

The Michigan Tradesman.

VOL. 7.

GRAND RAPIDS, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1890.

NO. 335.

Something New

Bill Snort

We guarantee this cigar the best \$35 cigar on the market. Send us trial order, and if not ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY return them. Advertising matter sent with each order.

Charlevoix Cigar M'fg Co.,
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Twenty Years Experience. References furnished if desired.
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Complete Spring Stock now ready for inspection. Chicago and Detroit prices guaranteed.

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MANUFACTURERS OF

SHOW CASES.

Prices Lower than those of any competitor. Write for catalogue and prices.

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The Best in the World.

Having on hand a large stock of No. 1 Roasters—capacity 35 lbs.—I will sell them at very low prices. Write for Special Discount.

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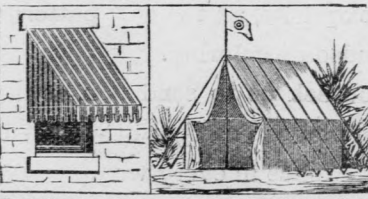
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WOOL.

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AND NORMAL SCHOOL.

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A thoroughly equipped, permanently established and pleasantly located college. The class

rooms have been especially designed in accordance with the latest approved plans. The faculty

is composed of the most competent and practical teachers. Students graduating from this institution

MUST BE EFFICIENT and PRACTICAL. The best of references furnished upon application.

Our Normal Department is in charge of experienced teachers of established reputation. Satisfactory

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BROOMS!
Whisks, Toy Brooms, Broom Corn, Broom
Handles, and all kinds of Broom Materials.
10 and 12 Plainfield Ave., Grand Rapids.

Learn Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Etc.,
AT THE
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Corner Ottawa and Pearl Streets.
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SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

Daniel Lynch,

19 So. Ionia St., Grand Rapids.

Caesar was ambitious.
So are we to lead the
trade in first-class
Cigars. Have you
tried our celebrated
Ben Hur ^{13 for 1} or
Record Breakers ^{13 for 1} cigar?
If not? Why not?
Sold Everywhere.

GEO. MOEBB & CO.,
Proprietors.

Allen Durfee & Co.,
FURNERAL DIRECTORS,
103 Ottawa St., Grand Rapids.

REMUS ROLLER MILLS,
Remus, Mich., Jan. 20, 1890.
Martin's Middlings Purifier Co., Grand Rapids,
Mich.

Gentlemen—The roller mill put in by you last August has run from twelve to fifteen hours every day since it started and is giving entire satisfaction.

Your Purifier and Flour Dresser are dandies. I have used nearly all the best purifiers and bolting machines made, and can say yours discounts them all.

Any miller who intends making any change in his mill will save money by using your machines, for They Can Do the Work.

Yours truly,
D. L. GARLING.



Apples,
Potatoes,
Onions.

FOR PRICES, WRITE TO

BARNETT BROS., Wholesale Dealers,
CHICAGO.

SEEDS!

If in want of Clover or Timothy,
Orchard, Blue Grass, or Red Top,
or, in fact, Any Kind of Seed,
send or write to the

Seed Store,

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

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Grand Rapids, Mich.

A. J. BOWNE, President.

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CAPITAL, - - - \$300,000.

Transacts a general banking business.

Make a Specialty of Collections. Accounts
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New York Coffee Rooms.

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OYSTERS IN ALL STYLES.

Steaks, Chops and All Kinds of Order
Cooking a Specialty.

FRANK M. BEACH, Prop.

FIT FOR
A Gentleman's
TABLE:

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

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

THE PEDDLER.

From the New Jersey Trade Review.

Who, ever since his tricks began,
Has fully earned the public ban,
The gibes of every honest man—
The Peddler!

Who tries throughout the land to pose
As one who business methods knows,
Yet ignorance of honor shows—
The Peddler!

Who, house to house his goods will vend,
And, laughing in his sleeve, pretend
That he's the grocer's staunchest friend—
The Peddler!

Who, while professing honest trade,
Has tried to imitate the name—
And form of goods of honest fame—
The Peddler!

Who, subsidized by wealthy firms,
Has sown abroad deception's germs,
Till forced by truth to come to terms—
The Peddler!

Who, to his everlasting shame,
Has tried to imitate the name—
And form of goods of honest fame—
The Peddler!

Whose spirit now begins to droop,
Who, finding he has lost his dupe,
Sinks daily deeper in the soup—
The Peddler!

MORE THAN HIS MATCH.

One morning, the customers who came to Beckett's mill with their "turns" were a little surprised to find the mill door closed and a written notice posted thereon, which read:

"Mill closed on account of wife dyin'. Have to go burryin' over to Coon Run Meetin' House. Will be back in two hours."

SAM BECKETT.

Two or three customers, who had come from the extreme end of 'Possum Ridge, concluded to wait for Beckett's return rather than make the trip again, and so, tying their horses, they sat down on a log and fell into a friendly chat.

"I'll tell you what, fellers," Rial Harder said, after the weather and the crops had been discussed, "the takin' off of old Sam's woman is purty doggoned sudden, ain't it?"

"Yes, it air, Rial, fur a fack," Dan Hawkins replied. "Reckon there warn't nobody spectin' of it."

"No, and I guess old Sam hadn't figured on it any hisself."

"Wonder if it'll git Sam down much?"

"Reckon not bad. You see, when a feller's buried four wives, he naterally gits sort o' used to it, and the takin' off of the fifth hain't likely to go so hard with him as it would if she was the first. It's all in bein' used to things."

"Yes, that's so, Rial, and if a feller ever gits used to wives a-dyin', I guess Sam ought to be. There ain't many men as kin boast o' burryin' five o' 'em hand-runnin'."

"No, there ain't many, Dan, that's so. Wonder who Sam'll marry next time?"

"Lor, I hain't no idee. Nobody ever thought of him marryin' any of them women he has married. Seems like he has a mighty takin' way with the women folks, somehow, and it does 'pear like women do the most unaccountable things. Now, there warn't anybody as ever thought of Tilly Smith a-marryin' old Sam, was there?"

"I guess not."

"But she married him, though."

"Yes, that's so, she did."

"Well, and that's the way it'll be ag'in. Old Sam's doggoned lucky when it comes to marryin', and I guess he ought to be, after all the sperience he's had."

"Yes, and the first thing you know he'll have another wife, and she won't be an old hag, either, but the purtiest girl on 'Possum Ridge."

"Azzactly, azzactly. He has always married young gals and I 'low he'll do it this time."

"I wouldn't be a blamed bit surprised, Dan, if he spruced around Bet Higgins. Bet's the best-looking woman on the Ridge, and most anybody'd be glad enough to git her."

"But that wouldn't do him any good, Rial. Reckon that preacher feller has got her fast enough."

"He may have and he mayn't have. We kin tell better a week from now."

The two hours had run out and Beckett returned.

"Story I had to keep you waitin', men," said he, as he came up, "but it couldn't be helped. Folks will die, and they can't be blamed for it, and they're just as liable to go one time as another. Tain't in the nature of things for people to choose their own time for dyin', and when they die they have to be buried, you know."

"Shore, Sam, that's all natural enow. Reckon you find it a powerful hard blow, comin' so unexpected like?"

"Yes, I do, Rial. It's awful unhandy. Tilly was a smart woman and I hated to give her up, and, besides, there is always more or less time lost in burryin' of the dead one and lookin' round for somebody to take her place."

"Reckon you'll marry ag'in?"

"Sure, yes, of course, but I hain't settled on nobody yet. It takes time for these things, you know, and a man has to look around a little."

Old Sam Beckett was well-to-do, and on 'Possum Ridge he was looked upon as the money king of the world. He owned a good farm, besides the old mill, and lived in a two-story frame house, a luxury that was rare in those times, and which loomed up immensely among its log cabin neighbors. He was a rude, gruff fellow who had seen the suns of fifty summers, but who was perfectly preserved physically and in good trim for taking a sixth wife at any time.

Some time previous to the death of Beckett's fifth wife, old Jerry Higgins had died, and, having a daughter to leave to the tender mercies of the world, had bequeathed her to Sam's fatherly care. Betty Higgins was just "rising onto" eighteen, and was as pretty a girl as ever graced 'Possum Ridge society, and for that matter, she would have been no mean ornament in more aristocratic circles. For years she had constituted

Jerry Higgins' family, and he, being a man well to do financially and justly proud of his daughter, had devoted considerable means to giving her an education, and had even gone so far—against the protests of his neighbors, of course—as to send her away to attend school in the city.

The work at Beckett's mill had run behind a little during Tilly's illness, and for two or three days after the funeral old Sam was kept quite busy grinding the accumulated "grists."

In the meantime, Moses Hackett, the "preacher feller," had spent a good deal of his spare time in the neighborhood of Beckett's mill. In fact, he and Betty spent a great many hours in quiet strolls along the shady lanes of 'Possum Ridge, or in peaceful ramblings along the banks of the beautiful Coon Run River. In one of these long walks they happened to pass by the mill. Beckett was, at the time, leaning through the little window, looking listlessly down the road that ran off through the woods, when all at once he saw a fellow upon the advancing coast.

In a moment a dark frown came over his face and his brows contracted with vexation. He watched them until they had passed on and out of sight, and then, with a dissatisfied shrug of his broad shoulders, turned away muttering:

"'Twon't do—'twon't nigh do! That thar feller's gittin' too numerous in these 'ere parts, an' the first thing I know that gal will be fer marryin' him. I promised old Jerry I'd keer fer 'er, an' I'll do it. Tain't fer her good to marry sech an upstart as him an' she shan't do it."

Since the death of her father, Betty had gone to live at Dan Bunker's, and, accordingly, as soon as the grists had all been ground out, Beckett closed the old mill, and, dressing himself in his best suit, walked over to Bunker's house.

Pretty soon after his arrival Dan and Betty managed to retire, leaving Beckett and Betty alone together in the best room.

"Ruth," Dan said, when the door was closed, "yer know what Beckett's comin' fer?"

"No, I don't," Ruth replied.

"Wall, I do."

"Then, what is it?"

"Why, he's come a-sparkin' of Bet."

"The land's sake, Dan! do you reckon so?"

"I know it. Ain't he got on a biled shirt an' his go-to-meetin' blue-jeans coat? An' what else would he wear on no fer if he warn't figurin' on axin' Bet to have him?"

"Dan Bunker, do you know what I think of old Beckett?"

"No, I don't, Ruth, but, for that matter, I 'low it is not so much what you think of him as what Bet thinks of him that's of interest to old Beckett."

"Wall, I think he's an old varmint, and, for that matter, I 'low Bet won't think much different when she finds out his business. The idea of the old thing marryin' a pretty young gal like her—an' that, too, when his other wife ain't ben dead a week!"

As soon as Dan and Mrs. Bunker were well out of the room, old Sam turned to Bet and remarked:

"I see you a-walkin' about a good bit of late with that preacher feller, an' I don't approve of it. I hope you don't mean nothin' like business."

"I don't know that I understand your meaning, Mr. Beckett," the girl coldly replied, "but I must say that I am at a loss to know what objection you can have to Mr. Hackett."

"Wall, I've got this much objection to him, or to anybody else—I don't want you to marry anybody but me. I'm your guardian, an' I know who'll make you a good husband, an' I ain't willin' to trust you with them thar young upstarts. I've made up my mind to marry you, Bet. I done that the day Tilly was buried, an' now I've come to ax you to jine me."

"Marry you?" the girl exclaimed, indignantly. "Why, I never thought of such a thing!"

