

The Michigan Tradesman.

VOL. 7.

GRAND RAPIDS, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1890.

NO. 330.

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A LETTER TO EVA.

Now that you have left my life as one
leaves a house in a strange land to which
there shall be no return; now that I
move on alone in the darkness, the cold-
ness and desolation of my days, only one
thing holds any hope of comfort for me,
and that is to live over in my memory the
only happy days of my life. I think of
them; I dream of them; and now I have
bethought myself to write out a con-
nected account of them, and address it
to you, just as if you would one day
read it.

Yesterday I walked up to the house
where I first met you, on the first of
July, five years ago. I saw that the
house was to let; and I got permission
to go over it. As I stood in the large,
empty drawing-rooms, the place was
changed for me, as by magic. It was
again richly furnished—again brilliant
with light, thronged with people. I
heard again a clamor of voices, as when
I stood that night in the doorway. A
hand fell on my arm and my hostess said:
"Mr. Archer, I want at once to intro-
duce you to a most charming woman, a
great admirer of your novels. She has
had a romantic story of her own."

So saying, she piloted me across the
crowded rooms, and we stood before you.
"Miss Linton, here is Mr. Archer. I
told you I would bring him."

"I have very often wished to have the
pleasure of meeting you," you said,
turning to me, and frankly putting out
your hand.

Oh, fair, gracious face, lit by the fair,
gracious smile! Oh, perfect, passionate
month, such as the old Greeks loved—
formed for kisses and music! Oh, beau-
tiful, deep, changeable eyes, and white,
thoughtful brows, with their crown of
soft brown hair—in how short a time
they began to come to me in my dreams
at night! You know, too, I thought you
had the queenliest figure that ever
woman had. No woman ever held her-
self so proudly or so gracefully. There
was something in the touch of your
white, smooth, small, but withal strong,
hand, that seemed to speak to me. You
were that night a soft, luminous dress;
you had a red rose in your bosom, and a
red rose in your hair. I sat down by
you and we began to talk. Our talk was
about novels, poetry, English and Amer-
ican, and of the places we had visited.
When you rose to leave, I went with you
to your carriage, and you asked me to
come to see you. I had been longing for
you to do this. Looking back, now, I
see that, though I did not realize it then,
I must have been in love with you that
night.

I went back to the house after you left,
but remained only a few minutes. It
seemed so worse than uninteresting when
you were gone. All night I lay awake
thinking of you, recalling your voice,
longing to hear it again.

I turned away yesterday, sadly as one
leaves a friend, from that house over
whose floors your feet had passed, that
had been swept by the hem of your dress,
and where I had first seen you. I came
back into the heart of London, and
walked to and fro in front of that other
house you had till so recently occupied,
over the threshold of which I had passed
so many times. As I walked up and
down, in the raw air of the November
night, hearing the discontented wind
sweeping along the leaves that had fallen
from the trees in London square, the
pain and loneliness of my life seemed
more than I could endure. A boy with a
basket stopped in front of the house
and rung the servants' bell; a light ap-
peared for a moment at one of the upper
windows and then vanished. I should
have liked to kneel down and kiss the
dear stone steps which your beloved feet
had crossed so many times.

Slowly I turned back then to my cham-
bers to think of you, then finally to find
some rest from thought by means of
kindly choral. It will kill me in the
end, perhaps, but what matter!

That night I had such a wonderful
dream of you. I thought I was walking
in a strange, lonely, sunset country,
something like country I have seen, but
unmistakably dream-country. No one
was in sight, but from the tranquil hill
and from the patient hill I heard a sound
of many divine voices singing, and I
knew they were singing of you, and my
heart leaped and thrilled in me, and the
song told that you were coming; and,
just for great delight to think that I
should see you again, the tears burst
forth and I wept like a child. Then all
in a minute you stood before me, your
face more beautiful than ever, in the
sunset light of that fair dream country.
It seemed to me that you were the queen
of it, and when you saw my tears, think-
ing them tears of sorrow, you threw both
your beautiful arms around my neck,
and I laid your subtle lips to mine. I
felt you clinging close to me. I thought
I should have fainted from the joy of it;
instead, I awoke—oh, the bitter awaken-
ing that it was!

The day I next saw you after the first
meeting was the 5th of July, the day on
which you told me I might call. It was
a brilliantly fine day, too intense for most
people, but not so for me. Besides, your
drawing-room, with its tempered sweet-
ness, its flowers, its delicate tints, was a
haven of shade. Not as I saw you on
one day only do you appear to me in
memory, but as I have seen you on many
days. Still, visions of you, as I saw
you on certain special days, beset me
specially, and very often I see you as I
saw you that day. Your soft dress was
veined with blue; you looked a divine
blending of heaven and earth—you
might have been a saint to die for; you

were a woman to live for. I remember
the tone of voice in which you said, "I
am very glad to see you." Just as if
really you were a little glad. Then, of
course, we fell to talking of what a hot
day it was, and from that of people who
like compromises with nature as with all
things. I said I was always in extremes;
but, all the same, a great believer in
compromise; and you laughed, a little,
a half-perplexed laugh, and said that you
believed only in things that were abso-
lute. You seemed to draw me on to talk
of myself, which, as I told you at the
time, is not a favorite subject of conver-
sation with me. Before I left you, you
knew, I think, the lonely, reserved man
I was—made cruelly lonely by a nature
utterly insufficient for itself, yet not find-
ing in any companionship that for which
it sought, for which it still craved cease-
lessly.

When I rose to leave you, I saw tender
sympathy for me in your dark gray and
so compassionate eyes, heard sympathy
in the tones of your voice, felt sympathy
in the touch of your fair, firm hand. I
went to the club that night, but did not
hear what any one said, so lost was I in
trying to recall the way in which you
spoke. I fell asleep and awoke early,
my heart flooded with the thought of you.
This interest which I had in you—I, who
until then, had been interested in no one
—seemed to remake life; for when I
looked back on the internal loneliness of
the days before I knew you, I wondered
how I ever could have borne them.

That day I made some pretext on which
to write to you. Two days after I called
upon you, in the evening, as you had told
me I might. It was a hot, windless even-
ing, with a storm brooding. You received
me very kindly, and we sat for a happy
hour in the twilight. Presently you said:

"Is there no chance of cure for your
loneliness?" and I answered: "A week
ago I should have said no such chance
could be. Now I say there is; it rests
with you."

"Yes, with you; will you be my friend?
Will you let me be yours?"
"I think I need a friend as much as
you do," you answered, with a little sigh.
Then, with one of those dear impulses,
which were so adorable in you, you put
out both hands, and I took them and held
them in mine for a minute.

When did the feeling first burn home
to me that what I felt for you was love—
love in the sense of being in love—not
the friendship I had imagined? I could
not keep away from you; could not keep
from writing to you. In one letter, I
remember, I asked you to explain me to
myself. Here I have your answer—the
handwriting is faded with time, that
beautiful handwriting, which, like every-
thing about you, had on it the impress of
your own gracious individuality. Oh,
dear letter, once warm from your own
hand; a letter in which I almost seem to
hear you speak. You say:

"DEAR FRIEND—Your letter, half sad,
half glad, came to me this morning with
many others. I turned at once to yours.
You ask me to explain myself to you—
self—to tell you why it is that while you
are glad in my friendship—gladder, you
are good enough to say, than of anything
else in your life—you are yet so restless
at times, even so despairing.

"As a rule, no woman is more stupid at
explanations than I; but I think this a
problem that I can solve. By your own
account, when you met me you were a
lonely, reserved, self-contained man,
never having known a real friendship.
You say that your friendship with me
made you, for the first time in your life,
live. I have made a new world for you,
you tell me—given a meaning to the sum-
mer it has never had before.

"My friend, a sudden friendship stimu-
lated you thus; but you see now, don't
you, that it is not by any means all you
thought it would be? Hence your rest-
lessness; hence your despair; but I, your
new friend, am hopeful for you. Your
power to feel so much shows me a capa-
bility of feeling still more. It has been
my good fortune in life, when I never
thought to be of any more good at all, to
rouse you from lethargy, to plant in you
some knowledge of what life may be
made. Am I a little sorry to think that
another friend must complete what I
have begun? Perhaps I am—I know I
am—selfish! I suppose I should have
liked this friendship, which came to you
so unexpectedly, to have been the com-
pletest of your life; but I will try to be
glad of what is best for you.

"Will you come to-morrow and talk
over with me the plot of your new novel?
I want this, your next book, to be very
much alive. I half feel as if the sun of
our friendship were setting. Come to-
morrow and tell me that it is not quite
sundown yet—it often turns so very chilly
in the twilight. Your friend,
"EVA."

The next day I reproached you with
your letter, which, all the same, had
been so dear to me, as evidence that you
did value my friendship. Your face
brightened when I told you that never
another such friendship could come
to me.

"I am glad that, at least, you think so
now," you said, in a tone that was as
sweet almost and as subtle as a caress. I
passed the evening with you. You did
not know then, my Eva, how I longed to
kneel down by you—to kiss your lips,
your hands, your dress, the heavy gold
locket hanging at your white, wonderful
throat. And I had to sit at a little dis-
tance from you and dared not even reach
out and take your hand. You were gay
the early part of that evening. Talking
of an acquaintance of ours, supposed by
most women to be very dangerous to
men's peace of mind, you said:
"She is a bright, noisy little brooklet
of a woman—pretty to look at, but too
shallow to drown in."

Do you, at this date, remember describ-
ing to me a sunset you had seen once on
the coast of France—a wonderful opal

sunset, in whose strange light shore and
sea seemed translated?

"It was a sunset that hushed you,"
you said. "It seemed like the glorified
ghost of a sunset."

I have seen in your eyes, my love, when
talking of anything that greatly moved
you, a look of passionate inspiration, as
if they saw deep into the mystery of
things. In your voice, too, at such times,
was a rapture I knew well, which corre-
sponded to that look which I have seen
in no eyes but yours, as I have heard
that subtle, thrilling tone only in your
voice.

As the evening wore on, you felt sad;
thus, sometimes, after a day of brilliant
sunshine and perfect stillness, just at
sunset a sad little wind begins to moan
among the trees, and the sky grows gray
and hopeless. So seemed to me the
change in you; nor was it the first time I
had noted this sudden transition. Do
you remember my asking you why you
were so sad? You answered:

"How do you know I am sad? Have I
said so?"

Then I did take your hand, and I said:
"Eva, could we be the friends we are,
and I not know, without your telling me,
when you are sad? Will you not tell me
what makes you so?" Oh, my God, how
I longed then to draw you close to my
heart and kiss all shadow of trouble from
your face; to banish all trouble from
your heart!

"What are you thinking of?" I asked.
You answered, looking down, "Of
something that is over. I will try not to
be sad when you are here. Indeed, I
ought not, remembering how cold and
lonely I should be now without your
friendship."

Soon after, it was time for me to go,
but all that night I could not sleep so
haunted was I by your sad, yearning,
pleading, almost hopeless eyes; by your
low voice, which had in it that pathetic
elemental music, that soft, rainy trouble,
which we hear in the summer wind that
comes before the rain.

"What is her trouble?" I pondered, as
I lay awake that night, and owned at
last to myself that I loved you madly—
that if, by dying for you, I could make
you happy, I would so gladly die.

You may remember my calling on you
the next afternoon. You were going for
a walk, and you let me go with you.
Your very sad mood of the past night
seemed to have passed away. You were
gay—gay in your own bright way.

