

# THE LOWELL LEDGER.

VOL. IX, NO. 18.

LOWELL, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1901

FIVE CENTS.

## Avoiding the Risks.

If you wish to avoid the risks and annoyances of loaning money and are satisfied with a moderate rate of interest, place your funds in this bank.

**City Bank,** HILL, WATTS & CO.

HARD COAL WOOD SOFT COAL

ROUND OAK



**BURNS ANY FUEL**

The new patent device in the Round Oak stove for 1901 makes it without any question the most perfect and durable stove in the market. It will burn all kinds of fuel, burning all the gas and smoke, thereby saving one-third of the coal bill. Would be pleased to have the people call and examine this wonderful invention.

Get the genuine with the name on the leg. Yours,

**R. B. BOYLAN.**

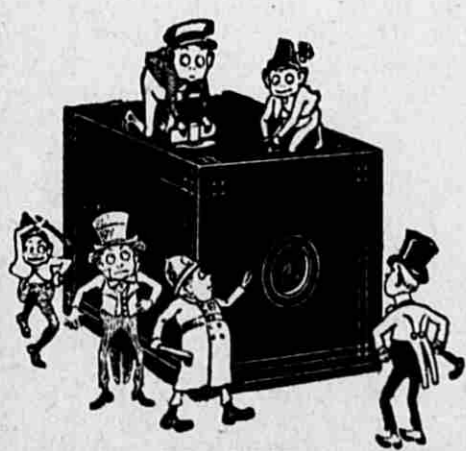
## Made With a Brownie

You can do it, so can anyone with our Kodaks and Supplies for we have the best line obtainable and at prices that will make your pocket-book smile.

Come in and look them over and see sample picture



We also have the best selected stock of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry that can be purchased.



The People's Store, The White Front.

**A. D. Oliver**

### FORMER RESIDENT DEAD.

#### John S. VanDeusen at Battle Creek.

On the morning of Sept. 8, at his home on Kalamazoo street, Battle Creek, Mich., another old neighbor and brother passed away. John S. VanDeusen was born in Vergennes, Kent Co., Mich., December 6, 1840, on the farm where he lived until 1890, when he removed with his family to Battle Creek in order to give his children better educational advantages.

He was in failing health over a year, being confined to his bed the last ten weeks. He bore his sufferings patiently. Words would fail to tell of his virtues, his purity of heart or of the loneliness of the home he has left.

He leaves a loving wife, two daughters, Mrs. Sadie Chalmers and Miss Mabel VanDeusen, one son, O. A. VanDeusen, beside two brothers and two sisters.

They mourn not as those without hope, for he sleeps in Jesus. He had given himself anew to his Heavenly Father a short time before his death and in speaking of the love of God his wife said: "You love the Lord?" His response was so emphatic, "Certainly I do." During the last week of his sickness his sister, Mrs. Hattie Barrett of Lowell, was with him, also Mrs. VanDeusen's sister, Mrs. Hattie Alger of Grand Rapids, Hon. A. W. Weekes and H. Nash of Lowell, A. D. VanDeusen of Grand Rapids were in attendance at the funeral which was held in the S. D. A. Tabernacle, Elder J. D. Van Horn officiating. The remains were laid to rest in the Oak Hill cemetery.—[Com.]

#### Lowell Horses at the Front.

C. M. Waters' horse Freylinghuysen won first money—\$500—in the running races at Chicago last week; and Mystic Shrine, a horse raised by J. M. Mathewson and sold by him to a Windsor man two years ago, won second in the \$9,000 steeplechase race at Windsor. Lowell blood tells.

#### Saw a Prairie Fire.

Writing from Barton, North Dakota, under date of Oct. 9, Miss Frances Moffit of Ionia says to a Lowell friend.

"Last night I saw a prairie fire for the first time. It was awful; but fortunately a rain came just in time to keep it from reaching us. The fire travels faster than a horse can run and my brother said if the rain had not come just when it did that it would have been upon us in ten minutes."

#### A Word of Warning.

People on the streets of our village and some of Lowell's business men are complaining that not only small boys but some who think they are nearly if not quite men, have peculiar ideas as to the rights of the public. Mouthed, noisy groups of boys, small and large, are too common. Such groups are not ornamental in front of a business place, neither they intensely agreeable to the average citizen on the street. Quite frequently their actions come within range of an act entitled an act relative to disorderly persons. The Village Marshal has been consulted. One of these days, some of the boys—if there is not a prompt reformation—may be called upon to plead to the charge of being disorderly. Be gentlemen, boys, and you will have no trouble. Otherwise? Com.

On Sunday afternoon, Oct. 13, at the home of Myron Quay of Lowell-township, his brother, Edwin Quay of Caledonia, was united in marriage to Mrs. Eva J. Loomis of Norwalk, Ohio, Rev. Chas. Nease, pastor of the Lowell M. E. church, officiating.

### School Notes.

Glen Behler of the 9th grade had the misfortune last week to break his arm by falling from a horizontal bar.

Supplementary reading was begun this week in all grades.

Rev. Barlow of the First Methodist church, Lansing, was a visitor, Tuesday.

The reading table was started for this year Monday. The list now comprises: Cosmopolitan, Munsey, McClures, Pearsons, Review of Reviews, Saturday Evening Post, Harpers' Weekly, Success, Outlook.

The bi-monthly written tests will be held next week in all grades above the third.

Some of the grades are much broken up by absence. Much of this is due to sickness.

The societies organized last week for this year. The elections resulted as follows: Adelpic—President, Lulu Sayles; vice-president, Ethel Wesbrook; secretary, Ethel Thomas; treasurer, Clara Lawrence. Olympic—President, Arthur Wesbrook; vice-president, Harry Fuller, secretary, Myra Lillie; treasurer, Art Hill.

The annual dues have been made twenty-five cents. The amount thus collected is used for the purchase of books, magazines and music.

In a steady rain, Saturday, the football team defeated the Grand Rapids Y. M. C. A. 5-0. The victory was the more pleasant because generally unexpected. The Y. M. C. A. team is composed of old players and their average weight is 13 pounds greater than that of our boys. The touch-down was made after 12 minutes of play by Kelly. The victory was due largely to the fierce line bucking of McNutt, McCarty and Kelly.

The thud of the pigskin will be heard frequently in Lowell this week. On Wednesday 3:15, p. m., the Boys Union plays the 9th grade team. On Thursday at 3:15, p. m., the High School team plays Greenville. On Saturday at 3, p. m. the High School plays the Grand Rapids High School second team. The hardest contest of the three will be the one on Thursday. The Greenville team has been greatly strengthened by adding players not in school and plays a fast game.

### Societies.

Phila Clark W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. John White Oct. 29 at 2:30 p. m. Program "Domestic Economy" in charge of Mrs. White. Every member be prepared with something to say on the subject.

Ladies of the Lowell W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. B. C. Needham Friday, Oct. 18, at 2:30 p. m. This is the last meeting before the county convention to be held in Grand Rapids Nov. 6, 7 and 8. Let us have a good representation and elect our delegates.

### HOME NEWS

Attend Collar's lamp sale beginning Saturday, Oct. 19.

A. W. Weekes is in Chicago this week buying more new goods.

Geo. Smith of Petoskey, a former Lowell boy, visited old acquaintances here the fore part of the week.

You can find a fine line of coffees of superior quality at popular prices from 10c to 35c per pound at the store of John Giles & Co.

S. F. Edmonds has received a much deserved increase of pension and will now draw \$17 per month from the original "Unole Sam."

A descriptive announcement of Epworth League lecture course will appear in our next issue, having been unavoidably crowded out of this.

The World Renowned and only Absolute Smoke Consuming Stove on Earth

### THE HOT BLAST AIRTIGHT FLORENCE.

No Smoke! No Soot! No Dirt! Everything Consumed. The Zenith of Stove Perfection.



The only jointless leg bottom and base with full radiation and large ash pan, that has ever been made in the history of the stove industry. The jointless leg bottom and base makes the stove airtight below the grate, which is the only true fire-keeping principle.

The HOT BLAST AIR TIGHT FLORENCE will heat twice the space that can be heated by any other stove on earth, at one half the cost.

The only perfect floor heater that has ever been made. All features are patented and remember no stove manufacturer can copy same for eighteen years from date of patent.

The HOT BLAST AIR TIGHT FLORENCE burns soft coal or slack and all the smoke and gases. No filling up of the stove pipe or fire with soot. No dirt inside or outside the house. It will burn hard coal and all the gases which escape from the hard coal base burner. It will burn coke just the same as hard or soft coal. It will burn wood and sawdust, wet or dry. It will produce less than half the ashes than any other stove on earth, with any kind of fuel.

**Scott & Cambell.**

## Guns

Finest and most complete stock of Guns ever seen in Lowell

Good Single Barrel Shot Guns \$5.00 to \$7.50

Good Double Hammer Guns \$10.00 to \$18.00

Hammerless Guns \$25.00 to \$60.00

Rifles \$2.50 up.

...and...

## Ammunition

in all the best standard makes—loaded and unloaded—including black, smokeless and semi-smokeless. Prices lower than any competition.

...cheap at...

## Stocking's

For long range shooting try our Semi-Smokeless loads, only 50c a box.

## My Fall and Winter Line

IS NOW READY FOR INSPECTION AT PRICES LOWER THAN EVER.

Great line of Children's Suits at unmatchable prices. See our \$5.00 Overcoat—Men's All Wool Oxford and our \$7.00 Men's All Wool Kersey in Black, Blue and Brown. Reduced Prices on Men's and Boy's Pants.

You won't pay too much for clothing at

**W. W. Pullen.**

FAIR DEALING CLOTHIER.

EAST SIDE, LOWELL.

Cry us For Job Printing of all kinds. We can and will please you. The price will be right too. **The Ledger**

## "ANY OLD THING" WON'T DO

for the average American woman. She is an up-to-date Twentieth Century product in the highest sense of the term. She no longer spends her money for articles whose only recommendation is "they are cheap." True, she dearly loves a bargain, but to loosen her purse strings in this year of our Lord 1901, the merchant must offer

Goods of Utility, Durability, Beauty and Style.

These are the qualities that appeal with overwhelming force to the American woman, and that is what our growing army of customers find at our store coupled with the

Lowest Living Prices.

Besides the best productions of the looms of our own country, we can place before you the Linens of Ireland, the silks of France, the laces of England, the hostery of Germany, the Furs of Russia and even the wools of South America. They are all for you. Come and get them. Best assortment. Lowest prices.

**J. B. NICHOLSON,**

Lowell, Mich.



# Towell Ledger.

F. M. JOHNSON, Publisher.

LOWELL, MICHIGAN.

The largest bronze statue in existence is that of Peter the Great, in St. Petersburg. It weighs one hundred tons.

Peace is easier kept than made, and easier broken than kept. The worst of men can break it, but only the best of men can make it.

A young woman named Middlehurst, who has been employed as a weaver in a Manchester mill, has received an intimation that a legacy of £10,000 has been left to her by an uncle who has died in Australia.

There are many overworked people in the world, for the rush for wealth which characterizes this age causes employers to demand much service for small pay. But despite the enormous load which already weighs upon their shoulders, there are plenty of our fellow beings who persist in bearing a huge burden of guilt in addition thereto.

A poisonous fruit, supposed to have the mark of Eve's teeth, grows in Ceylon, and the tree is called "Eve's apple tree." The fruit is of an orange tint on the outside and deep crimson within, and each apple has the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it. This fact, together with its poisonous quality, led the Mahometans to represent it as the forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden.

The Board of Directors of the National Association of Boot and Shoe Manufacturers of the United States recently held an executive session at Detroit, to discuss trade topics. It is understood that a movement is on foot to have a universal set of shoe styles and patterns each season to which all manufacturers will adhere, thus avoiding having to make several dozen styles to meet the output of all the other factories.

The Australian shipping trade continues to expand. In New South Wales in 1900 it was larger than any previous year. The total number of vessels entered and cleared was 7,082, against 6,400 in 1899. Of the former, 6,308 were under the British flag, and 724 under those of other countries. Notwithstanding the significance of these figures we are daily informed of the decadence of the British empire, and of the enormous growth of the marine of other countries.

"Thirty years ago," writes a contributor to the Outlook, "coal-tar was almost unknown to German industry; but between 1877 and 1890 no fewer than eight hundred patents were taken out on coal-tar derivatives, and in 1898 the industries connected with the utilization of coal-tar—a former waste material—yielded over seventeen million dollars in products." Equally important developments have taken place in this country, in the packing business and other industries. It is a fair inference that substances we call "useless" are so only because we have not yet learned how to use them.

The percentage of foreigners in various states is the subject of frequent comment, and often the cause of gloomy forebodings in regard to the future of the country. It is rather surprising to find that among the very large alien population of New York and New Jersey the ratio of illiteracy is comparatively small. In both states the number of foreign-born but naturalized citizens who cannot read and write is less than seven per cent. Even among those who have taken out only their "first papers"—and this they can do as soon as they land in the United States—the number of illiterates is only about twelve per cent. The ability to read and write is no guarantee that a man will be a good citizen, but it is at least a presumption that he will be a better one than the man who cannot.

"My lady," says a well-known chemist, "writes tender sentiments to her lord with ink made from an old copper coffee-pot, on paper made from old collars." The utilization of waste products, which is adding so enormously to the wealth of the world, furnishes many such fantastic adaptations. "Give me the sewage of New York," says Doctor Long, "and I will return you yearly the superior milk of a hundred thousand cows." The waste soap-suds from woolen factories, which used to pollute hundreds of rivers, is now precipitated, and the coagulum is pressed into bricks and converted into superior illuminating gas. These are but examples of the ingenuity of man. That the field is far from exhausted is instanced in the estimate that from six hundred to a thousand of fine coal are thrown away every day in the ashes of New York. It is not impossible that some reader of this paragraph will invent a process for reclaiming this wasted material.

Age never takes the music out of a sound life. The old violin responds to every tone which reaches it, and gives it back softened and purified by its own qualities. But let it be cracked and damaged, and it ceases to give forth its bewitching sounds.

Vegetarians rarely have a craving for alcoholic stimulants. In some of the sanitariums for topers their diet is chiefly confined to bread and fruit. After a few weeks of this treatment the toper begins to lose all desire for intoxicants.

## MICHIGAN'S SUGAR BEETS.

### Millions Invested in Beet Sugar Plants.

### VERY INTERESTING FIGURES.

The State Will Soon Lead in the Manufacture With Nineteen Plants—Sixty-five Thousand Acres of Beets and Eighty-four Thousand Tons of Coal Required.

The beet sugar industry has and is growing to vast proportions in Michigan as shown by the State Labor Commissioner's report given out Friday. There are three factories at Bay City, one at Caro, one at Rochester, one at Alma, one at Kalamazoo, one at Benton Harbor, one at Holland and one at Marne City. The plants which will be in operation for the first time this season are located at Lansing, Saginaw and Salsbury. The plants that will go into operation next season are at Harbor Beach, Sebewald, Mt. Clemens, Carrollton, Lapeer and Crosswell. Companies have also been organized to build four new plants, two of which will be in Wayne county, one at Caseville and the other at Mt. Clemens.

The thirteen plants which will operate in Michigan this season have a capitalized stock of \$4,400,000, an average of \$338,462 each. The cost of construction and equipping these factories will aggregate \$5,525,000, an average of \$425,000 each. The six plants which will be completed for next season's work will have an aggregate capital stock of \$2,150,000, an average of \$358,333 each. The cost of the construction is estimated at an average of \$3,300,000. It is a conservative estimate that over \$9,000,000 will have been invested in sugar plants in Michigan during the coming season.

The thirteen factories which will be operated during the coming season will have an average daily capacity of 6,450 tons of beets. The six factories which will start next year will have a capacity of 3,600 tons daily, which will bring the aggregate capacity of Michigan factories to 10,850 tons of beets daily. It is estimated that the thirteen factories to be operated this season will require ninety days each and together will require 598,500 tons of beets. The sugar obtained from Michigan beets last season averaged above 14 per cent, and on this basis the output of sugar for the season will be 167,580,000 pounds, or \$3,790 tons. Experienced manufacturers estimate that there will be over 200,000,000 pounds of sugar made in the state this year.

