

THE LOWELL LEDGER.

VOL. VIII, NO. 31.

LOWELL, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JANUARY 17 1901

WHOLE NO. 404.

The CITY BANK

HILL, WATTS & CO.

RESPONSIBILITY MORE THAN \$100,000.

Co Save in Youth, is to Live
Comfortable in Old age...

TOO MANY learn by sad experience that not to save is to want in old age. If you've been spending all you've earned, now is a good time to begin anew. A commendable New Year's resolve is to save something each week. \$1.00 will start you. We will pay you 3 per cent on your savings. Come in and let us talk it over.

ORTON HILL, President.

W. A. WATTS, Cashier.



[Copyright, 1900, by A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Co.]

CHAPTER I.

Old Jason Fanshaw sat at an open window, his fat legs on the sill. As he talked, his hearers in the big bare room drowsed, nodded or stared at him with lack-luster eyes. He usually held forth on Sundays when the law and the Lord prohibited work and there was nowhere to go.

On this sultry afternoon his theme was his own misfortune in being burdened with a family that contributed naught to his desires. He had never, in exact words, voiced their shortcomings, but in his secret soul he would have had them perhaps less like himself, certainly less like his wife, who weighed 200 if she weighed a pound.

The two girls, Mary Lou, aged 18, and Ann Josephine, 20, threatened, as their bedsides continued to break, to surpass their mother in the flesh they were heir to, and in addition to this impediment to activity and encouragement of sloth, they had come honestly by a combination of their father's red hair, which colored and their mother's red hair, which little suited their florid complexions. They had, also, freckles as big as pocket-marks, which a diligent application of "stump water" had failed to dim.

Fanshaw had two sons. Ronald, the eldest child, was not in the room. David, a lusty fellow built on his father's plan, but with a more cheerful face, was lying on the high-posted bed in the corner of the room. He always hurled into his father's tirades against his family comments in favor of his brother, whom he admired intensely.

"You can't complain of Ron," he said this afternoon, as he fanned the flies from his face with his big straw hat lined with blue calico. "He looks after his own business. Mr. Hague said Saturday before last that he'd rather have Ron rent land from 'im than any man in the country. He 'lowed Ron paid every dollar he contracted to pay an' that the niggers liked 'im so much that they'd work twice as hard for 'im as they would for anybody else."

"That don't do me no good," snarled Fanshaw.

"No, I reckon not," admitted Dave, "but you won't ever be ashamed of 'im, if you are of the rest of us. He's been readin' and studyin' every spare minute since he was knee high to a grasshopper. For the last six months Mr. Redding, the best lawyer in Danube, has been providin' 'im with books, an' my idea is that he is goin' to make a lawyer out'n hissef. You can't hold 'im down; he'll rise like a cork; an' as fur good looks, gee-whillikins! Did I ever tell you-uns what happened at campmeetin'? I was a settin' under the bush arbor about four benches from the front last Sunday was a week when Ron come in dyked out in his best Sunday clothes. You ort to a-seed how the folks turned their heads. A young dude behind me axed a man next to 'im who in the thunder that was, an' the fellow said he wasn't certain, but he 'lowed it was some chap visitin' at Col. Hasbrooke's from Boston or New York. Then it was my put in. I bent over an' informed 'em that it was Ronald Fanshaw, the old-

est son of Jason Fanshaw. An' you ort to a-heerd 'em giggle. Then the man that had axed the question come back at me fairly slobberin' in the mouth to keep from laughin' out loud. "You're away off, my friend," sez he; "you shorely ain't acquainted 'bout heer. Old Fanshaw is the daddy of the sorriest lay-out on the face of creation. I hain't never been to his sideshow myself, but I know a heap o' folks that has paid the'r way an' never axed fur the money back, nuther."

"Then I jest punched my face over to his yeer an' said, I did: 'I ort to know 'im,' I says, tetchin' the butt o' my pistol. 'He's my brother, an' when meetin' is over me'n you'll go into the sideshow fur a minute; the tent's stretched right out thar in the bushes an' the latest addition to it is a Buffalo Bill dead shot."

