STOPS WHEN THE STIME IS OUT SO

Recorders Office May14 CULVER

CITIZEN.

Doesn't Follow You

VOLUME XI.

CULVER, INDIANA, THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1914.

NUMBER 567

THE WEEK IN CULVER

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

-Showers and cooler at the end of the week.

-"Goodbye coal oil, so long gas, hello 'lectric lights!"

-Mrs. Abram Haves is install ing a bathroom in her residence. -Lonis and Charles Overmyer

are putting up new barns on their farms near Burr Oak.

-S. C. Shilling has bought of E. Scheuerman 46 acres near the West Washington church for \$3,700.

-J. Frank Garn represented Union township in the congression al convention of progressives at South Bend yesterday.

-The Republican one day last week published a ten-column re port of a Christian Science address delivered at Plymouth. The proofreader, at least, read it.

-About thirteen young men of Culver motored to Plymouth Friday evening and enjoyed a big young ladies at Kuhn's hall.

of the Black Horse Troop at the the season. academy, has begun the erection Albert Stahl has the contract.

-An East side girl says she knows her beau is a saving man, because every time he calls on her he takes the cigars out of his vest pocket and puts them on the table.

- An advertisement in the postoffice lobby calls for 15,000 men to go down into Oklahoma to work in

The Grand Jury's Report. The recent grand jury makes

favorable report on the care and keeping of the county infirmary. The jury reports that the jail building needs a complete overhauling. The cells are dark and unsanitary. The sheriff's apart-

ments also need a general renovo-Barn Burned.

Lighting struck the barn belonging to Jerry Eskridge, residing northwest of Plymouth, Wednesday morning of last week, destroying the barn and all of its contents and burning to death two horses

Charles Davis of Three Oaks. Mich., visited his friends, the Holletts, from Sunday until Tuesday.

AMONG THE COTTAGERS

bungalow

Terre Haute are at the lake. J. M. Dresser of Chicago spent

Memorial day at Willow Spring. Mr. McFarland of Indianapolis ture of the day. spent the week end at Sunnyside

day and Sunday.

cottage on Long Point.

Mr. Lipport was a week, end vis. die " which were the vivel of V. concert on the mess hall plaza while

FINAL WEEK DOINGS

Closing Exercises at the Academy Attended by Fair Skies and a Host of Visitors.

applause at every appearance.

The festivities actually began with Mrs. Capron is remodeling her the concert in the mess hall on Sat-Mr. and Mrs. Harry Miller of was elaborated and the audience increased by several tables filled with with interest to this attractive fea-

On Saturday night the concert by Mrs. Magnett of Chicago was a the musical department and the dec-Captain Johnston's baton the orches-Twenty guests from Chicago tra grows jucreasingly proficient and of a \$3,000 house on Faculty row, were at the Chadwick hotel Satur- its two special numbers were greeted enthusiastically. Lieutenant An-Mr. and Mrs. Longman were drews and Cadet Kutchinski conhad a solo number on his instru-Miss Vanatta and Miss Allifan ment for which he played the Wien-Stuart of Lafayette are visiting iawski "Legende" and for which he this Sabbath day and from whom Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth at Idleden. was recalled twice, to bow his ac-Mrs. Annie B. Hobbs and daugh- knowledgment of the applause. Cater Miss Julia are guests of Major det Gonzales appeared with a splen- Daniel, "O Man, greatly beloved!"

There was the usual crowd of ad- loyalty to others, and loyalty to God of Congress. The aquaintance bemiring parents and entranced young were the topics emphasized in the ladies to put the cadets on their met- discourse. At his conclusion he ad- Ohio about a year ago. Mrs. Keen tle for their part of the exercises and, dressed the members of the class in will be gladly received into the consequently, the drills to which the following words that suggested hearts and homes of the people of each morning was devoted have nev- to the hearers Matthew Arnold's title | Culver, and the Citizen extends | day for a two weeks' visit in Lafav. er appeared to better advantage. for his famous essay on "Sweetness congratulations and best wishes to ette With the present enlarged battalion and Light:" "Members of the class the newly weds the parades and reviews have grown of 1914, you are going out from this in picturesqueness and the swinging institution in a memorable year. lines with shining brasses and im- The word 'honor' has been loud on maculate ducks evoke spontaneous your lips and in your hearts. You have created here a spirit that shall dominate this school in all its future. Out in life, I hope that honurday night when the usual program or shall still be yours; that those nearest to you will be most dear to you, and that those who come most parents and friends who listened intimately into connection with you shall be those who have the greatest confidence in your integrity. I hope that, as the years go on, you will increasingly win the love of your feldance given by a committee of few days' visitor with George Dent. lamation contest were combined in lows; that you will increasingly The Misses Robinson are now to one program which was heard by be loyal to the high impulses with--Captain Rossow, commander occupying their summer home for fully 600 or 700 persons. Under in your souls, that you will be constant to the thought of God. loyal to others, be magnanimous, giving a thousand-fold more than you ever expect to receive in your in Missouri, where his wife died. responsiveness to the needs of men week end visitors at Springer's new tributed a violin duet and the latter But remember that including these other lovalties is the lovalty to God in whose recognition we are met on

you may ultimately hear the wellwon words of approbation, as did the harvest fields. From now on Bates and Mrs. Perrin at Manana did vocal number, the Tosti "Ad Sunday evening brought the band

Matrimonial.

