

THE LOWELL LEDGER.

VOL. IX, NO. 27.

LOWELL, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY DECEMBER 19 1901

FIVE CENTS.

A Holiday Hint...

As a gift for the wife, the child, or grandchild, suppose you come to this bank and open a Savings account in their name.

The pass book you receive from us will make a fine present. The deposit of \$1.00 secures a book.

City Bank, Hill, Watts & Co.

SPLENDID ARRAY OF HOLIDAY GIFTS...

Bob Skates, for little folks
Barney & Berry Skates
Union Hardware Skates
Rogers' 1847 Silverware
Rochester's Famous Nickle Goods, silver lined and newest designs.
Gold Coin and Quick Meal Steel Ranges. They have no equal. All sold on their merits.

R. B. BOYLAN.

Christmas Goods..

We have the best selected stock in Lowell. It will pay you to investigate and see for yourself. Note the following:

*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.

Your Holiday Dinner

will not be complete without a preliminary visit to

A. L. WEYRICK'S MEAT MARKET

Where you will find Oysters, Turkeys, Ducks, Geese, Beef, Pork, Mutton and in fact everything desirable in the meat market line. **Our Customers Get the Best—Prices Right.**

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

PROPOSED UNITED ACTION BETWEEN

The Lowell Baptist and Congregational Churches.

"The idea of a town of this size trying to run six churches is ridiculous," said a Lowell business man and liberal contributor to church work Tuesday, agent the subject of practical Christian unity.

There is a growing sentiment among members of the Congregational and Baptist churches and societies in Lowell that a union of effort would result in great good to the community. One strong body would certainly be more effective than two weak ones; the governments of the two are almost identical; and sectarian matters will be left to settle themselves.

The work of Rev. S. T. Morris, who is an ardent and constant advocate of Christian unity, has done much to pave the way to this desirable end.

We have been requested to bring this matter before the public, and have done so simply because THE LEDGER is in sympathy with every movement that tends to benefit the community. That such a union of forces as that mentioned would be of great good if carried to successful issue, there can be no reasonable doubt; and we commend the matter to the thoughtful consideration of all good citizens.

It should be added that many prominent members of the above societies have expressed themselves in favor of union; and though no formal action has been taken, the opportunity for good work along this line is splendid. "Strike while the iron is hot."

HOME NEWS.

Handsome dress caps at Coon's. Ebony brushes at Williams'.

Coons has an elegant line of fine dress caps.

Seely's perfumes make nice Xmas gifts, at W. S. Winegar's.

Fine assortments of candies and nuts at Price & Covert's.

Born, to Edwin Stacey and wife of Bowne, December 1, a son.

Henry Blough and family of Freeport have moved to Lowell.

Everything goes in season. No goods carried over.

Collar's Bazaar.

We have just received some nice new mixed nuts for the holidays. John Giles & Co.

Frank Erwine of Ionia visited Benj. Terwilliger and family over Sunday.

Mrs. Milo Hart entertained her uncle, Mr. Barthelmu of Evert, Sunday.

C. O. Lawrence wants to close out all of his games, books and toys at a bargain.

John Giles & Co. have just received a large supply of candies for Christmas.

Mr. Stevens of Bellevue is spending a few days with his cousin, Mrs. Eliza Blaisdell.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Ronan of Grand Rapids spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. McMahon.

Regular communication of Cyclamen chapter, No. 94, O. E. S., Friday evening, Dec. 20.

Fruits for Christmas: Oranges, lemons, bananas, figs, dates and fancy apples at Price & Covert's.

If you want to buy the best lamp in Lowell for the money go to C. O. Lawrence's department store.

Mrs. Boulard of Defiance has come to spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Henry McCleary.

Silverware at Williams'.

Fancy golf gloves at Coons'. No old shop worn stuff at Collar's bazaar.

Fancy mixed nuts at McMahon Bros'.

Peter Bergy of Bowne will build a new barn.

E. R. A. Hunt and family have returned from Decatur.

Frank White has added a new porch to his residence.

Wm. Aldrich has been building a new barn on his lot.

Try a wire washboard, at McMahon Bros.' boss grocery.

Miss Lizzie Terwilliger spent Friday in Grand Rapids.

Price & Covert's are headquarters for Christmas supplies.

Seely's daffodil is still king of all perfumes. At W. S. Winegar's.

We have plenty of oysters in bulk and cans for Christmas. John Giles & Co.

Miss Marie Cutler of Luther is visiting the family of F. R. Ecker, and other friends.

Rev. S. T. Morris filled his appointments here Sunday, although Mrs. Morris remains very ill.

Candies, oranges and peanuts for Sunday schools. Buy them at the right prices at Collar's Bazaar.

You know Seely's perfumes are the best. Look over the nice cut glass containers at W. S. Winegar's.

In order to allow for loss of time for the Christmas holiday by THE LEDGER staff next week, we go to press one day earlier than usual this week.

Mrs. Eliza M. Blaisdell has received payment from the New York Life insurance company of the amount carried on the life of her deceased husband, W. R. Blaisdell.

The Central school building has wired for electric lights which on dark days will "fill a long-felt want." An entertainment will be given in the High school room this (Thursday) evening.

Mrs. Norton Henry (nee Bessie McCarty) graduated from the State Musical Institute at Ada, Ohio this week and with Baby Alice will return today to the parental mansion. Norton, who graduated in pharmacy recently, is assisting in a drug store and will not be home until after the holidays.

Lowell Lodge No. 90, F. & A. M., elected the following officers Tuesday evening: W. A. Watts, W. M.; J. B. Nicholson, S. W.; Harvey Coons, J. W.; Chas. Althen, Treas.; H. A. Sherman, Sec.; J. A. A. Mattern, S. D.; J. S. Adams, J. D.; S. B. Knapp, T. Installation Dec. 27.

Kunning Kocceits IN Ilox...

The spelling is unusual, but so are the goods. Such an attractive dozen of dainty clocks were never before shown in Lowell.

Vienna and Yankeetown contribute to this captivating exhibit, and you will be puzzled to make a choice of beauty. To see them is to solve the problem as to ONE of your Christmas gifts, at least, and the price wont stagger you.

U.B. Williams

TO HEAT A ROOM WITHOUT COST FOR FUEL...

Would be true economy, and this is the way it is done. Put an

Independent Radiator

in a sitting room, bed room, or bath room, up stairs, and it will heat any of them without the cost of a single penny for fuel.

Scott & Cambell.



Xmas at Stocking's Too.

With a fine stock to select from. Violins, also three-quarter and one-half sizes for the little ones, Banjos, Guitars, Mandolins, Accordians and Harmonicas, Music Rolls and Wrappers, Cameras and supplies of the best makes, Graphophones and Records and the best makes of Organs, Pianos, Sewing Machines at lower prices than any outside competition.

Don't forget to see our fine line of Jewelry and Silverware, which is of the best grade to be had.

R. D. Stocking.

Special Sale

Clothing and Gent's Furnishings

at Pullen's

Call To-Day.

All Men's and Boys' Suits and Overcoats cut from 20 to 30 per cent.

All Underwear, Gloves, Mittens and Furnishing Goods reduced 10 to 20 per cent for this Great Sale.

See our Men's All Wool Suits at \$3.75.
See our Men's All Wool Grey Overcoat at \$4.88
See our Camel Hair Shirts and Drawers at 25c

A great opportunity to save money.

The one price clothier,

W. W. Pullen.

Old Santa Claus is Here

and will make his headquarters at Nicholson's store.

He brought with him a sleigh-load of

Mufflers, Neck Scarfs, Opera Shawls in all colors, Plain and Fancy Handkerchiefs from 2c up to 75c. Eider Down Dressing Sacks, Doilies and full assortment of Stamped goods, cut pieces Linen Goods for Shams and Scarfs.

Also on the reindeer's backs a stack of

Fur Jackets, Raglans, Automobiles and 27 in. Jackets. Then he sent his deputy back for the best \$5.00 Boa on earth, equal to those you pay \$10.00 for elsewhere, and for two extra sleigh-loads of goods for our Domestic department.

Here are some of the Bargains he brought

Best Light Prints made 3c Best Dress Prints all at 4c
500 yds Crash 4c Best Outings, light and dark 8c
Threads and Silks 4c Ladies Fleece Underskirts 25c
Special drive in Children's Fleece Underwear 13c

Business is increasing every day. Why? Good Goods and Prices Right.

OLD SANTA CLAUS, PER **J. B. NICHOLSON.**

Lowell Ledger.

F. M. JOHNSON, Publisher.

LOWELL, MICHIGAN.

The American shoe is now pinching the German foot.

There is certainly a pleasant way of getting around this corset question.

Queen Wilhelmina's husband reminds us of Queen Victoria's prince consort. He's so different.

There will be a chance for somebody to get rich by obtaining the fireworks concession for that anarchist island.

It will be generally acceptable, perhaps, if arrangements for moving the anarchists can be completed by May 1, 1902.

The figurehead of the battleship Missouri ought, perhaps, to be suggestive of Missouri. What have Missourians to suggest?

China's feverish preparations for war prove that she does not propose to be dismembered without making a vigorous kick.

It is reported that the live stock show brought 300,000 visitors to Chicago, and they all stopped to do their Christmas shopping.

Relic hunters are invading the exposition grounds at Buffalo, and it is feared that somebody will make way with the white elephant.

Russia must be anticipating a day of uncommon dampness. The czar is said to be hoarded away a surplus of four billions in gold.

If the Germans take as kindly as the English to American shoes, then the three great nations of the world will soon be on a common footing.

Sir Henry Irving has the right idea as to "what to do with the old men." He will not let them consider themselves as old men till they are over 70.

Grammarians are wrangling over which is correct—"bread and butter is" or "bread and butter are." They are both correct when a man is out of a job.

The glad season draws nigh when the lessons learned by observation at the football field will stand the strenuous patron of the bargain counter in good stead.

The sultan's order excluding all comic papers from Turkey is expected to have a depressing effect on the patrons of Turkish barber shops and Turkish baths.

If the whisky trust, which has been advancing the price of its product, could manage to render the cost of jags prohibitive its good work would be generally applauded.

Mrs. Nation has unshathed her hatchet again, provoked this time by an invitation to contribute to the fund for erecting statue to the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh, the tobaccoist.

Mr. Tesla's prolonged and unusual silence may perhaps be accounted for on the theory that he has discovered something the announcement of which he is afraid might challenge our credulity.

Styles of poetry are subject to the changes of time, the same as everything else. The number of visitors to the cottage in which Robert Burns was born shows a tremendous decrease this year.

The noble earl who urged his hereditary right to act as carver at the grand banquet to follow King Edward's coronation ceremonies made the egregious mistake of admitting that he knew nothing whatever about carving. His claim was promptly disallowed. The royal stomach will be safeguarded at any cost, even if the royal carving utensils must be entrusted to plebeian but skilled hands.

Great wisdom is shown in some of the measures proposed that seek to go to the root of anarchy. Power ought to be given to punish anarchistic utterances, to break up anarchistic meetings, to deny the right of asylum to anarchists, to deport others that are here, to prevent others from coming. All civilization ought to unite in hunting out and driving out these men. But we should take care even in such measures that in seeking an object so laudable we do not infringe the fundamentals of liberty and hurt ourselves more than we hurt the anarchists. We may not lightly part with the right to free speech and a free press. We should be well advised that measures we adopt for discouraging anarchy really reach their purpose.

If we are to believe the Paris Rappel, Rizzio, whom the world has all along believed to have been a high-class Italian adventurer, was really "a priest who disguised himself as a musician for the purpose of giving religious consolation to Mary Queen of Scots." Priest or musician, he was evidently not a success. All the historians combined have not done as much to win sympathy for the luckless, beautiful Mary Stuart as the man who painted the familiar picture of her walking grandly to the block.

MICHIGAN NEWS SERVED UP.

A Sad Story of The Great Wabash Wreck.

LOSS OF LIFE ON THE LAKES.

The Session of the State Grange—Monroe's Tongs to be Prosecuted—Matters of Interest From all Sections Briefly Noted.

A Sad Story.

Two Italians, Sim Ommerman, of St. Louis, and Daniel Buyar, of Kansas City, Mo., have been consulting with the prosecuting attorney of Adrian, Jennie Ommerman, it appeared, a sister of one of the Italians, in company with her betrothed, had set out from New York city for Kansas, going on the ill-fated Wabash train No. 13 from Detroit. Since then nothing has been heard from them, and beyond a doubt they were among the human beings burned to death. The story of their lives as lovers is a beautiful one. When Michael Supero met Miss Ommerman their love was instant, but reason prevailed, and an agreement was made in which they concluded not to marry until enough money had been saved between them to make a suitable provision for their future. This was nearly two years ago, and at the time of their starting out the sum they had agreed on had been saved from their small earnings. Mr. Buyar has asked permission of the authorities to have the graves opened and an investigation made, and in all probability this will be allowed. If it is done it will also afford an opportunity for experts to examine the bones and judge of the exact number of the dead there buried, as reports vary to a considerable degree.

State Grange Reports.

The State Grange sessions in Lansing were largely attended and the discussion full of interest. The report of the executive committee was long, strong, and interesting. It declared that the grange will champion no class legislation, no class political party, but will boldly sustain the rights of every citizen to the untrammeled use of the ballot, for the protection of the home and dearest rights of every citizen. The report stated that complaint is still heard from farmers all over the state of unequal taxation, no system yet devised seeming to fairly distribute the onerous burden. The opinion was, however, expressed that the principal trouble lies in the lax enforcement of the law. Farmers must use the power which organization gives to enforce such legislation and such execution of the laws we have as to prevent the dishonest from shirking. The report of the legislative committee simply reviewed the work before the last legislature which resulted in the enactment of pure food and anti-colored oleomargarine laws, securing increased appropriations for farmers' institutes and a permanent income for the agricultural college.

Season's Life Record.

The loss of life on the great lakes and connecting waters for this year numbers 181, of which 84 were due to weather causes and 97 from other. The greatest loss of life in any one month of the year was in September, when 42 people met death on all the lakes from all causes. Of this number 30 of the misfortunes occurred on Lake Superior, and of the 30, 26 were due to weather. July stood second with 33, from all causes, and May had 19 on the lakes, of which Huron claimed 14. Contrary to the records of former years, Superior had the greatest death list of the year, and Erie, which generally has the largest list, was this year at the bottom. Superior had 37 deaths from weather causes; Huron, 22; Michigan, 11; Ontario, 7; Erie, 5, and St. Clair and rivers, 2.

A Serious Charge.

Mrs. Thomas Reid, a widow and a member of the Memorial M. E. church, of which Rev. F. D. Ling is pastor, says that one evening last week after services the pastor followed her to her home and made proposals to her and then attempted to carry out his purpose by force. She laid the matter before Presiding Elder Baldwin and later applied to the prosecutor for a warrant for the pastor's arrest. It will not be issued pending an investigation. Rev. Ling vigorously asserts his innocence and demands an investigation.

Season's Money Loss.

The underwriters regard the season just ended as one with about the average number of losses. Most of the companies have come out ahead, although it is estimated that about \$1,250,000 has been paid out. There were 37 serious fires, and fire insurance may be advanced next year. A total of 202 boats went aground, 145 went ashore and 107 were injured in collision. Sixty-eight boats were waterlogged and 146 were disabled. Twelve boats foundered.

Beet Sugar Industry.

At the annual meeting of the American Association of Beet Sugar Manufacturers in Washington representatives were present from the states of California, Utah, Wisconsin, New York and Ohio. The condition of the beet sugar industry was discussed by many of the members and statements were presented showing that the capital invested at this time amounts to over \$30,000,000.

The village of North Adams has decided that it would be too expensive to erect and maintain an electric light plant.

This mains are being laid at Stockbridge for the gas lights which have been promised to be ready for use by Jan. 1.

Capitalists are exploring for oil in the Saginaw valley, where the state geologist reports it exists under the coal mines.

Clarke Moulthrop, a pioneer lumber manufacturer of Bay City, died Wednesday. He erected a saw mill in Bay City in 1850.

MINOR MICHIGAN MATTERS.

Smallpox has closed the schools of Birch Run.

Graham Pope, of Houghton, will give \$5,000 for a free public hospital. Cars over the new Toledo, Adrian and Jackson electric line are now running into Adrian.

The longest drain in Michigan is to be dug in Eaton county along Thornapple river next spring.

Beets that have tested 21 per cent of sugar have been raised by farmers in the vicinity of St. Louis.

James Tate was killed at Muskegon Sunday by the bursting of a fly wheel at the Central Paper Co.'s plant.

Carl Snudbeck, Swedish sociologist, will visit the upper peninsula to study conditions among his countrymen.

Wm. Wheeler, of Saginaw, aged 45, is charged with attempted criminal assault on his 12-year-old daughter.

The farmer's clubs in session in Lansing resolved "That we do not favor the calling of a special session."

Flint is happy over the fact that in the past five years more new buildings have been erected there than in any other 10 years before.

The wheels in the new sulphite mill of the Marinette & Menominee Paper Company have started. The new mill is said to have cost \$100,000.

Isaac Osterout, of Pottsville, has left for parts unknown, leaving numerous accounts unpaid. His stock of machinery has been attached for debts.

Wm. Olson, a Finnish laborer in the Aragon mine, near Iron Mountain, was horribly mangled by the premature explosion of a blast. He cannot live.

A log house built in Batavia, Branch county, in 1849, and later moved to the Coldwater fair ground where it served as a museum, was burned last week.

There is a fight on between the city of Detroit and the gas company over rates. The council has passed an ordinance making the rate 70c instead of \$1 per thousand feet.

Sufficient funds have been raised by the friends of Howard Burchfield, who is now serving time at Ionia for killing Howard Green, to assure an appeal to the Supreme Court.

Beginning with January 1 Eugene Hoyt will put in 100,000 feet of logs, which amounts to 16 or 17 cars every day until spring for the Bay Shore Lumber Co., of Menominee.

Edward Harvey, alderman, from Iron Mountain, assaulted and knocked down three times Poundmaster Brockington, Saturday, because the latter impounded one of the alderman's cows.

Canvassers who have been out among the farmers the past week report having secured acreage for sugar beets enough to warrant building of a beet sugar factory in East Tawas.

John McCloy, conductor of the freight car of the Wyandotte electric line, was killed by the collision of his car with a Detroit Southern engine at the Monguagon crossing Thursday evening.

Merritt township of Bay county has commenced suit against the townships of Gilford and Denmark for \$10,000 damages on account of the refuse water, which they say is not drained properly.

Major H. H. Lamb, a former resident of Lapeer county, who has been serving as a surgeon in the Philippines, has had his contract with the government annulled and is on his way to his home in Owosso.

Many farmers along the Harbor Beach division of the Pere Marquette fear they will have to feed their sugar beets to their stock, as they are unable to secure cars to ship them to the factory.

On February 1 a rural free delivery service with five routes will be established from Mt. Pleasant, and the postoffices at Caldwell, Boyden, Winn, Broomfield, Comer and Alembic will be discontinued.

A number of deer belonging to a Lawton party of hunters, are being held in quarantine at Flood Wood in the northern peninsula because the agent at that place was taken sick with the smallpox.

For the first time in a number of years the fall rains did not fully replenish the water supply in Sanilac county and hundreds of farmers are compelled to haul water long distances for their stock.

Grape Warden W. A. McGovern dropped into Howard City and took Landlord M. Austin, of Coburn's Exchange, before Justice Withey for serving venison to his guests. Austin was fined \$10 and costs.

Cessia Hillock, 12 years old, of Jeddo, left home the other day and cannot be found. She was living with her uncle, Thomas Hillock, in the country five miles from Jeddo. It is thought she is hiding in Detroit.

Business men of St. Clair have taken the preliminary steps for the organization of a stock company for the erection of a ship yard for the construction and repair of wooden vessels. It will be located on Pine river.

A Niles policeman named Ullery has published in a local paper a challenge to F. W. Cook, editor of another paper, to fight a duel to the death, the weapons to be revolvers of 38 calibre, and the distance 10 paces. 'Sdeath! Belud!

Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, aged 67, of Eaton Rapids, discovered her home on fire. The men were on the farm, so she blew the dinner horn as an alarm. Then she fell to the ground dead. It is supposed the excitement brought on heart failure.

A Cadillac carpenter erected the sides, rear and roof of a carriage shed, backed the carriage under and then completed the building, leaving a door just large enough for a man to enter. His scheme does away with the necessity of Yale locks.

Schoolcraft merchants have suffered for some time past from numerous small thefts, and at last a searching investigation was made which developed the fact that the offenders were seven young boys of families in good standing in the village.

Kent county is several thousands of dollars short and is borrowing the money that it now does business on.

NEWS FROM ALL SECTIONS.

The Verdict in the Schley Case Not Unanimous.

MRS. BONINE WAS ACQUITTED.

The awful death rate in the Concentration Camps for Boers—Schley to Bring a Libel Suit—Various Matters of Interest.

The Schley Verdict.

The findings of the Schley court of inquiry were handed to the secretary of the navy Friday. Two reports were submitted, the majority opinion drawn up by Rear-Admirals Benham and Ramsey, holding Schley at fault on 11 points, and the minority report presented by Admiral Dewey, sustaining Schley in nearly every particular, and emphatically asserting that to him was due all the credit of the victory at Santiago. The court recommends that the whole case be now considered closed. When the conclusions of Admiral Dewey were read to him Admiral Schley showed his pleasure, and it was evident from his manner that he regarded the statement from Admiral Dewey as a vindication of his cause. He declined to make any statement concerning the court's findings, and excusing himself from the little company which had gathered about him went to his apartments, where Mrs. Schley had been anxiously awaiting to hear the court's decision. Schley will shortly institute a libel suit against the publishing firm of Appleton & Co., of New York, for giving currency and circulation to Macloy's naval history containing the charges of cowardice made by Macloy against the rear-admiral. Papers in the suit have already been prepared and will probably be filed within a week.

Awful Death Rate.

The delay in publication of the October and November returns from the Boer concentration camps, which were issued Saturday, was apparently due to the government's desire to accompany the announcement of the pitifully high death rate with some kind of official explanation. The blue book shows 3,156 deaths of whites in October, of which number 2,633 were children, and 2,807 deaths of whites in November, of which 2,271 were children. This makes the total number of deaths for the last six months 13,941, or a death rate approximating 253 per year per thousand. Among the colored persons there were 1,208 deaths in two months. The number of white children who died was 4,304.

Fagan Was Beheaded.

Native scouts from Bengabon, province of Nueva Ecija, have killed the American negro, David Fagan, a deserter from the Twenty-fourth (colored) infantry, who for more than two years has been leading Filipinos against the American troops. The native scouts decapitated their prisoner. The man's head, however, was recognized as that of Fagan. They also secured his commission in the insurgent army. Fagan had on one of his fingers the class ring of Lieut. Frederick W. Alstaetter, of the engineers, who was captured by Filipinos, supposedly under the command of Fagan himself, October 28, 1900.

Mrs. Bonine Acquitted.

The jury in the case of Mrs. Lola Ida Henry Bonine, charged with the murder of James Seymour Ayres, Jr., in the Kenmore hotel, in Washington, on the night of May 13, returned a verdict of not guilty, and the defendant was set at liberty. Such a conclusion of the trial was generally expected, the popular impression in the capital city being that from the evidence submitted the prosecution had failed to prove its case against Mrs. Bonine. The jury was out less than five hours.

A Wild Time.

Cadiz, Spain, was the scene of almost a revolution Wednesday night. Riotous mobs, led by striking bakers, armed with knives and bludgeons, pillaged stores, attacked peaceable people in the streets, injured a number of persons, threw the whole town into a state of panic, and made the night hideous with shouts of "long live the social revolution" and "Down with the bourgeois." The police were powerless to quell the disturbance.

The Mintage of the Year.

The director of the mint reports that the coinage during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1901, amounted to 176,999,132 pieces, of the value of \$136,340,781. Of this, \$90,065,715 was in gold, \$24,298,850 was in silver dollars, \$10,966,648 was in fractional silver and \$2,009,568 was in minor coin. There also were coined at the Philadelphia mint 225,000 gold pieces of the value of \$349,014 for the government of Costa Rica.

To End Strikes.

The industrial arbitration bill has passed the New South Wales parliament. This bill not only compels reference of all disputes between employers and employees to a competent court with power to enforce its orders and award, but makes a strike or a lockout, before or pending such reference, a misdemeanor punishable by a fine or imprisonment.

An English Storm.

The storm which swept over England Thursday caused a telegraphic breakdown throughout the United Kingdom unexampled since 1881. Even Friday the north was practically cut off from the south, and many of the provincial towns snowbound so that the courts closed and the litigants residing in the country being unable to reach the towns.

Spreading Smallpox.

The state board of health has been notified that a man ill with an advanced case of smallpox, traveled on a passenger train in the western part of the state Tuesday. He had been employed in a lumber camp near Watersmeet.

CONGRESS.

Senator McMillan has introduced a bill for an appropriation to build a lightship for Point Pelee, Lake Erie.

Rep. Samuel W. Smith has introduced bills for postoffice buildings at Flint and Pontiac, each to cost \$50,000.