"Don't need to be thought of. All you want to do is to say the word, an' I'll get Dan to go an' fetch 'Squire Beeson, an' we'll have it over in less'n a hour. Don't need no thinkin', Bet. You know me an' I know you, an' you know how much money an' land I've got, an' you know what sort of home I kin offer you. Ain't that enough?"

"No, it's not enough. You are a fool if you think I could be induced to marry an old man like you simply because you have a little money, and that, too, when your poor wife is hardly cold in her grave. I won't listen to you, and either you or I will leave the room!"

"Do you mean what you say, Bet?"

"Yes, I mean what I say—every word of it. I'd die before I'd marry you."

"Well, I ain't used to bein' treated in that way, gal, an' you may be sorry for it yet."

"Never!"

"I think you will; an', as your lawful guardian, I now give you notice that you shan't never marry that upstart of a preacher. Do you hear that?"

"Yes, I hear it."

"Then see that you heed it!"

"I won't do it. I'm going to marry him, and you can't prevent it."

"Goin' to marry him?"

Old Sam took two or three turns across the room, then, halting in front of the girl, his face livid with rage and his form shaking with anger, he bent forward until his hot breath scorched her cheeks and hissed:

"You shan't do it! You're mine, and I'm goin' to have you, and before you shall marry that fellow I'll—I'll—"

He never finished the sentence, but the look in his eyes and the awfulness of his manner made his meaning plain to the girl and she shrank back from him.

"You will not!" she cried. "You dare not!"

"Won't I? You'll see. And, girl, his blood will be on your head, for you drive me to it. I've had five wives and I loved

them all. I loved them as well as men usually love their wives, but I never loved anybody as I love you!"

"Go! I've heard enough!" And with that the girl swept from the room.

For a moment, Beckett stood still looking after her, then, whirling on his heel, he strode out and away. As he walked along the road leading toward the mill, his mind dwelt on the scene he had just quitted, and, with each succeeding minute, his rage grew fiercer and his anger higher and his face looked strangely white in the soft moonlight. Once he clenched his fists and muttered:

"It shan't be so! I'll kill him first! It's her money that bought the land and her money that built the house, and, though nobody knows it, it'll be found out if she marries him, and then I'll be in a nice pickle. No, it musn't, and it shan't be. She must be my wife."

He had walked quite a distance and came to the point where the road followed along the river bank. It was a narrow pass between the river and the bluff, and was only a foot-path, or "nigh cut," as the people called it, where foot travelers turned off from the main road and saved some distance by going through. Beckett had passed several yards along the bank, when he heard the sound of footsteps approaching from the other way, and, looking up, what was his surprise and indignation to find himself face to face with the "preacher feller." Both stopped short and for some time neither spoke. Beckett's rage was too great to permit of his uttering a word, while the other was too much shocked by old Sam's looks and actions to find any power of speech.

"What's the matter, Mr. Beckett?" the minister finally asked.

"Matter enough," Beckett replied, in a trembling voice.

"I hope nothing has gone wrong with you."

"You're a liar," Beckett screamed. "You don't hope any such thing an' you know you don't. If you did, you wouldn't do it."

"Do what, my friend? I do not understand your meaning."

"No, I reckon you don't understand it, when you are at the bottom of it."

"Bottom of what?"

"Bottom of this trouble. Oh, you're a good one, and you've worked it mighty fine, but you shan't never marry her!"

A light began to dawn on Hackett, and he thought he was getting an insight into the old man's meaning.

"Now, look here, Mr. Beckett," he said, very calmly, "I know you are Miss Higgins' guardian, and I propose to respect your rights by informing you of my intentions."

"Hang your intentions! I say you can't marry the gal. You can't have her!"

"What's your objection?"

"I'm goin' to marry her myself."

The reply struck Moses Hackett as so preposterous and ridiculous that he could not help laughing. In an instant, Beckett's face grew red with anger, and, taking a step forward, he said:

"You laugh at me, do you, you little guttersnipe of creation? You think you'll git her anyhow, but I'll see to it that you don't!"

And, before the minister realized his meaning, Beckett had his strong arms about him and was doing his utmost to throw him over into the river. Beckett was a hardy man and unusually strong, and he experienced no difficulty in lifting his young antagonist and churning him about, but, to throw him into the river was a much more difficult task, since he clung to him like a leech and refused to be shaken loose. There was a long struggle, which, at last, ended in both getting too near the bank and slipping into the river. The minister, being the more active, was the first one to come up, and, seeing his advantage, was quick to seize it, and in an instant he gathered Beckett by the nape of the neck and proceeded to duck him two or three times, after which he said, still retaining his grip:

"Mr. Beckett, I want your consent to the marriage between Miss Higgins and myself. Are you going to give it?"

"Never!" Beckett muttered.

"Then under you go again!"

After two or three more duckings, the minister asked again:

"Do you give in?"

"Never!"

"Then I shall have to repeat it."

A few more plunges weakened the old man and he promised to sanction the marriage.

"That's not enough," the minister went on. "You have her money and you must give it up. Do you promise that?"

"No, I don't and I won't! I'll die first!"

"Then I shall put you under and hold you under."

"For heaven's sake, don't do that, man! I'm drowned now."

"Then you promise?"

"Yes, I promise."

"Will you swear it?"

"Yes, yes! Let me out! I'm dying!"

At that moment Dan Bunker and Betty Higgins arrived. They knew that the minister was coming, and

AMONG THE TRADE.

GRAND RAPIDS GOSSIP.

J. H. Towle & Co. have purchased the drug stock of Wm. H. Tibbs, at 128 Monroe street.

The lumber firm of Dregge & Hoderpyl has been dissolved, John Dregge & Co. succeeding.

E. F. Coates & Co. have engaged in the grocery business at Oakdale Park. Lemon & Peters furnished the stock.

Harry Oakes has re-engaged in the confectionery business at Grand Haven. W. R. Keeler furnished the stock.

H. G. Peterson has opened a grocery store at Whitneyville. The Ball-Barnhart-Putnam Co. furnished the stock.

E. Jansma has opened a grocery store at the corner of Alpine avenue and West Leonard street. The stock was furnished by the Ball-Barnhart-Putnam Co.

C. W. Galer and L. B. Bentley have formed a copartnership under the style of the Excelsior Electric Co. and engaged in the sale of electric supplies at 115 Ottawa street.

It is understood that several outside parties—one of whom represents a syndicate—are negotiating for the packing house formerly conducted by the Wm. Steele Packing and Provision Co.

A. J. Felter and L. E. Johnson have formed a copartnership under the style of Felter & Johnson and engaged in general trade at Walkerville. The Olney & Judson Grocer Co. furnished the grocery stock.

C. A. Laughlin, formerly engaged in the lumber, wood and coal business at Oakdale Park under the style of Bates & Laughlin, has opened a grocery store at the corner of Hall and South Division streets. The stock was furnished by the Telfer Spice Co. and Hawkins, Perry & Co.

W. T. Lamoreaux and Lamoreaux & Johnston suffered a severe loss by fire in Lamoreaux's building last Wednesday morning. The loss on the building was adjusted last Saturday, and the adjustment of the stock will be completed today or tomorrow. By the end of the week, the two concerns will be in operation again, as though nothing had happened.

Henry J. Vinkemulder, the South Division street grocer, has formed a copartnership with his father, John Vinkemulder, of Grandville, and the two will shortly embark in general trade at Grandville under the style of John Vinkemulder & Son. The senior member of the firm has been engaged in the wagon and blacksmithing business at the place named for about thirty-five years and has a large acquaintance in the vicinity. A two-story frame building, 22x40 feet in dimensions, is being put in shape for the reception of the stock.

AROUND THE STATE.

Nashville—A. R. Wolcott has opened a bazaar store.

Hart—Asa Motly succeeds J. K. Flood in general trade.

Detroit—Rasch & Kiesling succeed A. Rasch & Co., tailors.

Holly—J. R. Jones succeeds Jones & Maybee in general trade.

Detroit—M. Raub succeeds F. Scranton in the grocery business.

Middleville—M. S. Keeler succeeds Keeler Bros. in general trade.

McBride's—L. A. Boice succeeds Boice & McLennan in general trade.

Evert—E. C. Gannon succeeds G. H. Gannon & Co. in general trade.

Jackson—S. A. Pratt succeeds Pratt & Hazleton in the jewelry business.

Crystal Falls—J. F. Hocking succeeds A. A. Metcalf in the drug business.

Flint—Albert N. Clark succeeds Jos. Taylor & Bro. in the book business.

Middleton—A. P. Alpaugh succeeds L. E. Moore in the grocery business.

Jackson—John Rath succeeds John Rath & Bros. in the jewelry business.

Davison—J. T. Hurd succeeds J. T. Hurd & Co. in the hardware business.

Battle Creek—Margaret Kip succeeds M. R. Kitzee in the grocery business.

Muskegon—A. J. Smith succeeds Cramer & Smith in the furniture business.

Brighton—Webster Bros. succeed A. W. Lansing, carriage and wagon dealer.

Centerville—Geo. Frankish succeeds John A. McKinley in the hardware business.

Davison—L. Gifford & Co. have removed their general stock to their new store.

Gregory—A. D. Spaulding has sold his drug stock to Dunlap & Hotchkiss, of Vermontville.

Otisco—G. V. Snyder & Son, general dealers, have dissolved, the junior partner succeeding.

Lacota—L. F. Decker, late of Bloomington, has purchased the Bennett drug and grocery stock.

Vernon—The general firm of Holmes & McLaughlin has been dissolved. H. B. McLaughlin retires and, in company with S. F. Sheldon, will establish another general store here.

Flint—Buckingham & Jones succeed F. T. McHenry & Co. in the gents' furnishing goods business.

St. Johns—Kendrick & Percy, dealers in dry goods and groceries, have dissolved partnership, dividing the business. Gobleville—Frank Post has bought the grocery stock of E. M. Cagney and will continue the business at the same location.

Belding—C. W. Ives has leased the store formerly occupied by C. G. O'Bryon and now occupies the same with a drug stock.

Durand—Mr. Parks, who recently came here from Owosso and opened a harness shop, has sold out his stock to Toledo parties.

Reed City—Nathaniel Clark has retired from the grocery firm of Childs & Clark. The business will be continued by T. V. Childs.

Decatur—Chas. W. Sutton has sold his interest in the hardware firm of Bagly & Sutton and gone to Crystal Falls to take charge of a large store.

Millers—G. V. Snyder, formerly engaged in general trade at Otisco, has purchased J. K. Rasmussen's store here and has put in a general stock.

Cheboygan—Flora & Barnes, the shoe dealers, have dissolved, Mr. Barnes purchasing Mr. Flora's interests in the business and continuing at the old stand.

Cheboygan—Henry Quay, who recently opened a grocery and drug store here, has transferred his grocery stock to Quay & Sons and will remove his stock to Quay & Sons to Gaylord.

Detroit—C. H. Mills has retired from the furniture and carpet house of W. E. Barker & Co. The business will be continued by the remaining partners under the style of W. E. & H. B. Barker.

Bloomington—Milan Wiggins and F. W. Hubbard have formed a copartnership under the style of Wiggins & Hubbard to succeed to the former firm of Warren Haven & Co., general dealers.

Muskegon—The Weirenga hardware stock, which has been lately the subject of much litigation, has been purchased by Julie Bierma of M. Walkema, who had attached the stock on a mortgage.

Owosso—Frank Wicking, who has been in the employ of Murray & Terbush for several years, and A. W. Webb have formed a copartnership under the firm name of Webb and Wicking and will soon open a clothing store.

Durand—Mr. McLean, the furniture dealer, has purchased the building recently occupied by L. D. Jones as a grocery store, and will soon open a grocery store there, while Mr. Cross will again take charge of the furniture business.

