

THE CULVER CITIZEN.

LAKE MAXINKUCHEE

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PERSONAL POINTERS

Brief Mention of Culverites and Their Friends Who Have Come and Gone

Miss Pearl Blanchard returned Saturday night from a summer's visit in Illinois.

Misses Bertha Hawkins and Elmer Overman took in the sights at Monterey Sunday.

Sam Easterday and Fred Cook went to Monterey Monday evening to a republican meeting.

Dr. Wiseman, accompanied by Dr. C. S. Wiseman of Lakeville, spent Sunday in Chicago.

Miss Chloe Houghton has left for Terre Haute to resume her studies at the State Normal.

Mrs. Elizabeth Waggoner went to Logansport this week for visit her daughter, Mrs. Gross, for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Saine came home Saturday night from Twelve Mile where a daughter was quite ill.

Martin Jones had the misfortune to sprain his ankle last Saturday while running after a foot ball.

Hulda Wiseman and Ruth Behmer visited Dr. C. S. Wiseman and family at Lakeville Saturday and Sunday.

Clarence Hawkins of Fostoria, O., and Ed Hawkins of Mishawaka were visitors of Ezra Hawkins and family Sunday.

Mrs. Arthur Morris left Saturday to join her mother, Mrs. Henalties in Marion. is visiting relatives.

Miss Eva Stuart, nurse from the Epworth hospital, returned to South Bend Friday after several days visit with the Howards.

Mrs. L. C. Wiseman and son Walter visited with Mrs. Wiseman's mother, Mrs. Marietta Leeland, in Argos over Sunday.

Friends of John Green, who formerly lived here and moved to Colorado six or seven years ago, have learned of his recent marriage to a Western lady.

N. J. Fairchild and family moved to Kewanna last week. In addition to his auctioneering business Mr. Fairchild is on the road for the Kewanna marble yards.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Wiseman leave Friday for a week's visit with Mr. Wiseman's sister, Mrs. Hannah Wood, and family of Newtown, Fountain county.

A. B. Holt was in Kankakee over Sunday. The rain began there at 1 p.m. and continued steadily until after midnight. Kankakee is 85 miles west of Culver.

Albert Shriner and family have vacated the house owned by Mr. Koontz in which they have been living and moved onto the farm of Mr. Shriner's father near Athens.

Mrs. Rollo Hutchison went to South Bend last Thursday for a few days visit with friends. Miss Troyer, who has been spending two weeks with Mrs. Hutchison, accompanied her.

Will Easterday arrived home from Hampden, N. D., Thursday of last week. Will says the other boys, Lester Hissong, Grover Filar and Newton Bush, will be back in two or three weeks.

T. M. Hoffman has resigned as manager of the Culver telephone and will leave the service of the company to engage in other business. His family will leave this week for Berne, Ind. It is not yet known who will succeed Mr. Hoffman as local manager.

S. S. Chadwick has been making a two weeks' trip, first to Tuscola, Ill., where he lived eighteen years ago, and then to Washington, Pa., near Pittsburgh, the scene of his boyhood days. The drouthy conditions essential at that time

Dry Weather Loosens Tires.

These dry days are great for the blacksmiths. The continued drought has made their work of tire setting the heaviest part of their trade. Day after day farmers drive into the city with their tires all but off their wheels and are compelled to secure the services of a blacksmith before being able to return home. Many, too, have been forced to abandon their loads along the country roads because of loose tires. Some of the farmers state that this kind of weather makes it so uncertain about getting to the city that they dread to leave home. Even the buggies with the tires fastened to the wheels suffer through the lack of moisture in the air.

The farmers have always been bothered more or less during the summer by the loosening of tires, but this year the trouble has become so prevalent that the farmer is hardly certain of getting to town when he leaves home, unless he has just had his tires set.

On all of the farms where a small creek passes through the place the farmers manage in some way to drive through the water that their tires may be benefited by the soaking. Many of the farmers, however, are even complaining that their creeks have dried up and that they are forced to submit to the slipping of tires without a struggle.—Logansport Pharos.

County Convention.

The county convention of the W. C. T. U. met at Plymouth Sept. 28. Mrs. Shad of Argos conducted the meeting. Officers were elected and superintendents for the various departments of the work were appointed. Bremen was represented by three members, Argos by two, Plymouth by several, and Culver by six—Mesdames Shoemaker, Norris, Smith, Elick, Walmer and Parker.

The convention was a grand success and very encouraging indeed to those who have been faithful workers for so long. Besides the talks by the different ladies, Dr. Brown of Plymouth gave a very interesting and instructive talk on "Alcohol in Medicine," showing that it really has no medical properties and has no place only as a preservative. Rev. Wearing also gave an address on the success of the prayerful and earnest work of the W. C. T. U.

Church News.

There will be preaching at the M. E. church next Sunday morning and evening. In the morning just previous to the regular discourse the pastor will preach a six-minute sermon to the boys and girls of the church and Sunday school. In the evening the theme will be "The Verdict of the World Concerning Christ." The Epworth league service commences at 6:30 p. m. and church 7:30.

Rev. F. B. Walmer will preach at Trinity next Saturday evening, at Culver on Sunday morning, and at Rutland Sunday evening. Everybody invited to attend.

County Option a Law.

The county local option bill has been passed by the Indiana legislature and signed by the governor. The measure is, of course, another step toward state prohibition which is now likely to be realized before 1912 as the prohibition forces have been looking forward to. The remonstrance law is not abrogated by the county local option law, and the former method of handling the liquor question may be used whenever the county law is not practicable.

Seeberger's Sudden Summons.

Fred Seeberger, who owns a cottage at Long Point and has been one of the well-known lake resorters for some years, dropped dead in his office in Terre Haute last Saturday.

CRANE FIRST VICTIM

The Academy Football Squad Trim the Chicago Eleven to the Tune of 22 to 0.

In flying dust clouds and a 90-degree temperature Culver opened her football season by a clear victory over Crane Manual of Chicago. The score was 22-0 and it was evenly divided between halves.

Captain Hyney tried out about twenty men in the course of the game. Yarnell G., a star member of last year's team, is joined this year by his brother whose work indicated that the Yarnell brothers will loom large in the season's play. Another of the candidates is Haskins, brother of "Snow" Haskins, captain in '07, and now in Michigan.

One of the noticeable improvements on the grounds made during the past month is the elevation of the grade of the drill and athletic field. The surface of this has long been more or less uneven and in some spots so loose and boggy that marching was difficult. The lower portion, in spite of the drains, became a pond for many hours after a rain and it furnished a basin from which much of the cinder running track had to be recovered after a heavy down-pour. The entire field has been filled and brought up to the grade of the track, then covered with rich top soil which will be sown in grass and rolled. While the academy is deprived of the use of the field this fall, the athletics going to the cavalry field and the drills scattered wherever room may be found, by next May the grounds should be in excellent condition for use again.

The members of the faculty and the cadets were given a surprise by Captain William R. Kennedy of the faculty when word was received at the opening of school that he had been married in Buffalo on September eighth. His unsuspecting associates had thought the captain too much absorbed with rifle ranges and rifle shoots to give thought to more romantic matters. Mrs. Kennedy was formerly Miss Helen Julia Hens of Buffalo, N. Y., and she is already well known at the academy where she has attended.

Obituary.

[Contributed.]

Leo Dale Haschel, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Haschel, was born Feb. 1898 and died Sept. 25, 1908, aged seven months and seven days. He was baptized by Rev. Wayne Nicely and dedicated to God according to the ritual of the Methodist Episcopal church, but God had a place for him in that house not made with hands eternal in the heaven. He is the fourth child of the family to be called away, four sisters yet remaining. We lean upon the strong arm of God while we extend our love and sympathy to the bereaved, remembering that Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me for of such is the kingdom of heaven," and also that the bible says "Their angels do also behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

A Painful Accident.

Austin Druckmiller, living near Burr Oak, met with a singular mishap last Saturday morning. While milking, the cow jumped against him, knocking him over and stepping on his left leg, breaking the bones just above the ankle.

Ice Cream Social.

An ice cream social will be held Friday evening, Oct. 2, at the home of Edwinna McFarland for the benefit of the

POPLAR GROVE PELLETS.

Russell Loser was home Sunday. Charles Hibray went to Laporte Saturday.

The Ladies' Aid will serve lunch at the Edgar Wilson sale.

The Jacob Cavenders were Sunday guests of the Roy Wickizers.

Mrs. Roy Wickizer and children spent Tuesday with her parents near Argos.

Mrs. Glenn Moore spent a few days with her sister, Mrs. William Myers, last week.

Mrs. Belle Smith was called home Sunday on account of the illness of her sister Ivy.

Mrs. Alma Cowen has been seriously ill with spinal fever for the past week. She is at the home of her parents.

Mrs. Isaac Thompson and daughters Blonda and Ada were entertained at the home of J. M. Wickizer Monday.

Mesdames John Swanson and Lloyd Custer of South Bend visited with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Myers.

Tom Stayton, Lawrence Hissong, Orval McMillion, Iva Scott and Laura Hissong spent Sunday evening with Gladys and Vera Brooke.

On the evening of Sept. 22 I. C. Brooke's friends and neighbors to about the number of 100 gathered at his home to remind him of his 52d birthday. It was a complete surprise to I. C. and as much so to Mrs. Brooke. After eating ten gallons of ice cream and about twenty-five cakes they departed for their homes leaving I. C. to think he had a few friends left.

HIBBARD HAPPENINGS.

Mrs. J. E. Reed, Correspondent.

Bert Garver returned from North Dakota last Sunday.

Louis Schmidt has returned from a trip to England.

A number of our citizens went to Plymouth to see the ball game Sunday.

E. M. Balcom, whose appointment to the coast artillery service was chronicled in this column last week, has been detailed for duty at Key West barracks.

Mr. Stiller, who had charge of the vocal music last year will again be in charge of the work this year. He was at the academy Sunday and Monday organizing his work.

Rev. Frank Grandstaff was again the minister at the Sunday morning chapel service.

NORTH BEND NOTES.

Mrs. Jane Castleman, Correspondent.

On Sunday evening the relatives and friends of Sam Baker surprised him, it being his 51st birthday. Those present were Messrs. and Mesdames Dayton Shanks and children, Layton Shanks and children, Bert Whitsell and children, Marvin Winters and children, Tom Chaney and little daughter, Arthur Kaley, Jacob Beck, Thomas Chapman, O. Jordan, Clark Weidner; Messrs. Andy Joe and Tracy Smith, Charley Olinger, Frank and Dan Beck, Alva Matthias, Arthur Chapman, George Baker, Clarence Gardner, Herby and George Sellers; Misses Belle Weidner, Belle Anderson and Clara Johnson.

Close of Concert Season.

The Culver band gave its last concert a week ago Tuesday evening. It was the intention to give the final concert this week Tuesday, but the cool weather prevented. The band has closed a very successful season of concerts and its members hope that everyone is satisfied.

The Hardware Store.

The general public, as well as the personal friends of O. T. Goss, will be glad to learn that he has purchased the interest of his deceased partner and will continue the hardware business as sole proprietor.

THE WEEK IN CULVER

Little Items of Local Happenings of Interest to People in Town and Country

Cooler weather for today is the forecast.

The Taggart and Sherrin cottages were closed this week.

The mother of Mrs. Ed Hawk died at Kewanna Tuesday.

Rev. Mr. Wright has taken possession of the M. E. parsonage.

The frames for the Will Osborn and Henry Overman houses are up.

All Saints' guild will meet with Mrs. Simcox next Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 6.

Wm. Grubb has contracted to run the engine on the Lloyd McSheeby next season.

Frank Brooke moved into Samuel Osborn's new house in the Zechiel addition yesterday.

Henry Zechiel was obliged to shoot a sick horse Tuesday night. The animal was one of his black stallions and worth \$200.

The pupils of the 7th and 8th grades of the public school made about \$17 at their ice cream and lemonade sale last Friday evening.

The Daniel Robinson farm of acres west of Burr Oak, was sold this week to A. C. Thatcher for \$1,500.—Independent of South

The long drought was broken on Sunday night when rain began to fall shortly after 10 o'clock and continued until toward morning. It will revive the pastures and put the ground in shape for plowing and seeding.

Many of the farmers have been cutting their corn at night. During the day it has been extremely dry and dusty, and the chaff from the dried corn blossoms causes the work to be very unpleasant. During the day considerable of the fodder is lost.—Independent

The Water company has bought 500 feet of firstclass fire hose, guaranteed for five years. It will be here the latter part of the week. In addition the old hose is to be repaired where possible. With the new hose the fire company will be in good shape to do effective service.

The ladies of All Saints' guild entertained the members of the guilds of St. Thomas, Plymouth, on last Thursday. Luncheon was served on the porch of the Hidden Inn. Later in the afternoon a visit was made to the academy and this was followed by a boat ride around the lake. About fifteen ladies and the rector, Mr. Howard, came down from Plymouth.

A Deep Mystery.

Thursday and Friday of last week were two banner days for catching blue gills. Ed Bradley and Al Leek caught 87, Archie Blanchard caught 40 or more, Rev. Coyle and Walker and Neighbor Cromley had big strings, and other parties whose names have not been given us are reported as equally lucky. Why the fish bit on these two days is one of the mysteries which we dry-land suckers do not understand.

