

The Lowell Ledger.

"INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS. NEUTRAL IN NOTHING"

VOL. VI, NO. 23.

LOWELL, MICHIGAN, NOVEMBER, 24, 1898.

WHOLE NO. 282.

Celebrated

Polar Shoe for Men.

The most practical Warm Shoe on the market. Combination wool and rubber lined in both the Upper and Sole. Warm, Dry, Light in Weight, in appearance a fine Shoe. Can be worn with or without overshoes, is far Superior to any Cork Sole Shoe for less money. Ask to see them.

Yours for all kinds of Warm Footwear,

GEO. M. WINEGAR.

SCARED ABOUT WOOD?

Get something cheaper. Don't worry over cold weather but use

Pacahontas Soft Coal

Free from Soot and dust. Splendid heating qualities. Keep fire all night. Will burn in any stove that has a grate.

The Live Hardware man.

R. B. BOYLAN.

I tell you the Ledger Office is the place to get your Job Printing done, for it is Up-to-Date.

LETTER FROM FORT SHERIDAN.

Alge Gardner Tells How the Regulars Fare in Peace.

FORT SHERIDAN, Ill, Nov. 20, '98
DEAR EDITOR:

Well, I think I will try to write a little to you. I left Grand Rapids at noon and got down here to the Fort at about 7 p. m. It was as dark as pitch and I would never have found the fort had it not been for a Dutch man who happened to be at the depot and showed me the way.

The Sergt. Major assigned me to Company L; but in the morning, I went down to the Adjutant's office and told him that Capt. Browne said I could have my choice of companies. He asked me which one I wanted and I told him Company G (Capt. Browne's company), so he assigned me to that.

This is a very pleasant and well located place, 25 miles north of Chicago on the lake shore. The barracks building is 1005 feet long, with a tower in the middle 220 feet high. There are 12 companies in the regiment, from A to M. The boys are all good hearted; but I am sorry to say there are a lot of gamblers and "boozers" among them. For a week after pay day, it is a sight to see how money changes hands; and through the month they gamble for their clothes and play "jaw bone" (on trust). The recruits and readymade clothing are called "rookies." There is a dance either in the "mess hall" or at the dance hall at Ft. Sheridan Park, a mile south of the Fort, once a week. Bill to dance is "two bits."

We have good "grub" all the time. For breakfast we usually have coffee, bread with no butter but lots of brown gravy (the boys call it Indiana shellack) and hash; but for a change we get oatmeal, fried potatoes, (called spud here) and syrup for our bread (called punk by the soldiers.) For dinner we have beef, roast or boil; spud, baked, boiled or mashed, punk and shellac. Sometimes we get a little pudding or some dago (macaroni.) For supper: Tea with sugar in it (don't like that) punk, fried liver, bacon or cold boiled ham. Most gen-

erally we get either "slum" (beef soup) or "slum with an overcoat" (meat pie) and punk. At times we get cake without frosting; but for Thanksgiving we are going to have turkey and three kinds of pie. Oh, this is a fine place all right.

We get three hours drill a day. Have to get up at 5 a. m to stand reveille (roll call.) Then we go to breakfast at 5:30; drill from 7:30 to 8:30; drill from 10:30 to 11:30; and go to dinner at 12. Drill again from 2 to 3 p. m., stand retreat (roll call) at p. m., and go to supper at 5:30. After supper we can go to any place outside of the post we want to, provided we get back in time to make check at 11 p. m. There are small towns within a mile or two all around here; and the boys go around to these and spend the evening.

We have received orders to get ready to leave the post in a short time and it is rumored that we are going to Cuba to do garrison duty. That will be fine this Winter; but next Summer it will be quite unpleasant. We have been issued canteens, haversacks and cooking outfits; and expect the yellow check uniforms soon. There were 2000 rounds of ammunition sent here two weeks ago and a lot of new guns. The guns we have are better than the Mauser; but shoot similar ammunition. The ball is 30 calibre and we use smokeless powder. The bayonets are like short swords and are far better than the volunteers had.

I am glad to get the LEDGER. The first thing I noticed in last week's paper was the change in the headline. I think it is a change for the better too. Well, I guess I will have to close for time. Would like to hear from some of my old friends.

