

The Michigan Tradesman.

VOL. 7.

GRAND RAPIDS, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1889.

NO. 327.

Something New Bill Snort

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Steaks, Chops and All Kinds of Order
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We are making a Middlings
Purifier and Flour Dresser that
will save you their cost at least
three times each year.

They are guaranteed to do
more work in less space (with
less power and less waste)
than any other machines of
their class.

Send for descriptive cata-
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Martin's Middlings Purifier Co.,
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Orchard, Blue Grass, or Red Top,
or, in fact, Any Kind of Seed,
send or write to the

Seed Store,

71 Canal St., GRAND RAPIDS.
W. T. LAMOREAUX.

AT CHRISTMAS TIME.
Now comes the glad day of the year
When Christmas bells ring loud and clear,
And children's faces shine.
Alas! what does it mean to me
On whose heart's home no Christmas tree,
Whose children's faces seem to be
As old and sad as mine?

We sit aloft, my babes and I,
And watch the hours fly by,
While church bells ring afar;
And I, to while the hours for them,
Tell the old tale of Bethlehem,
And how the kings of Orient came,
Led by a single star.

I tell them how its light was shed
Above the little halloed head
That in a manger lay;
And how, by reason of His birth,
That brought good will and peace on earth,
At Christmas time with song and mirth
The world keeps holiday.

"Do we keep holiday?" do we?
The children ask me wistfully,
And hardly know the meaning of it.
"At least, we can be glad," I say.
"That somewhere else the children may,
For His sweet sake keep holiday."
Thoughts of heaven are theirs.

Hardly, indeed, can I explain
Why I should thus should ease my pain,
Or their loss compensate.
Lovely their little faces are,
Though hunger-war, as flower or star,
Why should their lives be set so far
From childhood's fair estate?

When dusky shadows creep and twine
Along this attic wall of mine,
We watch the lights gleam out
Through misty folds of lace and lace
The candles on the Christmas tree,
The children dancing merrily
Its branches round about.

No part or lot have we in these.
The heavy-laden Christmas trees,
The ruddy hearth-fire's glow,
Our walls are blank, our shelves are bare,
Scanty and coarse our Christmas fare,
And at the house of a grim Car-
The only guest we know.

Closer the children round me cling,
The twilight shadows deepening.
"Will Christmas be like this?"
Sadly they ask me—"mother dear."
Does he know what is best indeed,
I turn to brush away a tear,
And answer with a kiss.

"God knows, my darlings! God knows best."
But oh, the heartache unconfessed
The while such words I say!
Does he know what is best indeed,
And leave us to our bitter need?
Ah! cruel riddle, hard to read!
Ah! merry Christmas Day!

MARY BRADLEY.

A CHRISTMAS EVE IN WAR TIMES.

It was the beginning of a battle. The skirmish line of the Union advance was sweeping rapidly over a rough mountainous region in the South, and, in his place on the extreme left of this line, was private Anson Marlow. Tall, thin, with a face as blank as a sheet, he was the characteristics of the field, which was in wild contrast with the parade grounds on which the combatants had first learned the tactics of war. The majority, however, of those now in the ranks had since been drilled too often under like circumstances and with lead and iron-shotged guns, not to know their duty, and the lines of battle were as regular as the broken country allowed. So far as many obstacles permitted, Marlow kept his proper distance from the others on the line and fired coolly when he caught glimpses of the retreating Confederate skirmishers. They were retiring with ominous readiness toward a wooded height which the enemy occupied under a force of unknown strength. That strength was soon manifested in temporary disaster to the Union forces, which were driven back with heavy loss.

Neither the battle nor its fortunes are the objects of our present concern, but rather the fate of private Marlow. The tide of battle drifted away and left the soldier desperately wounded, in a narrow ravine, through which babbled a small stream. Excepting the voices of his wife and children, no music had ever sounded so sweetly in his ears. With great difficulty he crawled to a little bubbling pool formed by a tiny cascade and encircling stones, and partially slaked his intolerable thirst.

He believed he was dying—bleeding to death. The very thought blunted his faculties for a time, and he was conscious of little beyond a dull wonder. Could it be possible that the tragedy of his death was enacting in that peaceful, secluded nook? Could nature be so indifferent or so unconscious, if it were true that he was soon to lie there dead? He saw the speckled trout lying motionless at the bottom of the pool, the gray squirrels sporting in the boughs over his head. The sunlight shimmered and glinted through the leaves, flecking with light his prostrate form. He dipped his hand in the blood that had welled from his side and it fell in rubies from his fingers. Could that be his blood? His life-blood, and would it all ooze away? Could it be that death was coming through all the brightness of that summer afternoon?

From a shadowed tree farther up the glen, a wood thrush suddenly began its almost unrivaled song. The familiar melody, heard so often from his cottage porch in the June twilight, awoke him to the bitter truth. His wife had then sat beside him, his little ones played here and there among the trees and shrubbery. They would hear the same song to-day; he would never hear it again. That counted for little, but the thought of their sitting behind the vines and listening to their favorite bird, spring after spring and summer after summer, and he ever absent, overwhelmed him.

"O Gertrude, my wife, my wife! O my children!" he groaned.

His breast heaved with a great sigh; the blood welled afresh from his wound; what seemed a mortal weakness crept over him, and he thought he died.

"Say, Eh, is he gone?"

"Clar to grasshopper I know. 'Pears mighty like it."

These words were spoken by two stout negroes, who had stolen toward the battle field as the sounds of conflict died away.

"I'm doggoned if I think he's dead. He's only swooned," asserted the man addressed as Eh.

"T'won't do to leave him here to die, Zack."

"Sartin not; we'd hab had luck all our days."
"I guess ole man Pearson will keep him, and his wife's a po'ful nuss."
"Pearson orter; he's a Unioner."
"S'pose we try him; 'tain't so very fur off."

On the morning of the 24th of December, Mrs. Anson Marlow sat in the living room of her cottage, that stood well out in the suburbs of a Northern town. Her eyes were hollow and full of trouble that seemed almost beyond tears, and the bare room, that had been stripped of almost every appliance and suggestion of comfort, but too plainly indicated one of the causes. Want was stamped on her thin face, that once had been so full and pretty; poverty in its bitter extremity was unmistakably shown by the uncarpeted floor, the meager fire and scanty furniture. It was a period of depression; work had been scarce, and much of the time had been too ill and feeble to do more than care for her children. Away back in August her resources had been running low, but she had daily expected the long arrears of pay which her husband would receive as soon as the exigencies of the campaign permitted. Instead of these funds, so greatly needed, came the tidings of a Union defeat, with her husband's name down among the missing. Beyond that brief mention, so horrible in its vagueness, she had never heard a word from the one who not only sustained her home, but also her heart.

Was he languishing in a Southern prison, or, mortally wounded, had he lingered out some terrible hours on that wild battlefield, a brief description of which had been so dwelt upon by her morbid fancy that it had become like one of the scenes in Dante's Inferno? For a long time, she could not and would not believe that such an overwhelming disaster had befallen her and her children, although she knew that similar losses had come to thousands of others. Events that the world regards as not only possible, but probable, are often so terrible in their consequences that we shrink from even the bare thought of their occurrence.

If Mrs. Marlow had been told from the first that her husband was dead, the shock resulting would not have been so injurious as the suspense that robbed her of rest for days, weeks and months. She haunted the postoffice, and if a stranger was seen coming up the street toward her cottage, she watched feverishly for his turning in at her gate with the tidings of her husband's safety. Night after night she lay awake, hoping, praying that she might hear his step returning on a furlough to which wounds or sickness had entitled him. The natural and inevitable result was illness and nervous prostration.

Practical neighbors had told her that her course was all wrong; that she should be resigned and even cheerful for her children's sake; that she needed to sleep well and live well, in order that she might have strength to provide for them. She would make, pathetic attempts to follow this sound and thrifty advice, but suddenly, when at work or in her troubled sleep, that awful word "missing" would pierce her heart like an arrow, and she would moan and at times, in the depths of her anguish, cry out, "Oh, where is he? Shall I ever see him again?"

But the unrelenting demands of life are made as surely upon the breaking as upon the happy heart. She and the children must have food, clothing and shelter. Her illness and feebleness at last taught her that she must not yield to her grief, except so far as she was unable to suppress it; that, for the sake of those now seemingly dependent upon her, she must rally every shattered nerve and every relaxed muscle. With a heroism far beyond that of her husband and his comrades in the field, she sought to fight the wolf from the door, or at least to keep him at bay. Although the struggle seemed a hopeless one, she patiently did her best from day to day, eking out her scanty earnings by the sale or pawn of such of her household goods as she could best spare. She felt that she would do anything rather than reveal her poverty or accept charity. Some help was more or less kindly offered, but beyond such aid as one neighbor may receive of another she had said gently but firmly, "Not yet."

The Marlows were comparative strangers in the city where they had resided. Her husband had been a teacher in one of its public schools and his salary small. Patriotism had been his motive for entering the army, and while it had cost him a mighty struggle to leave his family, he felt that he had no more reason to hold back than thousands of others. He believed that he could still provide for those dependent upon him, and if he fell, those for whom he died would not permit his widow and children to suffer. But the first popular enthusiasm for the war had largely died out; the city was full of widows and orphans; there was depression of spirit and a very general disposition, on the part of those who had means, to take care of themselves, and provide for darker days that might be in the immediate future.

Sensitive, retiring, Mrs. Marlow was not the one to push her claims or reveal her need. Moreover, she could never give up the hope that tidings from her husband might, at any time, bring relief and safety.

But the crisis had come at last, and on this dreary December day she was face to face with absolute want. The wolf, with his gaunt eyes, was crouched beside her cold hearth. A pittance owed to her for work had not been paid; the little food left in the house had furnished the children an unsatisfying breakfast. She had eaten nothing. On the table beside her lay a note from the agent of the estate of which her home was a part, bidding her call that morning. She knew why—the rent was two months in arrears. It seemed like death to leave the house in which her husband had placed her and wherein she had spent her happiest days.

It stood well away from the crowded town. The little yard and garden, with their trees, vines and shrubbery, some of which her husband had planted, were all dear from association. In the rear there was a grove and open fields, which, though not belonging to the cottage, were not forbidden to the children, and they formed a wonderland of delight in spring, summer and fall. Must she take her active, restless boy Jamie, the image of his father, into a crowded tenement? Must golden-haired Susie, with her dower of beauty, be imprisoned in one close room, or else be exposed to the evil of corrupt association just beyond the threshold?

Moreover, her retired home had become a refuge. Here she could hide her sorrow and poverty. Here she could touch what he had touched and sit, during the long winter evenings, in his favorite corner by the fire. Around her, within and without, were the little appliances for her comfort which his hands had made. How could she leave all this and live? Deep in her heart also the hope would linger that he would come again and seek her where he had left her.

"O God!" she cried, suddenly. "Thou wouldst not, couldst not, permit him to die without one farewell word," and she buried her face in her hands and rocked back and forth, whilst hard, dry sobs shook her slight, famine-pinched form.

The children stopped their play and came and leaned upon her lap.
"Don't cry, mother," said Jamie, a little boy of ten; "I'll soon be big enough to work for you, and I'll get rich, and you shall have the biggest house in town. I'll take care of you, if papa don't come back."

Little Sue knew not what to say, but the impulse of her love was her best guide. She threw her arms around her mother's neck with such an impetuous and child-like outburst of affection that the poor woman's bitter and despairing thoughts were banished for a time. The deepest chord of her nature, mother love, was touched, and for their sakes she rose up once more and faced the hard problems of her life. Putting on her bonnet and thin shawl (she had parted with much that she so sorely needed), she went out into the cold December wind. The sky was clouded like her hopes, and the light, even in the morning hours, was dim and leaden-hued.

She first called on Mr. Jackson, the agent from whom she rented her home, and besought him to give her a little more time.

"I will beg for work from door to door," she said. "Surely in this Christian city there must be those who will give me work, and that is all I ask."

The sleek, comfortable man, in his well-appointed office, was touched slightly, and said in a voice that was not as gruff as he at first had intended it should be.

"Well, I will wait a week or two longer. If then you cannot pay something on what is already due, my duty to my employers will compel me to take the usual course. You have told me all along that your husband would surely return, and I have hated to say a word to discourage you; but I fear you will have to bring yourself to face the truth and act accordingly, as so many others have done. I know it's very hard for you, but I am held responsible by my employer, and at my intersection he has been lenient, as you must admit. You could get a room or two in town for half what you must pay where you are. Good morning."

She went out again into the street, which the shrouded sky made somber in spite of preparations seen on every side for the chief festival of the year. The fear was growing strong that like him, in whose memory the day was honored, she and her little ones might soon know where to lay their heads. She succeeded in getting the small sum owed to her and payment also for some sewing just finished. More work she could not readily obtain, for every one was busy and preoccupied by the coming day of gladness.

