

The Michigan Tradesman.

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GRAND RAPIDS, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 1889.

NO. 301.

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Best the year around.

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DEAR SIR—Permit us to con-
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are working up on your Imperial
Baking Powder. We have had
it tested by the most competent
cooks in the city and they pro-
nounce it fully equal to any
powder on the market.
Yours very truly,
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Write for information on the markets, etc.

Millers, Attention
We are making a Middlings
Purifier and Flour Dresser that
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They are guaranteed to do
more work in less space (with
less power and less waste)
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Send for descriptive cata-
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And invite the trade to write me for
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OUR OWN MAKE.
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Inspection Solicited. Chicago and De-
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If in want of Clover, Timothy,
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Blue Grass, Seed Corn—Early
Yellow or Dent, Turnip or Ruta
Baga, or, in fact, Any Kind of
Seed, send to the
Seed Store,
71 Canal St., GRAND RAPIDS,
W. T. LAMOREAUX.

THE DEADLY PARALLEL.
This world is not so very bad,
As some are prone to say;
But we could make it much more glad,
Could we but have our way.
We very quickly would destroy
Some foes to earthly bliss,
And bore who now this space enjoy:
We'd bottle up in this:
You've met the individual,
The hero quite unknown,
Who off his wondrous tales will tell
Of doing all his own.
His future fame he paints for you,
Or pictures what he was,
And this is what he's going to do:
While this is what he does:
Then there's the dry goods salesman's bore,
A female, by the way,
Who on her rounds from store to store
Is sure to go each day.
She lingers longest "opening days,"
And the salesman's patience tries,
For here's the goods which she displays:
And here is what she buys:
The woman is vexatious, too,
And doesn't care a pin
Our comforts to enlarge upon,
Our sympathies to win.
And though we're forced to bow to him,
Respect him, we cannot,
For leaving this much to be cold days:
And this much when it's hot:
A STRAY.
The red rays of the setting sun length-
ened the shadows against the black, dead-
ened hills, as the workmen swarmed out
of the pit and dragged weary, stiffened
limbs along the different paths leading
to the habitations above. Very grotesque
some of them were, with blackened faces,
from which eyes gazed out with the
weary pathos one sees in the eyes of
oxen, with bent figures and stooped
shoulders from work in rooms where the
roof was often not four feet from the
floor, where water lay in pools and bred
rheumatism in joints, warmed by the sun
all too seldom.
The motley nature of the mining vil-
lage was shown by the different dialects
in which the conversations are carried on,
the broad slurred intonation of the En-
glish miner; the round, rollicking tones
with the note of a caress in it that is
native to the land St. Patrick loved; the
soft, decided voice of Scotland, and, as a
background for this dross and jetsam
that is drifted to us by the ocean, was
heard the sharp, slightly nasal voice of
the native of our Middle States.
But different as was their nationality,
their minds seemed to run much in the
same groove. There was some dissatis-
faction with the record of the day's work,
and menaces ominous to the managers
were exchanged with curses and clen-
ching of black, hardened hands.
Fragments of their conversation came
to a woman standing at the top of the
rickety steps leading up the face of the
cliff above the mines. Back of her was
a row of bare, unpainted houses where
the workmen lived; some of the women
were about the doors, slouchy and dis-
hevelled, calling out to one another and
to the children in coarse, shrill voices,
with now and then a laugh and a joke
with the home-coming workmen. Only
the woman at the steps stood alone silent,
to her in passing, while many looked at
her in a way that made her face flush
and her teeth set. She was handsomer than
anything they ever saw about the pit's
mouth, but the husbands, sons, and
lovers knew better than to greet her be-
fore the eyes of their women folks. Four
years ago she had learned that and ig-
nored them, men and women, ever since,
only she could not but see the glances
that needed no interpretation to bring a
flush to her brown cheek and a cold stare
of bravado into her gray eyes.
The one man who spoke to her was not
a good sight to look at. He had partially
washed the coal dust from his face at the
tank by the pit—enough to show deep,
blue scars furrowed in his face by a blast
of powder.
"Good evenin' to ye, Kate," he said,
"as he reached the level where she stood.
"Here is the lad; ye'd better watch him
about these steps, it's a bad place for
little chaps," as he swung from his
shoulder a sturdy little yellow-haired
boy of four years.
"I ain't scared," he announced, with a
lisp. "I want Dan to carry me, carry
me up."
"What's the matter down there,"
asked Kate, with a nod toward the pit.
"Something wrong?"
"Oh, yes, same old story, some o' the
men docked a half a car because a wee
bit o' slate happened in, an' the new cars
are short weight they say. The men
won't put up with much more, an' some
o' them are maken ugly threats."
"Who do they threaten?"
"Mighty near all the officials, the new
overseer, young Heppburn, in particular."
"Why so?"
"They think he might appeal for them
to the company to have the rules changed
about the weight measurements. But
he's only a bit of a youngster himself,
and hasn't much backbone, though he is
the doctor's nephew, an' they don't much
like the idea of a college-bred young man
over them. One o' the men as has worked
in the mine himself would suit them bet-
ter—not that I blame them much—
though for the doctor's sake there'd be
many a man stand up for him," he added,
as he walked on to the company board-
ing house.
The woman, leading the child, turned
also from the steps toward the little
cabin she called home, around the un-
painted boards of which clattered
morning glories, while at the back could
be seen tall sunflowers and hollyhocks
that bordered the little square of a gar-
den where a few sickly-looking veget-
ables were coaxed into existence, show-
ing to the curious that its owner must
have come from a farm. Otherwise how
could she with a knowledge of the needs of
her plants or a patience that would carry

rich loam in baskets from the woods in
order to have a bit of green in the midst
of the red clay and the black coal dust
around her? It was the only attempt at
a garden on the cliffs. Tenants have
small encouragement to improve or cul-
tivate ground belonging to coal com-
panies, as under existing rules, they are,
in many places, ejected on four days'
notice for the most paltry of provoca-
tions.
As she passed a window of the com-
pany boarding house she heard a voice
say:
"Hello, Dan! had a nice chat with Kate
out there? Yer getting to be great
friends."
"Friends!" this time the voice was a
woman's. "Well, I should hope Dan
ain't so hard up as to pick up friends
among tramps and strays!"
"That's enough," said the man called
Dan. "I'll not be lettin' man or woman
speak against her when I'm in hearen."
The doctor says I have to thank her fer
the sight o' my eyes this minute. It was
her nursin' more than his medicine as
saved 'em when I got burnt with the
powder. I tell ye there wasn't another
woman in the place would a looked at
me without gettin' sick. But Kate! Why,
she jest walked in and helped Doc
take care of me as if I was handsome as
a picture-book; an' she's done good turns
to lots of the boys, though some o'
them are too mean to speak up
for her; an' she's got more learnin'
than most folks here though she is
only a stray."

The girl walked on to her own door
and sat down wearily on the wooden
step, while the child scampered after a
pet kitten.
A stray! That was all. Four years
since she came first, a big-eyed girl of
seventeen, dusty and foot sore from long
travel from where they never knew—
and when she sank fainting on a door
step and was carried inside the one
tavern in the place, there was much
wonder among the people as to who she
could be; and when the doctor laid her
child in her arms and asked if there was
any word he could send for her to hus-
band or relatives, she only looked at the
babe's pink flower-like face in a half
curious, half loving way, as if in doubt
whether it could be hers, and then, draw-
ing it close, she looked squarely at the
doctor, and said: "There is no one."
In a small place gossip soon spreads,
and ere long the community knew that
the tramp was a mother but no wife—a
thing to be shunned by the virtuous—to
be pitied, after a fashion, but to be left
alone. She was penniless and without
friends. The doctor's voice was the only
kind one she had heard since the day the
child was born, and he looked on her
pitifully, perhaps helped to it by the
memory of a little daughter's grave over
the hill, whose occupant would have been
this girl's age had she lived. A sober
man of forty years he was, a kindly,
Christian gentleman who had settled
among them years ago, when the wife
and baby daughter had dropped into their
eternal sleep while on a visit to this
mountain of the Alleghenies. He was
held in much respect by the people.
His kindly hands had eased many a
broken bone or crushed limb among
them, and he did what he could to soften
the harsh judgment of the villagers to-
wards this girl, and his best was little.
Two weeks after her coming he ven-
tured on the subject of her destination
and intentions. So far she had said
nothing except her name, and when
asked, she said, "Kate," that was all.
The doctor found her as usual looking
with unseeing eyes across the hills,
seemingly heedless of the yellow-haired,
brown-eyed babe in her lap, for she had
been in a sort of apathy ever since its
birth.

"I have come to have a talk with you,
Kate," said the doctor. "This little fel-
low is old enough now for you to take
him home, wherever that is, and I have
come to see what arrangements can be
made."
"I have no home now," she said, with
a little break in her voice.
"But there must be some one. Come
now, my girl, tell me what you can. I
want to be your friend. You need one.
Heaven knows. There must be some
one—the boy's father?"
"He is nothing—nothing to me or to it
—the coward!" she burst out, with more
feeling than he had heard her express
before.
"But you must have some one to take
care of you! How are you to live?"
"I did not want to live. They should
have let me die in the street that day;
they had no right to touch me!"
"Hush!" said Dr. Heppburn, sternly.
"We should never question the decrees
of heaven. Every life has a use of its
own else it would not be given."
She laughed harshly. "Use! What
use is my life now, the life of a nameless
outcast?"
"You have your child to live for."
"Ah!" she breathed, with a half sob
in her throat, "do you think I have not
thought of him? How am I to live
through the shame of it when he grows
older and understands? Better we should
both die now, now before he grows
ashamed of his mother. One night this
thought came to me as if some one had
whispered it in my ear. It was dark but
I seemed to feel the presence of forms
pointing at us and whispering 'shame.'
I can't tell you how terrible it was. The
only way to escape it was to die—both of
us. I got up softly and lit the candle.
I did not think how I was to do it, only
in some way I was to end our lives. Ah!
how afraid I was of making a noise that
would wake him! I crept across to the
bed so softly. I lifted a pillow. Its
weight on a baby's face would stop its
breathing so quickly; but as I bent over
the babe, I saw it was not asleep. It
had been lying there quietly but its eyes
were wide open. It smiled up at me,
and for the first time reached towards
me its arms. Oh, how I knelt there and

kissed it and cried over it! That was the
first time I had cried since this trouble
came to me, and it seemed to ease the
dull, aching pain in my heart. But I let
the candle burn all that night. I was
afraid to be in the dark for fear of that
temptation coming again. Do you think
it ever will?" Her cheeks were quite
flushed and her eyes wet as she clasped
the child close to her and appealed to
the doctor.
"God bless me!" he ejaculated, spring-
ing to his feet and walking back and
forth, the tears in his own honest, kind-
ly eyes. "God bless me! What a scound-
rel that man must be!" Then he sat
again beside her.
"Where were you going when you took
him?"
Her face flushed. "I was looking for
him. He said once that his business was
in the coal region. When no letters
came I tried to find him. I walked from
town to town, sometimes sleeping in the
woods. I walked until I would get dizzy
and drop with fatigue; but I had no time
to rest. My one thought was to find him
in time, but the coal fields are so wide—
I never knew how wide before!"
"Perhaps you can find him yet," ven-
tured the doctor. "We might advertise."
"Now," she answered. "No, it was
not for myself—only for the child, but it
is too late."
"You must think of your future. If
you will not go home, or find him, who
will take care of you and the child?"
"I will. I can work."
"But where, and what?"
"Here; it is as good a place as any
other, there must be some work for a
woman here, enough to keep us and pay
these people. The people seem buried
here, shut off from the rest of the world.
That is best for me, and I can work at
anything. Some one will give me work.
Do you think so?"
"God bless me! I hope so," he an-
swered. "I'll try to fix it, but it's a
dreary place, child, and a dreary life for
you here."
"My life would be that anywhere, it
does not matter."
And so it was settled. Sewing, house-
work, nursing, washing, anything in the
way of work she did well, and did cheaply
for anyone who would give her the
chance, but she made no friends and re-
sented all overtures from the curious.
They knew no more of her past than
they did the day she came among them.
Kate was the only name they knew her
by. Her boy she called Paul.