The marriage of Miss Mabel Van Evera of Congress, Ohio, and Mel vin Keen of Culver took place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr and Mrs. I. J. Van Evera, on Sat urday, May 30. Rev. Campbell of the Presbyterian church reading the service. Mr. and Mrs. Keen came at once to Culver and took Under favoring skies and cooling | Honor he defined as "the confidence | possession of the groom's residence breezes the program of final week of one's fellow men and the appro- on Scott street. The bride has was carried through without a hitch. bation of God." Loyalty to self, been a teacher in the public schools gan during a visit of Mr. Keen to

HIBBARD MAN TAKES POISON

Jacob Lichtenberger, aged 81 died suddenly at Hibbard about 7 clock Monday morning, at the home of his nephew, Levi Freese. Mr. Lichtenberger had made his nome at Freese's during the past winter. Prior to that, for about eight years, he had lived most of the time with his brother Adam near Antioch church, with occusional visits to his other brothers. Peter of Hibbard and William of Culver Though a former early settler near Bremen he had spent many years

had come down stairs at breakfast time, but did not eat. Complaining of not feeling well he called for some water for his medicine and went to his room. Soon after. Mrs. Freese, at work in the yard under the window of Mr. Lichten berger's room, heard sounds of distress which alarmed her and caused

On the morning of his death he

PERSONAL **POINTERS**

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

Mr. and Mrs. Will Norris went to Laporte on Decoration day.

Mrs. Elsie Curtis of Chicago is at home on a two weeks' vacation Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Zechiel visited friends in Kewanna Sunday. Mrs. A. M. Roberts left Satur-

Mrs. Packer of Mishawaka is visiting ber daughter, Mrs. Charles

Nellie Baldwin of near Kewanna visited a few days with Rev. Oliver

Mrs. Rev. D. E. Zechiel of Louisville, Ky., is visiting at J. H. Ze-

Mrs. Riggens and children at.

tended Decoration day exercises at Bremen. Will Easterday of Plainfield vis-

ited with the home folks Saturday and Sunday. Mrs. N. W. Rector and son Grev

are visiting at Indianapolis and Pendleton. J. T. Bradley of St. Louis was

the guest of his friend, J. M. Sullivan, over Sunday.

Pauline Speyer returned yesterday from Indianapolis to spend the summer vacation at home

Carl Castleman with his wife and baby came from Mishawaka to spend Saturday and Sunday. Miss Beatrice Shafer and Isaac

Kirkpatrick of Bremen were midweek visitors at Miss Clara Wise-

Robert F. Taylor of North Man-

THE CULVER CITIZEN

ARTHUR B. HOLT. Publisher. SUBSCRIPTION RATES One Year, in advance.....\$1.00 Three Months, in advance....

ADVERTISING

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

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

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

On the label of your paper the date on which your subscription expires is printed each week. All in sec 36, German, \$5200. subscriptions are dated from the First of the month shown on the label, and the figures indicate the Year. For example, John Jones' subscription is paid to Jan. 1, 1914, and on the pink slip on his paper appears

Jones John Jan14

When you want to know when your time is out look at the pink label, though the paper will not be stopped without giving you notice.

CULVER, INDIANA, JUNE 4, 1914.

Notwithstanding the disaster to the Empress of Ireland occurred at 2 o'clock in the morning, that all the lights went out, and that the ship sank in 14 minutes, before anybody had time to dress, the sickly story is sent out that a delegation of Salvation Army people assembled their band and sang and played "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

Nine hundred and sixty-nine persons lost their lives when the ocean liner Empress of Ireland was rammed by the Norwegian collier Storstad at 2 o'clock Friday morning in the St. Lawrence river during a heavy fog. Many passengers were crushed to death in their berths, and many were not awakened until the water came pouring into their staterooms. The vessel eighteen passengers and members in Plymouth on Saturday, June 6, of the crew were saved.

