

The Lowell Ledger.

"INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS. NEUTRAL IN NOTHING"

VOL. VI, NO. 45.

LOWELL, MICHIGAN, MAY 4, 1899.

WHOLE NO. 305.

The City Bank.

ORTON HILL, Pres.
W. A. WATTS, Cashier.

Responsibility
\$100,000.00

Commercial and Savings Departments
Interest paid on time certificates.

Co-partners—P. H. Gilkay, Ass. Stationer, Orton Hill, W. A. Watts, E. W. Bowman, R. S. Wilson.

Drafts sold on Grand Rapids, Detroit and New York.

HILL WATTS & CO.
Lowell, Mich.

Lowell Plating Works.

I am now prepared to do all kinds of Fine Plating in Gold, Silver, Nickel, Copper, Royal Silver Metal, etc.

Make Watches, Jewelry, Tableware, Bicycles, etc, like new.

A. M. GIBBS.

MANILA LETTER.
Life Among the Filipinos as Seen By a Keene Boy.
Division Hospital, Manila, P. I.
March 17, 1899.

My dear Mother:
I received your ever welcome letter this evening and you may be sure that I was glad to hear from you and that all are well. I found me enjoying good health. I am having fine health since I got over the fever and I thought I was a goner then sure. I am on night duty now, this is the eighth night, I will sit up two nights more and then the day nurses will go on night duty.

Well, mother, I never could realize what sickness was until I came down here and I have seen enough of it here. I have seen people die of almost every kind of disease. You talk about people suffering, I have seen some of the worst sights that a man could think of. We had one or two die of blood poisoning and it was terrible the way they suffered. Yes, I shall be glad to get back among white folks again and I think when I get back that I will stay, too. We have been very busy the last two months. I am nursing in the ward that is known as the surgical ward and we have our hands full. The regulars are all here now and we are glad to see them come as our boys were getting tired for they have been out in the field ever since the fight began and it is so hot and the water isn't good that it makes the boys sick. We take care of our water here in the hospital and we have ice, too.

I wish I could be there and eat some of your pancakes, I bet I could eat as fast as you could bake them. I will have to say good night.

It is 1:30 a. m. and as I have a little more time I will write a little more. It is quiet in my ward and the boys are getting along finely. I don't think that we have a single case but what will pull through all right. There were four wounded boys brought into my ward today. There were seventeen wounded in all and they were all from the 20th regulars. They had a boy with them only 14 years old. He was their mascot and was wounded in the leg but not seriously. The 20th regulars and the Colorado regiments had some hard fighting today. If the insurgents could fight as well as the Americans they would give us a hard fight.

I will try and tell you a few things about Manila, the island and the natives who are the most treacherous people. You can't trust them, they don't know what honesty is; but they do know how to cheat and steal. They are small, about one half as large as an American, quick and supple and the most of them here are a mulatto color; but in the province in the interior they are black like a Negro and wear long hair and no clothes but a breech cloth. They look like wild people. Some here in Manila are civilized. wear fine clothes and have nice rigs to ride in. They are very proud and just before the fighting began they got so they would not speak to an American; but we taught them a lesson they won't forget right away. We have killed about 15,000 of them and taken about 3,000 prisoners; but we don't take any more prisoners than we have to. It is raining to-night and it will be bad for the boys that are out on the line in the trenches. It rains about every day and night now and it is awful hot. They tell us the Spanish died off terribly fast during the hot season; but we will fool them if they think we are going to do as the Spanish did. I don't think the hot season will be very bad for us. We may have a few more cases of smallpox. There isn't but one bad case in the hospital now, all of the rest will be out in a short time. It is still raining and I guess it will rain all day; but the boys keep right on fighting just the same. They took the city of Pasig today. Oh! yes, I was going to tell you another piece of native work. One of the South Dakota boys had some trouble with a Filipino officer and slapped the officer in the face and the natives took him and cut a little place on his arm and then took a native that had leprosy and cut his arm and injected some of his blood into the South Dakota boy's arm and now he is a leper, it has all broken out on him. If they had done such a thing to me I wouldn't rest a minute until I had killed every native I could see, for I had rather be dead than a leper. We always go prepared for trouble and all carry a gun.