"It was my father's name," she said
to the doctor. "He is dead. The dis-
grace cannot hurt him."
The boy grew and thrived, but it was
almost as quiet as the mother, for it had
no playmates—only a kitten and a few
chickens. The mothers of other child-
ren resented the silence, so like pride in
this tramp, and called the children to
their sides when the baby natures would
reach hands to each other all unknowing
the social gulf between them. Even her
kindness to the sick won her no hearts,
for she did all so coldly though so well.
Their sidelong, meaning glances when
she first met their faces with her child in
her arms had closed forever any sym-
pathy between them. The child she wor-
shipped. Her moody, gray eyes would
warm and the closed mouth smile only
for him, and once, when a fever among
the children had laid little Paul low, the
doctor was startled by the wild grief of
this girl who seldom spoke among them.
"Be quiet, Kate," he said, putting her
in a chair. "You must not give way like
this, the chances are that he will recover,
but should he not, we must bow to that
higher Will; be sure what will be, will
be for the best."
"The best?" and she laughed, bitterly.
"If he were to die to-night, you would
try to console me by saying it was best.
Don't you know that this is a punishment
for that other time when I did not want
him? And now just when we have grown
to be as quiet as each other you tell
me it is a merciful God who would part
us! People should love nothing if they
wish to be happy, it brings a curse
always. How can you understand? other
others have husbands, homes, children.
I have only him—only him!" and she
sank beside the little bed in a passion of
sobs that were stilled only by a narcotic
from the doctor's hand.

But little Paul did not die, though the
doctor was anxious for many days and
very thankful when he could safely say
all danger was past. Kate did not say
much, it was as if she feared to give
voice to her joy lest the pent up emotions
would be beyond her control. But her
great eyes, as she kissed her boy and
pressed the doctor's hand, held in them
more gratitude than words could express.
"You have done so much for me," she
said, "and my life is so useless, all I can
do in return seems so little!"
"Tut, tut! If it were my boy Hal, you
would do as much if you could; be a
good girl, that is all I shall expect in
payment, and in your gratitude for your
boy, return thanks only where they are due—
to the Giver of all life!"
He had in all things been her friend,
and sitting on the wooden step in the
deering dusk with the miners' words
still in her ears—"a stray"—she dropped
her face in her hands thinking; thinking
of his goodness since that first day, and
then she let her memory wander back
over the days of hard, joyless toil among
these people where only one voice had
been helpful and kind, back over dusty
roads where she had dragged tired feet
in a hopeless search, back to the days
when her girl's heart had beat warmly
at the gift of a love to which she re-
sponded with what she fancied was the
lasting love of her life, and which she
knew now was only the result of a starv-
ing soul in a child's body, a welcome ray
of light across the unloved, monotonous
level of her life, but a ray that was to
sere and burn all the rose tints of youth
into a lifeless mass of ashes.

Lately a knowledge had been creeping
bit by bit into her heart, and filling it
with a supreme contempt of self. Ah,
how vile she was growing in her own
eyes! How often, lately, had she freed
her mind from the fetters of the past and
let her thoughts wander where they
would in the sweet pastures of a longed-
for present! How often she had checked
herself on the brink of wild hopes by
muttering to bitterly: "A tramp—a stray!
A thing lower in his thoughts than a lost
dog, which he would shelter. A dog at
least is faithful; I am not even that. A
true woman's love should be the same
always. Neglect, desertion, nothing
should change the thing she had dreamed
of as an endless love." And now she
knew she had not even that virtue to re-
deem herself, not even lasting love for
her child's father. She had, in her
thoughts, only loathing for him and for
herself. Ah, how bad, bad he would
think her, if he knew her weakness, her
faithlessness, in the one instance where a
woman's faithfulness to a sin is a virtue!
But the man of whose opinion she thought
was Dr. Heppburn, the kindly, calm-eyed
friend, whose life was filled by the mem-
ory of a gentle little woman, who slept
in the same narrow green bed with their
one child—he who had been faithful so
many years. What would he think if he
knew the weakness and fickleness of her
nature as she had known it lately? And
then her face grew hot as she remem-
bered when this knowledge had gained
on her, and how his helpful words and
kind eyes had helped to verify it.
The child, tired of play, had crept into
her lap and cuddled down to rest with
one brown, chubby hand against her
neck as she stooped to kiss him, mutter-
ing:
"I owe even your life to him, my dar-
ling, and there is no return we can make.
If he knew the truth, he would think my
dreams a degradation to us both."
The night closing in threw its shadow
over a woman in whose mind had begun
the natural revulsion that follows the
dispelled illusions of youth; and the
slow-growing scorn of self crept into her
heart, following close on the steps of re-
morse, that laggard whose voice is always
"too late, too late!"

There was a ripple of excitement in
the air, a vague expectancy through the
mining village. The men had left
work, and stood around in groups, smok-
ing and talking, while awaiting the ver-
dict, and the women gossiped and shook
their heads over the probable outgrowth
of the owners' visit to the mine.
"My man says as how that ear they
come to the junction in must have cost
thousands, and here is us glad of two
rooms and a bad roof a-top of them. It'll
be no free country until our men get the
good of their work instead of them high-
toned nob's as owns so many pits they
don't get to see them once a year. My
man says as how the time's a-comin'
when they'll have to bend."
"Or be bowed," broke in a neighbor,
with a laugh.
"Oh, Mrs. Dugan," chimed in another,
"it's yerself has always an answer on
yer tongue, an' if what I hear is true yer
not far off the mark. Some o' the boys
have been drinken and will stop at
nothin, not even dynamite."
"An' small wonder," answered the
Dugan woman, "with the short weight
an' a half-car lost to ye if but a bit o'
slate happens in—as who can help it
there in the dark?—an' the 'pluck me'
stores, where we must buy or leave the
works, an' scarce ever does a dollar come
in our door; it's all used for provisions
as fast as it's earned."
"I hear it's came a gang o' them come
—big-bugs, all o' them—a maken a round
o' the diggens."
"It'll be a sorry round to them if them
scalls an' some o' the rules ain't changed
fore night. Now you mind what I'm
tellen ye!"

And thus the prophecies drifted from
one to another, and a woman, with a bas-
ket of clothes on her arm and a little yel-
low-haired child at her side, stopped
short in the black, dusty road, as from
the other side of a high board fence half-
drunken curses came to her ears.
"Be quiet, Tom," admonished another
voice, "and don't drink any more, or
you'll give the whole thing away. I am
sick of it since I saw the doctor with
them. He has been mighty good to lots
of us; but the rest can burn for all we—"
"Let 'em all burn. Doctor an' young
Heppburn are big-bugs as much as the
stockholders, with their fine words an'
their high an' mighty ways. Yer all o'
toddies to that cursed doctor. His
word's law to all of ye, an' d'ye spose it
would be if he was common workin' stuff
like us? No, it's the learnin' an' the
high-toned way of his that ye knuckle to,
an' I tell ye, Jim, we'll take it out o'
them all. Hurra for equal rights!"
"Hush, Tom. Lay low here in the
grass, and take a sleep till yer sober
enough to keep a close head. If the boys
that's in it hear you blowin' like this
there'll be the devil to pay. Yer likely
to be found missin', an' don't ye forget
it!"
"Shut up!" growled the other. "They
won't change the rules. Won't they?
Let me alone! I know what I'm doin',
just as well as I know who put the nitro
glycerine on the track by entry number
nine. It'll put an end to their sight-
seem!" It'll teach other stockholders to
respect workin' men's rights. Hurra!"
And the voice continued muttering
threats and curses at moneyed men and
aristocrats, while the woman stood
motionless in the bare road, her face
whitening, her eyes full of horror as the
meaning of the man's words dawned on
her, and then, dropping the clothes bas-
ket, she lifted the child quickly, clasp-
ing him so tight that he cried out in fright
and surprise. She did not heed, but
turning, ran with the swiftness of a hunt-
ress back toward the village. She heard a
shout behind her, but did not turn. The
child's cry had told the men of her pres-
ence. They were shouting at her to stop;
[CONCLUDED ON EIGHTH PAGE.]

with a supreme contempt of self. Ah,
how vile she was growing in her own
eyes! How often, lately, had she freed
her mind from the fetters of the past and
let her thoughts wander where they
would in the sweet pastures of a longed-
for present! How often she had checked
herself on the brink of wild hopes by
muttering to bitterly: "A tramp—a stray!
A thing lower in his thoughts than a lost
dog, which he would shelter. A dog at
least is faithful; I am not even that. A
true woman's love should be the same
always. Neglect, desertion, nothing
should change the thing she had dreamed
of as an endless love." And now she
knew she had not even that virtue to re-
deem herself, not even lasting love for
her child's father. She had, in her
thoughts, only loathing for him and for
herself. Ah, how bad, bad he would
think her, if he knew her weakness, her
faithlessness, in the one instance where a
woman's faithfulness to a sin is a virtue!
But the man of whose opinion she thought
was Dr. Heppburn, the kindly, calm-eyed
friend, whose life was filled by the mem-
ory of a gentle little woman, who slept
in the same narrow green bed with their
one child—he who had been faithful so
many years. What would he think if he
knew the weakness and fickleness of her
nature as she had known it lately? And
then her face grew hot as she remem-
bered when this knowledge had gained
on her, and how his helpful words and
kind eyes had helped to verify it.
The child, tired of play, had crept into
her lap and cuddled down to rest with
one brown, chubby hand against her
neck as she stooped to kiss him, mutter-
ing:
"I owe even your life to him, my dar-
ling, and there is no return we can make.
If he knew the truth, he would think my
dreams a degradation to us both."
The night closing in threw its shadow
over a woman in whose mind had begun
the natural revulsion that follows the
dispelled illusions of youth; and the
slow-growing scorn of self crept into her
heart, following close on the steps of re-
morse, that laggard whose voice is always
"too late, too late!"

The Michigan Tradesman

AMONG THE TRADE.

GRAND RAPIDS GOSSIP.
J. M. Higgins succeeds **John H. Farmer** as local manager for the **Vienna Yeast Co.**
 Local capital is being interested in a patent fare box for street cars, which works automatically.
W. R. Keeler will remove his confectionery stock from 416 to 412 South Division street about July 1.
 The project to start a whip factory here has fallen through and the leading spirit in the proposed enterprise has returned to Cheyenne.
D. Fred Sweet and **J. Hagedener** are endeavoring to organize a stock company to engage in the manufacture of an electric motor recently invented by Mr. Sweet.
J. Van Westenbrugge is building a new store at the corner of North Third and Center streets, which he will occupy with his grocery stock at 55 North Third street in about thirty days.
 The underwriters of the city met last Tuesday evening and organized a club for social and other purposes. No stiffening in rates is expected until the members get well acquainted with each other.
W. R. Keeler has purchased the confectionery stock of **H. A. Cohen & Co.**, who established a small jobbing business on Oakes street a short time ago. The stock has been consolidated with Keeler's stock on South Division street.
Wm. S. Barnett, formerly engaged in the hardware business at Hudson, but for the past seven years traveling representative for the Peninsular Stove Co., of Detroit, has formed a copartnership with **Glenn Richards**, under the style of **Barnett & Richards**, and purchased the Alden hardware stock, at 31 West Bridge street.
 The Grand Rapids Loan and Trust Co. will probably file incorporation papers this week. The corporation will have a paid-in capital of \$150,000, comprising many of the leading business men and capitalists of this and surrounding cities. The office of the institution will be at the Hartman vaults, on Fountain street.
W. T. Meloy, late of New Lexington, Ohio, has formed a copartnership with **C. M. Rich**, formerly engaged in the lumber business at Tustin, under the style of **Meloy & Rich**. The firm will engage in the jobbing of clay novelties, having taken the agency of the Ohio Centennial ware for Michigan and Wisconsin. The office of the firm will be at 20 Lyon street, while the goods will be handled in a warehouse, 24x51 feet in dimensions, now being constructed at the corner of Fifth avenue and Hilton street.

