

The Michigan Tradesman.

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GRAND RAPIDS, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1890.

NO. 329.

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JOBBER OF
Imported and Domestic Cheese
Swiss and Limburger a Specialty.
161-163 West Bridge St., Telephone 133
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Eaton, Lyon & Co.,
JOBBER OF
Albums, Dressing Cases, Books
And a complete line of
Fancy
Holiday
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EATON, LYON & CO.,
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JOBBER OF
Tinware, Glassware and Notions.
Rags, Rubbers and Metals bought at Market
Prices.
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WE CAN UNDERSELL ANY ONE ON TINWARE.

Something New
Bill Snort
We guarantee this cigar the
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Send us trial order, and if not
ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY
return them. Advertising mat-
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Charlevoix Cigar M'g Co.,
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Twenty Years Experience. References furnished
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Overalls, Pants, Etc.,
OUR OWN MAKE.

A COMPLETE LINE OF
Fancy Groceries and
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OUR OWN IMPORTATION.
Inspection Solicited. Chicago and De-
troit prices guaranteed.

P & B COUGH
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MANUFACTURERS OF

SHOW CASES.
Prices Lower than those of
any competitor. Write for cata-
logue and prices.
106 Kent St., - Grand Rapids, Mich.

Magic Coffee Roaster.
The Best in the World.
Having on hand a large stock of No. 1
Roasters—capacity 35 lbs.—I will sell
them at very low prices. Write for
Special Discount.
ROBT. S. WEST,
48-50 Long St., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

ALLEN DUFFEE. A. D. LEAVENWORTH.
Allen Durfee & Co.,
FUNERAL DIRECTORS,
103 Ottawa St., Grand Rapids.

EDMUND B. DIKEMAN
THE GREAT

Watch Maker
AND
Jeweler,
44 CANAL ST.,
Grand Rapids, - Mich.

Warren's
"Elixir of Life"
Cigar
Will be ready Sept. 1.
Price, \$55 delivered.
Send orders at once to
GEO. T. WARREN & CO., Flint, Mich.

Cherryman & Bowen,
Undertakers and Embalmers,
IMMEDIATE ATTENTION GIVEN TO CALLS DAY OR NIGHT.
Telephone 1000. 5 South Division St.
GRAND RAPIDS.
Lady assistant when desired.

West Michigan BUSINESS UNIVERSITY
AND NORMAL SCHOOL.
(Originally Lean's Business College—Established 8 yrs.)
A thoroughly equipped, permanently estab-
lished and pleasantly located College. The class
rooms have been especially designed in accord-
ance with the latest approved plans. The faculty
is composed of the most competent and practical
teachers. Students graduating from this institu-
tion MUST be efficient and PRACTICAL. The best
of references furnished upon application.
Our Normal Department is in charge of expe-
rienced teachers of established reputation. Satis-
factory boarding places secured for all who
apply to us. Do not go elsewhere without first
personally interviewing or writing us for full
particulars. Investigate and decide for your-
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West Michigan Business University and Normal
School, 19, 21, 23, 25 and 27 South Division St.,
Grand Rapids, Mich.
J. U. LEAN, Principal. A. E. YEREX, Sec'y and Treas.

Learn Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Etc.,
AT THE
Grand Rapids Business College
Corner Ottawa and Pearl Streets.
Send for Circular.

Playing Cards
WE ARE HEADQUARTERS
SEND FOR PRICE LIST.
Daniel Lynch,
19 So. Ionia St., Grand Rapids.

The Most Celebrated Cigar
IN AMERICA.

"Ben Hur."
BETTER THAN EVER.
EXQUISITE AROMA.
DELICIOUS QUALITY
For Sale Everywhere. 10c each, three for 25c.
GEO. MOEBES & CO.,
92 Woodward Ave.,
DETROIT, MICH.

Millers, Attention
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-
logue with testimonials.
Martin's Middlings Purifier Co.,
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

SEEDS!
If in want of Clover or Timothy,
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.

Apples,
Potatoes,
Onions.
FOR PRICES, WRITE TO
BARNETT BROS., Wholesale Dealers,
CHICAGO.
FOURTH NATIONAL BANK
Grand Rapids, Mich.
A. J. BOWNE, President.
GEO. C. PIERCE, Vice President.
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CAPITAL, - - - \$300,000.
Transacts a general banking business.
Make a Specialty of Collections. Accounts
of Country Merchants Solicited.

BEACH'S
New York Coffee Rooms.
61 Pearl Street.
OYSTERS IN ALL STYLES.
Steaks, Chops and All Kinds of Order
Cooking a Specialty.
FRANK M. BEACH, Prop.

Weatherly and Pulte
(Formerly Shriver, Weatherly & Co.)
CONTRACTORS FOR
Galvanized Iron Cornice,
Plumbing & Heating Work.
Dealers in
Pumps, Pipes, Etc., Mantels
and Grates.
Weatherly & Pulte,
GRAND RAPIDS, - - - MICH.

Fehsenfeld & Grammel,
(Successors to Steele & Gardner.)
Manufacturers of
BROOMS!
Whisks, Toy Brooms, Broom Corn, Broom
Handles, and all kinds of Broom Materials.
10 and 12 Plainfield Ave., Grand Rapids.

THE MERCHANT IN MUD.
He stood by his high-piled counters,
And the chimneys were striking the hour;
"Do, sol—do, sol," ten thirty a. m.
Rang out from the Waterman tower.
"The eighteenth of December!"
And we hadn't sold a single doll!
Next day: "Here it's the nineteenth—
An' we shan't sell nuthin' at all."

"Ah! well do I yet remember,
In the youth that now is sped,
That the weather was 'bleak December'
As the poet and almanac said,
But these 'ere sloppy winters
With fogs an' rains an' mud
With grass growin' green as a frog pond,
An' the cherries beginnin' to bud,
"Ain't fit for white folks to live in.
This month's first twenty days
Have shown us Sol's face but two times,
An' the rest has been rain and haze.
The granger that started early,
To avoid the holiday rush,
Could get but a mile an' a quarter
An' then got stuck in the slush!"

"An' what do the 'signs' discover?
The ground's not yet frozen yet!
The squirrels are living in clover!
The muskrats roost in a tree!
Oh! woe to the Christmas shopper!
Oh! woe to the album's plusher!
God send a stroke to dry up,
Or blizzard to freeze up this slush!"

"An' why has it turned its back
On holiday debt-presseed shopmen,
An' mixed up the zodiac?"
So wailed the water-logged merchant,
Then, with upraised, prayerful paws,
Fell dead—on a cushion of invoices—
From premature Santa Claus!

A CASE OF INTERMIGRATION.
If you are not gone for good, Mr. Ridenhour,
I would be something to know where you are
hiding at present.—Our Mutual Friend.

One summer day in 1880 I boarded a
ferry boat at Detroit, with the intention
of crossing the river to Windsor. It was
a holiday, and the boat was crowded. I
was standing, or rather leaning against
the rail with a number of strangers,
when a sudden movement of the crowd
caused me to lose my balance and fall
headlong into the water. Consciousness
did not desert me immediately, for I re-
member clutching at another unfortu-
nate, who had shared my fall, and sink-
ing with him. There was the rush of
recollection so often described by those
who have escaped drowning, and then, so
far as scenes of earth are concerned, all
was blank.

Still I seemed to retain my individual-
ity. It seemed to me I had left the green
earth, and was somewhere far out in
space. The silence was absolute, and I
could see nothing. Unable to hear or to
see or to feel—in fact, to exercise any of
the senses of the physical life—I still was
conscious of some presence near me.
The sensation, if such it may be called,
was unlike any I had experienced in life.
The nearest approach to it was the unde-
fined, uneasy feeling which sometimes at
night will tell you, without light or
sound, that there has been alone. I had
noticed it more than once in the course
of my life, and being something of a
dabbler in psychological puzzles had
formed various hypotheses to account
for the fact. Was it some bodily sen-
sation that told of the presence in the
room? Was it the heat of the body; or
some slight sound not recognized as
sound but appreciated only by the men-
tal state which was its effect; or was the
impression gained through some other
sense in a manner so subtle that the
agency of the sense was not detected? Or,
on the other hand, was the cause not
physical but psychical—was it some mys-
terious power in mind which recognized,
without the aid of sense, the presence of
another?

These questions I had often pondered,
and had found quite as fascinating and
as useful as the owl of the fable found
the old question as to which was created
first, the hen or the egg. But now they
assumed a new meaning, and the solution
seemed to be offered. Evidently I no longer
possessed a body. Any doubts I ever
had felt as to the independent existence of
the soul were resolved. I had no sensa-
tion, and when I put forth the effort of
will which usually produced the open-
ing of my eyes, no vision followed.
Neither could I lift an arm, nor perform
any of the thousand actions of our every-
day life. Surely I had left my body—
abandoned it to death and decay. Yet
the thought did not seem painful. In-
deed, I was conscious of a new and
strange freedom of thought which more
than compensated for the loss of body
and sense. Hampered no longer by the
slow, clumsy movements of the material
brain, I seemed to think with a marvel-
ous facility, and to solve in a flash prob-
lems which had puzzled me hopelessly
before. Yet with it all I had no power
of sense—no sight, no hearing, no feel-
ing.

For some time this state continued,
and I reveled in this freedom and supe-
rior knowledge. But suddenly there
came over me a sense of constraint. My
new powers of thought became clogged,
and with this unwelcome confinement
came anew the power of sense. An ef-
fort of the will enabled me to move my
eyelids, and at the same instant I heard
some one say, "He's alive!"
Slowly life and strength returned to
my body. When at length I was able to
raise myself and look about, I found I
was lying in a house by the river-side.
A physician was standing near with a
gratified expression on his face. When
he saw me move, he said, "Well, sir, you
have had a narrow escape from drown-
ing, but you are all right now."

Looking around, my eye was caught
by another form lying near which was
slowly regaining consciousness through
the efforts of a second physician. There
was something very familiar in the
whole outline, and even in the clothing
of the prostrate form, but I could not
decide what it was. So I finally lay
back exhausted with the effort, and went
to sleep.

Some hours later I awoke and found
the physicians gone and the stranger sit-
ting on the edge of his bunk, rubbing
his eyes and collecting his energies for
further movements. The figure seemed
more familiar than ever, and when at

length he rose and turned toward where
I was lying, an object caught my eye
which caused me to spring up and say:
"Hello! What are you doing with my
watch?" Then I stopped in amazement,
for my voice sounded strangely thin and
shrill—so unlike my own deep tones
that I could hardly believe it was my
voice.

But my wonder was increased tenfold
when my own voice of old replied,
"Your watch! What are you thinking
of?" And then he stopped as much sur-
prised as I had been. Drawing it from
his pocket, I noticed that he tried first a
pocket on the other side, as if he ex-
pected to find it there—he stared at the
watch with a look of utter amaze-
ment.

I put my hand to my pocket where I
carried my watch, and found it gone.
But just as I was about to demand it
again as my property, I felt something
on the other side, and hastily drawing it
forth, found a watch totally different
from my own.

"What are you doing with my watch?"
he cried. "And my coat—my suit—yes,
my face, too."

"What? This is strange. You are
enough like me in appearance to be my
twin brother. But you have my suit,
and I yours. How does it come?"

"Those stupid fellows must have ex-
changed our suits when they redressed
us. Yet I cannot see why they have
done it. My garments are still damp."