I will have to close as it is breakfast time and I am some what sleepy. Good bye, write and tell me all the news. I remain ever your loving son,
GUY R. WHEATON.

FOR BREAKING A JAW.

Thomas Bowden in Jail on a Serious Charge.

Thomas Bowden yesterday was brought down from Lowell yesterday on a charge of assault to do great bodily harm less than the crime of murder. Bowden is as black as the coal of Newberry's riding boots and his victim, John Lewis, is a shade darker. Last March Bowden hit Lewis with a pitch fork handle and broke his jaw. Instead of showing sympathy and being sorry for the act, Tom packed his grip, put his razor in his pocket, looked desperate and said when he left down the railroad track that if any deputy sheriff attempted to bracelet him that a razor would go into his heart. Lewis went to the hospital in Detroit, where he is now. Under Sheriff Cowens' sworn to a complaint, the deputies have been looking for Bowden, and yesterday morning Deputy Morse of Lowell lugged the man in. He was arraigned in Justice Court, waived examination and came up before Judge Adsit and refused to plead guilty of anything greater than assault and battery. This the prosecution would not accept and Bowden will stand trial.—[Democrat.]
Bowden was sentenced to one year at Louisa.

OBITUARY.

Death of Mrs. Chas. R. O'Harrow.

After an illness of two years Mrs. Lydia M. O'Harrow was called to her eternal rest April 28. She was born in Lowell, Nov. 14, 1862. She was married April 7, 1886, to Chas. R. O'Harrow, whom with two children, Jessie S. and Ina Belle, she leaves to mourn her loss. She also leaves a mother, Mrs. Leonard Behler, one sister and three brothers, besides many other relatives and friends. She was a true wife, a devoted mother and a consecrated Christian, wholly prepared for the call to come up higher. She was an active worker in the M. E. church of South Lowell from which she has received the well earned promotion to the church above. She went gladly, fully trusting in Jesus. The funeral was held at the South Lowell M. E. church, Sunday at 2:00 p. m. Rev. E. W. Davis of Edmore preached from Rev. 14:13 to a very large congregation. The remains were laid to rest in the Merriman cemetery.

Ira J. Buck.

Ira John Buck was born in Whitby, Canada, Aug. 1830, and died at his home near Lowell, April 26, 1899, aged 68 years 7 months and 27 days.

He was married to Eleanor Cheetham Dec. 20, 1854, and lived in Brock township, Ontario Co., Canada, until Sept. 18, 1864, when he moved with his family to Lowell, and the next spring bought and moved on to part of the farm now owned by Frank Godfrey.

Feb. 13, 1880, he bought and moved to the farm where he lived up to the time of his death.

During his five weeks sickness he was a great sufferer until the Lord took him home to Himself.

His devoted wife and three children are left to mourn his loss—one daughter, Mrs. Eliza Vanderwall, died Nov. 23, 1884.

The surviving children are Abraham R. Buck and Mrs. Joel Aldrich of Grand Rapids and Mrs. Henry Vanderwall who lives near the old homestead in Lowell township.

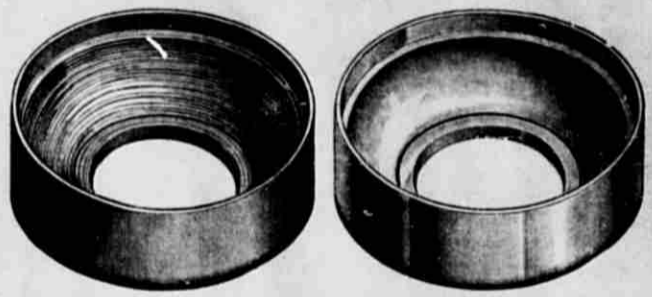
A Pioneer Gone.

