

LOWELL STATE BANK
Capital, — \$25,000.00.
LOWELL, MICH.

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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,
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A General Banking Business Transacted
Money Loaned on Real Estate Security



Hearts Joined

together and beating as one are usually chosen as the symbol of wedded happiness. The ring is the outward and visible sign of the union of hearts and the wedding ring is therefore cherished. Our assortment is complete, comprising the most beautiful designs in ringology. These rings are guaranteed in quality and are very much admired by those who see them. That which is to be preserved through life should be selected with the utmost care. All rings bought from our stock can be subjected to the closest scrutiny. Examination only establishes more clearly their superiority.



Miss Myrtle Hatch of Keene spent Sunday with her uncle, S. Finch and family.

Mrs. S. Parrish, of Tecumseh, visited over Sunday with her mother, Mrs. O. R. Eaton.

S. O. Littlefield has put up \$300 worth of eavetroughs in the vicinity of Palu this fall.

Libbie Tredenic has gone to Chicago to spend the winter with her aunt, Mrs. Toplin.

A. J. Howk & Son, the old reliable shoe dealers have a new story to tell our readers this week.

Miss Harriet Pegler, of Grand Rapids, was the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Chas. Doyle, last week.

The Phila Clark Union will meet with Mrs. Adams, Tuesday, Nov. 22. A cordial invitation to all.

Fred Bruner has moved to Freeport where he will work for the Michigan Cutter & Buggy company.

B. L. Brayton, of Freeport, is moving to Lowell where he is employed as clerk for the Lowell & Hastings company.

Marks Ruben's great special sale of overcoats has been a winner. Last Saturday was a banner day at his store, people thronging there for many miles around. Read his new announcement in this issue.

Rev. H. Marshall will move into the Taylor house on the east side; and the same is now being made ready for him.

Miss Annetta P. Watts and a few of her pupils, assisted by local talent, will give a Musicale on Nov. 25, at Music Hall.

W. R. Blaisdell and wife entertained a number of their friends to tea, Friday, it being the 45th anniversary of their marriage.

Services at the Baptist church Sunday Nov. 20.—In the morning, "Spiritual Patriotism" and in the evening, "An old Emigration Scheme Revived."

N. B. Blain has a new announcement in this issue. Everyone knows that what Mr. Blain advertises or promises can always be depended upon.

Henry Buttolph of Otisco, S. W. Custer of Campbell, Geo. Hardy of Keene and Myron Kysor of Boston have been drawn as jurors for the November term of the Ionia circuit court.

The grocery store of John Giles & Co. was broken into last Friday night and some cigars, tobacco and small change taken. The thieves went from here to Saranac on a railroad velocipede. They left the machine there and disappeared.

The '98 and '99 Dancing Club was organized last Friday night with the following officers: President, Merritt Sayles; vice president, Seigel Norman; secretary, T. A. Murphy; treasurer, Phil Althen.

Union Thanksgiving services will be held at the Congregational church on Thursday evening, Nov. 24. Rev. S. G. Anderson will preach. A Thanksgiving offering for the needy will be taken.

The Lowell Athletic Club, at a meeting last Thursday evening, elected the following officers: President, F. A. Graham; vice president, James McMahon; secretary, Vin Hunt; treasurer, Will Flynn. The boys will try their hands at indoor base ball.

Wm. S. Holmes, administrator of the estate of the late Otis Hill, will sell the farm stock, implements, etc., on the Hill premises in Ada on Thursday, Nov. 29, 1898. Sale to commence at 10 a. m. Mark Davis auctioneer. The list includes 4 horses and eight cows.

Geo. Christie moved to Grand Rapids this week and will make his home on Fourth street. George says he couldn't leave THE LEDGER behind; so he just arranged to have it make him 52 visits during the next year. All the home news for \$1.00. "Go thou and do likewise."

We give the very lowest prices on watches and our watches are the best in the market at A. D. Oliver's. 11f

A Surging Mass of People

Visited our store last Saturday from early morning until late at night, not because they expected to get something for nothing or two dollars worth of goods for one dollar, but because the majority of the People of this community and as far as twenty miles away know that when they spend a dollar here, if they don't get the worth of their money they get what it lacks back in money. Telling a man or woman you feel sorry for them if they don't get the worth of their money may make their heart feel lighter but it don't do their pocket book any good. We have tried to make everything right that has went wrong here for the last thirty-three years and are still here doing business on the same basis. In buying goods we never buy anything so cheap that it has got to be shoddy in order to have the price please you; but we will always sell you goods as cheap as they can be possibly be sold and have them good quality and solid. It is a very easy matter to take twenty-five or fifty cents out of a Shoe and the customer not know it until it is worn out; but people that do that don't stay in business many years.