Miss Holmes, teacher in the high school, was at her home in Argos over Sunday.

Try "Gilt Edge" spring wheat flour. Best for every purpose. \$3

The Culver Citizen

ARTHUR B. HOLT, Publisher.

CULVER, INDIANA.

LANGFORD of the THREE BARS

By
KATE AND VIRGIL D. BOYLES

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SYNOPSIS.

Cattle thieves despoiling ranches of South Dakota; George Williston, small ranchman, runs into rendezvous of thieves on island in Missouri river. They have stolen cattle from Three Bar ranch. Langford, the lawyer, is retained by Gordon and Williston to determine what has been done to Langford, who determines to rid country of thieves. Jesse Black heads outlaws. Langford falls in love with Williston's daughter, but does not tell her so. Louise Dale, court stenographer, and niece of Judge Dale, visits small town in quest of attorney Gordon. Gordon takes testimony in preliminary hearing. Gordon falls in love with her. After preliminary examination Williston's home is attacked and defended by his daughter and himself. Outlaws fire building just as Langford and his cowboys arrive. Outlaws are driven off. Williston's evidence against Black is meager, and case seems to be going against the state. Gordon takes a night ride and finds Williston, who has escaped from captors. The courthouse at Kemah burns at night. Williston, his wife, and son, and Mrs. Williston and Louise Dale attend Court convenes in the church, and Williston's testimony is introduced by Gordon.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

It was a straight story, and apparently damaging for the prosecution. It corroborated the attestations of other witnesses—many others. It had a plausible ring to it. Two bills of sale radiated atmospheric legality. If there had been dirty work it must have originated with that renegade half-breed, Yellow Wolf. And Yellow Wolf was dead. He had died while serving a term in the penitentiary for cattle rustling. Uncle Sam himself had set the seal upon him—and now he was dead. This insinuated charge he could not answer. The finality of it seemed to set its stamp upon the people gathered there—upon the 12 good men and true, as well as upon others. Yellow Wolf was dead. George Williston was dead. Their secrets had died with them. An inscrutable fate had lowered the veil. Who could pierce it? One might believe, but who could know? And the law required knowledge.

"We'll call Charlie Nightbird," said Small, complacently.

There was a little waiting silence—a breathless, palpitating silence.

"Is Charlie Nightbird present?" asked Small, casting rather anxious eyes over the packed, intent faces. Charlie Nightbird was not present. At least he made no sign of coming forward. The face of the young counsel for the state was immobile during the brief time they waited for Charlie Nightbird—whose dark, frozen face at that moment turned toward the cold, sparkling sky, and who would never come, not if they waited for him till the last dread trump of the last dread day.

There was some mistake. Counsel had been misinformed. Nightbird was an important witness. He had been reported present. Never mind. He was probably unavoidably detained by the storm. They would call Jesse Big Cloud and others to corroborate the defendant's statements—which they did, and the story was sustained in all its parts, major and minor. Then the defense rested.

Richard Gordon arose from his chair. His face was white. His lean jaws were set. His eyes were steel. He was anything but a lover now, this man Gordon. Yet the slim little court reporter with dark circles of homesickness under her eyes had never loved him half so well as at this moment. His voice was clear and deliberate.

"Your honor, I ask permission of the court to call a witness in direct testimony. I assure your honor that the state had used all efforts in its power to obtain the presence of this witness before resting its case, but had failed and believed at the time that he could not be produced. The witness is now here and I consider his testimony of the utmost importance in this case."

Counsel for the defendant objected strenuously, but the court granted the petition. He wanted to hear everything that might throw some light on the dark places in the evidence.

"I call Mr. George Williston," said Gordon.

Had the strain crazed him? Louise covered her eyes with her hands. Men sat in dazed. And thus, the cynosure of all eyes—stupified eyes—Williston of the ravaged Lazy S, thin and worn but calm, natural and scholarly-looking as of old—walked from the little ante-room at the side into the light and knowledge of men once more and raised his hand for the oath. Not until this was taken and he had sat quietly down in the witness chair did the tension snap. Even then men found it difficult to focus their attention on the enormous difference this new witness must make in the case that a few moments before seemed

Mary sat with shining eyes in the front row of wooden chairs. It was no wonder she had laughed and been so gay all the day yesterday and all the worse to-day. Louise shot her a look of pique gladness.

Small's face was ludicrous in its drop-jawed astonishment. The little lawyer's face was a study. A look of defiance had crept into the defendant's countenance.

The preliminary questions were asked and answered.

"Mr. Williston, you may state where you were and what you saw on the 14th day of July last."

Williston, the unfortunate gentleman and scholar, the vanquished cowboy, for a brief while the most important man in the county, perhaps, was about to uncover to men's understanding the dark secret hitherto obscured by a cloud of opposition and hearsay. He told the story of his visit to the island, and he told it well. It was enough. Gordon asked no further questions regarding that event.

"And now, Mr. Williston, you may tell what happened to you on the night of the 20th of August?"

Williston began to tell the story of the night attack upon the Lazy S, when the galvanic Small jumped to his feet. The little lawyer touched him with a light hand.

"Your honor," he said, smoothly, "I object to that as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial, and not binding on the defendant."

"Your honor," interrupted Gordon, with great calmness, "we intend to show you before we get through that this testimony is competent, and that it is binding upon the defendant."

"Was the defendant there?"

"The defendant was there."

The objection was overruled.

So Williston told briefly but to the point the story of the night attack upon his home, of the defence by himself and daughter, and of the burning of his house and sheds. Then he proceeded:

"Suddenly, some one caught me from behind, my arms were pinioned to my sides, something was clapped over my mouth. I was flung over a horse and strapped to the saddle all in less time than it takes to tell it, and was borne away in company with the man who had overpowered me."

He paused a moment in his recital. Faces strained with expectancy devoured him—his every look and word and action. Mary was very pale, carried thus back to the dread realities of that night in August, and shuddered, remembering that ghastly galloping. Langford could scarce re-



Williston of the Ravaged Lazy S.

strains himself. He wanted to rip out a blood-curdling Sioux war-whoop on the spot.

"Who was this man, Mr. Williston?" asked Gordon.

"Jesse Black."

Small was on his feet again, gesturing wildly.

"I object! This is all a fabrication, put in here to prejudice the minds of the jury against this defendant. It is a pack of lies, and I move that it be stricken from the record."

The little lawyer bowed his head to the storm and shrugged up his shoulders. Perhaps he wished that he, or his associates—one of the unholly alliance at least—was where the wicked cease from troubling, on the far-away islands of the deep seas, possibly, or home on the farm. But his expression told nothing.

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" expostulated Judge Dale, "Gentlemen! I insist. This is all out of order." Only one gentleman was out of order, but that was the judge's way. Gordon had remained provokingly cool under the strain.

Again the soft touch. Small fell into his chair. He poured himself a glass of water from the pitcher standing on the attorneys' table and drank it all of it nervously.

"I move," said the little lawyer, "that all this touching upon the personal matter of this witness and having to do with his private quarrels be stricken out of the evidence as not bearing on the case in question."

"Stand aside or I'll shoot!"

some distance up the sides of the hills. In the midst of this under-brush—a most excellent screen—was a tiny cabin. In this tiny cabin I have lived, a closely watched prisoner, from that day until I escaped."

The defendant stirred a little uneasily. Was he thinking of Nightbird with the dark, frozen face—who had not answered to his call?

"Black left me soon after. He did not bind me, rather bound me the tighter. There was no one then to watch me. He deluged to inform me that he had found it rather inconvenient to kill me after the relief party rode up, as then there was no absolute surety of his making a clean getaway, and being caught in the act would be bound to be unpleasant, very unpleasant just then, so he had altered his plans a little—for the present. He gave me no hint either that time, nor either of the two times I saw him subsequently, as to what was to be his ultimate disposal of me. I could only suppose that after this trial was well over in his favor, and fear of indictment for arson and murder had blown over—if blow over it did—he would then quietly put an end to me. Dead men tell no tales. The shanty in the gulch did not seem to be much of a rendezvous for secret meetings. I led a lonely existence. My jailers were mostly half-breeds—usually Charlie Nightbird. Two or three times Jake Sanderson was my guard."

Then from the doorway came a loud, clear, resonant voice, a joyful voice, a voice whose tones fairly oozed

"Hell damn! The Three Bars's gettin' busy, Mouse-hair!"

Judge Dale started. He glared angrily in that direction.

"Remove that man!" he ordered, curtly. He liked Jim, but he could not brook this crying contempt of court. Jim was removed. He went quietly, but shaking his head reproachfully.

"I never would 'a' thought it o' the judge," he murmured, disconsolately. "I never would 'a' thought it."

There was a movement in the back of the room. A man was making his way out, slipping along, cat-like, trying to evade attention. Quietly Gordon motioned to the sheriff and slipped a paper into his hand.

"Look sharp," he whispered, his steady eyes on the shifty ones of the sheriff. "If you let him get away, just remember the handwriting on the wall. It's our turn now."

Presently there was a slight scuffle by the door and two men quietly left the improvised court-room.

"Day before yesterday, in the afternoon," continued Williston, "I managed to knock Nightbird down at the threshold as he was about to enter. I had secretly worked a cross-beam from the low, unfinished ceiling. There was nothing else in the room I might use for a weapon. They were very careful. I think I killed him, your honor and gentlemen of the jury. I am not sorry. There was no other way. But I would rather it had been the maker, not the tool. By the time I had made my way back to the Lazy S I was too exhausted to go further; so I crawled over to my neighbors, the Whites, and Mother White made me a shake-down. I lay there, nearly dead, until this morning."

He leaned back weary.

Black stood up. He was not lank nor lazy now, nor shuffling. His body was drawn to its full height. In the instant before the spring, Mary, who was sitting close to the attorneys' table, met his glance squarely. She read there what he was about to do. Only a moment their eyes held each other but it was time enough for a swift message of understanding, of utter dislike, and of a determined will to defeat the man's purpose, to pass from the accusing brown eyes to the cruel ones of the defendant.

Quick as a flash Black seized the chair upon which he had been sitting, sprang clear of the table and his lawyers, and landed close to Mary's side. With his chair as a weapon, he meant to force his way to the nearest window. Mary's dilated, Unhesitatingly she seized the half-emptied glass on the table and dashed the contents full into the prisoner's face. Blinded, he halted a moment in his mad rush. Mary's quick maneuver made Langford's opportunity. He grappled with Black. The crowd went mad with excitement.

The prisoner still retained his chair. When Langford grappled with him, he attempted to bring it down upon the fair head of his antagonist. Mary gasped with dread, but Langford grasped the chair with one muscular hand, wrested it from the desperado's hold and threw it to the floor. The two men locked in a close embrace. Langford's great strength was more than sufficient to hold the outlaw until the dazed officers could do their duty—he had been let alone; but two men, who had been standing near the door when the prisoner made his unexpected leap for liberty, had succeeded in worming their way through the excited crowd, and now suddenly threw themselves upon the ranchman, dragging him back.

"Stand aside or I'll shoot!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Where the Shoe Pinched.

If they don't quit making that child cry," sighed the flat dweller as his sons echoed pitifully through the court, "I am going to apply to the board of health and have it stopped. There's a limit to everything." "Why the board of health?" asked her friend. "I should think you would apply to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children." "I am not thinking so much of him," acknowledged the flat dweller contritely. "As I am of my own health. His constant

WHEN THE POSTMAN DROPS YOUR MAIL

He Touches the Button. You Do the Rest.

The accompanying illustration represents an electric bell at the house which is connected with my mail box about 1,200 feet distant. When the carrier leaves mail for me he pushes the button which is inside the box and which rings the bell in the house, explains the satisfied possessor of this contrivance.

I used an ordinary electric door bell,

arrester at the house. It will be necessary to use insulated wire at the box and at the house where the wires come together in passing through the holes in the box and bell or the circuit will be completed and the bell will continue ringing.

I have six dry batteries on my line. One battery will ring about 200 feet. This device will save many steps and no one would care to tamper with the

ONE KIDNEY GONE

But Cured After Doctors Said There Was No Hope.

Sylvanus O. Verrill, Milford, Me., says: "Five years ago a bad injury paralyzed me and affected my kidneys. My back hurt me terribly, and the urine was badly discolored. Doctors said my right kidney was practically dead. They said I could never walk again. I read of Doan's Kidney Pills and began using them. One box made me stronger and freer from pain. I kept on using them and in three months was able to get out on crutches, and the kidneys were acting better. I improved rapidly, discarded the crutches and to the wonder of my friends was soon completely cured."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

LEST HE FORGET.

No Roseate Postcard Without Its Thorn of Suggestion.

Harold's mother—well call him Harold—went abroad a month ago, leaving Harold under the somewhat unsupervised control of his elder sisters.

In spite of the itemized directions with which even unto the moment of final leave-taking she had not ceased to bombard him, Harold's mother was far from sure that her efforts would have any lasting effect.

Her voyage was more or less disturbed, by these doubts, but before she landed on the other side she had determined on a course of action. Like all small boys, Harold is most covetous of picture postcards and had looked forward to a harvest from his mother's trip. He got it.