Attention is called to the fact that a large portion of the machinery used in the factories is now of American manufacture, and that the industry opens up other avenues for the employment of American capital and labor. A large amount of limestone is used in the purifying process, the average being about 2,100 tons for each factory during the season. A large portion of this stone is procured from the quarries near Alpena. About \$5,000 tons of bituminous coal from Michigan mines will also be used.

A total of 45,000 acres of beets will be used this year, and farmers will receive an average of \$5 per ton for the product of their farms. The operating force in the factories this season will aggregate about 2,400 persons, who are paid high wages. The amount of labor employed in weeding, thinning and pulling the beets is very large. The future outlook for the industry is considered very bright. Farmers and beet growers are realizing handsomely on their crops.

### She Lost Her Life.

The body of Mrs. L. A. Sealey, the aeronaut known as Lillian Sealey, was found in the Illinois river, four miles west of La Salle, Ill., and will be sent to Reed City, Mich., for burial. Seven days ago Mrs. Sealey ascended from one of the principal streets in LaSalle. The ascension was made at dusk in a brisk wind. The balloon rose rapidly and pursued a southward course toward the river. The parachute loop was made and the spectators considered that the aeronaut would land safely beyond the river. Several men, including her husband, were detailed to meet the aeronaut and return with her and the parachute. At midnight an alarm to the effect that the aeronaut was lost was spread, in response to which 500 men and boys turned out and a general hunt was instituted. For three days and nights the river valley and the hills south of it were searched in vain. Believing his wife had landed in safety, Sealey gave it as his opinion that she was abducted. This was generally believed until the finding of the body.

### This is Tough.

Two resident hunters reported meeting a wild man in the woods near the headwaters of the Deer river, about fourteen miles from Crystal Falls. They got within thirty feet of the place where he was eating the carcass of a dead skunk. He snarled at them, then bounded off into the woods. He carried a piece of a gun barrel and tent pole, and from utterances of "Public," "Public," it is thought he is from Republic. A posse left to search for him.

### Brutally Murdered.

United States District Attorney George G. Covell has received official information about the murder of Con and Florence Sullivan of Grand Rapids, at Cape Nome, Alaska. The crime was particularly brutal, and Fred Hardy, of Chicago, has been convicted and sentenced to hang on December 6 for the deed.

The next encampment of the state troops will be held at Manistee.

Charles A. Johnson, the defaulting cashier of the First National Bank at Niles, who robbed that concern of more than \$100,000, was sentenced to 10 years in the Detroit house of correction.

The safe in L. Wlesman's store, Farwell, was broken open by burglars Tuesday morning. They secured \$350 in cash.

There is a movement among the depositors of the defunct First National Bank, of Niles, to arrest the directors on a charge of criminal negligence.

### Four Lives Lost.

Except that the father will not survive his terrible burns, the details of Tuesday night's fire, at Santiago, in which three children of Joseph Peters were cremated, were correctly given. The Peters family consisted of Joseph Peters, Anna, his wife; Christopher, aged 12; Mabel, aged 7, and Gertrude, aged 4. They retired as usual Tuesday night, all occupying a room upstairs, and some time afterward Mrs. Peters was aroused by the crackling of flames. She rushed down stairs to find the kitchen nearly consumed, and shouted for help, then attempted to return to awaken her husband and children, but the stairway was a mass of fatness, and she could not reach her loved ones, although badly burned in the effort. In despair she called to her husband, who awakened and spent some time in an effort to find and save the little ones. In this he failed, and finally, crazed with pain from his burns, he sprang headlong through the rear window, his face an unrecognizable blister, his arms and chest literally cooked, and one leg burned so badly that it was drawn up to his body. In his agony he begged the bystanders to kill him.

### Killed by Football.

Robert I. McKee, the Alma College student who re-opened an old internal injury in the football game between Alma and the D. A. C. team last Saturday afternoon, died yesterday afternoon at Alma. An operation was performed on him in Brimard hospital and it was found that his intestines were injured. There seems to have been no secret made of the fact that he had an old hernia that bothered him at times, and why the Alma coaches allowed him to play is not explained. Mr. McKee was very popular in Alma and his death has saddened the whole college. He was 27 years old and made his home with sisters in Detroit. He was a senior and would have graduated next June. He was president of the college Y. M. C. A., a member of several of the literary societies and was preparing for missionary work.

### The Royal Oak Mystery.

That Lizzie Jeffries was not murdered and that she is still alive is an established fact which leaves the identity of the woman found buried in a shallow grave in the woods near Royal Oak as much a mystery as ever. Lizzie Jeffries and her week-old child will be able in a few days to leave the private hospital in Detroit where she was found Friday morning. A meeting between Lizzie and her father took place Friday morning. Mr. Jeffries had come to entertain so strongly the belief that Lizzie was murdered, that the joy of finding her alive completely overshadowed all feeling of regret. He hugged and kissed his daughter and cried and wept like a child. He thanked God that his child was alive and not a word of reproach from his lips.

### No Election in Detroit.

The Supreme Court has handed down a decision sustaining the constitutionality of the so-called "term extension" bill passed by the last legislature as an amendment to the election chapter of the Detroit city charter. The opinion holding the act valid and sustaining the action of the Wayne Circuit Court was written by Justice Long and signed by himself, Justices Montgomery and Hooker. A dissenting opinion was filed by Justices Grant and Moore. The purport of the act was to defer by a year the date of the next Detroit municipal election and to extend by a similar period the terms of office of the mayor and other city officers and one-half of the members of the common council.

### Johnson's Hope.

Charles A. Johnson, the Niles bank wrecker, it is said, hoped that he would get off with five or six years. However, it does not matter materially, for the plans of friends were the same in any case, and these plans contemplate a movement for a pardon after a reasonable time has elapsed. Physically, Johnson is not able to stand confinement, and he will soon be broken in health and in such shape that his friends will feel warranted in making an appeal for his release from confinement. It was the hope that this appeal, when made, will be granted, that spurred both the innocent and the guilty to meet the judgment of the court with dry eyes and firm expression.

### Marriages and Divorces.

A compilation of marriages and divorces returned by county clerks for the year 1900 has been made by the secretary of state. There were 23,295 marriages in the state last year, as compared with 21,877 in 1899, and 20,138 in 1898. The returns for the year 1900 thus show a considerable increase over the preceding years, although the large number of marriages of non-residents returned from St. Joseph comparisons. Berrien county reported 1,448 marriages for 1900, 1,077 for 1899, and only 444 for 1898. The number of divorces returned also shows a considerable increase for 1900, there being 2,418 as compared with 2,218 for 1899, and 1,808 for 1898.

### They Are Indicted.

Indictments have been returned by the federal grand jury, in Grand Rapids, against City Attorney Lant K. Salsbury and Stillson V. MacLeod, former paying teller of the Old National bank and manager of the local clearing house. MacLeod was indicted on several counts charging violation of the United States banking law, and in connection with the issuing of a worthless certificate of deposit, and Salsbury is charged with being an accomplice. Bail in the cases of Salsbury and MacLeod was fixed at \$7,500 each.

### Lacey, of Niles, Arrested.

W. K. Lacey, the aged president of the defunct First National bank of Niles, was arrested Saturday at his palatial home on a warrant issued under indictment issued by the federal grand jury. Mr. Lacey was taken to Grand Rapids and arraigned before Judge Wanty. He had no attorney present, and absolutely refused to talk of his case. The indictment contained two counts, one defrauding and abetting in the making of false entries in the First National bank stock, and the other for falsifying reports to the comptroller of the currency. Mr. Lacey is 61 years of age.

### MINOR MICHIGAN MATTERS.

A new bank will be opened in May-see.

Diphtheria is epidemic in Ionia county.

Alfred Highton, 73 years old, embezzled funds of the Agnes D'Arcumal Home for the Friendless, in Detroit, and now goes to Jackson for a long term.

The American Ladies' Corset Co., of Detroit, has leased a building in Jackson and by November 1 will have a branch factory, employing 100 hands, in operation there.

Mrs. Thompson, of Three Rivers, aged 40, widow of Robert Thompson, died Wednesday evening as a result of a runaway accident on Monday. She leaves two children.

Word from Washington has it that Stanley W. Turner is slated to succeed Charles Wright as collector of internal revenue in Detroit, the change to be made early next year.

Porter J. White, an actor, says he will commence the erection of a new opera house in Owosso within the next six weeks. White tells the story honestly, but Owosso people are skeptical.

Forest J. Smith, aged 39 years, living two miles south of Durand, is dead. While operating a corn shredder last Friday, Smith caught one of his hands in the machinery. Blood poisoning set in.

Several cases of diphtheria have developed in the public schools of Carrollton and at a meeting of the board of health, the schools were closed. The trouble originated in a Polish settlement.

W. D. Webster, of Brookfield, and Edna Holmes, of Duck Lake, were married at the Calhoun county fair Thursday in the presence of 7,000 witnesses. They were the recipients of many presents.

F. W. Gilchrist, of Alpena, who was called to London, Eng., by a fake cablegram announcing the serious illness of his sister, has returned. He says he knows who sent the telegram, but refuses to talk about it.

A horse and buggy belonging to Wm. Lewis, a farmer living near Camden village, was stolen Monday evening. The horse was standing upon the main street of the village. The thief has been traced to Indiana.

H. G. Stillwell and L. E. Bruce, eastern experts, were in Edwards and Horton townships testing the marl pits at the lakes. They were favorably impressed with the quality and quantity found in both townships.

Newman Clark, of Inland, is possessed with the mania that he owns all the cattle in the country. When he stole three head belonging to a neighbor he was arrested, and an examination showed that he is insane.

The trial of Charles R. Pratt, indicted with ex-Speaker Adams and ex-Land Commissioner French for participation in the alleged law book deal, will begin Oct. 29. This case will be followed by that against Adams.

The coroner's jury at Wayne in the case of Charles DeLong, Joseph W. Sweeney and George Leopold, killed in a wreck Sept. 20, returned a verdict that they came to their death through their own negligence while stealing a ride.

Catherine Tucker, of Grand Rapids, and Jay M. Lawrence, of Lenawee county, were paroled by Gov. Bliss. The sentence of C. J. Thompson, who was paroled early in September, was commuted so that he may go out of the state.

A dispatch from Washington says that the life saving service has received a telegram from Bailey's Harbor, Wis., that the whaleback steamer Thomas Wilson is a total loss, but that her crew of 20 men was saved by the life saving service.

Amos Robbins, of Muskegon, aged 63, was killed at a crossing by a Pere Marquette train, which struck his rig, cutting it in two. The horses, and the other two occupants of the wagon, were thrown down an embankment 60 feet, but escaped injury.

All of the principal business streets of Muskegon are in the hands of paving contractors, and merchants and factory owners are kicking hard because of damage done to their business. The streets have been torn up for weeks, and the contractors will not hustle.

Fireman Corwin, of the Michigan Central, was thrown from the cab of his engine near Lapeer by the breaking of a side rod. He struck on his head and was fatally injured. The accident occurred at a curve where young Beecher, of Detroit, lost his life in 1895.

Stephen Hartman, a well-to-do young farmer of Oshtemo, Alpena Co., was found guilty of criminal assault upon a young girl under 16 years of age. On account of the family connections of both parties, the case has created a sensation. The crime was committed July 21.

Internal Revenue Commissioner Yerkes has remitted the \$300 fine imposed on P. C. Servatius, a merchant of Menominee, who sold oleomargarine without paying the federal tax. Servatius contended that he was only an agent for the manufacturer, so was not liable for the tax. He will now pay \$450 tax.

Lyman Morris, aged 50, a prosperous Alpine township farmer in Ionia county, is supposed to have committed suicide in Mud Lake, near his farm.

Earl Corey and E. B. Anthony, aged about 18 years, are charged with attempting to wreck a train on the G. R. & I. between Muskegon and Grand Rapids, by piling some rocks on the track. Anthony is said to have confessed.

About 8,000 Detroiters have seen their first automobile races. They crowded the big grandstand at the Grosse Pointe track and stretched half way around the track fence. A Detroit man, with a Detroit-made machine, was the only chauffeur nervous enough to contest with Alexander Winton in the big "world's" championship race, and the Detroit man, Henry Ford, beat Winton nearly a mile. This race set the crowd wild.

Pete Tintal, engineer at the Haarcings electric light works, was fatally burned by a plug blowing out of the boiler, the escaping steam terribly scalding his face, hands and arms.

## THE WORLD'S NEWS FIELD.

### Crowe, the Cudahy Kidnapper, Located.

### STRANGE BUT TRUE PROPHECY.

### Wisconsin Puts Tramps in the Stocks—The Babcock Tax Reduction Proposition—More War Ships to Be Built—Various Matters of Interest.

### The Isthmian Canal.

A Washington dispatch says: "The United States and Great Britain have reached an agreement concerning the Isthmian canal question, and the new treaty will be presented to the senate for its ratification early in the coming session. The substance of this treaty provides:

"1. For abrogation of the old Clayton-Bulwer treaty in toto.

"2. For a neutral Isthmian canal, in case one be constructed by the United States, open in time of peace to the ships of all nations upon equal terms.

"3. This neutrality is guaranteed by the United States alone, and other maritime powers are not invited to participate in such guarantee. Great Britain is inferentially one of the guarantors, because she is a party to this treaty.

"4. In case of war the United States reserves the right to take such steps for its own protection as it may deem proper.

"While the principle of neutrality is asserted, the United States alone guarantees that neutrality, and no European powers are invited to give their assent to it.

"By the terms of the new treaty the United States may, in time of war, deal with the canal as it deems best for its own interests. It may close the canal to the ships of its enemies, and could, if it were thought advisable (which no one believes it ever will be), fortify the channel or its terminal.

"In the broad sense the Isthmian waterway is to be 'all-American.' The United States is to build it and to have complete control of it, unhampered by onerous restrictions.

"The government of Great Britain has met this question in a liberal spirit. It has assumed that it was its duty to place no unnecessary obstacles in the way of a work promising so much of importance and value to the commercial world.

### More War Ships.

It is probable that a liberal building policy with respect to naval ships will be urged upon congress at the approaching session. No authorization for new construction was given by congress at the last session, owing, in part, to a disagreement as to the prospective merits of single and superposed turrets. Congress contented itself with a direction to the navy department to submit full plans for two battleships and two armored cruisers to it at the approaching session, so that the body could itself choose between the designs.

### Tramps in Stocks.

The police of Waukesha, Wis., have revived the stocks of colonial days for the benefit of tramps who refuse to work out their sentences. The legs and arms of recalcitrants are thrust through the bars of the cell and shackled. The plan is now being tried on Arthur Skrene and Anthony Haber, who were arrested and fined for stealing a ride on a freight train. They refused to work and will remain in the stocks until they change their minds.

### To Reduce Taxes.

It is not expected that so radical a proposition as is proposed by Representative Babcock, to place every article manufactured and controlled by trusts or a trust, on the free list, will be adopted during the coming session of congress, if ever; yet it is evident that some legislation will be enacted next winter that will make quite a cut into the present taxes, and prove to be a considerable relief to the people who pay the taxes.

### A True Prophecy.

"Within nine days that fine mare will die, the colt that you value will die, your last hunting dog will disappear and then you will die." This was the prophecy made by a mysterious woman to Dr. Alfred C. Lemberger, of Louisville, Ky., and it came true to the letter, for Dr. Lemberger fell over dead from heart failure on the evening of the ninth day. The other conditions of the prophecy had already been fulfilled.

### The Cudahy Kidnapper.

Chief of Police Donahue, of Omaha, has received from Patrick Crowe, through a friend of the latter, an offer to surrender himself and stand trial in the courts if the reward of \$50,000 hanging over his head for the alleged kidnaping of Edward A. Cudahy, Jr., is withdrawn. The chief says Crowe is less than 500 miles from Omaha and is not with his relatives.