Ionia—The M. D. Stone dry goods store, which was closed by the First National Bank on a claim for \$8,000, has been re-opened under the management of R. C. Stone. The inventory of the appraisers showed that the stock amounted to \$18,000.

Wexford—I. Foust, one of the pioneers of the Grand Traverse region, and founder of the village of Wexford, died a few days ago at Warrenton, Va. He opened a general store here in 1871, which is now conducted under the style of I. Foust & Son.

Detroit—S. A. James, A. W. James, F. H. Clarke and O. S. Lothridge have formed a copartnership under the style of S. A. James & Co. to engage in the jobbing of caps, mittens and gloves. S. A. James was formerly a member of the firm of Walter Buhl & Co., and F. H. Clarke was on the road for the same firm about twelve years.

Detroit—The merchant tailoring firm of August Rasch & Co. has been dissolved, the business being succeeded to by Rasch & Kiesling, the firm consisting of Edwin A. Rasch and Henry Kiesling, with August Rasch as special partner.

Mr. Rasch thus retires from business activity after thirty-three years of mercantile life in Detroit. He is financially interested in the new firm to the amount of \$15,000.

MANUFACTURING MATTERS.

Flint—A. George succeeds Chas. C. Logan in the manufacture of cigars.

Factoryville—E. Meck, E. Case and T. Kirby have bought and started a sawmill near town.

North Branch—Sicklesteel & Downer, manufacturers of sash, doors and blinds, are succeeded by Dubois & Downer.

Lake City—George Morrison will shortly start his shingle mill for the summer's run. It has been idle since last fall.

Owosso—D. M. Estey and A. D. Whipple have formed a copartnership under the style of the Queen Cart Co., to dispose of the road carts manufactured by Melvin & Berry.

Muskegon—The brick walls of the factory of the Muskegon Cracker Co. are up to the second story. None of the machinery has arrived yet, being ordered for delivery about the time the factory is under cover.

Evert—The Engel Lumber Co. has been organized to manufacture and deal in lumber generally. It will operate in Northern Michigan, with headquarters at Evert. George Engel, a practical lumberman, will be manager. Benjamin and David Wolf are the financial backers.

Alpena—The Huron Lumber Co. will try the experiment of hauling logs with the steam logger.

Detroit—C. B. and M. Barnes have retired from the wholesale hardwood lumber firm of McClure, Kelsey & Co. W. G. Vinton has been admitted to the firm as special partner, contributing \$6,000 to the capital.

Cadillac—G. A. Bergland has closed a contract for the sale of 2,500,000 feet of standing pine in the Upper Peninsula to L. W. Bliss, of Saginaw. It is said the timber will cut two logs to the thousand. It is located in Ontonagon county. The consideration was \$12,000.

East Saginaw—W. W. Steele, a young lumberman who has resided in Gladwin many years, is about to remove here. He handles and manufactures about 5,000,000 feet of logs annually. He has lumbered in Gladwin county, but has manufactured his stock on the river.

Detroit—The Gebhard Paper Co. has assigned to Frank Hangel. The liabilities are \$11,006.63. The principal Detroit creditors are McLellan & Anderson, \$1,104.79; Amos Chaffee, \$500, and Machris & Hacker, \$154. The debts of the company amount to \$11,000 and the credits are unknown.

Au Sable—The J. E. Potts Salt & Lumber Co. has purchased a tract of pine timber in Alcona county of the Minor Lumber Co., of Alpena. The consideration was \$130,000, and the timber will be cut and rafted to the Potts mill at Oscoda. As this company is cutting 60,000,000 to 80,000,000 feet of lumber every season, it will be seen that it requires a good deal of timber area to furnish the supply to keep the saws in motion.

Muskegon—Richard Sonnenburg and Wm. Turnbull have formed a partnership to carry on the manufacture of boilers under the style of the Turnbull Boiler Works. Mr. Sonnenburg was for a number of years foreman in the boiler shop at the C. & W. M. repair shops, and then an employee in the old Turnbull Boiler Works Co. Mr. Turnbull is a brother of Richard Turnbull, a member of the former company, and previously conducted a shop at Sarnia, Ont.

Manistee—Last year, when the estate of the Manistee Salt & Lumber Co. was purchased, its owners ran the mill during the balance of the season as the Manistee Lumber Co. mill, No. 2, which, of course, caused a little misunderstanding at various times, and, besides, was rather cumbersome. They decided on a new deal, and have recently formed the Eureka Lumber Co., capitalized at \$285,000. The Manistee Lumber Co. holds 18,997 shares, the State Lumber Co., 9,498, and the members of these companies, Dempsey, Cartier, Wentz, Noud and Blacker, one share each, the shares being of the value of \$10 each.

Muskegon—J. M. Pillsbury, a resident of Muskegon for the past thirty years, and during most of that time actively engaged in the lumber business, having closed out his affairs here and sold his property, has gone to Racine, Wis., where he takes an interest in a lumber yard, and at which point he will make his home permanently. Mr. Pillsbury has been for years the lumber statistician of Muskegon. At the close of business every year, he would make a personal canvass of the mills as to quantities and grades of stock, and compiled the most accurate figures in that regard to be found on the east shore. The Pillsburys have been important factors in the lumbering business of Muskegon.

Referring to the failure of the Bank of Berrien Springs, the Benton Harbor Palladium remarks: "The cause of this failure, which was not unexpected in business circles, is understood to be the distrust which arose among the depositors, owing to the aid extended by the bank to the owners and backers of the St. Joseph Valley Railroad. The bank, it is said, stood behind Mr. Burns in a well-meant but unsuccessful effort to push the railway enterprise which meant so much for that town, and helped to make possible the grade to Hinchman, on the line of the proposed extension. This fact, however, caused a number of depositors to withdraw and precipitated the failure. The total liabilities are probably not far from \$20,000, the deposits having been gradually withdrawn, but no statement at this writing has been made public. The firm is composed of Fred L. Reeves and D. H. Patterson, of Berrien Springs, and a brother of Mr. Patterson, who resides in Chicago. They have been in business in Berrien Springs for about five years and are regarded as energetic and public spirited young men, whose misfortune is the result of an unfortunate and unforeseen combination of circumstances. The heaviest creditor is the treasurer of Oronoko township, who had \$8,000 in the bank, \$3,000 of which were county funds. He and his bondsmen will have to make good any losses. The county treasurer did not have any money on deposit in the bank."

Spurious coffee has been manufactured in Philadelphia and sold quite extensively at a high price. It is said to be a perfect imitation of the coffee bean, but is composed of a paste made of cracker dust, chicory and molasses.

Grip-sack Brigade.

Herbert A. Filler is lying ill at the American House, at Kalamazoo.

Robert Hanna is covering the customers of B. F. Parmenter this week.

Fred E. Kelsey, of Ionia, is now on the road for Williams, Sheeley & Brooks, of Detroit.

H. A. Cohen has engaged to travel another year for Ruckheim Bros., of Chicago.

Perley W. Hall, traveling salesman for W. J. Quan & Co., of Chicago, was in town last Friday.

C. H. Bayley, formerly on the road for I. M. Clark & Son, is now engaged in the grocery business at Newberry.

A. O. Freeman, formerly with the Detroit Safe Co., but now on the road for the Mosler-Bahmann Safe Co., of Cincinnati, was in town Monday.

O. A. Perry has severed his connection with the Detroit Safe Co. to accept a position with Curtiss & Co., covering the trade formerly seen by W. L. Curtiss.

Elmer Ely, who has been in the employ of C. Mahaney, at Owosso, for some time past, has engaged to travel for Burnham, Hanna, Munger & Co., of Kansas City.

Fred L. Keath, formerly with Homer D. Luce, at Lansing, has gone on the road for Williams, Sheeley & Brooks, taking the territory formerly covered by Frank Bogart, who asserts that he has retired from the road for good.

Alonso Seymour, who has sold crackers for Wm. Sears & Co. almost continuously for the past eighteen years, has concluded to lay off a couple of months, on account of his wife's health. His trade will be covered in the meantime by C. F. Ballard, of Lansing.

Mrs. Polly Parmenter, mother of B. F. Parmenter, the well-known grocery salesman, died yesterday morning, at the advanced age of 86 years. The interment will take place to-day, after which Mr. Parmenter will go to Adrian, where his wife is spending a few weeks in search of renewed health.

"Dr." D. S. Hatfield states that the item in a recent issue of THE TRADESMAN, to the effect that he would travel for W. F. & W. M. Wurzburg, is untrue, as he is still on the road for the same house he has been with for the past three years, the manufacturing drug firm of S. N. Weil & Co., of Cincinnati.

Status of the Pomeroy & Lawton Failure.

Assignee Turner has filed the schedule of assets and liabilities in the Pomeroy & Lawton assignment matter, showing the liabilities to be about double the resources. The assets are \$2,552.36, divided as follows:

Stock in store	\$1,508.56
Appraised value of accounts	343.80
Equity in real estate	700.00
Total	\$2,552.36

The liabilities are \$4,894.35, divided among fifty-six creditors in the following amounts:

Hawkins, Perry & Co., Grand Rapids	\$1,820.46
City National Bank	600.00
J. J. Miner	210.00
Isaac M. Turner	200.00
C. G. A. Voigt & Co.	136.25
Voigt Milling Co.	25.00
M. L. Fitch	25.00
Miss Sarah Lyon	20.00
S. G. Ketchum	20.00
S. B. Burns	20.00
Sylvanus Hancock	20.00
E. D. Hogadone	20.00
Geo. L. Bailey	66.93
Mary E. Haney	12.44
Jno. E. Kenning	10.52
Geo. W. Wheeler	22.13
F. Van Driele & Co.	22.00
H. Leonard & Sons	21.29
Ball-Barnhart-Putnam Co.	56.15
Curtiss & Co.	50.50
Bunting & Davis	4.63
Thos. E. Wykes & Co.	6.13
A. E. Brooks & Co.	31.29
W. R. Keeler	22.30
C. Bickley	50.70
Moseley Bros.	27.72
Jennings & Smith	24.68
Wm. Sears & Co.	70.58
Standard Oil Co.	50.00
A. J. Brown & Co.	48.40
A. Schneider & Co.	29.64
J. T. Phillips	100.00
Telfer Spice Co.	31.49
Fehsenfeld & Grammel	31.50
G. H. Behnke	46.70
Belknap Wagon & Sleigh Co.	18.50
D. Plumb	18.83
Zunzer Bros.	19.12
Albert Lawton, Coopersville	3.07
Ed Niles, Ada	6.62
L. & L. Jensen, Jenison	136.50
Strunk Bros., Jamestown Center	64.35
L. Ladd, Adrian	21.29
J. W. Winters, Otsego	2.40
Hatch & Jenks, Buffalo	30.20
Thompson & Chute, Toledo	32.30
Woolson Spice Co.	91.58
Chase & Sanborn, Boston	24.00
Potter, Pacific & Co., Cincinnati	42.36
T. Kingsford & Son, Oswego, N. Y.	29.97
Zipp & Schorndorfer, Cleveland	75.00

*Borrowed money.

Bad habits are thistles of the heart, and every indulgence of them is a seed from which will spring a new crop of weeds.

Wholesale Jewellery!

Messrs. W. F. & W. M. Wurzburg have returned from Providence (the jewelry center of the world) and will soon call on the trade with the most attractive line of jewelry ever shown in Michigan. Our line comprises all the new novelties in Ladies' Lace Pins, Bar Pins, Brooches, Cuff and Collar Buttons, Hair Ornaments, Chains, Bracelets, etc. A full line of Children's Jewelry, and an elegant stock of Men's Cuff and Collar Buttons, Scarf Pins, Chains, Charms and Lockets for the Dry Goods and Furnishing Goods trade.