James Shepard, who died April 28, was born in Eden, Erie county, N. Y., in 1822. He came to Michigan with his parents at the age of 14 and settled at Augusta, Kalamazoo county.

He married Orpha McKay in 1844 of that place and they came to Ada the next year where they lived until 1878, when they came to Lowell which has been their home for 21 years. They had five children, four sons and one daughter.

He leaves a widow and four children to mourn his loss, one son

CLEVELAND PRIMER.



WHAT ARE HILLS?

Hills are irregularities of the earth's crust. There are other irregularities that are not called hills. Take steel cups and cones in bicycle bearings. When they are tempered, irregularities of surface follow.

WELL, GET RID OF THEM.

That's what we do. Each cup and cone in a Cleveland bearing is ground smooth. These crust irregularities are ground off.

REMEMBER



We illustrate our point by giving you pictures of cups before and after grinding. The Lozier Manufacturing Co. devised the first machinery for grinding bearings. This accounts for the smooth running qualities of the Cleveland.

Clark & Spraker.

Coffee Drinkers Always Pleased At VanDykes

Can be supplied from VanDyke's stock at all times—no matter what the taste—we have Coffee to fit it.

To have you compare our prices and our goods with those of other dealers. Know we buy right, know we sell right—that's our motto.

You will see at any time discriminating buyers who would not continue to trade there if they failed to get satisfaction.

R. VanDyke,

"If you get it at VanDyke's it's good."

We want our store to be known as the "best factory store," where you get satisfaction without paying for it.

EXCURSION NOTICE

DET. GD. RAPIDS & WEST'N

Detroit, Island Lake, Lansing, Sunday, May 7th. Train will leave Elmdale at 7:38 a. m. Leave Detroit at 7:00 p. m. Rate to Detroit \$1.50, Island Lake \$1.00, Lansing \$1.50.

Grand Rapids, Sunday, May 14th. Train will leave Elmdale at 12:00 a. m. Rate, Grand Rapids, 40c.

Baby Wardrobe Patterns.

Twenty-seven patterns for different articles in long clothes with full and complete directions for making same, showing necessary materials, sent post-paid for 25c in stamps. Fifteen patterns of short clothes 25c, or both for 40c. "Information to Mothers" sent free with each order. Address GEIGER PATTERN CO., Churubusco, Ind.

Card of Thanks

We desire through this medium to express our sincere gratitude to the friends who assisted us by kind word and deed in our sad bereavement and especially would we remember those who furnished music for the funeral rites.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Barber.

Card of Thanks.

We wish in this manner to express our heartfelt thanks to the many friends and neighbors for their kindness and sympathy during the sickness and at the funeral of our loved husband and father.

Mrs. Eleanor Buck.
Abraham R. Buck.
Mrs. Joel O. Aldrich.
Mrs. Henry Vanderwall.

Mrs. Pattison, agent for Henry Smith, Florist, furnishes cut flowers on short notice, at GRAND RAPIDS PRICES.

1899 SPRING STYLES.

Elegant line

Wall Paper

now on exhibition.

Window Shades.

We want everybody to see them.

Inside and outside House Paints at

L. H. HUNT & CO'S.



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 when others fall, they have no equal.

Trade-Mark on Every Pair.

A. J. HOWK & SON.

A BARGAIN.

The Riverside Fruit, Fish and Poultry Farm of 30 acres for sale. Fruit of all kinds in bearing. The best facilities for raising broilers. Fish pond with plenty of brook trout ready for market and the fountain spray just restocked with 3000 young trout. Actual cost of place \$2,750. Will sell for \$1,500 cash. For further particulars enquire of J. O. CHAPIN, Lowell, Mich.

Card of Thanks.

The undersigned desire to express their gratitude to the friends and neighbors who assisted them by word and deed in their late sad bereavement, to the donors of flowers and the members of the choir. All were appreciated.

Chas. R. O'Harrow and daughters.

Call at VanDyke's and get samples of Miller's "Penang Spices."