"Call again," some said, kindly or carelessly, according to their nature. "After the holidays are over we will try to have or make some work for you."

"But I need—I must have work now," she ventured to say, whenever she had the chance.

In response to this appeal, there were a few offers of charity, small indeed, but from which she drew back with an instinct so strong that it could not be overcome. On every side she heard the same story. The times were very hard; requests for work and aid had been so frequent that purses and patience were exhausted. Moreover, people had spent their Christmas money on their own households and friends, and were already beginning to feel poor.

At last, she obtained a little work, and having made a few purchases of that which was absolutely essential, she was about to drag her weary feet homeward when the thought occurred to her that the children would want to hang up their stockings at night, and she murmured, "It may be the last chance I shall ever have to put a Christmas gift in them. Oh, that I were stronger! Oh, that I could take my sorrow more as others seem to take theirs! But I cannot; I cannot. My burden seems greater than I can bear. The cold of this awful day is chilling my very heart, and my grief, as hope dies, is crushing my soul. Oh, he must be dead, he must be dead! That is what they all think. God help my little ones! Oh, what will become of them if I sink, as I fear I shall! If it were not for them, I feel as if I would fall and die here in the street. Well, be our fate what it may, they shall owe to me one more gleam of happiness," and she went into a confectioner's shop and bought a few ornate cakes. These were the only gifts she could afford, and they must be in the form of food.

Before she reached home, the snow was whirling in the frosty air, and the shadows of the brief winter day deepening fast. With a smile far more pathetic than tears, she greeted the children, who were cold, hungry, and frightened at her long absence; and they, children-like, saw only the smile, and not the grief it masked. They saw also the basket which she placed on the table, and were quick to note that it seemed a little fuller than of late.

"Jamie," she said, "run to the store down the street for some coal and kindlings that I bought, and then we will have a nice fire and a nice supper," and the boy, at such a prospect, darted off to obey.

She was glad to have him gone, that she might hide her weakness. She sank into a chair, so white and faint that even little Susie left off peering into the basket and came to her with a troubled face. "It's nothing, dearie," the poor creature said. "Mamma's only a little tired. See," she added, tottering to the table, "I have brought you a great piece of gingerbread."

The hungry child grasped it, and was oblivious and happy.

By the time Jamie returned with his first basket of kindling and coal, the mother had so far rallied from her exhaustion as to meet him smilingly again and help him replenish the dying fire.

"Now you shall rest and have your gingerbread before going for your second load," she said, cheerily, and the boy took what was ambrosia to him and danced around the room in joyous reaction from the depression of the long, weary day, during which, lonely and hungry, he had wondered why his mother did not return.

"So little could make them happy, and yet I cannot seem to obtain even that little," she sighed. "I fear—indeed, I fear—I cannot be with them another Christmas; therefore, they shall remember that I tried to make them happy once more, and the recollection may survive the long, sad days before them, and become a part of my memory."

The room was growing dark and she lighted the lamp. Then she covered shiveringly over the reviving fire, feeling as if she could never be warm again.

The street lamps were lighted early on that clouded, stormy evening, and they were a signal to Mr. Jackson, the agent, to leave his office. He remembered that he had ordered an extra five o'clock dinner and now found himself in a mood to enjoy it. He had scarcely left his door before a man, coming up the street with great strides and head bent down to the snow-laden blast, brushed roughly against him. The stranger's cap was drawn over his eyes and the raised collar of his blue army overcoat nearly concealed his face. The man hurriedly begged pardon and was hastening on when Mr. Jackson's exclamation of surprise caused him to stop and look at the person he had jostled.

"Why, Mr. Marlow," the agent began, "I'm glad to see you. It's a pleasure I feared I should never have again."

"My wife," the man almost gasped, "she's still in the house I rented of you?"

"Oh, certainly," was the hasty reply. "It'll be all right now."

"What do you mean? Has it not been all right?"

"Well, you see," said Mr. Jackson, apologetically, "we have been very lenient toward your wife, but the rent has not been paid for over two months, and—"

"And you were about to turn her and her children out of doors in midwinter? That is the way you sleep, comfortably, stay-at-home people care for those fighting your battles. After you concluded that I was dead and that the rent might not be forthcoming, you decided to put my wife into the street. Open your office, sir, and you shall have your rent."

"Now, Mr. Marlow, there's no use of opening on me in this way. You know that I am but an agent, and—"

"Tell your rich employer, then, what I have said, and ask him what he would be worth to-day were there not men like myself, who are willing to risk everything and suffer everything for the Union. But I've no time to babble words. Have you seen my wife lately?"

"Yes," was the hesitating reply; "she was here to-day, and I—"

"How is she? What did you say to her?"

"Well, she doesn't look very strong. I felt sorry for her and gave her more time, taking the responsibility myself."

"How much time?"

"I said two weeks, but no doubt I could have got the time extended."

"I have my doubts. Will you and your employer please accept my humble gratitude that you have had the grace not to turn her out of doors during the holiday season. It might have caused remark, but that consideration and some others that I might name are not to be weighed against a few dollars and cents. I shall now remove the strain upon your patriotism at once and will not only pay arrears but two months in advance."

"Oh, there's no need of that to-day."

"Yes, there is. My wife shall feel tonight that she has a home. She evidently has not received the letter I wrote as soon as I reached our lines, or you would not have been talking to her about two weeks more of shelter."

The agent re-opened his office and saw a roll of bills extracted from Marlow's pocket that left no doubt of the soldier's ability to provide for his family. He gave his receipt in silence, feeling that words would not mend matters, and then trudged off to his extra dinner with a flagging appetite.

As Marlow strode away, he came to a sudden resolution—he would look on his wife and children before they saw him; he would feast his eyes while they were unconscious of the love that was beaming upon them. The darkness and storm favored his project, and in brief time he saw the light in his window. Unlatching

(CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.)

The Michigan Tradesman

AMONG THE TRADE.

GRAND RAPIDS GOSSIP.

T. H. Redmond succeeds M. Goldsmith in the cigar and tobacco business.

J. H. Goss succeeds J. O. Sabin in the grocery business on South Division street.

Gwin & Co. have opened a grocery store at Delton. The stock was purchased here.

J. E. Bennett has removed his general stock from Ferris to this city, locating at 694 Madison avenue.

Geo. H. Reeder & Co. have removed their office from the rear to the front end of their store on Pearl street.

Truesdell & Derhammer have engaged in the grocery business at Otego. The stock was purchased in this market.

J. W. Graham, meat dealer at Hubbardston, has added a line of groceries. The Olney & Judson Grocer Co. furnished the stock.

W. E. & J. W. Yeager have opened a confectionery and fruit store at Lima, Ind. The Putnam Candy Co. furnished the stock.

The Hazeltine & Perkins Drug Co. has secured judgment against Brown & Co., at Galesburg, and proposes to levy on the firm's drug stock.

Hooper & Bitgood have opened a meat market at 476 South Division street. They call it the "Martin" meat market, in honor of the town from which they came.

I. M. Clark & Son are making material changes in the internal arrangement in their wholesale grocery establishment, converting both offices into a sample room and removing the book-keeper and cashier to new quarters in the rear of the present sample room.

AROUND THE STATE.

Hanover—E. L. Heath succeeds D. W. Peabody in general trade.

Ashley—N. O. Mills succeeds Tripp & Mills in the grocery business.

Milan—J. H. Brownell has assigned his crockery and notion stock.

Cross Village—A. C. Merrill has moved his drug stock to Harbor Springs.

Hudson—F. S. Richards is succeeded in the drug business by G. W. Cutler.

Flint—H. N. Gay & Co. succeed H. H. Gay & Co. in the boot and shoe business.

Wayland—Pallett & Tishhouse succeed Yeakey & Wharton in the meat business.

Armada—F. B. Dusset & Co. succeed C. C. Carter & Co. in the hardware business.

Reed City—Mrs. W. I. Woodruff succeeds Woodruff & Sams in the drug business.

Jackson—John F. Galster succeeds Galster & Ryback in the tailoring business.

Charlotte—C. P. Lock succeeds Hancock & Meygrants in the harness business.

Gobleville—P. B. Brown will embark in the fruit and confectionery business at South Haven.

Owosso—John Earl succeeds E. M. (Mrs. J. H.) Deal in the restaurant and bakery business.

Kalkaska—Kellogg & Co. succeed Chas. E. Ramsey in the grocery, crockery and meat business.

Pinconning—M. McCormick's clothing and boot and shoe stock has been closed on chattel mortgage.

Spring Lake—Ober Slaughter has sold his meat market and will resume farm life, near Eastmanville.

Chesaning—J. Perrotta sold his dry goods and grocery stock, but it was subsequently attached by creditors.

Imlay City—Lamb, Messer & Co., bankers and dealers in general merchandise, are succeeded by Lamb & Messer.

Owosso—H. M. Post has moved his tinshop into his new two-story brick block, three doors east of his former location.

Fremont—John Johnson has sold a half interest in his meat market to A. T. Pearson. The new firm will be known as Johnson & Pearson.

Conklin—O. F. Conklin & Co. have sold their store and general stock to John H. Hoogstraal, late of Ravenna, who will continue the business.

Hastings—Fred H. Barlow is erecting a corrugated iron building, 40x60 feet in dimensions, which will be used by Ackerson & Hayes in their egg business.

Muskegon—Albert Holt has purchased the grocery store of F. H. Johnson, in the Ruddiman block, and also the interest of Mr. Becker in the Brown & Becker grocery store.

Grant—E. J. Mason took first prize on jellies and preserves at the annual convention of the Cider and Fruit Evaporators' Association, which was held at Chicago last week.

Wayland—B. Burlington, now engaged in the meat business at Bradley, has purchased a lot here and will engage in the meat business as soon as a suitable building can be erected.

Ithaca—J. A. Laughlin & Co., grocers, have been closed on chattel mortgage.

Detroit—Mansfield Shelley has retired from the firm of W. H. Mitchell & Co., wholesale milliners. The remaining partners continue the business under the same style as before.

Rockford—No adjustment has yet been made of the Goodson loss, and it is reported that the Germania Insurance Co., who issued the policy on the risk, will contest payment on the ground of fraud.

Holland—B. Van Raalte has uttered a chattel mortgage for \$6,000 on his agricultural implement stock and a mortgage for an equal amount on his real estate. It is understood that his liabilities exceed \$20,000.

Sears—C. V. Priest's general stock was taken possession of last week on a chattel mortgage owned by Stanton, Sampson & Co., of Detroit. Too many P. I.'s on the ledger of the establishment, and too little inclination to liquidate, are assigned as the causes of the failure.

Howell—L. W. Hovey closed his bakery the other day and the placard read "closed to take inventory." When the doors were opened it was found that Mr. Hovey had one more child to feed, but as it weighs only nine pounds the stock of bread will not suffer in consequence.

Otego—Dwight Truesdale and Joe Duhammer have purchased the blacksmith shop building of Charles Otto, now occupied by Levi Longyear, and in the spring will repair it and put it in proper shape for a grocery store. At present they will open a store in the basement rooms in the Hotel Revere.

MANUFACTURING MATTERS.

Flint—W. W. Crapo succeeds Zack Chase in the lumber business.

Owosso—J. E. Pray will engage in the manufacture of chewing gum.

Ovid—Mead & Bennett succeed Anderson and Mead in the lumber business.

Hermansville—The Wisconsin Land & Lumber Co. has assigned to Henry A. Jewell.

Clinton—C. S. Burroughs contemplates the removal of his chewing gum factory to Toledo.

Gobleville—The Safety Kettle Cover Co. has moved to larger quarters in the Comstock block.

West Branch—Birdsell Bros. are succeeded by Cline, Bell & Co. in the planing mill business.

Nestoria—A. Heath has contracted for 7,000,000 feet of pine to come in by rail during March and April.

Belding—D. A. Moreland is making preparations to move his stock of tobaccos and cigar manufacturing apparatus back to Owosso.

Big Rapids—The Big Rapids Furniture and Manufacturing Co. has purchased the stock of the Palace furniture store of McNaughton & Martz.

Menominee—The Detroit Lumber Co. has built more dockage this year than any concern on the shore. The total is over 1,000 feet in deep water.

Bay City—The Michigan Pipe Co. has purchased 2,000,000 feet of logs from C. Yawkey, of Au Sable, but the consideration has not been reported.

Bay City—George N. Hauptman and D. Wright & Co. are reported to have recently sold 12,000,000 feet of pine in Ogemaw county to Eddy Bros., for \$45,000.

South Manistique—Hall & Buell have their camps in, and expect to bank 15,000,000 feet of pine this winter, which, with what they buy, will keep them busy all of next season.