"So are mine. This is the height of
absurdity. We certainly do bear a re-
markable resemblance to each other, and
that would explain the exchange of suits;
yet why should they remove our clothing
and then restore it before it is dry?"

"It is a strange performance, certainly.
I must have taken a cold in the water, for
my voice never sounded so heavy be-
fore."

"Nor mine so shrill. If it were a pos-
sible thing, I should say they have given
you my voice as well as my clothing.
Were you on the ferry-boat?"

"Yes, but I didn't see you there."
"I was on board, but didn't see you.
If I had met you I certainly should
have taken the liberty to speak, for I
never met one whose resemblance to my-
self was so striking—even to the scar
over the left ear." I added, as he turned
his head for an instant.

"Scar? I have no scar," and he raised
his hand to the place indicated, only to
meet the indisputable evidence of the
scar's presence. "Worse and worse!
How can I have got that? It doesn't
seem to be fresh," looking for blood
marks on his fingers.

"No, to all appearance it has been
there for years. It is exactly where I
have carried a similar one from boy-
hood," and I put up my hand to show
the scar. "What! It seems to be gone.
I can't be wholly awake yet. Can't you
see it?"

"No, there is no scar—only a little
bald spot on the crown, exactly like my
own, if you will notice."

"What do you mean? I am no more
bald than you are—why, how is this?"
for, on touching the place named, I
found a spot unmistakably bare and
smooth.

At the same instant my companion ran
his finger through the thick hair which
covered his head without a break, and
finding no such baldness as he had de-
scribed, stood there the picture of help-
less bewilderment.

"Pinch me, strike me, do something to
rouse me. This is a strange dream—a
dreadful nightmare," he cried.

"Your position is no more strange
than mine," I replied. "But let us re-
exchange our suits. I feel strong enough
now to go home."

"All right. But I do not understand
this at all."

"No more do I."

We removed our outer garments, and
found that the exchange was complete
throughout. Exchanging we began to
don our own vestments.

"Why, how is this? I can't get into
my own garments!" exclaimed my com-
panion in misery.

I had been more successful, and stood
entirely "clothed," if not "in my right
mind." And, truly, there seemed to be
grave doubts on the last point, for surely
no man in his senses ever fell into such
a succession of absurd catastrophes.

"Your coat doesn't seem to hang
right," remarked my companion breath-
lessly, as he endeavored in vain to but-
ton round his neck a collar that was a
full inch too short.

"You are mistaken, sir," I replied.
"This suit was made to order by my
favorite tailor, and I never had a better
fit." Saying which, I drew the garment
in question together in front, intending
to button it up, and show the smoothness
of its set. To my horror, instead of the
neat fit of the morning, it was over-
lapped no less than four inches!

"Have I shrunk so far?" I faltered.

"If you have shrunk I have swollen,
"was the reply; "for I can do
nothing at all with this coat." And
truly, he was a comical spectacle, with
his feet and ankles projecting from the
tightly-stretched trousers which extended
barely half way between knee and ankle,
and his bare wrists protruded from the
sleeves which threatened to split from
the unwanted mass of muscle thrust into
them.

"We'll have to yield," he said at last,
"and make the exchange of armor. But
how this has come about is a mystery too
deep for me to solve. Look here!" he
cried, his eyes starting almost from their
places in his brow. "These are not my
hands!"

"These are not my hands," I echoed,
staring at the small, white members
which now held the place of my own
strong, sun-browned hands. "Nor my
feet! Are we mad?"

"You have my whiskers, too, while I
am smooth-shaven."

I had not noticed it before, but now
the fact was self-evident.

Without daring to investigate further,
for fear of provoking the Puck who
seemed to be mocking us to some new
freak, we resumed as quickly as possible
the garments in which we had found our-
selves clothed on awakening, and then,
almost beside ourselves with wonder and
fear at the strange transformation, we
left the building.

Walking up the street together, we
passed a group of three or four men who
were standing at the entrance to a bank.
Just as we passed, one of them stepped
forward and called, "Professor Jones?"

My companion turned and said:
"Oh, Mr. Brown, good afternoon. I
did not notice you in the group."

The man, who was a stranger to me,
stared at him in surprise and replied:
"I beg pardon, sir. It was to your
friend I spoke."

Then, turning to me, he said:
"Professor, we were just speaking of
the university. My friend, here—Mr.
Robertson, Professor Jones—is a repre-
sentative of an Eastern paper, and
would like some information concerning
the institution. As you are in all its
secrets, I'll just refer him to you, if I
may."

"I beg pardon, but you are mistaken.
I am not a professor, nor am I connected
in any capacity with any university."

Mr. Brown smiled incredulously, and
the reporter said:
"I am sorry you have such dread of an
'interview,' but I promise not to abuse
any confidence you may repose in me."

I was about to reply with a further
disclaimer, when my companion, who
had listened with impatience, broke in:
"You seem to have confused our iden-
tity in your mind, Mr. Brown. I am
Jones, of the university, and this gentle-
man I never met till to-day."

"This is a strange farce," said Mr.
Brown. "Surely I have seen Professor
Jones often enough, in the class-room
and out of it, to recognize him when we
meet. I never knew him before to deny
his identity."

"I do not deny it, sir. On the con-
trary, I protest against being thrust aside
and having my title given to a stranger."

Mr. Brown laughed and, turning to his
companion, said:
"Well, Mr. Robertson, I'm afraid you
cannot gain much information from Pro-
fessor Jones to-day. I am sorry, too, for
he could give you what no other could."

The two gentlemen bowed, and my
companion, after a moment's hesitation,
as if he would make further protest,
gave a haughty bow, and we passed on
together up the street. On the way I
met numerous acquaintances, and saluted
them as usual, but, strangely enough,
they seemed always to address my com-
panion in reply, barely giving me a sur-
prised glance. On the other hand, I re-
ceived many a cordial bow from men who
were utter strangers to me.

At length we reached the hotel where
I chanced we were both stopping. I had
come in late the night before, and taken
a room there instead of going farther up
town to the house at which I usually
stopped when in the city. Professor
Jones had two rooms, he told me, on the
second floor, and had his wife and chil-
dren with him. My room was on the
same floor, two or three doors away, on
the opposite side of the spacious hall.
We went up the broad staircase together,
and separated at his door with mutual
congratulations.

Hardly had he stepped inside when I
heard a scream, and, before I had opened
my door, a lady whom I had never seen
before rushed out into the hall, looked
wildly up and down its length, and then,
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Hardly had he stepped inside when I
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together up the street. On the way I
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The Michigan Tradesman

AMONG THE TRADE.

GRAND RAPIDS GOSSIP.

The Wood Carriage Co. succeeds Arthur Wood in the carriage manufacturing business.

Jay Marlatt is now located in his new store on Stocking street, between Third and Fourth streets.

It is reported that negotiations are about concluded for the sale of the retail market of the Wm. Steele Packing and Provision Co. to W. G. Sinclair. The transfer will occur about the 15th.

The copartnership of Delbridge & Weeks, cigar manufacturers at 341 South Division street, has been dissolved by mutual consent, M. D. Weeks retiring. The business will be continued under the former style of J. K. Delbridge.

The Grand Rapids School Furniture Co. has opened an office and salesroom at 34 East Fourteenth street, corner Broadway, New York, which will handle the trade of the New England and Eastern States. E. W. Irwin, assistant superintendent of agencies, will have the management of the branch house.

The Wilson drug failure, at Sand Lake, has every appearance of being a steal. An appraisal of the stock by John D. Muir and F. D. Rice reveals stock to the value of \$2,300, a portion of which was found secreted in closets and out-buildings. The attaching creditors, whose claims amount to about \$1,500, propose to fight the mortgages on the stock, which amount to \$3,800, on the ground that they are fraudulent. One of the worst phases of the failure is the uttering of a mortgage for \$8,000 on his two farms, near Rockford, to his wife, which was placed on record December 27.

AROUND THE STATE.

Harriette—Mr. Cole has added a line of groceries to his meat business.

Jackson—E. Y. Hogle succeeds Geo. W. Watrous in the boot and shoe business.

Cadillac—Chas. H. St. Clair succeeds St. Clair & Dandridge in the undertaking business.

Tecumseh—John Whitenach, of the hardware firm of Whitenach, Bodine & Co., is dead.

Three Rivers—Chas. Loudick & Co. succeed Avery & Myers in the meat market business.

Jackson—G. W. Lombard succeeds Lombard & Rounds in the drug and bottling business.

Greenville—W. G. Nelson succeeds Nelson & Crittenden in the book and stationery business.

Gladstone—Van Atta & Cook, clothiers, have assigned. Liabilities, \$15,000; assets about an offset.

Muskegon—August Riedel succeeds R. P. Anderson & Co. in the produce and commission business.

Blanchard—Mr. Decker, late of Lakeview, succeeds A. W. Stevenson as clerk in the L. M. Mills drug store.

Sparta—The C. M. Shaw drug stock was bid in at chattel mortgage sale by Mr. Shaw's mother, who will hold it until a purchaser can be found.

Chelsea—G. P. Glazier's warehouse burned on December 30. About 20,000 pounds of wool were stored in the building. Loss, about \$8,000; nearly covered by insurance.

Muskegon—August Riedel has retired from the commission firm of C. C. Moulton & Co. The business will be continued by the remaining partner under the style of C. C. Moulton.

Battle Creek—Geo. T. Chamberlain, the Hartford druggist, has purchased the M. L. Pierce drug stock and will place the same in charge of his brother, Fred Chamberlain, of Grand Rapids.

Hamilton—H. Randolph and J. E. Young have retired from the milling firm of Harvey, Randolph & Co. The new firm, composed of John Harvey and P. H. Benjamin, will be known as Harvey & Benjamin.

Detroit—The Roby Transportation Co., with a capital stock of \$700,000, all paid in, has been incorporated by Geo. W. Roby, of Detroit, and L. C. Waldo and John Duddleson, of Ludington, for the purpose of running a line of boats on the lakes.

Muskegon—The hardware stock of Peter Wierenga has been attached by the Gunn Hardware Co. on a claim for \$251.83. The attachment is subject to two chattel mortgages, one for \$500 being held by Foster, Stevens & Co.

Detroit—Johnson, Nelson & Co. have filed articles of incorporation to engage in the drug business. The capital stock, paid in, is \$47,000, of which Waldo M. Johnson holds 500 shares; William C. Johnson, 2,300; William C. Johnson, as trustee, 500; Edwin H. Nelson, 500; Wm. L. Baker, 500; Harry G. Baker, 400.

Northport—A merchant here shipped 700 bushels of potatoes to a Cleveland commission house, early in the fall. A few days ago he received a letter from the Cleveland firm saying that they had sold the potatoes and wanted \$5 more than they realized from the sale to recompense them. The merchant wrote

that if they would only return his sacks he would fill them again; but he could not send them any money, as it took all he had to pay for the potatoes he had bought.

MANUFACTURING MATTERS.

Hillsdale—Chas. Bach, of the carriage manufacturing firm of Allis & Bach, is dead.

Cedar Springs—E. G. Carpenter & Co. will shortly change their grist mill to full roller process.

Detroit—Ford H. Rogers, Horace M. Dean and Ford D. C. Hinchman have incorporated the Detroit Varnish Co., with a capital stock of \$5,000.

Detroit—Burnham, Stoepel & Co., have renewed their special copartnership with David Whitney, Jr., under which Mr. Whitney contributes to the common stock \$100,000.