### Rear Admiral Sampson.

Rear-Admiral Sampson, who is now sojourning in Washington, is profiting by the daily care and attention of one of the best local physicians. It is stated that he suffers at present from aphasia (loss of power of speech, but not a mental affection), an ailment which has troubled him in greater or less degree since he was chief of the naval bureau of ordinance. His condition is not serious to a degree wherein his life would be considered as in danger. Admiral Sampson will retire next February, at 62 years of age.

### A Revolt in Persia.

Refugees from Persia report that that country is on the eve of revolution. None of the shah's promised reforms have been put in operation, but instead taxes are increasing and wholesale imprisonments and confiscations by the government are common. The shah, according to reports, is ill and completely in the hands of intriguing favorites, who have sent all the available funds to foreign banks and are preparing for flight when the storm bursts.

### Postal cards bearing

### Sampson Did Not Approve.

Col. Robert M. Thompson, of New York, president of the United States Naval academy alumni, makes this statement in connection with the Schley inquiry: "I am in a position to state the true facts, and you may absolutely rely upon them as the truth. The proofs were sent by Mr. Maclay to Admiral Sampson with the request that they should be read and corrected. The admiral at the same time was not in good health and did not wish to undertake the labor, but his secretary pointed out that the Maclay history was a standard one and used at the academy as a text-book. This volume brought the history down through the period of the Spanish war, and it was desirable that there should be no inaccuracies in it. The admiral therefore consented to read them, and he did correct a certain part of them, but as soon as he arrived at that part which contains the statement that Schley was a coward and a catfish he was very much angered and said the statement was one the author had no right to make; that it was unjust and unfair to speak of any naval officer in such terms, and declined to have anything further to do with the proofs. His secretary, impressed with the great desirability of having the statements of facts accurate and not believing that he was in any way responsible for the statements of opinions, did, on his own authority compare the book with the records and make on the margins a number of questions. As these were in the same handwriting as those made when Sampson was giving his personal attention to the corrections Mr. Maclay was perfectly justified in his statement."

### Foreign Notes.

All Cape Colony is now under British martial law.

French miners may declare general strike October 15.

Chinese want all foreign business firms to get out of Peking.

Venezuela is said to be planning another invasion of Colombia.

Half a dozen revolts against Castro are reported from Venezuela.

It is regarded as certain that there will be an outbreak of civil war in Afghanistan.

The Berliner Tageblatt says there are renewed rumors of the early resignation of United States Ambassador White.

Jesuits are to be deprived of their estates by the French government for failure to comply with the "associations" law.

Habib Ullah Khan has been officially proclaimed ameer of Afghanistan, and the accession has been accepted by his brothers and the Sirdars.

Mr. Choate, the United States ambassador, intends sailing for the United States with his family on the American line steamer Philadelphia.

Fifteen Mexican artillery officers have sailed for Antwerp, en route to France, where they will study the manufacture and manipulation of the French ordnance.

The English torpedo boat destroyer Crane almost met the fate of its sister boat Cobra, while on her way from Portsmouth to Portland by the deck beams buckling amidships.

Alarming rumors about King Edward's health are discredited in London by favorable news from court which the king has permitted to leak out, following the example of his mother in putting the public next to the facts.

The German minister of education has issued new regulations in regard to the admission of foreign students at the Berlin Technical College. The Germans complain that the foreigners crowd them out of laboratories and lecture rooms.

### News in Brief.

Senator Chauncey M. Depew is to marry Miss May Palmer in the near future.

President Roosevelt will prosecute charges against W. Street, chief justice of Arizona.

President Roosevelt declares that no removals will be made except for cause to better the service.

Samoa missionaries are said to have made most of the drunkenness charges against Gov. Tilley, of Samoa.

The fighting strength of the United States navy is estimated by experts at fully three times what it was at the outbreak of the Spanish war.

President Lorenzo Snow, of the Mormon church, died Thursday. He leaves nine widows. Snow was a native of Ohio, where he was born in 1814.

Rear Admiral Schley Wednesday will have reached the age limit of 62 years, and thereafter will be on the retired list. His salary will be reduced from \$7,500 to \$5,625 a year.

"Bert" Martin, the Nebraska convict discovered to be a woman, is a former Wisconsin convict, having served time for the robbery of a store at Waupun. She served her time without her sex being discovered.

Ernest Seton-Thompson, the noted writer on wild animals, and John Goff, Colorado's famous guide, who accompanied President Roosevelt on his mountain lion hunt, have been arrested for violating the game laws of Colorado.

Wm. H. Gibson, 19 years old, said to be the heir upon the death of his mother to several hundred thousand dollars, is confined in a Chicago police station on a charge of burglary. Gibson admits his guilt, and as a result of his confession much of the jewelry stolen has been recovered at a pawn shop.

The dead bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Robert McKinnle, of Princeton, Ia., were found in their house. The wife was seated at the dinner table, death having been caused by a bullet in the stomach. The husband was found dead in bed, but without a visible wound, and a rifle lay on the floor. It is supposed McKinnle killed his wife with the rifle and then took poison.

Philadelphia breaks into the Chicago class with a hold-up story. Eight masked men robbed the office in the street car barn of the Holmsburg, Tacony & Frankford Railway of \$1,200.



# BURIAL of MOSES

(Old Favorite Series.)

By N-bo's lonely mountain,  
On this side Jordan's wave,  
In a vale in the land of Moab  
There lies a lonely grave;  
But no man built that sepulcher,  
And no man saw it ever;  
For the angels of God  
Uplifted the sod  
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral  
That ever passed on earth;  
Yet no man heard the trumping,  
Or saw the train go forth;  
Noiselessly as the daylight  
Comes when the night is done,  
And the crimson streak  
On ocean's cheek  
Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the springtime  
Her crown of verdure weaves,  
Unfold their thousand leaves;  
And all the trees on all the hills  
So, without sound of music,  
Or voice of them that wept,  
Silently down  
From the mountain's crown  
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle  
On gray Bethpeor's height,  
Out of his rocky eyry  
Looked on the wondrous sight;  
Perchance the lion stalking  
Still shuns that hallowed spot;  
For beast and bird  
Have seen and heard  
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,  
His comrades of the war,  
With arms reversed and muffled drums,  
Follow the funeral car;  
They show the banners taken,  
They tell his battles won,  
And after him lead  
His masterless steed,  
While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land  
Men lay the sage to rest,  
And give the bard an honored place,  
With costly marbles drest,  
In the great minister transept  
Where lights like glories fall,  
And the sweet choir sings,  
And the organ rings  
Along the embazoned hall.

This was the bravest warrior  
That ever buckled sword;  
This the most kitted poet  
That ever breathed a word;  
And never earth's philosopher  
Traced with his golden pen  
On the deathless page  
Truths half so sage  
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?  
The hillside for his pall!  
To lie in state while angels wait,  
With stars for tapers tall!  
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing  
plumes  
Over his bier to wave,  
And God's own hand,  
In that lonely land,  
To lay him in his grave!

In that deep grave, without a name,  
Whence his unconfined clay  
Shall break again, O wondrous thought!  
Before the judgment day,  
And stand, with glory wrapped around,  
On the hills he never trod,  
And speak of the strife  
That won our life,  
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!  
O dark Bethpeor's hill!  
Speak to these curious hearts of ours  
And teach them to be still;  
God hath his mysteries of grace,  
Ways that we cannot tell,  
He hides them deep,  
Like the secret sleep  
Of him he loved so well.

it into her body, seized her in his arms, rushed to the bottom of the steps and laid her on the floor, kneeling beside her. It all seemed the work of an instant, and ere I could realize anything was over.

"Mechanically I closed the slide of my apparatus, uttered a loud cry and ran forward. The thrust had been deadly sure, and the girl had ceased to breathe. The horror of it came over me so strongly that I had a faint feeling and could hardly articulate, but my cry had attracted attention, and in a few moments the hall was full of people, talking and gesticulating violently, telling some story. He was much excited, but seemed calm beside the others as his soft, voluble Italian flowed on.

"My knowledge of the language was very slight, but the scowling faces soon turned upon me made me realize that the wretch was laying the guilt of the murder at my door. I was young and inexperienced, a stranger in the place, and I even remembered that the official from whom I had gotten my permit was temporarily absent—my sensations were far from pleasant, as the officers of the law arrived on the scene and took us both into custody. To add to my misfortune I was bound to admit that the stiletto used exactly resembled the one I had so recently purchased, as a curiosity, which was now missing from the pocket of the overcoat where I had put it.

"The other man when questioned made a plausible story, saying that we both were admirers of the unfortunate girl, but pledging faith to me, for the purpose of extorting money from the rich foreigner, her affections were really his. A connection of the custodian of the palace, she succeeded in obtaining entrance and made an appointment to meet him, he having formerly been an employe. That I had obtained knowledge of the proposed interview, purchased a stiletto (the shopman was produced, who swore to having sold the dagger) and followed. Further, that on some false pretext I also had obtained admission, and, coming behind them as they were passing through the hall, had fatally injured my victim. Corroborated in one or two points by other witnesses, the story seemed credible, the case looked ill for me, and repeated assurances that I had never seen either of the parties before were not understood or credited. The purchase of the stiletto I could not deny, and that seemed the clearest circumstantial evidence.

"A night spent in confinement did not seem to raise my spirits, everything looked very black to me, and I was almost in despair, when, suddenly, a ray of light broke in on my darkness, and for the first time since the trouble began I bethought me of my camera. If only it had not been stolen and I could again secure it possibly it might bear silent testimony in my favor.

"By entreaties and bribes, I succeeded in getting hold of someone who spoke English and in interesting him sufficiently to make diligent search for my apparatus, which was secured and brought to me. With trembling fingers I went through the necessary processes of developing my picture, and there, ghostly, but still visible, was the evidence I sought.

"In the center of the stairway through which it could be plainly seen was a mere film of a group which the sensitive plate had caught—the girl as she ran, the man behind her with the uplifted stiletto in his hand—unmistakable, damning! It had faded now and you are near-sighted, but it was clear enough then to be recognized and to save me.

"The girl had made an appointment with her lover, whose jealousy had been wildly, and it seemed not unaccountably, excited by her acceptance of the attentions of another man. Coming to meet her, the first lover had chanced to pass where my coat was lying, and, finding the stiletto, had possessed himself of it. His intention had not been to murder her, as was evident from his not bringing his own weapon, but talk with her had excited



He raised something in his hand.

his passions, and with a dangerous instrument in hand when angry he had used it with only too fatal effect.

"The consul to whom I appealed and my new English-speaking friend united their efforts in my behalf, and I was soon released, very thankful to be free once more. I have never gone back to Genoa; the memory is too vivid and painful.

"And the other man!" I asked. "They don't hang or electrocute in Italy, you know, and I suppose he is passing his life in solitary confinement. Ugh!" he said, putting his hand over his eyes; "how fresh it all seems!" and he thrust the photograph into an empty drawer.

## WOMEN AS INVESTORS.

Their Nervousness About Securities Causes the Brokers Much Trouble.

Two women had \$1,000 to invest, and after talking to a broker for two solid hours bought a government bond because it was safe. Next day they sold it because it paid very little interest and bought gas stock. That evening some friend alarmed them by saying that if the gas works blew up stock wouldn't be worth anything, so they returned to the broker and swapped for railway stock, which they returned to him next day because the railways might go into the trust and stock wouldn't pay any dividends. Yes, they bought Suspension Bridge bonds at 2:10 p. m. and were on hand at 6:30 a. m. next day to sell them. Hadn't slept all night. Had just heard about the Brooklyn bridge. "Suppose a tornado should blow our bridge over, what security would be left?" For bridge bonds they secured an upper county bond, and actually kept from worrying for a whole week. Then they swooped down on the poor broker and had him sell them. He gave up his clients. Then came a fine looking gentleman named Adams, from Dallas, Texas, who wanted to borrow \$1,000 at 10 per cent on his big ranch, and would pay interest in advance. The women trusted him, and now learn that there are worse investments than gas, bridge, street and governments. Adams boards at the expense of the state of Texas, and won't answer any communications from the fifty-odd first mortgage holders on the same piece of land.

Mrs. Madison's Case. Polk City, Ia., Oct. 14th.—For over ten years Mrs. E. Elizabeth P. Madison, a respected lady of this place has suffered most severely with Kidney trouble complicated with derangements of the bowels and liver. Rheumatism another painful result of deranged Kidneys added its tortures to her burden of pain.

Treatments and medicines without number were tried; physicians also exhausted their skill, but all to no purpose. At this stage of the case a treatment of Dodd's Kidney Pills was resorted to and the results were simply miraculous, from the very first box an improvement was noticed and the continued treatment resulted in a complete cure.

This remarkable cure created a decided sensation in the neighborhood because of the complications of the case as well as its severity and apparent hopelessness. Upon investigation Dodd's Kidney Pills are found to be the only remedy that has ever cured Bright's Disease, Diabetes or Dropsy and these hitherto incurable diseases are readily conquered by this remarkable remedy.

His Money's Worth. "Mary Ann," said the economical husband at the summer resort hotel, "let the mashed turnips alone and take some more of those cream potatoes. Think what they're charging us here for board!"—Chicago Tribune.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury. As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Claiming to love and shedding no blood for the good of men is hypocrisy.

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HOUSEKEEPERS, ATTENTION! Try a package of Russ Bleaching Blue and you will use no other. 10c at grocers.

Do as much good as you can, and God will see to it that you can soon do more.

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# Kodol

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## The Stairway.

BY LEIGH NORTH.

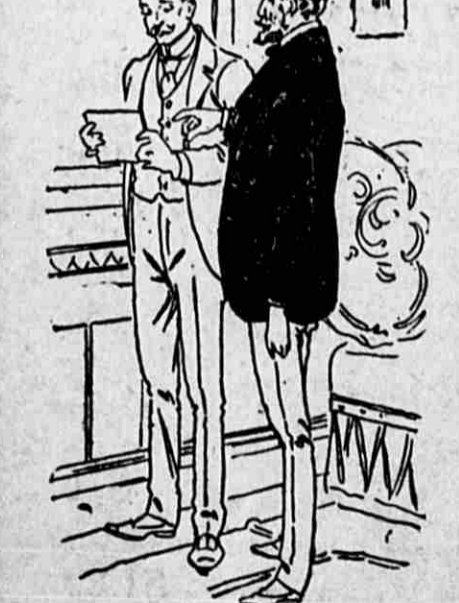
(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
"That picture holds a tragedy," said my friend Benson, thoughtfully, and his eyes had the retrospective look which tells that other scenes than the present are before them. "Literally I mean," he added.

I looked incredulously at the faded photograph in my hand. It was a grand old stairway in some Venetian or Genoese palace whose fine curving lines and the sweep of its magnificent balustrade were a delight to the eye. Two crouching lions in marble kept watch at the foot.

I tried to brush away a little mist or dust in the center.

"You can't do it," he said, "I owe my life, or rather, my liberty to that."

"What's the story?" I asked.  
Evidently it was rather a painful memory, for he answered with some reluctance.



"That picture holds a tragedy."  
"There was a murder committed there while I was taking the photograph."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed.  
"It is difficult to credit, I grant you, but true nevertheless."

He drew up his tall figure and a sort of pallor came over his face. "I can never forget it!"  
"Let it go, old fellow!" I cried, seeing the effect upon him, but I confess my curiosity was strong and excited.  
"No," he said with a slight effort, "I have brought it on myself and it is only fair you shall hear about it. I ought to put the picture away if I don't want to be questioned."

So we turned to the fire, rellt our cigars, and, picture in hand, he began.

"It was many years ago, on my first trip to Italy, and I had, with some difficulty, obtained permission to look at the inside of one of the old Genoese palaces, seldom visited, and to take a photograph of the stairway, which you see is an exceedingly beautiful one. I had a special fancy for architectural 'bits' then.

"On my way to the palace, passing through the tortuous thoroughfares with their quaint little box-shops, I stopped here and there, as all newcomers will, to gaze in the windows at the varied show.

