



# You Will Be Astonished

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JENSEN & WHEELER

During January and February our store will close at 6:00 P. M., with the exception of Pay Nights, 8th, 9th, 10th, 22nd, 24th and 25th, and Saturday nights. If you will arrange to do your buying before 6:00 P. M., it will be greatly appreciated by both ourselves and our clerks.

JENSEN & WHEELER

## Family Reunion

The Christmas party given by Mr. and Mrs. Eli Hanks in honor of Mr. Hanks' mother, who has reached the age of 88 years, was a pronounced success. At her age few people are as vigorous as Grandma Hanks, and all present wished that she might be spared to preside over



many more such gatherings. It is not often that four generations of a single family are brought together under such happy circumstances.

The first guests to arrive were Mr. and Mrs. Orrin Hanks of Ronald, who, after driving ten miles, reached Oak Grove at 9 a. m. Among the visitors from a distance were Sherman Hulbert of Ionia and Mark Miller. Mr. Hulbert's appearance was a genuine surprise, as all believed him cozily stowed away in a northern lumber camp, until his call for "bunk room" at midnight of the 24th apprised his friends that he was headed for Ionia to pass the festive day. His genial nature added much to the jollity of the party.

Various forms of amusement were indulged in—cards, story-telling, good natured banter and recitation of thrilling or novel experiences dating back to the times before the war, filled in the hours until dinner was announced. After dinner the phonograph was brought into play and was much enjoyed. As the company began to segregate for the afternoon entertainment a surprise was announced in the form of a Japanese novelty flower garden and all were invited to witness a rapid horticultural achievement in the sowing of a few prepared plants in water and watching them develop into beautiful flowers in less than fifteen minutes. The dinner was both substantial and elaborate, chicken and roast beef easily holding first place. Delicious fruit salad, spiced cake, pumpkin pie, nuts and candies were also provided.

Other than those mentioned above in the company were Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Curtis and three grandchildren, Charles Brink, Truman Currie, Chris Choate and their wives, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hanks and baby, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnson and three children, Miss Margaret Sisco, Lee Sisco, George and Earl Farthing, James Kilbourne, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Benton and seven children and Daniel Benton.

## BELDING MARKETS

Corrected each week on Thursday morning at 10 o'clock.

Wheat-red	99
Wheat-white	99
Corn	65
Oats	50
Flour, per cwt.	2 60
Beans	1 90
Hay, baled per ton	8 50
Potatoes	60
Butter	25
Eggs	27
Apples, per bushel	75 @ 1 00
Chickens-live	07 @ 08
Dressed Chickens	11
Cattle-live	2 50 @ 4 00
Cattle-dressed	6 00 @ 7 00
Hogs-alive	4 00
Hogs-dressed	6 00
Hides	08

## CUPID'S FINE WORKS

### Several Weddings This Week are The Result

#### Popular Young People Begin Life's Voyage—Five Couples at Marriage Altar

##### The Wingar-Lowe Nuptials

On Thursday evening, December 24, at the home of G. M. and Charlotte Wingar, was solemnized the marriage of their son Edwin to Tekla Gertrude Lowe of Grand Rapids, Michigan. Rev. Lewis Cameron Fletcher of Orleans, Michigan, officiating.

Mr. Elmer Wingar, brother of the groom, of Greenville, Mich., was best man. Miss Christel Krueger of Grand Rapids, was bridesmaid. The bride was very daintily and becomingly gowned in white; wore a long bridal veil of net and carried bride roses. The bridesmaid wore a gown of pale blue and carried white carnations. The gentlemen wore the conventional black.

The ceremony took place at 9 p. m. when to the strains of an original wedding march by the groom's sister the bridal party took their places beneath a canopy of net and holly, after which followed an informal reception, when the bridal couple received many congratulations.

The parlors were prettily decorated with ferns, holly and rose geraniums. Mr. Elmer Wingar acted as master of ceremonies of the evening. Mrs. Jennie Grove, an aunt of the groom, of Sand Lake, was mistress of ceremonies.

At ten o'clock p. m. the guests repaired to the dining room where a sumptuous four course dinner was served. The groom, who was something of an amateur at carving created no end of merriment by his efforts to carve a huge turkey and a fruit cake. The dining room was very prettily decorated with white carnations and holly and the tables with candles having old mission shades in red and black.

