

THE SCREE SHOWS NO SIGNS OF WEAKNESS

The Company Refusing to Pay Its Bills—No Justice has been done... The scree is still going on...

The facts regarding the bomb are... The bomb was thrown from a building...

Methods of the 'scabs' given... The scabs are using various tactics...

Whoever They Need Watched... The scabs are being closely monitored...

Mr. Simes and the Royal Arcanum... The Royal Arcanum is a fraternal organization...

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

White John McCullough lived his company... The performance was highly praised...

They All Want It... The community is interested in the... project...

They Will Be... The group is planning to... perform...

They Will Be... The group is planning to... perform...

They Will Be... The group is planning to... perform...

EXAMINING BOYS.

The evidence so far looks... The boys are being examined for... reasons...

There seemed, however, to be... The examination process is... ongoing...

Frank Blosk, the man whom... The boy is being examined... for... reasons...

Charles Meyer was the only... The boy is being examined... for... reasons...

Charles Meyer was the only... The boy is being examined... for... reasons...

BASE BALL.

Detroit turned the tables on... The game was a close one...

The game was marked with... The players showed great... skill...

Barred Run, G. and Rapids 3... The game was a close one...

At the regular meeting of... The meeting was held... on...

At the regular meeting of... The meeting was held... on...

CONFILING STORIES ABOUT HIS HEALTH AND INTENTIONS.

John W. Foster Appointed Special... The reports are conflicting...

WASHINGTON, May 23—The... The reports are conflicting...

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STANDARD RAILWAY.

The Standard Railway... The company is planning to... expand...

The Standard Railway... The company is planning to... expand...

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ALL CITY COUNCIL NO. 111. Boys' Association...

THE PEOPLE COLUMN.

Noted the boys in blue. Editor Morning Press—Have read your column...

Some of them are so dirty, that the ladies of our city would never think of associating with them...

Then further he says: "I have thought of giving employment to many unemployed men...

The Van Voorhees Case. Editor Morning Press—As the earnest recipient of many friends...

Editor Morning Press—Have published during the past week about that much wronged lady, Y. N. state...

With best wishes for your prosperity in helping right against wrong.

Card from Mr. Johnson. Editor Morning Press—I have removed copies of my friends...

Mr. Hinkley's Protest. Editor Morning Press—Reading the remarks of your correspondent...

Conscious differences of opinion and discussion of right and wrong...

Geo. De Haven, General Passenger Agent.

Mr. Frank Huffman, a young man of Dayton, Ohio...

EDITOR MORNING PRESS—Reading the remarks of your correspondent...

EDITOR MORNING PRESS—Reading the remarks of your correspondent...

EDITOR MORNING PRESS—Reading the remarks of your correspondent...

Driven by a Corpse. Calman Thomas Gilbert died on his box while driving a passenger to the West Side Union Depot...

WHOOPIING COUGH! WHOOPIING COUGH! Stekete's WHOOPIING COUGH CURE

G. W. WOODBURN & CO. 72 Monroe Street.

SEASON 1891. We have just received a full line of Ladies', Gent's and Children's Shoes...

Electric Bitters. This remedy is becoming so well known as popular as any medicinal preparation...

W. C. MURRAY & CO. 26 Monroe St.

REFRIGERATORS THE STRIKE Has Made Business Very Dull, But Walking is Good.

KILSTROM & PETERSON, DEALERS IN COAL, CEMENT, WOOD, HAIR, BRICK, LIME, STUCCO.

LIGHTNING SPECIFIC. Perfectly Cures Drunkenness, dizziness, headache, nausea, vomits, etc.

WILSON'S POWER GUARANTEED. CITY DRUG STORE & COTTAGE Bldg.

J. A. MILES, WALL PAPER CLEANER, Office at Wilman & Tanser, 23 S. Division St.

SHOES GIVEN AWAY. Every 10th sale of like price in all lines of Boots, Shoes, Slippers, etc.

J. D. McDONALD, NO. 30 MONROE STREET. THE LARGEST LINE OF Leather Goods.

Trunks, Ladies' Pocket-books, Traveling Bags, Gent's Bill Books, Collar & Cuff Boxes, Parasols...

AT GROSKOPF BROS., 89 and 91 Canal St. Telephone 908.

HAIR AND ART EMPORIUM. BANGS, CRIMPED SWITCHES, WAVES.

ALCOHOL LAWS INHUMAN, CRUEL, ETC. We have the largest stock of goods pertaining to the hair in Western Michigan...

A. B. KNOWLSON, Coal, Wood, Lime and Cement.

WOOD. For Good Block Wood, \$1.50 Per Cord, Call at Leppink & Co.

COAL ALL KINDS. ORDER OF A. HIMES.

COAL - ALL KINDS - HARD AND SOFT. Best Block Wood, \$1.00 Per Cord Delivered.

