

# The Michigan Tradesman.

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STAPLE AND FANCY.

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**Fancy Crockery and**

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If in want of Clover, Timothy, Hungarian, Millet, Orchard or Blue Grass, Seed Corn—Early Yellow or Dent, Turnip or Ruta Baga, or, in fact, Any Kind of Seed, send to the

"Good Lord! there's enough to see without lookin' off to the ends of the earth," replied the man, roughly. "If I look at my mill, an' calculate on that, it'll be all I can do. A mess you'd make o' things if you was left to you!"

"I know it," said the woman, meekly. "I ain't got a head for business like you, Hudson—there, there, baby—there, there!" And, without saying another word to defend herself, Nance turned within, laid the moaning child in its cradle, and attended to the bread in the rusty oven.

Two days later there was a funeral in the little cabin, and out in the little garden patch a grave was hollowed for the baby. Nance heart ached as though it would burst her patient breast, as Mr. Reynolds, the minister, who presided over the little flock in the vicinity of Hudson's mill, spoke a last prayer over the tiny pine coffin, and when she went to bed she wept, and wept, far into the night. Hudson had bidden her "go to sleep," rather gently at first, for the

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Who has a smile and kindly greet For every friend that he may meet, But never forgets his order sheet? The Drummer.

Who all the news and jokes can tell, While he is trying his goods to sell, And if the truth won't do he'll lie like—I'll not tell? The Drummer.

Who clothes you well from head to feet, And brings the nicest things to eat, And with the ladies is always sweet? The Drummer.

Who has a kind and helping hand For every brother traveling man, But will beat him on a sale, if he can? The Drummer.

You can tell him that your stock's complete, With a smile and all right, but oh! what cheek, He proceeds to fill his order sheet. The Drummer.

What a relief it is when he takes his pack, How glad you are when he turns his back; How sad to think that in thirty days he'll be back That everlasting Drummer.

**NANCE.**

"Well, Nance, it's done?" A weary-faced woman, who was rapidly shaping dough into loaves upon a rickety table, and hustling them into a broken, rusty oven, stopped her work and looked at her husband rapturously.

"A new mill! And now, Hudson, I don't see nothin' to hinder ye from gettin' long right smart. I'll help ye."

Hudson Norris' coarse, impassive face showed no thrill of pleasure in the faithful words of the eager woman.

"It's been a long job," he said; "I've thought, here'n there, we wa'n't never a-goin' to get it done; but the last nail's driv', an' I've got trade enough to keep things a-goin' pretty lively for one while. There's ten new hands a-comin' next week, Nance. You'll have to step 'round pretty smart."

"Yes, yes, I know," rejoined Nance, as she looked at the two-months' baby, just then stirring in its rude cradle, and at the two ragged little urchins that were playing just outside the door of the canvas cabin; "I know there'll be work, but I'm pretty strong now. If you're a-gittin' on, Hudson, that's the main thing."

"Yes, that's the main thing," echoed the man, absently, drawing hard at the pipe which he had been filling as she talked.

"The trouble is," pursued the woman, more to herself than to her phlegmatic spouse, "the trouble is, the baby's sorter aillin'. I can't bear to hear him a-cryin', an' I can't stop to see to him."

The last loaf was in the oven now, and the tired woman, not stopping to cleanse her hands, nor even to brush the flour from her poor apron—for Nance had had little training in neatness—sat down and took the scrawny baby in her arms. It had begun to cry—a weak, pitiful little wail, that struck heart-breakingly upon Nance's mother-ear.

"Good Lord! can't you make the brat shut up?" exclaimed the father, harshly, after the little wail had continued for several minutes.

Nance looked up appealingly, but she did not speak, and her husband rose and strode heavily to the door.

The afternoon was just beginning to wane, and the scene without was very fair, the clear California air seeming to enshroud everything, and to bring distant objects near. The Sierras, miles and miles away, rose, notched and snow-crowned, against the deep-blue autumn sky. Here and there upon their white background curled the smoke of a settler's cabin. Groves of fragrant evergreens dotted the slopes near by.

A sprawling mountain stream sparkled in the October sunlight within a few rods of the canvas cabin, and, beside its well-built dam, stood the mill upon which Hudson Norris was founding ambitions for the future, of which his care-burdened, untalented wife did not dream. As he stood there looking out, the grandeur of the distant mountains with the shadows of the fitting clouds upon them, the glory of the sunlit spires, the inspiration of the rushing river—these were lost upon his sordid soul. He saw but the unpainted timbers of the new mill, around which a few laborers were still lingering, picking up their tools, and admiring the finished work. In the impatience of his thought, the wheel was revolving, a score of men were moving at his bidding about it, and money, friends, reputation, were flowing in upon him.

The woman, who had risen in her efforts to quiet the baby, came up beside him and looked out. The splendor of the shining snow in the distance caught her weary eye.

"Oh, Hudson?" she said, moving from side to side to quiet the little one, as she pointed her worn finger toward the hills, "look there?"

"Good Lord! there's enough to see without lookin' off to the ends of the earth," replied the man, roughly. "If I look at my mill, an' calculate on that, it'll be all I can do. A mess you'd make o' things if you was left to you!"

"I know it," said the woman, meekly. "I ain't got a head for business like you, Hudson—there, there, baby—there, there!" And, without saying another word to defend herself, Nance turned within, laid the moaning child in its cradle, and attended to the bread in the rusty oven.

death of the child had touched him; but as the hours wore on, and her grief—so unreasonable to him—continued, he had grown rougher.

"D—ye?" he growled, unable to sleep, though her tears were noiseless and she lay very quietly, "ain't ye got no sense at all? Ten new men a-comin' next week, an' that howlin' little critter out o' the way. You oughter thank the Lord, 'stead o' carryin' on like this."

"Poor Nance! It was hard not to be allowed even the privilege of mourning for her dead!"

But the ten new men came; and in caring for them, and for the ten whom Hudson had previously employed in the rude old structure, which had just been replaced by the more ambitious new mill, Nance had, indeed, little time to regret her loss. All day, and day after day, her patient feet trod back and forth in the narrow cabin, preparing her boarders' food, making their primitive beds and caring for her thin, unhealthy children. She had never been to school at all. Hudson could read and write, accomplishments which only increased the profound respect in which Nance held him; but he had not used to care that she was so illiterate. Now, however, as the dreams which he had dreamed when he enlarged his mill began to come true, he began to think more of Nance's deficiencies, and to regard her with even more of contempt than he had always had for her since the hallucinations of courtship had vanished.

One day, two or three years after he had finished his mill, he came in with a piece of paper folded in his hand.

"Want to hear some news, Nance?" he said.

"Some news?" inquired Nance, with languid interest. Another child had come and faded away since the mill had been finished, and Nance's face had grown slower to lighten than it had used to be. But her heart was as true as ever to her husband.

"Yes—look at that and see how you like it."

He spread before her an architect's plan—the plan of a dwelling-house.

"What is it?" asked Nance, staring uncomprehendingly at the paper.

"By G—!" roared her husband, utterly exasperated by her ignorance and stupidity. "Ain't you got no sense at all? It's a house—the way the rooms is fixed 'n' all that! I'm a-goin' to build a new house, 'n' if you've got gumption enough to move into it, you can live there when it's done."

Nance did not pay any attention to his roughness nor to his profanity.

"A new house?" she repeated, her tone changing, and her face growing almost radiant. "That's splendid, Hudson! I'm glad enough. How I have pined for this old, leaky thing! Well, well!"

Her pleasure subdued his impatience.

"I'm goin' to begin it right away," he continued, in his usual impassive tone; "I saw som parties about it when I was down to 'Frisco last month, an' to-day them plans come. The timber 'll be cut 'n' hauled right away, 'n' I reckon we'll get moved before winter."

The house, being a bare and simple edifice, sprang up as if by magic, and Nance felt one of the few joys of her colorless life, when they "set up" in the new home. Then a half-dozen more years sped swiftly away. Several other puny, feeble little creatures were born to Hudson and Nance, but they and one of the two eldest boys, who seemed to have been gifted with but little more vitality than the rest, sickened and died, and, at last, only one boy, little Pete, was left to them. Night and day now the mill wheel was spinning round, and Hudson was getting rich.

"There?" he said, coming in at the close of a summer's day, and flinging down a copy of the county newspaper triumphantly on the table before Nance, "Read that, will you?"

Nance picked up the paper dumbly. She looked at the printed page, a flush crept over her wan cheeks, and then she dropped it, and, putting her hardened hands to her face, she burst into a passion of tears.

"I can't read it, Hudson—you know I can't!" she sobbed; "you ain't a-fingin' it at me, are you?"

She removed her hands and looked up at him piteously.

He had stood still, gazing fixedly at her. The unexpected intensity of her mood had, for once, paralyzed his overweening self-consciousness, and for a moment he could not speak. Then he shook himself a little, and answered, ungently,

"Oh, quit yer cryin', Nance; anybody'd think you hadn't got twenty men to see to by the way yer idlin' round here."

"But," said Nance, returning to the other subject, the one that lay nearer her heart, perhaps, than any other, excepting her husband's advancement, "I can't read, Hudson, an' you won't let anybody know it, will you? An' you won't fling it at me any more?"

Something in her pleading tone seemed to enrage the vulgar fellow.

"Tell anybody?" he shouted. "D'ye think I'm such a fool as to tell anybody that my wife can't read? Lord, no! A pretty wife you are for a man that's talked of like that!"—pointing to the paper—"in the *Morning Star*! A fool I was to marry you, and a fool I am to stick by you!"

Hudson Norris walked angrily away to his mill, while the tears began to flow still faster down his wife's pale cheeks, and her spirit almost forsook her. A great fear entered into her loving soul from that moment, and she tried more eagerly than ever, if such a thing were possible, to please her husband.

After he had gone, she called to little Pete, and made him read to her the article in which his father's name was mentioned. That Pete could read almost as well as Hudson could, was a great comfort to poor Nance, but still it did not

quite make up to her for her own ignorance.

