

THE LOWELL LEDGER.

VOL. IX. NO. 7.

LOWELL, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1901

FIVE CENTS.

The Sturdy Oak

Has its beginning with the implanted acorn. Likewise, the Tree of Fortune takes root with the opening of a savings account with us. **One Dollar** is sufficient to start an account—smaller or larger sums may follow.

THE CITY BANK,
MILL, WATTS & CO.



Closing

We have a few bicycles left which we will close out for less than cost

Ladies' Crescent Bicycle \$27.00
" Hudson " 19.00
Men's Wheels from \$15 up to \$30

Yours truly,

R. B. BOYLAN.

Made With a Brownie

You can do it, so can anyone with our Kodaks and Supplies for we have the best line obtainable and at prices that will make your pocket-book smile.



Come in and look them over and see sample picture

We also have the best selected stock of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry that can be purchased.

The People's Store,
The White Front.

A. D. Oliver

YOU

WE HAVE SOME NEW CRASH SHIRTS FOR HOT WEATHER.

will find a fine line of

SUMMER GOODS

both white and colored, at our store to make your selections from. These goods must be sold and cleaned up within the next few weeks. You will find assortments good and prices low. Don't fail to look over our line before purchasing. You will feel well paid for your trouble.

NICHOLSON

Job Printing

Best work and Lowest Prices.

The Ledger

N. B. BLAIN ASSIGNED

DOORS OF THE OLD DRY GOODS MAN CLOSED.

Shortage in Treasury of Building & Loan Association.

Our village was shocked and pained Monday morning by the intelligence that Norman B. Blain, one of our oldest citizens and business men, had assigned to D. R. Whitney for the benefit of his creditors.

Mr. Blain was treasurer of the Lowell Building & Loan association and the crisis was brought about by the discovery of the auditing committee that he did not have the amount of money on hand that his books called for, there being a deficiency of about \$3200. The books are all right and Mr. Blain who has had control of three blocks of Building & Loan stock which mature in October expected to manipulate them in such a way as would protect the association from loss.

A meeting of the directors of the Building & Loan association was held Monday evening and steps were taken to protect its interests.

Without going unnecessarily into details at this time THE LEDGER wishes to say that its relations with Mr. Blain have always been of the most pleasant and satisfactory kind, that we have always had implicit confidence in his judgement and integrity, and do not now question the honesty of his intentions. We hope he will be able to arrange his affairs in a manner satisfactory to all, as it is his earnest wish to do.

50 YEARS INCASCADE

LIVED LOREN LEWIS WHO DIED SATURDAY.

Known as a Man Who Had No Enemies

Loren Lewis died at his home in Cascade township Saturday at the age of 77 years. Funeral services were held at the house Monday conducted by Rev. Holcomb and largely attended and his remains were said to rest in Cascade village.

Mr. Lewis was born in New York state in 1823. He married Miss Smith near Syracuse and came to Cascade fifty years ago. He lived on the farm where he died for forty years, seven miles south west of Lowell in the east part of Cascade. Mrs. Lewis died several years ago. He leaves five sons, Merritt of Washington, D. C., James, George, Joseph and Loren, and three daughters, one of whom is Mrs. Orrin Ford.

A brother from Wisconsin made Mr. Lewis an extended visit recently and after returning home died about two weeks ago. Mr. Lewis is spoken of as "a man without an enemy," and was highly respected and widely known.

DEATH OF TWO YOUNG LADIES

Misses Grace Whedon and Lavanche Bowen.

Theodora Grace Whedon died on Sunday, July 22 at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Whedon, in this village. Grace had been in ill health for over a year and during her latter days had suffered greatly though with little complaint, always replying to inquiries of callers "I am better."

She was born in the house where she died, May 9, 1877 and with the exception of four years had lived there all her life. She was a member of the High school class of '97 and was also a member of the B. P. U., and for three years was organist in the Baptist church. She had a kind, loving disposition and was a favorite with all who knew her.

Funeral services were held at the home on Tuesday at 2 p. m., conducted by Rev. D. B. Davidson.

She leaves father, mother, two sisters, one brother and a host of friends.

Miss Lavanche Bowen died at her home at 49 Elizabeth street, Muskegon, Friday, July 19, at the age of 17 years of consumption, and was buried at that place on Sunday, July 21. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bowen who had lived in this vicinity for many years, only about six weeks ago removing to their present home. Besides her parents, two sisters and a brother survive her.

The Ledger is only \$1.00 a year.

SCOTT & CABELL

NEW FIRM THAT SUCCEEDS SPRAKER & CABELL.

Dr. Cambell a Hardware Man for About Three Hours.

The firm of Spraker & Cambell, hardware dealers, has been succeeded by Scott & Cambell and this is the way it was done:

On Monday, Frank W. Spraker sold his interest to Dr. E. A. Cambell, taking the latter's Building & Loan stock and the brick building occupied by Yeiter and Wadsworth. On the afternoon of the same day the doctor sold his newly acquired hardware stock to our well-known and worthy citizen, James Scott, and the firm name is now Scott & Cambell, the latter being Eugene, who has been identified with the business since the retirement of L. K. Clark.

Mr. Spraker says that for the present at least he will take a much needed rest.

Ada Pioneer Picnic

THE ANNUAL EVENT COMES AUG. 15TH.

Judge Morse, Congressman Smith and J. M. Mathewson among the Speakers.