The row in the Modern Woodman is an excellent illustration of the unprofitableness of a family row. Our modern fraternals are a fine thing and came because of the excessive cost of old line insurance and the abuses that crept into that kind of big onsiness. The multiplication of the fraternals has made the big regulators "be good" but it has also developed a lot of foolishness and rascality among the fraternals. Rascality because many fraternals start with a rate that is intended to secure members by its cheapness and end in dissolution when the deaths begin and the officials have collected too much salary and paid workers have taken all the cream in the way of commissions. Foolishness because some very excellent fraternals are going on the apparent theory that the membership will not grow any older because the infusion of new blood will keep the average age where it started when the organization is first projected into being. The defenders of the inadequate rate shut their eyes to history, which is that every fraternal now in existence and of any respectable age has been obliged to raise its orig inal rates not once but possibly several times, to continue in business. Insurance must cost the average mortality rate plus the cost of administration. The latter can be much or little, just as the wisdom and integrity and ability of those in charge determine, but old Nature continues to exact her toll at about the same old pace, less, of course, the advantages derived by succeeding generations in their ability to conquer epidemics and the discovery of methods in combatting what are or have been un. conquerable diseases. The old line companies are organized for individual profit, but have the advantage of scientific management.

Why Certainly!

Did you ever notice how perfectly lucid the most abstruse proposition appears when viewed in the proper light? For instance, the Plymouth Democrat says:

have in hand the affairs and have decided that the duties of the home require the widest wisdom requested to be present. Rev. to govern and control their lines.

Real Estate Transfers

Mary Alexander to V D Elick, pt lot 5, Garn's add, and pt lot 7. Barnhisel's add, Culver, \$800.

V D Elick to Mary Alexander, pt lots 8 and 9, Barnhisel's add, Culver, \$700.

Sophia Johnson to Alma John- Burr Oak, Marshall county, Indiana, son, pt sec 29, Polk, \$5000.

Marion Overmyer to Delilah Warner, in seq sec 9, Union, \$1. S Heckaman to John Burg, 40a

B Yergler to O Neff, part secs 3

and 4, German, \$19,400. Lewis Rufener to Chas Schmid,

in swq sec 35, Union, \$250. W Holland to C Adair, in sec

19, West, \$5000.

J H Matchett to D Machiel, pt sec 36, West, \$2500.

A M Romig to F Atha, 2 lots in Zechiel's add, Culver, \$3000.

F Atha to A M Romig, pt nwq sec 30, West, \$4000.

C Low to F Wright, pt sec 29, Green, \$2000.

J Cast to G Towle, part sec 11, West, \$4200.

India Hite to E Hite, pt sec 29, Center, \$6750.

C Bixel to A Ostrom, pt sec 19, West, \$1200.

ER Culver to C M A, in sec 16, Union, \$1600. Rosa Shively to F Morelock, in

sec 3, West, \$1300. W Kubley to E Essig, pt sec 20,

Walnut, \$2300. W Good to V Charm, 40a in sec

31, West, \$3100. L Lockwood to M P church, in sec 32, Green, \$100.

Republican Call.

To the Republicans of Marshall County:

Pursuant to a resolution of the Republican central committee of went down in 14 minutes after be- Marshall county you are hereby ber two (2), thence south to the ing struck. Four hundred and called to meet in mass convention at 1 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of nominating a county ticket as

> clerk, treasurer, sheriff, surveyor, coroner, assessor, commissioner first district, commissioner second district, and to transact such other business as may come before the convention.

It is the earnest desire of the committee that every republican and all others who desire to affiliate with us in Marshall county attend this convention.

R. R. Head, Ch'n. Harry Knott, Sec'y.

DELONG.

J. O. Ginther has a new enclosed

A number are planting cow peas his spring.

Mrs. Amos Kersey visited at Hibbard Sunday.

Several in the vicinity are already cultivating corn. Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Jordan

visited Sunday at Alvin Jordan's. J. C. Bunnell has built a new fence and painted it around his barn lot.

Tim Hays, Charles Swigart and several others from Logansport visited at S. C. Rarrick's Sunday.

The mosquitoes are very numerous now. Little fishing lis being done at the river now on this

Memorial services were held at Leiter's Ford Sunday and the different lodges of Leiter's Ford participated. A very good address was rendered by Rev. Warriner of Rochester.

For Sale.

One Aermotor windmill with 3 way anti-freezing pump. Mill has 10-ft wheel and 50-ft steel tower. All in good condition. Can be seen at The Oaks cottage, Culver. Address, with offer, E. Schurmann, Room 329, Lemcke Bldg, Indianapolis. m7w5

Notice.

There will be held upon the 20th day of June, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at the Maxinkuckee church, an election of the trustes for the organization as successors of the Many ladies of the Relief corps East Washington Methodist Protestant Church. All members are Clyde Havens, Pastor.