Her heart beat fast with pride as the editor spoke of Hudson's enterprise, his shrewdness, his prosperity and the prospect of his near political advancement. She admitted to herself the justice of his words to her. No, she was not a fit wife for a man who, like Hudson, had been to San Francisco many times, and who even went to New York and New England occasionally, who could read and write and take his place so creditably among men that he was even talked about in the newspapers—oh, if she only knew more! And patient, honest Nance wiped her eyes, as, with a heartache deeper even than that with which she had buried her children, she rose after Pete's reading, and went back to the treadmill in which, for nearly twenty years, now she had toiled for her husband. "Not stick by her?" What cruel words! Hudson could not have thought of what he was saying!

A few months after this occurrence, Hudson Norris went East on business. The weeks flew by, until considerably more than the time required for such a trip had passed, and still he did not come. Nance began to feel a little uneasy, but she expressed no misgivings, and, indeed, did not allow herself to worry, until one day a letter came to her directed in the large, sprawling handwriting which, though she could not read it, she recognized at once as that with which Hudson was wont to cover the papers in his desk and lying about the house.

The letter reached her one Monday morning as she was standing over her wash-tub. She gave the boy who had brought it a "bit," put the letter in her pocket and went on with her scrubbing, thinking excitedly meanwhile. What—what was in the letter? Whom could she trust to read it to her? Little Pete could read, but he could not write nor read writing. Whither should she go?

She bethought herself at last of Mr. Reynolds, who lived not far away. He had buried her children; he had kindly tried to comfort her as one by one her fragile idols had fallen away. He, at least, would not speak to anyone outside of her ignorance.

She wiped the suds from her hands, donned her faded sun-bonnet, and hurried over to the minister's house. He heard her request, took her into a room apart, and broke the seal of the mysterious missive.

"I have sold the mill," began the brutal letter, "and I'm going to live in 'Frisco. You ain't a fit wife for me, and I've made up my mind to leave you. You can shift for yourself, I reckon. You know how to work, and you can get along somehow."

The minister stumbled slowly over the heartless words. He would rather have cut his hand off than have read them to the patient-eyed woman before him, hanging breathlessly, painfully upon every word. The man choked up and could not speak as he concluded. His indignation and pity for the poor creature before him completely overmastered him. For a moment she sat as if stunned. Then she rose with a quiet dignity, smoothed down her untidy dress, and said, calmly, as if confessing a sin:

"I know I wa'n't no kind of a woman for Hudson. He's smart—Hudson is—can read an' write an' manage business. He ain't to blame. It's all my fault, but—but—" here her voice began to tremble and then her composure forsook her entirely—"but—there's Pete—you don't think he'll want to take my little Pete, do you?"

The poor woman, overcome at the prospect of a double loss, dropped back into her seat and began to cry violently.

"I dare him to try!" exclaimed Reynolds, finding his voice at last.

"The scoundrel! the wretch! 'Shift for yourself,' indeed! He'll have to provide for you, Mrs. Norris. The law'll make him, and I'll see that the law is enforced."

"Mrs. Norris?" seemed to grate upon Nance's ears. Nobody had ever called her "Mrs. Norris" before.

"Nance," she corrected him humbly. "Everybody calls me Nance."

She rose without any other remark, expressing no indignation at her husband, nor any wish that he should be forced to pay his just dues to one who had spent the best years of her life in slaving for him. But Reynolds did just as he had said, and gained a reluctant promise from the unprincipled fellow that he would not rob the mother of her child.

"I'll take the best care of him I can," said Nance, when this good news was brought to her. "I'll make a gentleman of him that Hudson won't be ashamed of. He needn't be afraid that I'll make him like me."

Nance's scorn of herself was enough to make one weep, who knew how she had loved and toiled and sorrowed!

A comfortable home was purchased for Nance in one of the pleasantest parts of the scattered little village. Hudson was compelled to send her a scanty allowance quarterly, and she eked out enough of an income by letting the upper part of her house to support Pete and herself without difficulty.

A young couple named Morse, from the far East, happened to be Nance's lodgers—the husband a quiet, hard-working young fellow, who kept the books for the new mill owners, and the wife, a neat, pretty, well-bred girl, the daughter of a New England farmer. Emma Morse was the first real lady that Nance had ever seen. She had not been brought up in log huts, nor in canvas cabins, and though she did her own housework, it was performed with a neatness and a daintiness of which poor Nance had never dreamed. She regarded her lodger as a phenomenon, and stared at her and at her orderly kitchen, whenever she got a chance. Little Mrs. Morse, on her side, was quite horrified at Nance's slatternliness, and, not recognizing at first her good qualities, kept out of her way as much as possible. Little by little, however, a

word here and a word there taught the trim little lady that Nance had a soul as fine and gentle as her own, and that it was her "bringing up" which had prevented her development as a tidy housekeeper. She accordingly began to encourage Nance to come up and see her sometimes, and spoke kind words to her, which were to Nance's sore heart like cool rain upon flowers wilted with fervent heat. She ran up nearly every day to talk with her little lodger, and asked her all sorts of questions, which, beginning to divine Nance's true attitude toward the world, Mrs. Morse did not resent.

"Lived out when you was a gal, I s'pose?" she said, as she watched her little lodger daintily washing the dishes one day after her dinner.

"No, I haven't ever 'lived out.' I never did housework very much, any way," responded Mrs. Morse, pleasantly.

"You don't mean to say so?" said Nance, in wonder, "and do work so ship-shape, too! It beats all!"

Another day she happened in when Mrs. Morse was making a dress.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "you did dress-makin' when you was a gal?"

"No," returned Mrs. Morse, merrily. "I never 'dress-maked.' Nance. You haven't got me right yet."

Only once more did Nance hazard a guess as to her puzzling lodger's early life. She found her one morning busy with pen and ink in answering letters, and declared, triumphantly, "I bet you was a school-marm before you was married!" but Mrs. Morse had never taught school, and Nance gave her up as not to be accounted for.

But they grew to be very good friends. Little Pete, now a boy of fifteen, but small for his age, loved to crawl up-stairs to the neat, prettily-furnished rooms of their lodgers, so different from the bare untidiness below, which Nance would gladly have remedied if she had known how; but she had no one to tell her, for Mrs. Morse did not dare, and Nance was too slow and dense to profit much, in a practical way, by the example the busy little bride set her.

"It's prettier up there," said Pete to his mother one day, pointing upward to their lodgers' rooms.

It was true that their little living-room, in which his mother had her bed, and where the dishes often stood unwashed from morning till night, was not particularly inviting, but Pete, who loved his mother dearly, had not realized that there might be a more agreeable order of things introduced, until he had visited Mrs. Morse's pretty rooms, and had sat, awestricken, in her little wicker chair with its dainty bows of blue ribbon.

"I guess pa'd like to see things slicked up some, if he should come home," continued Pete. "It's mighty nice up there. She puts the dishes away and sweeps up every time they eat."

This seemed a terrible waste of time and energy to Nance. But as she had so much more time than in the old days, she concluded to try and make a few homely changes, particularly if Pete thought it would please "pa," and the very next day, by way of beginning, the bed was moved into another room, while a slow but steady improvement took place from that time in Nance's very rudimentary housekeeping.

One day she told Mrs. Morse her story, and the happy little bride shed many tears over the pathos of the hard tale, in the course of which Nance never once blamed her husband; it was "all her fault," she was "so ornary, and not a proper wife for a man like Hudson!"

"There's something that I think might fetch Hudson, maybe," she said, in concluding, "if—I if I could read and write, you know. He learned when he was little, but I never had a day's schoolin' in my life. I'm ashamed to ask Pete. I'm that slow and dull—I'd be ashamed to have him know how stupid I am—but I'm a good washer. If you'd give me some lessons, I might do your washin' an' ironin'."

Little Mrs. Morse was only too glad to attempt the task of instructing poor Nance, and she found her a most diligent if not a particularly quick-witted learner. The poor stiff fingers, worn almost to stumps in her husband's service, soon tired of the new work set them to do. But Nance would not stop for the pain, and simply pausing to rub them now and then, she would begin again. There was so much at stake!

Invariably, after a lesson, she would linger a few moments to talk of "Hudson," his good looks, his "smartness," how fond he had been of her when they were first married, and how surprised and pleased he would be when he found that she could read and write. After she had become tolerably proficient, he came on two occasions to the house to see Pete, but the wife never dropped a hint of what she was doing. The second time, he had happened to come when Mrs. Morse was sitting at her sewing in his wife's room.

"There," he said, as she closed the door and hastened away as soon as she could with politeness withdrawn, "that's the kind of woman for me. It's the kind"—and he looked at poor Nance with a scowl of brutal disapprobation—"that I ought to have married, and should have, if I hadn't been a fool!"

Nance did not resent his words, but she looked at her little neighbor with a new admiration, and determined that in everything she would model herself after what "Hudson liked."

The reading and writing lessons were kept a profound secret from Pete, as well as from his father. Pete was to have a lovely surprise when ma could write a copy for him instead of his teacher. But one day the boy complained of being ill.

"Say," cried poor Nance, climbing with tottering steps the stairs that led up to her lodgers' rooms, "Say, will you come down 'n' set a spell with Pete, while

[CONCLUDED ON EIGHTH PAGE.]



## AMONG THE TRADE.

## GRAND RAPIDS GOSSIP.

Praddox & Co. have engaged in the produce business at 287 South Division street.

C. A. Anderson has engaged in the grocery business at Upper Big Rapids. I. M. Clark & Son furnished the stock.

Gibbs & Ritchie have added a line of groceries to their harness business, at Three Rivers. The stock was purchased here.

D. Sullivan has opened a grocery store at the corner of Jefferson street and Butterworth avenue. The stock was purchased at this market.

Chas. E. Hall has taken in a partner in the commission business in the person of his brother, Frank Hall, of Otsego. The style of the firm is Chas. E. Hall & Co.

Hyde & Verplanck have sold their meat market at 253 Jefferson avenue to Katz Bros., who will continue the business. Hyde & Verplanck have bought Duke Erwin's meat business at 696 Madison avenue.

## AROUND THE STATE.

Ludington—H. Wanderer is closing out his grocery stock.

Traverse City—John Shaddock, the undertaker, is dead.

Byron Center—S. A. Johnson has sold out his meat business.

Hamilton—C. M. Woodruff has opened a flour and feed store.

Sparta—A. S. Howard will engage in the boot and shoe business.