Oh, love of my life, who shall say what
it was that most of all in you enthralled
me—the wonderful voice, changing with
every emotion as the beautiful eyes
changed, or the delicate imagination,
that divine sense of ideality which con-
trasted with your strength of will, your
power to conceive rapidly and execute
surely, and made you not only a beauty and
a refuge in the world, but a positive good?
Or was it that exquisite, unnamable
fragrance of womanhood which escaped
from you—the rose scent from a rose?
Or was it your moods of sweet way-
wardness, like the shadows of April trees
shaking in the sunny, windy course of a
rapid brooklet? Or was it your sad-
ness, which sounded in me unknown
depths of pity? Oh, my poet! oh, my
busy, kindly worker! I loved each sepa-
rate charm of yours ten hundred times
more than the most passionate lover ever
loved the whole united force of his mis-
tress' attractions. You were, even in
those days, what you are now, what you
must always remain to me—my beautiful
wonder of women. It was the fifteenth
of August when I left England for
Rochester, on the coast of Normandy,
where you were to follow in a few days,
with a party of friends. You thought it
best that I should go first and I obeyed
you. We passed the evening of the four-
teenth together. I wonder if you remem-
ber it at all? You were sad and said
you should miss me. I asked you to
write to me and you smiled, as if pleased,
and answered, "I don't think the sun of
our friendship has begun to set as yet."

I remember how a street piano played
under your window. It was playing the
"Carnival de Venice." Whenever I hear
that tune now, it brings back to me your
drawing-room in the twilight, yourself
sitting on the sofa—for you were there
that night—while I sat close by, wor-
shipping you, yet not daring to tell you of
the great love which was making me
afraid of myself.

Do you remember telling me to talk
and calling me stupid? You did not
know then that I could not talk because
I was so full of grief at parting from
you, even for a few days. Oh, did not
the shadow of that parting forecast this
greater shadow, which is even as the
shadow of death?

Shall I ever forget the twentieth of
August? I did not expect you until the
twenty-sixth. I had been roving all day
about the shore, thinking of you and
longing for you, when, coming back,
about nine o'clock, passing the window
of the hotel, I saw you sitting there,
your dear eyes bent down, the lamplight
shining on your warm brown hair. I
entered without your having seen me,
and in another moment we stood face to
face.

"I have been wondering where we
should meet," those were your first
words. "You are surprised to see me
before my time. It was the sudden
arrangement of my friends. They found
they could leave London earlier than
they had hoped."

"Heaven bless your friends!" I said,
as I pressed your hand close to mine.

Then we joined your party and sat all
together on the beach. Oh, the joy of
that night—the supreme comfort of
knowing you were with me! Unseen by
the others, you let your hand rest in
mine. All that night I could not sleep
for thinking of you. To the immaculate
moonlight and the everlasting sea I told
my love. Whichever way I looked, I
seemed to see you before me, as I had
seen you so unexpectedly in the *salon* of
the hotel, the lamplight falling on your

soft, brown hair, the face bent down, the
dear eyes never meeting mine.

How I must always love Rocherville
for the sake of the days that followed!
For a week you seemed less sad; but
after that, the old pensive moods came
back very frequently, until there arrived
that never-to-be-forgotten seventh of
September.

It was a bright, gusty day, and we
were walking along the high road, when
heavy raindrops began to come down, so
we took shelter under some trees. The
ground was carpeted with leaves, and on
them we sat down. I came nearer to you
than I had ever dared to do before. Then
my love could no longer be kept under.
I flung my arms about you and you did
not move from me. My lips clung to
your neck; just then, we heard voices of
people we knew approaching, and rising,
we were on the instant once more only
friends. I did not see you alone again
until evening; we had been visiting your
friends, the Stones, you may remember,
and it was my good fortune to see you
back to your hotel. Do you, I wonder,
remember the brilliant moonlight of that
night, and the high west wind bringing
to us, as we walked, the sound and the
smell of the sea? We walked on until
we came to the beach and there we sat
down together. Then, for the first time,
I kissed your lips and felt your kiss
answering mine; then I lay with my head
in your lap, while you leaned above me
and your fingers played in my hair. The
white waves, exulting in their strength,
shimmering in the pure, potent moon-
light, filling the spacious night with
their own wild, matchless music, will be
forever associated in my mind with the
memory of that night.

The next day I called to see you at
your hotel—a wild, windy day it was,
with occasional bursts of rain. A bitter
day for me, my love, that dead day was.

I found you restless and sad, pacing
up and down the room. When I went to
kiss you, you drew back, and I hear
again the tone, half of pity and half of
terror, in which you said, as you shrank
from me: "No, you must not; I have
wronged you enough already. You
must hear me." Then you sat down,
clasped your cold hands closely together,
and told me about yourself and Frank
Leinster. Then I heard that the man
you loved, whose wife you had promised
to be, had, without one word of explana-
tion, left you; that he had last been seen
on his way to France, in the compani-
ship of a woman about whom report did
not speak too favorably; that, notwith-
standing this, you had for five years
cherished the belief that he would, in
the end, return to you, as the only woman
he could ever really love, as he was
the one man that you could ever really
love. All this you told me; and told me
how, the day before, you had been for a
few hours betrayed into thinking that
you would give up all hope of a future
with him and draw from my love what
happiness you could; but that, alas, this
could not be! "Some day," you said, "I
feel certain he will return; for were we
not dear to one another? And then, when
dear, if you were my husband, what
could we do? Would you not suffer even
more than we? Can you forgive me for
having given you false hopes?"

Did I not forgive you, Eva? You let
me kneel beside you and kiss your
hands. Then, just as a child might, you
leaned your head on my shoulder and
the tears came; and so full of pity was I
then, my darling, I hardly felt my own
suffering. I realized how terrible must
have been those long years of vain wait-
ing; how day after day hope would rise,
only to fall stricken at night, when no
word came from him; and still, after all,
hope was not dead. Then I asked you to
let me be your friend—one always long-
ing to do your will; and if, I said, "in
the course of many years he should not
have come, or you should hear of his
marriage, then, perhaps, you will be
mine, though you can never love me as
you loved him."

You answered, with a faint smile
through your tears: "What! do you
think you shall love me like this when I
am old, as I should be then? I am not a
young woman, even now."

"To me," I cried, "you must always
be the same. You will let me be your
friend, then," I pleaded. And you an-
swered, earnestly pressing my hands:
"Yes, my very, very dearest friend in
all the world."

At the end of September you left Nor-
mandy, and shortly after I followed. I
came back to town to find vast masses of
work awaiting me. I wrote hard through
the gray, hopeless days; then how good
it was to come to you in the evening!
What joy, what rest I found in you, my
pure of heart! Of course, seeing us so
much together, people began to talk, to
wonder why we did not marry; but we
cared little what they said. You were
the whole world to me, and you felt me
nearer to you than any but that one.

As I write to you, here in my dreary
room, this gloomy November night, I
have your picture before me and a
packet of your letters. As I turn them
over, what a fragrance seems to escape
from them! Here is one dated the 6th
of December. You write:
"DEAREST FRIEND: I have to pass this
evening with an old school friend. I
shall greatly miss seeing you. More-
over, I am very sad to-day. God bless
you, my friend, for all your tenderness
to me and patience with me; but, dear, I
want to write to you that I can better
write than say. It is that I feel I am
doing you a wrong in letting you devote
yourself to me as you do. I feel still
that he will come back to me; but, if he
does not, could I, even after many years,
marry any one else? I am shadowing
your life with the sorrow of mine. I am
sad. This cruel waiting has worn away
my health. You think me pretty now;
in a little while you will not think me so.
You must try to see less of me—must try

[CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.]

The Michigan Tradesman

AMONG THE TRADE.

GRAND RAPIDS GOSSIP.

Samuel K. Beecher succeeds Beecher & Co. in the grocery business.

Geo. Voorhis succeeds Geo. Voorhis & Co. in the wholesale lumber business.

Francis Van Dugteren has purchased the drug stock of Theo. H. Rathbone, at 79 Plainfield avenue.

W. F. Willemis has removed his general stock from Oakdale Park to the corner of Hall and Clark streets.

M. Torcuette has opened a grocery store at Volney. The Olney & Judson Grocer Co. furnished the stock.

H. M. Patrick has opened a grocery store at Harriette. The stock was furnished by the Olney & Judson Grocer Co.

Speicher & Co. have removed their drug stock from Oakdale Park to the corner of Jefferson avenue and Sycamore street.

W. M. Bale & Co., crockery dealers at Fennville, have added a line of groceries. The Olney & Judson Grocer Co. furnished the stock.

J. L. Thompson, boot and shoe dealer at Harbor Springs, has added a line of groceries. The Olney & Judson Grocer Co. furnished the stock.

The Alba Lumber Co. is settling with its creditors at from 20 to 40 per cent. It is understood that most of the compromises are made on the basis of 35 per cent.

AROUND THE STATE.

Belleville—F. A. Dean, the furniture dealer, is dead.

Beech—Geo. Beveridge succeeds Beveridge & Smith in general trade.

Flint—Gordon & Stevens succeed Gordon Bros. in the bakery business.

Kalkaska—C. S. Ramsey has bought the grocery stock of W. F. Stuart.

Cheboygan—W. A. Lynn succeeds W. A. Lynn & Co. in the meat business.

Allegan—Wm. J. Garrod succeeds Garrod & Messenger in the drug business.

Fowlerville—Frederick Kuhn has sold his hardware stock to T. J. Cook & Co.

Gregory—N. E. Moore succeeds Daniels & Moore in the hardware business.

Bristol—B. D. Payne has sold his general stock of goods to James H. Sutton.

Port Huron—Edward J. Rogers succeeds Rogers & Bernatz in the drug business.

Jackson—C. Schwarz has opened a grocery store at 128 North Mechanic street.

Oxford—Gregg & McCarthy have assigned their general stock to Chas. F. Randall.

Buchanan—Wood & Hoffman are succeeded in the hardware business by Treat & Godfrey.

Waldron—H. T. Du Bois & Co., general dealers, have called a meeting of their creditors.

Eaton Rapids—V. J. Bowers has sold his boot and shoe stock to F. P. Monford, late of Mt. Clemens.

Bay City—Brucker & Co. succeed Brucker, Craig & Co. in the wholesale and retail fruit business.

Ionia—Klingenberg & Slowinski have turned over their stock of tailoring and furnishing goods to creditors.

South Allen—John Herring has sold his grocery stock and grist mill to Bowen & Green, of Litchfield, for \$9,000.

St. Joseph—Hager & Mielke, news dealers, stationers and tobacconists, have been closed under chattel mortgage.

Charlevoix—Geo. L. Beaman, formerly engaged in the drug business here, proposes to start a cigar factory at Ishpeming.

Hartford—L. W. Riegel has bought the confectionery stock of C. Boynton, and is moving it into the building heretofore occupied by Earl Hemenway.

Evart—J. P. Paddock & Co. have dissolved. Mr. Paddock assuming the ownership of the Novelty Mills and John C. Devitt that of the Standard Mills.

Flint—H. D. Sanderson has been admitted to partnership in the dry goods firm of Pierce Bros. & Co. The new firm will be known as Pierce, Sanderson & Co.

Detroit—W. C. Gupp has been admitted to partnership in the wholesale paper business of John B. Price. The new firm will be known as J. B. Price & Co.

Galesburg—Richard W. Wells, traveling salesman for H. E. Bucklen & Co., of Chicago, has purchased the grocery stock of Mrs. E. L. (H. E. Turney, Ag't) Turney.

Nashville—C. L. Walrath has sold his interest in the meat market firm of Downing & Walrath, and the new firm will be called B. B. Downing & Co., Victor Furniss being the Co.

Owosso—John Salisbury succeeds Salisbury Bros. in the boot and shoe business. The retiring partner, David Salisbury, will embark in the boot and shoe business at Lansing.

