

THE LOWELL LEDGER.

VOL. IX, NO. 22.

LOWELL, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY NOVEMBER 14, 1901

FIVE CENTS.

Seed Time and Harvest

Harvest follows seed time. Likewise, riches often follow the opening of a Savings account. Have you an account with us? We pay 3 per cent interest on such accounts.

City Bank, HILL, WATTS & CO.

HARD COAL WOOD SOFT COAL



BURNS ANY FUEL

The new patent device in the Round Oak stove for 1901 makes it without any question the most perfect and durable stove in the market. It will burn all kinds of fuel, burning all the gas and smoke, thereby saving one-third of the coal bill. Would be pleased to have the people call and examine this wonderful invention.

Get the genuine with the name on the leg. Yours,

R. B. BOYLAN.

The Holidays are Approaching

and we have been preparing for them for sometime past—laying in the largest and best selected stock of

*Watches, Clocks,
Jewelry, Silverware, Chinaware, etc.,
Kodaks and supplies,*

that can be found in Kent county and at prices that will stretch your dollars double their present capacity. Come in and look them over, make your selections and we will lay them aside for you until the proper time arrives for their distribution.

The White Front,
The Peoples' Store.

A. D. Oliver.

Be sure and see our Hycianth Vases.

FOUND DEAD IN BED

PEACEFUL PASSING OF MRS. JANE CHURCH

An Aged Pioneer of This Vicinity.

Jane Hendrick was born January 5, 1824, in Stuben county, N. Y. At the age of 17 she united with the Christian church, in which she was an earnest worker until 1845, when, with her father, Dr. G. A. Hendricks, she came to the then wilderness of Michigan and stopped in Keene, where he held a series of meetings. The next summer she taught school near Alton after which she made her home with Mr. and Mrs. T. I. Daniels in Verennes.

October 30, 1847 she was married to Chester Church and went to live on the farm at Alton, where they lived 41 years. Then they moved to Lowell, where Mr. Church died, three years ago October 14, since which time she has made her home with her youngest son, Dorus, who lives on the old homestead.

Seven children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Church, six of whom survive. They are: Mesdames Z. H. Covert and Joseph Richmond of Lowell, Mrs. J. D. Frost of Mosely, Messrs. Jasper H. and Chester R. of Evart and Dorus A. of Alton.

Mrs. Church was a kind and loving wife and mother, a good neighbor and a faithful and earnest christian. She was still a member of the Christian church at Alton at the time of her death, which occurred Nov. 9, 1901, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Covert. On retiring the night before she asked that she be not called to breakfast, saying that she would like to rest a little longer than usual. The request was granted, but when, at half past eight she did not appear, the daughter went to the room and found her dead. The physician, who was immediately called, pronounced it heart failure and said she had died while in her first sleep, probably about midnight.

A short service was held at five o'clock, after which the remains were taken to the home of her son, Dorus. Funeral services were held at the Alton church Tuesday, conducted by Rev. I. B. Jones.

Com.

"Christianity vs Infidelity."

Rev. Fr. Schrembs of Grand Rapids has accepted an invitation from Lowell to deliver his lecture on the above topic at Train's opera house, Wednesday, Nov. 20, under the auspices of the Lowell Catholic church. The gentleman is spoken of as a fluent orator and the citizens of Lowell are assured of an intellectual feast.

The admission fee has been placed at 25c and tickets will be offered for sale by canvassers. It is hoped they will meet with a cordial reception.

School Notes.

Miss Packard and Miss Morris were each out a day last week because of sickness.

Vocal solos were given last week by Miss Wesbrook and Miss Kinsey. Miss Vesta Smith played a violin solo and Mr. Collar and Miss Avery piano solos.

Martin and Grace Nyberg left school last week to attend at Grand Rapids.

The football team defeated Ada last week 110-0.

The ninth grade team plays Belding High school 2nd team, Nov. 14 at 3:15.

On Saturday, the first team will play Ionia at Train's field. Their High school has twice defeated our boys by small scores and an exceedingly close game is looked for Saturday. The time of games hereafter will be 2:30 standard.

CHURCHES & SOCIETIES

Baptist.

Band No. 1 of the Baptist church will serve an oyster supper in the church dining room Tuesday evening Nov. 19. Supper 15c.

Methodist.

On next Sunday morning "The New Birth and Regeneration," will be the theme. Three questions will be answered: What is the new birth? Is it a necessity to our present or future welfare? How is it brought about? In the evening the fourth sermon in the series on "Success and how to have it."

We rejoice in the fact that the Sunday school still continues to increase in interest and in numbers.

The topic for the Epworth League meeting Sunday evening is "Preaching and Hearing." The meeting last Sunday evening was well attended and very interesting and instructive under the leadership of Carl English. Let every member make a special effort to be present Sunday evening.

A large attendance was at the prayer meeting Thursday evening. Come fifteen minutes earlier this evening so that we can close that much earlier to accommodate those who desire to attend the concert. The theme for the evening talk, "God's love and care."

The Junior League was organized last Sunday with sixteen members to start with and the promise of an additional number next Sunday. Time of meeting 3 o'clock.

Societies.

The Lowell W. C. T. U. will meet at the home of Mrs. Reuteler Friday afternoon at 2:30.

Mrs. G. P. Taylor goes to Grand Rapids this week as delegate from the Lowell W. C. T. U. to the Fifth District convention to be held at the Plainfield Ave. Congregational church, Nov. 13 and 14.

THE PUBLIC PULSE.

DEAR DEDGEE:

It rather amuses me to see the attempt of sarcasm by A Thinker. I have no apology to make in regard to the answers I gave to the questions that appeared in your columns some time ago. I think I can prove every statement by history and the Bible. Now I will notice the Thinker a little. First, he says "The writer says that the texts in Isa. 58:13-14 and Ex. 20:9-11 have no bearing on the case because the texts have no reference to the first day of the week whatever."

I still say the same and if the Thinker will turn to the 20th chapter of Exodus and read he will find that the first day is not even referred to, but the seventh is and only the seventh.

A person must be a profound thinker to think that the seventh must mean the first in regard to the Sabbath. And who changed it? If our Thinker will ask any Catholic priest in the land, he will inform him on that question. Or he may get the Catholic Christian Catechism and he will find in it "Question: Has the church power to appoint Fasts and Holydays? Answer—If she has power to change the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day of the week, she has power to appoint fasts and holydays."

The Thinker seems to feel hurt because I said the texts referred to could not be honestly applied to the first day of the week. Well, if anyone can read the 20th of Exodus and say it means the first day he must be a profound thinker. I can not comprehend it.

A Reader.

Miss May Brower came home Saturday evening being quite indisposed.

Hot Blast Air Tight Florence

The Zenith of Stove Perfection.



The HOT BLAST AIR TIGHT FLORENCE will heat twice the space that can be heated by any other stove on earth, at one half the cost.

The only perfect floor heater that has ever been made. All features are patented and remember no stove manufacturer can copy same for eighteen years from date of patent.

The only jointless leg bottom and base with full radiation and large ash pan, that has ever been made in the history of the stove industry. The jointless leg bottom and base makes the stove air-tight below the grate, which is the only true fire-keeping principle.

The HOT BLAST AIR TIGHT FLORENCE burns soft coal or slack and all the smoke and gases. No filling up of the stove pipe or fire with soot. No dirt inside or outside the house. It will burn hard coal and all the gases which escape from the hard coal base burner. It will burn coke just the same as hard or soft coal. It will burn wood and sawdust, wet or dry. It will produce less than half the ashes than any other stove on earth, with any kind of fuel.

Scott & Cambell.

Guns

Finest and most complete stock of Guns ever seen in Lowell

Good Single Barrel Shot Guns \$5.00 to \$7.50

Good Double Hammer Guns \$10.00 to \$18.00

Hammerless Guns \$25.00 to \$60.00

Rifles \$2.50 up.

Ammunition

in all the best standard makes—loaded and unloaded—including black, smokeless and semi-smokeless. Prices lower than any competition.

Stocking's

For long range shooting try our Semi-Smokeless loads, only 50c a box.

My Fall and Winterr Line

IS NOW READY FOR INSPECTION AT PRICES LOWER THAN EVER.

Great line of Children's Suits at unmatchable prices. See our \$5.00 Overcoat—Men's All Wool Oxford and our \$7.00 Men's All Wool Kersey in Black, Blue and Brown. Reduced Prices on Men's and Boy's Pants. You won't pay too much for clothing at

W. W. Pullen.

FAIR DEALING CLOTHIER.

EAST SIDE, LOWELL.

Try us For Job Printing of all kinds. We can and will please you. The price will be right too. **The Ledger**



J. B. NICHOLSON,

Lowell's reliable Dry Goods Merchant, has donated this space to the ladies of the Baptist church, to let the public know that they have the opportunity of hearing the

Famous Canadian Jubilee Singers and Imperial Orchestra

Thursday Evening, Nov. 14th, 1901

This is the only Canadian Company that has toured in Europe and the United States. Every article bought at this store is guaranteed as represented. If you don't find it so bring it back and get your money. New goods arriving daily. No trouble to show them.

See Our Cloaks.

IN THE ODD CORNER.

QUEER AND CURIOUS THINGS AND EVENTS.

Water Boils When It Bubbles from the Effect of Heat, Says the Unscientific Person — The Scientist Practically Comes to This Conclusion.

SOULLESS PRAYERS.

I do not like to hear him pray
On bended knee about an hour,
For grace to spend aright the day,
Who knows his neighbor has no floor.

I'd rather see him go to mill
And buy the luckless brother bread,
And see his children eat their fill,
And laugh beneath their humble shed.

I do not like to hear him pray,
"Let blessings on the widow be,"
Who never seeks her home to say—
"If want o'takes you, come to me."

I hate the prayer so loud and long,
That's offered for the orphan's weal,
By him who sees him crushed by wrong,
And only with the lips doth feal.

I do not like to hear her pray,
With jeweled ear and silken dress,
Whose washerwoman toils all day,
And then is asked to work for less.

Such pious falsehoods I despise!
The folded hands, the face demure,
Of those with sanctimonious eyes,
Who steal the earnings of the poor.

These sainted faces that they wear
To church and for the public eye,
Hide things that are not on the square
And wickedness done on the sly.

I do not like such soulless prayers!
If wrong, I hope to be forgiven;
Such prayers no angel upward bears—
They're lost a million miles from heaven.

—Hartford Times.

SPIDER IS WEATHER WISE.

Most birds and animals have the faculty of discerning the approach of a storm with more or less accuracy, but in Yucatan they have a spider that is a marvel as a weather forecaster. This insect is known as "am," on account of the effect produced by its poison. As far as its own conduct goes the insect is inoffensive and can be handled with impunity, but if anybody had the misfortune to get one mysteriously mixed with his food he is certain to die after a few hours, and meanwhile, for some unexplained reason, will frequently ejaculate "Am! Am! Am!"—hence the name of the spider. Throughout the peninsula this is affirmed to be a fact, and if an "am" falls into fodder of horses or mules the animal that swallows it surely dies. This spider is shaped like a crab, minus the claws, and is of a bright yellow color, with brown spots; the biggest could be accommodated upon a silver dime. Its favorite abode is among the leaves of the banana shrub—commonly, but erroneously, called tree. There it spins with extreme rapidity, its web, which is prodigiously large, considering the size of its architect, and proceeds to devour flies that are unlucky enough to get entangled in the meshes of this astonishing little glutton, that is not satisfied with less than a dozen a day; that is to say, it consumes a good deal more than its own bulk. Its progeny are numerous, and appear, at first, like mere black specks, smaller than the smallest pin's head. The sky may be blue and cloudless when suddenly the am commences taking in its sails, or, rather, gathering in its net, with neatness and dispatch, cramming the whole of the material into its diminutive body entirely out of sight. A few minutes completes the job, and the spider takes up its position on the under surface of one of the great leaves, to be lulled by the gentle swaying and sheltered while the storm rages. It is for this that the am has prepared, and never is it mistaken; when the web is taken in rain will certainly fall within an hour. The moment the am is touched it feigns death and lets itself drop, showing no sign of life until again placed upon a leaf or on the ground. Many a one has lain in the palm of the writer's hand, inert, all its legs drawn close to its body, while it is examined at leisure, even being plucked up in the fingers without its manifesting any life.—Chicago Chronicle.

WHEN DOES WATER BOIL?

The joke is on the teacher who said: "Water boils when it is 212 degrees Fahrenheit temperature." The girl who answered, "Water boils when it bubbles," was right and teacher wrong. Between what is called scientifically the boiling point of water and the temperature, or "when" it actually boils, is a vast but clean-cut difference. The boiling point of water at 760 millimeters, 29.92 seconds barometer, is 212 degrees Fahrenheit, but even when water is 212 degrees Fahrenheit it does not necessarily boil. If the barometer is today 30.6 seconds it boils—i. e., bubbles—at 213.1 degrees Fahrenheit. Bubbling is even the scientist's test, because he never dips his thermometer into the boiling water itself, but only in the steam from the bubbler. If the barometer is at 29.5 seconds it boils at 210.2 degrees Fahrenheit. This is the case on the seacoast. In New York, where the barometer in a year ranges between 29.5 seconds and 30.6 seconds the boiling temperature varies between 210.2 degrees Fahrenheit and 213.1 degrees Fahrenheit, a difference of three de-

grees, and many an observing housewife has noticed that meats, vegetables, etc., cook soft much more rapidly on a crisp winter day, with the barometer at 30.6 seconds, than on a dull, muggy July day, with only 29.5 seconds barometer. In Chicago water in an open vessel never boils at 212 degrees Fahrenheit, because the city is 800 feet above the level of the ocean and its highest barometer actually never goes above 29.9 seconds. The weather bureau publishes 30.6 seconds, etc., data, but this is because all barometer readings are reduced to ocean level, otherwise the actual readings of New York (normal, 29.9 seconds), Pike's Peak (16.3 seconds), Denver (24 seconds), Minnedosa (25 seconds), and Chicago (29.2 seconds) could never be compared. The highest actual reading in Chicago may be 29.9 seconds, corresponding to a boiling point of 211.9 degrees Fahrenheit; the lowest about 28.7 seconds, or a boiling point of 208.8 degrees Fahrenheit. Therefore, string beans, which are easily done in New York in one hour, take two to two and one-half hours in Chicago, because the cooking does not depend on the bubbling, but on the temperature. In a boiler with ninety pounds pressure water does not "boil" or bubble—i. e., make surplus steam—for the bubbles are steam balloons surrounded by a thin capillary shell of water, until 320 degrees Fahrenheit are reached. Water boils in Denver at 201 degrees, at Pike's Peak at 184 degrees, at Lincoln, Neb., at 206 degrees, at Chicago at 210.5 degrees, at the normal barometer of 30 seconds reduced to sea level, or the actual average barometer tension of these places. Denver needs already closed pots with screwed-on lids to boil peas and beans. If the teacher therefore again asks the cooking pupils, "When does water boil?" she had better accept the answer, "When it bubbles," for all scientists take this view. But if she wants to know at what temperature does water boil her pupils can only say: "Wait till I have looked up the barometer readings of our weather report and I can then figure with only a few logarithms in half an hour the exact temperature at which it boils today." In general they can say: "Water boils in Chicago, as everywhere, when it bubbles." A thermometer will then show between 209 degrees and 212 degrees Fahrenheit, but never quite reach 212 degrees in Chicago—generally it will be about 211 degrees Fahrenheit.—Chicago Tribune.

SLAYS BIRDS BY SCORES.

A bird which from both an ornithological and popular point of view is probably the most interesting of the feathered kind which finds a congenial summer home in the vicinity of Baltimore is the cowbird. As the name implies, the birds are the associates of cows, or, in fact, cattle of any kind. When this is said the entire list of their friends is complete, for the birds seem to be shunned as a serpent by others of their kind. This is not strange when the fact is known that, although the cowbirds are by no means birds of prey, they indirectly slay more feathered songsters than many of the larger and carnivorous members of the family. In appearance the birds are unassuming little creatures of somber hue, about the size of a bluebird and with a faint, dry voice which could not possibly sing its owner either into the good graces of man or beast. In the springtime they come to the fields of Maryland from their winter haunts in the south. In flocks of six or eight they roam restlessly about among the pastures, following the cattle, catching the flies and other insects that make life miserable for the dumb beasts. They are fearless of their animal friends. When mating time comes the birds develop their slaying proclivities in a peculiar manner. Possibly they have no intention of killing the young of other birds. The end is accomplished just the same. They build no nest, but the females shift the duties of motherhood by laying their eggs in the nests of other and usually smaller birds, forcing them to incubate and rear the offspring. A peculiarity of the eggs of the cowbirds is that they hatch from one to two days earlier than those of the other birds, and as the young cowbirds by this start are given time to gain strength before the rightful occupants of the nest are ready for food the result is that they are crowded to death by the foster child. At no time during the growth of the changing old its real parents come to aid in providing food to satisfy its voracious appetite. The strangest part of the whole procedure is that the birds which are thus imposed upon do not rebel. Usually only one egg is laid in a nest, and to deposit their usual clutch of four eggs the cowbirds travel from nest to nest. To every cowbird egg deposited four or five deaths result, and their presence in the vicinity of a nest is the death blow to the domestic hopes of the rightful proprietors.—Baltimore Sun.

SNUFFY MARTIN'S PUPIL.

After the recent ceremony of receiving the freedom of Glasgow and while passing from his cab to the hotel Mr. Carnegie was greeted with the salutation, uttered in the dialect peculiar to his native Fifehire: "Well done for Snuffy Martin's school!" That was the local designation of the humble scholastic establishment in Dunfermline where Mr. Carnegie as a lad conned the letters of the alphabet. The exclamation came from an old school fellow. Mr. Carnegie stopped and gave the speaker a hearty handshake.

The ink of the Greeks and Romans was merely lampblack mingled with gum in the proportion of three parts of the former to one of the latter.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

MAN VERSUS EVIL THE SUBJECT LAST SUNDAY.

From Proverbs XXIII: 35, as Follows: "When Shall I Awake? I Will Seek It Yet Again"—The Return of the Prodigal—Surmounting Obstacles.

[Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopach, N. Y.]
Washington, Nov. 10.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage depicts the struggle of a man who desires liberation from the enthrallment of evil and shows how he may be set free; text, Proverbs xxiii, 35: "When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again."

With an insight into human nature such as no other man ever had Solomon in these words is sketching the mental processes of a man who has stepped aside from the path of rectitude and would like to return. Wishing for something better he says: "When shall I awake? When shall I get over this horrible nightmare of iniquity?" But set upon by unreluctant appetite and pushed down hill by his passions, he cries out: "I will seek it yet again. I will try it once more!"

About a mile from Princeton, N. J., there is a skating pond. One winter day, when the ice was very thin, a farmer living near by warned the young men of the danger of skating at that time. They all took the warning except one young man. He, in the spirit of bravado, said, "Boys, one round more." He struck out on his skates, the ice broke, and his lifeless body was brought up. And in all matters of temptation and allurements it is not a prolongation that is proposed, but only just one more indulgence, just one more sin. Then comes the fatality. Alas, for the one round more! "I will seek it yet again."

Our libraries are adorned with elegant literature addressed to young men pointing out to them all the dangers and perils of life—complete maps of the voyage of life—the shoals, the rocks, the quicksands. But suppose a young man is already shipwrecked, suppose he is already off the track, suppose he has already gone astray, how can he get back? That is a question that remains unanswered, and amid all the books of the libraries I find not one word on that subject. To that class of persons I this day address myself.

Surmounting Obstacles.

So far as God may help me I propose to show what are the obstacles to your return and then how you are to surmount those obstacles. The first difficulty in the way of your return is the force of moral gravitation. Just as there is a natural law which brings down to earth anything you throw into the air, so there is a corresponding moral gravitation. I never shall forget a prayer I heard a young man make in the Young Men's Christian Association of New York. With trembling voice and streaming eyes he said: "O God, thou knowest how easy it is for me to do wrong and how hard it is for me to do right! God help me!" That man knows not his own heart who has never felt the power of moral gravitation.

In your boyhood you had good associates and bad associates. Which most impressed you? During the last few years you have heard pure anecdotes and impure anecdotes. Which the easiest stuck to your memory? You have had good habits and bad habits. To which did your soul more easily yield? But that moral gravitation may be resisted. Just as you may pick up anything from the earth and hold it in your hand toward heaven, just so, by the power of God's grace, a fallen soul may be lifted toward peace, toward pardon, toward salvation. The force of moral gravitation is in every one of us, but also power in God's grace to overcome that force.

Slavery to Habit.

A physician tells his patient that he must quit the use of tobacco, as it is destroying his health. The man replies, "I can stop that habit easy enough." He quits the use of the weed. He goes around not knowing what to do with himself. He cannot add up a column of figures; he cannot sleep nights. It seems as if the world had turned upside down. He feels his business is going to ruin. Where he was kind and obliging he is scolding and fretful. The composure that characterized him has given way to a fretful restlessness, and he has become a complete fidget. What power is that that has rolled a wave of woe over the earth and shaken a portent in the heavens? He has quit tobacco. After awhile he says: "I am going to do as I please. The doctor does not understand my case. I am going back to my old habits." And he returns. Everything assumes its usual composure. His business seems to brighten. The world becomes an attractive place to live in. His children, seeing the difference, hail the return of their father's genial disposition. What wave of color has dashed blue into the sky, and greenness into the mountain foliage, and the glow of sapphire into the sunset? What enchantment has lifted a world of beauty and joy on his soul? He has resumed tobacco.

The fact is, we all know in our own experience that habit is a taskmaster. As long as we obey it it does not chastise us; but let us resist, and we find that we are lashed with scorpion whips and bound with ship cable and thrown into the track of bone breaking juggernauts.

The Prodigal's Return.

The prodigal, wishing to get into good society, enters a prayer meeting. Some good man without much sense greets him by saying: "Why, are you here? You are about the last person that I expected to see in a prayer meeting. Well, the dying thief was

saved, and there is hope for you." You do not know anything about this unless you have learned that when a man tries to return from evil courses of conduct he runs against repulsions innumerable.

We say of some man, "He lives a block or two from the church, or half a mile from the church. In all our great cities there are men who are 5,000 miles from church—vast deserts of indifference between them and the house of God. The fact is we must keep our respectability though thousands perish. Christ sat with publicans and sinners, but if there come to the house of God a man with marks of dissipation upon him people are almost sure to put up their hands in horror, as much as to say, "Is it not shocking?"

How these dainty, fastidious Christians in all our churches are going to get into heaven I do not know, unless they have an especial train of cars cushioned and upholstered, each one a car to himself. They cannot go with the great herd of publicans and sinners. Oh, ye who curl your lip of scorn on the fallen! I tell you plainly that if you had been surrounded by the same influences instead of sitting today among the cultured, and the refined, and the Christian, you might have been a crouching wretch in a stable or ditch covered with filth and abomination. It is not because we are naturally any better, but because the mercy of God has protected us. Those that are brought up in Christian circles and watched by Christian parents should not be so hard on the fallen.

First Get Ashore.

Why, it reminds me of a man drowning in the sea, and a lifeboat puts out for him, and the man in the boat says to the man in the water, "Now, if I get you ashore, are you going to live in my street?" First get him ashore and then talk to him about the nonessentials of religion. Who cares what church he joins if he only joins Christ and starts for heaven? Oh, you, my brother of illumined face and a hearty grip for every one that tries to turn from his evil way, take hold of the same hymnbook with him, though his dissipation shake the book, remembering that he that "converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins."