Every day she sent at least one card. And whatever else it bore in the way of inscription, there was not one which failed of this introduction:

"Just as soon as you get this go and brush your teeth."

TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD.



The Barrel Duster.

class plan to fumigate the house thoroughly by burning sulphur in it. Giving the inside a good coat of whitewash twice a year will aid materially in ridding the house of them.

It is made as follows: Take an ordinary barrel and cut a hole in the head 8x10 inches. Place the chickens (about twenty-five half-grown ones), in a barrel and sprinkle a handful of the powder over them, and then roll the barrel about for a minute or so. This has been found a very practical and effective method of getting rid of the lice.

Mites are very small insects which subsist on the blood of fowls, but are not usually found on the body except when they are on the roost or nest. During the day they hide in cracks in the walls around the roosts or about

the nests. The free use of crude carbolic acid, kerosene, or some of the commercial disinfectants will prove very effective in fighting these little enemies. If the weather will permit leaving the fowls out of doors for a whole day, it will be found a first

Pinxit—I have just finished the late Mrs. Peck's portrait. It's a speaking likeness.

The Widower Peck—Would it be too much trouble to—er—change it a bit in that respect?

DEEP CRACKS FROM ECZEMA

Could Lay Salt-Pencil in One—Hande in Dreadful State—Permanent Cure in Cuticura.

"I had eczema on my hands for about seven years and during that time I had used several so-called remedies, together with physicians' and druggists' prescriptions. The disease was so bad on my hands that I could lay a slate-pencil in one of the cracks and a rule placed across the hand would not touch the pencil. I kept using remedy after remedy, and while some gave partial relief, none relieved as much as did the first box of Cuticura Ointment. I made a purchase of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and my hands were perfectly cured after two boxes of Cuticura Ointment and one box of Cuticura Soap were used. W. H. Dean, Newark, Del., Mar. 28, 1907."

Nailing Him.

He—it's jolly nice to kiss one you like.

She—(No answer).

He—That is, of course, if she doesn't mind.

She—(No answer).

He—I'd like to steal a kiss now—

She—(No answer).

He—It would be quite safe.

She—Have you finished?

He—Oh, yes!

She—Then how can you make so many fool remarks when you see that I am alone and entirely at your mercy?—Young's Magazine.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is a new disease known as Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional remedy. It attacks the mucous membranes internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength to build up the constitution and assuring nature to do her work. This is such a much bath in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails

THE CULVER CITIZEN

ARTHUR R. HOLT, Publisher.

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Rates for home and foreign advertising made
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Local advertising at the rates fixed by law.

CULVER, IND., OCTOBER 1, 1908.

In a speech in Iowa, Theodore P. Shantz of the Alton-Clover Leaf system plead with the public to cease meddling with the management of the railroads, saying that if they did so, good old-fashioned prosperity would soon return. No doubt the truth is the people want to deal fairly with the railroads. They will be content to pay rates that will enable the roads to pay dividends on their fair valuation and to make all needed betterments; but they do not want to pay rates that will make dividends on watered stock, or provide money to be used in the control of other roads. The people are for the square deal, nothing more, nothing less.

Iowa has been for some time the first corn state in the union and promises to hold that record this year. The Burlington Hawk-Eye declares the corn is now safe and that the only trouble is that the stalks are so high that it will be difficult to husk some of the fields. The Hawk-Eye declares that Prof. G. P. Holden, who knows more about corn than all other experts in the state, has been out looking over the fields. Prof. Holden predicts that the crop this year will reach a total of 350,000,000 bushels, which will be larger by 20,000,000 of bushels than the best record the state has made to date. At a price near 50 cents, which is now promised, this will mean a gross return from the cornfields of about \$175,000,000. Other sections which promise no more than half a good crop are consoling themselves with the thought that the high prices may be counted as peculiarly fortunate. The same may be said of Nebraska, where a better yield than usual is promised. Thus the bounty of nature—somewhat discriminating as to localities—promises to make good on the staple and be equal to the domestic demand with some surplus for export.

Cascawnet, the well known remedy for babies and children, will quiet the little one in a short time. The ingredients are printed on the bottle. Contains no opium. Sold by T. E. Slattery.

Teaching of Agriculture.

The question is asked: Are there some simple things in agriculture which the teacher in the rural school can do, so that it shall be worth while even when conditions are such as to restrict the work with narrow limits? Yes, many things, but one at a time and carried through to a finish, is better than to do a little with several pieces of work and get results in none.

For instance, few people know the best way to grow garden peas or head lettuce or tomatoes or celery. The teacher who will take for his problem in agriculture for one year any one of these crops, and with his pupils master the what's and how's and why's of that subject, has done some real, practical work in agriculture of unquestionable value. And the community will appreciate it. The same kind of work could be done with alfalfa or strawberries or melons. Gather all available information published in the bulletins of the agricultural department at Washington and the experiment stations of our own and other states and then do it.

Get as many of the pupils as you can interest to do the work at home and have a plot in common on the school grounds. Do it so thoroughly that you will be an authority on that one crop. Next year choose something else. D. O. Barto. College Agriculture, Univ. Illinois.

DeWitt's Carbolicated Witch Hazel salve is the best salve for piles. Be sure and get DeWitt's. Sold by T. E. Slattery.

Auction Sale.

Tuesday, Oct. 6, on former Fred Stahl farm, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile west and $\frac{1}{2}$ mile south of Culver, horses, milk cows, steers and calves, hays and shoats, marsh and tame hays, farm machinery and tools, household goods. Property of Frank Easterday.

HANGED HIMSELF.

Aged North Bend Township Farmer Commits Suicide.

Julius Fechner, who resided 6 miles northwest of this place just north of the old Center church in North Bend township, committed suicide by hanging himself in his barn sometime Tuesday forenoon. No reason is known for his taking his own life, unless it was his brooding over the death of his wife, which occurred last spring. When he did not come to dinner his daughters made a search and found him as stated above. Coroner Parker of Ora was notified and drove to the home where he found that Fechner had been dead four or five hours.

Julius Fechner was 72 years old, and had resided in Starke county on the farm where he took his life about forty years. His farm consists of 80 acres well improved.—Monterey Sun.

Do not let anyone tell you that something else is just as good as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder pills because there isn't anything just as good. Sold by T. E. Slattery.

Hints for Housekeepers.

To remove silks from canned corn stir with a fork several times while cooking and the silks will wind around the prongs of the fork and thus be easily removed.

Match marks on a polished or varnished surface may be removed by first rubbing them with a cut lemon and then with a cloth dipped in water.

A little salt added to the water when scrubbing furniture will give it a fresh appearance.

For hiccup, a lump of sugar saturated in vinegar is sufficient in most cases.

An excellent remedy for a bad cold is a lemon sliced in a tumbler and boiling water poured over it with a little sugar. It is best to drink this in bed, to produce perspiration.

By heating lemons thoroughly before squeezing you obtain nearly twice as much juice as you otherwise would.

When peeling onions begin at the root end and peel upward and the onion will scarcely affect the eyes at all.

To clean light furs rub them with powdered magnesia and afterward shake thoroughly.

DeWitt's Little Early Bitters, the famous little liver pills. Sold by T. E. Slattery.

Bible Class Formed.

A number of the Epworth leaguers of the Methodist church met at the home of S. E. Medbourn Saturday evening for the purpose of organizing a bible class. About fifteen members are enrolled and will hold their first meeting Friday evening. Wednesday will be the regular meeting night. Outside of the business a social program was given consisting of music, readings and a number of contests. Refreshments were served.

Are You Regular?

If you are not, it is a sign of disease, a sign of some hidden female trouble, that may be undermining and weakening your constitution, and laying up for you much future suffering.

Many thousands of weak, irregular, suffering women have, in the past 50 years, been greatly benefited or cured by the use of that well-known, successful, purely vegetable, female tonic and curative remedy

Appie G. Barnes, of Alto, Tex., writes: "I caught cold, which made me irregular and gave me pains in my shoulders and sides. For almost 2 weeks I could not sit a chair. Cardui brought me all right again; I have no more pains and am in very good health."

At All Druggists

WRITE FOR FREE ADVICE, stating age and describing symptoms, to *Ladies' Advisory Dept.*, The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn. E 34

Auction Sale.

Tuesday, Oct. 6, on former Fred Stahl farm, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile west and $\frac{1}{2}$ mile south of Culver, horses, milk cows, steers and calves, hays and shoats, marsh and tame hays, farm machinery and tools, household goods. Property of Frank Easterday.

After April 1st, my weekly office days, for the transaction of township business, will be as follows: Tuesdays at my residence, and Saturdays at my office over the Exchange Bank, Culver.

FRANK M. PARKER, Trustee.

SHEET METAL WORK

OF ALL KINDS

Tin, Galvanized Iron and Asbestos Roofing. Eave Trough, Valleys, Ridge Roll and Cresting. Kelsey and Torrid Zone Furnaces. None but firstclass materials used.

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TINNER &
ROOFER

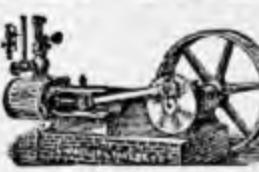
New Shop on Main Street, South of the Surprise : Phone 78

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All kinds of Tin Work and Repairing and Roofing skillfully done at fair prices

YOUR TRADE Respectfully Solicited

D. B. Young



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Repairing of Gasoline and Electric Vehicles, Launches, etc., a specialty. Prompt attention given to all orders.

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Special attention given to traveling men. Terms reasonable.

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DEALER IN

Fresh & Smoked Meat

Canned Goods, Fresh

Oysters, Etc.

WE STUDY TO PLEASE

Telephone 15-L

Hinshaw Bros.

Meat Market

DEALER IN
Fresh & Smoked Meat
Canned Goods, Fresh
Oysters, Etc.

WE STUDY TO PLEASE

Telephone 15-L

XTRAGOOD

CLOTHES FOR BOYS

Ederheimer, Stein & Co., Makers

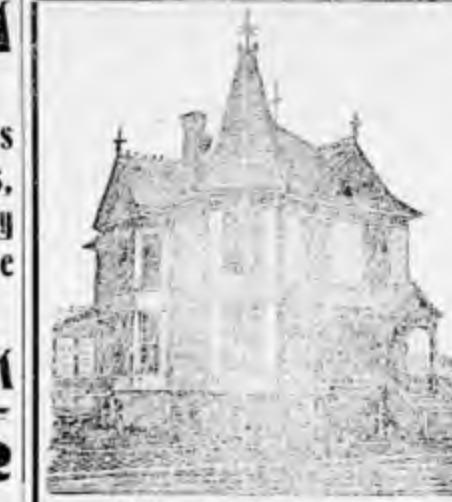
YOUR boy will mix up in games like this all Fall; perhaps in sport more vigorous still. It will take the best clothes you can find to stand it.

We're proud to offer you XTRAGOOD clothes. You're lucky to get them. They are the honest product of the leading makers—Ederheimer, Stein & Co. No question of their ability to give the boy best service under all circumstances; no doubt of your satisfaction with fit, style, price, appearance.

A lot of Norfolk and double-breasted styles for you to choose from. For all ages 7 to 17.

Mitchell & Stabenow

Outfitters for Men, Boys and Children



M. R. CLINE
Contractor and Builder
Residence—Hatchechee.

ESTABLISHED 1860

W. S. EASTERDAY

Funeral Director
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PRIVATE AMBULANCE

QUICK SERVICE

All Day or Night Calls Receive
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Real Estate Exchange

Farms, Merchandise and Town Property for
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DEALER IN
Fresh & Smoked Meat
Canned Goods, Fresh
Oysters, Etc.

WE STUDY TO PLEASE

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XTRAGOOD

CLOTHES FOR BOYS

Ederheimer, Stein & Co., Makers

YOUR boy will mix up in games like this all Fall; perhaps in sport more vigorous still. It will take the best clothes you can find to stand it.

We're proud to offer you XTRAGOOD clothes. You're lucky to get them. They are the honest product of the leading makers—Ederheimer, Stein & Co. No question of their ability to give the boy best service under all circumstances; no doubt of your satisfaction with fit, style, price, appearance.

A lot of Norfolk and double-breasted styles for you to choose from. For all ages 7 to 17.

Mitchell & Stabenow

Outfitters for Men, Boys and Children

CARPETS

Rugs, Linoleums

The sooner you come in, the more patterns you have to select from.

Come and see for yourself and get our prices.

COUCHES

We can show you a nice line of Couches and Bed Davenports. Also a splendid line of Stoves, base burners and ranges, coal and wood heaters.

Remember we will appreciate a call from you and take great pleasure in showing you what we have.

The Culver Department Store



Adrian Farm and Field Fence

Best and Most Satisfactory Farm Fence on the Market

Leave orders for Screen Doors; a large stock; all sizes and right prices. Window Screens to order.

Ferrier & Son

Hand's Grocery

Headquarters for H. J. Heinz's Baked Beans, Pickles, Sauces, Catsups, Pickled Onions, etc.

Beech Nut Marmalades, Jellies, Jams, Baked Beans, etc., and the None Such line of Canned Fruits and Vegetables.

W. E. Hand's Grocery

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Special attention given to Obstetrics and Gynecology. Office over Culver Exchange Bank. Office hours, 8 to 10 a.m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p.m.