The out of town guests were Mrs. Emil Fosner, sister of the bride with her little daughter Mabel Fosner, Miss Christel Krueger and Anthony Fuetterer all of Grand Rapids. Mr. Elmer Wingar and Miss Bessie Hendry of Greenville, Mrs. Jennie Grove of Sand Lake, Rev. L. C. Fletcher and Gertrude Fletcher of Orleans.

The wedding gifts were costly, numerous and beautiful. The bride is a most estimable young lady for many years a resident of Grand Rapids. The groom, who is a well known and highly respected young man, is a special deputy for the Home Guards of America. After spending the holidays, he, with his bride, will travel for that company.

##### Hall-Beach

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Beach was the scene of a very pretty wedding Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock, when their only daughter, Ida Belle, was united in marriage to Louis A. Hall, by Rev. Maxwell of Belding. The bride was gowned in white net trimmed with lace and insertion and carried bride roses. They were unattended and received their own guests. Mrs. Charles Hill sang "Oh Promise Me" and at the conclusion the happy couple stepped out under a beautiful arch of green and white. Awaiting them on the right stood the groom's father and mother, and on the left the parents of the bride. Little Mildred Flanagan carried the wedding ring in the heart of a rose.

Mrs. Hill continued to play softly during the entire ceremony. After congratulations Miss Susie Richardson sang "An Evening Love Song," following which delicious refreshments were served by the Misses Susie and Belle Richardson in the dining room, which was decorated in red and green, carnations and holly. There were many presents, beautiful and useful.

The bride has resided in Orleans all her life and is a most estimable young lady.

She has been a teacher for the past six years, three of which were spent in the city schools of Belding. The groom is a prominent young man, who is at present interested in the fruit growing industry. They left immediately for a home which had already been prepared for them on the L. E. Hall farm near Ionia, where they will be at home to their friends. Among the guests from away were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hall of Chicago and Mrs. Lute Morse of Battle Creek.

##### Urtel-Emmons

At the home of the bride's father, Ray Emmons, on Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 10 a. m. occurred the marriage of Miss Maggie Emmons to Albert Urtel. Rev. C. E. Maxfield spoke the solemn words that meant so much to both and now they are receiving the congratulations of their friends. Both Mr. and Mrs. Urtel are well and favorably known in this city and have a host of friends who will join with the Banner in wishing them joy unending through all their years together. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Peck gave them a fine three course dinner, the table and room being tastefully decorated for the occasion. A miniature Christmas tree with lighted candles adorned the center of the table and red and green decorations hung in graceful festoons from the ceiling. Mr. and Mrs. Urtel left on the afternoon train for their home near Hart, where they will soon be at home to their friends on a farm not far from that village.

##### Lutck-McCracken

At the home of the pastor, Rev. O. W. Winter, on Monday evening, Dec. 28, occurred the ceremony which united in holy bonds Milo M. Lutck and Miss Caroline McCracken, both of this city. Mr. Lutck is the junior member of the firm of F. J. Lutck & Son, publishers of the Belding News, and Miss McCracken is a popular Belding young lady, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer McCracken, who served a fine wedding supper after the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Lutck left Tuesday morning for a ten days' visit with friends and relatives at Lansing and St. Johns, after which they will be at home to their many friends here.

##### Jersey-Larsen

The marriage of Mr. Niel E. Jersey of Boyne City, a former Belding boy, and Miss Minnie Larsen of this city took place at the residence of W. A. Link in Greenville Saturday, Dec. 26. The house was prettily decorated with carnations and smilax. Rev. D. E. Hills performed the ceremony and the wedding march was played by Miss Case. Many wedding gifts were received by the happy couple and after refreshments Mr. and Mrs. Jersey left for Boyne City, where they will reside. The bride and groom have many friends in this city who extend congratulations.