Now, I have shown you these obstacles because I want you to understand I know all the difficulties in the way. But I am now going to tell you how Hannibal may scale the Alps and how the paths of virtue forsaken may be regained. First of all, throw yourself on God. Go to him frankly and earnestly and tell him these habits you have and ask him, if there is any help in all the resources of omnipotent love, to give it to you. Do not go on with a long rigmarole, which some people call prayer, made up of ohs and ahs and forever and forever amens! Go to God and cry for help.

Healing Balm for Wounds.

I remember that while living in Philadelphia, at the time I spoke of a minute ago, the Master Street hospital was opened, and a telegram was received, saying: "There will be 300 wounded men tonight. Please take care of them." From my church there went out twenty or thirty men and women. As the poor wounded men were brought in no one asked of them from what state they came or what was their parentage. There was a wounded soldier, and the only question was how to take off the rags most gently and put on the cool bandage and administer the cordial. And when a soul comes to God he does not ask where you came from or what your ancestry was. Healing balm for all your wounds; pardon for all your guilt; comfort for all your troubles!

Then, also, I counsel you, if you want to get back, quit all your bad associates. One unholy intimacy will fill your soul with moral distemper. In all the ages of the church there has not been an instance where a man kept one evil associate and was reformed—among the 1,600,000,000 of the race, not one instance. Give up your bad companions or give up heaven. It is not ten bad companions that destroy a man nor five bad companions nor three but one.

What chance is there for the young man I saw along the street, four or five young men with him, in front of a grogshop, urging him to go in, he resisting, violently resisting, until after awhile they forced him to go in? It was a summer night, and the door was left open, and I saw the process. They held him fast, and they put the cup to his lips, and they forced down the strong drink. What chance is there for such a young man?

Surrendering to God.

Some of you, like myself, were born in the country. And what glorious news might these young men send home to their parents that this afternoon they had surrendered themselves to God and started a new life! I know how it is in the country. The night comes on. The cattle stand under the rack, through which burst the trusses of hay. The horses have just frisked up from the meadow brook at the nightfall and stand knee deep in the bright straw that invites them to lie down and rest. The perch of the hovel is full of fowl, their feet warm under their feathers. When the nights get cold, the flames clap their hands above the great back log and shake the shadow of the group up and down the wall. Father and mother sit there for half an hour saying nothing. I wonder what they are thinking of? After awhile the father breaks the silence and says, "Well, I wonder where our boy is in town tonight?" And the mother answers: "In no bad place, I warrant you. We always could trust him when he was at home, and since

he has been away there have been so many prayers offered for him we can trust him still." Then at 8 or 9 o'clock just before they retire, for they go early to bed, they kneel down and commend you to that God who watches in country and in town, on the land and on the sea.

Some one said to a Grecian general, "What was the proudest moment of your life?" He thought a moment and said, "The proudest moment was when I sent word home to my parents that I had gained the victory." And the gladdest and most brilliant moment in your life will be the moment when you can send word to your parents that you have conquered the evil habits by the grace of God and become eternal victor.

Honor to Parents.

God pity the young man who has brought disgrace on his father's name! God pity the young man who has broken his mother's heart! Better that he had never been born. Better if in the first hour of his life, instead of being laid against the warm bosom of maternal tenderness, he had been confined and sequestered. There is no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of one who has brought parents to a sorrowful grave and who wanders about through the dismal cemetery reading the air and wringing the hands and crying, "Mother, mother!" Oh, that today, by all the memories of the past and by all the hopes of the future, you would yield your heart to God! May your father's God and your mother's God be your God forever!

This hour the door of mercy swings wide open. Hesitate not a moment. In many a case hesitation is the loss of all. At the corner of a street I saw a tragedy. A young man evidently doubted as to which direction he had better take. His hat was lifted high enough so you could see he had an intelligent forehead. He had a stout chest and a robust development. Splendid young man! Cultured young man! Honored young man! Why did he stop there while so many were going up and down? The fact is that every young man has a good angel and a bad angel contending for the mastery of his spirit, and there was a good angel and a bad angel struggling with that young man's soul at the corner of the street. "Come with me," said the good angel. "I will take you home. I will spread my wings over your pillow. I will lovingly escort you all through life under supernatural protection. I will bless every cup you drink out of, every couch you rest on, every doorway you enter. I will consecrate your tears when you weep, your sweat when you toil, and at the last I will hand over your grave into the hand of the bright angel of a Christian resurrection. I have been sent of the Lord to be your guardian spirit. Come with me," said the good angel in a voice of unearthly sympathy. It was music like that which drops from a lute of heaven when a seraph breathes on it.

"Oh, no," said the bad angel. "Come with me. I have something better to offer. The wines I pour are from chalices of bewitching carousal. The dance I lead is over floors tessellated with unrestrained indulgence. There is no God to frown on the temples of sin where I worship. The skies are Italian. The paths I tread are through meadows daisied and primrosed. Come with me!"

Hesitation Is Ruin.

The young man hesitated at a time when hesitation was ruin, and the bad angel smote the good angel until it departed, spreading wings through the starlight, upward and away, until a door swung open in the sky and forever the wings vanished. That was the turning point in that young man's history, for, the good angel flown, he hesitated no longer, but started on a pathway which is beautiful at the opening, but blasted at last. The bad angel led the way through gate after gate, and at each gate the road became rougher and the sky more lurid, and, what was peculiar, as the gate slammed shut it came to with a jar that indicated it would never open. Past each portal there was a grinding of locks and a shoving of the bolts, and the scenery on each side the road changed from gardens to deserts, and the June air became a cutting December blast, and the bright wings of the bad angel turned to sackcloth, and the fountains that at the start had tossed with wine poured forth bubbling tears of foaming blood, and on the right side of the road there was a serpent, and the man said to the bad angel, "What is that serpent?" And the answer was, "That is the serpent of stinging remorse." On the left side of the road there was a lion, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that lion?" The answer was, "That is the lion of all devouring despair." A vulture flew through the sky, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that vulture?" The answer was, "That is the vulture waiting for the carcasses of the slain."

And when the man said to the bad angel, "What does all this mean? I trusted in what you said at the street corner; I trusted it all. Why have you thus deceived me?" Then the last deception fell off the charmer and he said: "I was sent from the pit to destroy your soul. I watched my chance for many a long year. When you hesitated that night at the street corner I gained my triumph. Now you are here. Ha, ha! You are here! Come, now, let us fill the chalice and drink to darkness and woe and death. Hall, hall!"

Oh, young man, will the good angel sent forth by Christ or the bad angel sent forth by sin get the victory over your soul? Their wings are interlocked this moment above you, contending for your soul, as above the Apennines eagle and condor fight in midsky. This hour decides eternal destinies.

Look at the Labels!

Every package of cocoa or chocolate put out by Walter Baker & Co., bears the well-known trade-mark of the chocolate girl, and the place of manufacture, "Dorchester, Mass." Housekeepers are advised to examine their purchases, and make sure that other goods have not been substituted. They received three gold medals from the Pan-American exposition.

Roosevelt a Hustler.

"For a persistent, indefatigable and positively tireless man, commend me to President Roosevelt," remarked one of the clerks of a New York book store, whose special duty is as a searcher for elusive titles. "When the President was writing his articles for the 'Cyclopedia of Sport' he brought in here a list of books that he said he must have, and have right away. In about a week I had managed to get together about 50 per cent of the lot, and turned them over to him. He was back the next day on a still hunt for the rest. I told him some were out of print, and the rest books that no dealer regularly carried in stock.

"But I must have them, every last one of them, and I must have them right away. Get a hustle on, my boy, but don't you dare miss one of them. I can't work without them."

"I hunted high and low, only to be stirred up at least once a day by Mr. Roosevelt, who in some way learned the hour he was sure to find me at the hour he was sure to find me at on hand to give me a good-natured prodding. At last I managed to get together all the books he wanted, but for a couple of weeks I had such a stirring up as I had never before, and such a one as I sincerely hope I may never have again, though Mr. Roosevelt was in the best of humor and good nature fairly oozed from him when he was pushing me in his most strenuous fashion. He made a hustler of me for just one month for fair."

AN HONEST NAME.

An Illinois Statesman Tells a Good Story—Know His Father's Son Would Not Lie.

The Honorable Alva Merrill of Chillicothe, member for the Twenty-fourth District, State of Illinois House of Representatives tells an interesting story:

Some two years ago Mr. Merrill gave a testimonial stating that Dodd's Kidney Pills cured his rheumatism. This with Mr. Merrill's portrait were published in thousands of papers all over the United States.

On the train returning home from Springfield one day last winter were the Honorable Mr. Merrill and several other members. After a time one of them said:

"Merrill, what time do you get to Chillicothe?"

This attracted the attention of an old man who had been apparently awaiting some identification of Mr. Merrill and as soon as he heard the name he rushed up to his seat and extending his hand said:

"You are Alva Merrill and you saved my life. I was most dead with Lumbago and in an advertisement I saw your picture and your recommendation of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I knew your father, and I knew his son would not lie, and therefore I decided to try the Pills.

"I am satisfied that Dodd's Kidney Pills and nothing else have saved my life and I have been waiting this opportunity to thank you personally, for had I not seen your recommendation I might never have been led to use this remedy, but, thanks to God, through your honest name and the honest medicine which you so heartily recommended I am still alive.

"I have been watching you since you got on the train at Springfield and thought I recognized your face as the one I had seen in the advertisement, and as soon as this gentleman called you by name, I knew you were the man I had to thank."

The Droskies of St. Petersburg.

There were 37,000 droskies registered at police headquarters in St. Petersburg last summer, or one to about every thirty-three inhabitants. During the winter season, when the wheeled vehicles are changed for sledges of similar patterns, large numbers of people come in from the country with horses to earn a little extra money.

The cheapest of all things is kindness, its exercise requiring the least possible trouble and self-sacrifice.—Smiles.



A Boon To Humanity

Is what everybody says who has used

St. Jacobs Oil

For it cures the most difficult cases of Rheumatism—after every other form of treatment has failed.

St. Jacobs Oil never fails.

It Conquers Pain

Price, 50c and 50c.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS IN MEDICINE

The Diamond Bracelet

By MRS. HENRY WOOD,
Author of East Lynne, Etc.

(CHAPTER IV.—Continued.)

"It cannot be lost," returned Lady Sarah. "You are sure you put it out, Alice?"

"I am quite sure of that. It was lying first in the case, and—"

"Yes, it was," interrupted Hughes. "That was its place."

"And consequently the first that I took out," continued Alice. "I put it on the table; and the others around it, near to me. Why, as a proof that it lay there—"

What was Alice going to add? Was she going to adduce as a proof that Gerard Hope had taken it up, and it had been a subject of conversation between them? If so, recollection came to her in time, and she faltered and abruptly broke off. But a faint, horrible dread, to which she would not give shape, came stealing over her, and her face turned white, and she sank on a chair trembling visibly.

"Now look at Alice!" uttered Frances Chenevix; "she is going into one of her agitation fits."

"Don't allow your self to be agitated, Alice," cried Lady Sarah; "that will do no good. Besides, I feel sure the bracelet is all safe in the case; where else can it be? Fetch the case, Hughes, and I will look for it myself."

Hughes whisked out of the room, inwardly resenting the doubt cast upon her eyesight.

"It is so strange," mused Alice, "that you did not see the bracelet when you came up."

"It was certainly not there," resumed Lady Sarah.

"Perhaps you will look for yourself now, my lady," cried Hughes, returning with the jewel box in her hands.

The box was well searched. The bracelet was not there.

"This is very strange, Hughes," uttered Lady Sarah.

"It's very ugly, as well, my lady," answered Hughes, in a lofty tone, "and I'm thankful to the presiding geniuses which rule such things that I was not in charge when it never would have taken place, for I can give a guess how it was."

"Then you had better," said her ladyship, curtly.

"If I do," returned Hughes, "I shall offend Miss Seaton."

"No you will not, Hughes," cried Alice. "Say what you please; I have need to wish this cleared up."

"Then, miss, if I may speak my thoughts, I think you must have left the key about. And there are strange servants in the house, you know, my lady; there's that kitchen's maid only came in it when we did, and there's the new under butler."

"Hughes, you are wrong," interrupted Alice. "The servants could not have touched the box, for the key never was out of my possession, and you know the lock is a Bramah. I locked the box last night in Lady Sarah's presence, and the key was not out of my pocket afterwards until you took it from thence this morning."

"The key seems to have had nothing to do with it," interposed Frances Chenevix. "Alice says she put the diamond bracelet on the table with the rest; Lady Sarah says when she went to the table after dinner it was not there; so it must have been in the intervening period that the—disappearance took place."

"And only a few minutes to do it in!" ejaculated Lady Sarah. "What a mystery!"

"It beats conjuring, my lady," said Hughes. "Could any visitor have come upstairs?"

"I did hear a visitor's knock while we were at dinner," said Lady Sarah. "Don't you remember, Fanny? You looked up as if you noticed it."

"Did I?" answered Lady Frances, in a careless tone.

And that moment Thomas happened to enter with a letter, and the question was put to him, "Who knocked?" His answer was ready.

"Sir George Danvers, my lady. When I said the Colonel was at dinner, Sir George began to apologize for calling, but I explained that you were dining earlier than usual because of the opera."

"Nobody else called?"

"Nobody knocked but Sir George, my lady."

"A covert answer," thought Alice; "but I am glad he is true to Gerard."

"What an untruth!" thought Lady Frances, as she remembered the visit of Alice's sister. Thomas' memory must be short."

All the talk—and it was much prolonged—did not tend to throw any light upon the matter, and Alice, unhappy and ill, retired to her own room. The agitation had brought on a nervous and violent headache, and she sat down in a low chair and bent her forehead on to her hands. One belief alone possessed her; that the unfortunate Gerard Hope had stolen the bracelet. Do as she would she could not put it from her; she kept repeating that he was a gentleman, that he was honorable, that he would never place her in so painful a position. Common sense replied that the temptation was laid before him, and he had confessed his pecuniary difficulties to be great; nay, had he not wished for this very bracelet—that he might make money—

CHAPTER V.

A knock at the door. Alice lifted her sickly countenance and bade the

Intruder enter. It was Lady Frances Chenevix.

"I came to—Alice how wretched you look? You will torment yourself into a fever."

"Can you wonder at my looking wretched?" returned Alice. "Place yourself in my position, Frances; it must appear to Lady Sarah as if I had made away with the bracelet. I am sure Hughes thinks so."

"Don't say unorthodox things, Alice. They would rather think that I had done it, of the two, for I have more use for diamond bracelets than you."

"It is kind of you to try and cheer me," sighed Alice.

"Just the thing I came to do. And to have a bit of a chat with you as well, if you will let me."

"Of course, I will let you."

"I wish to tell you I will not mention that your sister was here last evening. I promise you I will not."

Alice did not immediately reply. The words and their hushed tone caused a new trouble to arise within her—one which she had not glanced at. Was it possible that Lady Frances could imagine her sister to be the—

"Lady Frances Chenevix!" burst forth Alice, "you cannot think it! She! My sister—guilty of a despicable theft! Have you forgotten that she moves in your own position in the world? that our family is scarcely inferior to yours?"

"Alice, I forgive you no misjudging me, because you are not yourself just now. Of course, your sister cannot be suspected; I know that. But as you did not mention her when they were talking of who had been here, I supposed you did not wish her name dragged into so unpleasant an affair, and I hastened up to say there was no danger from me that it would be."

"Believe me, she is not the guilty party," returned Alice, "and I have more cause to say so than you think for."

"What do you mean by that?" briskly cried Lady Frances. "You surely have no clue?"

Alice shook her head, and her companion's eagerness was lulled again.

"It is well that Thomas was forgetful," remarked Lady Frances. "Was it really forgetfulness, Alice, or did you contrive to telegraph him to be silent?"

"Thomas only spoke the truth. At least, as regards my sister," she hastily added, "for he did not let her in."

"Then it is all quite easy, and you and I can keep our own counsel."

Quite easy, possibly, to the mind of Frances Chenevix, but anything but easy to Alice, for the words of Lady Frances had introduced an idea more repulsive and terrifying even than the one which cast the gull to the door of Gerard Hope. Her sister acknowledged that she was in need of money, "a hundred pounds or so," and Alice had seen her coming from the back room where the jewels lay. Still—she take a bracelet! It was preposterous.

Preposterous or not, Alice's torment was doubled. Which of the two had been the black sheep? One of them it must have been. Instinct, sisterly relationship, reason and common sense, all combined to turn the scale against Gerard. But that there should be a doubt at all was not pleasant, and Alice started up impulsively and put her bonnet on.

"Where now?" cried Lady Frances. "I will go to my sister's and ask her—and ask her—if she saw any stranger here—any suspicious person in the hall, or on the stairs," stammered Alice, making the best excuse she could.

"But you know you were in the drawing rooms all the time, and no one came into them, suspicious or unsuspecting; so how will that aid you?"

"True," murmured Alice, "but it will be a relief to go somewhere or do something."

Alice found her sister at home. The latter instantly detected that something was wrong, for her suspense, illness and agitation had taken every vestige of color from her cheeks and lips.

"Whatever is the matter, Alice?" was her greeting, "you look just like a walking ghost."

"I felt that I did," breathed poor Alice, "and I kept my veil down in the street, lest I might be taken for one and scare the people. A great misfortune has befallen upon me. You saw those bracelets last night spread out on the table?"

"Yes."

"They were in my charge, and one of them has been abstracted. It was of great value; gold links holding diamonds."

"Abstracted!" uttered the eldest sister in both concern and surprise, but certainly without the smallest indications of a guilty knowledge.

"How?"

"It is a mystery. I only left the room when I met you on the staircase, and when I went upstairs to fetch the letter for you. Directly after you left Lady Sarah came up from dinner, and the bracelet was not there."

"It is incredible, Alice. And no one else entered the room at all, you say? No servants? no—"

"Not any one," interrupted Alice, determined not to speak of Gerard Hope.

"Then, child, it is simply impossible," was the calm rejoinder. "It must have fallen on the ground or been mislaid in some way."

"It is hopelessly gone. Do you remember seeing it?"

"I do remember seeing amidst the rest a bracelet set with diamonds; but only on the clasp, I think. It—"

"That was another; that is all safe. This was of fine gold links, interspersed with brilliants. Did you see it?"

"Not that I remember. I was there scarcely a minute, for I had only strolled into the back room just before you came down. To tell you the truth, Alice, my mind was too fully occupied with other things to take much notice even of jewels. Do not look so perplexed; it will be all right. Only you and I were in the room, you say, and we could not take it."

"Oh!" exclaimed Alice, clasping her hands and lifting her white, beseeching face to her sister's, "did you take it? In—sport; or in—oh, surely you were not tempted to take it for anything else? You said you had need of money."

"Alice, are we going to have one of your old scenes of excitement? Strive for calmness. I am sure you do not know what you are implying. My poor child, I would rather help you to jewels than take them from you."

"But look at the mystery."

"It does appear to be a mystery, but it will no doubt be cleared up. Alice, what could you have been dreaming of to suspect me? Have we not grown up together in our honorable home? You ought to know me if any one does."

"And you really know nothing of it?" moaned Alice, with a sobbing catching of the breath.

"Indeed I do not. In truth I do not. If I could help you out of your perplexity I would thankfully do it. Shall I return with you and assist you to search for the bracelet?"

"No thank you. Every search has been made."

Not only was the denial of her sister fervent and calm but her manner and countenance conveyed the impression of truth. Alice left her inexpressibly relieved, but the conviction that it must have been Gerard returned to her in full force.

"I wish I could see him!" was her mental exclamation.

And for once fortune favored her wish. As she was dragging her weary limbs along he came right upon her at the corner of a street. In her eagerness she clasped his arms with both her hands.

"I am so thankful," she uttered. "I wanted to see you."

"I think you most wanted to see a doctor, Alice. How ill you look!"

"I have cause," she returned. "That bracelet, the diamond that you were admiring last evening—it has been stolen; it was taken from the room."

"Taken when?" echoed Mr. Hope, looking her full in the face—as a guilty man would scarcely dare to look.

"Then, or within a few minutes. When Lady Sarah came up from dinner it was not there."

"Who took it?" he repeated, not yet recovering his surprise.

"I don't know," she faintly said. "It was under my charge. No one else was there."

"You do not wish me to understand that you are suspected?" he burst forth with genuine feeling. "Their unjust meanness cannot have gone to that length!"

A STRONG PEOPLE.

Innuits of Alaska Are Classed Among Very Rugged People.

It now seems probable that not all the Innuits of Alaska are so small as has been supposed. Indeed, if one is to believe the tales of travelers who visited an island south of Bering Sea, these Indians must be classed among the tallest people in the world. The travelers' story is given in Popular Science News: On King's Island Indians were found who by their physical characteristics belong to the Inuit or Eskimo family, having small black eyes, high cheek-bones and full brown beards which conceal their lips. The majority of the men are over six feet high and the women are usually as tall as and often taller than the men. These women are also wonderfully strong. One of them carried off in her birch bark canoe an eight-hundred pound stone, for use as an anchor to a whale boat. When it reached the deck of the vessel it required two strong men to lift it, but the Inuit woman had managed it alone. Another woman carried on her head a box containing two hundred and eighty pounds of lead. Both men and women are also endowed with remarkable agility. They will outrun and outjump competitors of any other race who may be pitted against them. Their strength is gained from very poor food, and they frequently travel thirty or forty miles without eating anything. They live on carrion fish and sea oil. The fish, generally salmon, are buried when caught, to be kept through the winter and dug up as consumption requires. When brought to the air they have the appearance of sound fish, but the stench from them is unbearable. In the matter of dwellings these Eskimos are peculiar. Their houses are excavated in the sides of a hill, the chambers being pierced some feet into the rise, and walled up with stones on three sides. Across the top of the stone walls poles of driftwood are laid and covered with hides and grass and lastly with a layer of earth. These odd dwellings rise one above another, the highest overlooking perhaps forty lower ones. Two hundred people live in the village.

Forget the good thou hast done, and do better.

He who incurs no envy possesses no happiness.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists 7c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

At Cotta, in Saxony, persons who did not pay their taxes last year are published in a list which hangs up in all restaurants and saloons of the city. Those that are on the list can get neither meat nor drink at these places, under penalty of loss of license.

We promise that should you use PUTNAM FADELESS DYES and be dissatisfied for any cause whatever, to refund 10c. for every package.

MOXON DRUG CO., Unionville, Mo.

If a man be endowed with a generous mind, this is the best kind of nobility.—Plato.

OUR AGENCY soon gives you a fruit farm; brings you and family to the Coast. Write for it. Gold Coast Co., Portland, Ore.

There are eight edible and twelve poisonous varieties of mushrooms in the United States.

Hamlin's Blood and Liver Pills cure constipation and all the ills due to it; 25c at your druggists.

Black cotton hose should be dried and ironed on the wrong side to prevent fading.

DO YOUR CLOTHES LOOK YELLOW? If so, use Russ Bleaching Blue. It will make them white as snow. All grocers, 10c.

The administration of the oath to witnesses is a practice of very high antiquity.

Found Lost Verse.

An interesting discovery has just been made by a Portugal savant. M. Leite de Vasconcellos has found in a forgotten manuscript a very ancient poem, the existence of which was known, but which was thought to have been lost. The poem, composed in honor of Sainte-Foy d'Agon, contains 593 stanzas. It is written in Provencal and dates back to the end of the eleventh century. Some time must elapse, however, before the reading public can appreciate the beauty of the work, for the language in which it is written would now be incomprehensible on the banks of the Rhone.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

Sandpaper will whiten ivory-handled knives which have become yellow from age or usage.