"He witted an' got as white as the inside of a cucumber, an' then the preacher axed everybody to kneel down and pray. I was axin' the Lord to bless my purpose when them two riz an' poled it out over the straw. I half way got up, but the preacher broke off in his prayer an' began to talk about the law agin disturbin' public worship, an' I sunk down on my knees an' seed them two mount an' gallop off like the woods was afire."

"You ort to a-mashed 'is teeth down his throat," said Mrs. Fanshaw. "Folks has poked too much fun at us to suit me. In war times you wouldn't a-stood it, Jade." She called her husband Jade, not because he was tired or was a horse, but because it was the only abbreviation of the name she knew.

An expression of hot fury lay on Fanshaw's wrinkled face as he looked out into the yard where half a hundred ducks, turkeys, guinea-hens and peacocks were feasting on the remains of the watermelon the family had just eaten. "My Lord," he grunted, "ef I took folks to taw ever' time they joked about you-uns, I'd have my hands full."

"Well, they'd better not let me heer 'em throwin' off on us," declared Dave, and he stood up and stretched himself. "But when you come to think of it, Ron is so different from the rest of us that it's no wonder folks take 'im for one o' that highfalutin' crowd. I tell you, he's no slouch!"

Dave went out into the back porch, where a stream of water shot from the end of a hollow log into a trough; the water came from a spring on a hillside half a mile distant. The inventor of this crude aqueduct was Ronald Fanshaw; he was only a boy when he conceived the idea, but he gave every spare moment to its construction. He had felled the trees, dug the long ditch through the meadows and fields, taken the level and completed what was still considered a marvel of convenience by the neighbors. While it was building, Jason Fanshaw had contributed many peevish objections to the work, which he considered a waste of time, but when the clear, cold water gushed out at his door, he melted under a blaze of wonder, and now no stranger ever came to his house who was not shown "the waterworks."

Looking for a Heating Stove?

We will, for the Next 10 days Sell any of our..

Wood Heaters at Cost.

Have been doing a splendid stove business this fall but would like to do better, hence the price.

Spraker & Cambell.

"Huh," he would exclaim with pride, "nobody else has got a spring on his land high enough fur such a thing. Col. Hasbrooke would pay no end o' money ef he could have it. He has to keep two niggers busy fillin' his tank an' then the water's stale an' hot. You see, we sunk our pipes so deep that the water's as cold as ice."

A hundred yards from the house was a dense wood which stretched on to a small river a mile away, and further on to a high mountain, and here Dave found his brother lying on the grass reading his Blackstone. In his unlikeness to his family he was an anomaly; he was over six feet in height, well built, slender, dark of complexion, hair and eyes. There was in the shapely prominence of his brow a suggestion of strong mentality one might look for in vain in any of the other Fanshaws; his limbs had the slight, strong look of a blooded horse; a palmetto would have said that his hands indicated the possession of a refined, sensitive spirit.

"Oh, I had no idea you was heer!" exclaimed Dave. "I jest thought I'd take a walk to git away from all that clatter up at the house. An' to tell you the truth, I've got a quart hid in that stump thar; don't you want to wet yore whistle, as the feller said? I have to keep it hid from the old man; he's too all-fired stingy to buy whisky, but he loves it like a hog does slop."

"You know I never drink," replied the other, firmly. His words formed a striking contrast to the dialect of his brother; there was a vague sadness of tone in his voice, and his eyes drooped as if they were weary of the print upon which they had been resting.

"Well, I reckon you won't mind ef I take a pull at it," said Dave. "I'm dry as a powder-horn." He removed a flat stone from the hollow of the stump and took out his flask. "Here's lookin' at you," and the neck of the bottle went into his mouth.