AROUND THE STATE.
Manistee—**Otto Bauman** has opened a new grocery store.
Garden—**J. J. Rigney** has sold out his grocery business.
Grand Ledge—**C. L. Miller** has assigned his hazaar stock to **C. Wood**.
Kendall—**Frank Keefe** succeeds **L. A. Mack** in the grocery business.
East Saginaw—**Jos. Gossell** has bought **Fred Wolpert's** grocery stock.
Coopersville—**Mess H. L. Stevens** is closing out her millinery stock.
Mason—**Wilcox & Co.** succeed **Norris & Childs** in the grocery business.
Hillsdale—**Finch & Bassett**, marble dealers, have made an assignment.
East Saginaw—**Sophia Gossell** succeeds **Gossell Bros.** in the grocery business.
Woodland—**L. Parrot** will open a meat market in the Hildinger building soon.
Flint—**C. A. Chapel** succeeds **J. C. Frazier** in the mill machinery business.
Bellaire—**Ira A. Adams** has added a line of confectionery to his general stock.
Prattville—**F. Silvernail** will erect a building and engage in the meat business.
Belding—**S. H. Stone** has purchased **M. Houck's** cigar and confectionery business.
Sault Ste Marie—**P. H. Davis** is erecting a brick store 20x40 feet in dimensions.
Laingsburg—**L. A. Farnham** has added a line of hazaar goods to his dry goods stock.
Moscow—**E. Childs & Co.**, general dealers, have dissolved. **E. Childs** continuing.
Mecosta—**Clifford Richards**, of Millbrook, has purchased **R. S. Wolford's** drug stock.
Mancelona—**Lizzie Fuller** will carry on the meat business at the former location of **J. L. Fuller & Co.**
Rochester—**Mitchell & Hacker**, dealers in meats, have dissolved. **T. N. Hacker** continuing the business.
Cadillac—**Frank Hutchinson** is fitting up his store building, and will open a meat market about July 1.
Montgomery—**Gray & Adams** succeed **Gray & Berry** in the hardware and agricultural implement business.
Owosso—**D. L. Murphy** will remove his stock of wall-paper and paints to **W. A. Woodard's** new brick store.

Kalkaska—**Charles P. Sweet** is building a two-story brick block to take the place of the one lately burned.
Vermontville—**Ed. Boardman** has purchased the interest of **John Deer** in the meat firm of **Deer & Boardman**.
Stetson—**J. E. Doty** writes **THE TRADESMAN** that he is arranging to retire from the hardware business.
Stetson—**T. J. Sherlock & Co.** succeed **Sherlock & Bogue** in the drug business. **Mr. Bogue** has gone to Mississippi.
Hastings—**J. G. Runyan** will occupy one-half of **M. E. Nevin's** dry goods store with his boot and shoe stock.
Manistee—**Sowersville & Johnson** have begun work on their new brick building, which will be the largest of its kind in the city.
Kalamazoo—**Edwards, Chamberlain & Co.** is the style of the firm succeeding **A. K. Edwards & Co.** in the hardware business.
Cloverdale—**M. McCallum** has purchased the meat market of **Fred Pierce** and **Alex. McCallum** will manage the business.
Cedar Springs—**A. J. Provin** has nearly completed his new hardware building, which is situated on Main street, near his old store.
Baraga—**Thomas Nester** has purchased three trugs from **Buffalo parties** for \$7,000, and will use them for towing logs on **Keewenaw** bay.
onia—**F. E. Kelsey** has purchased the interest of his partner, **Will Wilson**, in the grocery business, and will conduct the business alone.
Big Rapids—**Dr. B. L. Bradley** has sold his drug stock to **H. E. Grand-Girard & Co.**, who have removed the same to their own store.
Detroit—**Robert L. McElroy** has purchased the dry goods stock of **John R. Campbell & Co.** and will continue the business at the old stand.
South Saginaw—**E. P. Stone & Co.** have bought **J. P. Derby's** grocery stock and will continue the business. **Frank Chrisead** will manage the same.
Muir—**Alex. Pringle** has sold the stock of goods, recently purchased of **George Pringle**, to his brother, **W. R. Pringle**, who first started the business in **Muir**.
Traverse City—**John Helm** writes **THE TRADESMAN** that he has been sued by **C. M. Henderson & Co.**, of Chicago, on a bill of goods he claims to have never received.
Shelby—**L. R. Hinsdill**, the Hartford clothing merchant, will remove his stock here, occupying **F. A. Pitts'** store building, which is being remodeled for the purpose.
Coldwater—**Cashier Starr**, of the Coldwater National Bank, does not care for the crockery business especially, but he has the stock of **J. L. Hamilton** on his hands all the same, on a chattel mortgage.
New Era—**Dan Rankin** has removed his drug stock to **Shelby** and consolidated it with his drug stock there. His grocery and dry goods business here will be continued under the management of **Peter Rankin**.
Bay City—**Buck & Leighton**, general commission merchants, have moved into **Schindehette Bros.'** new block, corner **Saginaw** and **Fifth** streets. **A. A. Knopf** will also have his brokerage office in the same store.
Muskegon—**Receiver Lasley** has sold the dry goods stock of **Nathan Platt & Co.** to **John Torrent** for 74 per cent. of the invoiced value, which was \$46,163.64. **Mr. Torrent** will continue the business at the old stand.
Howard City—**J. R. Abbott** is getting material on the ground for a two-story brick building, to replace the frame one which was recently destroyed by fire. He is the first man to break ground for a new building on the burned district.
Saranac—**Arthur Richmond** has purchased the stock of harnesses, fixtures, etc., belonging to **P. T. Williams** and will enter into partnership with **A. E. Wilkinson**. They will continue the manufacture of harnesses for the wholesale and retail trade.

MANUFACTURING MATTERS.
Marion—The new grist mill has begun operations.
Cass City—**Landon & Eno** are building a planing mill.
Belding—**Jacob Wooster**, the Ionia meat dealer, contemplates locating here.
Almira—**Mr. Fish**, of Frankfort, has bought **Smith & Sons'** sawmill on **Mosquito Point**.
Mecosta—**A. A. Pangborn** is moving his shingle mill to **Boom lake**, about seven miles from here.
Muskegon—The **Muskegon Shingle Co.** will not start up its mill until the price of shingles advances.
Rondo—**M. S. Osgood** has his planing mill building enclosed and will soon have his machinery in place.
Reed City—**C. W. Rickard** has sold his cigar manufacturing business and will probably locate at **Evart**.
Flint—The **Flint Road Cart Co.** has had to enlarge its shop to meet the demands of increasing business.
East Saginaw—**John G. Owen** has begun the erection of a planing mill at his saw and shingle mill premises at **Owendale**. Both saw and shingle mills are running.

Hudson—**V. Wenzel** has purchased the **Hudson Coal Co.'s** plant and will hereafter conduct the business.
Lapeer—**Robert King** has the contract for making 1,217,000 shingles—15 carloads—for the **Detroit exposition**.
Coral—The **Blanding & Soules Furniture Co.** is building an addition to its factory, to be used as an engine room.
Mancelona—The **Mancelona furnace** averaged sixty-three tons of iron per day last week, beating all previous records.
Park Lake—**John Gilmour**, the lumber dealer, has purchased the southeast quarter of section 12, known as the **Bell & Culp land**.
Muir—The **Muir Corn Binder Co.** is cramped for storage room and contemplates buying lots east of the factory and erecting additional buildings.
Bay City—The **A. W. Wright Lumber Co.** is laying some spur tracks in connection with its logging road, and getting ready for the fall and winter business in the woods.
Plainwell—**W. H. Scott** has begun running his novelty works, and will do a variety of working in wood, in picket sawing, frame making and grinding of knives for machinery.
onia—**Steele & Gorham**, the proprietors of the new sawmill, have contracts for 400,000 feet of furniture lumber, 300,000 of which goes to **Nelson, Matter & Co.**, of Grand Rapids.
Manton—**Green & Son** will have their mill in operation about the last of June. They have a contract to cut 3,000,000 feet of pine for **C. E. Northrup**, three miles north of this place.
Bay City—**Pitts & Cranage** have purchased a tract of timber of **Mrs. James Hay**, in **Gladwin county**. It is estimated to cut from 40,000,000 to 60,000,000 feet. The consideration is not known, but it is said to have been on a basis of \$8 stumpage.
Alger—**J. W. Dunn**, whose shingle mill was recently burned, will not rebuild. He has \$6,000 worth of stock on hand for sale, and has engaged with **Joseph Rathbone & Co.**, of Chicago, to manage a large saw and shingle mill near **New Orleans**.
Menominee—**Peters & Morrison**, who cut 55,000 feet of lumber daily, have just completed a new log pocket with a capacity of 10,000,000 feet. They are also building docks, owing to a lack of piling room. They have 5,000,000 feet of lumber on hand.
Big Rapids—**O. M. Clark** is moving his shingle mill from **West Branch** to **Ontonagon county**, near the point where the **Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic Railroad** crosses the **Ontonagon river**. **Mr. Clark** has purchased a large tract of timbered land in that vicinity.
Sears—The lumber and shingle mill, together with seventy-five cords of shingle bolts, owned by **J. H. Lamphear**, were burned June 19. The engine and boiler were saved. Loss, \$2,000, with no insurance. **Mr. Lamphear** will rebuild the shingle mill as soon as possible.
Bay City—The famine in logs has disappeared, and the mill men are getting an abundance of them. The **Michigan Central** supplies, which have aggregated about 5,000,000 feet a week, are falling off, but the heavy rains are letting out all the logs in the streams, and with the large quantity rafted in from other points the mills will have all they can cut the remainder of the season.
East Saginaw—**C. & E. Ten Eyck**, shingle makers, are embarrassed. With the consent of their principle creditors they lately executed a trust deed to **John S. Estabrook** and **W. J. Bartow**. The liabilities are about \$14,000, with assets about half that amount. Bad management and the depression in the shingle business are attributed as the cause for the embarrassment. The mill will suspend operations.
Muskegon—**Both Torrent & Co.** and the **Gilbert & Bennett Co.** have about closed out their stocks of assorted lumber. The former claims that the quality of their logs this season will show no money in assorting for car trade, above what they can get by cargo, and the latter insist that they will buy no more lumber until they can purchase at a price that will leave them a living margin to do business on.
Belding—The contract for the construction of **Belding Bros.' new Silk factory** has been let to **Waterbury & Wright**, of Ionia, for \$23,000. They have sublet the stone work for the foundations to **Fred Mueller**, the brick work to **Prall & Huntley** and the painting to **Daniel Waterbury**, all of Ionia. The building is to be 45x200 feet in dimensions, three stories high, with a dry-house in connection, to be completed by Jan. 1, 1890.

Wool, Hides and Tallow.
 The wool market has gone in the West where buyers are loth to take it. While one pulls out, another goes in, and prices vary as buyers get excited, while at the East the market is not so strong, judging by sales reported as made on private terms. While prices in the East are not better, the prices paid in the West will involve the takers in loss.
 Hides are dull and nominal, with no kick to the leather trade to help out.
 Tallow is weak and lower.

Gripsack Brigade.
H. A. Cohen continues on the road for **Rueckheim Bros.**, of Chicago.
L. M. Mills has sold his interest in the yacht **Daisy** to **M. S. Goodman**.
Jos. N. Bradford's new home, on **James street**, is rapidly nearing completion.
W. J. Richards, the **Union City** whip traveler, was in town one day last week.
Chas. S. Robinson denies the report that he is training his nag for the race track.
Wm. B. Edmunds will act as color bearer on the occasion of the **Muskegon picnic**.
M. Kerns, traveling salesman for the cigar department of **Dilworth Bros.**, of Pittsburgh, was in town Saturday.
 The report that **Jerry Woltman** and **Chas. McClain** are training for the prize ring is probably without foundation.
Wm. H. Smith, of **Big Rapids**, has taken a position to travel for **C. Schefflin & Co.**, clothing jobbers, of **Plainfield, N. J.**
F. B. Jones, of **Saranac**, has engaged to travel for **A. Jacobs & Co.**, of **Detroit**, manufacturers of men's clothing. He begins work July 1.
Glenn Crawford accompanied his father, the genial **Cornelius**, on his visit to **Byron Center, Dorris, Moline** and **Burnip's Corners** last Saturday.
A. A. Howard, the **Coldwater** grip carrier, has gone to **Fairport, N. Y.**, where he will spend a couple of weeks with relatives and friends. He is accompanied by his wife.
Clarence J. Peck, traveling representative for **Wheeler, Blodgett & Co.**, of **Boston**, was in town Saturday on his way to **Grass Lake**, where he now resides. He expects to remove to **Jackson** soon.
Cornelius Crawford is training one of his horses to walk on his hind feet and perform other unusual feats. He is on the lookout for a number of dogs, capable of receiving instruction, with a view to going on the road with a dog show next year.
Big Rapids Pioneer: **Daye Smith**, traveling man for **Sprague, Warner & Co.**, of **Chicago**, was in the city last evening. He thought he recognized his old friend **Steve Sears** making a political speech on the bank corners. **Dave** was mistaken. That man was **David Drake Cooper**.
Duff Jennings, formerly traveling salesman for **Hawkins, Perry & Co.**, but for several months past **Detroit** salesman for the **Dingman Soap Co.**, has taken the position of State agent for the **Schulte Soap Co.**, of **Detroit**, and is spending several days in **Grand Rapids**, introducing the goods.
Friends of L. M. Mills assert that a truce has been arranged between him and the people of **Blanchard**, by which he will be permitted to repeat his Fourth of July oration of a year ago. It is stated that **Mills** will turn the speech upside down, and read it backwards, in hopes the people will run in the opposite direction than they did a year ago.
 Information deemed reliable conveys the startling intelligence that **Steve Sears** will make a balloon ascension at **Ludington** on the Fourth, suspended from a trapeze. One side of his body will bear an inscription imploring the natives to "Use Seymour Crackers." The vacant space on the other side will be disposed of cheap—for the benefit of **Dave Holmes'** church, at **Woodville**.
Allen Hilborn, for the past six years salesman for the **Chase Bros. Piano Co.**, has engaged to travel for the **Chicago Cottage Organ Co.**, of **Chicago**, as superintendent of agencies. **Mr. Hilborn** is a hard worker, as well as a successful salesman, and his friends will be pleased to learn that his new position carries with it an increase in salary commensurate with the added responsibility.
 At the meeting of the **Grand Rapids** traveling men, held at the reading room of **Sweet's Hotel** Saturday evening, an invitation was received from the proprietor of the **Occidental Hotel** to hold the annual picnic at **Muskegon** on Saturday, July 13. The invitation was accepted and July 13 fixed as the date of the picnic. **President Mills** announced the following special committees: On Transportation, **Geo. H. Seymour, Geo. F. Owen** and **A. B. Cole**; on Music, **Jas. H. Roseman, Wm. H. Jennings, Jas. N. Bradford, Steve Sears** and **Henry Dawley**; on Amusements and Games, **C. M. Falls, F. W. Powers** and **Chas. H. Ellis**. **President Mills** was requested to appoint two assistants in arranging a series of responses at the dinner table. **Rev. Chas. Fluhrer** and wife were invited to accompany the picnicers, when the meeting adjourned for one week.