Lansing—Marple, French & Co. have merged their business—manufacturing and jobbing confectioners—into a stock company under the style of the Marple-French-McGrath Co. The paid in capital stock of the corporation is \$15,000. W. H. Marple will serve the establishment in the capacity of President, W. E. French as Vice-President and Fred H. McGrath as Secretary and Treasurer.

West Bay City—January 1 closed up the firm name of Mosher & Fisher, which was one of the best known and most substantial lumber firms on the Saginaw River. Hon. S. O. Fisher will continue business at the old stand, while Alfred Mosher, Sr., and Alfred Mosher, Jr., father and son, will set sail on the business sea together at Bay City, a very substantial firm financially, which will doubtless handle no inconsiderable amount of the pine product.

Gripsack Brigade.

Ed. Frick is laid up with "La Grippe." Wm. H. Downs is in Detroit this week, getting out his spring samples at S. Simon & Co's.

Chas. Witham, the Saginaw traveler, was married a few days ago to Miss Maggie Saunders, of this city.

A. A. Smith, the Lansing traveler, has engaged with Beecher, Peck & Lewis, of Detroit, for another year, covering the same territory as before.

M. K. Walton, traveling representative for Felix & Marston, is spending a week in the house at Chicago, getting out his samples for the spring trade.

Ernest Stevens has severed his connection with Jennings & Smith. He is succeeded by Edwin N. Morgan, who will cover the same territory as Mr. Stevens.

I. M. Clark & Son announce that there will be no further change in their road force at present. The territory formerly covered by "Dick" Warner will be made by the other men.

The traveling men of the city are requested to meet at Sweet's Hotel Saturday evening, January 11, for the purpose of making arrangements for the annual social party, which will probably be held on February 7 or 14.

The horrible "roasting" accorded the Northern Hotel, at Big Rapids, at the convention of traveling men at Lansing a few days ago, would seem to indicate that the landlord of that extortion shop is about the most unpopular hotel man in the State.

Geo. W. Stowits, who has traveled in years past for Allen Bros., Gourlay Bros. & Co., Stanley & Schroeder, and the Tower Clothing Co., has engaged to represent the Ohio Suspender Co., of Mansfield, Ohio. He will make Grand Rapids his headquarters, the same as before, covering the entire State.

The sympathy of the traveling fraternity will go out to Henry Dawley and wife in their great bereavement over the loss of their only child, a beautiful five-year-old daughter, named Cleo. She was attacked on Monday night with diphtheria and died on Friday afternoon. The interment took place on Saturday afternoon.

The Travelers' Club has been organized at Detroit, with a capital stock of \$5,000, in \$10 shares, and with the following officers: President, M. B. Mills; First Vice-President, George L. Sampson; Second Vice-President, Thomas Sinclair; Secretary, M. J. Matthews; Treasurer, J. F. Cooper; directors, the foregoing officers and F. A. Gaylord, T. J. Paxton, T. J. Chamberlain and Thomas McLeod.

The second and third floors of Swan's building will be turned into finely equipped club rooms. Billiard, lunch, reception and reading rooms will be the features.

Bank Notes.

Banking business at Climax was suspended on Monday until an expert from Detroit played the open sesame racket on a balky lock.

The People's Savings Bank, of Detroit, has presented \$500 to S. B. Coleman, for many years Cashier of the bank, who resigned recently to become Treasurer of the National Loan and Investment Co.

Drigert, Sackett & Co., of Chicago, have purchased the banking business of Nesbitt & Miller, at Schoolcraft. The name of the institution will hereafter be the Kalamazoo County Bank. The firm now owns twenty banks outside of the home bank at Chicago.

P. of I. Gossip.

P. of I.—Part Injun.
P. of I.—Promoters of Ignorance.
Knapp & Rich, hardware dealers at Eaton Rapids, have signed with the P. of I.

The P. of I. have placed a boycott on Trufant for sixty days, because none of the merchants there will sign their nefarious contract.

Sparta Sentinel: "Some of the P. I. lodges report such a rush of new members of late that they initiate them in squads of a dozen or so at a batch, and still there is occasionally a boy or a girl who has not joined."

Griswold & Cahill, the Hart hardware dealers, write: "We shall renew our subscription, as the paper has the right ring. The P. of I. now flourish and make loud noise in the land, but we predict their days are numbered. The scales will fall from their eyes and they will have a chance to dig out the sand and see more clearly."

J. P. Berg, who holds a commission as P. of I. organizer for Grand Traverse county, recently instituted a lodge at Old Mission, but his reputation as a dead-beat was so thoroughly established that those who joined refused to pay the dues to him, rendering necessary the visit of a State officer. Berg was formerly a German Lutheran preacher, but his license was taken away from him for good and sufficient reasons.

Sick of the P. of I.

Cortright & Griffith, general dealers at Springport, have given the P. of I. a thorough trial and find it to be a delusion and a sham. They have accordingly served the Patrons with the following notice: "To the Patrons of Industry and others whom it may concern: It is now about seven months since H. J. Cortright signed the Patrons' contract, during which time we have become thoroughly convinced that it is impossible to make a contract that will compel people to trade at any particular store, and while we are bound to sell to all Patrons at uniform prices, a great many members feel that they have a perfect right to trade wherever they can find the biggest bait. Therefore, we make notice, that on and after January 1 we shall mark our entire stock in plain figures, at the lowest living margins, and will sell all goods at one price to everybody."

Well Worth Hearing.

With the exception of Stanley, the most famous explorer of the day is George Kennan, who endured the rigorous weather of Siberia for the sake of ascertaining the exact condition of the penal and political prisoners of Russia. How he managed to evade detection at the hands of the Russian officials and finally succeeded in leaving the country with so many evidences of brutality and barbarity, is little short of miraculous. Those who have read his articles in the Century during the past two years will be glad to avail themselves of the opportunity to hear his lecture, which will be offered at Hartman's Hall on the evening of Jan. 16. Tickets to the lecture are only 50 cents, which ensures a large and appreciative audience.

Business is Business.

Life Insurance Agent (out West)—What did Mr. Newcomb say? Assistant: "He wouldn't talk with me at all, said he was too busy to think about life insurance." "Well, I'll hang around his house to-night and shoot holes through his windows, and when he comes down town in the morning you be behind a fence in some vacant lot, and put a few balls through the top of his hat. Then, when he reaches his office, I'll drop in and talk life insurance again."

Notice to Stockholders.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad Co. will be held at the general office, in the city of Grand Rapids, Mich., on Wednesday, March 5, 1890, at 1 o'clock p. m., for the election of thirteen directors constituting a board to serve for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may be presented at the meeting. J. H. P. HUGHART, Secretary.

Slightly Disappointed.

A drummer had a little grip. A very neat affair. And when out on a business trip He hugged it everywhere; His line was gems and jewelry, Of which he sold a pile; He moved in high society, And put on lots of style.

While out upon the road one day.

He lost his little grip. Some villain snatched the thing away And then gave him the slip. The robber thought his haul would bring At least ten thousand dollars, But in it there was not a thing Save dirty socks and collars.

Bogus Maple Sugar.

From the Toledo Business World. With the advent of the season of buckwheat cakes, the annual crop of maple syrup makes its appearance. The fact that it comes at least two months before the spring run of sap does not seem to occur to those who expect to find the fresh syrup on sale at this time of the year, and the eager but ignorant appetite is stimulated with all sorts of fancy labels and pastoral illustrations of the process of manufacture in the sugar orchard. Too many of these, like charity, cover a multitude of sins in the way of adulteration, and the unsuspecting public is induced to swallow all sorts of sophisticated compounds, many of which bear no more actual similarity to the genuine article than a currycomb does to a honeycomb.

The Dairy and Food Inspector of this State has been giving special attention to some of these bogus preparations, and claims to have found a shining illustration in the compound put up by a firm in Detroit, Messrs. Williams Bros. & Charbonneau. It is branded "Pure Vermont Maple Syrup," but the Inspector says it is composed of two-thirds glucose, and could profitably be sold at one-third the price asked for it. The Inspector has ordered it withdrawn from sale, and dealers who have it on hand and offer it to customers are liable to find it a troublesome commodity. Nothing tempts to adulteration like such articles as maple syrup, where the supply is limited and the demand almost universal, and for this reason alone such articles ought to be subjected to a rigid supervision.

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INaugurate an Employment Bureau.

At the recent convention of the Michigan Commercial Travelers' Association the following resolution was adopted: WHEREAS, It may occur that members of this Association, being out of employment, could be assisted to obtain positions through the establishment of a Bureau of Employment or Commercial Information in this Association; therefore, be it

Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting, and the Board of Trustees are hereby requested to establish and maintain in the office of the Secretary of this Association a Bureau of Employment or Commercial Information for the benefit of its members, by providing suitable books for record, to contain the names of manufacturers and jobbers, also a register for members of this Association in which to register their names, addresses, and references, by paying to the Secretary the sum of fifty cents; such registration to be good for three months from the date thereof, and renewable at the option of the member; the money received for such registration to be used only for the maintenance of said Bureau of Employment.

Niagara Falls in Art.

The Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," has published a remarkably fine reproduction of Graham's water-color of Niagara Falls. A limited number will be furnished the public at fifty cents each, which is much less than their commercial or artistic value, but not more than two copies will be sent to any one address. Send postal note or money order for the amount to O. W. Ruggles, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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SAMPLES OF TWO KINDS OF COUPONS FOR retailers will be sent free to any dealer who will write for them to the Satisfy Coupon Pass Book Co., Albany, N. Y.

INaugurate an Employment Bureau.

At the recent convention of the Michigan Commercial Travelers' Association the following resolution was adopted: WHEREAS

The Michigan Tradesman

Official Organ of Michigan Business Men's Association.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE
Retail Trade of the Wolverine State.

E. A. STOWE & BRO., Proprietors.

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E. A. STOWE, Editor.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1890.

THE BRAZILIAN SITUATION.

While matters in Brazil have not been moving with so much smoothness as the friends of the new republic would desire, there is no evidence that the provisional government has lost its grasp of affairs. The chief, General Fonseca, who was said to be dying, was not critically ill, and the Minister of Finance, Barboza, has sent out a dispatch making a very fair explanation of some of the points on which there had been criticism, among the rest the fixing of so distant a date as November next for the election of a Constituent Assembly. The interval, it seems, is not so great as was used on a corresponding occasion under the imperial government, nor is it more than necessary under the circumstances, in a country so large and so sparsely populated as Brazil. As to the decree in relation to the naturalization of foreigners, it appears that they need not be naturalized if they prefer to retain their present allegiance.

No doubt European governments, excepting those which are republican, or substantially that, would like to see Brazil fall into anarchy, and recede from the path on which her present leaders propose to move. Just as much on the other side it is the disposition, as it is the interest, of this country to hope that the revolution may go peacefully and successfully forward. The United States will not be too hasty in action while there remains a reasonable doubt whether popular government is really in preparation at Rio, and whether the Brazilian people will sustain it, but as a counterweight to European intrigues of royalists, imperialists and aristocrats, it might be the duty of our republic to give its word of encouragement and support earlier than otherwise would be necessary or appropriate. It would be a great mistake for the United States not to establish itself as the close friend of the people of Brazil in their republican movement, for aside from the principle involved, it is certain that in the long run free government will win. However we may have respected Dom Pedro, his rule is ended, and the chapter of imperialism closed. The accounts from Rio agree that, whether the immediate future shall be quiet or disturbed, there will be some sort of popular government maintained.