"I suppose they made me the subject of their talk, as usual," said Ronald, when Dave had replaced the flask under the stone and sat on the stump, his legs crossed. "Not any more'n common, Ron; they've got to talk; talkin' comes as natural to women as cluckin' does to hens; the only difference is hens cluck when they are busy, an' cackle when they're laid; the time to git away from a woman's tongue is when she's idle, an' that's all the time. But, honest, I don't see why they won't let you alone. You want to read an' study, because it suits you, an' I am with you, tooth an' toe nail. Now, I had my head

set on ranch 'life out west, because I liter'ly love hoss flesh an' cattle-raisin', but they all come down on me like a landslide an' I's had to hoe corn an' cotton like a nigger fur about forty cents a day, when I might a been makin' two



"WELL, I RECKON YOU DON'T MIND."

dollars an' a-had my independence."

Ronald Fanshaw smiled genially, but he made no reply, and Dave sauntered away to the river to see if his trout lines had caught anything. When he found himself alone our hero fell to dreaming of his past life. Above the tree-tops half a mile to the east, or a slight elevation, he could see the high, steep roof and dormer windows of the chief mansion of the locality, "Carnleigh," the splendid home of the county's greatest planter, Col. Henry Hasbrooke.

The house, in its silent grandeur, representing wealth and power, had been a potent factor in the struggles of this young man towards the acquisition of

(Continued on page 7)

One Order for 800 Sprayers.

The Lowell Specialty company will conduct operations at present on the second floor of Rouse's machine shop. They received an order for 800 sprayers from an Indiana jobbing house last week. Prospects for a big trade are bright.

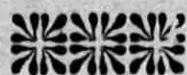
OLD PAPERS AT THIS OFFICE

Wanted IF you wish to SELL YOUR FARM or trade for City Property Write W. A. SHAW, 244 James St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Farm Boilers

We Have a few left at \$10.00

No farmer should be without one at the Price



We are Headquarters for Steel Ranges. Do not fail to see them before you buy.

R. B. Boylan

Be Your Own Photographer

Come to us and get one of our Kodaks and take your own pictures—the expense is small and you will get more enjoyment out of one of our Eastman Kodaks than you can out of anything else for the same amount of money. Our prices are within the reach of all, no matter how slim your pocket book may be.

Eastman Pocket Kodak

which takes a picture 3 1/4 x 3 1/4 inches is one of the neatest Kodaks eve make for the purpose. We have a great variety of Box Kodaks from \$1.00 up. Every one is guaranteed and are here for your inspection.

We have all the necessary supplies, Plates, Films, Papers, etc., always on hand and the price is always right for the best goods.

The People's Store. The White Front.

A. D. OLIVER

BIG LINEN AND COTTON SALE...

Nicholson's Great Combination Special

Begins Saturday, January 19 And Closes Saturday, January 26

Our Special Cotton Sale was successful beyond all our expectations. We had an immense trade every day and are greatly pleased with your liberal patronage and apparent appreciation. We intended to follow this cotton special by a linen sale, but, by request of many of our customers we have changed our plans and will continue our Cotton Sale along with the Linen.

Our Linens For This Sale

Comprise the best brands and are great values for little money. We have full stocks of Table Linens, in the piece, and Napkins, bleached, unbleached and red. Large assortment of table cloths, and napkins, patterns matched. Big line of crash toweling and towels, the latter retail from 5c to \$1.00. A complete stock of stamped goods, doilies, lunch cloths, table scarfs, etc., etc.

Those who have attended our cotton sale do not need to be told of the great opportunity it presented to get good goods cheap. For the benefit of those who have been unable to attend we will tell you of a few things in this line which we offer: Bleached and Unbleached Cottons, wide Sheetings, pillow tubings, prints, casings, 45 inch, Wrappers, Fine line of Muslin Underwear. We intend to make this the BIGGEST Sale of the kind ever extended to the Lowell people and you are cordially invited to come and investigate whether you purchase or not.