Alpena—The lumber product of Alpena county this year has been about 218,000,000, the largest on record by about 18,000,000 feet. It is estimated that 25,000,000 feet of lumber is piled here, to be carried over to next year.

Wayne—The Prouty & Glass Carriage Co. has filed articles of association with the county clerk. The new concern absorbs the plant of the firm of Prouty & Glass, which recently assigned. The capital stock of the new organization is \$20,000.

East Saginaw—Wager & Pfeifer, who built a shingle mill in Gladwin county last spring and manufactured about 5,000,000 shingles, have 12,000 pieces on the skids, and will start the mill again the first of the year. The mill has about 40,000 capacity.

Bay City—The Sage sawmill manufactured about 30,000,000 feet of lumber during the season. In 1888 the mill cut 33,000,000 feet, and in 1887 the output was 30,000,000 feet. This mill has been operated steadily nearly a quarter of a century. It will be fully stocked for next season.

Cadillac—Cobbs & Mitchell have just closed a deal with G. A. Bergland for 8,000,000 feet of standing pine in Boon and Selma townships, this county, and will organize their forces and begin cutting at once. The logs will be brought in to their mill over the Toledo, Ann Arbor & Northern Michigan Railway and manufactured the coming year. This pine is the bulk of G. A. Bergland's recent purchase of the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad, and is of excellent quality.

Baraga—William Coach has a choice tract of pine on the Otter River, from which he will this year put in 6,000,000 feet, that will average two and a half logs to the thousand.

Cadillac—The Cadillac Sash & Door Manufacturing Co. is getting out a large order of screen doors and window frames for a Goshen, Indiana, firm.

East Saginaw—The Michigan Saw Co. will add a new factory, to be located one block from the present quarters, in a thoroughly modern building.

East Saginaw—Brown & Ryan will run their sawmill all winter. They are picking up small tracts of timber, having recently bought one piece in Gladwin county of N. J. Warner for \$2,800 and another of John G. Owen for \$3,600.

Detroit—Articles of association of the Francis Manufacturing Co. have been filed with the county clerk. The capital stock is \$15,000, divided into 300 shares. The stockholders are Geo. A. Clark, of Jackson, and Edgar J. Crandall and Albert B. Francis, of Detroit.

Alba—The Alba Lumber Co. recently gave C. J. DeRoo a trust mortgage for \$22,500 in favor of Holland creditors—most of them stockholders in the corporation. Unsecured creditors have placed attachments on the property, however, on the ground that such a mortgage is invalid, basing their hopes on a recent decision of the Supreme Court.

Manistee—The Hanson-Michelson Lumber Co. has been organized to do business in this State, with headquarters at Otego lake. This is an offshoot of Salling, Hanson & Co., of Grayling, and the new company has bought the mill and lumber at that point, with some adjacent pine lands, and about 10,000 acres of excellent hardwoods in the immediate vicinity.

Cadillac—Chittenden & Herrick's recent purchase of the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad is in the southern part of Wexford county, and will be manufactured there. The lumber will be transported to Olga, where they will establish a yard and ship out over the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad.

A small mill near the pine, operated by James Brown, will saw for them this winter at the rate of 10,000 feet a day. In the spring arrangements will be made to increase the mill tally to 25,000 feet. The mill and yard will probably be connected by a tram road, or an extension of the Grand Rapids & Indiana.

St. Ignace—In August, 1887, fire got into 4,000,000 feet of skidded logs and standing timber in Chippewa county, owned by the Pine River Lumber Co., of Saginaw, caused, it was alleged, by fire running from the right of way of the Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Mary Railroad. The lumber company began action against the railroad people, claiming damages amounting to \$66,000, by reason of alleged negligence on the part of the railroad company. The case has been on trial in the Circuit Court here, and the jury brought in a verdict for plaintiff for \$38,188.50. In his instructions to the jury, the judge stated that in computing damages the standing timber should not be included, and another suit for damages for standing timber alleged to have been injured will be brought, unless the case is in the meantime settled.

Buying Goods at "Wholesale."

From the American Agriculturist.
About these days look out for glib-tongued, plausible fellows, who go from house to house in farming and village communities, soliciting orders for groceries. They claim to represent one or another house in New York, Chicago or elsewhere, which is "retailing at wholesale prices." Large numbers of orders are taken, and when the goods arrive and are paid for, they are found to be deficient in quantity and of very inferior quality. One of these "agents" has been operating in some of the Hudson River counties. No such firm is known in New York as the one he pretended to represent. In fact, reputable wholesale dealers are not accustomed to force retail sales by means of traveling agents in direct competition with country dealers who are their own customers at wholesale. In any case, it is generally the best policy for farmers to patronize their own local dealers, rather than to look for "bargains" from irresponsible tramps.

Removal Notice.

Having removed to No. 13 West Bridge street, and fitted the place up expressly for an undertaking establishment in all its branches, we respectfully invite inspection from our friends and the public. We shall be prepared to serve you, night or day, and will spare no pains to meet the approval of those who may favor us with their patronage, and to please them in every particular. Grateful for past favors, we ask a continuance of the same in our new location.

POSNER & RAUSCHENBERGER,
Telephone 367. No. 13 W. Bridge st.

Purely Personal.

John Bonnell, local manager for the Standard Oil Co., has gone to Philadelphia, to visit his father.

J. W. Graham, the newly-fledged Hubbardston grocer, was in town over Sunday, and was shown around by Bryon Davenport.

Chas. E. Olney broke the record last week by visiting New York and a half-dozen other eastern cities and getting home within the space of a single calendar week.

P. of I. Gossip.
I. Terwilliger has opened a P. of I. store at Trufant.

A Reno correspondent writes: "The P. I.'s have organized a lodge here and hold their meetings in the school house, much to the disgust of the teacher."

J. E. Bennett, who recently removed his general stock from Ferris to this city, was offered 15 per cent. profit by the P.'s of I., if he would contract with them, but promptly declined the offer.

C. M. Philabaum, the Muskegon grocer, writes THE TRADESMAN that he is not a contract dealer—that he has not signed with the P.'s of I. or agreed to sign with them. His name is accordingly stricken from the list.

A Crystal correspondent writes: "The P.'s of I. around this place are hot. They have not secured any store at this place yet, so they have passed a resolution not to buy a cent's worth in our little town for the next sixty days."

A Remus correspondent writes: "You will have to change the name of the Remus P. I. dealer. Instead of Geo. Blank, it is C. V. Hane. I suppose Remus will now flow with milk and honey, as it has in the past with cheek and money."

Mancelona Herald: "The Patrons of Industry have boycotted the Reed City Clarion because that paper published a rough woodcut of alleged signs and grips of the order. 'Ren' says the lunkheads don't know enough to take a joke, and, now that they have established the boycott, that potatoes, pumpkins and cordwood 'won't go on subscription.'"

Peter Nink joined the P.'s of I. at North Dorr a few nights ago, and, during initiation, was compelled to submit to the indignity of permitting a half-hundred men to indulge in an animated game of "leap frog." The young man's back was so seriously lamed in the operation that his father has taken steps to institute suits for damages against the men who are responsible for the injuries.

The Herrington correspondent of the Coopersville Observer writes: "The P. I. lodge numbers nearly 150 members. Some are already getting tired and are absenting themselves from the regular meetings. * * * The P. I.'s hold a county lodge at their hall here to-day. They expect to have some big guns to fly the kite of fancy into the realms of low prices. That is, they are to learn how to buy cheaply and to sell for high prices. Selah."

In the course of a review of the Patrons of Industry, compiled from THE TRADESMAN's history, the Kalamazoo Telegraph remarks: "Now, according to the membership of 80,000, said to exist chiefly in the eastern part of the State, the annual dues will amount to over \$45,000 a year. Then each lodge organized sends \$3 to headquarters for a charter and each member initiated into a lodge has to put up \$1 more. Then something like \$40,000 is derived from the charter members, and the grand officers furnish the stationery and blanks for each lodge, which must net a neat little sum. What becomes of all this money, the trusting Patrons in the order cannot ascertain, even though with diligence they peruse the Patron's Guide, which is sent out for their edification. The farmers are playing a losing game in joining this order, and the sooner they learn to give it the cold shoulder the better for them."

Nashville News: "We understand one of the P. of I. lodges near Nashville recently passed a resolution boycotting the News, because we published a clipping from the Big Rapids Pioneer a short time ago. The News has been partial toward the Patrons of Industry, although not because we were particularly impressed with the idea that it was a grand good thing, but we don't propose, as long as we have a whole shirt and can get a hot 'winnewurst' and crackers in combination with a 5-cent glass of beer, to toady to, or be dictated to by, a few crack-brained idiots. No man, worthy of the appellation, wants to be toadied to, and as long as we run the News we shall run it as we see fit. A few pigmy-brained fossils may stop their paper, and if they pay up arrearages we shall not cry about it, but we don't believe that men who are endowed with a reasonable amount of common sense will pay any attention to such a fool resolution, even though they be Patrons of Industry."

Important Decision.

A decision of the Supreme Court, rendered October 18, has lately created considerable interest in business circles. The substance of the decision is that the incorporation act of 1881, amending the act of 1875, is unconstitutional and against the provisions of section 20, article 4, of the constitution of this State, which provides that "no law shall embrace more than one object, which shall be embraced in its title." The act of 1875 provides for "the incorporating of manufacturing companies," and authorizes a number of persons, not less than three, to associate, according to the provisions of the act, "for the purpose of engaging in and carrying on any kind of manufacturing business." This section was amended in 1881 so as to read: "For the purpose of engaging in and carrying on any kind of manufacturing

or mercantile business, or any union of the two." The Court holds that the attempt to incorporate a new business into the act of 1875, by the amendment of 1881, falls plainly within the prohibition of the constitution, the amendment being, in effect, an independent statute, as it provides for the incorporation of companies not mentioned or provided for by the act of 1875.

This decision materially affects all mercantile corporations organized under the act of 1875, as amended, and will necessitate the re-organization of several companies in different parts of the State.

Make Your Peace with Owen.
All members of the Knights of the Grip who intend going to Lansing on the 27th should secure their tickets of me by Thursday noon, in order to get the reduced rate. The train will leave the Union depot 6:50 Friday morning. I will be at Sweet's Hotel every afternoon.
Geo. F. OWEN,
181 Jefferson Ave.

Kansas Salt.

The salt industry in Southern Kansas is assuming great proportions. A dozen great salt plants are already in operation and in a few years all the salt used for ordinary purposes west of the Mississippi River will probably be supplied from Kansas.

Portraits for the Holidays.
Send a good cabinet photograph to Hamilton's Art Gallery, 79 Canal street, and get a first-class, life-size, crayon portrait for \$10. Correspondence solicited.

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—DRUG STORE CHEAP FOR CASH. P. good location. Address T. H. Rathbone, 558 Merton House, Grand Rapids.

FOR SALE—CLEAN STOCK OF DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, boots and shoes, hardware and drugs, situated in good trading point; will inventory about \$3,000; sales for past three years, \$42,000; reason for selling, owner has other business. Address No. 509, care Michigan Tradesman.

FOR SALE—5-BBL. FULL ROLLER MILL—BOTH water and steam power, near two good railroads; good town and doing good business; good reasons for selling. Address Thomas Hoyland, Howell, Mich.

WILL SELL OR TRADE PROPERTY IN TRAVELERS City, Mich., bringing \$40 monthly rent, for general stock or special line of merchandise. Address 551, care Tradesman.

WANTED—I WANT TO CONSOLIDATE STOCKS with a man who has a good trade; I have a stock of clothing worth \$6,000 and thoroughly understand the business. Address, No. 555, care Michigan Tradesman.

WANTED TO EXCHANGE HOUSE AND LOT IN thriving city of Battle Creek for stock of dry goods, notions, boots and shoes or groceries. H. E. Merritt & Co., 666 Wealthy Ave., Grand Rapids.

50 PER CENT. PER ANNUM—OWNER OF RETAIL grocery wishes to engage in exclusive wholesale business and desires to sell; now carrying \$15,000 stock of very good; profits as above; rent reasonable. Address, The West Coast Trade, Tacoma, Wash.

I HAVE SEVERAL FARMS WHICH I WILL EXCHANGE for stock of goods, Grand Rapids city property, or will sell on easy payments; these farms have good soil and are under good state of cultivation and located between the cities of Grand Rapids and Muskegon. O. Conklin, Grand Rapids.

FOR SALE—WE OFFER FOR SALE, ON VERY favorable terms, the F. H. Escott drug stock, at 75 Canal street, Grand Rapids, Hazeltine & Perkins Drug Co. Price, \$1,000.

FOR SALE—THE FINEST DRUG STORE IN THE city of Muskegon at 75 cents on the dollar; reasons other business. G. L. Brudage, Muskegon, Mich.