The winter overcoat seems to be a back number.

The great strikes in Belgium are now followed by famine among the working people, and bread riots are impending. It seems strange and unfortunate that King Leopold, who is doing so much for humanity abroad, cannot do something to alleviate the troubles and the wretchedness of his own people at home.

Congress is to be called upon to appropriate several million dollars for the education of the blacks of the Southern States. Some of this money could be used to advantage in educating the illiterate farmers of Michigan who persist in identifying themselves with every swindle which is brought to their attention—patent rights, Bohemian oats or P. of I.

Welcome the coming, speed the parting year! It is with but few regrets that we see 1889 take its departure. It was a year of calamities, disasters, and disappointments for the most part. No doubt it brought us gains, which the future will disclose, but which the present mostly hides. Altogether the best of these gains we can recognize has been the collapse of so many of the Trust conspiracies, slain not by the statutes but by economic law. Even this, however, has resulted in a general depression in the markets, which will prevent the country from reaping at once the benefits of what appears to be the most solid revival of our industries that has been enjoyed since 1880.

The charge brought by Capt. O'Shea against Mr. Parnell derives no credibility from the record and character of the accuser, who is a political adventurer of the worst type. And while it is true that many circumstances seemed to give it the air of plausibility—almost, indeed, to leave scarcely any room for doubt of its truth—there will be some regard paid to the fact that Mr. Parnell defies his accusers and boldly challenges the production of their evidence against him. This repeats, so far, the case of the forged letters; in that, too, it was his firm position of denial and defiance which gave the public confidence in his

clearness. Undoubtedly, should he fail in exculpation, as Sir Charles Dilke did, it may be a grave matter as to its influence on his leadership of the Irish people. They have never inclined to tolerate offenses of that character, after the easier fashion of England.

A NEW SCIENCE WANTED.

Written for THE TRADESMAN.
More than anything else, at the present time, does the world need a science of distinguishing the real from the sham in that department known as human nature. Every man who is at all suspected of possessing a grain of good nature, or a drop of the "milk of human kindness," is besieged more or less by calls from the unfortunate, soliciting help in time of trouble and that peculiar kind of misfortune which knows no balm for broken hearts but ready money in the various kinds of alms-giving known to civilized communities. It is noticed that, in spite of the literally unrivaled prosperity of this nation during the past half-century, affording opportunities—all there is of liberty in the fullest sense of the term—such as were never before in all the history of nations, through all the annals of mankind, still the throngs of the poor and needy seeking alms are in nowise diminished, and it is evident that no imaginable increase of man's productive powers, with liberty to live free from the curse of the lower wants, can alleviate the trouble. Indeed, in many phases of vagrancy, especially of the most "respectable" kind, where the subjects are clad in broadcloth and silk, the evil seems to have increased a hundred fold by just those conditions which all former generations supposed would effectually banish poverty and trouble from the world.

Increased liberty that has decreased the cost of living beyond all that was even imagined by the wise men of the past has only increased the misfortunes and intensified the wants of a certain very numerous class of society; and this element, from the common tramp and beggar, down to the most dangerous of society's enemies—the upper tens of vagrancy, who are seeking to victimize the kindly disposed and the unwary—are constantly increasing in numbers as time goes on, until men's hearts are becoming hardened against all unfortunates, be they good or bad.

Is it possible ever to distinguish the real from the sham in the field of human weal and woe? It is believed that there is an almost infallible rule by which the benevolent can protect themselves from impostors. The following facts in the premises may be well worth considering by those who are anxious to bestow their good-will offerings in the right place. It is noticed that in every great public calamity—of fire, flood, or epidemic—where hosts are reduced to extremity by unavoidable misfortune, those who are most unfortunate and worthy of receiving assistance are always the most shrinkingly sensitive and backward in letting their wants and woes be known, and that they often prefer extreme physical hardship to publicity, and have to be searched out by benevolent givers, while the least unfortunate and most unworthy are the first and foremost in urging their claims for relief.

In view of the fact of the great number of applicants for bonuses in the various forms of alms-seeking, through personal appeals to men's feelings or by begging letters, it is well to remember that those who oftenest appeal to the sympathies are ever least entitled to sympathy. There is hardly any imaginable condition of want and woe that can drive this character to ask for sympathy from his fellow-beings, and the greater the need and the worthiness of the subject, the more impossible it is for him to appear before those of whom he has no right to seek assistance and ask for help. There are certainly laws of man's emotional nature, as clearly demonstrable as mathematics, or other departments of nature and human experience, and these laws manifest themselves in the most positive manner in morally healthy subjects, in times of great misfortune and intense sorrow, as well as at the opposite extreme of emotion—great joy and love.

From these most self-evident facts we are able to demonstrate with positive certainty that, if the professed emotions of the average beggar, even in most angelic guise, were the genuine sorrows of a really virtuous and worthy subject, it would be utterly impossible for them to put on those appearances before strangers, or people outside the circle of nearest friends, and solicit the soothing application of a money balm to their lacerated hearts, for, in a really sensitive and worthy soul, those emotions which are felt the deepest are the impulses that cannot be publicly professed, and must be borne in secret, where no eye but that of the Omnipotent Healer of Spirits can penetrate.

And here is another almost infallible test as to the character of the applicant for help outside of strict business rules: Let him of whom favors are asked, by those who have no right to special bonuses, perform the mental operation of putting himself in another's place and reflect upon how it would seem to be

caught soliciting such favors of strangers, or others where there is a question as to the propriety of the action. It will then be instantly perceived that, as hardly any possible contingencies could drive an honest man to ask special favors under such conditions, the one who thus solicits help must be a sham. It is seen that genuine manhood cannot ask such favors as are solicited by this vast army of "unlucky" ones, in the guise of saints; and, where there exist deep, strong emotions such as appear through the professions of genteel swindlers, with their tears and pathetic appeal to men's sympathies, it is just these very emotions that cannot be professed and acted out in public when hearts are touched. There cannot be a more positive demonstration of the fact of the existence of a certain law of the emotions, in morally healthy subjects, and on the other hand, the total absence of what we may term emotional health in the lapsed elements of human nature; and it is certain that vehement and pathetic shows of deep sorrow and great worthiness of receiving special personal favors, where particular pains are taken to appear as singularly unfortunate and deserving, indicate a total absence of the spirit that prompts sensitive souls to deep and genuine feeling. It is true that there may be exceptions to all general rules, and it is better to be deceived and swindled by ten genteel shams than to turn away one genuine case of real need and moral worth; but there need be but little apprehension of turning away angels in disguise, for the genuine species cannot appear in public parading their special worthiness and peculiar martyrdom in the cause of virtue.

The specialists in the fine art of dead-beating—actors in the drama of respectable swindling—always overdo their work and act the part of worthy unfortunates, through affected pathos, with tears and agonized outbursts of well-simulated sorrow and refinement. Let this self-evident rule be once understood as a scientific fact, and the professional saintly vagrants will be at once unmasked, for their own words will condemn them, and their schemes will become transparent at once.

Again, I say, let the man who receives begging letters, couched in elegant terms of artistic supplication and genteel—and often religious—sentiments, or one who is subject to personal importunities for help, mentally exchange positions with the applicant for aid. Let him who has ever felt the weight of a single deep sorrow or misfortune—and few are those who are exempt—imagine himself as appearing before those who can have no special interest in his welfare, laying bare his naked heart, pulsating with all the agonies of bereavement, and then requesting the gift or loan of money as the one elixir of life and healing balm for a bleeding heart and broken spirit. There is no mistake about it, when the A B C of man's healthy emotional nature is once understood, these artistic beggars will have to either reform or commit suicide, for it is positively demonstrated to any one who gives the subject a moment's reflection that those who are really in need and who are at the same time the most worthy of receiving assistance from the benevolent are not those who hunt for the generous giver in public thoroughfares and proclaim their woes and their virtues from the housetops, but the very reverse of all this. It is those who are rarely found, even by the most diligent and skillful searchers, who are as much ashamed of letting their actual condition be known and of disclosing the secret of their virtuous need and overburdened souls as are the shams of revealing the actual condition of their lapsed moral natures.

Thus, I have merely pointed toward a subject of immense and vital importance, a field in which more profound thinkers would do well to start their plows.

CHAS. H. BARLOW.

A Matter of Economy.

"Lots of time will be saved by letter writers this year," said a very busy merchant the other day. He had improved a breathing spell in his working hours to scribble all over a piece of scratch paper the dates 1889 and 1890. "See here," he continued, pointing with his pen at the paper. "Do you know that I can write 1890 much faster than 1889, although I have had the advantage of a year's practice with the latter date? It is only the difference of a fraction of a second, of course, but when you add together those fractions of seconds hundreds of thousands of millions of times, they go to make up a very respectable period of time—perhaps a century or so, in all. We haven't had such an easy date to write as 1890 since the year 1860. All the dates from 1870 to 1889 have been awkward for penmen. Try it a few times and see how easily you can put 1890 on paper. Then next week you will wonder why you will persist in writing the awkward 1889 and scratching it out again. But you'll do it all the same."

Advocating Better Wagon Roads.

From the Manifest Democrat.
THE MICHIGAN TRADESMAN has of late devoted much attention to good roads. It holds that "the enormous increase of railroads has resulted in a proportionate neglect of ordinary railways."

The average country road is not what it might be and it is not maintained in an economical manner. More depends on the common country road, aiding in the development of the city that most people are aware of. Every load shipped on cars or boats was first drawn by a team on an ordinary road. Good roads would raise in value, at once, farms now at the lowest possible value. THE TRADESMAN thinks a re-action in favor of good country roads has set in. It is to be hoped THE TRADESMAN is a true prophet.

Truthful.

Customer—I bought a piece of calico from you the other day, sir, and you said the colors were fast.
Clerk—I remember it, madam.
"Well, when I wet the calico the colors came out at once."
"Certainly; I knew they wouldn't be slow about it. Did you come for more?"

Tested by Time

AND
NOT FOUND WANTING.

THE FAMOUS

Jaxon Cracker

Continues to lead all other brands on the market.

MANUFACTURED BY

JACKSON CRACKER CO.,

Jobbers of Confectionery and Cigars,
Cheese and Nuts,

JACKSON, MICH.

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, Bees, 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 CREAM TALLOW FOR MILL USE.

A. E. BROOKS & CO.,

WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS OF

Pure Candies.

The Only House in the State which
Puts Goods Up Net Weight.

No Charge for Packages.

CODY BLOCK, 158 EAST FULTON ST., 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."

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,
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VALLEY CITY,
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Bags

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.

WAYNE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK,

DETROIT, MICH.

500,000 TO INVEST IN BONDS
issued by cities, counties, towns and school districts of Michigan. Officers of these municipalities about to issue bonds will find it to their advantage to apply to this bank. Blank bonds and blanks for proceedings supplied without charge. All communications and inquiries will have prompt attention.
January, 1890. S. D. ELWOOD, Treasurer.

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A Gentleman's TABLE:

All goods bearing the name
of Thurber, Whyland
& Co. or Alexis
Godillot, Jr.

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.

THE MOST RELIABLE FOOD

For infants and invalids.
Used everywhere, with unqualified success. Not a medicine, but a steam-cooked food, suited to the weakest stomach. Take no other. Sold by druggists. In cans, 50c. and upward.
Woolrich & Co. on every label.

