

THE TRUE NORTHERNER.
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For several years, the free silverites of the west have been publicly riding their favorite hobby, but the movement was deemed of so little importance that they met little opposition. Now, within a few short months, the prevailing hard times have enabled the advocates of free silver to revive the old "rag baby"—only the fiat child now has a silver spoon in its mouth. The friends of sound money, in six months time, have made an organized fight and systematic argument against the free silver fallacy, with the result that outside of the silver-producing states the craze is rapidly waning. The average American is honest, and wants to repay his obligations fully, without the assistance of a 50-cent dollar.

DEMOCRATS are jubilant because some factories are resuming business and wages have been increased in some establishments. They should remember that "a single swallow does not make a summer." The very bottom of the industrial panic was reached a year or more ago; the descent was so rapid that there was an inevitable rebound, which we are now enjoying. None were foolish enough to expect that we would remain long at the bottom of the pit; and none who are honest pretend that there is anything like the prosperity in the United States to-day that there was during the administration of Benjamin Harrison.

GRAND MASTER Workman Sovereign wants the Knights of Labor to boycott national bank notes and refuse to accept them, as they are not legal tender. What a blow that would be to the banks, to be sure! In spite of this Sovereign advice, the wise workman will continue to accept every dollar of U. S. money he can get, whether bank notes or any other, so long as it equals any other dollar in purchasing power. Mr. Sovereign is not to be blamed for his position, however, as he has to keep his jaw sweating in some way—that's the way he makes his living.

The various railroad managers of the country have been getting reports from their agents in corn-growing localities, and they estimate the crop this year 2,400,000,000 bushels for the entire country—200,000,000 bushels more than in 1891, which is as yet the big corn year. We trust the railroad estimate may be none too large. Such a bountiful corn crop would go a long way towards the relief of hard times and would send a flood of gold into the west in exchange for the golden grain. Such a yield of corn would cause a wonderful wane of populism in western agricultural states.

"Whom do you favor for president in '96?" is asked of the NORTHERNER. We are not very particular whom the nominee of the republican party may be, and have not the slightest doubt that the NORTHERNER will be perfectly satisfied with the choice of the convention. Harrison, Reed, McKinley or Allison would suit us perfectly, as would any one of a dozen or more party leaders whom we might name. In fact, it is impossible to think of any republican whom lightning might strike that we would not prefer to Stephen Grover Cleveland of Washington and Buzzard's Bay.

The tariff on soft coal was reduced by the Wilson bill from 75 to 40 cents per ton. Notwithstanding this fact, a new coal trust is in process of organization with \$50,000,000 capital to control the bituminous coal output of the south. Will our free trade friends please howl a little about "protection trusts?"

The hot weather seems to have dried up Governor Altgeld. He has done nothing ridiculous since calling the extraordinary session of the Illinois legislature, and one scarcely sees mention of him in the dailies now.

The democrats tried to enact a "tariff for revenue only," and they did it; but the Rothschilds instead of the government are getting the revenue.

It now looks as though both the republican and democratic parties would come before the people on sound money platforms in '96.

Up to date, the "crime of '73" is about the only thing that Holmes hasn't been accused of committing.—*Detroit News.*

The new women in Chicago recently danced in bloomers at a bicycle ball. It was a blooming success.—*Kalamazoo Telegraph.*

The attorney-general of Texas insists that he will not see his state disgraced with a prize fight. In other words, the attorney-general will stay away.—*Detroit News-Tribune.*

The next president of the United States will have a glorious opportunity to emulate Jeffersonian simplicity by riding to his inauguration on a bicycle, and going through the ceremony with his trousers tied in at the ankles.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

With Atlanta arranging for a Spanish bull fight and Galveston trying to steal the Corbett-Fitzsimmons prize fight away from Dallas, it would seem as if missionaries were needed worse in the orange belt than in China or Japan.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

For earache, put a couple drops of Thomas' Electric Oil on a bit of cotton and place in the ear. The pain will stop in a few moments. Simple enough, isn't it?

Over 18,000 baskets of peaches were shipped from South Haven to Chicago, Monday.

Nelson Truesdale of Arlington lost a barn full of old hay by fire. Origin unknown. Loss \$600, with insurance.

A letter from the department of interior, Indian service, received by Chief Simon Pokagon, notifies him that each of his tribe will receive \$4,500 at once, and guardians must be appointed for the minors. The members of the tribe are jubilant.

Glen, the 12-year-old son of Enos Smith of Allegan, was drowned while bathing in the river at that place Tuesday morning. The body was recovered late in the afternoon at a point one mile below the place of drowning, whither it had been carried by the rapid current.

E. S. Thompson of South Haven, editor of *Michigan Endeavor* and also of the *News*, was elected president of the Christian Endeavor Press association of America at the big Y. P. S. C. E. convention in Boston. The Boston *Standard* prints a portrait of Mr. Thompson.

Engineers have been figuring on the power which could be developed by the Paw Paw river below Watervliet. The experts estimate that at the present extraordinary low stage of water 700 horse power is indicated, while an average during a normal season would show 1,300 horse power.