FITS Permanently Cured. Nodds or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A man cannot leave a better legacy to the world than a well-educated family.—Thomas Scott.

DEMENT. Zooklzo, the great inventor, acts at once. Sent for \$1; postage paid. Address Zookl Co., 1101 Russell St., Detroit, Mich.

The artist gets a glimpse of heaven in the meadow, where the farmer sees only so much hay.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, soothes a bottle.

Fire and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the babber.—Steele.

ALL UP-TO-DATE HOUSEKEEPERS use Russ Bleaching Blue. It makes clothes clean and sweet as when new. All grocers.

The man who spends his life in trying to make this world like heaven does goodly work.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBINNS, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Men and clotheslines become unsteady when they have too many sheets in the wind.

AN OPEN LETTER

Address to Women by the Treasurer of the W. C. T. U. of Kansas City, Mrs. E. C. Smith.

"MY DEAR SISTERS:—I believe in advocating and upholding everything that will lift up and help women, and but little use appears all knowledge and learning if you have not the health to enjoy it.



MRS. E. C. SMITH.

"Having found by personal experience that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a medicine of rare virtue, and having seen dozens of cures where my suffering sisters have been dragged back to life and usefulness from an untimely grave simply by the use of a few bottles of that Compound, I must proclaim its virtues, or I should not be doing my duty to suffering mothers and dragged-out housekeepers.

"Dear Sister, is your health poor, do you feel worn out and used up, especially do you have any of the troubles which beset our sex, take my advice; let the doctors alone, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; it is better than any and all doctors, for it cures and they do not."—Mrs. E. C. SMITH, 1213 Oak St., Treasurer W. C. T. U., Kansas City, Mo.—\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.

Mrs. Pinkham advises sick women free. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Syrup of Figs

IS AN EXCELLENT FAMILY LAXATIVE—
IT IS REFRESHING TO THE TASTE AND ACTS PLEASANTLY AND GENTLY.
IT ASSISTS ONE TO OVERCOME HABITUAL CONSTIPATION PERMANENTLY

With many millions of families Syrup of Figs has become the ideal home laxative. The combination is a simple and wholesome one, and the method of manufacture by the California Fig Syrup Company ensures that perfect purity and uniformity of product, which have commended it to the favorable consideration of the most eminent physicians and to the intelligent appreciation of all who are well informed in reference to medicinal agents.

Syrup of Figs has truly a laxative effect and acts gently without in any way disturbing the natural functions and with perfect freedom from any unpleasant after effects.

In the process of manufacturing, figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinally laxative principles of the combination are obtained from plants known to act most beneficially on the system.

To get its beneficial effects—
buy the genuine—Manufactured by
California Fig Syrup Co.
Louisville, Ky. San Francisco, Cal. New York, N.Y.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS PRICE 50¢ PER BOTTLE

General Health.

Gentlemen:—I used two bottles of Baxter's Man'ruke Bitters and it had a decidedly good effect along the line of general health. I took it for digestive troubles and was much pleased with the result. G. A. Botsford, Onaway, Mich.

HANDSOME AMERICAN LADY, independent, rich, wants good honest husband. Address, Mrs. E. S. Market St., Chicago, Ill.

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YOUNG MEN for Railway Mail Clerks. Inter-State Correspondence, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

\$8.00 one of the
BUYS best made
800 Lb. Platform Scales
ever Sold. Well made.
WILL LAST A LIFE TIME. FULL Size Platform. Catalogue free.
JONES (HE PAYS THE FREIGHT), BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

SAVE FUEL
HEAT ADDITIONAL ROOMS
by attaching BURTON'S FUEL ECONOMIZER to your stove pipe. Saves one-third fuel. Price \$4.50. Your dealer will supply you. If not, order direct from us.
W. J. BURTON & CO., 220 CASE STREET, DETROIT, MICH. Catalogue and testimonials on request.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Saves one-third fuel. Price \$4.50. Sold by druggists.

UNION-MADE W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

\$3.50-\$5.00

SOLD IN OUR 63 RETAIL STORES
SOLD BY OVER 5,000 DEALERS

W. L. Douglas \$4.00 Gilt Edge Line Cannot Be Squaled At Any Price.

For More Than a Quarter of a Century the reputation of W. L. Douglas \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes for style, comfort and wear has exceeded all other makes sold at these prices. This excellent reputation has been won by merit alone. W. L. Douglas shoes have to give better satisfaction than other \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes because his reputation for the best \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes must be maintained.

W. L. Douglas \$2.00 and \$3.50 shoes are made of the same high-grade leather used in \$5.00 and \$6.00 shoes and are just as good in every way.

Sold by all Douglas stores in American cities selling direct from factory to wearer at one price; and the best shoe dealers everywhere. Catalogue Free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

SEND POST OR EXPRESS ORDER FOR \$5.00

Our Single Breech Loader: Decarbonized Steel; Choke Bored; Top Snap; Pistol Grip; Snap fore end. Warranted in every respect. Send \$5.00 with order, or write for new catalogue of Guns and Sporting Goods.

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REDUCTIONS

We are Making a Brisk Season Brisker
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This has been a big season for "Marks" and his customers. I made special preparations early in the summer for this big sale. Some people call it "reckless buying" this piling up goods in my store, half way up to the ceiling, and in every nook and corner that I can use to store goods. But it isn't "reckless buying." The success of my sales is proof enough of that. The more clothing I buy at wholesale, the cheaper I can buy it. That is the whole secret of why I can SELL a suit or overcoat cheaper than anybody else in Lowell. The reason I hold my trade is because I give a full dollar's value for every dollar, and usually a little more. So my customers come back. They know they get their money's worth here. They know that every article I say is good—IS good. Same way with the clerks. That has been my principle of business since I started here in a small way eighteen years ago.

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Make pleased customers. That's what I'm offering at this sale. This is the time of year to buy clothing if you buy at all. It will be harder to get to town when the snow is deep and the thermometer is hugging the zero mark. Now the stock is large, and you have a better chance to select what you want. Better still, there is such a big saving to be made during this sale that it is more than worth while to buy now. Don't put it off.

Judge By The Prices

Men's Suits

4 Button Cutaway Sack, blue black invisible stripe chevrot, Italian lined, French faced, satin piped K. N. & F. make. Former price \$8.50
For this sale only **5.38**

4 Button Cutaway Sack, all wool Oxford gray. Sizes from 35 to 44 Farmer satin lined, K. N. & F. make. Former price 9.50
For this sale only **6.62**

4 Button Cutaway Sack, all wool plaid cassimere serge lined, fancy sleeve lining, yoked and piped with padded shoulders. K. N. & F. make. Former price 12.50
For this sale only **9.48**

4 Button Sack, 18 oz., all wool black striped worsted, Farmer satin lining, fancy sleeve lining, satin piped K. N. & F. make. Former price 12.75
For this sale only **9.62**

4 Button Cutaway Sack, all wool, blue black chevrot, military cut, serge lined, padded shoulders, fancy sleeve lining yoked and piped, K. N. & F. make. Former price 13.50
This sale only **9.90**

4 Button Cutaway Sack, all wool fancy chevrot, military cut, farmer satin lined, padded shoulders, fancy sleeve lining yoked and piped H. S. & M. make. Former price 14.50
For this sale only **10.90**

4 Button Cutaway Sack, 16 oz all wool black clay worsted, farmer satin lined, fancy sleeve lining French yoked and satin piped K. N. & F. make. Former price 12.00
For this sale only **8.48**

4 Button Cutaway Sack, 18 oz all wool black clay worsted, farmer satin lined, fancy sleeve lining French yoked and satin piped. K. N. & F. make. Former price 14.50
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Dress Overcoats of blue black and brown beaver well made with farmer satin lining, velvet collar, fancy sleeve lining, K. N. & F. make. Former price 7.50
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Dress Overcoats of genuine all wool, imported blue black kersey, farmer satin lined, satin sleeve lining, silk velvet collar, K. N. & F. make. Former price 12.50
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Dress Overcoats of fine Kersey black blue and brown half satin lined and satin sleeve lining, genuine silk velvet collar, K. N. & F. make. Former price 18.50
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Dress Overcoats of Oxford gray, long swell back, farmer satin lined, silk velvet collar, padded shoulders, up-to-date. H. S. & M. make. Former price 13.50
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Dress Overcoats, all wool invisible plaid, yoked and raglan farmer satin lined satin sleeve lining, padded shoulders K. N. & F. make. Former price 14.00
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Pants

Genuine all wool Dickie Kersey pants of brown plaid. Former price 2.25
This sale only **1.48**

All wool hair stripe cassimere pants, extra heavy quality. Former price 3.00
This sale only **1.90**

Socks

35 doz all wool Shaker socks. Former price 20c
For this sale only **13c**

10 doz extra heavy, all wool socks; assorted colors. Former price 35c
For this sale only **25c**

10 doz all wool, extra heavy, red and gray socks. Former price 50c
For this sale only **35c**

Furnishings

Blue black jersey overshirts, fleece lined, lace front. Former price 50c
For this sale only **35c**

Extra heavy gray jersey knit overshirts, extra long. Former price 75c
This sale only **48c**

20 Doz. Undershirts and Drawers, striped, good weight. Former price 25c
For this sale only **17c**

10 Doz. natural gray undershirts and drawers, extra heavy. Regular price 35c
For this sale only **21c**

18 Doz. fleece lined striped undershirts and drawers, good weight. Former price 50c
For this sale only **35c**

36 Doz gray and red striped wool fleece extra heavy undershirts and drawers. Former price 65c
For this sale only **48c**

10 Doz all wool brown undershirts and drawers. Former price 1.25
For this sale only **83**

22 Doz Boys undershirts and drawers sizes 24 to 34, fleece lined, extra good quality. Former price 40c
For this sale only **25c**

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5 doz Sweaters, extra heavy, warranted all cotton, medium weight. Former price 50c
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5 doz Sweaters, extra heavy, warranted all cotton. If you find any wool in them bring them back. Former price 65c
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2 1/2 doz all wool sweaters, fancy striped or plain. Former price 1.75
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2 doz all wool sweaters, fancy stripe pineapple stitch, assorted colors. Former price 2.50
For this sale only **1.50**

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Brown and black ducking coats blanket lined, corduroy collar. Former price 1.25
For this sale only **74c**

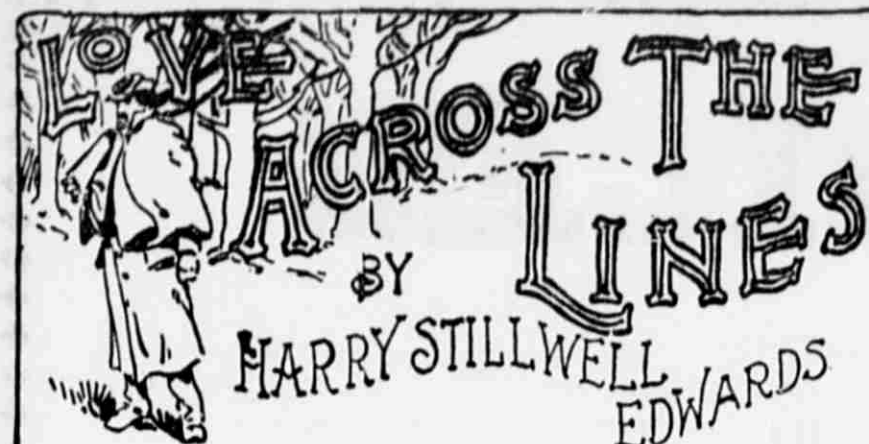
Black rain proof ducking coats blanket lined with black corduroy collar. Former price 1.75
For this sale only **1.28**

Extra heavy gray rain proof coat blanket lined, corduroy collar. Former price 2.25
For this sale only **1.48**

Remember the Place.

MARKS RUBEN

EAST SIDE.



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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Story opens in Richmond, Va., on day Fort Sumter surrendered. Dr. Francis Brodnar makes remarkable request of his friend, Dick Somers, to which Somers finally agrees. He is to marry, blindfolded, a woman whose name he is not to know, ask no questions, and finally, when she is out of the power of certain enemies, is to grant her an honorable divorce.

CHAPTER II—According to the agreement, Somers is mysteriously married to a young woman, who is called Frances, and being left with her, they fall in love with each other. Upon her insistence he lights a match in the dark room, that they may see each other. A pistol shot rings out. Somers falls with a scalp wound just as Brodnar comes to take him away. He is conveyed to the doctor's office.

CHAPTER III—Somers, on his recovery, receives telegram to report to war office immediately. He learns Frances is well, and asks the doctor to tell her "Richard Somers passes out of her life to serve his country. His duty done, please God, and she needs his arm, he will follow her to the end of the earth."

CHAPTER IV—Woman named Louise is visited by Raymond Holbin, the father of her child, who has not kept his promise to marry her, and who bears a striking resemblance to Dick Somers. She tells of having, in her desperation, shot a man who she thought was he.

CHAPTER V—Frances' father, John Brodnar, makes his will bequeathing her certain property upon condition that she marry Holbin, his stepson. Just before he dies she disillusions his mind of notion that she had been disloyal to him, and tells him a friend has wished her to say to him: "Ask Raymond Holbin what he has done with Louise (the dying man's niece); for he is the man who betrayed her by a mock marriage, and took her abroad."

CHAPTER VI—Holbin's absence from the Brodnar funeral is noticed. He is busy in the deserted residence of deceased unraveling the mystery of the connection between the shooting, told him by Louise, and the implied charge against him made by Frances. He finds evidence of a rival's presence in Frances' room, and his evil mind fills with suspicion of the pure girl.

CHAPTER VII—Holbin decides to ask Dr. Brodnar if he knows the man who was shot in Frances' room. The doctor asserts he had been shot there, and that he suspected Mrs. Brodnar (Holbin's mother) of being the woman who fired the shot, which, he declares, missed its mark.

CHAPTER VIII—Eagled in attempt to learn anything from Dr. Brodnar, Holbin turns to Frances, but is again unsuccessful. However, by a skilful move, the man has made a most powerful impression upon the woman he hopes to marry.

CHAPTER IX—Holbin having exhausted all his resources for information concerning the victim of the shooting, at last turns to Frances' old nanny, but again fails.

CHAPTER X—Upon this he goes to his mother's room and makes a clean breast of the facts. She summons Dr. Brodnar, and demands to know the information he possesses who then denounces her libertine son, who comes out of his concealment in the room and attacks the doctor with a knife. The doctor escapes, sees Frances long enough to tell her what he knows about Somers' assailant, and drives away. Misconstruing his meaning, thinking Louise has been jealous on account of Somers' attentions to her, she visits Louise full of sympathy for latter's troubles, but nothing comes up to throw the distrust out of her mind.

CHAPTER XI—Frances becomes a nurse for the wounded soldiers brought to Richmond. A wounded federal came under her care. He has been with Capt. Somers, who had at the same time been desperately wounded. Frances' love and trust for Somers returns upon this news of him.

"What do you want of me?" she asked, suspiciously.

"I wanted to tell you," said Frances, covering her face and sobbing anew, "that I didn't know of you! That if I had no power on earth could have won my consent. Oh, I have been deceived—cruelly, cruelly."

Louise, who was ignorant that Frances was the girl in the room at the time of the shooting, now saw her opportunity. She raised herself eagerly. "You are my rival, then. You came only in pity."

"Yes. And to ask your forgiveness. You have nothing to fear from me. A glad light filled the eyes of Louise. She could with difficulty restrain herself and control her voice.

"I believe you," she said. "You will not take him from me—from his child!"

"His child!" Frances was shocked and dismayed. "His child! Is there a child—of his?"

"Yes," said Louise, "but if you reveal that I shall never be allowed to see her again. You will not tell, will you?"

"No," said the wretched girl. "Your secret is safe with me. And, oh, I believed in him—I trusted him so!" She wrung her hands and turned away her face.

"It is fortunate you found him out in time," said Louise; "with me, it was too late—too late! But please do not stay here. How did you find me out?"

"The doctor. He told me about you. He has told me everything, and I wanted to see you."

"Don't cry, my dear child. What seems a great sorrow to you now is really a blessing. You have made a miserable woman happy by your coming. Go now! He may enter at any moment, and it would be painful. Go, and don't tell anyone of this visit. Will you promise?"

"I shall keep your secret," said Frances. "It is safe with me. Forgive me—if I have made you unhappy."

"I am sorry for you," said Louise, simply. Frances lifted her head proudly.

"You need not be. I am shocked and mortified; that is all. To-morrow I shall cease to remember him."

She was going when Louise called her back.

"Let me see your face again, my child. Ah, how beautiful you are! Good-by, I trust you. Don't grieve about him. He cannot ever be trusted. You were to be the victim of a plot, and your friends are deceiving you. Why, the man is poor; ruined, unless he gets your fortune. He came from Europe to marry you—ah, God, he deserted me, he betrayed his child—for your money. Trust none of them, for they are desperate. They take advantage of your youth—they would persuade you into a hurried marriage—"

"But I could not, I could not be bound legally by such a travesty—such a fraud!"

"Your fortune would, and that is what he wants—that, and not you. Secure in that, he would be willing to let you go forever. Oh, but I know him. Give him the shadow of a title to your fortune and you are lost!"

"But to think that Dr. Brodnar could have deceived me so—my mother's friend! I cannot, I cannot believe it!"

"My child, trust no one. Possibly the doctor himself was deceived; it has been long since he knew him; and the man is a finished actor. Trust no man. The man who will not deceive a woman for his own advantage does not live. I know the world. If I do not, who does?" Frances took the hand of the sick woman in both of her own and held it in sympathy and grief.

"I must leave you," she said, brokenly. "Will you not tell me your name? I shall always remember you in my prayers." Louise half raised herself in the bed.

"My name! Then he did not tell you all. No, my child, do not seek to find out my name. Pray for me, if you will—and remember me as a woman more sinned against than sinning. Good night and good-by."

As Frances hurried homeward, choking and sick with her sorrow, she found herself caught in the whirls and eddies of a great crowd and borne along helplessly past her street. Men carried torches and were cheering themselves hoarse, while horns added



"NO," SAID THE WRETCHED GIRL, "YOUR SECRET IS SAFE WITH ME."

their din to the confusion. Upon every hat were the red letters "M.M." It was a demonstration by the famous "Minute Men," who rose in every southern city as they had risen nearly 100 years before when the drums beat. Suddenly she was jammed against a carriage, the progress of which had been stayed by the crowd. Its sole occupant was a pale, silent man. In the glare of the torches his face exactly filled lines

briefly fixed in her memory by the brief flame of a match; it was the face of Richard Somers, cold and immobile. Upon the seat by his side was a traveling-bag; his eyes looked out calmly, almost coldly, over her head. He was not southern, he was not a Virginian, and the hour awoke no response within his heart. Impulsively, and forgetting, she stretched her hands upward, but memory returned and checked the words that rose to her lips. Only an inarticulate cry burst from them, a cry low and half smothered in the roar of voices.

Yet low as it was, it reached the occupant of the carriage. Something in that voice, a tone, a vibration, touched a memory-cell. He turned quickly and looked back; a girl holding desperately to the arm of an old negro was being borne along by the tumultuous human wave. For an instant only he saw her white face upturned to his—the loveliest, saddest face his eyes had ever gazed on, and from her lips he heard come back one word—

"Farewell!" Forgetting all but that he was leaving his life somewhere in the fierce passions surging behind him, he made a desperate effort to alight from the vehicle, but so dense was the crowd the door would not open. And then angry men seized the rearing horses and forced them out of the way. When he was free again only a sea of flame, in whose depths human figures seemed to march, met his gaze. It had swallowed up the woman's white face. A great transparency, swaying and wavering like a drunken man, thrust itself before his vision and blotted out the scene. Upon it was

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Licensed Embalmer

and holds certificate No. 151.

Office of Secretary of State, Board of Health, Lansing, Mich., Nov. 1, 1901.

HENRY B. BAKER, Secretary.

the legend: "Down with the Yankees!"

CHAPTER XI.

Sorrow unmixed with remorse is the soul's education. The soul of the woman who grieves in silence broadens and deepens, sending down into her own life far-reaching roots and unfolding upward rare auxiliary blossoms that fill the life about her with divine breathings. Such was the experience of Frances Brookin. Thrown back upon herself, conscious of innocence, and feeling always the presence of sorrow, the sorrow of a great disappointment, she saw her girlhood slipping away faster than time itself; for it is true that age is the sum of experience rather than years, and all of life may be lived between the setting and the rising of the sun. But with Frances this change was not the shrinking of the soul into forgetfulness; it was an enlargement of view and perspective in which old headlands assumed smaller proportions. New—imperative duties they seemed, arose and met her; new responsibilities presented themselves; she faced them all bravely, hopefully, lovingly. The fine quality of her soul proved itself in the casting out of all the bitterness which had in the first hours of her misfortune stormed its citadel and raised somber banners there. The victory over self won by this frail girl was so marvelously complete that no cynicism supplanted her innocent faith in the eternal existence of truth and goodness and their ultimate triumph over evil. Her touching acceptance of life in its new aspect was not born in a day. There were weeks of anguish; there were months of dull heartache and loneliness; there were tear-wet pillows and nights of crying out against fate; for the death of an ideal is the saddest death in all the universe, since for this there is no resurrection. The girlish ideal of Frances Brookin was dead at last, and slept under the petals of a faded white rose. Richard Somers was out of her life, out of her heart. The man she loved had never existed, she told herself. He was a dream, a romance, an immaculate conception of a virgin mind. The real man was the unworthy offspring of base, worldly passions; he was nothing to her but a name.

Political events hastened the girl into womanhood and towards that large tolerance with which the strong soul at last invariably enests the inexplicable and unwelcome facts it cannot avoid. With one leap the fierce south entered the arena of war, and Virginia hills echoed the mingled cheers of contending armies and the thunder of mighty guns. Richmond seemed to have become, as in a day, the center of intrigue and of action. On every side flashed the gold and silver of war's rich trappings. Plumes danced in the breezes and the confederate gray met the eye, rest where it would. From the capitol the banner of a new nation floated proudly, and beneath it echoed the tramp of marching legions, the galloping hoof-beats of horses, through all hours of day and night. Men, in this hitherto staid old southern city, hurried, under the spur of emotions that seemed born of a contagion in the air, and anxious women went about with willing hands to aid in every department they might invade. Among these, her life adjusting itself easily and gratefully to the new demands, was Frances Brookin, the tenderness of her fine face softened and deepened into divine womanliness, the love-ray eloquent in her melting eyes.

Swiftly the holiday side of the war had faded out of view. Agonized silence swallowed up laughter. For the drift was coming in from where the storm of battle raged, wrecks of human forms once freighted with life's rarest merchandise. Soon every hospital, every available space in church and public building and the most spacious of private homes were to have their quota of the wounded, the dying, and the dead. The southern woman was entering upon that field of labor in which she achieved her noblest dignity, her fame its immortality. Foremost among those who first gave their energies, their whole lives to the alleviation of suffering, the inspiration of the hopeless and the despairing, was Frances Brookin. Free to dispose of her time as she would and with an abundant means at her disposal, she made herself a ministering angel wherever a soldier suffered. Day and night she labored, sustained by boundless patriotism and an elation for which she could not account, try as she would. She failed in her self-analysis from ignorance of the fact that a voice that

has once spoken to the heart is never quite silent afterwards, and that youth when it buries its dead tramples not the sod above it. Fiery hatred of the invader possessed her, as it did her sisters; bred in the bone and nourished with the mother's milk, it could not be quelled except by years of gentle association and a common cause, but by a strange paradox this bitterness excluded every stained and bloody blue uniform or haggard northern face. Out of the fight, these were ever out of the sweep of a southern woman's vengeance. Upon the suffering prisoners Frances delighted to lavish the tenderness of her nature, now broadened and deepened by its own ministry; and something touchingly human carried her among them, although she was not conscious of it.