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Office—West Side Main Street, first door north of new bank building. Phones: Office, 7; Residence, 37-1.

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Office in rear of the Postoffice. Office hours, 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p.m.

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WE SERVE LUNCHES AT SALES

Not a cent of expense to party making sale</p

The Culver Citizen

ARTHUR B. HOLT, Publisher.

CULVER, INDIANA.

LANGFORD of the THREE BARS

By
KATE AND VIRGIL D. BOYLES

(Copyright by A. C. McClurg & Co., 1907.)

SYNOPSIS.

Cattle thieves despoiling ranches of South Dakota. George Williston, small ranchman, comes in search of the thieves. They have stolen cattle from Three Bar ranch. Langford visits Williston and his daughter and Williston reports what he has seen to Langford, who determines to rid country of thieves. Jesse Black heads outlaws. Langford falls in love with Williston's daughter, but does not tell her so. Louise Dale, the little lawyer, and friend of Judge Dale, visits Kemah, at request of county attorney, Gordon, to take testimony in preliminary hearing. Gordon falls in love with her. After preliminary examination Williston's home is attacked and defended by his daughter and himself. Outlaws fire building just as Langford and his cowboys arrive. Outlaws carry off Williston, but Langford rescues the daughter. Without Williston evidence against Black is meager, and case seems to be going against the state. Gordon takes a night ride and finds Williston, who has escaped from captors. The courthouse at Kemah burns at night. Williston holds a tea party in his room following court house fire, and Mary Williston and Louise Dale attend. Court testimony is introduced by Gordon.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

It was a straight story, and apparently damaging for the prosecution. It corroborated the attestations of other witnesses—many others. It had a plausible ring to it. Two bills of sale radiated atmospheric legality. If there had been dirty work it must have originated with that renegade half-breed, Yellow Wolf. And Yellow Wolf was dead. He had died while serving a term in the penitentiary for cattle rustling. Uncle Sam himself had set the seal upon him—and now he was dead. This insinuated charge he could not answer. The finality of it seemed to set its stamp upon the people gathered there—upon the 12 good men and true, as well as upon others. Yellow Wolf was dead. George Williston was dead. Their secrets had died with them. An inscrutable fate had lowered the veil. Who could pierce it? One might bellow required could know? And the knowledge.

"Charlie Nightbird,"

"We will implacably. There was a little waiting silence—a breathless, palpitating silence.

"Is Charlie Nightbird present?" asked Small, casting rather anxious eyes over the packed, intent faces. Charlie Nightbird was not present. At least he made no sign of coming forward. The face of the young counsel for the state was immobile during the brief time they waited for Charlie Nightbird—whose dark, frozen face at that moment turned toward the cold, sparkling sky, and who would never come, not if they waited for him till the last dread trump of the last dread day.

There was some mistake. Counsel had been misinformed. Nightbird was an important witness. He had been reported present. Never mind. He was probably unavoidably detained by the storm. They would call Jesse Big Cloud and others to corroborate the defendant's statements—which they did, and the story was sustained in all its parts, major and minor. Then the defense rested.

Richard Gordon arose from his chair. His face was white. His lean jaws were set. His eyes were steel. He was anything but a lover now, this man Gordon. Yet the slim little court reporter with dark circles of homesickness under her eyes had never loved him half so well as at this moment. His voice was clear and deliberate.

"Your honor, I ask permission of the court to call a witness in direct testimony. I assure your honor that the state had used all efforts in its power to obtain the presence of this witness before resting its case, but had failed and believed at the time that he could not be produced. The witness is now here and I consider his testimony of the utmost importance in this case."

Counsel for the defendant objected strenuously, but the court granted the petition. He wanted to hear everything that might throw some light on the dark places in the evidence.

"I call Mr. George Williston," said Gordon.

Had the strain crazed him? Louise covered her eyes with her hands. Men sat as if dazed. And thus, the cynosure of all eyes—stupified eyes—Williston of the ravaged Lazy S. thin and worn but calm, natural and scholarly-looking as of old—walked from the little ante-room at the side into the light and knowledge of men once more and raised his hand for the oath. Not until this was taken and he had sat quietly down in the witness chair did the tension snap. Even then men

Mary sat with shifty eyes in the front row of wooden chairs. It was no wonder she had laughed and been so gay all the dreary yesterday and all the worse to-day. Louise shot her a look of pure gladness.

Small's face was ludicrous in its drop-jawed astonishment. The little lawyer's face was a study. A look of defiance had crept into the defendant's countenance.

The preliminary questions were asked and answered.

"Mr. Williston, you may state where you were and what you saw on the 14th day of July last."

Williston, the unfortunate gentleman and scholar, the vanquished cowboy, for a brief while the most important man in the county, perhaps, was about to uncover to men's understanding the dark secret hitherto obscured by a cloud of supposition and hearsay. He told the story of his visit to the island, and he told it well. It was enough. Gordon asked no further questions regarding that event.

"And now, Mr. Williston, you may tell what happened to you on the night of the 30th of last August?"

Williston began to tell the story of the night attack upon the Lazy S, when the galvanic Small jumped to his feet. The little lawyer touched him with a light hand.

"Your honor," he said, smoothly, "I object to that as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial, and not binding on the defendant."

"Your honor," interrupted Gordon, with great calmness, "we intend to show you before we get through that this testimony is competent, and that it is binding upon the defendant."

"Was the defendant there?"

"The defendant was there."

The objection was overruled.

So Williston told briefly but to the point the story of the night attack upon his home, of the defence by himself and daughter, and of the burning of his house and sheds. Then he proceeded:

"Suddenly, some one caught me from behind, my arms were pinioned to my sides, something was clapped over my mouth. I was flung over a horse and strapped to the saddle all in less time than it takes to tell it, and was borne away in company with the man who had overpowered me."

He paused a moment in his recital. Faces strained with expectancy devoured him—his every look and word and action. Mary was very pale, carried thus back to the dread realities of that night in August, and shuddered, remembering that ghastly galloping. Langford could scarce re-



Williston of the Ravaged Lazy S.

some distance up the sides of the hills. In the midst of this under-brush—a most excellent screen—was a tiny cabin. In this tiny cabin I have lived, a closely watched prisoner, from that day until I escaped."

The defendant stirred a little uneasily. Was he thinking of Nightbird with the dark, frozen face—who had not answered to his call?

"Black left me soon after. He did not unbind me, rather bound me the tighter. There was no one then to watch me. He designed to inform me that he had found it rather inconvenient to kill me after the relief party rode up, as then there was no absolute surety of his making a clean getaway, and being caught in the act would be bound to be unpleasant, very unpleasant just then, so he had altered his plans a little—for the present. He gave me no hint either that time, nor either of the two times I saw him subsequently, as to what was to be his ultimate disposal of me. I could only suppose that after this trial was well over in his favor, and fear of indictment for arson and murder had blown over—if blow over it did—he would then quietly put an end to me. Dead men tell no tales. The shanty in the gulch did not seem to be much of a rendezvous for secret meetings. I led a lonely existence. My jailers were mostly half-breeds—usually Charlie Nightbird. Two or three times Jake Sanderson was my guard."

Then from the doorway came a loud, clear, resonant voice, a joyful voice, a voice whose tones fairly oozed capture.

"Hellion damn! The Three Bars's gotten busy. Mouse-hair!"

Judge Dale started. He glared angrily in that direction.

"Remove that man!" he ordered, curtly. He liked Jim, but he could not brook this crying contempt of court. Jim was removed. He went quietly, but shaking his head reproachfully.

"I never would 'a' thought it o' the judge," he murmured, disconsolately.

"I never would 'a' thought it."

There was a movement in the back of the room. A man was making his way out, slipping along, cat-like, trying to evade attention. Quietly Gordon motioned to the sheriff and slipped a paper into his hand.

"Look sharp," he whispered, his steady eyes on the shifty ones of the sheriff. "If you let him get away, just remember the handwriting on the wall. It's our turn now."

Presently there was a slight scuffle by the door and two men quietly left the improvised court-room.

"Day before yesterday, in the afternoon" continued Williston, "I managed to knock Nightbird down at the threshold ... he was about to enter. I had secretly worked a cross-beam from the low, unfinished ceiling. There was nothing else in the room I might use for a weapon. They were very careful. I think I killed him, your honor and gentlemen of the jury. I am not sorry. There was no other way. But I would rather it had been the maker, not the tool. By the time I had made my way back to the Lazy S I was too exhausted to go further; so I crawled over to my neighbors, the Whites, and Mother White made me a shake-down. I lay there, nearly dead, until this morning."

He leaned back wearily.

Black stood up. He was not lank nor lousy now, nor shuffling. His body was drawn to its full height. In the instant before the spring, Mary, who was sitting close to the attorneys' table, met his glance squarely. She read there what he was about to do. Only a moment their eyes held each other's but it was time enough for a swift message of understanding, of utter dislike, and of a determined will to defeat the man's purpose, to pass from the accusing brown eyes to the cruel ones of the defendant.

Quick as a flash Black seized the chair upon which he had been sitting, sprang clear of the table and his lawyers, and landed close to Mary's side. With his chair as a weapon, he meant to force his way to the nearest window. Mary's dilated. Unhesitatingly she seized the half-emptied glass on the table and dashed the contents full into the prisoner's face. Blinded, he halted a moment in his mad rush. Mary's quick maneuver made Langford's opportunity. He grappled with Black. The crowd went mad with excitement.

The prisoner still retained his chair.

When Langford grappled with him, he attempted to bring it down upon the fair head of his antagonist. Mary gasped with dread, but Langford grasped the chair with one muscular hand, wrested it from the desperado's hold and threw it to the floor. The two men locked in a close embrace. Langford's great strength was more than sufficient to hold the outlaw until the dazed officers could do their duty—he had been let alone; but two men, who had been standing near the door when the prisoner made his unexpected leap for liberty, had succeeded in worming their way through the excited crowd, and now suddenly threw themselves upon the ranchman, dragging him back.

"Stand aside or I'll shoot!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Where the Shoe Pinched.

"If they don't quit making that child cry," sighed the flat dweller as his sons echoed pitifully through the court, "I am going to apply to the board of health and have it stopped. There's a limit to everything." "Why the board of health?" asked her friend. "I should think you would apply to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children."

WHEN THE POSTMAN DROPS YOUR MAIL

He Touches the Button, You Do the Rest.

The accompanying illustration represents an electric bell at the house which is connected with my mail box about 1,200 feet distant. When the carrier leaves mail for me he pushes the button which is inside the box and which rings the bell in the house, excepting the bell in the house, which will be completed and the bell will continue ringing.

I have six dry batteries on my line. One battery will ring about 200 feet. This device will save many steps and no one would care to tamper with the

arrester at the house. It will be necessary to use insulated wire at the box and at the house where the wires come together in passing through the holes in the box and bell or the circuit will be completed and the bell will continue ringing.

I have six dry batteries on my line.

One battery will ring about 200 feet.

This device will save many steps and

no one would care to tamper with the

ONE KIDNEY GONE

But Cured After Doctors Said There Was No Hope.

Sylvanus O. Verrill, Milford, Me., says: "Five years ago a bad injury paralyzed me and affected my kidneys. My back hurt me terribly, and the urine was badly discolored. Doctors said my right kidney was practically dead. They said I could never walk again. I read of Doan's Kidney Pills and began using them. One box made me stronger and freer from pain. I kept on using them and in three months was able to get out on crutches, and the kidneys were acting better. I improved rapidly, discarded the crutches and to the wonder of my friends was soon completely cured."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

LEST HE FORGET.

No Roseate Postcard Without Its Thorn of Suggestion.

Harold's mother—we'll call him Harold—went abroad a month ago, leaving Harold under the somewhat unsubstantial control of his elder sisters.

In spite of the itemized directions with which even unto the moment of final leave-taking she had not caused to bombard him, Harold's mother was far from sure that her efforts would have any lasting effect.

Her voyage was more or less disturbed, by these doubts, but before she landed on the other side she had determined on a course of action. Like all small boys, Harold is most covetous of picture postcards and had looked forward to a harvest from his mother's trip. He got it.

Every day she sent at least one card. And whatever else it bore in the way of inscription, there was not one which failed of this introduction:

"Just as soon as you get this go and brush your teeth."

TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD.



Pinxit—I have just finished the late Mrs. Peck's portrait. It's a speaking likeness.

The Widower Peck—Would it be too much trouble to—er—change it a bit in that respect?

DEEP CRACKS FROM ECZEMA

Could Lay Slate-Pencil in One—Hands in Dreadful State—Permanent Cure in Cuticura.

"I had eczema on my hands for about seven years and during that time I had used several so-called remedies, together with physicians' and druggists' prescriptions. The disease was so bad on my hands that I could lay a slate-pencil in one of the cracks and a rule placed across the hand would not touch the pencil. I kept using remedy after remedy, and while some gave partial relief, none relieved as much as did the first box of Cuticura Ointment. I made a purchase of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and my hands were perfectly cured after two boxes of Cuticura Ointment and one cake of Cuticura Soap were used. W. H. Dean, Newark, Del., Mar. 28, 1907."

Nailing Him.

He—it's jolly nice to kiss one you like.

She—(No answer).