FOR SALE—A GOOD GROCERY BUSINESS HAVING the cream of the trade; best location in the city; stock clean and well assorted; this is a rare chance for any one to get a good paying business; poor health the only reason. Address S. Stern, Kalamazoo, Mich.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—MACHINERY—COMPLETE OUTFIT FOR sawmill and hoop factory; second-hand engines and steam pumps; large stock of new and second-hand wood working machinery; write for prices. F. B. Wiggins & Co., Machinery Depot, East Saginaw, Mich.

WANTED—GENERAL AND LOCAL AGENTS TO handle the New Patent Chemical Ink Erasing Pencil. Greatest novelty ever produced. Erases ink in two seconds, no abrasion of paper. 200 to 500 per cent. profit. One agent's sales amounted to \$69 in six days—anther \$32 in two hours. Territory absolutely free. Salary to good men. No initials need annex. Sample 25 cents. For terms and full particulars, address, The Monroe Eraser Co., Manufacturers, La Crosse, Wis.

BEGIN THE NEW YEAR BY DISCARDING THE annoying Pass Book System and adopting in its place the Tradesman Credit Coupon. Send \$1 for sample order, which will be sent prepaid. E. A. Stowe & Bro., Grand Rapids.

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

Begin the New Year Right!
By using the "Complete Business Register," the best arranged book for keeping a record of Daily, Weekly and Monthly Sales, Expenditures, etc. Call at "The Tradesman" office and inspect the books.

E. A. STOWE & BRO., Grand Rapids.

Exclusive Jobbers of

F. A. Wurzburg & Co.,

DRY GOODS, HOSIERY,

NOTIONS, UNDERWEAR,

19 & 21 SOUTH DIVISION ST.,

GRAND RAPIDS, - MICH.

SHOW CASES!



6-ft case like above \$9.00

6-ft case, square, with metal corners, same price.

The above offer is no "bluff" or snide work. We shall continue to turn out only the BEST of work. All other cases at equally low prices.

HEYMAN & COMPANY,

63 AND 65 CANAL STREET,
Grand Rapids, - Mich.



The Best Fitting & Wearing Stocking Rubber.

GEO. H. REEDER,
State Agent
Lycoming Rubbers
and Jobber of
Medium Price Shoes.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

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.

IF YOU WANT

The Best

ACCEPT NONE BUT

Silver Thread

Sauerkraut.

Order this brand from your wholesale grocer



WANTED.

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

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

EARL BROS.,

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

THE DETROIT NEWS COMPANY,
WHOLESALE
BOOKS, STATIONERY, FANCY GOODS, PERIODICALS.
The largest and most complete line of above goods in the State, at reasonable prices. Dealers are invited to call. Send for our circulars and price lists. OUR HOLIDAY LINE IS NOW COMPLETE.
Corner Larned and Wayne Sts., Detroit.

E. W. HALL PLATING WORKS,
ALL KINDS OF
Brass and Iron Polishing
AND
Nickel and Silver Plating
and Front Sts., Grand Rapids

BEGIN THE NEW YEAR EVEN.

Considering that the subject of arrears is not broached in these columns oftener than once a year, THE TRADESMAN assumes that its readers will bear with it in this appeal for the amounts due on subscription. About two thousand subscribers are in arrears, their indebtedness aggregating between two and three thousand dollars. To each of these the amount is small, but its payment will enable the publishers to make the paper better and brighter, and thus result to the benefit of all concerned. Let there be a prompt and general response to this appeal!

CHRISTMAS.

Of the twelve months, there are two in which an American—an American, that is, of the United States—may claim a special property. They come at widely different seasons—one at midsummer, the other when the year is on the verge of winter. But they are linked together, nevertheless, as containing days of special interest to all who are able to say that this is the land of their birth or the home of their choice. For to us does any day in July compare in importance with the Fourth? And what other nation makes a festival of the last Thursday in November? Thanksgiving Day is, indeed, a younger national observance than the Fourth, but seems to have taken root, none the less, as firmly as independence day.

New England has sometimes wounded the susceptibilities of other parts of the country by claiming that everything in the way of institution or custom worth having in the land had its origin within her borders. The Knickerbocker and the Virginian, the South Carolinian and the New Orleansian, have scouted the claim of New England as preposterous. But there is one thing that cannot be denied, which is, that Thanksgiving came from Yankeland and nowhere else. There are, indeed, ill-natured people who say that the stern founders of New England set up Thanksgiving in order to give a black-eye to Christmas, which they considered an utter abomination. And probably those founders would not have been particularly gratified if they could have foreseen that the one legacy the whole country would receive from them would be a day of feasting. But they built better than they knew. They were very well aware that a good dinner is a good thing, but they thought it would be worldly and frivolous to confess it. Their descendants, with more candor, declare that the day exists for the sake of the dinner, and without the latter there could be no real Thanksgiving. But, then, the dinner must have its own elements. Certainly no loyal New Englander would admit that there could be on Thanksgiving day a dinner worthy of the name without turkey and pumpkin pie. And these American dishes are potent to attract gatherings of kith and kin which otherwise, it is feared, would never take place. Family guests and old friends make merry and partake of the good cheer together.

Let us continue, then, to keep up the American Thanksgiving, not forgetting, however, that as a festival it is a youngster, indeed, compared with Christmas, which was venerable long before Columbus set out to discover America. Yet old as it is, it holds its own very well and is as vigorous now as when the world was younger. Someone has said that Christmas observances were falling into desuetude in England when they were revived by the tales of Charles Dickens. But America has never needed a Dickens for that purpose. The day was a happy, cheerful day when the country was a wilderness—a day when the smile on most faces gave a warm glow in spite of a dull sky. And the genuine American can be distinguished in no way better than by his hearty observance of this festive time. The time of gifts has come. And although the man with many relatives sometimes feels this part of the observance of the day a burden, yet cheerful givers abound. Liberty overleaps the bounds of kindred and friendship, and the hungry are fed, the naked are clothed, the cold are cheered and warmed with fuel, an hour of ease and relief is managed for the weary and careworn, innocent gratifications are contrived for those whose pleasures are few and rare.

But they who rejoice in Christmas most are the little people. What a throng of happy children there are in the

world on that day! How many little hearts are beating with pleasure, how many childish lips are prattling cheerfully! Thousands of such childish groups, scattered all over the world, are a pleasant vision, and enough to make one merry in remembering them.

Annual Report of the State Salt Inspector.

The twenty-first annual report of the State Salt Inspector, for the fiscal year ending Nov. 30, was made public last week. It shows that the nine districts in which the State is divided have a total manufacturing capacity of 5,950,000 barrels, representing an investment of \$4,700,000 and giving employment to 3,600 men. The quantity inspected in each district was as follows:

District	No.	Barrels.
No. 1—Saginaw county	1,304,340	
No. 2—Bay county	911,775	
No. 3—Huron county	181,792	
No. 4—St. Clair county	256,161	
No. 5—Isosco county	312,201	
No. 6—Midland county	45,417	
No. 7—Manistee county	821,306	
No. 8—Mason county	294,104	

Total.....3,846,979

These figures, as compared with 1888, show there were 19,249 barrels less inspected this year than in 1888, but this does not show the amount actually manufactured during the inspection year 1889.

Add to the amount inspected	Barrels.
Inspected in December, January and February, 1889	552,619
Total	4,399,598

Amount actually manufactured inspection year 1889.....4,394,887

Showing an increase over last year of.....91,623

The counties showing an increased inspection, as compared with 1888, were: Saginaw, 54,775; Bay, 105,941; Midland, 1,580; Mason, 13,389; total, 174,955.

Decrease: Huron, 61,417; St. Clair, 69,455; Isosco, 34,288; Manistee, 29,077; total, 194,234.

In qualities the inspection was as follows:

Fine	Barrels.
No. 1—Saginaw county	3,721,090
No. 2—Bay county	1,079,792
No. 3—Huron county	181,792
No. 4—St. Clair county	256,161
No. 5—Isosco county	312,201
No. 6—Midland county	45,417
No. 7—Manistee county	821,306
No. 8—Mason county	294,104

A comparison of the salt inspection in the State since the inspection law went into effect is as follows:

Barrels.	Barrels.
1869.....561,288	1881.....2,750,229
1870.....623,938	1882.....3,037,317
1871.....728,175	1883.....2,894,672
1872.....724,481	1884.....3,161,846
1873.....823,240	1885.....3,297,403
1874.....1,029,979	1886.....3,677,257
1875.....1,081,876	1887.....3,444,300
1876.....1,462,729	1888.....3,894,228
1877.....1,469,987	1889.....3,846,979
1878.....1,875,884	
1879.....2,058,041	Total.....45,738,985
1880.....2,975,928	
Salt manufactured prior to 1869.....3,282,117	

Total amount of salt produced in Michigan to date.....49,036,102

The largest salt manufacturer in the State, and in the world, for that matter, is R. G. Peters, the Manistee lumberman. He made last year at Manistee 171,220 barrels, and Butters & Peters, at Ludington, manufactured 104,406 barrels. Louis Sands, another Manistee lumberman, comes second, with 130,923 barrels, and the State Lumber Co., of the same place, 123,571 barrels. The Chas. Rietz Bros. Salt & Lumber Co. made 91,858. On the Saginaw river Whitney & Bacheler manufactured 84,021 barrels, the largest of any single concern. H. W. Sage & Co. taking second place with 73,554 barrels. C. Merrill & Co. manufactured 65,308 barrels. Eddy, Avery & Eddy, 66,041 and Mitchell & McClure 63,097. These are all large lumber producers. In Isosco county Pack, Woods & Co. made 90,834 barrels, and the Gratwick, Smith & Fryer Lumber Co. 70,121. At Ludington the Pere Marquette Lumber Co. made 80,650 barrels and Thomas Percy 86,784.

Growth of the Coupon System.

From the New Jersey Trade Review.

The use of coupon books in the grocery trade, instead of pass books, is becoming quite noticeable. In many parts of the country the coupon books are used almost entirely, and, according to those who have adopted the system, it is a highly satisfactory one. The plan is as follows: Customers are furnished with the coupon books, which are similar to mileage books for railways, but instead of the coupons being for one mile, they are for one cent, five, ten and twenty-five cents each, the value of the books varying from \$2 to \$20. These coupons are good for their face value in groceries and other merchandise at the store of the firm issuing them. When the books are issued, the dealer charges his customer with the value of the book. When payment comes, the customer pays this amount, and meantime uses the coupons for the purchase of supplies, thus avoiding all disputed accounts and saving valuable time to both dealer and customer.

A Matter of Labels.

"Human nature," says a rustic philosopher, "don't change a mite from one generation to another, when you come right down to facts."

"We have to say just about so often that young folks ain't what they used to be, and old folks ain't what they used to be, and women folks have changed, and men ain't so brave and honest as they was, and children ain't children any more."

"But it's only in the out'ard appearance that things and people change; the thing itself is allus jest about the same. It strikes me that it's all a good deal like this everlastin' gettin' up the new kind of soap that they heve down't the grocery store; there's a new label on the package every year, but I guess we had about the same kind of soap when I was a boy."

"Men an' women an' boys an' girls is jest about the same that they always was; but bless ye, it don't do no kind of hurt to change the labels on the human packages every few years or so!"

BUSINESS LAW.

Brief Digests of Recent Decisions in Courts of Last Resort.

COLLECTION—DISTRESS—PURCHASE PRICE

The purchase price of property consumed in its use, such as corn, fodder, etc., is not rent, and cannot be collected by distress, according to the decision of the Supreme Court of Georgia.

BANKRUPTCY—ASSIGNMENT—USE OF NAME.

The right of one to use his name in connection with words of common use as a brand is a personal right, and does not pass to his assignee in bankruptcy, according to the decision of the Kentucky Court of Appeals.

SALE—SPECIFIC ARTICLE—WARRANTY.

According to the decision of the Supreme Court of Minnesota, where an order is given to a manufacturer or dealer for a specific article of a known and described kind and description, and the described article is actually furnished, there is no implied warranty that it will answer the purpose for which it is intended to be used, but the only implied warranty or condition of the contract is that it shall conform to the description and be of good workmanship and materials.

EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY—DANGER—NOTICE.

The Supreme Court of Louisiana held, in the recent case of Myhan et al. vs. Louisiana Electric Light & Power Co., that an employer who carries on an eminently dangerous undertaking, such as the generation and distribution of electricity, is bound to know the character and extent of the danger attached to the employment, and to notify his employees specially and unequivocally of the same. In such cases, the court held, the employer has a right to assume superior knowledge on the part of the employer, to rely on his prudence and judgment, and to believe that he will not unnecessarily jeopardize his person and life by avoidable risk.

SALE OF STOCK—DIVIDEND.

