang them this song, "Poor babes in the wood, poor babes in the wood! And don't you remember the babes in the wood?"

who was absent on business, in which she gave him all the news he wanted, in such a frank, artless way, that he thanked his daughter in his heart. She gave patient attention to a long, tiresome story by her grandmother, though she had heard it many times before. She laughed at the right time, and when it was ended made the old lady happy by a good-night kiss. This lady had given valuable presents to six people in one day, and yet she had not a cent in the world. She was as good as gold, and she gave something of herself to all those who were so happy as to meet her.

The Romance of Success. No stories

LOWELL STATE BANK
 Capital, \$25,000.
 President, F. T. King.
 Vice President, Chas. McCarty.
 Cashier, M. C. Griswold.
 Directors: F. T. King, Chas. McCarty, E. L. Bennett, G. H. Force, M. C. Griswold.

REAL ESTATE SECURITY
 A General Banking and Real Estate Security Company.
 Money Lent on Real Estate Security.



Ahead of Time
 is right for business, but not for clocks and watches. Your time-piece must neither lose nor gain, but strike that happy medium of constant correctness. Our watches and clocks are of the reliable sort which run the even tenor of their way without variation, are good for years of service, and are reasonable in price. All this is no less true of our jewelry and silverware. Our stock is new and up to date, nothing shop-worn or out of style.

U. B. WILLIAMS,
 First door east of P. O.

John Christie has a wind mill on his farm.
 John Vansire has ren-
 McCauley farm in Gratta
 Henry T. West of Grand Rapids has a heart disease.
 Fred Young, of Ionia, spent last week with his wife and children.
 Leap Karcher of Bowne and bride, Leah Ekert, of Irving township, who were married Nov. 18th, spent a portion of their honeymoon with Lowell friends before settling down to the stern realities of life.

James Reading circle will give a concert at the Lowellville McPherson, Saturday, December 11. Reading circle will give a concert at the Lowellville McPherson, Saturday, December 11. Reading circle will give a concert at the Lowellville McPherson, Saturday, December 11.

PAY WHEN CURED.

G. A. MUNCH, M. D., the Eminent Specialist, who has five Diplomas and two honorary Diplomas, and who can name and locate a disease without asking a question, will be at **LOWELL, HOTEL BRACE,** Tuesday, December 21.

No matter what your disease, or who has failed to cure you, consult him. **COSTS NOTHING** and is strictly confidential.

We cure Chronic Nervous and Private Diseases and Diseases of women: Catarrh, Asthma, Rheumatism, Fits, Paralysis, Cancers, Tumors, Bladder, Kidney, Heart and Blood Diseases, etc., by our special system of treatment.

Diseases of Men - OLD AND YOUNG MEN suffering from any defect of a private nature consult us. It costs you nothing if not cured.

If you have been deceived by FRAUDS, HUMBUGS, QUACKS and so-called "SPECIALISTS" call and investigate. We can furnish plenty of references.

Our best reference: "Care No Pay." Bear in mind **WE ASK NO PAY UNTIL CURED.** For further information or circulars see Dr. Munch, or address with stamp.

Detroit Medical & Surgical Institute, 145 Pine Detroit Mich.
 SARANAC Monday, December, 20.
 LAKE ODESSA, Miner Hotel, Wednesday, December 22

HOME
 Charlie B. son of J. A. Mattern and wife of this place, spent four years in the lumber company of the same name, and was promoted to a salary of \$1,000 per year. He received his business education at Ferris Industrial school, Ida.

J. A. Mattern and wife go to Ionia Saturday to attend the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. F. M. Johnson, of Ionia, will be in charge of the same day, and will be assisted by his family.

The Missionary society of the church will meet with their pastor, Rev. J. E. Lee, at 2:30 p. m. on Sunday, December 18th. Subject, "The Indians," led by Fred Oliver.

Good house to rent on the corner of J. E. Lee and 1st St. Inquire of J. E. Lee.

R. D. Bancroft, freight agent, is taking a trip to New York with his wife, and will be absent for several days.

Mrs. N. Fowler of Stanton, Mich., is visiting her son, Mr. I. W. Halstead.

Mrs. Halstead and daughter, were called to Kalamazoo to attend the funeral of her sister, Mrs. Goddard, who died suddenly while visiting at Pinckney.

A beautiful lot of land, 50 acres, at Dr. J. E. Lee's place, is for sale.

Mrs. Sarah A. Buckley of Rapids is visiting her son, Mr. J. E. Lee.

