

MICHIGAN NEWS SUMMARY

Doings of the Week Recorded in a Brief Style.
CONCISE AND INTERESTING.
Old Fellows and Rebeleks at Lansing—
Yield Fellow Charged With Killing Her Husband—Insurance Companies In Hot Water—Triple Downing.

STATE GOSSIP.

Lake Linden has contracted for a complete new system.
The Bloomington Milling Co., will rebuild Bloomington's burned grist mill.
The sea serpent in Indian lake, near Dowagiac, proved to be an otter and a muskshogger.
A cooperage plant with a capacity of 600 barrels a day will be established at Traverse City.
The project of building an electric railroad from Lansing to "One lake" has been abandoned.
Berrien county has another diphtheria epidemic. Benton township schools are closed.

KNOWING OF THE TELEGRAPH

News of the Day as Told Over the Slender Wires.
DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN NEWS.
War Cloud Darkens Because of the Differences Between France and Great Britain Over the Fashoda Matter—
Both are Preparing for Trouble.
Never since Great Britain and France began to dispute over Egypt, years ago, during the most acute stage of the numerous Anglo-French differences between those two countries, has the situation looked so ominous as it now does over the Fashoda incident. It is a fact that the French naval and military authorities are making feverish preparations for war, and significant orders have been issued from the British admiralty, indicating the belief that Britain and France are on the brink of war.

A WAR ROMANCE

U. S. Soldier Drives a Cuban Girl.
Treason, Love and Adventure.
The Havanna Reporter is the first American newspaper printed in the Cuban capital.
Oscar Strauss, new U. S. minister to Turkey, was given a cordial reception by the sultan.

LOVES LABOR UNLOST

When Vincent Neale came down to his military breakfast table on June 12, he found three women gazing at their faces: the bride and bridegroom took their places; the rite began.
Vincent Neale listened as though he were not there, and he saw his wife, pale face he knew that he loved Lena Carteria.

THE NEWS CONDENSED.

Seven killed on a torpedo boat.
The huller tubes burst while the torpedo boat Davis was on its official trip at Astoria, Ore. Eight of her crew were killed; seven died in a short time.
A French missionary and several Chinese Catholics had been massacred and burned in a chapel at Paklung by a riotous Chinese mob.
Five lives were lost in the burning of the Cha Roberts' hotel, California. Those who escaped saved nothing.

THE WEATHER.

New York—Cattle, Sheep, Lambs, Hogs.
Chicago—
Cincinnati—
Detroit—
Pittsburg—
GRAIN, ETC.
Wheat, Corn, etc.

THE MARKET.

LIVE STOCK.
New York—Cattle, Sheep, Lambs, Hogs.
Chicago—
Cincinnati—
Detroit—
Pittsburg—

MRS. PINKHAM TALKS ABOUT OVARIES.

Letter from Mrs. Carrie F. Tremper that all Suffering Women Should Read.
Ovaritis or inflammation of the ovaries may result from sudden stopping of the monthly flow, from inflammation of the womb, and many other causes.
The slightest inflammation of trouble with the ovaries should claim your instant attention. It will not cure itself, and a hospital operation with all its terrors may easily result from neglect.

Advertisement for Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. Includes text about 'The Foremost Baking Powder in All the World', 'World's Columbian Exposition', and 'Official fac-similes showing both sides of the award'. Contains an illustration of a woman's face and a product tin.

NEW GOODS!

NEW GOODS!

We are now receiving new goods in nearly all lines and at prices that surprise us. Our Cloak Sale is over but we are still doing business and are bound to have our share of the trade. If you are looking fr

GOOD GOODS.

at prices that are right, This is the place to find them. Our Carpet and Oil Cloth department is full and we solicit an investigation.

N. B. BLAIN,

Lowell,

Michigan.

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.

CLARKSVILLE

ACADEMY.

THIS PRIVATE SCHOOL OFFERS THE FOLLOWING COURSES OF STUDY.

Common School Course...