W. F. & W. M. WURZBURG,

EXCLUSIVE JOBBERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF JEWELRY,

NEW YORK—202 Broadway, Room 7.

Will send dealers small sample line, if desired, on approval.

VISITING BUYERS.
Carrington & North, Trent
O. Freymuth, McCords
Frank Cornell, Sebawa
Wm. VerMeulen, Beaver Dam
L. M. Wolf, Hudsonville
W. E. Hines, Bannockburn
J. Roddering, Drenthe
Grissold Bros., Harvard
J. Raymond, Berlin
Smailigan & Pickard, Forest Grove
A. S. Frey, Lakeview
John Smith, Ada
Wm. Karsden, Vriesland
D. W. Shattuck, Wayland
Lamoureux & Beaman, Fruitport
M. H. McCoy, Grandville
Geo. A. Slaz, Rockford
Eli Kunnels, Corning
J. B. Gooding & Son, Libanon
E. E. Hewitt, Rockford
D. O. Watson, Coopersville
J. Kinney, Kinney
W. H. Watts, Boyne Center
Thos. Farrowe, St. Elendon
H. Van Noord, Jamestown
Smith & Bristol, Ada
J. S. Constock, Piersburg
Alex. Denton, Howard City
A. Purchase, So. Blendon
J. Purchase, Bannockburn
D. H. Decker, Zeeland
J. F. Sears, Rockford
F. Bresmaham, Parnell
J. R. Harrison, Sparta
Hendler & Labute, Zeeland
John Giles & Co., Lowell
Wm. Karsden, Beaver Dam
Amburg & Murphy
Neal McMillan, Rockford
L. Cook, Bannockburn
H. W. Ridenbaugh, Breesville
Sisson & Lilley Lum Co., Lilley
D. E. Watters, Freeport
F. N. Watt, Zeeland
E. A. Richards, Saranac
Jas. A. Gale, Farmington
H. P. Farnese, Hilliards
B. F. Sweet, Carson City
Arthur Mulholland, Ashton

FOR SALE, WANTED, ETC.
Advertisements will be inserted under this heading 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—AT ONCE, CLEAN STOCK OF DRY goods, boots and shoes, hats and caps, gents' furnishing goods in a good town of 3,000 population; two railroads; low rent and insurance; waterworks; stock about \$5,000; can be reduced to \$3,500; for cash or part cash, nice business, look this up; will not want to sell after April 1. Address No. 582 care Tradesman.

RAISE CHANCE TO BUY THE ONLY DRUG STORE in Central Michigan railroad town of nearly 400, with fast-growing farming country; stock and fixtures opening for young man, good reasons for selling. If you want it, address for particulars, L. M. Mills, 568 Battle Creek, Mich.

FOR SALE—GOOD CLEAN STOCK OF MERCHANDISE, including about \$1,500; building for sale or rent cheap, surrounded by excellent farm land, on Cincinnati, Wabash & Michigan Railroads. Address H. C. Rapp, Berrien Center, Mich.

TO RENT—STORE AND LIVING ROOMS ON MAIN St. thoroughfare; first-class location for groceries, hardware, lime or feed store; also, for sale, broken line of groceries, with fixtures. O. W. Pettit, 25 Canal St., Grand Rapids.

FOR SALE—DRUG STOCK IN CORNER BRICK store; good location; terms easy; will exchange for city property or good farm. C. L. Wilson, Adm., Saranac, Mich.

FOR SALE—\$5,000 STOCK OF HARDWARE, STOVES, furniture and crockery, with full stock of tools for tin, water and gas jobs; a bargain for cash or part cash and time; low rent for building. Look box 73, Greenville, Mich.

WANTED—TO EXCHANGE FARM OF 120 ACRES OR village property for stock of goods, hardware preferred. Address No. 573, care Michigan Tradesman.

IF YOU WANT TO EXCHANGE YOUR STOCK OF L goods for a farm, large or small, write to No. 463, care Michigan Tradesman.

FOR SALE—CLEAN STOCK OF DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, boots and shoes, hardware and drugs, situated in good trading point; will inventory about \$3,000; sales for past three years, \$42,000; reason for selling, owner has other business. Address No. 559, care Michigan Tradesman.

I HAVE SEVERAL FARMS WHICH I WILL EX change 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 of 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 75 Canal street, Grand Rapids, Hazeltine & Perkins Drug Co. Price, \$4,000.

SITUATIONS WANTED.
WANTED—SITUATION BY A MAN WHO UNDER stands the book, stationery and confectionery trade; best reference. Address No. 557, care Michigan Tradesman.

WANTED—SITUATION BY REGISTERED PHARMACIST, with six years' experience; good reference. Address No. 581, care Tradesman.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE PATRONS OF INDUSTRY, from the inception of the organization; only a few copies left; sent prepaid for 10 cents per copy. Address The Tradesman Company, G. D. Rapids.

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. Stove & Bro., Grand Rapids.

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

BASEMENT TO RENT.

The large, light and dry basement under the Steele market, in the McMullen block, 19 and 21 So. Division street. Large doors in rear open even to alley. Apply on premises to W. G. SINCLAIR & CO.

Exclusive Jobbers of:

DRY GOODS, HOSIERY,

NOTIONS, UNDERWEAR,

19 & 21 SOUTH DIVISION ST.,

GRAND RAPIDS, - MICH.

MULLIKEN'S RETIREMENT.

General Manager Mulliken has finally been compelled to let go the position he has hung onto so tenaciously, the principal owners of the railroads over whose destiny he has presided having grown weary of his repeated promises to give them more satisfactory returns for their investment.

While Mr. Mulliken has some good ideas on railway management and is a success in some directions, his career in most respects is a lamentable failure. Viewed from the standpoint of the stockholder, he has never been considered a success, as neither road under his management has ever paid a dividend. Nor have any of his pet enterprises, such as the construction of the branch from Grand Ledge to this city, been accompanied by anything like adequate returns. Every extension he has advocated has served to plunge the roads deeper in debt, without securing sufficient additional business to increase the net earning capacity.

With business men generally, Mr. Mulliken has been very unpopular. While he has many friends whom he purchased by special favors, most of the shippers doing business with his roads have come to dislike him on account of his overbearing manner and his autocratic methods. It has seemed to be impossible for him to meet a patron on common ground, his sole aim, apparently, being to exhibit the power he possessed as the head of two important transportation lines. "The public be damned" has been his guiding star, as well as Vanderbilt's. His disgraceful conduct at Howell, a few years ago, and at Newaygo, two or three years ago, are fair examples of the rule or ruin policy which he clung to as long as he remained at the helm.

Among the employees of the road, Mr. Mulliken was also very unpopular. He gave them no latitude in the discharge of their duties, insisting on taking a hand in the work of every official under his charge. His own work and the interests of the road continually suffered as a result of this habit.

It is to be hoped that the successor of the deposed manager will take a more liberal view of things and give both the owners and patrons of the roads an administration which will redound to his credit.

The inauguration of the Northern Michigan Development Association, at Traverse City last week, is certainly a step in the right direction. The weak point in the plan adopted—if, indeed, it has an element of weakness—is the large scope the proposed organization is designed to take. The work to be undertaken is usually pursued in a successful manner by local organizations and THE TRADESMAN is of the opinion that the attempted unification of so many different localities, whose interests are not all in common, will not prove entirely satisfactory.

Clever, but Futile.

From the Washington Star.

A man whom it were base flattery to call John Smith came into this office this morning and offered the following advertisement for publication:

"Notice: If the very homely woman about thirty-nine years and eleven months old who lost a pocketbook containing \$14.55 on Pennsylvania avenue this morning will apply to — she can have the money by paying for this notice."

He explained that he had seen the woman drop the pocketbook, but that he was anxious to keep the contents, and he was of the opinion that no woman, for as small a sum as \$14.55, would ever answer the advertisement as he had written it. The card, of course, was refused and the man was turned over to the police.

Lakeview Locals.

Street talk has it that Henry Strope, of Morley, will open a dry goods store here in the near future for the P. of I.

The P. I. groceryman here, H. C. Thompson, told me a day or two ago that he did not know whether he would re-contract with the P. of I. or not. Thompson claims to be satisfied with his P. I. trade, so far.

Some time ago L. L. Bissell and Andrew All entered into partnership to sell furniture. Since then Andrew All's brother has bought Bissell out and the new firm, Andrew All & Bro., has contracted with the P. of I.

The Evanescent Umbrella.
It is always no use
And the man is a goose
Who his mislaid umbrella will seek,
He might just as well try
To search through the sky
For some gas that escaped last week.
While the weather is bright
His umbrella's in sight—
It haunts him by night and by day,
But just when the rain
Goes to pouring again
His fadeth forever away.

THE P. OF I. AT BIG RAPIDS.

Written for THE TRADESMAN.

The investigation of the Patrons of Industry at Big Rapids shows conclusively that the farmers are not all as easily led to work against their own interests as the leaders, who are reaping the financial harvest out of the organization, would lead people to believe. With scarcely an exception, the merchants there do not seem to feel at all uneasy. In fact, trade seems to have gotten back to nearly the normal condition. Some of the trade, has shifted around, but each dealer seems to have his share, though all say trade is quiet.

This has been an exceptionally dull winter, and there would be much more money in circulation if there had been snow, so that logs could be gotten in. As the P. of I. stores are doing no more business than the others, all attribute the dullness of times to this cause, and none think contract stores cut any particular figure with their trade. A short statement of interviews regarding dealers who have contracted there will verify this statement.

A. V. Young, who signed for boots and shoes, is a pleasant appearing gentleman. He started in with quite a rush, but is now only just about paying expenses. A portion of his town trade say they still deal with him, as he gives them P. I. prices "on the quiet."

Mrs. Turk put in a new stock of millinery for the organization, so was unable to judge to what extent their trade had helped her. Of course, she is hardly making enough to pay expenses now, and is thinking of moving south where her husband is at work.

W. A. Verity signed last October and runs a regular country grocery store, with a barrel of apples in the middle of the floor, glass broken out of show-case, etc. He was very frank and free in his statements; claimed that he cleared \$100 a month when he first started, but has to "keep kicking" at the leaders who promised him trade, so as to have the other members keep on trading with him. They evidently do not "keep on" very satisfactorily, as it is hard work for him to make expenses now. He says he signed for 10 per cent., but really gets 2 or 3 per cent. extra for shrinkage and, at least, 20 per cent on spices, etc.

A. Markson signed to sell clothing and furnishing goods. A young man (evidently his son) thought they had made money out of the farm trade. Although they contracted to sell for 10 per cent. above actual cost, he did not believe that anyone could, would or did sell for that per cent., as the running expenses of the store were usually more than that. He explained that they could buy "jobs" and odds at a discount that city trade would not have, and put them off on the farmers as regular goods, and invariably got 10 per cent. above the price of "regulars." He illustrated this by saying that they bought underwear for \$7.50 a dozen that they thought was worth \$9 a dozen, and sold it for 10 per cent. above \$9, or \$9.90, which would give them a profit of 32 per cent. above real cost. Like all other stores, they complained of trade being dull.

E. P. Shankweiler & Co. contracted for flour and feed. They do not pay much attention to P. I. trade. Other dealers have cut way down, so there is not much "per cent." in it for anyone. The farmers buy where they think they can do best.