The pioneers of Ada and adjoining towns will hold their 15th annual picnic at Schenck's grove in the village of Ada Thursday, Aug. 15, 1901. The program this year will be interesting to both young and old. Good speaking on local and pioneer history and singing and recitations. Speakers will be the Hon. Ex. Judge Allen B. Morse of Ionia, Cong. Wm. A. Smith, John S. Hooker, Hon. James Lyon, Hon. John Mathewson and others. The Maccabees will have a bovery dance, all are cordially invited to come. By order of com. Wm. Farrell, Secretary.

Lights Next Week.

President VanDyke informs us that rapid progress is being made at the City dam and that it is confidently expected that water will be turned on next Tuesday.

There is a considerable work to be done in the corporation in the way of readjusting the wires which have been temporarily connected with the Lowell Water & Light plant but street lights may be expected sometime next week.

As soon as the City plant is ready for action, we understand the Lowell Water & Light plant will shut down for extensive repairs, made necessary by the recent floods.

Lightning Killed a Cow.

A cow belonging to James Holmes, who lives about three miles south-west of this village was killed by lightning during the storm last Thursday night. The animal was found under a tree Friday morning, but there were no marks on tree or cow.

Mrs. Snow Died This Morning.

Mrs. Mary Snow, widow of Uriel Snow, died this morning after a long illness. Funeral will be held at the Snow church tomorrow (Friday) morning at 10 o'clock.

Mrs. Snow was about 77 years of age and had lived on the farm in Cascade for 50 years. Two daughters and three sons survive.

Fenning-Gable Wedding.

Bert Fenning, the genial and accommodating carrier for Rural Route No. 1, was married Tuesday to Miss Grace Gable. Bert has furnished a substitute to care for the rural mail and is taking a few days of deserved rest in his new-found happiness. Much joy, Bert.

Gleaner Picnic at Slayton Lake.

There will be a Gleaner picnic at Slayton Lake Wednesday, Aug. 7, under the auspices of the local arm of the A. O. U. G. of Kent and Western Ionia counties. Base ball between Alton and Ada arbor teams, high dive by Ray Havens of Oakfield Center and basket lunch at noon.

Musical and literary program, including address by Supreme Secretary Slocum. There will be swimming races with liberal prizes and a grand ball in the evening for which Adams' orchestra will furnish music. Bill to dance \$1.00 including supper and horses to hay.

Fat haly—Don't sleep too much; exercise don't eat fats and sweets. To reduce flesh rapidly take Rocky Mountain Tea. Acts directly on the fatty tissues. 35c. Ask your druggist. D. G. Look.

The New Firm's Announcement

Scott & Cambell's Greeting.

TO THE HARDWARE USING PUBLIC—

Having purchased the interest of Mr. Spraker in the former firm of Spraker & Cambell, I am now ready to receive a share of the patronage of all my old friends and solicit the patronage of many new ones; and with the assistance of Mr. Cambell will endeavor to give each and everyone fair treatment, with good goods and right prices. Yours truly,

JAS. A. SCOTT.

Closing Out Sale OF BICYCLES

Beginning Sat. June 15th

I will offer my entire line of High Grade Wheels at greatly reduced prices. Remember, that no more will be offered at these prices after those in stock are sold. Tires and sundries also going cheap. Remember the place and date.

R. D. STOCKING.

P. S.—Inquire what I am going to do with those fine Rambler Chainless Wheels.

Our Boys All Wool Cheviot and Cassimere Suits at \$3.75

Sizes 12 to 19 years—Coat, Vest and Pants—is the best value of all values—Suits that have been selling at \$5.00, 6.00 and 7.00. They must all go. Nothing must be left to tell the tale.

If you find prices below us you'll find quality below also.

W. W. Pullen.

The Clothier.

CHURCHES AND SOCIETIES

Baptist.

Band No. 1 of the Baptist church will meet with Mrs. E. Weyrick Friday.

Societies.

The Ladies Relief Corps will sell ice cream and cake on the Island Saturday afternoon and evening. All are cordially invited.

Congregational.

Christian Endeavor meeting Aug. 4. Topic, "Gaining by Losing." Mark 10:28-30. Leader George Sherman.

Resolutions of Condolence.

Truly "Man goeth to his long home and the mourners go about the street." Our sister, Grace Whedon, one of the members of this order, has been called from us by the angel of death in the spring-time of life, as she had not yet reached the first quarter of a century. The sweet voice and the genial presence are removed from us forever. But we will cherish in our hearts the fond remembrance of our dear sister and we desire at this time and in the presence of the dead to bear this testimony to the many noble traits of character which marked one sister.

To the father, mother, brother, and sisters, we offer our tenderest sympathy, to her schoolmates and teachers we unite with our voice that in this stroke we have all lost a valued friend.

Therefore, we the officers and members of Island City Rebekah Lodge No. 282 in lodge of sorrow assembled do place upon our records this recognition of the worth of our sister and the loss we have sustained in her death. Mrs. J. S. Hooker, July 31, 1901. Resolution Com.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between F. E. Spraker and E. H. Cambell, under the firm name of Spraker & Cambell is this day dissolved by mutual consent, F. E. Spraker retiring in favor of Jas. Scott, the new firm of Scott & Cambell assuming all liabilities and collecting all accounts of the said firm of Spraker & Cambell.

F. E. Spraker.
E. H. Cambell.

OLD PAPERS AT THIS OFFICE

THE LOWELL MARKET REPORT.