Purely Personal.
Alfred J. Brown spent Sunday in **Traverse City**.
Chas. W. Jennings is confined to his house by illness.
O. J. Knapp, the **Howard City** grocer, was in town Monday.
Sidney F. Stevens and wife spent a couple of days in **Chicago** last week.
Dr. C. W. Tomlin, the **Bear Lake** druggist, is in town for a day or two.
Frank Fisher, clerk for **D. Wellbrook**, the **Rockford** meat dealer, was in town last Saturday.
J. W. Murphy, of the drug firm of **Amberg & Murphy**, at **Battle Creek**, was in town over Sunday.

Samuel M. Lemon and **Jeff Keate** returned from a flying trip through the **Upper Peninsula** Saturday morning.
Harry Mercer, Michigan representative for the **Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway**, is in town for a day or two.
John Smyth, with **L. Winternitz**, has gone to **Philadelphia**, where he will spend a couple of weeks with his brother.
G. G. Watson, of the firm of **Watson & Brown**, manufacturers of splint baskets at **Detroit**, was in town a couple of days last week.
Ernest Jewell, formerly billing clerk for the old firm of **Clark, Jewell & Co.**, is in town for a day or two, on his way to **California**.
Geo. W. Bevins, who is nearly as famous as the bones of **Dante**—being claimed as a resident of **Tustin, Belding** and **Spring Lake**, at the same time—was in town Saturday.
Milan Wiggins, the **Bloomington** merchant, was in town for a few hours on Saturday, on his way home from **Lansing**, where he is serving the State in the capacity of Representative.
Oscar D. Fisher, formerly manager for **Arthur Meigs & Co.**, but now the proprietor of a hotel at **Ft. Payne, Ala.**, is spending a week among **Grand Rapids** friends. He will leave his family in the State until October.

The Proposed Salt Trust.
 The price of salt dropped to 52 cents last week. **President Burt** says it is due to competition at home and abroad. Owing to the **Kansas** manufacturers' competition, the **Michigan** people were forced to meet it in the **Southwest**, and there are twenty-three manufacturers in the State outside of the Association who have been putting their product into the best territory, and a decline was the result. The only thing that will prevent the price going still lower will be the formation of the **North American Salt Company (Limited)**. It is believed that this will be accomplished, although the owners of some plants are asking more for them than they were willing to accept before the syndicate was talked of. It is understood, however, that the options of plants obtained aggregate less than \$15,000,000, much less, in fact, than was expected. In the event of the formation of the **North American Salt Company**, the main office will be located in **New York**, and it is understood that **W. R. Burt** will be the **President** and **Manager** of the trust.

The Drummer's Way.
 "I say, Morse, can you tell a young chicken from an old one?"
 "Of course, I can."
 "Well, how?"
 "By the teeth."
 "Chickens don't have teeth."
 "No, but I have."

Morris H. Treusch & Bro., exclusively wholesale tobaccoists, sell the "Our Knockers" cigar.
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—SMALL STOCK OF DRUGS AND FIXTURES, with house, lot and store, in railroad town; no competition; big investment for right man; capital only required. **T. P. Stiles, Chester, Eaton Co., Mich.** 458
FOR SALE—FIRST-CLASS CREAMERY IN SOUTH-ERN MICHIGAN, capacity 1,500 pounds per day; will trade for merchandise. Address No. 459, care Michigan Tradesman. 459
FOR SALE—DRUG STORE—FINEST LOCATION IN DETROIT for family and transient trade; cash business; purchaser will require \$2,500. Address, **Eugene Ross & Co., Detroit, Mich.** 457
FOR SALE—A STOCK OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE, also new store building, in good shape; best farming country around; good location for an active business man; amount of business done last year, \$10,000, located on C. & I. C. Railway, in Benton county Ind., six miles from any town; \$5,000 will buy most; good reason for selling. For terms, address, **C. B. Sayers, Wadena, Ind.** 455
DRUG STORE FOR SALE—BEST OPENING OFFERED in Michigan. Address, **J. B. Quick, Howard City, Mich.** 454
FOR SALE—DRUG AND STATIONERY STOCK IN manufacturing town of 1,200 people; invoice about \$1,000; small competition. Address, No. 459, care Michigan Tradesman. 459
KEEP YOUR EYE ON THIS—PARTIES ABOUT TO engage in 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, F. I. Root, Mich.** 453
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 \$1,500; postoffice in store; reason for selling, failing health. **J. B. Shedd, Proprietor.** 441
FOR SALE—FULL SET OF HARDWARE FIXTURES, including shelving and drawers, also full set of tinners' tools. Address 458, care Michigan Tradesman. 458
FOR SALE—IN CENTRAL MICHIGAN—STOCK OF F. drugs, medicines and fixtures, valued at \$1,200; daily cash sales, \$15; also store building, storehouse and residence combined, valued at \$800; reasons, other business. Address, No. 430, care Michigan Tradesman. 430

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, Erie Lake, Mich.** 456
WANTED—SITUATION AS REGISTERED ASSISTANT pharmacist; four years' experience; first-class recommendations. Address, **N. D. Pollard, Jr., Crystal, Montcalm County, Mich.** 452
WANTED—SITUATION AS BOOK-KEEPER BY MAN with 10 years' experience; with full stock of general merchandise. Address, **A. E. Chambers, 55 Monroe Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.** 407
FOR SALE—CHEAP—ONE BRICK STORE, two stories and basement; will give time for most of the purchase money. Address, **Locke Drawer No. 4, Charlevoix, Mich.** 454
WANTED—1,000 MORE MERCHANTS TO ADOPT OUR Improved Coupon Pass Book System. Send for samples. **E. Stow & Bro., Grand Rapids.** 314
FOR SALE—GOOD RESIDENCE LOT ON ONE OF THE most pleasant streets "on the hill." Will exchange for stock in any good institution. Address 289, care Michigan Tradesman. 286
WANTED—SEND A POSTAL TO THE SUTLIFF CO., 100 Park Street, 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. 437

S. K. BOLLES. E. B. DIKEMAN.

S. K. Bolles & Co.,

77 Canal Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Wholesale Cigar Dealers.

A few of our leading brands:

Bitter Sweet | **Don Rodrigo**
 Two Sizes—Sen. and Jun. | Two Sizes—Sen. and Jun.

De Lorenzo Ventura,
Madge, Banko, Ruy Blas,
Hamilton's, Tantalizer,
Honey Queen
 (Look out for her. "She's a hummer.")

Cognac, Shoe String,
Set Up, Blue Streak,
TOSS UP - - ("Heads-I-Win, Tails-I-Lose.")
 A TEN CENT SMOKE FOR FIVE.

We will forfeit \$1,000 if the "TOSS UP" Cigar is not a Clear Long Havana Filler of excellent quality, equal to more than the average ten cent cigars on the market.



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.

In view of the fact that we have GREATLY INCREASED our FACILITIES for MANUFACTURING in OUR THREE FACTORIES and owing to the PECULIAR and CLOSE COMPETITION existing in MICHIGAN, C. M. Henderson & Co. have concluded to MAKE A DECIDED CUT ON VARIOUS LINES of our goods, which will ENABLE ME to make it to YOUR ADVANTAGE to purchase your stock NEARER HOME the coming fall season.
 Our LADIES' FINE GOAT, DONGOLA, GLOVE and OIL GRAINS to retail at \$2, and FINER GRADES of GOATS and DONGOLAS, which consumers can buy at \$2.50 and \$3.00, together with the MEDIUM PRICED lines of MEN'S CALF, DONGOLA, and KANGAROO Shoes of our own make, and all having the MERIT of SOLIDITY and STYLE—with satisfaction guaranteed—will be worthy your CAREFUL CONSIDERATION. Our heavier grades of SPLIT, GRAIN, KIP, VEAL, and CALF BOOTS are UNEQUALLED, and the "Celebrated Red School House Shoes" AS USUAL takes the "First Place."

C. M. HENDERSON & CO., Chicago.

Headquarters for the Celebrated Wales Goodyear Rubber Goods

Factories: Willard H. James,
 Fond du Lac, Wis. Salesman for the Lower Peninsula,
 Dixon, Ill. P. O. address,
 Chicago, Ill. Morton House, Grand Rapids, Mich.

We furnish electrotypes of our Specialties to Customers.

ASSOCIATION DEPARTMENT.

Michigan Business Men's Association.

President—Frank Wells Lansing.
First Vice-President—C. Strong, Kalamazoo.
Second Vice-President—E. A. Stowe, Grand Rapids.
Secretary—W. W. Sprague, Grand Rapids.

The following auxiliary associations are operating under charters granted by the Michigan Business Men's Association:

- No. 1—Traverse City B. M. A.
President, J. W. Milliken; Secretary, W. Hastings.
No. 2—Lowell B. M. A.
President, N. B. Bland; Secretary, Frank T. King.

- No. 14—Muskegon B. M. A.
President, John A. Miller; Secretary, C. L. Whitney.
No. 15—Bozette B. M. A.
President, F. W. Sloan; Secretary, J. T. Baldwin.

- No. 24—Morley B. M. A.
President, J. E. Thurlock; Secretary, W. M. Richmond.
No. 25—Palo Alto B. M. A.
President, H. D. E. Pew; Secretary, Chas. B. Johnson.

- No. 34—Charlevoix B. M. A.
President, Thos. J. Green; Secretary, A. Fitzgerald.
No. 35—Tosco B. M. A.
President, W. G. Barnes; Secretary, J. B. Watson.

- No. 44—Reed City B. M. A.
President, E. B. Martin; Secretary, R. W. Smith.
No. 45—Hoyville B. M. A.
President, D. E. G. Lusk; Secretary, O. A. Halladay.

- No. 58—Fife Lake B. M. A.
President, F. S. Raymond; Secretary, A. J. Capen.
No. 60—South Boardman B. M. A.
President, H. E. Hogan; Secretary, W. E. Nordart.

- No. 83—Sheldon B. M. A.
President, J. O. Selbert; Secretary, J. W. Saunders.
No. 84—East Jordan and No. 85—Farm B. M. A.
President, L. M. Selbert; Secretary, L. C. Madison.

Several Additions to the Roll.

At the last meeting of the Grand Rapids Mercantile Association, Chairman Goossen, of the special committee on Roll of Honor, reported having secured six additional signatures, making the agreement stand as follows:

- W. E. the undersigned, wholesale dealers of Grand Rapids, hereby pledge ourselves to the Grand Rapids Mercantile Association not to sell any goods in our respective lines to families, restaurants, boarding houses and hotels.

Association Notes.

The official call for the fourth annual convention of the State body will be issued in about a week. Papers and addresses have been assigned prominent association workers, the results of which will be known in about a fortnight.