Here are a few Samples of our Prices:

All 75c Print Wrappers 50c, Percales 6c, Prints 4c and 4 1/2c
All \$1.00 and \$1.25 Print Wrappers 75c
All 10c Flannelettes 8c All 12 1/2c Outings 10c, etc.

J. B. NICHOLSON Lowell, Mich.

EAST SIDE.

THE LANTERNS OF ST. EUALIE. In the October afternoon Orange and purple and maroon... Gave quiet autumn, lamp in hand...

A DETECTIVE'S REMINISCENCE. BY M. QUAD. I returned from detective work after an experience of 16 years...

When I retired from detective work after an experience of 16 years, the public press and my many friends were pleased to say that I had done excellent service...

It was not until the time of my removal I was set to watch a certain dealer in bicycle named Saunders. His shop was a good three miles from Queen street...

It had a glass of ale and a pipe to it and I had been pretty well established that he bought goods without asking any questions. In watching him I assumed another identity and became a customer...

It was not until the time of my removal I was set to watch a certain dealer in bicycle named Saunders. His shop was a good three miles from Queen street...

ever met. On half a dozen occasions he invited me to drop into his work-room in case I found myself near...

Winning a Wrestling Bout. The Penetration of a Fortune. "Had I caught my train that night..."

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WORDS. Words are great forces in the realm of life. By careful use, they can be made of great benefit...

A MATCH FOR A MILLION. "Had I caught my train that night..."

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The Cost of Cutting an Old Atlas. In the state department at Washington is the most comprehensive and complete set of atlases and maps to be found anywhere in this country...

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PERE MARQUETTE. Dec 9, 1900. Trains leave Lowell as follows: For Detroit and East...

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Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. Digests what you eat. Artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs...

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THE GAME WAS LOST. AND 412 POUNDS OF BASEBALL GLOBES WAS SHATTERED. The Innumerable Downfall of the Lightfoot Lilies' Club Momentary...

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LOWELL. Dealer Lumber Lath. Shingles Cedar Fence Posts Brick.

FRANK R. ECKER, Prop. Matching Re-Sawing Job Work.

IF YOU WANT A Robe or Blanket. H. NASH. Fine line of goods to select from. Fit and workmanship guaranteed.

B. C. SMITH. Merchant Tailor, Lowell.

POPULAR PUBLICATIONS - POPULAR PRICES. THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

GENERAL MARKETS. Wheat - February, 74 1/2c; May, 75c.

THE "11" IN CHECKERS. Analyzing a game just played at the club by two checker experts seems to be almost as fascinating a recreation...

NEW YORK WORLD. Three-a-Week Edition. Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

Dr. Curtis T. Wolford. The Specialist of CHRONIC DISEASES.

Gray Hair. RESTORED to Natural Color by the use of the Gray Hair Remedy.

Those Who Know Thum's. never bother with any other Drug Store, and prices - they are so thin the cost mark shows right through.

Don't BE FOOLED! TAKE THE GRANITE, WIGGOLD ROCKY MOUNTAIN TEA.

LILY WHITE. The Flour the best cooks use. Made only by Valley City Milling Co.

5th NATIONAL BANK. Capital \$300,000. Surplus \$75,000.

Chronic Diseases. of any description cured by the use of the Chronic Disease Remedy.

Walter K. Schmidt, Prop. 84 Canal St., Grand Rapids.

Eyes Tested Free. LARGEST OPTICAL DEPARTMENT IN THE CITY.

Julius A. Friedrick. 30 and 32 Canal St. Piano, Organ, Sheet Music and Musical Boxes.

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COMMENCING
Saturday, Jan. 19
ENDING
Saturday, Jan. 26

We will sell, during this sale, all kinds of Muslin Underwear at Manufacturers Prices.

JANUARY LINEN SALE

We are going to make this, our, Seventh Annual Linen Sale, the greatest we have ever had. All of them have been successful beyond our expectations but this time we are going to out do ourselves by making the prices lower than ever. We have an immense stock of all kinds of
Towels, Table Linens and Crashes,
much more than is usually kept in stores in larger cities. Having bought them in such large quantities we can and are going to sell them for less money than most merchants pay for them. Look at them and you will buy your year's supply.