Wheat	65
Potatoes	40
New potatoes	75
Beans	1 75
Pork	6 00 @ 6 75
Corn	50
Oats	30
Eye	44
Butter	12
Eggs	10
Wool washed	13 @ 20
Wool unwashed	10 15
Beef	5 00 @ 6 50
Veal	6 20 @ 6 75
Flour per cwt	2 00
Bran per ton	16 00
Middlings per ton	16 00
Corn meal per ton	20 00
Corn and oats per ton	20 00
Clover Seed	5 00 5 50

GOING LIKE HOT CAKES

Those Elegant Summer Dress Goods at Weekes'

We don't propose to carry them over and are making prices that will clear our shelves and make room for our Fall Stock. Our line is very choice and complete—goods and prices talk for themselves. We challenge comparison. The hottest weather is still to come. You need the goods and we need the money. Let's trade. We'll give you the big end of the bargain. Look at Our Fine Line of Shirt Waists, Prices from 50c to \$3.00.

A. W. WEEKES

Lowell State Bank

Transacts a General Banking Business.

Buy and Sell
Government and High Grade Municipal Bonds.

Domestic Drafts
Available in all parts of the United States and Canada.

Foreign Drafts
Available in all Commercial Cities of the World.

Exchange Money
On Real Estate, Mortgages, Approved Notes and Collateral.

Checks on All
Fair and courteous treatment and every accommodation consistent with Sound Banking.

BONE NEWS.

Order your baked goods of Price & Covert.

Freddie Baker is visiting relatives in Detroit.

Mrs. J. D. Kelley is recovering from her recent illness.

Attorney F. W. Hime was in town a legal business yesterday.

Mrs. Villa Ayers was in Grand Rapids on business Friday.

If any person asks you to sign a bond tell him to C. Guy Perry.

Miss Lizzie Thompson visited over Sunday in Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Newcomb made a business visit to Sarnia Tuesday.

Try the Weir stone fruit jar. They preserve the fruit in its natural state.

Price & Covert.

A party of our young ladies and gentlemen spent Sunday afternoon and evening with Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Hudson at Oak Grove. The trip was made with carriages and boats.

Announcement is made of the approaching marriage of William G. Murphy to Miss Sophia Waters of Hastings on Wednesday, Aug. 7. Much joy, Will.

Grove & Mosher took orders for thirteen round stone tanks within a radius of three miles of Elmblad yesterday. Every farmer should investigate this tank and be convinced that it is the best tank known.

Ex-Congressman Richard, now milk inspector of Grand Rapids, was in Lowell last week to arrange for a picnic at Island Park of the Grand Rapids milk dealers on August 22. We will greet the milk men with the glad hand; but how natural it is for them to get near the water.

John Nevers was about town yesterday with a bad looking face. His forehead was bruised and bloody and both eyes looked as if he had had the worst of a gloveless slugging match. He could not or would not give an account of himself and it is thought that he received his injuries by falling from bed in a spasm or by running against a door or other object. It looks to us, however, as if he was the victim of foul play.

Court Hicks was busy Tuesday with Aldrich vs. Finn and gave the plaintiff judgement for \$8.00 and costs. Seward Aldrich after threshing for James Finn of Vergennes bought a straw stack of him. Afterward Finn sold the stack to another man, claiming that he did not understand that Aldrich had bought it. There were a number of witnesses and the case will be a plenty. Such cases are better settled out of court.

S. P. Hicks, C. C. Winger and Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Carveth went to Lania yesterday, where a suit is in progress connected with the transfer of the Carveth farm in Berlin township several years ago. This is the farm near Sarnia occupied by George Winger since his removal from Lowell. We understand that the Carveths think they got the worst of the deal and had brought suit to recover.

Chattel mortgage blanks at this office.

J. Bruce Walker visited his mother, Mrs. T. M. Walker Tuesday.

Miss Ella Ford of Logan is spending two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Pascher.

M. C. Griswold registered at the Michigan building at the Pan-American yesterday.

Milo Hider sold his residence property, adjoining McDunnell & Flannigan, to Neil Cameron yesterday.

A dicker emanating from the Journal office advertises a balloon ascension in Lowell for Saturday, Aug. 3, by Prof. Ballard.

Price and Covert have put in a fountain in their east window and you may expect all green stuffs to be perfectly fresh when ordered.

Ladies clean your kid gloves with LaBelle glove cleaner. It is not a liquid, leaves no odor and can be used while the glove is on the hand. For sale only by W. S. Winger, Druggist, may 1-13.

DuWit's Witch Hazel Salve should be promptly applied to cuts, burns and scalds. It soothes and quickly heals the injured part. There are worthless counterfeits, beware to get DuWit's.
L. H. Taft & Co.

Sayrus
Mrs. William Gardner, aged 67 died at her home in this village Friday July 26. She has been a great sufferer for several years. The funeral held at the church Sunday was largely attended.

The people of this community were shocked and grieved to hear of the death of John Krupp caused by a kick from a vicious horse. He leaves a wife and two adopted children who have the heartfelt sympathy of the community.

Myrtle Ellis is visiting friends in Big Rapids.

G. Bissel and wife entertained their daughter from Chadwick a part of last week.

Maude Hanks is visiting her sister Mrs. Ray King of Keene.

Chas. Joslin was kicked in the head by a horse Sunday leaving a small gash.

Geo. Foreman and family have returned from their northern trip.

The large washout near the railroad crossing is being repaired and it is hoped that it will soon be in good condition.

GOOD ROADS PAY.

Results of Highway Improvement in North Carolina.