Allegan Journal: What has become of our Business Men's Association? The Walters whip factory has not been started up, and unless it is made to remain in force, by procuring men to take stock, it will be moved to Union City or Homer, where large amounts of bonus are offered. Something should be done without delay. Allegan needs all such industries that she can get.

Information Wanted About Hollow Brick.

DEAR SIR:—Referring to the item in your issue of June 19, about hollow brick, which are said to be coming into use in the Eastern cities, would you kindly give us some data, that we may learn the name of some of the manufacturers?

We have seen the Pullman hollow brick, which are not of clay alone. Yours truly, MIDDLESEX BRICK AND TILE CO.

How It Seems to the Customer.

Although the power to see ourselves as others see us is so often invoked, there has never been a case where it was granted. But one of the contributors to Hardware has detailed his experience with clerks in a very suggestive, if ungrammatical, manner:

There's two different kind of folks that I ain't got no use for. One is the kind that slobbers all over you, as if you'd just been elected president of the United States, and they was after a post-office. Then kind of fellows always want to sell me something I don't want, and don't never seem to have just what I do want, but they've always got something just a little better for less money. When I get to dealing with them, somehow or other I can't help putting my hand in my pocket and keeping a tight hold on my pocket-book. Then the other kind is the fellows that's too stuck up to talk to you. When you go into their place they give you as if to say, "Well, I wonder what in the world you want?" and it takes them so long to make up their minds what it is, that you get tired of waiting before they've got it through their weary brains what you're after. I got most of our stuff from one house that was not like either one of them kind of chaps. When Eliza Jane and me walked in, someone came toward us, as asked us what we wished, and when I told him who we were, he shook hands with us in a good old-fashioned way, just like we was acquainted, and told us to set down for a minute. Then he hunted up another chap, and introduced us to him, and told him what we was after. Now, this fellow was business all over. It didn't take him long to find out just what we wanted, and he done it, too, without working his proboscis up toward his eyebrows, or giving us an emetic. He done the business in such a nice, smooth, cheerful kind of style, without any frills about it, that it done me good to deal with him. Now, I don't like that everyone is like me. I don't like to deal with them, and that chap seemed to know it. He had the whole eye-thing, and what the price was, without saying it was below cost, either, and he didn't keep telling me all the time that this, that and the other thing was just what would sell in my neighborhood, but let me have a little say about that myself, for which I am very much obliged to him. After we'd got through with what was on my list he showed me some new things, and I took some of them, too, but he didn't coax me, but let me judge for myself. In fact, he treated me as if I'd come in there for something, and knew just what it was, and his business was to get it for me, and not like as if I was a greenhorn, and didn't know nothing. Now, there's one thing I'm ready to bet on, and that is if I want any more goods and send to that house to get them, I'll get just what I send for, and not some cheap, job lot stuff, and he told they're a good deal better than the other. When we got through he told us where to go to get some things they didn't keep, and bid us good bye, just like he expected to see us come back again sometime.

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The Hardware Drummers' Funny Grips.

Not long ago a drummer for a hardware house started out. He was a giant in strength. He had two strong grips on hand-brags made, and in each he put up iron springs weighing about 185 pounds. He would alight from a train with his two innocent looking grips, and the hotel porter would make a rush for him.

"Right this way for the Hardware House. Carry the grips up to the hotel, boss." "Yes," Smith would say—his name was Smith. He would then hand the two grips to that porter, and let go as soon as he saw the unsuspecting victim had hold of them. There would be a wild flourish of feet, a loud crash, and the porter would go down as if he had been shot.

"What are you throwing my grips around in that manner for?" Smith would yell, as if mad. The porter would jump up, thinking he had stumbled, apologize, and make a grab at the grips. Then he would pull away until his suspender-straps would break, and would say: "B-b-boss, what are these things? I can't lift 'em."

Smith would take hold of them lightly, gently lift them up and say: "Oh, well, if you don't want to carry them I'll go to the other hotel."

Then calling another porter, he would give them to him. Of course, the other fellow would take hold of them with a smile and firm grip, only to go down on the platform in defeat with a thump. Then he would rise, look at the grip, and say: "Smith a while, then leave, muttering something about voodooism. Smith would then throw them into a wagon and go up to a hotel.

At the door he would call a bell-boy, and as he pushed his way through the crowd he would hand them to the poor, overworked boy, and the crowd would be astonished to see him go down with those grips, the fall making a noise that sounded like a freight train wreck and shook the house. Smith would pick them up himself, and remark to the land-lord that it was a shame to overwork his help in any such manner, and he would then walk toward the register, and the landlord would then rush up to him and say:

"Why, them grips are lazy. Here, give me your boys, sir," and he would take them. Of course, Smith's remarks attracted all eyes, and as the landlord got a good hold of the handles Smith would let go suddenly. The spectators would be astonished to see the landlord's back suddenly hump itself like a cat on a back fence, his eyes bulge out like marbles on a mud wall, and then see him fall full length between those grips with a crash that brought people out across the way. He would get up slowly, rub his back, walk around the grips, and then go and swear, as Smith would take them up and put them on the counter.

Then the fun would begin. The clerk grabbed one of them to set it off the counter and it wouldn't move. He looked astonished, and then spit on his hands and tried to lift it, as his face turned red and knots swelled upon his forehead. But that grip wouldn't move. Then all the crowd would try their hand, and finally swear it was some trick. Smith would lift it off gently and ask them what ailed them. This would make the crowd feel like rocks that had mud muscled on them, and they would find heavy grips for a sell, and they were correct.

The Traveling Men and the Englishman.

A gentleman to whom the editor was recently introduced, Mr. X, by name, made himself entertaining by repeating the story of an adventure he had had on a New York train. He is a member of a prominent steel firm there, and one of the salesmen being ill at a time when the house was anxious to secure a particular order, Mr. X, started out himself with a case of samples, in true commercial traveler style.

As he got into the train, the brakeman informed him that there was an excursion that day, and it was doubtful if he could get a seat. Mr. X, went on, and found the cars literally packed, so that even the aisles were full. He noticed, however, that in one seat sat an Englishman, who had piled up his luggage to occupy the vacant place.

"Is this seat taken?" asked Mr. X, when, with some difficulty, he had made his way to the man. The Englishman looked up with true British insolence. "Gawn't ye see that it is?" he responded.

Mr. X, replied by coolly sweeping all the foreigner's belongings to the floor and possessing himself of the place thus made vacant. He took a book from his pocket and began to read, while his seatmate stared out of the window, apparently not in the best of humor. The volume chanced to be "Pickwick Papers," and as he read, Mr. X, from time to time chuckled appreciatively at what he read.

"Well, now, what are ye laughing at?" the Englishman suddenly demanded, turning to the other. "What are ye reading?" "Pickwick Papers," replied his companion, regarding the question as an overtone of peace.

"Humph!" responded the Englishman. "Dickens. He was a fool, ye know." "He had the misfortune to be an Englishman," was Mr. X's conciliatory reply. "Now what is that?" asked the foreigner, catching sight of the chestnut case in the other's lap.

"That is my case of samples," "Of samples?" repeated his companion, with the utmost contempt. "Then you are nothing but a bagman?" "What is a bagman?" "Why, ye are, ye know, if ye sell things by samples." "I'd have you understand," replied Mr. X, affecting a good deal of the spraddle air for the occasion, "that I am a commercial traveler, and more than that, that I am an American, and that makes it a good deal of condensation on my part to sit in the same car with the slave of an English aristocracy."

He flourished a bit in his style and wound up by saying: "The meanest citizen of this free country is above an Englishman, because we are all free and equal here." At this moment the train drew into a station, and among those who entered the car was an enormous colored woman,

with a bundle in her arms which corresponded in dimensions to her own portmanteau. Mr. X, recognized his opportunity. He rose in his place and beckoned to the old woman, who swept her way through the crowd with ponderous sways and lurchings. "Here, aunty," he said, "here is a seat and pleasant company." "Bless yer, honey," chuckled the gigantic old woman. "Ise a good deal son on company any time. Set over dar, honey, and she sat down with a pervading grin which nearly annihilated the unfortunate Britisher, who gasped, struggled, and in the end was forced to abandon his position altogether.

Bank Notes.

The Mecosta County Savings Bank, at Big Rapids, will open for business on July 15. The multiplication of savings banks in the South is a most gratifying and promising feature of the new era. Until 1886 Maryland was the only Southern State that had a savings bank. That year Delaware and North Carolina organized savings banks, and in the following year reported, respectively, \$2,771,392 and \$11,307 of deposits. Since 1886-87 the development of thrift and the means of encouraging it in the South appear to have received a fresh impetus. Not only did Maryland and North Carolina add largely to their deposits and the number of depositors, but South Carolina, Georgia and Louisiana added their names to the list. South Carolina, in the first year reported, shows 8,000 depositors and \$9,248,811 of deposits, the average per depositor being \$398.60. Georgia 11,939 depositors and \$1,761,282 of deposits, while Louisiana had 2,336 depositors and \$964,098 of deposits. Conspicuous by their absence from the compendium's list are Alabama, Florida, Tennessee, Kentucky and Texas, all thriving States. These facts encourage the hope that the South will not long be compelled to rely on Northern capital for her material development. When the New England percentage of savings banks to population has been established in the South, there will no longer be a demand for outside capital. The small sums hoarded by the thrifty, when gathered together and distributed into channels of trade, will provide millions for investment in mills, factories, mines and furnaces.

Not Bargain Day at that Counter.

"I know I am not a match for you in wealth or in social position," he said; "I know how unworthy I am of you, yet may I not hope that perhaps some time—some day—"

A BRASS BUTTON.

She told him that men were false, That love was a dreadful bore, As they danced to the Nones' waltz, On the slippery ballroom floor.

He said that her woman's face, The crown of her shining hair, Her subtle feminine grace, Were haunting him everywhere.

He told her his orders had come To march with the dawn of day; A soldier must "follow the drum;" No choice but to mount and away.

A sudden tremor of fear He rallying laughter smote, As he gave her a souvenir, A button from off his coat.

He went to the distant war, And fought as a man should do; But she forgot him afar, In the passion for something new.

His trinket, among the rest, She wore at her dainty throat; But a bullet had pierced his breast, Where the button was off his coat.

Where the Old Moons Go To. An old letter contains the following retort of an American, which is worthy of Lincoln's famous reply to the boast that the sun never sets on British soil. "Because," he said, "God won't trust an Englishman in the dark." Two Englishmen were disputing about the moon, one insisting it was an inhabited element, the other contending with him; a Yankee standing by attended to their discourse and replied with confidence: "It is not."

GROCERIES.

The Condition of Trade. From the New York Shipping List.

Increased activity in speculative trading in produce, a steady market and moderate, distributive movement of merchandise, has characterized the course of commercial affairs during the past three days, with the tendency of values generally upward.

Eleven additions to the hotel list have been secured during the past week, making the entire list stand 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.

The Vice-Presidents are requested to have their reports of cards for Hotel Bulletin all in before July 1, as we wish no delay in publishing and distributing them.

Every member is earnestly requested to keep a supply of application blanks in his grip, and solicit the name of every commercial traveler in the State, as we are now the largest and most active association of commercial travelers in the State.

Members are requested to make all remittances to the Secretary in postal notes, express orders, postage stamps or currency, and not in postoffice money orders, as slight clerical errors in the issuing offices have caused us considerable difficulty in obtaining payment of several orders received.

Looking a Long Ways Ahead. Mamma to Johnny, age five—Johnny, I don't want you to play with that Gup-ton boy. He's not a nice boy at all, and his companionship will do you no credit.

The Grocery Market. Soft sugars advanced 3/8 last Friday and hard sugars sustained a similar movement on Monday. Coffee is weaker, package goods having declined another 1/8.

In these days of sharp competition the merchant must not only sell the best goods, but he must employ salesmen who will draw custom by their own personal attractions—salesmen who are ever ready to oblige, dress neatly, and are prompt to attend to the wants of those upon whom depend the merchant's financial success.

MICHIGAN KNIGHTS OF THE GRIP.



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

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In these days of sharp competition the merchant must not only sell the best goods, but he must employ salesmen who will draw custom by their own personal attractions—salesmen who are ever ready to oblige, dress neatly, and are prompt to attend to the wants of those upon whom depend the merchant's financial success.

A Sure Sign. First Drummer—How are you doing on your maiden trip? Second Drummer (indignantly)—How do you know this is my maiden trip? First Drummer—I noticed that you carry a gilt edged order book.