"It chanced that the street was that called 'the Goldsmiths,' and each tradesman vied with the other in his display of trinkets in gold and silver filigree.

"In the corner of one lay an object which caught my eye. It was a stiletto, evidently not a new one, in a case of the finest workmanship. With no very definite intention of buying, I entered, pointed it out, and, in my broken vocabulary, demanded the price. The figures were so enormous that I shook my head and turned to leave. The Italian, seeing that I was in earnest, immediately lowered his terms, and, finally, seizing me by the coat persuaded me into making the purchase, which I thrust into my pocket and hurried on to my destination.

"The quick walk seemed to heat my blood to the boiling point, and after I had showed my permit to the custodian and selected the point from which I could get the best view, I threw my light outer coat on an old carved seat and hastened out again. Get something I must to assuage the tormenting thirst which had suddenly seized upon me. Of the bad effects of water in these regions, I felt some fear, but anything was better than my present discomfort.

"Returning, after a brief absence, I readjusted my camera and the corner in which I had to stand being rather dark, a long exposure of the plate was necessary to secure the photograph. I believed the house to be empty, and I had an eerie, creepy feeling as I stood at my work as if ghosts were around, and some presentment of evil haunted me.

"Suddenly, there was a half-smothered shriek and a young and pretty girl ran lightly down the stair, closely followed by a man, a short, thick-set fellow, with dark clustering locks. She must have paused involuntarily. He raised something in his hand—I saw the gleam of a stiletto—he plunged



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Card in directory column \$1.00 per line per year. One inch \$5.00 per year.  
Cards of thanks 50c.

**AFTER ALL.**

We take our share of fretting,  
Of grieving, and forgetting;  
The paths are often rough and steep, and  
heedless feet may fall;  
But yet the days are cheery,  
And night bring rest when weary  
And somehow this old planet is a good  
world, after all.

Though sharp may be our trouble,  
The joys are more than double.  
The brave surpass the cowards, and the  
leal are like a wall  
To guard their dearest ever,  
To fall the feeblest never;  
And somehow this old earth remains a  
bright world, after all.

There's always love that caring,  
And shielding and forbearing,  
Dear woman's love to hold us close and  
keep our hearts in thrall;  
There's home to share together  
In calm or stormy weather,  
And while the hearth-flame burns, it is a  
good world, after all.

The lip of children's voices,  
The chance of happy choices,  
The bugle-sounds of hope and faith  
through fogs and mists that call,  
The heaven that stretches o'er us,  
The better days before us,  
They all combine to make this earth a good  
world, after all.

—Margaret Sangster.

**A PUBLIC NUISANCE OF LONG STANDING.**

That is a queer but very common phrase of timidity that impels people to lower their voices to a pitch inaudible to all except their nearest listeners, when taking part in public exercises. We have time and again been present on public occasions when elaborately prepared programs that should have afforded pleasure and profit have been made a means of torture instead by this silly but all too common practice. The evil starts in school life when children are permitted to whisper carefully memorized recitations that are supposed to be heard by a large roomful of fellow pupils, and this notwithstanding the fact that these same seemingly feeble-voiced children will yell like mad men at a ball game. Such pupils should be compelled to speak in a tone distinctly audible to those in the furthest part of the house, and teachers who neglect this duty do not earn the salaries paid them by a long suffering, tax-paying public.

The miserable effects of this neglect in the public schools is far reaching. We have seen people mumbering over page after page of carefully prepared manuscript, for which midnight oil had been burned and the only knowledge of the progress of the reader, as far as the bulk of his—her—audience was concerned, was in the occasional shifting of the written pages. These were supposed to have been prepared for the benefit of the people who had left their pleasant homes for the purpose of social enjoyment and intellectual improvement; but a foolish and miserably inexcusable habit makes the would-be hearer weary and the reader ridiculous. People whose voices are subject to these freaks should not subject their delicate vocal organs to such strains as are involved in speaking or reading in public in an ordinary conversational tone; and a long suffering public will do itself a favor by conferring its honors upon those whose powers of speech are not confined to a foot ball match or neighborhood scandal.

WE NOTICE press reports to the effect that the sugar trust is firing 83,000,000 pounds of barytes down the throats of the American people annually in adulteration of its sugar. No wonder the Yankees are noted for their grit. When you consider how the dear people have voluntarily taxed themselves to build up trusts, one of which is now using the public stomach as a dumping ground for old rocks, you may feel like remarking: "What fools these mortals be!"

NATURALLY, the man who makes a dismal failure of one business likes to try something else; but it is usually a case of "jumping out of the frying pan into the fire." Grant's "I am going to fight it out on this line if it takes all Summer," has the right ring, though not always practicable to follow. "Look before you leap," is a good old maxim, the observance of which would save much trouble and suffering.

OLD PAPERS AT THIS OFFICE

"SAVANAROLA" was the subject of a very interesting and instructive discourse by Rev. S. T. Morris at the Congregational church Sunday evening. More of our people should avail themselves of these opportunities.

THE Grand Rapids Press of Saturday had a lengthy interview with Rev. Fr. Byrne of Parnell. This gentleman recently returned from a visit to Ireland, his first since leaving there twenty-nine years ago. He reports a great improvement in the condition of the Irish people and is brimful of interesting information about the Emerald Isle. We urge upon our Catholic friends the propriety of inviting Fr. Byrne to deliver a lecture here on the subject of "Ireland." He is one of the most thoroughly educated men in the State and in such a discourse could not fail to interest and instruct a large number of our people. It is a good scheme. Push it along.

IT WILL be noticed that the Epworth League lecture course this year consists almost entirely of entertainments. The reason given for it is the empty seats that confronted the lecturers in last year's course, the lectures being invariably money losers. The inevitable conclusion is that Lowell people as a whole like amusement but do not enthuse much over intellectual improvement. We fear there is too much ground for the charge. It would be more creditable to the community if its sentiment demanded at least an even division between entertainments and lectures. We understand that the committee having the above mentioned course in charge, contemplate adding one or two lecture numbers, if their patronage warrants the extra expense. One of these may be an address on "Alaska" by Myron H.

Walker, as suggested in our last issue. Those of our people who are favorable to intellectual improvement should exert an active influence in this matter.

THE President's resolution to make moral and mental fitness the paramount test in appointments to office is as commendable as it is unusual.

THE Ionia Standard is "barking up the wrong tree" when it accuses the new President of lack of courage. Whatever else Teddy is he is not a coward. If the people do not know it now they will before his term ends.

**A Fiendish Attack.**

An attack was lately made on C. Collier of Cherokee, Iowa that nearly proved fatal. It came through his kidneys. His back got so lame he could not stoop without great pain, nor sit in a chair except propped by cushions. No remedy helped him until he tried Electric Bitters which effected such a wonderful change that he writes that he feels like a new man. This marvelous medicine cures backache and kidney trouble, purifies the blood and builds up your health. Only 50c at D. G. Look's drug store.



**Vergennes Station-Alton**

Edward Houlihan and sister Francis spent Sunday at Lowell the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Soules. Mr. Branagan, a nephew of Mrs. P. Corrigan, was killed last week in the lumber woods while at work. His remains were brought here and funeral services were held Monday.

Interment in the Catholic cemetery at Parnell.

Milton Cross, formerly of this place, had one of his legs smashed while loading logs in the lumber woods and has had it amputated 3 inches above the knee. His daughter has been having the typhoid fever, inflammatory rheumatism and now has creeping paralysis. They are seriously afflicted.

David Clawson's friends will regret to learn that he fell from his barn while shingling and sustained serious injuries last week.

Mrs. Rose Ford of Lowell visited her sister, Mrs. Keech, Monday.

Miss Libbie Corrigan visited in Grand Rapids several days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Mike McAndrews and niece, Miss Mame Sheridan attended the Himoid in Grand Rapids several days last week.

J. Mosher and wife visited at W. DeGraw's in Easton last week Wednesday and at Ionia Thursday, returning home Friday night.

Fred Ford and wife visited at Fred Soules' in Lowell Sunday, returning home Monday morning.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Orla Weekes Oct. 14, a son.

Mrs. and Miss Lavender spent Sunday at Mr. Clawson's in Orleans.

Libbie Ford of Freeport is visiting old friends here.

Warren Ford was thrown from his wagon, last week Tuesday, striking on his head and shoulders. He is still able to be around.

Chas. Francisco and wife of Lowell dined with Fred Ford and wife last week Friday.

Miss Grace Clawson of Orleans was in town last week Friday.

Our ladies' 25cent vests and pants are 4 heavier than others sell. A. W. Weekes.

**Fallsburg.**

Leman Underhill and wife, formerly of Bellair, after an extended trip through Minnesota, are visiting their niece, Mrs. Henry Booth, and family.

Rev. James Craig, wife and daughter Agnes of Kalamazoo, after a week's sojourn in this vicinity, returned to their home via Grand Rapids Tuesday.

Miss Sinclair spent Sunday with her parents at Bowne Center.

Fred Hooper and family have moved from near Smyrna to the Lumis farm.

**Tot Causes Night Alarm.**

"One night my brother's baby was taken with croup writes," writes Mrs. J. C. Snider of Crittenden, Ky., "it seemed it would strangle before we could get a doctor, so we gave it Dr. King's New Discovery, which gave it quick relief and permanently cured it. We always keep it in the house to protect our children from croup and whooping cough. It cured me of a chronic bronchial trouble that no other remedy would relieve." Infallible for Coughs, Colds, Throat and Lung troubles. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at D. G. Look's drug store.

Want to exchange wood cook stove for coal heater. Have a good cook stove and want a good coal heater in exchange. Inquire at this office.

Three and four-gallon jars, just the thing for pickles, sauer kraut, etc., for sale cheap J. Giles & Co.

**Tax Receipts.**

Printed at this office. Set your order in early.

The Ledger.

**Take Notice**

All you who have new and leaky roofs. I have the best FIRE and WATER-PROOF PAINT in the market. Guarantee it for 20 years on new roofs, old in proportion. See me for prices. A Slate Roof Paint made and put on by A. E. CULVER, LOWELL, MICH

**Notice to Debtors of N. B. Blain**  
All those indebted to N. B. Blain are requested to call at the store and settle accounts on or before October 25, 1901, after which day cost of collection will be added.  
D. R. Whitney, Assignee.

Do you suffer from piles? If so do not turn to surgery for relief. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve will act more quickly, surely and safely, saving you the expense and danger of an operation. Taft & Co.

**Take Notice.**

All those indebted to the undersigned are hereby notified that all accounts owing him must be settled on or before October 20, after which date all unsettled accounts will be placed with the United States collection agency. Call and settle and save costs and trouble.  
Dr. I. B. Malcom.

Makes assimilation perfect, healthy blood, firm muscles, strong nerves. Quickens the brain, makes and keeps you well. Great medicine, Rocky Mountain Tea. 3c  
D. G. Look, druggist.

**Our Special Dry Goods Sale**

is not just for a day, nor a week, but will last the rest of the year and may be longer. A. W. Weekes.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers never disappoint. They are safe, prompt, gentle, effective in removing all impurities from the liver and bowels. Small and easy to take. Never gripe or distress.  
I. H. Taft & Co.

See THE LEDGER'S beautiful new wedding script before getting your invitations and announcements.

**Clothing is Going!!**



One week ago "MARKS" said: "Clothing must go." It went. It's going now and will keep on going until I say ENOUGH. Now! What makes Clothing go when "MARKS" says it MUST GO? "Why, low prices, of course." The quality is always there. We don't have to talk about quality, it is mostly the K. N. & F. kind—that means quality. "MARKS" always sells the same quality for much less than anybody else in the state, but when he starts a

**Special Clothing Sale**

like this one, it means a lot more. It means that the lower priced goods can be bought next to nothing. High priced goods can be bought so cheap that it's foolish not to buy them. That is the secret—just, fine, stylish goods sold at

**Very Low Prices**

There are mighty few people in Kent County that don't know Marks Ruben and his big store, that always contains the biggest stock of Clothing and Furnishings in town; but if there is a man or boy that doesn't it will be a happy day for that person when he comes in and finds out that this is

**The Best Place to Buy**

Here are a few prices below:

**SUITS**

- 4 Button Cutaway Sack Oxford Gray Cheviot with visible stripes of red and green, Italian lined, French faced, Satin piped, K. N. & F. make. Former price \$8 50. This sale only **\$5.38**
- 4 Button Cutaway Sack 16 oz. All Wool, Black Clay Worsted, Farmer satin lining, fancy sleeve lining, French yoke and satin piped, K. N. & F. make. Former price \$12 00. This sale only **8.48**
- 4 Button Cutaway Sack All Wool Plaid Cassimere, Serge lined, fancy sleeve lining, yoked and piped, with padded shoulders, K. N. & F. make. Former price \$12 50. This sale only **9.62**
- 4 Button Sack 18 oz. All Wool Black Striped Worsted Farmer satin lining, fancy sleeve lining, satin piped, K. N. & F. make. Former price \$12 75. This sale only **9.87**

**OVERCOATS**

- Dress Overcoats of Blue-black Beaver, well made, with Farmer satin lining, Velvet collar, fancy sleeve lining, K. N. & F. make. Former price \$7 50. This sale only **\$4.90**
- Dress Overcoat Genuine All Wool Imported Brown Kersey, fancy satin lining, satin sleeve lining, silk velvet collar K. N. & F. make. Former price \$12 50. This sale only **8.87**
- Dress Overcoat Genuine All Wool, Oxford Gray, fancy lining and silk velvet collar, K. N. & F. make. Former price \$12 50. This sale only **8.87**
- Storm Ulster All Wool Black Beaver, with storm collar, Farmer satin lining, K. N. & F. make. Former price \$14 00. This sale only **10.00**

**PANTS**

- Genuine All Wool, Dickie's Kersey Pants of Brown Plaid. Former price \$2 25. This sale only **\$1.48**
- All Wool Hair-Stripe Cassimere Pants. Former price \$3 00. This sale only **\$2.19**

**FURNISHINGS**

- Blue-black Jersey Overshirts, fleeced lined. Former price 50c. This sale only **35c**
- Extra heavy Gray Jersey Overshirts. Former price 75c. This sale only **48c**
- Heavy Fleeced-lined Underwear, shirts and drawers. Former price 40c each. This sale only **25c**
- Extra Heavy Fleeced-lined Underwear in red. Former price 65c each. This sale only **48c**
- Ducking Coats**
- Brown and Black Ducking Coats Blanket lined, with corduroy collar. Former price \$1 25. This sale only **87c**
- Black Rain-proof Ducking Coats, Blanket lined, with black corduroy collar. Former price \$1 75. This sale only **\$1.29**

Remember This:—"When MARKS says it, it's so."

**MARKS RUBEN**

East Side.







# ACROSS THE LINES

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS

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## SYNOPSIS.

**CHAPTER I**—Story opens in Richmond, Va., on day Fort Sumter surrendered. Dr. Francis Brodnar makes remarkable request of his friend, Dick Somers, to which Somers finally agrees. He is to marry, blindfolded, a woman whose name he is not to know, ask no questions, and finally, when she is out of the power of certain enemies, is to grant her an honorable divorce.

**CHAPTER II**—According to the agreement, Somers is mysteriously married to a young woman, who is called Frances, and being left with her, they fall in love with each other. Upon her insistence he lights a match in the dark room, that they may see each other. A pistol shot rings out. Somers falls with a scalp wound, just as Brodnar comes to take him away. He is conveyed to the doctor's office.

**CHAPTER III**—Somers, on his recovery, receives telegram to report to war office immediately. He learns Frances is well, and asks the doctor to tell her "Richard Somers passes out of her life to serve his country. His duty done, please God, and she needs his arm, he will follow her to the end of the earth."

**CHAPTER IV**—Woman named Louise is visited by Raymond Holbin, the father of her child, who has not kept his promise to marry her, and who bears a striking resemblance to Dick Somers. She tells of having, in her desperation, shot a man who she thought was he.

