

The Lowell Ledger.

"WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE AND CHARITY FOR ALL."

VOL. II.

LOWELL, KENT COUNTY, MICH., MAY 10, 1895.

NO. 98

The Talk of the Town, WINEGAR'S

Fine Oxfords and Walking Shoes for the Ladies. Ask to see our Tan Slippers.

GEO. WINEGAR.

—PREPARE FOR A—

SPLENDID HARVEST

—By Purchasing—

Reed Harrows, Oliver and Syracuse Plows, Planet Jr., Cultivators, and all kinds Farm Implements.

H. NASH,

STUDEBAKER WAGONS. PRICES SUITABLE TO TIMES.

Everything on Earth

—ALMOST—

Bought and Sold at

MCCARTY'S.

Highest Market Prices Paid for Farm Produce of all Kinds.

To get your money's worth buy of

CHAS. McCARTY, Lowell, Mich.

ORDERED YOUR NEW SUIT?

Examine Our New Spring Samples Before Purchasing.

Suits and Pants as Low as the Lowest.

SMITH, The Tailor.

"OLD RELIABLE."

LOWELL PLANING MILL,

W. J. ECKER & SON, PROPS., AND DRAVERS IN

Lumber, Lath, Shingles and Cedar Fence Posts,

MANUFACTURERS OF SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, DOOR AND WINDOW FRAMES AND SCREENS, MOULDING, EXHIBITION AND SHIPPING GOOPS, DRIED APPLE BOXES, ETC., MATCHING, RE-SAWING AND JOB WORK, WOODEN EAVE TROUGHS.

ECKER & SON, Lowell, Mich.

Fresh, Salt and Smoked Meats.

Veal
Steak
Roasts
Picnic Hams
Chickens
Mutton
Liver
Lard

Bacon
Salt Pork
Corned Beef
Pickled Tongue
Pressed Meats
Bologna
Heart

Spot Cash.

We Want Your Trade

A Little Too Much Ham Sausage is Just Enough.

J. J. McNaughton & Co.

HOME NEWS

CARELESSNESS ON A WHEEL.

Arthur Waterman, proprietor of the Davis hotel at Lowell, was the victim last night of one of those bicycle fiends who think they own the whole street and that no one else has any right upon it. While walking along North Division street, at Park street, he was run into by a wheelman who was riding at rapid rate of speed. Mr. Waterman, who is 47 years of age, was knocked down with such violence that his left side and arm were badly bruised. At first his arm was thought to have been fractured. The ambulance was summoned and he was taken to the Union Benevolent Association hospital. The careless wheelman escaped injury and dashed away in the darkness without stopping to find out what injury he had done. He was undoubtedly riding faster than the ordinance allows on business thoroughfares—six miles an hour—and if his identity can be established an example may be made of him.—[Grand Rapids Democrat.

LOWELL BASE BALL TEAM.

Here are the names of the Lowell base ball team in batting order, as they play this afternoon:

E. D. McQueen, r f;
Sam McDowell, c f;
Will Barber, c;
Geo. Kitchen, 1 f;
Claude Giles, 3 b & p;
Dan Bush, s s;
Harvey Coons, 2 b;
Claude Lane, 1 b;
Will Bloom, p & 3 b;
On arrival of Clare Althen and S. S. Lee from college they will participate.

Bruce Keister manager.
Dan Bush captain.

LOWELL CITY BAND.

We give below the membership and instrumentation of the Lowell City band.

Dr. J. H. Rickert, director and cornet.
H. A. Sherman, 1st clarinet.
Dwight Lane, 2nd clarinet.
M. D. Wilson, saxophone.
Lloyd Coppens, piccolo.
Geo. Morse, 1st cornet.
Loren Barber, 2nd cornet.
Lorenzo Kopf, 3rd cornet.
Archie Knapp, 1st alto.
C. L. Severy, 2nd alto.
E. R. Quick, 1st tenor.
Phil Althen, 2nd tenor.
B. E. Quick, baritone.
J. A. Mattern, 1st bass.
Will Pullen, tuba.
Fred Charles, tede drum.
U. B. Williams, bass drum.

A DISHONEST BILL PEDDLER.

Our attention has been called to the dishonest work often done by bill distributors. As many people seem to think that "dodgers," gutter "snipes" etc., are more effective advertising mediums than newspapers, it may not be out of place to mention a recent instance. Dr. J. M. Goodsell says: "The other day a boy left a bill at my house, and carried a bundle six inches high. A moment after I was at the back end of my lot and saw the whole bundle come floating down the creek."

The motto would seem to be: "Get an honest boy to peddle your bills." A better one would read: "Advertise in a newspaper taken by people whose trade you want."

There is no better or cheaper way of reaching the people than through the columns of a good newspaper.

A "Globe" Sprinkler given away with two new subscriptions to the LEDGER.

FATAL ACCIDENT.

Last Saturday Mr. McNaughton, an old gentleman of 67 years was engaged in land rolling for his son, on the "Bisby" farm in Vergennes. In some manner he fell and the roller passed over him, and when found life was extinct. Funeral services were held at Ada on Tuesday and the remains were interred in the Egypt cemetery.

A SUDDEN DEATH.

Francis C. Wright died in Seguan, Saturday, May 4, about 8:30 a. m. of heart failure. He arose and went fishing that morning about 5 o'clock and after returning was taken very suddenly with one of the spells he had often had, and out of which his faithful wife had brought him many times. This time she used hot water as usual and thought him getting over it, when he suddenly dropped dead in her arms.

The funeral services were held at the residence Monday, at 4 p. m., Rev. James Provan officiating.

Mr. Wright was born in New York state, Nov. 9, 1826. He came to Michigan with his wife and two children forty years ago and resided in Grand Rapids several years, then removed to this vicinity, where they have since lived. He was a man of sterling character, loved and respected by all who knew him, and will be sadly missed by his many friends and neighbors.

He leaves a wife, two daughters, Miss Nettie and Mrs. F. W. Porter of Chicago and one son, H. D. Wright of Millbrook, who were all present at the funeral.

Mrs. Wright and family wish to express their heartfelt thanks to their many friends for their words and acts of sympathy and for the beautiful floral offerings bestowed upon their husband and father.

DEATH OF MRS. STONE.

Died, in Lowell, Friday, May 3, 1895, Anna M., wife of Chester G. Stone, aged 57 years.

Anna M. Noble was born at Painesville, Ohio, Aug. 18, 1837. In 1856 she married Chester G. Stone at Grand Rapids, where they resided for about 10 years, then removing to this place. Mrs. Stone has been in poor health for about 15 years but was not considered seriously ill until within a few days of her death. Her husband and five children survive her. Mrs. J. D. Kromer of Grand Rapids, Arthur C. of Sault Ste. Marie, Henry N. of Lake View, and Fred and Allie of this village.