Howard City—E. G. Pipp has sold his stock of hardware and tinware to E. C. Pelton, late of Esterville, Iowa, who will add to the stock and add a line of agricultural implements, contracting with

the Patrons of Industry. Mr. Pipp retains his boot and shoe business for the present, at least, being undecided as to just how he will conduct the business hereafter.

Muskegon—Geo. H. McKillip and Wm. Wallace have purchased the flour and feed store of the C. Peterson estate, and will deal also in pine and hardwood. Mr. Wallace is the managing partner.

Hillsdale—The stock of dry goods and millinery recently assigned by B. W. Warner to H. B. Claffin & Co., has been sold to Fisher, Eaton & Co., of Toledo, who will reduce the stock here and move the rest to Toledo.

Muskegon—R. P. Anderson, who was formerly in the wholesale commission business, has purchased the stock in the Muskegon Cracker Co. formerly held by C. L. Gunn, Mr. Gunn having resigned his office as Secretary of the company.

Detroit—Parker, Webb & Co., with a capital stock of \$250,000, all paid in, has been incorporated by Willard F. Parker, Albert H. Webb, Richard C. Wilby and George D. Playford, for the purpose of engaging in the wholesale and retail meat business.

Morris—The store of E. F. Purdy was broken into last Tuesday night, and a pair of rubber boots, a pair of gloves, a gold watch belonging to a clerk, and some jewelry, pins, etc., were taken. The young man, an amateur, was easily traced and was apprehended while hunting the next day.

MANUFACTURING MATTERS.

Detroit—The Dwight Lumber Co. succeeds W. M. Dwight & Co.

Detroit—The Michigan Chair and Furniture Co. has sold out to Smith, Day & Co.

South Arm—The Parker Lumber Co. has been incorporated, with a capital stock of \$50,000.

Hudson—G. W. Carter, who has been engaged in the manufacture of carriages for the past thirty-five years, has assigned to Ira Swaney.

Allegan—Wm. Barnes has retired from the Spiral Spring Cart Co. The business will be continued by W. R. Church under the same style.

Saginaw—Kelly & Stowe will cut out square timber on their newly-purchased tract of land at Oquoc. They have thirty-eight men at work.

East Saginaw—W. B. Mershon & Co. are employing 250 men in their box factory and planing mill, and are running a day and a quarter time.

Port Huron—Henry Howard & Co., manufacturers and dealers in lumber, have dissolved. Antwine Maronate retiring and Henry Howard continuing.

Cadillac—F. A. Higgins & Co.'s mill has not yet started up this winter owing to lack of stock. About 750,000 feet of hardwood is on the skids in the woods waiting for snow.

Williamsburg—D. Vinton & Son are doing a heavy hardwood lumbering this winter. They have 500,000 feet of logs on the skids and expect to put in 2,000,000 feet this winter.

Cadillac—W. F. Chittenden, of Machias, N. Y., has purchased an interest in the lumber firm of Chittenden & Herrick. The new firm will be known as Chittenden, Herrick & Co.

Detroit—The Wayne County Electrical Co., with a capital stock of \$10,000, has been incorporated by Charles M. Smith, Edward D. Steff and Thomas Hislop, for the manufacture of electrical apparatus.

Mason—L. D. Irish has, notwithstanding the open winter and bad roads, turned out from the stove mill about 200,000 pork barrel staves, with a prospect of as many more before the season is over.

Detroit—The Moore Lumber Co. has contracted with some of the Tawas mills to saw Canadian pine next season. Emery Bros. will saw some 12,000,000 feet and the other mills will be given all they can handle.

Cadillac—Cobbs & Mitchell have already built and equipped camps for their recent investment in Boon township, and are now actively pushing, cutting and skidding. The logs will be rafted into their mill here as soon as the hauling season begins.

East Saginaw—It is said that J. E. Austin, of Farwell, has associated himself with George M. Brown and S. S. Wilhelm, of this city, and the mill that the two last-named gentlemen intended locating in Ogemaw county will be erected at Standish. The firm has 15,000,000 feet of timber to stock the mill with.

Bank Notes.

W. C. Pond succeeds Pond & Smith as proprietor of the Exchange Bank, at Vicksburg.

The Commercial and Savings Bank of Ludington has been organized, with a capital stock of \$50,000.

David B. Dennis has been elected President of the Coldwater National Bank, left vacant by the death of Hon. George Starr.

The First State Bank of South Haven is simply the First National Bank under a new name, C. J. and L. S. Monroe remaining in charge. That is assurance enough that it will remain as it has been, one of the soundest and most wisely

managed financial institutions in the State.

The Farmers and Mechanics' Bank of Milan has been authorized to do business, with a capital stock of \$25,000.

A new bank with a capital stock of \$200,000 is among the possibilities at Lansing. H. R. Wagar, of Ionia, is pushing the project.

The State Bank of Reading has been organized, with a paid-up capital of \$35,000. H. F. Doty is President and W. B. Northrup Cashier. It will replace the Exchange Bank of Doty & Northrup, which has been running since the failure of C. W. Waldron's bank.

The Charlevoix Journal, in noting the increase in the capital stock of the Charlevoix Savings Bank from \$25,000 to \$40,000, states that the Bank was organized Aug. 4, 1884, when but 60 per cent. of the capital stock—\$15,000—was paid in. On Jan. 7, 1889, the surplus amounted to \$10,000, when the stockholders were issued paid up certificates. The Bank paid two cash dividends during the past year, aggregating 9 per cent.

Purely Personal.

J. A. Lindstrom, Secretary of the Tustin B. M. A., was in town last Friday.

Wilder D. Stevens and N. L. Avery leave on the 24th for a tour of Old Mexico.

Capt. C. G. Perkins, of Henderson, Ky., is in town for the purpose of attending the annual meeting of the Hazeltine & Perkins Drug Co.

Both partners in the wholesale jewelry firm of W. F. & W. M. Wurzburg have gone to Providence and New York to place orders for their spring stock.

P. H. Hoonan, the Reed City druggist, is in town to attend the annual meeting of the Hazeltine & Perkins Drug Co., of which corporation he is a stockholder.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Widdicombe have the heartfelt sympathy of the trade in the death of their youngest daughter, a beautiful child of five years, who died Sunday evening and was buried Monday afternoon.

J. L. Thompson, the Harbor Springs merchant, was in town several days last week. He was suffering from a severe attack of the prevailing epidemic, but managed to find time to purchase a new grocery stock.

James Fox, formerly engaged in the wholesale grocery business here, but now a resident of Denver, Colo., has purchased the interest of Mr. Phillips in the extract and perfumery business of Warren & Phillips at that place. The new firm will be known as the Warren Manufacturing Co.

Grippeak Brigade.

W. D. Clark, representing Parke, Davis & Co., of Detroit, was in town over Sunday.

Duff Jennings, formerly with the Dingman Soap Co., but more recently with the Schulte Soap Co., is now on the road for W. J. Gould & Co.

Louis Immeget and M. M. Mallory played the Siamese twin act last week, and are continuing the combination this week, to the delight and satisfaction of all concerned.

Ben. F. Parmenter and family return thanks to the Grand Rapids Traveling Men's Association for the handsome floral offering sent to the house on the occasion of their recent bereavement.

"The drummer—bless his jolly face—has goodly right to fame; no matter what his creed or race, he glories in the name. He's open-hearted, brave and kind, and loves a noble deed. In him ill luck will always find a friend in time of need."

The Annual Social Party.

At the meeting of the traveling men, held at Sweet's Hotel last Saturday evening, it was decided to hold the annual social party at the Ionia street armory on Friday evening, February 11. The management of the affair was placed in the hands of the following committees:

Invitations—Geo. F. Owen, J. N. Bradford, Jno. D. Uttman, Geo. H. Seymour.

Reception—L. M. Mills, A. D. Baker, Wm. Logie, Byron Davenport, Wm. K. Manley, J. L. Strelitsky, W. G. Hawkins, Valda A. Johnston, W. F. Blake, Manley Jones, D. S. Haugh, Sam. B. Taylor, F. L. Kelly, J. F. O. Reed, A. B. Cole, C. C. Crawford.

Banquet—Geo. F. Owen, John D. Uttman, Geo. H. Seymour.

Floor—Chas. F. McLain, Chas. S. Robinson, Chas. M. Falls, Sam. Morrison.

Door—W. H. Jennings, Thos. Ferguson, P. Reynolds.

Flushing Items.

P. of I. seem to be on the decline here. They are making preparations for La Grippe, and are figuring with Menzer of Flint to supply the furniture and coffins.

Bro. Partridge, State Vice-President of the P. of I., was not promoted at the State Grange meeting. He is losing his grip.

I will give you the names of the Detroit and Saginaw firms who are furnishing dry goods and groceries to P. I. stores next week. I will also give you a little history of W. A. Russel, of New Lathrop, one of the anointed.

Mr. McConnell, now on the road for

Sprague, Warner & Co. of Chicago, is said to be selling the P. I. store here.

P. of I. Gossip.

Wright correspondence Coopersville Observer: "The P. I.'s have an easy matter to secure two or three hundred members, for they take them as they come, men, women and children."

J. I. Vanderhoof, of Chapin, who contracted with the P. of I. a few weeks ago, has failed. After shipping a quantity of pork for several farmers around Chapin, he left for parts unknown.

Mt. Pleasant Enterprise: "The P.'s of I. should be careful of the villages and cities. Destroy them and you destroy the value of your market. Down with trusts and combinations of every kind, but look well to the interests and prosperity of the community in which you live."

Marshall Statesman: "About a dozen representatives of the Patrons of Industry were in the city Monday for the purpose of renewing their contracts with the merchants who signed for 1889. We have not succeeded in learning without doubt, but we are quite sure that the Patrons were disappointed everywhere."

Marshall Statesman: "There can be no doubt that every farmer, artisan, laborer, or other person, who persistently sells his produce, labor, or results of his labor, for cash only, and always pays spot cash for what he buys, will secure all the financial benefits which the Patrons of Industry organization promises those who become members of their associations. Of course, there are social benefits to be derived from the gathering of neighbors and friends in all such societies, but that these can be had at a comparatively small cost by means of literary societies has been clearly demonstrated during the past few years by the half dozen organizations in the eastern part of this county—notable among which are the Union Literary Society, of Eckford, Albion and Marengo; the Riverside Club, of Sheridan and Albion; the Marengo Literary Society; and the Maybe Society, of South Albion and Homer. The promise of financial gain to the individual members through the Patrons of Industry, or any similar society, is a myth. We believe the credit system of doing business, which by sufferance has become so thoroughly rooted to the very life of the people, is the real cause of the present financial depression, and that nothing short of the total abolition of the system will make business of any nature perfectly satisfactory."

New York Merchants' Review: "The organization of farmers bearing the title of Patrons of Industry has interfered considerably with the trade of retail merchants in Michigan and several Western States, either by the establishment of farmers' stores for the sale of produce and merchandise, or by special arrangements made with one or two merchants in a neighborhood whereby the latter agree to sell to members of the order at a special rate—10 per cent. above actual cost, we believe. Experience has shown that the latter method, though apparently preferable of the two for the merchant, is a delusion and a snare; that the merchants who have tried it invariably regretted that they did so. The inducements held out to the dealers, however, have been so plausible that had it not been for the enterprise of THE MICHIGAN TRADESMAN in exposing the scheme, no doubt many more merchants would have been deluded. That sterling journal has devoted column after column to the Patrons of Industry and their peculiar methods, and at present it looks as though the danger is past, as far as the legitimate merchant is concerned. If there should be any dealer so verdant as to believe that there is a chance of profit in an arrangement with the Patrons on the terms mentioned above, a perusal of THE TRADESMAN for a couple of weeks will dissipate such a thought."

A Question of Salaries.