In the case of Phinizy vs. Murray, recently decided by the Supreme Court of Georgia, it appeared that after the making of a contract for the sale of certain shares in the stock of a corporation, but before the time appointed for receiving payment and making delivery, a dividend was declared, as to which there was no express stipulation in the contract. The court held that though the purchaser, if he had accepted the stock and paid for it, would have been entitled to the dividend, yet he had no right to decline acceptance and making payment, because the seller claimed the dividend as his own, and refused to give an order for its payment to the purchaser.

Patrons of Industry Fallacy.

At a recent banquet and reception tendered to Bishop Foley, in the Catholic Hall at Marshall, Alderman William Connor was called upon to respond to the toast, "The City of Marshall," and, among other things, said:

I fail to see how the so-called Patrons of Industry can help to flourish or boom a town. Such a society is a delusion, a false organization, got up for the purpose of benefiting the few office holders and deceiving the many. This so-called "Patron of Industry Secret Society" is, unquestionably, the worst "secret" society I ever heard of or read of, that owes its origin to a smart man, at that time a minister of the gospel, whose keen perception for filthy lucre made him prefer to put his wits together and devise some more speedy means of making money, and who eventually took into his counsel some three or four innocent farmers, and induced them to join him in forming themselves Patrons of Industry, while, in reality, a gentleman patron of industry would not deign to recognize such an imposition. And, yet, to-day, they have, I am sorry to say, 75,000 members, each of whom on becoming a member paid \$1. The originator formed a Board of Directors, which consists of the minister and four others, who call themselves "Officers of the Supreme Association." These officers elected another batch of officers, five in number, to be known as "State Officers." Now, all these men receive handsome pay for their services, but where the balance of income from membership goes to I cannot tell. Just fancy \$75,000, besides other emoluments, in one year!

Am I not justified in saying that this so-called society benefits the few, but what do the many derive from it? I say that it is a claptrap scheme to make money, gotten up more particularly to entrap the misguided farmer, the very last of all who should tumble into such a cobweb. And why do I say that this so-called society is a delusion and a scheme? I will tell you: Because they represent to those becoming members—mostly farmers—that by joining their society they will be enabled to buy their general merchandise at 10 per cent. profit and no more. Then they go to the merchant and promise him that if he will sell his goods at 10 per cent. profit and no more, such merchant shall have their trade. Now, how can a legitimate merchant part, taxes, gas, fuel, clerk hire, etc., which absorbs all of 10 per cent., and sell his merchandise at 10 per cent. profit on the wholesale price? And, yet, there may be some so-called merchants who, for the purpose of obtaining their trade, will promise—only—to sell at 10 per cent. profit, but who know right well should they do so, it would mean bankruptcy. Furthermore, the honest merchant would not, I think, demean himself to sell goods upon such conditions—without profit to one class and at a high profit to another class. Such a system I should call dishonest. And, Right Reverend Bishop, if there is a so-called merchant within my hearing in this large audience who has made such a promise to sell his goods at 10 per cent. profit and no more, who would dare to come and stand before your Reverence and say that he does so, I would tell him right before your Reverence's face that he lies, he knows he lies, and there is no truth in it!

THE PRESS WAS GOLDEN.

Interesting Incident of a Northern Michigan Town.

Written for THE TRADESMAN

When I was 15 or 16 years old and was "drifting around loose," not knowing what trade or profession I wanted to adopt, and having no very clear idea of whether or not I wished to follow any, I was in a little Northern Michigan town one day and accidentally dropped into the *Expositor* office. The building in which this paper was printed partook as much of the air of the backwoods as it is possible for such a structure to do. Its sides were of logs, its roof of what are known as scoops, being logs split in two and then hollowed out like a trough and laid in such a way as to shed water, and its floor was of solid logs hewed flat. This office contained but two apertures for the admission of light, and they were each filled with a half-sash of eight by ten window glass. An old sheet iron stove occupied the center of the room, diffusing smoke and heat alternately, but when in good humor the first named article passed through the roof by means of a few lengths of rusty pipe.

Setting type near one of the windows sat an elderly man in rather shabby brown clothes. He was sucking the stem of a meerschaum pipe, whose bowl emitted no sign of smoke. As I entered, this person turned upon me a pair of kindly blue eyes and said "good-day" in the most agreeable manner possible.

After a few casual remarks from which he elicited my name (all the while continuing to set type), he asked me if I wanted a job. Well, I hardly knew. What did he want me to do?

"If you work for me, you shall build the fire at 6 o'clock in the morning and sweep the floor. You shall then come with me to breakfast. You shall then dust the cases. You shall then bring in the wood and clean the lamp. It will then be your duty to do that which I shall at that time find for you to do. You shall wash the roller and the type; you shall learn to be a printer. For these services you shall receive your board and washing for the first six months. After that your wages shall be fifty cents per week until the end of the year. If at that time we shall both be with each other satisfied, you shall have more wages."

This was getting down to business in a way that surprised me, young as I then was. In fact, it was so business-like that it quite frightened me. I sat looking at this man who looked only at his case, and listened to the click of the types falling rapidly into the half-filled stick, and thought of his proposition and wondered what I should make up my mind to do about it. After a while, when the stick was full and he had "dumped" it into the galley, he turned and said:

"Well, what have you decided? If you accept my offer I will treat you well, but you will have to work."

I had become quite interested in watching the process of type-setting, and told him that I believed I should like to try it.

"All right," said he. "You may begin work now."

And so I began. Day by day and week by week I slowly learned the many details of a country printer's life, and as time went by I became very strongly attached to my employer. I had noticed at first that he had a very slight, scarcely perceptible foreign accent, and learned that he was a German. His name was Zimmermann. He wrote a beautiful hand and made the neatest copy I have ever set. Although his speech was sometimes slightly foreign, his writing was always in model English. Nothing alien could be found there, unless, perhaps, some of his ideas. His wife, strange to say, had lived in America a year or two longer than he, but her English was perfectly atrocious.

The office outfit of the Star City *Expositor* was of a very peculiar sort. The newspaper press was made of wood, a perfect curiosity even in those days. It was one that Zimmermann had bought at an auction sale of old rubbish somewhere in Ohio, where it had lain in somebody's barn for years and years, and when the old tympan sheets were first removed, the proof of a Fourth of July programme forty years old came to view. The bed of this press was of wood and covered with zinc; it had a handle fastened to its outer end by which it was pulled along the wooden track from under the wooden platen, which worked on an upright track and was operated with a lever. The whole thing was set in a frame of large, squared posts and keyed with wooden keys. In one or two places, where parts of it had cracked or split, it was bound with iron straps. Otherwise, no metal but the sheet of zinc entered into its construction. The *Expositor* boasted of but six columns, and so small was this press that it must be printed one page at a time. And it was no fun, either. First you pulled out the bed with its chase full of type, then rolled the roller over the ink board to ink the roller, and then across "the form" to ink the type, then laid on a paper and pushed it back under the platen. Then you seized the handle of the lever high above

your head with both hands and threw your whole weight upon it. The descending lever creaked, the bed squawked, the platen groaned and the keyed up frame shrieked and howled so that it could be heard forty rods away. Then you let the lever back, pulled out the bed and you had an impression.

But such a one!

Some of the type was old and badly worn, and some of it was new and, consequently, too high. Much of the furniture was of wood and badly warped, and, to wind up with, the ink was sour or something, so that part of the time the type wouldn't take it from the roller.

There were two small job presses in the office, but I cannot remember that we ever tried to use them. They were called "Cottage" presses, I think, and my private opinion is that Cottage knew about as much of job presses as does the average Sioux brave. They were constructed of iron, with a tapering cylinder which swung on a pivot at the small end. The type were under this. You laid a card on the job, wheeled the cone over it and there you were. They were great machines with which to spoil type and paper, but not fit to print with.

The circulation of the *Expositor* was only local. We used to print some eight or ten quires weekly and distributed them among the subscribers around the village. Most of the remuneration was in country produce, though an occasional patron of the paper paid some cash. The advertisers were country merchants and patent medicine men. From the former we took principally articles in trade and from the latter liver pads and hair restoratives. Things went on in this way until I had made myself quite useful around the establishment. I did most of the type setting and helped the people at the house about sundry odd jobs which were always coming up, and was now drawing something like \$2 per week salary. For some time, Mr. Zimmermann had been troubled with a cough, and it kept growing worse and worse, until he took to his bed, and, after a few days, hemorrhage of the lungs set in and one morning the old man lay dead in his bed and no one knew when the spirit had flown. A day or two before this, he called me into his room and said:

"Ned, all things are possible. It may be so that I shall not have long to live. If I should die, you shall have the printing office and you shall also continue to publish the *Expositor*. I have great confidence in you, my boy, and I shall expect that you will try and help my wife, if you succeed in business."

After the death of my dear old friend, things went badly. The town had been growing and the paper should have been better patronized, but that a rival sheet was started, with new presses and type, and the *Expositor* was out of style.

I struggled on as best I could, managing to get enough money out of it to pay household expenses, which, indeed, were very small, but I had to forego any expenditures for myself and could do nothing toward improving the condition of the office or the paper. Now that I worked alone, it took my undivided time to attend to its many details. The news items must be gathered, written, put in type, the proof corrected and the paper out by Thursday noon. It was no play spell for a lad of seventeen.

Subscribers dropped off and advertisers withdrew their cards. I do not think it was so much from a dislike for the matter printed as from the quality of the printing (which was bad) and also from an impulse in human nature, which leads most people to shout with the winning side and to patronize the most prosperous institutions. At any rate, the subscription list of the *Expositor* diminished in an exact ratio with the increase of that of the *Weekly Magnet* (the opposition sheet) and things looked very discouraging.

One evening, old Mr. Barker—bless him!—dropped in on a little business. I was sitting on a soap box which rested on a chair. This was an improvised stool, invented by me for the purpose of sitting down at a type case, instead of always standing, which is the usual custom. I resigned the chair to Mr. Barker and listened. He had stood right by the *Expositor* through every adversity and had continued a half-column advertisement of his grocery business when many others were withdrawn. Said he:

"I've just got in a new line of canned goods and some choice Minnesota flour and I want to call people's attention to it in a way that they can't mistake. Now can't you think of something that'll be attractive in the way of an 'ad'?"

I thought awhile and then said that, if I could run in some sort of a cut—a picture of something or other—it might help.

"That's it! That's it!" said he. You've struck it. That's just what we want. Give us a picture of a mastodon, or a cyclops, or anything you happen to have. Here is the copy for the 'ad' and show me a proof of it before you print. Good night."

Well, I tried to think what cuts we had that would fill the hole in that advertisement, but I couldn't remember one that was what I wanted. Finally, I ran

sacked an old raisin box full of antique engravings, some of wood, some stereotyped, some electrotyped, all black and dusty and worn. There were Goddesses of Liberty, cows, apples, people, houses, birds, barrels and dozens of designs which shook the artists of to-day, but nothing suitable. At last, I happened to remember having seen a curious looking engraving in a drawer where my old employer had formerly kept some of his private affairs and which I had not opened since his decease.

I resurrected it, examined it and admired. It was a representation of the American eagle with wide-spread wings and a scroll in its beak on which was inscribed "Fourth of July, 1857." From its appearance I judge that some zealous patriot had made it with a jack knife. But it was a picture and it was a foot and a half long by ten inches wide, and I thought by eliminating the inscription on the scroll, it might do glorious service in Mr. Barker's flour notice.

With no end of trouble I arranged to print it and "pulled" an impression. It worked badly. It was not high enough. So I underlay it with paper and overlaid the tympan sheet, and fooled and bothered with it until I wished Mr. Barker and his advertisement in the Mediterranean Sea, but still it wouldn't work. When the beak and upper part of the wings were black and clear the claws and the arrow which it held were scarcely discernable and *vice versa*.

Then the middle of it would sink out of sight and the claws and beak jam their way through the yielding paper of the proof. Taking it all around it was discouraging. Finally, in desperation, I resolved to put more impression on the form. This was something I had never seen done, but after some deliberation I set to work.

Keys were tightened, wedges driven in and everything made snug. I seized the lever, but when I attempted an impression a new difficulty presented itself. The machine worked so much harder that I was unable to pull it. But I must have that proof at all hazards.

I remembered an old piece of cast iron of curious shape which had lain near the office for several months. It must have weighed nearly a hundred pounds and I decided to utilize this. After laboriously dragging it into the office, I attached it with a rope to the lever of the press. With the combined weight of myself and this iron I should be able to take that impression.

Crack, groan, shriek, at last it yielded, the lever descended, the platen was taking the proof when with a mighty crash and the noise of breaking wood and cracking timbers, one of the heavy upper rights gave way and the whole upper gearing of the press, lever, iron weight, myself and all rolled over on the floor.