Notice to Contractors for Letting of Contract for New School

Building.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned W. S. Easterday, Trustee of Union township, Marshall county, Indiana, will, on or before Saturday, June 13, 1914, at 10 a, m. at the office of the said trustee, Culver, Indiana, receive bids for the building of and material for a new school house to be built in

All to be furnished and performed in accordance with the plans and specifications prepared for said building by A. H. Ellwood & Son, Architects, Elkhart, Indiana, and on file after May first at the said office of said architects and said trustee,

All bids shall be made out on legal forms prescribed by the state and obtainable from the county auditor,

All bids to be occompanied with certified check for \$200,00. Said check to be made out in favor of the trustee and shall be forfeited in the event such bidder fails to enter into a contract and furnish a satisfactory bond within five days of the awarding of the contract. Said trustee reserves the right to ac-

Dated this 27th day of June, 1914. W. S. EASTERDAY, Trustee. By Order of the Advisory Board:

cept any or reject all bids,

A. Druckermiler, J. F. Behmer, Ira J. Faulkner.

Notice---Private Sale Real Estate. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, executor of the estate of Michael Baker, deceased, in accordance with the terms of the last will and testament of the said Mi chael Baker, will on the 29th day of June, 1914, at 10 a.m. at his office in the Exchange Bank of Culver, Indiana, offer for sale for the best obtainable price the follow-

ing described real estate situated

in Marshall county, Indiana, to-Commencing at the the north east corner of the south fifteen (15) acres of lot number two (2), in section sixteen (16), in township thirty-two (32) north, range one (1) east, thence west to the east line of the right of way of the Terre Haute & Logansport railroad, thence in a northeasterly direction along the east line of the right-of-way of said railroad to the north line of the south thirty and 60-100 acres of

place of beginning, containing three and one-half (3.5) acres, Said sale to continue from day to day until all property is sold The terms of said sale to be agreed

said lot number two (2), thence

east to the east line of said lot num-

State representative, auditor, on at the time the sale is made. WILLIAM O. OSBORN.

Executor. Notice of Administration.

No. 2329 State of Indiana, Marshall Coun-

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed executor of the Estate of Michael Baker, late of Marshall county, Indiana, deceased. Said estate is supposed to be solvent.

WILLIAM O. OSBORN. Executor.

Old newspapers, any quantity, at he Citizen office.

Acetylene Plant.

Complete with fixtures. Almost new. For sale at a bargain. T. E. Slattery.

Harness Shop

I am carrying the largest and best line of Harness and Horse Goods ever brought to Culver.

Robes, Blankets, Whips, Buggy Storm Fronts, etc. Everything in this line.

Shoe and Harness Repairing a specialty.

D. H. SMITH, Culver

1	~ 1		Ä	•			L	۰	1	ä.	٠		J	L			1	_	,		
10	Watts												¥					3	C	0	
15	Watts			-				G,		×	4	i				×		3	C	0	
20	Watts	١,				,			,	,	,		,					3	C	0	-
25	Watts	١,	000								,	ì	ĺ,				٠	3	C	0	1
40	Watts						à		v		٠							3	C	0	:
	Watts																				
100	Watts	3													'n			7	C	0	:
We	will f	u	r	i	s	h		a	n	3	7	k	i	n	d	l	0	r	si	z	9

ector's Pharmacy

lamp you may need.

HOUSEHOLDERS AND BUILDERS

Full supply of every description of

Plumbing Goods **Pumps and Hose**

Ever-Ready Batteries, Repair work. If anything is out of fix call

A. M. ROBERTS Phone 107

FARMERS, TAKE NOTICE!

You can buy the material for Galvanized Iron Roofing, Standing Seams and Corrugated Roofing, ready to put on, at very reasonable prices.

Shop on Main Street Phone 138

Trustee's Notice.

The undersigned, trustee of Union township hereby gives notice that his office for the trans action of township business will be at Easterday's undertaking rooms, Main street, Culver, Indiana, W. S. EASTERDAY, Trustee,

Make Young Birds **Grow Quickly** and keep them free from disease. To succeed-to coin egg-money next fall, you must use now

Oratts, Poultry Regulator

ment of all young stock and keeps the older birds in prime condi-tion; fully competent to take care of your egg demand. Use tts. Poultry Disinfectant and

Pratts Powdered Lice Killer to rid the poultry and houses of lice, mites, etc., and to destroy disease germs. Refuse substitutes; insist on Pratts.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back Get Pratts 160 page Poultry Book

Sold and Guaranteed by T. E. SLATTERY KEEPS YOUR HOME FRESH and CLEAN

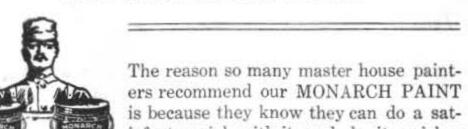
Combination Pneumatic Sweeper

THIS Swiftly-Sweeping, Easy-Running DUNTLEY Sweeper cleans without raising dust, and at the same time picks up pins, lint, ravelings, etc., in ONE OPERATION. Its ease makes sweeping a simple task quickly finished. It reaches even the most difficult places, and eliminates the necessity of moving and lifting all heavy furniture.