Flint—Chas. Craft succeeds Miller & Baker in the drug business.

Locke—D. W. Fisher succeeds Geo. H. Price in the grocery business.

Cheboygan—F. C. McDonald has sold his meat market to Frank O. Sier.

Lapeer—Arbury Bros. have purchased McWelly & Pulver's meat business.

Hamilton—Berkel & Polaken have added flour to their market business.

Hart—The grocery firm of Stitt & Knox has dissolved, O. W. Knox retiring.

Fenton—E. C. Forte is succeeded by D. W. Peabody in the dry goods business.

Manistee—J. D. Maxted has engaged in the auction and commission business.

Bay City—Tepoorten & Kent succeed John H. Lambert in the hardware business.

Belding—Wilson & Friedly, formerly of Lake Odessa, have opened a furniture store.

Northville—W. J. Buford has purchased John Ovenshire's furniture business.

Saranac—H. T. Johnson has sold a half interest in his grocery stock to D. E. Rogers.

Hopkins Station—S. A. Buck has sold his interest in the meat market to Gale Helmer.

Newberry—H. D. Chamberlain has engaged in the furniture and undertaking business.

Ishpeming—F. J. Schweitzer & Co., general dealers, have assigned to F. A. Tonkinson.

Gladstone—C. P. Dolan & Co. is the style of the firm succeeding J. J. Miller in the meat business.

Petoskey—Nathan M. Montgomery has opened a grocery store. J. H. Thompson & Co. furnished the stock.

Sault Ste. Marie—Mrs. Annie Shafer has opened a grocery store at the corner of Spruce and Tyson streets.

Sault Ste. Marie—J. P. Haller will remove his stationery and jewelry stock into one of the new Gage stores.

Lansing—O. C. Klock, J. J. Baird and L. H. Hudson have engaged in the music business in the new Baird block.

Cedar Springs—C. F. Bell and L. Bearse have moved their harness and shoe shop into the O'Betts building.

Ironton—J. H. Purvis is building a blacksmith shop in the rear of his grocery store, to be occupied by Mr. Hicks.

Detroit—Matheson & Wineman, lumber dealers, have dissolved, John A. Matheson continuing under the same style.

Coopersville—Watson & DeVost, dealers in general merchandise, have dissolved, D. O. Watson continuing the business.

South Haven—M. F. Hughes has opened an auction store here. It is said that his goods are from one of the stores in Glenn.

Manistee—Fred C. Larsen has enlarged his grocery store by an addition of thirty feet, making the building 25x112 feet in dimensions.

Manistee—The crockery stock of Baumann & Denning has been sold to John Nisson, who will close out the stock by special sales.

Sault Ste. Marie—A. Gladhill will remove his jewelry establishment to one of the stores in the new Gage building, when completed.

Sault Ste. Marie—V. R. Conway has leased one of the stores in the new Gage building, and will establish a branch drug store there as soon as the building is completed.

Cedar Springs—Mrs. Anna Peake, of Rockford, has opened a restaurant in the Carr building.

Coopersville—A. R. Van Allsburg is enlarging the capacity of his store by building a gallery extending from the center to the rear.

Manistee—Somerville & Johnson have begun the erection of an addition to their store building, 26x50 feet in dimensions and two stories high.

Coopersville—The stock in Henry Ferguson's harness shop was sold last week to Geo. L. Root, and the manager, Mr. Hollister, has returned to Muskegon.

Coral—H. C. Sturtevant has purchased I. A. Barry's store building and will open a dry goods and clothing stock about July 1. Dr. Barry will locate in Montana.

Waukegan—T. J. Knowles has removed his general stock from Volney to this place and consolidated it with his stock here, under the style of T. J. & L. A. Knowles.

Hastings—Phineas Smith, of the grocery firm of Smith, Hams & VanArman, has sold his interest to his partners, who will continue the business under the style of Hams & VanArman.

Sault Ste. Marie—Ira Curtis, of Cleveland, and A. M. Pelton, late of Owosso, have purchased the general stock of C. W. Tubbs. They will close out the clothing and boot and shoe stock and restock with dry goods.

Muskegon—John Vanderwerf, Jr., has finished moving the stock from his hardware store on Pine street to his main store, at 7 W. Western avenue. The store thus vacated by Mr. Vanderwerf has been occupied by him for a period of sixteen years. He started in that store in 1873, being then but eighteen years of age, and beginning business on a borrowed capital of \$600.

## MANUFACTURING MATTERS.

Morley—Higbee & Hugh started their sawmill last week.

Muskegon—Strong & McBride started their shingle mill June 17.

Saline—Dennis & Glover, machinists, are succeeded by Brown & Mason.

Martinez—The Geo. Collin Co. is putting a new engine in its lumber mill.

Harbor Springs—The Roe sawmill on Fox island has begun cutting timber.

Cedar Springs—Mr. Velzy, of Alledale, will operate a shingle factory here.

Jackson—T. S. Cline has organized an organ factory, with a capital of \$20,000.

Whitehall—Chas. Johnson's shingle mill has shut down, on account of a slow market.

Muskegon—S. H. Woodward & Co. succeeded L. O. Beerman & Co. in the wagon business.

Hopkins Station—The Hopkins Spring Seat Co. has sold out to Simpson & Simpson.

Eaton Rapids—Wm. Smith is considering the sale of his water power and sawmill at Smithville.

Freemont—The Darling Milling Co. is about to make some extensive additions to its mill machinery.

Brutus—Hoig & Brown have received the boiler, engine and machinery for their new shingle mill.

East Saginaw—The Tittabawassee Boom Co. has rafted 116,644,000 feet of logs thus far this season.

Hopkins Station—A bonus of \$1,000 has been raised for any one who will build and operate a gristmill here.

Manistee—The Chicago Lumbering Co. will erect new kilns and begin the manufacture of lime on an extended scale.

Bay City—The tug *Sea Gull* is on the way over from Spanish river with a raft of 3,500,000 feet belonging to Baldwin & Nelson.

Sand Lake—J. E. Goul's shingle mill has shut down to put in a drag saw after a run of sixty-eight days without the loss of one hour.

Cheboygan—John Noll and Patrick Morrissey have rented the vacant store in the LeGault block, and will start a cigar factory.

East Saginaw—The Linton Manufacturing Co. is putting in new machinery to double the capacity of its sash and door department.

Detroit—The store of the Beals & Selkirk, Trunk Co. on Woodward avenue, was raided by burglars June 11 and over \$100 worth of plunder secured.

Three Oaks—J. B. Pomeroy will remove his sawmill to Marion county, Fla., where he will manufacture a new invention—a cylindrical orange crate.

Ann Arbor—Walter T. Hicks, is going to Detroit with the Eureka Peptonized Beef Co. which has been located in Baltimore. Detroit capital is interested in it.

Charlevoix—The Michigan Shaved Shingle Co.'s mill began operations last week with one machine. The company has timber on hand for 8,000,000 shingles.

Ypsilanti—The Common Council has agreed to buy Cornwell's lower paper mill for \$26,000, and will remove the electric plant into it, using the machinery to run the water works as well.

Marquette—The Vulcan and Norway iron mines will cease all non-productive and exploring work for the time being, owing to the damage to some of the great iron works in the Conemaugh valley.

Bay City—Jenison & Co.'s hardware store was gutted by fire Friday morning. Loss, \$35,000; insured for \$10,000.

Lowell—T. L. Foster has his engine set up and will finish sawing out the logs at the old mill yard.

Jackson—The Jackson Water Gas Co. will put up a \$50,000 coal gas plant, provided sufficient encouragement is held out. It guarantees to furnish gas to consumers for \$1 per thousand.

Bay City—It is stated, that Hagarty & Co. will move their hoop factory from Kawkawlin to Charles Smith's old mill site on the west side, and that a planing mill and salt block will be added to the equipment. Mr. Smith is a partner of Hagarty.

Beaver Lake—Chas. Moore has a force of ninety men at work cutting logs. Seven trainloads of logs are shipped every week. The Norway logs are railed to Salling, Hanson & Co., at Grayling, and the white pine to Pitts & Cranage, at Bay City.

Detroit—The American Office Supply Co., which includes Horace G. Van Tuyl, John M. Buckley, Fred B. Wemple, Ed. B. Hutchinson, W. W. Collier and Herschel Whittaker among its stockholders, has filed articles of association with a paid-up capital of \$50,000.

Whitehall—Smith & Field have bought all the land owned by E. T. Stocum in Fruitland township, except that on section 5. The purchase comprises about 1,160 acres and is estimated to yield about a million and a half of pine timber and a lot of oak and hemlock.

Gladwin—A. M. Bentley & Co., who have been operating extensively for the past year on the Pinconning branch of the Michigan Central, have bought tracts of land near here, on which they will erect a sawmill, which they expect to have running inside of thirty days.

Muskegon—The Muskegon Iron Works Co. has organized with the following officers: Daniel Kerr, President; Joseph Lath, Vice-President; Wm. Scherger, Treasurer; Chas. Kerr, Secretary. The company will erect a foundry and machine shop and engage in the general jobbing trade. A site will be selected and buildings put up as soon as possible.

Bay City—The mills here are doing a good business, the logs that are coming in by rail and in lake rafts reinforcing those from the Tittabawassee Boom Co., and keeping the mills well supplied.

Mill docks are in some instances beginning to feel the weight of their burden, and green lumber is meeting with a slow sale.

Detroit—The Buttercup Mining Co. includes the following stockholders: Truman H. Newberry and John S. Newberry, 1,000 shares each; Robert T. Gibbons, 1,199 shares; E. Brady Wendell, 160 shares; T. H. Newberry, trustee, 100 shares; Charles A. Malcouronne, one share. The capital stock includes \$5,000 cash and mining property said to be valued at \$95,000.

Detroit—G. S. and Ira B. Bennett have brought suit in the Circuit Court for \$15,000 damages against Arthur Rankin, because of alleged refusal to carry out an agreement to sell 20,000,000 feet of pine timber on Fitzwilliam or Horse Island, in Lake Huron, for \$3 stumpage, they to pay \$15,000 on delivery of a valid title, and the remainder when the pine was cut and scaled.