WM. SEARS & CO.,

Cracker Manufacturers,

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

ONCE MORE!

And on a Grand Scale than Ever.

Our great and genuine sale of

One-Quarter | 1-4 | Off

Commences on

THURSDAY MORNING, DEC. 26,

And will continue until the entire balance of our fall and winter stock is disposed of.

This will be a grand opportunity to all of our customers, as nothing will be held back. Ladies', Misses' and Children's Cloaks, Shawls, Blankets, Comfortables, Silks, Satins, Dress Goods of all kinds, Cloths, Cassimeres, Dress Flannels, Skirts, Shirting Flannels, Table Linens, Napkins, Damasks, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Laces, Embroideries, Ribbons, Woolen Hoods, Fascinators, Leggings and Fancy Goods of every description, all go at the uniform discount of One-Quarter (¼) off. Our usual low prices are all marked in plain figures, from which we deduct ¼ off. We positively intend to make this the grandest sale we ever had, as the Proprietor leaves for Europe on January 27, and is determined to clean up stock previous to his departure.

F. W. WURZBURG,

Canal St. and Crescent Ave.

"Our Leader" Goods.

Having stood the test of time and the battle of competition and come off victorious, we have no hesitation in recommending to the trade our line of

Our Leader Cigars,
Our Leader Smoking,
Our Leader Fine Cut,
Our Leader Baking Powder,
Our Leader Saleratus,
Our Leader Brooms.

WHICH ARE NOW

LEADERS IN FACT

In hundreds of stores throughout the State. If you are not handling these goods, send in sample order for the full line and see how your trade in these goods will increase.

I. M. CLARK & SON.

NEW MOLASSES!

We have received large shipments of molasses, direct from the planters in Louisiana, which we are offering to the trade at our usual low prices.

Telfer Spice Company,

IMPORTERS OF TEAS, COFFEES AND SPICES.
1 AND 3 PEARL STREET.

The Michigan Tradesman

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1890.

VAN NORE'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

The Van Nore was present at the creation of the world. Some people say they made it; but one really knows better than that. If it had not been for their unaccountable belief that the builder of the ark that rested on Mount Ararat was a Jew, and their unutterable contempt for the race of Spinoza and Mendelssohn, of Heine, Auerbach, and Disraeli, they would not have hesitated to conceive that the family name of the patriarch was Van Nore.

At any rate, you may understand that the Van Nore was an immensely ancient family, so old as to be really worm-eaten. In the dust of the Van Nore there were soldiers and statesmen, and even a less regarded author or two; in this century there was nothing at all to speak of. If, however, any one says their family tree was like one of those old, wide and deep-rooted fir-trees sometimes seen, with but a single gnarled and lichened branch left of all its forest glory, the best part of it underground, you can see that the person is no friend of the Van Nore, but one whose eyes have been hurt by the dazzle of their splendor, who has been forgotten at their banquets, looked at with a stony glare upon the streets, or, possibly, knocked down and bruised and ignored by their fast horses.

Being immensely ancient, immensely distinguished, and also immensely wealthy, it goes without saying that the Van Nore thought immensely well of themselves. They never soiled their garments by contact with the crowd; they bought their pictures and statues straight from the manufacturers before they had been profaned by the vulgar gaze; they would have liked the gold they spent cast with a Van Nore device and the die broken. They could not hope to keep all the knowledge in the universe to themselves; but they did not care so much for that—there were always tutors and chaplains and all that to be had, after the custom of certain of the South Sea Island chiefs, who maintain a Filia-oma, or Talking Man of Knowledge. If, once in a while, they allowed themselves to come before the public in a matter of suffrage, it was not altogether without the sensation of some wicked scribbler who has written the Sacred Name with unwashed hands, and, being usually defeated, they relapsed into a more profound contempt of the people than before, and talked glibly of the advantages of a monarchy, although not without an undercurrent of feeling that in the event of a monarchy the Van Nore would be monarchs. They intermarried, of course, only with families of a pedigree and assumption one degree less than—it could not be more than, and could hardly be equal to—the Van Nore.

Judge, then, of the bewildered and amazed wrath of the Van Nore family, when the son of the house, the heir of the name, the last of the name, the only male Van Nore left to go down the ages with the weight of the family illustriousness upon his shoulders, married a young girl in the West, unknown, obscure, poor, and a Jewess!

Nore Van Nore had a sister older than himself, a dark and imposing creature with the Van Nore nose; he had a sister younger than himself, pallid, bloodless, with her mother's delicacy of feature, and with nothing about her but her haughtiness to distinguish her from the herd of young women; he had one Van Nore cousin, a little apple-blossom hardly coming up to the family requirements; he had four Van Nore spinster aunts, who, if they quarreled among themselves like birds in a wood, presented an unbroken phalanx of family integrity to the public, and who, with the idea that they had the manners of duchesses, really gave some reason to believe them directly descended from the Patriarch, they looked so extremely like the wooden women in the children's toy arks. His father embodied all the dignity, pomposity and grandeur of all the Van Nore before him, as if he were the flame of their ashes; he had but one gift, and that was a faculty for satirical speech, which he exercised with impunity upon his wife—his wife, the line of whose descent was so long that it had worn to a colorless, attenuated thread in her, a thin, pale, languid woman, of whose condition it expressed little to say she dared not call her soul her own, because, in looking at her, or looking through her, rather, it was not clear that she had a soul—a woman without intellect, without individuality, and almost without vitality. Into this assemblage Nore Van Nore had dared introduce a person absolutely without a grandfather, and whose grandfather, had she had one, would have been named Shacabac!

Mr. Van Nore and his household would entreat this vile and vulgar intruder, who had thrust herself upon them, and had thought to lift herself by pulling them down, as she deserved. In their heart of hearts they had a complete, if inarticulate, consciousness that no one could have married the bridegroom in question for any other purpose. And Nore Van Nore received a letter of repudiation from his father, disowning and casting him forever into the outer darkness of the world of people who were not Van Nore.

And who was Nore Van Nore? He was a young man of twenty-six years, whose mental processes had mastered the rudiments of learning to such an extent that he could read the newspaper and could make change. All attempts to cultivate those mental processes much further had failed; if he entered the university at last, it was because tutors and proctors and family influence, a fortuitous chance, and perhaps money, all wrought together. Entrance was all, however; before the first term closed, Mr. Van Nore had private but authoritative information that unless he wanted expulsion for stupidity approaching imbecility he had better withdraw his son. In a hot and self-righteous fury, Mr. Van Nore turned the tables and expelled the university. He withdrew his son with a wild show of anger and scorn for faculty, curriculum, endowment and career. "They have graduated no man who comes to anything in the last twenty-five years!" he said. And that, the matter might be the sooner forgotten, he

gave Mr. Nore Van Nore a purse and a traveling companion, and dispatched him to the far West. It was probably but a case of retarded development; perhaps he would do a little exploring and discovering; when he should return, the affair would have quite blown over, and he would marry him to some maiden who had been so well brought up that she would feel herself taking a proper place among dominations, princes and powers by marrying a Van Nore of any caliber. All the same, he did not fail to make his wife's life a burden to her by sarcasms on her feeble wit that had been strong enough to adulterate the strength of the Van Nore, while the very sense of his son's incapacity, thus forced upon him, was another argument against the woman who would marry an imbecile for the sake of climbing into his rank and position.

It was not altogether to be wondered at, then, if his wife did not fully sympathize with him in this extremity, and if, being of an affectionate disposition, so far as she had any intention to impart, having imparted that also to her son, she wrote a little surreptitious letter—she who had usually not a thought nor a deed nor an emotion of her own.

"My DARLING BOY—I send you all my love. Any wife you choose to marry will be the dear daughter of your mother." That was the letter written so secretly; it meant volumes to her; it meant volumes to her boy. She was frightened to a trembling ghost of her ghost-like self when she stopped the carriage and asked the footman to drop it in a street box, for she felt that if her husband knew it, it would not be impossible for him to blow out her flickering flame of life altogether, or stamp its feeble spark into the earth. He never had struck her, but she never knew what he might do yet.

The father's letter, when it came, was not at all unexpected by Nore Van Nore, nor was the mother's a surprise. She was a girl of twenty, "divinely tall and most divinely fair." Her superb mouldings would have fed a sculptor's eye with rapture, her superb coloring would have driven wild another than Titian; the great braids upon her head seemed made of strands of spun gold; she wore them like a crown, as became a daughter of the royal tribe of Judah. She was undoubtedly a Jewess; but as Miriam, as Deborah, as Susannah may have done, she had the large beauty of that Clytie in her sunflower whom some think to be Isis in her lotus. She waited in her father's shop and she sold Mr. Van Nore a pair of gloves there.

He had given his purse some time since to his traveling companion and he was waiting in this little place until he should receive a fresh remittance from his father. When he saw Hero, he had something else to wait for. He hung around the shop corners and when she went home he followed her. *Vera incessans patuit dea*; she stepped as if the earth were air; he said to himself that it was because his heart was under her feet. He knew intuitively that she would not give him a second look. What were the Van Nore out here in the wilderness? He was able to see, for all his deficiency, that she was on a higher plane of being than his own. But if he could not hope, he could at least suffer; he could gaze at the star he might not win. He bought another pair of gloves. Ah, heavens! to feel the touch of those pointed fingers of hers, as they stretched the kid from side to side of his hand! The next day he bought another pair. Before he was through, he had bought the whole stock of gloves in the shop.

Of course, this attracted her attention and she made some inquiry concerning him. "You had better go away," she said, when he came in again. "You do not need gloves, or ties, or any of our goods. You are making yourself ridiculous."

"I have nothing to do with it," he replied. "I was made so when I was born." And so one word led to another, and in the course of time he had told her his story, which somehow seemed full of wrongs—the story of a rather feeble-minded youth who had been snubbed and brow-beaten and ill-used by a disappointed father from his birth. Her heart was stirred with pity; she let him come to the house. Hope bounded within him. If the star should fall from the sky to his arms! He wrote his father—I forgot to say that he could write—that he wanted his influence to help him marry the most lovely, the most virtuous, the most brilliant of women, who waited behind the counter of her father's little Jew-shop. The answer to this letter made his hair stand on end. Cold, sneering, vindictive, cruel, threatening—what should he do but show it to her? Her blood would have been cold and thin stuff had that not made it boil. "I can never go back to him," said Nore. "I never will go back to him. It is the last blow he shall strike me."

"Would you be happier here in the shop helping me?" she asked. "Beyond measure!" he cried. So she told him to see her father that night. She meant about the situation; he meant about a wife. And her father, in as good and strong contempt as Mr. Van Nore himself could feel, ordered the fellow from the house.

"The worthless varlet!" cried the old man. "Can he earn his salt? What do I care for his name and his family and his entailed money—the dog of a Christian! He can have them all; but he can't marry my girl to an idiot!"

"He is not an idiot, father," said Hero. "There is more in him than any see," and she calmly canvassed the subject. "He has been made to look up till he does not know how to look straight ahead. Some day he will assert himself." "You?" said her father. "You? I believe you care for the lout! When you have sweethearts to fill a regiment! When you can marry any man in the county!" "I don't know," she said. "I am sorry for him. I care to have him happy—he has had so much unhappiness." And at that moment they heard a groan outside, and they ran to the door to pick up Nore Van Nore, helpless and just returning to consciousness, with a broken leg.