SUMMER TOURS. PALACE STEAMERS. LOW RATES.

- CHICAGO AND St. Joseph-Benton Harbor. MAMMOTH STEAMER CITY OF DETROIT. DETROIT, MACKINAC ISLAND PETOSKEY and SAULT STE. MARIE. OUR ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLETS Rates and Excursion Tickets will be furnished by your Ticket Agent or address C. D. WHITCOMB, GENL AGENT, CHICAGO, ILL. Detroit and Cleveland Steam Nav. Co.

SILVER STARS

No Equal in the State. Wherever Introduced it is a Stayer!

TO THE TRADE: We guarantee "SILVER STARS" to be a long, straight filler, with Sumatra wrapper, made by union labor and to give complete satisfaction.

A. S. DAVIS, Sole Manufacturer. 127 Louis St., GRAND RAPIDS. ATTENTION RETAIL GROCERS! Shipping Orders—20-25 cts. per lb. count. Medium Pickles, 25 cts. per lb. City Orders—600 Medium Pickles, \$12.00 Small Pickles, \$1.50. Other grades accordingly. Send trial order. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Walker & Son, BOX 456, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

WE LEAD! Let Others Follow.

Not a question of Who Can, but Who Will sell the Best Goods for the Lowest Prices.

OUR NEW TEAS ARE NOW READY FOR INSPECTION. Telfer Spice Company 1 and 3 Pearl St., Grand Rapids.

The Trade of Michigan HAS COME TO RECOGNIZE US AS

Headquarters for Tea

We propose to BREAK THE RECORD This Year.

I. M. CLARK & SON. HEAVENRICH BROS. Wholesale Clothiers

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.



THE OLD RELIABLE PUT UP IN Boxes, Cans, Pails, Kegs, Half Barrels and Barrels. Send for sample of the celebrated Frazer Carriage Grease

WHO URGES YOU TO KEEP SAPOLIO? THE PUBLIC! By splendid and expensive advertising the manufacturers create a demand, and only ask the trade to keep the goods in stock so as to supply the orders sent to them.

PRODUCE MARKET.

Apples—California, \$1.50 per crate. Beans—Firm and higher. Dealers pay \$1.50 for good stock and hold at \$1.80. Bermuda Onions—\$1.25 per crate. Butter—Creamery is in fair demand at 16c. extra commanding 15c. All the markets appear to be flooded with dairy, for which there are few takers except among the cold storage men. Offerings are made on the basis of 10c for fair stock, extra and fancy commanding a little higher price.

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Wholesale Price Current.

The quotations given below are such as are ordinarily offered cash buyers who pay promptly and buy in full packages.

Table with multiple columns listing various commodities and their prices. Includes sections for BAKING POWDER, DRIED FRUITS, SALERATUS, TEAS, and various oils and fats.

Drugs & Medicines.

State Board of Pharmacy. One Year—Otmar Eberbach, Ann Arbor. Two Years—Geo. McDonald, Kalamazoo. Three Years—Stanley E. Parkhill, Owosso. Four Years—Jacob J. Brown, Muskegon. Five Years—James Vernon, Detroit. President—Geo. McDonald. Secretary—Jacob J. Brown. Treasurer—James Vernon. Next Meeting—In Star Island House, near Detroit, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 2 and 3.

Care of the Soda Fountain.

To most pharmacists, during the summer months when the description business slacks up a little and trade is more or less transient, with people traveling in search of recreation the soda fountain is a source of profit, with the irksome labor needed to ensure success. In addition to the profit derived from the sale of the soda, it is undeniable that it draws in a goodly amount of other trade, particularly cigars. How to make a fountain pay is a problem with a few, but with the many it is how to make it pay better.

It goes without saying that in this, as in most other branches of trade, it costs but a comparatively little more to do a large business than a small one. With an increase of sales amounting to 100 per cent, the cost would not increase probably more than 10 or 20 per cent.

In the first place secure a good serviceable fountain, it need not necessarily be an expensive one, so that it be adapted to your needs. Give it a good, attractive location where it may easily be seen from the street and see that it is kept in the best order, not only without, but within as well.

We have seen fountains that we had as soon drink from as from a swill pail. Next in importance is the matter of syrups and flavors. In all cases where possible use genuine fruit juices.

There are many in the market of established reputation, and no trouble need be caused in obtaining them. We recommend no particular make, but only suggest yourself that you are getting the best. Don't expect, however, to get the best at the price of the cheapest. Let not the matter of a small advance in cost prevent your getting the best.

Rock candy syrup makes a good base, but we have always preferred to make our own from fine granulated sugar, in the proportion of ten or twelve pounds to the gallon. While hot add a solution of French gelatin in the proportion of one-half pound to ten gallons of syrup. This makes a good body, and is much preferable to soapy bark. The syrup should always be carefully strained before transferring to the fountain.

A good tumbler washer is indispensable where city water is to be had. It saves time and wetting of hands, a great desideratum while tending the fountain, and it certainly gives a pleasure to the customer to see each glass washed in clean running water instead of a rinse basin, where the water is thick with the repeated washing of a hundred glasses. They can now be put in at small expense and take up but a small amount of room.

It will increase your trade as much as any one thing, to permit a customer to sit and hot to sit down while quaffing your cooling beverages. They will walk a good bit farther for this privilege. The matter of a few seconds more in time of drinking is of small consequence. Keep the counter neat and clean, and see that there is plenty of ice on the coolers; a warm glass of soda is far from being acceptable. It will often give the store a bad reputation. Give the customer a good, solid drink, stirring with a bar spoon, so that it will not be foam on top and all syrup at the bottom.

QUININE AND DEMENTIA.

The One Invites the Other and Horrors Follow. From the Detroit Journal. A party of men, including a doctor, were in Swan's recently, and when all had ordered, one asked for the quinine bottle which is now found in every barroom. He spooned out 12 grains or more, mixed it with syrup and water, and drank it without a pucker.

"There you go again," said the doctor. "Can't you quit that habit? Better take whisky every trip." "I know it," said the young man, "but for 10 years I have taken the stuff, and I actually crave it just as you crave a smoke or a drink. It stimulates me longer and better than liquor and does not make me drunk, nor does it destroy the mucous membrane of my stomach."

"You think so, but time will tell you differently. Your stomach may not suffer, but God help your brain and your nerves," said the doctor. The conversation became general and the physician held that the quinine habit was growing to be more general than the use of opium or morphine and was in time more dangerous than either because its action was more insidious and it was taken in larger doses. The young man was asked his experience. By this time the drug had taken effect and he began to talk with animation. There was a sparkle in his eyes, an eloquence in his conversation which made the members of the party wonder at the sudden change. He said:

"When a boy I was bilious, but never had an ague attack. However, I had a fear of typhoid fever, because some friends told me so. I began to read that there was a specific. I began to use it every time I felt bad. Soon I took three grains every day and was surprised at my happiness for a time and corresponding depression at other times. It was up and down with me and I was regarded as a curious compound of hilarity and melancholy. So I took it habitually to keep my reputation as a gay and happy fellow—but I have suffered when alone, with the most gloomy and terrible forebodings which had no foundations in fact save in my high-tensioned imagination. But this same vivid imagination made me so quick of comprehension, so untiring in my energy, sleepless in my zeal, scheming in my ventures, that like a flash I went up like a parvulus in my profession, attaining a prominence at 21 which most men are glad to have at 30.

"For three years it continued. So did the habit, which by this time had been noticed by my intimates, also by my enemies, who started the lie that it was morphine, not quinine, a story borne out somewhat by my frequent 'blue' spells and moody reticence. "Well, I am human and naturally had my love affairs. A woman begged of me to give up the stimulant which had become a daily necessity. I did it for months, and gradually lost my desire for it. But in the midst of hard work I needed something and so I drank sparingly at first, then to excess, until in less than three months I was again a habitual drinker of the silent kind. Quinine had become a mental and physical food. Whisky to me was deadening—a poison which robbed me of energy and self-respect—and when a man loses respect for himself, people fail to render it. Discouragement, disgrace and remorse drove me deeper into the slough, and I became careless of business, friendships and privileged society.

"It was the old story, and I lost everything—save my debts and disgrace. A few friends stood by me and I recovered. But I began again on small doses of quinine. I use it now in small doses, and I have no desire for liquor. In fact, I never had before; to please a woman's whim, I gave it up."

"A very pretty story," said the doctor; "perhaps true in case and temperament like yours; but with others the use of quinine would be a crime. First, the physical results are bad, and deafness is very often ascribed to its use, even when prescribed in sickness. Quinine is a good servant, a terrible master. It is nearer a specific than any drug known to therapeutics. But let me tell you some of my observations upon its habitual use. When younger, I was an under physician in a private asylum. Some members of a prominent church came to consult about their pastor. He had been preaching strangely and had been found on a crowded street preaching to a lot of tongs and gamins. He was given a vacation and secretly brought to the asylum. We watched him and discovered a peculiar phase of dementia, which was a mystery until he came to the dispensary so often for quinine. He had no physical ailment which required it, and we soon discovered from his own admission that he had used it habitually for years. We deceived him by mixing his doses with a harmless drug and gradually he became better, but still very incoherent in his conversation and ideas. He was discharged as 'improved,' but there was no hope for him. He began again on the drug, and for a time preached very brilliantly, but one day he was crazy again, and died soon after in the asylum. There may have been contributing causes, but he hastened his death with quinine, which is most dangerous to a man of mental activity."

"But this is only an exceptional case," ventured the young man. "Oh, but I know of even worse cases than the one recited. Quinine produces a predisposition to suicide. You will admit yourself that in the gloomy hours you mention there was a desire for death?" "Yes," the young man admitted; "but that is common to everyone who has misfortunes or disappointments."

"Very true; but I remember a young man of 35 who, with every advantage and a good fortune, was found dead by his own hand. He had been a quinine user, but had those terrible, desperate and maddening spells of depression which make living a burden. He could sleep, but that, too, was misery. He had hallucinations, became angry easily, and lost all ambition. And so the victim dies either a suicide or by a gradual asthenia—a general debility which makes him prematurely old."

"I don't deny it, for I know of cases myself. Women who use morphia soon show it, and they generally use liquor with it. But if jealous of their beauty, they prefer quinine, which certainly purifies the blood and drives away blemishes and blotches of their hair and makes their softness of their hair and makes their brilliant in conversation. And then, a woman, whose life is not so active as that of busy, nervous men, is not so dangerously affected by it. More than that, her peculiar glandular construction protects her from its physical ravages. Nor is the simple quinine alone to blame, but the sulphuric acid employed in its preparation is bound to decompose the albumen and colored corpuscles of the blood just the same as nicotine, alcohol and other toxics."

"But is there no good in the drug?" was the query. "Of course, for, besides being good for malarial complaints, it is a moderate antidote for the liquor habit, almost a case, however, of *similia similibus curantur*. In small doses it is a valuable tonic, in moderate doses a stimulant, in large doses a potent sedative. You would appreciate all I have said if you could have seen a victim die as I did some time ago. His disease was consumption, but he had been a quinine user for three years. When dying he suffered the tortures of a martyr. No bodily pain, but, as he described it, his mental paroxysms were terrible. Every thought of his life, every face he had known, every word he had read, every word heard or spoken crowded together incoherently."

The Druggist as a Humbug. The Chemist and Druggist reproduces from one of the Sunday papers an imaginary interview between a reporter who is looking up materials for an article on the humbugs of society and a pharmacist. It is concluded, from the facts elicited, that some of those practicing as pharmacists deserve a place in the gallery of humbugs; with what degree of truth we will leave our readers to judge. This is how the supposed interview is reported: "You ask me to tell you something of the humbug of the druggist, but don't you mean rather the humbug that lies in the much-valued virtues of the medicine or 'cure-all' he sells?"

"I include both the humbug of the man and the humbug of his wares, so if you tell me something of each I shall be glad."

"Well, the chief trickery is in the made-up compounds, sold literally on false pretenses to an ignorant and probably prejudiced public. A few instances? Certainly. Just the minute before you came in a woman came in for a penny-worth of castor oil pills, because castor oil was so 'mild and safe.' Now, as a matter of fact, there is not a drop of castor oil in a hundred weight of these."

"What is the active ingredient, then?" "Alumel, or, in other words, mercury."