For this had come to pass: within the heart of Frances Brookin there lived a fiction, the Richard Somers of her girlish dreams; Richard Somers as she had seen him face to face one night under the burning match, his voice ringing strong and true and tender upon her hearing. Before him, shutting him into the sanctity of her room, she had dropped a veil of iridescent gossamer, and within that room, seen only through the veil, the man lived and reigned and had his kingdom. Through this veil, too, stirred by the breath of the suffering and the dying of his own country, he spoke gently, tenderly to her in the lonely hours of her vigils. The other Richard had been dismissed, not harshly or hastily, not in anger, but sadly—a man unworthy; a man at war with the truth and nobleness of her nature and at war with her people. No one knows how such fictions come about, but the hearts of most women carry them.

And time had helped Frances, for looking back she re-established many vital facts that lessened the sadness of memory; the man must once have been noble—his deeds of mercy and gentleness proved that; innately noble he must have been when she met him, for in the face of a great temptation he had kept his promise to his friend, even to the extent of shutting his eyes against the girl whose arms had been about him, whose lips breathed love for him. And somewhere, despite all the trickery, there was still nobility, for silently he had ridden away, faithful to his friend. He had lain under her hands wounded by the pistol shot, and no woman ever hated a helpless, suffering man. As for his deceptions, his plots, some fearful necessity must have compelled him. The other woman? She had been too base for him—she had been at heart a murderess. She it was who had dragged him down. And was he not caring for the child? Frances would not have admitted it to herself had she realized it, but in the depths of that heart she had forgiven Richard Somers. Her heart was big enough to hold him and all his weakness. Was there a loss of something from her nature? Or was there a gain?

No message had ever come to her from Somers, no good or evil report. None? Yes, just a scrap soon after the war began. From some one, Brodnar, probably, since his name was upon it, she had received a northern paper giving in its war gossip information that Richard Somers had been reinstated in the army and promoted to be captain of artillery.

But one day early in the spring of 1862, when the great federal movement against Richmond was beginning and when every train was bringing in a bloody harvest, she leaned above a wounded enemy. The question so often asked, "To what command do you belong?" drew forth an answer that filled her with excitement. She felt her heart begin to beat madly and her limbs yielding to a sudden excitement. "Your captain! What is his name?" "Richard Somers, miss!" How strangely thrilling sounded the name that morning! It was the first time she had heard it spoken since its bearer had said among the flickering shadows of her room: "If to carry in memory the living record of one face will help you, take mine, and with it, right or wrong, the love of Richard Somers." The scene, never dimmed in all the months that had passed, stood forth again, illumined like some strong picture under the swift magic of the lightning. The wounded man saw in her face the glow of his reflection. Triumph shone in her eloquent eyes, a sudden agitation locked the soft white hands.

(To be continued)

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For Grand Rapids, North and West 10 30 am 4 10 pm 8 12 pm
For Saginaw and Bay City 7 47 am 6 07 pm
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No 17 Western Express to Gd Haven 8 37 am
Nos 11, 19 and 13 daily except Sunday.
No 17, daily.
EASTBOUND
No 12 Detroit express to Detroit and East 7 19 am
No 20 Mail to Detroit 10 07 am
No 18 Evening Express to Detroit and East 3 32 pm
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Boy's Black Duck Coats, Corduroy collar, wool lined, with separated lining of rubber between. The best value you ever saw **90c.**

Men's Genuine Calf-skin Mittens. All calf front and back, welted seams. Wool wrist and knit lining. Regular price 75c. We bought a lot of them at a price you can buy them at per pair **57c.**

By buying in large quantities we secured a manufacturers' line of caps. They do not pass through a half a dozen hands with a profit for each before you get them.

Men's Blue and Oxford Kersey Caps, Satin lined with six rows of stitching around band. Full with pull down. A warm cap. Always sold for 50c. You can get them for just a little above manufacturers price **39c.**

Same in boys 25c

The heaviest, warmest, boys double breasted knee pant suit you ever bought for **2.50**

Our Fine Beaver Caps at \$1.00 are the kind usually sold for 1.25 or 1.50
We are agents for Staley Underwear and Overshirts—Goods with a reputation to sustain. They're right.
Trunks, Bags, Telescopes and Suit Cases.

We Guarantee our Prices.

A. L. COONS.

LOWELL LEDGER

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT
LOWELL, KENT COUNTY, MICH.
—BY—
FRANK M. JOHNSON.

Entered at Lowell post office as second class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION ONE DOLLAR YEARLY

ADVERTISING RATES.

Space Advertisements one insertion 10c per inch. Same more than once 7c per inch.

Page and half-page ads, \$3.00 and \$4.00

Business notices among local items 5c per line per issue. Those taking run of paper outside of local matter 3 cents per line.

Card in directory column \$1.00 per line per year. One inch \$5.00 per year. Cards of thanks 50c.

FREE MORAL AGENTS?

In a religious discussion recently the term "Free moral agent" was frequently used. Now, there may be such a thing as a "Free moral agent;" we do not know. If we ever met one, he was not properly introduced. We cite two incidents, the like of which are happening every moment somewhere, on which we would like some light, as regards this subject:

A babe is born in a home of luxury, refinement and intellectual and religious enlightenment. It is reared to maturity with all the advantages these conditions can give. At the same time, a child is born of degraded parents in the slums of one of our great cities. From its first breath, it is surrounded with an impure atmosphere, filth, want, profanity, vulgarity, suffering and crime. It never sees a kind face, hears a gentle word, or gets a glimpse of blue sky and green grass.

The first of these is born with inherited tendencies to good and being carefully guarded from evil, all its youthful experiences tend in the same direction. The other is born and reared a criminal. So far neither is deserving of credit or blame. Neither is in the least responsible for his birth or environment. One is made good and the other made bad, without a choice or a chance for a choice on their part.

Now, if some one who believes in "Free moral agents" will apply the term to these cases and tell us how "free" either of them is, we will be greatly obliged. For our part, we do not believe that either of them draws an absolutely free breath or has a thought independent of environments, or circumstances over they have no control, from the cradle to the grave.

As Hezekiah Bedott has it: "We're all pore critters."

It is becoming very evident that the tariff reform advocated by President McKinley in his latest public utterances will not soon be realized. The protected industries though grown from "infants" to giants are not willing to give up their protection in any degree; and so far as they are concerned the war tax must be maintained indefinitely. With the certain renewal of tariff discussion, there may come a realignment of political affiliations; for the Republican party is hopelessly divided on the subject, while thousands of old line Republicans who allied themselves with the Democrats on the Silver issue, will return to their first love when the tariff becomes the dividing issue. McKinley's Buffalo speech is certain to be a very important campaign document

The President's announcement of his purpose to ignore "pulls" in making promotions in the army and to make such advancements strictly on the records of the men, is refreshing after all the "papa's boy" business and political favoritism this country has witnessed. Teddy certainly has some good streaks of common sense.

The sidewalk petition spoken of in a recent issue was not presented to the Council as proposed but is held back until Spring. In the meantime, the Council is moving in the matter of sidewalk repairs, to guard against accidents. Another season, it is hoped that the idea of municipal and private co-operation in a cement walk campaign may be pushed to successful issue. It seems to us there can be no question about the advisability of its adoption.

"FATHER BOYNTON" gives further evidence of the approach of his second childhood by his recommendation that the Maccabees go down into their pockets and restore to the Supreme treasury the \$57,000 stolen from it by Treasurer Thompson, in order that the defrauder of widows and orphans may go unpunished. Seems to us there is enough crooked work going on already without offering a reward for rascality. Any way, hasn't Port Huron milked the Maccabees cow about long enough?

How much this country owes to Thomas Jefferson and his friends for its civil and religious liberties, and how narrowly it escaped having a very different constitution, made by Hamilton and his followers, are not generally appreciated. In reviewing the history of the formation of the Constitution, recently, we discovered that not only was Hamilton responsible, because of his distrust of the common people, for our miserably indirect method of electing United States senators; but that he sought to remove power still further from the people by proposing that the Executive should be "chosen by electors, chosen by electors, chosen by the people." We have a Senate of millionaire aristocrats, most of whom are stubbornly opposed to trusting their election to the people they are supposed to represent; and if any reform is ever secured it will be against the practically unanimous opposition of these legislature bribers. Goodness knows how much worse it might have been, if Hamilton had been more successful.

Buy the Bancroft weather strips and door bottoms. They keep out the cold. Sold by R. B. Boylan.

Chase & Sanborn's seal brand coffee, finest in the world, fresh roasted and just arrived.

John Giles & Co.

Between now and Thanksgiving day C. O. Lawrence will give you some great bargains in dinner ware and toilet sets.

New subscribers can have The Ledger from now until Jan. 1, 1903 for \$1.00. Stop reading your neighbor's paper and have one of your own.

Great Luck of an Editor

"For two years all efforts to cure eczema in the palms of my hands failed," writes Editor H. N. Lester of Syracuse, Kan., "then I was cured by Bucklen's Arnica Salve." It's the world's best for eruptions, sores and all skin diseases. Only 25c at D. G. Look's.

FOILED BY HIS OWN TRICK.

Scheme For Selling a Farm and Its Dramatic Climax.

"Some years ago," said the narrator, "an oil boom hit Litchfield, Ill., and everybody for miles around was seen sniffing for oil and every stranger suspected of being an expert looking for a good thing. An old farmer named Loomis had a big place three miles out of town, which would have been a fortune for him had he not been possessed of a mania for swapping, manifest in a perennial attempt to trade off his land for twice its value.

"When the boom was at the top notch, Loomis received a visitor who took so much interest in the farm, so liked its appearance, location, etc., that the old farmer scented a petroleum man and saw visions of incalculable wealth; but, being a shrewd man, Loomis did not care to take any unnecessary chances with Providence, and on the quiet he sent the hired man out the back way with orders to dump the kerosene can into the well. The visitor liked the entire place, inspected the barn, the chicken yard and then, as if by chance, asked for a drink of water.

"Loomis was waiting for that and hauled up a brimming bucket before the man's own eyes and poured him out a gorging of liquid with a fine, opalescent scum upon it. The visitor smelled the stuff, tasted it, made a wry face and asked if the water was always like that. 'Oh, yes,' said Loomis, 'but you soon get accustomed to the taste, and our doctor says this is the finest water on earth for the stomach.' 'Well, I am dinged if I'll ever get used to it,' was the unexpected response. 'I am looking for a farm, not an oil well, and if I have got to haul my drinking water three miles from Litchfield I guess I'd rather buy nearer town.'

"It took Loomis six months to get the taste of oil out of his well, and by that time the boom was over, and nothing was left of the oil craze but rotting derricks and abandoned shafts."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

BOOK MAXIMS.

It is better to give a book than to lend it.

Do not bite a paper knife until it has the edge of a saw.

Do not cut books except with a proper ivory knife.

It is ruinous to a good book to cut it right through into the corners.

Books are neither card racks, crumb baskets nor receptacles for dead leaves.

Never write upon a title page or half title. The blank fly leaf is the right place.

Do not turn the leaves of books down. Particularly do not turn the leaves of books printed on plate paper.

If you are in the habit of lending books, do not mark them. These two acts together constitute an act of indiscretion.

Books were not meant as cushions, nor were they meant to be toasted before a fire.—Arthur L. Humphreys in Private Library.

Where He Forgot Himself.

"We are seven," laughingly quoted the man who was an applicant for life insurance when asked to give the number of children in his father's family.

"And their names?" asked the examining surgeon.

"Well, there's Albert, Addie, Henry, Laura, William and Dora and—"

"The surgeon looked surprised, and the applicant looked foolish.

Then he began again, "There's Albert and Addie, and Henry and Laura, and William and Dora, and—"

"The surgeon announced that these were only six. The applicant acknowledged the error and went over the list again and again, invariably balking after the sixth name. Then a bright office boy looked up from his work, with a grin, and said:

"Say, haven't you left yourself out of the count?"

The surgeon seemed relieved, the applicant seemed more foolish than ever, and the office boy grinned on at his work.

Dress Goods Bargains in Abundance

Don't save pennies and waste dollars by failing to see the wonderful values that this store offers in the New Fall Dress Goods.

Those Remnants of Dress Goods

Have got to go—just the thing for the girls' school dress. It will be money in your purse to look them through and buy some.

Cloak News

From our busiest department Coats are selling rapidly. The garment makers evidently hit the mark for this season's Coats. Don't delay too long for your size may be gone.

In the Fur Department

We'll make the fur fly in more senses than one for the next few weeks. An elegant line in all grades.

Don't forget that we sell the best Hosiery and Underwear in the market.

E. R. COLLAR.

"That certainly was one time," faintly commented the applicant, "that I completely forgot myself."—New York Times.

Apples the Diet For the Sedentary.

Apples are very wholesome and digestible. They contain considerable potassium and sodium salts, magnesium, a little iron and about 85 per cent of water. Apples, being rich in pectin, form readily into jelly. They also contain free organic acids as well as salts, such as malates, citrates and tartrates. They are quite laxative, more so if taken late at night or early in the morning with a glass of water. Their nutritive value is not much, as they are largely composed of water. For invalids apples are best when baked and eaten either plain or served with cream.—Ledger Monthly.

A Drop of Water.

A gallon of distilled water weighs 8.339 pounds, and there being four quarts to the gallon and two pints to the quart, and 16 fluid ounces to the pint, and two tablespoonfuls to the fluid ounce, and four teaspoonfuls to the tablespoon, and 45 drops to the teaspoon, a drop of water weighs 0.00115677 pound, slightly more.

A Pathetic Bereavement.

Miss Singer—I saw in the paper that there is to be an entertainment for a "musical orphanage." Pray, what may a musical orphanage be?

Mr. Kenital—I can't say positively, you know, but I imagine it must be a child deprived of its native air.—Harper's Bazar.

If a mother is at all clever, she can train her baby by the time it is 6 weeks old to cry to its father as soon as he comes in the house.—Atechison Globe.

Wellington's Endurance.

Wellington on one occasion started, Sir Herbert Maxwell tells us, at 7 a. m., rode to a place 28 miles distant, here held a review and was back at the place from which he had started for dinner between 4 and 5 p. m., says Goldwin Smith in The Atlantic. He galloped 26 miles and back to see whether damage had been done to a pontoon train. He rode 17 miles in two hours from Freneda to Ciudad Rodrigo, where he dined, gave a ball and supper, was in the saddle again at 3 a. m., galloped back to Freneda by 6 and was doing business again at noon. He rose

regularly at 6 and wrote till 9 and after dinner wrote again from 9 till 12.

It must be essential to every general and indeed to every man who is bearing a heavy load of anxious business to be a good sleeper. Napoleon was a first rate sleeper; so was Pitt; so was Brougham; so was Mr. Gladstone; so was Wellington.

At Salamanca Wellington, having given his order for the battle, said to his aide-de-camp: "Watch the French through your glass, Fitz Roy. I am going to take a rest. When they reach that copse near the gap in the hills, wake me." Then he lay down and was fast asleep in a minute. In the midst of the critical operations before Waterloo, feeling weary, he laid himself down, put a newspaper over his face and took a nap.

For Exercise Why Not Walk?

The best exercise in the world is walking.

A person who knows how to walk intelligently can get along without a gymnasium. No other form of exercise brings so many muscles into play and develops them so normally. The most popular games are those in which walking forms a prominent part. Golf, croquet and in a sense cricket and even bicycling merely give an excuse for walking.

Every one knows how to walk properly. It is because of carelessness that so many walk badly. The body should be carried erect, the chest well out, the head back, while the arms should swing freely at the sides. The pace should be regulated to one's strength.

Every one should walk fast enough and far enough to get the body in a comfortable glow. To get the best results from walking one should give his undivided attention to it. In other words, he should walk for the pleasure of it and not carry worries with him.

Excessive walking is injurious. Never walk just after a heavy meal or after violent exercise. And after a walk it is well to rest for 19 or 15 minutes before taking up severe mental work.

Lamb in Either Case.

One of the editors who read the manuscript of Henry Thew Stephenson's "Patroon Van Volkenberg" thought that the author might be a good man to know. Accordingly he wrote a pleasant personal letter, inviting a better acquaintance, and, as one of the tests of companionable fitness, inquired whether the author preferred Lamb or

Milton.

Mr. Stephenson replied, acknowledging the pleasure the letter had given him and saying:

"I do not know whether you ask if I like Lamb or mutton or Lamb or Milton best, but in either case it's Lamb." Even the reflection on the editor's handwriting could not detract from the editorial approbation of Mr. Stephenson's choice, and the new partnership of minds was immediately formed.—Youth's Companion.

Would Rather Smoke Than Eat.

"One day," writes an American in Havana, "I came across an old Cuban woman sitting disconsolately on a rock near Morro castle. She told me in Spanish that for three days she had had nothing to eat but a loaf of bread and coffee. She looked it. I gave her a Spanish dollar and followed in her wake. She entered the first cafe she came to and bought a drink and a cigar. I couldn't help laughing to see her as she walked along the street, puffing away at the weed purchased with my money. She seemed perfectly contented. The Cubans, even the women, would rather smoke than eat. They take only two meals a day, breakfast about 10 o'clock and dinner at 4 in the afternoon."

CHANGES AND EXCURSIONS VIA GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

General change of time effective Nov. 3, 1901. For particulars apply to any agent of the company.

Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 28, 1901.

One and one-third fare for the round trip, between all points. Tickets good going November 27 and 28, limited to return to and including Nov. 29th.

International Live Stock Exposition at Chicago at Union Stock Yards.

Single fare for round trip (plus \$2.00) good going December 2, 3 and 4 and good to return up to midnight of December 8, 1901. For particulars see advertising bills or apply to any agent of Grand Railway and connections.

Town Line.

Milo Snow and wife of Amethyst, Col., are visiting his sisters, Mrs. M. Westbrook and Mrs. Geo. Murray.

Miss Florence Barras has a new piano. Ira Westbrook spent Sunday in Grand Rapids.

Steve Carter of Orangeville and Laura Westbrook of Middleville spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. M. Westbrook.



Our Pontiac Shoe for Ladies is one of Style, Comfort and Durability. We have them in Kid and Box Calf Leathers. Heavy and light soles. Price \$2.00

TWO SHOES

Saxon Shoes for men. We have them in wide extension edges, rope stitch, heavy soles- Plain or cap toe. Style and wear equal to any 3.00 shoe. Price \$2.00



D. F. BUTTS.

CALIFORNIA LETTER

WILL M. CHAPMAN WRITES AGAIN

Of Her Glorious Climate that's Good for Most Everything but Eating.

Los Angeles, Nov. 4 1901.
Dear Frank Editor:
"The wisest of the wise Listen to pretty lies And love to hear them told. Doubt not that Solomon Listened to many a one, Some in youth and more when he grew old."

There are four things about Southern California which most deeply impress the writer. First, the invigorating climate; second, the soil; third, the romantic and beautiful scenery; fourth, the Los Angeles gait. "The first calls for admiration, by the second we are overwhelmed, the third captivates and the fourth is shocking. We shall try to give you something of interest upon these subjects in the order named above.

Climate is an important factor in the joys of us poor mortals. It is of universal interest and is uppermost in our minds, at such intervals at least, when there is little else to talk about. We think this aerial, delicate thing called good weather is too changeable to be kept within the boundary of a definition. Prof. Dexter of the Illinois university has been investigating the effects of climate on morals and finds that the desire to fight rises with the thermometer, but stops at 85 degrees. Have you ever noticed how infectious good nature and laughter are? One person, who is sincerely and demonstratively happy will fill the atmosphere with good cheer, which sometimes affects hundreds.

There are two seasons in Southern California, the wet and dry. We don't know which is the better one for we have not seen all of the dry season yet, but we are told that the wet one is the pleasantest time of the year. It is said that two or three days of rainfall are followed by as many weeks of sunny skies, the average precipitation being seventeen inches for the whole season. Cyclones and tornadoes are absolutely unknown. Thunder storms are occasionally seen in the mountains at a distance of 15 to 50 miles but do not visit the plains. The dry season lasts from the first of May to Nov. 15 and seems complete to us. However, we'll wait and learn. One of the regular features of the dry season is the sea breeze, which begins to blow about eleven a. m. Many a day which starts out with an increasing heat is redeemed from discomfort by these trade winds. The thermometer must register twenty degrees higher here than in Michigan, during this season, to receive the same heat sensations in both regions. Sun-strokes are unknown in Los Angeles. Twenty-five thousand people came from Arizona last July and August in order to escape the hot term. While the East was sweltering California was "cool as a cucumber." Compare this with the hundreds of deaths in each of the large eastern cities before an abundance of rain brought relief and changed despondency to temporary cheerfulness.

Statistics show that the average longevity of Americans has been increased seven years the last century. This is due to many causes; but how much of it should be credited to the migratory movements of mankind? If any praise for this gain can be given to climatic influences, surely climate cuts quite a figure in more ways than the one mentioned.

Why does the robin leave this "land of sunshine and flowers" during the dry season? For the same reason that our first parents left Eden—driven out. The robins do not go north to find a better climate, but they migrate because the soil is too hard to obtain a living readily; they stay in the north till

"the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock," when they are again confronted by the hard soil and bread and butter problem. So back they come arriving in time to take advantage of our wet season. There's your instinct and here's your wisdom. Adam's Express company fell into the snare set by the cheat of a would be agent of the consolidated Fruit association. The result of the disgraceful affair was, our estimable first relatives were driven to emigration sometime during the Fall. In losing Paradise the ancients tell us that they regained a home. Yet their wisdom has been cruelly criticised—with the rainy season approaching and the tailor-birds on their migratory tour. Is it strange that the sentence "What fools these mortals be," should become an adage? Or, that the poet was inspired to say:

"As a rule Man's a fool. When it's hot He wants it cool, Always wanting What is not; Never liking What he's got, I maintain As a rule Man's a fool."

Many of the tourists claim that our climate is similar to that enjoyed in the Holy Land. The latest statistics show the following differences between the monthly average of temperature in January and July at some of the most favored spots on the earth:

	Highest	Lowest	Average
Jerusalem, Naples, Nice, 30 deg.	89	44	63.
Jacksonville, Florida, 28 deg.	91	48	67.
Pensacola, Sacramento, Cairo, 27 deg.	95	52	71.
Rome 25 deg.	96	53	72.
Melbourne 19 deg.	98	49	70.
Los Angeles, 15 deg.	91	44	64.

It does not always touch the responsive chord in one's nature to say that the sun shines "so and so," and that the wind blows "this way" and that the rain and fog act "after this fashion;" and that the thermometer is "on the high road" to 96; and that they altogether form a combination called climate, which in one way or another; or somehow or other bring about a feeling of sadness or gladness. Whittier's Barefoot Boy gives us more climate per square inch than than anything else in literature. No uncertainty in it whatever. A climate which will give a strawberry shortcake every day in the year is much sought after. It flourishes here.

