

The Lowell Ledger.

"WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE AND CHARITY FOR ALL."

VOL. VI, NO 17.

LOWELL, KENT COUNTY, MICH., OCTOBER 13, 1898.

WHOLE NO. 277



Captain Dreyfus

is to have another trial.
One trial is all we ask, once our customer, always our customer. We have the best Misses and Childrens school shoe ever made for the money.
Sizes 8 1/2 to 11 worth \$1.25 we sell at \$1.00.
Sizes 11 1/2 to 2 worth \$1.50, we sell at \$1.25.
Come and see them. We let you be the judge.

Geo. M Winegar

THE LATEST Gold Coin Hot-Blast Ventilator.

For Hard Coal, Soft Coal, Coke or Wood.
A WONDERFUL HEATER.

The Gold Coin Hot Blast Ventilator is a complete revelation in Stove construction. The principle involved hitherto unknown. They have a distinctive individuality, with no counterparts or competitors. Greater Results are obtained with One-third less fuel than is possible with any other heater made. The perfect combustion is obtained by the consumption of every particle of heat producing matter contained in the fuel, together with the great quantity of gas. This is essential for economy; nothing is wasted and fire can be kept over night with soft as well as hard coal.

In this stove are two distinctive features:
1st—The Ventilating Hot-Air Distributing Feature.
2d—The Combined Foul-Air Duct and Check.

Our Steel Ranges, Cook and Heating stoves are all up to date. Call and see them. No trouble to show goods. Yours Respect,

R. B. BOYLAN.

BRING YOUR JOB PRINTING TO THE LEDGER.

Found Dead.

Jeff Houghton, a well known South Boston farmer, was found dead of heart failure in his barn last Friday afternoon. He had evidently been dead for three hours when found.

He was 44 years of age and leaves one child. His wife died about four years ago.

Funeral services were held at the South Boston church on Monday at 10 a. m. and the remains were taken to Woodland for interment.

Teachers' Reading Circles.

G. T. Chapel, school commissioner for Kent county, has completed arrangements for the holding of public school teachers' reading circles. The one day circles will be held once a month, on Saturdays at Grand Rapids, Lowell, Cedar Springs, Caledonia, Sparta, Grattan, Cannonsburg and Rockford. The course of reading for these will be limited to "Practical Hints for Teachers," by Howland, "Teaching the Language Arts," by Hinsdale and "Uncle Sam's Secrets" by Austin.

Four two days' circles will be held during the season, one at Whitneyville, Oct. 21-22, another at Rockford, Nov. 17-18, another at Sparta, Jan. 27-28 and another at Lowell, April 14-15. The program for these two days circles will consist of addresses by educators of at least state prominence. Superintendent of Schools Hathaway will speak at Whitneyville on the afternoon of Oct. 21. Prof. McKenna the president of the state normal school, will speak at Rockford on Nov. 17. Ex-Superintendent of Public Instruction Pattingill will speak at Rockford, Nov. 18. Other speakers will be announced later.

Death of Mary J. Walker.

Mrs. Mary J. Walker, formerly of this village, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. A. M. Andrews in Boston township, on Sunday, Oct. 9, at the age of 60 years. She leaves two children. Funeral services were held at the South Boston M. E. church on Tuesday, Oct. 11, conducted by Rev. Mr. Johnson.

Rough Play on the School Ground.

"Pull away" as played by the Lowell school boys seems to rival football or pugilism for hazard to life and limb. No less than two boys have had their arms broken on the school ground during the last few days while indulging in that sport—Harry Chambers and Charles Rogers. Through fifteen years of school life with as much fun as falls to the lot of the average school boy, we do not recall a case of this kind. "Crack the whip," "speed away," base ball and foot ball used to be safe enough games; but an element of recklessness enters into the sport of Young America to-day that threatens to banish all of these pastimes from the school ground.

Card of Thanks

The undersigned wish to express their heartfelt gratitude to the kind friends and neighbors who assisted and sympathized with us in our late sad bereavement. May you all find friends as true in your hours of sorrow.

J. C. JOHNSON AND FAMILY.

The Kickers.