The sensation in the senate is the "washing of dirty linen" by Senators Tillman and McLaurin, of South Carolina. Tillman proposes that both resign and McLaurin seems willing.

The Frye-Hanna ship subsidy bill has been completed this week. As re-constructed American ships engaged in foreign trade shall receive 1 cent for every 100 miles sailed, no foreign-built ships shall be admitted to American registry, and no vessel shall receive subsidy that is not capable of being used for purposes of national defense in war time.

Mr. Hour (Mass.) presented in the senate a joint resolution authorizing the president to enter into negotiations with civilized nations for the purpose of confining persons attempting the lives of chief magistrates.

In the house Tuesday—Mr. Grow (Pa.) made a speech upon prospective legislation for the Philippine islands. He contended that the constitution granted congress the power to govern the islands.

A resolution providing for a holiday and adjournment from Dec. 19 to Jan. 6 was adopted.

At 1:55 p. m. the house adjourned until Friday.

The McLaurin-Tillman episode in the senate Monday was warmer than the press dispatches showed, amounting to a challenge to Tillman to meet McLaurin on "the field of honor."

Representative Robinson, of Indiana, introduced in the house two measures designed to secure the extradition of ex-Gov. Taylor, of Kentucky, from Indiana, where he is said to be sojourning, to Kentucky, where he is wanted in connection with the Goebel tragedy.

One of the measures is for an investigation whether the governor of any state is refusing to recognize extradition papers from governor of another state. The measure provides that in case a governor refuses to recognize extradition papers they may be executed by a United States marshal.

Unionism in Porto Rico.

Iglesias, president of the Federation of Workmen of Porto Rico, has been sentenced to three years four months and eight days imprisonment for being the founder of an alleged illegal association and conspiracy, in August of 1900, to raise the price of labor in Porto Rico. The local federation of the workmen of Porto Rico, which is now part of the American Federation of Labor, under the presidency of Samuel Gompers, has been ordered dissolved, as it has been adjudged illegal because of this conspiracy. The case has been appealed to the Supreme Court of Porto Rico, where it will probably be heard in a month. Pending this appeal Iglesias is at liberty.

A Mysterious Brutality.

Mrs. Ada Gilbert Dennis, a fashionable Washington dressmaker, was found in an almost dying condition in her room at 5 o'clock Tuesday morning under circumstances that promise to rival the Bonine murder case. Her skull was fractured, jawbone broken and left ear almost severed from the head. Her left arm bore bruises indicative of a struggle and her clothing and bedding were saturated with blood. She was removed to the Garfield hospital and a large force of detectives put on the case. The name of her assailant is unknown.

She Gave Thirty Millions.

Deeds of gift just executed by Mrs. Jane L. Stanford, conveying property valued at from \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000 to the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, do not affect her control of that institution during her life time. The total of her endowment is said to be three times greater than was ever before given by one individual to educational purposes in the history of the world.

Surprised the Boers.

Lord Kitchener, in a dispatch from Standerton, Transvaal colony, dated December 10, announces that Gen. Bruce Hamilton, after a night march, surprised and captured practically the whole of the Boer Bethel command at Richards Fontein, early that morning. Seven Boers were killed and 131 were made prisoners.

News in Brief.

Hundreds of shoe operatives at Northampton, England, rioted Thursday against the use of the new shoe lasting machines. They threw mud and stones at the proprietors of the factories. They will strike if the machines are put into use.

Fred McLain, a young man working for A. A. Baxter, of the Welsh near near Camden, disappeared about three weeks ago and cannot be found. His wife says he took all his clothing and traded his watch for a horse, so that suicide or foul play is not suspected.

A Bogota, Colombia, correspondent cables as follows: A sentinel at Tequendama Falls in the latter part of October declined to honor the passport of United States Minister Chas. Burdette Hart and fired one shot at the diplomat. The minister was not injured. The government has severely punished the sentinel and is seeing that the minister is fully protected.

The reading of the royal proclamation announcing the date of the coronation of King Edward was done in London Thursday in front of the Royal Exchange. The lord mayor and sheriffs were attired in gorgeous robes of office. The orator, after reading the proclamation, concluded with a stentorian cry of "God save the king," which the big crowd responded to with rousing cheers.

Herbert Wallace, who served as trumpeter in Torrey's rough riders during the war, was instantly killed by the premature explosion of a shot in the Copper King mine at Tie Sidling, Wyo.

A Great Bank.

The establishment of a great American banking institution in the far east is about to be realized through the cordial co-operation of the government at Washington, so far as such assistance can be given under existing laws and under legislation that is being urged upon the present congress. The Guaranty Trust Co., of New York, has been selected by President Roosevelt's cabinet to undertake the desired responsibilities at Shanghai, Hong Kong, and eventually at Manila or other eastern ports, and already officials of that corporation have been sent out to survey the field and to make preliminary arrangements for beginning business about the first of the year, when they will be called upon to receive the first installment of the indemnity at Shanghai.

Carnegie's Gift.

It transpires that the gift of \$10,000,000 which Andrew Carnegie tendered to President Roosevelt for the founding of a great institution for higher education was not an offer of \$10,000,000 in cash, but the par value of that amount in bonds of the United States Steel Corporation. The offer of these bonds is embarrassing to the administration owing to the complications which might arise if the government accepted them, and the president is now in correspondence with Mr. Carnegie, with a view of having him convert the bonds into cash. Pending the result of the president's efforts, Mr. Carnegie's offer is being withheld from congress.

AMUSEMENTS IN DETROIT.

WEEK ENDING DEC. 21.
DETROIT OPERA—"Lulu" Glasser in Dolly Varden.—Evening hours, 8 o'clock. Seats at 2.
LYCEUM THEATRE—"A Trip to Buffalo"—Sat. Mat. 2c. Eve. 15, 25, 50 and 75c.
WHITNEY GRAND—"The White Slave"—Mat. 10c. Eve. and 25c. Evenings, 10c, 20c, 30c.

THE MARKETS.

Detroit.—Cattle—Good steers, average 1,150 to 1,350 pounds, at \$25.50; good butcher steers, 1,400 to 1,500 pounds, \$4.00; light to good, \$3.75 to \$4.00; light to good butcher steers and heifers, \$3.25 to \$3.50; light thin heifers, \$2.50 to \$3.00; mixed butchers and fat cows, \$2.50 to \$3.00; common thin butchers, \$2.00 to \$2.50; Good shippers, \$3.50 to \$4.00; light to good butchers and sausage, \$2.50 to \$3.00; stockers and light feeders, \$2.50 to \$3.00; veal calves and milk cows, unchanged. Sheep—Best lambs, \$4.25 to \$4.50; light to good, \$3.75 to \$4.00; mixed and good, \$3.50 to \$3.75; fair to good mixed and butcher sheep, \$2.50 to \$3.00; culls and common, \$1.50 to \$2.00; a few extra choice Christmas lambs, \$4.50 to \$5.00. Hogs—Mixed and butchers, \$5.50 to \$6.00; bulk at \$5.00 to \$5.50; pigs and light Yorkers, \$5.25 to \$5.50; stags, 1-3 off; roughs, \$5.15 to \$5.25.

Chicago.—Cattle—Good to prime, \$6.00 to \$7.00; poor to medium, \$3.75 to \$5.00; stockers and feeders, \$2.50 to \$3.00; cows, \$1.50 to \$2.00; heifers, \$1.75 to \$2.00; calves, \$2.00 to \$2.50; mixed, \$1.50 to \$2.00; western steers, \$3.50 to \$4.00; mixed and butchers, \$3.00 to \$3.50; good to choice heavy, \$4.00 to \$4.50; rough heavy, \$3.50 to \$4.00; light, \$3.00 to \$3.50; bulk of sales, mixed and heavy, \$3.00 to \$3.50; Sheep—Good to choice wethers, \$3.50 to \$4.00; fair to choice mixed, \$2.50 to \$3.00; western sheep, \$3.00 to \$3.50; native lambs, \$2.50 to \$3.00; western lambs, \$2.00 to \$2.50.

Buffalo.—Cattle—Veals strong, \$4.00 to \$5.00; Hogs—Medium, \$5.50 to \$6.00; best heavy, \$6.00 to \$6.50; pigs, \$5.25 to \$5.50; bulk at \$5.00; roughs, \$5.25 to \$5.50; New York stags, \$4.50 to \$5.00; Sheep and Lambs—Top native lambs, \$5.00 to \$5.50; mostly \$4.50 to \$5.00; fair to good, \$4.00 to \$4.50; culls and common, \$3.00 to \$3.50; stags, \$3.50 to \$4.00; wethers, \$3.50 to \$4.00; yearlings, \$3.50 to \$4.00; culls to fair, \$1.50 to \$2.00.

Cincinnati.—Cattle—Heavy steers, choice, \$5.00 to \$5.50; no extra on sale; fair to good \$4.50 to \$5.00; oxen, \$2.50 to \$3.00; butcher steers, good to choice, \$4.50 to \$5.00; fair to medium, \$3.50 to \$4.00; heifers, good to choice, \$3.50 to \$4.00; common fair, \$2.50 to \$3.00; cows, good to choice, \$3.00 to \$3.50; mixed, \$2.50 to \$3.00; canners, \$1.50 to \$2.00; common rough steers, poor and scalds, \$1.00 to \$1.50; stockers and feeders, \$2.50 to \$3.00; Hogs—Selected heavy shippers, \$6.00 to \$6.50; good to choice packers and butchers, \$5.50 to \$6.00; mixed packers, \$5.00 to \$5.50; common to choice heavy fat cows, \$4.00 to \$4.50; light to medium, \$3.50 to \$4.00; pigs, 100 lbs. and less, \$3.25 to \$3.50; Sheep—Extra, \$3.00 to \$3.50; good to choice, \$2.50 to \$3.00; common fair, \$1.50 to \$2.00; 2 1/2; lambs, \$4.00 to \$4.50; good to choice, \$3.50 to \$4.00; yearlings, \$3.50 to \$4.00.

Pittsburg.—Cattle—Choice, \$5.00 to \$5.50; prime, \$5.00 to \$5.50; good, \$4.50 to \$5.00; tidy butchers, \$4.00 to \$4.50; fat cows, \$3.50 to \$4.00; bulls and stags, \$2.50 to \$3.00; fresh cows, \$4.00 to \$4.50; fair fresh cows, \$3.50 to \$4.00; Prime heaves, \$5.00 to \$5.50; heavy mediums, \$4.50 to \$5.00; light mediums, \$4.00 to \$4.50; heavy Yorkers, \$5.00 to \$5.50; as to weight and quality, \$5.00 to \$5.50; roughs, \$4.50 to \$5.00; Sheep—Best wethers, \$5.00 to \$5.50; \$4.50 to \$5.00; good, \$4.00 to \$4.50; mixed, \$3.50 to \$4.00; 75 to 80 lbs., \$2.50 to \$3.00; culls and common, \$1.50 to \$2.00; yearlings, \$2.50 to \$3.00; lambs, \$2.50 to \$3.00.

Grain, Etc.
Detroit.—Wheat—No. 2, 72c to 75c; No. 2 red, 80c to 82c; Oats—No. 2, 45c to 47c; white,



A CHRISTMAS WAIT.

By Emma Alice Browne.
Break in the dreary East, and bring the Light!
Rise, holy Christmas morning! Break and bring
The blossom of our hope—the stainless King—
For weary is the night!
Strange darkness wraps the haggard mountain rim,
And worn with failure, spent with grief and loss,
From the pathetic shadow of His Cross
We yearn and cry to Him.

Sad pilgrims, burdened with unshriven sin,
Oppressed, and cowering 'neath the chastening rod,
We humbly seek the path His feet have trod,
And strive to enter in.
His anger is so slow—His love so great—
Tho' we have wandered in forbidden ways,
Spurned and denied Him, all our fruitless days,
He calls us long and late.

We are so poor! Of all the squandered years
We bring no tithes of oil, or corn, or wine,
Nor any offering to His spotless shrine,
Save penitential tears.

We are so friendless, in our abject need
We can but cry to Him in bitter stress;
Yet He will not despise our nakedness,
Nor break the bruised reed.

Hard was the lot for His contentment spread;
Rough was His garb, and rude His lenten fare;
In all the earth He had not anywhere
To lay His weary head!
His patience is so long, His wrath so slow,
Tho' mocked and scoffed, insulted and denied,
Beaten with many stripes and crucified,
He will not bid us go.

By all the anguish of His laden breast—
The bloody sweat—the sleepless agony—
The pangs and penance of Gethsemane—
He giveth the weary rest.

Break in the dreary East, oh, morning!
Rise,
With healing in Thy holy wings, and bring
Fruitful of our hope—the promised King,
And blameless Sacrifice!

A sudden pulse of waking life we hear
Throb in the hush of hollow glade and dell;
The hills take up their olden canticle:
"Behold! The Dawn is near!"
And far against the soft auroral glow,
Peak over peak the kindling summits burn;
The vales, rejoicing, seem to lift and yearn
Thro' curling mists below.

And far along the radiant heights of morn
A sudden burst of choral triumph swells,
The sweet Te Deum of an hundred bells—
And lo! "Messiah's born!"
And all the burden of our grief and sin
Is lifted from our souls forevermore,
As humbly knocking at the Master's door
He bids us enter in.



The Dominic's Story

The Dominic used to complain sometimes about the character of the stories the rest of us told. He said they were too economical in their use of the element of truth. And truth was so cheap, and also so interesting, he would say. We were always ready to admit that it was interesting, but were not so free to acknowledge its cheapness. Like other exotics it seemed to us expensive. Fiction, being so much more easily produced, appeared to be the true mental provender in the Corn Cob Club, a social institution where we decided questions of great pith and moment by the aid of the civilizing and ennobling influence of tobacco incinerated in cob-pipes. The Dominic had quit smoking when he entered the ministry, but he always said the cobs smelt good, so we had hopes of his reclamation; besides, the air was usually so thick that he absorbed enough to bring him up, in a large measure, to the high philosophic plane occupied by the rest of us.

It happened on Christmas Eve that somebody told a story appropriate enough to the season so far as the subject went, but palpably impossible considered as a happening. At least the Dominic said it was, and threatened to tell a Christmas story himself; and being counseled by the Professor, who was classical in his language, to "blaze away," the good man complied as follows:

There used to be a young man named Stanwix who was rector of a church at a little town in New Jersey called Appleburg. Very amiable young man, not long in the ministry, and unmarried. Nice-looking chap, too, and a bright fellow, but he had his trials at Appleburg. Mainly it was the women—they thought he ought to marry, and of course they were right. But thinking so wasn't enough for those dear Appleburg ladies; with the true feminine desire to help they resolved to see that he did marry. But here again they showed a universal feminine trait by refusing to combine and work together. They all labored hard enough, but independently, and each with a view to inducing the minister to marry a different woman.

It had been going on thus for some months when Christmas approached. Now of course there isn't much you can give any man for Christmas—slip-



"WHY DON'T YOU GET MARRIED?" pers and pipes and shot-guns and slippers. And in the case of a parson it's still worse—you've got to drop off the pipes and shotguns, leaving only slippers—and slippers. Of course there are book-marks and easy chairs, but the first are trivial and the latter expensive; besides, if he is unmarried and you are of the opposite sex, and in the same state, you will see that you ought to give him something made with your own fair hands, and you can't make an easy chair. So slippers it had to be for the Rev. M. Stanwix, especially after his landlady had been sounded on the subject and reported that the poor man didn't have a slipper to his name.

Well, the result was, of course, that the whole hundred and thirty-six marriageable ladies at Appleburg went to work on slippers; and a few of the flock who already had husbands also began slippers, out of the goodness of their hearts, probably, or maybe thinking that they might be widows some day and might as well have a pair to their credit. The slaughter of plush and embroidery materials was something cyclonic, and the local shoemaker had to sit up nights pegging on soles. Even unfortunate little Jane Wilkinson went to a pair hammer and tongs, though everybody said she hadn't a ghost of a show. In the first place Jane was too young—her older sister Katharine was conceded to have a right to enter for the contest, but it was universally held that Jane had no right to compete at all. Besides being too young—she was really nineteen or twenty—she was also plain. She might have a certain girlish prettiness, but not the beauty which the wife of so handsome a shepherd as the Rev. Mr. Stanwix should have. Furthermore, Jane was in no other way adapted for the position—she had been a good deal of a tomboy, and was yet, for that matter; she was frivolous and careless, and was always putting her foot in it. The first time the pastor had called at the Wilkinson house, and while Katharine was entertaining him in the parlor in the most approved and circumspect manner, Jane had blundered in, and inside of five minutes asked him why he didn't get married—all the girls said he ought to. Jane had explained to everybody that she meant it as a joke, but it had generally been pronounced ill-timed and in bad taste.

But poor Jane kept working away on her slippers regardless of the talk. Everybody said that Jane's slippers wouldn't fit, or that they would get be for one foot, or that she would botch the heels sewed on the toe end, or something. Jane finally put on the finishing touches and then packed them in a pasteboard box and tied it with pink ribbon.

Then she got her other Christmas presents ready. She had a lot of handkerchiefs for an aunt, and a shopping

bag for a married sister, and a little knit shawl for her grandmother, and a pair of skates for a boy cousin, and various other things for divers other persons, including a fine meerschaum pipe and a pound of his favorite smoking tobacco for her brother who was at college, and who wouldn't be home till New Year's. Each thing she carefully put up in a box or bundle and laid it away.

The day before Christmas was a never-to-be-forgotten time for the Rev. Mr. Stanwix. Slippers just came down on him like an Egyptian plague. Along about four o'clock Stanwix got crowded out of his room—slippers piled half way to the ceiling—and had to put a chair out in the hall and sit there with an atlas of the world in his lap writing his Christmas sermon on it. Mighty tough sermon it was, too, and got tougher as the slippers continued to arrive. Fact is, he was getting pretty mad; and every new pair sent his temperature up five degrees. Consequently, at ten o'clock he was just boiling. Of course he couldn't swear, but the way he tramped up and down that hall and ground his teeth really amounted to the same thing. The arriving slippers now began to fall off. For ten minutes nothing came, and he was just starting down to ask the landlady if she couldn't put a cot in the hall so he could go to bed, when in came another box. It was from Jane—just her luck, of course, to be late and strike him when he was all worked up to the bursting point. But let us draw a veil over the scene right here and leave the poor man alone as he opens Jane's box.

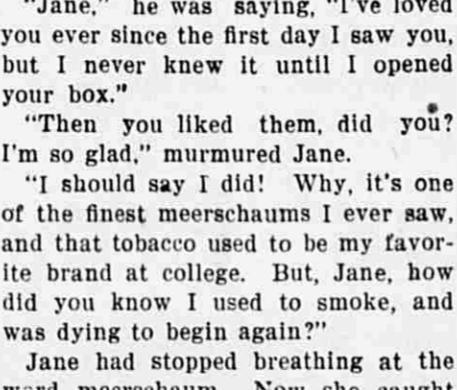
It was not more than half-past nine the next morning when the Rev. Mr. Stanwix mounted the Wilkinson steps and tugged at the door bell. He asked for Jane. It seemed rather queer, but they ushered him into the parlor and sent Jane in. Well, to make a long story short, it wasn't ten minutes until he had the thing all fixed up. He had his chair drawn close up beside her end of the sofa.

"Jane," he was saying, "I've loved you ever since the first day I saw you, but I never knew it until I opened your box."

"Then you liked them, did you?" "I'm so glad," murmured Jane.

"I should say I did! Why, it's one of the finest meerschaums I ever saw, and that tobacco used to be my favorite brand at college. But, Jane, how did you know I used to smoke, and was dying to begin again?"

Jane had stopped breathing at the ward meerschaum. Now she caught



"MOVED INTO THE HALL" her breath, and for once in her life rose to the occasion and didn't put her foot in it. She simply looked up at him and smiled demurely.

"Oh, I guessed it," she said.

"It was the best guess you ever made. I should have died last night amidst that awful landslide of slippers if I hadn't smoked about half of that tobacco. I mean to keep on smoking now—that is, if you don't object, dear?"

Jane scored again.

"I rather like the smell of good tobacco," she said.—Saturday Evening Post.

Only President Without an "A."
President Roosevelt is the first occupant of the White House in whose name the letter "a" does not appear. Not only has that letter appeared in the names of all previous Presidents, but also in the names of nearly every one of the 61 Americans who have received votes for President in the electoral college down to William J. Bryan. There are only eight exceptions to this rule.

UNABLE TO STAND FOR MONTHS BECAUSE OF SPRAINED ANKLES.

Cured by St. Jacobs OIL (From the Cardiff Times.)
Among the thousands of voluntary endorsements of the great value of St. Jacobs Oil for sprains, stiffness and soreness, is that of Mrs. G. Thomas, 4 Alexandra Road, Gelli, Ybrod, near Pontypridd, South Wales, who says: "It is with great pleasure that I add my willing testimony to the invaluable excellence of your celebrated St. Jacobs Oil, as experienced in my own case. I sprained both my ankles in walking down some steps so severely that I was unable to stand for several months. The pain I suffered was most severe and nothing that I used helped me until I applied St. Jacobs Oil, when they immediately became better daily, and in a short time I was able to go about, and soon after I was quite cured. I am now determined to advise all persons suffering from pains to use this wonderful remedy, which did so much for me."

Mrs. Thomas does not enlighten us as to what treatment she pursued during the months she was unable to stand, and during which time she was suffering so much, but we venture to suggest that had she called in any well-known medical man he would have at once prescribed St. Jacobs Oil, for it has conquered pain upwards of fifty years, and doctors know there is nothing so good. The proprietors of St. Jacobs Oil have been awarded twelve gold medals by different international exhibitions as the premier pain-killing remedy of the world. Tho' committees who made the awards were in each instance composed largely of the most eminent medical men obtainable. Mrs. Thomas evidently did not know the high opinion in which St. Jacobs Oil is held by almost every progressive medical man.

Punjabs and Germans Fight.
A sentry belonging to an Indian regiment stationed at Tien-Tsin, China, ran amuck and killed two of his comrades. A company of Punjab infantry was at once ordered out to secure him. In the meantime the sentry had been shot by German troops, who then opened fire on the Punjabs. A free fight ensued, as a result of which three German privates were killed and a German officer mortally wounded, while three of the Indian troops were killed and several were wounded. The German troops have been confined to their barracks until further orders.

English Hotel Is Destroyed.
The Queen's hotel at Southsea, England, was burned Sunday. Forty of the guests escaped in their night clothing only. Two chambermaids were suffocated and several firemen injured. The Queen's hotel was a fashionable resort. Among those rescued from the building were the Rev. Thomas Teignmouth Shore, canon of Worcester and chaplain in ordinary to King Edward, and his wife; Major General Francis William Collins and Colonel and Mrs. Charles E. Stewart, retired, and Colonel and Mrs. Ruxton.

New Cure for Rheumatism.
Hester, Mo., Dec. 16.—An unusual case which has recently come to light here is exciting the keenest interest among medical men. Mrs. Ellenor Guardhouse suffered for over forty years with Sciatic Rheumatism so severely and so constantly that her case has been regarded as chronic and absolutely incurable. At times the pain was almost unbearable and she could not rest day or night.

Some months ago she was induced to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, a remedy recently introduced in this neighborhood. The immediate results were magical and she continued till she had taken eight boxes, and now she declares she has not an ache or pain left. She believes that she is completely and permanently cured and as she has not used the pills for some months and is to-day in the best of health the doctors who were at first skeptical are amazed.

Don't deposit a gift in a Bank of Gratitude and expect 20 per cent interest on it all the year round.

Wish All a Merry Christmas!
And tell them of Garfield Tea, which cures indigestion and liver disorders and insures the return of many Happy Christmas Dinners by removing the cause of dyspepsia and ill-health.

It is reported that a branch of Dowle's Zion will be started in Grand Haven soon.

PURNAM FADELESS DYES are the brightest, fastest and easiest to use. Sold by druggists, 10c. per package.

Dante passed most of his life as an exile from the only city in which he cared to live.

To Cure a Cold in One day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Don't think it's what a man has that makes him contented—it's what he doesn't want.

DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES.
Russ Bleaching Blue does the best work. All good grocers. 10c. Avoid cheap imitations.

Put a pig in a parlor and its first question will be, "Well, where's your mud?"

Matt J. Johnson's 6088 is a guaranteed cure for rheumatism. Insist on getting the genuine.

Don't overlook a real friend and hunt up a flash friend instead.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 50c a bottle.

Don't give a Christmas present grudgingly.
I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBINSON, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Don't go in debt for Christmas presents.
BEMEN, Zookkoo, the great invigorator, acts at once. Sent for \$1; postage paid. Address Zookkoo Co., 1301 Russell St., Detroit, Mich.