CURTIS & CO., Wholesale Paper Warehouse. Flour Sacks, Grocery Bags, Stationery, Twines, Ash and Tin Lined Butter Tubs...

A. E. BRONSON, DR. LOUIS A. ROLLER, BICYCLE REPAIR SHOP. 25 Pearl Street, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

IF YOU SUFFER WITH RHEUMATISM! Electrical and Medical Sanitarium, Permanently located at 123 North Iowa street...

THIS LITTLE MAN. Would respectfully call attention of old and young parents...

THE NEW PENSION LAW. Which they may not have fully considered, is very liberal...

Why Not Apply at Once? For increase claims \$2. File your claim for the same of your family if not for your sake...

CHARLES K. GIBSON, Late Acting Chaplain Michigan Soldiers' Home. Also of company B, 1st Mich. Infantry.

RIDING SCHOOL. Ladies, Gentlemen and Children Taught to Ride.

Free! Free! Anybody and Everybody Invited to Call and Inspect Our Line of BICYCLES.

Perkins & Richmond, 13 Fountain Street, 13.

M. C. Orser, Dentist. Teeth Extracted.

A Silver Filling for 50 cents. Or Lower for \$1.00 and upward.

A. J. SHELLMAN, 65 MONROE STREET. Scientific Optician, seventeen years' experience in fitting delicate eye cases.



HER SECRET.

When that particularly shrewd and businesslike young man, Mr. Thomas Partington, joined himself in marriage to Ada, relict of the late Isaac Abraham, his friends evinced considerable surprise at the step. The widow was, indeed, as they admitted, young and fascinating, and had, moreover, inherited a very substantial fortune from her previous husband. But then she was dreadfully extravagant in her habits, and had lately developed a perfect mania for gambling.

In fact, her losses on the turf and at the card tables were becoming quite the talk of society, and it is certain that even during the short period which elapsed between her first husband's death and the date of her second marriage her fortune must have been materially diminished by the drains she made upon it. In another year or two at her present rate she would, so Tom's friends said, run through it altogether, and then he would find himself in the unenviable position of having to support a recklessly spendthrift wife entirely out of his own pocket.

A few of his greatest intimates impressed this upon him before he took the final plunge, and urged him to back out of his engagement ere it was yet too late. But Tom turned a deaf ear to their advice. He was very much in love with the charming widow. And, besides, he entertained a strong hope that after their union he should be able to reform, or at least control, his wife's extravagance. Instead, therefore, of trying to cry off the match, he hurried it forward to the best of his ability, in order that she might have as short an interval as possible in which to enjoy the unchecked expenditure of her money.

But when he was married to the lady he found that his hope of being able to reform her had been decidedly chimerical. Self-willed and headstrong, she would scarcely endure advice, much less any semblance of restraint. So, after a few months of useless remonstrance, he gave up all attempt at genuine reformation as a bad job, and had to content himself with showing silent disapproval of her extravagances, or with throwing in their way such feeble obstacles as he could. These were slight enough, for her fortune was entirely at her own control. Still they were not quite fruitless. And as time went on, people noticed that Mrs. Partington's gambling transactions were of a much smaller scale. Her best friends began to hope that the instincts of the mother were beginning to assert themselves over the cravings of the gambler, and that it was thought for the little one whom she was soon expecting that she checked her in her career of mad extravagance. It is certain at any rate, that, as time went forward, she crept every day more out of spirits,

and nothing was more likely for, with all her faults, she was a soft-hearted woman--than that she should be trotting over her past selfish extravagance, as a sort of robbery perpetrated on her unborn offspring. Perhaps, also, her weakened physical condition contributed its quota to this altered frame of mind. But whatever the reasons may have been, the fact was undoubtedly there. And each day the once light-hearted and reckless woman grew more moody and depressed.

Tom appeared to notice this change in his wife. His manner toward her, always kind and attentive, became actually tender in its consideration, and he tried his hardest to soothe away her gathering depression of spirits. He was not able to be with her much in the day time, for, shortly after his marriage, being tired of having nothing to do, he had put some of his money into "business" in the city, where his constant presence was now required; but he regularly spent his evenings at home, hardly ever going to the theater or to his club.

His wife seemed to feel his considerate tenderness very deeply, for several times, as he sat beside her of an evening, with his arms thrown carelessly around her, she suddenly buried her face on his shoulder and burst into tears--like one whose remembrance is awakened by unmerited and unlooked for kindness. On each of these occasions Tom felt by a certain subtle and unappreciated instinct that his wife was on the verge of making some confession--perhaps of sorrow and regret for her default attitude toward him in the past. But although by his comforting words and soothing caresses he did his best to invite her confidence, the confession which he felt to be hanging on her lips never issued from them.