Anna Gibson of Lowell is visiting her mother, Mrs. J. E. Lee.

Mrs. Cora Smith left for Muskegon Monday.

H. Leonard and family Center visited C. Stinchcomb on depot road.

Found on depot road a book containing a sum of money. Owner call at this office, and prove property.

July 3rd, L. & H. R. E. extra trains as follows: Leave 9 a. m., leave Freeport 11 p. m.

Mrs. E. C. Shear is spending a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Whitlow, at Greenview.

Miss Cora Godfrey and Mrs. M. E. Campbell, of Lowell, were the guests of Mrs. L. A. Hunter, Tuesday.

Married, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Burr, near Elmdale, Miss Mae Bell to Lewis E. Pratt, of Clarksville.

David Mosher and wife of Lowell spent Sunday with C. F. Huntsman and wife. Mrs. Mosher is Mrs. Huntsman's niece. [Clarksville Record.]

Willis Kinyon of near Lowell was a guest of his brother, R. M. Kinyon and wife Monday. [Clarksville Record.]

Ladd J. Lewis of Utica, N. Y., visited with Wm. Jones and family last Friday.

The attention of our readers in need of clothing, is called to the announcement of Marks Ruben in this issue of the LEDGER. Just note the prices and then go and examine the goods. Mark's November sales exceeded two to one any month's business ever done by him. He had sold 313 overcoats up to last Saturday night, with sales of suits, underclothing, etc., to correspond.

Marks Ruben and daughters Lota and Esther, spent Sunday with relatives at Middleville.

An exchange says that recently upon the death of a delinquent subscriber, the postmaster returned the paper to the publisher marked, "Decayed. Use asbestos wrapper and change the address."

The country editor is a reliable encyclopedia. A subscriber sent him this query recently: "What ails my hens? Every morning I find one or more of them keeled over, to rise no more." The reply was: "The fowls are dead. It is an old complaint and nothing can be done except to bury them."

Lowell Ledger this week contained ten pages of home news, and showed other signs of evident prosperity. [Grand Rapids Citizen.]

Jack Atchison and wife of South Lowell have a baby girl.

Sam Atchison, Charles Webb and Miss Alma Murphy of South Lowell are taking a three months course in cheese making at the Agricultural college.

The South Congregational church at Grand Rapids was practically destroyed by fire Monday. Loss between \$3,500 and \$4,000; insured for \$3,000. It will be rebuilt.

Ada will soon have a planing mill, a new grocery and meat market. Buildings are being erected for these purposes.

Mrs. Beach, an old lady of 80 years, died in Cannon, and was buried Nov. 23.

The Grattan grange has added greatly to the capacity of their horse sheds.

Cascade grange will give an entertainment at the village, on the evening of December 9. Program will include a good supper.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Warner of Alto retained their children and grandchildren on Thanksgiving day. A large number were present. A literary program interspersed with music was furnished by the grandchildren.

Born, to F. Braisted and wife of West Lowell, Nov. 23, a son, and his wife.

When a business man advertises in a paper with a growing circulation, his announcements are continually reaching new homes and possible customers. The LEDGER is that kind of a paper. When our mailing list was corrected Monday, fifteen new names were added. There is nothing that succeeds like success.

Schools closed for the balance of Thanksgiving week on Wednesday afternoon last.

Arvine P. Hunter's condition is not much changed. He is hopeful for recovery and has said that he "may fool the doctors yet." His many friends sincerely hope that such may be the case.

Your money back if you don't like our goods. Bush, at the new bakery. A break in the stone crusher last Tuesday, put a stop to road work in the village, until the piece can be replaced. The manufacturers have to foot the bills.

Wanted, 10,000 people to send their Laundry to the Lowell Steam Laundry.

Winter came in with a snow storm, Monday. Best photos ever made; cheaper than the cheapest for a long time yet at Moffitt's.

J. P. Cheney has been confined to the house with a badly swollen and painful foot during the past two or three weeks, but is improving, now.

Matt photos \$1.00. No difference as to the number who sit, all for the same as one.

Joseph W. Oliver and wife were guests of Dr. O. C. McDannell and wife the latter part of last week.

Moffitt's have secured the services of S. Sharpsteen of Grand Rapids, one of the best photographers in the state for the winter.

Miss Florence McDannell was home from the Normal, to spend Thanksgiving with her parents.

All kinds of wood promptly delivered by R. B. Boylan.