God bless the kickers, the dear old kickers—God bless them every one, For they'll kick when you're sober and in for work—and they'll kick when you are in for fun! They'll buck at improvements in real estate; they'll buck at booming the town—and at everything that will work for good, some kickers will frown and frown! If this thing or that thing is thought to be good—some other they will say is better—and if one could write them up as a "mass"—they'd knock off the superfluous letter! When these self-same kickers arrive at the gates—the pearly gates of heaven—they'll kick if offered a nice small crown and pick out the number of 'leven! On earth, in heaven, at home, on the street, there are men who are bound to kick—until we declare there's no peace anywhere—'tis enough to make a man sick. So out on those kickers, these chronic old kickers—that blight that is thrust on a town—and when they kick with their mulish ways, for heaven's sake frown them down!—Semi-Tropic.

HOT-TIME-STOVES

HOT-TIME-PRICES

—REVOLUTION.—

In the old system of taking air into stove. Even if you do not intend to purchase it will pay you to call and examine "COLE'S HOT BLAST." This stove we guarantee and is also guaranteed by the maker to produce as much heat as any other stove on the market and at One-Third less cost. Burns anything, old feathers, rubbers, rags, wood, hard or soft coal. No Smell. No Smoke. No Red Stove.

Cooking Stoves and Ranges

Everything that's Best. In conclusion, let us state, Last Season we took the lead, This year we should sell them all. Look at the Lines we have the Agencies for:

GARLAND—Michigan Stove Co.
JEWELL—Detroit Stove Works,
S. S. JEWETTS,
E. BENNETT & SON,
COLE'S HOT BLAST.

The first Three lines are the Oldest, the Largest and best stove makers in the world


Yours,

KLARK & KLARK.

K-K-K-K HARDWARE.

32-page Book and Testimonials, FREE.
Sent by mail, postage paid.
THE ALONZO O. BLISS CO.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Not Sold by Druggists.

A World's Tribute.



Progress **Triumph**

America Leads the Nations in the March of Progress.

Among the wonders of the World's Columbian Fair the grandest was the exhibit of American products. The Exhibition was, in this respect, an object lesson of the grandeur and glory of the Republic. Among the exhibits from the United States no article of its class stood so high as

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder.

The Chief Chemist of the Agricultural department at Washington, backed by an intelligent jury at the Exposition, found it strongest in leavening power, peerless in its purity and beyond comparison in uniform excellence.

Received Highest Award At the World's Fair.

The award is a matter of official record.

Nothing could settle so decisively the immeasurable superiority of Dr. Price's over all other powders as the great honor bestowed at Chicago.

On Getting Up from the Table.

It was only because I had, through reading your wonderful cure, through your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, to try them. I took the pills according to directions and soon began to notice an improvement in my condition. Before the first box was used I could get about the house, and after using five boxes, was entirely cured. "Since that time I have felt no return of the rheumatic pains. I am confident that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life and I try to induce my friends who are sick to try the same remedy. I will gladly answer inquiries concerning my sickness and wonderful cure, provided stamp is enclosed for reply.

FRANCIS LONG.
Sworn to before me at Venice, Mich., this 5th day of April, 1898.
G. B. GOLDSMITH, Justice of the Peace.

Free Homes in Western Florida.

There are about 1,000,000 acres of Government land in Northwest Florida, subject to homestead entry, and about half as much again of railroad lands for sale at very low rates. These lands are on or near the line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, and Mr. R. J. Wemyss, General Land Commissioner, Pensacola, will be glad to write you all about them. If you wish to go down and look at them, the Louisville & Nashville Railroad provides the way and the opportunity on the first and third Tuesday of each month, with excursions at only \$2 over one fare for round-trip tickets. Write Mr. C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., for particulars.

Hawaii and the Philippines.

Send four cents (in stamps) for an illustrated booklet issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, the direct route across the American Continent to the New Trans-Pacific possessions of the United States. Full of latest reliable information and valuable for reference. Can be used as a text book in school. Address Geo. H. Headford, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

It is foolishness to try to reason about what we can not know.

Everybody's liable to itching piles. Rich and poor, old and young—terrible the torture they suffer. Only one sure cure. Doan's Ointment. Absolutely safe; can't fail.

A look toward the devil is as dangerous as a leap.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, etc. or 51. Our guarantee. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

True friendship is like sound health—the value of it is seldom known until it is lost.

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, No. 25. L. Q. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

PLUG

"He don't chew Battle Ax, yer Honor."
"He looks it!"

Ignorance of the Law is no excuse, but ignorance of **BATTLE AX** is your misfortune—not a crime—and the only penalty is your loss in quantity as well as quality when you buy any other kind of Chewing Tobacco.

Remember the name when you buy again.