Hero installed herself as his chief attendant. In the long hours of patient pain, in the devotedness of his silent worship for her, something stirred her heart that was not pity. Heaven knows what it was! There are some strong

natures that must wrap themselves about the weak. The first time that he could stand upon his feet again they were married. And then Nore Van Nore went down to help her wait behind the counter in the shop where she consulted him and referred to him and honored him till she was likely to make others share the strange respect she had for him. "He is single-hearted," she said to one of her old lovers in that primitive comely, who felt the right to make some outspoken complaint: "he is upright; he is unselfish. He is kind to the fly on the wall. He loves me and no other. What more do I want in a husband? He suits me. And as for his religion, what does that signify when, at any rate, we both worship the same God?"

A year from that time Hero did not go to the shop much; she had a little son—and not such a very little one either—a bouncing, magnificent boy, with his mother's colors and eyes, full of life and joy and spirit, and quite the most remarkable baby in the world. And so, when the child was six months old, it seemed Nore Van Nore, in his happiness, that he was wrong to deprive his family of the blessing of knowing of such a blessing, and he wrote home for the third time, but this time to his mother.

This was shaking the red rag in the face of the bull. Mr. Van Nore trampled up and down his wife's sitting-room awhile, reared and stamped and snorted and bellowed, and not till he had reduced her to tears for having brought such a son into the world, and had pursued it till she gasped for breath and had to have the maids and ether and hot bottles, did he subside into silence and thought.

That this son of a beggarly shop-girl of a Jewess should be the Van Nore! He had to put out the light of all the Van Nore at once! Joece-lyne, his eldest daughter, should marry young De Vere, and he should take the name of Van Nore. For a sum of money Nore should break the entail and renounce his name, taking instead that of his low-born wife. And so Joece-lyne's son, who was a foregone conclusion in Mr. Van Nore's mind, should be the great Van Nore to come. He had a satchel packed within an hour and he slept that night, for the first time in his life, in a vulgar-sleeping car, always before having left the train at nightfall rather than be one of the promiscuous cannibals sleeping a common sleep. Days and nights and days and nights of this wretched contiguity. It was a hard experience for Mr. Van Nore. He added it all up against his son. And the selfishness of the modern traveler did not tend to increase his appreciation of his kind. His kind? Not the least bit his kind! Mr. Van Nore was more than ever persuaded that he was a superior integer of the race—marking, perhaps, one of those points of progress from which one development steps to a higher. At last he stood in the presence of his daughter-in-law.

A shapely little greasy Jewess, selling old clothes—or a stately young goddess assuming a human smile? One convulsive sensation thrilled across him of pride in Nore's taste at least, souring instantly to anger to think that taste was all. And then he opened the subject.

"No, father-in-law," said Hero firmly, despite his wincing, and after the fashion of speech in use among her people. "No, father-in-law; we do not want your money. Nor will we surrender our name; it is our name by all right and law that it is yours. And, as for your grandson, we have no power to forewarn his birthright for our mess of pottage." It was a will as strong as his own that opposed him. Storming was of no use here. He left the house without another word, and left Hero dancing her crowing boy in the broad transfiguring sunbeam, looking up proudly at her husband, yet fondly, to see if really she and the boy compensated to him for all he had lost.

An hour afterward Mr. Van Nore was brought back to his son on a stretcher; two trains had collided, and he was among the killed and wounded. An artery had been severed, and before a physician could reach him he was bleeding to death. When, at length, the flow was stanchied, he lay fainting and sinking away. "It is almost hopeless," said the surgeon. "There is little blood left in his body."

The sight of his dying father had changed the current of Nore's life feeling. "If I could but give him mine!" he cried.

"It would do him small good," said the doctor, looking at the pale and spindling fellow with an anatomist's contempt; and from him the glance traveled to Hero, standing near in her abundant life, with the dancing boy in his arms, still followed by the sunbeam. Her head the glance in a moment and had given the child to her husband.

"Here, Doctor," she said, baring an arm that Hebe, carrying life and nectar to the gods, might have lifted. "Do you know what it means for you?" said the doctor. "And for your child, perhaps? Loss of strength, it may be of health."

"I know it is my husband's father, my child's grandparent," she said slowly. "If my blood can save him, it is right that he shall have it." And when she came to herself after her first fainting fit, save for fatigue and languor, she did not know that she felt much the worse, and her father-in-law was smiling at her with luster in the eyes that she so lately saw nearly set in death.

Strange and awful moment to Hero! She had given life to this man. She had gone behind the veil of death and darkness and worked with the forces of creation. There was a bond between her and him such as there could be between no other people in the world. For half a fainting heart-beat she thought she had made him; for half as long again he thought she had. She felt her heart irradiate with a tender warmth toward her husband's father. She fell on her knees beside him and kissed his hand. "Oh, my father," she said, "you must forgive us, for we love you!"

As for Mr. Van Nore, I never saw anybody happier than he was, some weeks afterward, on his way home with his party. His son accompanied him, with the nurse of a superb, rosy baby folded in white, fleecy folds, and a lady, stately as any princess ought to be but seldom as any princess black-skinned robes about her. "She is very teachable," thought

Mr. Van Nore. "A month of our life will give her all the *savoir faire* she needs. Her tact is inestimable." And then he wondered if she could hold her own with Joece-lyne. "My grandson, the future Van Nore," he said to every acquaintance he came across, and they all seemed to be traveling on various portions of that trip. "Here, my dear, my daughter-in-law, Mrs. Van Nore. My daughter-in-law. A great addition to our circle, I assure you. An old family, an old family. We—we are not exactly, so to say, related, but we—we—we have some of the same blood in our veins!"

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

About Salesmen and Their Methods.

From the New Jersey Trade Review.

There are a few persons whose ability to sell things is so superior and remarkable that it may properly be called genius. Like poets, they are "born, not made," and they are above rule, or a law only unto themselves. There is something about their personality which, so to speak, "catches on." They can instantly adapt themselves to all sorts of people, and seem able to please, convince, and persuade those whom they encounter, no matter how diverse their characteristics may be.

This faculty of influencing others is not in any large degree derived from intellectual attainments, and still less from moral excellence; it exists in virtue of some innate quality in the mental and physical make-up, accompanied by a quick insight into human nature and motives. Men so endowed look into the corners of another's mind, follow its whims and see clearly before him the special considerations which incline or lead him to the wished-for conclusion. They avoid discussion which may lead to controversy by quietly parrying objections with pertinent facts, and with few words give to abstract generalities the fitness and force of concrete arguments in support of the main proposition.

Yet the possession of these qualities in a marked degree is sometimes counterbalanced by a lack of others which are necessary to a broad and well-balanced business man. However this may be, we cannot adopt the talent, nor should we imitate the ways of those so gifted. A well known writer says, "Be what thou art and become what thou canst," and with some general principles woven in with experience, we common mortals can get along better to do things after our own fashion.

Aside from the men of genius, the difference in selling ability will be seen to lie less in great wisdom than in common sense, energy, courtesy, patience and tact. If there be any grand secret, it will be found somewhere in that vital quality called force of character, rather than in excellence of character, for men of the most virtuous principles are often far less effective in selling goods than others whose morals are objectionable. Yet, as a rule, the most honest, painstaking and persistent are in the long run the most successful. "We used to think," said one of the foremost merchants of Chicago, "that a salesman should be a good talker, very sprightly and quick-witted; but we have learned from experience that reliability, good sense and staying qualities are better."

One introduces himself as a representative of a house; his address is respectful and pleasant, and the merchant glances over his samples, and listens to his arguments respecting styles, qualities and prices, put forward in the usual manner, from the manifest standpoint of self-interest and desire to effect a sale. At length the merchant says, "I am glad to make your acquaintance, but trade is dull and collections slow, and I don't feel like buying to-day. I will keep your card, however, and when you are in town again, touch in and we may give you an order."

The next day, perhaps, another salesman calls with similar goods and prices. But, somehow, he gets nearer to the merchant. His talk is quiet, sensible, not stereotyped, and it interests him. He seems to enter into the practical spirit of the merchant's business, to realize his hopes and his struggles, and to appreciate his prudence. He touches upon details, and everyday results stand clearly out. He makes it plain that goods must be bought or they cannot be sold; yet he does not try to sell him more than he thinks it prudent for him to buy. In short, his suggestions and recommendations are characterized by an intelligent interest in the welfare of the man he is dealing with; he aims to do as he would be done by, and he shows it. The result is, he goes away with an order, and leaves behind him a customer and a friend. In such things lie the difference between salesmen, both in wholesale and retail trade.

It stands to reason that a salesman will succeed best with a line of goods for which he has a natural affinity or liking. For example, a man with a mechanical bent is probably better adapted to the sale of mechanical appliances than bonnet trimmings. And a person with strong literary or artistic tastes may naturally be expected to put more heart into the work of selling books, pictures, or art goods than into pushing stoves or lumber.

These instinctive preferences are, in some cases, so strong that resolution and long training cannot overcome them; and, despite the fact that we are more or less the creatures of circumstances, they do often shape the destinies of a young man by insensibly drawing him towards a pursuit for which he is best qualified by nature.

Again, some salesmen are better adapted to large transactions, while others feel more at home in small ones, where the percentage of profit may be greater. Some succeed better in first sales, while others get on more slowly at the start, but retain their trade more firmly.

There are salesmen who can sell quantities of goods if permitted to cut or scale down prices, but who are only moderately successful if restricted to standard prices. Some appear to be naturally in better favor with certain classes; it may be with the young or with the old, with men or with women, the educated or the ignorant. Some can better recommend goods because of their cheapness, others because of excellence in quality. Articles may appeal either to the judgment, taste, fancy or imagination of both seller and buyer.

Observing merchants recognize and ap-

preciate these facts. In the house of John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, where seventeen hundred salesmen and saleswomen are employed, it is found that when a person who has failed in one department is transferred to another, a sudden and permanent improvement in effectiveness is often shown. And their experience in this direction has proved conclusively to the minds of the firm, that the fitness or adaptability of the individual to the thing he sells should be considered. Similar opinions are held by a great many employers of salesmen. The largest wholesale grocery firm in Chicago says: "We have frequently taken men from the road into the office and transferred men from the office to the road, with advantage all around."

But admitting that one of the first requisites for success in any pursuit is to be satisfied with it, it must not be forgotten that most men are discontented with their lot in life, and prone to think their neighbor over the fence has an easier and pleasanter time of it. The desire for change may spring from a mistaken idea, a longing for novelty, or from sheer laziness. Each case can only be decided on its merits, but hard work and persistence generally "get there" in time, and "frequent transplanting weakens growth."

Fading of Goods in Store Windows.

A continental exchange, referring to the evil of fading or bleaching of many kinds of colored articles when exposed in the store windows, says that this fading or bleaching is brought about only by the white rays of the sun's light, and where it occurs it shows that the glass is more or less perfectly colorless. It is found that if, instead of such colorless glass, the window panes consist of glass which is slightly yellow, the bleaching or fading process is prevented. Where the glass is colorless and cannot be replaced by slightly yellow-tinted glass, the desired effect may, it is said, be produced by simply giving the panes a coating of copal varnish.

HARDWOOD LUMBER.