Funeral services were held at the residence Monday afternoon, conducted by Pastor Shanks.

The family wish to extend thanks to the kind friends and neighbors who assisted them in their time of bereavement.

DEATH OF MRS. O'HARROW.

Mrs. Sophia Miles O'Harrow died at her home in South Lowell, Friday morning, May 3, after a lingering illness. The funeral services were held Sunday, May 5, Rev. A. P. Moors officiating.

The deceased was born in Hopewell, Ontario county, N. Y., July 20, 1828. She was married to Francis O'Harrow May 30, 1852, and lived in Illinois 2 years. They then came to Michigan and settled in the township of Vergennes, where they lived 14 years. They moved to Lowell from there and have resided here 26 years.

Of ten children which were born to them, five with the sorrowing husband,

survive her. Edson L., Frank A., Charles R., Anna M. and Fred J. Though not a member of any church Mrs. O'Harrow was an earnest Christian and in speaking to her husband and children, expressed a desire that they meet her in Heaven.

DEATH OF BABY HELEN HILL.

Mr. and Mrs. Orton Hill have parted with their baby girl. Little Helen, not quite a year old, died of congestion of the lungs, Monday afternoon, after a brief illness. Funeral services were held at the residence on Wednesday, conducted by Rev. Jas. Provan.

Little Edith, one of the twin daughters of A. C. Stone and wife, whose life has been despaired of for several days, is quite a little better at this time (Friday morning) and there are some hopes of her recovery.

VERGENNES.

Miss Edith Crakes has been entertaining her friend Miss Hattie Misner of Lacota.

Mrs. John Krum, who has been very sick, is slowly recovering.

E. P. Hudson and Archie Steel were recent callers at Quint Hudson's.

Frank Hicks of Lowell, was a guest at Phil Dixon's recently.

George Crosby was in Cascade on business last week Tuesday.

Ed Dixon is setting out 1,000 peach trees and nearly every farmer in this vicinity is setting out from 200 to 2,000 peach trees this spring.

George Crosby has just set out a young orchard of apples, pears, peaches and plums, he has also added 500 more plants to his strawberry bed.

Fred Malcolm and Chris Clump of Lowell, called at Ed Dixon's recently.

Mrs. Christie Findlay and Miss Fern Edmonds have rented Arza King's house in Lowell and will soon move there.

Fred Peglar and daughters, Misses Hattie and Frances, of Grand Rapids, were guests of their relatives, the Lee's, part of last week. They also called on Geo. Crosby and wife Sunday.

Our three weeks drouth was broken last Thursday evening by a good rain and still we need more.

Adelbert Odell received the sad news of the death of his brother Slim, who died very suddenly in Lincoln, Neb. Mr. Odell leaves a wife, son and daughter, and a brother and sister to mourn his loss.

PATSY.

FALLSBURG NEWS.

Frank Sherrard and wife visited at Max Denney's Sunday.

S. Kurby has moved into George Ford's house.

Mrs. Wesbrook is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Rexford.

School began Monday with Miss Patterson of Cascade, as teacher.

Will Scott has moved back to the Burg. Mary Sears visited her father, Mr. Scott, Sunday.

Cora Goodsell visited her sister, Mrs. Will Rexford, Saturday and Sunday.

Fred Hooper and family will move to near Big Rapids this week.

Ed Conden and family of Otisco, visited at Will Rexford's Sunday.

NIMBLE.

KEENE CENTER.

Alf Bowen has been quite sick with remittent fever, but is some better at this writing.

Mr. Titus will move onto his place soon. Mr. Bailey will move onto the Geo. Raymond place.

Born, April 24, to Henry Osgood and wife of Keene, a 7 pound boy.

G. F. Rose is no better, in fact is not as well as he was a week ago.

Dennis Whalen continues to fail and will probably live but a short time.

Frank Lampkin has been drawn as juror for the May term of court at Ionia.

Norm and Myrtle Oglvie and Milton Wilkinson spent Sunday afternoon at Ruth Higgin's.

A. C. Lee of Elsie, Clinton county, visited his son and daughter, Chad Lee and Mrs. B. F. Wilkinson May 2.

Mrs. Elsie Kennedy visited at Mrs. Wilkinson's May 3.

OUR NEW SPRING WRAPS HAVE COME

And are Ready for Inspection. If You See Them, You will Buy.

We have just opened an Elegant Line of Umbrellas and Parasols.

NEW DRESS GOODS A FINE ASSORTMENT.

DON'T FAIL TO CALL AND SEE THEM.

See Our New Designs and Styles in Hosiery. Examine Our Light weight Summer Underwear. We Make the Prices. Others Attempt to Follow, but Do Not Get There.

A. W. WEEKES.

LOWELL STATE BANK

LOWELL, MICH.
Capital, \$25,000.
FRANCIS KING, President,
CHAS. McCARTY, Vice President.
M. C. GRISWOLD, Cashier.
B. N. KEISTER, Assistant Cashier.
DIRECTORS:
Francis King, Chas. McCarty,
Robert Hardy, F. T. King,
G. H. Force, M. C. Griswold.
A General Banking Business Transacted
Money Loaned on Real Estate Security

HOME NEWS.

Wm. H. Egle and Jessie M. Eddy were married last evening by Rev. E. H. Shanks.

The Beach Manufacturing company will buy the Lowell Furniture company's plant and begin operations here, if the citizens will raise \$500 as a bonus.

In the bicycle races yesterday evening, U. B. Williams won the quarter mile dash with Morse second and Helmes third, time 33 1/2. Williams also won the half mile dash with Helmes second and Morse third, time 1:26 1/2. Helmes and Morse then made a five mile race, and the former won by about a foot, time 16 minutes and 2 seconds.

Umbrellas and parasols repaired and covered with new cloth at E. Grover's repair shop, one door west of Bakery.

Buy all kind of wood of J. W. Ecker & Son.

Mrs. Leonard Covel, Mrs. Jas. A. Rumsey, Mrs. David L. Keeler, Stanley N. Alton, Henry Stone, Frank Stone, of Grand Rapids, were in attendance at the funeral of Mrs. C. G. Stone.

Andy Johnson has returned from New Mexico and is busy shaking hands with his many friends.

Mary Ann Blaser of Alton died of the grippe, Wednesday, May 1. Funeral services were held on Saturday.

J. H. Covert has been suffering with a very sore foot, secured by the simple means of stepping on the business end of a nail. He limps around to work now.