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DON'T BE FOOLED!
Take the genuine, original
ROCKY MOUNTAIN TEA
Made only by Madison Medicine Co., Madison, Wis. It keeps you well. Our trade mark cut on each package. Price, 35 cents. Never sold in bulk. Accept no substitute. Ask your druggist.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.
It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps and all other results of imperfect digestion.
Price 50c. and \$1. Large size contains 2 1/2 times as much. Book all about dyspepsia mailed free.
Prepared by E. C. DEWITT & CO., Chicago
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Agricultural Implements
We have everything that is to be found in a first-class implement store and we can save you some money if you purchase your next piece of machinery here, besides giving you a guarantee that you can't get of every dealer you may buy from. Come in and see us.
H. NASH.

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Farmers and Fruit Growers.....
BRING YOUR JOB PRINTING.
To the **LOWELL LEDGER OFFICE.**

We have just added a large amount of up-to-date material to our already fine equipment, and we have the most expert printers in Eastern Kent and Western Ionia Counties to handle it. Our presses are run by electrical power, and we can discount any office in this section for speed, accuracy and neatness.

WE NEVER DISAPPOINT
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
MEET ALL COMPETITION
When quality of work and stock are considered.
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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, \$8.00 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 year. One inch \$5.00 per year. Cards of thanks 50c.

WITH apologies to Poe: Why is Br'er Davy's attack on the Council like "The Raven"? Because no one knows what he's raven' about.

MAKE your absent friend a Christmas present of THE LEDGER for a year. He will appreciate it 52 times a year. We will write you a "Merry Christmas" receipt to mail to him. Try this once.

THE proposition made to pension the young woman President Harrison married after he left office is a sickener. She is wealthy and has no earthly use for a pension and not a particle of claim against the government. This sort of business needs sitting down upon, good and hard.

FROM boyhood, the publisher of this paper has been a consistent advocate and practitioner of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks. In the course of eighteen years of newspaper publishing we have refused many advertisements of liquors and this week have added "Queen City Club Whiskey" to the list. Some men can take money for advertising a turkey raffle and then criticize an officer for not stopping the raffle, but it is not consistent. Some men even preach the "gospel" on Sunday and print Royalpenny and Pansy Till ads. For children to read during the week, while making a pretense of superior virtue. THE LEDGER has refused many dollars for that sort of advertising and does it as a matter of course, in its avowed purpose of publishing a paper fit for every member of the family to read.

BEFORE another another number of THE LEDGER is printed, Christmas will have come and gone. So with this appropriate Christmas number of fourteen pages, we wish for each and every reader "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

WHEN Senator Foraker says he would "like to see Maclay garrotted," he is putting it rather strongly; but there can be no question that the Naval department shares in the historian's (?) disgrace by keeping the base slanderer in office. Fire him out.

THAT the Schley court of inquiry should have failed to render a unanimous verdict, is a great disappointment. However, the decision of Dewey is that of the American people; and as Senator Foraker says: "Schley was the hero of that fight, and all the lawyers in Christendom could not get Sampson into it or Schley out of it." It becomes more and more evident that there is a clique in the Naval department that has been making a business of glorifying Sampson and disparaging Schley. If Congress takes the controversy up, as it ought, the mean schemers will get their just dues.

A. E. WIGGAM'S lecture on "Dollars and Sense" last Thursday evening was in no sense a remarkable event. After announcing his topic, he gave it a rather severe letting alone; for, though he said some good things—notably the tribute to McKinley—most of them had no apparent connection with the subject. Some of his jokes were old enough to vote and some were rather coarse; although they were several good laughs in the course of the rambling talk. If measured as an audience-pleaser, Mr. Wiggam may, perhaps, be termed a success; but if his lecture here is his best and he is to be judged by his ability to teach, elevate and inspire, he has mistaken his calling.

OF ALL thoroughly bad men, the man who tempts a reformed drunkard back to his cups is the meanest if not most dangerous. If he could see the wife barefooted in the snow, little children shivering in their half-nakedness, with no wood in the yard, and the cupboard bare, and through reformation behold peace, comfort and happiness take the place of that squalor and misery, and after seeing all that, should deliberately tempt the husband and father back to

drink and hell; he is worse than the midnight assassin. All the languages on earth do not furnish words to describe the devilish meanness and total depravity of the man who strikes the wife and babes of a fellow through that creature's ungovernable appetite. Much as we hate the hell fire doctrine, there are times when a contemplation of that fancy is comforting. For the man who deliberately plunges his neighbor's family into an earthly hell, certainly deserves well of his Satanic Majesty. Let no man think we blame the law abiding liquor seller. The man who sells whiskey according to law is as good as the law, and the law is as good as the people who make it. Do they obey the law? That's the question. Selling to a man who is in the habit of getting drunk is contrary to law, and the man who does it ought to be punished. We hope no one will get angry at the editor for stating these self-evident truths but if anyone think we are wrong for calling a spade a spade, he is welcome to commence shooting as soon as he likes.

Says He was Tortured.

"I suffered such pain from corns I could hardly walk," writes H. Robinson, Illinois. "but Bucklen's Arnica Salve completely cured them." As like magic on sprains, bruises, cuts, sores, scalds, burns, boils, ulcers. Perfect healer of skin diseases and piles. Cure guaranteed by D. G. Look, druggist. 25c.

Charming Watch Charms

Locketts, Stones, Masonic, Odd Fellow and other lodges, and many unique designs fitted to suit the taste of everybody. Prices as low as we can make them.

U. B. Williams.

CORRESPONDENCE

Town Line.
Charlie Reynolds and wife, Geo. Murray and wife and Mrs. Westbrook and family attend the Ideal entertainment given at Ada Thursday night.
Miss Bertha Westbrook is on the sick list. Glenn Reynolds is nursing the mumps this week.
Mrs. James Green entertained the L. A. S. Wednesday. About thirty present.
Clinton Snow returned home from Colorado last week.

West Lowell
H. Peters, wife and daughter are visiting relatives in Detroit and Jackson and will remain two weeks.
Monroe Ketchum of Kalamazoo is visiting relatives in this vicinity.
E. Rolf and wife are visiting the latter's mother at Grand Ledge.
Grace Blakeslee spent last week in Grand Rapids.
Mr. Dawson has moved to the old Roach farm recently purchased by him.
P. Thompson left last Thursday for a visit with his brothers in Ionia and Fenwick.

Cannonsburg
The Ladies Mite society will hold their fair at the Grange hall Dec. 19, for the purpose of disposing of Christmas articles.
William Hong of Lee township, Calhoun county, who has been visiting relatives in this vicinity, returned to his home this week. His nephew, Claud Hoag, will remove his family to the same place, having bought a piece of land.
Wednesday was market day in Cannonsburg. Mr. Morris of Boston and Wilbrook Bros. of Rockford bought and took from town eight tons of fowls to be shipped from Rockford to Boston.
Horace Bush and Eliza Gallister, both of Cannon, were married in Grand Rapids Dec. 11. Their friends wish them a happy future.
Pearl Wilson is visiting her mother. She will not remain to spend the holidays.
Claud Wheeler and wife left for their home in Saranac Saturday.
Tom Bookey of Grattan came to market with turkeys last Wednesday and made his uncle, James Bookey, a visit.
The Handy Wagon show held at Hartwell Bros.' hall was well attended, although the severity of the weather made the night disagreeable.

Your Christmas Opportunity.

We have striven to make your holiday buying economical and satisfactory this year. We have the goods, we make the prices. Don't buy amiss, don't fail to make your money count. See what we have, get our prices, then look around if you think it worth while. Here are a few desirable gifts. Come to the store and see the rest.

Books, Games,
Celluloid and Ebony Novelties,
Ink Stands, Fancy Box Papers,
Ladies and Gents Brushes,
Perfumes Razors Comb and Brush Sets
Pipes Fountain Pens, Gold Pens,
Box Cigars Pocket Books, etc.

Look's Drug and Book Store.

Wilbur Armstrong and wife, who have been visiting relatives in Grattan and Cannon, returned to their home in Grand Rapids last week.

A Woman's Awful Peril.
"There is only one chance to save your life and that is through an operation" were the startling words heard by Mrs. I. B. Hunt of Lime Ridge, Wis. from her doctor after he had vainly tried to cure her of a frightful case of stomach trouble and yellow jaundice. Gall stones had formed and she constantly grew worse. Then she began to use Electric Bitters which wholly cured her. It's a wonderful Stomach, Liver and Kidney remedy. Cures Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite. Try it. Only 50c. Guaranteed. For sale by D. G. Look, druggist.

Keene Center
Mrs. Saml. Swain and two daughters of Northwood, North Dakota, visited the family of George Converse last week.
Mrs. B. Wilkinson was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Amasa Lee, Tuesday.

Mary Smoke, who is living at Amasa Lee's this winter, fell December 1, fracturing her right arm.
Saml. Strong of Potter's Corners is suffering very much from gangrene in his feet. Mrs. Strong is also in very poor health.
Mrs. Tufts of Saranac is working for Mrs. Amasa Lee.
Some one broke into George Renwick's brick house, east of Potter's Corners, took his money and gold watch while the family were at Lonia.
M. B. Wilkinson, wife and son of Hubbardston, were guests of his parents Friday and Sunday.

Food Changed to Poison.
Patrefying food in the intestines produces effects like those of arsenic, Dr. King's New Life Pills expel the poisons from clogged bowels, gently, easily but surely, curing constipation, biliousness, sick headache, fevers, all liver, kidney and bowel troubles. Only 25c at D. G. Look's.

Sell carriages and go carts for 25c at C. O. Lawrence's department store, East side.

NEARING THE END

Anybody can buy "cheap clothes" anywhere at any time, but there is not always a chance to buy **GOOD CLOTHING CHEAP**. Only once in awhile is there a chance to buy such a well-known, reliable make of clothing as the K. N. & F. kind, which we are selling **At Reduced Prices for this Sale**. We are nearing the end of this sale. Lowell men are never slow to buy what clothes they need when "Marks" announces a sale. Mothers bring their children here because they know that we carry the kind of clothes that wear. Young men come because our K. N. & F. suits and overcoats have all the style and quality to be found in tailor made clothes costing twice as much. We still have a big stock to select from—the biggest stock in town, including the **Stylish Long Overcoats** like the "Mansfield" and "Goodwin." They are the kind that are being worn everywhere by the best dressers. Come in and get fitted up for the holidays. Do you know of anything better than a good suit or overcoat, underwear shirts, Sox, or other furnishings?

For an Xmas Present

<p>Men's Suits</p> <p>4 Button Outaway Sack, blue black invisible stripe chevrot, Italian lined, French faced, satin piped K. N. & F. make. Former price \$3.50. For this sale only 5.38</p> <p>4 Button Outaway Sack, all wool Oxford gray. Sizes from 35 to 44. Former price 9.50. For this sale only 6.62</p> <p>4 Button Outaway 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</p> <p>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</p> <p>4 Button Outaway 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</p> <p>4 Button Outaway 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</p>	<p>4 Button Outaway 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</p> <p>4 Button Outaway 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. For this sale only 10.90</p> <p>Men's Overcoats</p> <p>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. For this sale only 4.87</p> <p>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. For this sale only 8.87</p> <p>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. For this sale only 13.87</p> <p>Dress Overcoats of Oxford gray, long swell collar, farmer satin lined, silk velvet collar, padded shoulders, up-to-date. H. S. & M. make. Former price 13.50. For this sale only 9.90</p>	<p>Dress Overcoats, all wool invisible plaid, yoked and raglan farmer satin lined, fancy sleeve lining, padded shoulders K. N. & F. make. Former price 14.00. For this sale only 10.38</p> <p>Storm Ulster, all wool black beaver with storm collar, farmer satin lined, satin sleeve lining, K. N. & F. make. Former price 14.00. For this sale only 9.87</p> <p>Pants</p> <p>Genuine all wool Dickie Kersey pants of brown plaid. Former price 2.25. This sale only 1.48</p> <p>All wool hair stripe cassimere pants, extra heavy quality. Former price 3.00. This sale only 1.90</p> <p>Socks</p> <p>35 doz all wool Shaker socks. Former price 20c. For this sale only 13c</p> <p>10 doz extra heavy, all wool socks; assorted colors. Former price 35c. For this sale only 25c</p> <p>10 doz all wool, extra heavy, red and gray socks. Former price 50c. For this sale only 35c</p>	<p>Furnishings</p> <p>Blue black jersey overshirts, fleece lined, lace front. Former price 50c. For this sale only 35c</p> <p>Extra heavy gray jersey knit overshirts, extra long. Former price 75c. This sale only 48c</p> <p>20 Doz. Undershirts and Drawers, striped, good weight. Former price 25c. For this sale only 17c</p> <p>10 Doz. natural gray undershirts and drawers, extra heavy. Regular price 35c. For this sale only 21c</p> <p>18 Doz. fleece lined striped undershirts and drawers, good weight. Former price 50c. For this sale only 35c</p> <p>36 Doz gray and red striped wool fleece extra heavy undershirts and drawers. Former price 65c. For this sale only 48c</p> <p>10 Doz all wool brown undershirts and drawers. Former price 1.25. For this sale only 83</p> <p>22 Doz Boys undershirts and drawers sizes 24 to 34, fleece lined, extra good quality. Former price 40c. For this sale only 25c</p>	<p>Sweaters</p> <p>5 doz Sweaters, extra heavy, warranted all cotton, medium weight. Former price 60c. For this sale only 34c</p> <p>5 doz Sweaters, extra heavy, warranted all cotton. If you find any wool in them bring them back. Former price 65c. For this sale only 42c</p> <p>2 1/2 doz all wool sweaters, fancy striped or plain. Former price 1.75. For this sale only 1.29</p> <p>2 doz all wool sweaters, fancy stripe pineapple stitch, assorted colors. Former price 2.50. For this sale only 1.42</p> <p>Ducking Coats</p> <p>Brown and black ducking coats blanket lined, corduroy collar. Former price 1.25. For this sale only 74c</p> <p>Black rain proof ducking coats blanket lined with black corduroy collar. Former price 1.75. For this sale only 1.28</p> <p>Extra heavy gray rain proof coat blanket lined, corduroy collar. Former price 2.25. For this sale only 1.48</p>
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MARKS RUBEN.

Remember the place.

East Side

Our Holiday Supplement

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



THE BEST HOLIDAY.

There's a Fourth o' July 'th its fireworks
An' crackers, an' rockets that hiss;
It's a glorious day in its noisy old way.
A day that is fine—all but this:
You've got to watch out fer burnt fingers!

That sort o' cuts into the fun.
So, though it's a day to be longed fer, I say
I know o' a dandler one.

Thanksgivin', 'th spareribs an' turkey,
'th pies o' about ever' kind;
'th its apples to eat an' its cider so sweet.

Is a holly old day, to my mind,
But about all there's to it is dinner.
An' when you're filled up that's a bore,
But you got a big dinner at Christmas,
An' my! such a lot o' things more!

There's presents o' toys that are pretty;
Of books most delightful to read;
Of skates fer to slide, an' bicycles to ride.

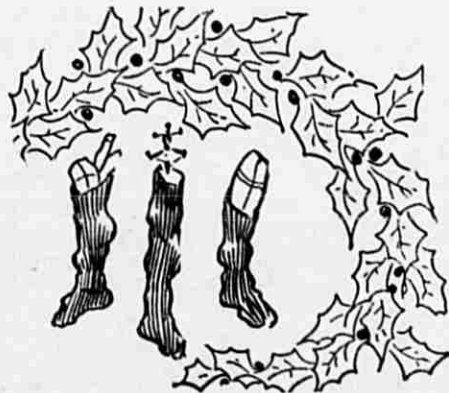
Geared up to a wonderful speed,
An' then there are bags full o' candy,
An' sugar plums 'long 'th the rest!
So, o' all holidays that you long fer an' praise
I'm 'thinkin' that Chris'mas is best.
—Arthur J. Burdick.

A Soldier Santa Claus.

BY M. QUAD.

Just outside the lines of the Third Army Corps as we went into camp for the winter of 1863-4 was a log farm house inhabited by a woman and three children—the wife and children of a Virginia farmer who had shouldered his musket and marched away with the Confederates two years before. There were other farm houses further away—other farm houses in front of other corps—hundreds of other Confederate war-widows and helpless children on that neutral ground, and we of the blue used to pity them as the nights came down dark and lonely and the north winds made one shiver and chill. We were not warring against women and children, and yet war had laid a heavy hand on them. Their scant crops had been trampled into the earth—their live stock driven off—their fences and barns burned—little left to satisfy their hunger or cover their nakedness. Many a soldier's rations were divided with gaunt-faced women and wolfish-looking children, and if it was "aiding and comforting" the enemy we were willing to take the chances.

The farm house I have especially referred to was not different from many others, but the woman and children were different. We offered again and again, but they would accept no food at our hands. Now and then the men on picket near the house saw the children searching in the frozen ground for potatoes, or the woman digging roots and wandering afar for stray ears of corn, but when coffee, bacon, sugar and hard-tack were offered them in kindness they turned away their heads. Even if left on the door-step the food was not taken in. We were their enemies. They were hungry and cold and ragged, but they could not conscientiously accept aid at our hands. It was only when Company "B" of the Tenth took its turn on outpost duty near the house that we got a word from woman or chil-



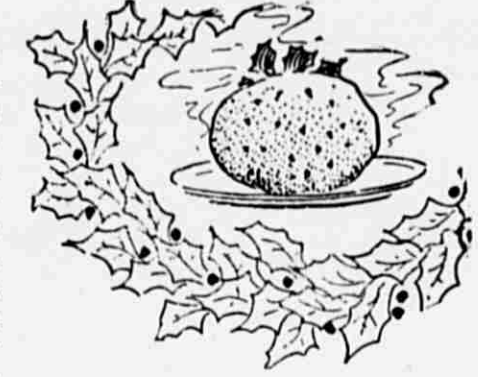
dren. Then it was Corporal O'Toole, big, good-natured and always wearing a smile on his face, who broke down the womanly reserve of the little ten-year-old girl. He found her half a mile from home one day and she was so overcome with the cold that she made no resistance when he picked her up in his arms and carried her to the house. When he kissed the frozen tears from her cheeks and said he had left a kid of her age back in the North who was motherless, the child reached up and put her arms around his neck. The corporal had conquered the child, but not the mother.

"It is kind of you, sir," she said as the soldier entered the house with his burden.

"Never you mind," the corporal would reply when we geyed him a bit over his failure to soften the mother's pride. "Christmas is coming along, and I'll play Santa Claus in a way to melt her heart. Pride or no pride, she can't stand up agin Christmas. I'll fill the stockings of them kids if I'm court-martialed and shot for it next day."

Three days before Christmas we got orders on the front to be unusually vigilant, as it was known that a number of Confederates whose families lived within our lines had been furloughed to pay a brief visit. Our picket was doubled, and every post had three men on it, and it was certain that we turned back quite a number,

dozen of us, and all day long we indulged in the hope that the woman's pride might give way on this one occasion, at least. The day had dragged along until an hour before dusk with everything quiet on our front, when a bushwhacker fired upon and wounded one of our pickets. This brought out a fresh order for vigilance, and a sergeant and his squad beat up the forest and captured two Confederate soldiers who were trying to enter our lines to visit their families. It was known that a third one had escaped, and just after dark Corporal O'Toole was ordered to picket the highway a quarter of a mile from our farm house. When he had reached the spot and posted his men he said:



his package to the floor, cut the string, and the frightened children gasped out exclamations of joy. Then he placed his haversack on the table and was turning away without a word when the woman rose up and said:

"Stop! I know you. You are the corporal. I—I thank you kindly, but—"

"It's Christmas eve, ma'am," interrupted the soldier, "and children are children the world over."

"But this food," she said, "I cannot accept it."

"You must. Confound it, woman—! I beg your pardon, ma'am, but don't I know that you haven't had a square meal for weeks past? I'm no enemy to you and the kids."

"But you must take it away."
"But it's Christmas eve, woman— it's the time to forget and forgive, and—"

At that instant the door opened and a stranger entered. No, not a stranger, but the husband and father—the Confederate soldier on a furlough to pass Christmas with his family. The corporal spotted him for what he was in an instant, and before anyone had moved or spoken he turned to the woman and said:

"It's Christmas eve and I present you with your husband and my best wishes!"

He strode to the other door and opened it and passed out to run into the arms of Jones, who had hurried up to say:

"Corporal, I've just tracked one of them Confeds to this house, and he's now inside!"

"Jones!" exclaimed the corporal as he laid his big fist against the other's cold nose, "you're a confounded liar!"

"But I tell you I saw—"

"And you are stone blind! You haven't seen a Johnny for six months, and if you or Williams or Finegan say that you have I'll lam the three of ye within an inch o' yer lives! Do you tumble to me or no?"

"Oh, well; if old Santa Claus puts it that way it's not for the likes of me to dispute him," replied Jones.

"That's better—a heap better!" chuckled O'Toole, "and now by the right flank—forward, march!"

And four days later little Susie came out to the corporal and shyly put her hand in his and whispered:

"Pa thanks you, and ma thanks you, and we all thank you, and pa went away last night and ma says it was the best Santa Claus she ever heard of!"

(Copyright, 1901.)

The festival of the twelfth month is not, as the name would indicate, exclusively a Christmas holiday. It was celebrated in much the same fashion as it is now centuries before the Christian era. By the early Romans it was celebrated as the saturnalia, or festival to Saturn, and was marked by the prevalence of merry-making among all classes, rich, poor, old and young.



Hark! The herald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild; God and sinners reconciled."

CHARLES WESLEY

"And you must let me gather some wood and supply you with food," he replied.

"No, sir. I can accept nothing from your hands."

"But the children, ma'am."

"They must suffer with me, sir."

The corporal came out to the post and crammed a haversack full of food and returned and begged the woman to accept it, but she was firm. She even chided the children for the hungry look in their eyes. The woman had softened a bit, however, at least towards one of us, and from that day on little Susie was permitted to speak and walk with the corporal, and she did not hide from the rest of us as before. Kindness had converted her.

though our hearts were not in the work. As Corporal O'Toole said one night when he turned out to head the midnight relief:

"It's our duty to obey orders, and we'll be shot if we don't, but this turning back a poor soldier who hasn't had sight of his wife or kids for a couple of years, and who wants nothing now except to pass a Christmas with 'em, is no work for a soldier."

The day before Christmas the corporal made up a haversack of food, brought out a few simple toys and a box of candy he had sent up to Washington for, and he put on a wig and false whiskers and showed himself off as a pretty good Santa Claus. He had the help and encouragement of a

With the long, gray hair of his wig tossing in the wind, his venerable whiskers lying on his breast, his fur cap on his head, and a score of bells tinkling as he walked, the corporal panned up the road amidst the whirling snow with his packages on his back. He entered the farm house without knocking. The wife sat huddled over the poor fire, and the children sat on the floor quarreling over a bit of food. Santa Claus swung



Holiday Supplement



THE LOWELL LEDGER.

LOWELL, MICH.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1901

THE NEW YEAR GIRL.

My little lady sits alone
In her boudoir, white and gold,
Waiting to greet the New Year
And bid adieu to the old.
What is beyond the morrow?
(Hark to the bells that ring;
Are there tears or smiles and sunshine?
Oh, what does the New Year bring?)



My Lady rose from the table and swept gracefully from the dining room, stately and beautiful, as always. At the door she turned and said:

"Why, certainly, have them down for the holidays if you think they would enjoy it. My time will be so fully occupied, however, that I will not have much of it to devote to them—and our holiday atmosphere is not of the sort they are accustomed to in the country, I fancy." This with a smile denoting well-bred acquiescence but absolutely devoid of warmth.

The man behind her, gray and a trifle bent, with tired eyes, deep wrinkles in his face, inclined his head with a half sigh and replied:

"Thank you, my dear, and I guess you are right. It would be anything but a merry Christmas, I fear, for the girls here. We seem to have lost the spirit of the season. I thought perhaps they might bring a little of the holiday cheer into the house—but you are right, it would only spoil their season."

Insooth it was little of the holiday cheer that the great house had ever known. Long, long years ago, just after they were married and when they had lived in the humbler home in the suburbs Christmas had been a season of holly and mistletoe, of love tokens and surprises, of turkey and cranberry sauce and plum pudding. Especially after baby came there had been some gorgeous celebrations with Christmas trees and Santa Claus and all the things so dear to the heart of childhood. But when the little one died the shock and sorrow and the disappointment and the heart-sickness were so keen that it was simply impossible to return to the old habits and ways of which the little one had been so essential a part. They had even shrunk from the ordinary manifestations of mutual affection and companionship, which served as a poignant reminder of the loss each felt so deeply in their very different ways.

Something of all these things was in the mind of each that December evening a week before Christmas as they sat in the magnificent drawing room, he half reading his newspaper and she idly turning the pages of a magazine. Presently she rang for a servant and ordered her carriage.

"Are you going out?" he asked, a shade of disappointment in his voice. "I thought I would go to consult with Mrs. Bogardus regarding the charity ball," she replied. "It is getting near the time and we are on the committee. However, if you have other plans it is not at all important."

"No," he replied. "I have no other plans. I have a trial balance to go over, come to think of it."

But his eyes looked more weary and more sunken as she left the room. As she turned to wave him a good-natured adieu he arose to go to his library and she caught the expression and her eyes contracted with a puzzled look.