"DON'T BORROW TROUBLE." BUY

SAPOLIO

'TIS CHEAPER IN THE END.

FROM FACTORY TO USER DIRECT.

We make the Surveys, Buggies, Phonons and Road Wagons. Kansas City, Mo. We are well known to the trade for years. We are well known to the user at Wholesale Prices. The show is 1303 West 11th St. Buyer prefers to deal with the factory. He gets us in line work at less price than agents ask for low grade vehicles. We ship anywhere, subject to examination. We DELIVER on board cars Kansas City, Mo., or Goshen, Ind., as may suit purchaser. Send for catalogue with prices plainly printed. 17 1/2 CENTS. Write today. We sell Sewing Machines and the GOSHEN BICYCLE as well. All at Wholesale Prices. ALL GOOD. No matter where you live, you are not 100 far away to do business with us and save money. Address: EDWARD W. WALKER CARRIAGE CO., GOSHEN, INDIANA.

TAPE WORMS

"A tape worm eighteen feet long at least came on the scene after my taking two CASCARETS. This I am sure has caused my bed health for the past three years. I am still taking Cascarets, the only cathartic worthy of notice by sensible people."

GEO. W. BOWLES, Baird, Mass.



CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Pleasant, Palatable, Painless, Taste Good, No Gripe, Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips Me. 25c. 50c. ... CURE CONSTIPATION. ... Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 113 NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE TOBACCO HABIT.

PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS.

JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C.
By mail send money, 15c. per week, 25c. per month, 50c. per quarter, 1.00 per year. No money advanced.

CHEAP FARMS

DO YOU WANT A HOME?

100,000 ACRES Improved and unimproved farming lands to be divided and sold on long time and easy payments, a little each year. Come and see us or write. THE TRUMAN MOSS STATE BANK, Sanilac Center, Mich., or UMAN MOSS ESTATE, Crosswell, Sanilac Co., Mich.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY:

quick relief and cure worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. H. L. GREGG'S DISPENSARY, 1102 N. 2nd St., St. Louis, Mo.

A UNITED STATES WALL MAP

FREE

A copy of our handsome map, 42 1/2 inches, printed in colors and mounted on a roller, will be sent to any address on receipt of 15 cents in postage to pay for packing and transportation. F. S. HESTER, General Passenger Agent, C. & N. W. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 42—1898

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

LOWELL STATE BANK

Capital, — \$25,000.00.

LOWELL, MICH.

FRANCIS KING, President,
CHAS. McCARTY, Vice President
M. C. GRISWOLD, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:
Francis King, Chas. McCarty,
Geo. W. Parker, F. T. King,
G. H. Force, E. L. Bennett,
M. C. Griswold, C. Bergin.

A General Banking Business Transacted
Money Loaned on Real Estate Security



Fred Holmes of Detroit was in town last week.

Second hand oil heater for sale cheap at this office.

R. W. Graham has been spending a few days in Chicago.

Mrs. Jennie Robertson is visiting W. W. Robertson and Mrs. A. E. Anderson at Ravenna.

Miss Ella Kopf will spend several months in Grand Rapids.

Rae Malcolm was in Grand Rapids the fore part of the week.

Chas. Boon, bugler of Co. E, 32d Mich. Vol. called on friends in Lowell last week.

Read the announcement of A. J. Howk & Son, the reliable shoe dealers, in this issue.

Myron H. Walker of Grand Rapids was doing legal business in Ver-gennes Monday.

Allan Kimball of Ionia was in town Tuesday on business connected with the Behler estate.

Mrs. S. Bergin of Howell is visiting her mother, Mrs. McMahon and other relatives in this place.

Miss Maude Giles of Grand Rapids spent Sunday at with her mother, Mrs. M. E. Giles of this place.

O. D. Rolf is out after a two weeks run of malarial fever, looking a little peaked, but still in the ring.

Matthew Hunter and wife have our thanks for a treat to some of their last picking of Smock peaches. They were "lunkers" and no mistake.

Wm. H. Anderson, of Ishpeming, chemist for the Lake Superior Mining Co., visited his parents, Rev. and Mrs. S. G. Anderson last Friday. Yesterday he was married to Ethelyn A. Briggs of Portland, Mich., in the parlors of the Baptist church, the father of the groom officiating.

"I See"

Said Sagasta, "That it is getting time to quit.

If the Spanish premier had been provided with a pair of our ordinary spectacles, he could have seen that "quitting time was some time ago.