"Do you not understand, father?" she said, passionately, "do you not know that that woman has for years deprived you of your independence—of your freedom? Now she has taken your property! Can't you see it? You have been robbed of everything—and I— Oh, she has preyed upon your holiest feelings; she has turned you against your own child—the child to whose mother you promised to guard and guide!"

He raised himself in his chair. A look of fright was upon his face.

"See!" she cried, "there is the woman with her son dividing your property before you are dead. Oh, they think I am harmless, now; I am not to be feared! The die is cast, the will is signed, and you, father, have betrayed your only child into the hands of her bitterest enemy."

He was speechless and pale. His dull eyes were fixed on the girl's.

"But no," he said faintly, "this cannot be, it cannot be! My child, you are wronging a good woman—and Raymond—he has been very kind, so very kind!"

"You are blinded, father; you are unsuspecting. Tell me, have they ever said that for months I have been eager to be with you; that?"

"You, Frances! Why, you refused over and over—" She sank her head upon her chair.

"And you believed that of me? It was untrue—a cruel, cruel invention."

Mother and son caught the sound of her agitated voice and would have come over from the bay window, but Dr. Brodnar, drawing the sofa around as though to sit with them, stood with his hand resting upon it, completely blocking their way.

"To-day and to-night," he said, "he must have absolute quiet. Continue the powders I have left, and see that he does not attempt, under any circumstances, to walk about the room." He continued rapidly to give directions concerning the treatment of the patient, and disregarded the woman's efforts to pass him. Frances lowered her voice and continued earnestly:

"You do not believe me, father, you do not realize what you have done. You do not know the man to whom you have consigned me, nor the woman to whom you gave your name years ago. You know nothing then! You know nothing now! You took her from Washington because she fascinated you as she had fascinated all those other men. You believed in her, because she knew intimately the great politicians. She was smart, too smart for an honest, honorable Virginia gentleman. Oh, my eyes have been opened to-day; the son is worthy of his mother. I do not know who Louise is, but a friend has just told me to say to you this: 'Ask Raymond Holbin what he has done with Louise; for he is the man who betrayed her by a mock marriage and took her abroad.'"

Motionless, but with straining eyes, the old man sat gazing at his daughter.

"Who—told you—that?" he gasped. She made no reply, a sudden anxiety for him banishing every other emotion. With a mighty effort, and before she could prevent him, he arose and staggered forward. The group dissolved and hurried towards him. Disregarding the physician and the woman, he leaned forward, and thrusting his face near to Holbin said with frantic energy:

"Sir, where is my niece? Where is Louise?" Holbin drew back. "Speak, you coward!" Holbin did not reply, but stood with eyes cast down, his face as pale almost as that which challenged him. The old man tore at his throat and gasped in a mighty struggle for breath. "My will—my will!" he cried, moving feebly towards his wife. She retreated, keeping just beyond his hand. "Give—me—back—the—ah—!" A look of unutterable horror rose to his face; he wavered, plunged forward, and would have fallen, but Brodnar took him in his arms and laid him on the floor. For a moment not a sound broke the silence of the room.

"Who—will—protect—my daughter?" he whispered. Frances, his hand in hers, knelt in agony by his side.

"Have no fear of me, my father; God has raised up a defender!" Hearing this, Brodnar suddenly thrust back the group, leaving the girl alone with the dying man, to whom she whispered earnestly and rapidly. As he lay looking into her face a new light came for a brief moment to his and vanished. Brodnar, kneeling, placed his ear above the motionless heart. The moments passed.

"Dead!" he said at length, and arose. Raymond Holbin had paused at the door. He turned and exchanged glances with his mother and passed out.

Frances lay with her face upon the dead man's breast.

## CHAPTER VI.

In all the throng that followed to the grave in Hollywood the remains of the wealthy and once distinguished John Brookin there was, aside from family servants, but one sincere mourner. The slender figure of his daughter Frances, supported by the strong arm of Dr. Brodnar, shook with an agony of grief. She had not looked on death since her mother died, and the passing of the saintly woman had been but as sleep prolonged into eternity. But here was the consciousness of a great wrong; the discovery of an error beyond remedy; in which she had been made to act a fatal part. Her rightful protector had been stricken from her.

"Courage, my child!" she heard the doctor's voice and felt his arm press upon her hand—"courage! Save your strength for the struggle to come. Live now to defeat the enemies of your father." Her frail figure strengthened and grew steady; she no longer leaned upon his arm.

"Dust to dust, ashes to ashes." The minister's voice rang out the sad and solemn words; the clay dropped and clattered solemnly upon the coffin-box.

The prayer that followed was marked by a dramatic incident. Frances knelt by the open grave with moving lips that uttered no sound. Dr. Brodnar alone understood that her petition was no prayer, but a pledge that would never be forgotten. The widow stood opposite, veiled in deepest black, the apotheosis of grief.

It was a matter of general comment that Raymond Holbin was not present at the funeral. It was given out that a sudden indisposition had detained him at home. But the indisposition of Raymond Holbin was a fiction pure and simple. There would have been no more discreet and well-behaved mourner by the grave than he; but there was nothing to be gained in attending the funeral, and there was a matter of vital importance which must be settled in the deserted residence of the deceased.

For Holbin was a bewildered and unhappy man. Not that he feared Louise. The Brookin will and the death of the testator apparently secured his interests, even should Louise be rash enough to carry out her threats of exposure. This, however, he felt assured she would never attempt. Terror of the law had already proved itself potent to control her. In his hurried and frequent visits to the hotel he had ascertained the fact that she was for the time being completely in his power. Reaction from her fierce excitement had set in; she clung to him, helpless and penitent. That she had seen a man at midnight in the wing-room of the Brookin house and had shot him, he did not doubt that she believed. As for himself, there were times when he had thought her simply insane—the victim of an illusion; and yet the facts seemed to support her statement that she had visited the premises. Clearly his best course lay in the support of the illusion.

"This, then, was the invention which Holbin carried to the ears of the miserable woman: The man she had slain was indeed the lover of the woman in



that room; he had been killed instantly, and a friend had carried away the body. To save the family's name a suicide had been declared; rejected over and over, it was said, the young man had come into the garden and had

shot himself. All the evidence and the surrounding circumstances pointed plainly to this theory. The man who discovered him, it was said, had found a note from the suicide upon his table, directing him where to look for his body; but, added Holbin, while the coroner had by a skillful selection of a jury from among the family's friends secured a hasty verdict in accordance with the theory of suicide, it was apparent that the police were suspicious, and it was said that some of them were quietly searching for the woman who had left the imprints of number two shoes under the window of the wing-room. Such was the story.

Louise believed it implicitly. The horror of her crime deprived her for the time of her mental powers and good judgment. She suffered herself to be guided and directed by Holbin. She was consigned to the care of an elderly negro woman, and readily accepted her room as her prison. It was not long before she was physically powerless to leave it.

Raymond Holbin's most serious apprehension during the day which witnessed the death of John Brookin grew out of the fact that by inference at least he had been charged with crime in connection with Louise. His common sense told him that something said by Frances in her last interview with her father had provoked the sudden accusation. What did Frances know of Louise and who was her informant? Gradually during the day his suspicious nature secured ascendancy over his common sense. A secret visit outside the window of the wing-room betrayed the still distinct tracks made by Louise and the fact that the ivy had been disturbed.

From the moment of these discoveries Holbin was a miserable man. It is a peculiar but a well-known idiosyncrasy of the masculine nature that whatever the man himself may bring to the marriage altar he demands that he shall meet there only immaculate purity. The realization by Holbin that fortune could be secured only by linking himself for life to Frances, who was thus proven to have compromised herself, was alone sufficient to fill him with bitterness and hatred, though it did not for a moment deter him; but by a not unnatural operation of the processes which were molding his future he had found himself strangely influenced from the hour of their first meeting by this young girl whose future was to be linked to his. Fresh from school, her mind unformed, and with but vague ideas of real life, Frances Brookin presented that charming combination of knowledge and ingenuousness which makes the girl-woman forever irresistible to men of experience. Himself accomplished and versatile, he set about the pleasant task of winning her confidence, and he might perhaps have succeeded but for over-assiduousness and the wonderful intuition of the feminine mind. The unwelcome results of his efforts were that within two weeks he had fatally alarmed her and as fatally involved himself. For the first time in his life he was genuinely in love.

It was at this time that Dr. Brodnar, hovering around his aged patient, discovered the drift of affairs, and, becoming aware of the infamy planned through the will, privately took control of Frances and revealed to her the plot of which she was to be the victim. From that moment Frances turned from Holbin as from a criminal, and Holbin was piqued to court her with a fiercer jealousy.

It was to this heart, consumed by a hopeless passion, that the revelation made by Louise had winged its flight like a shaft of flame. Try as he might, he could not in the face of corroborating facts convince himself that she spoke altogether falsely or labored under a complete hallucination. Yet, looking with the eyes of memory into the open, pallid face of Frances, he could not, he would not, accept the inevitable conclusion forced upon him by Louise. Such was his frame of mind on the day of the funeral, when he remained at the Brookin residence, perhaps his only opportunity to make an examination of Frances' apartments. Before the carriages had reached the cemetery he turned the latch and entered her deserted bedroom.

The appointments of this room were few, but tasteful. It abounded in the little belongings of a young girl. To-day there were many evidences of a scene which had defeated good order. A jaunty hat and bright ribbons were hastily thrown aside, and the open bureau drawers revealed dainty laces and lingerie. But the eyes of the inquisitive intruder took notice of none of these things; they were riveted instantly to an object that lay beside a book upon the center-table, near which stood an armchair. That object was a slender cigar. He took it up—answered. He knew that in the Brookin household he was the only smoker—and he did not smoke slender cigars. To the mind of this man, ever open to suspicions and suggestions of evil, that strange cigar was testimony unimpeachable. It was the knife in the heart of a jealous love. With inexpressible rage and with a fierce hatred of every living thing, he placed the weed in his own case. Here, then, he reasoned, had the man described by Louise been sitting before the dawn of that fatal day; here had the little saint knelt to place her arms about him and say farewell! Yonder was the window, straight ahead from which Louise had fled. Brave, faithful Louise! His heart warmed towards her, despite the fact that she had fired to kill him. Somewhere in that crimson carpet was the blood of her victim if her aim had been true. Was it true? He glanced back over his shoulder; the ball would have struck the wall behind him had she missed her aim. And there in the wall, a

little out of line, it is true, was a small hole. Amazed, he hurriedly examined it. The shot, after all, had missed.

Then this doubt came to the active mind: Why had the man been carried away if the shot failed?

Holbin went quickly to his own room, where he secured a candle and a powerful sun glass. Holding the latter over the perforation in the plastering, he discovered a slight red stain.

"Blood!" he whispered; "she did not miss!" Opening his penknife, he carefully cut a section from the broken plaster. "Whoever the man was, he was struck in the head. Here is the hair."

For a few moments Holbin was deep in thought. Then he drew from his pocket the pistol which he had taken from Louise and examined it with the eye of an army expert. Apparently puzzled, he tried the depth of the hole in the plastering with a pencil and found that the perforation was complete. He seated himself in the arm-chair facing the window. If Frances had been kneeling with her back to the window, the face of the unknown man must have been fully exposed. The weapon did not have power enough to fire a bullet through the head of a man, an inch of plaster and a lath, and to carry away hair and blood—the bullet must have glanced from the side of the head. The position of the hole indicated that the right side of the man's head had been struck.

Holbin's final conclusions were that the stranger had been only stunned. His friends could not have concealed his death, for no common man would have won the privileges of the room, nor would it have been possible for Frances to have borne herself so calmly with the memory of a murder fresh in her mind. "A society man is missing from his club in Richmond to-day!" he said aloud. "The mystery is half solved. As for you, my lovely bride!"—he finished the sentence with a smothered oath.

## CHAPTER VII.

The influences of established principles and correct associations may carry an ordinary man to success in proper channels, but the successful villain is necessarily an intellectual being. In his room Holbin gradually evolved from his discoveries the conclusion that he had an active enemy near at hand, and that a plot was thickening about him. Yet who was there in Richmond that knew enough of his history to place a finger upon the blackest spot in his life? And why the enmity? Two theories presented themselves, and only two—love for Frances Brookin and love for the Brookin wealth. Since it was clear that the girl had been too long secluded, and too recently grown to have formed many friendships in Richmond, evidently the money was the potent influence in the secret operations about him. But who had been shot, and why?

Holbin labored under the immense disadvantage of a man without intimate friends. He had gravitated rapidly during his short stay in the city towards the fast set; men classed him quickly as "sporty," and women looked on him with doubt. People who had at heart the interests of the latter looked even more coldly upon the debonair man of the world. The fact that he was the son of Mrs. John Brookin was a disadvantage, for society had never been enamoured of the successor to the gentle little lady who once presided over the Brookin mansion. Intimates he had, but friends, none. In his perplexity over the mystery into which he had been plunged Holbin turned at length to Dr. Brodnar. He had seen the doctor upon rare occasions only, and in some way he had understood that he was not favorably regarded by Mrs. Brookin; but the basis of this lady's dislikes was, as he knew, not legitimate. Dr. Brodnar, in succeeding to his father's practice some years before, had in a way inherited old Mr. Brookin, and that individual had firmly resisted his new wife's efforts to substitute her own physician for him. The doctor was a distant relative of the dead wife, one of the few links which bound the old man to a happy past; and as people grow old they dislike new family physicians.

(To be continued)

Lewis Ockerman, Goshen, Ind.: "De Witt's Little Early Risers never bend me double like other pills but do their work thoroughly and make me feel like a boy." Certain, thorough, gentle. Taft & Co.

**Cheap Fall Excursions to Chicago via Trunk Railway October 24, 1901.**  
The Grand Trunk Railway will give its annual Fall excursion to Chicago Thursday October 24th, from nearly all stations in Michigan and Indiana. No rates are higher than \$5.00. Tickets good on all trains that day. Special train will leave Durand at 9:40 a. m., making the connection with all morning trains at that point, arriving at Chicago at 6 p. m. Tickets are good returning up to and including Monday, Oct. 28, except train No. 4. For information apply to agents of Grand Trunk Railway and connections.

Mothers everywhere praise One Minute Cough Cure for the sufferings it has relieved and the lives of their little ones it has saved. Strikes at the root of trouble and draws out the inflammation. Children's favorite Cough Cure. L. H. Taft & Co.

Want to exchange wood cook stove for coal heater. Have a good cook stove and want a good coal heater in exchange. Inquire at this office.

We, the jury find that the deceased came to his death from heart failure, caused by not taking Rocky Mountain Tea made by Madison Medicine Co. 35c.  
D. G. Look, Druggist.

## Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Don't Know It.

**How To Find Out.**  
Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

What to Do.  
There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in 50c. and \$1. sizes.

You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail, address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper.

## PERE MARQUETTE

Jan. 1, 1901.  
Trains leave Lowell as follows:  
For Detroit and East 7:12 am 11:05 am 4:10 pm  
For Toledo and South 7:12 am 11:05 am 4:10 pm  
For Grand Rapids, North and West 11:05 am 4:10 pm 8:54 pm  
For Saginaw and Bay City 7:47 am 6:07 pm  
For Sreepport 7:12 am 4:10 pm  
B. L. BRAYTON, H. F. MORGAN, Agts.

## GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

WESTBOUND FROM LOWELL.  
No 19 Morning Express to Grand Haven 12:15 pm  
No 13 Mail and Chicago Express to Grand Haven 4:56 pm  
No 11 Steamboat Express to Grand Haven & Milwaukee 9:19 pm  
No 17 Western Express to Grand Haven 8:54 am  
Nos 19 and 13 daily except Sunday.  
No 11, daily.  
EASTBOUND  
No 12 Detroit express to Detroit and East 7:20 am  
No 20 Mail to Detroit 10:29 am  
No 18 Evening Express to Detroit and East 4:01 pm  
No 14 Eastern Express to Durand and East 7:57 pm  
Nos 20 and 18 daily except Sunday  
Nos 12, 14, daily.