Pickford—Geo. J. Griffith, of Detroit, formerly of Oswego, N. Y., has bought C. W. Pickford's old stone mill and will convert it into a large milling property. He will operate a lath, a shingle and a roller mill. Thirty tons of machinery have been brought from the East for the purpose. The citizens and farmers in and about Pickford raised a \$1,000 bonus to aid the enterprise.

Manistee—The almost constant rains of the past three weeks have helped matters on the upper river wonderfully. With a start of at least a month earlier than they had last year, and a good many million less to drive, they are not any farther ahead than they were at a corresponding time last season. On the lower river the logs are coming along nicely and the sorters are getting all they can comfortably attend to.

Manistee—Last month the three mills here made a cut of over 14,000,000 feet, the largest they have ever recorded. Of this, the Chicago Lumbering Co. cut 5,300,000 feet, the balance being cut by the two mills operated by the Weston Lumber Co., mill No. 1 meeting with several breakages during the month. The cut of the three mills for the season, up to June 1, aggregates 29,000,000 feet. During the same time last year the cut was only 8,000,000 feet.

Manistee—The Charles Rietz & Bros. Salt & Lumber Co. has been experimenting with gas from one of its salt wells for the past two months. It has had twenty-five flames running steadily during that time, and now thinks it has an unlimited flow. About August 1 it intends to take steps to utilize the gas as a fuel with which to make salt. Should this experiment prove a success, it will go far to revolutionize the production of salt cheaply, as the handling of the fuel, more especially in the winter, is one of the prime sources of expense connected with the product.

## Wool, Leather and Tallow.

The wool market is firm at the east and excited west with little being done at either point. There has been more sold East the past week but offerings are limited. Some think the high prices have come to stay, based on scant supply which gives strong tone to the market. On other hand, manufacturers will not be forced to buy when they can get no corresponding advance for cloth, and which they claim can't be done while there is so much on the market left over from last year. Again, some of our larger mills have stocks from last year, and from that they are offering goods that can't be produced from new wool at present prices. Again, they buy yarns, which still come in under low duties, and England is making this her dumping ground for her surplus, taking advantage of every change in the tariff. The excitement West is kept up by a few local buyers only. The heavier buyers will not take at advanced prices. The wet weather holds the clip back another week, which is now two weeks late.

Hides are quiet and lower for heavy harness stock. Branded and No. 2s are some firmer, owing to the losses by washouts of some heavy tanners. The leather market is dull and sluggish.

Tallow is lower, with little demand.

## Gripsack Brigade.

Ed. Mangold has a new pug dog. Wherever Ed. goes the dog is sure to go.

O. B. Pickett, right bower for M. V. Gundrum & Co., of Leroy, is in town for a day or two, on his way to Little Rock, Ark.

S. K. Boiles & Co. have engaged H. S. Barker and Frank M. Carroll to represent them on the road and Geo. Thayer to handle their city trade.

J. A. Gonzalez, formerly traveling salesman for the Alabastine Co., has engaged with Heaton & Co., cigar manufacturers of Philadelphia.

W. F. West, formerly engaged in the grocery business here and at Lake Odessa, is working the city trade for the Grand Rapids Tank Line Co.

Geo. E. Hannahs, having turned his trade in this State over to Chas. M. Falls, has taken the management of Franklin MacVeagh & Co.'s business at Miles City and Fort Keogh, Mont. He will reside at the latter place, where he will shortly be rejoined by his family.

## Purely Personal.

Mrs. Wm. T. Lamoreaux has returned from Johnston, Penn.

A. C. Barkley, the Crosby general dealer, was in town Monday.

H. H. Pope, President of the Allegan B. M. A., was in town Monday.

W. S. Root, the Tallmadge general dealer, was in town last Friday.

Hannibal B. Wagar, the Cedar Springs hardware dealer, was in town Monday.

Samuel M. Lemon left this morning for Sault Ste. Marie. He will visit Escanaba before returning, which will be the latter part of the week.

Fred Beard, the Morley grocer, leaves the middle of next month for Europe, where he will spend the summer, putting in several weeks with his parents at Falmouth, Eng. He will be accompanied by his family.

## Bank Notes.

North Townsend, President of the First National Bank of Vassar, is dead.

It is now stated that A. V. Mann, of Muskegon, will be associated with C. J. Church in the proposed bank on South Division street.

On the 10th inst., the stockholders of the Carson City Savings Bank held a special meeting and rescinded the resolution that they adopted some time ago to close up the affairs of the bank. J. E. Just, Cashier of the Iowa County Savings Bank, and two other persons were elected directors to fill the vacancies. The bank will continue business under the same management.

## The Hardware Market.

Steel nails are a little weak and jobbers are quoting regularly at \$1.90, with liberal concessions in large blocks. Owing to the shutting down of many glass factories, prices are considerably stiffer, many jobbers refusing to sell within 5 per cent. as cheap as 30 days ago. The recent disasters in Pennsylvania have stiffened most grades of iron, but brought about no particular advance. Sisal and manilla rope are a little weak, but no change has occurred in the price.

## Still Talking Higher Prices.

The meeting of fruit jar manufacturers, which was to have been held at Cincinnati last Wednesday, was postponed until July 1. The manufacturers still talk about higher prices for fruit jars, and as they have the power in their own hands, they can put the price wherever they want it.

## Look Out for Glucose Sugars.

Local jobbers have received samples of glucose sugars, manufactured by a Philadelphia refiner. They are of three grades, bordering on a "dirty brown," and are sold at 1/2¢ per lb. below the price of straight goods.

## Acme—C. E. Silver is putting in steam power to run his shingle mill.

## MICHIGAN KNIGHTS OF THE GRIP.

President—A. F. Poake, Jackson.  
Secretary—L. M. Mills, Grand Rapids.  
Official Organ—Michigan Tradesman.

The new engraved certificates of membership are now in press and will be mailed to the members early next week. Should any member fail to receive a certificate, the Secretary will gladly send a duplicate.

Treasurer Cooper writes me that the traveling men of Lansing will picnic at Lake Odessa on June 22. He cordially invites all Knights of the Grip to join in the festivities.

Fourteen additions to the hotel agreement have been secured during the past week, so that the list now stands as follows:

We, the undersigned proprietors of Michigan hotels, do hereby agree to make no charge to members of Michigan "Knights of the Grip" for their wives accompanying them on regular trips, not often than one trip each year.

Mears Hotel, Whitehall.  
Moore's Hotel, Shelby.  
Exchange Hotel, Baldwin.  
Western Hotel, Big Rapids.  
Train's Hotel, Lowell.  
De Haas Hotel, Fremont.  
St. Charles Hotel, Fremont.  
Elliott Hotel, Ludington.  
Imus House, Pentwater.  
Wigton House, Hart.  
Phoenix Hotel, Charlotte.  
Commercial Hotel, Vermontville.  
Sherman House, Allegan.  
Hastings House, Hastings.  
Hotel Miner, Lake Odessa.  
New Tinkham, Grand Lodge.  
Hotel Exchange, Otsego.  
Williams House, Battle Creek.  
Kalamazoo House, Kalamazoo.  
McElrain House, Vicksburg.  
Goodwin House, Cassopolis.  
Three Rivers House, Three River.  
Hotel Belding, Belding.  
New Commercial, Ionia.  
Brackett House, Big Rapids.

L. M. MILLS, Sec'y.

Owosso—B. J. Rogers has purchased the City Bakery of W. J. Bonnett and will continue the business at the old stand, employing Mr. Bonnett as baker.

FOR SALE, WANTED, ETC.

Advertisements will be inserted under this head for two cents a word the first insertion, and one cent a word for each subsequent insertion. No advertisement taken for less than 25 cents. Advance payment.

## BUSINESS CHANCES.

FOR SALE—A STOCK OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE, also new store building; stock in good shape; best farming country around; good location for an active business; main amount of business done last year, \$10,000; located on C. & I. C. Railway, in Benton county, Ind.; suitable for any town; \$2,500 will buy me out; good reasons for selling. For terms, address, C. B. Sayers, Madison, Ind.

STOCK FOR SALE—BEST OPENING OFFERED IN Michigan. Address, J. B. Quick, Howard City, Mich.

FOR SALE—MY STOCK OF DRY GOODS, GROceries, boots and shoes, in a live town on the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad; reason for selling, other goods; will give some one a bargain, as I am going out of the business. Address, Lock Box 9, Leroy, Mich.

FOR SALE—DRUG AND STATIONERY STOCK IN manufacturing town of 1,300 people; invoice about \$2,000; small—10,000 ACRE TRACT ALABAMA PINE—Chance of a lifetime; easily lumbered; cut seventy million feet; best quality; must be sold at once. J. Van Scooter, Akron, Mich.

FOR SALE—WILL SELL CHEAP, OR TRADE FOR city or village property, a nice new \$200 stock of drugs, including Diamond Dyes, shelf bottles, and all staples; good exchange for any one. M. Stewart, Grand Rapids, Mich.

FOR SALE—ARMADA, MICH.—FRUIT EVAPORATING works at a great bargain; 250 bushels capacity; well equipped; location the best; investigation solicited; also two fine village residences; cheap; reason, removal south. Address, L. Granger, Armada, Mich.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THIS—PARTIES ABOUT TO go into the drug business or any one wanting a stock of drugs and patent medicines, cheap, please address me, as I must dispose of them to make room for other goods; will give some one a bargain, as I am going out of the drug business. Address, G. S. Putnam, Detroit, Mich.

FOR SALE—WHOLESALE CONFECTIONERY—GOOD reason for selling. Address, Andrew Wiegand, Muskegon, Mich.

FOR SALE—AT PINGREE GROVE, KANE CO., ILL., seven miles west of Elgin on main line of railroad, a good store and business, with full stock of general store goods; whole value about \$4,000; no office in store; reason for selling, failing health. J. B. Sheldon, Proprietor.

FOR SALE—SMALL STOCK OF LUMBER, SHINGLES, Etc., in a thriving village in Central Michigan. For particulars, address Lock Box 19, Lakeview, Mich.

FOR SALE—FULL SET OF HARDWARE FIXTURES, including shelving and drawers; also full set of tinners' tools. Address 438, care Michigan Tradesman, Mich.