Your young friend,
ALGE GARDNER.
Address, Pvt. A. A. Gardner, Co. G. 4th Inf., Fort Sheridan, Ill.

Spring Calf Taken Up.
Came to my enclosure about the middle of October a spring calf. Owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take away.
24Nov
GEO. MCGEE,
Vergennes, Mich.

K-K-K-K HARDWARE.

We are the People

Who can do you more good on price and quality of Cooking and Heating Stoves than any competition in Western Michigan.

We Have Got

Some big bargains in the way of Holiday Goods.

Our Thanks

For the Big Stove Trade we have had this Fall.

To Show

That we appreciate the same we are going to offer some Exceptional Bargains, not only in Stoves but All Along the Line.

Klark & Klark,

Price Makers on Hardware.

FOR FIFTEEN DAYS ONLY A clean, clear, crisp, courageous Clothing Cut!

CHOPPED CLOSE TO THE CORE.

Again does Marks Ruben set the pace in popular retailing. Again does he show the people of Lowell the power of their money—the possibilities of their savings.

STARTLING MID-SEASON SUIT SLASH!

"Money to Burn" a Wet Dog With.

If you have no "money to burn" then you will surely respect these suit values, you will heed these suit offers, of rich, rare, dressy stuffs of the famous K. N. & F. Co. tailoring genius. Lowell is full of cheap clothing, if you buy with your eyes shut. Buy as we do, with our eyes wide open, for cash, at own terms, from the biggest and best makers. We buy five suits to others one! Hence these bargains.

SPECIAL SUIT SALE STARTS SURELY SATURDAY, NOV. 19TH SHARP 8 A. M

Come and see our Dog Skin Fur Coats. A hot thing at a hot price.

ALL WOOL PLAIDS.

All wool sack suit, invisible plaid, winter weight, farmer's satin lined, fancy sleeve lining, half faced with same goods, K N & F make. A bargain at our regular price of \$8.50.

Mid-winter slash to.....**\$6 48**

All wool invisible plaid in brown, winter weight, half lined with same goods, satin lined, farmer's satin lined, fancy striped sleeve lining, K N & F make. A bargain at the regular price of \$10.50.

Mid-winter slash to.....**\$8 38**

All wool Sawyer, hair striped, winter weight, satin piped and yoked, farmer's satin lined, fancy striped sleeve lining, New York make. Former price \$11.50.

Mid-winter slash to.....**\$8 88**

Plain grey all wool Sawyer, winter weight, farmer's satin lined, fancy sleeve lining, K N & F make. Regular price and cheap at \$11.50.

Mid-winter slash to.....**\$8 88**

Brown mixed invisible plaid, winter weight, piped and yoked, farmer's satin lined, fancy striped sleeve lining, New York make. Cheap at \$11.50 our regular price.

Mid-winter slash to.....**\$8 88**

All wool plaid, grey, half faced with same, satin piped, winter weight, farmer's satin lined, fancy striped sleeve lining, K N & F make. Regular price \$12.50.

Mid-winter slash to.....**\$9 38**

Blue black chevrot, winter weight, French yoked and satin piped, Italian lining, fancy sleeve lining, K N & F make. Regular price \$13.50.

Mid-winter slash to.....**\$9 87**

All wool Harris grey in winter weight, half faced, satin piped, farmer's satin lined, fancy sleeve lining, New York make. Regular price \$12.50.

Mid-winter slash to.....**\$9 38**

CLAY WORSTED SUITS.

14 oz all wool Clay, black, K N & F make, sack suit, lined with farmer's satin, fancy sleeve lining. Regular price \$8.50.

Mid-winter slash to.....**\$6 87**

16 oz Clay sack suit, all wool black, French yoked, satin piped, padded shoulders, farmer's satin lined, fancy sleeve lining, K N & F make. Regular price and cheap at \$11.50.

Mid-winter slash to.....**\$8 72**

18 oz imported Clay sack suit, all wool black, K N & F make, French yoked, satin piped, padded shoulders, farmer's satin lined, fancy sleeve lining. Regular price \$13.75.

Mid-winter slash to.....**\$9 92**

20 oz Clay worsted, imported, sack suit, black, K N & F make, French yoked, satin piped, genuine imported Italian lining, fancy striped sleeve lining, padded shoulders, made to order goods, silk sewed throughout. Regular price \$18.50.