It was a stormy night, and as My Lady rode through the rain her carriage collided with a cab recklessly driven in the opposite direction and of the wheels was taken



off and the occupant considerably shaken up. Then she was compelled to seek the shelter of a cottage (the accident occurred in the poorer district of the city) until the coachman could summon another carriage. She apologized with her characteristic grace to the faded little woman who offered her a refuge in response to the driver's appeal and was received with whole-hearted cordiality.

It was a very humble home in which My Lady had found refuge. It was small and scantily furnished and everything was of the cheapest. The carpets, the furniture, the clothing of the people, were all of the cheapest, and the atmosphere was that of the most rigid economy. And yet there was excellent taste displayed, notwithstanding all the cheapness, and everything was neat and tidy and the atmosphere was distinctly that of a home. All these things suggested themselves to her as she seated herself in the modest little parlor. A sturdy boy of three, seated at a table making marks on a sheet of paper, eyed her askance. Encouraged at her smile he volunteered the information that he was writing a letter to Santa Claus.

"I'm tellin' him dat I want a tandy tane and some choo-choo cars," he informed her.

"Do you think he will bring them?" she asked.

"Es I do. Mamma says dat he will

complete canvas hunting suit. "I made this all but the hat," she said. "The gun was the hardest. I saved it all out of my table allowance excepting ten dollars I made by baking for the Woman's Exchange. He doesn't know anything about that, though, and, my, but wouldn't he be mad if he did. He thinks I have enough to do with the housework and the children."

The faded little woman heard a step on the walk and hustled her treasures back into their hiding place. The door flew open and John appeared covered with snow. He merrily kissed the wife and boy and was duly presented to My Lady, at which he subsided in great confusion. There was some little talk about the approaching Christmas and when a few moments later the wife went out to put the boy in bed, John said hastily:

"Would you consider it asking too much of you to look at a present I have got for the little woman. It is out of my line and it cost quite a bit, and I could change it now if it was not all right."

My Lady acquiesced and John rushed out of the room and returned with a cloak of rather good quality—exceedingly good quality in contrast with the things in the house.

"I think it is the most beautiful cloak I ever saw," My Lady responded warmly with moisture in her eyes. Then she added hastily, "for the price,

during the next week and kept much to the seclusion of her room. On Christmas morning when Stephen Wells rose he found a chair standing close to his bed and from one corner hung one of his socks. Investigating in amazement he discovered crowded into it two pair of knit socks and pinned to them was the following note:

"Dear Stephen: "I wanted to give you something that was my own handiwork and that cost me something of time or sacrifice to get. I can do so little that I could think of nothing excepting to knit you some socks like grandma used to knit." So here they are—not much, excepting a love-token from your wife."

The man went to the window and looked out into the vista of sparkling snow for a long time. When he proceeded with his dressing there were tears in his eyes. He went straight to his wife and gathering her in his arms kissed her again and again.

There were several surprises at the Wells home that day. The formal course dinner was supplanted, much to the chef's disgust, with a genuine old-fashioned turkey dinner; the house was resplendent with holly and mistletoe, and in the evening there was the merriest sort of a Christmas tree, loaded with good things. The nieces from the country voted that it was the jolliest Christmas they had ever spent.

Down at the cottage whence the in-



YULE TIDE PROBLEMS.

Hunting for a Christmas present
For each blooming friend you know
Is a task that's far from pleasant
When your funds are running low.
It is hard to make selections
That with joy all hearts will thrill
When you've got to make twelve sections
Of a lone ten-dollar bill.

People's wants are so extensive
That they fill you with despair,
They all hope for gifts expensive,
They don't know how ill they'll fare!
If you have a lot of money,
Buying presents is great sport,
But it's anything but funny
When your bank account is short.



Christmas tide has come again and all the little children are thinking about Santa Claus, and some are wondering if he will come to their house this time. There is hardly any reason for any child to believe that he will not come. A good many things change in this world, but on Christmas Eve merry old Santa Claus is always heard of—his hair as white, his nose as red, as ever; his bag of toys just as full; his cry down the chimney of "Any good children here?" just as loud.

Kris Kringle is another name for Santa Claus, and a very good name too; and stockings are not the only things that hold toys. Little German peasant children often set their wooden shoes on the hearth on Christmas eve, pretty sure of a cake and a toy; for children, however poor their parents may be, are made much of in Germany. And in some places in Europe a curious thing happens. The mother, the father, and the rest of the family sit about the fire together on Christmas Eve.

All the room is tidy. The children, half hopeful, half terrified, draw close to mother, father, or grandmothers, as they hear a sound of trumpets or horns outside. Then the mother says: "What can this be?" and opens the door. As she does so, a number of very strange looking figures come in—amongst them one person dressed in white, with wings, and a great basket in his hand, and another in black, with a bunch of rods.

"God bless you all," says the figure in white. "Are there any good children here?"

"Are there any bad children here?" asks the black figure.

"My children are all pretty good," the mother answers.

"I am glad to hear it," says the white visitor. "I have gifts here for good children."

"Stop!" the black figure cries: "they are not good. Hans struck his brother yesterday. Gretchen does not know her catechism, and Petra broke a piece from the Sunday cake as it sat to cool on the window-sill. I will leave rods to whip them all with."

The children begin to cry. The white figure spreads out his hands and says:

"The little ones will be better next year." Then he takes one of the rods from the black visitor and drives him out. The visitors play on the instruments they have brought, and the whole family sing Christmas hymns. The angelic visitor then empties his basket on the table, and leaves there a great number of iced cakes, gilded nuts, gingerbread horses, and wooden toys, and then departs. The mother tells the children to be good all the year, lest the rod should really be left for them on the next Christmas, and all have supper and go to bed.

Christmas day is a happy one for most children all over the Christian world, and I hope that because this is so they will remember that this day is kept because eighteen hundred and eighty-one years ago, Jesus, who said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," was first a babe in his mother's arms.—Mary Kyle Dallas in the New York Ledger.



ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

if I don't ask too much. Do you think dat is too much?" he demanded.

"No, indeed," she responded warmly, "and I am sure he will bring them."

"We always try to observe Christmas and the holidays," remarked the faded little woman. "Of course we are not able to do much, but we try to catch the spirit of the days, and it seems to brighten us all up so much to forget the worries and struggles for one day now and then—and it is so much to the children. I want to show you what I am going to give John—if you don't mind. I've just got it, and I will burst if I don't show it to someone. John is my husband, you know, and he is very fond of hunting, but he doesn't go very often because he hasn't got a gun and it costs so much to rent one." Whereupon she dodged into a closet and emerged with a bright new double-barreled shot gun.

"And that ain't all," she went on, her eyes glowing with excitement. "See what I've made for him," and she disappeared again and emerged with a

It is well worth the money, I assure you, and your wife will be the happiest woman in the world, I am sure."

A half hour later she entered her husband's library and said: "Stephen, I have been thinking it over and I really would like to have the girls down for the holidays. I have decided to decline all invitations for the Christmas week and I think we can make it pleasant for them—and as you said, they may bring some of the holiday cheer into the house."

"Very well," he responded, looking at her in some surprise, but evidently pleased, "I will write them tonight."

As he rose from his chair he uttered an exclamation: "Confound that rheumatism. I believe it is getting worse. I half believe if I wore home-knit socks like old Grandma Black used to knit for me that it would help. This city-made hosiery never comes up to the mark set by the old-time home-knit socks."

My Lady was a very busy woman

aspiration came there was another jolly Christmas. My Lady had sent all the materials for the most gorgeous dinner that ever was served, from an eighteen pound turkey to plum pudding and loads of candy for the children, besides a wonderful train of automatic cars for the boy who wrote to Santa Claus.

Society wonders why it lost Mrs. Wells and why the Wells' gave up their mansion on the avenue and moved to the cosy home-like house in the suburb. The business world wonders why Stephen Wells retired so suddenly from active business just after making plans for widening and extending his operations. A certain little woman who used to look faded but is quite fresh and rosy wonders what good angel arranged for the breaking down of Mrs. Wells' carriage in front of her door and what there was in the brief stay that gave the visitor such a sustained interest in her affairs and John's. For John now occupies a very important and well-paid position secured through the influence of Stephen Wells. (Copyright 1901.)

ACROSS THE LINES

BY MARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Story opens in Richmond, Va., on day Fort Sumter surrendered. Dr. Francis Brodner 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 Brodner 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 Brodner, 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 Brodner 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. Brodner if he knows the man who was shot in Frances' room. The doctor admits he has seen him, and that he suspected Mrs. Brodner (Holbin's mother) of being the woman who fired the shot, which, he declares, missed its mark.

CHAPTER VIII—Banned in attempt to learn anything from Dr. Brodner, Holbin turns to Frances, but is again unsuccessful. However, by a skillful 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 mammy, 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. Brodner, 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 had been jealous on account of Somers' attention 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.

CHAPTER XII—Louise has an interview with Holbin, and later with his mother. She has come into possession of evidence proving a common-law marriage. Mrs. Brodner sees necessity of getting her finally and forever out of the way, but temporarily yields to all demands, and agrees upon full repatriation.

CHAPTER XIII—Holbin wins the gratitude of Frances by offering to escort her wounded federal (now well on the road to recovery) across the lines. He has learned reason of Frances' interest in the soldier. The next day this soldier is found dead, shot in the back.

CHAPTER XIV—From the murdered federal's pocket Holbin had taken certain letters and the former's pass allowing him to cross the lines. From the letters he learns of Frances' marriage, that Somers had been the victim of Louise's pistol, and that Dr. Brodner had been, at least, attempting to thwart his plans for securing the Brodner fortune.

CHAPTER XV.

Col. Richard Somers dismounted and took refuge upon the veranda of a little cottage that fronted a cross-road near Mechanicsville while his artillery thundered by and unlimbered in position to face the enemy. Men, horses and officers were worn out with fatigue and hard fighting and eager for an opportunity to snatch a few hours of rest. The two great armies had entered upon the memorable seven days' fight which was to swing around Richmond and leave a bloody path to Malvern Hill. The cottage seemed deserted, but presently an aged negress made her appearance from somewhere and pathetically attempted to extend its hospitalities to the officers who began to swarm into the yard. Clinging to her skirts was a little girl of six or seven years, whose fair complexion, blue eyes and silken curls bespoke a patrician parentage, but whose frail figure and incessant cough gave evidence of a fatal weakness.

"Her ma is done dead, sah," said the old woman, respectfully, when Col. Somers hurriedly questioned her concerning the family, "an' her pa left 'fo' you-all come; done come yistiddy an' go right back to town. He don't stay hyar anyhow."

"But that child must not remain here; she is in danger every moment. You must move out!"

"Why we goin' move, sah? Don't

know nobody any better off'n we are roun' hyar. Marster tell me to stay right hyar, an' I goin' ter stay hyar. Better tek yo' folks an' move on, sah, whey you started." Somers had other things to think about, and turned away. Very likely the movement next day would carry them beyond the cottage, and the danger was not pressing at the moment. In the morning the child might be sent to the rear if necessary, and to-night he rather welcomed the adjuncts of refined life. He had use for the old woman, for he was but recently out of hospital and somewhat spoiled by nursing. He made himself and officers comfortable in the best rooms after the manner of old campaigners and prepared for the short rest which he so much needed.

Somers had made the necessary dispositions and, left alone upon the porch for a moment, his thoughts reverted to the cherished memento in his pocket, the worldless message of love which had so mysteriously reached him. It was just one slender curl—the curl that had touched his cheek, he was sure, and with it a name. They were enough; no words could have summoned up more vividly the scenes of that darkened wing-room, nor have told him more eloquently that within the excited city there was one heart which held no hatred for him. It was no hour for dreaming, and he roused himself to the present. Around him were contending hosts of doomed men, the spirit of war hovered over the rude camps, and death lurked in the shadows, eager for his harvest. From the distance, the echoes of dropping shots came faintly to the ear, and presently what seemed to be a small volley. This volley claimed his attention and that of the junior officers, and he had ordered a sergeant up to inquire as to the cause, when the sound of rapid hoof-beats approached upon the road, and in the dim light as he waited a frightened horse, pursued by half a dozen troopers, sped by. Presently the man returned leading the captured animal and carrying its late rider. The latter was youthful and clad in confederate gray, which was drenched with blood and covered with dust; for the wounded rider, clinging desperately to the mane of the horse as he lay extended upon its neck, had finally fallen and been dragged until the weight stopped the runaway. The face of the unfortunate fellow had escaped, and so young and so fair was it, even the hardened soldiers were touched.

"He insists upon seeing an officer," said one of them. "Claims to have secrets to tell."

"Place him upon the porch and call a surgeon. Where did he come from?" Somers was strangely affected.

"Don't know, sir. He came riding headlong through the rebel pickets. I think, and they shot him. We didn't shoot at all, for at first the horse seemed to be loose, and when we did see the young fellow on him, we knew he was too near gone to escape. We had orders against unnecessary alarms, and so we ran him down." The surgeon came and laid open the jacket of the now unconscious sufferer. He waved back the curious group and motioned for Somers to approach.

"A woman!" he whispered.

"Is it possible! To my room—to my room!" The rough soldiers again lifted the frail form tenderly and placed it upon the bed inside. A hurried examination disclosed the wound; a shot from behind had passed entirely through the body.

"She cannot live," said the surgeon, gently, as he arose and covered up the white form. "There is not the slightest chance for her." The sentence of death seemed to inspire her with a sudden consciousness. She opened her eyes widely, and they rested in wonder upon the blue uniforms and strange faces.

"What has happened?" she asked, weakly. "Where am I?"

"You have been wounded, madam," said the surgeon, "badly wounded; but you are in friendly hands."

"Ah!—Raymond—told me—that he had—had arranged with—the picket—to pretend only to fire—oh, they have—killed me!" She shuddered, but with sudden return of full consciousness she

cried aloud: "My papers!—they are valuable!—where are they?"

"We have none, madam."

"Oh, God!—what agony!—oh, sirs, I suffer, I suffer so!"

"Drink this," said the surgeon, placing a glass of stimulant to her lips; "more if you can; it will sustain you."

"In the saddle pockets—my papers!" Her eyes closed in exhaustion. A young officer who was sent to find the documents came back quickly:

"Saddle trailing underneath; pockets empty." She heard him and understood.

"Lost! Then—I, too—am lost. Raymond!—Raymond!" She turned her face away and wept silently.

"Gentlemen," said Richard Somers, hoarsely, "will you leave us? I know this unfortunate woman." He was instantly the focus of wondering eyes, but for a moment only. The little group saluted in silence and withdrew.

"Louise!" he said, sadly, standing by her side. The eyes of the woman were fixed on him as he sought to control his voice.

"Who spoke—who called Louise?" "It was I—"

"Richard!"

"Yes; sadder, sadder—but Richard still. God knows I speak the truth when I say I have nothing in my heart for you but the tenderest sympathy." Her eyes clung to his face through the spasm of pain that twisted her body and drew the beautiful mouth into a thin line of scarlet.

"How may I help you? I would help you—Louise, if I might."

"Tell me—upon your soul's honor—is it—death?"

He covered his eyes and stood silent. She waited in agony; he did not answer her.

"Death!" she said, in horror. "Help me! help me, Richard!" Sobs shook her, and she stretched out her hand to him as one who is drowning. A cry burst from the lips of the manly soldier, a cry no less agonized than hers.

"Louise! Louise!—I would give my life to help you! Don't speak, don't look at me that way!"

"You must help me—you must! Quick—let me whisper! He will come—he won't refuse now! He was—to come—soon! The marriage—must—must—be fulfilled! Bring him—bring him—to me! Bring my child!"

"Impossible, Louise," he cried. "You do not know what you are saying. He is beyond the enemy's lines!"

"Ah—but—but he is—coming! Water—water!"—he placed the drink quickly to her lips—"coming, Richard! Bring him—I am dying—tell him—I am dying—I—Louise—dying! Nanan! Nanan!"

"I am a soldier," he said, "sworn in my country's defense. My life belongs to my country—not to myself. No one would give me permission to go on such an errand. And if I were captured I should die as the spy dies!"

"Richard—you and I—are—in God's presence!"

"Yes; in the presence of God!"

"Would I lie—oh, would I lie—now?"

"Kneel here—I shall tell you—now! I swear in His presence—I have loved no man in life—but you—but you!"

"Hush!" he whispered, chilled and shocked, seeking to release his hand.

"Believe, oh, believe me!"

"I cannot!"

"Believe!"

"I cannot—I would if—"

"Believe—believe me—Richard." Her hands tore feebly at a slender chain that had slipped down into her bosom, and drew a little locket into view. He recognized it.

"I believe you," he said, gently, at length. And he did; he had never doubted it in his heart.

"It is the last prayer of the woman—who in all these years—of suffering—shame—has loved you! Go to him! He will come—my child's life—save the child for—her mother's sake! Let me see her!"

"The soldier had faced every danger of the battlefield without a tremor. In the presence of this woman's awful agony his heart failed him. "The lost papers—duplicates—duplicates! Richmond is yours—Lee's army—destroyed!" He stood up then, and was cool, his eyes reading her pale face as an open book. He turned to the door.

"Surgeon," he said, "come to this poor girl, Louise, I will return." He rode to headquarters and laid before his chief all the facts. A long discussion followed.

"It is a desperate venture, general, and if I fail—death! I know that. But if I succeed, it may mean life for many a man in this army. Still, let me be frank; I shall go not for that alone."

"The decision is with you, colonel. My advice is against your plan. And yet—if that information opened the road to Richmond—it would mean Gen. Somers."

"I have your permission?" There was no answer. "I shall start in 30 minutes, then," said Somers. The general gave his hand in silence and turned away.

"Avoid capture," he said, sadly. Day by day familiar faces were passing from him.

"I shall not be captured. If it comes, it will be a soldier's death," was the reply. He reentered the presence of Louise clad in the uniform of a confederate captain. The old negress was with her, and, hat in hand, a young man, her son, was delivering a message to her. Somers caught enough of the words to gather that he came from Richmond.

"How did you pass through the lines?" he asked, abruptly. The negro grinned and was silent. "Can you guide me through—quick, man, speak." The negro looked at the uniform.

"Yes, sah. But it's er long ways now—an' through the swamp, too."

"Louise, for your sake and the child's I shall try. If I return no more—it will be because I—have failed!"

"Come—to me, Richard—kneel. And now, God—bless you. 'Tis a sinful woman's prayer—but He will hear—even me, a murderess!"

"I tried to kill him—tried to end it! I tried to kill in my despair—it was the wrong man. I saw dimly—through the blinds—another woman's room—under the light of a match only—and I killed him—an innocent man!"

"Louise—in Richmond—through the blinds—a year ago?"

"Ah, you heard of it?"

"I was the man."

"It cannot be!"

"It was a wing-room. She was kneeling before me, and the bullet struck here!" He drew aside his hair and rested his finger upon a white spot. "Brodner—"

(To be continued)

Health and Beauty.

A poor complexion is usually the result of a torpid liver or irregular action of the bowels. Unless nature's refuse is carried off it will surely cause impure blood. Boils, pimples and other eruptions follow. This is nature's method of throwing off the poisons which the bowels failed to remove. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are world famous for remedying this condition. They stimulate the liver and promote regular and healthy action of the bowels but never cause griping, cramps or distress. Safe Pills. L. H. Taft & Co.

The Only Difference.

Mrs. Symperly—Now that you have got your divorce and are happy with Mr. Ranger, life is real once more, isn't it?

Mrs. Ranger—Oh, yes; only it's very much like it used to be, except that the piano is a different make.—Brooklyn Life.

It is said that mate, the South American tea, will sustain life many days without the pangs of hunger.

Man is born to rule, but woman comes along and beats him out of his job.—Chicago News.

Puts gray matter in your head. Brings a rosy glow to faded cheeks. Restores vim, vigor, mental and physical happiness. That's what Rocky Mountain Tea will do. 35c. D. G. Look, druggist.

PERE MARQUETTE

Nov. 3, 1901

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For Detroit and East 7 12 am 10 30 am 4 10 pm

For Toledo and South 7 12 am 10 30 am 4 10 pm

For Grand Rapids, North and West 10 30 am 4 10 pm 8 12 pm

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No 19 Morning Express to Grand Haven 12 15 pm

No 13 Mail and Chicago Express to Grand Haven 4 30 pm

No 11 Steamboat Express to Grand Rapids 9 19 pm

No 17 Western Express to Grand Haven 8 57 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

No 14 Eastern Express to Durand and East 7 57 pm

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by our new invention. Only those born deaf are incurable. HEAD NOISES CEASE IMMEDIATELY.

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Gentlemen:—Being entirely cured of deafness, thanks to your treatment, I feel compelled to give a full history of my case, to be used at your discretion.

About five years ago my right ear began to buzz, and I underwent a treatment for catarrh, for three months, without any success, consulted a number of physicians, among others, the most eminent ear specialist of this city, who told me that only an operation could help me, and even that only temporarily, that the head noises would then cease, but the hearing in the affected ear would be lost forever.

I then saw your advertisement in a New York paper, and ordered your treatment. After I had used it only a few days according to your directions, the noises ceased, and today, after five weeks, my hearing in the diseased ear has been entirely restored. I thank you heartily and beg to remain Very truly yours,

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It has no rubbing apparatus to wear out the clothing and tear off the buttons.

BUY DIRECT from Factory at wholesale price, and in this way SAVE TWO PROFITS.

WILL SAVE ITS COST IN CLOTHING in a short time, the entire absence of rubbing apparatus enabling it to wash the most delicate gauze and laces without the slightest injury, while the heaviest carpets, rugs, blankets and such things are handled by it with equal ease and efficiency.

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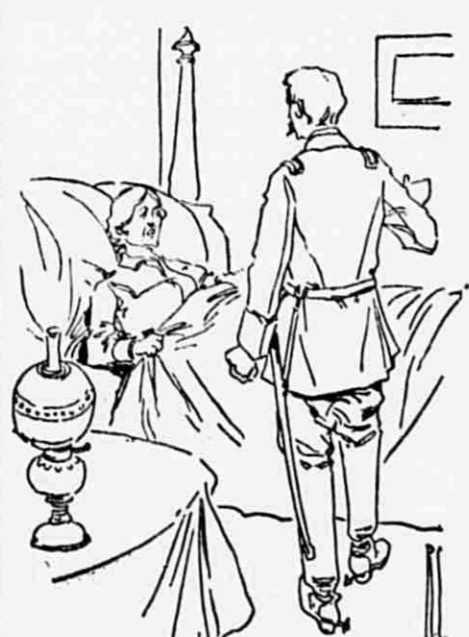
How About Your Heart

Feel your pulse a few minutes. Is it regular? Are you short of breath, after slight exertion as going up stairs, sweeping, walking, etc? Do you have pain in left breast, side or between shoulder blades, choking sensations, fainting or smothering spells, inability to lie on left side? If you have any of these symptoms you certainly have a weak heart, and should immediately take

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure

Mr. F. H. Oaks of Jamestown, N. Y., whose genial face appears above, says: "Excessive use of tobacco seriously affected my heart. I suffered severe pains about the heart, and in the left shoulder and side; while the palpitation would awaken me from my sleep. I began taking Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and soon found permanent relief."

Sold by all Druggists, Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.



"LOUISE!" HE SAID, SADLY, STANDING BY HER SIDE.

One Week Before Christmas...

It is none too early to buy now and there is no better place than here.

The Fur and Cloak Stock invites you. Will gladly show you some great bargains.

Have you seen those beautiful new Tafeta Silks? They are good ones. Fine black Taffetta at 50c. Heavy black Taffetta 27-in. at 1.00. " " 36 in. at 1.25—regular \$1.50 quality. Just the thing for a Christmas present. Some choice things in colors.

One week will swiftly fly Buy now. Come early

In Towels, Napkins, Lunch Cloths, Table Scarfs, etc., we can surely suit you as well as save you a lot of money.

Hints to Gift Givers.



Handkerchiefs! Handkerchiefs! Do not forget to buy some—finest and best assortment shown.

Many buy Dress Goods for presents. We always have the latest, best and lowest prices.

Would also remind you of our Carpet Sweepers—something every lady appreciates. Bissell's cycle bearing are the best.

Some beautiful Rugs—always useful as well as ornamental. We are ready for you here.

E. R. COLLAR

Held Him Up.

Last week this village was visited by three suspicious looking gentlemen, who were suspected of being connected with the Coral post-office robbery which occurred a short time before. In fact these were more than suspicious, and these suspicions became almost a dead certainty as matters developed themselves. The aforesaid gentry moved out of town westward as the shades of night began to fall, and after they were gone an order came for their arrest.

Wm. Tummonds of this village is a member of a detective organization and he went to Lowell on the night train, hoping to find some trace of the fellows. After arriving at Lowell he proceeded to look around the town. Deputy Sheriff Morse of Lowell was also looking around and discovered Mr. Tummonds, thinking his actions suspicious overhauled him and put him through a course of questioning. He asked Tummonds if he carried concealed weapons and in answer Tummonds produced a revolver in each hand from his coat pocket. The deputy sheriff was taken back at this and accused the Saranac detective of carrying around an arsenal, and finally was going to take him into custody but the matter was finally fixed by the identification of Mr. Tummonds by W. J. Morse, who was for years an employ of this office. [Saranac Local.]