Mrs. Chas. Hafer of Pontiac is visiting in Lowell. Her baby, which is but eight weeks old, has been very sick for the past few days with cholera infantum.

A. C. Stone, who was called home on account of the illness of his little daughter, arrived here Wednesday.

Farmers and others desiring to purchase good cedar fence posts can save money by buying them of J. E. Lee.

H. L. Gould of St. Louis was here to attend the funeral of his brother-in-law, Mr. Wright.

F. W. Porter of Chicago attended the funeral of F. C. Wright, held here on Monday.

Cisra A. Peet of Bowne died, April 30, of consumption, at the age of 86 years. Funeral services were held on Thursday, May 2.

R. B. Boylan and wife drove over to Portland Sunday morning, to listen to two able sermons delivered by Rev. Thomas B. Gregory, late of Halifax, N. S. He is an old time friend of Mr. and Mrs. B. having united them in marriage thirteen years ago, while pastor of the Universalist church at Portland. He will proceed to Chicago this week, where he has accepted a call from the Church of Our Redeemer.

CARD.—We wish to express our appreciation of the help, and many acts of kindness of our friends during our recent bereavement, and to the choir for their lovely music.
Mr. and Mrs. ORTON HILL.

Misses Clossie Denny and Marie Hoffman went to Ada Saturday on their wheels.

Married, at the residence of the bride's parents Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Allen, Will F. Murphy and Miss Annie Allen, Wednesday evening, May 1, Pastor Shanks officiating.

Pastor Shanks spent two days in B. B. P. U. convention work near Howard City this week.

Mrs. Shanks and baby have gone to Huntington, Ind., for a few weeks visit at the Pastor's old home.

FRUIT TREES—Don't believe that oily tongued tree agent who tells you that N. P. Husted & Co. have no good nursery stock, but call at our packing grounds near the D., G. H. & M. depot, examine our trees and you will be convinced that he is a liar and the truth abideth not in him.

Miss Dot Ickes spent Sunday pleasantly with Miss Lampkin in Keene.

The village kids are right "in the swim" now. One old fellow watching the frolics of some boys just below Bridge street dam remarked that it made him wish he was a boy again, as he had been "right there many's the time."

L. P. Thomas has an order from Denver, Col., for a carload of bean planters.

Benj. Morse and wife were called to Grand Rapids last Thursday by the illness of their little granddaughter. The little one is now out of danger.

Merritt Sayles of Keene is reported seriously ill.

For Sale—Team of matched ponies and double harness, cheap. Enquire at this office.

Dell Goodell is doing business in the vicinity of Lansing this week.

Wm. Pullen & Son have two handsome new awnings in front of their store.

Quick & Son's store sports a new sign.

E. O. Mains, F. L. Fallas and F. M. Johnson witnessed the opening game of ball at Grand Rapids last Saturday.

F. G. Hoffman went down to Grand Rapids Monday.

We are informed that the "big snake" has been seen again, but did not learn whether it was by the gallon or single drink.

Money to loan on real estate. Low rates, no bonus. Lowell State Bank.

Come out and hear the whistling solo at the art exhibit.

Dr. W. F. Brooks of Grand Rapids, was in town Monday.

A ferret killed a lot of valuable fowls for Dell Goodell last Saturday night.

Wanted—by the Kent County Superintendent of Poor, girl or woman for general house work at the Kent County Home. Wages \$2.50 per week. Apply at the office in court house, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The conduct of some of Lowell's supposedly respectable young men and boys at places of public entertainment is simply disgraceful. Ear piercing whistles are emitted throughout the performance, much to the annoyance of the audience and distress of the performers. Boys, must we have a special police to look after you or will you behave yourselves in the future?

See Ecker & Son for wood and kindlings.

COME, SEE
OUR
ELEGANT
WALL
PAPER.
HUNTER
& SON.

A street corn cure peddler with a banjo and gasoline torch held forth on the street Wednesday evening and succeeded in luring away hard earned dollars from individuals by the pretense that he would give them two dollars for one. A good dramatic company was playing to empty seats in Music hall, while this rascal was playing his skin game. It looks as if people would rather stand in the streets and pay three dollars a head to hear a scamp twang a banjo and talk about corns than to pay 15 cents to hear a good dramatic performance. "You pays your money and takes your choice."

G. H. Force was doing business at Marshall Tuesday.

J. S. Hooker took a business trip last week to Saginaw, Carson City, Greenville, Grand Rapids and several other Michigan cities.

Dr. G. M. Gould, of the Detroit Medical college, was visiting his friend R. W. Hooker, Monday and Tuesday.

J. A. Mattern and wife have gone for a three weeks visit with relatives at Adrian and Orrville, Ohio.

If you wish to see a splendid collection of nursery stock call at N. P. Husted & Co. at D., G. H. & M. depot, Lowell, Mich.

Quick meal gasoline stoves are much improved this season. Call and see them at R. B. Boylan's.

There will be a phonograph concert at Music hall on Saturday evening, May 18th. The program announced is a fine one and is highly recommended.

Be sure and see the works of art Tuesday evening, an Irish Seaport, only 10c.

Dr. McDannell and daughter, Ethel, are absent on a trip to eastern cities, including Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore. At the latter city the Doctor attends a National medical convention.

Dr. Staake, of the Scotch Medicine Co., was in town Wednesday.

The opening game of ball is announced to take place this afternoon on Train's ground between the Lowell team and the Lincoln club of Grand Rapids.

Supervisor Bergin and Assessor Hunter have about completed their annual assessments.

Maud S. spray pumps excel all others. R. B. Boylan, agent.

Tom Murphy visited Grand Rapids Saturday.

THE LOWELL MARBLE WORKS.

JOS. H. HAMILTON, PROP.

Successors to Kisor & Ayres, Dealers in and Manufacturers of
MARBLE & GRANITE CEMETERY WORK.

All work Guaranteed.
Please Call before Purchasing.

DAVIS HOUSE

THURSDAY, MAY 9th, 1895.

FREE

CONSULTATION & EXAMINATION

G. L. DELEON, M. D. and C. F. MUSGROVE, M. D.,
The Eminent Specialists of the Ohio Medical and
Surgical Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio.

These Eminent and successful Gynecological Physicians and Surgeons will be at the above named place, on days mentioned, with a complete line of Remedies and surgical appliances for the successful treatment of the following diseases of which he makes a Specialty, of diseases of Women, Hay Fever, Tape Worm, Morphine, Opium and Alcohol Habits treated by a New System; all Rectum troubles, Private and nervous diseases. Advice and examination FREE.