In conclusion we want to say that we will guarantee our prices to be as low as any one's in the state for the same quality of goods, besides you have the assurance of not losing your money if you leave it here. We are not running a lottery with two thirds blanks but a Shoe Store where every dollar spent will draw you dollars worth of goods.

The old reliable shoe house.

A. J. Howk & Son.

GREATEST SALE IN THE HISTORY OF LOWELL

TAKE A GOOD THING WHEN OPPORTUNITY OFFERS.

A. LEVITT Has Done so by Accepting a Good Position out West—He has to Assume his Duties by January 1st, 1899.

Therefore between now and December 15th, he will dispose of his entire stock of Dry goods or pack it up, and rather than pack up his stock or sell it to some speculator or competitor at 50 or 75 cents on the dollar, he will open up a GREAT CLOSING OUT SALE and will give the benefit of the reduction and discounts of this sale to his customers and the public at large. He therefore announces to the people of Lowell and vicinity, that on SATURDAY, NOV. 5th, he will open his Closing Out Sale and will continue to December 15th, only and no longer. Everything in the store will be sold without reserve at actual New York cost. And in order to convince you of his faith and sincerity he quotes to you a few of the many articles, too numerous to mention, as follows:

Dress Goods.	46 inch all wool dress flannels in all colors, regular retail price 38c, Closing sale price .24	36 inch black brocaded dress goods, regular retail price 25c, Closing sale price .19	10-4 blankets, regular price \$1, Closing sale price .75	60 in. fine linen damask, regular 50c, Closing sale price .37	1-00 calico wrappers .77
50-inch all wool serges, in all colors, regular retail price 75c, Closing sale price .55	50 inch all wool dress flannels, regular retail price 60 c, Closing sale price .40	33 inch all wool novelty dress goods, in 15 different colors, regular retail price 30c, Closing sale price .23	10-4 wool mixed blankets, regular price 1.65, Closing sale price 1.15	54 in. fine linen damask, regular 26c, Closing sale price .21	Dress Skirts.
46 inch, same goods, regular retail price 65c, Closing sale price .48	54 inch broadcloth, regular retail price 75c Closing sale price .60	30 inch cotton plaid dress goods, regular price 18c, Closing sale price .11	Cutting Flannels.	Curtains.	7 50 silk dress skirts \$5 50
36 inch, same goods, regular retail price 35c, Closing sale price .23	40 inch elegant new Scotch plaids for waists, regular retail price 90c, Closing sale price .65	50 pieces fine new style flannels, regular price 9c, Closing sale price 7c	10 cent Outing Flannels .07	5.00 Chenille curtains 3.75	5 50 worsted dress skirts, different colors, 3 85
46 inch very fine henriettas, in all shades, reg. retail price \$1, Closing sale price .77	40 inch Scotch plaids, regular retail price 50c, Closing Sale price .37	100 pieces Simpson dress prints, regular price 5 and 6c, Closing sale price .03 and .04	8 " " " .06	4.00 " " 2.75	4 50 worsted dress skirts, different colors, 3 25
46 inch henriettas, reg. retail price 75c, Closing sale price .55	40 inch black brocaded dress goods, regular price 35c, Closing sale price .24	Blankets.	5 " " " .04	3.00 " " 2.15	3 75 worsted dress skirts, different colors, 2 85
40 inch henriettas, all wool, all shades, regular retail price 50c, Closing sale price .37		10-4 cotton blankets, regular price 50c, Closing sale price .40	Table Linen.	Full line of lace curtains at cost.	3 25 worsted dress skirts, 2 25
			60 in. Turkey red table cloths, regular 45c, Closing sale price .32	Towels.	3 00 " " " 1 95
			60 in. Turkey red table cloths, regular 30c, Closing sale price .21	12 cent linen crash .09	2 75 " " " 1 60
			56 in. Turkey red table cloths, regular 25c, Closing sale price .19	10 " " " .08	Corsets.
			62 in. fine linen damask, regular 75c, Closing sale price .49	5 " " " .04	1 00 corsets, Dr. Warner's and Featherbone .79
				1.25 flannelette wrappers .94	50c corsets, Dr. Warner's and Featherbone .39
				1.25 calico wrappers .90	

Remember I have a Full Line of Ladies' Cloaks and Capes, also Children's and Misses' garments, and this is the time for you to buy.