### FLED FROM THREATENED WRATH

#### Conscience Must Have Worried Men Who Eavesdropped.

Two boys were out picking nuts, and they wanted to divide them equally between them, so they went over the fence into the cemetery and sat down among the tombstones to count out the nuts. While going over the fence they dropped two nuts, but didn't stop to pick them up. A man came along and heard them say: "One for you and one for me." "One for you and one for me," and he became badly frightened and ran away down the road, and met another man, who said: "What's the matter?" The first man said: "The devil and the Lord are up in the cemetery dividing up the people," and the second man said: "Oh, no, that couldn't be!" The first man says: "Yes, they are; I heard them." The two men went back to the fence to listen and heard them saying: "One for you and one for me." "One for you and one for me; now that's all!" and the other boy says: "Except the two at the fence, and that will be one for you and one for me." The two men ran away as fast as they could.—The News.

## A New Year at Cote Blanche

... By ...  
Frank H. Sweet.

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EVERY one who is familiar with the customs of the creoles and Acadians of Louisiana knows that New Year's is the most eagerly anticipated and the most important of their festivals.

A religious significance is attached also to the New Year's anniversary. They believe that from day dawn to dusk an angel, "l'ange de paix," broods over each household, striving to destroy hatred, malice and all uncharitableness in the heart and to substitute love and forgiveness. If his promptings are obeyed, enemies forgiven and the hand opened wide in charity, that man's sins are wiped off the record, and he starts on a new year with a clean conscience.

For a week before New Year's day the preparations of the "habitant" begin. The house undergoes a thorough scrubbing and cleaning from garret to basement and is whitewashed inside and out. I have an idea the Acadian housekeeper fancies that "l'ange de paix" is going to make a close scrutiny into all her dust corners and hidden receptacles and would be disgusted with a rusty pot or dirty pan.

The hunters go out on a grand "batue" to provide game. If a new dress is possible during the year, it is certain to be made up and worn then.

But in two houses in Cote Blanche these cheerful notes of preparation were unheard. To look at them you would not be likely to perceive a connection between the largest and most comfortable farmhouse in Cote Blanche, the property of rich old Jacques Lefebvre, and the miserable and daubed cabin which stood at the edge of Laverne woods—a cabin with dirt floor and unglazed windows, a home of poverty and illness, where the father and breadwinner, a helpless invalid, watched his pale wife and three children with despairing eyes.

the only daughter of the old farmer. But when he asked the father's consent a terrific storm was raised in that household.

"Aha!" cried the old man furiously. "You think I give my Laure to you—a stranger, a 'vaurien American,' no farm, no cattle, no money, no not-in? You want to make a Protestant of her, hein? You want her 'dot,' her land, her cattle, and you get dem, den you run away and leave her. Maybe you got two wives where you come from. Non, monsieur; you touch not ze money of ole Jacques Lefebvre. Laure shall spik to you no more."

But Laure, being a willful, spoiled young damsel, did see him and speak to him again and refused positively to give him up.

Had her father been kind in his refusal it is probable the child, for she was only sixteen, would have been obedient. But he was harsh and abusive and from having been foolishly indulgent became so stern that her home was not a pleasant one. The poor mother, weary of standing between the two, one day after an outburst said to her daughter:

"Laure, he is getting worse and worse. I think he is going crazy, and you must either give up Harry or marry him and go off."

Taking that for a word of consent, Laure left her father's house on New Year's eve and became Harry Wood's wife the next day.

For the first four years all went well with the young couple. Wood had plenty of work, and their home was full of comfort, besides a snug little sum laid up, the nucleus of the fortune he felt from a scaffold, injured his spine and became what this New Year's eve found him—a helpless invalid.

Their money had all been spent, and at last the day arrived when they had to give up their comfortable home and



"L'ANGE DE PAIX" HAS CONQUERED!"

He knew that bread was lacking that New Year's eve, and there seemed no means short of begging it.

Six years before that Harry Wood, a handsome young fellow and a skilled mechanic, had come to Cote Blanche. He easily found work on the large plantations in the neighborhood and seemed to have a career of prosperity before him when he formed an attachment for pretty Laure Lefebvre,

move to a cabin at the edge of the woods.

Laure eked out a precarious subsistence by spinning and weaving cottonade and raising poultry for the New Orleans market, but this had been a bad year. She had been too sick to work much, and the poultry had the cholera among them. She had not seen her father or mother since her marriage.