Meanwhile, what was so clear to her husband did not escape the notice of Mrs. Partington's female friends. Of these she had many, but by far the most favored and confidential of them was Mrs. Brandon, an old schoolfellow with whom she had kept up a lifelong intimacy. Mrs. Brandon, who was at once a very lively and a highly sensible lady, had, at an early period, detected the unusual gloom which had come over her friend's manner, and rallied her upon taking her new position so seriously. "My dear Ada," she said at last, in the course of an afternoon call, during which Mrs. Partington had been more dull than ever, "I should never have encouraged you to accept Tom if I had foreseen what a deplorable effect your second dose of matrimony would have upon you. Do you know that in the twenty minutes I have been here, the only original observation you have made was to ask me whether I had enough money? What is the matter with you today?"

Mrs. Partington muttered something about a "bad headache."

more seriously. "I should not have allowed the subject if this were the first time that I have seen you thus. But for weeks I have observed you growing more and more gloomy and depressed. You are getting quite unlike your old self, and I cannot help feeling seriously uneasy about you. What does it mean?"

To Mrs. Brandon's surprise her friend, instead of answering, only burst into tears and buried her face in her handkerchief. Evidently, thought Mrs. Brandon, the once gay and sprightly Ada Isaacs was very changed indeed. "Come, Ada," she said, drawing her chair closer, and taking one of her friend's hands, "you have something on your mind. I thought so before; now I am sure of it. Tell me all about it. It will do you good to confide in some one, and you and I have never had a secret from one another during the last twenty years. Is it anything to do with Tom?"

"No, no--indeed it isn't! Pray don't think that!" sobbed Mrs. Partington. "Well, that's a mercy!" observed Mrs. Brandon. "When it must be something to do with yourself. What is it?"

There was a short pause, during which Mrs. Partington's sobs slightly subsided. "Well," she said presently, "it is all your fault."

"My fault, dear?" exclaimed Mrs. Brandon. "Your fault," repeated Mrs. Partington. "It has all come of your introducing me to that hateful Pompadour club. Oh, how I wish I had never entered the place!"

"You don't mean to say?"--Mrs. Brandon paused and looked at her friend. "I mean to say that, unknown to Tom, I have been playing there every afternoon, and losing constantly, until--oh, Nell, promise--swear that you will not tell Tom this!"

"Of course not. Have we ever betrayed one another's confidence, dear? But you must promise me something too. Promise that you will tell Tom."

"I will tell him," Mrs. Brandon. "But 'Do' replied 'No' until she is mind, not a word yet."

"Trust me!" cried Tom. He was already halting a passing lamson, and with a hurried bow to Mrs. Brandon, he jumped into it.

"Before her bewilderment master had time to make any inquiries relative to this information the doctor, who had been descending the stairs when he entered, came up to him and shook him by the hand.

"I must congratulate you, my dear sir," he said, "on the birth of a remarkably fine son. I am glad to tell you, too, that Mrs. Partington is going on as well as can be expected. But she is naturally very weak. So if you go in to see her do not stop more than a minute or allow her to talk. Anything calculated to excite her must be carefully avoided. I will call in again later and see how she is progressing."

Under those circumstances Mr. Partington was compelled to abandon for the present the hope which he had entertained of inducing his wife to confide in him the trouble which seemed to have recently oppressed her. He accordingly restrained his patience as best he could, and waited until her strength should return. At the end of the week, however, it was evident that Mrs. Partington was only mending very slowly, and the doctor was by no means satisfied with her progress. Indeed, he expressed his conviction to the husband that something was weighing on his patient's mind, the removal of which was essential to her complete recovery. After this Tom resolved to endeavor at the earliest opportunity to come to an understanding with his wife.

So, on the same afternoon, as he sat by his wife's bedside, with one of her hands in his, he said kindly, "Ada, my dear, you have something on your mind. I can tell you that something is troubling you, and she averted her gaze, murmuring in a confused tone, "What makes you fancy that, Tom?"

"You are very few words passed between us, but enough to make Tom's face tingle. 'So its normal length. 'At once,' he said. 'I will tell you,' Mrs. Brandon. 'But 'Do' replied 'No' until she is mind, not a word yet."

"There is no fear of that," said Tom encouragingly. "Come, little woman, let us have the matter out."

"Ah, you do not know what it is," she went off in remorseful tones, "else you would not treat it so lightly. Oh, Tom, Tom, I--I have lost all my fortune."

"How did you manage that?" he asked quietly. "You may well put such a question," she continued in a voice broken by frequent sobs. "You may well fail to understand my folly and madness. Oh, Tom, Tom, although I used to set you at defiance in the matter of gambling, yet your open remonstrance and silent disapproval in time began to vex my impatient heart. And when I discovered a secret gambling club, where I could indulge my insatiable passion without your knowledge, I at once began to frequent it. The game was reckless--the one of all others in which I had always longed to join. I gave myself up to its fascination, and staking widely incurred heavy losses day after day. Then, as my fortune rapidly diminished, and time went on, and thoughts of the little one whom I was soon to bear were brought home to me, a chord of motherly feeling was touched within me, and I hated myself for my wicked folly in having robbed my child."