FOR SALE—DRUG AND BOOK STORE IN SOUTHERN Michigan; invoice about three thousand. Address W. F. Hahn, Jeweler, Lansing, Mich.

FOR SALE—IN CENTRAL MICHIGAN—STOCK OF drugs, medicines and fixtures, valued at \$1,200; daily cash sales, \$15; also store building, storehouse and residence combined, valued at \$800; reason, other business. Address, No. 430, care Michigan Tradesman, Mich.

## HELP WANTED.

WANTED—REGISTERED PHARMACIST—GERMAN preferred; must be temperate and willing to work in general store. Bert M. Brown, Stevensville, Mich.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

WANTED—A POSITION AS CLERK IN A DRY goods or clothing store by a young man who speaks German and English; can furnish good references. Address Bernhart Perle, Fife Lake, Mich.

WANTED—SITUATION AS REGISTERED ASSISTANT pharmacist; four years' experience; first-class recommendations. Address, L. D. Pollard, Jr., Crystal, Montclair County, Mich.

WANTED—SITUATION AS BOOK-KEEPER BY MAN of eight years' experience, who is familiar with general merchandise. Address A. E. Chambers, 95 Monroe Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE CHEAP—ONE BRICK STORE, TWO stories and basement; will give time for most of the purchase money. Address, Lock Drawer No. 4, Charlevoix, Mich.

TO EXCHANGE—I HAVE A NEW, BRIGHT, WELL-selected little stock of hardware to exchange for a farm or city real estate. Address No. 401, care Michigan Tradesman.

I HAVE SOME FIRST-CLASS PROPERTY, WELL improved and nicely located, in South Dakota; also some other property to exchange for a stock of goods. J. C. McKee, 23 Fountain St.

WANTED—1,000 MORE MERCHANTS TO ADAPT OUR Improved Coupon Pass Book System. Send for samples. E. A. Stover & Bro., Grand Rapids.

FOR SALE—GOOD RESIDENCE LOT ON ONE OF the most pleasant streets "on the hill." Will exchange for stock in any good institution. Address 286, care Michigan Tradesman.

FOR RENT—A TWO STORY 21 x 30 BRICK STORE centrally located on Main St. in a lively manufacturing town in Northern Michigan, upper story used for living rooms; good opening for boot & shoe, clothing, hats and caps and genteel furnishings goods; for grocery business. Campbell, E. Underwood, 95 Monroe St., Grand Rapids, Mich., or N. C. Weber, Manistee, Mich.

WANTED—SEND A POSTAL TO THE SUBSIDIARY COUPON Pass Book Co., Albany, N. Y., for samples of the new Excelsior Pass Book, the most complete and finest on the market, and just what every merchant should have progressive merchants all over the country are now using them.



# LION COFFEE



## Merchants, YOU WANT THIS CABINET Thousands of Them

Are in use all over the land. It does away with the unsightly barrels so often seen on the floor of the average grocer. Beautifully grained and varnished and put together in the best possible manner. Inside each cabinet will be found one complete set of castors with screws.

### Every Wide-Awake Merchant

Should Certainly Sell

## LION, THE KING OF COFFEES.

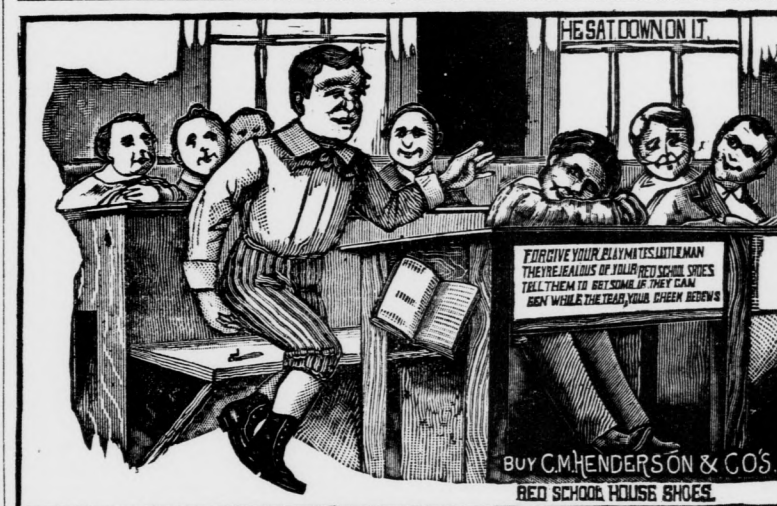
An Article of Absolute Merit.

It is fast supplanting the scores of inferior roasted coffees. Packed only in one pound packages. Put up in 100-lb. cases, also in cabinets of 120 one-pound packages. For sale by the wholesale trade everywhere. Shipping depots in all first-class cities in the United States.

## Woolson Spice Co.,

### TOLEDO, OHIO.

L. WINTERNITZ, Resident Agent, Grand Rapids.



Product of Our Factory at Dixon, Ill.











Written for THE TRADESMAN.

BY A COUNTRY MERCHANT.

The question, "Who is my neighbor?" seems at first thought to be an easy one to answer, but when the subject is given a little more attention and investigation, it will be found that a satisfactory reply to the query is very difficult to make. If it were a matter of proximity, only, we would only have to count up and name the people living within a certain radius, but when we commence this we are liable to speedily pause, and ask ourselves if, under any circumstances, we could consent to acknowledge certain individuals as our neighbors, and what is really meant by the term "neighbor," anyhow. If we happen to be residents of a metropolitan town, we find that our domicile is perhaps hedged in by numerous others, of whose occupants, and their business habits and characters, we are as densely ignorant as if their habitations were on another continent; and again, if we are pioneers in some sparsely settled country, we may have intimate friends and associates who reside one, two or three score of miles away, yet who are our neighbors in all that makes the term significant.

It is a homely but very common and expressive remark among farmers: "Yes, he lives on the same section with me, an' 'pears to be a square, honest sort of a fellow, but, somehow or other, our folks can't neighbor with him!" And how many of us could, if disposed, use the same language in substance. How many of us come in daily or hourly contact with people whose proximity, when alone considered, suggests neighborly intercourse and congenial association, but whose habits, surroundings, and heedless disregard of other parties' moral and legal rights, makes them distasteful and repugnant to us. And yet, these people may be in most respects, law-abiding, quiet and honest citizens, and may conscientiously indulge in the belief that they are generally regarded with respect and approval by those surrounding them.

As an example, take Jabez Jenkinson. When Jabez used to live on his farm, and visited my place of business with almost periodical regularity, I used to regard him as a notable and shining light among that leading and indispensable branch of the American sovereigns—the sturdy and intelligent western farmer—but since he has relinquished agricultural pursuits and become a small village capitalist, I find my admiration somewhat diminished. Not that his personal integrity has deteriorated or his idea of honest dealing become befogged, but I find that he has a mental obtuseness to the amenities and proprieties of life that I never before suspected. Among other recently developed peculiarities, Jabez seems to be firmly impressed with the belief that a four by eight village lot is as fully capable of maintaining the same quantity and variety of live stock as a forty-acre farm. Hence he has opened, in the midst of a thickly settled section of the community a respectable annex to a county fair, and a once peaceful, quiet and orderly neighborhood has, since his arrival, been transformed into a veritable pandemonium of kicking and squealing horses, bellowing cows, bleating calves, squealing hogs, cackling and crowing chickens, barking dogs and howling cats, with other interludes of babel sufficient to make night and day equally hideous.

And until Jenkinson disposes of his menagerie, or removes to some more isolated locality, who can blame quiet-loving people who surround him from remarking that he is undoubtedly a good, honest fellow, but, somehow or other, they can't "neighbor with him."

My experience in the matter has been somewhat limited, but I naturally imagine that the soul-absorbing attention given to the important subject of forming "sets," in the larger cities precludes any idea of genuine neighborly intercourse. When the minds of people, where social matters are brought into question, are wholly occupied with the wealth, pedigree, official or military record, and habitual costumes of the candidate for initiation, and his manhood, intelligence and personal integrity are rarely canvassed, it hardly seems probable that any close personal intimacy, or social and beneficial interchange of ideas is contemplated or desired. Even in the smaller communities there is a growing tendency to ape the social customs of the cities, and I am really beginning to believe that "neighboring" in its primitive sense, has very little evidence of present existence, except in the rural localities. There the same old, homely, but, let us hope, perennial, customs of our boyhood days are still extant, and barring those isolated cases wherein the incompatibility of neighbors renders "neighboring" impossible, there exists a fraternal and unselfish feeling among the residents that is practically unknown among the more active and

determined money seekers of the towns and cities.

A short time ago I was talking with a party who had recently removed from a bustling, Eastern manufacturing town to a farming community in my section, and he had hardly, as yet, recovered from his astonishment at the peculiar customs of the Michigan granger.

"Where I lived before I came here," he remarked, "I don't think I was intimate with a dozen families in town, although I had lived there for several years. There your people might be sick or starving, your house might be burned down, you might be out of employment for months, or any possible accident or calamity could occur, without awakening, apparently, the remotest interest among those who live near you, and it was probably from this fact that the conduct of my new Michigan neighbors struck me with such surprise. Why, I hadn't got my goods unpacked before a little girl came in, with a big piece of fresh pork, and said that her folks had 'just bin killin,' and thought mebbe we'd like a bit of 'fresh.' In less than an hour a boy put in an appearance with a mutton roast, and a similar reason for delivering it. A short time afterward a neighboring farmer's wife brought in a pan of doughnuts and a pie, with the excuse that, as we were 'all in a muss,' they might come handy. Another had noticed that we hadn't any cow or chickens, and solicited us to accept a huge pitcher of milk and a basket of eggs. Our nearest neighbor insisted on our taking our meals with her until we 'got settled,' and there were numerous and urgent offers to help us 'get fixed up.' Then the male portion of the community tendered the use of themselves and teams; parties stopped to enquire if they shouldn't get our mail, or do some errand for us at town, and in less than forty-eight hours we were acquainted with nearly all the people within the radius of a mile. And although curiosity might have been the impelling motive for some of these visits, possibly, I could detect nothing but a generous and hearty desire to be of some service to strangers and new neighbors."