DETROIT, Jan. 10, 1890.
Editor Michigan Tradesman.
To correct an erroneous report that is being circulated by some of the traveling men of your city and vicinity, &c., that our firm have hired some low-salaried men to travel for us this year, we want to say that it is false in every particular. We pay our old men more this year, and our new men from \$1,000 to \$1,300. We believe we pay 10 per cent. more for salaries for traveling men this year than any grocery house in Michigan, and if any person is interested enough to put up \$100, we will furnish a like amount, the \$200 to go for the benefit of the Traveling Men's Association if they prove our assertion to be incorrect. To those who have busied themselves in this matter we want to say now, put up or shut up. Yours very truly,
PHELPS, BRACE & Co.

A Thrifty Druggist.

Druggist—James, I wish you would be particularly careful about your prescriptions this week.
James—Yes, sir; I'm always as careful as possible, sir.
Druggist—Be especially particular not to use arsenic by mistake when you are putting up quinine pills.
James—I trust that my regard for human life would prevent me making such a stupid blunder.
Druggist—That's all very well, as far as it goes, but I see by this morning's paper that arsenic is way up, and we don't want to waste any.

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.

After the Honeymoon.

She—You do not love me any more!
Oh, but I do!
Oh, no! no! You used to take half an hour to button my shoes, and now you do it in two minutes.

Portraits for the Holidays.

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

The P. & B. cough drops give great satisfaction.

FOR SALE, WANTED, ETC.

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

BUSINESS CHANCES.

FOR SALE—AN ESTABLISHED MANUFACTURING business, paying from 100 to 150 per cent. profit on product; manufactures a specially sold to grocery and hardware trade; no competition and are of the best quality offered to the trade; reason for selling, owner has too much outside business to give this proper attention; an excellent opportunity to a person desiring an established manufacturing business, growing daily. Price, \$10,000. Address: Lock Box 556, Lacrosse, Wis.

FOR SALE—CLEAN STOCK OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE, situated in a lively railway town in the Grand Traverse region; stock will inventory about \$5,000, but can be considerably reduced; present owners have other business and will turn over to purchasers all their mill trade; will rent or sell store. Address: "C," care Michigan Tradesman.

FOR SALE—HARDWARE STOCK, INVENTORING about \$4,000, doing a very prosperous business; can reduce the stock to suit purchaser; best of reason for selling. Address: A. L. Paine & Co., Reed City, Mich.

FOR SALE—STOCK OF CLOTHING, FURNISHING goods and hats and caps in the best city of 6,000 inhabitants in the State; other business; no trade taken. W. R. Dennis & Co., Cadillac, Mich.

IF YOU WANT TO EXCHANGE YOUR STOCK OF goods for a farm, large or small, write to No. 563, care Michigan Tradesman.

FOR SALE—DRUG STORE—STOCK INVENTORIES about \$3,000, sales \$10,000 per year; good location; population of village, 4,000; easy terms. Address: No. 561, care Tradesman.

FOR SALE—CLEAN STOCK OF DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, boots and shoes, hardware and drugs, situated in good trading point; will inventory about \$2,000; sales for past three years, \$42,000; reason for selling, owner has other business. Address: No. 559, care Michigan Tradesman.

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

WANTED—I WANT TO CONSOLIDATE STOCKS with a man who has a good trade; I have a stock of clothing worth \$5,000 and thoroughly understand the business. Address: No. 555, care Michigan Tradesman.

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

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

FOR SALE—WE OFFER FOR SALE, ON VERY favorable terms, the F. H. Scott drug stock, at 74 Canal street, Grand Rapids, Hazeltine & Perkins Drug Co. Price, \$4,000.

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

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

SITUATIONS WANTED.
WANTED—SITUATION BY REGISTERED PHARMACEUTIST or would buy interest in desirable drug business. Address 569, care Michigan Tradesman.

WANTED—SITUATION IN DRY GOODS OR GROCERY store; four years' experience; good references. Address No. 564, care Michigan Tradesman.

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

M. J. GRINER, DEALER IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE, dry goods, groceries, hats, caps, boots, shoes and patent medicines. Print and Nessen City, Mich.

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

SAMPLES OF TWO KINDS OF COUPONS FOR 10 retailers will be sent free to any dealer who will write for them to the Sutfill Coupon Pass Book Co., Albany, N. Y.

FOR SALE.

THE ENTIRE STOCK OF

DRY GOODS,

Notions and Fixtures

Of John J. Timmer, Muskegon, Mich., the appraised value of which is \$2,300. Will be sold at a great bargain.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS, APPLY TO

SPRING & COMPANY,

Grand Rapids, Mich.

DRY GOODS, HOSIERY,

NOTIONS, UNDERWEAR,

19 & 21 SOUTH DIVISION ST.,

GRAND RAPIDS, - MICH.

Exclusive Jobbers of

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GRAND RAPIDS, - MICH.

Exclusive Jobbers of

DRY GOODS, HOSIERY,

NOTIONS, UNDERWEAR,

The appointment of Chas. Buncher, of Detroit, to succeed himself as a member of the Insurance Policy Commission, will be very generally commended by the business men of the State. Mr. Buncher rendered the insuring public an invaluable service in the adoption of a standard form of insurance policy, and his continuance on the Commission is a graceful recognition of his efforts at that time.

Some one once remarked that "the mills of the gods grind slowly but they grind exceedingly fine," and the Patrons of Industry are beginning to realize the truth of the aphorism. The channels of trade may be diverted from their original courses for a time, but just as sure as water seeks its own level, just so sure will the old channels be resumed and trade follow its former bent. THE TRADESMAN is not arguing that what-ever is, is right—far from it! It firmly believes that there are wrongs to be righted, and plenty of them; that there are abuses in trade which ought to be eradicated, root and branch; but such reforms are not brought about in a day, nor are the crusades which end in victory begun by irresponsible and avaricious schemers. A project born in iniquity and encouraged by the ignorant and debased—even though the rank and file is composed of honest people—may flourish for a time, but its career will be meteoric and without beneficial results to anyone. This is the reason why the Patrons of Industry are vanishing faster than new recruits are coming into the field, giving ground for the belief that one year hence the organization will be numbered among the things that were.

An Insurance Question.

From the Shoe and Leather Gazette.

In the adjustment of a loss caused by a recent fire in St. Louis, a serious question presented itself, and it is of so important a character that every business man has a personal interest in its solution.

One of the burned-out establishments saved its books, but lost its bills and invoices, and when a claim for the insurance was made, the agent of the company demanded the showing of the bills to prove the value of the goods and machinery that had been burned, notwithstanding the fact that in placing insurance upon the property he had accepted its valuation at a time when, if he had so desired, he could have seen the bills and invoices on file in the office of the establishment. That was the proper time for an inspection of the property upon which the risk was to be taken. It is a grievous wrong, after an untimely fire has extended to and consumed a man's property, to require the insured to furnish proofs that were not previously deemed necessary, and also throw upon the unfortunate victim the burden of proof at the very time when, through the occurrence of the ever-possible fire that he had insured against, it may be absolutely impossible to secure the required proofs.

There should be a law compelling insurance companies to inspect the property at the time the insurance is placed, and the valuation fixed at that period ought to be accepted by the company if it afterwards becomes necessary through the total destruction of such property to adjust the loss; unless, of course, the company had positive evidence to warrant it in the belief that some of the property had been disposed of since the issuance of the policy. Without this, or some other safeguard, no business man has any guarantee that his insurance will be paid to him promptly and without recourse to the courts; while, on the other hand, the delay may cause his complete ruin financially.

Business men cannot exercise too much caution in insuring their property, and it will be a small but very wise investment if every merchant has a competent attorney inspect his insurance policy before he accepts it.

Another New Ism.

Antipyrinism is the name of a new malady caused by the abuse of the latest fashionable drug, antipyrine. In a lecture delivered just before Christmas at the Sorbonne, the university of Paris, Dr. P. Regnard, who is one of the most eminent medical authorities in France, uttered an emphatic warning against the abuse of antipyrine. It is well known that excessive smoking produces narcotism; the abuse of alcohol gives rise to alcoholism, and that of morphine to morphinism. In the same way, the injudicious use of cocaine is followed by cocaineism, and there are at the present moment a number of patients in the Paris hospitals under treatment for this malady. With regard to antipyrine, Dr. Regnard admits that it does wonders in cases of great nervousness, and that it is praised by the patients. But he points out that in disturbing and arresting the natural action of the nerves by a chemical substance, although that action may be accompanied by very great pain, the penalty for such interference will have to be paid sooner or later. And the penalty in question is a horrible one, for among the numerous evils to which the excessive use of antipyrine gives rise are epileptic fits.

HOW FORTUNES ARE MADE.

Some of the Prevailing Business Tendencies Likely to Bring Success.

Extracts from the New York Tribune.

Why do men succeed in business, and why do men fail, with the equal advantage of being born poor? He would need a wise man who could satisfactorily answer this question. The longer one lives and the greater the opportunity to study the problems that surround us, the more difficult does it appear to be to solve questions apparently so simply as this. In this country of abundant opportunity, the chance of success for a business man would seem to be so great that failure is almost inexcusable. Yet the percentage of failures to that of success in a series of years is always surprisingly large, and it is a most natural and interesting subject of inquiry why it should be so. The ordinary estimate of what real business would make it appear to consist almost solely in supplying each other's wants. The vast aggregation of people in the civilized world would seem to be either producing, handling, buying, selling, paying, distributing, or in some other sense employed in the supplying of some want in the human family, each thus employed being at the same time the recipient of a like service from his fellow beings.

The sagacity would seem to be of an ordinary character that would enable one to buy cheap on the one hand and to sell dear on the other, and to have between these two essential operations of trade a margin sufficient to yield a living and an eventual competence. Now, when it is realized that the world is as old as it is, and when the sciences of the rocks and the stars have reached a point so marvelous and so accurate as to tell long ages and vast distances to a precise point, it is not singular, in this age of figures, that the art has not been discovered by which the wants of the human family could be measured. Why should disaster and loss and failure be constantly met with in this attempt to answer these wants? Why should not the sources of supply be so perfectly understood, or regulated so precisely to suit the demand, that the excess would never be created by which profit would be destroyed, or loss incurred? It would seem as if a period had arrived in the education of the human race when the class to whom had been committed, by the law of natural selection, the duty of transferring merchandise and money from one hand to another, would so thoroughly fathom all the possibilities that profit would be certain and failure impossible.

But such is not the case. The vast commerce of the world seems to be an utterly unregulated quantity. Competition is the most potent force of the hour. Whether it is trading muskrat skins for food in a remote settlement, or obtaining on credit a year's supply for a farmer's family from the country store; whether it is the millions of annual sales in a jobbing house in New York or Chicago, or the building of a thousand miles of railroad; whether it is the importation from foreign lands of cargoes for the supply of known wants, or the baseless operations in options or futures in purely speculative markets—all these operations, little or big, are in direct competition, one with another, without organization, without accuracy of knowledge and without certainty of profit in the long run. True, distinctive transactions are consummated with a knowledge of prices—often times with an accurate acquaintance with the extent of the supply and the probability of demand, and if there was nothing to consider but the act of buying at one price and selling at another, the business of the trader would not be so complex as to involve disaster and loss. Yet simple as exchange and barter seems to be, the laws which regulate it, the circumstances which surround it, and the difficulties which stand in the way of universal success, make the really successful business man as rare as the great scholar, the astute statesman, or the most ingenious inventor.