The gardeners are irrigating their new tomato and cabbage plants, the farmers are planting another crop of potatoes, etc. and cutting the fifth crop of hay this year. The treetoads and frogs vie with each other to have the last word and the katydid is saying the same "undisputed thing." Butterflies, humming-birds and darning needles flit through the air. The beetles and ants work at their trades. The insects galore are busy earning a living. The barefoot boys and the gophers are playing at their antics. Guavas, limes, lemons, oranges and strawberries are gathered fresh all the year round. And we meet in our shirtsleeves the earliest rays of the sun peeping over the mountains, while the birds fill the air with songs. It is worth the extra effort to wheel over to the foothills to get the full chorus. The rattling bass of the passionate woodpecker is heard above all, with the soft alto of the bluebird's melody reach ing the ear at intervals while the red headed family beats time to some live oak or gum tree shrub. Hark! What is that hilarious solo rolling down the sides of the canon? Ah, it is the exclamatory song of

that haughty, impudent, magnificently feathered saucebox, the bluejay. It requires but a few minutes to discover the leading voice. Listen to the delicate, rich, full, obligato solo coming from the throat of the star singer, the mockingbird. How he enters into the spirit of the occasion. He throws his bill up, head back, breast forward and with an occasional flutter of the wings, dances up and down like mad. Oh, he is a beauty, a "fooloo," a Jenny Lind and it is a joy to see and hear him. Suddenly the whole company adjourns sine die upon the approach of vultures winging their way across the valley in search of food. This makes the leader raven mad; and as the echoes of the music die away an immense flock of blackbirds settle down at our feet, proudly strutting and preening and clucking, as if they had something "up their sleeve if not in their throats"

In the foregoing we spoke of "pretty lies"—well that reminds us—"Here's to the man who tells us lies when solemn truth would hurt, Who says: 'I'll back you through and through if it should take my shirt.' Who, when you're off and cannot write just as you think you should, Will tune you up for better things, with 'That's what I call good.'"

Fraternally yours,
Will M. Chapman.

JOE ADAMS DUCKED BY A SALMON.

A True Fish Story from far off California.

Writing from Bella Vista, California, under date of Nov. 3, J. H. Adams, Lowell's famous old fisherman—who could "get fish where there weren't any"—says: "Last Monday I went down on a creek and got the first live salmon I ever saw. He was 33 1/2 inches long."

To this his daughter, Mrs. J. C. Maynard, adds:

"Papa has written you about catching his first live salmon but he is too modest to tell you about a tussel he had with another one, so I will. He got it on his spear, when it started with him and as papa said he was at one end of the pole, the salmon at the other, but after throwing him down, breaking his pipe and dragging him about five feet into the water, Mr. Salmon was at last landed on shore and papa came home, a very wet but quite a happy fisherman."

Mr. Adams says: "Enclosed find one dollar for Ledger to send to me at this place. It has been four months since I left home and they have been long ones, too; but I think in four or five months more I shall see Lowell again."

"Joe" may rest assured, his old Lowell friends will give him the glad hand on his return.

Societies.

Phila A. Clark W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. S. Hoag Tuesday, Nov. 19. Subject, Thanksgiving, Mrs. M. L. Merriman leader.

Tarantulas Are Enemies.

Tarantulas are considered deadly foes to each other and are seldom found in company. When imprisoned together, there is a fight, one succumbs and is eaten by the victor. Nature has done a service in making the tarantula so hideous and formidable looking an object. Indeed, it is owing to this repulsiveness that no greater number of persons are stung. The sight of the great, hairy spider crawling near by will cause a cold, creeping sensation down the back of almost any one.

A Victim's Argument.

"You have no nerve at all," said the disgusted dentist to the patient who was making a frightful fuss. "Now listen to that," returned the patient warmly—"blaming me for lack of nerve when you told me not five minutes ago that you'd extracted most of it and intended to kill what was left!"—Chicago Post.

"Some people," said Uncle Eben, "doesn't seem to take no special interest in tellin de trof 'ceppln when it's sumpin disagreeable."—Washington Star.

NEW YORK ROADS.

Suggestion to Employ Convicts in Preparing Material.

The chief question concerning good roads at the present time is the financial one, says the New York Tribune in a recent editorial. How much money can be raised for them? There is no longer a question as to the desirability of building them. No rational man now opposes them. The farmer who uses them in the laborious task of making a living from the soil the year round is as eager for them as is the rich man from the city, who uses them only for pleasure for a few weeks or months in the summer. There is no difficulty either in getting enough money locally. Towns and counties are ready with their appropriations. The only drawback is that the state is not ready to do its full share in duplicating the local appropriations, and so the progress of the work seems to depend upon the rate at which the state can follow the lead of the counties.

In connection with this phase of the case a suggestion made by Mr. Bond, the state engineer, is of practical interest. He would have the state acquire a trap rock quarry in Rockland county and set the convicts of Sing Sing prison to working it. This would provide roadmaking material at a considerable lower price to the state than that which is now paid for it, and the state could thus do its share toward road building at a decided advantage, for there seems to be no good reason why the state's contribution to the fund should not be in material at market rates as well as in cash. The scheme has of course these obvious elements in its favor: That trap rock is one of the very best road metals in the world; that the convicts would thus be provided with one of the best kinds of labor for their well being; that the quarry would be close to the prison, and that being on a bluff directly above the river the product of the quarry could be transported to many other parts of the state at a minimum of cost.

LOUISIANA ROADS.

Their Present Condition Prevents State Development.

Hon. F. C. Blacksher, a planter and large real estate owner of Robeline, La., in a recent interview in the New Orleans Times-Democrat on the road question said:

"I think bad roads are the greatest drawback to this parish—in fact, are the stumbling blocks to immigration. I have had many men visit me and go over my lands with a view of purchasing, but after traveling over the roads would give up the idea of buying, saying that the roads were of such a nature that the difficulty of marketing the crops would be too much of an item. They would, therefore, leave our parish and seek some country where the roads were better."

He further said that to maintain the roads in good condition in that parish would be a very small item compared to the breakage and increase amount of team, to say nothing of the time and labor lost in going over the roads in their present condition and from the different markets. He believed that good roads would induce immigration and benefit the people more than anything else. He is a firm advocate of the state fixing by statute some mode of bettering the present condition of the public roads through this section of the state. He is of the opinion that the bad roads are now holding the state back and advocates the adoption of some method to better their condition at once. "No one knows the difficulty the people experience in going to and from the markets during a wet season unless he were to go out in the country himself and see the conditions. Yes, you may say I favor anything that will tend to benefit the present condition of the public roads."

Pennsylvania Roadside Tree Law.

Any person liable to road tax who shall transplant to the side of the public highway on his own premises any fruit, shade trees or forest trees of suitable size shall be allowed by the supervisor of roads where roads run through or adjoin cultivated fields, in abatement of his road tax, \$1 for every four trees set out, but no row of elms shall be placed nearer than 70 feet, no row of maples or other forest trees nearer than 50 feet, except locust, which may be set 30 feet apart, and no allowance as before mentioned shall be made unless such trees shall have been set out the year previous to the demand for such abatement of tax and are living and well protected from animals at the time of such demand. Any trees transplanted to the side of the public highway as aforesaid in the place of trees which have died shall be allowed for in the same manner and

on the same conditions as in the preceding section. Abatement of highway tax shall be limited to one-fourth of annual highway tax.

Get Rid of Water.

If the surface of the roadway is properly formed and kept smooth, the water will be shed into the side ditches and do comparatively little harm, but if it remains upon the surface it will be absorbed and convert the road into mud. If all ruts, depressions and mud-holes are not filled as soon as they appear, they will retain the water upon the surface, to be removed only by gradually soaking into the roadbed and by slowly evaporating, and each passing wheel or hoof will help to destroy the road. All inequalities of the surface, the depressions and the mud-holes are caused by water softening the roadbed. A hard road cannot be made out of soft mud, and no amount of labor and machinery will make an earth road that will stay good unless an adequate plan is adopted to get rid of the water. Water is hard to confine and easy to let loose. It is always seeking a chance to run down hill.

The Lazy, Stupid Shag.

"The shag is the laziest and most stupid form of life to be found anywhere on the globe. It is an aquatic fowl, with big, clumsy looking beak and with a form something like the dodo, now extinct," said a western man. "I have spent much time in watching this fowl, which is found in some of the shallow lakes, and the chief point of interest to me was the startling stupidity displayed. They generally squat on stumps or logs in the lake and watch for the smaller fish that play around the surface of the water. They are fairly clever in catching what they want, and they throw out their bill with considerable precision when they get for game. But they never get to eat what they catch until they have fed at least one or maybe more than one member of another kind of water fowl. "Whenever a shag begins to catch fish, a long legged, long necked water hen will take a place immediately behind him. When the shag lands a fish, the water hen simply reaches over and gets it. Without any show of resentment and without turning around, the shag will continue its watch for fish, and this is kept up until the water hen has finished a meal, and then, if no other enterprising member of the same tribe comes along, the shag is permitted to enjoy the product of his own sleepy efforts. "I have on one occasion seen one shag feed as many as three water hens before eating a single fish. It is certainly a singular display of stupidity, and after having watched the performance a number of times I am convinced that the shag is actually too dull to even know that the water hen stands behind him to steal the fish out of his mouth."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

English Robbers.

Speaking of the early Plantagenet period, Mr. Henry, in his "History of Great Britain," remarks that the number of robbers was so great that the judges could not prevail upon the juries to find any of them guilty. Even under the most rigorous administration of Edward III a numerous band of them assailed the town of Boston in 1275 at the time of the fair, set it on fire and carried off an immense booty in money and goods. Their leader, one Robert Chamberlain, a gentleman of great power and wealth, was taken, tried and executed, but he could not be prevailed upon to discover any of his accomplices. As the other robbers of this period were very numerous, so some of them were very cruel, and the character which one of their chiefs wore embroidered upon his coat in letters of silver might be applied to many others—"I am Captain Warner, commander of a troop of robbers, an enemy to God, without pity and without remorse." (Henry's "History of Great Britain," book 4, chapter 7.)—Gentleman's Magazine.

A Day of Rest.

How thankful we should be for one day's rest in seven. All we have to do on the Sabbath is—split the wood, light the fire, dress the children, feed the mule, read the paper, figure up how much we've lost during the past week and then go cheerfully to meeting.—Atlanta Constitution.

Going by Contraries.

"When a lady says 'No,' she means 'Yes,'" observed the philosopher of the boarding house, "and when her papa throws you down the front steps and swears at you until you have disappeared in the gloom there seems to be something contrary about him too."—Baltimore American.

SLICING A RATTLER.

THE COLORADO WAY OF TURNING THE DANGEROUS TRICK.

Dexterity and Daring of the Cowboy in Cutting Off the Head of the Rattlesnake After His Ineffectual Attempt to Strike.

"Did you ever see a cow puncher kill a rattlesnake with a knife?" said a Colorado citizen now in town. "When I first went west, I punched cattle on the Sunset ranch, one of the largest in southern Colorado. I was a tenderfoot, fresh from the east, but no swell head about me. That saved me a lot of trouble. The boys were dead willing to put me next, even to a 11-year-old broncho never halter broken. Among other things, I learned how to kill a rattler with a bowie knife. I killed one with a knife to make my standing good, but after that a gun or a pitchfork was good enough for me.

"I have seen a plainsman ride up to a small sized rattler, jump off his horse, kick at the waving head, avoid the strike and as the reptile came down place a heel upon its neck, coolly take a knife from his belt and dispatch it. I have also seen a live rattler thrown up on a haystack machine, and I have seen the men working on that stack jump, roll, tumble and slide to get away. They could not see the rattler; that was all. In the open they would have played with it.

"A rattlesnake is harmless out of coil. For that reason it wastes no time in getting back into coil after the spring. It will not strike unless it is perfectly sure it can reach its object. Therefore the cowboy must get into reach of the snake's spring. It can spring half its own length, and sometimes more. Of course the larger the snake the more coils, and the more coils the more vicious the strike.

"Dick Haynes was a young daredevil who would go out of his way to play with a rattler. I have seen him kill at least a dozen with a knife, and I saw him when he got such a close call that he dropped the game and used a gun forever after.

"We were out together one Sunday. It was warm, and as we rode he fanned his face with his sombrero. Suddenly he clapped his hat on his head and started his broncho on a lope. 'Watch me get that pison,' he shouted.

"Fifty yards to our right was a rattler. It was trying to get away, but we headed it in an instant and were off our horses. It immediately coiled, and then I saw the biggest snake I have ever seen. It was a diamond rattler and about 20 years old. It had the ugliest head I ever saw, enormous in size, and with a mouth that reminded me of a bulldog's jaw. Dick stopped just long enough to size up its length so as to get an idea of its spring, and then went on it.

"The strike came like a flash of lightning. The snake struck the ground with a sound like the cracking of a four horse whiplash in the hands of an expert. Dick just saved himself by throwing his body back full length. The snake coiled again before Dick could get to it. I got nervous and called to him to shoot it.

"That's the first one that ever struck at me and got back," he said, "and I'm going to have that pretty head."

"The rattler was beside itself with rage. It lay, coil upon coil of smooth, glistening length, showing the long reach and powerful spring in reserve. Out of the coils two feet more of body and neck rose straight in the air, and above all that black, venomous head, with glowing eyes and forked tongue, wared, slightly, warily, to and fro.

"Dick reached in again, more cautiously. He stepped the knife nearer and yet nearer to that swaying head. I knew he was getting too close, but I feared to speak to him. Then came the strike, with that marvelous dart of speed. Dick's knife flashed and the snake lay squirming, a headless thing, upon the ground.

"Let's get to camp," said Dick. 'It got me in the thumb.'

"We jumped for the saddles and started on a mad run for home. Dick rode with his thumb on the saddle horn and his knife in his other hand.

"If she begins to swell, off she comes," said he.

"We reached the ranch, and while Dick poured down whisky we examined the thumb. We could find nothing, not the slightest wound. The snake had struck the handle of his knife, and the strength and suddenness of the impact made Dick lose his nerve. It was a good thing for him. He never went after a rattler again without a long '44."—New York Sun.

OLD PAPERS AT THIS OFFICE

The Greatest Dry Goods Sale on Record.

We Allow no house to undersell.
Lower prices than you have ever known

Here is the Proof.

- Best Prints 1c
- Good Prints 3c
- Fruit and Lonsdale Bleached Cotton 7c
- Good Heavy Bleached Cotton 5c and 6c
- Best Outing Flannel 8c
- Good Outing Flannels 5c, 6c and 7c
- Best Unbleached Cotton 5c and 6c

Store full of Cloaks, Jackets, Furs, Blankets, Hosiery, Underwear, etc. Carpet buying time is here and why not buy our **GOOD CARPETS**, bought direct from the mills—they will wear to please you.
The Finest Shetland Floss on the market. Always something new.

E. R. COLLAR.

Remarkable Values.

In up-to-date Dress Goods—the largest and most complete line shown in Lowell. All the new things such as—Satin Venetians, Peau DeSoie, Melrose, Peb Cheviots, Florentine and the celebrated Jamestown Dress Goods which outlast all others.

A SURE THING.

ELECTRIC LINE THROUGH LOWELL IN ONE YEAR.

By the Hawks & Angus Company of Detroit.

An interurban road from Grand Rapids to Ionia and thence to Lansing is now practically an assured thing. The project has been taken up vigorously by the Hawks & Angus company of Detroit, successful builders and operators of the Ann Arbor & Detroit and other similar interurban roads in the state, and will be pushed to completion as fast as the work can be accomplished. Mr. Hawks, who is the most prominent interurban man in the business in Michigan today, has taken up this project with his customary vigor and promises a completed line from Lansing to Grand Rapids by this time next year.

The first step in the program was accomplished about a week ago when the Hawks company acquired by purchase the entire plant and system of the Lansing street railway company. As soon as this deal was completed the company's engineers began laying out the route from Lansing to this city and this work is still in progress, the party now now being in the neighborhood of Grand Ledge.

The towns which will be tapped by the new line between Lansing and the Valley City are Grand Ledge, Portland, Lyons, Muir, Ionia, Saranac, Lowell and Ada. An application for a franchise has been presented to the common councils of Grand Ledge, Ionia and Lowell and the other towns along the route and no where is there any opposition to the project visible.

Attorney William A. Harst representing the company was in the city yesterday and he feels confident that the preliminaries will be speedily arranged and that actual operation will be started at the earliest possible moment in the spring.

The legal aspects of the project, securing of franchises, are being cared for by Mr. Hurst and B. R. Fales of Detroit.

Mr. Hawks of the Hawks & Angus company is also president of the Westinghouse, Church, Kerr company which is just completing the Muskegon road. It is asserted by Mr. Hurst that his company, of which Mr. Hawks is the principal, has never asked for a franchise in a single city in Michigan the conditions of which were not fulfilled to the perfect satisfaction of the city granting them. The record is of material assistance in securing the franchises they are now asking for.—Grand Rapids Herald, Nov. 8.

Lowell Men in Luck.

Cripple Creek, Colo., Oct. 26.—The Michigan & Colorado Gold Mining & Investment company is receiving very flattering assays from its lease on block 11 of school section 16 on Calf mountain. A substantial shaft house has just been erected and a plant of machinery is to be immediately installed. The shaft on the property has been sunk to a depth of forty-six feet and the work of drifting on the vein is now in progress. The vein matter contains quite a bit of free gold and assays run as high as several hundred dollars to the ton. A shipment is being saved which will be sent out within two or three weeks. It is the intention of the management to increase the working force very shortly. Calf mountain is what can justly be termed an undeveloped mining section and the announcement of finding pay ore there will have a tendency to increase prospecting in that vicinity.—Colorado Telegraph, Colorado Springs, Sunday, Oct. 27, 1901.

The above mentioned mining property and company has for its president Lowell's popular and enterprising young dentist, Dr. A. E. Cambell.

OLD PAPERS AT THIS OFFICE



FREE!
IMPORTED
JAPANESE NAPKINS-
TO ALL
CHURCH SUPPERS
AND
SOCIETY DINNERS
FOR WHICH
SEAL BRAND COFFEE
IS PURCHASED.
FOR SALE BY
Jno. Giles & Co.

With the U. S. Cavalry.
FORT ASSINIBOINE, MONT.,
Nov. 6, 1901.

DEAR EDITOR:—
I have been receiving your paper and you can gamble that it is a treat to get a paper from that little place while out here in the "Wild and woolly West."

There was a little fire started on the prairie while we were out on mounted drill and was rapidly spreading toward the post, and we were ordered to get sacks and fight fire. It was caused by sparks from a passing engine lodging in the dead grass. Had a little rain today but not enough to keep us from drill. It is very cold and we dislike to go out of doors. I got thrown against a fence and cut my arm and now I am "beating the hospital." Will send you a picture of the troop as soon as the old man who took them makes his delivery.

There is one fellow here whom we have named "Slatts," a very fitting name for him as he is real slim and tall. He keeps us in good humor with his jokes and yarns. You can imagine how a Tennessean talks.
Your devil,
Virgil P. Dickerson,
Troop G, Thirteenth U. S. Cavalry.

TOLD IN LOWELL
It is the Evidence of Lowell People Published in Lowell Papers That Has Made Such a Reputation for Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills.

Standing clear and distinct, marking the difference, the superior merit, the adaptability to present day ailments is the volume of local testimony for Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills. It is different from ordinary remedies, referring to cures made at distant points which it is hard to verify. There is a reason for Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills commanding home evidence wherever they are known. It is their wonderful influence in bringing up the standard Nerve Force Henry J. Bosworth of Hudson street, Lowell, Mich., says: "I had been troubled a long time with a form of nervous dyspepsia which caused me a great deal of distress. Gas would form and a great pressure against the heart. I got some of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills at Look's drug store and they helped me right away. Two boxes had cured me and I have no more distress after eating and feel splendid." Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills are sold at 50c a box at dealers Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. See that portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M. D. are on every package.

For burning all kinds of coal and and slack the new Round Oak leads them all. It will last longer and do better work than any other stove made. Sold by R. B. Boylan.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

Special meeting of the Lowell Village Council held in the Council Rooms on Wednesday evening, Nov. 6, 1901.

Meeting called to order by President Van Dyke.

Present Trustees—Flanagan, Look, Nicholson and White absent Lee and White.

Meeting called for the purpose of hearing the report of the Street Committee.

The Street Committee made a report recommending the repairing of certain sidewalks within the village.

On motion by Trustee Nicholson the report was accepted and adopted and it was ordered to be referred upon the owners or occupants of such premises to repair their walks within 24 hours after the service upon them of such notice.

On motion by Trustee Look, Council adjourned.

T. A. Murray Clerk.

Reliable and Gentle.

"A pill's a pill," says the saw, but there are pills and pills. You want a pill which is certain, thorough and gentle. Mustn't grip. DeWitt's Little Early Risers fill the bill. Purely vegetable. Do not force but assist the bowels to act. Strengthen and invigorate. Small and easy to take.
L. H. Taft & Co.

Smyrna

(Last week's letter.)
G. Russell is on the sick list.

Mrs. Geo. Hoppough and Mrs. Mae visited the Pan American the last two days.

Royal Lewis has been dangerously ill but is better at present.

Gladys Ring is the proud owner of a new Kimball piano.

The annual reunion of the Keeney family took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ring Nov. 2, with about thirty present.

All enjoyed the good dinner and then the guests from out of town were Mr. and Mrs. Clay Keeney, son and daughter of Rockford, Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Richardson, son and daughter of Courtland, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Hoppough and daughter of Orleans, Mr. and Mrs. Jay Cooper and daughter of Coral, Mr. and Mrs. George Gardner and daughter and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Ring and son of Keene, and Miss Lena Bowen of Lowell.

Mrs. Jay Cooper and little daughter of Coral are spending this week with friends here.

Ed Stanton of Belding was in town last week and wired Mrs. Helen Purdy's house for electric lights.

Mrs. L. J. Haymer is visiting friends at Elwell this week.

The Children's Friend.

You'll have a cold this winter. Maybe you'll have one now. Your children will suffer too. For croup, coughs, bronchitis, grip and other winter complaints. One Minute Cough Cure never fails. Acts promptly. It is very pleasant to the taste and perfectly harmless. C. B. George, Winchester, Ky., writes "Our little girl was attacked with croup late one night and was so hoarse she could hardly speak. We gave her a few doses of One Minute Cough Cure. It relieved her immediately and she went to sleep. When she awoke next morning she had no signs of hoarseness or croup."
L. H. Taft & Co.

Parnell.

(Last week's letter.)
Tom Jones, Will Jones, Frank Byrne and A. Bruce Weckes go to St. Louis next Monday to attend college.

Renis Doyle will go to Grand Rapids this week to attend school.

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Leo Skipper of Grand Rapids visited Eva McGinnis and Leda Jones Sunday.

P. Kelly was pleasantly surprised when a company of his young friends called at his home Sunday evening.

Marguerite and Jennie Duffy attended the party at Gratton Friday evening.

Leda Jones gave a farewell party in honor of Frank Byrne, who will attend school at St. Louis.

Bertha Byrne commenced her first term of school in the Aldrich district Monday.

Katheryn and Eva McGinnis, Myra Fingleton, Jennie Duffy, Jennie Byrne and Ruth Miller will attend school in Grand Rapids this winter.

Frank Byrne and Chas. Farrell called on Will Byrne Sunday.

Austin Byrne visited at P. Houlihan's Sunday.