Mid-winter slash to.....**\$12 87**

Three button cut-away frock, 16 oz Clay, black, K N & F make, farmer's satin lined, fancy sleeve lining, satin piped, French yoked. Regular price \$12.50.

Mid-winter slash to.....**\$9 38**

18 oz imported Clay, three button cut-away frock, black, K N & F make, padded shoulders, satin piped and yoked, Italian lining, smooth, striped sleeve lining.

Regular price \$13.75

Mid-winter slash to.....**\$10 62**

18 oz imported all wool, French back, three-button cut-away frock, New York make, satin piped, French yoked, genuine Italian lining, fancy smooth sleeve lining, padded shoulders, Regular price \$16.50.

Mid-winter slash to.....**\$13 62**

20 oz Clay, imported and extra fine three-button cut-away frock, K N & F make, lined with heavy satin and satin sleeve lining. Cheap at \$21. our regular price \$26.50.

Mid-winter slash to.....**\$15 87**

MY Overcoat Sale still Continues



Competition goes down like a row of tenpins before this overthrow of prices. The sooner you learn of these bargains the sooner you'll be here and buy. But the most extravagant way to waste money is to stay away from this sale. Marks is telling you this!



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



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. An 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.



Muslin corset covers for 8c at N. B. Blain's.
 Mrs. H. B. Peck has returned from a two weeks' visit in Kalamazoo.
 Geo. Craw who has been employed in Grand Rapids for some time is in town this week.
 Wm. Pullen & Son, the old stand-by clothiers, have an announcement in this issue that will interest bargain hunters.
 Miss Carrie Shoup of Carson City visited her cousin, Joseph Richmond and other relatives in the village last week.
 The business of the municipal lighting plant is enjoying a steady increase. Dr. M. C. Greene's residence is now lighted.
 The Lowell exchange of the Michigan Telephone Co., Godfrey & Lawrence managers, has taken another spurt in growth. A new directory card will be issued from THE LEDGER job department this week.
 The Cuban Creole troupe with their cake-walks and up-to-date songs will hold forth at Train's hall, Friday, Nov. 25. They make a great hit wherever they go. Reed City Clarion and Manistee Advocate says the people who did not attend are kicking themselves yet.

Try Rose Cream for the teeth.
 See the new advertisement in this issue of Dr. G. A. Munch, the Detroit specialist.
 Services at the Baptist church Sunday morning "A Lighthouse System," in the evening, "Eight Steps to Glory."
 Dr. L. Cornwell of Buffalo has located in Lowell. Himself and wife have taken rooms for the present with Geo. B. Fuller.
 Those who have had to buy wood during the past week have paid \$1.70 per cord. Farmers who have wood to sell should unload quickly.
 Letters at Lowell post office for: Miss Mary Davis, Mrs. Jas. Meddaugh, Mrs. Ethel Vandercook, Mrs. Alice Wright, Edward Ballard.
 Nellie Peck Saunders, elocutionist, at Music Hall Friday evening, Nov. 29. Single admission 25 cents, course tickets, five entertainments, 50 cents.
 Pechanost soft coal, cheaper than wood and free from soot and smoke. Will burn in any stove that has a grate. Ask Boylan about it. 1w
 An old Lowell man who lives in a neighboring town would like to see the color of about \$50 rent money out of an 18-months lease of his Lowell home.

We understand that the Michigan Trust company is about to complete a sale of the entire plant of the Lowell Water & Light company and that the creditors of the Church bank will receive 25 or 30 per cent of their dues.
 We are informed that it is a crop of 800 cabbages that a Lowell family proposes to devour this winter, instead of a measly little 500. Let's see. What was it the Spaniards called the Americans?
 Among the real estate transfers of last week we find the following: Klas Postmus and wife to Jacob Mastenbrook, pt lot 20 Innes & McReynolds' add, \$2,000. Jacob Mastenbrook and wife to Nicholas Postmus, nwi sec. 35, Vergennes, \$7,000.
 According to the Michigan Monthly Bulletin of Vital Statistics, the deaths during October in this vicinity were as follows: Ada 3, Bowne 2, Caledonia 3, Cascade 1, Grattan 2, Lowell township 2, Vergennes 3, Boston 5, Keene 2, Saranac village 1, Lowell village 7.
 A tinted photo free with each dozen matt photos at Malcolm's new Studio
 Call at Behl's city bakery for baked goods and lunches.
 Go to Malcolm's new Studio for first-class work.
 Strings for violin, banjo, mandolin and Guitar at Oliver's.