"I vowed I would win back all that I had lost, and with that intention (for my strange gambler's craving was somehow dying away) staked heavily at the tables. But my endeavor was nothing else than throwing good money after bad. I lost--lost--lost--until my whole fortune was gone. Do not--very piteously--do not reproach me, Tom. My own heart is reproaching me already, almost more than I can bear."

"My darling," he replied, "I have no thought of reproaching you. If I had meant to do that I should have done it long while ago. I have known all about it a long while," he cried, raising her tearful eyes before him. "Oh, Tom--how did you find out?"

"I have known all about it a long while," he cried, raising her tearful eyes before him. "Oh, Tom--how did you find out?"

"Very rarely, my pet," he answered, kissing her forehead, "seeing that the founder and proprietor of the gambling club where you lost your money is no other than myself!"

She regarded him in speechless amazement. He went on to explain himself further:

"Yes. It is quite true. When I found that advice and remonstrance were lost on you, my dear, I had to look about for another method of saving you from the effects of your folly. And the starting-point of that private gambling club was the money which occurred to me. It took some working out of details and the employment of a good bit of capital to get the thing properly afloat. But I enlisted the services of a competent agent, whom I paid well, and undertook to indemnify in case the club were found out by the police. It had not been discovered, nor now ever will be, for, its object having been gained, the establishment is finally closed. There, Ada, that is enough to enable you to grasp the truth. But tell me--are you ready to learn that all the money which you lost has passed back into my hands?"

"Gently," she ejaculated, raising herself in bed and watching her arm round his neck in a joyful, fond embrace. "Oh, Tom, how kind and good and clever you are! I can never love or thank you enough."

Tom Partington gave the most convincing proof that he could have given of his belief in the sincerity of his wife's repentance. He handed back to her the whole of her money without condition or reservation, and he has never had cause to regret it.--Boston Courier.

Loti Emerson was strongly in favor of it, but Princess Mary would not hear of it for a moment, and the queen was very angry when Lord Palmerston observed that at least Prince Napoleon was a much better match than any small German prince.--London Truth.

The nominating convention of the Iowa Farmers' Independent party will probably be held the first week in June. The convention will consist of ten delegates in each of the Iowa counties, 990 delegates in all. If every county is represented. All existing parties will be ignored. The call is being circulated for signatures, and is being signed by members of all the farmers' organizations. The following circular letter accompanies the call:

The period has at last arrived when the friends of industrial reform in Iowa should associate themselves for independent political action. The movement is demanded by patriotic citizens in every part of the state without regard to former political affiliations. We think that an early state convention is indispensable, representatives of the National Farmers' Alliance, Farmers' Mutual Benefit association, State Grange, Knights of Labor, Trades association, United Mine Workers and all industrial organizations, not as individuals.

National Banks. The government issues money to national banks. It is loaned to them not for the banks to do as they please with it; they cannot deal in real estate, in live stock, in merchandise; they cannot engage in manufacturing, they cannot issue any enterprise. The money is issued to them to loan--to loan to the people. The banks are virtually loan agents, and the government is practically loaning money to the people. The loans are at 1 per cent, plus commissions of the agents (the banks). The commission is too high, being from 5 to 11 per cent, per annum--equal to 23 to 55 per cent, on a five year loan. Now the proposition is to displace these costly loan agents--Chillie Costa.

The New York State Board of Mediation and Arbitration, in its report recently made to the legislature, urges that something be done to abolish the "swearing" system. The report says, "It is difficult to find, and hardly possible to imagine, greater wrong or more depression than is suffered by those working people at the hands of the 'swearing'."

Many a fair labor bill dies because the legislature "fails to reach it before the session closes." It is wonderful how the "reach" of the average legislator can be stretched when the money bag dances before his eyes.

THIS IS THE LAST OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU!

To Take Advantage of the Great Clearance Sale of the Grand Rapids Parlor Furniture Co. As the Sale Continues Only Six Days More!

Advertisement for a large oak rocker. Text: 'THIS LARGE OAK ROCKER IN CRUSHED PLUSH, \$9.75.' Image of a large oak rocker. Text: 'G.R. PARLOR FURN. CO.' Text: 'IN FINE SILK TAPESTRY, \$10.25.'

THIS is BUT ONE BARGAIN Out of FIVE HUNDRED

See Our Wilton Velvet Rug Suite, Five Pieces, Trimmed With Best Silk or Mohair Plush, FRINGED All Around, for

\$75 SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS. \$75