Doctor C. L. DeLeon has been twenty years in practice—six years in a large general practice, two years Professor in Medical college in Cincinnati, O., five years a surgeon Spanish Navy, five years Examining Physician Ohio Medical and Surgical Institute. Has given hundreds of Lectures on Anatomy, Physiology, Hygiene, and the causes and cures of diseases. He never travels except where he lectures; can give you hundreds of reliable names as references. He takes this means to reach those who cannot meet him at the office. Can give you the names of hundreds I have cured.

Dr. C. F. Musgrove has had 14 years practice in Diseases of Women in several of our large cities, Des Moines, Minneapolis, San Francisco, in Hospitals and Dispensaries as well as private practices, at all times availing himself of all opportunities to perfect himself and has his diploma and ample evidence of his ability. All women out of health in places he visits have placed before them the rare opportunity of a life time in this chance. You have to consult him and learn the truth in your case, get relief and begin to live.

REMEMBER THIS—If you cannot be cured we will tell you and give you what relief we can at a reasonable sum. We write no prescriptions; have our medicines all prepared in our office, so that we know just what they will do and what they are and how they are prepared.

Particular attention is given to the treatment of the following long-standing diseases, viz:—Nasal Catarrh, Polypus, Mucosae and Follicular Diseases of the throat, Foreign Growths in the Larynx, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Brouchial Consumption, Spitting of Blood, Loss of Voice, Enlarged Tonsils, Incipient Consumption, Asthma, Diseases of the Heart, General Debility, Diseases peculiar to Women, Neuralgia, and all forms of Nervous Diseases, Diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, Strictures, Constipation, Piles, Fissure, Fistula, Irritable Ulcers, Hip Diseases, Scrofula, Blood and Skin Diseases, Surgical diseases of all kinds, the Eye, Ear, Face and Internal organs, including Deformities, Club Feet, Cross-eye, Tumors, Hair Lip, etc.

But few physicians have treated so many cases of Catarrh, Throat and Lung Diseases successfully. If you wish more knowledge of our ability, call or send for our journal, etc. Our method of treatment consists of all the means known to medical men, as we are conversant with all schools of practice, using all forms of medicines, in addition to which we depend upon Hygienic measures, Electricity, Baths, Massage, Magnetic and Mind cure, each having a relation over diseased conditions when properly used.

Office Hours 9, A. M., to 5, P. M.

Cases and correspondence confidential. Treatment sent C. O. D. to any part of the United States. List of 130 questions free. Address with postage, Drs. DeLeon & Musgrove, Ohio Medical and Surgical Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio, and Grand Rapids, Mich.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST

Ice Cream
Or
Ice Cream Soda

Rickert has it. The proof is in trying.

Roofing. Steel and Tin Roofs Sold, Laid, Painted and Guaranteed by S. B. KNAPP, Lowell, Mich. Prices to suit the times.

LOWELL LEDGER SUPPLEMENT.

PART I.—CHAPTER V. ON THE DECK.

The master of the "Nellie" awoke the next morning in a state of uneasiness lest he should be kept away from his vessel for another day. Louis wanted to remain in the city some hours longer; but the Captain declared that he should get back to the bark just as soon as he was allowed, and would then weigh anchor at once. After an early breakfast Louis sullenly followed him down to the quay. Many small boats were waiting here under the surveillance of the guard, the "Nellie's" among them. The hour was not yet nine, but quite a crowd of sailors had gathered, anxious to return to their vessels. The officer of the guard closely examined all of them, permitted the greater number to enter their boats, and detained a few for further examination. Captain Willis and Louis easily passed, and were about to step into the boat which Dick Purvis pulled up to the steps, when the shipping-agent hastened up, followed by a man in a worn suit of sailor's clothes.

"I've got another man for you, Captain," he said. "He claims to be an able seaman; but, unluckily, he can't speak a word of English. But I thought, considering everything, you'd like to take him. He talks Spanish fast enough, anyway."

This last acquisition of the agent was a man of apparently fifty years of age. His bristly hair was grizzled, his shoulders were slightly stooped, and his forehead and cheeks were wrinkled. His face had the decided hue of the Spaniard. A great patch almost concealing his left eye gave rather an unpleasant aspect to his face. He was not heavily built; his motions were alert, and he seemed strong.

"Will you take him, sir?" asked the agent.

The Captain looked at this new sailor with no great enthusiasm in his face.

"Mr. Simmons," he said, "you've already brought me eleven of the worst looking fellows that ever stood on a



"ANOTHER OF THE SAME SORT."

deck; and now here's another of the same sort. Suppose he is a seaman—I can't swear in Spanish. But I suppose we might as well have a round dozen of 'em. Put him in the boat."

Before this could be done the man had to be examined by the officer. He answered all the questions asked him in good Spanish, which the Captain caused Louis to interpret to him. He said his name was Jose Gardez; that he was fifty-five years old, and was born at Bahia Honda, of Spanish parents. He was bred a sailor, and had always followed the sea. He had lately been on the merchant ship "Cid Campeador" between Cadiz and Havana; but he had been sick, and his ship had sailed a week before without him. He did not want to be idle, and this was the first chance he had got.

This account was perfectly satisfactory to the officer; he nodded permission; and in a few moments the stout arms of Dick Purvis were propelling the party across the harbor.

Captain Willis was no sooner on deck than he called for the mate.

"Call the crew aft, Mr. Hardy," he said. "I've a word to say to them."

They came, most of them sauntering along with their hands in their pockets, and looking altogether very unlike a good ship's company. The four negroes stood in a group by themselves. Dick Purvis stood with his cap in his hand, in an attitude of respectful attention; the others were collected behind these. Captain Willis surveyed them a moment with an eye like a hawk, and then spoke clearly and distinctly:

"My men, I've sailed the seas for well nigh forty years, and I've commanded ships for thirty; but this is the first time I ever went out with a lot of green hands. Dick Purvis, avast there!—stand aside; you know this talk ain't for you. Except Mr. Hardy and Dick, I learn that there's only two seamen now in the ship. We've got a voyage of nearly two thousand miles to make, and a valuable cargo aboard. You can't learn to be sailors on this trip—but you can learn a good deal. You'll be well treated by Mr. Hardy and myself—but there's one thing you must understand now, right at the start. You must obey orders—d'ye hear. I'm the Captain, and Mr. Hardy is the mate of this ship. Louis, put that in Spanish for the benefit of those that don't understand me."

The nephew did as requested.

"That's all. Go forward now. Mr. Hardy, up anchor at once."

The four negroes did not stir.

The others had started, but seeing that something was about to happen, they paused.

"Go forward, I say!" repeated the Captain, sternly.

One of the negroes took a single step in advance of his comrades.