He—that is, of course, if she doesn't mind.

She—(No answer).

He—if she gets mad it's altogether another thing.

She—(No answer).

He—I'd like to steal a kiss now—

She—(No answer).

He—if it would be quite safe.

She—Have you finished?

He—Oh, yes!

She—Then how can you make so many fool remarks when you see that I am alone and entirely at your mercy?—Young's Magazine.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been unable to cure and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only effective cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh becomes a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and directly upon the blood and nervous surfaces of the system thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have no reason for any claim to power that they offer. One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold at all Druggists' 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A Believer.

"Do you believe in telepathy?" asked the mystical person.

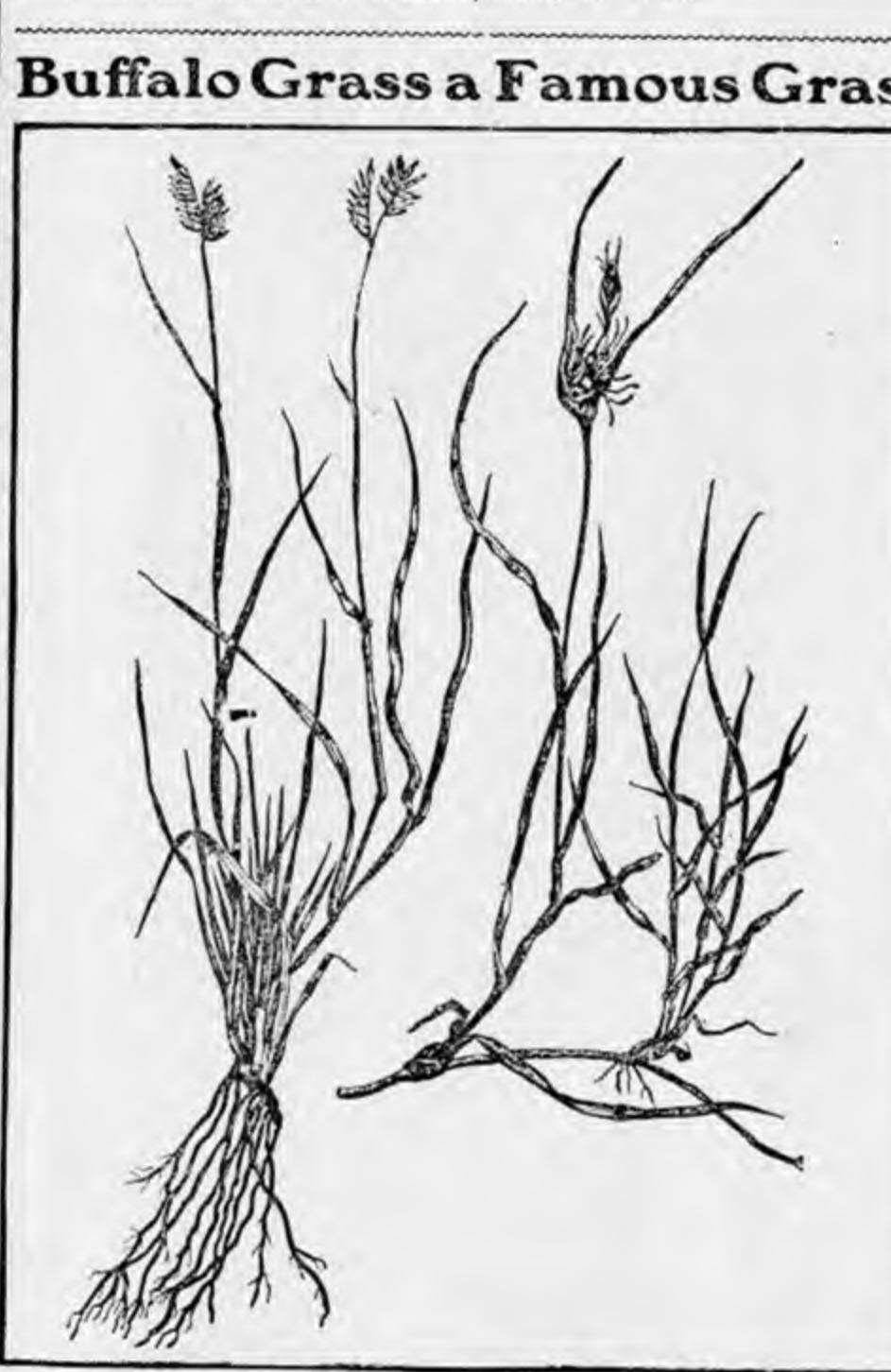
"What do you mean by telepathy?" asked Mr. Dustin Stax.

"Thought transfer—the faculty that enables one person to know what another person is thinking about."

"Oh, yes. There's my old friend, Mr. Skinboodle. I know what he's thinking about this very minute."

"What is it?"

"Money."



This grass is known scientifically as *Bulbilis dactyloides*. It is the most abundant west of the Missouri river. As long as stock can get this food they

THE CULVER CITIZEN

ARTHUR B. HOLT, Publisher.

Entered at the post office at Culver, Indiana,
as second-class mail matter.

CULVER, IND., OCTOBER 1, 1908.

Bad Telephone Habit.

The rural telephone has been a great blessing to the farmer all over the western country. It has done much to break up the isolation of the farm as well as to save long trips to town. It is a wonderful help and in the time of sickness at threshing time; in short it is an improvement which the farmers would not get along without at any reasonable cost.

There are, however, some very grave abuses in the use of these rural telephones. They are also constructed that when a call is made for one member it is heard by all, and any person who wishes to go to the phone when the bell rings can be in touch with the gossip of the whole community. In other words the telephones are used for eavesdropping.

This is conceded by all to be one of the worst of the small vices which a child may contract, and every sensible parent takes every pains to control the natural curiosity of children about everything that is going on by pointing out to them the necessity of attending strictly to their own business and paying no attention whatever to the things that do not concern them.

How can a child be impressed with the essential meanness of eavesdropping, if parents rush to the phone and listen purposely to the conversation that their neighbors may be carrying on? The remedy is easy, never take down the receiver except in response to your own call, and never allow a child to do so. Give him to understand that eavesdropping over the telephone is quite as dishonorable as eavesdropping in any other way in the home or at a neighbor's. The best way to

impress this upon him is to never take down the receiver except in response to your own ring.

Some farmers are taking out their phones simply because they do not wish to have their conversations with intimate friends or with their physician, or with the buyer of live stock listened to by their neighbors; and in this they are doing exactly right.

There are other abuses connected with the rural telephone system, but all could be easily corrected if the managers would limit the conversations, as they have done in town, to three minutes and charge for the longer use of it. Any farmer or farmer's wife can say all that needs to be said in three minutes, whether it be about buying a new horse, the baby's teething, John's cold, or the new dress pattern or the prospects for weddings in the neighborhood. The rural telephone is a great help to the farmers but like all other good things it may be and some cases is greatly abused, to the moral detriment of those who abuse it.—Ex.

You take Kodol just for a little while when you have slight attacks of Indigestion, and you take it just a little longer in order to get relief from severe attacks of Indigestion or Nervous Dyspepsia. Try Kodol today. Sold by T. E. Slattery.

PLEASANT VIEW.

J. W. Hooton, Correspondent.

Mrs. Edward visited Mrs. Glass Sunday.

Charley Atha and wife visited at Logansport last week.

Cleve and Ora Pike were callers of J. W. Hooton Sunday.

Mrs. Lucinda Kinzie of Culver was at her farm Thursday.

Luther East and wife were callers in Pleasant View Sunday.

Mrs. Atha Moore of Eagle Creek is visiting Mrs. Nettie Smyth.

William Benson of near Grovertown called on J. W. Hooton Sunday.

Kodol is a combination of the natural digestive juices and it digests all classes of food, and every kind of food, so you see it will do the work the stomach itself does. Sold by T. E. Slattery.

Wanted to Trade, town lots for a team of horses or any kind of live stock. Elza Hawkins.

Real Estate Transfers

J Hall to Armontrout, 40 a in sec 13, Walnut, \$2,400.

Margaret Martin to A Martin, 1/2 int in 80 a in sec 20; also 25 a in sec 29, Bourbon township, \$1.

John Weirter to A. P. Thomas, lots in Plymouth, \$1,400.

Elizabeth Baker to G. H. Joyce, lots in Inwood, \$500.

J. W. Siders to P. Holland, lot in Plymouth, \$1,100.

G. R. Hoople to Flora Kyser, lots in Fairview place, Plymouth, \$1.

Elizabeth Hardesty to T. Ringle, lots in Tippecanoe, \$1,000.

Adelia Scofield to Frank Kline, lots in Lapaz, \$900.

B. E. Barber to Carrie Barber, tract in Polk tp, \$1.

Lizzie Leland to Comfort A. Hibbs, lots in Fair View Place, Plymouth, \$850.

Harriet Kendall to Ida Kilmer, lots in Plymouth, \$1,550.

F. B. Carey to Sallie Filson, lot in Plymouth, \$1,500.

Minnie E. Spitz, to B. Bergman, lot in Plymouth, \$150.

F. J. Easterday to A. A. Keen, 80 a in sec 20 Union township, \$4,000.

J. H. Holderman to A. A. Keen, lot in Culver, \$150.

R. W. Anderson to Annetti Hendricks, lots in Fairview place, Plymouth, \$600.

J. Duggan to T. Stack, lot in Plymouth, \$660.

S. Iden to C. Stackhouse, lot in Bourbon, \$1,600.

J. F. Martin to Flibley Bros., lot in Bourbon, \$800.

Cynthia Corey to R. O'Blenis, lot in Argos, \$200.

Manda Bair to R. McGriff, 80 a in sec 8, Walnut township, \$1,700.

Low One-Way Colonist Rates.

Via Nickel Plate Road West, Northwest, Southwest and South. Tickets Sept. 1 to Oct. 31.

Ask agent or write J. C. Melenbacher, T. P. A., Ft. Wayne, Ind. (37) a 20 w 10

Cash for Poultry and Eggs.

Cash will be paid for poultry and eggs brought to Aubeeaubee Park on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Parties desiring to sell poultry or eggs here on other days please telephone No. 50.

Rheumatism

More than nine out of every ten cases of rheumatism are simply rheumatism of the muscles, due to cold or damp, or chronic rheumatism. In such cases no internal treatment is required. The free application of

Chamberlain's Liniment

is all that is needed and it is certain to give quick relief. Give it a trial and see for yourself how quickly it relieves the pain and soreness. Price 25c; large size, 50c.

For Weak Kidneys

Inflammation of the bladder, urinary troubles and backache use

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills

A Week's Treatment 25c

E. C. DeWITT & CO., Chicago, Ill.
For Sale by T. E. Slattery.

KEEN BROS.

Culver Real Estate Exchange

A good list of farms to pick from. Houses and lots in Culver and lake front property for sale. See what we have to offer. Phone 49.

SHELF HARDWARE

Tin and Graniteware, Eclipse Stoves and Ranges. Prices Right.

JOHN S. GAST Phone 42-K



XTRAGOOD

Mitchell & Stabenow

We carry the largest and most complete stock of

High-Grade Clothing

Shoes and Furnishing Goods
Trunks and Suit Cases

STRICTLY ONE PRICE TO ALL

Candy that is Nothing but Good

It is essential to the enjoyment of candy that you feel that it is pure and wholesome. We handle the finest goods on the market, and we see to it that these candies are kept free from contamination while in stock.

OUR CANDIES ARE PURE
THEY ARE CLEAN
THEY ARE DELICIOUS

At Slattery's Drug Store

Sale Bills Printed at the Citizen Office

Our Great Fall Opening and Sale OF LADIES' FALL SUITS, COATS, WAISTS, SKIRTS AND HATS

BEGINS TOMORROW For One Week



The Garment &
Carpet Store of
Logansport, Ind

THE GOLDEN RULE (THE SCHMITT-KLOEPFER COMPANY)

R. R. and Traction
Fares Refunded on
Purchases of \$20



OUR Fall Opening is an event that all Logansport and surrounding country look forward to with eager anticipation. They know that our assortments are greatest. They know we have led this town for years in greatest variety of styles and attractiveness of prices, and we begin the fall opening with the grandest stocks of new goods ever displayed and each day it grows bigger and bigger. We invite you to come; you are as welcome to look as to buy.

AN OPENING BARGAIN! 500 LADIES' NEW FALL SUITS!

\$18 Suits at \$12.50

MESSES' and Ladies' Suits, of broadcloth, in navy, stone, brown, green or black, trimmed in bands of black guaranteed satin. Jacket, 30 inches long, satin lined, skirt with folds. A good value at \$18.00. \$12.50
Opening sale.....

\$20 Suits at \$15.00

LADIES' snappy Suits of hard-twilled English Chevron, in all the new shades and black. Jackets 36 inches long, satin lined, button and braid trimmed. Skirt is sheath effect, with fold. Good value at \$20. \$15
Opening sale.....

\$25 Suits at \$20.00

LADIES' Directoire Suits, of fine Broadcloth and Chevron, broad revers, empire back, modified sheath skirt. Colors, London smoke, wine, navy, brown, green and black. One of a kind. A \$25.00 value. \$20
Opening sale.....