With a pair of our best glasses he could have seen that quitting time was a minute before beginning time.



Williams prices make it expensive for you to buy elsewhere.

Mrs. Ed. Crow of Grand Rapids and Mrs. Wilkinson of Rockford are visiting at E. F. Denny's.

Transfer: Charles F. Holt and wife to James K. Johnson, land on sec 10 Cascade, consideration, \$120.

James Hodges and wife of Grand Rapids were guests of their brother Fred E. Hodges two days last week.

Mrs. E. J. Killen of Grand Rapids has returned home after a few days with her mother, Mrs. M. E. Giles.

A six page supplement containing an installment of the "The Caruther's Affair" goes with this number of the LEDGER.

Adv. letters—Mrs. Carrie Clark, Miss Minnie Castello, F. M. Brown, Earl Curtis, Lalone. Foreign—Miss Lizzie Sancier.

John Engel left a basket of beautifully colored Smock peaches at this office last Saturday. Nine peaches filled the basket, averaging about 7 ounces each.

One day recently when Homer Hubbel didn't have anything else to do he left a bushel of nice peaches at the editor's door. This newspaper business has its redeeming features.

Pattie Perry who has been spending the past six weeks with relatives in Jonesville, returned home Wednesday.

Clarence Long has accepted a position as attendant in the insane asylum at Ionia and commenced work Tuesday.

Mrs. A. Brunner and Mrs. J. F. Todd have gone to Grand Rapids to visit their sister Mrs. Geo. Godfrey a few days.

Fred Mains and wife of Chicago and Wesley Mains and wife of Lake Odessa were Sunday guests of E. O. Mains and family.

Miss Sarah Mooney and Henry Kirkshaw of Grand Rapids rode to Lowell on a tandem Sunday, spending the day with Rae Malcolm.

Rev. Edmonde, a former pastor of the Congregational church of this place, but now of Chelsea, was the guest at R. W. Graham's Monday.

Died, at her home in Ada, Monday, Oct. 10, Mrs. Delia McColl, aged 62 years. Funeral services were held at the residence of her son at Ada, Oct. 12.

Subjects at the Baptist church Sunday, Oct. 16: Morning—"The Scriptural Evidences of Salvation." Evening—"The Ever Present Lord."

S. G. Anderson, pastor.

The little son of R. B. Woodcock died Sunday morning at the age of 20 months. Funeral services were held at the Lowell Congregational church on Monday, conducted by Rev. M. North of Freeport. Interment at Saranac.

Manager Stair of Powers' Opera house, drove to Lowell Monday accompanied by his better half. Mrs. Stair remained for a several days to visit with her sisters, Mesdames Clark and Anderson.

Mrs. Sarah M. Carr celebrated the sixty-fifth anniversary of her birth last Saturday, with the help of some friends from Keene, South Boston and Lowell who came unannounced well provided with eatables to surprise an old friend. The occasion was an enjoyable one.

Mrs. N. L. McCarty and Mrs. G. G. Towsley left for Brooklyn, N. Y., Monday where they will join the Doctor and remain till next summer. We have invited Mrs. McCarty to give her impressions of New York city to the readers of the LEDGER.

Marks has opened the campaign with a half page of bargains in the LEDGER. These are just a few of them and there are enough to go round. Read every word. This advertisement and watch out for others. Read, profit and save your money by buying of Marks.

OLD SAYINGS.

"There is a saying old and true
We wish to quote again to you,
That when you want a Boot or Shoe
Don't leave your old friend for the new."

New Sayings.

We wish to say that we are now ready to show you the largest stock of

FOOTWEAR

That we have ever carried since we have been in business, at prices that no one has found fault with this year. You run no risk here, as we do not carry any shoes made of oak leaves, pine shavings, sheepskin or paper. We are not in business to deceive the public and lose our trade; but to please our customers and hold our business. Our constantly increasing custom prove this. Every manufacturer of shoes in the United States knows that we pay SPOT CASH for our goods. That fact alone puts us in position to sell you goods much cheaper; because the best bargains in the East are looking for CASH houses and BIG deals. Below we quote you a few prices:

Child's Oil Grain Button, 8 to 12 @ \$1.00
Youth's " " Bal solid, 12 to 2 @ \$1.25
" " " " No seams to rip @ \$1.50
Boys' Top Notch bal Stylish and Stout, 2 1/2 to 5 1/2 @ \$1.50
Men's Fine Shoes all solid from \$1.25 up
" Kip Boots, 22 different styles from \$2.00 Up
" Calf " 12 " " " \$2.00 Up
Ladies' Kid Button or Bal pat. tip from \$1.00 Up
A full line of Ladies' Warm Shoes and Slippers strictly solid from .75c Up

We wish to say to the ladies that we are sole agents for the Queen Quality Shoes so highly spoken of in the September number of the Ladies' Home Journal.