As the Dry Goods business is such that all articles contained in a store are too numerous to mention I will merely say that every article in my store will be sold at cost and with a corresponding reduction with the prices quoted above. Don't miss this opportunity. It is a money saver for you. First comers get the first choice of my elegant stock.

A. LEVITT,

LOWELL

MICHIGAN.

Lowell Ledger Supplement.

LOWELL, MICH., NOV. 17, 1898.

THE CARUTHERS AFFAIR

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A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Co.

By
WILL
H. KARBEN

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 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.

Chapter XII.—Noted graphologist examines handwriting of this letter and says it is genuine. During a call on Sergt. Denham, detective of police department, Hendricks comes into possession of cuff with words written in blood over Gielow's name to effect that he was innocent, starving and confined.

Chapter XIII.—Going to Gielow's studio, Henri identifies cuff as his master's. Henri tells of strange influence Bantinni had over Gielow. Hendricks comes to conclusion Bantinni was the murderer, and through hypnotism made Gielow confess both in person to Henri and by letters to others.

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.

AN ELEGANT 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.

"Not to my knowledge, sir."

Hendricks went to a table, and tearing a leaf from a notebook he wrote something hurriedly. When he had finished it he folded it and gave it to Henri.

"Take this to the Herald advertising office," he said. "It is very important. See that it is inserted in the Personals in the morning paper. Be sure to have it done."

"I shall not fail, sir."

Henri reached for his hat and overcoat.

"Just a minute," said Hendricks, thoughtfully. "There is one other minor point. Your master seemed to be rather sensible about his dress. I presume he wasn't one of those fellows who let their fingernails grow long and have them manicured to points."

"Not him," answered Henri. "I heard him making sport of the count for that very thing."

Hendricks glanced indifferently out of the window.

"Was the count—did he wear his nails that way?"

"His fingers was almost repulsive, sir. You may have noticed that he is almost as dark as a mulatto and with them long, hooked nails he was anything but a pleasant sight. I have never understood, as I said, how master could—"

"If you cannot leave the studio," interrupted the detective, "I will take that to the office myself," indicating the scrap of paper.

"Oh, I can go, sir. We often leave the studio open, and if it is the same to you I'd like to feel that I had my hand in the investigations."

"As you like, Henri."

Hendricks turned into the reception-room where Lampkin and the heiress sat exchanging desultory remarks. The doctor noticed a strange fixity in the detective's eyes and wondered what was coming as Hendricks advanced slowly and stood before Miss Huntington.

"You are a very courageous young woman," he said. "I have been deliberating whether I could reveal something to you of rather an unpleasant nature."

Miss Huntington stared steadily and folded her gloved hands tightly in her lap.

"I think, no matter what it is, that you had better tell me," she said. "I shall try to bear it."

Hendricks drew up a chair and sat down. He glanced towards the doctor as if for help, but evidently gave up any idea of relief from that dignified quarter.

"Matters have reached a very grave stage," he said, mopping his perspiring brow. "Perhaps I ought to begin by saying that Mr. Gielow is innocent of even the slightest participation in the murder, for that must be a comforting thought."

Miss Huntington leaned towards him like some stiff inanimate object.

"He—he is dead?" she said, under her breath.

"No, not quite so bad as that." Hendricks raised his hand as if his gesture would correct her surmise. "But I have reasons for believing that he is in a

very, very critical position. The fact is, that he succeeded in getting a written message to the police to the effect that he is confined in some place unknown to himself by Count Bantinni, and that he is starving to death. It is clear to me now that Bantinni is the murderer; that, through hypnotic power, he has made Mr. Gielow confess to the murder both to Henri, in person, and in letters to the police and yourself."

For a moment the heiress stared, speechless.

"It is indeed serious," went on the detective, turning his uncomfortable gaze on the doctor. "Bantinni is undoubtedly the guilty party, and Gielow is the only witness against him. In order to carry his point—of making it appear that Gielow was guilty, and of his own accord a fugitive—he would not hesitate to—"

"Oh, my God!" cried Miss Huntington, covering her face.

"Is there no course open?" asked Lampkin, wrought to a painful height of sympathy by Miss Huntington's emotion.