The La Reno Family Stranded.

That "misfortunes never come singly" has again been verified by the experiences of the La Reno family, who played here during Thanksgiving week. They arrived in Coopersville practically "dead broke" and left in good spirits for Lowell, expecting good houses each night, but the fates decreed otherwise. The troupe disbanded the second day and the musicians got the g. b. for bringing disgrace upon the company. The La Reno family with Messrs. Gould and Murphy then went to Freeport where they encountered a severe "frost" and they were up against the real thing. Mr. LaReno phoned to Mr. Asman Saturday night, stating the predicament they were in and wanted to know if they could come back here for a few days, as they knew of no better friends than they had in Coopersville. Mr. Asman hadn't the heart to turn them down and they arrived here Monday morning, and they have been here all the week not knowing what to do or where to go. Yesterday Mr. La Reno received an offer to play in a Chicago theater, and the Woodmen, of which order he is a member, raised a purse to enable the company to reach Chicago. They play in Conklin tomorrow and we trust that they will be greeted with a crowded house, as they give a fine show. They will leave Sunday night. [Coopersville Observer.]

"A Case in Equity."

The above is the title of the next continued story we shall offer to Ledger readers. It describes the rise and fall of a southern boom town and is quite realistic. It is one of the best serials we have read and can promise readers a treat. Watch for the opening chapters.

HEADACHE CHARMED.

It is the Experience of Lowell People that Prove the Magical Effect of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills With Sick and Nervous Headache.

It has never come to any other medicine, never to all medicines the abundance of Lowell testimony showing the unequalled merit established by Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills. There is probably no case of nervous sick headache they will not cure. Mrs. A. G. Sinclair of West Water St., Lowell, Mich., says "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills to anyone bothered with nervous headaches and dizziness through the head. I procured some at Look's drug store and found them an excellent thing. They relieved the distress in the head and helped me in every way." Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills are sold at 50c a box at druggists or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. See that portrait and signature of

Eczema for Forty Years.

The Unqualified Statement of a Well Known Attorney, St. Ignace, Mich.

Some of the cures made by Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment of stubborn and long continued eczema and skin diseases are causing much comment.



People are beginning to realize that this Ointment is a wonder worker with all kinds of skin trouble. Attorney Jas. J. Brown, St. Ignace, Michigan, writes as follows: Dr. A. W. Chase Med. Co., Buffalo, N. Y.—Gents—I cannot refrain from expressing my acknowledgment for the relief I have felt from Dr. Chase's Ointment. For 40 years I was afflicted with a skin disease which was located in one spot—on my leg. I have spent at a rough estimate five hundred dollars trying to effect a cure, and not until I applied this ointment did I get relief. You are strangers to me and this letter is prompted directly because I want to say and I feel as though I ought to say it. That Chase's Ointment has effected a complete cure of my affliction. Three boxes did the work on my leg. I was also suffering from itching piles and applied the ointment which gave the best of satisfaction by affording me rest at night and rapidly causing the disease to disappear. I have received such relief and comfort from the ointment that I cannot withhold expressing my gratitude. I was so long afflicted with the tortures of eczema I feel now that I am cured, a word of recommendation is due from me.

Yours truly, JAS. J. BROWN.

Dr. Chase's Ointment is sold at 50 cents a box at all dealers or Dr. A. W. Chase's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. A. W. Chase, M. D. are on every package.

Clubbing List.

We will send THE LOWELL LEDGER one year in combination with any of the following papers, the price given being for the two papers: New York Thrice-a-Week World \$1.65. Detroit Twice-a-Week Free Press \$1.70. Grand Rapids Semi-Weekly Herald \$1.60. Michigan Farmer \$1.50. The Commoner (Bryan's paper) \$1.75. Pilgrim Magazine \$1.25. New York Tri-Weekly Tribune \$1.50.

Christmas and New Years Holiday Rates Via Grand Trunk Railway System.

Round trip tickets will be sold at rate of one and one-third fare, between all points on lines west of the Detroit and St. Clair rivers and to certain other territory, particulars of which can be obtained from any agent. Selling dates December 24, 25 and 31, 1901, and January 1, 1902. Good returning to leave destination until January 2, 1902.

Cheap holiday excursion rates will also be made from Detroit and Port Huron to all points in Canada, full particulars of which can be obtained on application to agents.

Saw Death Near.

"I often made my heart ache" writes L. C. Overstreet of Elgin, Tenn., "to hear my wife cough until it seemed her weak, sore lungs would collapse. Good doctors said she was so far gone with consumption that medicine or earthly help could not save her; but a friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery and persistent use of this excellent medicine saved her life." It's absolutely guaranteed for coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma and all throat and lung trouble. 50c and \$1.00 at D.G. Look's. Trial bottles free.

EXCURSIONS VIA THE PERE MARQUETTE

Reduced rates for the holiday season. One and one-third fare for round trip between all stations, and to points on connecting lines. Tickets on sale December 24 and 25 and December 30 and January 1. Good to return up to and including January 3, 1902. Ask agents for particulars.

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

Grattan-Vergennes

[Last week's letter.]

Franco Wall is in Grand Rapids learning dressmaking.

Maggie Weekes has a position as type writer in Grand Rapids.

It is getting pretty dangerous to the horses near the road up on Plunkett street, especially when they are hitched to a new buggy and the roads are muddy.

Mrs. R. McGee is very ill.

Saved His Life

"I wish to say that I feel I owe my life to Kodol Dyspepsia Cure" writes H. C. Christenson of Hayfield, Minn. "For three years I was troubled with Dyspepsia so that I could hold nothing on my stomach. Many times I would be unable to retain a morsel of food. Finally I was confined to my bed. Doctors said I could not live. I read one of your advertisements on Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and thought it fit my case and commenced its use. I began to improve from the first bottle. I began to eat and recommend it to all." Digests your food. Cures all stomach troubles. L. H. Taft & Co.

Parnell

[Last week's letter.]

Mrs. Sheridan of Canada was called to the bedside of her mother, Mrs. Delaney, who was buried Dec. 11.

Hattie Swann of Egypt is visiting Rosie Quillan.

Ned Carey and James Duffy went to the Upper Peninsula Monday to obtain work.

Tom Driscoll and Emmet Mulligan visited a few days in Grand Rapids last week.

Chas. Doyle and wife of Lowell attended church in Parnell Sunday.

Geo. Hurley has gone to Grand Rapids to attend school.

Mrs. R. McGee is dangerously ill.

Mr. Wilkinson and Willie Heffron of Lowell visited Parnell friends Sunday.

Tom Murphy lost a valuable horse Friday evening.

Ed O'Connor and Willie Clark of Grand Rapids spent Sunday at John Murphy's.

Fanny and Essie Murphy were in Elding one day last week.

Mike Downes called on Bowne friends Sunday.

Wedding bells will soon ring in Parnell.

Jack and Frank White were called to the bedside of their father, who is dangerously ill in Grand Rapids.

Patrick Murphy shipped a car-load of sheep to Buffalo Saturday.

Of Benefit to You.

D. S. Mitchell, Fulford, Md.: "During a long illness I was troubled with bed sores, was advised to try DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve and did so with wonderful results. I was perfectly cured. It is the best salve on the market." Sure cure on piles, sores, burns. Beware of counterfeit. L. H. Taft & Co.

Cannonsburg.

[Last week's letter.]

The L. M. S. meets with Mrs. Hutchings Thursday. The society is preparing to hold a fair the week before Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Weatherly have gone to Owassee where they will spend next week.

Walter Murray, who has a position in Grand Rapids, spent Sunday at home.

Mrs. Herrington is now caring for Mrs. George Firry, who is afflicted with rheumatism.

Mrs. Tebbel and two sons of Ionia are visiting her daughter, Mrs. Fred Thomas.

Mrs. James Heffron (nee Johanna Fingleton) is ill and under the doctor's care.

Good work on the village streets continues and Hartwell Bros. have put out a handsome street lamp.

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy. It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered after years of scientific research by Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is wonderfully successful in promptly curing lame back, kidney, bladder, uric acid troubles and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless too poor to purchase relief and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Birmingham, N. Y. The regular fifty cent and dollar sizes are sold by all good druggists.

Long Hair

"About a year ago my hair was coming out very fast, so I bought a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. It stopped the falling and made my hair grow very rapidly, until now it is 48 inches in length."—Mrs. A. Boydston, Atchison, Kans.

There's another hunger than that of the stomach. Hungry hair needs food, needs hair vigor—Ayer's. This is why we say that Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color, and makes the hair grow long and heavy. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address: J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

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 offices. Horse and carriage furnished when necessary. References enclosed self addressed stamped envelope. Manager, 316 Caxton Building, Chicago.

12 Xmas presents for \$1.00 at Murphy's studio.

WANTED. A man with horse to represent The Singer Manufacturing company in the territory of Lowell, Call or address Lew Smith, 145, Monroe street, Grand Rapids, Mich. dec 19

An Evangelist's Story.

"I suffered for years with a bronchial or lung trouble and tried various remedies but did not obtain permanent relief until I commenced using One Minute Cough Cure," writes Rev. Jas. Kirkman, evangelist of Belle River, Ill. "I have no hesitation in recommending it to all sufferers from maladies of this kind." One Minute Cough Cure affords immediate relief for coughs, colds, and all kinds of throat and lung troubles. For croup it is unequalled. Absolutely safe. Very pleasant to take, never fails and it is really a favorite with the children. They like it. L. H. Taft & Co.

PROBATE ORDER

State of Michigan County of Kent, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Kent held at the Probate Office, in the city of Grand Rapids, on the 13th day of Dec. in the year one thousand nine hundred and one.

Present HARRY D. JEWELL, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of JOHN DELANEY, deceased, MARY McANDREWS and ELIZA SHERIDAN having filed in this court their petition praying that the administration de bonis non with the will annexed of said estate may be granted unto MARY McANDREWS or some other suitable person.

It is ordered that Friday the 10th day of January, 1902 at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the LOWELL LEDGER a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Kent.

HARRY D. JEWELL, Judge of Probate. (A true copy) ALVIN E. EWING, Register of Probate.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Default has been made in the conditions of a certain Real Estate Mortgage dated March 18th, A. D. 1890 and executed by BENJAMIN F. PALMER and CARRIE E. PALMER, his wife of the first part, to FRED J. TAVER of the second part, and recorded June 2nd, A. D. 1890 at the office of the Register of Deeds, Kent County, Michigan, in lab r 267 of Mortgage's on page eight[is] at two and one-half o'clock p. m. The amount due on said mortgage at this date is the sum of Three Hundred forty three and 19 100 dollars as principal and interest and the further sum of twenty five dollars [is] as an attorney fee as stipulated for in said mortgage. No suit either at law or in equity has been instituted to recover said debt or any part thereof. Notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, said mortgage will be foreclosed by the sale of premises therein described at public auction to the highest bidder on Friday, the 7th day of March, A. D. 1902 at ten [10] o'clock a. m. of that day at the North front door of the Kent County Court House in the city of Grand Rapids, Kent County, Michigan. Said Court House being the place where the Circuit Court of said county is held. Said premises are described in said mortgage as follows: All that certain piece or parcel of land situated in the Township of Bowne, in the County of Kent and State of Michigan and described as follows to-wit: The North west quarter [1/4] of the south west quarter (1/4) of section four, lying in Township five (5) North range nine, 9, West, 6, W. 4, Kent County, Michigan. S. P. HICKS, FRED J. TAVER, Atty. for Mortgagee. Mortgagee.

See my new line of... Rockers this week... G. V. McCONNELL.

Closing Out Sale of Holiday Goods

I am going out of this line of trade and have made give away prices on MEDALLIONS, FANCY STATIONERY, TOILET ARTICLES, PERFUMES, ETC. See

L. H. TAFT

Before buying Holiday presents. He can save you money

Candy..

Probably the best line of candies in Lowell can be found at

Smith's Bakery.

Prices from 10c per pound up. Remember this when buying your Christmas present for the little folks.

Dr. Curtis T. Wolford

of Grand Rapids, the Specialist in Chronic Diseases, will be in

LOWELL at the Waverly Hotel,

WEDNESDAY JAN 8 and will be pleased to meet all who are in need of his services. Dr. Wolford has been coming to Lowell for over two years and will continue in coming. The doctor has cured many aggravated cases which instill confidence in his ability by his friends. If you are troubled with any disease do not put it off but go and see the doctor at once.

CONSULTATION FREE.

Address all communications to the doctor in his new office in the Tower Block, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

In the matter of the estate of MARY A. ROLF deceased notice is hereby given that I shall sell at Public Auction, to the highest bidder on Wednesday the 29th day of January, A. D. 1902, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the north front entrance on Crescent Avenue, to the Kent County Court House, in the City of Grand Rapids, in the County of Kent, in the State of Michigan, pursuant to license and authority granted to me on the 8th day of November, A. D., 1901 by the Probate Court of Kent County Michigan, all of the estate, right, title and interest of the said deceased, in and to the real estate situated and being in the County of Kent, in the State of Michigan, known and described as follows, to-wit: The East twenty-five acres of the East half of the North-east quarter of section 13 in town six North of range nine West. Dated November A. D. 1901.

William H. Tuthill, Administrator.

Dr. Penner's GOLDEN RELIEF

Old Sores, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Neuritis, A TRUE SPECIFIC IN ALL.

INFLAMMATION

Sore throat, Headache (5 minutes), Toothache (1 minute), Cold Sores, Erysipelas, etc. etc. CURES ANY PAIN INSIDE OR OUT in one to thirty minutes.

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

For sale by W. S. WINEGAR.

Holiday Supplement



GOD BLESS THE MASTER.

God bless the master of this house,
The mistress also,
And all the little children
That round the table go;

And all your kin and kinsfolk
That dwell both far and near;
I wish you a merry Christmas
And a happy New Year.



Archie wanted one of the pretty sleighs that he had seen in Dunkirk's store the day before Christmas. "But they are a dollar and fifty cents," he said to his mamma, "and I have only 20 five-cent pieces in my bank."

"If I give you ten more five-cent pieces," said his mother, smiling, "how much will you have then?"

"One hundred and fifty cents," cried Archie, laughing aloud. "May I go and buy the sleigh now?"

"Yes," said his mother, "but I want some of those lovely red berries I saw in the wood yesterday. They would look so nice among the evergreens. And besides, grandma and your aunts love them so."

"I'll bring you a lot," said Archie. In a few moments he was running down the road toward Mr. Dunkirk's store.

As he passed a tiny cottage on the way a very small boy pushed open the window and shouted: "Santa Claus is going to bring me a sleigh to-night."

"How do you know, Dick?" asked Archie.

"Ellen told me so," said Dick.

Archie had never seen the little fellow's face look so bright and happy. He knew that Dick lived alone with his sister, who, though only fifteen years old, worked hard all day long in the big silk factory to support herself and her brother. And as Archie walked toward Mr. Dunkirk's store he thought a great deal of Dick's happy face.

As he turned a corner suddenly he ran against a girl standing in the road. It was Dick's sister and she was crying.

"What is the matter?" asked Archie. "Why don't you go home?"

"I can't bear to see Dick. I promised him a sleigh and I spoiled a lot of silk to-day and have been dismissed from the works without my week's pay."

The tears were in Archie's eyes as he went on his way. When he reached the little cottage on his return he stood still behind a great bush outside of the gate. Little Dick was still peering out. Archie watched the eager face for several moments, then, when the child left the window, he stole softly through the little garden up the rickety steps. Then, fastening the rope of his beautiful new sleigh to the door knob, he gave three loud raps and ran away.

He heard Dick open the door and shout:

"Oh! oh! oh! See what Santa Claus has brought me!"

It was eight o'clock on Christmas Eve and at Archie's house his mother stood at the door looking white and frightened. His father, with a lantern in his hand, stood in the road. Archie had not come home.

"I have been to Mr. Dunkirk's store," said Archie's father. "He left before dark. Now I will search the wood."

Some one shouted, "Hello! hello! hello!"

"There he is now!" cried Archie's mother. "I am so glad!" and she ran down the road toward the voice.

The first person they met was Ellen, pulling a beautiful new red and green sleigh over the smooth snow and on it was little Dick, and Archie with his arms full of red berries.

"Oh, where have you been?" said his mother, as he ran to meet her.

"I went to the woods for the berries and my coat caught in a branch



and I could not get it away. If it had not been for Ellen I might have been hanging there yet."

"How can I ever thank you!" said Archie's mother, turning to Ellen.

"I saw him go into the wood," replied Ellen, "after he put this beautiful sleigh on our doorstep for Dick. Then, when I heard he was lost, I followed and looked for him. I would have searched all night. I never can do enough for him. He is the dearest, best, little fellow in the world," and, turning, she hurried away.

The next morning when Archie rushed into the room where the Christmas tree stood loaded down with gifts, he found beneath it an express wagon, and on the wagon was a beautiful red and green sleigh, exactly like the one he had given to Dick.

Well, Archie was very happy that day, but he thought often of Ellen and poor little Dick, and when the odor of roasted turkey and mince pies crept through the house he wondered if they would have any Christmas dinner.

He asked his mother about it as she was brushing his hair. She only kissed him for reply, but in the dining-room,

the landscape. Now the fir, no longer despised, is a source of considerable income to hundreds of Maine rural people and to the transportation companies as well, for its graceful proportions and balsamic odor have become known to the dwellers in cities, where it is regarded as the ideal tree whereon to display the lights and gifts of holiday time.

The beginning of the popularity of the fir was in 1892, when a party of sportsmen returning in a Boston steam yacht from Newfoundland called at Sargentville, on Penobscot bay, to enable some of the party to visit mines inland. Here the beauty of the firs attracted the attention of the owner of the yacht, who took 500 young trees to Boston and sold them at good prices in the Christmas market at Faneuil hall. Up to that time pines and spruces had been used as Christmas trees, but since the day of the Boston yachtman's speculation the fir has been the favorite. Now about 1,500,000 trees are annually shipped from Maine.

Men, women and children often work together in gathering the Christ-

be laid down for the selection of presents, because the ties which bind human beings together are of infinite variety. There are ties of interest, of friendship, of affection, of love, of gratitude; and these differ in strength and character. No one can give infallible advice to another on this matter.

One rule is pretty safe to follow: A present should be something good of its kind; something honest and genuine. Fifty years ago some of our jewelers used to keep a kind of ware which they called "target-excursion plate." An enormous coffee urn or gigantic speaking trumpet would be plaited with fifteen cents' worth of silver. Politicians generously gave such articles to fire companies and other constituents, to be shot for on their annual excursion. An honest boot-jack had been a worthier prize. In all branches of manufacture there are articles of the target-excursion plate variety—splendid objects for a month or two, and loathsome ever after.—Ex.

The years come and the years go. Good resolutions are formed and re-



DOESN'T WANT MUCH.

He doesn't want very much
At Christmas time this year;
Just a few little things
To boyish hearts so dear.
He'll be content with just a few
Of all the hosts of toys
That Christmas morning ought to bring
To all good little boys.

He only wants a rocking horse,
A trumpet and a drum,
A shiny sword and leather belt,
Some candy and some gum,
A train of cars, and engines, too,
That round the playroom roll,
A fireman's hat, a ball and bat,
And a police patrol.

Some Historical Data.

Few events of great import in the world's history have taken place on Christmas day, but the ancient festival has often been immediately preceded or followed by mighty transactions. A. D. 283, while Romans were celebrating the festival, their emperor, Marcus Aurelius Carus, was killed by lightning. Clovis, the first Christian king of France, was crowned at Rheims Dec. 25, 496. Leo V., emperor of Constantinople, was assassinated Dec. 25, 820. On Christmas day, 1066, William the Conqueror was crowned in London. Gilles De Retz, the famous Bluebeard, was executed on Dec. 24, 1440, at Nantes, for his horrible crimes.

The first Christmas celebrated inside a house on the American continent was in 1618. The pilgrim fathers finished their house at Plymouth, having spent a month looking for a place of settlement. The house was not nearly large enough to accommodate all of the nineteen families, but all united in a fervent song to the Babe of Bethlehem. James Stuart, pretender to the British throne, landed at Peterhead, Scotland, on Christmas day, 1715, and established his court there. On Christmas night, 1776, General George Washington made his memorable crossing of the Delaware. Next day was fought the battle of Trenton. A year later the ragged, hungry, half-frozen, but heroic continental army was at Valley Forge. On the same day, in 1780 England declared war against Holland, an event which gave the American patriots much encouragement. In 1787 the day was worthily occupied by delegates to the Philadelphia convention in framing the constitution of the United States. When the next Christmas came around that immortal document had been ratified by eleven of the states.

In 1789 Washington had been elected the first president of the United States, the constitutional congress had been superseded by the first congress under the constitution and the people of the United States were looking forward to the inaugural ceremonies. This was the first genuinely happy Christmas the American people had experienced in many years. The new American republic, however, was not to have many glad Christmas times. In 1798 it was apparent that the Americans were on the verge of hostilities with France, and when the next Christmas came around war was in progress between the two countries.

Dec. 24, 1804, Spain and England were at war. The following Christmas, 1805, France and Russia decided upon peace. Dec. 25, 1807, the people of the United States were agitated by a congressional bill to abolish the slave trade. In 1812 another war was being waged between England and the United States.

Christmas Eve, 1831, the agitation for the abolition of slavery was begun and John C. Calhoun came forward as the champion of state rights. The greatest snow storm in the experience of England began falling Dec. 24, 1836, and continued during Christmas day. The snow in some places reached a depth of forty feet. All travel was blocked. There was no communication, not even between houses, and avalanches buried many people in their dwellings, where they were frozen. Dec. 24, 1844, the Morse telegraph was experimented with between Baltimore and Washington, and Christmas day messages were successfully dispatched back and forth.



where all the family from far and near were assembled around the table heaped with all manner of good things, she said:

"Archie, come here and welcome your guests," and he found himself seated between a pretty, young girl dressed in white and a very small boy in a new suit of clothes. It was Ellen and her brother Dick.

Money in Christmas Trees.

The Christmas tree industry is now at its height in Maine, many car loads and even vessel loads going forward every week to the large cities. Only a few years ago the fir tree was looked upon as a nuisance in Maine, because it grew as rankly as the burdock and crowded out better growths, while being of no value itself except as it might be considered an ornament to

mas tree harvest, and in some localities the cutting of the greens is made the occasion of a general merrymaking, as at huskings and other farm festivals. The trees are banded up, according to size, in lots of six or a dozen, conveyed on hayracks to the railroad station, and there either sold to traveling buyers or shipped direct to Boston or New York. The farmers get about 5 cents each for the smaller trees, 10 to 15 cents for those eight to ten feet tall. In all, Maine people realize about \$150,000 a year from their crop of Christmas greens.

Suitable Presents.

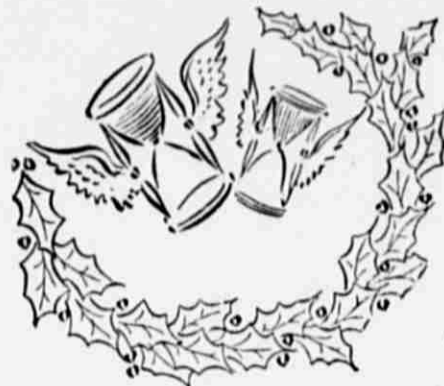
It is not easy to give presents that shall be just right. The charm of a gift lies in its suitability both to giver and receiver—its suitability in kind, quality and value. No rule can

be formed. What if they are not always kept? That constitutes no reason for not making them. Nineteen hundred and two opens as young and fresh as any of its predecessors. Gird on your armor once more for all good works as resolutely as ever before. You have the solid benefit of one more year's experience; profit by it. Never despair! If you have ever stumbled, avoid the same mistake again. If every one were to halt where he makes the first misstep the pedestrians of the world would present a sorry appearance.

Some of us are old scriveners in the volume of Chronos. Many such have benefited little by their long experience, their last year's page being, perhaps, the darkest of all. But it is never too late to mend.—Exchange.



Holiday Supplement



HOLLY AND IVY.

Holly and Ivy made a great party.
Who should have the mastery
In lands where they go.

Then spake Holly: "I am fierce and jolly,
I will have the mastery
In lands where we go."

Then spake Ivy: "I am loud and proud,
And I will have the mastery
In lands where we go."

Then spake Holly and bent him down on
his knee:
"I pray thee, gentle Ivy,
Essay me no villainy
In lands where we go."



A NEW YEAR'S SLEIGH RIDE

It was New Year's Eve. Kate Vivian, the dressmaker in High Street, was making preparations for the sleigh ride party to be given the next evening by Major Frank Fontaine.

"It isn't as if we were going all by ourselves," remonstrated Kate to her fiancé, who had come to her to protest that afternoon. "The Fetherstones are to be of the party, and Mr. Hyde and Susie Mounthee, and—"

"Kate," said George Grayson, taking her hand tenderly into his, "do not go. Let my wishes weigh with you for this once. Respect my prejudices, if prejudices you choose to call them, and give up this mad expedition." But Kate jerked the plump, pretty little hand out of his.