Compare our goods and prices and if we can't save you money don't deal with us.

The old reliable Shoe House.

A. J. Howk & Son.

We Have Got the Best.

We have secured the Agency for T. D. French & Son's

FLOUR

in Lowell. We Guarantee it to be the best flour sold in Lowell. If not satisfactory you may return any part of the sack.

NOW AS TO PRICE.

You have been paying too much for flour, so we went outside of the combine to get it for you.

25 pound sack	-	-	-	.40c
50 pound sack	-	-	-	.80c

You can buy as much as you want at above prices

FRED L. FALLAS.

Remember our specialties are TEAS and COFFEES.

Everyone Must Try It.

Can You Afford It?

Do You Use It?

Lowell Ledger Supplement.

LOWELL, MICHIGAN, OCT. 13, 1898.

West Lowell.

Mrs. C. Cary has been very ill the past week but is slightly improving at present.

Mesdames McIntyre and Peters visited friends in Lowell Thursday.

Mrs. S. Gristwood and Mrs. H. Easterbrook visited with Elder J. J. Findley and family at Cascade Friday.

The ladies aid will meet at the home of Mrs. J. Ingersoll Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 10 a. m.

A. Rolf, wife and daughter were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, of Lowell.

Your correspondent regrets very much being away from home when our editor and wife called Sunday. Call again, Mr. Editor.

E. Easterbrook has purchased a fine top buggy.

Vergennes.

John Cary, wife and children of South Lowell were Sunday guests of Frank Fox and wife.

H. and O. VanWormer of Grand Rapids spent Sunday with their brother, Seth, and family.

Adelbert Odell and wife were recent guests of John Wooden and wife of East Cascade.

Freda Bailey, Pauline and Irene McGee were Sunday callers of Mrs. G. W. Crosby.

Lena Fox entertained her friend, Marguerite Southard, of Lowell last Friday.

Grace Hessay of Lowell was the guest of Della James Saturday and Sunday.

The L. T. L. will meet with Lena Fox next Saturday. All who are interested in temperance are cordially invited to be present.

The Vergennes Reading Circle will meet at the home of George and Bertha Lee, Saturday evening, Oct. 22, for reorganization.

Alton.

Fred Basom moved to Woods Corners, Monday.

Drivers were driving cattle through here Monday and one of them ran into the mill pond and was drowned, its head being tied down.

John Quillen is building an addition to his house.

Mrs. Pat Norton of Grattan visited her mother, Mrs. Peter Corrigan, last week.

Frank Madison of Grattan was here last week Friday.

Mrs. C. B. Francisco is quite ill.

Mrs. Mike McAndrews spent one day last week at James McGee's in Fallasburg.

Wiley Reynolds, wife and children of South Lowell visited relatives here Saturday.

Mrs. Warren Ford visited relatives in Lowell Friday and Saturday.

Elder Grey's son was with us Sunday.

Mrs. Fred Kropf is in Lowell.

John Lavender of Williamsburg is visiting his sister, Mrs. D. Clawson, and old time friends.

Mrs. Herrington of Cannonsburg, was in town Monday.

John Goble and son of Watrford, Ont., visited his brother, Jacob, and wife several days last week.

J. Cummings and wife and Jennie Ben nels were in Belding Saturday.

Warren Ford had the misfortune to get a piece of glass into his foot Sunday which lays him up.

L. C. Austin of Greenville was a guest at Fred Ford's last week Thursday

West Bowne.

Dayton Salsbury of Lowell spent Saturday with his grandfather, F. Salsbury.

Bowne Center was quite well represented at the Caledonia fair last week.

Dave Eash and wife of Indiana have moved into the house vacated by George Thompson and family.

Lewis Boulard received word that his son, Percy, was very ill in the hospital at Minneapolis.

We hope that our editor will not slight any of his correspondents while making calls among them.

Lester McDiarmid is reported better at this writing.