J. K. Sharp recently contracted for groceries and meats. The expression on his face is not such that a timid and bashful reporter would tackle him with much hope of getting a satisfactory interview; so one of his clerks was approached. He was very emphatic and pronounced in his statements, saying "It doesn't make a bit of difference—not a bit. The farmers have no money and we have to trust our customers, anyhow." He also said that they started in with quite a lodge but didn't have half the members now. He knew some to join one night and ask for credit the next morning.

Some of the Patrons' furnished the information that they had boycotted the dry goods and grocery merchants, some time ago, but these merchants say they never would have known it if they had not seen it in print.

It would be very pleasing to see the farmers prosperous, and, like all other occupations, we must remember that they have many things to contend with that are unpleasant, and it is natural and right for them to try to better their condition, but they are beginning to realize that they were unwise in listening to those traveling money grabbers who have sown the seed of dissension, and have persuaded them to strike a treacherous blow at the very merchants who, for years, have been their best friends.

We all feel the hard times, and if ever there was a time that the farmers needed accommodation it is now. They have heretofore found it very convenient to have their merchants "carry them over tax time." They (and this means the majority) now see their mistake, and are ready to profit by the lesson, and are anxious to renew old friendship. They are also learning that goods cannot be sold for 10 per cent.; that the place to

buy goods is where they can buy cheap; that it takes competition to make goods cheap, and that the single merchant idea ruins the market for their produce. They most assuredly realize that the merchant who best understands his business, knows where and how to put up his goods to the best advantage, keeps his expenses down and is willing to put up with a reasonable living profit, is the one who sells cheapest. They also understand that this is not the class of merchants who will, as a rule, sign a contract with the P. of I.

As far as the investigation in different localities has gone, it shows that the majority of merchants who do sign are those who have not the ability to cope with sharp competition, and hope, by signing, to gain an advantage over their competitors that their natural business capacity does not entitle them to. The farmers soon learn this and dissatisfaction is the inevitable result, and they have a right to be dissatisfied. If a merchant cannot make his goods, prices and fair dealing draw trade to him, he certainly cannot expect to hold the trade by a contract which is no more binding than the one signed by the Patrons of Industry.

Some of the members about Big Rapids, although giving up the trade idea, are turning their attention to other branches of the work of their organization, with what success could not be learned.

The Furniture Industry.

The Chicago Northwestern Lumberman says it is a peculiarity of western furniture manufacturers "that establishments located at interior points thrive better than those in the larger cities. It is no exaggeration to say, for instance, that the Chicago factories are having hard sledding to keep out of bankruptcy. Competition is ruinous, profits small and expenses heavy. This obliges operators to skin prices of material, and the hardwood trade comes in for its share. But in such places as Grand Rapids and Rockford the furniture trade goes along at an uninterrupted pace, new factories are going up yearly and the business thrives. The reason for the prosperity of the industry in the smaller places is said to be the comparative cheapness and reliability of labor. In Rockford, the majority of factories are run on the co-operative plan, the co-operators being mostly Scandinavians. Last year, members of this nationality built six factories in Rockford. They are nearly all mechanics, and good ones, and work together for the common interest as one man. Surely, the feasibility of co-operation is well illustrated in that city."

For Revenue Only.
The women who ask for samples of silk
Make the dry goods merchant feel lonely.
For he is in favor, with his friends of that ilk,
Of a tear-off for revenue only.

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

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.

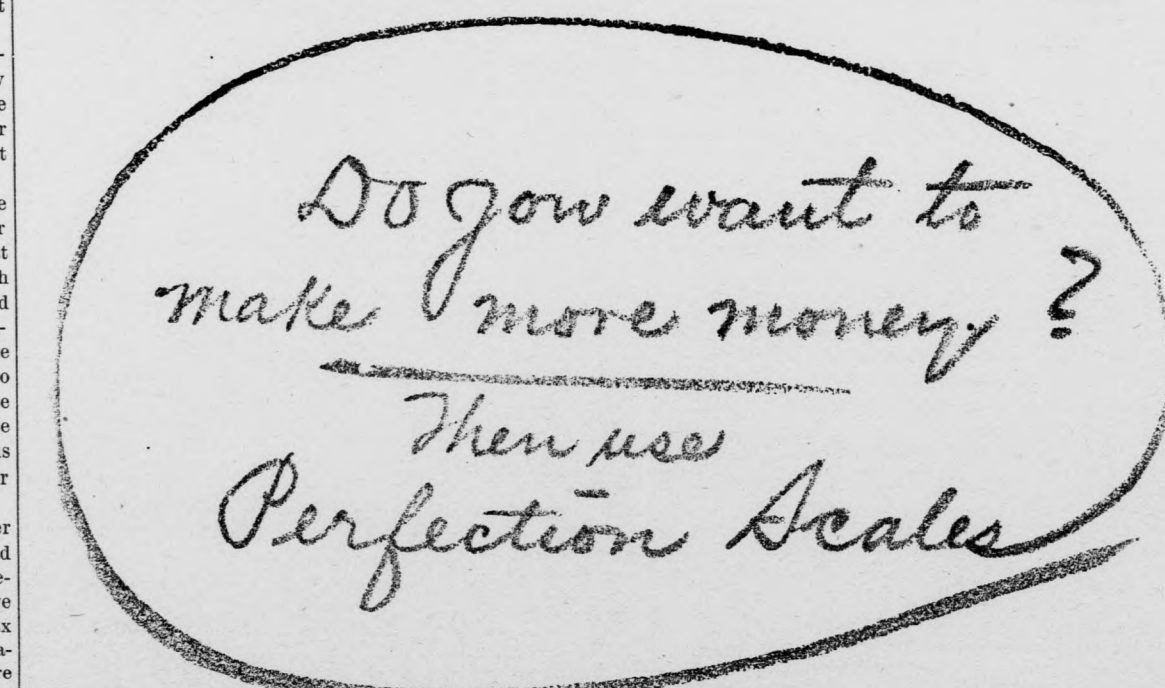
H. M. BLIVEN, Manager. 63 Pearl St.

WM. SEARS & CO.,

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

Putnam Candy Co.,

HEADQUARTERS FOR
FLORIDA ORANGES, LEMONS, NUTS, ETC.



For Sale by Leading Wholesale Grocers.

HARDWOOD LUMBER.

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

Basswood, log-run	13 00/15 00
Birch, log-run	15 00/16 00
Birch, Nos. 1 and 2	22 00
Black Ash, log-run	14 00/16 00
Cherry, log-run	25 00/40 00
Cherry, Nos. 1 and 2	60 00/65 00
Cherry, Cull	12 00
Maple, log-run	12 00/13 00
Maple, soft, log-run	11 00/13 00
Maple, Nos. 1 and 2	23 00
Maple, clear, flooring	23 00
Maple, white, selected	23 00
Red Oak, log-run	20 00/21 00
Red Oak, Nos. 1 and 2	26 00/28 00
Red Oak, 1/4 sawed, 6 inch and up	28 00/40 00
Red Oak, 1/4 sawed, regular	30 00/32 00
Red Oak, No. 1, step plank	22 00
Walnut, log-run	25 00
Walnut, Nos. 1 and 2	27 00
Walnuts, cull	23 00
Grey Elm, log-run	12 00/13 00
White Ash, log-run	14 00/16 00
Whitewood, log-run	20 00/22 00
White Oak, log-run	17 00/18 00
White Oak, 1/4 sawed, Nos. 1 and 2	42 00/43 00

A. D. Spangler & Co

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

FRUITS AND PRODUCE

And General Commission Merchants.
EAST SAGINAW, MICH.

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

E. J. Mason & Co.,

Proprietors of

Old Homestead Factory

GRANT, MICH.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Preserves, Evaporated Apples

Jellies and Apple Butter.

Our goods are guaranteed to be made from wholesome fruit and are free from any adulteration or sophistication. See quotations in grocery price current.

The Grand Rapids trade can be supplied by GOSS & DORAN, 138 South Division street. Telephone, 1150.

WANTED.

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

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

EARL BROS.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

157 South Water St., CHICAGO.

Reference: FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Chicago.

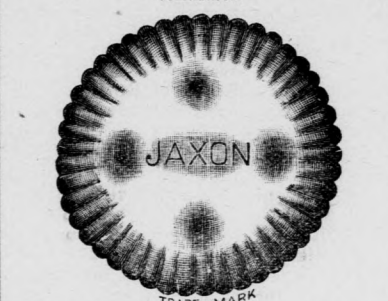
MICHIGAN TRADESMAN, Grand Rapids.

Crockery & Glassware

LAMP BURNERS.	
No. 0 Sun	38
No. 1 "	38
No. 2 "	58
Tubular	75
LAMP CHIMNEYS.—Per box.	
6 doz. in box.	
No. 0 Sun	1 55
No. 1 "	2 00
No. 2 "	3 00
No. 0 Sun, crimp top	2 25
No. 1 "	2 40
No. 2 "	3 40
XXX Flint.	
No. 0 Sun, crimp top	2 60
No. 1 "	2 80
No. 2 "	3 80
Pearl top.	
No. 1 Sun, wrapped and labeled	3 70
No. 2 "	4 70
No. 2 Hinge, " "	4 70
La Bastic.	
No. 1 Sun, plain bulb, per doz.	25
No. 2 "	50
No. 1 crimp, per doz.	35
No. 2 "	60
STONEWARE.—AKRON.	
Butter Crocks, per gal.	06 1/4
Jugs, 1/2 gal., per doz.	75
" 1 "	1 50
" 2 "	1 80
Milk Pans, 1/2 gal., per doz. (glazed 66c)	65
" 1 "	75

PURE GOLD

Is good, but no more standard than the celebrated



Which holds it own against all opposition.

Manufactured by

JACKSON CRACKER CO.,

Jobber of Candy and Nuts, Cigars and Cheese.

JACKSON, MICH.

TIME TABLES.

Grand Rapids & Indiana.

In effect Nov. 17, 1889.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

Train	Arrive	Leave
Traverse City & Mackinaw	9:30 a.m.	7:10 a.m.
Traverse City Express	9:30 a.m.	11:30 a.m.
Traverse City & Mackinaw	3:15 p.m.	4:10 p.m.
From Cincinnati	8:50 p.m.	
Cadillac (Mixed)		6:30 p.m.
Through coaches for Saginaw	7:10 a.m. and 4:10 p.m.	

GOING SOUTH.

Train	Arrive	Leave
Cincinnati Express	11:45 a.m.	7:15 a.m.
Fort Wayne Express	11:45 a.m.	6:00 p.m.
Cincinnati Express	5:30 p.m.	6:00 p.m.
From Mackinaw & Traverse City	10:40 p.m.	
From Cadillac	9:35 a.m.	

Train leaving for Cincinnati at 6 p.m. and arriving from Cincinnati at 9:30 p.m. runs daily, Sundays included. Other trains daily except Sunday.

Sleeping and Parlor Car Service: North—7:10 a.m. Sleeping and Parlor Car Service: South—7:15 a.m. train has chair car.

and 6 p.m. train Pullman sleeping car for Cincinnati.

Muskegon, Grand Rapids & Indiana.

In effect Nov. 10, 1889.

Leave

Train	Arrive	Leave
11:15 a.m.	10:15 a.m.	
5:40 p.m.	3:45 p.m.	
5:40 p.m.	8:45 p.m.	
Leaving time at Bridge street depot 7 minutes later.		
Through tickets and full information can be had by calling upon A. Alquist, ticket agent at depot, or Geo. W. Munson, Union Ticket Agent, 67 Monroe St., Grand Rapids, Mich.		

C. L. LOCKWOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee.

GOING WEST.

Train	Arrive	Leave
Morning Express	12:50 p.m.	4:30 p.m.
Through Mail	4:10 p.m.	3:45 p.m.
Grand Rapids Express	10:40 p.m.	7:00 a.m.
Night Express	6:40 a.m.	7:30 a.m.