**THE ACME OF UTILITY AND ECONOMY IN STORE SHELVING**

WHEN THE SAME IS HUNG ON THE KOCH PAT ADJUSTABLE REVERSIBLE BRACKETS

Liberal discount to the trade. Special inducements to parties introducing this system of store fitting in any locality. Manufactured by

**KOCH A. B. CO.,**  
354 Main St., PEORIA, ILL.  
BORDEN, SELLECK & CO., AGTS.,  
48-50 Lake St., Chicago, 114 Water St., Cleveland

**E. G. STUDLEY,**

Manufacturer and dealer in

Leather and Rubber Belting,  
Rubber Goods, Sporting Goods,  
Mill and Fire Department Supplies

We manufacture the VERY BEST Pure Oak Tanned, Short Lap, Leather Belt that is made, and make them either Riveted, Pegged or Sewed. Belts repaired, made endless and put on.

Agent for the New York Belting and Packing Company's Rubber Belting, Hose and Rubber Goods for mechanical purposes.

Lubricating Oils and Greases of all kinds, Cotton Waste, Lath Yarn, Hay and Hide Rope, Lace Leather, Belt Fastenings of all kinds, Rabbit Metal, Emery Wheels, Diston's saws, Nicholson's and Black Diamond Files, Hancock Inspirators, Brass Valves of all kinds, Steam and Water Gauges, Lubricators and Grease Cups, Packings of all kinds, Boiler Compound.

Sole Agent for A. G. Spaulding & Bro.'s sporting Goods, and L. Candee & Co.'s rubber boots and shoes.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.

N 4 Monroe Street,  
Grand Rapids, - - Mich.

**MAGIC COFFEE ROASTER**

The most practical hand Roaster in the world. Thousands in use—giving satisfaction. They are simple, durable and economical. No grocer should be without one. Roasts coffee and preserves to perfection.

Address for Catalogue and prices,  
**Robt. S. West,**  
48-50 Long St.,  
Cleveland, Ohio.



Celebrated

# JAPAN TEA!

Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand Pounds Sold in 1888.

Our Import Order for 1889 is Half a Million Pounds, and We Warrant Every Pound to Give Satisfaction to the Buyer.

We Can Make Our First Delivery of These Teas June 20, 1889.

## W. J. GOULD & CO.,

Importers and Jobbers of Teas.

Detroit, Mich.



Every garment bearing the above ticket is WARRANTED NOT TO RIP, and, if not as represented you are requested to return it to the Merchant of whom it was purchased and receive a new garment.

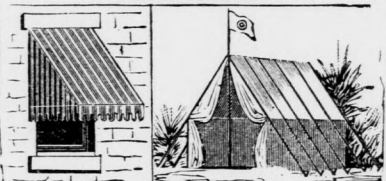
**STANTON, SAMPSON & CO.,**  
Manufacturers, Detroit, Mich.

**WANTED.**  
POTATOES, APPLES, DRIED FRUIT, BEANS and all kinds of Produce.

If you have any of the above goods to ship, or anything in the Produce line, let us hear from you. Liberal cash advances made when desired.

**EARL BROS.,**  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS  
157 South Water St., CHICAGO.  
Reference: FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Chicago.  
MICHIGAN TRADESMAN, Grand Rapids.

**A W N I N G S**  
AND TENTS.



Horse and Wagon Covers, Water Proof Coats, Buggy Aprons, Wide Cotton Ducks, etc. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

**Chas. A. Coye,**  
Telephone 106. 11 Pearl St.

**\$1,000 REWARD!!**

THE LARGEST AND BEST  
CLEAR LONG HAVANA FILLED  
SUMATRA WRAPPED CIGAR  
SOLD FOR 5 CENTS.



**Amos S. Musselman & Co.**  
SOLE AGENTS,  
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

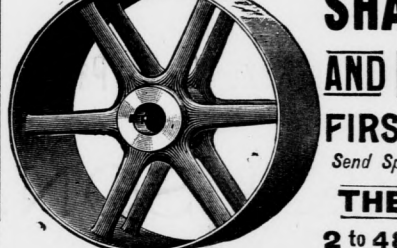
**WHIPS AND LASHES.**  
Lowest Prices for Mail Orders.  
**GRAHAM ROYS,**  
54 Lake Ave., - Grand Rapids.

**C. R. Electro-Fox**  
**ELECTROTYPERS**  
Stereotypers  
Photo & Zinc Engraving  
Also Leads, Sticks, Brass Rule  
Box Wood, Maple, etc.  
Grand Rapids Mich.

Done in Good Style.  
The following is an extract from a circular lately issued by a well-known coal company: "All coal shipped from this mine is carefully polished by experienced artists in their line, and every lump neatly wrapped in tissue paper. Particular care is exercised to have each nugget reach the consignee, sparkling in all its pristine splendor. If you are desirous of possessing any of these gems, fresh from our lapidary, an order to the writer will receive immediate attention. A reward of no small amount is offered for any paste specimens found after a strict microscopic search."

IF YOU WANT COAL IN CAR LOTS WRITE FOR MY CIRCULAR.

MAIN OFFICE, 54 PEARL ST., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.



**A. HIMES,**  
Anthracite

Wholesale **COAL** Retail  
Bituminous

**LIME, CEMENT, ETC.**

MAIN OFFICE, 54 PEARL ST., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

**SHAFTING, HANGERS, AND PULLEYS A SPECIALTY.**  
FIRST-CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT.  
Send Specifications for Estimates before Contracting.

**THE LANE & BODLEY CO.**  
2 to 48 JOHN ST., CINCINNATI, O.

## NEW TEAS!

Our own importation of Japan Teas—Crop of 1889—will be in by July First.

**LEMON, HOOPS & PETERS.**

## Grand Rapids Fruit and Produce Co.,

(SUCCESSOR TO GEO. E. HOWES & CO.)

Jobbers of

**FOREIGN FRUITS.**

Oranges, Lemons and Bananas a Specialty.  
3 NORTH IONIA ST., GRAND RAPIDS.

**MOSELEY BROS.,**

—WHOLESALE—

Fruits, Seeds, Oysters and Produce.

All kinds of Field Seeds a Specialty.

If you are in market to buy or sell Clover Seed, Beans or Potatoes, will be pleased to hear from you.

26, 28, 30 and 32 Ottawa St., - - GRAND RAPIDS.

C. A. LAMB, Grand Rapids, Mich. FRED CLOCK, Chicago, Ill. F. J. LAMB & CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

**C. A. LAMB & CO.,**

Wholesale and Commission

**Fruits**

**Our Specialties:**

CALIFORNIA FRUITS,  
ORANGES, LEMONS,  
BANANAS AND BERRIES.

**Produce.**

56 and 58 So. Ionia St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

**EDWIN FALLAS,**

JOBBER OF

Butter, Eggs, Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, Mince Meat, Nuts, Figs, Etc.

Eggs Crate Factory in connection. Price List furnished on application.

Mail Orders Filled Carefully and Promptly at Lowest Market Price.

Office and Salesroom, No. 9 Ionia St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

**C. H. CORNELL,**

(Successor to CORNELL & KERRY.)

Wholesale and Commission

**Fruits and Produce.**

Agent for the Wayland Cheese.

30 NORTH IONIA STREET, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

TELEPHONE 253.

Gold Storage at Nos. 217 and 219 Livingstone St.

Office and Salesroom, No. 9 Ionia St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

**ALFRED J. BROWN,**

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

Foreign, Tropical and California  
**FRUITS.**



Headquarters for Bananas.

16 AND 18 NORTH DIVISION ST. - - GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

**THEO. B. GOOSSEN,**

WHOLESALE

Produce Commission Merchant,  
BROKER IN LUMBER.

Orders for Potatoes, Cabbage and Apples, in Car Lots, solicited.  
Butter and Eggs, Oranges Lemons and Bananas a specialty.

33 OTTAWA STREET,  
Telephone 269. GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

## FIRE! FIRE!

We are selling the BEST RUBBER HOSE in 3-4, 1, 11-4, 11-2, 2 and 21-2 inch. Cotton Mill Hose, Rubber Lined; also unlined Linen Hose, in all sizes, for fire protection.

## Our Prices are Rock Bottom

We have the Best Lubricators, Grease and Oil Cups, Lath and Fodder Yarn, Saw Gummers, and the best General Stock of Mill Supplies in this State.

AGENTS FOR STEWART'S BEADY ROOFING, DEAFENING FELT AND SHEATHING, IRON FIBRE PAINT AND CEMENT. BEST OF THE KIND IN USE.

## SAMUEL LYON.











The Michigan Tradesman

NANCE.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

I go for the doctor? He's that trembly 'n' hot, I'm scairt of him."

Her face was ashen and her patient eyes had a wild, unnatural look.

A few moments later the doctor came. Nance had lost so many children that she was easily frightened, and her kind neighbors hoped that she had overestimated the seriousness of Pete's condition, but he was very sick from the first, and grew steadily worse. There was a blight on all Nance's little ones. Pete had only been a little stronger than the others. His time had come, thus early, to die, and he knew it.

"Ma," he said, as he lay, watching Nance move nervously about the room, "come an' set side o' me awhile. Don't you fret 'bout bein' like Mis Morse or any one else. You'll be all right up there. Teacher said so. I guess they was all over or turn us inside out or something like that. You're all right inside, ma. An' don't you cry 'bout me. If I didn't go to heaven, maybe pa'd take me. I never told you, 'cause I wasn't goin' to worry you, but he talked like it last time he was here. 'Pete,' he says, 'if I take you, I'll make a gentleman of you.' 'That's what ma's doin', I said. I answered him up stiff. I tell you! I let him see I'd stick up for you. But—he might ha' done it, so it's best just as it is. But it's been very nice here, ma, an' I love you." The woman bowed her head beside him, while he stroked it gently. How could she who had borne so much, bear a sharper sorrow still!

There was a long silence, but at last Nance lifted her pale face with a half-smile upon it and spoke:

"Pete," she said, "I didn't mean to tell you quite yet, but I can read an' write, quite good, Pete."

A light broke over the boy's countenance. How well he appreciated her hopes and her struggles!

"Now you can't, can you?" he cried, weakly. "Did Mis Morse teach you? Ain't it splendid! Do some for me."