Alton.
 Many thanks to our editor and sister correspondents for your kind and sympathizing messages. They are very highly appreciated. I have been very sick and very near death's door, but thanks to God and Drs. McAvoy I am on the gain and hope by the first of next month to be able to resume my duties as scribe.
 Yours fraternally, Uno.
 A man might as well try to put a quart of water into a pint measure as to make a better harness than our famous Oak Tanned hand made harness. Before purchasing it is for your interest to call and look at our goods.
 Brown & Sehler.
 Fruit Farm For Sale.
 A Great Bargain. Here is a wonderful bargain for any one desiring a good Fruit Farm and splendid home within 3 miles of Lowell. Large roomy house with cellar, cistern, good well, 2 barns. Buildings have been insured for \$1,000. Sixty acres of land, about 1500 Peach trees, apple orchard, 10 acres wood land, two spring brooks, making splendid pasturage. Price only \$1,500, \$800 down, balance to suit purchaser.
 F. M. JOHNSON,
 Ledger Office, — Lowell, Mich.

Modern Treatment of Consumption
 The latest work on the treatment of diseases, written by forty eminent American physicians, says: "Cod-liver oil has done more for the consumptive than all other remedies put together." It also says: "The hypophosphites of lime and soda are regarded by many English observers as specifics for consumption."
Scott's Emulsion
 contains the best cod-liver oil in a partially digested form, combined with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. This remedy, a standard for a quarter of a century, is in exact accord with the latest views of the medical profession. Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion.
 All druggists, 5c. and \$1.00.
 SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

Busy? Yes. Why?
 Because its hard work to supply the demand all over the country for
J. B. LEWIS CO'S
"Wear Resisters"
 They sell well, look well, feel well, wear well. For men, women and children. Look for "Lewis" on every shoe. Made only by the J. B. LEWIS CO., Boston, Mass.
LEWIS "WEAR RESISTERS" are sold by all shoe dealers.
Geo. M. Winegar,
 Call at city bakery for your lunch

The correct place to buy ladies' wrappers is at N. B. Blain's.
 Flannelette night dresses from 39c up at N. B. Blain's.
 Genuine home-made bread "like mother makes" at Bush's bakery.
 My prices the same to all. Rae Malcolm. Photographer.
 I have a few good horses for sale
 H. NASH.
 We give the very lowest prices on watches and our watches are the best in the market at A. D. Oliver's. 1tf
 Notice to Delinquent Subscribers.
 Those whose subscriptions to the LEDGER are in arrears as shown by date on address slip will greatly oblige by paying up at once.
 About sixty people have responded to this request during the past two weeks and there are about six hundred more that we would like to see follow suit. Come now, "balance all" and everybody "divv up."
Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1.00 price offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.
 A fine lot business cards just received at this office.

THE FAMOUS Queen Quality Shoe
 For Women.
 Price \$3.00
 In presenting "Queen Quality" we have placed before the Women of America a shoe of exceptional value for \$3.00.
 Highest Quality of material and workmanship.
 Made in thirty styles suitable for street, dress, home, or outing. For retaining their shape and fitting where others fail, they have no equal.
 Sold Exclusively by
A. J. HOWK & SON.
 To Whom it May Concern
 ELMDALE, MICH., Oct. 10, 1898.
 To whom it may concern:
 We are prepared to pay highest cash price for Wheat, Rye and Oats, at Elmdale Elevator. A No. 1 Flour, Mill Feed, Seeds and Salt constantly on hand at lowest prices. A WEBSTER & Co. dec22 L. F. BROWN, Mgr.
 The best 40c tea in Michigan at Bergin's. Try a pound and if not satisfied get your money back. This is "straight goods." 2541f
 Ice cream by the dish, quart or supplied for socials and parties in gallon lots. D. T. Bush.
 WANTED—Three-foot wood, green or dry. W. J. Ecker & Son. 1f