I know that I was somewhat stunned by the fall. That piece of iron had hurt me, too; but what really kept me laying there for so long was a sense of being ruined—that was just my feeling at the time, however amusing it may seem now.

So I lay there, thinking of my misfortune and my broken press, my blasted prosperity and everything mean in general and nothing much in particular for I don't know how long. At any rate it must have been well toward midnight when the door went open and in walked Frau Zimmermann. I was on my feet the instant the latch rattled, and felt quite confused and foolish and wished I had arisen before.

"Oh, my dear boy," exclaimed she, "it makes me so clatt you to see, I was scared dot you might killed pe. Ven you so late stay, you do make me so much to worry."

So I told her of the broken press and how badly I had been feeling about it, and she and I began the work of gathering up the pieces with a view to taking stock of the damages.

All at once the old lady who had been busying herself about the woodwork while I was extricating the chase of type from the general ruin, made an exclamation and then dropped on her knees. Anxious to see what so excited her I bent over her shoulder and looked. Angel of Light!

Her hand was full of golden coins and there was a pile of them on the floor.

"Mein Gott! Mein Gott!" she exclaimed. "Das Geld! Das Geld! Siehst Du das Geld?" and she rattled on with a lot of German which I could not understand.

Well, the long and short of it was that some fellow way back in the history of that press must have had some money which he didn't like to invest at the time, and, casting about for a hiding place, had hit upon this very odd idea. He had, with an auger just the size of a double eagle, bored a hole down inside of one of the mortises in the frame, dropped in his money, all in twenty-dollar gold coins, and then plugged it up. The additional strain which I had put upon the press, added to years of use and decay, had burst the timber and the hoard rolled out. What became of the owner of it I can't imagine, but if he will make application and establish his claim, he is welcome to the money, principal and interest.

There were just forty-three of these coins, making a sum total of \$860. It was quite a windfall for the frau and myself, and we made good use of it. A second-hand printing press was purchased—not a wooden one—a lot of new type and other things necessary to start the paper on a paying basis, and the few remaining dollars were laid aside for rainy weather.

Happy I am to say that up to now they have never been disturbed. The *Expositor* has flourished, and the broad wings of its popularity stretch over more counties than one.

The old wooden press occupies a prominent place in my private office, and visitors view it with idle curiosity and wonder why such a frightful object is kept so plainly in sight. F. W. G.

Got What He Paid For.

From the New England Grocer.

An enterprising and fair-dealing business man in this city was lately met at the door of his grocery by an honest-looking Irishman, an entire stranger to him, who asked for credit for a barrel of flour. "I can pay yez half the cash down and the balance next Saturday night, sure."

The merchant, without hesitation, turned to one of his clerks, and kindly smiling upon the would-be-owner of a barrel of flour, said: "This man wants to get trusted for a barrel of flour; he'll pay half down and the rest next Saturday. I'll risk him; he's good as gold. Open a fresh barrel, weigh out half, deliver it in good shape at his house, put the barrel away safely and take it down next Saturday when he pays the balance. Never refuse to trust an honest-looking man for bread." It was done, and the Irishman departed, rejoicing in an abundance of flour and unlimited credit.

HARDWOOD LUMBER.

The furniture factories here say as follows for dry stock, measured merchantable, mill cuts out:

Basswood, log-run	13 00/15 00
Birch, log-run	15 00/16 00
Birch, Nos. 1 and 2	22 00 00
Black Ash, log-run	14 00/15 00
Cherry, log-run	25 00/40 00
Cherry, Nos. 1 and 2	11

The Michigan Tradesman

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1889.
A CHRISTMAS EVE IN WAR TIMES.
[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

the gate softly and with his steps muffled by the snow that already carpeted the frozen ground, he reached the window, the blinds of which were but partially closed. His children frolicking about the room were the first objects that caught his eye, and he almost laughed aloud in his joy. Then, by turning another blind slightly, he saw his wife shivering over the fire.

"Great God!" he muttered, "how she has suffered!" and he was about to rush in and take her into his arms. On the threshold he restrained himself, paused and said, "No, not yet; I'll break the news of my return in my own way. The shock of my sudden appearance might be too great for her;" and he went back to the window. The wife's eyes were following her children with such a wistful tenderness that the boy, catching her gaze, stopped his sport, came to her side and began to speak. They were but a few feet away, and Marlow caught every word.

"Mamma," the child said, "you didn't eat any breakfast, and I don't believe you have eaten anything to-day. You are always giving everything to us. Now, I declare, I won't eat another bit unless you take half of my cake," and he broke off a piece and laid it in her lap.

"Oh, Jamie," cried the poor woman, "you looked so like your father when you spoke that I could almost see him," and she caught him in her arms and covered him with kisses.

"I'll soon be big enough to take care of you. I'm going to grow up just like papa and do everything for you," the boy said proudly as she released him.

Little Susie also came and placed what was left of her cake in her mother's lap, saying:

"I'll work for you, too, mamma, and I'll sell the doll Santa Claus gave me last Christmas to-morrow, and then we'll all have plenty to eat."

Anson Marlow was sobbing outside the window as only a man weeps, and his tears in the bitter cold became drops of ice before they reached the ground.

"My darlings!" the mother cried. "O God, spare me to you and provide some way for us. Your love should make me rich though I lack all else. There, I won't cry any more, and you shall have as happy a Christmas as I can give you. Perhaps He who knew what it was to be homeless and shelterless will provide for our need; so we'll try to trust Him and keep His birthday. And now, Jamie, go and bring the rest of the coal, and then we will make the dear home that papa gave us cheery and warm once more. If he were only with us we wouldn't mind hunger or cold, would we? O my husband!" she broke out afresh, "if you could only come back, even though crippled and helpless, I feel that I could live and grow strong from simple gladness."

"Don't you think, mamma," Jamie asked, "God will let papa come down from Heaven and spend Christmas with us? He might be here like the angels, and we not see him."

"I'm afraid not," the sad woman replied, shaking her head and speaking more to herself than to the child. "I don't see how he could go back to Heaven and be happy if he knew all. No, we must be patient and try to do our best, so that we can go to him. Go now, Jamie, before it gets too late. I'll get supper, and then we'll sing a Christmas hymn, and you and Susie shall hang up your stockings, just as you did last Christmas, when dear papa was with us. We'll try to do everything he would wish, and then by-and-by we shall see him again."

As the boy started on his errand his father stepped back out of the light of the window, then followed the child with a great yearning in his heart. He would make sure the boy was safe at home again before he carried out his plan. From a distance he saw the little fellow receive the coal and start slowly homeward with the burden, and he followed to a point where the light of the street lamps ceased, then joined the child and said in a gruff voice, "Here, little man, I'm going your way. Let me carry your basket," and he took it and strode on so fast that the boy had to run to keep pace with him. Jamie shuffled along through the snow as well as he could, but his little legs were so short in comparison with those of the kindly stranger that he found himself gradually falling behind. So he put on an extra burst of speed and managed to lay hold of the long blue skirt of the army overcoat.

"Please don't go quite so fast," he panted.

The stranger slackened his pace, and in a constrained tone of voice asked:

"How far are you going, little man?"

"Only to our house—mamma's. She's Mrs. Marlow, you know."

"Yes, I know—that is, I reckon I do. How much farther is it?"

man. He knew where we lived, too, for he put the basket down at our gate before I could say a word. I was so out of breath, and then he was out of sight in a minute." Some instinct kept him from saying anything about the army overcoat.

"It's some neighbor that lives farther up the street, I suppose, and saw you getting the coal at the store," Mrs. Marlow said. "Yes, Jamie, it was a good, kind act to help a little boy, and I think he'll have a happier Christmas for doing it."

"Do you really think he'll have a happier Christmas, mamma?"

"Yes, I truly think so. We are so made that we cannot do a kind act without feeling the better for it."

"Well, I think he was a queer sort of a man if he was kind. I never knew anyone to walk so fast. I spoke to him once, but he did not answer. Perhaps the wind roared so he couldn't hear me."

"No doubt he was hurrying home to his wife and children," she said with a deep sigh.

When his boy disappeared within the door of the cottage, Marlow turned and walked rapidly toward the city, first going to the grocery at which he had been in the habit of purchasing his supplies. The merchant stared for a moment, then stepped forward and greeted his customer warmly.

"Well," he said, after his first exclamations of surprise were over, "the snow has made you almost as white as a ghost, but I'm glad you're not one. We scarce ever thought to see you again."

"Has my wife an open account here now?" was the brief response.

"Yes, and it might have been much larger. I've told her so, too. She stopped taking credit some time ago, and when she's paid it on the old score."

She bought so little that I said to her once that she need not go elsewhere to buy—that I'd sell to her as cheap as anyone; that I believed you'd come back all right, and if you didn't she could pay me when she could. What do you think she did? Why she burst out crying, and said, 'God bless you, sir, for saying my husband will come back. So many have discouraged me, I declare to you her feeling was so right down genuine that I had to mop my own eyes. But she wouldn't take any more credit, and she bought so little that I've been troubled. I'd have sent her something, but your wife ain't one of them kind that you can give things to, and—'

Marlow interrupted the good-hearted, garrulous shopman by saying significantly, "Come with me to your back-office;" for the soldier feared that some one might enter who would recognize him and carry the tidings to his home prematurely.

"Mr. Wilkins," he said rapidly, "I wanted to find out if you, too, had thriftily shut down on a soldier's wife. You shall not regret your kindness."

"Hang it all," broke in Wilkins with compunction. "I haven't been very kind, and found out how things were, and I meant to, but I've been so confoundedly busy—"

"No matter now, I've not a moment to spare. You must help me to break the news of my return in my own way. I mean they shall have such a Christmas in the little cottage as was never known in this town. You could send a load right over there couldn't you?"

"Certainly, certainly," said Wilkins, under the impulse of both business thrift and good-will, and a list of tea, coffee, sugar, flour, apples, etc., was dashed off rapidly; and Marlow had the satisfaction of seeing the errand-boy, and the two clerks and the proprietor himself, busily working to fill the order in the shortest possible space of time.

He next went to a restaurant, a little farther down the street, where he had taken his meals a short time before he brought his family to town, and was greeted with almost equal surprise and warmth. Marlow cut short all words by his almost feverish haste. A huge turkey had just been roasted for the needs of the coming holiday, and this with a cold ham and a pot of coffee was ordered to be sent in a covered tray within a quarter of an hour. Then a toy-shop was visited, and such a doll purchased for tears came into Marlow's eyes whenever he thought of his child's offer to sell her doll for her mother's sake.

After selecting a sled for Jamie and directing that they should be sent at once, he could restrain his impatience no longer, and almost tore back to his station at the cottage window. His wife was placing the meager little supper on the table, and how poor and scanty it was!

"Is that the best the dear soul can do on Christmas eve?" he groaned. "Why there's scarcely enough for little Sue. Thank God, my darling, I will sit down with you to a rather different supper before long."

He bowed his head reverently with his wife as she asked God's blessing, and wondered at her faith. Then he looked and listened again with a heart-hunger which had been growing for months.

"Do you really think Santa Claus will fill our stockings to-night?" Sue asked.

"I think he'll have something for you," she replied. "There are so many poor little boys and girls in the city that he may not be able to bring very much to you."

"Who is Santa Claus, anyway?" questioned Jamie.

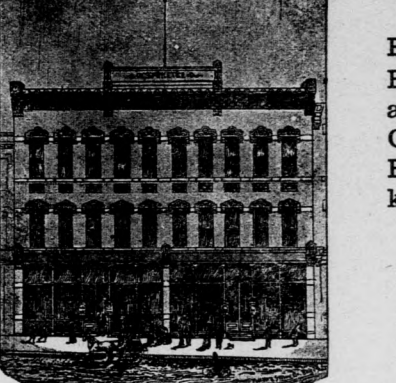
Tears came into his wife's eyes as she thought of the one who had always remembered them so kindly so far as his modest means permitted.

She hesitated in her reply, and before she could decide upon an answer there was a knock at the door. Jamie ran to open it, and started back as a man entered with a cap, eyebrows, beard and shaggy coat all white with the falling snow. He placed two great baskets of provisions on the floor, and said they were for Mrs. Anson Marlow.

"There is some mistake," Mrs. Marlow began, but the children, after staring a moment, shouted, "Santa Claus! Santa Claus!"

The grocer's man took the unexpected cue instantly, and said, "No mistake, ma'am. They are from Santa Claus," and before another word could be spoken he was gone. The face of the grocer's man was not very familiar to Mrs. Marlow, and the snow had disguised him completely. The children had no misgivings, and pounced upon the baskets,

P. STEKETEE & SONS,



83 Monroe and 10, 12, 14, 16 & 18 Fountain Sts., GRAND RAPIDS.

Putnam Candy Co.,

HEADQUARTERS FOR
FLORIDA ORANGES, LEMONS, NUTS, ETC.