"It all depends on our capturing Bantinni and forcing him to reveal Gielow's place of imprisonment," replied the detective, "but that is more easily talked about than accomplished. Already I have turned every stone to trace him, but without a particle of success. He is the deepest villain on earth. If his own flight were questioned, he would claim that he disappeared to keep from bearing testimony against his friend, Gielow."

Just then Henri passed through the room, the advertisement in his hand. Hendricks nodded after him as he disappeared.

"I have sent him with a 'Personal' for the morning Herald. In it I offer a substantial reward for information regarding the finding of Mr. Gielow's message. I have worded it in such a way that it may bring us the young man who picked it up. That blockhead Denham was too busy to question him, and now he must be found by us. I now know why Denham had no eyes or ears for any other clues than the mysterious one of which he boasted. He has had a letter from Gielow such as Miss Huntington received, and has had its genuineness guaranteed by experts. His fall will be great and sudden."

Hendricks rose. "I shall have to leave you both," he said. "Time is too valuable to spend it in useless explanations. I can do better alone just now, doctor. I am going to make another strenuous effort to locate the count. Meet me at the office at eight o'clock, and"—he turned to Miss Huntington—"do try to bear up. I promise, as soon as I hear one thing, favorable or unfavorable, that I will telephone you."

The young lady stood up and leaned on the back of her chair.

"I shall sit near the telephone till I hear," she said. "Please don't forget."

It looked as if Hendricks was about to object to that, but he shrugged his shoulders, and, bowing low, moved backward till he was out of the room.

and then they heard him walking rapidly away.

CHAPTER XIV.

At half after seven o'clock that evening Dr. Lampkin was waiting for Hendricks at the latter's office. Promptly at the time set by the detective he hurried into the room out of breath. At a glance it was plain to Lampkin that he had met with no success.

"It's no good," said Hendricks, fuming. "I can't get the slightest hint as to his whereabouts. They say he has left the city, and there it ends."

"What are you going to do next?" questioned Lampkin. "This case is fretting the life out of me. I never felt so much concern over anything in my life."

Hendricks' brows ran together and, without making a reply, he went into the adjoining room and Lampkin heard him ring the telephone. There was a pause; then he heard the voice of the detective calmly asking for the connection. Then tensely:

"Is that Miss Huntington?"
Pause of a moment. Then Hendricks' voice:

"But you ought not to sit up there like that. I want to say that Dr. Lampkin and I are going out into the country, and that you need not expect to hear from me again to-night."

Another pause, then the voice of the detective broke the silence:

"Yes, really, I can tell you nothing to-night. I am sorry to say that so far I have been unsuccessful, but while there is life, you know, there is hope."

Then there was silence for a moment and Hendricks rang off. When he entered the room he was white in the face, and his fat hands—the hands which had tightened about the throats and wrists of a hundred criminals—were trembling.

"Old man," he said, "I heard her fall to the floor just now. I heard her aunt scream and run to her." Hendricks sat down and leaned on his desk. There was something in his eyes that Lampkin had never seen in the eyes of any human being.

"Doctor," Hendricks added, "if I do run across that dirty scamp, I—I am afraid I never can wait for justice to take its course. I am satisfied that he is not only Gielow's abductor, but that he is the man who has tried twice to do me up in such a cowardly fashion."

Then Hendricks shook himself, as if ashamed of his outburst, and leaned back in the light of the green-shaded lamp.

"I heard you telephone Miss Huntington that you and I were going out into the country," said Lampkin. "Was that only a pretext?"

"No, I am going out to have a talk with Kola, and as you said you'd like to see his big rambling den, I want to take you along for company."

"Nothing could please me more."

"I have ordered a carriage to meet us at the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street elevated station. Come on, I'm ready."

As the carriage, after having passed



DOWN GO THE PRICES!

Nearly every mail brings us news of LOWER PRICES on some lines of DRY GOODS but we meet the market.

→ We Delight ←

in selling goods cheap for that means pleased customers and a customer pleased is very sure to return. We have customers that have traded with us for thirty years and still they come—which is good evidence that they are satisfied.

We have large line of

Ladies Wrappers from 50c Up.

Our CARPET Sales are the Largest we ever had and there is no occasion for going to Grand Rapids to buy them—We allow no one to undersell us and we will treat you well.

N. B. BLAIN

through a rather dense wood for about half a mile, drew up at the old brick mansion with its three and a half stories and massive fluted columns reaching from the ground to the rather flat roof, Lampkin remarked:

"Rather an isolated place. No bad place for the gang of robbers of which you spoke."