\$30 Suits at \$25.00

LADIES' Exclusive Suits, of broadcloth, worsteds and cheviots, elegantly trimmed in buttons, braid and satin; others plain tailored. Colors, taupe, grey, manse green, raspberry red, marine blue, brown, black \$25 and fancies. \$30 value. Opening sale.....

MILLINERY OPENING

IS ONE you should not miss. Our hats are a veritable style show of the correct new shapes and colors, depicting the most charming models and effects that Dame Fashion decrees most charming. Over 2,000 beautiful hats, dress hats, tailored hats, street hats and ready to wear hats in all the new shades, including sapphire, amethyst, taupe, army blue and melon shades. Priced special, at and upwards from \$1.98

SALE OF CARPETS

THE FALL Carpet season is here. Special low prices on the largest new stock of Carpets, Room Rugs, Lace Curtains, Linoleums, Window Shades and Wall Papers. Ingrain Carpets at 25c, 35c, 45c, 55c and 65c. Brussels Carpet at 59c, 65c, 75c, 85c and up. Velvet Carpets at 95c, \$1.10, \$1.25 and upward. Linoleums now at 47c, 55c, 65c and upward.

We can also save you big money on Blankets, Underwear, Hosiery, Dress Goods, Silks, Domestics, Table Linens, and all other fall goods.

JOHN HENRY ON OBESITY CURES

BY GEO. V. HOBART, ("HUGH M'HUGH.")

Dear Bunch: Your letter from Vienna received, and glad we are to know that you and Alice are crowding the occasion with the joy of living.

On next year's trip Peaches and I hope to be with you, and what we'll do to Europe will be a pitiable shame.

I met Jack Golden the other day, and he sends his kindest to you and Alice.

Jack says he's going to get married some of these days and do that Eu-rope gag himself.

Can you imagine Jack with a thousand dollars' worth of blushing bride hanging on his elbow, hiking through Europe and stopping at the Louvre occasionally to make faces at the paintings?

I can't.

If ever a bride drags Jack away from Stone street she'll be the limit in ladies' dress goods, and that's no joyful outburst.

We are all well at home with the exception that some fresh friend told Aunt Martha that she was getting



"The Muscle Goods Arrived."

stout, and the old lady promptly fell for every obesity cure known to modern science.

Even at top weight Aunt Martha doesn't go over 154 pounds, but she got the idea in her head that compared with her Barnum's original fat lady was a piketeer, so she decided to go after that obesity thing with an ax.

We tried to flag her and talk her out of it, but she waved us all back, and said she'd made up her mind she wasn't going through this world leading a double chin.

Well, Bunch, Aunt Martha started in to put the sabots to the fatty tissue, and for a week Uncle Peter's peaceful home across the road looked like a moving picture entitled "The Original Rough House."

First flop out of the box Mrs. Grimeshaw, who weighs 278 in her war-paint, told Aunt Martha that exercise was the only thing to keep down the weight, so Uncle Peter was chased off to town for a rowing machine, a set of Indian clubs and a proud assortment of deaf and dumb bells.

Presently the muscle goods arrived, and next morning about daylight Aunt Martha jumped on board the rowing machine and bore away to the northwest, with a strong ebb tide on the port bow.

She was about four miles up the river and going hard when a strap broke, whereupon Aunt Martha went overboard with a splash that upset most of the furniture in the room and knocked her manicure set down behind the bureau.

One of the oars went up in the air and landed on the bridge of Uncle Peter's nose, because his face hap-



"One of the Rubber Strings Broke."

pended to be in the way when the oar came down.

When loving hands finally pulled Aunt Martha out of the interior of her rocking chair, she found that, with the help of the rowing machine, she had lost nearly two pounds, mostly off the end of her elbow.

The next day Mrs. Cooper, who weighs about 246, told Aunt Martha that she wasn't using the best kind of physical torture, so Uncle Peter was once more chased off to the store, where he bought one of those rubber contrivances you fasten on the wall and then try to pull it off again with the handles.

Bright and early the next morning Aunt Martha grabbed the handles, and was getting away from her obesity at the rate of an ounce an hour, when suddenly one of the rubber strings broke and something kicked Aunt Martha just where a good singer gets her coloratura.

When Aunt Martha fell wounded on the field of battle every picture on the walls fell with her, and there was such a crash that the cook thought the end of the world was coming, so ran screaming in the direction of Paterson, N. J.

They had to pour about a bucket

more she came to, and then she found that all she had lost by this new process was her breath and a couple of side combs.

Mrs. Gaddings dropped in that day and told Aunt Martha that the only way to reduce the flesh is to take a long walk; so Auntie picked out a long walk and took it.

After she was gone about six hours, and it was getting dark, she called Uncle Peter up on the long distance telephone and broke the news to him that she had walked 15 miles, and that she had been so extravagant she had used up all the walk that was in her, and that she would have to stay there in a foreign land alone, among utter strangers, unless he sent a cab for her.

When Aunt Martha got home that night she found that all the flesh she had lost was her pocketbook with ten dollars in it, and Uncle Peter lost about ten dollars for cab hire, making a total of four pounds, English money.

A day or two later Mrs. Carruthers told Aunt Martha that the only sure cure for obesity was to take electric baths, so Uncle Peter had one rigged up which was a great shock to his pocketbook.

As soon as it was up Aunt Martha went inside of the frame-work and sat among the electric lamps with only her head out in the atmosphere for about two hours.

Then she came out smiling, and said she felt fine and that she must have lost ten pounds.

Uncle Peter peeped inside to look the bath over, and found that she had forgotten to turn the current on.

Next morning when Aunt Martha went after the electric bath Uncle Peter turned the current on himself to make sure, and when Auntie stepped in it she accidentally put her foot on an ohm or something, which tickled her so that she let a blood-curdling yell out of her that could be heard for 27 miles as the crow flies.

Then she put her other foot down, and that landed on a volt or an amper or some foolish dingus which



"Could Be Heard 27 Miles."

caused Aunt Martha to become short-circuited.

Bunch, she was the shortest circuit that ever happened.

For a couple of minutes that room looked like a thunderstorm, with Aunt Martha playing the thunder.

When Uncle Peter finally got the current turned off and all the live wires out of her hair, Aunt Martha collapsed on the sofa, screaming: "Take it away! Take it away! Now I know what a hard life the third rail must lead!"

I think the electric treatment has cured Aunt Martha.

At any rate all the exercising paraphernalia has been thrown out in the back yard, and I think that now she will be perfectly satisfied to go through life leading a double chin as nature intended.

Yours in the current of friendship,
JOHN.
(Copyright, 1905, by G. W. Dillingham Co.)

Why He Escaped.

Two men who had not seen each other since they parted after an ocean voyage that was noteworthy for its roughness stopped to talk about the journey.

"Do you remember that particularly rough day on the Banks," one of the men asked the other, "when you were the only man who went to lunch?" The good sailor allowed that he did.

"Well, sir," pursued the other, "you never knew how near you came to death that afternoon. When Gillen and I saw you coming out on deck with a novel in one hand and a cigar in the other, looking disgracefully well, Gillen said to me: 'Any man who has the nerve to flaunt his ability to stand this rolling in the face of men as sick as we ought to be thrown overboard.' I agreed with him. But you escaped because neither of us was able to get up to do it."

Thrift In Children.

Some day the plan of providing for children by starting a bank account for each baby at birth and adding to it on each birthday will become general, and there will be a hope of fostering thrift in growing children. The possession of a bank book which they cannot wholly own till legally free from the guidance of parents is often a matter of pride which prompts saving. Everybody knows how hard it is to save the first hundred dollars, and how much the difficulty lessens with

Pretty Conceits Made of Ribbon Remnants



second illustration. Two strips of ribbon are sewed together along the edge and doubled over. The outside edges are sewed to within five inches of the top. Embroidery wings are covered with narrow ribbon a little more than half way around. These are to be used for handles, and are encased in ribbon which is shirred over them. The bag is 12 inches deep. It may be made more fanciful with little bows of narrow ribbon placed where the openings at the side terminate.

The pin cushion shown is of four strips of figured ribbon stitched together and fastened at the top with a bow of narrow ribbon. A square of ribbon forms the bottom of this little square silk sack, which is stuffed with cotton or sawdust. Pins of various sizes and colors are thrust in the figured portions, and larger pins are placed along the seams.

A neatly made and simple bag for soiled handkerchiefs is shown in the

BLUE BEST OF ALL.

Excellent Material to Use for the New Autumn Suit.

In the autumn tailor suit tints there is numbered a new blue bearing the honored name of Edison. This is also among the faded shades; that is, so soon as it is put into juxtaposition with navy or peacock. At first glance it seems to be of the electric family, as naturally it should be, but it is much more dull, a fact which does not seem quite just to the great modern magician whose name it bears. At any rate, this new blue seems to take with woman generally, and bids fair to be tremendously popular for the simpler type of tailormades. One reason is that navy has been used for so long and that peacock is rather startling and has a way of swearing at any other tint of azure with which it is combined. As blue is a dull tone it always a practical shade for year-round utility wear. It is the best of all colors for the woman who, greatly against her natural inclination, must make one costume do duty for a variety of occasions.

WORK FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

Simple Hemstitching of Towels Is Easily Taught.

Home-made face and hand towels wear much better than ready-made ones, and are so soft and pleasant to sew that quite little girls are often delighted to help with the simple hemstitching. Those for best use and the spare room may have an insertion of fine crochet or torchon lace, and this is stronger than making a drawn thread pattern in the huckaback, a yard and a quarter of which should be allowed for each towel.

One seldom sees fringed towels nowadays, but if they are preferred the fringes should be overcast before they are taken into use. This is done by laying the edge of the towel over the first finger of the left hand—holding the fringe between the first and second fingers—and working an overcast stitch to prevent the loose threads from unraveling. Linen thread, not ordinary sewing cotton, should be used for this purpose, as also for hemstitching or drawn-thread work on huckaback towels.

Trimmings.

That this is a season of elaborate trimming cannot be doubted. Embroidery and soutache braid are even more in vogue than they were last season. The latter decorates net or filet and embroidery, either applied or carried out in designs, is worked in with it.

At the same time the rule of great simplicity of adornment, as regards suits, and of unlimited decoration, in the case of dressy toilets, whether designed for day or evening wear, holds good and women should be careful to see that dresses are trimmed suitably for the purposes for which they are intended.

German Sandwiches.

Spread chopped beef, chicken or cheese between buttered slices of thin pickles.

Cover with a layer of finely chopped

Cut into strips not over one-half inch wide and the length of the slice.

A fifty-dollar corset badly put on is

as bad as a \$500 one.

Some Corset Wisdom.

Hipless hips being essential, corset economy is a thing of the past.

Remember, it is the corset makes the figure. Keep trying until it makes a good one.

That corsets do not follow in the

cause of the break.

What caused that awkward break in the conversation? "Some one dropped the subject."—San Francisco Argonaut.

TELLS BRIBE TALE

COMPERS REPEATS CHARGES AGAINST VAN CLEAVE.

TAFT'S NAME DRAGGED IN

Labor Leader Declares Republican Candidate Supplied the Senti- ment Behind the Bucks injunction Decree.

Washington.—In a room in the building occupied by the American Federation of Labor in this city, Samuel Gompers, president of the Federation, Thursday introduced the name of former Secretary Taft, and made serious charges against J. W. Van Cleave, president of the National Association of Manufacturers.

The charges were made as a part of Mr. Gompers' testimony in connection with the proceedings against himself, Vice-President Mitchell and Secretary Morrison of the Federation on the charge of contempt in violating the injunction decree of the supreme court of the District of Columbia directing them not to publish the Bucks Stove & Range Company of St. Louis as "unfair." Mr. Gompers was at the time under cross-examination at the hands of his attorney, Jackson H. Ralston.

In the case of Mr. Taft, Mr. Gompers in effect charged that he had supplied the sentinel behind the injunction decree, while the direct charge was made that Mr. Van Cleave had had Mr. Gompers and other Federation officials shadowed by detectives and had undertaken to have Mr. Gompers bribed to desert the cause of organized labor and join its enemies.

Mr. Ralston's efforts were directed towards showing a counter conspiracy by the manufacturers to destroy trades unionism, and in the course of his questioning of Mr. Gompers he directed a number of inquiries to the political aspects of the controversy. In connection with one of these, he read the portion of Mr. Taft's presidential nomination acceptance speech bearing on the anti-injunction plank and, commenting upon the extract, Mr. Gompers said: "It is substantially the basis of this injunction suit, and these contempt proceedings under that injunction."

WASHINGTON LIFE IS SOLD.

Pittsburg Syndicate Gets Morton's Old Insurance Company.

New York.—The control of the Washington Life Insurance Company Thursday passed from the hands of Levi P. Morton, Thomas F. Ryan and Harry Payne Whitney, to a Pittsburg syndicate headed by William C. Baldwin, president of the Pittsburg Life and Trust Company.

The deal was completed late Thursday afternoon, and Mr. Baldwin was elected president of the Washington Life Insurance Company to succeed John Tatlock. In retiring from the Washington Life former Gov. Morton severs a connection with the company which has continued for almost 50 years, having been one of the charter members of the company, one of the oldest in the country.

MINNESOTA FIRE LOSSES.