P. Fingleton is working for Herb Burt of Ada.

Lillian Jakeway was in Grand Rapids last week.

Tom and Clara Jones visited friends in Gakied Sunday.

Wedding bells will soon ring here.

A Physician Testifies.

"I have taken Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and have never used anything in my life that did me the good that did," says County Physician George W. Scroggs of Hail County, Ga. "Being a physician I have prescribed it and found it to give the best results." If the food you eat remains undigested in your stomach it decays there and poisons the system. You can prevent this by dieting but that means starvation. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat. You need suffer from neither dyspepsia nor starvation. The worst cases quickly cured. Never fails. L. H. Taft & Co.

Down the River.

(Last week's letter.)
Archie Denny lost a valuable horse last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Pant of Blanchard are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Samuel Alexander.

Ivo Cain of Lake Odessa visited Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Conrod over Sunday.

Grandma Denny is still suffering with rheumatism.

Will Washburn is building a new house on his farm.

Modern Surgery Surpassed.

"While suffering from a bad case of piles I consulted a physician who advised me to try a box of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve," says G. F. Carter, Atlanta, Ga. "I procured a box and was entirely cured. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is a splendid cure for piles, relieving it instantly and I heartily recommend it to all sufferers." Surgery is unnecessary to cure piles. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve will cure any case. Cuts, burns, bruises and all other wounds are also quickly cured by it. Beware of counterfeits.
L. H. Taft & Co.

South Boston-Elmdale.

(Last week's letter.)
Mrs. Walter Foster and daughter Helen of Grand Rapids and Mrs. Lucy Matlocks of Iowa visited at C. W. Taylor's Saturday.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sutter died Nov. 3 with membranous croup at the age of 4 months and 9 days. Funeral services were held at the house Monday conducted by Rev. Freeman of Bowe.

Brings attractiveness to listless, unlovable girls, making them handsome, marriageable women. That's what Rocky Mountain Tea will do. 35c. D. G. Look, druggist.

Vergennes Station-Alton.

(Last week's letter.)
Mrs. Mich has been very sick but is quite a bit better at this writing.

Church box social at Chris. Kropf's Saturday night. Proceeds \$19.

Ralph Ford and Fred Condon bought the feed mill at Mosely, also the land, and will have a general store running. Success to them.

Newton Copeland visited friends here Friday.

A. Culver of Lowell is building a ware house at Mosely for Chas. Jakeway.

Mr. and Mrs. Wager of Rochester, N. Y., are visiting their daughter, Mrs. G. Frost, and will spend the winter here.

A raffle and dance at Dick McGee's last Wednesday night.

Gny Purdy of Remus and Grace Bailey of Gratton were guests of Eva Andrews Wednesday.

Dance at P. W. Byrnes' last Thursday and again Tuesday.

P. Brosnahan of Parnell bought land at Mosely and will put up a general store.

Norma Church spent part of last week in Lowell.

A thousand things by it are done far better than most things do one. We refer to Rocky Mountain Tea made by Madison Medicine Co. 35c.

D. G. Look, druggist.

Logau.

Grandma Ford is spending the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Wayne Pardee, of Lowell.

M. Kientzleman made a business trip to Grand Rapids last Wednesday.

Man should "not live by bread alone," but

Eat a Little Meat

occasionally. We keep the right kinds and you can depend upon its being all right in every particular.

Try our Home Made Liver Sausage.

WEYRICK'S MARKET

Home Made

Mince Pies...

Smith's Bakery.

East Lowell

Quarterly meeting was held here Saturday and Sunday. Presiding Elder Jarvis conducted the services.

Mrs. Coles suffered a stroke of paralysis last week but is some better at present.

John Gilbert has repainted his barn.

John Cary and son, S. Y., were in Clarksville on business Saturday.

Home Hubbel has returned home.

Howard Bartlett and wife of South Lowell were entertained by Ralph Story and wife Sunday.

Will Misner and family visited friends in Lowell Sunday.

Last Thursday Jessie Ware entertained twelve of her girl friends in honor of her twentieth birthday.

ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY.

From Coopersville, Mich., comes word of a wonderful discovery of a pleasant tasting liquid that when used before retiring by one troubled with a bad cough always ensures a good night's rest. "It will soon cure the cough too" writes Mrs. S. Himmelburger, "for three generations of our family have used Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and never found it's equal for coughs, colds." It's an unrivaled life-saver when used for desperate lung diseases. Guaranteed bottles 50c and \$1.00 at D. G. Look's. Trial bottles free.

WANTED—Several persons of character and good reputation in each state (one in this county required) to represent and advertise old established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary \$18.00 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash each Wednesday direct from head office. Horse and carriage furnished when necessary. References. Enclose self addressed stamped envelope. Manager, 316 Caxton Building, Chicago

Chase & Sanborn's 25c, 30c, and 35c bulk coffees are without an equal.
John Giles & Co.

Neuralgia.

The Prayer of a Nerve for More Blood.

Neuralgia may attack any part of the body but most frequently occurs where the nerves are most abundant.

In the head,
In the face,
Sometimes the heart nerves seem to twist
Twining rheumatic pains of the extremities

Sharp and intense at times
In the intervals dull and heavy.
Neuralgia is the result of impoverished blood caused by impairment of the nerves—a lack of nerve force.

It is a disease of the nerve centers, and the pains accompanying it are a prayer for better nourishment. They are the danger signals which warn you against a total collapse of the nervous system.

Liniments and all external applications can only give temporary relief. Permanent cure cannot possibly come until the nerve centers are thoroughly revitalized and reinvigorated by Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills. The beneficial effects of this great nerve restorative are felt thrillingly through the nerve fibres as week by week and month by month the nerve force of the body is restored. Women afflicted with diseases peculiar to their sex are frequently great sufferers from neuralgia. Dr. Chase's Nerve Pills positively cures both these disorders by filling the nervous system with new vigor and life. 50 cents a box at all dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. The genuine has portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase on each package.

That Throbbing Headache

Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for sick and nervous headaches. They make pure blood and build up your health. Only 25c. Money back if not cured. Sold by D. G. Look, druggist.

Fine bulk coffees for 10, 12, 15 and 20 cents per pound.
John Giles & Co.

Dr. Fenner's GOLDEN RELIEF

Old Sores, Wounds, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, A True Specific in All.

INFLAMMATION
Sorethroat, Headache (5 minutes), Toothache (1 minute), Cold Sores, Felons, etc. etc. "Colds," "Forming Fevers," GRIP.

CURES ANY PAIN INSIDE OR OUT
In one to thirty minutes.

By Dealers. The 50c. size by mail 60c. Fredonia, N.Y.

FOR SALE BY W. S. WINEGAR

THE HOT-BED OF BARGAINS

Lowell is the center of interest in Kent County, to-day, especially for the ladies. They have come in crowds from all over the county to feast at this greatest of all bargain offers. Those who have been here tell their friends about it, and so the good news is spread, and we are busier every day than the day before. Merit wins, every time, and it is because people know that we sell on merit alone, that we are successful,—this sale is a big success for the buyers as well as for us. We could not sell these goods at such remarkably low prices except for the fact that

*We Bought this Stock of Dry Goods
at One-Half its Real Value*

This enables us to sell it so very far below the regular retail prices that it is almost like finding money to buy here.

Of course this sale will not last forever. It was a strong stroke of good business when we bought it, but when the stock is closed out, we're through with dry goods. Our reputation for

HIGH QUALITY AND LOW PRICES

Stand behind this sale. That is another reason for its success. Some people will bark and growl and cry "wolf" at his neighbor's success, but that doesn't stop the people from taking advantage of such opportunities.

We make every claim we make.

There are ver few people in the world who are foolish enough to pay \$5.00 for an article when the very same thing can be bought for \$2.50. That is the situation here. We are sellingthings at cut prices.

Here are Prices to Judge by:

Good Brown Cotton, 36 in wide	3 1/2	Best Linen Dress Canvas	17	Heavy Outing Flannel	08	Richardson's 50 yard Silk Thread	04
Belton Brown Cotton	04	Good Ticking, 36 inches	08	Extra Heavy Outing Flannel	09	Richardson's 100 yard Silk Thread	07
Bangley Brown Cotton	05	Fine Quality Ticking	10	Fancy Outing Flannel	10	Velveteen Dress Binding	04
Great Northern Brown Cotton	5 1/2	A C A Ticking	12	Good Cotton Bed Blankets 10-4 per pair	39	Good Brush Braid Dress Binding	05
Bleached Cotton, 30 in wide	04	Heavy Fancy Stripe Ticking	14	Examine our 55c Bed Blankets	87	Best Brush Braid Dress Binding	06
Scorcher Bleached Cotton, 36 in wide	05	Good Denims	09	Extra Nice Cotton Bed Blankets 11-4 per pair	07	Dress Stays per Set	08
2nd to None-Bleached Cotton	5 1/2	Extra Heavy Denims	10	Extra Heavy Bed Blankets 11-4 per pair	12	Ladies Wool Hose	12 1/2
Lonsdale Bleached Cotton	07	Everett Denims	12	All other Bed Blankets in proportion	58	Ladies All Wool Hose	22
Fruit of the Loom Cotton	07	Ladies Wrappers, \$1.00 quality	09	Our Noted 9c Bats going at	3 1/2	Ladies Extra Fine All Wool Hose	25
Good Cambric, 36 in wide	09	Common Check Shirting	10	Our Elegant 12 1/2c Bats going at	10	Men's All wool Hose	13
Lonsdale Cambric (best quality)	10	Good Shirting	04	Our Superb 15c Bats going at	12 1/2	Ladies Jersey Underwear	19
Good Apron Check Gingham	04	Extra Heavy Shirting	09	36 inch Cashmere	18	Ladies Heavy Jersey Underwear	25
Best Apron Check Gingham	05	Cotton Crash	04	44 inch Cashmere	48	Ladies Best Jersey Underwear	42
Best Dress Gingham	08	All Linen Crash	07	28 inch Fancy Plaids	09	Ladies All Wool Underwear	75
Light Prints	03	Good Linen Crash	08	52 inch All Wool Henrietta	55	Ladies All Wool Underwear	93
A Good line of Dress Prints	04	Extra Heavy Linen Crash	09	36 inch All Wool Zibeline	45	Misses and Children's Underwear at greatly	
Best Dress Prints	05	Very Best Linen Crash	10	38 inch Prunella	58	reduced prices	
Good Silecia and Percaline	10 and 12 1/2	Fancy Toweling	10	44 inch All Wool Prunella	98	Ladies Electric Seal Scarfs with Six Tails	37
Best Silecia and Percaline	15	Checked Toweling	09	All other dress goods in proportion	09	Ladies Electric Seal Muffs	37
Best Dress Cambrics	04	Outing Flannel	3 1/2	Brooks Cotton Thread	03	A Few Men's Overalls and Jackets, 50c quality	28
Dress Canvas	12 1/2	Good Quality Outing Flannel	05	Coats Cotton Thread	04		

You will miss the chance of your life if you don't take advantage of this
Closing Out Sale.

M. Ruben Co.

East Side, Lowell.

Lowell Ledger.

F. M. JOHNSON, Publisher.

LOWELL, MICHIGAN.

A passenger on a street railway in Vienna claimed damages, which were awarded him, for a shock to his nerves caused by the conductor shouting out to the passengers to jump off the car, as he feared a collision.

Cremation has just been made legal in Spain, where hitherto it has been prohibited as incompatible with the religion of the country. The reform is based upon sanitation. In the decree just issued by the Queen Regent sanctioning the erection of a crematorium in Madrid, it is stated that this departure from traditional modes of burial are actuated by hygienic considerations which can no longer be waived or neglected.

Juliet's "What's in a name?" might be asked regarding the vessels of the British navy which have borne the names of reptiles. It is said that four Vipers have been wrecked, the last of the name but recently, and a Cobra still more lately has broken in two and gone to the bottom with officers and men. Also four Serpents, three Lizards, two Snakes, one Alligator, one Crocodile, one Rattlesnake, one Basilisk, and two Dragons—which are not reptiles—have at various times met with disaster. British tars, it is said, have a superstitious feeling of dislike against sailing in vessels bearing such names. Lucky or unlucky, the names are needlessly disagreeable.

Italy and Austria have just agreed to take a step unprecedented in modern history. At the end of August the pope promulgated a Bull transferring from the administration of the Dalmatians to that of the Croats the charitable institutions known as St. Jerome's, which has a capital of £80,000. The institution had belonged to the Dalmatians for five centuries. Much bitterness was created, and several serious conflicts occurred between people of the two nationalities. The question has now, happily, been solved, the two governments having agreed, after cordial negotiations, to establish the previous condition of affairs and consider the papal bull as non-existent.

President Harper, of the University of Chicago, recently received the following letter from a prospective girl student at Peconica, Ill.: "Dear Mr. Harper—I know you will be pleased to learn that I have decided to attend the university school of education this fall. I am going to Chicago next Saturday on the morning train, and as I have never been in the city before I would be glad if you would meet me at the station. I am five feet four inches tall, have light hair and eyes and a pleasing appearance. I shall wear a dark brown traveling skirt and a blue waist, with white yoke. I think I shall know you from your pictures, but for fear I make a mistake will you please wear your card in your hat?"

The United States of America, the United States of Brazil, the United States of Mexico and the United States of Venezuela appear among the names of the countries represented at the Pan-American congress in Mexico. This shows how widely our federal plan of government as well as our style of naming it has been adopted in the New World. The use of the word "state" in this way has often been regarded as slightly inaccurate. The word state originally signified a body of people united under one government, whereas we use the term to describe one of the divisions of our country; but whatever rhetorical inaccuracy we may have committed has evidently been overlooked, in the minds of our imitators, by the success of our "great experiment." Perhaps now that England has designated as "states" the several parts of the Australian commonwealth, the "Americanism" has become good English.

In Mayor Hart's inaugural address of January, 1900, "the most important requirement for the Boston public schools was pronounced to be that of 'additional school accommodations.'" Since that time a special "Boston school house commission" has been created, with authority to spend \$1,000,000 for new school houses the present year and \$3,000,000 more within the next few years. The commission proposes to spend this money for "the best sanitary buildings that skill can devise," but as a means of providing temporary relief it has built forty-three portable school houses of a type experimented with last year. These buildings are of wood and can be taken to pieces easily and moved. They are properly warmed, well lighted, and are often located in the yards of crowded school buildings, the sanitary arrangements of which are then available. They have not entirely displaced rented rooms, but they are regarded as generally superior to the latter both from the standpoint of economy and of accommodations.

An Alabama delegate who died suddenly while in attendance upon the Methodist Ecumenical Conference in London was at one time a director in a Selma bank. The bank failed. Thereupon he disposed of all his property, devoted the proceeds, so far as they would go, toward paying off the bank's indebtedness—and died poor. There is no doubt about the religion of a man like that, and it was eminently fitting that he should represent his church at a gathering where its great men met "to stimulate one another to good works and better ways."

THE NEWS IN MICHIGAN.

Owosso Has a Shocking Case of Depravity.

MRS. MILLER'S MASCOT AN EGG.

A Corn Husker Claims Two Victims—Ex-Speaker Adams' Case Coming On—Wiseman Shows Fear—Various Matters From All Parts of the State.

Owosso Shocked. Owosso citizens were shocked Saturday by a case of depravity worthy of the slum of a great city, the discovery being made by a police officer who stumbled on it by mistake. In a Cass street flat one room was found to contain a dead babe, whose mother was doing her best to attend to the care of a sick man, who lay on a squallid bed in another corner. The woman gave her name as Mary C. Johnson, and the man said he was John Reynolds. The woman does not claim to be married, but stoutly asserts that Reynolds was not the father of the child. The babe will be buried by the town, and Reynolds and the woman will both receive competent care. Both the people are young and the girl strikingly handsome. They are not known here, although they have been living together in the flat for several months.

Ex-Speaker Adams' Trial. Judge Wiest has ruled that the Circuit Court practice will not permit him to summon a special jury at this time for the trial of ex-Speaker Adams, which is set for one week from Monday, as requested by the attorneys for the respondent. It is probable, however, that all the jurors on the present panel may be excused for cause when they are called to the jury box, all having been present during some portion of the Pratt trial. This will necessitate the summoning of talesmen, and will result practically in the drawing of a new jury.

The Wiseman Trial. The Pontiac court room was crowded Saturday at the opening of Henry Wiseman's trial for the murder of Mrs. Ellen Huss. The most noticeable feature of the case is the demeanor of Wiseman. He appears to be on the verge of a breakdown in health, and viewed the witnesses, especially Robert Hale, with an air of wild fear. His attorney, William North, is taking advantage of every possible point to make a showing for his man, but so far has succeeded in shaking no part of the prosecution's testimony.

New Use for Eggs. Mrs. Mary Miller, of Fremont, and Adolph F. Roller figure in a romantic which will culminate in a wedding celebration. About three months ago Roller was employed in a grocery store here, and, while sorting eggs, picked up one bearing this inscription: "Write to me, Mary Miller, Fremont, Mich." Roller wrote and a mutual attachment was formed, which resulted in a proposal of marriage.

Victims of a Corn Husker. Arthur Ingalls, of Charlotte, died Saturday from blood poisoning, the result of having had his hand badly injured while feeding a corn husker. This is the second serious accident incurred from the same machine, the other victim being Amos Clafin, a wealthy Benton township farmer, who lost his right arm a few days previous to Ingalls' mishap.

Mrs. Taylor and Cat. Mrs. Anna Edson Taylor, her manager, and a big black cat, have arrived home in Bay City. The cat enjoys the distinction of having gone over Niagara Falls with its mistress. Mrs. Taylor says her back is still lame, but she expects to be all right in a few days. She says she has lots of offers from eastern houses to exhibit herself and the cat in show windows, and will accept some of them in a week or two.

Four Drowned. George W. Levin, Abel Levin, Emil Carson and Albin Carson attempted to cross the lake in a rowboat Sunday night. They probably lost their way in the storm, the boat was upset and all were drowned. None of the bodies have as yet been recovered. The Levin's are the sons of Marcus Levin, a prominent merchant, and George was a graduate of the law department of the University of Michigan.

Silk Culture Experiment. Secretary Wilson, of the department of agriculture, proposes to make a determined effort to develop silk culture in the United States if congress gives him the \$10,000 he has asked for experimental work. Secretary Wilson intends to begin his tests in several states, including Michigan and other states surrounding the great lakes. Silk is cultivated in Canada, and the climate of Michigan is the same.

The Charlotte Fire. Arthur Brookins, the man who was found in his room in the burned Phoenix hotel, Charlotte, after the fire was put out, is in a critical condition. When discovered he was on the floor unconscious. The mirror was broken, the crazed man having taken it for a window. N. W. Foster, of Oneida, N. Y., who was taken out of the building, may lose his sight, as both eyes were badly burned.

Kent city will be lighted by electricity.

Another sugar factory is being promoted for Saginaw.

Forty survivors of the 16th Michigan infantry attended the reunion in Lansing.

The new armory for the Cheboygan military company is rapidly nearing completion.

The state tax commission has outgrown its present quarters at Lansing and is seeking more room in the city hall.

The Methodist ministers at the Kalamazoo district have passed a resolution in condemnation of the St. Jo marriages.

Thompson a Heavy Defaulter. Charles D. Thompson, supreme finance keeper of the Maccabees, is a confessed defaulter. The amount is stated by Supreme Commander D. P. Markey to be \$57,000. Mr. Markey made the discovery while going over the books Tuesday. Confronted with the known facts, Thompson confessed Markey says the members of the order will not suffer, as the bonds of the defaulter will cover the shortage.

Friday it was given out that his shortage is \$60,000, instead of \$57,000. A prominent Maccabee says that the money taken was drawn in two lots, and while one bonding company is released, the National, that is now responsible, will have to make good the shortage of one check for half the amount.

Warden Chamberlain Dead. William Chamberlain, warden of the state's prison at Jackson, died suddenly of apoplexy in a room at the Great Northern hotel in Chicago, Thursday night. Accompanied by Dr. W. H. Bills, of Allegan, and Chaplain Orwick, the warden arrived there, the party being en route to attend the national prison congress at Kansas City, Mr. Chamberlain complained of pains in the stomach and chest while on the train, and upon his arrival in Chicago went immediately to the hotel. Dr. Bills feared that something serious might happen, so he arranged to sleep in the same room. The warden was still feeling badly and the doctor sent for some whisky for him. Mr. Chamberlain gasped and died a few minutes after taking it.

Botsford Elevator Burned. The Botsford grain elevator in Port Huron burned Monday night. During the progress of the fire, Chief Thorne of the fire department had a leg broken while trying to save the office building of the elevator. It is thought he is internally injured. In the elevator were 270,000 bushels of grain, and for hours to come the fire will be smoldering. The elevator plant was valued at \$110,000, and the entire loss is estimated at \$250,000.

Lacey Discharged. William K. Lacey, the ex-president of the First National bank of Niles, was discharged from custody Friday in the federal court in Grand Rapids, by Judge Wantry, who took the case away from the jury and ordered the clerk to enter up a decision of not guilty. Lacey, on cross-examination, admitted losing possibly \$15,000 in a bucketshop conducted over the bank.

He can "Lick 'em." The right of a school teacher to administer corporal punishment to a pupil has been demonstrated for all time at Trenton, recently Principal E. C. Mead had occasion to whip a pupil and was informed by the school board that he had exceeded his rights. He appealed to County School Commissioner Yost and was fully sustained in the action he had taken.

The P. M. Missed One. A serious wreck was averted on the Pere Marquette Tuesday night by a train slowing up to permit a lone passenger to get aboard at Meridian. The brake rod of the engine broke, throwing the switch after the engine and tender had passed over. The baggage car, smoker, parlor and day car were derailed, and the passengers severely shaken up.

Burned to Death. The 4-year-old daughter of Charles Downing, Chesaning, was burned to death Monday. Her clothing caught fire from coals from the stove door, and she was soon enveloped in flames. She ran outdoors and rolled in the sand, but to no avail. She lived two hours after the physicians arrived.

MINOR MICHIGAN MATTERS. A state savings bank has been organized at Peck. The new handle factory at Cadillac is about completed. Grand Island at Munising is to be converted into a summer resort. Buchanan expects the establishment of a steel mill to employ 800 men. Oxford will have a special mail route from the Flint office over the electric road. Owosso is expecting the establishment of a screen cloth factory to employ 100 men. The crop of the St. Joseph grape district amounted this year to about 12,000,000 pounds. The green goods men have been flooding Lexington with circulars for the past month. It is claimed that oil has been struck in the Saginaw valley. The location is kept secret. Judge Bullock of Sterling has been adjudged insane, and taken to the Traverse City asylum. The government spent just twenty-seven cents on the improvement of the Kalamazoo river last year. William Darby fell a victim in the corn shredder near Sanilac Monday, losing his arm below the elbow. Elmer E. Curtis, a Fenton druggist, has filed a petition in bankruptcy with liabilities at \$1,500, and assets at \$800. The postal receipts at Detroit aggregated \$83,293 in October, against \$73,541 for the corresponding period last year. The supervisors of Gratiot county have decided to submit the question of local option to the voters at the spring election. The Botsford elevators, Port Huron, destroyed by fire will not be rebuilt. The insurance on the grain they held amounts to \$253,000. There was a peculiar coincidence in connection with a funeral at Hastings last week. The deceased and all of the six pallbearers were of the same age, having been born in 1828. Burglars entered the Riverside post-office, near St. Joseph, through a rear window, and secured \$7 in cash. Stamps to the value of \$200, in another drawer, were overlooked. A fire broke out in the sheds of the Standard Hoop Co., of West Bay City, burning all night before it was extinguished. Between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 hoops were destroyed. Loss over \$22,000, nearly covered by insurance.