The Great Labor Saver of the Home-Every home, large or small, can enjoy relief from Broom drudgery and protection from the danger of flying dust.

Duntley is the Pioneer of Pneumatic Sweepers-Has the combination of the Pneumatic Suction Nozzle and revolving Brush. Very easily operated and absolutely guaranteed. In buying a Vacuum Cleaner, why not give the "Duntley" a trial in your home at our expense?

Write today for full particulars AGENTS WANTED DUNTLEY PNEUMATIC SWEEPER COMPANY 6501 South State Street, CHICAGO



MONARCH" PAINT

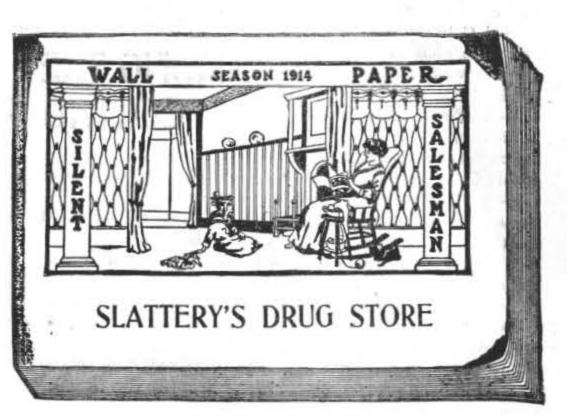
"100 PER CENT PURE"



isfactory job with it and do it quicker and better than with lead and oil mixed by hand.

MONARCH PAINT is Pure Lead, Zinc, Linseed Oil, Turpentine Dryer, Coloring Matter—and nothing else. Subject to chemical analysis.

The Culver Cash Hardware



ON'T WASTE TIME trying to figure out why a black hen lays a white egg, BUT GET THE EGG

> Purina Chicken Chowder is the greatest egg-producing feed in the country. Order a 25-cent Checkerboard bag today from

W. E. HAND, The Grocer

The Dollars and Sense of



Quite aside from the use of Jap-a-Lac as a beautifier of homes, it has wonderful economical properties.

Jap-a-Lac saves money in two different ways:

In the first place it saves money by adding years to the life and wearing properties of woodwork, furniture, floors, etc.

In the second place Jap-a-Lac saves actual dollars and cents by allowing you to do the work yourself, and Jap-a-Lac is so easy to use that it is a genuine pleasure to use it, for there is a fascination about seeing an old, worn and shabby-looking object renew its youth, beauty and strength under one's own hand.

Jap-a-Lac is a most economical covering for floors. A gallon is sufficient to Jap-a-Lac the entire floor of an average size room—a quart for a wide border.

Jap-a-Lac is made in all colors and sizes from 15c cans up.

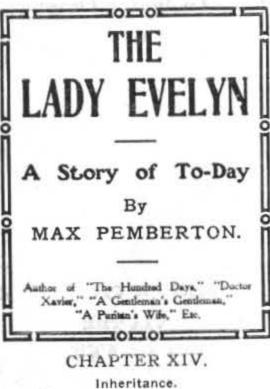
Ask about Jap-a-Lac in our paint department.

The Culver Cash Hardware

Notice.

Highest market price paid at all times for yeal, butter, eggs and all kinds of poultry. Phone 5 or 44-2 W. E. Hand

and Fire Insurance Call on J. A. MOLTER & CO. Sale bills printed at the Citizen | PLYMOUTH, IND.



Alone in his own room, high up in the northern tower of Melbourne Hall. the Earl locked the door and turned up the lights with the air of a man who has a considerable task before him and must make the most of the hours of grace remaining.

He was very pale and greatly changed since he had returned from London three hours ago. Some would have perceived in his manner, not the evidences of fear but of displeasure, and such displeasure as events bordering upon tragedy alone could provoke. Uttering but one harsh instruction to the servant who answered his bell, he sat at his writing table and for a full hour turned over the pages of a diary which had not seen the light for twenty years or more.

Georges Odin! How the very name could seize upon his mind to the exclusion of all other thoughts. Sitting there with the time-stained papers before him, the Earl was no longer in Derbyshire but out upon the Carpathians, a youth of the West craving for the excitements of the East; a hunter upon a brave horse, the friend of brigands and of outlaws-drinking deep of the intoxicating draughts of freedom and debauch. Well and truly had this young Count whom Fate had sent to his door, reminded him of these scenes he had made it his life's purpose to forget.

"Zallony, my lord," the Count had said, "Zallony still lives and you were one of his band. They tell of your crimes to this day. The mad Englishman who carried the village girls to the hills-the mad Englishman who drank when no other could lift the cup-the mad Englishman who rode out of Bukharest in a bandit's cloak and lived the Bohemian days of which the very gypsies were ashamed. Shall I tell you his name? It would be that of my father's murderer."