This course gives the regular work of all the common branches of study. Tuition for term of 20 weeks, \$8.00.

English Course...

Gives shorter or review work of common branches and all academic studies leading to first, second and third grade teacher's certificates. Tuition for term of 20 weeks, \$10.

Academic Courses...

Prepares the student for state certificate or university. Tuition for term of 20 weeks, \$10.

Normal Course...

Includes kindergarten and professional studies for all grades of teacher's certificates. Tuition for term of 20 weeks \$10.

Business Course...

Gives book keeping in all its forms and other branches necessary for a complete business education. Tuition for term of 20 weeks, \$15.

Announcements for 1897-98.

Winter School Begins

Oct. 24, 1898.

Write

For

Particulars.

C. J. and G. E. Transue, Managers,
Clarksville Ionia Co. Mich

This paper on trial to new subscribers 10 weeks 10 cents.

SAID:

"You must believe him out of his mind! Look at the address on that envelope. He has directed it to me at the general delivery, Charleston, S. C. He knew I was not there. Surely you see—"

"I noticed that," remarked Hendricks when he saw she was going no further. "And I also saw that the envelope bore the postmark of a railway—the Atlantic Coast line. The letter was mailed on the train. You see that road runs from New York to Charleston, and, from this postmark, it would be difficult to prove whether a letter were mailed on the train of that road near New York, or near Charleston."

"I can't possibly see what you mean," said the heiress, helplessly.

"If the letter is a forgery," explained Hendricks, "the writer of it would desire two things strongly. First, he would want it to bear the Charleston postmark to guarantee the belief that it came from that place; and, second, he would want you to get it. Now, how would a man without a confederate in Charleston succeed in gaining his point? If this letter is forged, the writer of it is an experienced villain, for he knows that the government prevents its post-

masters mailing letters sent to them for that purpose. It was found to be an avenue for much secret rascality, so a law was passed prohibiting it. Well, we will grant, for the sake of argument, that this forger knew that, so what did he do but direct this letter to you at Charleston and then drop a note to the Charleston postmaster requesting him in your name to forward your mail to your street and number. I am confident there is something shady about it, for, as you can see from the postmark, nearly two days elapsed before it reached Charleston, as is shown by the postmark of that office. So you will see that I have good reasons for believing the letter was mailed near New York."

"You must pardon me," said Miss Huntington, the languid largeness of her eyes accentuating her despair; "but as I cannot believe it is not Mr. Gielow's writing I am unable to enter into your deductions."

She had risen, and Hendricks held out his hand.

"If you will post me the specimen of his handwriting at once, I'll promise to tell you something more definite as soon as I see Prof. Westcott, the handwriting expert."

"I will send it to your office at once," she replied, despondently.

Hendricks went to the window and watched her as she descended the steps. He fancied she had left abruptly to keep from showing her emotion. As she was crossing the pavement she swayed to one side and he thought she would fall, but she regained herself, stepped firmly into her carriage and was driven homeward.

"Poor girl," he muttered. "When I agreed to take the case she was almost happy, but now she has lost heart entirely. If I had told the poor little woman what I half suspect she would not sleep a wink to-night."

I Want Your



Old Gold and Silver

and will pay Cash for it.

I want to make you prices on the largest stock of watches, clocks and jewelry ever shown in Lowell.

I want to do your repairing, guaranteeing satisfaction in every respect.

C. M. HIGBY.

Lowell Ledger Supplement.

LOWELL, MICH., OCTOBER 27, 1898.

**THE CARUTHERS
AFFAIR**

By
**WILL
N.
HARBEN**

Copyright, 1898, by
A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Co.

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 Bantini, 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 Bantini. 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 calls for a crematory employe, who confirms the supposition that ashes found were those of human body.

Chapter XI.—Miss Huntington receives letter from Gielow in his own handwriting, postmarked at Charleston, S. C., telling of his crime and flight.

"But for what reason?" asked the doctor.