"We hab been deceived," he said, speaking in a thick voice and in broken

English. "Dis bad ship; dis unlucky ship; debbil in de ship. We four neber go in um! Put us ashore, sah, quick."

The others heard this startling declaration with various feelings, but every eye was upon the Captain. They saw his face darken, and his little eyes shine like coals. He stood motionless as a post, his head slightly thrown back, and his right hand thrust into the breast of his tightly-buttoned coat. He spoke low, but there was a dangerous rasp in his voice.

"Mr. Hardy, get a pair of handcuffs. Shackle that man, and confine him below three days on bread and water."

There was a low muttering among the negroes as the mate started to obey the order. The balance of the crew edged back a little, as though they wanted to be out of the way of the impending trouble. Dick Purvis stood aside, somewhat nearer the Captain, holding a capstan-bar behind him. To his surprise and delight, he found Jose Gardez by his side with another such bar in his hand, nodding his head to him, as much as to say: "I'm with you." The Mate stood close up to the Captain when he spoke, and immediately started for the handcuffs.

The strain and suspense of such a moment is exquisitely painful. All on that deck felt it, though with different thoughts and emotions. The mate was certainly not gone two minutes; but the time that passed before his head emerged above the deck as he ran up the cabin-stairs seemed an age.

The attitude and appearance of one man there ought to be mentioned. This was Louis Hunter. He stood at the right of the Captain, leaning up against the quarter-rail, smoking a cigarette. He looked on as carelessly as though he had not the slightest interest in what occurred.

The mate went directly to the negro. "Hold out your hands," he said.

With a motion like a flash, the fellow seized the handcuffs and tossed them overboard. One sweep of his powerful arm thrust the mate aside. His clasp-knife was plucked from his waistband, opened and brandished; with a yell he sprang toward the Captain. His eyes were bloodshot and glaring; those who saw his face saw something more pitiless and ferocious than is in the faces of wild beasts.

Some of the men on the deck shuddered; some closed their eyes. Some rejoiced like fiends. Two, at least, started forward, brandishing capstan bars. Yet they could not have been in time to avail against the agile, sudden movements of this mad human animal.

There was a loud report; the negro suddenly stopped. His eyes rolled horribly in his head; his knife dropped from his grasp. He threw up his arms, plunged forward, and fell in a heap on the deck—dead, with a bullet through his heart!

LOWELL LEDGER SUPPLEMENT.

The Captain advanced a single step. A great navy revolver, still smoking, was in his hand.

"You see what I mean," he quietly said. "Now, to your duty, every man! You all know who is Captain, by this time."

There was not an instant's delay. The crew fell back, dumb and conquered by this stern exhibition of authority. The mate speedily assembled them at the capstan, the anchor came up, the sails were spread, slowly and awkwardly, and the bark with wind and current in her favor, so that nothing was needed, sailed out past the frowning guns of Moro Castle, and to the open sea.

The Captain paced the after-deck, and watched the mate as he moved about among the crew. Cool as the man had been through this exciting scene, he now began to feel the revulsion as the strain was removed. He wanted some one to talk to, and looked around for Louis, but he had gone down into the cabin.

In a few moments the mate came aft and touched his cap.

"They're doing fairly well, sir," he said. "Lubbers, the most of them, but they don't hang back now. I reckon we shall get all out of them that they can do."

"Very well, Mr. Hardy. Who's at the wheel?"

"Dick Purvis, sir."

"Right again. We're well out of the harbor, I should think."

"Quite outside, sir."

"Keep her east by north for the present."

"East by north, sir."

"And I say, Mr. Hardy, just see if there is any life in that fellow on the deck there. I meant to shoot him straight through the heart, and I think I did."

The mate went and turned the cumbersome body over on its back. A pool of



THERE WAS A LOUD REPORT.

dark blood had gathered on the deck.

"He is quite dead, sir."

"Very good. Now you will see, Mr. Hardy, since this thing has happened in port, it would ordinarily be correct

to make a report of it to the United States Consul, and have the body taken ashore, ask for an inquiry and all that. As things are, I'll do nothing of the kind. I wouldn't stay another day in this harbor for a million. Have the deck swabbed up, Mr. Hardy, and the body taken below and sewed up in spare canvas, with an hundred pound weight at the heels, and to night chuck it overboard."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"You think these fellows are pretty well quieted now—eh, Hardy?"

"I should think so, sir," replied the mate, with a smile.

"Well, you and I will have to take tricks at the wheel with Purvis, till we know whom we can rely on—I'm going below now for an hour. Keep close watch, and call me if anything happens. You've got a pistol?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

PART I - CHAPTER VI A SURPRISING REVELATION.

Captain Willis had not entirely disposed of his cargo of salted fish at Havana: he had about a fourth of it still on board. He had learned that there was a good market for it at Nassau, and he had resolved to take the Bahamas on his course home and dispose of this surplus.

He had often sailed this course—along the Cuban coast to Matanzas, thence up the Bahama Channel, Port Abaco and Eleuthera, and so out into the North Atlantic. Nassau was but two days' sail, provided the winds were what he might reasonably expect at this season.

But well as he knew the route, we find him now with his charts spread out on the cabin table, locating the many islands of this group, and carefully examining the various channels and passes. It was Captain Willis' boast that he had never lost a ship; and, certainly, if care, and study, and good seamanship could avail, he was not likely to.

Satisfying himself, for the present, about the course, he put away the charts. Looking out from the cabin bull's-eye on the starboard side, he saw ten miles away over the sparkling waves the mountainous coast of Cuba. The bark was bowling along before a southwesterly breeze; he was at sea again; he shook off in a moment all disagreeable thoughts of the harsh but necessary event of the morning, and indulged in some pleasing reflections of the profits that he was likely to make on this voyage. Unlocking a small locker in the side of the cabin, he took out two canvas bags and weighed them in his hands. They were heavy; they well might be, since each was full of Spanish and Mexican gold pieces. He carefully replaced the bags in the locker.

The bells sounding the hour from the deck told him that it was now four o'clock. He remembered his promise to the mate to return in an hour. As

he put on his hat to go above, a thought of Louis occurred to him. He had not seen him since the tragic incident of the morning. What could the boy mean by shunning him at such a time? His conduct had been so strange lately that the Captain was seriously troubled by it. Considerably agitated by these reflections, Captain Willis was about to go on deck, when he heard a smart rap at the cabin-door. The mate entered in answer to his bidding.

"Well, Mr. Hardy—any trouble?" he said, "I was just coming up."

"No particular trouble, sir, but some things have happened that you ought to know. I've put the mulatto at the wheel, and left Purvis to watch the deck for ten minutes, till I could tell you."