It is true that the growth of wealth, so marked on this continent, finds its exemplification in the growth of individual fortunes. But it by no means follows that this rapidity of accumulation is the result of individual shrewdness, or the display of a higher form of business sagacity than ordinarily prevails. Some men are born under conditions that highly favor fortune; some seem almost to be born lucky. Not a few of the great fortunes of the day have come to their possessors in spite of themselves; some are the result of a direct violation of the presumed correct laws of commerce, while others have followed from the irresistible development in the resources of the country; others from the invention of a useful device, and still others from a policy of the Government which enforces a system of taxation by which, at the expense of many, a great advantage is conferred upon a few. It will thus be seen that to define why men succeed in business is in a certain sense to define the circumstances in which their lot is cast, and the favorable or adverse conditions that surround them. The task to set forth the reasons for success in individual cases is all the more difficult, when it is often discovered that the rich men of many localities are not the able men; that the industrious, frugal and energetic men are not always the most blessed with this world's goods; but that the least likely, the least enterprising, the least far-seeing, are apparently the most successful. This circumstance, that it is often the stupidest that are the richest, adds interest to the constant inquiry—What are the elements of success?

Perhaps it will always be found that some great principle underlies all successful careers, whether success be achieved by real ability or stumbled into by stupidity. Some may say, and with truth, that the man who keeps near to the shore has his affairs well in hand, seldom owes much never embarks into an enterprise without counting its cost—an enterprise observes these simple rules lays broad the foundations of success. But when the youth looks abroad and singles out the great fortunes that impress the world, he will find that these have been created by a policy widely different from this narrow one. He probably thinks that if he can discover the key by which the door was opened for the happy possessors of these vast accumulations, he, too, may follow in their

steps. But he will find that each age, nay, almost each generation, furnishes conditions and maxims peculiar to itself. With the introduction of such forces as steam, machinery and electricity, the laws which prevailed fifty years ago no longer avail. This is aptly shown in the remark of the French economist, who said: "In ancient days, when fortunes were made by war, war was a business; in these later days, when fortunes are made by business, business is war." The differences in conditions thus referred to are not more widely marked than the conditions which prevail in business almost within half a life-time. Poor Richard's maxims, good in themselves and the basis of many a fortune, will hardly apply nowadays, for in this age of rapid money making the very great fortunes of the hour have been achieved without the slightest reference to principles so homely and so simple as those of Franklin's time, fortunes now existing yielding incomes every year that in his day would have been ample reward for a life-time.

The fortunes that fill the public eye to-day are largely the result of combination, while those which were achieved in the days of our fathers were the result of competition. Co-operation of capital, in the shape of organized efforts, by the construction of works too large for individual enterprise, has been the outgrowth of liberal laws, whereby wide powers have been granted and individual liability limited. Individual effort has thus been enormously supplemented, while, as is always the case, one or two leading minds in each organization have dominated the rest, achieving by co-operation what would have been impossible by personal effort. It is not quite clear whether the result has been to lessen the chance of individual achievement, or to narrow the field to some extent for those who are out of the range of co-operative influence. But it is certain that the result further consequence has been the result of competition among organizations thus created, for while competition between organizations may have destroyed the chance of a profit of each, it has not infrequently rendered it possible to combine organizations one with another, until now such combinations form the basis of fortunes phenomenal even in this golden age. The axiom that "where competition was possible consolidation was probable" illustrates a tendency of the time fruitful of fortunes, these being created by combinations of existing combinations.

Thus the wealth of the Vanderbilt family first found its greatest additions in the union of competing railway systems entering New York. In time these were added to by connections extending West, and subsequently solidified and strengthened by the purchase of competing enterprises, until to-day a system of transportation, essential to the growth of this great country, is in the control of the grandchildren of the original combiner, which, for extent, area of population served, productiveness of territory and completeness of service, is unparalleled in any other country in the world; with revenues greater than those from many a government; with profits centered in a single family larger than those enjoyed by lines of kings, and more certainly susceptible of increase than dreamed of by the founder of any dynasty in ancient or modern times. How much of this vast aggregation is the result of individual effort no one now can tell. How far it will limit or circumscribe individual pursuit in the future in competition with it, it is easy to see. True, combinations of enterprises so widely operative as the great fields of employment for great numbers, but whether the employee is ever entirely successful man, as the world estimates success, making the most of his abilities and energies, will be doubted by the ambitious reader.

The great fortunes of the Standard Oil group of money-makers is the direct result of combination in industrial pursuits, the tendency toward which is one of the most marked features of the hour, and without considering which it is useless to attempt to describe why men in this day succeed. In this organization practical control is secured of an article of prime necessity, and by the exercise of rare business capacity, it is produced in quality safer, by processes cheaper, distributed better and at less cost, and applied to a greater variety of uses, than could be possible under competition. There are numerous other departments of industrial activity in which combination is as essential as the sun, if profit is to be secured, as in white lead, bagging, sugar, cottonseed, glass, wire, steel rails, window-glass, envelopes, and other equally important but less known operations of similar character. For, while the public mind is agitated over this tendency and the press vainly seeks to stop it by condemnation, and Legislatures by adverse legislation, the fact is apparent that, while the liberty of the citizen remains, he must trade with his fellows on such terms as will yield a return; and the business combinations, trusts and the like will go on creating more fortunes, frequently reducing prices, and achieving more beneficial results than the keenest competition or the wildest speculation. The anxious seeker for guidance in fortune making must bear this growing tendency in mind as the new development in the battle of giant for the highest prizes. In former times the belief was universal that competition was the life of trade. To-day its excess is regarded as the death of profit. A thousand influences have brought about this reversal of conditions, and it must not be ignored in contemplating the way of success for the coming generation. Again, referring to the forces of steam, electricity and machinery, the enormously increased power of production, the equally great increase in the facility of transportation and distribution, a revolution has occurred in which all the avenues of effort seem unduly crowded. In the professions, in banking, and especially in business pursuits, the number employed has reached a point far in excess of a possibility of profit. There is hardly a locality in which the number of stores and business establishments could not be reduced by one-third, to the great advantage of all concerned; and it has been suggested that if one-third of the entire business population were to be supported by the other two-thirds, the profit possible by the saving of the waste of competition

would be greater than where all were attempting to live out of a business yielding no adequate return.

Other great groups of fortunes most familiar to the public are those of Mr. Jay Gould, mainly the result of combinations in telegraphs and railroads; of Governor Stanford and his associates on the Pacific Coast, by the advance in values from railroad building; the Canadian Pacific magnates, based on the purchase of Northwestern properties in the United States at a period of their greatest depression, and numerous other instances, whereby the grant of privileges of transportation has been contributory to vast accumulations, while at the same time great losses have been incurred by individual stockholders by unwise expansions in the same direction. The money sunk in competitive railroad construction and operation in the last ten years far exceeds the amount made by the great public during that period; but the shrewd manipulations of the subsequent operators, who aim at combination, illustrate the point that it is by consolidation rather than by competition that fortunes are now-a-days made.

The prospect for the young fortune hunter is not, therefore, a cheerful one, and to attempt to set before him why men succeed and why men fail, with an ardent desire to help him to safe conclusions, seems a hopeless task. It has been shown that by combinations fortunes are made, and by competition they are lost. Even this tendency, in these times, restricts the chances and opportunities, and it would seem as if the poor boys of the present generation will hardly have the chances of the men who preceded them. The invention of the Canadian, Alexander Bell, in the telephone, imparting a facility of instantaneous communication, hardly less character in which to duplicate the fortunes made in that splendidly administered organization, the Bell Telephone Company. The south shore of Lake Superior will hardly develop another copper mine like the Calumet and Hecla, which in a quarter of a century has yielded \$30,000,000 on a capitalization of \$2,500,000. The nickel that is now being mined at Sudbury Junction, on the north shore of Lake Superior, at a profit of \$1,000 a day, for a group of Cleveland capitalists, will supply the demand to such an extent that opportunities in nickel will be pretty well filled up. The profits of railroad building and of railroad operating appear to have reached a climax for some years to come, and what new field for this peculiar class of activity is open it is difficult to discover. The boom in real estate, in which many fortunes have been made, one would think had reached its safety point, conceiving that there is on the one hand an unlimited supply of land and on the other a considerable limitation in the demand. If this is all true, the conditions are hardly so favorable for fortune making in the future as in the past, and there is, therefore, all the greater need for the exercise of the best ability and the greatest energy.

Meantime, the success in fortune-making in the generation now in possession of the fields of effort, and gradually passing away, has removed the necessity in numerous instances for similar pursuits in the generation now coming forward. There are in the United States more rich young men and rich young women, ready to share their wealth with partners for life, than it was ever estimated there could be in a period so short in the history of the country. This is less true everywhere, and especially the tendency toward crowding into the cities and towns. The absence of stimulus for effort, which follows the possession of wealth, in time will lessen the number of those who strive for the worthy achievement of success, and, except in the mere duty of holding onto what has already been accumulated, rich men's sons and daughters need not be expected to do more than occupy the field held by their fathers, while even

this poor satisfaction is denied to not a few of them. The belief that "in America there are only three generations between shirt sleeves and shirt sleeves," remains to be fully demonstrated, and the prediction remains to be fulfilled that "every third American must go back to the soil." The most difficult thing to keep by the average man is money, and the ease with which fortunes are dissipated by speculation, injudicious investment, or mistaken judgment, by extravagance and idleness, make it reasonably certain that, hard as it has been for the rich fathers to make fortunes, it will be a great deal harder for the sons to keep them.

It is just here where comes the advantage of being born poor. No better preparation exists for making one's way than having a way to make. The stimulus of effort from poverty, the necessity of industry, the advantage of thrift and the achievements possible alone to energy of character, are all heritages of the poor young man, better fitting him for the battle of life than a fortune left him by the efforts of others. How best with the advantage of being born reasonably poor to unlock the golden gates of fortune in these days it would be vain even to attempt to say. But this is certain, that to those who are quick to take advantage of every opportunity the prize will come the soonest. Employment is the first essential, it matters not at what. In the field, on the farm, in the workshop, in the office, on the street, work is the one essential preparation for all future life. Hard work, honest work, the kind of work that makes one's employer pleased, that wins the confidence of superiors, is what is possible to every young man. Instead of waiting, like poor old Micawber, for "something to turn up," he should turn it up himself, and push forward even a wheelbarrow with energy, and the pride of doing it better to-day than it was done yesterday. To live within the income earned, no matter how small, is a safe way; always to keep a little ahead, even if ever so little, so that it grows, is the basis of a thousand fortunes. Not to let the hours and days step by without a gain in material, mental and physical possession is the surest road to self-reliance on the one hand, and on the other to the confidence of those who will soon have it in their power to show an appreciation of real merit.

The world is wider than ever before for honest effort. The facilities of business expand its operations enormously; men must be had upon whom reliance can be placed, men of character, of training, of industry and of brains, and even yet there is no royal road to fortune except that which the humblest, the poorest and even the richest can attain.

No Nickels for Virginia City.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

"This talk about introducing copper cents in San Francisco reminds me of the attempts made to bring five-cent pieces into circulation in Virginia City," said General Daniel O'Connell.

"A dime has always been the smallest coin there, and the nickels that men brought in their pockets from California had either to stay there or be thrown away. No one in Virginia City would compromise the dignity of the place by accepting them. Finally, a dry goods merchant returned from the city with a lot of the half-dimes. He didn't want to lose them, so he advertised a great 20-cent sale. His scheme was to give the nickels in change for the quarters that would be tendered for his bargains. Well, do you know, sir, that as soon as the ladies got onto his scheme they just boycotted his place, and within two months he had to close his shop. That stopped the nickel business, and to this day a dime is the smallest change you can get on the Comstock. If there is fifteen cents in change coming to you, you lose five cents, and if you complained the whole town would jeer at you."

BLIVEN & ALLYN,

Sole Agents for the Celebrated

"BIG F" Brand of Oysters.

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

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

PERKINS & HESS

DEALERS IN

Hides, Furs, Wool & Tallow,

NOS. 122 and 124 LOUIS STREET, GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN.