"To throw me off the track as to time," said Hendricks. "I said the other day that this would prove the

chief crime of all my experience. I am now afraid that it may actually be my 'Waterloo.' I have never dealt with such wonderful tact and boldness combined. The chief reason for my believing that he was on to my movements is that Gielow did not leave until the night

If you want an Up-to-Date



Our Fall Suitings
are now in. Hundreds of samples to select from.

Suit of Clothes,

PAIR OF PANTS

or

FALL OVERCOAT.



I can fit you out in finest goods at prices that are right.

B. C. Smith.

"If Smith makes 'em they fit."

Lowell Planing Mill,

W. J. ECKER & SON, Props.
and Dealers in

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Cedar Fence Posts

**MATCHING
RE-SAWING
and
JOB WORK.**

Manufacturers of

**Sash, Doors, Blinds
Frames for Doors, Windows
and Screens, Exhibition and
Shipping Coops for Poultry,
Dried Apple Boxes, Wooden
Eave Troughs, Etc.**

ECKER & SON, PROPS.

ANELEGANT LOT OF

Carriages, Buggies, Phaetons Surrey's and Family Rigs

Just received, as fine as silk and we will sell them at prices that will astonish the oldest inhabitant.

H. NASH.

On the Bridge,
LOWELL, MICHIGAN.

Oliver Chilled Plows,
Studebaker Wagons,
Agricultural Implements.



HE TOOK THE BOX TO THE WINDOW.

CHAPTER XI.

Two days later Hendricks was declared able to go down to his office. He had just finished dressing when his mother rapped on his door.

"You have a visitor in the drawing-room, said the old lady, with a smile.

"A visitor?" grunted the detective, impatiently.

"A young lady," smiled Mrs. Hendricks. "She would not give her name, but she is about the prettiest creature I ever saw. She is dressed in the latest fashion, and drove up in her own carriage."

Hendricks turned quickly and flushed slightly.

"Tall and slender, erect, walks like a queen, golden brown hair, and heavy eyebrows over eyes like—"

"Yes, I think it is Miss Huntington," said Mrs. Hendricks when his fund of adjectives was exhausted. "She is very anxious to see you."

"Tell her I'll be right down," said Hendricks. "She is just the person I wanted to see."

A moment later when he entered the little drawing-room he found the heiress standing near a window.

"I am afraid I shall be a great intruder on your time," she began, as she took his hand, in the cordial clasp of which there was a vague reassurance, "but I have been to your office three times hoping to find you in."

Hendricks cleared his throat. He was really shocked at the alteration in her. She had grown thinner, and her great lustrous eyes shone from sockets in which there was no sign of blood.

"I am certainly glad you came," he said, leading her to a comfortable chair. "I would have been pleased to have met you—to have come to you, but I have been confined to my room by a slight indisposition."

"So the office boy told me," cried Miss Huntington, "and I was so sorry."

"If there is any way in which I can serve you I would be delighted to do it," said Hendricks sitting down near her.

The girl took a deep breath, and when she spoke her voice vibrated with the importance of her mission.

"I went to my lawyers, Howell and Garney, last Monday. I told them I wanted to employ them and that I was ready if necessary to spend every cent of my inheritance in Mr. Gielow's behalf. They of course were glad to tender their services, but when I told them of your politeness to me the other night, and that something seemed to tell me you would help me if it lay in your power, they declared at once that you could simply do anything you wished. And then they told me they had been reading the papers and had not noticed that you were employed on the case by the police, and said if I could retain you I ought to do it at once."

Hendricks bowed and smiled uncomfortably.

"I do not exactly understand," he said, slowly. "I—I don't exactly see how anybody at this stage could aid Mr. Gielow until we know more of the matter."

"The lawyers agree with me," replied the heiress, "that he ought to be found and brought back by his friends, and not wait till the police arrest him."

"Oh!" And Hendricks' exclamation showed that he was still in the dark.

"I happen to know some things that you are unaware of," hastily added Miss Huntington, "and my lawyers agreed that if we could possibly retain you with what I know we could help a little. I am willing to let you name your own price."