He begged to be propped up in his bed, so that he could see her "do some," and she followed his wishes. Then she took a pen and paper and wrote slowly, but plainly, "Pete Norris, Nov. 19, 18—."

"That's prime!" said the boy, with a sincerity of congratulation which alone repaid her for all her arduous labor in learning. "Now, could you write those words that the disciples said—that Mr. Reynolds talked about last Sunday—'There is a lad here?'"

The woman wrote again, but more slowly than before, for her eyes were blurred with tears, and the first enthusiasm of her pleasure in Pete's happy surprise was dying away as her awful grief drew nearer.

"That's it," he said, drawing a long breath as she finished the words. He took the paper in his hands, looked at it lovingly, and then continued, with an arm around his mother's neck: "Christ don't seem to have said much 'bout the 'gentleman' that pa talks so much 'bout, but I'm a lad, and he talked about the lads."

That was the last conversation which the two had, for Pete grew weaker very fast, and in a few days the end came. Hudson was at the East, and the word which Nance sent him of Pete's illness and again of his death, never reached him. But Nance was constantly expecting her husband now, and in her anxiety that all should be right "when Hudson came," she had no time to give way to the dull agony that weighed upon her heart.

At last, a few weeks after Pete's death, and when Nance had almost given up hoping for his return, he came. The short winter day, which had been a peculiarly depressing one, was drawing to a close. Nance, her spirit all gone, did not rise as he came in. His first inquiry was "Where's Pete?"

"In the graveyard," answered Nance, stonily.

"Gone to the graveyard at this time o' night!" said the man, roughly. "Go and fetch him this minute."

"I'd have to dig—he's in the graveyard." Nance's tone was full of fearless despair.

The great, burly fellow staggered as though he had been struck. The child had been very dear to him—he did not know how dear until now. He dropped into a chair, while Nance, recalled to herself by her husband's altered manner, gave him some of the details of the boy's illness and death.

"I wrote to you all about it—didn't you get my letters?" she had said, before telling the sad story.

"No," he had answered, abstractedly. He did not notice the fondness with which she had dwelt upon "I wrote" and "my letters." He supposed, if he took the trouble to suppose anything about it, that she had asked someone else to write for her.

He staid for two or three days, most of the time lost in sullen reverie. In a dozen ways she tried to attract his notice to her new accomplishments.

"Here's a copy of the letter I write to Pete's teacher," she would say, or, "Here's a book Pete 'n' I was readin', an' I writ his name in it," but all was unheeded. Perhaps the depth of feeling that seemed, for once, to have rendered the man so oblivious of all the outside world, was an indication that he knew he was only receiving just punishment for past sins. Perhaps, too, he felt the sore need of asking forgiveness, but he did not do it. Confession and pleading could never have seemed to Hudson Norris anything but out of place to one so humble as his wife.

After he went away, Nance hoped and prayed for but one thing—his return; but months passed away and he did not come. Pete was gone, and his gentle, loving wife seemed to have no charms for him. She was nearly fifty now, and old and wrinkled before her time. Her step, too, was beginning to get heavy and slow. She sat for hours pouring over her Bible. She loved particularly the chapters in the Revelation which describe the glories of the Celestial City. That was where her children were. Pete was there, and one day she should join them—a different woman from what she was now. Pete had said so. She longed to go. Life held no joy for her now. Nothing seemed to rouse her from this utter apathy in re-

gard to earthly things, until one day a stone, which she and Hudson had gone together to order, was put up at the head of Pete's grave. Mrs. Morse went with her to see that all was properly done. She sat down beside the grave and read the inscription, just the words she had written so painstakingly, with his bright eyes upon her.

Suddenly she started up.

"I forget he ain't there until I see that. Why, it's true 'n' it ain't true. He's my little lad yet, an' livin' an' watchin' me—an' how proud he was o' my writin'! I'm forgettin' how, 'cause I don't write any more now; an', Mis Morse, I'm goin' home, an' I'm goin' to get to my lessons again, if you're willin'."

Then she seemed to begin to take some interest in life again, but she had ceased to speak of her husband. Her friends thought that the old hope was dead, but how little did they understand the heart of a woman!

One day she ran hastily up the stairs to her lodgers' rooms, the village newspaper in her hands, and her face all aglow.

"Could you help me write a letter, Mis Morse?" she asked, half ashamed, but quite in earnest; "I want to write it very nice, you see. Hudson's failed. It says here in the paper that he's lost everything down there in 'Frisco—clean beat out. Poor Hudson—but there's always room for him here."

Her listener's soul rebelled at the thought of Nance's showing any kindness or mercy to a wretch like her husband; but no one could have had the heart to put out the light in her eyes.

This was her letter: "Dear Hudson—I hear you ain't busy just now. If you care to try a spell up here, I think it would rest you. You know I always love to have you come, and you might be better for a rest. Always your loving wife."

Everyone has seen the wonderful transforming power of love in a young girl's face, and watch the thousand unconscious little ways in which she strives to beautify herself and her surroundings for the one to whom she has given her heart; but to see all this in a hard-featured, work-worn woman is a strange and most pathetic sight.

Those who observed Nance, however, in the joyful expectation that followed the sending of her letter, saw just this sight. And their respect for human nature could not but rise as they beheld it.

Would the love which she so confidently proffered him be tossed aside and trampled upon, as it had been in the days gone by, or was there really a heart in Hudson's cold breast?

A week later he came, sending a postal card before him, to announce his advent. All her neighbors knew that he was coming, for Nance wore her afternoon dress in the morning, and went about with a smile upon her lips, and a suppressed excitement of manner. If Hudson had been a prince returning, after a long absence, to a faithful subject, whose interests he had always cherished, he could not have been received with greater joy and pride. And Hudson had been humbled now to a point where Nance's demonstrations were not utterly without value. His new-made friends had failed him when he lost his money, and he had begun to appreciate a love which was founded on something deeper.

"You're a good woman, Nance," he said, as he came in and saw the table neatly spread with the choicest products of her industry, and noted the marks of thought and care in her dress and in the neatness of the little room. "You were good to send me that letter."

"I wrote myself, Hudson," exclaimed Nance, with abounding joy and pride. "I've tried to make myself more such a wife as you'd like to have, an' I thought maybe when you came back, you'd find I had improved enough so't you'd stay with me, Hudson. I'm strong yet, and I'd rather board twenty men, just as I used to, and if I only had the children back to tend to, too!"—and Nance gave a great sob—"I wouldn't mind the work if you was with me, too. I'd a good deal rather, than live like a lady with nothin' to do, an' have you gone! I've always thought such a sight o' you, Hudson."

Nance ended with a heaving breast and shining eyes. Her husband looked at her as if she was something beyond his comprehension—as, indeed, she was. He opened his mouth to speak, but somehow he couldn't say anything.

Then he put his arm around her and kissed her worn face with a gentleness he had never shown before.

"Ye-es," he said at last, trying hard to speak as usual. "I reckon I'll stay—quite a while, anyway."

So Nance took some boarders and got washing to do, and Hudson found things more comfortable than he had ever known them anywhere before. He gradually discovered that it wasn't necessary for him to do much beyond an odd job now and then, since Nance was so willing and able to support him, and she—day after day her face was radiant. She filled Hudson's pipe, bought his beer, and was happy that she was graciously allowed to do so much for him.

He did not have time in these days to go often to see her lodger, but one afternoon, when Hudson had been with her a year or more, and there seemed little doubt that he proposed to stay, she found her way up to the pretty sitting room and dropped into the wicker-chair with its bows of blue ribbon.

Mrs. Morse could not be very cordial. She was really offended with Nance for her lack of spirit in treating with such "distinguished consideration" the man who had so cruelly wronged her. She felt that she would seize this favorable opportunity to acquaint Nance with her views.

A letter, which the pretty little woman had just finished writing, lay ready stamped and sealed upon the table. Nance looked at it half reverently, and then said, fingering it lightly, "Oh, Mrs. Morse! what a thing writin' is!" and then as she went on, there came a happy quiver into her voice, which banished whatever thought her hostess had had of breaking poor Nance's beautiful dream. "I always said that if I could once learn to write I'd get Hudson back!" I told you that would fetch him, and"—with inexpressible pride and satisfaction—"you see it did!"

HOPE LEDYARD.

Prairieville—Geo. Mosher will commence building a store, as soon as the necessary lumber arrives.

THE "EDITOR'S CHOICE."

FLINT, Mich., April 9, 1889.  
To Whom it May Concern:  
We, the undersigned committee, selected by Geo. T. Warren & Co. to canvass the list of names and select one for a Cigar Label from the many names sent in by the contestants, have this day selected the following, viz: EDITOR'S CHOICE, sent in by Sig Wolf, of Toledo, Ohio.  
JOHN J. COON, Editor Flint Journal  
F. H. RASKIN, Jr., of Wolverine Citizen  
A. L. ALBRIGHT, of the Flint Globe.

OUR NEW BRAND OF CIGARS.

"EDITOR'S CHOICE"

Will be ready for shipment in about two weeks.  
We shall be pleased to receive a sample order from you.  
Yours respectfully,  
Geo. T. Warren & Co.

20,000 Sold to the Trade

In Grand Rapids in the past 30 days. Over 150 retail dealers in G and Rapids are handling the Famous Five Cent Cigar.

"THE WHITE DAISY"

This cigar we guarantee to be the best nickel cigar in the State, all long Havana filler with a Sumatra Wrapper. It is sold to the trade for \$35 per M. Remember, you take no chances in ordering, for we guarantee the cigar to give entire satisfaction or they can be returned.

Beware of Imitations.

The genuine will have our signature on inside of cover of each box. Send in your orders by mail. The White Daisy is manufactured only by

MORTON & CLARK,  
462 S. Division St., Grand Rapids.

H. SCHNEIDER & CO.,

Manufacturers of the famous

Dick and George,  
Elks' Social Session

And other Popular Brands of Cigars, and Jobbers of All Brands of

Fine Cut, Plug and Smoking Tobaccos

21 Monroe St., Grand Rapids.

Advertising Cards and Specialties.

We carry a larger stock of these goods than any other house in this country. Are Manufacturers, Importers and Publishers of 7,000 styles. Catalogue free. Samples we charge at cost and allow a rebate after we receive orders sufficient to justify us.