A. O. HEYDLAUFF, Agent, Lowell, Mich.

## Picturesque Pan-American Route to Buffalo.

WANTED—Several persons of character and good reputation in each state (one in this county required) to represent and advertise old established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary \$18.00 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash each Wednesday direct from head offices. Horse and carriage furnished when necessary. References. Enclose self addressed stamped envelope. Manager, 316 Caxton Building, Chicago.

## Dr Curtis T. Wolford

of Grand Rapids, the Specialist of Chronic Diseases, will be in

LOWELL at the Waverly Hotel,

WEDNESDAY OCT 16

and will be pleased to meet all who are in need of his services. Dr. Wolford has been coming to Lowell for over two years and will continue in coming. The doctor has cured many aggravated cases which instill confidence in his ability by his friends. If you are troubled with any disease do not put it off but go and see the doctor at once.

CONSULTATION FREE. Address all communications to the doctor in his new office in the Tower Block, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

**\$5.00** **CYCLONE WASHER**  
COMPRESSED AIR DOES THE WORK  
It washes so thoroughly no washboard is needed.  
So easily a child can operate it, so quickly that five minutes will wash a batch of clothes.  
It has no rubbing apparatus to wear out the clothing and tear off the buttons.  
**BUY DIRECT from Factory** at wholesale price, and in this way **SAVE TWO PROFITS.**  
**WILL SAVE ITS COST IN CLOTHING** in a short time, the entire absence of rubbing apparatus enabling it to wash the most delicate gauze and laces without the slightest injury, while the heaviest carpets, rugs, blankets and such things are handled by it with equal ease and efficiency. Write for circulars, list of testimonials, etc.  
**CYCLONE WASHING MACHINE CO., BATTLE CREEK, MICH.**

**A LARGE LINE OF LOUNGES, COUCHES, MATTRESSES AND PARLOR FURNITURE**  
Buy Direct from the Factory  
  
Write for Catalogue and Prices  
**VIRGINIA LOUNGE CO., Lynchburg, Va.**

Wm H. Anderson, Pres. John W. Blodgett, Vice Pres. John A. Seymour, Cash. L. Z. Calkins, Asst. Cash.  
**THE FOURTH NATIONAL BANK**  
UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY. Capital and surplus \$400,000.  
SAVINGS BOOKS ISSUED.  
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Trunks, Bags, Harness, Robes, Blankets and Whips  
—at Money Saving Prices—  
**PAUL EIFERT,**  
88 Canal St., Grand Rapids, Next to Thum's drug store.

**Kandy Kaskara**  
A purely vegetable cathartic which purifies the blood and strengthens the bowels, a laxative that stimulates the liver and soothes the nerves.  
Krow's Korn Kure Pie.  
**L. H. Taft & Co**  
Phone 121, Lowell Druggists.

**BUY YOUR**  
BREAD, BUNS, PIES, CAKES, COOKIES, CANNED FRUITS, CANDIES, of the old reliable BAKER.  
**F. A. BEHL...**  
First class lunch room in connection.  
Home made and Salt Rising Bread a Specialty.

TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES, FRUITS, VEGETABLES, CANNED GOODS  
and, in fact, everything that can be found in a first-class grocery store.  
**McCarty & Co.**

**Patronize Your Home Industry.**  
**THE LOWELL STEAM LAUNDRY**  
Bush & Wicand, Props.  
All work guaranteed first-class. Ring us up and our wagon will call for and deliver your laundry.  
Office in Wright Bld  
Bell Phone 185.  
Citizens Phone 41.



## WE ARE IN THE FIELD

foremost and always as leaders of popular priced Suits and Overcoats. No wearer of our clothes ever looked like a "cheap man." Good stuff, high class designing and nice tailor work mark every garment.

Fast Black unfinished Worsted Suits, serge lined, padded shoulders. Stylish, this season (striped pants instead of black, if desired.)

Men's Suits \$10.00 Youth's Suits \$9.00  
Boys' Knee Pant Suits with Vest \$5.00  
The heaviest, warmest Knee Pant Suit you ever saw for 2.50

New stock of Trunks, Bags, Telescopes and Suit Cases.

## OUR FALL LINE

of "STIFF BOSOM SHIRTS" is the finest ever shown by us or anyone else. All the best fabrics in Percale and Madras in neat and bright effects. We can surely please you—50c to \$1.50.

New Neckwear this week. We have made arrangements with the best neckwear house in New York city to supply us with the new things as fast as they come out. If it's right you'll find it here.

# A. L. COONS.

### LEFT GREENVILLE WITH ONE HORSE

#### Reached Lowell With Another— Changed on the Road.

A fellow giving the name of Holmes, and very much the worse for liquor, drove into Lowell Saturday afternoon and excited suspicion by offering to sell horse, buggy, harness, whip and robe for \$40. Then came a telephone inquiry from Greenville from Sheriff Winters and Village Marshal Edmonds looked the fellow up in the "cooler" where he directly fell into a drunken sleep. He was aroused on the arrival of the officers from Greenville and claims that another man gave him money to hire a livery rig at that place and rode with him to Belding where whiskey in plenty was furnished him and the next thing Holmes knew he was standing by the side of a strange horse—not the one hired at Greenville—in the country north of Lowell.

Those who heard the story were inclined to believe it and say the fellow not overly bright.

He was taken back to Greenville for examination.

### DEATH OF JACOB JOHNS

At Kalamazoo, Oct. 12, Aged Nearly 53 Years.

Mr. Jacob Johns was born in Bridgewater, Washtenaw county, Michigan, Dec. 23, 1848 and died in Kalamazoo, Mich., Oct. 12, 1901, in his 53rd year.

He was married to Miss Josephine Ulrich on the 2nd day of January 1879 and to them were born three children, two of whom, a son Delmer and a daughter Ora Bell with the wife remain to mourn the loss of a loving father and husband.

He was always kind and ready to lend a helping hand until disease robbed him of his mental powers and his family and friends found it best to take him to the asylum at Kalamazoo, where he has been for nearly seven years, when death called him away.

He came to Lowell nearly seventeen years ago and was well known as a good citizen. Their many friends sympathize and mourn with the family in their time of sorrow.

The funeral services were held in the M. E. church in Lowell on Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 15, the Rev. Charles Nease officiating, preaching from the text, "In the way of righteousness is life" and "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." The body was laid to rest in the Lowell cemetery.

### CHURCHES & SOCIETIES

#### Methodist.

The theme for the Thursday evening meeting will be, "From Prison to Power." And after the prayer meeting will be the Teachers' meeting for the study of the Sunday school lesson.

The first quarterly conference will be held in the church Friday morning, Oct. 18, at 9 o'clock. The presiding elder, the Rev. John Graham, D. D., will be present and preside.

On Friday evening of the same day the first session of the Epworth League Convention will be held. The principal address of the evening will be by Dr. C. H. Morgan, on "Bible Study and the New League Course." Our people should not fail to hear him. Every body invited to come. The convention opens Saturday at 8:30 and the whole day will be crowded with good things along practical lines. The reports by the various vice presidents and the discussions by Dr. Berry are expected to be very suggestive and helpful. However if you cannot be present in the forenoon do not fail to hear Dr. Joseph F. Berry at 2:00

p. m., on "Christian Stewardship." And on Saturday evening another address of special importance will be by Dr. Wm. Dawe on "Wesley and His Times."

I neglected to say above that at 10:30 a. m., Mr. S. Earl Taylor will address the convention on the theme "The Epworth League as a Missionary Force."

The Sunday services will be as follows:

Class meeting at 9:30  
Sermon at 10:30 by Rev. Charles Nease. Theme "The Master's Call to Service."

Epworth League Devotional meeting at 6:00 led by Mr. J. E. Strong Topic "A Bad Bargain."

7:30 Sermon, "Personal Evangel-

ism," by the Rev. Joseph F. Berry, D. D.

#### Congregational.

The Opportunity Circle is the name of a little circle of helpers from the Christian Endeavor Society and is designed to assist needy children and others of our parish. If you wish to know how cast off garments may be made to go the farthest just consult Mrs. Z. H. Covert or any member of the Christian Endeavor Society.

"How shall I make my boy remember?" asked the anxious mother of the writer the other day. Then she explained that at noon both the father and mother had reminded the

young gentleman of the music lesson of the Boys' Union at 4 o'clock, and told him to go directly there from school. He went directly out and and finding several other congenial spirits played foot ball during the whole hour. Now had this happened in the good old days that father—perchance the mother—would have been seen about six o'clock hunting around for a strap and there would have been an interesting interview in the back parlors of that home. Music is work, foot ball is play—what gentle play! Left to himself the boy does what he likes to do. Make your music more attractive to him than foot ball and he will be at the former; but should the lad be left to himself? Would

he ever be at school and learn the lessons of industry, economy, usefulness? Is it too much to suggest that during his formative period the boy should be made to do what is best for him, his parents being the judges?

The Girls' Athletic class starts out with twenty members.

Subject for the prayer meeting this evening "Keeping the Whole Law." Ps. 118:1-8.

The Boys' Union now numbers thirty seven. They will assist in the song service Nov. 3rd.

The pastor, his wife and Mrs. Z. H. Covert were at the meeting of the Grand Rapids Congregational association held at Rockford Monday and Tuesday.

The Ledger until Jan. 1 for 20c.

Watch out for Carr & Price's opening.

Men's all wool shirts and drawers, the dollar kind, for 49 cents at A. W. Weekes.

Spanish onions, oysters, fignut, walnut dates and nice Valencia oranges just arrived. J. Giles & Co.

I have placed all my accounts with the Consolidated Adjustment Co., for collection and settlement. Leave money at Lowell City Bank where accounts are on file.

J. E. Lee.

The Hawaiian woman's club at Honolulu debated the question: "Is it better to take Rocky Mountain Tea hot or cold?" Either way it magnifies your pleasure. D. G. Look, druggist.

# LOWELL'S LUCK

Ruben's Rare, Rattling Reductions Find Ready Response From Wise Buyers.

Lowell is playing in luck. This Big Affair is not merely a sale to stimulate trade but it's a genuine, dyed-in-the wool

## Cut Price Closing Out Sale

Not a man, woman or child but can profit by this sale and buy enough to last for years at much less than half the usual prices. MARKS NEVER DOES THINGS BY HALVES. Now, Madame Housewife, how much did you pay for that last piece of Dress Goods? How much for the Parlor Carpet? How much for that thread? You can buy all those things here bright and new, at less than half what you paid before. We bought them so cheap that we can afford to sell them cheap. We are here to sell them, then we're through with the dry-goods business forever. This is a closing out sale of

## Dry Goods at Less Than Cost

Remember this. Isn't it lucky for you? You bet. See here! Come and see the things you can buy next to nothing and you will say that you never saw them sold at such low prices. How is the time. Here is the place. You will be only one of hundreds who know a good thing when they see it. Come along while everything is here fresh and new.

## M. RUBEN & CO.

East Side.



# The Scourge of Damascus

A Story of the East...

By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

### The Executioners.

At an early hour the following morning he sent for Omar, who soon answered the call.

"I have one word to say—one request to make," said Horam, after the morning's greetings had passed. "I wish you once more to tell me the story of Helena's innocence, and thenceforth to remain silent upon the subject. I may have dreamed some of the things that now startle my thoughts; for I am not clear at what point you left me last night."

Thus called upon, the king of Aleppo related all that he had told on the previous evening, and then made some further explanation of incidents which he had not before revealed. It was a plain, simple statement, bearing the stamp of truth upon every word.

"O!" groaned Horam, clasping his thin hands together, "what would I give to call Helena back to life! But it cannot be. She is gone—and she was innocent!"

He started up from his seat, and walked several times across the floor; and when he next approached his royal guest, he had grown calmer, and his lip had ceased its quivering.

"Omar, I have no blame for you. Henceforth let the book be sealed."

He had taken one or two more turns up and down the apartment, when a messenger entered with intelligence that Benoni had arrived, and desired audience.

"Send him in at once. Good brother, you will remain with me." This last was spoken to Omar, who had turned to leave.

In a little while Benoni made his appearance, and Horam was sure he could see the flush of victory upon his brow.

"Now, my captain, what word do you bring?"

"Good word, sire. We have captured these whom you desired to see, and have also brought an old man and old woman who resided in the cave."

"Have you brought the Lady Ulin—and the robber chieftain—and Osmir and Selim?"

"Yes, sire."

"And these others are the old hermit, Ben Hadad, and the woman who lives with him?"

"Yes, sire."

"By the crown I wear!" cried the monarch, leaping up and clapping his hands, "this is enough to make me forget the wrongs I have suffered. Let the robber chieftain and the two treacherous guards be brought before me. But—hold. There was one other spoken of by the Arab—the lieutenant—Hobaddan his name was."

"He was not in the cave, sire; nor was he about the place."

"Very well. Let the chieftain be brought in."

The captain retired, and presently returned, followed by Julian and the two guards. They were heavily ironed, and six stout soldiers walked behind them. The youthful chieftain had schooled himself for the ordeal, and no sign of fear was manifest. Osmir and Selim stood like two deaf mutes, seeming to care nothing for the fate that surely awaited them.

"That is all," said Horam, after he had looked at the prisoners. "Take them out, and guard them well. Place twenty of your most trusty men over them, and remember that those twenty heads shall answer for the safety of the charge."

"Shall I conduct them to a dungeon, sire?"

"No,—there is no need of it. They will not live to behold the setting of this day's sun!"

Ben Hadad did not tremble when he stood before the king; nor did Ezabel seem much frightened.

"Old man," said Horam, "I understand that you have harbored and protected the notorious Scourge, Julian."

"He hath found shelter with me, as have all who ever sought it," replied the hermit.

"And you also harbored the lady Ulin. You knew who she was, and that she had fled from her home."

"Yes."

"And perhaps you knew why she fled?"

"She told me her story, sire."

"It is enough," cried the king, impatiently. "I wish to hear no more. You both stand condemned, and the degree of your punishment shall be made known to you soon enough."

Omar was upon the point of making some remark, when Benoni entered.

"Now, Benoni," said Horam, with more nervousness in his manner than he had before exhibited, "I have a serious question to ask you; and I desire that you should answer me promptly and truly. You have noticed the conduct of the princess Ulin?"

"Yes, sire, she is in love with Julian the robber."

Benoni again went out; but he did not have to go far, as he met Aboul coming towards the royal apartment. The king greeted him as he entered, and asked him if he had seen his daughter.

"Yes, sire," replied the minister. "I have just left her."

"Have you talked with her?"

"Yes."

"Then you must have discovered the secret which hath been imparted to me. Did you speak with her of this robber chieftain?"

"I did, sire."

"Well—what did you observe?"

"O, mercy, sire—spare my child!"

"That is not the answer to my question, Aboul. I asked you what you discovered."

"I discovered," returned the minister, in tones of deepest dread, "that her love had been turned from you."

"Aye—and upon whom?"

"Upon Julian, sire."

"That is it, Aboul," cried the king, again starting up. "That is the thing that enters most deeply into my soul. And now I will tell you what the girl's punishment shall be. She shall witness the death of her robber lover; she shall see his head severed from his body—and then she shall be shut up, to lead a solitary life, through the rest of her days! None of her own sex shall attend upon her; but black guards shall be her sole companions. What say you to that?"

The executioners were not long in obeying the order. A large mat was brought in and spread upon the floor, and three stout baskets of palm-leaf were placed upon it. The mat and the baskets were darkly stained, and even Omar, used as he was to such scenes, shuddered when he beheld the preparations. When all was ready, Horam turned to his captain and ordered that all the prisoners should be brought in.

At length they came. Julian and Osmir and Selim came first. Then followed Ben Hadad and Ezabel, with Shubal and Ortok. And lastly came Ulin and Albia.

The robber chieftain was led up to the block. His arms were folded upon his broad bosom, with the heavy chains hanging almost to his feet, and his head was borne erect. There was a deep pain-mark in his face, but it was not of fear for himself.