The industrial commission at a recent session at Washington took up the subject of good roads. Most of the time was devoted to a paper read by D. P. Hutchinson of Charlotte, N. C. His statement, however, was confined almost exclusively to the roads in North Carolina. The movement for a road improvement in his state, he said, had started in the towns and had been advocated and supported very strongly by the residents of municipalities. The citizens of his city, Charlotte, submitted a road tax in addition to their town taxes, and the money raised this way made it possible to build the first macadamized road in Michiganberg county.

The roads, Mr. Hutchinson said, were worked by convicts. One effect of improved country roads, he said, was to increase the value of suburban property. Farming lands on macadam roads within two to ten miles of town, he said, have increased from 50 to 100 per cent in value in the last ten years.

Good Roads Benefits.

Good roads pay from every possible point of view. They save the farmer money, both in the improved marketing facilities of his products and in the wear and tear of vehicles and teams. He can draw bigger loads, get to market quicker, travel more miles daily with less fatigue and put his products on the market to a great deal better condition.

The value of land is also greatly enhanced by the improved conditions, as are properties in the town. It would be impossible to state in a brief interview the pecuniary benefits to be derived from good roads, to say nothing of the comforts and pleasures dependent upon the same.

Good roads are absolutely essential to the prosperity of any agricultural community.

Progress of Good Roads.

As a result of a good roads convention recently held at Jackson, Tenn., a good roads association has been formed.

Preacher Advised 'em to Buy Alarm Clocks

Not a thousand miles from Lowell one Sunday morning less than 100 years ago, the greater part of the members of the Whist You May Call It church were nearly half an hour late. Before beginning his sermon, the minister spoke at some length on the bad habit of tardiness and advised the members of his flock to "buy alarm clocks."

Are you always on time at your church? If not, purchase yourself with one of our Guaranteed Alarm Clocks at \$1.00 and please the minister and yourself.



TONY'S SACRIFICE.

A Deal in Oil Lands That Proved Disastrous.

By Marguerite Stabler.

Lambert of the Original Oil oligarchy tucked his telegram into his breast pocket with a loving little pat. This was the moment he had been working and living for all these months. "Veternity difficult jinks," it read, and translated by his private cipher code, it meant he was to go ahead, buy the whole tract and draw on the company for the first payment.

The burning August sun beat relentlessly upon his unaccustomed head, his collar tick on the line of the road, his face was blistered and his eyeballs scorched by the heat, but so absorbed was he in the schemes that unraveled themselves before him that he forgot to fume because of his discomfort. He chuckled privately to himself notwithstanding the hot involved the breathing of a mouthful of Kern county dust, for this was the climate he had almost despaired of reaching. Although he had never for a moment lost faith in the richness of this little strip of foothill country, the company had never until now been willing to raise the money for the first payment and the execution of the works necessary for its development, and he had come to realize that of a twenty "with without weeks is dead."

His company was not rich because of his ownership. He chuckled privately to himself notwithstanding the hot involved the breathing of a mouthful of Kern county dust, for this was the climate he had almost despaired of reaching. Although he had never for a moment lost faith in the richness of this little strip of foothill country, the company had never until now been willing to raise the money for the first payment and the execution of the works necessary for its development, and he had come to realize that of a twenty "with without weeks is dead."

The lingers around the little hotel eyed him curiously as he drove up and followed at his heels as he made his way into the office, for such a turnout was not often seen in that part of the country. Lambert pushed his way through the crowd without seeing them and drank champagne to his rising fortunes as the uncorked beer tickled down his dusty throat. The name of Johnson of the Mammoth Mineral monopoly on the register made him open his eyes a trifle wider. Of course there was no reason why Johnson should not be there if he chose, but there was a collusion between the members of the two companies, especially between Johnson and himself.

The county records showed the title of the land to be vested in one Antonio Macia Lopez, so early the next morning Lambert started off to find her. But once out on the county roads, in the wastes of brown stubble fields, the directions he had received at the hotel became confused. No one seemed to know anything definite about the distance, and it had been variously estimated at from "but 15 mile" to 20. After following for several hours a road that seemed to have no turning he looked about for some one of whom he might inquire the way, and the first sign of life that came in sight was the figure of a woman walking toward him. But when he was almost near enough to address her she stopped, drew her sunbonnet over her eyes, tucked her skirts into one hand and scaled the four sided fence as neatly as a boy might have done. Then, looking over her shoulder toward the dust cloud down the road, she slipped behind a bowler and waited for the wheel to pass. As the dust enveloped her in a blinding cloud she started back and came up short with a click-

ing of chains and silver ornaments. "Could you tell me whether or not this is the road to the Lopez place?" Lambert asked.

The sunbonnet jerked forward in an affirmative nod.

"Then perhaps you will be so good as to direct me to it," Lambert continued.

"Yes," answered the girl. "It's right here."

A pause followed, while the man in the cart looked over the girl's head at the abomination of desolation epitomized in the prospect before him—the tumble down fence, the unpainted, half finished house, the creaky outbuildings—then at the feeble little figure beside the bowler. His eyes sought hers for further information, but the sunhat had closed down over her features like the shell of an oyster.

"Then, perhaps, you are Miss Lopez," he ventured, "the heiress to the estate?"

"No," returned the sunbonnet, "I'm Tony Lopez. My folks are dead, and this here ranch won't be mine till I'm of age; that's all."