AGENTS WANTED.  
Novelty Card and Advertising Co.,  
103-5-7 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

WHY WEAR PANTS

That do not fit or wear satisfactorily, when you can buy the Detroit Brand, that are perfect in style and workmanship.

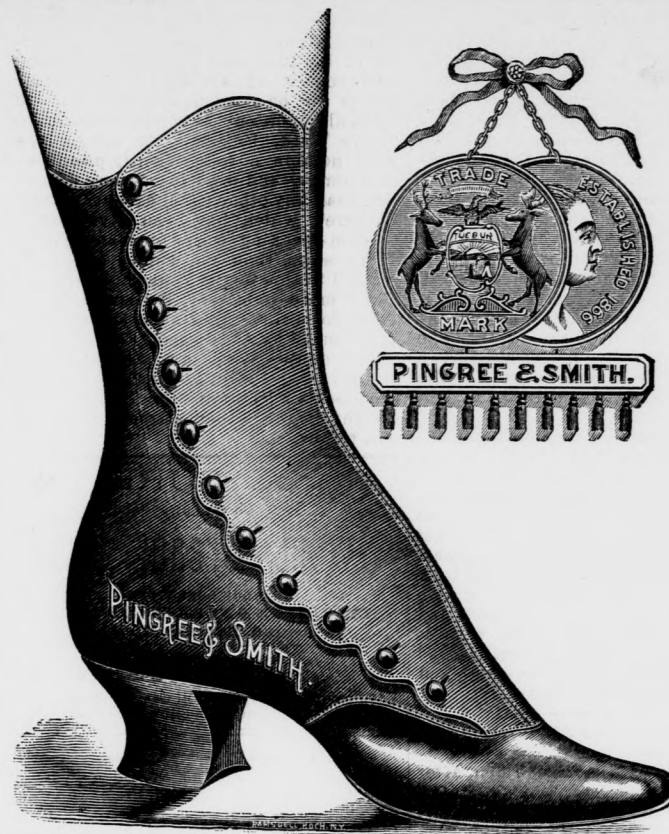


JACOB BROWN & CO'S  
PERFECT FIT!  
Superior Make  
PANTS and  
OVERALLS.  
ASK FOR THEM!

TIME TABLES.

Grand Rapids & Indiana.		
GOING NORTH.		
Traverse City & Mackinaw.	Arrives.	Leaves.
Traverse City & Mackinaw.	7:00 a.m.	7:30 a.m.
Traverse City Express.	8:30 a.m.	9:00 p.m.
Potoskey & Mackinaw.	9:05 p.m.	9:30 p.m.
7:30 a.m. and 11:30 a.m. trains have chair cars for Potoskey and Mackinaw City.		
GOING SOUTH.		
Cincinnati Express.	6:25 a.m.	7:00 a.m.
Fort Wayne Express.	11:45 a.m.	12:45 a.m.
Cincinnati Express.	5:40 p.m.	6:00 p.m.
Chicago and Sturgis.	10:40 p.m.	11:05 p.m.
7:00 a.m. train has parlor chair car for Cincinnati.		
6:00 p.m. train has Pullman sleeper for Cincinnati.		
11:05 p.m. train has Wagner sleeper for Chicago, via Kalamazoo.		
Sleeping car rates—\$1.50 to Chicago, Potoskey or Mackinaw City; \$2 to Cincinnati.		
Muskegon, Grand Rapids & Indiana.		
Leave.	Arrive.	
7:00 a.m.	10:15 a.m.	10:30 a.m.
11:15 a.m.	3:45 p.m.	4:00 p.m.
5:40 p.m.	8:45 p.m.	9:00 p.m.
Leaving time at Bridge street depot 7 minutes later.		
C. L. Lockwood, Gen'l Pass. Agent.		
Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee.		
GOING WEST.		
Morning Express.	Arrives.	Leaves.
Through Mail.	1:10 p.m.	1:30 p.m.
Through Mail.	5:00 p.m.	5:30 p.m.
Steamboat Express.	10:40 p.m.	10:45 p.m.
Night Express.	6:50 a.m.	7:00 a.m.
Mixed.		7:45 a.m.
Detroit Express.	6:45 a.m.	6:50 a.m.
Through Mail.	10:30 a.m.	10:35 a.m.
Evening Express.	3:40 p.m.	3:45 p.m.
Limited Express.	6:25 p.m.	6:30 p.m.
Daily, Sundays excepted. Daily.		
Detroit Express has parlor car to Detroit, making direct connections for all points East, arriving in New York 10-10 Limited Express, Limited Express, East, has through sleeper to Detroit connecting at Milwaukee Junction with through sleeper to Toronto, and at Detroit for through sleeper to Niagara Falls.		
Through tickets and sleeping car berths secured at D. G. H. & M. R. Y. offices, 20 Monroe St. and at the depot.		
Jas. CAMPBELL, City Passenger Agent.		

Toledo, Ann Arbor & Northern.  
For Toledo and all points South and East, take the Toledo, Ann Arbor & North Michigan Railway from Owosso Junction. Sure connections at above point with trains of D. G. H. & M., and connections at Toledo with evening trains for Cleveland, Buffalo, Columbus, Dayton, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Creston, Orrville and all prominent points on connecting lines.  
A. J. PAISLEY, Gen'l Pass. Agent.



DETROIT SOAP CO.,

Manufacturers of the following well-known brands:

QUEEN ANNE, TRUE BLUE, MOTTLER GERMAN, SUPERIOR, PHENIX, ROYAL BAR, MASCOFFE, CZAR, CAMEO, AND OTHERS.

For quotations in single box lots, see Price Current. For quotations in larger quantities, address,

W. G. HAWKINS, Salesman for Western Michigan, LOCK BOX 173, GRAND RAPIDS.

HEAVENRICH BROS.

Wholesale Clothiers

MANUFACTURERS OF

Perfect-Fitting Tailor-Made Clothing

AT LOWEST PRICES.

138-140 Jefferson Ave., 34-36 Woodbridge St., Detroit.

MAIL ORDERS sent in care L. W. ATKINS will receive PROMPT ATTENTION.



All Grocers sell SANTA CLAUS SOAP.  
Made by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Chicago, Ill.

P. STEKETEE & SONS,

WHOLESALE

Dry Goods and Notions,

83 Monroe St. and 10, 12, 14, 16 & 18 Fountain St.,  
Grand Rapids, Mich.

New Line of Prints, Seersuckers, Toile Du Nord, Gingham, Dress Goods, Hosiery, Underwear, White Goods, Laces, Embroideries and Full Line of Neck Wear.

STARK, FRANKLINVILLE, AMERICAN, HOOKER, BURLAPS.

Bags.

Warps, Geese Feathers, Waddings, Batts and Twines.

Sole Agents for Valley City and Georgia Bags. Mail orders receive prompt and careful attention.

W. STEELE

Packing and Provision Co.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Fresh and Salt Beef, Fresh and Salt Pork, Pork Loins, Dry Salt

Pork, Hams, Shoulders, Bacon, Boneless Ham, Sausage of all Kinds, Dried Beef for Slicing.

LARD

strictly Pure and Warranted, in tierces, barrels, half-bbls., 50 lb. cans, 20 lb. cans, 3, 5 and 10 lb. pails

Pickled Pigs' Feet, Tripe, Etc.

Our prices for first-class goods are very low and all goods are warranted first-class in every instance. When in Grand Rapids, give us a call and look over our establishment. Write us for prices.

MICHIGAN, OUR MICHIGAN!

To the Retail Distributors of Foot-wear in Michigan:

GENTLEMEN:—Michigan is our home state and we take especial pride in the reputation our goods have right here at home. Our production is over ONE MILLION DOLLARS ANNUALLY (Shipments for last six months being \$519,468) and of this fully one-third is sold in Michigan. We are represented in nearly all Michigan towns of any size by first-class, enterprising dealers (you know we only sell to the best), but we will not be satisfied until our goods are sold in EVERY CITY AND VILLAGE IN THE STATE, so if reliable dealers in places where our goods are not sold will write us, we will convince them that we can make it to their advantage to take hold of our line. WE WARRANT EVERY-PAIR to give proper service, and, believing in the old adage "There's Nothing Like Leather," we use no imitations.

Yours truly,

PINGREE & SMITH,  
Detroit, Mich

MANUFACTURERS OF

Reliable Foot-Wear

In fine and medium grades. All styles. Ladies', Gents', Misses', Boys' and Children's.

WM. SEARS & CO.,

Cracker Manufacturers,

37, 39 and 41 Kent St., Grand Rapids.

No Chemicals.



W. BAKER & CO.'S  
Breakfast Cocoa

Is absolutely pure

and it is soluble.

To increase the solubility of the powdered cocoa, various expedients are employed, most of them being based upon the action of some alkali, potash, soda or even ammonia. Cocoa which has been prepared by one of these chemical processes can usually be recognized at once by the distinct alkaline reaction of the infusion in water.

W. Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa

is manufactured from the first stage to the last by perfect mechanical processes, no chemical being used in its preparation. By one of the most ingenious of these mechanical processes the greatest degree of fineness is secured without the sacrifice of the attractive and beautiful red color which is characteristic of an absolutely pure and natural cocoa.

W. Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.

Seventeen Years on the Market

With a steady increase in demand.

Jennings' Flavoring Extracts

ARE ALWAYS RELIABLE AND UNIFORM IN QUALITY AND PRICE, BEING MADE EXCLUSIVELY FROM THE FINEST FRUIT THAT GROW CANNOT BE OTHERWISE THAN THE FINEST FLAVORS PRODUCED.

Dealers will always find Jennings' Extracts saleable and profitable goods to add to their stock. Order through your Jobber or direct from

Jennings & Smith,

Grand Rapids, Mich.

SEE QUOTATIONS THIS PAPER.

Nuts

We carry a large stock of Foreign and Domestic Nuts and are at all times prepared to fill orders for car lots or less at lowest prices.

Putnam & Brooks.

THE OLD RELIABLE

PUT IN

Boxes, Cans, Pails, Kegs, Half Barrels and Barrels.

Send for sample of the celebrated

Frazer Carriage Grease

The Frazer Goods Handled by the Jobbing Trade Everywhere.