WE CARRY A STOCK OF CAME TALLOW FOR MILL USE.

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.

Wall Paper and Window Shades.

House and Store Shades Made to Order.

NELSON BROS. & CO.,

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HEADQUARTERS FOR

FLORIDA ORANGES, LEMONS, NUTS, ETC.

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

A LETTER TO EVA.
(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

to take interest in some woman happier and younger than I am. I shall be lonely when I see you less often; but I shall know that it is best for you. As tired children long to go to bed and sleep, so it seems to me that I long to be out of the pain of living. I think sometimes that will be before very long.

"Because you are not coming to me this evening, do not pass the time in working. You looked ill yesterday. We shall miss each other, I know; but I know, too, that it is for the best."

Did you not know, my love, that I would not, could not, keep away from you? Do you remember how sometimes we would sit together quite silently through the long winter twilights, seeing visions in the fire? I can hear your voice come softly through the twilight, "Are you tired, dear?" Tired! Was I ever tired in your presence?

To me that winter passed like a troubled yet happy dream. To love you had been the supreme revelation of my life. I had before been, as it were, my own prison-house. It was you who broke down the bars; you who led me out into God's light; you who made me know the divine possibilities of life. Had I not reason to worship you, my heart's queen?

Do you remember that April day when we took our first spring drive together? You were gay that day, my poor darling—in one of your glad, childlike moods. To me you would always remain young. It was the day that we went over Hampton Court together. A few days ago I went there by myself. Along the paths I seemed to see flutter again the hem of your dress. In the palace I seemed to have a vision of you standing before a favorite picture. I got strangely in people's way, I know, being blind to all but that vision of you.

When the third year of our friendship had passed, and still he came not, stronger than you knew grew in me the divine hope of making you my wife. Yet I reproached myself for being glad, knowing how you pined for him—for that other man. Did I think that my love might, in the end, come to make you love me more? Perhaps I did. You never, I think, really understood just how well I loved you. Yet that I loved you well, you did certainly know. Sometimes you would say, so piteously, with that sad look in your eyes:

"No one, I think, will ever be as good to me as you are. It is not often that a man loves a woman as you love me."

Ah! but when before had there been such a woman to love?

You can hardly forget the 1st of May, 1871. I had sat up all the past night working, and came to you to be rested and refreshed. I was strangely alive, as people often are for a while when they have been sitting up through the night. What a spring day that was—a haze of heat hung in the windless air! It was a day when sounds could be heard with wonderful distinctness. Long after he had passed the house, we could hear a man, with a barrow, crying, "Fine flowers, fine flowers—all a-blowing, all a-growing!" And you said the sound lingered in the air as if it had not strength enough wholly to pass away. Your rooms that day were fragrant with blossoms. You wore a soft, blue, clinging dress, such as I loved.

Do you remember how, before I could prevent, you came and knelt down by me, and said, laying your dear, old hands on mine: "I have been thinking of many things. I am not happy as things are. Dear, if I give you all that I can—all that has been saved out of my existence—do you still care to make me your wife?"

You know what answer I made—with what rapture I folded you to my heart, to be at last my very own. How happy I meant to make you! Ah, that was my life's crowning day!

We arranged the marriage for early in October. Yet, my love, I knew even in those days that though you took the shelter of my love, and longed to make me happy, you still remembered that other man. Often I saw that your gaze was forced; I saw, as it were, the tears quivering behind the smile. When we were silent, there would come into your eyes a strange, far-away look, and at such times I knew that you were with him. Was I pained? Was I not proud to be anything to you? Had you loved me as I loved you I could not have suffered for you. I did not hint to you that I knew how often your heart was far away from me, and you were grateful, I know, for my silence. As the days went on, your health failed more and more. It was the last day of July that you went, for change of air, to visit a relative at Dover. Dover is dear to me, for your sake, ever since, yet sad withal now as a graveyard where the heart's beloved are buried.

Were you wasting away? Were you going to die? The cold drops stood on my forehead at the thought. I remember how, one day when I had gone out thinking to take a long walk to induce sleep at night, these tears so possessed me that I turned straight back, and, entering the room where you were, found you lying on the sofa, and crying softly to yourself; only because you were weak, you said, drawing my face down to yours—your dear face, wet with tears. It was that day that I persuaded you to go to Dover, where I soon followed you, arranging to go up to town once a fortnight for consultation with my publishers regarding some works then in progress.

What strange, sweet, sad months were those of August and September! We were to be married the 2nd of October. The sea air seemed not to do you good. The good it ought. Should I lose you before you had ever really been mine? I suppose it was good for me that I had to work. I used to hurry through the mornings feverishly, and then go to you. How sweet you always were—sad as death, I used to think sometimes, but sweet as the after-piece of heaven! One day I could bear it no longer. I knelt down beside you, and I cried out:

"Eva, is my love killing you? For God's sake, tell me the truth."

Oh, how sad your voice was when you answered me, and it seemed to come like

a whisper from some far place beyond my reach. You said:

"No, dear, no! It will save me if anything can." And then you said, over again, still more faintly, "If anything can," and you put out your hands to me, and I saw how the bracelets fell back from the little, wasted, blue-veined wrists, and realized more than ever what a mere shadow of your former self you were. But I thought no more of giving you up. You had said that my love could save you if anything could, and I clung to that. Of what use was I in the world but to save you—to help you—even if it did so had been to break my own heart? I looked forward with a feverish, unreasonable hope to our marriage, that when I could take you foolishly, that when I could take you into my life, and amidst new scenes, all up your time with new interests, you would forget at last—you, with your passionate, faithful heart!

I remember—God pity me, how well I remember!—the 30th day of that September! I spent the whole day with you. I was going to London early the next morning, to make the last arrangements for our marriage, then so high. I gave myself, that day, a long holiday with you. I thought you seemed a little better. I read to you in the morning, while you lay on the sofa, some poems that we both loved. "The Haystack in the Floods" was among them, and your eyes kindled at that with something of their old fire. In the afternoon I drove you myself for miles along the sea, and we listened to it, throbbing its heart out against the shore, as you said. Then, when the tide began to ebb, and a low wind, sad with prophecy, arose, I took you home.

That night when I bade you good-bye I held you close in my arms. I, your lover, so soon to be your husband. I kissed your dear, consenting lips; but all the time the far-away look never left your eyes, and a pang pierced me, for I felt that some presence I could not see came between you and my kisses. And yet what a good night that was, if I had only known!

The next morning I went up to town; and, first of all, I went to leave some copy at my publishers'. There quite a packet of letters was handed to me, and the first one I looked at gave me a sensation something as if I had seen a ghost. It was the very peculiar, unforgettable handwriting of a man who had been my closest friend at Oxford, yet of whom I had lost sight utterly, since, a year or two after our university days were over, he had gone to America for his health. I do not believe much in presentiments, but there was something in the very touch of that letter which gave me a cold chill. I opened it, and this was what I read:

"MY DEAR ARCHER: I have long lost you from sight, though not from memory; but I will not stop to fill up the gaps now, except so far as is necessary to what I have to say. I pretty well recovered my health in America, studied medicine, and have got on well. Last spring I found myself getting run down again, and I put myself in the hands of a friend, and came abroad for the summer. I have spent the last two months in Paris, and here I have formed an intimacy with a French physician, who asked me, three days ago, to go with him to the hospital to see a very interesting patient—a countryman of my own, just released from long incarceration in a French prison. I went with a languid sort of interest, and found—is not truth always stranger than fiction?—Frank Leinster, a friend of long ago, of whom, however, you have never heard me speak, as we met first on the steamer that carried me to America, whither he was bound for a pleasure trip. I was very ill during the voyage, and he nursed me like a brother, and with that our intimacy began. When he returned to England, we corresponded for a time, but a little more than eight years ago sudden silence on his part fell between us, and I have never heard of him since till I found him, three days ago, lying more dead than alive on a patient bed in a French hospital. Since then I have learned his story.

"He was always a half-mad Republican in theory, and at one time he got himself naturalized as a French citizen, and joined a secret communistic or socialistic association, binding himself by all sorts of oaths to obey, on the instant, the orders of his superiors. At the time of his mysterious disappearance he was suddenly summoned to Paris. He went in company with a Madame Vautrin, a fellow-conspirator, no sooner had he reached Paris than he was betrayed by a spy who had been set to watch his movements, and thrown into prison. He was only released six days ago.

"Figure to yourself what those eight years would have been to any man. They were something worse to him. He was engaged to a woman whom he adored. Her name was Eva Linton. When he started at an hour's notice for France, he meant to write to her the moment of his arrival, but he was arrested before he had even reached his hotel. For eight years she has had every reason to believe him faithless. She is married, very likely—or dead, perhaps—who knows? But he judges her by himself, and clings to some wild hope that she has trusted in him through all and waited for him. 'They seem to think I'm booked for death,' he said, when he told me the story, 'but, Grey, you must find her first.'"

"He told me that she was living, when he left England, with an aunt at York Road, South Kensington. I at once telegraphed, and found that neither Miss Linton nor her aunt had been heard of there for more than five years. I can see that my friend's life. His anxiety about her is consuming him, as the swift flame burns the oil in a lamp. I am not willing to leave him. I will only do so as a last resort. In this extremity I be-think myself of you. I know your passion for ferreting out mysteries—I used to tell you you ought to be a police detective. I fancy it was this turn of mind that made you a novelist. You know London, and the ways of London. I can reach you, no doubt, through your publishers. My appeal to you is a forlorn hope; but I know you will spare no pains to help me, were it only for the old time's sake.

Yours faithfully,
"JOHN GREY."

I suppose men do not usually faint or cry out when the ninth wave strikes them; at any rate, I did not. I read this letter through as quietly as if it had been on some ordinary matter of business. Then I folded it deliberately and put it into my pocket, and spoke a few civil words to the man who had handed it to me, and went out into the street. There was no more to be done about my marriage. Not for one moment did I doubt what that letter meant in my life; and in the midst of my keenest anguish I thanked God that it had not come too late. I wandered about the streets, I know not how long; but I took the afternoon train to Dover, by which I reached there a little before 7 o'clock. How it rained all the way down! When we stopped, the howling wind drove the rain in volleys against the carriage. All the way I was trying to realize what life would be, now I had lost you.

I shall never forget shivering through the streets that 1st of October to your friend's house at East Cliff. When at length I came level with the sea, and heard its dull, heavy waves, dark as night, breaking on the beach, it seemed to me that sea was not more dreary than my life without you, must henceforth be. Then bitter remorse of heart took hold on me that I could be so unhappy when I had the supreme blessedness of bringing back to your life that light and joy which you had thought lost forever.

You knew my knock at the hall door, and came to open it yourself.

"My poor, dear darling," you said, "what a night it is!" Then you, and both arms round my neck, and raised your lips to be kissed, and drew me into the dining-room, where all things looked so warm and bright. I thought that dinner would never come to an end; but it was over at last, and then we went together into the little sitting-room at the end of the drawing-room, which had come to be regarded as your own, and seemed pervaded by the sweetness and potency of your presence.

Oh, my love, how well I remember everything about that evening! You wore a dress of silk and velvet that day, a soft swish upon the floor as you walked. You had pearls in your ears, and your pearl locket was hanging at your throat. You had never looked lovelier or seemed so at rest since I had known you.

Outside we heard the falling of the rain, the bitter complaining of the wind, and through all the troubled voice of the sea. I remember just how you turned shivering to the fire, and how, kneeling down by it, you leaned your cheek against my hand. Dear, I cannot help lingering over that night. If only you had been in one of your sad moods, that might have given me strength; but no, you seemed at rest, and of your own accord began talking about our marriage. "I am going to try and be just the best wife that ever was," you said, half playfully, yet earnestly meaning what you said. You went on: "How happy it will be when we are together all the time. I never seem other than alone now when we are parted. I am quite lost without you."