It was evident, Lambert told himself as he followed the girl to the house, that the purchase would be an easy matter, for she certainly had no idea of the value of her sawing across. Lambert's reputation was that he had "a way with women," whatever that may mean, but certain it is that when his gray eyes looked straight out from their black lashes the subject they rested upon, provided it was of the feminine gender, felt herself at the moment the center of the universe, and many a wiser girl than Tony might tell you so. Perhaps that was the reason she stammered and blushed, slipping her chin on and off at the heel in embarrassment, when he said, "Have you ever thought of selling your property, Miss Lopez?"

Miss Lopez, to his surprise, he found noncommittal to the last degree. All his cross questioning elicited nothing more than a laconic "Nope." Then Lambert deliberately trained his gray eyes upon her and smiled down into her little freckled face, with the result that she told him the whole story.

"To gods!" he ejaculated inwardly as she explained that Johnson of the Mammoth Mineral monopoly had made her an offer at a figure that the Original Oil oligarchy could never touch, much less outbid. So this was not his own exclusive scheme, after all! The new debts he had incurred on the strength of his prospects arose before him as he stared blankly at the wall. Johnson's company was rich, backed by substantial business men, while his was worse than poor, his heaviest stockholder a miserable spendthrift up to his ears in debt, his one hope now shattered by Johnson's rivalry. Johnson's eagerness to get the land was only another proof of its value. He must have it, he simply had to have it, and he would have it, he was saying to himself, while Tony, her tongue once loosened, bubbled on, telling him the terms of Johnson's proposition and ending by saying he had pledged her to secrecy as to his part in it.

Lambert smoked long and furiously that night over this new phase of his difficulties, and as the smoke wreaths grew denser they evolved the vision of a very girl, with laughing eyes, who had promised to share his fortunes, however great they might be. Tony's little freckled face, he remembered, always beamed with pleasure from the depth of her sunbonnet when she saw him, and Tony, with a rich oil well back of her, and foreign travel, private tutors, Paris gowns, might in time become like other people, but here the laughing blue eyes were through the smoke wreaths to mock him. He drew the difference between this lovely creature, the finished product of care and cultivation, and little Mexican What's-her-name sipping her chin on and off at the heel as she talked to him. Still, Tony was a good little thing; she was slim and straight, and if she could be induced not to try herself out in such outlandish colors she might be almost pretty, he mused. Then he stopped short and laughed at himself decisively. What could it matter to him whether she were pretty or not?

Tony was waiting for him the next time his trap clattered down the dusty road. She had that coquettish manner that is so flattering to a man who knows the weakness of his strength. Johnson, she told him, had raised his offer for the whole tract, several thousand rocky, unproductive acres. Lambert frowned. He had to have it; there was no choice. So, with the figure of Johnson's offer staring him in the face, the prospect of bankruptcy pursuing him from behind and the only means of obtaining the prospective millions walking close beside him, blue eyes were forgotten, and he did it.

It was quickly said. Then he kissed her blushing cheeks, and the covered land was his—and Tony. He had discovered that he had property after all; he had the offer. So she did not know he cared anything about it, and there was not a doubt as to his sincerity in her simple little heart.

Johnson was the first man Lambert met when he went back to the hotel. He made a strained effort to be affable, and Lambert, who could afford now to be generous, pitied him for the disappointment in store for him and tried to outdo him in forced friendliness. They walked up to the bar like two old friends, and Lambert proposed a toast to "Success." Each man drank deep to himself, eyeing the other commiseratingly for the shock he was about to receive.

Tony was undeniably a good little thing, although Lambert regarded her merely as his means of escape from insolvency, and his only feeling for her was a vague sort of gratitude. She bored him by the absent devotion she lavished upon him. Once, however, it had really touched him,

when she had said, "For you there is nothing in the world I would not gladly sacrifice."

But he had only said, "Yes, yes, that's a good girl; but you shouldn't wear bright pink. It is not becoming."

Lambert's success went to his head and made him long to throw his arms around the neck of the whole world and treat the world with a princely lachrymation. He spent money with a princely lachrymation, and Johnson came in for all his share. And Tony, too, was happy. She went about with a suppressed mirthfulness in her eyes, as if she had a secret source of happiness nobody but herself knew—which, indeed, was the case.

And so they were married. The little bride was decked out in shimmering white, but in all the gray colors her primitive soul loved—a gorgeous yellow gown with variegated furthers and red slippers. Lambert wondered if she would slip them on and off at the heel during the ceremony. But nothing could ruffle his serenity; he looked his animated rainbow over in good natured amusement—she would soon be wearing Paris gowns, her tawdry finery left behind.

As soon as he could bring the subject up he said, as if he had not thought it all out weeks before:

"If you would rather deed this ranch over to me to save you the trouble of looking after it, I suppose I could attempt to do it. You know you are of age now and can do as you like."

But Tony, the glow of pride still in her heart from the conscious success of her wedding gown, looked up and answered sweetly, "Did I not tell you there was no sacrifice I would not gladly make for you?"

"What?" cried Lambert. "What are you saying?"

"I could not think of letting you be ashamed of my clothes among all your fine friends, so I have made a surprise for you." She glanced up archly, expecting the approbation her surprise deserved. "I know you don't care for the money, because you are so rich yourself!"

"What are you saying? Are you crazy? Say, quick, what have you done?" shrieked the "happy bridegroom."

"Why, I sold my ranch to Mr. Johnson," she explained, while her eyes widened in childlike wonder. "That cleared

off the mortgage and bought all my beautiful wedding clothes, and, oh, I have got trunks full of the sweetest things!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Miss Ago.

Being asked his age, a colored citizen in a Billville district replied: "Well, sah, I some older dan dat pine tree yankee, 'til bit younger dan dat live oak by de gate en not quite so old ez de house whar I livin at. I ain't much on fingers mysef, but you kin count up en see!"—Atlanta Constitution.