Mrs. S. P. Hicks has returned from a visit with her brother, A. A. Dwight, at Martin, Allegan county.

Miss Cora Goodsell returned Tuesday from a week's visit with relatives and friends in Ionia.

MARKS RUBEN'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MARKS RUBEN, "OF COURSE."

HEADS ARE NODDING . . . TONGUES ARE WAGGING. LET 'EM WAG. LET 'EM TALK.

It's the business we are after, and it's the BARGAINS YOU'RE AFTER. If we choose to sell good goods in November and December, and buying them, it's our business. It's your luck. The crowds that are coming and buying haven't a fault to find during this.

CHEAPEST MID SEASON UNLOADING.

In fact that advertising alone won't sell clothing. There has to be something behind advertisements—something besides space and big words. That confidence is manifesting itself at MARKS RUBEN'S every day, every hour. No law on earth can prevent a dealer from claiming to be the biggest, cheapest, and that he alone is living, etc., etc., but there is a law of common sense which prevents a person from believing such fairy tales.

MARKS RUBEN'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Suits. Wool dress coat, in black and blue, Italian lining, formerly \$12.75. For this sale only 4.92	Men's Overcoats. Wool Beaver in black and navy collar, double seams, satin lined, formerly \$12.75. For this sale only 7.87	Children's Overcoats and Gents Furnishing Goods. Blue black chinchilla reefer, sizes 4 to 11 yrs, ulster collar, formerly \$2.50. For this sale only 1.68	Boys and Plush Caps. A good cloth cap, formerly 35c. For this sale only 21
Wool Beaver in black and navy collar, double seams, satin lined, formerly \$12.75. For this sale only 7.87	Blue black all wool chinchilla reefer, fancy braid bound, wide sailor collar, fancy buttons, very nobby, sizes 4 to 11 yrs, formerly \$8.50. For this sale only 2.38	Children's fleeced lined underwear, sizes 4 to 15 yrs, formerly 40c. For this sale only 25	A good plush cap, short nap, formerly 65c. For this sale only 42
Wool beaver, in black and blue, genuine all silk sewed, silk velvet lining, was \$12.75. For this sale only 9.37	An all wool chinchilla reefer, fancy brown, finest in town, fancy braided sailor collar, fancy buttons, sizes 4 to 8 yrs, formerly \$4.75. Now only 3.62	Men's extra heavy grey undershirts and drawers, good for two winters, formerly 65c. For this sale only 42	Genuine silk plush cap, satin lined, formerly \$1.25. For this sale only 87
Kersey in blue half lined, ball-point seams, silk can't be beat. For this sale only 12.87	Boys satinet overcoat, sizes 8 to 18 yrs, heavy and warm, formerly \$1.75. For this sale only 87	Grey, heavy Australian (all) wool undershirts and drawers formerly \$1.40. For this sale only 98	Genuine silk plush cap, nobby, satin lined, formerly \$1.50. For this sale only 1.13
Boys blue black chinchilla ulster, heavy and good length, warm, sizes 7 to 14 yrs. Formerly \$2.75. now 1.79	A very fine Australian lambs wool undershirts and drawers, formerly \$1.65. For this sale only 1.23	Genuine camels hair, extra heavy and extra fine, imported goods, the best in Kent county, formerly \$2.00. For this sale only 1.48	One imported fancy plush cap, in light brown, yellow satin lined, formerly \$2.00. For this sale only 1.21

need no affidavits to accompany them. Mr. Ruben's values need no taxing. MARKS RUBEN'S offers need no blowing. When the day comes that we cannot undersell our commercial students right and left, we will quit business.

LOWELL, MICH. "OF COURSE."

Wm. Fox has a curiosity shape of a pear tree, that blooming on this year's growth. The tree has pears a quarter grown, and the tips of the spring's growth are white.

All kinds of wood promptly delivered by R. B. Boylan.

"To!" is home from the summer vacation.

Walter Scott of Grand Rapids spent Sunday with his son, family.

Ed Kinney of in town Sunday.

The Wolverine is the silver spoon. If you wished to be a millionaire you ought to have a hand boys eat pie at Odezza Wave.

The Standard Oil Company declared the regular dividend of 3 per cent and an extra dividend of 5 per cent. Eight cents quarterly, or 32 per cent a year. The stock watered four times in a bad showing for a trust in America.

If men want to take the football why not let them at it with their eyes open. Come out with them and let them do their own business?—Odezza W. Gazette.