A. W. WEEKES.

96 White Bed Spreads, the regular \$1.50 kind for 98c.

All 6c Prints 4 1-2 Cents
Right along and they will be cheaper when we get to our Cotton Sale

Lowell State Bank

Transacts a General Banking Business.

Buys and Sells
Government and High Grade Municipal Bonds.

Domestic Drafts
Available in all parts of the United States and Canada.

Foreign Drafts
Available in all Commercial Cities of the World.

Loans Money
On Real Estate, Mortgages, Approved Notes and Collaterals.

Extends to All
Fair and courteous treatment and every accommodation consistent with Sound Banking.

HOME NEWS.

It's all off.
Hot KoKo. Smith's bakery.
Vote for the most popular lady.
E. O. Mains was in Ionia Tuesday.
Nicholson's linen sale begins Saturday.

Dinner sets off Saturday and Monday at Collar's Bazaar.

A big line of percales at Nicholson's at 60 during the sale.

Mr and Mrs. Hiram VanDusen have both been quite sick but are better now.

The supper advertised by Band No. 1 for next Tuesday evening has been postponed.

We begin our linen sale on Saturday, January 19 and finish on Saturday, Jan. 26. A. W. Weekes.

Mrs. Milo Hiler's condition does not improve and but slight hopes of her recovery are entertained.

Mrs. W. B. Hawkins and Miss Sarah Sinclair of Jonesville are visiting their sister, Mrs. M. M. Perry.

Mrs. G. V. McConnell was called to Rockford Tuesday by the illness of her mother, Mrs. H. K. Bailey.

The many friends of Mrs. B. C. Smith will regret to learn that that lady's health is again on the decline.

Mrs. John Goldsmith returned to her home at Grand Rapids Monday after a visit with F. A. Behl and family.

Visit Nicholson's big combination cotton and linen sale. Pleasantest, best natured clerks in the town will wait upon you.

Mrs. Lake was quite badly bitten yesterday by a dog belonging to W. C. Salisbury. Sheriff Morse was called to the house and immediately shot the dog.

Mrs. Frank N. White has had a hard struggle with pneumonia induced by gripe, during the past week, and for a time her condition was very critical. She is now improving.

Married, at the Baptist parsonage yesterday afternoon, by Rev. D. B. Davidson, Mrs. Cora Cuddeback and Mr. Calvin Maynard of Bella Vista, Cal. Mr. and Mrs. Maynard will leave in two or three weeks for their home in California.

Mrs. Fred G. Clark who has been sick for the past six weeks has been very low for several days and it is believed that she cannot recover. Later, Mrs. Clark died late yesterday afternoon. Funeral at the Baptist church Sunday at 2 o'clock, p. m., fast time.

We are now prepared to take subscriptions for "The Commoner," Bryan's new paper. THE LEDGER and Commoner will be clubbed together at \$1.75 per year. Either papers alone \$1.00. Those who have already paid for THE LEDGER for 1901 will be supplied with The Common at 80c. We are requested to state that "In order to protect the public from fraud at the hands of pretended agents, the Commoner will note employ traveling canvassers."

Linen sale—the real thing—A. W. Weekes.

Nicholson is selling staple prints at 4c and 4 1/2 during the cotton sale.

Nice, new Portland cutters for sale cheap. John Giles & Co.

One of our Lowell boys was arrested last Friday by a railroad detective for jumping on trains and fined \$5 and costs.

Linens! Linens!! Linens!!! Be sure to see Nicholson's linens. 40 different patterns to select from. Napkins to match.

One-fourth off sale on dinner sets at Collar's Bazaar Saturday and Monday.

Jesse Tompsett yesterday received a bunch of roses from his father, James Tompsett, who is spending the winter with his son, George, at Stark, Florida.