GOING EAST.

Train	Arrive	Leave
Detroit Express	10:10 a.m.	6:50 a.m.
Through Mail	10:20 p.m.	3:45 p.m.
Evening Express	3:35 p.m.	3:45 p.m.
Grand Rapids Express	10:40 p.m.	10:50 p.m.
Daily, Sundays excepted.		

Detroit Express and Evening Express have parlor cars attached and make direct connections in Detroit for all points East.

Morning express and Grand Rapids express have parlor cars attached. Night express has Wagner sleeping car to Detroit, arriving in Detroit at 7:30 a.m.

Through railroad tickets and ocean steamship tickets and sleeping car berths secured at D. G. H. & M. Ry. office, 25 Monroe St., and at the depot.

JAS. CAMPBELL, City Passenger Agent.

JNO. W. LOUD, Traffic Manager, Detroit.

Toledo, Ann Arbor & Northern.

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

A. J. PAISLEY, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

"The Niagara Falls Route."

Train	Arrive	Leave
Detroit Express	6:45 a.m.	10:15 p.m.
Mixed	6:50 a.m.	5:30 p.m.
Day Express	11:55 a.m.	10:30 a.m.
Atlantic & Pacific Express	10:45 p.m.	6:00 a.m.
New York Express	6:40 p.m.	1:35 p.m.

Daily.

All other daily except Sunday.

Sleeping cars run on Atlantic and Pacific Express trains to and from Detroit.

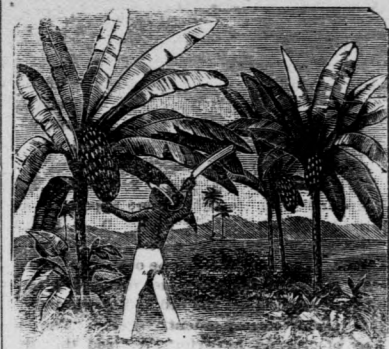
Parlor cars run on Day Express and Grand Rapids Express to and from Detroit.

F. M. BAUGH, Gen'l Agent, 85 Monroe St.

G. S. HAWES, Ticket Agent, Union Depot.

Geo. W. Munson, Union Ticket Office, 67 Monroe St.

O. W. ROGERS, G. P. & T. Agent, Chicago.



We are headquarters for the celebrated

Bluefield Bananas,

Receiving regular consignments. Also direct receivers of

CALIFORNIA

ORANGES & LEMONS

A. J. BROWN,

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Lemon & Peters,

WHOLESALE GROCERS.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

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

GRAND RAPIDS.

Michigan Fire and Marine Insurance Co.

ORGANIZED 1881.

CASH CAPITAL \$400,000.

CASH ASSETS OVER \$700,000.

LOSSES PAID \$500,000.

D. Whitney, Jr., President.

Eugene Harbeck, Sec'y.

</

LOVE IN A BARREL.

CHAPTER I.

A long row of some dozen or so great stone mills, with roofs tall and steep, or hipped and gabled, and with walls whitened with flour, gaped by open sheds and half doors upon a sunny stretch of dusty road, stand upon the steep bluff shore of a river. Upon the road they are two stories high; upon the river front they are four, five or even six. In some seasons sloops, brigs and barques are lashed to the river walls loading with barrels of flour or cornmeal, the shouts of the stevedores and the creaking of blocks and tackles echoing from stony wall to stony wall. On the decks lounge a few idle sailors in baggy breeches or petticoats, club cues down their backs and cocked hats of Monterey caps upon their heads, and upon the road in front of the mill doors stand clustered the queer old vehicles of the day, farmers' carts, coopers' carts, great Conestoga wagons dragged by teams of eight, ten or twelve mules and which travel sometimes even so far as Pittsburg.

Upon the further side of the road from the mills is the mill-race, brimming with the speeding waters that, in the night time, fill the silence with the brawling of their hurrying rush. Here and there side streams shoot under the bridges and lift flood-gates and set the huge, groaning wheels a-turning and the rude machinery and great millstones to jarring and turning in answer.

Such, one hundred years ago, were the famous old Brandywine flour mills, which ground more meal during the revolution and for the old West India trade than was ground at any other place in the country.

II.

It was the evening of the 12th of September, in the year 1777. The yellow sunlight streamed in through the windows and all the room was full of the good smell of supper. The blue china cups and saucers and plates and dishes, the pewter spoons and the iron knives and the two-pronged forks, polished till they shone like silver, caught the light and winked and sparkled and twinkled back again at the broad yellow patches of light on the floor.

Friend Sparks and his family sat at supper, but, though the smell of it was so good, the knives and forks and spoons clattered in a listless fashion, and the family ate and drank without much heart in the matter.

"I don't know," said Friend Joseph, laying down his knife and fork and looking around at his daughters and more especially at his niece, Mattie Dixon, "I don't know what it is that sets you girls so agog over a laced hat and epaulets and a blue coat and brass buttons. Here was General Washington and his army not more than a month in town, and now, because he has gone and takes away with him his snipe-jack aids-de-camp and captains and majors, all the women in Wilmington and Brandywine are in the vapors."

Now, men are not quick at seeing things, but the women knew very well why Mattie Dixon's eyes were red. Indeed, a gloom had fallen on her heart ever since a young farmer had ridden down from Chadd's Ford that morning, bringing the news of a great battle that had been fought up the Brandywine. Later in the day, two farmers' wagons had passed through the village, each bringing a load of wounded men lying in the straw.

But Friend Joseph Sparks did not notice Mattie's red eyes.

"I do not," said he presently, separating the don't in his emphasis, "I do not see what it is about a shedder of blood that turns a woman's heart red. I, for one, should be sorry to see a daughter or a niece of mine tied to such an unregenerate, soulless son of Anak as one of those young men who make bloodshed a trade and think that a blue coat and brass buttons excuse murder. Now, there was a battle fought yesterday," he continued, leaning back in his chair and folding his hands, "and, no doubt, a many likely young men killed or maimed for life. There was that Philip Van Cleif, who came here so often when—" The worthy Friend was suddenly interrupted in his monologue by Mattie Dixon rising so precipitately as to knock her chair over backward with a loud clatter upon the floor and then hurrying from the room without a word, feeling in her pocket for her handkerchief as she went.

Friend Sparks stared after her with open eyes.

A momentary pause followed as the door banged behind the girl.

"How could thou talk so, Joseph?" said the good mother presently. "Didn't thou see that it was as much as she could do to contain her spirits?" Then she, too, pushed back her chair and followed her niece.

"Botheration!" said Friend Sparks, "thou thinkst of nothing but the young man. Go and get dressed. Thou's a spectacle."

"If he was only a barrel of flour," said Friend Joseph, as the family sat at a melancholy breakfast that morning, "I'd get him away as easy as goose grease." And then, again, they all sat silent in thought.

"Uncle," said Mattie, suddenly, "does thee remember those double barrels that thee had made to send cornmeal to Jamaica in the Nancy schooner before the war? Could a man get into one of those?"

"Perhaps so," said the miller, "if—" He stopped suddenly and pushed back his chair. "Why, thou's hit it, girl!" he cried. "We might barrel him up and send him off, eh, mother? Why, one of those West Indian double barrels would be the very thing!"

"We might send him to sister Jane, in Chester," said Rebecca Sparks, looking at her husband.

"No, no, that would never do," said the miller. "No man could lie cramped in a barrel five or six hours. Remember, too, that he's wounded. I'll tell thee what we can do. We can send him to Cousin Jane Penny—that's only four miles. We might say that we are sending a barrel to Chester, and they would never know that it stopped on the way. Tschk!" said he, suddenly, "here we are in a rut—who's to take the barrel?"

slowly moving down the white stretch of road, a farm cart from up in the country. A board was laid across it and on the board sat two men, one a farmer, the other an officer in the Continental army. Friend Sparks watched them with a sort of dull curiosity. So many of the broken army had passed by ones and twos through the village that day that the sharp edge of interest was worn off.

But as the cart came up to him it stopped. "Do you know any one living here by name Joseph Sparks?" said the officer.

"I am Joseph Sparks," answered the miller, opening his gate and coming out. "Who has thee there in the cart, friend?" looking into the straw.

"A friend of yours," said the officer, "who was hurt yesterday in the battle."

As he spoke, the figure raised itself from the straw where it lay and turned toward the miller a face white as death, the head and jaws bound around with a bloody cloth, and a pair of eyes dull and languid.

The good Quaker hardly recognized in the pale, woe-begone face the gay young Major Van Cleif who had visited at his house so frequently during the last month.

He stood staring, agape, holding his pipe idly in his hand. "Is thee much hurt?" said he, at last.

"I don't know," said the young man, faintly.

"Can't you lodge him somewhere till he gets some doctoring?" asked the officer.

Friend Sparks stood a moment sunk in troubled thought. "Nay," said he, at last, "I can't bring him into the house. If the British should come as it's likely they will, it would bring trouble that I have no right to shoulder. I can lodge him at the mill and make him as comfortable as I can." And so it was arranged.

Friend Joseph followed the cart down the short hill to the mill door and there saw the wounded man carried into the loft, where a bed of empty bags was made upon a pile of wheat. Then, leaving the mill foreman to watch the patient, he went back to the house for his coat and hat.

The news of the coming of the wounded man had already flown through the house. Mattie met him at the door, and, as he stood in the dark entry, grasped him by the wrist with both hands. "Uncle," she said, in a breathless whisper, "uncle, will he die?"

"I don't know," said Friend Sparks in an answering whisper; "no, I think not." He could just see her pale face in the gathering darkness.

"Oh, uncle," she said, in the same gasping whisper. "He asked me to marry him before he went away. If he dies my heart will break." And she began to cry convulsively.

Friend Sparks stood quite still for awhile. "I am going for Doctor Shallcross," said he, at last, and then Mattie let go his wrist and he left her, shutting the sitting-room door very softly behind him.

"After all, it is no such great matter," said the doctor, as he and Friend Sparks walked across the road from the mill to the house in the starry darkness. "It is a sword stroke upon the side of the head, but the brain is not injured. He is only faint from loss of blood. I sewed up the cut, and I'll come again to see him tomorrow morning. I wonder," he added, "that they should have sent him here to Wilmington, instead of taking him to Philadelphia along with them."

"Never mind," said Friend Sparks. "He is here now and I'll make him as comfortable as I can."

Mattie Dixon awakened at early dawn the next morning, with the dripping of the rain falling upon the roof—pat! pat! and an unusual sound of men's voices out in the road before the house—loud talking and laughter. She jumped out of bed and ran to the window and saw upon the other side of the road a sight that made her heart stand still—a row of stacked muskets under the trees among the yellow leaves. Accoutrements, haversacks and cartridge-boxes hung from the crossed bayonets, and squatting, sitting and lolling upon the ground were some two score of soldiers in tall grenadier hats, with white leggings upon their legs, and the blaze of red coats shining from under the cloaks hung loosely across their shoulders. Three or four officers sat upon a bench between two of the maple trees, and the white smoke from a fire rose sluggishly up through the half-naked branches.

The British had come!

Without waiting an instant, Mattie slipped on a petticoat over her nightgown and, in her bare feet, ran down stairs and burst into her uncle's room.

"Uncle!" she cried, "the British have come!"

Joseph Sparks sat up in bed as though moved by a spring.

"Oh!" cried the girl, wringing her hands, "the soldiers will find him and kill him or send him to the hulks!"

"Botheration!" said Friend Sparks, "thou thinkst of nothing but the young man. Go and get dressed. Thou's a spectacle."