Mrs. A. VanDyke and son, Bert, and daughter, Josie, are spending a few weeks in Grand Rapids.

Homer Hubble visited relatives in this place Sunday.

Mrs. I. Colby spent last week with her daughter in Grand Rapids.

W. J. Filkins was in Lowell Saturday.

Mr. Palmer of Alto has retired from business.

Fallasburg.

Mrs. C. Snell and children of Grand Rapids has been visiting Mrs. A. G. Steketee for a few days the past week.

Bert Lillie of Grand Rapids is visiting his parents.

Messrs. Tower and Steketee went to Ionia Monday.

Mrs. Crege of Canada and two daughters are visiting her sister, Mrs. Holden.

Odie Stanton was home visiting parents over Sunday.

Mrs. Crege preached at the school house Sunday in the place of Elder Gaffin.

We notice Neil BooVee has a large force digging potatoes.

Messrs. Steketee and Tower have added a fine Shropshire to their flock of thorough-breds.

Mrs. Elmer Richmond is visiting her sister near Hastings.

Mrs. Beckwith has been visiting the past week with her daughter, Mrs. Hiler, of Lowell.

William Bailey, who has been staying here after his wife's death, has returned to his home in Grand Rapids.

Millard Sayles, wife and children have moved to Bowne.

Frank Beech of Sand Lake visited his cousin, Mrs Denny, last week.

Splendid New Line of
Bed Room Suits

At From

\$10.50 Up

Goods delivered free of charge to
any part of the city.

McCONNELL.

Special Sale

—OF—

Souvenir Tumblers

—AT—

Alexander's.

We have just received a lot of souvenir water tumblers each adorned with an etching of one of our war vessels, twelve different patterns, for this sale we make the price only

\$1.00 per Dozen.

Also a lot adorned with the picture of Admiral Dewey at 10c each. Call and see them.

C. H. ALEXANDER

Lowell Ledger Supplement.



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SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I.—Minard Hendricks, great detective, just returned from Boston, finds awaiting him an unsigned typewritten letter directing him to apartments in Palace hotel, where he will find remains of Mr. Weldon Caruthers—currently reported for past two weeks to be out of town. Detective seems to connect letter with attempt made on his own life some time previous. Goes with friend, Dr. Lampkin, to investigate.

Chapter II.—Upon search of Caruthers' apartments remains of cremated body and jeweled hand of victim are found in a vase. Hand bears marks of finger nails manicured to sharp points. Lampkin recalls reports of a row between Caruthers and Arthur Gielow, both suitors for hand of Dorothy Huntington, who is heiress to several millions should she marry Caruthers, unconditionally in case of Caruthers' death.

Chapter III.—Late that night Hendricks and Lampkin call at home of Miss Huntington.

Chapter IV.—Dorothy shows detective typewritten letter, which was an invitation for herself and aunt to occupy with Count Bantinni, Italian nobleman, his box at horse show, as he was called out of town by pressing business.

Chapter V.—She recalls Gielow had expressed before murder intense hatred for Caruthers and believes him guilty, yet decides to help him, and with her aunt goes to his studio.

Chapter VI.—Gielow has fled. His servant, Henri, tells of overhearing confession to Bantinni. Henri thought his master insane. Hendricks, concealed in room, hears all this.

Chapter VII.—Hendricks goes to consult Kola, an East Indian interested in occult researches who had helped him in much previous detective work, and located in an old colonial mansion among the palisades.

Chapter VIII.—Dr. Lampkin is summoned by Hendricks, who has been shot. Bullet is removed and detective warned not to leave his room.

Chapter IX.—Hendricks' unknown enemy had tried to chloroform him in his sleep. Detective had waked just in time, but was wounded by pistol shot before he could prevent his assailant's escape.

Chapter X.—Hendricks' unknown enemy had tried to chloroform him in his sleep. Detective had waked just in time, but was wounded by pistol shot before he could prevent his assailant's escape.

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Chapter XIV.—Hendricks' unknown enemy had tried to chloroform him in his sleep. Detective had waked just in time, but was wounded by pistol shot before he could prevent his assailant's escape.

"How was he hurt?" gasped Lampkin, as he sprang after her up the stairs. She made no reply. The next moment she reached the door of the detective's room, and opened it.

Hendricks, white as a ghost, and with dark marks under the eyes, sat in a big extension chair, in his dressing-gown, a rug over his legs and feet.