The furniture factories here pay 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
Black Ash, log-run	14 00/16 00
Cherry, log-run	25 00/40 00
Cherry, Nos. 1 and 2	60 00/65 00
Cherry, cull	17 00/18 00
Maple, log-run	12 00/13 00
Maple, soft, log-run	11 00/13 00
Maple, Nos. 1 and 2	23 00
Maple, clear, flooring	23 00
Maple, white, selected	23 00
Red Oak, log-run	20 00/21 00
Red Oak, Nos. 1 and 2	38 00/38 00
Red Oak, 1/4 sawed, 6 inch and up w'd	38 00/40 00
Red Oak, 1/4 sawed, regular	38 00/38 00
Red Oak, No. 1, step plank	25 00
Walnut, log-run	55 00
Walnut, Nos. 1 and 2	57 00
Walnut, cull	25 00
Grey Elm, log-run	12 00/13 00
White Ash, log-run	14 00/16 00
Whiteoak, log-run	20 00/22 00
White Oak, 1/4 sawed, Nos. 1 and 2	42 00/43 00

A. D. Spangler & Co

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

FRUITS AND PRODUCE

And General Commission Merchants. EAST SAGINAW, MICH.

We buy and sell all kinds of fruit and produce and solicit correspondence with both buyers and sellers.



A NEW COUNTRY!


IN THE PINE CEDAR, HEMLOCK AND HARDWOOD Districts of Wisconsin and Michigan is opened by this new through route to the East. SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS: PANTIES WHO ERECT SAW-MILLS AND P.A.C. TRUCKS. 3000 horse power transported FREE. Choice farming lands cheap—mostly on time. Railway Company pays cash for cordwood. For maps and information address: L. V. DEPARTMENT "Soo" Railway, Minneapolis, Minn.

TIME TABLES.

Grand Rapids & Indiana.			
In effect Nov. 17, 1889.			
TRAINS GOING NORTH.			
Traverse City & Mackinaw.....	Arrive.	Leave.	
Traverse City Express.....	8:30 a.m.	11:30 a.m.	
Traverse City & Mackinaw.....	8:15 p.m.	4:10 p.m.	
From Cincinnati.....	10:30 p.m.		
Cadillac (Mixed).....	6:30 p.m.		
Trains leaving for Saginaw on 7:10 a.m. and 4:10 p.m. trains.			
GOING SOUTH.			
Cincinnati Express.....	7:15 a.m.		
Fort Wayne Express.....	11:45 a.m.	12:30 p.m.	
Cincinnati Express.....	5:30 p.m.	6:00 p.m.	
From Mackinaw & Traverse City.....	10:40 p.m.		
From Cadillac.....	9:55 a.m.		
Train leaving for Cincinnati at 6 p.m. and arriving from Cincinnati at 9:30 p.m., runs daily. Sundays included. Other trains daily except Sunday.			
Sagining and Parlor Car Service: North—7:00 a.m. and 4:10 p.m. trains have sleeping and parlor cars for Mackinaw City. South—7:15 a.m. train has chair car and 6 p.m. train Pullman sleeping car for Cincinnati.			
Muskegon, Grand Rapids & Indiana.			
In effect Nov. 10, 1889.			
Leave.		Arrive.	
7:00 a.m.		10:15 a.m.	
11:15 a.m.		3:45 p.m.	
6:40 p.m.		10:45 p.m.	
Leaving time at Bridge street depot 7 minutes later.			
Through tickets and full information can be had by calling upon A. Alquist, ticket agent at depot, or Geo. W. Munson, Union Ticket Agent, 67 Monroe St., Grand Rapids, Mich.			
C. L. LOCKWOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agent.			
Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee.			
GOING WEST.			
Morning Express.....	12:30 p.m.	1:00 p.m.	
Through Mail.....	4:10 p.m.	4:30 p.m.	
Grand Rapids Express.....	10:40 p.m.		
Mixed.....	6:40 a.m.	7:00 a.m.	
GOING EAST.			
Detroit Express.....	6:50 a.m.		
Through Mail.....	10:10 a.m.	10:30 a.m.	
Evening Express.....	3:35 p.m.	3:45 p.m.	
Night Express.....	10:30 p.m.	10:45 p.m.	
Daily, Sundays excepted. "Daily" Express has parlor car to Detroit, making direct connections for all points East, arriving in New York 10:10 a.m. next day.			
Grand Rapids express has parlor car Detroit to Grand Rapids. Night express has Wagner sleeping car to Detroit, arriving in Detroit at 7:30 a.m.			
Through railroad tickets and ocean steamship tickets, and sleeping car tickets, can be had at D. G. H. & M. Ry. office, 28 Monroe St., and at the depot.			
Jas. CAMPBELL, City Passenger Agent.			
Jno. W. LOUN, Traffic Manager, Detroit.			
Toledo, Ann Arbor & Northern.			
For Toledo and all points South and East, take the Toledo, Ann Arbor & North Michigan Railway from Owosso Junction. Sure connections at above point with trains of D. G. H. & M., and connections at Toledo with evening trains for Cleveland, Buffalo, Columbus, Dayton, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Creston, Orville and all prominent points on connecting lines.			
A. J. PAISLEY, Gen'l Pass. Agent.			

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.

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 & 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

Drugs & Medicines.

State Board of Pharmacy.
One Year—Ottmar Eberbach, Ann Arbor.
Two Years—Geo. McDonald, Kalamazoo.
Three Years—Stanley E. Parkell, Owasco.
Four Years—Jacob Jesson, Muskegon.
Five Years—James Vernon, Detroit.
President—Jacob Jesson, Muskegon.
Secretary—Jas. Vernon, Detroit.
Treasurer—Geo. McDonald, Kalamazoo.
Meetings during 1900—Grand Rapids, March 14 and 15; Marquette, July 1 and 2; Marquette, Aug. 13 and 14; Lansing, Nov. 5 and 6.

Michigan State Pharmaceutical Ass'n.
President—Frank Ingles, Detroit.
First Vice-President—F. M. Aldort, Lansing.
Second Vice-President—Henry Kephart, Berrien Springs.
Third Vice-President—Jas. Vernon, Detroit.
Secretary—H. J. Brown, Ann Arbor.
Treasurer—Wm. Dupont, Detroit.
Executive Committee—C. A. Bugbee, Cheboygan; E. T. Webb, Jackson; D. E. Prall, East Saginaw; Geo. McDonald, Kalamazoo; J. J. Crowley, Detroit.
Next Meeting—At Saginaw, beginning third Tuesday of September, 1899.

Grand Rapids Pharmaceutical Society.
President, J. W. Hayward, Secretary, Frank H. Root.
Grand Rapids Drug Clerks' Association.
President, F. D. Kipp, Secretary, Albert Brower.

Detroit Pharmaceutical Society.
President, J. W. Allen, Secretary, W. F. Jackson.

Muskegon Drug Clerks' Association.
President, C. S. Koon, Secretary, J. W. Hoyt.

A Galenical Barbecue.

I am a drug clerk. That means, in our burgh, that I get up at 6:30 a. m., sweep out the store, dust bottles and show cases, have fifteen minutes for breakfast, half an hour for dinner and eat my supper while waiting on customers; through the day I sell stationery, groceries, hardware, second-hand clothing and an occasional bottle of patent medicine—this latter warranting me in calling myself a drug clerk. I intended calling this celebration for Christmas, but as my twenty-first birthday fell on the 31st of this month, and I considered it of more importance to me than Christmas, I decided to combine the two dates and celebrate my arrival at manhood's estate in royal pharmaceutical style.

I received permission from my employers, Messrs. Casca, Rasagrad & Co. to use a vacant room over the store and proceeded forthwith to issue my invitations for a grand "round up."

There were eight boys in our village whom I could crowd under the appellation of "drug clerks." There was my fellow clerk, Spaula Tompkins; then Sandalwood Smith and M. Graduate Jones (by the way, the only "graduate" in the county), assistants of "Bill" Shears, the barber, who sells bay rum and hair restorers; next came Tom Ginfizz and Jerry Cocktail, bartenders at the "Purgatory," our leading hotel, where they make a first-class "bitters" and refer to their bar work as "dispensing," and last, but by no means least, Io and Bin, the two sons of Dr. Cl. Hydrarg, our local Esculapian. The short time left me before the evening of the 31st was spent, with the aid of Spaula, in decorating the banquet hall, making a table, and securing a s. of mortars, evaporating dishes, graduates and medicine spoons.

At last the evening arrived, and with it my guests, decked in their "other" clothes, and each one, as is the custom in our locality, bringing something which would add to the enjoyment and general hilarity of a birthday "blow-out." For instance, the Hydrarg boys brought the old man's pet skull as an ornament to deck the board in true Egyptian style. Sandalwood Smith brought a demijohn of "hard cider," and Graduate Jones a dozen clay pipes and a pound of tobacco; while Ginfizz and Cocktail carried half a dozen conical shaped packages which were destined to exert a peculiar influence upon the party and cause me to experience at once the mingled pleasure and pain of a full-fledged manhood.

After receiving the congratulations of my friends and bidding them a hearty welcome, we sat down at a table which I am pleased to say the boys greatly admired. Before each guest was a mortar, an evaporating dish, a graduate, a spatula and a medicine spoon. In the center of the table was big 14-inch mortar filled with hot punch, and arranged around this with studied carelessness the different gifts which my thoughtful friends had sent me. Among the things I might mention a Waterbury watch from Mrs. Casca and a beautiful yellow and scarlet necktie from Miss Rasagrad, on whom my affections are somewhat panted. At the end of the table, opposite me, I had placed the skull and filled every crevice in it with cigars. Amid a running fire of raillery and good fellowship, soup was served in mortars and partaken of with medicine spoons. Then the party was comfortably cleared for the reception of the heavier viands by a graduate full of blackberry wine, the toast of Miss Casca, and three or four hours straining through muslin while warm, and adding one fluid ounce of glycerin, the resulting mixture to be perfumed with extract of white rose, and colored light pink with carmine.

The unsuspecting pharmacist is apt to be misled by this misprint, on account of the similarity in the general character of Salicylic and Benzoic acids, and we therefore caution our readers to make a correction in their dispensaries.

FUK'S CREAM OF ROSES.
This preparation can be closely imitated by digesting one drachm of gum tragacanth in seven fl. ozs. of water, for three or four hours straining through muslin while warm, and adding one fluid ounce of glycerin, the resulting mixture to be perfumed with extract of white rose, and colored light pink with carmine.

The Drug Market.
Opium, quinine and morphia are unchanged. Chloroform has advanced. Cattle bone is higher. Gum guaiac is very scarce and firm in price. Chlorate potash is lower. English vermilion is higher. Linsed oil has advanced. Oxalic acid is lower. The Trust has announced its price for white lead at 7 1/2 cents, with rebates, as follows:

Three tons and less than ten tons, 4 per cent.; ten tons and less than twenty-five tons, 6 per cent.

Flint glassware has advanced.

H. H. Warner & Co., Limited, have advanced the price of their "Log Cabin" remediost to the former prices, as follows: One dollar goods, \$7 per doz.; 50c goods, \$3.75 per doz.; plasters, \$1.50 per doz.; liver pills, \$1.40 per doz.

The Maiden's Prayer.

Young Miss Wilgus—Where are you going, papa?

Rev. Mr. Wilgus—To the temperance meeting. We intend to inaugurate a movement to save the young men of the country.

Young Miss Wilgus—Try and save a real nice one for me, will you, papa, dear?