See THE LEDGER'S beautiful new wedding script before getting your invitations and announcements.

10c Bargains

We have the biggest bargain in the city. Come in and see for yourself, if you don't believe it.

Here are a few of the many things we have that we will buy:

- Bowls
- Plates
- Flatters
- Cup Saucers
- Cups and Saucers

Clyde Collar.

PRESIDENT THOMAS OF THE SEVENTH NATIONAL BANK.
President at 28 years of age of a national bank that collapsed twenty-four hours after he assumed the presidency—such is the unique record of Edward R. Thomas, of New York. His bank, the Seventh National, recently failed after making bad loans aggregating more than a million and a half. It is generally held, however, that Mr. Thomas is not to blame for the failure of his bank, which was due to matters occurring before he took charge.

BARAINS

@ Godfrey's

Straw Hats away down cheap to close out.	
3 Pairs of Cotton Socks	10c
3 Working Shirts	\$1.00
Harvest Gloves	15c per pair
Boys' Bathing Trunks	10c
Boys' Crash Pants, age 4 to 12	20c
Boys' Cotton Pants, age 4 to 12	20c

Bargains on Suits.

Away down prices on light colors. I wish to close them all out, before it is time to load up with heavy suits.

Yours for bargains,

W. S. GODFREY,
LOWELL, MICH.

YOUR CLOTHIER.



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SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I—Major Goddard makes unfortunate investments and loses almost entire fortune. His wife's actions at this time lead him to believe she married for money. She had been a poor milliner with whom he had become infatuated. She never allowed him to learn certain things connected with past life.

Chapter II—Arriving home from business Goddard learns his wife has left for city. Missing considerable sum of money from safe of which she knew leads him to conclude she means desertion. Telegram comes asking him to see her at Palace hotel in New York.

Chapter III—Mrs. Goddard formulates plan by which she and Goddard can come into fortune of his ward Blanche. She will go abroad, while abroad report will come back of her death. He will marry Blanche who loves him but who has fatal heart trouble and will not live two years; on Blanche's death she will prove false report of her own death. To this plan the major is brought to reluctantly consent.

Chapter IV—Mrs. Goddard returns to Lyndhurst, but before doing so secures a Mrs. Nolan to go abroad with her as maid and play important part in disappearance act.

Chapter V—Mrs. Nolan, according to arrangement, comes to Lyndhurst to apply for position of maid with Mrs. Goddard, and of course is accepted.

Chapter VI—Blanche is innocently drawn into plot by Mrs. Goddard who tells of foreboding that she will die abroad. Blanche is told that Goddard had loved her before meeting Mrs. Goddard, and Mrs. Goddard knowing of Blanche's affection asks her to marry him should she never return.

Chapter VII—Mrs. Goddard gives her husband London address where she can get letters (addressed to Mrs. Nolan), and gives him key to private box where he can get letters from her.

Chapter VIII—Major goes to boat with his wife, and learns of arrangements she has made for her own comfort en route. She will have the chief stateroom which is somewhat separated from the other rooms. She points out closet both keys to which she has secured. She says if later there is anything he cannot understand to "think of this closet and its two keys and the puzzle will be solved."

Chapter IX—The third day out Mrs. Goddard attracts attention of boat captain and appears deranged in mind. She says she is always seeing dead bodies floating by in the water.

Chapter X—On evening of eighth day a bad storm arises. At worst of the storm Mrs. Nolan is heard to scream at top of her voice. She points to the water indicating her mistress has plunged overboard. Mrs. Goddard is locked in the closet of her stateroom.

Chapter XI—On reaching Liverpool Mrs. Goddard emerges from closet and is landed in the hurry with the second-class passengers without arousing suspicion.

Chapter XII—Goddard receives telegram from steamship company announcing drowning of his wife. About a month later after having received several letters from his wife urging speedy action, and also being reproached by Mrs. Dean, a friend of Blanche's and who knew of their previous love affairs, for his coldness toward his ward, he proposes to Blanche and they are very quietly married the next day.

"She told you that?" the major exclaimed.

"Yes, and not only that, but she said she had some sort of presentiment that she was going to die abroad, and said if anything did happen to her she hoped I would marry you. Oh, I've tried to regret her death—to feel sorry for her at being taken away in the midst of such sins, but I cannot. She even told me—oh, I can't tell you what else she said. It makes me almost hate her memory."

"Please go on," said the major. "She confessed that she was unhappy with you—that she wanted to get away from you—that she married you simply for your money."

"I suspected that," said the major, dreamily.

It seemed so wonderful to him that he could now calmly contemplate Jeanne's shallow faithlessness without the pangs such thoughts had always caused him. Was it because he really loved his ward and that he had never loved Jeanne—that his passion for her had been only a base infatuation which had already taken wings?

He could not answer these questions; he could only wonder at the strange exultation which was swelling in his breast—the boundless enthusiasm over the thought that he was loved by the beautiful young creature before him. He lost sight of the wrong he had done her. She had only a short while to live—that time, he told himself, should constitute his life and hers; beyond that brief period he could not reckon.

"You have suffered?" he heard himself murmuring.