"Don't let my mother frighten you, old man," he said, with a smile, which he gave with evident pain. "You know how women are about a thimbleful of blood."

"What on earth has happened?" asked Lampkin.

"That secret enemy of mine is on the warpath again," explained the detective, affecting a light tone. "I am waiting for you to ascertain the extent of the damage he has wrought."

"You surely haven't been going without medical attention all this time, simply because you sent for me?" asked the doctor. "Great goodness!"

"I begged and begged him on my knees," wailed Mrs. Hendricks, "but he wouldn't listen to me, and insisted on bandaging the wound himself."

"I did not want it to get out," explained Hendricks. "Right now I wouldn't have it known that I was attacked for anything. You see I knew you could be trusted."

Lampkin's face stiffened with displeasure.

"Let me make an examination," he said, in a tone that told plainly that he did not intend to lose any more time.

"Here it is, in the left side," said Hendricks. "It can't be bad, for I stood up just now to look out of the window. I can't locate the blasted lead, though."

"I should think not," grunted Lampkin, as he removed the bandage.

After a moment he exclaimed:

"Thank heaven, you are all right! Nothing fatal, if you'll take good care of yourself. The ball went in at the side, glanced on one of your ribs and lodged against the breastbone. I can remove it in a moment."

Five minutes later the operation had been successfully performed and Hendricks, freshly bandaged, was reclining easily in his chair.

"Now, you get some sleep and remain quiet," said the doctor, mixing some medicine at the window.

"Rubbish!" muttered the detective. "Do you mean that I am to stay penned up here all day to-day?"

"And all week—this week," imitated

Lampkin.

Hendricks' face darkened. "But I simply can't," he grumbled. "I never had more to do in my life, and if I halt now my assailant will have gained by his cowardly attack. No, no, old friend, you must not stop me now that I have something fresh to start from. I have tasted blood, and like a bloodhound I must go on, on. I tell you I have the vilest scoundrel to deal with that ever breathed, and it is to be a fight to the death between us."

"It might kill you to leave your room inside of a week," was the doctor's firm reply. "If you go out and die from it, your enemy will have gained his point."

The words told on the detective. His face fell and Lampkin noticed his lower lip twitching. There was a hint of moisture in the big gray eyes. He turned to his mother, who sat near the grate, her face in her hands.

"Leave us alone, mother," he said. "I want to tell Lampkin how it happened. As for staying in, I'll take his advice. He knows his business, and I know nothing else will content you."

"Oh, I'm so glad," cried the old lady, and she came to him and parted his hair on the brow and kissed him.

CHAPTER IX.

When the door had closed behind her, Hendricks gave a deep sigh and smiled faintly.

"She doesn't know what an awfully narrow escape I had," he began. "When I retired last night I was so overcome with fatigue that I hardly could take time to undress. I actually fell asleep while sitting on the side of the bed to take off my boots. I almost tumbled to the floor, and that roused me sufficiently to complete the operation."

"The first intimation of danger came to me in a dream. I thought I was in the basement of a burning building, confined in a room, the walls of which were solid masonry and the doors of iron. I seemed to be choking and gasping for breath. It was no dream; it was reality as far as the stifling sensation was concerned, for on waking I found my arms pinioned, a weight on my breast and a towel saturated with chloroform held tightly over my nostrils."

"My Lord! it was awful. Every vein in me seemed on fire. I felt as if I had been pumped full of ignited gas. I tried to scream, but my human nightmare prevented that, or the slightest movement on my part."

"All at once the thought struck into my benumbed consciousness that I was in the clutch of my secret foe, and with that came a sort of repugnant desperation that had strength. I threw out my right hand, and catching the towel wrenched it from my nose, and then sucked down into me a whiff of God's pure air. It seemed to act on me like releasing a gigantic spring, for I hurled him from me as you would a stinging lizard. I heard him strike the middle of the floor and grunt as the breath went out of him. Then I felt hastily under my pillow, and missing my revolver, and hearing a click from where he crouched, I knew that he had

nabbed it. I was on my feet in a moment, and you can bet I did some tall dodging in the darkness, for I knew I was his target. I saw him moving as I moved, trying to get an aim at me, and all the time I was edging, sometimes erect, again on all fours, toward the corner where I knew that old sword stood—a relic of the Revolution.