"Outlaw!" spoke Horam, through his shut teeth, and with his thin hands clenched, "the hour has come in which you are to close your career of rapine and robbery; and these people who have been friends to you, and who have given you protection in your crime, are to see your head fall. Perhaps you would ask for mercy."

"No!" said the chieftain. "I ask no mercy at the hand of Horam of Damascus. Let the work be finished as quickly as possible, and thus shall one more be added to the list of thy bloody deeds. I could wish to live that I might take more vengeance on thee."

"And is there not one thing for which you would live?" asked the king, bending a searching, burning glance upon him.

Julian started, and struggled; but made no reply. And in a moment more Horam turned to his chief executioner.

"Bel Dara, go now to your work. Let this man's head fall first. Your arm is strong, and your hand is sure. Bend him upon his knees, and watch for my signal."

There was a low, wild cry breaking upon the air; and as Julian turned his head, he saw Ulin, white and faint, in the arms of her attendant.

Before the grim executioners could bend the robber chieftain to his knees there was an interruption in the proceedings. The voice of Ben Hadad, stern and authoritative, sounded above all else:

"King of Damascus, ere you stain your hands with that man's blood, I must reveal to you a secret which is fitting you should know."

"Old man," he said, "you speak a secret. Do you think to trifle with me?"

"I have to cause a simple story to be unfolded to your majesty," replied Ben Hadad; "and if you will grant this woman speech, she will give you light."

The king looked hard into the face of Ezabel, and for the first time he seemed to be struck by something familiar in her features. A moment he sat as if irresolute, and then he said, starting up as though his mind were fixed:

"Let the woman approach."

Ezabel came near to the throne, Ben Hadad walking close behind her.

"Woman, what is it that you have to tell? Speak, and let not the words lag upon your lips."

"I speak by the request of Ben Hadad," replied Ezabel; "and the story which I shall tell you is known only to the old hermit and myself. Even Julian himself knows not the secret I have to impart, and were he now upon the verge of death, no persuasion should draw it from me. It may be that the disclosure will consign me to your executioner; but I care not. I shall waste no words. I was born in this city, and was married at an early age. One son was born to me, and then my husband died. Shortly after this bereavement I was called to nurse a sick child—a girl, some three years old—who was suffering from an accident. The child recovered under my care, and as I had formed a strong attachment for her, and as she had also conceived the same for me, I was retained to attend upon her. Her parents were of the wealthiest of Damascus, and while they made it very pleasant for me to remain with their daughter, they also provided a good place for my son, Hobaddan. My charge grew up to be a beautiful maiden, and became my mistress; and I served her with joy, for she was good and kind and generous; and I knew that she loved me. In time my mistress became a wife, and I went with her to her new home. For a few months all went pleasantly under this

new relation; but finally a dark cloud arose to obscure the heaven of my lady's joy. Her husband became jealous of her—became so jealous that his soul was fraught with deadly vengeance. He fancied that his wife's guilt had been proved, and he resolved to put her away from him forever. Her protestations availed nothing. He would not listen to her—he would not even allow her to approach him; but he gave her into the hands of his executioners, and bade them drown her in the waters of the Pharpar. I discovered what was to be done, and slipped away from the home of the cruel husband, and sought my son, who had then become a stout youth. Hobaddan and I hid ourselves near the gates of the city, and when the executioners came out, we followed them. They had with them a large sack, and I knew that my mistress was in it. We saw them sink that sack in the river—they sank it where the water was dark and deep—sank it in the middle of the night—and then went away. As soon as they were gone we hurried to the shore, and my son plunged into the stream, and succeeded in bringing the sack to the land. We opened it, and my sweet mistress was taken forth, cold and senseless; but she was not dead. Her heart still had motion, and after much labor we succeeded in bringing her back to consciousness. The next need was to find a safe shelter for her. We dared not take her back to the city. I thought of the hermit, Ben Hadad. I had heard that he was a benevolent man, and I resolved to seek him. We found his cave; and when he had heard my story, he promised to give us shelter, and to protect the unfortunate lady.

"My mistress so far recovered as to be able to sit up; but she could not get well. Her system had received too great a shock, and her poor heart was broken. In two weeks from the time when she entered the cave she gave birth to a son, and shortly afterwards she died. She died as pure and true as heaven itself, and her child was the offspring of an honor which no temptation could have tarnished. She died; but the child lived and thrived—lived, and grew strong, and noble, and bold. We told him how his mother had been wronged; but we did not tell him all. We did not tell him who his father was; only we told him that he owed his orphanage to the king of Damascus. When he grew up he resolved that the king should suffer for the deed he had done, and subsequent events have proved that his resolution was not vain.

"This, sire, is the son of the woman who was my mistress. Julian, the Scourge of Damascus is the child I have reared. Would you know more?"

Horam sat in his great chair, with his hands clasped tightly upon the golden arms, and his whole frame quivering.

"O," he gasped, "the secret is nigh to the surface! What shall I ask?"

The king of Aleppo moved to Horam's side, and whispered in his ear.

"Aye," exclaimed the quaking monarch, when he had listened to the words of his brother, "it shall be so. What ho! Benoni—clear this chamber of all save this old man and woman, and this—this—Julian! Lead them out quickly, and remain with them to watch them."

In a few moments the two kings were alone with the three prisoners who had been designated.

"Now—now—speak!"

"King of Damascus," said the aged hermit, taking a step forward, "allow me to tell you the rest. The suns of almost a hundred years have rolled over my head, and not yet have I willingly deceived a fellow creature to his injury. What this woman has told you is true. The lady who was brought to my cave three-and-twenty years ago—who gave birth to a child there—and who died in Ezabel's arms, was Helena, Queen of Damascus! And the son which she bore was the son of the king—I swear it; and in support thereof, I pledge my soul's salvation!"

(To be continued)

### Evidence of Desire to Sell.

Wu Ting-fang, who was a guest at a recent wedding in Washington, was approached after the ceremony by the best man and jocularly asked to go over to the young couple and pronounce a Chinese parental blessing. The obliging Wu immediately complied. Placing his hands on the blushing bride and shaking groom, he said: "May every new year bless you with a man child offspring until they shall number twenty-five in all. May these twenty-five man-children offspring present you with twenty-five times twenty-five grandchildren and may these grandchildren—"

It is said that the little bride grew hysterical about this time, says the New York Times, and the best man made another request of Wu—this time to desist.

### Not the Girl for Him.

The father was quite anxious for his son to marry, and on every occasion he was picking out what he thought was a suitable girl. One night at a dinner the old gentleman sat next to a very attractive young woman, and on his way home he was loud in his praises. "My boy," he said, "she's the very girl for you." "Not much," replied the boy, with peculiar emphasis. "But I say she is," insisted papa. "And I say not," insisted the son. The father became testy on the subject. "You're too hard to please. You don't expect a woman to be perfect, do you?" "No." "Then why isn't this one just the girl for you?" "Because," replied the young man with an effort, "she's for some other fellow. She told me so last night."—Chicago Tribune.

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### NIGHT SCENES IN GREATER CITIES, SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

Warns the Unwary Visitors from the Country—From Isaiah XXI: 11, "Watchman, What of the Night?"—The Hour of Great Temptation.

[Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopfers, N. Y.]

Washington, Oct. 13.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage describes some of the scenes to be witnessed late at night in the great cities, and warns the unwary of many perils; text, Isaiah, xxi, 11, "Watchman, what of the night?"

When night came down on Babylon, Nineveh and Jerusalem they needed careful watching; otherwise the incendiary's torch might have been thrust into the very heart of the metropolitan splendor, or enemies, marching from the hills, might have forced the gates. All night long, on top of the wall and in front of the gates, might be heard the measured step of the watchman on his solitary beat. Silence hung in the air, save as some passerby raised the question, "Watchman, what of the night?"

It is to me a deeply suggestive and solemn thing to see a man standing guard by night. It thrilled through me as at the gate of an arsenal in Charleston the question once smote me, "Who comes there?" followed by the sharp command, "Advance and give the countersign." Every moral teacher stands on picket or patrol the wall as watchman. His work is to sound the alarm, and whether it be in the first watch, in the second watch, in the third watch or in the fourth watch to be vigilant until the daybreak flings its "morning glories" of blooming cloud across the trellis of the sky.

The ancients divided their night into four parts—the first watch, from 6 to 9; the second, from 9 to 12; the third, from 12 to 3, and the fourth, from 3 to 6. I speak now of the city in the third watch, or from 12 to 3 o'clock.

### The Early Watch.

I never weary of looking upon the life of the city in the first watch. That is the hour when the stores are closing. The laboring men, having quitted the scaffolding and the shop, are on their way home. It rejoices me to give them my seat in the city car. They have stood and hammered away all day. Their feet are weary. They are exhausted with the tug of work. They are mostly cheerful. With appetites sharpened on the swift turner's wheel and the carpenter's whetstone they seek the evening meal. The clerks, too, have broken away from the counter and with brain weary of the long line of figures and the whims of those who go a-shopping seek the face of mother or wife or child. The streets are thronged with young men setting out from the great centers of bargain making. Let idlers clear the street and give right of way to the besweated artisans and merchants! They have earned their bread and are now on their way home to get it. The lights in full jet hang over 10,000 evening repasts—the parents at either end of the table, the children between. Thank God, "who setteth the solitary in families."

A few hours later and all the places of amusement, good and bad, are in full tide. Lovers of art, catalogue in hand, stroll through the galleries and discuss the pictures. The ballroom is resplendent with the rich apparel of those who, on either side of the white, glistening boards, await the signal from the orchestra. Concert halls are lifted into enchantment with the warble of one songstress or swept out on a sea of tumultuous feeling by the blast of brazen instruments. Drawing rooms are filled with all gracefulness of apparel, with all sweetness of sound, with all splendor of manner; mirrors are catching up and multiplying the scene, until it seems as if in infinite corridors there were garlanded troops advancing and retreating. The outdoor air rings with laughter and with the moving to and fro of thousands on the great promenades. The dashing span, adrift with the foam of the long country ride, rushes past as you halt at the curbstone. Mirth, revelry, beauty, fashion, magnificence, mingle in the great metropolitan picture until the thinking man goes home to think more seriously, and the praying man to pray more earnestly. A beautiful and overwhelming thing is the city in the first and second watches of the night.

Third Watch of the Night.

But the clock strikes 12 and the third watch has begun. The thunder of the city has rolled out of the air. The slightest sounds cut the night with such distinctness as to attract your attention. The tinkling of the bell of the street car in the distance and the baying of the dog. The stamp of a horse in the next street. The slamming of a saloon door. The hiccup of the drunkard. The shrieks of the steam whistle five miles away. Oh, how suggestive, my friends, the third watch of the night!

There are honest men passing up and down the street. Here is a city missionary who has been carrying a scuttle of coal to that poor family in that dark place. Here is an undertaker going up the steps of a building from which there comes a bitter cry, which indicates that the destroying angel has smitten the first born. Here is a minister of religion who has been giving the sacrament to a dying Christian. Here is a physician passing along in great haste. Nearly all the lights have gone out in the dwellings, for it is the third watch of the night. That light in the window is the light of the watcher, for the medicines must be administered, and the fever must be watched, and the restless tossing of

of the coverlid must be resisted, and the ice must be kept on the hot temples and the perpetual prayer must go up from hearts soon to be broken.

Oh, the third watch of the night! What a stupendous thought—a whole city at rest! Weary arm preparing for tomorrow's toil. Hot brain being cooled off. Rigid muscles relaxed. Excited nerves soothed. The white hair of the octogenarian in thin drifts across the pillow, fresh fall of flakes on snow already fallen. Childhood, with its dimpled hands thrown out on the pillow, and with every breath taking in a new store of fun and frolic. Third watch of the night! God's slumberless eye will look. Let one great wave of refreshing slumber roll over the heart of the great town, submerging care and anxiety and worry and pain. Let the city sleep.

### Those Who Sleep Not.

But, my friends, be not deceived. There will be tonight thousands who will not sleep at all. Go up that dark alley, and be cautious where you tread lest you fall over the prostrate form of a drunkard lying on his own doorstep. Look about you, lest you feel the garroter's hug. Look through the broken window pane and see what you can see. You say, "Nothing." Then listen. What is it? "God help us!" No footlights, but tragedy ghastlier and mightier than Ristori or Edwin Booth ever enacted. No light, no fire, no bread, no hope. Shivering in the cold, they have had no food for twenty-four hours. You say, "Why don't they beg?" They do, but they get nothing. You say, "Why don't they deliver themselves over to the almshouse?" Ah, you would not ask that if you ever heard the bitter cry of a man or child when told he must go to the almshouse! "Oh," you say, "they are vicious poor, and therefore they do not deserve our sympathy." Are they vicious? So much more need they your pity. The Christian poor, God helps them. Through their night there twinkles the round, merry star of hope and through the broken window they see the crystals of heaven, but the vicious poor, they are more to be pitied. Their last light has gone out. You excuse yourself from helping them by saying that they are so bad they brought this trouble on themselves. I reply, Where I give ten prayers for the innocent who are suffering I will give twenty for the guilty who are suffering.

### The Open Door.

Pass on through the alley. Open the door. "Oh," you say, "it is locked." No, it is not locked. It has never been locked. No burglar would be tempted to go in there to steal anything. The door is never locked. Only a broken chair stands against the door. Shove it back. Go in. Strike a match. Now, look. Beastliness and rage. See those glaring eyeballs. Be careful now what you say. Do not utter any insult, do not utter any suspicion, if you value your life. What is that red mark on the wall? It is the mark of a murderer's hand! Lock at those two eyes rising up out of the darkness and out from the straw in the corner, coming toward you, and as they come near your light goes out. Strike another match. Ah, this is a babe, not like these beautiful children presented in baptism. This little one never smiled; it never will smile. A flower flung on an awfully barren beach. O Heavenly Shepherd, fold that little one in thy arms! Wrap around you your shawl or your coat tighter, for the cold wind sweeps through.

Strike another match. Ah, is it possible that the scarred and bruised face of that young woman was ever looked into by maternal tenderness? Utter no scorn. Utter no harsh word. No ray of hope has dawned on that brow for many a year. No ray of hope ever will dawn on that brow. But the light has gone out. Do not strike another light. It would be a mockery to kindle another light in such a place as that. Pass out and pass down the street. Our cities are full of such homes, and the worst time the third watch of the night.

### The Criminal's Hour.

Do you know that it is in this third watch of the night that criminals do their worst work? It is the criminal's watch. At half past 8 o'clock you will find them in the drinking saloon, but toward 12 o'clock they go to their garrets, they get out their tools, then they start on the sreet. Watching on either side for the police, they go to their work of darkness. This is a burglar, and the false key will soon touch the street lock. This is an incendiary, and before morning there will be a light in the sky and a cry of "Fire, fire!" This is an assassin, and tomorrow morning there will be a dead body in one of the vacant lots. During the daytime these villains in our cities lounge about, some asleep and some awake, but when the third watch of the night arrives their eye is keen, their brain cool, their arm strong, their foot fleet to fly or pursue, they are ready. Many of these poor creatures were brought up that way. They were born in a thieves' garret. Their childish toy was a burglar's dark lantern. The first thing they remember was their mother bandaging the brow of their father, struck by the police club. They began by robbing boys' pockets, and now they have come to dig the underground passage to the cellar of the bank and are preparing to blast the gold vault. Just so long as there are neglected children of the street, just so long we will have these desperadoes. Some one wishing to make a good Christian point and to quote a passage of Scripture, expecting to get a Scriptural passage in answer, said to one of these poor lads, cast out and wretched, "When your father and mother forsake you, who will take you up?" and the boy said, "The police!"

In the third watch of the night also drunkenness does its worst. The drinking will be respectable at 8 o'clock in the evening, a little flushed at 9, talkative and garrulous at 10, at 11 blasphemous, at 12 the hat falls off, at 1 the man falls to the floor asking for more drink. Strewn through the drinking saloons of the city, fathers, husbands, sons as good as you are by nature, perhaps better.