Dr. G. W. Cornish of Lawton, assisted by Drs. Rose and Maxwell of Decatur, Hamilton, Perry and Storrs of Lawton, and other doctors, ten in number, performed a very difficult surgical operation on the 11-year-old daughter of Chas. Griffith last Sunday afternoon. It consisted of the removal of the dead and diseased bone from the right arm between the shoulder and elbow.

"Loaded or unloaded?" is the proper question to ask now when buying water-melons. Some genius has conceived the idea of concealing pint bottles of whisky in water-melons and selling them at one dollar each, or less, according to the size of the melon and quality of the whisky. The melon is "plugged," the bottle placed inside, the plug replaced and the cut covered over with wax, and then the melon is turned over to await a purchaser. The scheme originated in Indiana, but is supposed to work best in local-option counties.—*Allegan Gazette.*

John Jefferson's fine young horses in pasture inside the C. & W. M. R. R. got out on the track near Bangor, recently. When the south bound express went through they became frightened and all took for the track, soon becoming entangled in a trestle. The trainmen and passengers succeeded in rolling them all bodily to the ground below. They were horribly cut by the barbed wire fence and badly bruised. One fine mare, sewed up by the veterinary, was entirely ruined for sale and perhaps for work. It is supposed that they became frightened at the lightning that severely shocked three Maccabees on their way from meeting. One of them, Deb Starr, was unable to work the next day.

The Decatur correspondent of the *Kalamazoo Telegraph* writes: "The census of the Pottawatomie Indians of southwestern Michigan has just been completed, and shows the remnant of this once powerful tribe to number only 218 souls. The enumeration was taken under the directions of the department of the interior, and was for the purpose of finding the number who are entitled to participate in the distribution of \$104,000 claimed as arrears due the tribe. The remnant of the tribe is mostly domiciled in Silver Creek township, Cass county, and on a tract of land near Watervliet, in Berrien county. Dissipation, civilization and intermarriage together are proving too much for these children of the forest. The deaths annually outnumber the births, and bits of legend will soon only remain to tell the tale of Pottawatomie occupation of Michigan."

Eczema in any part of the body is instantly relieved and permanently cured by Doan's Ointment, the sovereign remedy for all itchininess of the skin.

The July number of *Comfort*, published at Augusta, Maine, (circulation more than a million—the largest in America) comes to our desk illustrated with five lithographic colors. It is a beauty.

The story of an exiled lottery, which, after having been driven out from the United States, is now existing precariously in a Central American republic (Honduras), is told by Richard Harding Davis in *Harper's Weekly* for Aug. 3.

Pouitney Bigelow's history of "The German Struggle for Liberty" reaches in the August *Harper's* the picturesque incidents of the midwinter flight of Queen Luise along the shore of the Baltic, and her forced interview with Napoleon at Tilsit in 1807, when he was not only the conqueror of Germany, but at the very height of his career as the probable conqueror of Europe. The paper is illustrated with drawings by R. Canton Woodville, maps, and reproductions of historic material, including a hitherto unpublished miniature portrait of Queen Luise, now in the possession of her niece, the queen of Hanover.

A Sign of Peace
is the downcome of war time prices.

The during-the-war price of baking powder was 45 to 50 cents a pound. Cream of tartar was then 49 cents a pound, soda, 6 cents. Cream of tartar is now 18 cents, soda, less than 2½ cents.

Still the would-be monopolists want the same "war" prices (45 to 50c. a pound) for their products.

CALUMET Baking Powder

is sold at a "peace price"—brings peace to homes where the high priced baking powders have been breeding dyspepsia and disagreement.

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RICHMOND, VA., Oct. 2, 1894.

Indiana Bicycle Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

GENTLEMEN—The Waverley Scourcher and Belle came to hand yesterday. We are afraid you have sent us the high-priced wheel by mistake. You can't mean to tell us that this wheel retails for \$25? We must say that it is, without exception, the prettiest wheel we have ever seen, and, moreover, we have faith in it, although it weighs only 22 lbs., for of all Waverleys we have sold this year and last (and you know that is a right good lumber), we have never had a single frame nor fork broken, either from accident or defect, and that is more than we can say of any other wheel, however high grade, so-called, that we sell. We congratulate ourselves every day that we are the Waverley agents.

Yours truly, WALTER C. MERRICK & Co.

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We have a full stock. Be sure and see us before buying and then buy LAKEY'S.

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Oh, woman, we know that when you rule the land, There won't be a shadow of a chance For a man unless garbed in the swellest of coats, And a pair of "H. S. & M." pants.

The new woman will insist upon her rights, and every man owes her the compliment of appearing before her in the most manly and graceful garments that he can procure. He will find them at the Long Brick Store.

All that glitters is not gold; All is not the truth that's told, But with us there's no deceiving; Seeing, feeling, is believing, We are great success achieving, And our customers we hold.

Our reputation has been built upon such goods as the "H. S. & M." clothing. "The best or nothing" is our motto. E. Smith & Co.

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Between a lock cheap enough to be warranted poor, and such as are splendid specimens of artistic mechanism, there is a vast gulf. We span this gulf with a variety of locks that is simply astonishing.

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