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It was a point that they had not thought of.

"Can't John Binney take him?" said Rebecca. (John Binney was the mill foreman.)

"I don't see how he could," said Friend Sparks; "they would know that John Binney would never go to Chester with a barrel of flour. If the boys were only home, they might do it." By "the boys" he meant the two sons, Reuben and John.

In the pause that followed, Mattie suddenly arose and went to her uncle and knelt beside his chair. "Uncle," said she, in a low voice.

"What is it, Mattie?"

"One day, when aunt and thee were away from home, I put on the clothes that Reuben wore when he was a boy." She bowed her head and a long pause of silence followed. The old clock in the corner said sharply, "tick, tack." At last, Friend Sparks broke the silence and he spoke in a voice more gentle than his usual acrid tone. "Thou may put them on again, Mattie," said he.

III.

Colonel Gorse had made the counting room of the great north mill his headquarters. He was lighting his pipe at a candle when the glass door opened and Friend Joseph Sparks came in, his beaver upon his head, a corporal escorting him, holding the sleeve of the Friend's coat between his thumb and finger.

He had come, the Friend said, to ask for a permit to pass a barrel of flour through the lines.

"Take off your hat," said Colonel Gorse.

"Nay," said the Friend, "it is against my conscience to take off my hat to any man."

"Damn your conscience!" said the colonel. "Take off your hat!"

"Nay," said the Friend, "I cannot take off my hat."

The orderly, who stood near the colonel, leaned over and said something to him.

"I don't care a damn who he is," said the colonel, in reply to the whispered word, "he shan't wear his hat before me. Take off his hat, corporal."

The Friend made no objections as the corporal lifted off his hat and tossed it upon the bench beside the door. "Now, then," said the colonel, "tell me your business?"

The opening did not seem very propitious, but Friend Sparks began his story again. He had a sister in Chester to whom he had promised a barrel of flour. It should have gone yesterday, but he had put off sending. His sister would be looking for it and he was sorry that she should not get it. Would the colonel let him send it through the lines by his hired boy that morning?

"Can't your sister buy flour instead of sending to Brandywine for it?"

"Why, thou sees, Friend," said the miller, "money has been very scarce with us, of late. My sister's husband is on a voyage to the West Indies and she looks to me to help her in these matters; so, if thou'll let me, I'll send that barrel of flour this morning."

Once more the orderly whispered in the colonel's ear. Perhaps he told the chief officer that Joseph Sparks was one of the richest men in that part of the country. The two held a muttered talk for a few minutes, and then the colonel turned abruptly to the Friend with more respect in his voice than he had shown before.

"What time did you want to send that flour?" asked he.

"About 9 o'clock," said Friend Joseph. "Well," said the colonel, "have it ready by 9 o'clock, and I will let it go through the lines."

So, at 9 o'clock, a cart half full of straw stood in front of the door at the south mill with a pretty, pale-faced boy standing at the horse's head. The miller and his foreman lowered a great double barrel by a block and tackle from the loft above. Two or three soldiers were standing in the rain with their cloaks over their shoulders, idly watching the operation. They did not see three auger holes in the top of the barrel. As it touched the ground, Friend Sparks carelessly threw a bag over the top of it.

"That 'ere is the biggest barrel of flour that ever I see," said one of the men, taking his pipe out of his mouth.

"It's a double barrel, Friend," said the miller, brushing his hands together. "It is the kind that we used to send to the West Indies."

"Where be that going?" asked the soldier.

"To Chester," said the miller, briefly. "Now, then, John, easy!" They turned the barrel on its side and rolled it slowly up the plank to the cart.

"You roll it up as if it were full of glass," said one of the soldiers. "Let me help you."

"Never mind, Friend," said the miller; "we can handle it better without thy help. So—now, John—that's it!" And the barrel was rolled into the cart and fastened in its place with ropes. The soldiers did not notice that it lay upon its side, the end nearer the head of the cart raised a little higher than the other.

As they went by Colonel Gorse's headquarters, the orderly who had befriended Friend Joseph stood at the door. A young, boyish-looking lieutenant, wrapped in a cloak, sat upon a horse near by and two troopers and a corporal stood beside him, the muzzles of their guns pointed downward, the flintlocks sheltered from the drizzly rain under their overcoats.

"Is this the barrel of flour?" said the orderly, peering into the cart.

"Aye," said Friend Sparks, "that is it."

"It is a plaguy big one," he observed. "It is easier to send it in such bulk," said the miller.

"These men are going to Chester," said the orderly, pointing to the young officer and the three troopers. "They will see you safely through."

His words fell upon Friend Sparks like a thunderbolt. His mind seized upon everything in one instant. Those few words meant either death to the wounded man, who would have to stay five hours in the barrel—a dreadful death, cramped and tortured in the narrow space—or else, should the secret of the contents be disclosed, imprisonment for himself and, perhaps, for his niece. He looked at Mattie, but she kept her head turned away and made no sign.

"Forward!" said the young officer, and off they moved, he riding in front and the three men marching beside the cart.

The miller stood looking after them until they had passed beyond the crest of the hill.

"Are you sick, Mr. Sparks?" the orderly asked, looking into his face.

"Nay," said the Friend, with a start, "but I feel chilly. I think I'll go home." Mattie had heard the words, as well as her uncle, and, as she rode along, unheeding the rain and the rough shaking of the cart, her thoughts teemed like a hive of bees, planning and planning how she could leave her precious burden at Cousin Jane Penny's house. She made up her mind at once that, should they pass it by, she would confess to the young lieutenant, for imprisonment in the hulks was better than the chance of death in the long ride to Chester.

About two miles from the town there is a little brawling stream, then known by the Swedish name of Skillpot, or Stony Brook. At the edge of the woods, close to the stream, was a company of troopers, who had been stationed to watch the high road for stragglers from the American army. They had built a rude shelter of fence rails and brushwood beside the road.

As the company came by, one of the sentinels on guard stopped them, and the young lieutenant showed the passes for the cart and its burden.

"Look-ee, Jack!" cried the soldier, calling to the others. "Here is a chap with the biggest barrel of flour that ever I see. Tell them to fetch the pan and we'll fill it!"

For a moment Mattie's head spun dizzy, then she cried out in a shrill voice, "You shan't touch the flour! The barrel is not yours! You shan't touch it!"

"Zounds!" exclaimed the man. "Why shan't we touch it? Can't you spare a little pinch of flour out of such a big barrel as that?"

"No!" cried Mattie, passionately. "You shan't have it!"

"Let the man have a little," urged the lieutenant.

"No, he shan't have it!" she cried more and more vehemently.

Two or three of the others had come forward now and one stood by with a hatchet in his hand.

"By the Lord Harry!" said the man who had just spoken, "we will have some, I tell thee! Here, Dick," to the other sentry, "hold the boy. Now, give me the axe till I knock in the head."

"Let me go!" screamed Mattie, struggling with the fellow who had caught her by the arms and held them behind her back.

"What is the matter there?" said a harsh voice, and Mattie, turning her head, saw an elderly officer wrapped in a cloak, standing by the fence beside the road.

"They want to rob me," cried she in a gasping voice, "and they shan't do it! They shan't do it!"

"What's the matter, my men?" the officer asked, coming forward. One of the soldiers explained, and the officer turned to Mattie with some surprise. "And will you not give the poor man a little of your flour?" said he.

"No," said Mattie, "I cannot."

"But why?" said the officer.

Mattie hesitated a moment, and then a sudden determination came upon her. "I will tell you," said she, "but I cannot tell thee."

"Very well," said the officer, "tell me, then." And he led her a little apart to the side of the road. The poor girl hesitated for a moment or two, looked to the right and the left like a hare in the toils, then, catching him by the arm and raising herself upon tip-toe, breathed into his ear: "Because I am a poor girl and am trying to save my dear friend, who is a wounded soldier of the American Army and is in yonder barrel."

The officer glared at her silently for a while—beyond that he neither changed countenance or made a start.

Mattie waited breathlessly to hear what he would say.

Suddenly, he turned to the others. "Who gave the order to pass this boy through to Chester?" asked he.

"Colonel Gorse," answered the young lieutenant.

Once more the officer hesitated for a moment. "Very well," said he, at last, "then, let him go."

Mattie gave him one eloquent look of gratitude and, then, without waiting a moment, ran to her cart and, grasping the reins, rode off as fast as the sober old horse could draw its load.

As they climbed the steep hill beyond the brawling stream, the young officer reined back his horse beside the cart. "What was the reason you wouldn't give the men some flour?" said he.

"Because I would get whipped," said Mattie, looking up at him with her dark eyes. "Mister Sparks is a quiet man," she added, "but, with a grime, when he whips he whips hard."

The young officer laughed aloud. "And that was your wonderful secret, was it?" said he.

"Yes," said Mattie, "I did not want the soldiers to know it for fear they'd laugh at me." Then, suddenly, "There is a farmhouse a mile up the road yonder, and Mr. Sparks told me to stop there for a letter if you'd wait till Mrs. Penny wrote it."

"No," said the young officer. "We make no stops till we get to Chester."

"Very well," said Mattie, with a show of indifference, "just as you please. It wouldn't take over fifteen minutes, and she can mull a crock of the best hard cider to be had in the State of Delaware."

The young soldier rode on for awhile in silence. He had been marching in the rain with the three men since daylight that morning. He had had nothing to eat but a piece of bread and meat, and nothing to drink but a cup of lukewarm tea, which he had swallowed in Wilmington. The thought of the mulled cider and the warm rest for a few minutes was alluring.

"Where is the house?" said he, suddenly.

"Oh, half a mile or so along the road," said Mattie. "It doesn't matter if you won't stop. It was only a letter that I was to take if I had gone to Chester yesterday."

The young officer reined back his horse to where the troopers were plodding behind, and a few words passed between them. "Very well," said he, riding forward to the cart again, "we'll stop for fifteen minutes, if it won't take you any longer."

Mattie's heart began to beat as though

to smother her and she felt her eyes grow misty with tears. "Very well," said she, after awhile, when she could trust herself to speak, "just as you choose."

How Mattie ever got the soldiers into the kitchen of the farmhouse, and her cousin into the back entry without the good old dame's betraying her, she never could tell. Perhaps it was because Friend Penny was nearsighted—perhaps it was because she was bewildered by the coming of the soldiers that she did not recognize Mattie at first. And, now, at last, Mattie had her in the entry back of the dining-room.

"Cousin Mary," whispered she, "don't say anything—don't make a noise—I am Mattie—hush!"

"Mattie! ! ! ?" cried the old lady. The girl clapped her hand over her mouth.

"Hush!" said she again. "Don't make a noise—I can't stay—I must go back to the kitchen—there's a man in the barrel in the cart—send a hard cider to the kitchen right away and then get him out—I've told them that I was to stop for a letter—make believe to write one!"

All this she said pantingly and brokenly and then she was gone.

"Where's the mulled cider?" asked the young lieutenant.

"It's coming," said Mattie. "I've told the old lady to fetch it right away."

The corporal had lighted his pipe and was standing looking out of the window, which was streaked and blurred with rain. "Hello!" he cried, suddenly. "Hi, there! Stop! What's that man doing with the horse and cart?"

Mattie looked out of the window and saw John Grimes, the hired man, leading the horse and cart toward the shed behind the house. "Oh! he's only going to take the horse out of the rain," she said; "let him alone. Here comes the cider."