My friends, you see all around about you the need that something radical be done. You do not see the worst. In the midnight meetings in London a great multitude have been saved. We want a few hundred Christian men and women to come down from the highest circles of society to toll amid these wandering and destitute ones and kindle up a light in the dark alley, even the gladness of heaven. Do not go wrapped in your fine furs and from your well filled tables with the idea that pious talk is going to stop the gnawing of an empty stomach or to warm stockinged feet. Take bread, take raiment, take medicine, as well as take prayer. There is a great deal of common sense in what the poor woman said to the city missionary when he was telling her how she ought to love God and serve him. "Oh," she said, "if you were as poor and cold as I am and as hungry you could think of nothing else."

A great deal of what is called Christian work goes for nothing for the simple reason that it was no practical, as after the battle of Antietam a man got out of an ambulance with a bag of tracts, and he went distributing the tracts, and George Stuart, one of the best Christian men in this country, said to him: "What are you distributing tracts for now? There are three thousand men bleeding to death. Bind up their wounds and then distribute the tracts." We want more common sense in Christian work, taking the bread of this life in one hand and the bread of the next life in the other hand. No such inapt work: as that done by the Christian man who during our civil war went to a hospital with tracts and, coming to the bed of a man whose legs had been amputated, gave him a tract on the sin of dancing! I rejoice before God that never a sympathetic words uttered, never a prayer offered, never a Christian almsgiving indulged in, but it is blessed. There is a place in Switzerland, I am told, where the utterance of one word will bring back a score of echoes, and I have to tell you that a sympathetic word, a kind word, a generous word, a helpful word, uttered in the dark places of the town will bring back ten thousand echoes from heaven. Are there in this assemblage those who know by experience the tragedies in the third watch of the night? I am not here to thrust you back with one hard word. Take the bandage from your bruised soul and put on it the soothing salve of Christ's gospel and of God's compassion. I tell you there is more delight in heaven over one man that gets reformed by the grace of God than over ninety and nine that never got off the track.

### Stories of Chelsea's Dead.

In Chelsea, in an old rectory that stands in the shadow of a mulberry tree planted by Queen Elizabeth, there lives a fine old minister, the Rev. Dr. Blount, who was the personal friend of the great men who have made Chelsea famous. He knew Carlyle well, and told a visitor recently that he and the great but irascible sage went to see Westminster one day. Carlyle was impressed with the building, but the service aroused him to sniffs and snorts of contempt, and he summed up his feelings by saying: "As for being buried in it, I should demand a general jail delivery first before I'd lay my bones there." Dr. Blount remembers Rossetti well and tells this rather wicket anecdote of him. "Poor Rossetti!" he says. "When his wife died he cast a volume of unpublished poems into her grave, and it was buried with her. But later the argument of his friends as to the loss which the world suffered thereby induced him to have the poems dug up again."—New York Press.

### People Who Eat Coal.

Earth-eating savages are known to anthropologists, but the statement that there are people in civilized England who habitually swallow lumps of ordinary household coal appears somewhat surprising. To this practice Mary Ann Foy, a housemaid lately employed at 46 Gloucester gardens, Hyde Park, owed her death. Some of the pieces, stated Dr. Harper at the inquest, had stuck in the windpipe and caused suffocation. It was a fact, added the witness, that some persons did eat small portions of coal. The coroner asked with what object. A juror said that persons suffering from severe attacks of heartburn did so. The coroner said that he had heard of persons eating charcoal, but not coal. There was in the present case, however, no doubt about the fact. "Death from misadventure" was the verdict.—London Express.

### Says Mr. Medderrass.

"Nope, I never seen none o' these here loop-the-loop businesses," said Mr. Medderrass, carefully selecting a fat pickle from the grocer's barrel, "but from what I've heard about it it's a cross between breakin' a mule colt an' gettin' blowed up in a bil'er explosion an' fallin' out of a balloon."—Baltimore American.

### Asked and Answered.

"Professor," said Miss Gidday, "you've made a study of human nature. Now, at what age would you say the average man of intelligence is most likely to marry?" "Dotage!" promptly replied Prof. Oldbache.—Philadelphia Press.







# Special Sale of Dry Goods at Weekes'

While we have always sold goods cheaper than others in Lowell we are selling them this Fall lower than we have ever attempted. Here are a few of our prices

The very best Prints made and the choicest styles for 4¢  
Are the best Blacks and Greys Indicos and Fancies. We have more of them than all the other stores put together.  
Our 5¢ prints, some stores sell them for 6¢, for 3¢.  
Best Skirting Prints 3¢.  
The very best Apron Gingham for 5¢.

The very best Sheeting made for 6¢, of course we have the lower grades.  
Fruits and Lonsdale Bleached 7¢.  
The best Outing Flannels 8¢, lower grade for 4¢ in dark colors.  
The best Table Oil Cloths 12¢.  
Men's all wool shirts and drawers the \$1.00 kind for 49¢.  
Boy's all wool shirts and drawers the 60¢ kind for 25¢.

Our store is packed full of Cloaks and Furs and Dress Goods, all new and the choicest styles.  
No matter what you can buy stuff for elsewhere we will show you better goods and put a lower price on them.

**A. W. WEEKES.**

**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.**

Hunting coats at Godfrey's.  
Highest market prices paid for produce. John Giles & Co.  
Maggie Robens spent Sunday in Grand Rapids.  
Guns and ammunition cheap at R. D. Stockings'.  
Benj. Terwilliger was in Grand Rapids Monday.  
Mrs. A. Hinchey returned Sunday from a visit in Pontiac.  
R. D. Stocking is selling guns and ammunition very cheap.  
Mrs. McPherson knits socks and children's stockings to order.  
Our teas have the best quality and suit every body. John Giles & Co.  
What makes Godfrey famous? Good goods and low prices of course.  
Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Micklin were in Grand Rapids several days last week.  
Godfrey knocks em all out for good clothing and low prices. See his underwear.  
A new cement walk is being laid on the east side of the Lowell State Bank building.  
Miss Florence Behl is spending a couple of weeks in Grand Rapids and other places.  
The family of J. C. Andrews are indulging in sweet potatoes raised in his own garden.  
George A. Brown of Flint and his two little sons were in Lowell last Thursday and Friday.  
Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Painter attended the Himoid festival at Grand Rapids two days last week.  
Mrs. James Scott went to Chicago last week with her sister, Miss Edith Minor, and returned to Lowell Tuesday.  
Bread, always sweet and wholesome, always alike, at Smith's bakery. Ask your grocer for Smith's bread.  
Mesdames Davidson, F. N. White and N. L. McCarty attended the Baptist convention in Grand Rapids this week.  
Mrs. E. S. Adams with her sister, Mrs. Cecelia Dennison, spent the past week visiting friends at Cascade and Grand Rapids.  
Eugene Cambell attended a reunion of the Seventh Michigan Cavalry in Detroit last week and reports a very enjoyable time.  
Frank Ervine, who has been working for Benj. Terwilliger, left Wednesday to accept a position as foreman in a new market in Ionia.  
Dr. Towsley having purchased the barn formerly owned by Robt. Marshall and the adjacent blacksmith owned by Mrs. Sarah Carr, has moved the first building to the rear of the last and will use the whole for a horse barn.  
When he sells the best outing flannels made for 8¢, the best gingham for 5¢, table oil cloth for 12¢ and prints for 3¢ and 4¢ no wonder A. W. Weekes has to go to market every few weeks to replenish his stock.

Lamp sale at Collar's bazaar.  
Underwear sale at Godfrey's.  
Miss Agnes Perry ill with the grip.  
Watch out for Carr & Price's opening.  
Get your guns and ammunition of R. D. Stocking.  
Lamp sale at Collar's bazaar, beginning Saturday, Oct. 19.  
We have on sale the best \$10.00 cloak on earth. A. W. Weekes.  
Finest Virginia sweet potatoes, 10 lbs for 25¢. J. Giles & Co.  
Suit and overcoat sale at Godfrey's. Come and get 'em cheap.  
Mrs. Martin of Fisher, Minnesota is visiting Mrs. Seth Robinson and Mrs. Shears.  
Miss Bessie Husted of Grand Rapids spent Thursday of last week with her father, N. P. Husted.  
The rummage sale to be conducted by the Congregational ladies starts in the Nash building on the bridge Saturday. Don't forget it.  
The families of J. R., and Geo. F. White entertained visitors from Flint, Grand Rapids, South Dakota, Grattan and Lowell a part of last week.

The following attended the carnival in Grand Rapids last Thursday: Mr. and Mrs. F. Davey, Mrs. F. T. King, Mrs. Marks Ruben and Mrs. Arvine Hunter.  
Boiled ham, spring chicken roasted, cream puffs, lemon pie, baked beans and fruit sticks are some of the good things you can get at Smith's bakery next Saturday.  
Mrs. A. C. Stone left Tuesday morning for her trip to Lockport and the Pan American exposition. She was accompanied by her daughters Edith and Ethel.  
The opportunity to hear men of such prominence as those who will speak at the coming Grand Rapids District Epworth League Convention does not often come to us. Let us not fail to hear them.  
Despite the inclement weather Monday evening, seventy people gathered at the M. E. church to pay their respects to Rev. and Mrs. Charles Nease, and the occasion was a very pleasant one enlivened by several vocal solos by Mrs. Ora Weekes Anderson, Refreshments were served.  
There seems to be some misunderstanding regarding the charge for which young Albert Johnson was sent to the Reform school last week. The term "disorderly conduct" in his case merely meant refusal to obey his parents and attend school. For this last the boy had considerable excuse and there was no evidence that he was in any way a vicious boy.  
Joseph, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Kelley, went to Muskegon yesterday accompanied by his mother. He will enter the High and Manual Training schools in that city, and will make his home with Grandfather Kelly. Monday evening at his home in this village, Joe was surprised by the entrance of the High school foot ball boys and presented by Prof. Thomas in their behalf with a beautiful fountain pen. Refreshments were served and all the boys had a good time.  
One of the most attractive exhibits of the Ionia fair was that of N. P. Husted's Lowell nurseries. Much interest was taken by fruit growers in the valuable and hardy new varieties of fruit trees grown by this nursery and large orders were booked for Spring delivery. This old firm's business within the past few years has been extended into distant parts of the State where large orchards have been set, from which most favorable reports are received.  
At the recent sale of the Blain property, three horses which were included in the list advertised were missing; and it was found that they had been previously mortgaged. The removal was presumed to have been in the interest of the mortgagee, Mrs. Hughson. Deputy Sheriff Morse located the horses in Calcedonia township and they were secured by replevy. A suit to determine ownership of the property will soon engage the attention of the Circuit court.

**Want a Watch?**



We are prepared to show you line of dependable watches; watches that will both please and suit you. In order to do this we must carry the product of the best manufacturers and this is what our stock comprises.  
We are quoting some specially low prices for a short time.



Watch out for Carr & Price's opening.  
A. B. Sherman is visiting the Pan American and relatives in Western York.  
Miss Minnie Willie of Greenville visited the family of M. M. Perry Tuesday.  
John Giles & Co., have just received a large shipment of tea direct from Japan.  
John W. Egan of the Fremont News was a caller at THE LEDGER office yesterday.  
Rev. Cronkhite of Kalamazoo will occupy the Baptist pulpit next Sunday morning and evening.  
Mesdames Moffit and Lee were initiated into the White Shrine in Grand Rapids Friday evening.  
Miss Lydia VanDeusen has accepted a position as book-keeper in R. B. Boylan's hardware store.  
Another new assortment of working gloves just arrived at Godfrey's. The best goods at lowest prices. Come and get em.  
Mesdames E. R. Craw and H. W. Hakes attended the Grand Chapter of the Eastern Star at Grand Rapids last week, as delegates.  
Claude Lane has severed his connection with W. S. Winegar, druggist; and L. H. Hunt is now employed in his stead.  
Harry Hunter and sister, Mrs. Annie Mosher, of Mt. Pleasant, have been spending several days of this week with Lowell friends.  
Mrs. Ora Weekes Anderson left yesterday for her home in Washington, accompanied as far as Chicago by her father, Hon. A. W. Weekes.  
Mrs. Chas. Althen, who accompanied her daughter to her home at Bucyrus, O., and also visited friends at Columbus, returned home Tuesday evening.  
Unclaimed letters at Lowell post-office for Martin Cole, Willis Chaffee Carl Culbert, Robert Emerson, N. Jones, Edmund Weaver, Mrs. G. P. Corneil, Mrs. Blanche Baldwin and Mrs. Minnie Thomas.  
The Blain real estate is to be sold Saturday at 2, p. m., in front of Taft's store. At the same time and place the gray mare Minnie and gray mare and colt will be sold, the last two separately or together as greater sum can be realized.  
D. R. Whitney, Assignee.  
While conducting a lunch stand during the Himoid at Grand Rapids last Thursday, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Craw and the latter's brother, A. E. Dennis, were burned by the explosion of a gasoline lamp. Fortunately, all escaped serious injury, and Mr. Craw was able to go to work next morning. Mrs. Craw owes her escape from disfigurement to bystanders who smothered the flames. The three are to be congratulated.

Chattel mortgage blanks at this office.  
C. O. Lawrence and family have been spending the week at their old home in Canada, stopping at Buffalo and the Pan American ere their return.  
Carl Speaker is made defendant in a suit for divorce commenced by his wife, Lois Speaker, whose bill was filed in Circuit court yesterday. Mrs. Speaker charges her husband with cruelty, failure to support and occasional acts of desertion.—[Grand Rapids Herald, Oct. 12.  
DeWitt's Little Early Risers never disappoint. They are safe, prompt, gentle, effective in removing all impurities from the liver and bowels. Small and easy to take. Never gripe or distress.  
L. H. Taft & Co.

**EXCURSIONS**

**PERE MARQUETTE**  
CHICAGO \$5.00 THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24.  
Only \$5.00 for a ticket to Chicago and return from any station on the Saginaw division between Hemlock and Lowell; Ionia division between Rodney, Barryton, Wiedman and Eagle, and the main line between Grand Haven and East Paris. All inclusive. Ask agents or see bills for particulars as to trains. Tickets good to return on any regular train leaving Chicago until night of Monday, Oct. 28. Baggage and bicycles checked under regular rules. Only \$5.00 for round trip. Great chance to visit your Chicago friends.

**THE LOWELL MARKET REPORT.**

Corrected Oct. 17	
Wheat	68
Buckwheat	50
Apples	25 75
Potatoes	40 45
Beans	1 25 1 60
Pork	6 50@ 6 75
Corn	2 48
Oats	2 33
Rye	2 46
Honey	11 13
Butter	16 @ 18
Eggs	10 15
Wool washed	13 @ 15
Wool unwashed	10 15
Beef	5 00 @ 6 00
Veal	6 50 @ 6 75
Flour per cwt	@ 2 00
Bran per ton	@ 17 00
Middlings per ton	@ 18 00
Corn meal per ton	@ 24 00
Corn and oats per ton	@ 25 00
Clover Seed	4 00 5 00

Our 3d Annual

# LAMP SALE

Starts Saturday, Oct. 19th and Continues for one week

We have the best line of Lamps in the county—bought direct from the factory in barrel lots and they will be sold at prices that cannot be duplicated, for the same class of goods. They comprise all the new and up-to-date designs in the lamp art. Just a word to the people who have electric lights, now is a good time to get a lamp for very little money and it will come handy when you least expect it.

We can sell you a Lamp for 19¢  
A nice Parlor Lamp for 73¢  
Give you a better one for 98¢  
But if you want a "dandy" see the one at \$1.49  
And one that excells them all for \$2.98

**The Biggest Lamp Bargains You Ever Saw**

Come while the assortment is complete and take your pick for they wont last long at those prices. Remember—commencing Saturday morning, Oct. 19 and ending Saturday night Oct. 26

## Clyde Collar's Bazaar.

West side, Lowell.

**A Glorious**

# CLOTHING SALE

**For Our Customers**

and we will continue this sale until competition cries enough, and then we'll go on just the same—selling the best goods at the lowest prices. Call and see

**The W. S. GODFREY Clothiers**  
Lowell, Mich.