"Quite right, Mr. Hardy. Now out with it."

"Well, sir, in the first place, that mulatto. You know the story he told about his being a green hand?"

"Yes."

"He's no more a greenhorn than you are, sir! He tries to work slow and clumsy; but every motion satisfies me that he's an old hand, and knows every rope and spar in the ship."

"I thought as much."

"But that isn't all. You know, sir, I'm an old sailor, and know pretty much every thing about sailors' ways. I've been in pretty much every sea, and in the South Pacific I learned all that there was to be learned about tattooing. I suppose I know all the marks that sailors use to distinguish each other. Well, sir—the mulatto rolled up his sleeves to take the wheel—and there on his right arm above the elbow was the true Isle of Pines mark."

"Great Heaven!" said the Captain.

"You don't mean that he is a pirate?"

"I mean that he has been one, whether he is now or not."

"And you left him at the wheel?"

"Only long enough to come and tell you what I had discovered."

Captain Willis snatched his revolver from the table.

"Come up at once," he said. "Bring another pair of handcuffs with you. Take the wheel yourself."

The Captain gained the deck, and strode directly to the wheel. His pistol instantly covered the giant who held it.

"What's your course?" he demanded.

"East by south."

The Captain glanced toward the coast. In the last ten minutes the bark had been approaching it, though it was still five or six miles away. Purvis should have seen the change, but the faithful sailor had flung himself exhausted on the deck.

The mate came up, saw the change in position at a glance, and with a loud cry was about to snatch the wheel from the mulatto's hands.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

LOWELL LEDGER SUPPLEMENT.

The Captain's Money.

A Tale of Buried Treasure, Cuban Revolt and Adventure Upon the Seas.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

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"We are both Americans, but perfectly peaceable. We belong to the bark 'Nellie Willis,' in the harbor. I am her Captain, Aaron Willis; this is my nephew, Louis Hunter, who sails with me. Here are my manifest and clearance; we're most ready to sail—only waiting to ship more hands. We've been to the Paseo to see the execution."

This full explanation, with a glance at the papers, and sometimes a question or two, sufficed to pass the two along; and when the Captain's Spanish was not understood, Louis was called upon to explain. As they neared the water the crowd became thinner, and they were able to walk more rapidly, and converse as they walked.

"By all odds, the most daring thing I ever saw in my life," the Captain declared.

"A man couldn't try it once out of ten thousand times, and escape a bullet," said the other.

"Just so; and that's what makes the thing so wonderful. Don't you think so?"

"I think it was fool-luck," said Louis.

The Captain eyed him savagely. Anger and disgust by turns ruled his face.

"I tell you what, Louis," he said, as he smote his open palm with his fist, "the time is coming pretty fast when the cabin of the 'Nellie Willis' won't be big enough to hold you and me. You've angered me more this afternoon than I want to be angered in a whole month. Are you all selfishness, from head to heels? Did you ever say a generous thing, or admire another man's words or acts, in your life—say?"

"O bother, uncle—you tire me with your sentiment."

"Very well, sir—I won't tire you much longer. Your knowledge of Spanish has been of service to me, in getting my cargo and doing my business here; but I can't put up with your ways and manners. I sha'n't ask you to make another trip with me."

"I'm delighted to hear you say so," Louis replied, in his most offensive tone.

After this explosion, the two walked on in silence. At the quay a disagreeable surprise awaited them. A strong guard of soldiers was posted wherever a boat could approach or leave it, and all communication with the vessels anchored out in the harbor was absolute-

ly cut off. Several boats had approached as near the landings as they were permitted; among them Captain Willis recognized one from his own vessel.

"How long is this to last, I'd like to know?" the indignant Captain inquired of the officer of the guard, and received in reply the laconic answer which all Spaniards in authority delight to make to questioners, and which signifies in English: "Who knows?"

"I guess it will last all night, easy enough," Louis remarked. Captain Willis silently assented; and the two turned back to the city to secure a lodging.

PART I.—CHAPTER IV.

THE BARK AND HER CAPTAIN.

The good bark "Nellie Willis" had been for some years voyaging between Boston and Havana. Her ordinary cargo for the low latitudes was salted fish, and her return cargo was rum, molasses or tobacco; sometimes all three. Her master was also her owner, and bluff Captain Willis had been so long in the coastwise trade, had for so many years sailed his own vessels and purchased and disposed of his freights, and had such a rare combination of business shrewdness with good seamanship, that those who knew him thought that he must have much wealth laid up. But the fact was that nobody knew the Captain very well; and as he was accustomed to keep his own counsels, all that was said about his possessions was based on guesses, and not on knowledge.

The experience of Captain Willis covered many years and embraced many voyages; but something quite uncommon had occurred upon the present trip. When he cast anchor in Havana harbor, more than two weeks before, he found himself almost without a crew. A storm off Hatteras, unusual at this season of the year, had severely tried his staunch vessel; and though she rode it out in safety, it was with the loss of three able seamen who fell overboard in the gale.

Before the coast of Cuba was sighted five more men were taken down almost in a day with a malignant fever. One died in a few hours, the other four were sent to the hospital as soon as the anchor was dropped in the harbor. Short-handed as he was left, it had been with the greatest difficulty that Captain Willis had been able to work his ship in, and now came the crowning calamity of the voyage. Sailors are proverbially superstitious, and the occurrences of this passage had made a deep impression upon the remainder of the crew of the "Nellie Willis." The Captain observed whisperings and consultations among them, and, though they worked faithfully taking in the return cargo, he could see that there was trouble brewing. Two days before September 1, when the freight of tobacco and molasses was all stored below, five of the seamen came aft, and one of them, cap-

in hand, addressed him. The spokesman said that he and his mates had made up their minds that the "Nellie" had become an unlucky ship, and that they dared not return to Boston in her. They had worked the ship faithfully on the voyage down, and they asked to be paid off for the half-voyage, and discharged.

Captain Willis was the very last man afloat who would tolerate any conduct of this kind from his sailors. He sternly ordered them back to their duty, telling them that they had shipped for the whole voyage, and the whole voyage they must make. He added in a significant way that such men could not be trusted with shore leave, and that they must stay on board till the anchor was up again.

The Captain flattered himself that he had settled the matter by his firm words and decided way; but he did not know the spirit of these men. They had determined that they would never return to Boston on the "Nellie." That night the whole five tried to swim ashore. Two were carried out to sea by the swift current and drowned; the mangled body of another was found floating the next morning, almost bitten in two by a shark; as the other two were not heard of again, it was never known whether they reached the quay safely, or whether they succumbed to some of the many perils of this harbor.