Lowell Ledger Supplement.

LOWELL MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1899.



CLARENCE HERBERT NEW.

[Copyright, 1897, by J. B. Lippincott Co.]

queer. The great lumps which had once been indigo were hurled in all directions, mostly forward. In some places they were piled even with the deck timbers; toward the after bulkhead they were scooped away to a depth of six feet, and the planking beyond was completely crushed through, leaving a large hole into the lazaretto.

I was exceedingly careful where I stepped, but lost no time in crawling in. The moment had come at last when our hopes were destined to be realized or finally destroyed. I cast the light slowly about the place. Along the after side there were several tiers of small boxes, piled one above the other, and there seemed to have been an even larger number against the bulkhead; but the explosion had thrown them all about the place. Wondering why none of them had smashed open, I presently noticed that several had gone to pieces a little beyond where I was standing, scattering their contents in drifts over the floor.

With a sense of unreality numbing my brain, I stooped and took some of the objects in my hand. They were round and flat, smaller than a silver dollar. They were covered with a thin film of corrosion, through which I had no difficulty in making out the castles and rampant lions of the Spanish royal arms. I scratched with my knife at the corrosive film; the bright yellow beneath proved conclusively that the coin was an old double doubloon, or doubloon onza, worth \$15.50, troy weight, and probably something more on account of its antiquity, for it was dated 1761 (reign of Charles III.) and bore the mint mark of Mexico City—M. It was impossible to estimate the number of these doubloons in sight; there were tiers upon tiers of the boxes, and they were all full.

Stepping toward the side wall, to see how deep they were piled against it, I stumbled over the combing of a hatchway in the floor. The cover was unfastened, and, after raising it, the light revealed a short ladder, which I cautiously descended. At the bottom I found myself in a lower hold which had been used as a second and larger treasure chamber. The forward end



The moment had come at last.

was piled solid with bars, three inches square by fourteen inches long, which proved to be ingots of pure silver; and in boxes, all around, were globe dollars of Charles III.'s time (bearing date of 1768 and fresh from the Seville mint when the galleon was lost), eight-real pieces of Philip V., dollars from the Mexican mint, bearing simply the Spanish arms, and even four-real pieces. I remember wishing that all the treasure had been gold, on account of its bulk; but, after ascending to the upper chamber, I knew pretty well how Edmund Dantes must have felt.

I had provided myself with a stout bag of cocoa matting, and was raking handfuls of the doubloons into it, when there came a sharp tug at the line fastened around my waist. This was the danger signal agreed upon with Dorotea; so, dragging the heavy sack, I scrambled out through the hulk and pulled myself up to the proa. It took our united efforts to get my burden over the gunwale; then Dorotea pointed off to the west-ard, where a gigantic sail was moving swiftly along.

To unscrew the helmet clamps and take it off was but the work of a few seconds; then I grabbed the glass and focused it upon the other craft. It was the padre's big proa, as I had suspected—his corpulent figure near the

helmsman was unmistakable—but so far away as to be all but hull down; and, making to the south-ard as she was, it was highly improbable that he had seen our mast. For a good half hour I watched the proa, not daring to raise our own sail lest it should be seen; then Sebastiano put about to the west-ard and almost disappeared. This was our opportunity, so we were quickly off in the opposite direction. I calculated that by making 40 miles due east we should have the wind about right for a straight reach into Tarofoto, and could probably get there by six o'clock. It was actually a little before that when I concealed the gold and other articles in the fissure, so that, catching enough sea bass on the way to account for our long sail, we arrived at Agana by eight. In all my experience with sailing craft, extending over many years and gathered upon every sea of the globe, I never found anything to equal the island proas of the western Pacific in either speed or safety. On account of their strength and lightness they are practically indestructible, and their enormous sail area makes them the fastest things upon salt water. That my statement of having made 26 statute miles an hour with one, before the wind, is no exaggeration, anyone who has ever sailed in one will admit.