"Ever since that awful day when you introduced me to her in the drawing-room. I had never dreamed that God intended you for anyone but me. You had been my whole life, and even afterwards, when I saw the hold she had on you, I could not keep from suffering. The pain, the loss was with me night and day. I hated her; I despised myself. I planned a thousand times to leave, but I could not tear myself away, because I saw your soul in danger. I saw her day by day leading you downward instead of upward, as I had dreamt of doing. I knew how charitable you had been before your marriage—how many poor people you had helped, and I saw her drawing you away from such impulses by her sharp, heartless ridicule."

"And now that she is no longer—no longer—here?" Goddard could not pronounce the word which lay on his tongue like a weight.

"Now that she is out of our way I shall pray God to help me exercise a

better influence over you."

"You have always done that," he said. "Do with me as you will. I am a very bad man, Blanche; a very wicked man. If you knew me as I am you would despise me for my wickedness, as you despised her for hers."

"You never had a fault till she crossed your path, dear guardian, and nothing you have done since is going to count." She spoke lightly, and smiled as she laid her head on his shoulder.

The next day was Sunday, and as Miss Dean had gone home, they drove alone to the village, about two miles distant, to attend church. Blanche had never looked so well. The crisp air brought the blood into her cheeks and blew her hair into a froth of gold about her eyes and brow.

"Perhaps we ought not to drive so far," he said, solicitously, as they were entering the carriage. "Do you think Dr. Fleming would approve of it?"

"He said outdoor exercise was what I needed most," answered Blanche. "Don't worry about me; the medicine he prescribed is making me strong again. Did you notice the breakfast I ate? I was ashamed of my appetite."

He was silent a moment as they drove along, then he gravely said:

"I want you to go to a good physician to-morrow and ask his advice."



HE SAT STARING AT THE WORDS FOR SEVERAL MINUTES.

It has been some time since you saw Dr. Fleming."

"Oh, don't begin that," said Blanche, pretending to pout. "I am getting along beautifully."

"But I—I want—you must see a doctor," he stammered. "I shall feel better now to know that everything is being done that should be done for you."

"You talk as if I were going to die," said the girl. "Why, I've just begun to live."

For a moment he looked confused. He could not reveal his real fears, and yet he was now deeply troubled about her condition.

"Of course, it isn't anything serious," he said; "but still to please me you will let me send for Dr. Fraleigh."

"No, I don't know him, and I don't like to make new acquaintances. Besides, Dr. Fleming is coming to New York in about ten days. I promised faithfully to see him when he returned."

"How do you know he is coming?" asked the major, in surprise.

"I had a note from him yesterday. He explained that he was coming to New York earlier than he expected, owing to a sudden change in his plans."

I will go to see him, if you insist on it, but I know he will tell me I have taken enough of his tonics."

"Well, that will do," said Goddard, reluctantly. He thought of the crimson pictures in the medical book he had consulted, and his heart sank. After all, his new-found happiness was only to end in her death, and then—

Goddard's meditations about Blanche always stopped there. He had shut his real wife out of his thoughts as men who are striving for better things shut out the memory of past evil deeds and associations.

That night when the house was still and he found himself alone in his study he forced himself to the task of communicating with Jeanne. And as I can in no better way reveal the workings of his heart, I shall reproduce the letter word for word.

In beginning it he wrote "Dear Jeanne," but there he stopped abruptly, and sat staring at the words for several minutes, then he tore the sheet into small bits and let them filter through his fingers. His letter began simply as follows:

"Well, I have at last done your bidding. I was a madman. I confess that—the very flames of hell had scorched my brain. I have committed an unspeakable crime against the purest, loveliest creature that God ever gave life to. You will be surprised perhaps to find that I have changed so quickly, and really I have changed completely. The scales have fallen from my sight. I feel like a man who has been hypnotized and wakes to find he has murdered his best friend. I despise myself as no mortal ever despised himself before. I now know that my passion for you was the blindest, most insane infatuation that ever dregged the soul of a man from an atmosphere of hope down into the mire of hellish despondency. I now know that my love for my ward was the only pure love I have ever experienced. Yes, I loved her when I met you, and I love her now with all the tortured soul within me. I have

(OVER)

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...a pure, unsuspecting woman, but as her life will be of such short duration, if I can prevent it, I shall never know of the fact that you are alive, and that I am not her legal husband?

"I would not write to you now, but for the fact that it is due you to know the stand I have taken, and that we must now thoroughly understand each other in regard to Blanche's fortune. As God is my Judge I do not want her money, and as God is my Judge you shall never lay your covetous hands upon it. I shall at once take precautions to see that, at her death, the money shall go to her blood relatives. As to you, I shall never willingly see you again, nor write you another line from this day forth. I see my duty and I shall do it. Any letter you write me will be returned to you unopened. Do your worst. If you wish to publish to the world that you and I have played on its credulity, do so, I shall then confess to the part I took in your scheme. As much as I now hate you, I would not let you bear all the blame. I am as giddy as you because I am a man. I herewith enclose a draft payable to Mrs. Nolan; it is all the money I can send you now. I am about to enter into a speculation in railway stock and if it turns out well I shall send you more money. You are my wife and I shall provide for you as well as my own means will allow, but of Blanche's money you nor I shall ever have one penny. I shall try to get means out of my own resources to keep you quiet at least as long as Blanche lives, but you need not look to me for large remittances. I am not exactly under your thumb; your threats of exposure will not frighten me. I am desperate. I want Blanche to know what I am. I cannot face her pure eyes and know that I am as vile as the deepest dyed convict. The sooner you make the whole thing known the better I shall be pleased.

"ROWLAND GODDARD."

Mrs. Nolan was standing in the door of the little gray brick cottage when the postman handed this communication to her. Recognizing the handwriting she took it unopened to Mrs. Goddard, who was restlessly walking in the little, high-walled garden in the rear of the house.