Last Tuesday being E. O. Main's 83d birthday anniversary, Mrs. Mains sprung a little surprise on him by inviting a few friends in to spend the evening. The time was pleasantly spent in playing pedro and refreshments were served. They left a small gift as a token of friendship.

STORY—GODFREY WEDDING

Pleasantly Celebrated Last Evening in Lowell.

Last evening at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Etta Story, was solemnized the marriage of Miss Ruby Story and Mr. John Edgar Godfrey, two of Lowell's popular young people. Only the immediate relatives and a few immediate friends were present.

Promptly at six o'clock Miss Carrie Davidson began playing the wedding march and the bride entered the parlor where she was met by the groom. The bride was gowned in white Swiss and carried a bouquet of bride's roses.

During the ceremony which was solemnly and impressively performed by Rev. D. B. Davidson, Miss Davidson played softly and sweetly. After congratulations which followed the ceremony luncheon was served by Misses Alice Story, Della Godfrey and Oneta Hodges. The dining room was very prettily decorated with smilax, red roses and carnations.

The gifts were numerous and beautiful.

Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey went immediately to their new home on the west side and will be at home to their friends after January 23.

Guests from out of town were Dr. and Mrs. Merriman and Mrs. William of Alto, Mr. Cyrus and Miss Gladys VanDusen, Mr. Floyd and Oneta Hodges and Mrs. Geo. Christie all of Grand Rapids, also Fred Godfrey of Clarksville.

Buttoned Him Up.

S. P. Hicks was 57 years old Tuesday and on that evening about a dozen of his Grand Army and Relief Corps friends called without invitation to spend the evening with Mr. and Mrs. H. The former was presented with a very handsome solid gold G. A. R. button and the occasion was a very pleasant one. A host of friends who were not able to be present will join in the wish that he may have many more such anniversaries.

Special for Saturday and Monday

1 Off 4 ON ALL

DINNER SETS


Collar's Bazaar
Watch us closely for bargains

Old Sight and Old Age

Old age is a matter of years—Old Sight is a question of glasses.

If you find a difficulty in reading while for distance your sight is good, you require "old sight" glasses. Old sight usually shows itself at about forty.

A competent optician should be consulted. We guarantee satisfaction.



Cascade Preacher's Pleasant Surprise

Cascade, Mich., Jan. 16, 1901.
Editor of THE LEDGER

Please allow us a little space to tell your readers how the people of West Lowell treated us yesterday. It was in the morning and without any warning came a rap at the door followed by a rush of said West Lowell friends and with flour, meat, potatoes, corn, apples, beets, canned fruits, a bed comfortable, aprons, and etc., made that old table of ours shake under its burden. This was indeed a genuine surprise. We want to thank the people of West Lowell for a favor so unlooked for. May Heaven bless them.

William Chapple
Lena H. Chapple

It's all off.

Smyrna

Tom Skellenger started for Washington Monday.

Gilbert Russel and wife are visiting his brother at Luther.

The W. R. C. of Belding gave a social at Henry Skellenger's Wednesday.

The K. O. T. M. will have their installation of officers next Saturday evening, an oyster supper will be served to which the L. O. T. M. are invited.

Geo. Hoppough and John Parry were in Grand Rapids Monday.

Eugene Moore, wife and two sons of North Dakota visited his cousin, Mrs. Cynthia Ring and also Geo. and Ray Ring this week.

Mrs. Sarah Skellenger is in Belding caring for her daughter, Mrs. Edith Wright and also looking after her new granddaughter.

Clark Hoppough of Orleans was in town Tuesday.

Fred McWitt of Cook's Corners visited friends here Sunday.

Cora Douglass is on the sick list.

It's all off.

How a Dog Stopped a Dogfight.

On one of the most pleasant side streets of Cleveland live two dogs—a large, dignified hound and a saucy, small fox terrier. The two are the best of friends, and the big dog is always watching over the little one and doing his best to keep the pert fellow out of a fight. But the other day his watchfulness failed. Another terrier came and yelled defiance at the hound's comrade, and when the big dog arrived upon the scene it was to behold a frantic, tumbling, snapping heap, of which his favorite was part.