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.	48 inch all wool dress flannels in all colors, regular retail price 35c. Closing sale price .24	36 inch black broadcaded 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 price 50c. Closing sale price .37	1.00 calico wrappers .77
50 inch all wool serge, in all colors, regular retail price 75c. Closing sale price .55	50 inch all wool dress flannels regular retail price 50c. Closing sale price .40	43 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 price 25c. 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 16c. Closing sale price .11	Cuting Flannels.	Full line of lace curtains at cost.	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	Best domestic gingham 05	8 " " " .08	4.00 " " 2.75	4 50 worsted dress skirts, different colors, 3 25
46 inch Henriettas, reg. retail price 75c. Closing sale price .56	40 inch black broadcaded dress goods, regular price 35c. Closing sale price .24	100 pieces Simpson dress prints regular price 5 and 6c. Closing sale price .03 and .04	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		Blankets.		2.15 " " 1.60	3 25 worsted dress skirts, 2 25
		10-4 cotton blankets, regular price 50c. Closing sale price .40		1.00 " " .75	3 00 " " 2 15
				08 " " .08	2 75 " " 1 95
				05 " " .04	2 25 " " 1 60
					Corsets.
					1 00 corsets, Dr. Warner's and Featherbone .79
					50c corsets, Dr. Warner's and Featherbone .39

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. 24, 1898.

THE CARUTHERS AFFAIR

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

By
**WILL
H. HARBEN**

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 sam-
ples 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.

For a moment Kola stood as if undecided; then he went to the lounge and threw himself on it.

"You will have to tell me where it is," he said. "I confess that I know little more when out of my body about material things than I do now. People, like that fleeing artist, sometimes draw me to them magnetically, but any inanimate thing is different. Where is the book?"

Hendricks laughed.

"It is on the center table in the library, directly under the chandelier; you can't miss it."

"Thanks," said the Indian. "Now, Dr. Lampkin, when you hear the bell strike, make an examination of my body. Then when the bell strikes, five minutes later, sit quiet and—and Mr. Hendricks shall have his proof."

"If you do what you propose," said Hendricks, still tauntingly, "you will make a convert of me, but mind, Kola, I don't want any explanations about unfavorable conditions preventing the performance, or anything of that kind. It won't go down."

Kola made no answer. The music overhead had ceased. The clouds of incense had risen and hovered about the red and yellow lights above. The Indian's breast heaved, as he took a deep breath, and then he lay still. Gradually he grew paler and paler, till he looked like a corpse. His features and limbs were rigid. Hendricks up to this moment had been smiling at the absurdity of Kola's proposal, but the earnestness depicted on Dr. Lampkin's face finally influenced him, and he grew strangely quiet.

In about five minutes the bell overhead struck. There was a fragmentary wave of soft music, and it died away in the distance.

Lampkin glanced at Hendricks and mutely approached Kola and bent over him. He opened his vest and shirt and made an examination of his respiration and heart. When he looked again at Hendricks his face was almost pale.

"If he has a particle of vitality in him I can't detect it," he said, grimly. "I wish I had a stethoscope. Hang it, this sort of thing always did have too big a hold on me."

Hendricks smiled.

"It's only a trick," he said. "When he opens his eyes he will make some excuse. I saw I had him when I mentioned that Bible. He tried to make me select something else."

But Lampkin only shook his head. "How could he have succeeded if you had named something else?" he questioned. "If he had been able to bring anything you had mentioned I should have considered it miraculous. You know we members of the Physical Research society hold ourselves in readiness to investigate any claims of this kind and not to discredit them till we prove them false."

"We are both wasting time," said Hendricks. "He couldn't do what he proposes in a thousand years. He tried to back out when I mentioned the Bible."

Just then they heard a strain of far-off music like that which had followed the stroke of the bell, and then the

room suddenly became absolutely dark. The music ceased; the solemn-toned bell struck. At that instant the detective felt something placed in his hands, and the lights flashed up.

"Well!" exclaimed Lampkin, tentatively, and then he simply stared at the rigid face of his friend. Hendricks made an effort to smile, but his features produced only a grimace.

"What is that?" asked Lampkin, pointing to the object in the detective's lap.

"My Bible," said Hendricks.

"Are you sure?" asked the doctor. Hendricks opened it and examined it, his fingers quivering.