"Ah," she exclaimed, "he has written!"

"Yes, it is from him," said the angular woman, approaching slowly.

Mrs. Goddard tore open the envelope. She had hardly read a dozen lines before she uttered a little scream, and then, with quivering hands and expanding eyes, she continued to read.

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Nolan.

"Matter enough," answered Mrs. Goddard, clenching her hands and grinding her teeth together. "Matter enough. He has married the girl, but has already—already fallen in love with her, and now he wants to throw me over."

"Didn't you expect that?" asked Mrs. Nolan, whose innate dislike for her mistress often fostered opposition to her plans.

"It was the last thing I did expect—the very last."

"Your egotism has undone you, Jeanne," said Mrs. Nolan with no little cautious unction. "I had no sooner laid my eyes on that beautiful young creature than I knew if he ever was in love with her once he would be again."

"For mercy's sake, dry up!" commanded the furious woman. "This is no time for you to lecture me. Do you know that we shall be stranded here without money enough to keep us? Do you know that he defies me to expose the matter and that he swears I shall never touch the girl's money?"

"Not after her death?" asked Mrs. Nolan, her own face growing suddenly grave.

"Death, you idiot? The girl is as sound as a dollar."

"I thought you said—"

"It makes no difference what I said," broke in Mrs. Goddard. "She'll never die till I get back to America, and—"

Mrs. Nolan caught the excited woman by her shoulders and forced her to look at her.

"Do you mean that—that you intended to commit murder, Jeanne?"

"If he did not give me the greater part of the girl's money—yes," was the sullen answer.

"Well, you must not draw me into that, Jeanne!"

"I shall draw you into nothing, but I shall expect you to hold your tongue."

"Would he hold his if—if you resorted to—if you killed her?" asked Mrs. Nolan in a low, quivering voice.

They had now returned to the little sitting-room in the cottage. Mrs. Goddard was looking through a box of writing-paper, with nervous, fumbling fingers. Mrs. Nolan stood over her and ventured cautiously to repeat her question.

Mrs. Goddard hesitated as she found a telegraph blank, and dipped a pen.

"He'd have to, or be implicated with me in—the whole business," she answered, doggedly. "If she died suddenly or was shot, the law of self-preservation would be too strong for him."

"And what then?" Mrs. Nolan seemed scarcely to breathe.

"Then I could win him back to me—if I wanted him."

"Are you sure?"

"With her out of the way, yes."

There was a dead silence in the room. The outer circle of the underground railway ran beneath the garden, and a passing train shook the room like an earthquake.

"What are you going to do, now?" asked Mrs. Nolan, curiously, eyeing the telegraph blank.

Mrs. Goddard was writing, and when she had finished and laid down her pen she held the sheet to her companion. It was addressed to Maj. Rowland Goddard, Lyndhurst-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., U. S. A. The message was but a single word and no signature went with it. The word was: "America."

"It will pass most eyes as a word from some telegraphic code," said Mrs. Goddard; "but the major will understand it in full. Now, Lucy, we must pack. We are going back on the first steamer. I shall run out and send this and inquire about the passage. Go to work. We have no time to lose."

"But what if you were recognized on the steamer going over?" faltered Mrs. Nolan.

"There is no likelihood of that. I know so few people."

"But Henry Dugdale is in New York."

"He may not be now; but we have to run—even that risk. We are playing a big game, Lucy."

"You mean you are," said Mrs. Nolan. "I shall never be a hand in the—the other."

"I shall not ask you to," answered Mrs. Goddard. She put on her cloak and hastened away down the road to the telegraph station.

CHAPTER XIV.

The major happened to be alone when that telegram reached him. Seeing that it was foreign, he let it lie unopened on his desk till the servant had gone, then with many misgivings as to its import he opened it. That single word conveyed more to his disturbed consciousness of impending disaster than a dozen bold threats could have done. He told himself that Jeanne had had just sufficient time to have received his letter, and that she was on her way home.

But what could she be coming back for—running such great risks of detection? Perhaps it was that she might confront Blanche suddenly and cause the girl's death from the shock of the true situation. Perhaps—Goddard put the telegram into the fire and watched it burn. A big lump of despair was in his throat. At that moment, if, by a death of long lingering torture, he could have purchased Blanche's happiness he would have submitted without a murmur. The better side of his nature was now uppermost and he had

become actually a strong man. Suddenly he wondered if he might not with a round sum of money buy Jeanne off from her evident murderous plans, but Blanche's means were not to be thought of. Hearing the clicking of Talley's typewriting machine, and fired with a certain resolve, he crossed the hall and entered the study.

"Talley," said he, "have you still faith in that stock?"

"More than ever, major," said Talley, with a smile. "I wish I had more money to invest in it."

Goddard sat down near the young man.

"Talley, I need money awfully. By placing a mortgage on all my effects I could raise a hundred thousand. If I go into this deal it will be to lose all or win heavily. I am half a mind to plunge. What do you think?"

The young man raised his eyes slowly.

"But surely you are not so far gone as that," he ventured. "I think you said Mrs. Goddard's fortune was in good shape."

"It is in the best condition," said the major, firmly; "but I should never draw one penny of it for my own use. I wouldn't touch it to save my life."

"Oh, pardon me," said Talley, admiringly. "I understand that, major. As to the G. N. & W., of course I have boundless faith in it, but don't want to be the cause of your running such a big risk as to put all you have in it."

(To be continued)

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