He seemed to consider the state of things, then gave a sigh of patient dignity and began to walk around the combatants, keeping a critical eye on the struggle and evidently acting the part of umpire. His favorite was getting the worst of it, but he did not interfere. Maybe he thought the punishment of defeat was better than any he could bestow. He watched silently till all at once his friend gave a yell of real pain and trouble. Then suddenly the big dog awoke. With a bound he was beside the other two. With one tap of his paw he sent the victor over into the dust, grabbed his favorite in his mouth as a cat grabs

her kitten and merge on to his own back yard.

During the next hour he licked, accented and fondled the repentant terrier. And now the two are more devoted than ever, though the little dog seems more meek and decidedly more obedient than of yore.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Faithful Dog.

Many hundred years ago there lived at Athens a dog whose faithfulness has caused him to be mentioned in history, and in the Grecian city his story is often repeated.

The dog guarded one of the heathen temples at Athens. One night a thief stole into this building and carried off some of the most valuable treasures. The dog vainly barked his loudest to frighten the thief and to rouse the keepers as the man went off with the jewels. But the faithful dog did not mean to lose sight of the rascal, and all through the night he followed him.

By daybreak the poor animal had become very weary, but still he kept the robber in sight. The latter tried to feed him, and as he made friends with the passerby he took it from them instead. Whenever the thief stopped to rest the dog remained near him, and soon a report went through the country of the animal's strange behavior.

The keepers of the temple, hearing the story, went in search of the dog, and they found him still at the heels of the thief at a town called Cronyon. The robber was arrested, taken back to Athens and there punished. The judges were so pleased with the dog's sagacity and faithfulness that they ordered him to be fed every day for the rest of his life at the public expense.

Sure Enough Tale.

In one of the private schools here in town there is a small boy who is always cheerfully miles behind everybody else. He is not a dull boy, but learning does not appeal to him as being a thing especially to be desired. Recently the teacher told the class in composition that on the next day she would expect each of them to be able to write a short anecdote. She explained with great care the meaning of the word anecdote, and next day when she called the class up to write all but the laggard went at once to work.

"Why don't you write an anecdote, Bob?" asked the teacher.

"I forget what an anecdote is," said Bob, undisturbed.

"I explained to you yesterday, Bob, and you ought to remember," said the teacher, a bit out of patience. "An anecdote is a tale. Now write."

Bob bent over his slate and, with much twisting of brow and writhing of lip ground out his task. When the slates were collected, his was at the very top of the heap. The teacher picked it up, and this is what she read: "Yesterday we had soup made from the anecdote of an ox."—Youth's Companion.

It's all off.

Our...

1-4 OFF SALE

on

Winter Goods

Will Close

SATURDAY, JAN. 26

Try and get in before then.
Yours for Bargains,

CHAS. ALTHEN

We are the Printers
If you don't believe it
Try Us and See

Ulster Overcoats 1-2

Odd Suits... Price

Boy's Reefer Coats at Cost
" Mule Skin Mittens 15c
Men's " " " 20c
Kersey Pants so cheap it will make you smile.

—at—

W. S. GODFREY'S

The Leading Clothier, Lowell, Mich.

Linen Sale at Collar's

NOW ON

Having purchased a Big Line of Linens at a bargain we will give the people of Lowell and vicinity an opportunity to buy some Beautiful Linens Cheap.

Table Linens—Napkins to match,
Crash in all the different grades,
Towels, Lunch Cloths, etc., etc.
Bargains in Bed Spreads in this sale

Cotton Sale

At the same time and place. This means you can buy Cottons Cheap.

All Best Prints 4 1/2c
Flannelets 8c

We will still continue our Dress Goods Sale one more week. A few more Jackets and Capes to close out at those fearful low prices.

Yours for low prices.

E. R. COLLAR.