"Bless you!" I said, under my breath, and then you leaned your dear head on my shoulder.

God knows I take no credit to myself for what I did that night—I could have done nothing else; but oh, my love, my love, your divine tenderness made it all the harder, for I began to believe that I could have made you happy at the last, even I; and it hurt—God knows how it hurt—to think I must put you out of my life just when you were beginning to be so fond of me, and go on my dark way alone. You remember questioning me why I was so silent?—"Did I love you less?"—"Was I afraid of to-morrow?"—"Should you read to me?" And then the warmth of the fire and the silence within soothed you, and, being very weak withal, you fell asleep there, with your head upon my shoulder, just as confidently as if you had been already my wife.

I had made up my mind to tell you all at half past 9, and just before the half hour struck you awoke with a start, opened wide your eyes, and said tenderly, as you fixed them on me:

"I am so very glad to have you back, my dear. I dreamed that you had not returned, and I was most unhappy, and began to think something dreadful must have happened. And I thought what it would be if I should never see you again. I shall not let you go again without me."

Oh, my love, when I remember that, I do think I might have made you happy in the end, but who knows? I said to you these words in answer:

"Eva, my darling, I shall go away from you. You will never see me again; but you will not miss me."

Can I ever forget the tone of voice in which you said, lifting your head from my shoulder, and with a light I had never seen there before blazing in your eyes, while the blood came and went in your cheeks:

"You have news for me? Quick! What is it?"

For answer I put John Grey's letter in your hand, and you had read it through, I think you forgot my presence for a moment. There was a wonderful light of rapture on your face, and you said, in a voice as low as a prayer, "Faithful and true through all—faithful and true!"

Then I saw a cloud pass over your face and the light fell in your eyes, and I knew you were thinking of me and your promise to me, and I made haste to tell you that you were free, quite free—that I knew all must be over between us now; and you were by no means to be unhappy for me, because your good and your joy must be mine. And then, one dear last time, you clung to me and wept—a great flood of heartfelt, saving tears—for sudden joy is as dangerous as sudden grief.

I offered, I remember, to take you to Paris the next day—the day that was to have been our wedding day; but you spared me that. You told me your cousin would take you, and I was thankful. When it was time to go, you told me how good I had been to you, and once more you gave me your lips to kiss. I walked about long that night in the wind and the rain; and when I went home and slept at last, I dreamed of you, and that to-morrow was our wedding day, and we were never more to be

parted. Then I woke again to the whole bitter truth, and I heard the clamorous wind and the cry of the empty, hungry sea; and the rain fell upon the roof as if it were falling upon a grave, and I knew that my life was dead, but that its ghost would haunt me until I, too, who have outlived my life, should cease to be.

THE WRITER OF THE foregoing letter has now been four years dead. I, his friend, have printed it, using other names than the real ones, but making no other change. Its publication will harm no one, and if some time it should meet her eye, it will not be amiss that she should know how well he loved her who loved in vain.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

RANDOM REFLECTIONS.

We are to have a good year for business, unless all indications prove at fault. The natural increase of population and the growth and enterprise which are shown in everything, form the basis for this sound condition of affairs. Certainly nothing could be better, and all the other incidental questions become of little import, having no disturbing influence. The country is now so vast in territory, and its productions are so varied that its prosperity cannot be affected by mere local or sectional events regarding business or crops. Business men have a broad and inviting field before them under all circumstances, and the present year throughout its different business seasons promises to afford full scope for their most enterprising efforts.

Failures are not an indication of a general financial weakness in business when they can in each case be traced to some radical evils and mistakes in management. All recent large failures have been thus explained, and though they produce losses and depressions, have no reason to affect the sound condition of commercial and financial affairs at large.

If there is one thing which the business man wants more than another, it is to foresee the future. Developed, actual events and conditions do not concern him to the same extent as those which are the subject of conjecture. When each season is to be prepared for, his judgment and foresight are the sole reliance which he has for his heavy investments of capital and as the basis of all his plans. It is a great risk to take, and when he considers it under the light of daily events, he often finds his utmost courage fully taxed to sustain him. Taking all the departments of business where this extraordinary judgment is required, no one can fail to marvel at the general accuracy, amounting almost to the wisdom of prophets, which characterizes it. And it is this pressure of thought and anxiety which is the wearing and prostrating thing in business life. It is not so much the labor and energy which are required in selling goods and advancing trade, as it is the absolute necessity of reading in some degree coming events.

Competition is glibly said to be the life of trade. In the abstract it promotes it—that is, it leads to the pushing of goods, and, no doubt, their greater sale. But competition which amounts to strife and opposition unsettling prices, prevents any proper settling of advance in raw materials and increased cost in manufacturing. One seller simply undertakes to make a better price for the buyer than his competitors, or to give some discount or dating which has an advantage in it. As we know, frequently quite different considerations than the absolute cost of the goods enter into the calculations upon which they are sold. However, every sale that is made has its influence in a greater or less degree upon the current market prices.

Competition of this kind is not the life of trade, but it is an operation which draws away all the vitality which gives it life. It is because of this method of business which is now carried to such a fierce and limitless extent, that the best descriptions of goods fail to command their value. Look at linens last fall with an advance in flax and yarns, or look at silks now with a heavy increase in the prices of raws. Competition was and is master of the situation, making the prices even in defiance of the natural laws of trade. That competition which promotes activity in business is the very handmaid of enterprise, but the other competition that sacrifices and crushes goods and owners is ruin at the heels of Ambition.

HARDWOOD LUMBER.

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

Basswood, log-run	13 00/25 00
Birch, log-run	15 00/25 00
Birch, No. 1 and 2	14 00/25 00
Black Ash, log-run	25 00/40 00
Cherry, log-run	25 00/40 00
Cherry, No. 1 and 2	25 00/40 00
Maple, log-run	12 00/25 00
Maple, soft, log-run	11 00/25 00
Maple, No. 1 and 2	12 00/25 00
Maple, clear, flooring	25 00/40 00
Maple, white, selected	25 00/40 00
Red Oak, No. 1 and 2	25 00/40 00
Red Oak, No. 1 and 2	25 00/40 00
Red Oak, sawed, 6 inch and up w'd	38 00/40 00
Red Oak, sawed, regular	35 00/40 00
Walnut, log-run	25 00/40 00
Walnut, No. 1 and 2	25 00/40 00
White Elm, log-run	12 00/25 00
White Elm, sawed	14 00/25 00
White Oak, log-run	20 00/25 00
White Oak, sawed, No. 1 and 2	42 00/43 00

Tested by Time

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Jobbers of Confectionery and Cigars,
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January, 1890. S. D. ELWOOD, Treasurer.

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The Michigan Tradesman

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1890.

TALK WITH A TYPEWRITER.

The Average Employer Wants a Machine Not an Intelligence.

"I am always the one that gets left," complained a rapid and correct operator. "I went early this morning to answer an advertisement for a typewriter, and thought I should be the first one in the office, but the advertiser told me he was already suited."

"Possibly he told you a story," thought her hearer, glancing at the disappointed girl—a girl with a turkey-egg complexion, and hair that would set unkind persons to speaking of white horses; a girl with half her teeth gone, and the remaining half discolored; a girl with square shoulders, and the voice of a file. How was the advertiser to know that there was a typewriter who would identify herself with her employer, and attend conscientiously to all her office duties? How was he to know that, "in a book of moral beauty she might have her portrait painted at full length?"

"I am always the one who is taken," observed another girl, one "stylish" enough to pass for being pretty, and one who, in the language of the bread-winner, could always speak up for herself. "I leave a place directly I find that things there are not going to suit me, because I know I can step into another within a week. I am not such an awfully fast writer, either. I can, on a spurt, go as high as eighty words a minute, but usually I write about fifty—that's enough, dear knows! No, I don't work steadily all the time I am in the office. Sometimes I carry on half the day with the other girls—the girls who are addressing circulars by hand. My present boss—well, employer, then—sends out just 1,000,000 circulars every winter, and that keeps a lot of girls busy for a few months. They are awfully envious of me, some of them, because my place is a permanent one, while they will have the grand bounce as soon as the circulars are all sent out; and, besides, my working hours are shorter than theirs, and I earn just twice as much as most of them do. One of the girls—she isn't a girl either, but on old woman, thirty-five at least—tried my typewriter at recess the other day, and it seemed to her so much good to show me how much neater her work was than mine—as if it matters a pin about the letters being all on a line, and the spaces of the same width! It seems to surprise her that she cannot get a place as typewriter, as she has a certificate from somewhere to show that she is competent. I don't tell her so, but she is too old, for one thing; hardly anybody would employ a typewriter over thirty. Why should that be the dead line? Well, I suppose it is because women are set in their ways after they are out of their twenties, and think they know it all. The girl—I mean the old maid—I am speaking of had a place some time back, and she told it herself that sometimes, when her employer would be dictating to her, she would stop him and tell him how the letter could be better worded. Did you ever hear of such cheek? Why, if my b—employer said nothing but 'High-diddle-diddle,' I'd take it down just as he said it. It's my fingers he wants, not my brains—supposing I had any. One day this person I am talking about heard me scolded because I had written to a customer that we had no more goods of a certain kind, and in a hurry had spelled no, k-n-o-w, just like the other know. She was delighted at catching me in a mistake, and didn't let me hear the last of it until I said: 'Well, madam, I n-o know how to get a place as typewriter, and earn \$12 a week, while you earn only \$5 with your polky addressing.' It is silly, isn't it, to laugh at a girl because, when she is rushing through with her work, she doesn't always spell like Daniel Webster? Noah, was it? I thought his name was Daniel.

"At the typewriting school they used to tell me that my ignorance of punctuation would keep me back, but I am not bothered much about such matters; if I sprinkle a few commas here and there, as I go along, my employer seems to be satisfied. I have heard stories of dreadful consequences from misplacing one's stops, but I don't let them trouble me, being convinced they are all my grand-mother. Leaving out a comma is very different from leaving out a 'not.' I have done that more than once, and it has got me into hot water. Capitals are the trouble with some girls, but my employer has given me only one rule about them, and it is easy to remember; the first day I wrote from his dictation, he said to me: 'When in doubt, use a capital. Capitals out of place will be forgiven, but small letters, never.'

"No, mine isn't brain-work; it is hand-work altogether, and there is a lot of sameness about it. Some days I have to write the same fibs to a dozen different customers, and it becomes so monotonous that I nearly go to sleep over it. Doesn't the pricking of conscience keep me awake? Well, I should like to know

what my employer's fibs have to do with my conscience. He invents them, and I, who only follow dictation, am not supposed to know that they are fibs. I do know it, though, and if I were his Sunday-school teacher I might sometimes feel it my duty to ask him where he expects to go when he dies, but, thank heaven! I am only his typewriter."

PAYING OFF THE MORTGAGE.

Written for THE TRADESMAN.

The mortgage indebtedness of American farmers must aggregate a sum frightful to contemplate. Whether there are any reliable statistics extant from which could be summarized this vast debt, I know not, but, suffice it to say, we see evidence enough in every neighborhood to suggest the universal extent of the system. What does a man do when he borrows money in this way? He virtually sells his farm to the lender, reserving only the right of redemption and a precarious residence thereon. For the privilege of becoming a tenant on his own premises to the money lender, he must pay that individual an amount of interest often footing up to more than the annual rental of the farm is worth. This is servility with a vengeance, and such a state of affairs ought not to exist in free America. Yet the mortgagees should have their pay. They have lent money on solicitation and justice demands that they receive it again with recompense. We have no disposition to denounce those wealthy individuals who hold money for mortgage investment, but we do protest against the shortsightedness of farmers who borrow of them when not really needing the money and trust to blind luck for repayment. Nothing but ill-luck ever accrues. In nine cases out of ten mortgaging a farm shows bad judgment in the owner, unless it is for the purchase money. Farms secured the latter way are generally paid for, because the purchaser has in view the securing of a home.