BLIVEN & ALLYN.

Sole Agents for the Celebrated
"BIG F" Brand of Oysters.

In Cans and Bulk, and Large Handlers of OCEAN FISH, SHELL CLAMS and OYSTERS. We make a specialty of fine goods in our line and are prepared to quote prices at any time. We solicit consignments of all kinds of Wild Game, such as Partridges, Quail, Ducks, Bear, etc.

H. M. BLIVEN, Manager. 63 Pearl St.

PERKINS & HESS

DEALERS IN
Hides, Furs, Wool & Tallow,

NOS. 122 and 124 LOUIS STREET, GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN.
WE CARRY A STOCK OF CAME TALLOW FOR MILL USE

CURTISS & CO.,

WHOLESALE
Paper Warehouse.

We carry the VEBY BEST double or single bit, hand-shaved ax handle ever made.

Houseman Block, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Michigan Fire and Marine Insurance Co.

ORGANIZED 1881.
CASH CAPITAL \$400,000.
CASH ASSETS OVER \$700,000.
LOSSES PAID \$500,000.

D. Whitney, Jr., President. Eugene Harbeck, Sec'y.

The Directors of "The Michigan" are representative business men of our own State.

Fair Contracts, Equitable Rates,
Prompt Settlements.

Insure in "The Michigan."

Fac Simile of the Label of



The Best Scouring and Cleaning Soap in the World
Costs as much to manufacture as Sapollo, yet sells at about half the price (\$2.75 per box of 12 cakes). Can be retailed for as much with equal or better value to the consumer, although it is generally sold at 5 cents a cake. Cut this out, and ask your Jobber to send you a box of *Pride of the Kitchen*. It is worth trying.

Putnam Candy Co.,

13, 15 AND 17 SOUTH IONIA ST.

9 Cords in 10 HOURS
Runs Easy
NO BACKACHE

IT ONE MAN. Write for descriptive catalogue containing testimonials from hundreds of people who have saved from 4 to 9 cords daily, 25,000 saws successfully used. Agency can be had where there is a sawmill. A NEW INVENTION for filing saws sent free by mail. Send now and do it better than the greatest expert can without. Adapted to all crosscut saws. Every one who owns a saw should have one. Ask your dealer or write FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO., 308 to 311 South Canal Street, Chicago, Ill.

P. STEKETEE & SONS,

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS.
WE ARE HEADQUARTERS ON
Red, White, Pink, Grey and Blue Flannels, in all weights and prices. Also Domets, Canton Flannels, Bleached Browns and Colors. Blankets, Comforts, Bed Robes.

WE SELL
STARK, AMOSKEAG, HARMONY, GEORGIA, VALLEY CITY, PACIFIC, 10 oz. BURLAP

83 Monroe and 10, 12, 14, 16 & 18 Fountain Sts., GRAND RAPIDS.

Putnam Candy Co.,

HEADQUARTERS FOR
FLORIDA ORANGES, LEMONS, NUTS, ETC.

BLIVEN & ALLYN.

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EDWIN FALLAS,

JOBBER OF
Butter, Eggs, Fairfield Cheese, Foreign Fruits, Mince Meat, Nuts, Etc.
Oyster and Mince Meat Business Running Full Blast. Butter and Sweet Potatoes Going Like Hot Cakes. Let your orders come.

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

Grand Rapids Fruit and Produce Co.,

JOBBER OF
FOREIGN FRUITS.
Oranges, Lemons and Bananas a Specialty.
3 NORTH IONIA ST., GRAND RAPIDS.

MOSELEY BROS.,

—WHOLESALE—
Fruits, Seeds, Oysters and Produce.
All kinds of Field Seeds a Specialty.
If you are in market to buy or sell Clover Seed, Beans or Potatoes, will be pleased to hear from you.

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

Alfred J. Brown,

WHOLESALE
Foreign Fruits, Nuts, Dates, Figs, Etc.
16 and 18 North Division Street, Grand Rapids.

Good-Bye to the Pass Book

Adopt the

Tradesman Credit Coupon Book,

And you will find the saving of time to be so great that you will never permit the use of another pass book in your establishment.

The Tradesman Coupon is the cheapest and most modern in the market, being sold as follows:

\$ 2 Coupons, per hundred.....	\$2.50	SUBJECT TO THE FOLLOWING DISCOUNTS:
\$ 5 " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	3.00	Orders for 300 or over.....
\$10 " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	4.00	" " 500 " " " " " " " " " "
\$20 " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	5.00	" " 1000 " " " " " " " " " "

SEND IN SAMPLE ORDER AND PUT YOUR BUSINESS ON A CASH BASIS.

E. A. STOWE & BRO., Grand Rapids.

F. J. DETTENTHALER,

JOBBER OF
Oysters
—AND—
Salt Fish.

Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention. See Quotations in Another Column.
CONSIGNMENTS OF ALL KINDS OF WILD GAME SOLICITED.

Lemon & Peters,

WHOLESALE
GROCERS.

SOLE AGENTS FOR
Lautz Bros. & Co.'s Soaps,
Niagara Starch,
Amboy Cheese.

GRAND RAPIDS.

GROCERIES.

Gripsack Brigade.

Chas. H. Ellis, formerly on the road for the Standard Oil Co., is now selling cigars for S. K. Bolles & Co.

Ask L. M. Mills why he proposes to have his overcoat pockets lined with rubber at the earliest opportunity.

Geo. S. Waite has been sent on from Toledo to cover the trade of the Woolson Spice Co. tributary to this market.

Geo. F. Owen has entirely recovered from his recent illness, and will start out on the warpath again on January 6.

Albert C. Antrim, traveling representative for the Alabastine Co., is home from the Sunny South. He has as large a fund of anecdotes on tap as ever.

Samuel B. Taylor is happy over the advent of a daughter, who arrived on the 5th. She will call Geo. C. Cooper, the lengthy objector of Lansing, "Grandpa."

Elliott F. Covell, for the past eleven years on the road for D. M. Amberg and the firm of which he is the successor, will transfer his allegiance to Wm. Druke on January 1.

Louis Immegart, who has had the State agency of the Catlin Tobacco Co., of St. Louis, for the past three years, has taken the position of traveling representative for the Olney & Judson Grocer Co., covering the same trade formerly seen by M. M. Mallory.

P. J. Coppens has returned from Tennessee, whither he went in search of a tract of hickory timber. He secured an option on 1,900 acres of the finest hickory he ever saw and will shortly have a sawmill in operation on the tract. He was accompanied by his partner in the handle business, James Zimmerman, of Augusta.

C. C. Crawford has preferred charges against Conductor Knox, of the Southern division of the G. R. & I. Railway, for tearing twenty miles out of his mileage book, whereas he rode only three miles. The excuse offered by the Conductor was that Crawford had beaten him out of fifteen miles' fare a few days previously, but the latter has letters from hotel-keepers and druggists, showing conclusively that he did not travel over the route claimed by Knox. The Conductor appeared to forget that he was dealing with a gentleman and expressed himself before a careful of passengers more emphatic than elegant. Before parting company with the traveling man, however, the Conductor acknowledged his mistake and offered to return the amount of mileage he was not entitled to, which Crawford refused to accept. He then rendered him a trip pass for twenty-seven miles, which Crawford took as evidence that the Conductor had exceeded his authority. What disposal Mr. Knox will make of the extra fifteen miles of mileage remains to be seen. Mr. Crawford proposes to pursue the matter until the Conductor is laid off or is impelled to make an apology for his extreme discourtesy.

Meeting of the Jackson Travelers.
From the Jackson Patriot, Dec. 22.
An adjourned meeting of the Knights of the Grip was held at the Hibbard House last night. C. W. Gregg presided and A. F. Peake acted as Secretary. The first business transacted was the organization of Division B, K. of G., with the following officers:
President—A. W. Stitt.
Vice-President—J. W. Palmer.
Secretary—M. J. Moore.
Treasurer—C. W. Gregg.
A committee of three, consisting of Messrs. Porter, Burrell and Russell, was appointed to arrange with the Michigan Central as to tickets and rates for the members to attend the first annual convention, to be held at Lansing, and to ascertain who were to attend.

A vote of thanks was extended the Jackson Cracker Co., for the badges presented to the members. The badge is of white silk, 5x2 inches, bearing the trademark of the company, with the inscription, Division B, K. of G., and the names of the officers.

The Knights of the Grip now number 950. The order is an offshoot of the T. P. A., organized in 1882, but which has gone to pieces. The K. of G. was organized the 9th of February last at Lansing, with A. F. Peake, of this city, as President. The order, aside from its social and benevolent features, seeks for its members better hotel accommodations and "bus transportation." As to hotels, already 175 in the State have entered into arrangements whereby each member having a wife is allowed a registration once a year without extra charge.

It is the purpose of the order to organize divisions in Detroit, Battle Creek, Grand Rapids and other cities as soon as possible. The order does not exist outside of this State, and Divisions A, of Lansing, and B, of this city, are the only local organizations yet formed.

Good Words Unolicited.
Wm. Connor, traveling salesman for Michael Kolb & Son, Rochester, N. Y.: "Every commercial traveler who consults his own, his employers' and his customers' interest, should recommend them to subscribe for your paper, for the simple reason that it contains more reliable commercial news for Michigan than all other papers put together, and that is the reason why I recommend my customers to become permanent subscribers."

The Grocery Market.
Sugars have declined, in keeping with a downward tendency in the raw market. No other changes of importance have occurred, business being decidedly slow, as is customary during the last half of the last month in the year.

Secrets of Advertising.

A writer in a recent issue of *Printer's Ink*, in discussing "Secrets of Advertising," advances some ideas which are well worthy of consideration:

Who would inform the public must do it mainly by appeals to be put forth through the columns of a newspaper. It will be well to pass on to a consideration of the way that announcement should be made.

It is to appeal to the eye. It is to attract the understanding. It is to bring about such a condition of affairs that the eye that sees shall convey to the brain behind it the impression which the advertiser wishes to fix there.

The advertisement in a paper which a reader of that paper has failed to see has procured for the advertiser; but then, the next reader may see the advertisement. It may be taken as certain that no advertisement will reach the eye of every one who reads the paper; the effort, therefore, should be to make it catch the eye of as many as is possible. It should be conspicuous.

It is quite possible for an advertisement to catch the eye and at the same time fail to convey any well-defined impression or to arouse sufficient curiosity to cause the reader to look more closely and thus satisfy his mind.

It is also possible to have an advertisement convey a wrong or damaging impression; this must be avoided. No one wants to be at the cost of sending out paid messengers to traduce him.

The advertisement must be made conspicuous, either by its make-up or composition or its position, or both. At least, there must be an effort to secure for it a prominence, and of two equally well prepared advertisements it is evident that the one which is rendered most conspicuous will meet most eyes, inform most minds and exert the greater influence.

That the advertisement, when seen, shall never convey any impression to the reader which is not likely to prove of advantage to the advertiser is very important. There are choice of words and phrases to be made. A gun dealer who once bought largely at an army sale found that if he advertised Springfield muskets the readers wrote him, if they wrote at all, that they did not want any "Springfield muskets," but when he changed the advertisement, offering "The Celebrated Springfield Barrels," every boy and man wanted them, and when the musket was delivered with its "Springfield barrel," it was entirely satisfactory and more were sent for.

A well-known quack doctor once told a writer that he advertised a certain remedy for months, and although it was meritorious the proceeds of the sales were not sufficient to pay the cost of his advertising. One day he added this sentence to his advertisement: "The secret of the combination of this remedy was revealed to the doctor in such a providential way that he believed he should do wrong did he fail to make the recipe generally known."

As soon as this "providential" sentence had appeared, every one, he said, seemed to be in need of the remedy which he had previously wanted.

Perhaps we all see from day to day advertisements which create in our minds a prejudice against the advertiser; a disposition not to go to him, but to avoid him. Now, if that impression which we gain is conveyed to people generally, then the advertiser is incurring an expense to compass his own ruin.

An advertisement should offer something that people want and something which they cannot get elsewhere on an equally good terms. There must be some element of superiority or novelty. A baker might advertise "good bread at the market price" and attract no new customers, but if he advertised bread "made by an improved process," "better bread," or "larger loaves," these announcements would be noticed, and if it was found that there actually was an advantage in dealing with him, a portion of the new trade would become his for an indefinite period.

Confessions of a New York Drummer.
One day when a whole "bustful" of us drove up to a hotel in Lynchburg, Va., the landlord remembered that he had a drummer from New York who had been suffering terribly with toothache for two or three days. He had tried every remedy known to man, except that of having it pulled, but nothing had availed him. He said he hoped some one of us might be able to suggest something, and slowly added:

"Gentlemen, I have heard that a sudden shock to a man's nervous system would sometimes cure the worst case of toothache. Can't you plan something?"