"There is no doubt about it," said he, and he shrugged his shoulders, and tried to smile.

"Are you superstitious?" asked Lampkin.

"Very," was the sheepish answer. "A great phrenologist once told me that I was well-balanced in everything excepting that. I have been fighting against it all my life, but such a thing as this—ugh!"

Nothing more was said just then, for the doctor had pointed to the returning flush in the Indian's face. Hendricks sat holding the Bible between his legs, evidently worried and chagrined over what had occurred. Kola's breast began to rise and fall gently, and then he opened his eyes. His gaze rested on the detective.

"Are you satisfied?" he said, feebly, almost in a whisper.

Hendricks said nothing.

"My God, I want you to believe in me, my good friend," Kola went on, "for unless you have faith you will not heed my warning."

"Your warning?" fell from Lampkin's lips.

"My warning!" repeated the Indian. "Just now, Hendricks, while I was in your house, I saw indications of two attempts which have been made on your life. Both came very near killing you. But that is not all. I saw plainly that your fate will be the most awful one ever met by man. Your death will be through the most lingering torture, and it will involve your mother. It lies right in your path. Unless you leave New York at once you and your mother will fall at the hands of these unknown enemies. It is the truth, as God is my Master."

Hendricks had paled, and Lampkin saw that his hands were still quivering, but no word came from him.

Kola had sat up, but suddenly he threw himself back on the couch.

"Oh, I am so weak," he groaned. "Hendricks, I have been fighting the forces against you, and it has done me up. I can't say more."

The Indian closed his eyes. The bell overhead struck three times, and Kola's attendant ran in excitedly.

"He's exhausted!" he cried, in a startled tone. "No more talk! He needs sleep, big much sleep." He placed his dusky finger on his lower lip and added in a hissing whisper: "No talk more to-night—to-morrow, maybe, perhaps. Now sleep! No noise. Me bees doc-

tor."

The two visitors rose, and tucking their hats they tip-toed from the room. Reaching the outside, they walked side by side nearly to the carriage without a word between them. Just before they reached the vehicle, Lampkin suddenly broke into a laugh.

"I'll treat you to the best dinner ever served if you won't tell this on me," he said.

Hendricks paused and stared at him fixedly.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"You and Kola certainly did work me," he continued to laugh. "I see it all now. It is a job put up on me. You promised me an interesting evening out here, and between you and your chum you gave it to me. Oh, I never was so badly sold! I would have sworn that you were actually excited yourself."

Hendricks made no reply for an instant, then he laid his hand over the Bible he still held.

"Before God, and with my hand on this Book, I swear that I cannot account for what occurred. The blasted exhibition—and his bloody warning has knocked me completely off my feet. As I told you, superstition is my weakest point."

"You have reason to be concerned," declared Lampkin as he preceded him into the carriage. "I think what has happened to-night before our eyes would agitate my scientific friends. I almost feel like imploring you to desist in your efforts and leave New York for awhile anyway."

"Nothing could turn me from this case," said Hendricks. "I have pledged my honor on seeing it through. I admit I feel a little upset to-night—not on my own account, you know, but what he said about my mother was not pleasant. I have long had a secret fear that she would sooner or later fall a victim to some enemy of mine."

CHAPTER XV.

It was one o'clock when the detective reached home. He started upstairs to his room, but, noticing a light under the closed door of the library, he went in and found his mother bowed before the fire.

"Why, mother!" he said, chidingly, as she rose to meet him. "This will never do! You must not sit up for me again." And as he took her face in his hands and kissed her, he added: "You have been crying. I declare I shall simply give up my night work. I will not cause you such uneasiness. You were afraid something had happened to me."

"No, Minard," she said. "It was something else. Really I have not worried about you to-night. On the other hand, I have been sitting here praying for your success. To-night after dinner I came here and sat down to read. About nine o'clock I fell asleep. At 11 I was awakened by a ring at the door. It was Miss Huntington. She was alone, and implored me to let her talk to me. She came in and sat down by me, and told me all about her great trouble. Then she begged me to let her wait here till you came home, so that she might know if you had found

out anything since she heard from you. She has just left, I persuaded her to go back. She is such a sweet young lady. She put her head in my lap and when she began to cry I couldn't help doing so to save my life. Minard, she reminds me so much of your sister. If Lucy had lived, and Jack had been like Mrs. Gielow is, it would have been the same with her. Oh, son, I have opposed your dangerous career all along, but somehow to-night, since I have talked with her, I feel as mothers must feel when they send their sons off to battle. I am so thankful that God has given me a boy who can do so much good and save others so much pain. Is there a single bit of hope for her?"