"Before he pulled the trigger I had hold of it. He heard it rattle and blazed away. His bullet struck the brass scabbard, glanced off and crashed into that mirror there. The flash helped me locate him, and jerking my weapon from its rusty sheath, I dashed at him, hoping to cut him down before he got another shot. My first furious thrust with such a formidable weapon astonished him, and he backed, cocking the gun as he did so. I gave him a stab right at the breast. It would have run a two-inch plank through, but it had no more effect on him than if I had struck the iron sides of an American man-of-war. He had on a bullet-proof suit of clothes. I heard him laugh derisively, and then he fired again. I felt the twinge in my side just as my mother screamed below, and then I was almost overpowered by the thought that she would rush to my rescue and get killed along with me. I dashed at him, cut at the hand holding the revolver and was rewarded by hearing the weapon strike the floor at his side. I saw him stoop for it, and plunged my sword's point at his back. It rebounded as if it had struck cork. The next lick was dealt at his hand as it groped toward the pistol. I knocked his arm out and he fell sprawling on the floor. The mistake I made then was in trying to get possession of the revolver, for when I reached for it, he bounded to his feet, and, hissing like a cat, sprang out at the open window through which he had come. I saw his head and shoulders disappear below the sill just as I secured the gun. I ran to the window and saw him crawling down the slanting roof of the conservatory. Remembering his armor, I took aim at the back of his neck, but I was too shaky to shoot well, and missed. Before my unnerved fingers could cock the revolver again he was out of sight, and I heard the gate in the rear close with a slam."

"I started in pursuit down the front stairs, but when I reached the first landing I met my mother and keeled over in a dead faint. The drug and the wound were too much for me. I came to in a moment and prevented her from notifying the police or the neighbors of the accident. Then it was four o'clock. I tried to get a message to you, but failed on the first attempt. That's the whole account of my adventures."

"You have certainly had a tough time of it," declared Dr. Lampkin. "At whose door do you lay the attack?"

"It is the work of the villain who set the bomb for me, and I am now pretty sure he is involved in the Palace Hotel affair."

"What, Gielow?"

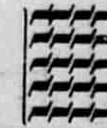
Hendricks mused a moment, then he said:

"This attempt and the other, showing such positive enmity to me person-

(Continued on next page.)

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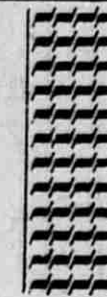
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ally, make the whole business the biggest mystery of my experience. Besides, there is another clew which tends to lead me away from the idea of implicating the artist."

"What is that?"

Hendricks gazed at the open fire as he debated how to express himself clearly.

"You remember," he began, "that the letter Miss Huntington showed us purporting to be Caruthers' at Philadelphia was forged, of course, since Caruthers was dead when it was written."

"I remember," said Lampkin, with a sudden start.

"You also recall that I spoke to her of certain idiomatic expressions in it, showing that it was written by a foreigner."

"Yes, quite well."

Hendricks smiled and stroked his wounded side.

"Gielow didn't write that letter. Now, what foreigner have we reason to suspect of having had a hand in this matter?"

"Bantinni," exclaimed the doctor, rising excitedly. "My Lord, why did I not think of that before? And he is a suitor for the hand of the heiress, besides."

The detective smiled. He was at one of his old games of trying the effect of conflicting evidence on his friend.

"You have forgotten one other thing—and there you are," he grinned. "What about Gielow's confession?"

Dr. Lampkin's face fell. He was silent for several minutes.

"You are incorrigible!" he broke out suddenly. "I don't make sport of you when you come nosing around in my profession. I sit down and give you the benefit of all there is in it."

The detective smiled apologetically.

"You are at liberty to retaliate at any time," he returned. "Besides, if I let you on to the climaxes of my cases before I reached them you'd lose interest, and I'd not have the pleasure of your companionship."

Dr. Lampkin took his hat to leave.

"I must get back to the office," he said, good-naturedly. "I'll drop in this afternoon. Remember, you are to stay in this room a week at the very shortest."

CHAPTER X.


Despite his strong will and determination not to yield to weakness, Hendricks was compelled to remain in his room longer than he expected. But his mind was not idle. Every time Dr. Lampkin called he found him engaged in some investigation pertaining to the murder of Caruthers.

"You might as well go out and be done with it," remarked Lampkin one day. "Don't you know you'll never get strong again as long as you keep your brain on the race-track?"

Hendricks looked down sheepishly.

"I don't think you ought to begrudge a fellow the little he can accomplish in a room the size of this when Sergt. Denham and his aides are turning the earth upside down."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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