"But is not this indiscriminate taking of mercury very hurtful?" "Most assuredly it is, and I have known it to cause untold misery; but the people want castor oil pills and—"

"Don't get me," I interrupted. "Well, for the matter of that, there are a good many things they don't get when they ask for them. For instance, olive oil is cotton-seed oil in the majority of cases; powdered rhubarb and syrup of the same root are not always what they seem; whilst some tinctures are, by some chemists, made from methylated spirits instead of spirits of wine. Laudanum is extensively sophisticated, and the popular sweet spirit of nitre is often composed of the Pharmacopoeia. But what would you have? The public have got a craze for cheap stuff, and they have only themselves to blame for what they are served with. Where the humbug comes in is mainly at the cheap druggists'. They advertise certain drugs for sale, retail, at less prices than they can be bought wholesale, and of course the public are robbed. There is a man I know who sells more cream of tartar in a week than I sell in six months, and in every pound he wraps up there is not more than 25 per cent. of the genuine article, yet the buyers go again and again. The great public is again and again gulled, and if A does not do it, B and C will, therefore A, if he is wise and anxious to keep out of the bankruptcy court, will join in the swim. That reminds me of an anecdote and a true one, mind—of a tradesman, who put down the cause of his insolvency to 'honesty.' And, very possibly, he was correct."

"Let me say a word about quack medicines, though the retailer, is of course, not responsible for their sins. A few, of course, are really good, and deserve their reputation, but others are frauds pure and simple. A man pays 9 1/2 cents for a box of pills with a government stamp on, that he could buy loose for 2 cents over the counter. The basis of nine-tenths of the pills is aloes, and sometimes a little colocynth or gamboge is added, together with some carminative that will prevent pain."

prosecution. Any doctor in the neighborhood who dared to do it would inevitably be ruined, as the public would say it down as professional jealousy, and that the doctor knew that the druggist was the better man, as, in fact, he sometimes is, and was in consequence afraid of him."

"But doctors often dispense their own medicines don't they, and so take business out of the druggists' hands?" "They do, and though some are legally entitled to do so, there are many more who are not. It is after all, a case of tit for tat, and I don't think that the druggist is very greatly to be blamed."

"No, but by the constant dispensing of medicines they get hold of certain formulae for certain diseases, and work on them according to their light."

"Rather a risky business after all," I remark. "Well, that is a matter of opinion. I do it—we all do it more or less—the ordinary druggist more, the fashionable druggist less. The latter has, however, the less need to do it, as he can charge heavily for dispensing. Eighteen-pence and two shillings for an 8 oz. bottle of medicine will leave on the average, taking one prescription with the other, a

profit of 500 to 700 per cent. The ordinary middle-class druggist has to be content with eightpence to a shilling a bottle. "And that leaves a big profit, too, doesn't it?" "Yes, pretty fair, as things go."

Well then, "as things go," I think I have shown that I am justified in giving the druggist a place in my gallery of Humbugs of society."

The Sale of Paris Green. LAKEVIEW, June 22, 1889. E. A. STOWE, Grand Rapids. DEAR SIR—Is there a new law confining the sale of paris green or bug poison to any line of trade? YOURS TRULY, MACOMBER & BAILE.

There is no new law on the subject. The Pharmacy Law of 1885 provides that any one can sell paris green, bug poison, etc., providing the same is put up in packages, with antidotes attached.

GINSENG ROOT. We pay the highest price for it. Address PECK BROS., Wholesale Druggists, GRAND RAPIDS.

Wholesale Price Current. ACIDUM. Aceticum, 50c 100. Benzoleum, German, 30c 100. Boric, 20c 100. Carbolicum, 40c 45. Citricum, 30c 55. Phosphoric, 20c 30. Nitrosum, 10c 12. Oxalicum, 13c 14. Salicylicum, 1.40 1.50. Sulphuricum, 1.3c 1.5. Tannicum, 40c 43. Tartaricum, 20c 25.

AMMONIA. Aqua, 18 deg, 3c 5. 18 deg, 4c 6. Carbonas, 11c 13. Chloridum, 10c 12. ANILINE. Black, 2.00 2.25. Red, 4.50 5.00. Yellow, 2.50 3.00.

BACCAR. Cubeae (po. 1.00), 1.50 2.00. Juniperis, 2.50 3.00. Xanthoxyli, 2.50 3.00. CAPSICUM. Capsula, 5c 7. Peru, 1c 3. Terabin, Canada, 4c 5. Tolutan, 4c 5.

CORTEX. Abies, Canadian, 18. Cinchona Flava, 18. Cinchona Rubra, 18. Erythrina, 18. Prunus Virgini, 12. Quillaja, 12. Sassafras, 12. Uva Ursi, 12.

EXTRACTUM. Glycyrrhiza Glabra, 2.40 2.50. Haematox, 15 lb. box, 11c 12. Chenopodium, 1.4c 1.5. Diphtherix Odorata, 1.0c 1.1. Ferrous, 1.0c 1.1.

FERRUM. Carbamate Precip., 2.50 3.00. Citrate Solubile, 2.50 3.00. Ferrocyanidum Sol., 2.50 3.00. Solut Chlorid., 1.4c 1.5. Sulphate, com'l., 1.4c 1.5.

FLORA. Arnica, 1.40 1.50. Anthemis, 30c 35. Matricaria, 30c 35. Barosma, 10c 12. Cassia Acutifol., Tinivelly, 25c 28. Salvia officinalis, 1.4c 1.5. Ura Ursi, 1.4c 1.5.

FRUIT. Acacia, 1st picked, 2c 100. " 3d, 1c 100. " sifted sorts, 1c 100. Masurin, 75c 100. Aloe, Barb. (po. 30), 50c 60. " Cape, (po. 30), 50c 60. " Socotri, (po. 30), 50c 60. Catechu, 18, (1/4, 1/4, 1/4), 1c 100. Ammonium, 25c 30. Benzoinum, 50c 55. Camphora, 35c 40. Galbanum, 35c 40. Gamboge, po., 30c 35. Gelsemium, 30c 35. Kino, (po. 25), 30c 35. Mastic, 25c 30. Myrrh, (po. 4 7/8), 3.25 3.50. Shellac, 25c 30. Tragacanth, 30c 35. HERRA—In ounce packages. Absinthium, 25c 30. Eupatorium, 25c 30. Lobelia, 25c 30. Mentha Piperita, 25c 30. Rue, Vir, 25c 30. Tanacetum, V, 25c 30. Thymus, V, 25c 30.

MAGNESIA. Calcined, Pat., 55c 60. Carbonate, K. & M., 30c 35. Carbonate, Jennings', 35c 40. OLEUM. Absinthium, 5.00 5.50. Amygdalae, Dulc., 2.50 3.00. Anisi, 1.75 1.85. Auranti Cortex, 2.50 3.00. Bergamul, 2.50 3.00. Cajuputi, 90c 1.00. Caryophylli, 70c 75. Cassia, 35c 40. Chenopodii, 61c 65. Cinnamon, 1.20 1.25. Citronella, 30c 35. Citronum, 30c 35. Copaba, 90c 1.00. Cubeae, 15.00 16.00. Conium Mac., 90c 1.00. Erigeron, 1.20 1.25. Gaultheria, 2.00 2.10. Geranium, 75c 80. Gossipii, Sem. gal., 1.50 1.55. Hedera, 1.50 1.55. Juniperi, 90c 1.00. Lavandula, 90c 1.00. Limonis, 1.50 1.55. Mentha Piper., 35c 40. Mentha Virg., 35c 40. Morrhuae, gal., 80c 1.00. Myrica, ounce, 50c 55. Nigella, 1.00 1.05. Piceae Liquida, (gal. 35), 1.00 1.05. Ricini, 1.20 1.25. Rosmarini, 75c 80. Rosae, ounce, 60c 65. Succini, 40c 45. Sabina, 90c 1.00. Santal, 40c 45. Sassafras, 50c 55. Sinapis, ess. ounce, 45c 50. Thyme, 40c 45. Thymus, 40c 45. Theobromas, 15c 20. POTASSIUM. Bi Carb., 15c 18. Bichromate, 15c 18. Bromide, 37c 40.

Polishina. This is the Time to Paint. The Best is Always the Cheapest. WE HAVE SOLD THE Pioneer Prepared Paint. For many years and GUARANTEE. Same to Give Satisfaction. Dealers in paints will find it to their interest to write us for prices and sample cards. HAZELTINE & PERKINS DRUG CO., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

OILS! Snow Drop. A Fine Water White Oil. High Gravity and Fire Test, and recommended to those wishing a High Grade Burning Oil. Red Cross. (SPECIAL) Water White—A splendid oil. Gasoline. Our XXXX Red Cross brand is unexcelled. War- ranted to give satisfaction. Naptha. Sweet and Free from Oily Matter, and has met the approval of many of the largest consumers. Red Cross Paint Oil. Is full of merit and needs but a trial to convince all of its great value. For mixing with Linseed it is without a peer, as it greatly reduces the cost of same and without injuring its quality. Mineral Turps. Its peculiar composition is such that it can be used with turpentine in fair proportion, the latter retaining full possession, and with perfect results. ALL KINDS Lubricating Oils. Constantly in stock, all of our Cleveland prices, thus saving you time and freight. Grand Rapids Tank Line Co., WORKS—D. & M. Junction. OFFICE ROOM—No. 4, Ridgely Block. Branch Scofield, Shurmer & Teagle, Cleveland, Ohio.

Liquor & Poison Record. COMBINED. Acknowledged to be the Best on the Market. 100 Louis St., GRAND RAPIDS. HAZELTINE & PERKINS DRUG CO. Importers and Jobbers of

Patent Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnishes. Sole Agents for the Celebrated Pioneer Prepared Paints. We are Sole Proprietors of

WEATHERLY'S MICHIGAN CATARRH REMEDY. We have in stock and offer a full line of

Whiskies, Brandies, Gins, Wines, Rums. We are Sole Agents in Michigan for W. D. & Co., Henderson County, Hand Made Sour Mash Whisky and Druggists' Favorite Rye Whisky.

We sell Liquors for Medicinal Purposes only. We give our Personal Attention to Mail Orders and Guarantee Satisfaction. All orders are Shipped and Invoiced the same day we receive them. Send in a trial order.

Hazeltine & Perkins Drug Co., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

"THE OLD ORIGINAL." RE-PAINT Neal's Your Buggy for 75 cts. Carriage Paints. MADE ONLY BY ACME White Lead and Color Works, DETROIT, MICH.

DIAMOND TEA CURES Liver and Kidney Troubles Blood Diseases Constipation. Being composed entirely of HERBS, it is the only perfectly harmless remedy on the market and is recommended by all who use it.

Female Complaints. Retail Druggists will find it to their interest to keep the DIAMOND TEA, as it fulfills all that is claimed, making it one of the very best selling articles handled. Place your order with our Wholesale House.

Diamond Medicine Co., PROPRIETORS, DETROIT, - MICH. HAZELTINE & PERKINS DRUG CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS, GRAND RAPIDS, - MICH.

--- DRUGS --- Chemicals and Druggists' Sundries. Dealers in

Whiskies, Brandies, Gins, Wines, Rums. We are Sole Proprietors of

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Whiskies, Brandies, Gins, Wines, Rums. We are Sole Agents in Michigan for W. D. & Co., Henderson County, Hand Made Sour Mash Whisky and Druggists' Favorite Rye Whisky.

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The Michigan Tradesman

A STRAY. (CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

but on the ran, with the one thought up- permost in her heart—his safety, his life depended on her speed. Oh, how slowly the road moved under her feet! But she could tell that, despite her load, she was gaining on her pursuers. Their voices grew fainter. She gained the hilltop above the mines. There was still a half- mile of road to cover. She could see the groups of men around the pit's mouth. Oh, how far away it seemed! Could she ever reach it? Her breath came in short gasps; her head was filled with a buzzing that was maddening; she could not tell if it was the murmur of far-off voices or only the rush of riotous blood in her own veins. Perhaps she was too late! She tried to cry out to the people below. Oh, were they blind that they could not see her? She reached the straggling village street. Down its length she ran, a wild figure with streaming hair, and the fright- ened child clasped close in her arms. Women and children scattered in terror as she passed. Nothing but a mad woman could ever look like that! Down among the crowd she sped, heedless of out- stretched hands of men to stop her, heed- less of their words of question, on, on, until she dropped, blind and dizzy, at the pit's mouth. Only for a moment she lay so, while rough, kindly hands lifted the screaming child. Then she staggered to her feet.