Captain Willis now found himself reduced to his mate, Ben Hardy, the cook, and a single seaman, beside his nephew, who knew nothing about working the ship. In no pleasant frame of mind, he went ashore and offered a large premium to a shipping agent to procure him a crew immediately. The agent promised to do his best, and went to work. The same evening he visited the Captain on board his vessel.

"It's no use, sir," he said. "I've found a dozen able seamen in Havana who want to ship; but one and all flatly refuse to sail with you."

"What do the rascals mean?" the Captain demanded.

"Why, the truth is, sir, the story about your bark being unlucky has been spread all over, and they won't go in her."

"The idiots!" shouted Captain Willis, stamping about his cabin. "I've sailed this bark for more than a dozen years, and nothing has gone amiss until this voyage. Never lost a man overboard before; never had more than a day's sickness before."

"Well, sir, you know what sailors are better than I do. Those fellows deserting, and at least three of 'em getting wound up at it, has fixed the thing, so there's no use in my talking about it. I'll try and get you a picked-up lot, of all sorts; but better than that I can't do."

The Captain raged and stormed at the idea of his going back to Boston with a crew of 'fore-the-master, but

LOWELL LEDGER SUPPLEMENT.

he had to yield to the inevitable, and the agent went ashore with instructions to do the best he could.

All the next day the agent was bringing out to the bark by ones and twos the newly-shipped crew, until eleven had been secured. The Captain examined each man, and his temper was by no means improved when he found that there was not one able seaman among the lot. There were four negroes, powerful, muscular fellows, who had been working as stovedores, and who had made up their minds that they would like a sea-voyage. They carried clasp-knives in their waistbands, and were not a very pleasant lot to look at. Four more were depraved-looking Creoles, the very dregs of the Spanish population, with four as villainous-looking faces as were ever seen aboard ship. Two more were vagrant stowaways, who had come from Liverpool on a merchant vessel, getting the rope's-end liberally on the passage, and after spending a month at Havana in the calaboose, upon being released they went straight to the shipping-office, not knowing where else to go. The eleventh was a mulatto, almost a giant in size, with a sullen, ugly look about the eyes. His account of himself was that he was a free man, had worked on tobacco-lands back of Cardenas, and had come to Havana to engage in something different; he didn't much care what.

This man the Captain eyed very closely.

"There's something about your motions, my man," he said, "that makes me think that you know more of the sea than you want to tell. Walk across the deck."

The mulatto hesitated.

"Start!" thundered the Captain.

The man walked to the other side, and returned.

"That walk can't be disguised. You're an old sailor; what your reason is for concealing it, I don't know nor



"START!" THUNDERED THE CAPTAIN.

care; only don't try to play up queer

with me. Go forward." The mulatto sullenly obeyed.

Upon the morning of the 1st of September the Captain went ashore with his nephew, leaving faithful Ben Hardy, the mate, in charge of the vessel and the unpromising crew. His chief errand was to see the agent; but the agent was able to tell him nothing encouraging about the prospect of obtaining any good men. He had ordered the mate to keep close watch on the new men, and to shoot without hesitation any of them whom he found trying to desert; and also to keep Dick Purvia, the only remaining seaman of the old crew, at the landing all day, for the use of the agent, should he secure any more men. We have seen that the boat was waiting off the pier when the Captain and Louis came down that afternoon from the Paseo, but that the vigilance of the military authorities in the search for the escaped-prisoner prevented them from returning to the bark at that time. The two walked up to the city, called at the agents and learned that he had had no further success, and then repaired to an American lodging house which was well known to both of them.

Louis Hunter had made the acquaintance of some boon companions among the Cuban youth while the bark had been in the harbor, and he now proposed to "make a night of it." Captain Willis, fatigued with the excitement of the day, and much disturbed by the recent occurrences upon and about his vessel, went to bed soon after supper. Shortly after dark Louis sallied forth to look up his friends. He had not reached the next street when he was stopped by the patrol and examined. That he was an American subjected him to instant suspicion, and he was therefore taken to the guard-house for further examination. Here he was confined in a dark and ill-ventilated room for three hours with a lot of "suspects" who had fallen into the clutches of the patrol. One at a time they were taken out and interrogated by an officer. It was near eleven o'clock when Louis' turn came. After a close questioning the officer was apparently satisfied that the young man was not a filibuster, and discharged him, with a warning to go back to his lodgings and not be seen in the streets again that night. In not the best of tempers at the loss of his night's carouse, he obeyed. Upon inquiring of his uncle, he found that he, too, had had more experience with the Cuban authorities. The house had been visited by an armed party, and thoroughly searched. Captain Willis had been examined, his papers again scrutinized, and the officer appearing suspicious of all American ship-captains, because, as he wisely observed, "they might have brought some filibusters into port," had compelled him to dress himself and accompany him to the American Consul to be identified. This irritating procedure had been gone through with,

and Louis found his uncle walking his chamber by the light of a tallow candle, literally cursing all Spaniards and Cubans, and raging like a caged lion.

"So you're back, are you?" he said, in a rather milder tone, as Louis entered. "I was thinking those highwaymen had got you."

"They did, and only just let me go," said the other, sulkily.

"Well, I'll be cursed! But never mind; we'll get to sea to-morrow, in some shape, crew or no crew; and if the "Nellie" ever comes down this way again, it will be when a few Americans and Cuban patriots haven't half scared the whole Spanish nation out of their wits."

Had Louis Hunter possessed a frank, sympathizing nature he would have embraced this opportunity to remove all misunderstandings with his uncle. The old sea-dog was now in that frame of mind that made him wish to talk with some one, and with Louis especially, about the stirring events of the day, the inconveniences and annoyances suffered from the Cuban authorities, and the dubious prospects of the return voyage of the bark, with her picked-up crew. But Louis had neither generosity of heart nor nobility of nature. He was cold, selfish and sinister; he had no real affection for the man who had faithfully tried, in his own rough, hearty way, to benefit him; and it may be—I do not know—that some dark schemes of self-aggrandizement, prompted by late events, had already entered the young man's brain. However that may be, it is certain that he repelled all the Captain's friendly advances, went to bed, and was presently asleep. Captain Willis also soon retired; but this rude disturbance of his slumbers had made him wakeful, and it was not until the clock struck two that sleep visited his eyes. Then his rest was uneasy, and troubled by dreams in which were mingled in one grand confusion Cuban garrotes, escaping filibusters, sick sailors, storms, calms and helpless vessels drifting without crews. Nor did his slumbers become calm and peaceful till another vision had soothed them—a dream of a quiet home in far-away New England, and faces there that were very dear to the old sea-dog's heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

FRANKLIN 
HOUSE
CUTTER
BATES AND LUTHER STS.
DETROIT, MICH.
ONLY A BLOCK FROM WOODWARD AND
JEFFERSON AVES. VERY CENTRAL
H. H. JAMES

SUPPLEMENT.