Friend Penny brought it in with trembling hands and set it down upon the table. "Now, ma'am," said Mattie, "you go fetch me the iron. I'll sizzle the cider up. Oh, I am a master-hand at making cider!" she rattled on. "I'll show you how to brew a mulled cider that'll make your wig stand on end. Many and many a glass have I brewed for old Joe Sparks, and it had to be just so or he'd leather me." She hardly knew what she was saying, but she chattered wildly on as she heated the iron in the fire, dipping it into the cider until it steamed again, sweetening the fragrant brown liquor with sugar and spicing it with cloves and allspice. "Now, then, taste that, captain," she said, handing it to the young officer with a flourish.

She heard a sound of scuffling feet without, as though of men carrying a heavy weight, and then a thump, as though of that burden set upon the floor.

"What's that?" said the lieutenant, stopping his hand as he raised the cup to his lips.

"I don't know," said Mattie. "Nothing, I guess. Did you know that this house is haunted?"

"No, of course I didn't. How should I know it?"

"True for you, captain! Of course, you didn't know it is haunted, but it is, and I'll tell you the story, if you'd like to hear it." Without waiting for an answer she rattled on, partly improvising a string of nonsense, partly adhering to the thread of an old legend of the neighborhood, a story of a murdered peddler, and of how every year at the same hour that the murder was done all the sounds of the tragedy were enacted over again. She was telling of how a woman passing through the kitchen had seen the peddler at the table, when her cousin came into the room with the bogus letter in her hand. Mattie read in her eyes that the work was done, and there with the story came to an abrupt end. She put her hand to her throat, then—"I forget the rest of the story!" she cried, wildly.

The young officer looked keenly at her. "You're drunk!" said he.

"No, I ain't," said Mattie, in a shrill voice, "I am as sober as you are."

"Is he safe?" she whispered, as she passed her cousin in the entry.

"Yes," said Jane Penny in an answering whisper, and, then, "Don't give way, Mattie!"

"Don't speak to me!" gasped the poor girl.

"Hello!" said the corporal, when they came out into the rain, "they've stood the barrel on end!"

And they had, but it was not the same barrel that Mattie had brought with her from the Brandywine mills. She saw that at a flash and then remembered that her uncle had sent a double barrel one time to Friend Penny to pack smoked hams in for the winter.

That long, dreadful ride to Chester always remained in her memory like some horrid nightmare. She had a dim recollection of staring straight before her, of what seemed to her the unending road, the fine rain dashing in her face and a bitter tightness in her throat. But, at last, it was ended and she lay upon the bed in her aunt's spare room sobbing and crying as though her heart would break.

Perhaps no woman before or since that time has carried her lover in a flour barrel and then exchanged him for smoked hams.

Major Van Cleif made every effort to find the name and the address of the old captain of troopers that suffered Mattie to pass along the road that day, but it was not until he had been married a twelvemonth that he was successful. Then he sent him on behalf of his wife a gold snuff-box set with diamonds. It was in the shape of a miniature flour barrel.

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The Michigan Tradesman

THE LUNATIC'S STORY.

A Sketch in the Life of a Shoe Manufacturer.

From Puck.

He was picked up in the streets, crazy, and sent to the asylum. It was impossible to tell who or what he was. Indeed, he had forgotten his own identity and believed himself to be Grand Powwow Powderly. The insanity expert who had charge of his case assumed that he was a poor workman, crazed by misfortune.

"Mr. Powderly" was a mystery for several months, but the careful attention of the doctor was rewarded, and at length reason was restored. Shortly afterward the doctor said to him:

"I should like to hear your story, for I have always had the profoundest sympathy for the downtrodden son of toil."

A grin wrinkled "Mr. Powderly's" face as he said:

"All right. I'll tell you a story of the poor, oppressed workman that will make your hair curl. I was a clerk in a shoe store, and had two thousand dollars in cash, when an idea occurred to me. It was an improvement in the making of shoes which added immensely to the comfortableness of the shoe. Well, I started a shop to show off my idea. Not being a shoemaker myself, I had to hire practical workmen; and, as all of them belonged to a union, I paid regular union prices. One thousand dollars of my money went for material and outfits, and my surplus was soon exhausted in the payment of salaries.

"My returns so far were not sufficient to meet expenses, but my shoe was popular. For the next six months it was a desperate race, and I had to go in debt for my personal expenses. I wore old, shabby clothes, and often went without a square meal. My men meantime were well dressed and entirely free from care. I, on the contrary, was pursued by creditors until I could hardly look anybody in the face.

"After a year of this dog's life, I hit upon a lucky thing. I found that I could buy, from a certain establishment, ready-made soles for about one-fourth the price I could make them at. I introduced them accordingly, and found I could make 35 per cent. more shoes on the same outlay than before. In a year I had made money enough to pay all my debts, and I saw the chance of a good living before me.

"But now the Shoemakers' Union learned that I dared to make money, and great indignation prevailed. So I was notified that I must quit using the patent ready-made sole, or that I must pay my men by the shoe, and pay as much as if they had made the sole themselves. In other words, I was to pay them for the privilege of using a sole that I had already paid for.

"Submit? Of course. All the shoemakers in town belonged to the Union. But my shoes were so well liked that even this did not down me, and I still managed to make a bare living.

"Meantime the Union was not sleeping. Special rules were invented to eat up my little profits. I did a good deal of mending, and the Union decided that any patch put on a shoe was the same as making an entirely new shoe, and must be paid accordingly.

"If a man wanted a buckle on a shoe, I not only had to provide the buckle, but to pay the shoemaker who put it on the shoe the price of making the buckle. Every few months a new rule was invented for my concern, until I was paying more for making a shoe than I could sell it for.

"One night, five years after I had begun business, I summed up the result. I had furnished a new idea and \$2,000 capital; had given employment, at good wages, to an average of a dozen men; had slaved night and day, had gone like a beggar half the time, and had even starved awhile; had sunk all my capital, was \$2,000 in debt, and had just about enough stock on hand to square up.

"Next morning the foreman waited on me with a demand for increased wages. I refused. There was a strike. I was boycotted, bulldozed, threatened, pursued and assaulted. The press spoke of the affair as another effort of capital to lift its mailed hand against the poor workman. I was glad to make an assignment and go crazy. And all I ask is to be allowed to pass the rest of my days in peace in the lunatic asylum.

The Bauder Electric Process of Refining Sugars.

This invention, which has been patented in France and England as well as in this country, is so remarkable in its claims that we give to it a considerable space. The processes which have been heretofore used in refining sugar are of a slow, difficult and expensive nature. Whatever chemical or mechanical processes are employed, the following operations have to be performed: First, dissolving or melting the sugar; second, clarifying the same; third, filtering and decoloring; fourth, boiling; fifth, cleaning; sixth, bleaching, and seventh, drying the same.

This invention consists, in its general outlines, in a process of refining sugar by subjecting the mass in a dry state to the action of steam, so as to moisten and heat the same, and to the bleaching action of ozone generated by electric sparks passed through the moistened mass, while the same is simultaneously rotated in a centrifugal machine, so as to drain off the syrup. After the bleaching action is completed, the mass is crushed, bolted and moistened, and then pressed into suitable shape.

In this process of refining sugar, the sugar is taken in crystallized condition as it is delivered by the planter, and first thoroughly ventilated by forcing air through the same, for removing thereby adhering dust and other impurities. If the crystals in the sugar are of medium size, they are left as they are; but if the crystals are of a larger size, they are crushed so as to reduce them to a smaller size. For this purpose an ordinary crusher is used without reference to the larger or smaller size of the crystals or of the powder in the same. The mass of sugar is next transferred to a centrifugal apparatus provided with a steam-jacket, which communicates by a pipe, having a regulating stopcock, with the rotary per-

forated basket of the machine. The steam may be of high or low pressure. If the pressure does not exceed six atmospheres, the mass of sugar is put into the centrifugal machine in a perfectly dry state, as the moisture produced by the steam is sufficient for the bleaching operation. If steam of higher pressure is used, the mass of sugar has to be moistened to the required degree by an atomizer, so as to compensate for the more or less dry condition of the steam.

The centrifugal machine is closed by a hermetically fitting cover, which is provided with means for supporting the electrodes that are connected by conducting wires with a dynamo electric machine or other suitable source of electricity. The ends of the electrodes, or poles, are arranged at a greater or smaller distance from each other according to the intensity of the current employed, so as to obtain a constant spark between the poles. The cover also serves to tightly close the centrifugal machine, so as to maintain the high temperature imparted by the steam-jacket and steam to the interior of the centrifugal machine. After the mass of sugar has been placed in the basket of the centrifugal machine, the same is rotated and the mass first subjected for about ten minutes to the action of steam, which has for its object not only to purify the sugar to a certain extent, but also to moisten it and prepare it for the action of the electric current.

The joint action of the heat and moisture on the crystallized sugar places the same in a better condition to be acted on by the ozone generated by the electric current, while the mass in its dry state would only very indifferently respond to the bleaching action of the ozone. When the mass is properly heated and moistened, the electric current is permitted to pass between the electrodes at the interior of the centrifugal machine, the current being maintained for about forty minutes, either continuously or intermittently, for a longer or shorter time, according to the pressure of the steam; but it has to be stopped at least ten minutes before interrupting the current and stopping the centrifugal machine.

The strength of the electric current varies according to the quality to be treated and the speed with which the operation is to be carried out. When the draining of the mass by the centrifugal action of the machine is completed, the sugar crystals are obtained in refined state, while the syrup has been drained off. This syrup undergoes a separate treatment, which will be described hereinafter. The refined crystals are then removed from the centrifugal machine and submitted to a crushing action by means of a crushing mill of any approved construction. As by the crushing action some pulverized sugar is produced, the crushed crystals are passed through a bolting machine, having a bolting cloth of silk or metallic gauze.

The crushed and bolted sugar is then moistened moderately with filtered water by means of an atomizer, and then submitted to pressure. In this condition the mass of sugar can be moulded into various sizes and shapes, so as to form either plain or perforated blocks or cones or small cubes like the ordinary lumps in use. These blocks or pieces are next subjected to heat for a greater or less length of time, according to the size of the same, which imparts to them the dryness and hardness of ordinary fine sugar. The sugar can also be sold directly after being crushed and bolted, in which case the buyer can afterward subject it to the moistening, compressing and moulding operations. After completing the foregoing operations, there remains the syrup and the powder obtained by the same, for further treatment. These two substances may be united in such proportions as to obtain a thick mass composed of unrefined portions (syrup) and refined parts (powder). This mass is transferred to the centrifugal machine and subjected to the moistening, bleaching and draining operations before described, which will be continued until the syrup is exhausted. The syrup and the powder can also be added to a new quantity of sugar, provided the syrup does not contain more moisture than it would be supplied by the steam. If, after passing through the different operations, the residue of the syrup should contain impurities, it may be clarified by the process employed by refiners. The thus clarified syrup is then converted into crystals in a centrifugal machine by mixing it with powdered sugar or crushed sugar. The crystals thus obtained will then be again submitted to the refining operation before described.

The different steps which together form this process can also be applied directly (instead of sugar already crystallized) to the mass of sugar before crystallization, by introducing the same into the centrifugal machine and subjecting it to the different steps of the process. In this manner the only operation which is now performed twice—namely, the draining off of the syrup by centrifugal operation, which is done first by the manufacturer and then again in refining—can be performed in one operation.

The advantages of this process are that, instead of employing the wet process and the many complicated operations which it requires, the sugar is refined by a dry process, which requires but three or four operations of great simplicity. The sugar is refined without destroying the crystals, whereby the plant required is greatly simplified and rendered much less costly. The time required for refining sugar by this process is reduced to a few hours, while heretofore it has taken from fifteen to twenty days. The refining operation can also be accomplished directly by the planter without being carried out in special refining establishments.

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