And the answer had been a cringing evasion.

was a Georges Odin in fair fight. He was the better man. I could show the scars his sword left to this day. Of what do you accuse me? They sent him to prison-well, I did not make their laws. He died there, a convict laborer in the salt mines. Was it my doing? Ask those at the Ministry. We moved heaven and earth to save him. The Government's reason was a political one. They sent your father to the mines because the Russian Government-then all powerful at Bukharest-believed him to be its most dangerous enemy. His affair with me was the excuse. What

had I to do with it?" But the Count persisted.

"Your influence would have saved him. You preferred to keep silent, my lord. And I will tell you more. It was at your instigation that the Roumanian Government arrested my father in the first place. You wished for revenge-I think it was more than that. You were afraid that the woman you married would find you out if Georges Odin regained his liberty. You were not sure that Dora d'Istran did not love him. And so-you left Roumania and took her with youluckily for you both-to die before she had read her own heart truly. That's what I have come this long way to tell you. To Robert Forrester -I said. How should I know that in England they would make a lord of such a man! I did not know it; but that to me is the same. You shan answer my question or pay the price. My lord. I have brains of my n and I can use them. You shall pay me what you owe you will be wise to do

The Earl did not wince at the threat, nor did his habitual self-control desert him. His insight would have been shallow indeed if he had not perceived that he was face to face with a dangerous enemy, and one with whom be might not trifle.

"Put your question to me and I will answer it," he said doggedly. "Remember that we are not in Roumania, Count. A word from me and my men would set you where questions would help you little. Speak freely while I have the patience to hear you."

"As freely as you could desire, my lord. A wise man would not utter a threat at such a time. Do you think that I, Georges Odin's son, do you think that I come to England alone? Ah, my lord, how little you know me! Open one of your windows and listen for the message my friends will deliver to you. I come to you with white gloves upon my hands. It is to ask you, my lord, in what prison my poor father is lying at this moment. Tell me that, help me to open the gates for him, and we are friends. It will be time to utter threats when

you refuse." The Earl's face blanched at the words, but he did not immediately reply to them. The story which the young man told was too astonishing

that he should easily understand it. "Your father died in the fortress of Krajova," he said at length. "I remember that it was in the month of

you speak of the gates of his prison? It is incredible that you should bring such a story to me."

"As little incredible as your own ignorance, my lord. I thought as you did until the day, five years ago, which released Zallony's brother from Krajova. He brought the news to us. My father lives. But he is at Krajova no longer. The Russian Government never forgets, my lord. It remembers the day when Georges Odin was its enemy. My own people fear that my father's liberty would awaken old affairs that had better sleep. He is the victim of them. Yours is the one hand in all Europe that could set him free. My lord, the world must know his story and you shall write it. And if not you-then my Lady Evelyn, your daughter. Do you think I am so blind that I do not read the truth? The blood that ran in the mother's veins runs in the daughter's. Open the doors of this house to her and she will go to the hills as her mother went. The desire of life throbs in her veins. When I speak to her, I witness the struggle between the old and the new; faith and joy; the convent and the theatre; love and the prison. Your pride, your fear, have made a captive of her-but I, my lord, may yet cut her pretty bonds. As God is in heaven, I will not spare her one hour of shame if you do not give my father back to me. Think of that before you answer me. The girl or the man. Your shame or her freedom. My lord, you have not many hours in which to choose." Such an alternative the Earl car-

ried with him to his own room; such an alternative spoke to him from every page of the diaries his hand turned so painfully. It was as though the dead had risen to accuse him. Yonder, in a great clamped drawer of the bureau, were the letters he had received from his dead wife in the days when he contended with Georges Odin for the love of that mad, wild girl of the Carpathians. How ardently he had loved her! What mad hours they had lived amid the gypsy children of Roumania! And yet in heart and will she was another's. He had long known she loved the prisoner at Krajova. And the one supremely cowardly thing he had done in the course of his life had been done at the dictation of an uncontrollable passion which would sacrifice even honor for her sake. Georges Odin, the Count's father, had met him in fair fight-the better swordsman had won. Never they fought; the keen sword lightly engaging his own; then the swift at- A man like that is never one to hold tack, the masterly reposte and that his tongue." sensation as of red-hot iron passing to his very heart. No shame here, it is true; but there were days of shame afterward when the story came out and King Charles himself asked the question, was it so? A word from Robert Forrester would have saved his enemy from the mines. He never spoke it. The man disappeared from his ken, and he believed that he was just for his father's sake." dead. He could scarcely deny the justice of the retribution which now over-Georges Odin alive and a prisoner