HOME NEWS.

O. O. Adams is prepared to newly sod all lawns entrusted to his care.

S. F. Edmonds went to Grand Rapids one day this week.

Frank B. Clark arrived home from the far southwest Wednesday night, looking well and hearty. He says that Andy Johnson will be home in a week or ten days.

Chas. Coppens of Freeport made us a call yesterday morning and dropped a "cartwheel" into our capacious maw.

Miss Agnes Wiley of Grand Rapids came home Thursday to attend the funeral of Miss Florence Joseph.

Geo. McWilliams of Grand Rapids attended the party given by the 94-95 club Thursday evening.

Mrs. Mabel Moors is spending a few days with friends in Greenville.

Miss Ethel McDannell resigns her position as preceptress in the Central school to-day, and will be succeeded by Miss Stella McDiarmid.

Phil Althen visited Ionia Sunday.

Ernie McCarty was home from Grand Rapids over Sunday.

Guerney Peckham, who has been making a tour of the eastern states in the interest of the Lowell cutter factory, has sold 6,000 cutters during his trip.

FRUIT TREES—Don't believe that oily tongued tree agent who tells you that N. P. Husted & Co. have no good nursery stock, but call at our packing grounds near the D., G. H. & M. depot, examine our trees and you will be convinced that he is a liar and the truth abideth not in him.

Mr. Beach, of the Beach Manufacturing company, recently burned out at Lyons, has been in town this week with a view of locating here. We are informed that it is quite an extensive institution and would make a valuable acquisition to our industries.

For Sale—Team of matched ponies and double harness, cheap. Enquire at this office. 98

O. O. Adams has contracted to lay twelve rods of granite stone walk about the residence property of Geo. W. Parker, and went to Grand Rapids Thursday for material.

If you wish to see a splendid collection of nursery stock call at N. P. Husted & Co. at D., G. H. & M. depot, Lowell, Mich.

See Ecker & Son for wood and kindlings.

Editor Godfrey of the Freeport Herald was in town last Saturday.

Leave us the addresses of your out-of-town friends and we will send them sample copies of the LEDGER free. tf

That big bottle Robert Hardy was carrying home Wednesday morning, contained nothing but bluing.

C. O. Lawrence is running an onion farm at the rear of his bakery, and says things will smell good and stout out there if the dogs, cats and chickens will please scratch elsewhere.

Miss Dora Johnson is in Grand Rapids visiting relatives and friends.

Miss Stella Ranney visited her friend, Miss Kittie Clark in Saranac Sunday.

"No time to write letters?" Why not make your absent friends a present of the LEDGER for a year—fifty-two letters from home for \$1? Do you not think they would be appreciated? Try it and see. tf

Ladies clean your kid gloves with Josephine Glove Cleaner, for sale only by E. R. Collar, headquarters for dressed and undressed kid gloves in all the most desirable shade for street or evening wear. 93 tf

All the best approved hardy varieties of fruit trees, ornamental currents, goosberries, etc. can be had of N. P. Husted & Co. Call and see us at the D., G. H. & M. depot, Lowell, Mich.

A company of Grand Rapids sports took in the opening day with Lowell trout fishers. Among them were: Hubert G. Gilmore, Ralph McCoy, W. H. Spencer, N. A. Cooper and James Robinson.

WANTED.—House cleaning etc. to do. Plain laundry work taken at the house. Mrs. M. Sweetland, in "addition" on Ada road.

O. O. Adams has opened a granite stone works at the corner of West Water and River streets. Read his announcement in this issue.

The L. & H. will make a 75 cent rate for opening ball game at Grand Rapids tomorrow, if ten or more persons go.

The choicest trees, vines, shrubs etc. can be had of N. P. Husted & Co. Packing grounds at D., G. H. & M. depot, Lowell, Mich.

Mrs. J. M. Mathewson has returned from a ten days visit with friends in Detroit.

Ed Kinnie of Grand Rapids attended the club party here last evening.

PRIZE LOCALS.

We close our prize local contest for the present with this issue. First prize is awarded to Fannie Richmond and second to Bessie Faulkner. The contributions are herewith appended:

TOWN GOSSIP.

Joe Richmond was called to Ohio last week, by the illness of his mother.

Richard Murray and wife of Hastings visited friends here last week.

Mrs. Ella Richmond is seriously ill.

Chas. Francisco is out of town doing business for Mr. Thomas this week.

Mrs. B. Boles who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Seneca Husted for some time, has returned to her home in Grand Rapids.

Fred Donovan of Belding visited his mother, Mrs. J. Donovan, the first of the week.

Geo. Fletcher and wife are entertaining Mrs. Aldrich of Grand Rapids.

Fred Richmond and wife of Smyrna visited his parents, J. C. Richmond and wife the first of the week.

Mrs. J. Donovan spent a part of last week with her daughter, Mrs. Will Duga, of Grand Rapids.

John White and wife spent Sunday with their daughter Cora, who is attending school at Clarksville.

Mrs. Bradfield of Grand Rapids, who has lately returned from the south, made Lowell friends a short visit last week.

A great improvement would be a bridge across the river north of Main street. The west side scholars would find it much more convenient.

R. W. Graham is moving into his brick building, corner of Main and Hudson streets. Mrs. Graham's father, W. S. Fuller, of Grattan, who is an invalid, will then reside with them.

Miss Flossie Hunter of Grand Rapids, is visiting friends and relatives here.

Oscar Hogan, baggage agent on the D., L. & N., is quite seriously ill of inflammation of the lungs.

Earl Hunter is making the acquaintance of the mumps.

Fannie Richmond, age 13.

SEGWUN LOCALS.

The woods near Tuckertown have been on fire for two days.

Mrs. John Kopf and daughter, Edie visited at Mrs. Kilgus' one day last week.

George Morse, one of the contestants in last Friday's bicycle race, met with an accident near the depot, being thrown from his wheel and slightly injured.

W. G. Jones made a business trip to Ionia last Friday.

Ellis Faulkner began teaching in the Weir district, Monday.

The S. S. L. S. will hold a special meeting at the home of Charlie Kopf Wednesday evening.

William Fox visited with his cousin, Mrs. Henry Proctor of South Lowell, Sunday.

Bessie Faulkner, age 13.

Farmers and others desiring to purchase good cedar fence posts can save money by buying them of J. E. Lee.