Hendricks sat up in his chair and crossed his feet.

"We'd never quarrel over money matters, Miss Huntington; and as I am not employed by the other side I pledge myself to your cause."

A glow of color faintly tinged the hitherto bloodless face of the heiress.

"You are so good!" she said, in a husky voice. "I know you will do all that can be done, and my lawyers think if we could get him to come back voluntarily, and give himself up, that we might be able to prove that he was insane."

"Insane?" cried Hendricks, his surprise driving away his timidity.

"I am going too fast," said the girl, plaintively. "I have not told you all, and my lawyers advised me to do so as soon as you promised to join us. We know that it would be folly to try to prove that he did not kill Mr. Caruthers, for, Mr. Hendricks, he actually confessed it to his servant, and I have something else that puts it out of the question to doubt Henri's word—a letter from Mr. Gielow himself. In it he acknowledges the deed."

"A letter from him?" exclaimed Hendricks.

"Yes, and in it there are absolute proofs of unsoundness of mind. Oh, Mr. Hendricks, it drives me wild to think that I have brought him to it, and that he may die for what he is morally accountable. My lawyers admit that it may be difficult to prove his insanity, but they say it is our only chance, and that we ought to begin our work at once."

Hendricks contracted his brows and

shrugged his shoulders.

"May I see the letter?"

Miss Huntington produced it from her pocket and eyed him as he perused it. It ran as follows:

"Charleston, S. C., Dec. 8.

"Dear Dorothy: When you get this you will have heard of the murder of Caruthers. Go at once to the studio and make Henri tell you of my confession. Tell him I want him to testify against me, as I wish no one else to be implicated in the slightest. I regret what I have done, but it is too late for regrets now. I sail from this town to-morrow for a foreign port to begin life anew. Forget me and all the trouble I have brought on you. I had one true friend in New York besides yourself. It is Count Bantinni. He suspected that I was thinking of perpetrating a crime and plead with me almost on his knees, but I would not listen to reason. I was crazy from it all. I confessed to Henri and the count in the studio. The count tried to persuade me to turn myself over to the police, but I eluded him and got away. I have been reading stories of crime and detection, and that, coupled with my trouble, turned my head. I fancied that I could invent a plan for doing away with my rival that would in its very boldness defy detection. I even wrote a letter to Mr. Leonard Hendricks to cause him to think the crime was committed by a personal enemy of his, but at the last moment I was unable to face it all. That you may forget me is the last wish of

"ARTHUR GIELOW."

"Don't you see that it is the letter of an insane man?" asked the heiress, her eager gaze resting on the face of the detective as he lowered the letter. "It is not at all like him."

"Is it his hand?" asked Hendricks, his broad brow still wrinkled.

"Undoubtedly, I know his handwriting well. See, his name is written exactly as he signs his drawings."

Hendricks glanced at the signature, his mind wandering to other things.

"We must submit it to a handwriting expert," he said. "I know a graphologist who has never made a mistake. Will you kindly send me something else that he has written, and will you let me retain this?"

"Certainly," answered the girl; then she nerved herself to ask and hear the reply to a leading question: "Do you doubt his insanity, Mr. Hendricks?"

The detective put the letter in its envelope.

"I have seen nothing in this letter to indicate insanity on the part of Gielow," he said, after a moment's pause.

"You don't? Well, it is not at all such a letter as he would have written if himself, besides you have only to hear Henri describe how he acted when he confessed to the murder to know that he was insane that night."

Hendricks smiled.

"I was behind a screen in the studio when you and your aunt came in that night. I heard Henri's description."

Miss Huntington shrank back, white and startled.

"You were?" she gasped, and then, while Hendricks was nodding with the slow movement of a toy donkey's head, she added: "And—and you still see no proof of—of insanity?"

"I must say that I do not," was the deliberate reply.

The girl sat motionless. It was as if he had deprived her of her last hope. Her great eyes seemed to expand. Then she raised her gloved hands half way to her eyes and held them there as she