still in some unknown fortress citadel. How the very name could awaken forgotten sensations! It seemed to the Earl as though the madness of his youth struggled once more for mastery with the finer impulses and desires which a later day had inspired. Yesterday he had been a country gentleman, seeking to cast behind finally that cloak of unconventionality he had worn with such pleasure in his youth. He had meant to whitewash the sepulchre; to take his seat in the Lords; to equip himself for the great honors thrust upon him; to marry Evelyn sedately to a son of a noble house and then, as it were, to convince himself that the abnormal had been purged out of him and would afflict him no more. These ambitions, however, were powerless now to combat the more natural instincts which the story of his youth could recreate for him. Once more in Imagination he rode the hills of Roumania as a free adventurer, submitting to the laws neither of God nor of man. Once more the sensuous voluptuousness of the Earl dominated him, and the spirit within him rebelled at its captivity. He must escape convention, he thought, become a wanderer once more. And Evelyn! Had he not feared to read in her acts this very inheritance his own nature cried out for. He shuddered when he thought of Evelyn. Who would save her in the hour of cataclysm?

Such were the thoughts of that night long drawn and terrible. In moments of revulsion against those who had thus brought him to bay, there were mad whisperings which reminded him that Georges Odin's son was the prisoner of his house and that, as he would, he might readily be detained there until some understanding had been come to. This was a thought the Earl could recall again and again. The man was alone and helpless in his hands. It would be folly to open the doors and to say, "Go out and tell the story to the world." Melbourne Hall had harbored greater secrets before that day, and might witness them again. Why should he stand irresolute; what forbade him to save Evelyn from all that revelation must mean to her? He knew not-it remained for the house to answer him, silently and finally, with the answer of one who has set out upon no idle mission but is well aware of the danger he must face.

This was at the hour of dawn. Unable to sleep, the Earl sat by his open window watching the chill gray light creeping over the dew-laden grass and disclosing the trees one by one as though an unseen hand drew back the curtain of the night from the stately branches. And now all stood revealed the daughter of Dora d'Istran.

scenes, and scenes of Nature untrammelled. Upon other days, often at such an hour as this, the Earl had longer. As it was, she understood her looked down upon them and said, "Mine-mine . . . all these are mine." To-day he viewed them with heavy eyes. Something unfamiliar in she was no longer alone. A rustling the landscape attracted his attention

and roused him from his musings. A loom of heavy white smoke floating upward from the glen! Nothing but that. A drift of smoke and anon the figure of a man seen between the trees. Another would hardly have remarked the circumstances, but Robert Forrester became awake in an instant and as vigilant as one who dreads that which his eyes discover.

"They are gypsies, by-" he said. 'and they have come at this man's bidding."

He knew the meaning of their presence without words to tell him. They had come to demand the freedom of their old master, Georges Odin, whose son had carried them across the seas with him.

"I must answer them," the Earl said, "and if I answer them, what then? Will the other be silent?"

He turned away and shut the window violently, as though to shut the

"He would kill me," he said; "the world is not big enough to hide me from Georges Odin."

CHAPTER XV.

The Price of Salvation.

Evelyn met her father at the breakfast table on the following morning; but their brief conversation in no way enlightened her. The Earl, indeed, appeared to be entirely wrapped up in his own thoughts, and the few questions he put to her were far from life, listen, for it is the voice of Desbeing helpful.

"You have seen my friend, Count Odin," he remarked abruptly, "what is your opinion of him?"

"He interests me, but I do not like him," she replied frankly.

"A first impression," the Earl continued with a note of annoyance but ill-concealed. "You will get to know him better. His father was my oldest

"In which case the son is sometimes an embarrassment" she said wander abroad in the park, apparentnaturally, and with no .dea of the meaning of her words.

The Earl looked up quickly.

"Has he told you anything," he asked with little cleverness, "spoken himself, who came without warning would be forget the day-the snow- of Bukharest, perhaps? You must to the water's edge and laughed at capped halls, the white glen in which have been a good deal together while her evident perplexity. I was away. What did he say to you

She smiled at the suggestion.

"He was unconscious for thirty hours. My store of small talk did not come up to that. Why do you ask me father? Don't you wish me to talk

"My dear child, I wish you to like him if you can. His father was my friend. We must show him hospitality

"Oh, I'll take him in the park and flirt with him if you wish it. The nuns did not teach me how-I suppose flirtation was an extra."

Again he looked at her closely. This flippancy velled some humor he could not fathom. Was it possible that the girl had been fascinated already by a man well schooled in the arts of pleasing women. And what solution of his trouble would that be? If he gave Evelyn to the son of Georges Odin-a coward's temptation from which he shrank immediately. but not so far away that he put the thought entirely from him.

"I mean nothing so foolish," he exclaimed sharply; "the Count is our guest and must be treated as such. 1 understand that he is allowed to go out to-day. If you have any wish to accompany him in the car, he will consider it a courtesy."