Sebastiano returned about nine o'clock, having left the big proa at Apra, and, while satisfying his voracious appetite, told us quite frankly that he had spent the day looking for the Santa Rosa shoal. Recalling, for Col. de Garma's benefit, the conversations which had induced Capt. Halstead to sound for the shoal, the padre asked if I could remember the position given upon the Inray chart. When I repeated it he said that an older Spanish chart which he had seen in Manila located the reef at least 20 miles farther west; that he had supposed at the time, and, in fact, until Halstead explained its nature, it was really a small islet which showed above water, and the most southerly one of the archipelago. This statement didn't exactly tally with the questions he had asked on the steamer when looking at Halstead's chart, but I could hardly repress a grin of satisfaction, nevertheless. If my fat friend pinned his faith upon this last theory it would keep him at least 30 miles away from me whenever he pursued his investigations.

The fact, however, that he intended making a systematic search for the shoal complicated matters a good deal. He was likely to overhaul me sooner or later and find that I was actually removing the treasure. He might have spies all over the island, for all I knew, and some day my visits to Port Tarofoto might be reported to him. Then, again, if I succeeded in getting all the money as far as my rocky fissure, it was sure to be spirited away by Sebastiano or the natives if they

were successful in tracking me; and, cudgel my wits as I might, there seemed no way in which I could secrete it until the steamer returned without exciting suspicion—suspicion which might cause it to disappear at any moment. It seemed imperative that I should consult Halstead before getting any more of the stuff above water; yet in case there were no passengers for Guajan, as we had talked, there wasn't a chance of seeing him for nearly four months, and there was some doubt of his returning even then. There was a possibility of my reaching Yap in the proa before he left that island, but it was a pretty formidable undertaking. After spending considerable thought over the situation, however, it seemed unsafe to attempt any other move, and I determined to risk it.

There was practically little danger that Sebastiano would succeed in accomplishing anything; not being a navigator, his investigations were pure guesswork and dead reckoning from Guajan. Even if he did locate the reef, I was positive that he had no diving apparatus, and he couldn't do much without—that I knew from my own experience. The principal thing that worried me was the chance of his running across my equipment in the fissure, and taking it with me was out of the question. While thinking the matter over I wondered if the padre had investigated Fray Ignacio's box. A scrap of conversation with Bartolomeo which I had overheard implied that he had; it indicated considerable displeasure with the resident padre for some reason or other. If such were really the case it might be months before anyone connected with the church would have occasion to visit either the crypt or the room containing the votive offerings again, and this gave me an idea.

The islanders are intensely superstitious, and it has always been a policy of the church to foster this characteristic. So that, if I could add to the already bad reputation of Tarofoto bay, neither threats, bribes nor persuasion would avail to get a native within miles of the place. In view of this fact, my friend with the diseased wishbone seemed particularly fitted for the purpose, if I could only spirit him away. Sebastiano had partaken heartily of his late supper that evening, and, between them, the padres had punished a vast quantity of wine. Aside from this, they were thoroughly tired out by their day upon the water, and in all probability would sleep like logs. So, an hour or so after they had retired, I cautiously slipped into the church through the little postern, as I had done before.

Not a soul appeared to be stirring. The fact of the door being unlocked was suspicious—I had expected to pick it with a piece of wire—but, as there was no time for investigation, I stole into the cloisters and through the passage which led to the chamber containing the horrible images. The figure I was after had been well put together, and was heavier than it should have

been, besides; but, though the ghastly thing gave me cold shivers, I pulled it from the fastenings with little ceremony.