Official Says They Are Between Five and Ten Millions.

Washington.—A telegram was received Thursday from Raymond W. Pullman of the forest service, who is in Minnesota investigating forest fire conditions for the government. He estimates the loss in that state at \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000, with the fires still burning. He reports a heavy rainfall lasting five hours, but says 36 hours of rain are necessary to put out all fires.

DROWNED AT MILITARY CAMP.

Private Kicked by His Horse While in the Water.

St. Joseph, Mo.—The first accidental death at Camp Everett Peabody, where 5,000 regulars are encamped, occurred Thursday when Private John H. McCaw of Baltimore, Md., Troop M, Fifth cavalry, was drowned in Lake Contrary. He drove his horse into the lake, slipped from its back and started to swim. The horse kicked him on the head and he sank.

Vanderbilt Divorce Made Absolute.

New York.—Justice Gerard in the supreme court Thursday signed the final decree of absolute divorce in favor of Elsie French Vanderbilt from Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt from the recommendation of Referee David McClure. The interlocutory decree was granted on May 26.

Young Roosevelt's Hunting Over.

Pierre, S. D.—Kermit Roosevelt and hunting party, with Seth Bullock as guide, arrived Thursday evening from a week's hunting trip west of the Missouri river. The president's son left Friday afternoon for the east.

Terrific Typhoon in Philippines.

Manila.—A typhoon of terrific velocity swept through the central portion of the Philippine group, sweeping part of the island of Samar, northern Leyte, southeastern Iloilo, northern Panay, Masbate and part of Romblon. The typhoon disappeared in the China sea, moving in a direction west by northwest. Waves are prostrated and available details of the damage done are meager. It is evident, however, that serious disaster followed in its

Even the Hash.

Embarrassed in the fashionable restaurant by the menu written in French, the Wall street man of business exclaims:

"Hang these fools, entremets and hors d'oeuvres—bring me a plate of good plain hash, if you've got such a thing on the premises."

"You mean an olla podrida, sir," said the waiter, in a tone of dignified reproach. "And afterwards?"

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE will cure any possible case of DISTEMPER, PINK EYE, and the like among horses of all ages, and prevents all others in the same stable from having the disease. Also cures chicken cholera, and dog distemper. Any good druggist can supply you or send to manufacturers, 50 cents and \$1.00 a bottle. Agents wanted. Free book, Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

Cause of the Break.

"What caused that awkward break in the conversation?" "Some one dropped the subject."—San Francisco Argonaut.

HELPFUL ADVICE



You won't tell your family doctor the whole story about your private illness—you are too modest. You need not be afraid to tell Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., the things you could not explain to the doctor. Your letter will be held in the strictest confidence. From her vast correspondence with sick women during the past thirty years she may have gained the very knowledge that will help you cure. Such letters as the following, from grateful women, establish beyond a doubt the power of

"Hello, Bo, Smoke?"

Aldermen of Every Type in the City Council.

By ERNEST McGAFFEY

Expert Tells of Wids Range in Ability, Character, Mannerisms, etc., of the Men Who Represent the People Locally—How Prestige Is Gained by Being a "Pal."

MY duties as a member of the Board of Local Improvements, and, afterwards, as mayor's secretary, brought me daily in contact with various members of the city council. This body had for some years previous to my sudden elevation to office enjoyed the reputation of being "out for the stuff." Not that there were no honest men in the council—far from it—but there was a clique of men in it who managed, one way and another, to "put over" ordinances which carried with them the strong suspicion of being "crooked." By cabal, by party leanings, by straight-out bribery, by trickery and by many other methods there had been "smooth work" done, without a doubt. But that day had passed. In my official existence the council had an honest majority. Of course when I say honest, I do not mean to accuse each individual alderman of being honest. But one thing can be said for every individual of them, they were as honest as their constituents. They suited their wards, and if an alderman would not hesitate to "take his hit" whenever he got a chance, you may rest assured that his "constituents" were of the same caliber.

It was intensely interesting to watch the different methods they employed to gain a favor if they wanted one; and they usually did. Sometimes it was the half-fellow-well-meet salutation of "Hello, Bo," or "How are you, pal?" from the free and easy kind, or the pouter-pigeon assumption of importance of others as they stated their wishes. Occasionally a cigar was handed out, but when they found I did not smoke, this avenue of approach was abandoned.

There was a leaven in the council of aldermen of genuine ability, lawyers, business men, politicians, who really made up the backbone of the body. They were usually the heads of the most important committees, and were not only good talkers, but men of affairs, executive ability, thinkers and workers. But these men could be numbered within a score of the 70 members.

I spoke well for the frankness of the predatory class among the aldermen that they thoroughly respected ability, steadfastness and honesty. You could hear one alderman who was supposed to be "no better than he should be," break out into praise of some other alderman whose reputation was flawless. I remember my amusement on one of these occasions. One of the aldermen, giving vent to his feelings about honesty, remarked: "Yes, sir, I like an honest man. Give me an honest man. Give me one that will stay honest. I don't mean merely money honesty, but outside and inside honesty." Then he added rather irrelevantly: "There's so and so, (referring to a certain well-known and justly honored alderman) he's the only honest man in the council."

Very ignorant and generally newly-elected members of the council had an idea that everything was "graft" and that a five-cent cigar was the open sesame of the city hall, and that the mayor's secretary was a personage of secretly great power—which he was not, in my time. So they might be expected any time to drag in a wild-eyed looking "constit" ask for me, shove a cheap black cigar into my hand, introduce the "constit" as a most particular friend, and then ask to have a city ordinance violated, or a state law abrogated, or the constitution of the United States set aside for the benefit of the said "constit." As for the mayor, these fellows did not believe there was anything on earth he could not do if he wanted to.

In the council you could hear more varieties of oratory than Demosthenes ever dreamed of. Some of the aldermen were "wind-jammers," making a bellowing, frothing harangue, such as they were in the habit of making in their campaigns, but outside of their admirers in the gallery, they never amounted to anything. This body of 70 men, mind you, was shrewd as the very devil. They knew "hot air," when they heard it, and the "bunk," the "con," the specious argument, was something they detected instantly. Even the most ordinary among them had been educated in the school of men, and while they might be induced now and then to sell a gold brick, it was against their principles to buy one.

Of wit, there was enough and to spare. Sometimes a coarse kind, sometimes biting and keen. Two or three of the aldermen were pleasant to listen to, for they always prepared themselves for their efforts and were very clear and terse in their statements. One of them in particular was very happy in his way of stating a proposition. He never wasted a word, and when he was through the council understood the situation exactly. Others floundered painfully about, knowing what they wanted, but word-bound as to vocabulary and slow in thinking on their feet. Some of them were thorough parliamentarians, and would remorselessly tangle up an opponent to gain an advantage. The helpless look of a new alderman when his motion, or order, or request was side-tracked by means of parliament-

ary rules, when he was just going to make or had just finished an impassioned speech about it, was something instructive, and unique.

There was always the ordeal of "learning the ropes," for every incoming alderman who had not served before in the council. This meant finding out about the regular order of business, learning how to draw and present orders and ordinances, and in general to get acquainted with the council's method of carrying on its business. It usually took an alderman about a year to get himself familiar with these things, so that his first two-year term meant actually one year which would be of any public value.

On any night when there was to be a hot contest over any particular ordinance the galleries would be crowded, and police stationed there to prevent disorder. The respective champions of the different sides would be aloft, and they would cheer wildly at the speeches made for their various sides. Sometimes it was necessary to clear the galleries on account of the uproar, but usually a ferocious hammering of the mayor's gavel, and a threat to clear, was enough to hold the galleries in tolerable check. There were old-timers who always came to the council gallery, just as people attend the theaters, for the excitement, and to hear the speeches. These old-timers were usually on the alert for a reformer, especially if he had the gift of biting sarcasm, and fluent and sonorous oratory. When this was the case the clans would gather and cheer their champion on.

Under the mayor's raised platform the reading clerk and the city clerk and his assistants sat, and below them the newspaper men were ranged in a half moon at the writing desks. The pages came and went with messages and papers, and the sergeant-at-arms, who had nothing at all in the world to do but "chew tobacco and draw a hundred dollars a month" salary, lounged easily around the outskirts. To the right, and raised from the council floor, was a set of reserved seats placed there for visitors, particularly ladies. There was usually something on hand that interested them, the piece de resistance in my time being a cigarette ordinance, which came and went and was mauled over and sent to committees and generally hot-scooted and battaledored and shuttle-cocked from one year to another. But its lady champions were always on hand, alert and determined, and apparently undiscouraged and discourageable.

There was such a thing as aldermanic "courtesy," both in the way the aldermen addressed one another, and in extending privileges to each other during the sessions of the council. They never thought of disgracing the council chamber as the senate and the house of representatives has occasionally disgraced itself. Personal encounters were unknown, and I never even heard the word "liar" exchanged, as I have in the courtrooms and elsewhere. There was plenty of dignity in this respect, although the irrepressibility of the "kidders" was always in evidence. The "kidders" were those aldermen who had made a reputation in that line in their various wards, and who rarely lost an opportunity to raise a laugh at the expense of an opponent. And as ridicule is so potent as a weapon, the "kidders" often won by a joke what a solid argument would never have gained.

All aldermen who have an eye to re-election, and most of them have, are as tenacious as snapping-turtles for the improvement and benefit of their respective wards. To "be good

the council. And never during these terms had any veto of his been nullified by being afterward voted down. It was a remarkable record. It was a record that justified the council in giving him a grand farewell banquet by the entire body, and showing that party preference had no weight in determining questions of individual ex-council.

Aldermen quite frequently voted against one another even when from the same ward. As there were two from each ward, and often one Democrat and one Republican, there was sometimes shrewd rivalry as to which should most nearly suit the constituency. A new alderman was elected every year and one alderman "held over," the terms being for two years, and elections for the "incomer" being held each spring.

Whenever a very important ordinance came up, it was a battle royal. The measure had always been first offered and then referred to committee, and then discussed and threshed out in the newspapers. Mass meetings in the various wards had been held, and a good many of the aldermen had been publicly and privately "feeling" out their "constituents." Committee meetings sometimes were held in public, and even witnesses and experts examined as to the whys and wherefores of the proposed measure.

Of course the champions of both the measure itself and the opposite side had been busy log-rolling, persuading, threatening, writing letters, denouncing, praising, and otherwise making things lively, and aldermen by singles and doubles and in groups had been discussing the ordinance with the mayor and various heads of departments.

When the night came to take up such an important measure there was a sort of invisible feeling of warfare in the air. The "gallery gods" hung far over the railing and front seats were at a premium. All the reserved seats were occupied, and even the empty space behind was jammed with spectators. The doorkeeper was on the alert to keep out the mob that surged to get in after the gallery was filled. The officers in the gallery had been increased in number and admonished as to keeping order. Special newspaper representation was present and photographers fully bent on taking all sorts of ghastly "snap-shots" were on hand.

And when the proceedings commenced, after the perfunctory roll-call and waiving of the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, there was "something doing" from start to finish. It was then, at times, that the men grew bliter. Crimination and recrimination were banded back and forth, and real ginger was injected into the speeches, charges and counter-charges. Yet even then some witty retort would occasionally clear the atmosphere.

"Don't ever ask me for any more money to help out the party," said one indignant young alderman of paternally-descended wealth, "if that is your vote," pointing his finger scornfully at a certain alderman who had accumulated large gobs of filthy lucre by means of the contracting route.

The retort came as quick as lighting: "Oh, I guess I've got as much money as you have, and I didn't inherit it, either."

It was a solar plexus, and the discomfited and youthful alderman sank back in his seat amid the howls of the gallery.

ERNEST McGAFFEY
(Copyright, 1908, by Joseph B. Bowles)

AVOID RISK IN BUYING PAINT.

You take a good deal of risk if you buy white lead without having absolute assurance as to its purity and quality. You know white lead is often adulterated, often misrepresented. But there's no need at all to take any chances. The "Dutch Boy Painter" trade mark of the National Lead Company, the largest makers of genuine white lead, on a package of White Lead, is a positive guarantee of purity and quality. It's as dependable as the Dollar Sign. If you'll write the National Lead Company, Woodbridge Bldg., New York City, they will send you a simple and certain outfit for testing white lead, and a valuable book on paint, free.

Conan Doyle at It Again.

"It is clear, Potson," said Herlock Shomes, "that the farmer who raised this spring chicken was very tender hearted."

"How in the world do you know that?" asked the astonished Potson.

"It's simple enough. The farmer hesitated so long before striking the fatal blow."—Boston Transcript.

The Modern Mother.

Madam (to the nurse maid, who has just brought home her four children from a walk)—Dear me, Anna, how changed the children look since I last saw them! Are you quite sure they are the right ones?—Flegende Blaetter.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. Many smokers prefer them to 10c cigars. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

There is nothing little to the really great in spirit.—Dickens.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, relieves pain, cures wind colic. \$2 a bottle.

He has no force with men who has no faith in them.

It Cures White Yen Walk. Allen's Foot-Sore for corns and bunions, hot, sweaty callous aching feet. \$2 all Druggists.

It's easy to get tangled up in truth's castoff clothes.

FARMS FOR RENT or sale on crop payments. J. MULHALL, Sioux City, Iowa.