"It just suits Kola, as I said once before," answered Hendricks. "By the time his hoodwinked customers get here they are prepared for anything imaginative."

Telling the driver to wait for them at the door they alighted. There was but one light in sight and that was a dismal red one which could be seen through the old-fashioned side lights of the big door on the stone veranda. There was no bell on the door, but simply a quaint old knocker.

"I wish," observed Hendricks, "that it were day instead of night. You can form no idea of the picturesque ruggedness of the scenery. You see we came by the old road through the woods, but just behind the house there is a new drive. At this point it has been cut through solid stone, and there is a cliff, within 400 feet of us, over a hundred feet in height. In blasting the stone away, it was thought that the old mansion became unsafe, especially as it is believed that there are caverns under the hill."

Hendricks mounted the steps and used the knocker vigorously. The clatter had scarcely died out when the tones of a bell as soft and mellow as cathedral chimes in the distance came from the house.

"Kola knows my rap and the bell is a signal to his attendant to admit me," said Hendricks. "If I make no mistake you are going to be repaid for your ride out here. In psychic tom-foolery and mysticism you are a schoolboy compared to Kola. He imbibed it at the dusky breast of an eastern mother, and his very life is steeped in it."

The door was opened by an Indian in the costume of his country. He placed his finger on his lip to indicate that they were to remain silent, and then gave a salaam that brought his turban almost into contact with the floor.

"I want to see your master," whispered Hendricks, handing him his card.

Again the man bowed silently, closed the great door, and left them in the spacious hall. With many and profuse draperies, Kola had hung the walls and ceiling so that the effect was distinctly oriental. The ornaments, scrolls, paintings and statues were all eastern, but what struck Lampkin most forcibly, perhaps because it was so ill suited to its environment, was a dragon of carved walnut, which stood at the foot of the wide curving stairway.

"That belongs to the house," explained Hendricks in a whisper. "It is a genuine curiosity. The carving is excellent. One would think it of Japanese origin, but if you will notice, it is of the same material as the balustrade, and that must have been made in this country."

Just then the attendant glided from between two heavy silken curtains, and

with another salaam, invited them to pass before him. Doing so, they found themselves in Kola's big reception-room. Here their vision was given a rare treat. The lessee of the old ruin had removed the two floors above the one on which they stood, giving a becoming altitude to the walls, which were gracefully draped with long flowing hangings of different blending cloths. The ceiling was disguised by a filmy mass of white material, as gauzy as cobwebs, behind which shone red and yellow lights, like signal fires in a mist.

Lampkin almost uttered an exclamation of delight, but the impressive manner of the attendant and Hendricks' unwonted silence checked the impulse. The servant gave them seats with their backs to the door through which they had entered, and then he stood still in the center of the room, his head bowed, his turban held in front of him.

After a moment the mellow-toned bell, which they had heard before, and which was suspended somewhere among the lights overhead, struck three times slowly. Then a white light blazed up and Kola was seen in a hitherto dark alcove. He wore his gray gown and close-fitting cowl, and was seen to be pacing back and forth. Without seeming conscious of their presence so near him, he picked up an unlighted electric bulb and turned the button. Then holding the light in his right hand, he approached a black tripod over which lay a red cloth. He lifted the cloth, and a big polished crystal sphere was exposed to view. It was about ten inches in diameter and as clear as a diamond. Reflecting the dull, sensuous lights overhead, and the bright rays of the electric bulb, it was certainly a marvelous sight.

Still Kola seemed unconscious of their proximity. From the walls near him the smoke of incense began to rise, a rosy light pervaded the room, and soft, seductive music was heard somewhere above.

Kola held the electric bulb over the crystal and began to gaze into its depths, uttering in sing-song tones words of a strange tongue.

Lampkin heard the detective take a deep, impatient breath, and then his voice jarred harshly through the room. "Oh, I say, Kola!" he remonstrated. "I came out here the other day and had to sit and watch you go through this sort of thing till I was obliged to leave. For the sake of—"

Kola turned furiously, his features working wildly. Holding up his hand, he said:

"You must be patient, Mr. Hendricks. You are as ignorant as an infant of the importance of what I am doing. You laugh at what you don't understand, but you don't know all that there is to be known. Right this minute I am reading for you, and seeing what your untutored eyes will never see. I knew you were coming. I saw it here," touching the crystal. "I know what you don't know about the case you are working on. If your eye were only trained you could see it now in the crystal."