"I am going," she said, her dark eyes sparkling with rebellious determination. "I have promised Major Fontaine, and I do not intend to break my word."

"Kate," he reasoned, "do you know what all this means?"

"I don't understand you," she said. "It means that our engagement will be broken. It means that you are wearied of me—that you prefer the brilliant companionship of Frank Fontaine to my humble devotion!" She was silent. Once more he offered her his hand.

"Good-bye, Kate," said he, pale but quiet. For a second she hesitated; and as he noticed the trace of that uncertainty in her face, his heart beat high within his breast. But alas! the eyes glittered disdainfully once again—the lovely coral lips compressed themselves into an invisible thread of scarlet. She laid her hand lightly in his. "Good-bye," she said, with formal courtesy. And so they parted.

George Grayson went back, feeling as if he had left a dead corpse behind him. He had loved little Kate Vivian so well, so truly. He had toiled so perseveringly and incessantly to make a home for her; he had lived his life so to speak, entirely with reference to her—and now she had thrown him away as carelessly as if he had been a withered bouquet or a worn glove.

"Are all women like that, I wonder?" he said to himself. "Do all love dreams end like mine?"

While little Kate on her part, was flushed and jubilant with a sort of fevered elation, half frightened to think that she had really broken with George Grayson, half angry that he had had the will and resolution to fling off the chains of her bondage. And even while she was selecting her prettiest dress to go on the sleighing expedition, and sewing new ribbons upon her silky Gainsborough hat, she flung the needle down and burst into a hot, sparkling shower of tears.

"Let him go!" she said. "Major Fontaine is richer—handsomer—more stylish. And I am almost sure that Major Fontaine loves me."

Next day she put on the black velvet dress which had taken so many months of her earnings at the dressmaker's atelier to pay for, and set forth upon the sleighing party.

It was an ideal New Year's afternoon; the meadows crusted over with frozen pearl; the woods all "ajingle" with icicles; the sun rising high in the blue cold heavens, and every little roadside stream sealed in shining

plates of ice. Katie Vivian had never been on the boulevard before. It was all new to her, the hosts of gliding sleighs, the four-in-hands, the crowds assembled along the sidewalks to watch the gay throng; and a thrill of innocent, girlish pride arose in her heart as she leaned back in the luxurious little cutter with its red velvet lining, its glossy black fox robe, its chimes of silver ringing bells, and the arching neck and dilated nostrils of the superb jet black horse which drew them. Major Fontaine, in his sealskin coat and cap, his long, drooping mustache, and the diamonds that sparkled in his linen—Kate thought, as she glanced timidly up at him from under the brim of her Gainsborough hat, what a brilliant life it would be to glide along like this at his side! And presently they left the crowds and the hotels and the swarming sleighs behind, and dashed onward, through lonely woods, alongside the ghostly glitter of frozen cascades, athwart dark glens where the orange sunset lay in bars of gold, for miles and miles of gliding swiftness. Until, all of a sudden, there was a creaking, splintering sound—a mad forward plunge of the jet-black steed—and Katie was flung into a snow drift by the side of the road! It was nothing

a cheerful little sitting room, red-curtained, and carpeted with a starting design of roses and tulips, where there was a wood fire burning on the hearth and a shaded lamp on the table. And here she sat rather listlessly, waiting for the rest of the party, when the loud, laughing voices of the young men, adjourning from the piazza into the barroom, struck discordantly on her ears. "A regular little beauty," said one. "I congratulate you, Fontaine," said another. "When is it to come off?" said a third. "Of course, it's a foregone conclusion," remarked yet another. "Don't make fools of yourselves," said Fontaine, sharply. "What's the matter?" cried a loud voice. "Are we mistaken? Isn't it Miss Blanche Boisseau, after all?" "Certainly it isn't!" retorted Fontaine, brusquely. "And I'll trouble you to make a little less free with that lady's name in a place like this. It's only little Kate Vivian, the dressmaker. She's good form and the best of company, and I brought her up here just for the fun of the thing. But as for being engaged to her—that's nonsense. And now leave off talking stuff, and help me with the cutter, will you?" "Only little Kate Vivian, the dressmaker!" The hot blood rose to her

the New Year service, when a little hand fell softly on his arm, and a tremulous voice whispered the one word:

"George!"

"Katie!" he cried, his heart giving an upward bound. "My Katie!"

"Yes, your Katie, George—yours forever!" she answered, hiding her flushed face against his sleeve. "And oh! I have been so silly. But I believe I never shall be again, if only you will forgive me!"

The subject was never again alluded to, and Katie Vivian was married to honest George Grayson in the spring. "He has a heart of gold!" she said. "And I would rather be his wife than to sit upon a throne."

Probably every child in the land has wondered where Santa Claus prepares the stores of knickknacks that he annually distributes throughout the length and breadth of the world. He must be a busy old man, indeed, to make so many things that delight the young of every clime. What is known as Santa Claus' workshop is situated in the very heart of the Black forest of Germany, that region about which so many tales of peril and adventure have been written. For two centuries or more Sonneberg, a picturesque lit-



JOY TO THE WORLD.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her King;
Let every tongue with sacred mirth
His loud applauses sing.

Hark, hark, what news, what joyful news,
To all the nations round;
To-day rejoice, a King is born,
Who is with glory crown'd.

Behold! He comes, the tidings spread,
A Savior full of grace;
He comes, in mercy, to restore,
A sinful, fallen race.



DOLLY'S NEW YEAR PARTY

"Can't I, please, come to your New Year party?" pleaded Jack Mason of his sister Dolly, who sat, with her mother, industriously writing out invitations for a party on New Year's afternoon.

"Yes, Dolly dear, why not invite your brother and a few of his young friends, the brothers of the little girls who are to be of your party?"

"Because, mamma," said Dolly emphatically, "boys are horrid! And they spoil all the fun. And, besides, they eat up everything before we have had time to get seated at the table. We do not want any boys at our New Year party."

"Just as you please, my dear. But I think you make a mistake."

Jack said nothing, but a mischievous look came into his face.

On the afternoon of the party there assembled in Mrs. Mason's parlor twelve as pretty little girls as you ever saw; and for an hour there were games and such high revelry.

By and by a march was played upon the piano, and then Dolly, at the head of the grand procession, marched, with another little girl at her side, gravely through the parlors, around the hall and then down-stairs to the feast in the dining-room.

Dolly glanced at the dishes and gave a cry.

"Oh, mamma!" said Dolly. "Where is all the cake?"

And Bridget, coming in at that moment, threw up her hands in astonishment, exclaiming:

"Where's all the ice cream and the oranges? And look at them sticks and stones on the plates!"

"It's those horrid boys!" said Dolly. It was a saddened little company that crept upstairs again after Mrs. Mason had consoled them as well as she could with sugar-cakes and bread and butter. And as the games progressed, there were tears of mortification wiped off many a little girl's cheek.

Mrs. Mason, going out the back door called the boys and had a long talk with them.

"Now, boys," said she, "there is only one thing you can do to be forgiven."

"What is it?" asked the boys, for they felt ashamed.

"Do as I say, and all will be well!"

"Young ladies," said Mrs. Mason, appearing in the parlor later, "you are requested by the young gentlemen to come down into the dining room. They have something nice to give you."

"Now speak your little speech, Jack," said Mrs. Mason, "and then the young ladies will understand."

"Young ladies," said Jack, "we wish to ask you to join us at our New Year feast. We heard—"

(here Jack stopped to cough a little) "that you were disappointed in yours, and within an hour we have prepared this supper. George froze the cream. Ralph stirred the cake. Willie went to the store for fruit, and as for me, I set the table, and the other boys ran errands. I hope, young ladies, you will like the feast."

"I think, mamma," said Dolly that night, "that boys are very pleasant and nice when they want to be. I am really glad that they came to our party. Next year we'll invite them."



serious, after the first shock and terror were over, and Major Fontaine lifted our frightened little heroine tenderly out of the snow.

"It was only a fallen bough across the road," he explained. "I didn't see it in the twilight, but Sultan shied at it, and the cutter is broken. And now you will have to walk with me a few steps up the road—fortunately there is a hotel near by—and wait until the rest of the party come up, and we can patch the cutter together. Pray do not allow yourself to be annoyed. The moon will be up in half an hour and we shall have a delightful return trip." And so Katie brushed away her tears and smiled once more as she accepted the support of his arm up the hillside.

Several young men were lounging on the steps of the hotel as they came up, to all of whom Major Fontaine appeared to be well known, and Katie was led by the bustling landlady into

cheeks like a boiling tide at the accents of cool contempt in which the words were spoken.

"He despises me," she said to herself. "He has only brought me here to amuse his idle fancy, and all the while I—foolish I—have been imagining that he loved me. Oh! what is his frothy fancy to the deep, noble, enduring love of George Grayson? Oh! what a fool, what an idiot I have been!"

And during all the long homeward ride Katie Vivian scarcely spoke to Major Fontaine.

"She isn't as good fun as I thought," said the discomfited cavalier to himself. "I'll be hanged if I ask her out again! And, besides, Blanche might hear of it, and there would be the deuce and all to pay."

George Grayson was standing sadly by the church door that evening, waiting for his mother to come out from

the village surrounded by mountains and dense forests, has been known to the world as the workshop of the good saint of childhood. Here it is that most of the finest playthings of the Christmas season are produced—dolls, soldiers, houses, animals and all sorts of gaudily colored trinkets.

Some one has said that there cannot be found in literature a single Christmas sermon which meets the occasion. Of course there cannot. The occasion is the new birth of the world. Unless the preacher is competent to say how far the world has grown since its new birth—unless he can comprehend and declare the infinite greatness of the kingdom of God which the Savior of men promises in the world, and unless the same preacher can describe the world as it was, "the people who sat in darkness," he cannot preach the sermon which shall meet "the occasion."—Edward Everett Hale.



A Certain Man in this Town Needs Watching...

Is he your husband, your brother or your son? We have noticed the poor fellow gazing longingly at the GOOD WATCHES in Williams' window as he thought of the worn-out, worthless time-piece in his pocket. Doesn't he deserve a better one? Does he deserve any Christmas present? Then in a possible list of five hundred givable things, there is not one that will so perfectly meet his appreciation as a watch.

U. B. WILLIAMS.

HOME NEWS.

"Opera mufflers" at Coons'. Buy your toilet sets from C. O. Lawrence.

Table syrups both maple and sugar at McMahon Bros.

See my Xmas novelties in fine photos. Murphy Studio.

See Eggleston & Lawrence's line of material for fancy work.

Special prices on lamps for holidays at Collar's bazaar.

Eggleston & Lawrence carry a full line of material for Christmas fancy work.

A party will be given by the Lowell orchestra at Train's opera house Christmas night.

Malaga grapes, oranges, lemons, bananas, figs, cranberries and fancy apples. McMahon Bros.

Nothing is more appropriate than photos for Xmas gifts and at Murphy's studio is the place to get them.

We are at the head of the procession with all that is newest and best in holiday groceries.

R. Van Dyke.

Will be here this week, the best 100 piece decorated dinner sets ever shown in Lowell \$7.00. Guaranteed at C. O. Lawrence's great store.

The first boy or girl who brings two complete and clean copies of the THE LOWELL LEDGER for Oct. 24, 1901, will receive a dime. Only two wanted.

Fine new line of calling cards just received at this office. We have the latest thing in script type to print them with too. Only 35c for 50—the latest and best.

Fancy golf gloves at Coons'. Pure maple sugar at Van Dyke's. Buy your lamps from C. O. Lawrence.

O. A. Thomas moved his family to Ionia Monday.

Special low price sewing machine sale at Stocking's.

The popular Refus Waterhouse neckwear at Coons'.

Watch out for our new story: "A Case in Equity."

F. M. Johnson and family spent Sunday with relatives at Imlay City.

Fancy cranberries, celery and lettuce for the holidays at Van Dyke's.

Don't forget the party given by the Lowell orchestra Xmas night.

Fine photos at \$1.00 per dozen, better ones at \$1.50 and \$2.00.

Murphy's Studio.

Mrs. M. McMahon returned Saturday from a visit with relatives in Howell.

Decorated lamp 10 inch globe, 24 inches high for only \$1.98 at Collar's bazaar.

Mrs. S. O. Littlefield received word last week of the death of her brother in London.

Mrs. Wm. Hall of Grand Ledge visited her sister, Mrs. Orton Hill the first of the week.

A fine lot of new display type for the benefit of our busy advertisers just received this week.

Weyrick's meat market looks very nice in its new wall paper and lighted with an arc lamp.

What would be a more pleasing gift to a friend than a fine photo of yourself from Murphy's Studio.

Cash paid for all kinds of hardwood logs. Custom sawing done.

J. H. CARY,

R. R. junction, Lowell. 34

John Randall and M. D. Langworthy just received six hundred pounds of Lake Superior fish between them.

MAN WANTED to do chores for winter. Good wages to willing and reliable man. C. H. Blackman, J. E. Lee farm. 1f.

The Lowell Specialty company is preparing an active campaign on its Michigan Cream Separators, and an order for 20,000 four page circulars hangs on THE LEDGER'S job hook.

All diseases start in the bowels. Keep them open or you will be sick. Cascarets act like nature. Keep liver and bowels active without a sickening griping feeling. Six million people take and recommend Cascarets. Try a 10c box. All druggists

Cuff buttons at Williams'. Fancy silk lined kid gloves at Coons'.

Air guns cheap for the boys for Xmas at Stocking's.

VanDyke will have a large supply of holly for Christmas.

Take a look at C. O. Lawrence's east window and get prizes.

If he is hard to please get him three Monarch shirts at Coons'.

Mrs. Thomas Lalley had a fall last Friday and dislocated her ankle.

The largest assortment of books ever brought to Lowell, at W. S. Winegar's.

Take a look at C. O. Lawrence's 100 piece decorated dinner sets English ware worth \$10 for \$8.50.

Mrs. Amelia Hodges of Grand Rapids has been spending the past two weeks with her father, J. M. Mathewson.

THE LEDGER office has two orders for job work aggregating \$100. We are thankful for our friends and try to deserve them.

Egypt as Seen by Ira D. Sankey.

A voice that has reached around the world is that of the well-known evangelist Ira D. Sankey, so long associated with the late D. L. Moody, and there is in every part of the Christian world a marked interest in his personality. Mr. Sankey describes entertainingly in the January Delineator, in the first of two papers, his journey through Egypt, supplementing his narrative by a large number of striking photographs taken by his son. The story of the finding of the mummy of Ramses 2 by Abder Rasul Almad is here published in detail, probably for the first time.

*"A Chain is
No Stronger than
Its Weakest Link."*

but this does not apply to our line of watch chains. Each link in our chains is gold soldered and they are strong enough for all kinds of usage. They represent the product of the leading manufacturers. Our ladies' chains have the latest designs in gold slides set with best quality stones while our gents line comprises all the styles for their wear. See the line at

U. B. WILLIAMS.

Xmas Presents

For both young and old
For slim pocketbooks and
For your inspection.

Dolls
Books
Toys
Games
Lamps
Jardiniers
Toilet Sets

Dinner Sets
Water Sets
and the finest line
of China ever
shown in
Lowell

Collar's Bazaar,

West Side.

LETTER FROM HOMER WARREN.

How to Get Rid of Corruption in Politics.

The following letter was received in response to a marked copy of THE LEDGER containing allusions to the boyhood days of Homer Warren, Detroit's future mayor.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 15, 1901.
Mr. F. M. Johnson,
Lowell, Mich.

My dear friend:—

I have read with much appreciation the kind words you say of me in THE LEDGER Dec. 12th. I believe every one feels gratified when they find good things said of them, especially by old friends.

I have no political ambition however. My business is one that requires my personal attention and whenever I am in politics at all it is at quite a sacrifice of my personal interests. I firmly believe that we are coming into a new era in politics and the old methods must give place to new and better conditions.

We had a hard fight to get the Australian ballot. This has been a great benefit and now if we can go a step farther and give the people as much independence in the nominations as in the elections we will have taken a long step towards doing away with corruption of

politics.

It is like getting a breath from my youth to hear from one who knew me in that long distant past. If you are in Detroit please come and see me and let us have a talk about "Auld Lang Syne."

Very sincerely yours,
Homer Warren.

CHURCHES & SOCIETIES

Methodist.

On Thursday evening the short sermon by the Pastor will be on the theme, "The Lord shall fight for you, * * * go forward."

In the third sermon, in the series of sermons on the themes, "After Conversion, What?" next Sunday morning, some Difficulties and Cautions will be considered. How is it that the good man may sometimes tell an untruth but he never tells a lie? How is it that a holy man may sometimes trespass but he cannot sin without losing his purity? How is it that some holy people are much more attractive than others?

On Sunday evening next the theme will be:

"Mercy and Truth have met together, Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other."

Preparations are being made for Christmas exercises and a Christmas tree on Christmas eve.

At the Sunday school board meeting on Wednesday evening, Dec. 11, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Supt., John E. Strong; Asst. Supts., J. B. Yeiter and Mrs. E. R. Collar; Prim. Supt., Carrie Avery; Sec., David Mauge; Asst. Sec and Treas., Clara Lawrence; Organist, Lenna Yeiter; Chorister, Carl English; Librarian, Nettie McNaughton; Asst. Lib., Celia Noble.

Clara Lawrence will have charge of the Epworth league meeting Sunday evening and the topic is: "Our Gifts to Our King." A large attendance is desired.

An object lesson has been promised to the Juniors at their Sunday afternoon meeting. Let them all be present. They want to get their parts ready for the Christmas exercises.

Societies.

Lowell Lodge, No. 90, F. and A. M. held their annual election Tuesday evening.

Hooker Chapter, No. 28, R. A. M. will hold its annual election Wednesday evening, Dec. 25.

Coons sells the opera muffler.

The happy fellow who will

Ring-ing the Christmas Belle...

must look in Williams' window to learn what's what in proper furniture for the dear girls' hand. Williams present stock of Rings was never equaled in any previous showing in Lowell. It isn't that the quantity of his Rings is so, and the variety so extensive, as that the patterns are so surpassing fine. These Rings of Williams speak the last words of art in ornament. And the prices are as verified as the Rings, and every single Ring will seem to you to be worth more than Williams will ask you to pay for it.

U. B. Williams

Logan.

Born—To Smiah Weaver and wife a girl. Clifford Hattleston of Fort Sheridan Ill., was the guest of Robert Ford Thursday, Mrs. R. W. Warner of Maple Grove, Ohio, was the guest of Norman Ford and family Thursday and Friday.

Listen for the wedding bells at Logan. Mr. Transue will lecture at the East Bowne school Sunday evening, the 21, on Education.

A number from this place took in the holiday excursion to Canada.

Miss Lettie Walton is improving at this writing.

E. Hentzelman made a business trip to Grand Rapids last week.

A number from this place attended the party at Clarksville Thursday evening.

Johnny Keller of Huron county is visiting relatives here.

C. O. Lawrence has his basement full of hand-sleds and they are going like hot cakes.

Wanted—New milch cows. Highest prices paid. Address or call John W. Murphy, Box 30, Citizen Phone 83, Lowell, Mich. Dec 18.

We wish to call the attention of the ladies to the fact that Jaxon Pure Baking Powder is one of the best high grade powders on the market. Sold at a reasonable price, 20c per pound and 10c per 1/2 pound. Every can guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Most all groceries handle it. Manufactured by the Peninsula Spice Co., Jackson, Mich.

...AGITATING LOWELL...

Metropolitan Methods of Merchandising Show People How Reliable Goods
Can Be Sold Cheap.

With us it is "How cheap we can sell these goods," NOT "How much can we get for them." The time is past when we feel it necessary to merely announce this

GREAT SALE OF RELIABLE DRY GOODS

Hundreds and hundreds of people have been here during this sale. They have told their friends about the bargains to be had here and the result has been A Crowded Store Day after day the store has been crowded with bargain seekers. The store has been crowded with bargains. That's the reason. They are not bargains on paper, either; but good honest, half-price values in dollars and cents. We are not losers by this sale. We are not "selling at a sacrifice," because we bought the stock so far below its value. Way below. At the same time you gain by saving money. You can buy two items for what you usually pay for one. See? It's a plain business proposition. What We Advertise We Do. Everybody who has been here knows this is so. Have you been here? Have you taken advantage of these money-saving opportunities? Here are a few items. Do you need some of them?

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 Godd 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
Scorecher Bleached Cotton, 36 in wide	05 Good Denims	09 Extra Nice Cotton Bed Blankets 11-4 per pair	08 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	98 Ladies Wool Hose	12 1/2
Lonsdale Bleached Cotton	07 Everett Denims	12 All other Bed Blankets in proportion	Ladies All Wool Hose	25
Fruit of the Loom Cotton	07 Ladies Wrappers, \$1.00 quality	58 Our Noted 9c Bats going at	Ladies Extra Fine All Wool Hose	22
Good Cambric, 36 in wide	09 Common Check Shirting	3 1/2 Our Elegant 12 1/2c Bats going at	10 Men's All wool Hose	13
Lonsdale Cambric (best quality)	10 Good Shirting	07 Our Superb 15c Bats going at	12 1/2 Ladies Jersey Underwear	19
Good Apron Check Gingham	3 1/2 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	2 1/2 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	reduced prices	
Good Silecia and Percoline	10 and 12 1/2 Fancy Toweling	10 44 inch All Wool Prunella	08 Ladies Electric Seal Scarfs with Six Tails	87
Best Silecia and Percoline	15 Checked Toweling	09 All other dress goods in proportion	Ladies Electric Seal Muffs	87
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.

He Who Listened.

BY MARY KING EMORY.
(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

He sat by the roadside, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands, gazing at the sunlit hills before him. The afternoon was hot, and he was tired and hungry. He had walked many miles since morning, and the dirty face beneath the torn hat-brim was streaked and smeared with perspiration. It was a careworn, hopeless face; a face upon which want and privation had left their marks, a face which childish pleasures had hurried by; but in the eyes there was an expression of defiance, mingled with uncertainty.

Before him the sandy road stretched southward; behind him rose the rugged hills, with their scanty covering of stunted oak and pine trees and a meagre sprinkling of scattered houses.

Moving uneasily, he glanced anxiously over his shoulder at the clay-daubed house in the clearing, half-way up the hill behind him; then his eyes wandered back to the hills again.

"I dunno what ter do," he muttered, at last. "It were bad afore Mammy went away, but et's worse since 'Liza Snow an' th' new baby come. Yest-day her knocked me over, an' th' day afore Dad beat me, an' now I got th' chance I'm a-goin'."

His hand clinched and the shrill, childish voice had a defiant ring. The sun was sinking in the west, flooding the hills with gold, while from somewhere out of the pines came the tinkle of a cow bell. The boy shuddered.

"I dun th' best I knowed fur youns, Mammy," he whispered; "but fur little Tildy Ann—"

His voice ended in a sob, and tears trickled unheeded down the dirty little face. The hills, the houses and the trees faded away. He saw again the room in the house on the hill behind him, with its few battered cooking utensils, its splint-bottomed chairs and worn deal table. Lying on a bed in the corner was a woman, her eyes bright with a feverish light, her wasted face turned toward the window, through which she watched the setting sun.

"Joe," she said at last, wearily turning her head. "I'm a-goin' Home tonight, an' I wants yer to promise afore I go that yer'll take care o' little Tildy Ann. I dun the best I could fur ye," she continued, brokenly; "though, Gord knows, 'twan't much. Yer dad won't care when I'm gone, and more'n like he'll take ter beatin' ye, when he ain't got me." She looked yearningly at the child beside her. "So I wants yer to promise that yer'll al-lus stan' atween him an' Tildy; then I ken rest easy."

And, kneeling there in the gathering darkness, he gave his promise to the dying woman. That night all was over, and the clay-daubed house perched on the rocky hillside was filled with the silence which comes only when life has flown. Early the next day he had helped his father and some of the neighbors bury her, in a grove beneath the hill, where the pines concealed a requiem and the withered oak leaves moaned through the long winter nights. For two years he had been faithful to his trust; for two years, and now—

"I dunno what ter do," he sobbed; "I dunno what ter do!" He had lost sight of the ugly clay-daubed house and the familiar hills that morning for the first time in his life. Long before sunrise he had crept from the house and followed the road as it wound around the hills like some great snake in the purple morning light toward the distant town. He walked until the rugged mountains rising above his home grew hazy and indistinct; until strange scenes and new faces met him at every turn. Once or twice he had been given a "lift" by some friendly mountaineer, to whom he boldly "lowed he were a-goin' ter th' circus." But when he reached the town, with its unaccustomed sights and sounds, he felt alarmed and uncertain as to what to do. Hesitatingly he followed the hurrying crowd toward the circus tent; but as he neared it the strangeness of the scene, the music and the noise frightened him. Pushing his way through the crowd he looked anxiously about for some means of escape, when suddenly he determined to run around to the back of the tent, for there all seemed quiet. Unnoticed and alone he crouched in the grass until, gaining courage with

said good-naturedly, "whar'd yer come from? Look er here, pals," he shouted, "here's a brat whar's dared ter inter th' private apartments o' th' actors o' 'Th' Greatest Show on Earth.'" Lifting the boy to his shoulder, he carried him to the center of the tent, where the other occupants quickly gathered about them. Somehow the tired, unchildish face seemed to arouse the sympathy of the rough-looking men, for they showed him the animals and gave him food, until, happy and contented, he forgot his timidity and unhesitatingly answered their questions.