Love does not stop at the boundaries ofliking.



Some of the Aldermen Were "Wind-Jammers."



ALCOHOL-3 PER CENT
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN.

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed -
Almond Splits -
Rhubarb Seeds -
Parsnip Seeds -
Peppermint -
Bittersweet Soda -
Worm Seed -
Clove Sugar -
Bitterpepper Flavor

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of
Chat H. Fletcher

THE CENTAUR COMPANY,
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 DOSES - 35 CENTS

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chat H. Fletcher

In Use

For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

ROSEBUD GOVERNMENT LANDS

BEST REACHED FROM DALLAS

Dallas and Gregory, S. D., are reached only by the Chicago & North Western Railway.

They are the only towns on the reservation border.

Dallas and Gregory are the main registering points. President Roosevelt has designated Dallas for the final drawing October 19, 1908.

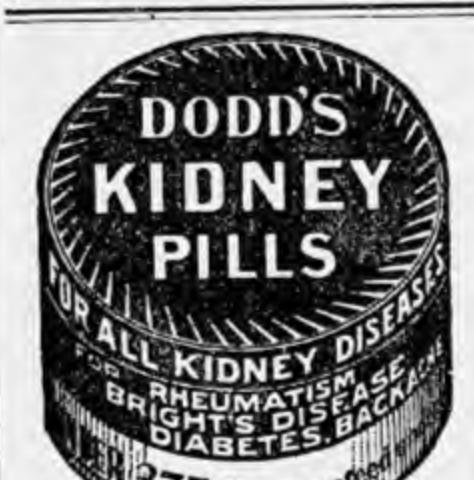


The Chicago & North Western Ry. is the only all-rail route to the reservation.

A million acres of fertile agricultural and grazing land in the great Missouri Valley Corn Belt is to be opened to Homesteaders October 5 to 17, 1908.

For information about how to get a homestead with details regarding rates, train schedules, address

W. B. KNISKERN
Pass'r Traffic Mgr., C. & N. W. Ry.
Chicago, Ill.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heavy Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER.

They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Chat H. Fletcher

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

WL DOUGLAS 300 SHOES \$350



Shoes \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

WL Douglas \$4.00 and \$4.50 shoes cannot be equalled at any price. WL Douglas \$2.50 and \$3.00 shoes are the best in the world.

Take No Substitute. WL Douglas shoes cannot be equalled at any price. Sold everywhere. Shoes mailed from factory to any place in the world.

WL Douglas, 157 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more shoes \$3.00 and \$3.50 than any other manufacturer in the world.

WL Douglas \$4.00 and \$4.50 cannot be equalled at any price.

WL Douglas \$2.50 and \$3.00 are the best in the world.

WL Douglas shoes cannot be equalled at any price.

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WL Douglas shoes cannot be equalled at any price.

MAXINKUCKEE MURMURS

Mrs. Sylvia Thompson, Correspondent.

Chester Bigley was an Argos visitor Sunday.

Helen VanSchoiack was a guest of Helen Rector Sunday.

Elmer Inks and family took dinner with G. Woolley Sunday.

F. M. Parker and wife made a business trip to Plymouth Monday.

Fanny Walsh and William Lewis took dinner at George Spangler's Sunday.

Ruby Hartman of Warsaw was a guest from Tuesday until Friday with the M. R. Clines.

Sheet Iron Roiled Thin.

Sheet iron is rolled so thin at the iron mills that 15,600 sheets are required to make a single inch in thickness. Light shines as readily through one of these sheets as through ordinary tissue paper.

Irish Adage.

He that follows two horses catches neither.

For Sale.

No. 40. For sale or trade, 80-acre farm 2 miles west of Argos, Ind., on good gravel road. Fences and improvements are fair, good black soil, all tiled. A good farm, near a good town. Price, \$60 an acre.

No. 41. For sale or trade, 120 acres 6 miles from Culver. Good soil, fair improvements. This is one of our special bargains at \$35 an acre.

No. 44. For sale or trade, 41 acres 2 miles west of Plymouth. Five-room house, barn and out-buildings. Good soil. A bargain at \$50 an acre.

MEREDITH & KOONTZ, Culver. Phone 24.

NOTICE TO DEBTORS

On account of the death of Mr. Repleglo all persons indebted to the firm of Goss & Repleglo, known as the Culver Cash Hardware Co., are requested to call and settle by Nov. 1. Bills are payable to O. T. Goss surviving partner. George F. Miltenberger, Administrator.

Insurance Fire Loss Paid.

Culver, Ind., Sept. 26, 1908. I wish to state for the benefit of the property owners that I have this day received settlement from The Glens Falls Insurance company of New York through the W. O. Osborn insurance agency full settlement for the loss sustained by fire on my stock of merchandise. The settlement is perfectly satisfactory and I do not hesitate in recommending the Glens Fall Insurance company to any one.

WALTER S. SNEAD.

We want every housewife to try our "Gilt Edge" spring flour while the special low price of \$3 per cwt. is in force. Leave orders at W. E. Hand's.

CULVER MARKETS

Eggs.....	.20
Butter (good).....	.17
do (common).....	.15
Fowls.....	.08
Chickens.....	.11
Roosters.....	.04
Ducks.....	.08
Turkeys.....	.08
Lard.....	.08

(By the Culver City Grain and Coal Co.)
(GOOD FOR THIS DAY ONLY.)

Wheat, new.....	.95
Oats.....	.50
Corn (sound, not chaffy).....	.75
Rye.....	.75
Clover seed.....	.40



WHAT has it cost to keep your watch running, to say nothing about accuracy?

We know that it would pay you from a money standpoint, to discard the old watch now and get a South Bend Watch that you can depend upon—that is made so it will stand, without variation or repairs, strains twice as severe as it will ever receive at your hands.

South Bend Watches frozen in ice keep perfect time. We will gladly show you our line of these watches and tell you why they are best for you.

E. B. Sutherlin, Jeweler

Removal.

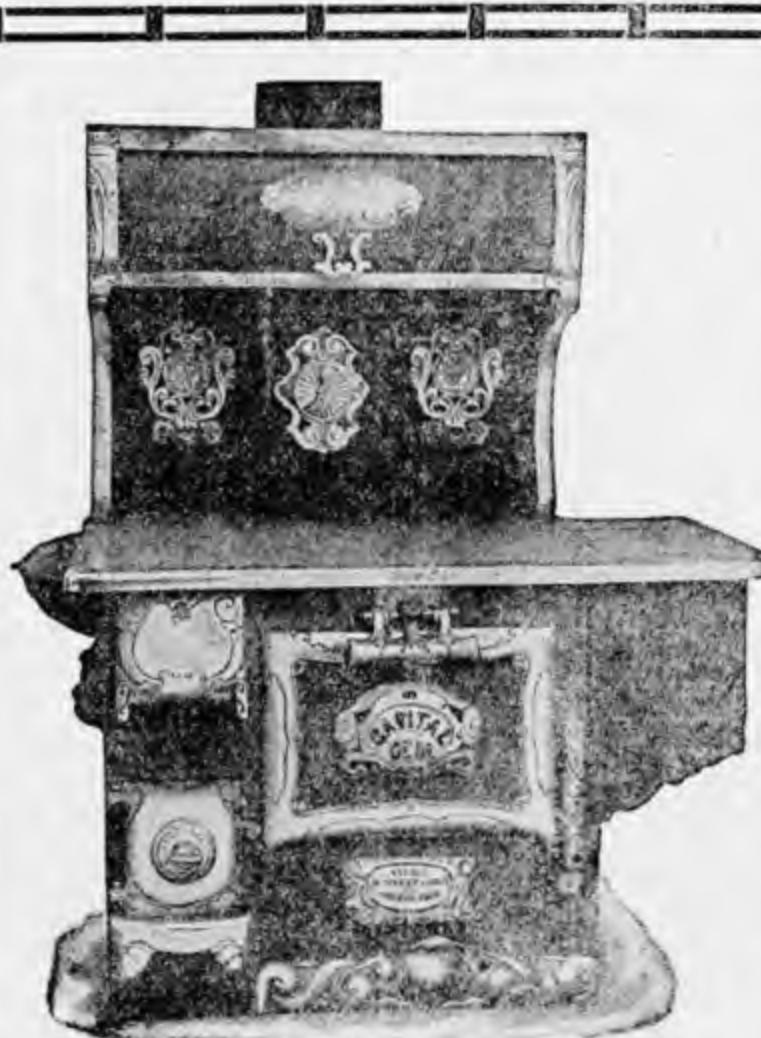
I have this day removed to the new Pecker building where I have a larger and brighter store and a new and larger stock. A cordial invitation to the public to call and see the new stock. Sutherlin, the Jeweler.

For Sale—A fresh cow. Rosina Smith. s17w3

Own a Home in Michigan.

Good land cheap. Easy payments. Write for circulars. Gibbons & Gibbons, Rochester, Ind.

"Gilt Edge" guaranteed spring wheat flour. No better on the market. For three weeks we will make a special price of \$3 per cwt. W. E. Hand.

**The Capitol Gem****Steel Range**

The most modern and attractive high-grade range, for soft coal, hard coal, coke or wood. Made of the best polished steel and gray iron by skilled mechanics, its excellent operative qualities, together with its splendid design and many improvements render it a joy and pride to all its possessors.

Culver Cash Hardware

BOURBON FAIR ASSOCIATION

BOURBON, IND.

Oct. 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1908

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7
3:00 Trot or Pace, County Race Purse, \$100

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8
2:27 Trot Purse, \$300
2:25 Pace Purse, \$300
2:17 Trot Purse, \$300

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 9
2:18 Pace Purse, \$300
2:20 Trot Purse, \$300
2:13 Pace Purse, \$300

B. W. PARKS, Secretary

THE FLOUR THAT EVERYBODY IS TALKING ABOUT—

OUR TECUMSEH CHIEF FLOUR

is being sold to more people than any other flour ever put on the Culver market.

In order to get every woman to use it we will make a Special Price on 500-pound lots. Owing to the advance in the price of wheat we will be unable to make this special price when the present lot is gone.

Culver City Grain & Coal Co.

GREAT BANKRUPT SALE



HE Mendel Clothing Co. Store, bought by the Otto Shoe and Clothing Co., Broadway, Logansport, Ind., to be sold out at 20 cents on the dollar. The greatest saving opportunity in the history of Northern Indiana. Clothing and Furnishings at 20 cents on the dollar. Sold by order of the United States District Court. We will save you big money on Shoes and Rubbers, too. Bring the whole family. Don't fail to bring them all. It will pay you to come 100 miles to attend this sale. Railroad and Traction Fares paid on all purchases of \$25 or over.

BARGAINS IN FURNISHING GOODS

Mendel Husking Mitts	2c
Mendel Men's Heavy Work Sox, regular 10c kind, per pair	2c
Mendel Men's Black and Tan Sox, 10c value	3c
Mendel Men's Fine Fast Black & Tan Sox, regular 15c kind, now only	6c
Mendel Men's Fine white, red and blue Handkerchiefs, worth 10c, now	2c
Mendel Large Size red and blue white Hemstitched Hdkfs, worth 10c.	2c
Mendel Men's 50c Work Shirts, all sizes and kinds, choice this sale	28c
Mendel Men's Negligee Shirts, all new styles, worth 85c choice	36c
Mendel Winter Underwear, all kinds and sizes up to 50c a garment at 26c	

BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S OVERCOATS

Prices slashed way below actual cost all through these lines.	
Children's Overcoats, all sizes, worth \$3 and \$4, this sale	89c

We hereby agree to guarantee every purchase made during this sale. Money cheerfully refunded on any purchase not entirely satisfactory.

EXTRA SPECIAL

Mendel Outing Suits for Men; all wool; in all sizes. Mendel's price \$10 to \$15, bankrupt sale price,

\$1.98

These suits are two-piece unlined outing suits—the pants with belt loops—almost heavy enough to wear the year around.

We think the appraisers were crazy to invoice these suits, the original cost at wholesale being \$10.00, at such a ridiculous figure.

3000 PAIRS SHOES AND RUBBERS

Women's \$3, \$4 and \$5 shoes	\$1.98
A purchase of 3,000 pairs of women's fine handmade welt and turned sewed shoes in all the new fall and winter styles at less the cost of making; patents, vici-kid and gun metal calf leathers; lace Blucher and button, heavy and light soles; \$3, \$4 and \$5	\$2.98 and \$1.98
Women's and Men's Sample Shoes in odd and broken lots, slippers, oxfords and shoes in most all leathers and styles, actual \$2 and \$2.50 values; two lots	\$1.48 and \$1.00

MEN'S AND CHILDREN'S SUITS

We have space for but a few prices, but have hundreds of others as good.	
One Lot Men's Suits, all wool, new styles, odds and ends, some mismatch, only 1 or 2 of a kind	2.98
Lot No. 2, Men's Fine Suits, all sizes, summer and spring styles, worth \$12, at	\$4.98
Lot No. 3, Men's New Fall and Winter Suits, plain and fancy, worth \$15, only	\$5.98

The OTTO SHOE & CLOTHING COMPANY

Merchants wishing to buy goods at above prices call between 9 and 12 mornings. All goods sold for cash only

BROADWAY—LOGANSPORT