"Pardon me," said Hendricks, "that is

what I come to see you about. I am about to the end of my resources, and something must be done."

"Wait!" Kola turned to the crystal. The music changed to a weird air like a Chinese funeral chant. After a pause of several minutes he looked up.

"The other night I was reading the crystal. I saw a big hotel. A man was murdered; his body was shipped off somewhere in a trunk; its ashes were returned by express and placed in an urn together with a severed hand. The young man, who had murdered his rival, went to his rooms—his studio; there he remained a week and then he fled—south? yes, it was south. I went into a trance and my astral body—my spirit—followed him. I saw him aboard a ship, bound for Liverpool. I was near him on deck one dark night, and saw him hurl himself into the water. He is dead."

"Rot! Rubbish!" exclaimed Hendricks. "You have been reading the newspapers, Kola."

The face of the Indian darkened; it was terrible to behold. Turning off the electric light, and covering up the crystal as if to protect it from the profane gaze of an unbeliever, he strode from the alcove and stood before Hendricks. When next he spoke his voice was husky, tremulous, almost threatening. "You doubt it?" he said, his accent for the first time showing a slight foreign touch.

"I do, my boy, most thoroughly, and I really did think you would have more respect for me than to make such absurd statements to my face."

Kola twisted his long hands together in the folds of his gown.

"As to the crystal," he began, "it is of inestimable value. It was cut from the most perfectly translucent rock crystal on earth, and it took a man's lifetime to polish it. I inherited it. It is revered by the ancient Society of Rosierutians, and the Society of the Illuminati. You, whose mind is schooled to know only the significance of fallen straws and chips of material events, can know nothing of what is revealed to a life-long student of the occult."

"I was not ridiculing the powers of your glass globe," said Hendricks, blindingly as he smiled; "but when you said you had gone out of your body and roamed all round over sea and land, well, you know that is a little too much."

Kola's face darkened again. For a moment he bent over the back of one of the carved chairs.

"Hendricks," he began with tight lips. "You are a sensible man in most things and I want your good opinion. Now, I am willing for you to put me to any sort of test you or Dr. Lampkin may suggest to prove the truth of my claims."

"Oh, I haven't time just now for that sort of thing," answered Hendricks. "I came out here to have a talk with you about—"

"I know that very well," broke in the adept, "but it does not suit me to discuss anything with you till you acknowledge that I can do everything I claim. After you are convinced, and

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.

Do You

Want to learn



SHORT HAND?

Do you want to learn the best system of SHORTHAND?

Do you want to learn Typewriting
Do you want to get a good, thorough Business Education?

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KOLA TURNED FURIOUSLY.

you will be, my dear sir, then you will value the information I gave you just now, and it may mean much to you. It will not take five minutes for the test I propose."

"Well, what is it?" asked Hendricks, who had noted Dr. Lampkin's look of intense interest in Kola's remarks.

"It is this," said Kola, impressively. "I will give you the opportunity to name any article at any distance from us that you wish. Then I will recline on that couch there, and after five minutes has passed, I will allow Dr. Lampkin to examine my body to see if it is not absolutely at the very lowest possible stage of vitality. As a signal, to show when the spirit has left my body, I will cause the bell overhead to strike once. Then, within five minutes from that time, I will bring to you here whatever article you have decided on."

"You can do that?" exclaimed Lampkin, impulsively.

"Try me," answered the Indian. "Think of anything, Mr. Hendricks—any important paper in your office or book or article in your house."

Kola was bending towards Hendricks and gazing fixedly into his eyes. Lampkin, who was a member of the Psychological Research society of London, was taken almost out of himself by the Indian's earnestness and his novel proposition.

Hendricks laughed.


"Bring me my Bible," he said lightly. "It is a beautiful book bound in gold and pearls, which was presented to me by a good old bishop for whom I once did a favor."

"The idea of your having a Bible," jested Kola, his eyes falling to the floor. "Now, quick! think of something—anything in your office or Dr. Lampkin's."

Hendricks glanced at the doctor with a smile which seemed to say: "I have him there; watch me make him squirm out of his own proposition."

"The Bible or nothing," he said to Kola. "Get into your trance and bring me my Bible from home. I want to read a chapter on my way back. You can't mistake it. It is bound in Russian leather and has gold and pearl trimmings."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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