Carl Warsaw, of Bay City, a laborer, aged 49, asks protection from the "witchcraft" of his neighbors.

Wesley C. Miller, of Mendon, fell 12 feet through a trap door in a barn. He struck on his head and shoulders and is seriously injured.

John Earl, of Bunker Hill, Ingham Co., tried to drive home from town while intoxicated, with the result that both legs had to be amputated. It is believed at Kalamazoo that the tunnel projected at Benton Harbor will be built and will be used to bring the Three I. road to Kalamazoo.

One of the landmarks of the city of Grand Rapids, the plant and business of the Michigan Iron Works, is to be closed and its affairs wound up.

Doubled up like a jackknife, the body of Christian Hazenbaugh, an old pioneer, was discovered hanging in his barn, one mile west of Sherwood.

Reports from various parts of the state indicate an unprecedented demand for hunting licenses. Four women have taken out licenses at Marquette.

The stockholders of the Citizens' National Bank of Niles have been assessed 100 per cent on their stock to pay creditors. The bank failed two years ago.

Officials of the banks of Benton Harbor and St. Joseph report that the farmers of southwestern Michigan are in better circumstances than they were five years ago.

A couple of Bronson farmers went to "lawing it" over a strip of land worth \$30, and after the expense had climbed up to \$400 one of them got a verdict for six cents.

Leman Earn, of Lapeer, is dead. Two or three days ago he received a trivial scratch upon the hand by a rusty nail, which caused his death from blood poisoning.

Bear are so thick around Prescott and at other points north of Standish that they can be seen any time of day or night in the woods and around camps and new farms.

John M. Longyear, of Marquette, who has the finest house in Michigan, is suing the Marquette & Southeastern for damages on account of their near approach to his residence.

Pontiac boasts that it has four factories, a hose house and water works in process of erection, and that two more factories are under consideration, and mechanics are working full time.

A Dowagiac saloonkeeper refused to sell a drink to a certain citizen who had the gold cure a year ago. He said he was in the business to sell whisky, but not to men who had made an effort to quit.

Work of double-tracking the Grand Trunk west of Lansing was begun at Potterville. The roadmaster says that they could put a thousand more men at work at once if it was possible to get them.

Janie Thompson of Hillsdale, prominent society girl, came to Detroit Monday, met Clarence Prentice and married him. Janie was supposed to be in school till a telegram announced the marriage.

The St. Joseph council has paid out \$21,000 in city warrants, the largest amount voted at a single meeting in a long time, if ever before. Of this amount \$15,000 was for the asphalt paving recently completed.

Walter Bowerman, of Postoria, a 16-year-old boy, accidentally shot a toe off and the joints below it were so severely splintered that 23 pieces of bone were removed. An artery burst and he is in a critical condition.

The Lloyd block in Saginaw collapsed Friday morning, but no one was injured, though there were five people in the building and five working near it. Excavations for a new building were in process in the adjoining lot.

Alger county is said to be literally a hunting paradise this fall. Partidges are so numerous that bags of 25 and 30 are common. Deer are everywhere reported as very plentiful. Bears, too, are unusually numerous.

Martin V. Edison, of Lansing, has received a letter from Mrs. Annie Edson Taylor, of Niagara Falls fame, confirming his idea that they are brother and sister. He says that her age has been given wrong, and that she is at least 61.

W. C. Sanford, of Battle Creek, has just completed a bicycle trip around the world. He started in May, 1899, going westward. He spent a year in Manila carrying dispatches and the like. The only place he took the cars was across the Alps.

Emma Sanger and a friend named Duncan signed an agreement several years ago to commit suicide. The Duncan girl drank carbolic acid immediately and Monday Miss Sanger hanged herself in Chicago. Both the girls lived in St. Joseph.

The present car famine on Michigan railroads is unprecedented. The single station of Leslie, on the Lansing branch of the Michigan Central, is thirty-five cars behind orders, and between Jackson and Saginaw the line is said to be short 700 cars.

A line fence dispute between two well known Bronson farmers has just ended in the Circuit Court. The case occupied several days, at a cost to the county of over \$400, and the plaintiff was awarded six cents damages. The land in dispute does not exceed \$30 in value.

Northville cellars and chicken houses have been receiving the attention of thieves lately. The joke is rather on the ladies of the Methodist church, as their announcement of a chicken-ple supper was simultaneous with one of the robberies of a prominent citizen's hen roost.

The son of a Saginaw policeman was kidnapped by tramps recently. They wanted to burn his arm with acid and make him beg for them, but he objected and they finally kicked him off the train on which they were riding. He was found at Holly and his father came on and took him home.

The Savings Bank Merchandise Co., of Negaunee, had a dummy in their snow window dressed as a man and covered with one-dollar bills and with a card inscribed: "Dollars saved by trading here." A thief got into the store by a rear entrance, stole the money and left a card inscribed: "Dollars lost by leaving here."

THE NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Miss Stone's Hardships While a Captive.

SALISBURY ON THE BOER WAR.

Turkey Comes Down—Porto Rico Customs and Trade—Desperates at Large—Things Noted Briefly From All Parts of the World.

Desperates at Large. Forty mounted guards began beating the country for five miles around the federal penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth Friday in search of the 23 convicts who succeeded in escaping from the guards late Thursday. The country is wild and rough and affords ample opportunity for escape, and as all of the convicts are desperate men conflicts will doubtless result before they are captured. The escaped convicts were counted the most desperate criminals in the southwest, and the guards started out on their hunt in full realization of this fact. The scene of the manly, however, being some distance from the prison proper, the convicts had secured a good start, and aided by the rough, wooded country, they had, before darkness fell, placed a good gap between themselves and their pursuers. It is believed all the convicts will ultimately be captured, if not overtaken by the guards and shot.

London Befogged. A fog such as Great Britain has not experienced for years enveloped London and half of the United Kingdom, blocking shipping, deranging rail-ways and throwing business in London, Birmingham and other provincial cities into confusion. So dense was it that a walk into the streets was an adventure. The fog descended upon the metropolis and the suburbs so thickly that between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon the principal avenues of traffic resembled the steam room of a Turkish bath. Hundreds of thousands of London's suburban population vainly endeavored to grope their way to the railway stations. The few who succeeded found the trains all stalled. Lanterns were at a premium, newsboys transformed their papers into temporary torches, highwaymen pursued their vocation, casualties were frequent and even hardened Londoners freely expressed a dread of the continuation of such fogs.

Exports Exceed Imports. The table which follows shows the average monthly imports and exports of the ten countries in which the exports exceed the imports in that part of the current fiscal year for which figures are now available:

Table with 3 columns: Country, Average per month during 1901, Imports, Exports. Includes United States, India, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Argentina, Brazil, Mexico, Chile, Rumania, Uruguay.

Slow But Sure. Lord Salisbury, in his speech at the lord mayor's banquet in London, said regarding the South African war: "I strongly deprecate the spirit of pessimism so frequently heard in the utterances of some of our public men as to the war in which we are engaged. Unlike the wars of former years, no longer does the capture of the enemy's capital and the dissipation of his field force constitute a conclusive victory. We are now confronted by a system of guerrilla war which must be slowly and effectively stamped out. We are progressing slowly, perhaps, but steadily."

Porto Rico Prosper. The total customs receipts for the month of October, says a San Juan dispatch, are \$96,858, against \$97,344 in October, 1900. This was when the tariff between Porto Rico and the United States was in force. The fact that the receipts were only \$486 less than in 1900 indicates that the foreign trade has increased to such an extent that the receipts are practically the same as with the tariff. The total value of the exports for October was \$691,087. For the same month in 1900, the exports were valued at \$262,513.

Miss Stone's Hardships. In the latest letter received from Miss Ellen M. Stone, the captive American missionary, says she is exposed to much hardship and suffering owing to the constant movement of the band over hills and ravines, notwithstanding the rigors of the winter. In consequence of this activity, which has lately been increased by the Bulgarian troops, the condition of Madame Tsilka, Miss Stone's companion, is even more pitiable, owing to her expected accouchement.

France and Turkey. M. Bapst, counsellor of the French embassy in Constantinople, received a satisfactory communication from the porte regarding the remainder of the French demands. The conflict between France and Turkey may, therefore, be regarded as enuou.

Rebels are reported growing perilously active in Leyte, P. I. Ten people were killed in a fire that destroyed the Klondike theater at Hurley, Wis., early Wednesday morning.

Bernard Callahan, of East Kingston, N. Y., was killed by John McManus in a quarrel over the returns from the election in New York city.

Mrs. William S. Cowles, sister of President Roosevelt, was robbed of, or lost about 10 days ago, a diamond brooch valued at about \$5,000.

After lying in idleness for over four years, the famous Luetzert sausage factory in Chicago has been sold by the estate of the dead sausage-maker.

THE FALL ELECTIONS.

Seth Low Elected in Greater New York by Forty-Thousand Plurality.

Complete returns of the election in New York show the utter rout of Tammany, further and conclusive proof of which is given by the retirement of Richard Croker, chief of the powerful Democratic organization, to be succeeded by John F. Carroll. Complete returns from every district of the great city give Seth Low, fusion candidate for mayor, 294,992; Edward M. Shepard, Tammany candidate, 265,128, making Low's plurality 29,864. Edward M. Grant has a plurality of 44,976 over William Ladd, democrat, for controller. William T. Jerome beat Unger, democrat, for district attorney by over 15,000 plurality. A revised recapitulation of the vote on president of the board of aldermen with every district reported shows that Chas. V. Fomes, fusion candidate beat his democratic competitor by a plurality of 31,384.

Ohio. Revised returns show that the Ohio republicans gained almost everywhere except in Columbus, where disaffection over some of Gov. Nash's appointments and local option caused great democratic gains, and in Cleveland, where factional fighting and Mayor Johnson's crusade on taxation were made distinct issues, as in Franklin county, liquor men won. The result continues the republican power in the state, making an epoch of 12 years in succession, and it ensures the re-election of Senator Foraker. The republican plurality exceeds the average of 53,000 for the last ten years, or since the first election of McKinley as governor, which has been termed the greatest republican era in Ohio.

California. Eugene E. Schmitz, union labor candidate for mayor of San Francisco, has been elected by a plurality of about 2,500. Schmitz is the leader of an orchestra in a local theater, and also secretary and manager of a machine shop. He has heretofore been known as a republican. The republicans elect the auditor, sheriff, tax collector, treasurer, county clerk, public administrator and six supervisors. The democrats will have the balance of the city offices. The union labor party elected three supervisors.

Pennsylvania. The result in Pennsylvania is that Frank C. Harris, republican, has been elected treasurer over Elisha A. Coray, Jr., fusion candidate, by between 50,000 and 55,000 plurality. William P. Potter, republican, has defeated Harman Yerkes, fusion, for judge of the supreme court by about 50,000. The vote polled in the state was unusually light, but in Philadelphia the vote for state treasurer exceeded Barnett's vote for the same office in 1899 by more than 25,000 votes.

Iowa. The gains made in Iowa show that Cummins, republican, for governor, will have 92,000 over that of Phillips, democrat. The prohibition vote has been largely increased, advancing from 9,000 last year to 25,000 this year. Every precinct heard from shows a falling off in the democratic vote. The legislature from present returns will contain 125 republicans and 25 democrats, a gain of ten for the republicans.

Massachusetts. In Massachusetts, Gov. Crane's third term plurality is 70,304. The social democratic candidates made the best showing among the minor party nominees. The governor's council includes seven republicans and one democrat, as last year. On the face of returns the house stands 166 republicans, 72 democrats and 2 social democrats, while the senate is 32 republicans and 7 democrats.

Maryland. Chairman Goldsborough of the Republican state central committee, still claims to have elected his ticket and asserts that the Republicans will have a majority on joint ballot in the general assembly, while Chairman Vandiver, of the Democratic committee, makes a like claim for his party.

Virginia. The returns indicate that in Virginia the Democratic state ticket is elected by 20,000 majority or more.

Other States. Gov. Gregory, republican, was re-elected in Rhode Island by a plurality of over 5,000, as against 8,859 last year. The general assembly in both branches is largely republican, but by a decreased majority.

Murphy, republican, is elected governor of New Jersey by a comfortable plurality.

South Dakota elected circuit judges. Republicans claim all—eight. Democrats claim two.

Connecticut elected delegates to a constitutional convention. Republicans got the most of them.

Republicans were generally successful in Utah. Ezra Thompson won for mayor of Salt Lake by nearly 1,000 majority.

In Kansas republicans were generally successful in local and legislative contests, and claim a safe majority in the next legislature.

Democrats made such gains in legislative contests in Kentucky as to insure a democratic successor to Senator Deboe.

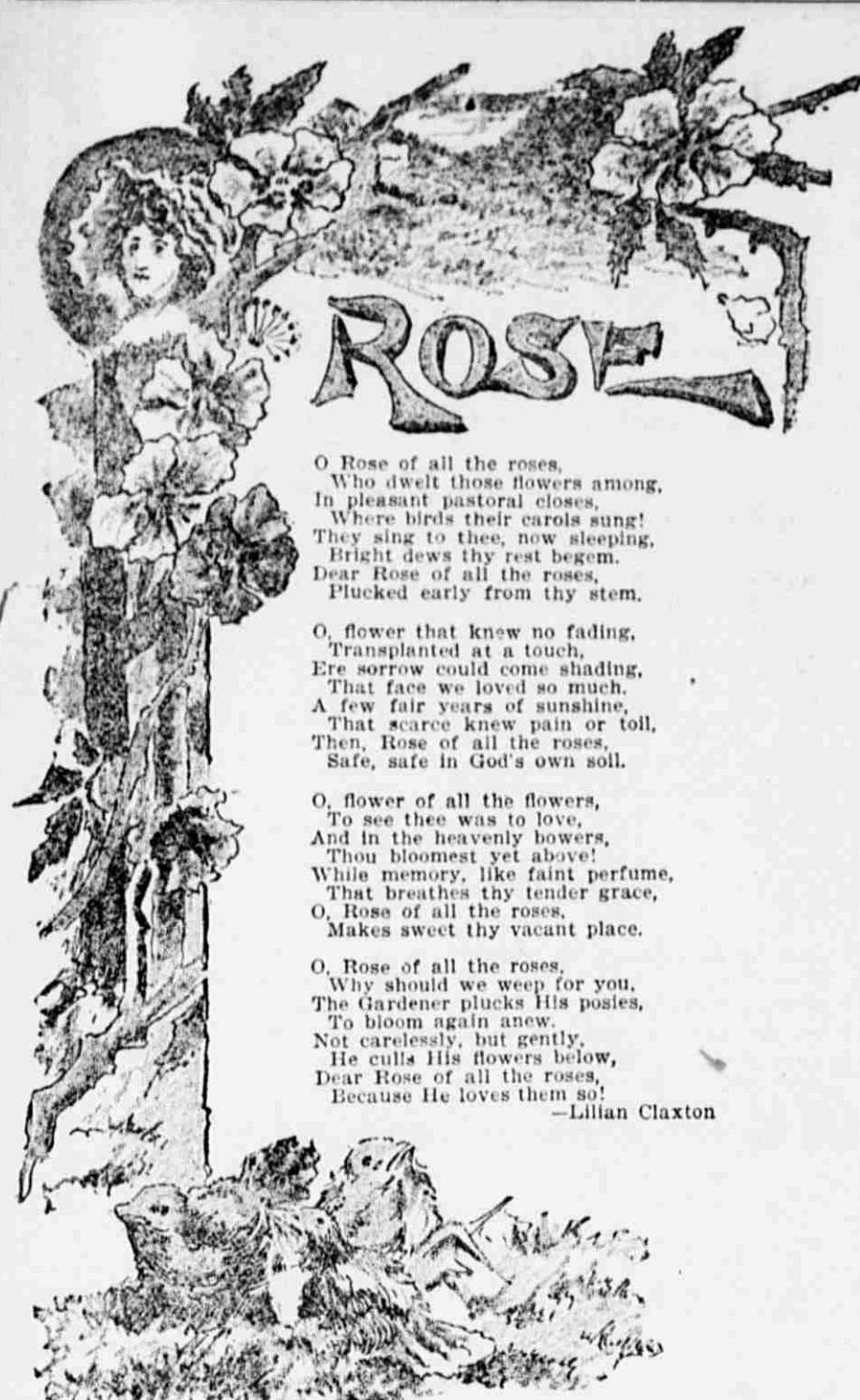
Rebel Lukbun is expected to surrender soon in Samar, P. I., owing to hunger.

John W. Conside is on trial at Seattle for the murder of ex-Chief of Police Meredith on June 25.

Grover Cleveland, speaking in Pittsburgh, deprecated strife between labor and capital, and blamed both sides.

"Cicely," a short horn cow, recently of the Queen Victoria herd in England, was sold in Chicago for \$5,000. The animal cost Queen Victoria \$4,000 a few years ago.

Mrs. Archibald S. White was found dead in the bathroom of her home in New York. She had slipped on the floor. Her head struck the edge of a marble basin, fracturing her skull.



ROSE

O Rose of all the roses,
Who dwelt those flowers among,
In pleasant pastoral closes,
Where birds their carols sung,
They sing to thee, now sleeping,
Bright dews thy rest begem,
Dear Rose of all the roses,
Plucked early from thy stem.

O flower that knew no fading,
Transplanted at a touch,
Ere sorrow could come shading,
That face was loved so much,
A few fair years of sunshine,
That scarce knew pain or toil,
Then, Rose of all the roses,
Safe, safe in God's own soil.

O flower of all the flowers,
To see thee was to love,
And in the heavenly bowers,
Thou bloomedst yet above,
While memory, like faint perfume,
That breathes thy tender grace,
O Rose of all the roses,
Makes sweet thy vacant place.

O Rose of all the roses,
Why should we weep for you,
The Gardener pluck'd his posies,
To bloom again anew,
Not carelessly, but gently,
He culls his flowers below,
Dear Rose of all the roses,
Because He loves them so!

—Lillian Claxton

Her Ideal.

BY F. H. LANCASTER.
(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
She had often spoken to him of her various ideals, so it was not surprising that she should begin to enlarge upon one of them as soon as they were comfortably seated.

"My ideal river is dim and deep and silent," she said. "I have small love for gurgling, splashy streams."

"Why, I don't know," he objected with wide tolerance, "the little fellows may not accomplish much, but they work hard."

"That is why I object to them. They create such an atmosphere of wasted energies. As long as they are in sight one has to keep thinking of every foolish fad she ever followed."

"Good Lord!" he commented. "You ought not to take nature so seriously. Rest assured she will never return the compliment."

"No, that is true. She makes a joke of us from the cradle to the grave."

"I've often wondered," he said lazily, "what your ideal man is like. He must be a bird."

"I believe it was Plato who declared that the only difference between men and fowls lay in the cut of their clothes, she remarked loftily.

"Yes, Plato," he assented. "Rum old chap, that. No end of sand. Wasn't it Thoreau who made the other distinction—about the way the knees bent?"

"No, not Thoreau. Some friend of his made the distinction and he chronicled it," she corrected.

"That so? I do remember something about it now. How do you like Thoreau?"

"Why, well enough. He understood nature better than most men. It was a love affair that drove him to that wild-animal life in the woods."

"I know. Always struck me as rather pitiful the way he tries all through his Walden to convince himself and everybody else that he was perfectly happy and contented."

"I wonder," thoughtfully, "why that sort of thing generally happens to gifted men?"

"Need it to bring out the best that is in them?"

"But Ruskin says it doesn't do it. That only appreciation and happiness can bring out the best in any human being."

"He had been through the fire and ought to have known. It was his wife that went back on him, wasn't it?"

Then coming back to earth with a rush:

"I've a picture of a river over my desk that this one reminds me of. It is a girl drifting out to sea in an old boat; the river is dim and deep with sedge banks and the way the moon looks down on the desolate girl and the forsaken river is wonderfully suggestive. All dead things together."

"Oh, I say," he exclaimed, sitting up, "don't say things like that. You make me wretched."

"How absurd," she commented.

"I dare say," he agreed, getting up and brushing off the clinging straws.



"Did you mean it?"

"If this strikes you as so lugubrious, let's go elsewhere."

"Not at all. I find this delightful."

"A lot of dead things together?"

"Oh, well, you will find that everywhere. Among the haunts of men it is dead hopes, impulses and energies, and in the by-ways of nature—"

"It's dead bugs and beetles. I wish you wouldn't talk that way. I tell you it troubles me. People do not see death with their eyes unless there is sorrow in their hearts. It would hurt me more than I can tell you to think that you were unhappy."

She looked at him for a moment with clear eyes.

"Don't trouble yourself," she said, and smiled.

"I'm not a stricken deer, yet."

He sat down beside her. "I hope you never will be," he said after a long pause, "but you are bound to fall in love some day. You wouldn't have been given such glorious eyes unless it was intended that they should be lighted up."

"Now, I wonder," she murmured thoughtfully, "if that could be called a compliment."

"I object to ideals," he said; "they narrow one."

"I wager you have lots of them," she ventured shrewdly.

"Well, and if I have?"

"You at least don't bore other people with them, and I do."

"You never bore me."

"Now that is a compliment. Do you know it is the first you have paid me in ten years?"

"Would your ideal man pay compliments?"

"Yes, I think so. A few, when he happened to think about it."

"What else would he do?"

"Well, really I don't know. You see my ideal would be a man that I could not possibly hope to understand."

"An enigmatical sort of a fellow."

"No, but broader than I am, so that I couldn't trot around and put my finger on all the points of his compass."

"And you expect to marry your ideal? Don't you think you ought to tell me a little more about him so that I will be able to recognize him and know when my time has come to take a back seat."

The girl raised her eyebrows at this, but said nothing. When a man has been making love to a girl ever since she was in pinafores it is a rather annoy-

ing to hear him speaking cheerfully of taking a back seat.

"Go on," he insisted; "this conundrum of yours is to be handsome and gallant."

"He isn't at all gallant," she interposed rather warmly.

"Isn't? Oh, then, you have met him?"

The girl seemed absorbed in the slow flowing river and made no response, but when he turned to look at her he saw that the tips of her ears were glowing.

"See here," he said quietly, "if you have, I want you to tell me. When you rejected me last winter I passed it over because I thought you were too young to know a good thing when you saw it."

"Not at all concealed."

"Conceited enough to believe that my love is deserving of careful consideration. I assure you that it has never been carelessly bestowed. I may not be an ideal man, but my life has been clean and honest, and I have never neglected anything entrusted to my care. As my wife you would be protected and petted, but I don't want you to marry me unless you love me."

"I should say not."

"But I want you to learn to do that. Go to work earnestly and learn to love me every bit as much as I love you. It will not be an easy task but I want you to put aside all this ideal nonsense and go honestly to work at it."

"Anything else?"

"Yes; when you have done that, I expect you to marry me and live for the rest of your life a happy, contented woman."

"And suppose I fail to fulfill your expectations?"

He sat so still for a moment that her resentment began to die away.

"Suppose I have already fallen in love with my ideal, how could I put all that 'nonsense' aside?"

"Have you?" he questioned gently.

She nodded slowly.

"I hope you will be very happy," he said presently, then after waiting a moment for her to speak, arose and walked away to the bank.