Along in the seventies, when times were more flush than at present, a great deal of money changed hands from the city lender to the agricultural borrower, which was only recovered through the power of sale clause in the securing document. Farmers all over the Union in mortgage debt, who borrowed to build a better residence, or a more commodious barn, or to buy stock, or to pay off some preceding encumbrance, now find it very difficult to even keep up the interest. To discharge the principal they were unable, unless by a sale of a portion or all of their lands. It is useless now to point out how that mortgaging could have been prevented—folly to "cry over spilt milk"—but it is expedient to contrive some way to escape from debt's thrall and yet save the homestead which shelters their heads.

I think that there are myriads of cases where an escape from debt can be effected directly through the dairy and its assistant, stock raising. In the first place, you must have as a prime object the liquidation of the debt and reserve all money netted above actual expenses for that purpose. Live well through it all; that is, do not scrimp on good, wholesome, nutritious food—it is the worst economy in the world to do that. Another thing, do not depend upon your dairy for a debt reducer, and for a contingent fund for other expenses, too, unless it is so profitable to you that it does not pay to turn your attention to other modes of farming. When you must have available cash for some particular purpose it is the best plan to set aside exclusively some enterprise from which you are sure of obtaining ready money and consecrate that enterprise to the object in view. As, for instance, suppose you possess a dairy of fair cows and that their product in butter or cheese will always command the cash. You also raise on your farm a mixed variety of crops, which are always salable through barter but are sometimes difficult to dispose of for uniform cash prices. Depend principally on such crops for living expenses, and the purely cash income apply on your mortgage indebtedness. The main thing about the whole business is to make it an object to pay off that mortgage and cause everything to be subservient to such an endeavor. Young stock will grow up quick and command cash prices. You will not have to buy the calves because your dairy furnishes them, and you can select the best favored ones to raise. Mate steers and grow them, and as young oxen they will command a better figure than they would singly in beef. I once knew the indebtedness on a farm to be raised in just this way. It looked discouraging at first, in the face of hard times, because the money was actually needed to repair buildings and add improvements. Things were patched up, however, until the encumbrance was lifted and interest stopped, and then the owner, being spiritually rejuvenated, went to work to add beauty and convenience to his farm.

The very immensity of a mortgage amount will sometimes so discourage the farmer that he falls by the wayside and permits a foreclosure without even an attempt at redemption. If such a one would go right to work, employing his

brain as vigorously as he does his hands, the mountain would eventually become a mole hill, and the toiler would grow rich in self reliance, independence and forethought. The writer is not theorizing in all of this—far from it. He has been "through the mill" himself and knows the way it goes. There are seasons of deep disappointment to pass through, periods when it seems as though the toil of long years would be swept away by an inability to make a connecting link, but pluck, economy and an unwavering allegiance to one object will carry you through.

Women sometimes possess far more business tact than men when it comes to lifting a family debt. I know of one case where a married lady invested \$10 from her private purse in a weakly Jersey calf. She was laughed at by her husband and the neighbors, who considered it the height of folly to expend such a sum for a mere calf, even if it was a Jersey. The calf grew, however, in spite of ridicule, and developed into a trim little heifer, with soft, mellow-looking eyes and velvety, yellow-tinted hair. It is the best cow in the neighborhood now and yields its proud owner more butter money than any other creature on the place. Give her half a chance, and a Jersey cow will maintain the reputation of the breed every time. In this instance it took a woman's shrewdness and forethought to establish in a skeptical community the worth of the Channel cattle.

In closing, we advise farmers to think long and deeply before becoming entangled in a mortgage indebtedness. If nine-tenths of those who do obtain money in this way could know of the long years of anxiety which would follow; could see the furrows grow deeper on their brows and whiteness rob their hair of its youthful luster, while they struggled against the weight of the oft-recurring interest—I say, if they could see this picture in contemplation as vividly as it will be portrayed in reality in the cruel years to come, there would be fewer farm mortgages on official record. Those farmers to whom it seems necessary to mortgage will find that just the bare interest will generally be all that they can afterward raise, to say nothing of laying up a sum to obliterate the principal. Pluck can overcome it, however, but, better yet, forethought can keep you out of the scrape.

GEO. E. NEWELL.

The New Industrial Era.
From the Electrical Engineer.

Eighteen years ago a commission was appointed in Great Britain to investigate the question of the probable duration of the coal supply of the kingdom. Some of the results of this official inquiry, given in a paper read before the Statistical Society, suggest some startling probabilities. At the average rate of increase and consumption which has been going on for the past twenty years, it is computed that the Newcastle coal district will be exhausted in ninety-four years, the South Wales district in seventy-nine years, and the remainder in even less time.

Nothing in the future appears more probable than that within the lifetime of persons now living the industrial supremacy of Great Britain will pass away with the exhaustion of her coal fields. Switzerland, Italy and the Scandinavian peninsula are destined to become the great manufacturing districts of Europe. This extraordinary industrial revolution will be brought about by the transmission and distribution, by electrical means, of the inexhaustible and permanent water power which is now running to waste in those countries. Indeed, this power is already beginning to be successfully utilized by the skill of the electrical engineer. More than a year ago we visited in Switzerland a woolen manufactory of 36,000 spindles, with the usual complement of auxiliary machinery, which was operated wholly by electric power conveyed from a distant stream, deriving its never-failing supply of water from the melting of Alpine snows. To an electrician, the sight was an inspiring one and full of significance. In the new era which is advancing with such rapid strides the Swiss republic may not improbably become the foremost industrial nation of Europe. Nothing is more certain than that the next quarter century will witness amazing changes in the commercial relations of the nations of the earth, in consequence of the development of the conception of the electrical distribution of energy.

A Business Woman.
Jones (to a former sweetheart)—So you are going to throw yourself away on old Jimson?
She—Throw myself away! I guess you don't know that he has a million and a bad case of heart disease. Call that throwing myself away? That's what I call getting fancy prices.

A Nation of Letter Writers.
During 1889, says a recent report, 234,826,607 letters and 30,130,678 postal cards passed through the New York postoffice, an increase of 19,886,000 letters and of 5,315,885 postal cards as compared with last year. In all, 312,038,132 pieces of mail matter were delivered and \$5,934,456 worth of postage stamps sold.

He Fell into the Trap.
He—Tell me, confidentially, how much did that bonnet cost you?
She—George, there is but one way in which you can obtain the right to inspect my millinery bills.
He popped.

And Drugs Everywhere Else, Too.
"Drugs can be made of almost anything now," remarked Gilroy.
"For instance?" asked Larkin.
"Skates and sleds are drugs in the market."

Ionia Pants & Overall Co.

E. D. Voorhees, Manager.

MANUFACTURERS OF

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Fit Guaranteed.

Workmanship Perfect.

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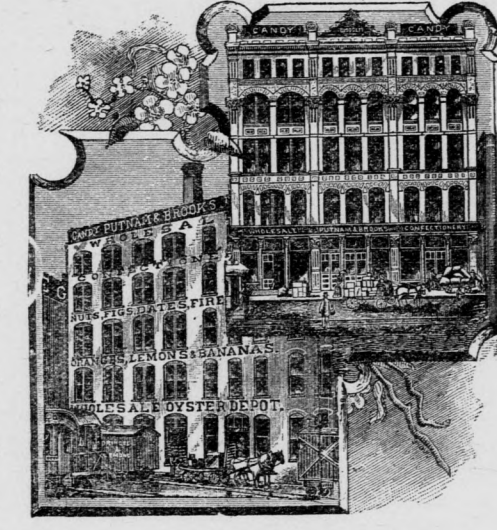
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By splendid and expensive advertising the manufacturers create a demand, and only ask the trade to keep the goods in stock so as to supply the orders sent to them. Without effort on the grocer's part the goods sell themselves, bring purchasers to the store, and help sell less known goods.

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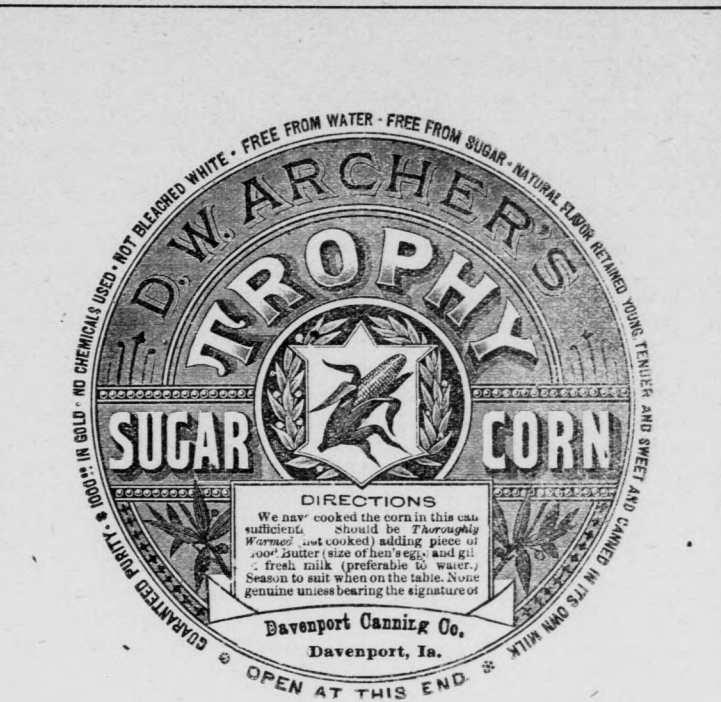
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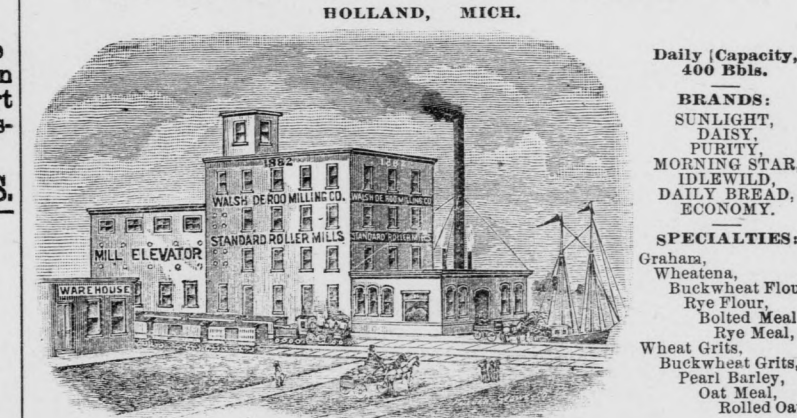


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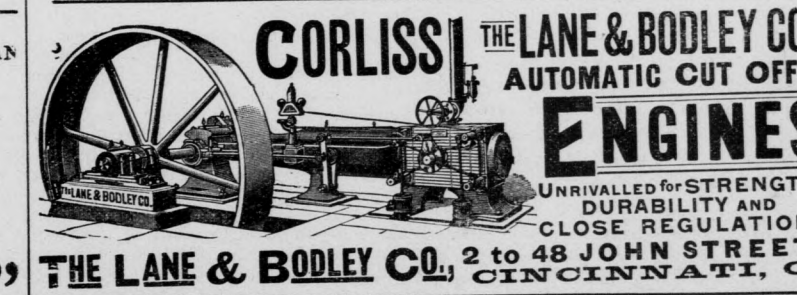
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