"Doctor Hepburn," she gasped. "Where—?" "He has just gone down the shaft with the visitors. What's the matter?" It was the scar-faced man, Dan, who an- swered her, holding the child in his arms. "Quick!" she gasped. "The cage! Take me down it. It is life or death." "All right. Get in. Do your quickest!" he said to the engineer. "I do it, Dan," said the man, turn- ing into the engine room. "Good God! What's this?" "What?" came from a dozen throats. "The ropes are cut with acid. Look here. It is not three minutes since I left the engine. Something is up. The cage can't work!"

A thrill of horror went over the crowd. Clearly the plot was not a general one. All were sullen and dissatisfied, but only a few had been in the horrible conspir- acy. To the woman's senses was carried the thought, "too late!" when some one near her said: "Well, the stairs are left." "The stairs!" She had not thought of that. "Where are they?" she asked. "Here," answered a man standing near the black-looking aperture. She turned swiftly to Dan. "Be good to my boy," she said, and, kissing the child, she turned, before they were rightly aware of her intention, and plunged into the depths of the narrow stairway. From landing to landing she staggered, feeling her way as best she could in the intense blackness, falling, at times, against the slimy, oozing walls, straining her eyes in hopes of a gleam of lamps. Down, down, down! Oh, would she ever get to the bottom? Her breath was going, a dizziness was coming to her. She tried to stand erect, but she stumbled gropingly against the wall, and felt a strange weakness growing on her. Oh, to fight it off until she could reach him! To silence for one moment that drip, drip, drip she heard from the roof—could hear growing into a roaring torrent, nearer and nearer it came. Another step and it would engulf her. Down she staggered, her whole remaining strength collected in a wild scream as those black, phantom- like waves closed around her.

A party of men, just entering a car at the main entry, stopped, appalled at that shriek. They looked at one another in questioning amazement. "Is the mine haunted?" asked one of the visitors. "That certainly sounded like nothing earthly!" "Come," said young Hepburn, picking up a lamp; "there is something wrong. That sounded from the stairs. Come, uncle!"

And, there, in the bend of the stairs, they found her. Five steps more would have brought her in sight of the lamps she had struggled so to reach. Blackened and wet from the dripping walls, she lay unconscious, and from her lips trickled a red stream that formed a pool on the black floor.

"This is serious, gentlemen. A broken bloodvessel," said the doctor, bending over her. "Hall, ring the bell for the cage. We must get her above ground at once!" The bell was rung, but no answer re- turned. The wire had been cut. Young Hepburn looked grave. "There is some- thing wrong, seriously wrong, here. We must return by the stairs." While he spoke they heard the voices of men, who had followed Kate with lights, and in another minute the two parties of men met in the narrow passage, with ques- tioning wonder in their faces and the blackened, blood-stained front between them. In a few minutes the cutting of the wires was told, and the men slowly carried the unconscious form up the drip- ping stairs, followed by the party of vis- itors, who said little, but felt, in a vague way, that some danger and mystery were in the air.

Up into the light of day they carried her, while the people stood about awe- struck and fearful. They wiped the black from the still face, and watched eagerly the faint signs of life struggling back, until the heavy lids quivered and opened to see Dr. Hepburn bending over her. A gasp for breath, and then she whispered: "You safe? I was in time." "In time! What do you mean?" "The nitro-glycerine—on the track by—entry number nine. My life has been some use—at least, Call Jim Mason." The doctor repeated the name, and a man from the crowd came forward, his face white, and his mind sobered by the unexpected turn of the plot hatched in the brains of a few drunken, desperate men.

"Jim," she gasped, "I heard all. Once you said you owed me a debt. Pay it now." The sight of her face, with death in it, brought him to his knees beside her, while great tears stood on his rough cheeks. "I'd a died before I'd a done a harm to you, Kate, after the kindness to my old

mother, as you tended on her deathbed, what can I do?"

"Promise no harm to the mines, they keep so many souls alive; no harm to the doctor." "I swear it by the memory of me mother! I'll do no more such dirty work!" She tried to raise the hand nearest to him, but the arm was powerless—broken by the fall. She struggled for breath, but could not speak further. A work- man told lowly of her bursting among them saying it meant life or death to reach them. The visitors crowded near to see the face of this woman now that the black from the walls had been wiped from her features. Among the rest was a tall, handsome man of about thirty years, with blonde hair and brown eyes, who leaned over to gain sight of her. As he did so his face was one of horror, as he ejaculated: "Kate!"

Dr. Hepburn glanced up quickly. "You know her?" he asked. "I? Why, no—that is—?" "Hush! She is trying to speak." That cry of "Kate" seemed to have reached her. The grey eyes opened once more. "How long have I to live?" she whispered. "Not an hour. Kate, my poor girl, is there anything I can do for you?" She looked assent. "My boy." They brought the little fellow, and she tried to look around as if for some one else. "What is it?" asked the doctor. "The voice—that said—Kate." "She wants to see you." And he made way for the tall gentleman, whose eyes and hair were the color of little Paul's. He came and stood silent beside her, his face very pale. She looked at him long, then turned her eyes to Hepburn, and whispered: "My boy is mine—none other—all mine. Will you take him? Teach him to forget—the shame—his mother. He has no name—"

"He shall have mine, my poor girl. Don't fret about his future. He shall be as my son." "Your—son." And she tried to smile. "That is best—your name. I have none—your hear?" and her eyes turned to the tall, pale gentleman—"no name—only Kate—ever—you hear?" "I hear," he said, in a low voice. "Go—where I can't see you—out of my sight." And as he stepped back the doctor held the child up to kiss her. A great calm was settling over her face as he stooped to catch her last words.

"It was for your sake—to be of some use—my life for yours. You never guessed—you would have thought me bad—but now—just at the last, would you—would you—and her eyes told her story, and her request to the man who had never dreamed of this unasked for love.

"My poor Kate, my poor Kate," he said, and pressed the wished-for kiss on lips through which the last breath had fluttered. He lifted the child in his arms with a pitying, protecting clasp. As he rose upright, his eyes met those of the tall, pale gentleman. For one instant they gazed across the dead woman into each other's souls. There was no need of words, and in silence the death angel rang down the curtain on the last act of—The Stray. MARAH ELLIS RYAN.

A Jewel of a Clerk. A New York dry goods house recently advertised for a clerk who understood shorthand and typewriting, to whom they would pay the munificent sum of \$4 per week. The advertisement happened to fall under the eye of a member of Ply- mouth Church, who answered it as fol- lows: "Gentlemen: In answer to your ad- vertisement of this date for a youth familiar with shorthand and typewriter to assist with correspondence, salary \$4 per week, I would say that I know a youth who, be- sides these qualifications, possesses a critical knowledge of six modern lan- guages, as well as drawing, painting, architecture, telegraphy (land and sub- marine), can play a snare drum, teach roller skating, is a promising light-weight scrapper, in religion a strict Calvinist, in department a Chesterfield, and is seldom in liquor."

"This lad is anxious to work for your firm for \$3 per week, for the reason (as he asserts) that in case you should fail at any time to pay him, he will not lose so much; so he will not accept your too lib- eral offer of four dollars. "I have suggested to him that in case he should accept this latter and larger sum, the possession of so large a sum of money every week might prove a tempta- tion for people to rob him, and perhaps lead him into dissipated ways. "In this he concurs with me. He is perfectly willing to scrub out the store, hustle building material around the yard, lick postage stamps and run on errands, when not engaged in shorthand writing, as he believes these to form a part of the stenographer's duties. "Should he come, will you please dis- charge your janitor and one teamster, and allow him to fill their places in his leisure hours? He would like this. "Meet me at the entrance of Calvary Cemetery at 12 o'clock to-night, and I will introduce you to this youth, when you can tie a rope around his neck and drag him to your place of business."

White Mountains and Bar Harbor. Commencing June 29th, the Michigan Central and its eastern connections will run a through line of elegant, new buffet sleeping cars through from Chicago to Bar Harbor, via Niagara Falls and the White Mountains, without change. Con- nection will be made at Niagara Falls with through sleeper to Clayton, where connection will be made with steamers to the Thousand Islands, Alexandria Bay, Montreal and Quebec. For full and detailed information in regard to these summer resorts, and the way to reach them, send six cents postage for "A Modern Pilgrimage," and summer tourist rates, to O. W. RUGGLES, General Pas- senger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

He Was a Director. A German, whose son had been em- ployed by the Grand Rapids School Fur- niture Co., was recently met by an acquaintance who inquired: "Well, Mr. Schneider, how is Hans getting along in his new place?" "Shoost splendidly; he vos von off der directors already."

"A director! I never heard of such rapid advancement—the young man must be a genius." "He vas; he shoost write a splendid hand."

"Oh yes, plenty of people write good hands, but you said Hans was a direc- tor?" "So he vas." (Indignantly) "he direct tree tousand circulars efery day already!"

She Needed No Thermometer. Anxious mother—"I wish, Susan, that when you give baby a bath you would be careful to ascertain whether the water is at the proper temperature." Susan—"Oh, don't you worry about that, ma'am. I don't need no'ometers. If the little one turns red, the water is too hot; if it turns blue, it's too cold; and that's all there is about it!"

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., 105-5-7 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

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

THE "EDITOR'S CHOICE." FLINT, Mich., April 9, 1886. To Whom It May Concern, We, the undersigned committee, selected by Geo. T. Warren & Co. to can- vass the list of names and select one for a Cigar Label from the 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. RAYBURN, Jr., of Woburnette Citizen A. L. ALDRICH, of the Flint Globe.

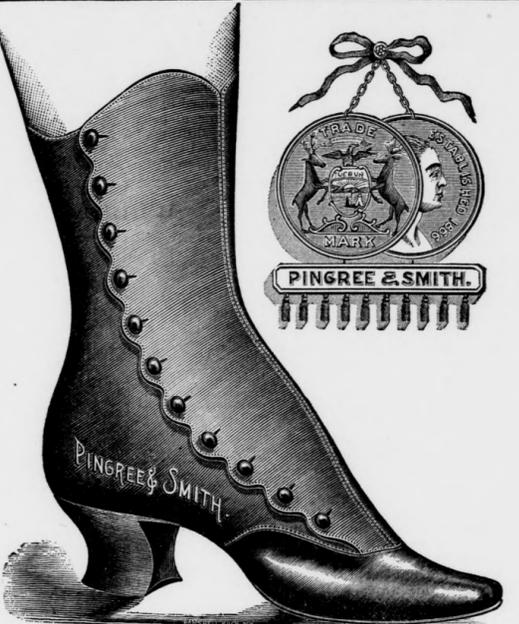
OUR NEW BRAND OF CIGARS. "EDITOR'S CHOICE" Will be ready for shipment in about two weeks. Price, Thirty-Three Dollars per Thousand. We should be pleased to receive a sample order from you. Yours respectfully, Geo. T. Warren & Co.

20,000 Sold to the Trade In Grand Rapids in the past 30 days, over 100 retail dealers in Grand Rapids are handling the Famous Five Cent Cigar.

"THE WHITE DAISY" This cigar we guarantee to be the best 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.

RETAIL GROCERS Do You Want a Leader? THEN BUY A BOX OF HAPPY FAMILY SOAP OF YOUR WHOLESALE GROCER.

Seventy-five Bars in a Box. Only \$2.95 per Box. 5 Boxes, 5c a Box Less. 10 Boxes, 10c a Box Less. IT WEIGHS NEARLY A FULL POUND, AND THE BEST AND PUREST LAUNDRY SOAP IN THE MARKET FOR ALL HOUSEHOLD PURPOSES. MANUFACTURED ONLY BY ALLEN B. WRISLEY, Chicago, Ill. Five-box lots and upward delivered free of freight to any railroad station in Michigan.



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 \$319,468) 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.

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 threes, barrels, half-bbls., 50 lb. cans, 20 lb. cans, 3, 5 and 10 lb. pails. Our prices for first-class goods are very low and all goods are warranted first-class in every in- stance. When in Grand Rapids, give us a call and look over our establishment. Write us for prices.

DETROIT SOAP CO., Manufacturers of the following well-known brands:

QUEEN ANNE, TRUE BLUE, MOTTLED GERMAN, PHENIX, ROYAL BAR, SUPERIOR, CZAR, MASCOTTE, 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.

SANTA CLAUS SOAP is the best on EARTH for FIVE CENTS a cake. All good housekeepers use it. All good grocers sell it, and N.K. FAIRBANK & Co., CHICAGO, make it. P. STEKETEE & SONS, WHOLESALE Dry Goods & 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. Sole Agents for Valley City and Georgia Bags. Mail orders receive prompt and careful attention.

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 ex- peditents 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.

Jennings & Smith, Grand Rapids, Mich. 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.