Six or eight of us got together in the reading room, and it was finally decided that a man named Simms, who turned out to be a patent medicine advertiser, should go up to the room and startle the drummer to have seen a dispatch to the effect that his wife had run away with another man. We thought that ought to cure his toothache if anything would.

"How big a man is he?" asked the delegate, when ready to go in.

"Oh, he's rather undersized," replied the landlord. "If he should get up on his ear, you can easily slam him all over the room."

The medicine man went up. We followed and stood at the door to hear the result. He found the New Yorker growling like a sick horse, and after introducing himself, he said:

"Sorry for you, old fellow, particularly at this time, but I have bad news for you."

"No," exclaimed the other, sitting up in bed.

"Be calm, old boy. It's about your wife."

"Is she—she dead?"

"Better for you if she was. She's run away with a street car conductor!"

"How do you feel now?" asked one of the boys.

"Queer. What's happened?"

"You went in to see the New Yorker."

"Oh, yes. He had the toothache."

"He did, and you kindly consented to shock his nervous system. It was a great success."

"I cured it, did I?"

"You did."

"But, great heavens! feel me; look at me; keep on sponging! I'm nothing but a big splatter of jelly! Boys, if I die, and I hope I will, I'll haunt every infernal one of you day and night until I drive you to hang yourselves with your own suspenders!"

Proposes to Attend Both Meetings.

DETROIT, Dec. 13, 1889.

Editor Michigan Tradesman:

DEAR SIR—I am in receipt of the programme of the annual meeting of the Michigan Knights of the Grip. Being a member, I very much wish to attend and regret exceedingly that the convention occurs on the same date as the annual meeting of the Michigan Commercial Travelers' Association, of which I am also a member. Being one of the Board of Trustees, I cannot expect to be excused from attending the annual meeting. However, as there are quite a number of travelers who desire to go to the convention at Lansing, I think an effort will be made to get the most important business of the M. C. T. A. disposed of early in the day, in which event there is likely to be a delegation formed to go to Lansing, arriving there at 3:45 p. m.

Every member of the M. C. T. A. recognizes in the K. of the G. a sister association. These occasional conventions of commercial travelers are productive of good to the participants as well as to the employers, and should meet with the approval and support of the manufacturer and merchant as well as the salesman, for it is an established fact in commercial circles that the more extensive the acquaintance, the better the chance for business success. The commercial traveler of to-day is an important factor in every branch of business, and all enterprising and aggressive manufacturers and jobbers give evidence of this in the class of men in their employ as traveling salesmen; in fact, it is not uncommon to find men in the dual capacity of principal and salesman.

A Berlin correspondent of the New York Tribune writes as follows: The "sauerkraut war" which is now raging, while it affords great amusement to the public, has become a source of much trouble and annoyance to the government. The sauerkraut manufacturers of Austria constitute a close corporation or guild, whose charter was granted to them by the Empress Maria Theresa a century and a half ago. According to the terms of this document, the manufacture of sauerkraut is limited to members of the guild in question, who, although wealthy, are relatively few, and the Austrian appetite for sauerkraut is a yearly becoming more enormous. As supply thereof to meet the demands of the guild and turn a deaf ear to its protests. Public sympathy, however, is altogether against the corporation which has used its monopoly to keep up the price of sauerkraut, that pillar of the empire, which is devoured alike in palace and cottage.

The guild has been unable to obtain justice in court, both judge and jury as consumers of sauerkraut being alike interested in the maintenance of the monopoly of the market, and consequently opposed to the perpetuation of the monopoly. The members of the corporation have, therefore, drawn up a petition which was presented to the Emperor by a deputation of "sauerkraut" a couple of weeks ago. His Majesty now finds himself in a quandary. For, while on the one hand popular sympathy is against the guild, the latter is clearly entitled by the terms of its imperial charter to the exclusive rights and privileges contained therein.

Hides, Pelts, Furs and Wool.

The wool market is strong and firmly held by dealers, in order to realize cost on last season's purchases, which they are likely to obtain. Michigan X sold at 32c last week, the highest price obtained since September 1. Other grades advanced as well. Wools in England are valued too much to be imported and the importation of waste is stopped and well consumed from previous importations. Stocks of staple wools are small and manufacturers have more confidence in the future, and have been quietly buying wools. The condition of the whole list is firmer and better.

Hides are weak and lower, especially on light. Tanners are summing up the year's business and neglect buying until they know the outcome, which is far from satisfactory to many of them, so far.

Tallow is dull, with light demand.

Furs are off, bad in price, and, if this wild weather continues, must go lower. There are no sales to manufacturers, at home or abroad, and no values can be given accurately, as there is no use for fur garments, such weather.

It pays to handle the P. & B. cough drops.

VISITING BUYERS.

E. E. Hewitt, Rockford, Ill.
Gilbert Bros., Trenton, N. J.
Barry & Co., Rodney, N. J.
Truesdell & Derhammer, Ohio
G. W. Smith, Delton, Mich.
D. O. Watson, Coopersville, Wis.
John Baker, Channahon, Ill.
Mrs. E. Scott, Dunningville, Pa.
R. B. Gooding & Son, Gooding, Idaho
Alex. Denton, Howard City, Mich.
G. S. Putnam, Fruitport, Mich.
J. K. Robinson, Holland, Mich.
L. A. Harrison, No. Dorr, Mich.
F. Narrengan, Byron Center, Mich.
L. M. Thoms, Canonsburg, Pa.
M. Underhill, Hanley, Mo.
John De Vries, Jamestown, N. Y.
R. Van Noord, Jamestown, N. Y.
J. Melting, Jamestown, N. Y.
Smalligan & Pickard, N. Y.
G. Ten Hoer, Forest Grove, Wis.
John Smith, Ada, Okla.
J. H. Ballard, Sparta, Wis.
F. E. Shattuck, Allendale, N. J.
J. H. Shattuck & Son, Overisel, N. J.
Lambert & Van Norman, Baldwin, Wis.
G. W. Gilbert & Co., Moline, Ill.
Case Bros., Lumber Co., Benona, Wis.
Geo. F. Stark, Cascade, Wis.
J. P. Butler, Sand Lake, Mich.
John Damstra, Gitchell, Wis.
W. H. Rawlin, Berlin, Wis.
W. H. Rawlin, Berlin, Wis.
J. W. Mead, Berlin, Wis.
G. Smith, Wayland, Mass.

M. Heyboer & B. O. Oakland, N. J.
J. D. Odell, Fremont, Wis.
DeWitt & Ridout, Springfield, Ill.
Nagler & Bester, Caledonia, Wis.
G. T. Chamberlin, Hart Lake, Wis.
J. Fisher, Hamilton, Wis.
M. V. Wilson, Sand Lake, Wis.
N. M. McMillan, Rockford, Ill.
J. H. Smith, Fremont, Wis.
S. C. Scott, Howard City, Mich.
Severance & Rich, Middleville, Mich.
E. A. Ferguson, Middleville, Mich.
E. A. Wright, Pentwater, Mich.
C. Stevenson, Bangor, Wis.
B. Rankins, Lamont, Wis.
Stuckey Drug Co., Gowen, Wis.
S. Cooper, Jamestown, N. Y.
Carrington & North, Trenton, N. J.
J. H. Smith, Ada, Okla.
J. B. Van Aken, Sand Lake, Wis.
L. Cook, Bader, Wis.
J. H. Shattuck, Forest Grove, Wis.
J. H. Shattuck & Son, Overisel, N. J.
Lambert & Van Norman, Baldwin, Wis.
J. C. O'Connell, Rockford, Ill.
J. C. O'Connell, Rockford, Ill.
J. C. O'Connell, Rockford, Ill.
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The Grand Rapids Packing and Provision Co. quotes as follows:
Mess, new as follows: 10 25
Short cut, heavy 10 25
Extra clear, heavy 12 00
Clear, fat back 11 50
Boston clear, short cut 12 00
Clear back, short cut 12 00
Standard clear, short cut, best 12 00
SMOKED MEATS—Canned or Plain.
Hams, average 30 lbs. 12 00
" 12 to 14 lbs. 9 00
" 10 lbs. 8 00
" 8 lbs. 7 00
" 6 lbs. 6 00
" 4 lbs. 5 00
" 3 lbs. 4 00
" 2 lbs. 3 00
" 1 lb. 2 00
" 1/2 lb. 1 00
" 1/4 lb. 50c
" 1/8 lb. 25c
" 1/16 lb. 12 1/2c
" 1/32 lb. 6 1/4c
" 1/64 lb. 3 1/8c
" 1/128 lb. 1 5/8c
" 1/256 lb. 7/8c
" 1/512 lb. 3/4c
" 1/1024 lb. 3/8c
" 1/2048 lb. 3/16c
" 1/4096 lb. 3/32c
" 1/8192 lb. 3/64c
" 1/16384 lb. 3/128c
" 1/32768 lb. 3/256c
" 1/65536 lb. 3/512c
" 1/131072 lb. 3/1024c
" 1/262144 lb. 3/2048c
" 1/524288 lb. 3/4096c
" 1/1048576 lb. 3/8192c
" 1/2097152 lb. 3/16384c
" 1/4194304 lb. 3/32768c
" 1/8388608 lb. 3/65536c
" 1/16777216 lb. 3/131072c
" 1/33554432 lb. 3/262144c
" 1/67108864 lb. 3/524288c
" 1/134217728 lb. 3/1048576c
" 1/268435456 lb. 3/2097152c
" 1/536870912 lb. 3/4194304c
" 1/1073741824 lb. 3/8388608c
" 1/2147483648 lb. 3/16777216c
" 1/4294967296 lb. 3/33554432c
" 1/8589934592 lb. 3/67108864c
" 1/17179869184 lb. 3/134217728c
" 1/34359738368 lb. 3/268435456c
" 1/68719476736 lb. 3/536870912c
" 1/137438953472 lb. 3/1073741824c
" 1/274877906944 lb. 3/2147483648c
" 1/549755813888 lb. 3/4294967296c
" 1/1099511627776 lb. 3/8589934592c
" 1/2199023255552 lb. 3/17179869184c
" 1/4398046511104 lb. 3/34359738368c
" 1/8796093022208 lb. 3/68719476736c
" 1/17592186044416 lb. 3/137438953472c
" 1/35184372088832 lb. 3/274877906944c
" 1/70368744177664 lb. 3/549755813888c
" 1/140737488355328 lb. 3/1099511627776c
" 1/281474976710656 lb. 3/2199023255552c
" 1/562949953421312 lb. 3/4398046511104c
" 1/1125899906842624 lb. 3/8796093022208c
" 1/2251799813685248 lb. 3/17592186044416c
" 1/4503599627370496 lb. 3/35184372088832c
" 1/9007199254740992 lb. 3/70368744177664c
" 1/18014398509481984 lb. 3/140737488355328c
" 1/36028797018963968 lb. 3/281474976710656c
" 1/72057594037927936 lb. 3/562949953421312c
" 1/144115188075855872 lb. 3/1125899906842624c
" 1/288230376151711744 lb. 3/2251799813685248c
" 1/576460752303423488 lb. 3/4503599627370496c
" 1/1152921504606846976 lb. 3/9007199254740992c
" 1/2305843009213693952 lb. 3/18014398509481984c
" 1/4611686018427387904 lb. 3/36028797018963968c
" 1/9223372036854775808 lb. 3/72057594037927936c
" 1/18446744073709551616 lb. 3/144115188075855872c
" 1/36893488147419103232 lb. 3/288230376151711744c
" 1/73786976294838206464 lb. 3/576460752303423488c
" 1/147573952589676412928 lb. 3/1152921504606846976c
" 1/295147905179352825856 lb. 3/2305843009213693952c
" 1/590295810358705651712 lb. 3/4611686018427387904c
" 1/1180591620717411303424 lb. 3/9223372036854775808c
" 1/2361183241434822606848 lb. 3/18446744073709551616c
" 1/4722366482869645213696 lb. 3/36893488147419103232c
" 1/9444732965739290427392 lb. 3/73786976294838206464c
" 1/18889465931478580854784 lb. 3/147573952589676412928c
" 1/37778931862957161709568 lb. 3/295147905179352825856c
" 1/75557863725914323419136 lb. 3/590295810358705651712c
" 1/151115727451828646838272 lb. 3/1180591620717411303424c
" 1/302231454903657293676544 lb. 3/2361183241434822606848c
" 1/604462909807314587353088 lb. 3/4722366482869645213696c
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" 1/2417851639229258349412352 lb. 3/18889465931478580854784c
" 1/4835703278458516698824704 lb. 3/37778931862957161709568c
" 1/9671406556917033397649408 lb. 3/75557863725914323419136c
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" 1/38685626227668133590597632 lb. 3/302231454903657293676544c
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