The Paris court has just decided that a pharmacist's wife who, during her husband's repeated and frequent absences, manages the officina and dispenses medicine, is guilty of illegal practice of pharmacy.

the person of Mr. Casca and at the other to the collar of Bin's coat, which I happened to be wearing at the time. It was already past 9 o'clock, so I proceeded to rouse the rest of the "gang"—no easy task, I can assure you. How I ever got through that day is a mystery to me. I have a distinct recollection, however, of finding a feather pillow much too hard for my head that night, and of sincerely thanking Heaven ere I fell asleep that a twenty-first birthday was a solitary event in a man's lifetime.

Minor Matters of Interest to Druggists.
SIMPLE ELIXIR.
The following formula will in all probability prove satisfactory. The mixture should be allowed to stand a few days, in order to blend the flavors:

Oil cassia..... 2 m
Ext. vanilla..... 1 1/2 drms
Alcohol..... 4 fl ozs
Sugar, q. s. to make..... 1 pt

The quantity of extract vanilla can be modified according to the taste and the quality employed. Enough should be used to render obscure the harsh flavor of cassia.

SULPHUROUS ACID.

Sulphurous-acid gas is best generated by the action of sulphuric acid on copper clippings, with the aid of heat. This method requires the use of double the quantity of sulphuric acid that the official method does, but the quality of the gas and the rapidity with which it is generated more than compensates for the extra amount of acid used.

GRAIN WEIGHTS.

Undoubtedly the best grain weights are those made from aluminum wire. They are more easily and quickly distinguished from one another than any other form, and less likely to confuse than flat weights having the denomination stamped on the face, often faintly, and liable to be obliterated by constant use or corrosive action.

VITRIOL.

The word Vitriol is from the Latin vitrum, meaning glass, and was applied by the ancients to crystallized ferrous sulphate, or green vitriol, from the glassy character of its crystals. The sulphates of many of the other metals were afterwards, for the same reason, given the name of vitriols.

MEASURING PERCOLATES.

A very convenient method of measuring any required amount of percolate is to measure into a bottle of appropriate size an equal volume of water.

Place the vessel upon a level table, and mark the surface of the liquid by means of an edge of a triangular piece of paper pasted upon the outside of the bottle.

A triangular piece of paper should always be used, as its form precludes doubt as to whether the liquid should come to the top or bottom edge of the mark.

ELIXIRS FROM FLUID EXTRACTS.

The National Formulary, published by authority of the American Pharmaceutical Association, authorizes the employment of fluid extracts in the preparation of twenty-four elixirs, one liquor, three mixtures, seven syrups, three tinctures, and two wines. This is indicative of an inclination on the part of educated pharmacists to take advantage of the convenience of this method when the occasion will warrant it.

SAPO VIRIDIS.

We have never regarded the absence of green color in this soap as important. The National Dispensary says: "The adoption by the U. S. P. of the antiquated term, saapo viridis, is unfortunate, since soft soap, even if made from green-hemp seed-oil, will become brown-yellow, unless artificially colored."

LITHIUM BENZOATE—ERROR IN FORMULA.

Having had occasion to refer to the formula for this salt, on page 930 of the National Dispensary, we note that lithium benzoate is directed to be prepared by heating 100 grs. of lithium carbonate with about 300 grs. of salicylic acid.

FUK'S CREAM OF ROSES.

This preparation can be closely imitated by digesting one drachm of gum tragacanth in seven fl. ozs. of water, for three or four hours straining through muslin while warm, and adding one fluid ounce of glycerin, the resulting mixture to be perfumed with extract of white rose, and colored light pink with carmine.

The Drug Market.

Opium, quinine and morphia are unchanged. Chloroform has advanced. Cattle bone is higher. Gum guaiac is very scarce and firm in price. Chlorate potash is lower. English vermilion is higher. Linsed oil has advanced. Oxalic acid is lower. The Trust has announced its price for white lead at 7 1/2 cents, with rebates, as follows:

Three tons and less than ten tons, 4 per cent.; ten tons and less than twenty-five tons, 6 per cent.

Flint glassware has advanced.

H. H. Warner & Co., Limited, have advanced the price of their "Log Cabin" remediost to the former prices, as follows: One dollar goods, \$7 per doz.; 50c goods, \$3.75 per doz.; plasters, \$1.50 per doz.; liver pills, \$1.40 per doz.

The Maiden's Prayer.

Young Miss Wilgus—Where are you going, papa?

Rev. Mr. Wilgus—To the temperance meeting. We intend to inaugurate a movement to save the young men of the country.

Young Miss Wilgus—Try and save a real nice one for me, will you, papa, dear?

The Paris Court.

The Paris court has just decided that a pharmacist's wife who, during her husband's repeated and frequent absences, manages the officina and dispenses medicine, is guilty of illegal practice of pharmacy.

TOLD BY AN UNDERTAKER.

Grotesque Incidents of the Funeral Director's Grave Calling.

From the Baltimore Herald.

"I have met with a thousand and one odd fancies and curious notions during my connection with the undertaking business," said a prominent funeral director to a reporter the other day. "Indeed, I think it is safe to say that ninety-nine out of every hundred persons have expressed a preference of some kind or another as to the disposition to be made of their bodies after death. Sometimes their requests are complied with, and sometimes they're not. Generally the preference relates only to some minor detail, either of the coffin, of the grave, or of the burial ceremony. Some people want a plain wooden coffin—mahogany, walnut, or ebony. Some want a metal casket. Some want their casket covered with black cloth; some with white. The desire for a certain style of handle is often expressed, and women are frequently concerned about the lining—wanting it of a color to suit their complexion. Some people, too, want their coffins large and roomy; others to fit exactly.

"Very often people want to be buried in a particular spot, and give express instructions as to the direction in which the grave is to lie and how deep it must be. Then, too, some persons want a quiet, private funeral, while others are uneasy until promised that they will be given a grand and costly burial.

"All these are matters that can be easily attended to, and they generally are. But there are requests made by people in regard to their obsequies that are extraordinary, and, in some instances, ridiculous. I'll tell you about a few cases that have come under my own notice.

"There was an old lady died a few years ago who had had a new and very costly set of teeth made just before her last illness. When she learned that death was imminent, her greatest lament seemed to be that she should never have an opportunity to wear those teeth. Finally a bright thought struck her, and, calling her husband to her bedside, she begged him to have her lips so arranged after death that her friends would be able to see and admire her beautiful teeth. The old man promised, and almost with her dying breath she reminded him of it. We were summoned to perform the necessary duties after her death, and the widower, having explained the matter of the teeth, declared that his wife's request must be carried out. He had promised and could not think of deceiving her. We did the best we could. The result was rather startling, but the teeth showed, and the old man was satisfied, so we didn't have anything to say, of course.

"I remember another case of a middle-aged single man who had been a great dresser—a regular dandy, in fact. He left direct instructions that he should be buried in the last suit of clothes he had bought. As he was a man of considerable wealth, and had left some very generous bequests to his friends, they decided to comply with his request, and his valet was told to bring the suit. When he returned he carried the loudest suit of clothes I ever saw. It was of plaid two or three inches broad, and green, blue and yellow in color. With it came a shirt covered with pictures of ballet dancers in every conceivable attitude, and a necktie to match. The appearance of these unexpected articles caused some consternation, but the dead man's friends finally decided to let him have his way, and bury him as he had requested. The body was accordingly robed in the flashy shirt and suit, a dog-head pin stuck into the side, a single eye-glass placed over the staring eye, and the dandy was ready for his last resting place.

"Sometimes people want things buried with them. A lady whose principal fortune consisted of her many and costly jewels, made a great stir among her friends and relatives by requesting in her will that she should be ornamented with all of them when finally prepared for the grave. She had provided, too, that unless this was done not one of her friends should receive a penny from her estate. Here was a quandary, but the matter was finally settled by placing the jewels upon the corpse, and then, after it had remained a few days in the vault, removing them.

"I was once called upon to bury a man who had at some previous period chopped off one of his great toes. Just as I was about to screw down the cover of the casket, his weeping widow came to me with a small jar, and said that her husband had expressly desired her to bury this with him. I looked at it and found that it was a missing toe, neatly and carefully preserved in alcohol.

"I never buried any one who had made his own coffin, but I have heard of such cases. Several times, however, I have sold people their own coffins, and in some instances, two or three years or longer before they died. Sometimes the boxes were left with me until needed, and sometimes they were taken home at once. The most peculiar case of this kind I ever had was that of an artist who lived in a couple of rooms by himself over in the western part of the city. He had plenty of money, and his rooms were elegantly furnished, but all in the most somber colors. One day he came to me and ordered a coffin made. It was to be black inside and out, and was to be large enough for him to lie in comfortably. Another thing he was explicit about was that it was to be lined throughout with spring cushions. I made it and sent it to his rooms as he directed. Four years later I was called to bury him. I then found that during all that time he had used his coffin for a bed—sleeping in it always—and he had left a request to be buried in it. He said he had grown used to it, and did not think he would sleep well in any other.

"I once had a man who was about to die send for me and order a coffin. He was a very small man—not more than four feet high—but he said he wanted his coffin six feet long. 'The law,' he said, 'gives every man six feet of earth, and I'm going to have my full share.'

"I frequently have people try to drive bargains with me for caskets for their dead friends. About the best case of economy in that line I ever had, however, was that of a young widow who gave orders that her husband's coffin should be placed in the ground perpendicularly. A year and a half later she had another husband to bury, and his coffin was placed side by side with that of No. 1. At intervals she had more husbands to bury, and finally when No. 5 was placed under the sod, no more space had been taken than is usually cupied with one grave. She said it saved trouble, because she really had only one grave to attend to now, whereas if they had been buried in the ordinary manner she would have had five."

The Inventor of the Soda Fountain.

According to the *Druggist's Circular*, the inventor of the modern soda fountain is a native of Belierie, in Massachusetts, who removed to Lowell, in the same State, where, in 1855, the brothers Amos W. and Gustavus D. Dows were associated in business as retail druggists. Seeing the necessity of something more convenient to increase the trade in soda refreshments, the two "put their heads together," and after a short time announced to their customers that they had "ice-cream soda" on draught. The apparatus first constructed was a very crude invention, but in 1861 G. D. Dows patented a shaver consisting of a galvanized iron box, with a propelling screw in each side arranged

with bevel gears, and operated by a crank on the outside of a large marble box containing the syrup cans, cooler, etc. G. D. Dows soon after started the manufacture and sale of his apparatus in Boston.

The demand for summer drinks was supplied mainly by lemonade and fermented pop beers. His efforts to improve this class of beverages led to carbonated drinks. His were the first marble soda-water fountains ever used in America, and they became so popular that he could not supply the demand for them. The first fountain made under his patents was used by A. W. Dows & Co., at Lowell, and the ice-cutters were manufactured for many years in Lowell, by Frank S. Perkins.

The Purification of Glycerin.

Recent investigations have shown that all the patents taken out in Germany for the purification of glycerin up to the end of 1888 have been allowed to lapse, a proof that none of these processes have been able to stand the test of practical experiment. The problem how to free glycerin from impurities in a manner at once cheap and practically useful is, therefore, unsolved, and offers a tempting opening for chemical investigators.

Wholesale Price Current.

Advanced—Chloroform, Cattle Fish Bone, Linsed Oil, White Lead, Red Lead, English Vermilion. Declined—Oxalic Acid, Chlorate Potash, Chlorate Potash (po).

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