The girl watched him wistfully as he stood with his hands in his pockets staring down at the dim, deep water. Her lips parted once or twice but closed again in silence.

"Well," he said, turning around with a smile, "we must not keep the ideal waiting. I had better take you home. Someday," he continued, extending a hand for her assistance, "someday you will introduce him to me, will you not?"

The girl put her hand into his and arose deliberately.

"I think," she said carefully, "that you know him."

"Do I?"

"I think so. You are such a grave man I could scarcely believe that you would neglect the excellent advice that Cicero gives. Wasn't it Cicero who enlarged so upon the desirability of knowing one's self?"

"Do you know what you are saying?"

The flush leaped from the tips of her ears to spread over face and neck. She turned back and made an uncertain step toward the river only to find him in front of her.

"Did you mean it?"

"I wanted to have another look at the river," she explained with engaging frankness.

"Perhaps you did. But you are going to tell me something first—"

"No; I'm not. Not a thing. I have told you too much already."

"Very well, we will have a look at the river; but first—"

"Please," she pleaded, drawing back against his detaining arm.

He paused with his eyes close to hers.

"Can't you understand how badly I need it—even if I am not at all gallant?"

Later on they stopped and stared down at the river but neither of them saw it.

Li Hung Chang.
The aged and powerful diplomat of the Chinese empire, Li Hung Chang, died at 11 o'clock Thursday morning of ulceration of the stomach. The burial clothes were immediately put on and the courtyard of the yamen filled with life-size paper horses and chairs with coolie bearers, which his friends sent, in accordance with Chinese custom, to be buried with him, in order to carry his soul to heaven. The distinguished patient was attended by Dr. Robert Colman, an American, and Dr. Velde, of the German legation. The ulceration of the stomach caused fatal hemorrhage. Li was seventy-eight years old and leaves several children. His wealth goes up into the millions, and he was the richest man in China and one of the richest in the world.

Up Go the Taxes.
The tax burdens of the people of Great Britain are to be increased. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, chancellor of the exchequer, in a speech at Bristol reviewed the war taxes and said that the ever-increasing demand of the national exchequer gave reasons for careful thought and even anxiety for the future.

"The cost of the war in South Africa is enormous," said Sir Michael. "It still drags on. It may be, when next year comes, that I may have to ask the people of this country to bear even greater burdens and to make even greater sacrifices."

To Flight Injunctions.
Labor's scheme for an organization to fight the injunctions of judges and courts against strikers has been realized by the founding of the Chicago Anti-Injunction League at a special meeting of the officials of the Chicago Federation of Labor.

Provision for starting a vast sinking fund to wage legal battle in court against the imprisonment of any strikers or pickets under the injunction processes is a notable feature of the new body.

A Celebrated Case.
"When we have told all we know to support the charges we have made against Miss Jane Toppin, the Robinson poisoning case, the most famous that has ever been heard in a Massachusetts court, will sink into insignificance." This statement was made Sunday by Gen. Whitney, of the state police, who reached home in Medford Sunday morning from New Hampshire.

AMUSEMENTS IN DETROIT.
WEEK ENDING NOV. 16.
AVENUE THEATRE.—Vaudeville.—Prices: afternoon, 10, 15, & 25; evening, 10, 15, 20, 25; reserv. 50c.
DETROIT OPERA.—"Way Down East."—Evenings at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.
LYCEUM THEATRE.—"The Four Cohans."—Sat. Mat. 2c. Evenings, 15, 25, 50 and 75c.
WHITNEY GRAND.—"From Scotland Yard."—Mat. 10c, 15c and 25c. Evenings, 10c, 20c, 30c.

THE MARKETS.
Detroit.—Cattle—Good butcher steers, average 1,075 to 1,225 pounds, at \$1 50; light to good, \$1 75 to \$1 90; light to good butcher steers and heifers, \$2 25; light thin heifers, \$2 50 to \$2 75; mixed butchers and fat cows, \$2 75 to \$3; canners and common thin butchers, \$1 50 to \$2. Good shippers, \$3 50 to \$4; light to good butchers and sausage, \$2 40 to \$2 60; stockers and light feeders, \$2 75 to \$3. Veal calves—Active, at \$5 75 per 100 pounds. Sheep—Best lambs, \$4 15 to \$4 50; fair to good and good mixed lots, \$3 50 to \$4; fair to good mixed and butcher sheep, \$2 50 to \$3; culls and common, \$1 50 to \$2. Hogs—Mixed and butchers, \$5 00 to \$5 50; bulk at \$5 50 to \$6; pigs and light Yorkers, \$3 50 to \$4 50; stags, 1-3 off; roughs, \$3 50 to \$4. Chicago.—Cattle—Good to prime, \$5 75 to \$6; poor to medium, \$3 50 to \$5; stockers and feeders, \$2 15 to \$2 50; cows, \$1 25 to \$1 50; heifers, \$1 50 to \$2; canners, \$1 25 to \$1 50; calves, \$2 50 to \$3; Texas-fed steers, \$3 75; western steers, \$3 50 to \$4. Hogs—Mixed and butchers, \$5 00 to \$5 50; good to choice heavy, \$5 00 to \$5 50; rough heavy, \$3 50 to \$4; light, \$3 50 to \$4; bulk of sales, \$3 50 to \$4. Sheep—Good to choice wethers, \$3 50 to \$4; western sheep, \$3 50 to \$4; native lambs, \$2 50 to \$3; western lambs, \$2 50 to \$3. Buffalo.—Cattle—Feeding cows, \$2 50; veals, good, \$7 25; closing, at \$6 75 to \$7 00; others, \$5 50 to \$7 50; heavy fat calves, \$3 50 to \$4 25; Hogs—Best heavy, \$5 00 to \$5 50; mixed packers, \$5 50 to \$6; Yorkers, good weight, \$5 50 to \$6; light, \$5 00 to \$5 50; pigs, \$3 50 to \$4; bulk of sales, \$3 50 to \$4; roughs, \$3 50 to \$4; stags, \$4 50. Sheep and lambs—Tops, \$4 50; a few \$4 50 to \$5; others, \$3 50 to \$4 25; sheep, strong; tops, mixed, \$3 50 to \$4; other, \$2 50 to \$3 50; wethers, \$3 50 to \$4; yearlings, \$3 50 to \$4. Pittsburgh.—Cattle—Choice, \$5 00 to \$5 50; prime, \$5 50 to \$6; good, \$4 50 to \$5; tidy butchers, \$4 00 to \$4 50; fair cows, \$1 50 to \$2; common, \$2 50 to \$3; fat cows, \$1 50 to \$2; bulls and stags, \$2 75; common to fresh cows, \$2 50 to \$3. Hogs—Heavy, \$5 00 to \$5 50; heavy mediums, \$5 00 to \$5 50; light mediums, \$5 00 to \$5 50; heavy Yorkers, \$5 00 to \$5 50; light Yorkers, \$5 00 to \$5 50; pigs, \$3 50 to \$4. Sheep—Best wethers, \$3 50 to \$4; good, \$3 50 to \$4; mixed, \$2 50 to \$3; cull and common, \$2 50 to \$3; yearlings, \$2 50 to \$3; spring lambs, \$2 50 to \$3; veal calves, \$7 75 to \$8. Cincinnati.—Cattle—Heavy steers, choice 10, extra, \$5 25 to \$5 50; fair to good, \$4 40 to \$5 15; oxen, \$1 50 to \$1 75; butcher steers, choice, \$4 00 to \$4 50; fair to good, \$3 25 to \$3 75; heifers, good to choice, \$3 40 to \$4; common to fair, \$2 40 to \$3; cows, good to choice, \$2 50 to \$3; fair to medium, \$2 50 to \$3 15; common, rough steers, poor cows and sealwags, \$1 60 to \$2; canners, \$1 50 to \$2; stockers and feeders, \$2 75. Hogs—Selected heavy shippers, \$5 50; good to choice packers and butchers, \$5 50 to \$6; mixed packers, \$5 50 to \$6; stags and heavy fat sows, \$3 50 to \$4; few extra, \$5 40; light shippers, \$3 50 to \$4; pigs, \$3 50 to \$4. Sheep—Extra, \$2 50 to \$3; good to choice, \$2 50 to \$3; lambs, extra, \$4 00; good to choice, \$1 25 to \$1 50; common to fair, \$3 75.

Grain, Etc.
Detroit.—Wheat—No. 1 white, 70¢; No. 2 red, 70¢; No. 3 red, 70¢. Corn—Yellow grades, 62¢. Oats—No. 2 white, 45¢; No. 3, 42¢.
Chicago.—Wheat—No. 3, 68¢; No. 2 red, 70¢; No. 1 white, 42¢; No. 2 yellow, 40¢. Corn—No. 2, 42¢; No. 3, 40¢. Oats—No. 2, 42¢; No. 3, 40¢. Rye—No. 2, 42¢; No. 3, 40¢. Clover—No. 2, 42¢; No. 3, 40¢. Hay—No. 2, 42¢; No. 3, 40¢.
The receipts of wool in Boston since Jan. 1 have been 237,103 pounds, against 141,867,115 pounds for the same period in 1900. The Boston shipments to date are 220,210,686 pounds, against sales of 123,777,500 pounds for the same period of 1900. The stock on hand in Boston Jan. 1, 1901, was 76,300,000 pounds; the total stock today is 82,757,000 pounds.

San Francisco's Mayor.
Eugene E. Schmitz, the new mayor of San Francisco, says: "I wish to say to the merchants and financiers of the city that they need entertain no fears whatever of any action upon my part tending to inaugurate a radical or revolutionary policy of municipal government. Invested capital will be given the consideration it deserves, and it will be my aim to see that business interests suffer nothing. I will consider all classes and try to harmonize all interests which stand for the upbuilding of San Francisco."

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A patron when we promise him his job at such an hour. We won't promise what we cannot perform for the purpose of getting your work; but having promised, we will set up nights rather than disappoint. As to prices, we aim to
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Special Sale of Dry Goods at Weekes'

While we have always sold goods cheaper than others in Lowell we are selling them this Fall lower than we have ever attempted. Here are a few of our prices

The very best Prints made and the choicest styles for 4c
Are the best Blacks and Greys Indicos and Fancies. We have more of them than all the other stores put together.
Our 5c prints, some stores sell them for 6c, for 3c.
Best Skirting Prints 34c.
The very best Apron Gingham for 5c.

The very best Sheeting made for 6c, of course we have the lower grades.
Fruits and Lonsdale Bleached 7c.
The best Outing Flannels 8c, lower grade for 4c in dark colors.
The best Table Oil Cloths 12c.
Men's all wool shirts and drawers the \$1 00 kind for 49c.
Boy's all wool shirts and drawers the 60c kind for 25c.

Our store is packed full of Cloaks and Furs and Dress Goods, all new and the choicest styles.
No matter what you can buy stuff for elsewhere we will show you better goods and put a lower price on them.

A. W. WEEKES.

Lowell State Bank

Transacts a General Banking Business.
Buys and Sells
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.
Loans Agency
On Real Estate, Mortgages, Approved Notes and Collaterals.
Extends to All
Fair and courteous treatment and every accommodation consistent with Sound Banking.

HOME NEWS.

Canadian Jubilee Singers tonight. W. Lang is putting a cellar under his house.
Fine dinner set only \$7.98, Collar's Bazaar.
C. O. Lawrence was in Grand Rapids Friday.
Miss Lizzie Terwiliger was in Ionia Saturday.
Best broom in town for 25c at Collar's Bazaar.
Dr. Hodges was in Grand Rapids Tuesday night.
Mrs. Carl English has been quite sick for a week.
Mrs. George Giles visited in Grand Rapids Tuesday.
A. W. Burnett of Saranac was in town Monday evening.
Mr. and Mrs. R. Heffron were in Grand Rapids Wednesday.
Miss Libbie Lawrence has been quite sick for the past week.
Herman W. Smith has been appointed postmaster at Bowne.
Our bacon is the finest. Have you tried it? John Giles & Co.
Mrs. David Mange spent a few days of this week in Grand Rapids.
Buy your clothing of the "satisfied clothier" and you will be satisfied.
Wanted at once 100 bushel shell-bark hickory nuts.
John Giles & Co.
Dinner sets, new decorations and styles for Thanksgiving. Collar's Bazaar.
Mrs. H. C. Gott left for Marquette yesterday, after a visit here of two months.
Mrs. L. E. Vining left last Friday for a three weeks' visit with friends in Lake View.
Joseph Gardner of Keene bought four fine fur overcoats of W. S. Godfrey last Saturday.
Mrs. Orton Hill and sister, Mrs. Hall, and Mrs. O. C. McDannel visited in Grand Rapids Friday.
Master Willis Eggleston entertained about twenty-five of his little friends Monday afternoon in honor of his seventh birthday anniversary.
Kent county share of the primary school interest money is \$77,068. Of this amount, Ada receives \$826; Bowne, \$806; Caledonia, \$954; Cannon, \$660; Cascade, \$782; Grattan, \$446; Lowell, \$1,832; Vergennes, \$618. The per capita rate is \$2, the highest ever paid.
Among the Jurors drawn for the December term of the circuit court are: Ada, John Abraham; Bowne, William Stauffer; Cascade, Wirt S. Merrill; Caledonia, James Tolan; Cannon, Charles Haines; Grattan, Frank Bowler; Lowell Henry Lampman; Vergennes, George M. Parker.
There will be a Thanksgiving party at Mason's hall in Grattan on Thursday evening, Nov. 28. Music by Rockford's full orchestra. Floor managers: Ray McArthur, Grattan; Joe Joyce, Parnell; Chester Gardner, Smyrna; Ora Fairchild, Vergennes. Bill, including supper and horses to hay, \$1.00.

Fresh smoked fish.
John Giles & Co.
To night, Canadian Jubilee Singers.
Get in line for November 16, at R. B. Boylan's.
Mr. and Mrs. A. Keefe were in Ionia Saturday.
Farm for sale, 160 acres. Inquire at this office.
One hundred-piece dinner set, \$6.98. Collar's Bazaar.
Mrs. Chas. Quick is recovering from a two week's illness.
Mrs. Villa Ayres has been very sick for the past two weeks.
The family of Gylbert Nyburg removed to Grand Rapids yesterday.
Miss Nettie McNaughton left for a few day's visit in Sparta Monday.
Wanted at once 100 bushel shell-bark hickory nuts.

John Giles & Co.
The Ladies' Aid society of the M. E. church will serve a chicken pie supper next week Wednesday.
Mrs. A. Keefe entertained four of her sisters Friday. The family were all present but one brother.
Mrs. Jennie Hart of Bellevue, a sister of Mrs. W. R. Blaisdell, left for her home Saturday morning.
Miss Belle Dawson, who is attending a business college in Grand Rapids, spent Saturday and Sunday at home.

Wildier Wiley of Grand Rapids spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Agnes Wiley, who has been sick several days.
James McIntosh of Owosso and George McIntosh of Flint were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank McMahon Sunday.

Letters at Lowell postoffice for: D. A. Buck, Fred Bales, W. H. Snider, Arthur J. Thomn, Carrie Brown, Mrs. Ethel Douglas, Mrs. Katie Scott.

Mrs. S. Brower and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Young attended the funeral of Mrs. H. L. Young at Ionia, Nov. 6th. Deceased lived in Ionia nearly forty years.

Godfrey's clothing sale is a hummer, all on account of the good, new, stylish clothing he has at such reasonable prices. Come and get it.
Miss Grace Walker attended the wedding of her uncle, David B. Walker to Mrs. Carrie Warren in Grand Rapids Tuesday night.

D. G. Look and Clyde Collar drove to Belding last Tuesday on a business trip in connection with the compromised settlement with the Jesse Church bank matter.

Mrs. Charles Campbell of Marshall, who has been visiting relatives in this vicinity, returned to her home the first of the week.

At C. O. Lawrence's department store, East side, there are so many goods arriving daily that he cannot find room he would like to have. Everybody come and buy something to make room for his stock.

Mrs. J. Garrison of Jackson, Mrs. E. A. Smith of Caledonia and John Brown of Hastings attended family re-union at the home of Mrs. R. H. Brown Sunday. This was the first meeting of the entire family in six years.

New Art Ware

Unsurpassed for baking purposes.

Haviland China

Come in and see it and you'll buy no other.

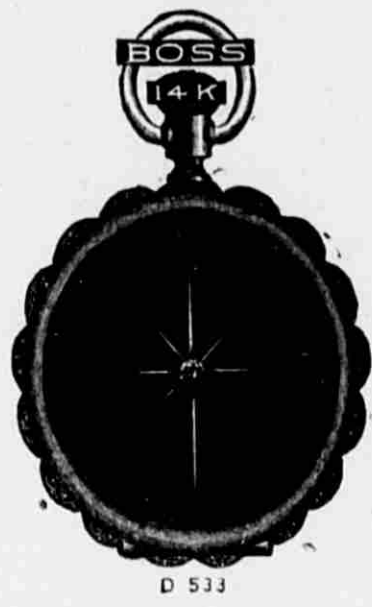
Jardiniers

The most handsome line that was ever brought into Lowell.

Toilet Sets, Etc.

Clyde Collar's Bazaar.

Want a Watch?



We are prepared to show you line of dependable watches; watches that will both please and suit you. In order to do this we must carry the product of the best manufacturers and this is what our stock comprises.

We are quoting some specially low prices for a short time.



Miss Carrie LaBarge of Ada closed a very successful term of school in district No. 2, Lowell, Nov. 8.

Between now and Thanksgiving day C. O. Lawrence will give you some great bargains in dinner ware and toilet sets.

Trial subscriptions to Jan. 1, 1902, only 10 cents to new subscribers. Try it. If you don't like it, your money back.

Mrs. Emma White of Clarksville and Mrs. Sarah Wheeler and daughter of Spafford, N. Y., were guests of Mrs. A. P. Hunter Tuesday.

C. O. Lawrence has the greatest and best selected stock of goods ever shown in Lowell. Never buy anything in his line before visiting his great department store.

Another Electric Railway Project

Lansing, Nov. 12.—The Detroit, Howell & Lansing Railway company has filed amended articles of incorporation changing its name to the Detroit, Howell, Lansing & Grand Rapids Railway company, and providing for its extension to Grand Rapids through Ingham, Eaton, Clinton, Ionia and Kent counties. This is Winter's railroad project and the road if built will be run in connection with the Holland-Grand Rapids line.

THE LOWELL MARKET REPORT.

Thursday, (to-day) Nov. 14, 1901.

GRAIN.

Wheat—74c per bushel.
Buckwheat—50c per bushel.
Oats—38c per bushel.
Corn—50c per bushel.
Rye—48c per bushel.
Clover seed—\$4.00 @ \$5.00.
Beans—\$1 25 @ 1 60 per bushel.

PRODUCE.

Butter—17 @ 19c per pound.
Eggs—20c @ 22c per dozen.
Lard—10 to 12c per pound.
Honey—10 @ 12c per pound.

VEGETABLES AND FRUITS.

Potatoes—65 @ c per bushel
Onions—75c per bushel
Apples—75 to 1 00 per bushel

FLOUR.

Standard Winter Best—\$2 00 per cwt
Winter Patent Family—2 20 per cwt
Spring Wheat Patent—2 40 per cwt

FEED.

Corn and Oats—\$25 per ton
Bran—\$18 per ton
Corn meal—24 00 per ton
Middlings—19 00 per ton

MEATS.

Beef, live weight—2 50 to \$3 50 per cwt
Beef, dressed—\$5 00 @ \$6 00 per cwt.
Veal dressed—\$6 50 @ 7 00 per cwt.
Sheep, live weight—\$2 50 @ \$3 00 per cwt.
Lamb, live weight—\$3 50 @ 3 75 per cwt.
Pork live—\$5 00 @ 5 25 per cwt.
Pork dressed—6 00 @ 6 50 per cwt.

POULTRY.

Spring chickens dressed—8c per pound
Fowls dressed—7c per pound

HIDES AND TALLOW.

Beef Hides—64c per pound for green
Calf Skins—No. 1, 7c per pound
Tallow—3c per pound.

New subscribers can have The Ledger from now until Jan. 1, 1902 for \$1.00. Stop reading your neighbor's paper and have one of your own.

Chase & Sanborn's seal brand coffee, finest in the world, fresh roasted and just arrived.
John Giles & Co.

West Lowell

Mrs. Tobias and daughters of Grand Rapids, who have been guests at Mr. Wyman's the past two weeks, returned to their home last Friday.

Alice Mullen of Lowell is spending a few days with her parents.

Mr. Barbour of Vergennes has purchased the house and lot formerly owned by Mr. Lamerax and has taken up his residence there.

Mrs. J. Ingersoll, who has been on the sick list for several days is improving.

S. Gristwood has recovered from his recent illness and will be found grinding out the staff of life as usual.

Mrs. Levant Sinclair of Lowell is spending a few days with Mr. Sinclair's parents.

McCords

Mrs. Len Carter and grandson, Milo Martin of Lowell were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Sunday.

Fred Thomas, who accepted a position at Pueblo, Col., returned home Tuesday evening to spend the winter.

The McCords Mutual Benefit society met with Mrs. Walter Clark Thursday, Nov. 7.

Mrs. Josiah Brown of Fecport, who has been spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Ida Clark, returned home Tuesday.

Frank Clark made a business trip to Grand Rapids Monday.

Guests at Walter Clark's Sunday were: Mr. and Mrs. M. Nanderlia and daughter Maud of Alto and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Case of Alaska.

The McCords Mutual Benefit society gave a social at the home of Mrs. J. W. Brewer's, Tuesday, Nov. 5. A short program was rendered consisting of recitations, music and tableaux, after which the quilt

was sold. Mrs. M. B. Thomas holding the lucky number. Proceeds were \$8 80.

Vergennes.

John Woodin and wife of Cascade visited Adelbert Odell and wife part of last week.

Mrs. T. B. James has been entertaining her friend, Mrs. F. C. Pettigrove of Manistee.

Della James has been visiting friends in Grand Rapids.

G. W. Crosby and wife enjoyed a pleasant visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John

White of Lowell, where they met Mr. and Mrs. Calvin White of Keene.

Mrs. T. B. James, who has been having a serious time with rheumatism, is some better at this writing.

Frank Misner and wife of Grand Rapids visited their parents, Wm. Misner and wife part of last week.

Lute Bailey and wife were recent guests of their parents, Charlie Gott and wife of Saranac.

Wm. Misner was called to Casnovia by the serious illness of his brother, Hiram, whose recovery is doubtful.

THE BOOK of the HOUR.

It is here. We have all the late copyright books. The books that people are talking about—the books you wish to read. New books reach us as soon as out and many books new and standard are in stock in anticipation of the holiday demand.

Think of us whenever a book is wanted. The chances are it is here waiting for you, and if not we are always willing to get it for you at once.

NOTE THIS LIST.

D' Ri and I
Blennerhasset
Lazarre
The Eternal City

Tarry Thou 'Till I Come
Like Another Helen
The Right of Way
The Road to Ridgebys

Look's Drug and Book Store.

COMPETITION CRIES

Cut...

GO GODFREY

Out of the Newspapers.

HE IS SPOILING

THE CLOTHING BUSINESS.

Godfrey's Reply

I AM NOT spoiling the Clothing Business for my customers and the good people of this community.

I AM NOT working for myself alone. I AM working for my customers as well by offering to everybody, Good, New, Stylish Clothing at Lowest Consistent Prices. Call and see the Satisfied Clothier,

W. S. GODFREY,

Lowell, Mich.