"So yer dont like Mis' Snow an' th' baby, an' yer dad beats yer?" the big man said, handing the boy another hunk of bread and meat. "Wall, how'd yer like ter come wid us?" The boy looked at him in amazement.

"I lows I'd like ter," he said at last.

"Wal, yer can ef yer wants ter. Yer looks honest, an' I needs a boy ter



"I been a-lookin' fur youns," rub down th' 'orses an' things. Yer'll get enough ter eat, an' nobody won't beat yer. An' maybe," persuasively, "yer can ride a 'orse an' wear fine clothes, like these gentl'men some day," waving his hand toward his companions.

The boy's eyes sparkled and the unchildish face flushed with excitement. Enough to eat, and no beatings! He caught his breath.

"I lows I'd like to go fust rate," he said, "ef—ef I ken take Tildy."

The man looked at him in surprise.

"Who's she?" he asked, good-naturedly; "your dawg?"

The boy hung his head, abashed.

"No," he said at last, with dignity; "her ain't no dawg. Her's my sister."

The men looked at one another in silence, then at the child. The big man whistled softly.

"We can't take no gals," he said, kindly. "But ef yer goes wid us maybe yer'll come back some day wid heaps o' money, an' then yer can take her away. Come on, boys," he shouted; "et's time fur th' show ter begin. Good-by, sonny," he said, turning to the boy; "an', recollect, ef yer goes wid us yer'll have ter be on han' by 'leven tonight, fur then we moves."

The boy looked at him searchingly for a moment, then nodded his head.

"I'll be back afore 'leven," he said gravely.

Crawling under the canvas again, he ran across the fields to the road beyond, where he commenced the walk back over the mountains to tell Tildy good-by.

At first the weary miles seemed short to the boy, whose mind was filled with happy visions of the future. But now, as he sat by the roadside below his home, in the fast-gathering darkness, he felt miserable and uncertain as to what to do. He had just come from the grave beneath the hill, after covering it with vines and wayside flowers; but somehow the red clay mound seemed to reproach him for faltering in his trust. When he started up the path to the road again he had determined to go away without seeing Tildy. Yet he still waited, though the shadows were lengthening and the katydids were beginning to call. Thoughts of the child that he had "taken care of" for two years haunted him, while the remembrance of his promise kept ringing in his ears.

"I dunno what ter do," he moaned, covering his face with his hands; "I dunno what ter do!"

The dark chieftain night crept up the hills, while vanquished day, followed by his banners of crimson and gold, slowly disappeared. A light shone from the cabin on the hill and harsh voices floated out on the quiet evening air. The boy heard footsteps coming down the path from the house and a timid, childish voice called, "Joe!"

The boy, sitting in the shadow of the oak trees, started.

"I been a-lookin' fur youns everywhar!" the child sobbed. "Whar is youns, Joe?"

The boy rose slowly, his mouth set, his eyes filled with a look of determination. Hitching his suspenders over his shoulders and pulling his hat farther over his face, he turned slowly toward the rocky path.

"All right, Tildy," he called cheerfully, "don't cry; I'm a-comin'!"

Terms.

"Sir!" exclaimed the legislator who had been "approached," feigning indignation in the hope of a raise, "how dare you offer me this gross insult?" "Pardon me," replied the lobbyist, who knew his man, "but this offer is absolutely net."—Philadelphia Press.

The Object of Attention.

"I see that your wife takes great interest in manual training." "Yes," answered Mr. Meekton gently, "and I'm the man."—Washington Star.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE IS ON OUR JOURNEY THROUGH LIFE.

Text from Joshua: "Ye Have Not Passed This Way Heretofore"—Opportunities Must Be Taken Advantage Of Now—Necessity for Trust in God.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.) Washington, Dec. 15.—This discourse is a most unusual presentation of things that take place in our lives, and Dr. Talmage pleads for merciful interpretation of human behavior. The text is Joshua iii, 4, "Ye have not passed this way heretofore."

In December, 1885, I waded the river Jordan, and although the current was strong, I was able to bear up against it, but in the time of spring freshet when the snows on Mount Lebanon melt, nothing but a miracle would enable anyone to cross the river. It was at the dangerous spring-time that Joshua and the officers of his army uttered the words of my text to the people who were in a few hours to cross the Jordan. About that crossing we say but little, because on a previous occasion we discoursed concerning that piling up of the waters into crystal barricade. We only speak of the march to the brink of the river. No stranger thing has ever occurred in all history.

What was truthfully said of the ancient Israelites may be truthfully said of us. We are making our first and last journey through this world. It is possible, as some of my good friends believe, that this world will be corrected and improved and purified and floralized and emparadised as to climate and soil and character until it shall become a heaven for the ransomed, but I do not think it. I have an idea that heaven is already built somewhere. Our departed friends could not wait until this world is fixed up for saintly and angelic residence. Having once gone out of the world, I do not think we will come back, except as ministering spirits to help those who remain in the earthly struggle or perhaps to look at the wondrous spectacle of a burning planet.

But, leaving that theory aside, we are very sure that we are for the first time walking the earthly pilgrimage. "Ye have not passed this way before." Other folks have gone over the same road we are traveling, but it is our first trip. New appearances, new temptations, new sorrows, new joys. That is the reason so many lose their way. They meet some one on the road of life and ask for direction, and wrong direction is given. We have all been perplexed by misdirection after asking the way to some place we wished to visit. Some one said to us, "Take the first road to the right, and having gone a mile on that road, take the first road to the left, and you will soon reach your destination." We took the advice, but our informer forgot a turn in the road, or forgot one of the roads leading to the left, and we took the wrong road and were lost in the woods, and night came on, and we were put to great irritation and trouble.

The fact is I blame no one for making lifetime mistakes. I pity them instead of blaming them. There are so many wrong roads, but only one right one. You cannot in middle life draw upon your youthful experiences for wisdom, for middle life is so entirely different from youth. You cannot in old age draw upon middle life experiences, for the two stages of existence are so diverse. What is wisdom for one man to do would be folly for another to undertake. A man of nerve and pluck is not qualified to advise a man timid and shrinking. An achievement that would be easy for you might be impossible for me. Human advice is ordinarily of little value. Most of the great mistakes that have been made have been made under human advice.

So, alas, it may be said to every nation, "Ye have not passed this way before." Our own republic is going through novel experiences. Every president, every congress, has new crises to meet and new questions to settle. So prophecies made about conditions in this country fifty years from now may turn out as far untrue as the prophecies made fifty years ago by the greatest of American statesmen when he declared on yonder Capitol hill that it was unwise to think of civilization or prosperity the other side of the Rocky mountains, and according to his belief the Pacific coast would be the perpetual abode of barbarians and mountain lions, and we must not think of annexing those forbidding regions.

Many prophecies in regard to our nation failed and many prophecies concerning its future will fail because it is traveling a new road. The opinion of a Monroe or a Jefferson in the far past is not of as much value as the opinion of our wisest men now. How could men know in 1823 what it would be best for this nation to do in 1901? In all other things the world has advanced. Can it be that in statesmanship it has gone back and that this opening of the twentieth century must consult the opening of the nineteenth century? "Ye have not passed this way before."

Ye, our entire world is on a new pathway. It may be swinging in the same old orbit as when by the hand of the Almighty immensity was sprinkled with worlds, but it has been rocked with earthquakes and scorched with volcanic fires and whelmed with tidal waves and wrought upon by climatic changes—cities sunk and islands lifted, and mountains avalanched into valleys. So it is another world than that which was first started in the solar system.

Yet it is all the time changing and will keep changing until the hour of its demolition. Of this beautiful world, this lustrous, this glorious world, it may be said, "Ye have not passed this way before."

What is the practical use of this subject? Instead of putting so much stress upon human advice and instead of asking of the past what we ought to do, follow the divine leading as the men of Joshua followed the golden lidded chest of acacia, which was the symbol of the divine presence. Not human, but divine, leadership, Joshua not consulting with his colonels and lieutenants, but consulting with God—the God of individuals, the God of nations, the God of worlds.

The Israelites needed to learn the lesson of reverence, as we all need to learn it. Irreverence has cursed all nations, and none more than our own. Irreverence in the use of God's name. Hear you it not on the streets and in social groups, and is not a profane word sometimes thought necessary to point jocosity? Irreverence for the Scriptures, the phraseology of the Bible often introduced into the most frivolous conversation and made mirth provoking. Irreverence for the oath in court-room or custom house or legislative hall by the conventional and mechanical mode of its administration. Irreverence for the holy Sabbath by the way it is broken in pleasurable excursions and carousal. Irreverence on the part of children for their parents, insolence being substituted for obedience. Irreverence for rulers, which induces vile cartoons and assassination. Irreverence in church during prayer, measuring off song and sermon by cold, artistic or literary criticism, and in prayer time neither bowing the head nor bending the knee nor standing as one does in the presence of earthly ruler, thus showing more respect for a man than to the King of Kings. We ask not for genuflections or circumflexions or prostrations, but when prayer is offered let us either bow the head or bend the knee or let us in some way prove that we are not indifferent.

You will do well to follow the divine leading, as the path you tread now has not yet been trodden. "Ye have not passed this way before." Many of you are suffering from just such annoyances as have not occurred in all your history. There have been meannesses practiced upon you or you have received slights or you are the subject of misinterpretations or you are in the midst of sore disappointments or there are demands made upon your strength and time more than you can meet or some physical ailment is laying siege to your castle of health or you are under embarrassments that you cannot mention even to nearest friends. You say: "Well, I never saw anything like this. I never expected such treatment as this. I never thought it possible to be placed in such circumstances." And when you say all that you are only translating the words of my text into your own phraseology. If you had suffered something like this before, you would have known what to do, but here is a flank movement for which you are not ready.

As you have had no experience of this kind upon which to draw for wisdom and as you cannot fully state all the circumstances to any human ear, go to God and tell him all about it. He knows already, but it will relieve you and help you if you tell him. That is what he has been doing ever since the world got into trouble by disobedient behavior on the banks of the Euphrates. If in the first chapter of the Bible we see the gate through which the woes of the world entered, in the third chapter of the Bible we see the opening of the gate through which they are to be driven out. Sacrificial lambs foretelling the Lamb of God. Rock stricken into gushing floods, typical of the fact that the world's thirst is going to be slaked. Pillar of fire hoisted above wilderness march. Star of hope over birthplace in a barn. Sepulchers rent open. Trumpets of deliverance sounded. The infinite God listening with an ear in which a whisper 10,000 miles away is as audible as thunder.

But follow the ark, and it will lead you to rivers of consolation. You will find that your child has gone into a heaven of children, a land where children are in vast majority, a score of infant souls to the vast majority of the race die in infancy. Heaven a great playground for children. Palaces for kings and queens? Oh, yes! But what wide halls of pleasure, what gardens of delight, what raptures, such as on earth with ball and kite and hoop they never felt! Let them go, mother. You can trust him in the land of music and flowers. The front door of that eternal home was opened by him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for such is the kingdom of heaven." What a time the children have up there! What rounds of gladness! What laughter of eternal glee! Follow the ark, and it will lead you to the crossing into the reunions of the home where you will never part.

As our sorrows are new, our joys are new and all our experiences are new. Our life is one long discovery of things that we did not know and could not know, because we have not passed this way before. We have found, for instance, that gratitude is the rarest of virtues. You used to suppose that if you do a kindness it will be fully appreciated and reciprocated. You have found out by experience, as you could have found out in no other way, that gratitude is apt to be only another ax to grind. You have found out that you should do the right thing not with respect to reward or gratitude, but because it is the right thing to do. Many are miserable because they are all the way looking for gratitude which they cannot find. You might as well go down Pennsylvania avenue, Washing-

ton, or Broadway, New York, or Tremont street, Boston, your eyes scrutinizing the pavements looking for turquoises and emeralds and rubies. Perhaps you might find them, but there is not much probability that in fifty years you would find one of them.

Another discovery that surprises us because we had not passed this way before is the fact that if two be in quarrel or in war with each other the one who is the most wrong is the hardest and the slowest to make up.

But closely allied is the other fact which we hinted at in the opening—that we will not pass this way again. This is our only opportunity for doing certain things that ought to be done. On all sides there are griefs we ought to solace, hunger we ought to feed, cold that we ought to warm, kind words that we ought to speak, generous deeds we ought to perform. All that you and I do toward making this world better and happier we must do very soon or never do at all. Joshua and his troops never came back over the way they were marching toward the crossing of the Jordan. The impress of the sandal or the bare feet of each soldier showed in what direction he was going, but never did the impress of the sandal of any one of them show that he had returned. We are all facing eternity to come. There is no retreat. Alertness and fidelity would not be so important if we could truthfully say: "I will be back here again. The things I neglect now I will do the next time I come, I will be reincarnated, and I will resume my earthly obligations. Having then more knowledge than I have now, I will discharge my earthly duties better than I can now discharge them. I do not give solemn farewell to these obligations and opportunities, but a smiling and cheery good-by until I see them again." No; we cannot say that. There will be no new and corrected edition of the volume of our earthly life. How many millions of people have lived and died I know not, but of all the human race who have gone only seven persons that I now think of have returned, the son of the widow at Zarephath, the young man of Nain, the ruler's daughter, Tabitha, Eutychus, Lazarus and Christ. Among all the ages to come I do not suppose there will be one more who will return to this life, having once left it.

Lord Bacon said that he who shall discover the way to make myrrh soluble by human blood will discover immortal life on earth, but no such discovery will ever be made. With what suggestive solemnity does this thought charge every hour of our earthly existence. It is said that it is possible to know which way the wind blew at the time of the deluge by the mark of the wave still to be found in the sand, and the direction of our influence, however slight, will leave a mark that will last forever.

At this point I ask you to notice the fact that my text does not call attention to the crossing of the Jordan, but to the way leading thereto. We all think much of our crossing of the Jordan when the march of our life is ended, but put too little emphasis on the way that leads to the crossing. What you and I need most to care about is the direction of the road we are traveling. We need have no fear of the crossing if we come to it in the right way. In other words, we need not care about death if our life has been what it ought to be. We will die right if we live right.

What an absurdity it would have been for Joshua and his men to have asked each other questions like these: "How can we cross the Jordan if we get there? Will not the water be too deep to allow us to wade? Will we not all be so saturated that we may lose our lives by exposure? How many of us can swim? Had we better not wait until the annual freshet has subsided?" No such folly did they commit. They were anxious chiefly about the way that they had "not passed before" and were ignorant of and to keep their eyes on the golden covered acacia box, wing mounted, which was the ark of the covenant.

O hearer, stop bothering about your exit from sublunary scenes! By the grace of God get your heart right and then go ahead. If the Lord takes care of you clear on to the bank on this side of the river, I think you can trust him to take you from bank to bank on the other side. Keep your eye on the ark, and whatever betides, you will go through all right.

One Easter morning Massena, the marshal of France, appeared with 18,000 armed men on the heights above the town of Feldkirch. There were no arms to defend the town, and the inhabitants were wild with terror. Then the old dean of the church cried out: "My brothers, this is Easter day! We have been depending on our own strength, and that fails. Let us turn to God. Ring the bells and have service as usual." Then the bells rang out sweetly and mightily from the church towers of Feldkirch, and the people thronged to the houses of prayer for worship. The sound of the bells made the enemy think that the Austrian army had come in to save the place, and Massena and his 18,000 soldiers retreated. By the time the bells had stopped ringing there was not one soldier in sight. So put your trust in God, and when hosts of troubles and temptations march for your overthrow ring all the bells of hope and faith and Christian triumph, and the threatening perils of your life will fall back, and your deliverance will be celebrated all up and down the skies. The God who led you through the way you never passed before will be with you at all the crossings.

England spends £8,400,000 a year on her paupers, Scotland £900,000, Ireland, £1,400,000, France less than £1,500,000.

Permanent Pasture.

At most farmers' conventions during recent years, the permanent pasture has been either ignored or condemned. The pasture that can take its place in the rotation has come to be quite generally considered as the only profitable one for the advanced farmer. Some of our best dairymen declare it does not pay to pasture land worth \$100 per acre, and that the returns in feed from the permanent pasturage are too small to be considered. Mr. Gurlier, who raises enough feed on one acre to more than support a cow a year certainly seems to have the argument on his side when he declares that he cannot afford to pasture his land.

But at the convention of Illinois Live Stock Breeders last week, Professor Curtis, of the Iowa Agricultural College, declared very emphatically in favor of the permanent pasture. He declared that beef could be made cheaper on grass than on anything else. The pastures should receive regular attention every year, as blue grass pastures have a tendency to run out if grazed constantly. The best pasture land is that that has never seen a plow. He recited the fact that English pastures are allowed to remain in grass for hundreds of years. He renews his pastures by disking and harrowing whenever the land seems to require it. This work is done in the spring as soon as the frost is out of the ground.

It was urged by other men present that these old pastures sometimes get too rich with the droppings from successive generations of animals. Mr. S. N. King said that he had a pasture that had not been disturbed for thirty-five years, and during that time has received the manure from cattle, horses, sheep and swine. In some places now the grass is left untouched, and the cattle will not eat it even if it is cut and dried. He had formed the opinion that the land is too rich and should be plowed up. Mr. McCutchen said he had had a pasture that acted that way, and he had overcome the difficulty by going over it with a disk and harrow.

Iowa conditions may differ essentially from those in Illinois, but such is probably not the case. Whether the permanent pasture be profitable or not, it is certainly in evidence on every hand. For the most part, the permanent pasture is the most neglected land on the farm. Professor Curtis could not have had the average pasture in mind when he declared it profitable. Doubtless the permanent pasture that makes part of his theory is one so well cared for that each acre will give 365 days' feed in a year. Such a pasture may be profitable, even on high-priced land.

Horticultural Observations.

As is known to many readers of the Farmers' Review tomatoes and cucumbers are grown quite extensively in greenhouses. Under these conditions pollination by the wind and by insects is out of the question. Visitors to the University of Illinois have just now a good opportunity of observing the process of pollination under artificial conditions. In the case of both cucumbers and tomatoes it is a simple task and quickly completed. The individual blossoms of cucumbers are fertilized by their own pollen. The attendant takes a silver teaspoon, places it under an open blossom and taps it lightly. A dust-like substance collects in the spoon. Into this the attendant pushes the pistils of the flower from which he has just collected the pollen, and the work is done. The cucumber plant bears two kinds of blossoms—male and female. The female plant shows a small cucumber formation at the base of the flower. The male blossom shows only a flower resting on a globular base. The male flower is picked opened and shaken over the female flower. The rest is left to Nature.

The horticultural department of the University is doing some good work relative to spraying. Maps for illustrative teaching are being made, showing good and bad methods of spraying and good and bad ingredients used in the process. One series shows Paris green as seen under the microscope. In the pure article the particles appear as small green globes. The bogus article under the microscope shows green crystals instead of green globes. One commercial substitute named "Paragrene" consists of a few green globes scattered through a mass of worthless rubbish. The charts should enable an intelligent man to determine, by the aid of a microscope, the value of any lot of Paris green offered for sale. The charts that illustrate the different processes of spraying, show how a sprayed fruit appears when seen through the microscope. The leaf that has received the spray mist is covered with particles of the solution, evenly and thinly. The improperly sprayed leaf has great drops of the spray mixture hanging to some parts with nothing on other parts. The result will be found later in the burning of the leaf in places by the spray solution, and the rusting of the rest of the leaf by the fungus that escaped the spray.

The bronze statue of William E. Gladstone by Maria Raggi was recently unveiled at Manchester, England. When Gladstone introduced the home rule bill in the House of Commons, Raggi, the Italian sculptor, was among the spectators and sketched the orator during the delivery of the speech. The clay models were based upon this drawing. The ceremonies were simple and unpretentious. John Morley unveiled the statue with a few words of eulogy in the presence of a large open-air audience. Afterwards he delivered in the great room of the town hall an eloquent and scholarly tribute to the great English liberal.



The Diamond Bracelet

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

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

"It looks exactly the same—gold links, interspersed with diamonds, and the clasp is the same—three stars. A tall, ugly woman has got it on, her black hair strained off her face."

"The hair strained off her face is enough to make any woman look ugly," remarked Lady Sarah. "Where is she?"

"There; she is standing up now; let us get close to her. Her dress is that beautiful maize color with blonde lace."

Lady Sarah Hope drew near and obtained a sight of the bracelet. The color flew into her face.

"It's mine, Fanny," she whispered. "But the lady at that moment, took a gentleman's arm and moved away. Lady Sarah followed her, with the view of obtaining another look. Frances Chenevix went to Mr. Netherleigh and told him. He was hard of belief.

"You cannot be sure at this distance of time, Fanny. And besides more bracelets than one may have been made of that pattern.

"I am so certain that I feel as if I could swear to the bracelet," eagerly replied Lady Frances.

"Hush, hush, Fanny."

"I recollect it perfectly; it struck me the moment I saw it. How singular that I should have been talking to Gerard Hope about it this night.

Mr. Netherleigh smiled. "Imagination is very deceptive, Frances, and your having spoken to Mr. Hope of it brought it to your thoughts."

"But it could not have been brought to my eyes," returned Frances. "Stuff and nonsense about imagination, Mr. Netherleigh. I am positive it is the bracelet. Her comes Lady Sarah."

"I suppose Frances has been telling you," observed Lady Sarah Hope to her brother-in-law. "I feel convinced it is my own bracelet."

"But—as I have just remarked to Frances—other bracelets than yours may have been made precisely similar," he urged.

"If it is mine the letters 'S. H.' are scratched on the back of the middle star. I did it one day with a pen-knife."

"You never mentioned the fact before, Lady Sarah," hastily responded the merchant.

"No. I was determined to give no clue. I was always afraid of the affair being traced home to Gerard, and it would have been such a disgrace to my husband's name."

"Did you speak to her? Did you ask where she got the bracelet?" interrupted Frances.

"How could I?" retorted Lady Sarah. "I did not know her."

"I will," cried Frances in a resolute tone.

"My dear Frances," remonstrated Mr. Netherleigh.

"I vow I will," persisted Frances, as she moved away.

Lady Frances kept her word. She found the strange lady in the refreshments, and locating herself by her side, entered upon a few trifling remarks, which were civilly received. Suddenly she dashed at once to her subject.

"What a beautiful bracelet!"

"I think it is," was the stranger's reply, holding out her arm for its inspection, without any reservation.

"Where did you buy it?" pursued Frances.

"Garrards are my jewelers."

CHAPTER XIV.

This very nearly did for Frances; for it was at Garrards' that the Colonel originally purchased it, and it seemed to give a coloring to Mr. Netherleigh's view of more bracelets having been made of the same pattern. But she was too anxious and determined to stand upon ceremony—for Gerard's sake; and he was dearer to her than the world suspected.

"We—one of my family—lost a bracelet exactly like this, some time back. When I saw it on your arm, I thought it was the same; I hoped it was."

The lady froze directly and laid down her arm.

"Are you—pardon me, there are painful interests involved—are you sure you purchased this at Garrards'?"

"I have said that Messrs. Garrard are my jewelers," replied the stranger in a repelling voice; and the words sounded evasive to Frances. "More I cannot say; neither am I aware by what law of courtesy you thus question me, or who you may be."

The young lady drew herself up, proudly secure in her rank.

"I am Lady Frances Chenevix," and the other bowed and turned to the refreshment table.

Away went Lady Frances to find the Cadogans, and inquire after the stranger.

It was a Lady Livingstone. The husband had made a mint of money at something, had been knighted, and now they were launching out into high society.

Frances' nose went into the air. O law! a city knight and his wife! that was it, was it? How could Mrs. Cadogan have taken up with them?

The Honorable Mrs. Cadogan did not choose to say beyond the assertion that they were extremely worthy, good, kind people. She could have said that her spendthrift of a husband had contrived to borrow money from Sir Jasper Livingstone, and to prevent being bothered for it, and keep them

in humor, they introduced the Livingstones where they could.

Frances Chenevix went home—that is, to Colonel Hope's—and told her strange tale to Alice Seaton; not only about Gerard being in England, but about the bracelet.

"Alice, it is the bracelet. I am more certain than ever, Garrard's people say they have sold articles of jewelry to Lady Livingstone, but not a diamond bracelet, and, moreover, that they never had one of that precise pattern, but the bracelet Colonel Hope bought."

"What is to be done?" exclaimed Alice.

"I know. I shall go to those Livingstones. Gerard shall not stay under this cloud if I can help him out of it. Mr. Netherleigh won't act, and we dare not tell the Colonel; he is so obstinate and wrong-headed, he would be for arresting Gerard, pending the investigation."