She knew her mother too well not to

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**BELDING'S LEADING GROCERS**

understand that it was the imperative will of the old man which kept her away. He had never mentioned his daughter's name since the night she left his roof, and woe be to the one who inadvertently did so.

The only sign he gave of his remembrance of her was to keep the anniversary of her flight as a solemn fast. There were no fine dinners at the Lefebvre farm New Year's day, no visits to and from old friends, but from morning till night the old man sat moodily within, his only companion the faithful wife.

The two sons, Henri and Claude, took themselves off to pleasant interiors, and decidedly "l'ange de paix" must have had a weary time wrestling with the evil spirit of that household. "What a New Year's eve!" sighed poor Laure as she sat by the fire with her youngest child in her arms. She had put the other two early to bed, for her husband had fallen asleep at last after a day of pain, and she was afraid the noise of the children would disturb him.

As she gazed in the fire you saw that, though only twenty-two years old, Laure looked thirty, so deep were the lines that care and grief had traced on her pale, thin face. She heard a slight noise at the door and turned to see a figure muffled in cloak and shawls entering it. She thought it was one of her neighbors and raised her hand warningly.

"Hush!" she whispered. "He has just fallen asleep. Ah!" as the wrappings of the visitor fell off and she saw her mother. "Mamma, mamma!" And in a moment she was in her mother's arms, weeping, sobbing and holding her in a convulsive embrace.

"Ah, my own mamma, is it really you?" she sobbed, holding her off at arms' length with such a pitiful smile on her wan face that the mother wept to see it.

"Yes, cherie; I could stand it no longer. He may curse me if he will, but I cannot help it. To sit there all New Year's day with closed doors and a face as if you were in your grave—ah, it made me mad! I felt as if you were really dead, and I had to come and see if you were living."

"Mamma, my own dear mamma!" was all the daughter could say in the fullness of her content, kissing the face and hands of the mother.

"Yes; I slipped away and made back George bring me in his buggy. But I can stay only a minute. I heard he was ill," with a glance toward the sleeping man, "and there's some wine and other things out there in the buggy for you. But, stay! I have come to say something else. Yesterday for the first time in all these years he men-

tioned your name. He said: 'If Laure will leave that vaurien of a husband, who can no longer work for her, I will take her back, she and her children, though they are his. Let him go to a hospital and stay there till he dies.'"

"Leave my husband!" Laure said, with an incredulous look. "Oh, no! He cannot think I could do that! I will kneel at his feet and ask his pardon. Now that I am a mother I know how I have sinned against him. But desert my husband—mamma, he cannot mean that!"

"Yes; he means it, my poor child! And you, my Laure, you who were so pretty and bright, you are an old woman, and you are weak and sick, and soon you cannot help him, and then you will both die. Come back to us, my daughter! Oh, I am so wretched without you!"

Laure rose to her feet, her black eyes sparkling and a bright red spot on her thin cheeks.

"Mamma, look there," she said. "There he lies, helpless, who worked for me and loves me and to whom I am necessary. I will stay with him to starve and die perhaps—who knows?—but happier so than to desert him and live in comfort in my father's house. But you have not seen my children. Come and look at them. That is Jacques, that is Helene, and this little one at the foot of the bed is Almee."

"You named the two eldest after your father and me?" the grandmother said, with a stifled sob.

"Yes. Are they not handsome? And so bright! Jacques is beginning to read, and Pere Joseph teaches him when his father is too ill, and they say he is going to be a great scholar."

The grandmother pressed a kiss on each round cheek and stood looking at them, lost in thought.

"If he could only see them!" she murmured. "He loves children so much, even now!"

"I must go now, Laure," she said at last, "but I will come back again before long. I have a thought. I will talk it over with Pere Joseph tonight as I go home. Whatever he tells you to do tomorrow, you must obey him."

The next morning Pere Joseph entered the room where old Lefebvre was sitting, leading two children. No one, not even that moody man, thought of barring out the good cure who had lived from youth to old age among his people at Cote Blanche.

"Happy New Year!" he called out cheerily. "Aha, in the sulks still, mon ami! Six years in the sulks! Too long, too long, for a man over sixty, who hasn't many more New Years to be sorry or glad in. I'm afraid 'l'ange