"There is nothing new," Hendricks answered. "There is a bare chance that something may turn up in the morning. I shall do all I can."

She followed him to the foot of the stairs.

"Don't let my fears hinder you," she said, as her old hands clung to his arms. "I shall never be satisfied if you don't do something for the poor girl. She has won my heart completely."

Her voice was husky with emotion, and it touched him. He turned to the hatrack to hang up his overcoat, but it slipped from his fingers and the Bible in one of the pockets drew it heavily to the floor.

"What is that in your pocket?" Mrs. Hendricks asked as he picked up the book.

"Oh, I forgot," he said. "It is my Bible; put it away, please."

"Your Bible?" she exclaimed, as she took it into her hand. "Ah, that proves me wrong again. I shall never allow my intuition to make me wrongfully suspect anyone again."

"What are you talking about, mother?" He reached up and raised the flame of the gas jet over his head.

"I am almost ashamed to confess it," she answered, with a touch of shame.

"You know I have so often told you that I did not trust your friend Kola."

"Yes, yes?" quickly.

"And you always seemed to feel it so much when I referred to it. Well, while you were in Boston he called nearly every day to ask when you would return, and one day I saw him examining your Bible on the table where it lay in the library, and after he had gone I missed it. The girl had been dusting the room and said she had not seen it. Minard, I actually suspected your friend of taking it. I have intended to mention the fact of its being lost, but so much has happened of late that I forgot it."

Hendricks stared at her perplexedly, but there was too much to solve in a moment, so he kissed her and said:

"Oh, Kola is all right, he only wanted to play a little harmless trick on me and Lampkin, he returned it of his own accord to-night."

"I am glad I was wrong," said Mrs. Hendricks, and he ascended the stairs and went into his room.

CHAPTER XVI.

When Gielow and Count Bantinni left the studio on the night the murder was

committed, they stealthily descended to the street by means of the dimly lighted stairway rather than by the elevator.

Gielow started in the direction of the elevator, but the count grasped his arm and hastily drew him along one of the darkest corridors.

"Not that way, fool!" he said between his teeth. "Do you want to expose yourself to the view of everybody in the gaslight? You have not a moment to spare. The police and Hendricks are on your track."

"No, not a moment to spare," echoed the artist in a listless, dreamy tone, and he stopped, leaned against the wall and looked back towards the studio.

The count caught him roughly by the arm and shook him violently.

"I tell you the murder has been discovered!" he hissed in the ear of the artist.

"The murder?" repeated Gielow, "the murder, you say?"

"Yes, you remember killing Caruthers."

"Yes, I suppose so. It seems to me—and—"

"Come on," burst from the lips of the count. "Come on, or you'll be arrested. If you don't hurry I'll leave you."

"Don't do that!" pleaded the artist, in a gentle, submissive voice. And he



HE CAUGHT HIM ROUGHLY BY THE ARM.

took the count's arm as they went down the stairs. "It seems to me that I struck him at the club, but I can't remember." "Come on," again interrupted the count. "I'll explain it all when you get to a place of safety."

When they reached the street Gielow lagged behind again.

"Where are you going?" he asked, "I am sleepy, and—cold."

The count lost patience, and putting a hand on each of Gielow's shoulders, he turned him roughly to him.

"Look me in the eyes," he commanded. "No, right in the eyes! There now, you remember killing Caruthers!"

"Yes, the scoundrel," was the artist's slow reply. "Yes, I killed him."

"Then come on, they are after you." A look of terror spread over Gielow's visage. He quickened his steps, and to-

gether they turned into a dark, unfrequented alley. Here a two-horse carriage stood in the shadow of a high wall. A man wearing a slouch hat, and a long fur ulster, the wide collar of which hid the back part of his head and the lower half of his face, stood near the vehicle whipping his body with his arms to keep warm.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, and then an oath broke from him.

"Sh!" hissed the count apologetically. "I know we were slow, but it couldn't be avoided."