"Frances—"

"Now don't you preach, Alice. When I will a thing, I will. I am like my lady mother for that. Lady Sarah says she scratched her initials inside the bracelet, and I shall demand to see it; if these Livingstones refuse, I'll put detectives on the scent. I will, as sure as my name is Frances Chenevix."

"And if the investigation should bring the guilt home to—Gerard?"

"And if it should bring it home to you! and if it should bring it home to me!" spoke the exasperated Frances. "For shame, Alice; it cannot bring it home to Gerard, for he was never guilty."

Alice Seaton sighed; she saw there was no help for it, for Lady Frances was resolute.

"I have a deeper stake in this than you," she said, after a pause of consideration; "let me go to the Livingstones. You must not refuse me; I have an urgent motive for wishing it."

"You, you weak mite of a thing! you would faint before you got half through the interview," uttered Lady Frances, in a tone between jest and vexation.

Alice persisted. She had, indeed, a powerful reason for urging it, and Lady Frances allowed the point, though with much grumbling. The carriage was still at the door, for Lady Frances had desired that it should wait, and Alice hastily dressed herself and went down to it, without speaking to Lady Sarah. The footman was closing the door upon her, when out flew Frances.

"Alice, I have made up my mind to go with you, for I cannot guard my patience until you are back again. I can sit in the carriage while you go in. Lady Livingstone will be two feet higher from today—that the world should have been amazed with the spectacle of Lady Frances Chenevix waiting humbly at her door."

Frances talked incessantly on the road, but Alice was silent; she was deliberating what she should say, and was nerving herself to the task. Lady Livingstone was at home, and Alice sending in her card, was conducted to her presence, leaving Lady Frances in her carriage.

Lady Frances had thus described her; a woman as thin as a whipping post, with a red nose; and Alice found Lady Livingstone answer to it as very well. Sir Jasper, who was also present, was much older than his wife, and short and thick; a good-natured looking man with a bald head.

Alice, refined and sensitive, scarcely knew how she opened her subject, but she was met in a different manner from what she had expected. The knight and his wife were really worthy people, as Mrs. Cadogan had said, only she had a mania for getting into "high life and high-lived company," a thing she would never accomplish. She listened to Alice's tale with courtesy, and at length with interest.

"You will readily conceive the nightmare this has been to me," panted Alice, for her emotion was great. "The bracelet was under my charge and it disappeared in this extraordinary way. All the trouble it has been productive of to me, I am not at liberty to tell you, but it has certainly shortened my life."

"You look ill," observed Lady Livingstone, with sympathy.

"I am worse than I look. I am going into the grave rapidly. Others less sensitive, or with stronger bodily health, might have battled successfully with the distress and annoyance; I could not. I shall die in greater peace if this unhappy affair can be cleared. Should it prove to be the same bracelet, we might be able to trace out how it was lost."

CHAPTER XV.

Lady Livingstone left the room and returned with a diamond bracelet. She held it out to Miss Seaton, and the color rushed into Alice's poor, wan face at the gleam of the diamonds. She believed she recognized them.

"But, stay," she said, drawing back her hand, as she was about to touch it, "do not give it me just yet. If it be the one we lost, the letters S. H. are scratched irregularly on the back of the middle clasp. Perhaps you will first look if they are there, Lady Livingstone."

Lady Livingstone turned the bracelet, glanced at the spot indicated, and then silently handed it to Sir Jasper. The latter smiled.

"Sure enough, here's something—I can't see it distinctly without my glasses. What is it, Lady Livingstone?"

"The letters S. H. as Miss Seaton describes; I cannot deny it."

"Deny it! No, my lady, what for should we deny it? If we are in the possession of another's bracelet lost by fraud, and if the discovery will set this young lady's mind at ease, I don't think either you or I will be the one to deny it. Examine it for yourself, ma'am," added he, giving it to Alice.

She turned it about, she put it on her arm, her eyes lighted with the eagerness of conviction. "It is certainly the same bracelet," she affirmed.

"It is not beyond the range of possibility that initials may have been scratched on this bracelet without its being the same," observed Lady Livingstone.

"I think it must be the same," mused Sir Jasper. "It looks suspicious."

"Lady Frances Chenevix understood you to say you bought this of Messrs. Garrard," resumed Miss Seaton.

Lady Livingstone felt rather foolish. "What I said was that Messrs. Garrard were my jewelers. The fact is I do not know exactly where this was bought; but I did not consider myself called upon to proclaim that fact to a young lady who was a stranger to me, and in answer to questions I thought verging on impertinence."

"Her anxiety, scarcely less than my own, may have rendered her abrupt," replied Alice, by way of apology for Lady Frances. "Our hope is not so much to regain the bracelet as to penetrate the mystery of its disappearance. Can you not let me know where you did buy it?"

"I can," interposed Sir Jasper; "there's no disgrace in having bought it where I did. I got it at a pawnbroker's."

Alice's heart beat violently. A pawnbroker's! what dreaded discovery was at hand?

"I was one day at the east end of London walking past, when I saw a topaz and amethyst cross in a pawnbroker's window. I thought it would be a pretty ornament for my wife, and I went in and asked to look at it. In talking about jewelry with the master, he reached out this diamond bracelet, and told me that that would be a present worth making. Now, I know my lady's head had been running on a diamond bracelet, and I was tempted to ask what was the lowest figure he would put it at. He said it was the most valuable article of the sort he had had for a long while, the diamonds of the first water, worth £400 of anybody's money, but that being second-hand he could part with it for £250. And I bought it. That's where I got the bracelet, ma'am."

"That was just the money Colonel Hope gave for it new at Garrard's," said Alice. "Two hundred and fifty guineas."

Sir Jasper stared at her; and then broke forth with a comical attempt at rage, for he was one of the best tempered men in the world.

"The old wretch of a Jew! Sold it to me at a second-hand price, as he called it, for the identical sum it cost new! Why, he ought to be prosecuted for usury."

"It was just what I told you, Sir Jasper," groaned the lady, "you will go to these low, second-hand dealers, who always cheat where they can, instead of a regular jeweler; and nine times out of ten you are taken in."

"But your having bought it of this pawnbroker does not bring me any nearer the knowing how he procured it," observed Miss Seaton.

"I shall go to him this very day and ascertain," returned Sir Jasper. "Tradespeople may not sell stolen bracelets with impunity."

Easier said than done. The dealer protested his ignorance and innocence, and declared he had bought it in the regular course of business, at one of the pawnbroker's periodical sales. And the man spoke the truth, and the detectives were again applied to.

(To be continued.)

A FIRE IN ST. PETERSBURG.

Trumpeting Ringing and Clatter Unlike Anything in America.

An hour ago the steamship Una had landed me on the quay, and now, having handed in my passport, duly viced and countersigned, to the czar's vicar in the hotel bureau, I stood upon the Newski Prospect trying to identify the peculiar odor of St. Petersburg, for every city has its peculiar and distinctive smells, says a writer in the Academy. At the end of the Prospect was the tower whence the watchman watches the day and night for fire. As I edged through the afternoon crowd and dodged the headlong drivers of droschkiys I noticed certain black balls run up on the signal tower. In a moment there came the tootle of a trumpet, and the blower, mounted, came galloping around a corner. Then the jangle of a bell, the clatter of hoofs, and a fire engine—or at least part of a fire engine. For the man who sat by the driver and waved the bell over his head heralded other vehicles. One carried a hose pipe, another a barrel which might have contained healing water or refreshing vodka. There were six in all, and upon each were big men with bright brass helmets. They galloped up the Newski Prospect toward a huge column of smoke. Suddenly, amid the trumpeting and the ringing and the clatter, every helmet was lowered, and as the horses dashed along, every man reverently crossed himself. Even the bell-ringer, with bell still aloft in his left hand, did homage with his right hand to the eikon on the street corner.

The book of Maybes is very broad.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING.

The best way to advertise is just to advertise. Get at it with a view to having the people know what you most desire to sell, and incidentally letting them know that the specified items do not represent your full stock. Say interesting things about interesting goods and have the goods to talk.

Men talk of the secret of successful advertising, but it is all very plain. The essentials are to offer what people want, at fair prices, and to offer it in a way that will make readers know they want it. The art in writing an advertisement is to speak as the interested and well-informed merchant would speak to a prospective customer.

The mere appearance of a business man's name and address in every issue of a leading newspaper will do work to increase his trade. Every business man, however, is able to give facts about his establishment which will encourage people to deal with him. To state such facts clearly in a newspaper is the principal secret of successful advertising.

The idea that it takes a number of impressions to make the average advertisement effective is not new. Forty years ago an English advertiser said to the publisher of the Cornhill Magazine: "We don't consider that an advertisement seen for the first time by a reader is worth much. The second time it counts for something. The third time the reader's attention is arrested; the fourth time he reads it through and thinks about it; the fifth makes a purchaser of him. It takes time to soak in."

HAS CIVIL WAR RELIC.

Oilcloth Stained with the Blood of Col. Ellsworth.

In the possession of John R. Grubbs, 6314 Ogden street, Philadelphia, a veteran of the civil war, is a piece of oilcloth which is highly prized as a memento of the civil war. It is stained with the life-blood of Colonel E. E. Ellsworth, who commanded the famous zouave regiment.

Colonel Ellsworth's death occurred on the afternoon of May 24, 1861. The Union troops had forced the rebels to abandon Alexandria, Va. Colonel Ellsworth was ordered to proceed to the telegraph office and cut the wires. On his way he discovered a Confederate flag flying from a pole on the roof of the Marshall house, then the largest hotel in Alexandria.

In company with the chaplain and four privates he entered the house and cut down the flag. While the colonel and his party were on the way downstairs, Jackson, the proprietor of the hotel, raised a shotgun and discharged both barrels. Colonel Ellsworth fell headforemost to the landing below, and lay dead upon the oilcloth. Private Brownell sent a bullet through Jackson's skull.

William Grubb was in company C. of the Fourth New Jersey volunteers, known as the Stockton cadets. Several other surviving members of that company, who now live in Philadelphia, remember this incident. Soon after Colonel Ellsworth had been shot the battalion to which Grubb's company was attached was ordered to occupy the hotel. The men cut to pieces the oilcloth upon which Colonel Ellsworth had died. It was then wet with his blood and every man in the company secured a piece, but Mr. Grubbs believes he was the only man who saved the souvenir. Several times he has been offered a good-sized sum of money for it, but each time has refused to sell it.

The zouave regiment was formed two years before the war began by Colonel Ellsworth in Chicago.

THE HANDSOMEST CALENDAR

of the season (in ten colors) six beautiful heads (on six sheets, 10x12 inches), reproductions of paintings by Moran, issued by General Passenger Department, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, will be sent on receipt of twenty-five cents. Address F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

Hotel Business in the South.

In the last twenty years the hotel business in the South has drifted into Northern hands. Reference is had particularly to resort hotels having come under the management of Yankees. Northern tourists demanded the change. If there is one thing that a Southern man can do worse than another it is running a hotel. Today we find a great string of caravansaries all the way from Richmond to Palm Beach, accommodating from 100 to 600 guests, at rates from \$1.50 to \$5 a day, mostly under Northern direction. The food in these houses is not less improved than the management.—New York Press.

Change of Names.

It was declared by a British judge that any one could assume whatever name he liked, and the act did not require a royal license. He quoted cases in point, one being that of a man named Bugg, who, being displeased with that appellation, assumed the name of Norfolk Howard—as a result of which, added the court, certain insects came to be called "Norfolk Howards."

SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER

The best that Money and Experience can produce. 25¢

At all stores, or by mail for the price. HALL & RUCKEL, NEW YORK.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; Wadding, Kinnam & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75¢ per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The citizens of Marlette want a canning factory, and are trying to secure sufficient capital to install it.

Naturally people want to be WELL for Christmas, for nothing so promotes happiness and good cheer. Therefore, take Garfield Tea now; its uses are manifold; it cures all derangements of stomach, liver, kidneys or bowels; it cleanses the system and purifies the blood, thus removing the cause of rheumatism, gout and many chronic diseases. It is good for young and old and has been held in the highest repute for many years. Physicians recommend it.

William Southward, who opened the first wholesale grocery store in Chicago, is dead at Wichita, Kas., aged 75.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease? It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

An effort will be made to split old Calhoun county in twain and a new name will be tacked upon the chunk that contains Battle Creek.

A Christmas Philosopher. He asks three great gifts—Health, Wealth and Happiness. Then give him Garfield Tea; it brings Good Health, promotes Happiness and makes the pursuit of Wealth possible.

Ernest Hooper, a follower of Dr. Alexander Dowle and residing at Cottage Park, Chippewa county, is dead from typhoid fever.

Many good physicians and nurses use Wizard Oil for obstinate rheumatism and neuralgia. It's the right thing to do.

A Neguevite hunter got the three deer allowed him with only two shots.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPERS use the best. That is why they buy Russ Bleaching Blue. All good grocers, 10c.

Porto Rico's legislature is to meet Jan. 1.

Rev. Marguerite St. Omer Briggs, 35 Mount Calm Street, Detroit, Michigan, Lecturer for the W. C. T. U., recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—My professional work has for the past twenty years brought me into hundreds of homes of sickness, and I have had plenty of opportunity to witness the sufferings of wives and mothers who from want, ignorance or carelessness, are slowly but surely being dragged to death, principally with female weakness and irregularities of the sex. I believe you will be pleased to know that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured more women than any other agency that has come under my notice. Hundreds of women owe their life and health to you to-day, and, therefore, I can conscientiously advise sick women to try it."—MARGUERITE ST. OMER BRIGGS.

When women are troubled with irregular or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, flatulence, general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles.

No other medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

General Health. Gentlemen:—I used two bottles of Baxter's Man rake 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.

JUST THINK OF IT! Every farmer his own landlord, no incumbrances, his bank account increasing year by year, land value increasing, stock increasing, splendid climate, excellent schools and churches, low taxation, high prices for cattle and grain, low railway rates, and every possible comfort. This is the condition of the farmer in Western Canada—Province of Manitoba and districts of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Thousands of Americans are now settled there. Reduced rates on all railways for homeseekers and settlers. New districts are being opened up this year. The new forty-page Atlas of Western Canada sent free to all applicants. F. Pedley, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada or J. Grievie, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., M. V. Melnes, No. 2 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Mich., C. A. Laurier, Marquette, Mich., or Joseph Young, 514 State St., East, Columbus, Ohio, Canadian Government Agents.

SAVE FUEL HEAT ADDITIONAL ROOMS by attaching BURTON'S FUEL ECONOMIZER to your stove pipe. Saves one-third fuel. Your dealer will supply you. If not, order direct from us. W. J. BURTON & CO. 320 CASE STREET, DETROIT, MICH. Catalogue and testimonials on request.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs. in civil war, 15 adjudicating claims, 45 since.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures every case. Book of Remedies, Blood Purifier, FREE. DR. H. H. GREEN'S SOLE, Soc. E. Atlantic, 2.

afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 51.—1901

SASKATCHEWAN, WESTERN CANADA IS CALLED THE "GARDEN OF EDEN."

By a Former Resident of Reed City, Michigan.

In a letter to the Reed City, Michigan, Clarion, Mr. Jas. G. Armstrong, of Melford, Saskatchewan, says, writing on 27th May, 1901:

"This is a fine country for a poor man, as he can go out on the hay slews and cut all the hay he needs. He turns his cattle out on the prairie, and when he is not using his horses he turns them out also. There is such an abundance of food, they never wander away."

"A lady, who has lived here eight years told me that this was the original 'Garden of Eden.' I certainly would believe it. If we could only find the apple trees. But as it is, we have many varieties of fruit—strawberries, cranberries, saskatoons, huckleberries, red and black currants, dewberries, plums, red and black cherries, and red raspberries. All of these fruits grow wild. Then the flowers that dot the prairies, making them look like a real garden. We have eaten of the wild red currants, and they are equal if not superior to those grown in Michigan. We have sweet corn 7½ inches high. As the Western farmers are all done seeding, branding cattle and sheep shearing are now progressing. Wool is only five cents a pound, and many ranchers have on hand last year's clip. I enclose you a potato blossom, slice of new potato, which measured 6½ inches when cut. This is no fairy tale, as we are so much farther than Reed City. It is all facts. Come up and see. This has been truly called the 'garden of the west.' With fruits and flowers, lakes and streams, fish and fowl, beautiful rivers, tracts of timber and mountains, what more does a man want?"

Information concerning all parts of Western Canada will be cheerfully given by communicating with the agent of the government of Canada, whose advertisement appears elsewhere.

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York. Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

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General Health. Gentlemen:—I used two bottles of Baxter's Man rake Bitters and it had a decidedly good effect along the line of

It will be a

"MERRY CHRISTMAS"

For all who do their shopping at our store. Nothing foolish or frivolous sold here, but good, sensible, useful presents that will speak volumes for the sense of the buyer. We have suitable **HOLIDAY GIFTS FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY** and the prices are such as appeal to bargain hunters. See us before buying elsewhere. You may regret it if you don't.

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 Money

On Real Estate, Mortgages, Approved Notes and Collaterals.

Extends to All

Fair and courteous treatment and every accommodation consistent with Sound Banking.

HOME NEWS.

Coons sells the opera muffler. Everything new at Collar's bazaar. School closes Friday for two weeks.

Get your Holly for Christmas of Price & Covert.

If you buy any, buy the opera muffler at Coons'.

New figs, dates, oranges; Malaga grapes and mixed nuts at Van Dyke's.

The Belding Star has been greatly improved under its new management.

Mrs. Chas. Quick is greatly improved and expects soon to be up again.

\$1.00 buys 25lbs of New Orleans granulated sugar at Price & Covert's.

WANTED—Boy or man to do chores. Apply at once at W. W. Pullen's clothing store.

The Vergennes dancing club will give an all night dance at Train's Opera house Xmas eve.

Our prices will convince you, if you buy of us once you will come again. Collar's Bazaar.

Township Clerk Henry Johnson of Bowne was married Thanksgiving day to Miss Edna Weitz.

Geo Howlett of Boston township and Rose Buxton of Berlin have taken out a marriage license.

Melon mangoes, pepper mangoes and all kinds of pickles, bottled and bulk, at McMahon Bros.

About \$1,000 remains to be raised of the Canning factory stock and the canvassers hope to complete their work this week.

Everybody knows that C. O. Lawrence has the best line of China in Lowell. He has more than all the other dealers together.

Correspondents will please send in their letters one day earlier than usual next week, as this office will be closed Christmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lamoreaux of Cannon spent several days of last week with the families of Dr. M. C. Greene and Isaac Mitchell.

F. Elmo Robinson, formerly principal of the West ward school and later of the Morse Lake school, has returned from a six month's attendance at the Nebraska university.

Unclaimed letters at Lowell post-office for Geo. A. Stewart, T. B. Watson, Ira Pottruff-3, Walter Rogers, Grace Smith and Miss Alice Rix.

Fountain pens at Williams'. Fancy table raisins at McMahoons'. Refus Waterhouse neckwear at Coons'.

Mrs. Charles McCarty is regaining health and strength.

Don't fail to see our bargain windows. Clyde Collar.

Oysters and olives in bulk and can at Price & Covert's.

New wrinkle, something new, better than Cracker Jack. John Giles & Co.

Weldon Smith is shipping baked goods regularly to Saranac and Freeport.

Something new in photographs, call at my studio, where samples will be shown.

Mrs. T. A. Murphy.

C. O. Lawrence has a new crate of 100 piece decorated dinner sets, English ware, new shapes just in. Cheap at \$10.00 to sell for \$8.50

A nice decorated lamp, only 75c. at Collar's bazaar.

Don't put off that visit on that account. We will do your baking.

Weldon Smith.

Vergennes.

Harold Weekes of Lowell made a flying visit with his uncle, Lute Bailey and family one day last week.

Preparations are being made for a Christmas tree at the Bailey church Christmas eve.

The Vergennes young people's carum club have begun their series of meetings. Success to them.

Mercury has been four below zero now for three mornings. Altogether too cold for Bridget to get many items.

Silver thimbles at Williams'.

By all-means get an opera muffler at Coons'.

Cascade.

Mrs. Wilson Carle and children and the aged father, E. B. Carle of Ada, have the sympathy of all in their sudden bereavement in the death of husband and son.

Ernest Bates attended the fat stock show in Chicago and visited his brother, Howard Gates and family of that city.

Mrs. F. M. Thompson has returned from spending a week in Chicago where she was called by the serious illness of her son, V. A. Thompson, whom she left slowly improving.

Frank Carlton went to Chicago to finish learning the barber trade.

Brush and comb sets at Williams'.

Food Changed to Poison.

Putrefying food in the intestines produces effects like those of arsenic. Dr. King's New Life Pills expel the poisons from clogged bowels, gently, easily but surely, curing constipation, biliousness, sick headache, fevers, all liver, kidney and bowel troubles. Only 25c at D. G. Look's.

Fancy gold clocks at Williams'.

The popular Refus Waterhouse neckwear at Coons'.

Special low price sewing machine sale at Stocking's.



Notice!

If you want your teeth to look white and neat, just try a jar of

Puritan Tooth Bleach.

The most scientifically prepared tooth powder on the market to-day. Delicious to the taste and positively non-injurious.

Price 25c a jar

For sale by all druggists.

If Everybody Thought Alike There'd be no

horse races and we wouldn't advertise. Our talks are directed to people who don't think there is a difference in jewelry quality and to those who don't know that we give our customers the best of that difference. We say when everybody knows it and when they know we sell that very kind of jewelry we quit advertising. In the meantime we'll "plug" for more business. Our holiday line is complete.



South Boston-Elmdale.

Mrs. Orra Henry and children of Marshall and Mrs. Lucy Mattocks of Iowa visited at C. W. Taylor's last week.

Miss Zelma White has the chicken-pox. Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Stannard visited in Grand Rapids last week.

Mrs. Ida Young visited in Grand Rapids two days last week.

The pupils of the South Bell school are preparing for Christmas exercises.

Mrs. G. Plummer and daughter, Catharine, returned last week from a two week's visit in Detroit.

Mocha and kid silk lined gloves at Coons'.

Fallsburg.

Will Laux of Bolster has moved into the house with Ira Pottruff and family.

Melvin McPherson visited our school Monday.

Henry Booth and son Charlie of Lowell spent Sunday here.

J. E. Tower is hauling wood to Lowell for Scott & Cambell.

Get your job printing at THE LEDGER office.

THE LOWELL MARKET REPORT

Thursday, (to-day) Dec. 19, 1901.

GRAIN.

Wheat—80c per bushel.
Buckwheat—50c per bushel.
Oats—45c per bushel.
Corn—54c per bushel.
Rye—55c per bushel.
Clover seed—\$4.00 @ \$5.00.
Beans—\$1.25 @ 1.60 per bushel.

PRODUCE.

Butter—16 @ 18c per pound.
Eggs—20c @ 22c per dozen.
Lard—10 to 12c per pound.
Honey—10 @ 12c per pound.

VEGETABLES AND FRUITS.

Potatoes—70 @ 74 c per bushel
Onions—1.00 @ 1.25 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—\$22 per ton
Corn meal—24.00 per ton
Middlings—28.00 per ton

MEATS.

Beef, live weight—2.50 to \$3.50 per cwt
Beef, dressed—\$5.00 @ \$6.00 per cwt.
Veal dressed—\$6.00 @ 6.50 per cwt.
Sheep, live weight—\$2.50 @ \$3.00 per cwt.
Lamb, live weight—\$3.50 @ 3.75 per cwt.
Pork alive—\$5.00 @ 5.25 per cwt.
Pork dressed—6.00 to 6.60 per cwt.

POULTRY.

Spring chickens dressed—8c per pound
Chickens, feather dressed—7c per pound
Ducks feather dressed—9c per pound.
Turkeys feather dressed—9c per pound
Geese feather dressed—8c per pound.

HIDES AND TALLOW.

Beef Hides—64c per pound for green
Cal/Skins—No. 1, 7c per pound
Tallow—54c per pound.

A Good Present, The Ledger

The Big Corner Store.

Godfrey's Holiday Greeting

Our Immense Clothing and Gent's Furnishing Goods Sale for The Next Two Weeks

Will celebrate a year of good business for us

We cannot better show our appreciation for the splendid patronage that has been given us than by making the closing weeks of the year the occasion of giving the people of Lowell and vicinity some Genuine Bargains in Clothing, Gent's Furnishings, Trunks and Telescopes.

Useful Articles

Make the Best Xmas Presents for Men and Boys

Gloves, Mittens, Sweaters, Neckties, Mufflers, Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Cuff Buttons, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Suits, Overcoats, Fur Overcoats, Fur Mittens and many more good articles can be found at our store.

Our motto:—"Quick sales and small profits."

W. S. Godfrey,

The Leading Clothier and Furnisher.



And everything else in the watch, clock and jewelry line can be bought at lowest prices of

Watch Sale Now On

Lasting until Jan. 1, 1902.

Gold, Silver, Gun Metal and Nickel at Greatly Reduced Prices

Also a full line of Silverware, Clocks, Jewelry and Novelties at prices that will meet the requirements of your pocket-book.

H. A. SHERMAN.