Holding the dummy upright before me, I quietly returned, and was about to open the postern, when the door suddenly swung wide, revealing a burly form in the moonlight outside. It was Sebastiano; but, fortunately for me his head was not as clear as usual. Being an inveterate smoker, his nerves often went back upon him; and no mortal digestion could stand the abuse he had given his that evening without protesting. Altogether, he was in a bad way. Nothing but an object of vital importance could have forced him to venture upon a nocturnal prowling in such a condition. The moonlight must have given that wax figure an aspect of blood-curdling horror, for, with a gasp of surprise and mortal terror, the padre turned and ran across the little square, around the tribunal, through the plaza, then over the bridge to the beach. I had seen my advantage in an instant, and, holding the figure so that it covered me entirely, glided rapidly after him. When we struck the beach he dodged around a proa which lay hauled up on the sand, and, with a screech of fright, doubled back over the lower bridge. Picking up a good-sized lump of coral, I threw it with all my might and struck him fairly between the shoulders. That settled it; he ran as if the devil were after him, not daring to look round.

Since arriving at Agana, I had become acquainted with the islander Miguel, who had presented the church with his effigy in wax after recovering from his strange and terrible disease, well enough to remember the proa in which he always sailed. This lay not far from my own; and it seemed eminently fitting that the owner's ghost should put to sea in it. Lest anyone should have nerve enough to watch the proceedings, I propped the figure in the stern, where, concealing me, it would show distinctly, then sailed around the island to Tarofoto as fast as the craft would travel. Upon reaching the cove, I secured Br'er Miguel among the rocks on Point Paiepouc in such a way that, while invisible from the outside, no one could enter the bay without seeing him. Considering the possibility of discovery by some one with sufficient education and courage to investigate the thing, it seemed risky to put it on the point where my figure was.

There was no time to reach the town again before daybreak: so, running up the east coast to a point where the island was less than four miles across, I lashed the steering paddle in such a way that it would carry the proa straight out to sea, and set it adrift.

A valley which lay along the easterly base of Tiniquio opened out in the neighborhood of Agana, and by six o'clock I pushed through a banana patch directly in the rear of the governor's house. As it happened, there was no one in the patio, and, mounting to my room unobserved, I came down again directly with a couple of towels. Having had no sleep, and considerable

hard work, I felt just rocky enough for a good swim; it also seemed an excellent excuse for early rising in case anyone should have noticed my movements.

CHAPTER XII.

Sebastiano looked like a wreck when he appeared that morning. He accounted for this upon the ground of illness to which he was occasionally subject, and said that he would be obliged to rest for several days—that he had been working too hard upon his book. But in some mysterious way the story of his night experience leaked out. The disappearance of Miguel's proa started the inquiries; then another islander, who had himself received a bad scare, testified to having been awakened by a blood-curdling scream in time to see Padre Sebastiano running before Miguel's ghost, which subsequently embarked in his own boat and put to sea. This yarn was ridiculed by Bartolomeo until he investigated his figure-chamber and found the gruesome company one apparition short; then he told Sebastiano about it and partook of his uncomfortable feelings. Their common sense told them that a wax figure couldn't transport itself without help; malicious human help; but their conviction that every door had been locked, and Sebastiano's positive assertion that the thing had certainly chased him of its own accord and absolutely without assistance or visible mechanism, simply couldn't be explained away. At first the churchmen were at a loss whether to feel complimented or alarmed by the various and peculiar manifestations with which they had been favored; but the more they failed to account for them on natural or scientific grounds the more they became impressed with a sense of unworthiness. As for Miguel, the native who had been at such expense to import a suitable effigy of himself, he thought his time had come. But after reflecting upon his ghost's departure from the island, which could be interpreted in no other light than as a solemn warning, he moved his entire family to Saipan, where, having no barangay to live upon, they were occasionally forced to work.

Judging that it would now be safe to leave Guajan for a few days, I told Dorothea of my intention. At first the attempt to reach Yap in an open boat seemed little short of madness to her, but after explaining that I was able to find my position from the sun, as she had seen officers do aboard ship, she reluctantly admitted that it might be done. We were beginning to understand each other pretty well by this time. Making me look straight into her beautiful eyes, she let me see why the thought of my possible danger tormented her.

Miguel's ghost had sailed away on Tuesday morning, the 14th, and, according to our previous calculations, Halstead would arrive in Tomil bay about daybreak of the following Sun-

[TO BE CONTINUED.]