The man continued to grumble, and began to get his reins ready.

"Get in; get in!" said Bantinni to Gielow, and when the artist had obeyed he leaned into the carriage and said: "You are sleepy. There, that's right; lean back and sleep. Sleep! Sleep!"

"He's all right now, and we'll have no more trouble," the count said, in a conciliatory tone, to the driver.

"Did he go through it all right?" asked the man, with a foreign accent.

"Beautifully, beautifully, and we would have been here before this, but just after he made the confession I lost control of him for a moment and he got at a decanter of brandy and drank about a pint of it. I cannot do a thing with a subject under the influence of spirits. But I got him away before it was too late. We are safe. His sudden flight and confession will place us beyond suspicion."

"The servant may never admit to the police that his master confessed," said the other, distrustfully.

"In that event I shall testify that the confession was made in my presence; then Henri will be obliged to swear to what took place or run the risk of being convicted of perjury."

"Ah, true!" answered the man; "unless you become afraid to 'face the music,' as they say in this country."

The count laughed as he climbed into the carriage.

"We must hurry now," he said. "When you know what my next move is, you will say that no human being on earth could implicate me."

"All right," came from the driver's seat in a more satisfied tone. "I am trusting it to you."

As Bantinni sat down by Gielow, the latter stirred and muttered something.

"Sleep, sleep!" commanded the count, taking the limp hand of the artist and stroking it with his own. "There, that's right!" And, as Gielow leaned back in the corner again, the carriage began to move. The count took out a cigarette, drew down the curtain, struck a match, and began to smoke.

CHAPTER XVII.

Gielow came back to consciousness through a maze of dreams. He seemed to be in the studio laughing at Henri for draping a curtain awkwardly. Next he was with Dorothy in the conservatory at her home; she never had seemed so beautiful. Then a swift draught of cold air seemed to be striking his feet and ankles. She held some flowers towards him and he tried to take them, but could not lift his hand,

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or stir a muscle. She glided away, melting into a vast bank of orchids, but when he essayed to follow his feet seemed chained to the floor. He gave a sudden cry of terror as she vanished, and his voice seemed to rebound from the walls and ceiling, which appeared to have contracted. Then he awoke and found himself enveloped in such profound darkness that he wondered if his soul were released from his body and adrift in space.

"Great God!" he exclaimed. "What can this mean? Where am I?"

He tried to recall his latest conscious moments, but his brain seemed benumbed. Everything was chaos. He moved his hand, and felt a clasp of cold steel on his wrist. He heard a chain rattle. Aghast—terrified ineffably—he moved the other hand. It, also, was chained to the stones beneath him. He attempted to draw up his feet. They, too, were manacled.

Then he lay motionless and tried once more to recall past events. Dorothy! Yes, he remembered calling on her and humbly confessing his sorrow for having publicly quarreled with Caruthers. She had readily forgiven him, and shed tears at something she would not explain. He remembered telling her that he was not going to the reception at the Palace hotel the following night. She understood that he shrank from being seen publicly, though she begged him to go and dance once with her. She reminded him that Caruthers was away, but even that did not alter his determination. He left early, for she and her aunt were going to the Horse Show with Count Bantinni, and it was almost time for her to dress.

Then he remembered how hard he worked all the next day, and how he threw himself that night on a lounge and tried to sleep. Finding this impossible, and longing to catch sight of Dorothy as she alighted from her carriage at the reception, he went to the hotel and stood around in the crowd near the ladies' entrance. Here he was met by Count Bantinni. The count had such a strange gleam in his black eyes, and for a wonder was not wearing evening dress.

"I want to have a talk with you," he said in a gentle tone. "You have evaded me for a long time. I am your friend and will prove it. Come with me to my apartments."

Gielow went with him to his chambers in the next block. It seemed to him, from Bantinni's tone, that he had something important to communicate. Then what had happened? Ah, yes. The count had turned up the gas in his luxurious smoking-room and ordered a bottle of wine. His first words were the very soul of humble candor—and so pathetic.

"My friend," said the count, "we ought to sympathize with each other and bear no ill-will. I am suffering the pangs of hell. I love your sweetheart with all my soul. I have loved her passionately since the moment I first saw her. I, too, am miserable. I walk the

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