"Thank you," she said in a hard voice, "I should really be frightened of the Vicar's wife."

Her raillery closed the conversation. The Earl went upstairs to his guest. Evelyn, at a later hour, caught un a straw hat and ran off by herself to the little boat-house by the river. She was a skilful canoeist and there was just water enough for the dainty canoe her father had bought in Canada for her. Never was she so much alone as when lying, book in hand, beneath the shelter of some umbrageous willow; and to-day she welcomed solitude as she had never welcomed it since first they came to Melbourne Hall. One refuge there was above others-Di Vernon's Arbor, they called it, where the willows spread their trailing branches upon the very waters; where the banks were so many couches of verdant grass, the iris generous in its abundant beauty, the river but a pool of the deepest, most entrancing blue water-this refuge she had named the Lake of Dreams, and to this to-day she steered her frail craft, and there found that solitude pains to adapt it to the conventions of his power. she prized so greatly.

What did her father mean by wishing her to be gracious to Count Odin? Had he so changed in a night that he would sacrifice his only daughter to atone for some wrong committed in his own boyhood? Her passionate nature could resent the mere idea as one too shameful to contemplate. But what did it mean then, and how would she stand if the Count presumed upon her father's acquiescence? The fascination which this stranger exercised did not deceive her; she knew it for the spell of evil, to be resisted with all her heart and soul. Was she strong enough, had she character enough, to resist it? She would be alone against them both if the worst befell, she remembered, and would fight her battle unaided. Others might have been dismayed, but not Evelyn, as in a picture of a forest land; the | was grateful perhaps that her father grass delici- had declared his preference so openly.

ous vistas of wood and thicket; home A veiled hostility toward their guest might have provoked her to show him civilities which were asked of her no position and could prepare for it.

> To this point her reverie had carried her when she became aware that of leaves, a twig snapping upon the bank, brought her instantly to a recognition of the fact that some one watched her hiding-place behind the willows of the pool. Whoever the intruder might be, he withdrew when she looked up, and his face remained undiscovered. Evelyn resented this intrusion greatly, and was about to move away when some one, hidden by the trees, began to play a zither very sweetly, and to this the music of a guitar and a fiddle were added presently, and then the pleasing notes of a human voice. Pushing her canoe out into the stream, Evelyn could just espy a red scarf flashing between the trees and, from time to time, the dark face of a true son of Egypt. Who these men were or why they thus defied her privacy, she could not so much as hazard; nor did she any longer resent their temerity. The weird, wild music made a strange appeal to her. It awakened impulses and ideas she had striven to subdue; inspired her imagination to old ideals-excited and troubled her as no music she had heard before. The same mad courage which sent her to London to play upon the stage of a theatre returned to her and filled her with an inexplicable ecstasy. She had all the desire to trample down the conventions which stifled her liberty and to let the world think as it would. Etta Romney came back to life and being in that moment -Etta speaking to Evelyn and saying, "This is a message of the joy of

chord in a minor key; and, when it had died away. Evelyn became aware that the men were talking in a strange tongue and secretly, and that they still had no intention of declaring their presence. With the passing of the spell of sweet sounds, she found herself not without a little alarmed curiosity to learn who they were and by whom they had been permitted to ly unquestioned and unknown. Disquiet, indeed, would have sent her to the house again, but for the appearance of no other than Count Odin

"My fellows annoy you, dear lady, he said. "Pray let me make the excuses for them. You do not like their music-is it not so?"

"Not at all, I like it very much," she said, not weighing her words. "It is the maddest music I ever heard in all my life."

"Then come and tell young Zallony so. I brought him to England, Lady Evelyn. I mean to make his fortune. Come and see him and tell him if London will not like him when he scrapes the fiddle in a lady's ear. It would be gracious of you to do thatthese poor fellows would die if you English ladies did not clap the hands for them. Come and be good to young Zallony and he will never forget."

He helped her ashore with his left hand, for his right he carried in a silken scarf, the last remaining witness to his accident. His dress was a wellfitting suit of gray flannels, with a faint blue stripe upon them. He had the air and manner of a man who denied himself no luxury and was perfectly well aware of the fascination he exercised upon the majority of women he met, whatever their nationality. Had Evelyn been questioned she would have said that his eyes were the best gift with which Nature had dowered him. Of the darkest gray, soft and languishing in a common way, they could, when passion dominated them, look into the very soul of the chosen victim and leave it almost helpless before their steadfast gaze. To this a soldier's carriage was to be added; the grand air of a man born in the East and accustomed to has learned to be a lover and you will

be obeyed. "This is Zallony," he said with a tinge of pride in his voice, "also the son of a man with whom your father was very well acquainted in his younger days. Command him and he will fiddle for you. There are a hundred ladies in Bukharest who are, at all times, ready to die for him. He comes to England and spares their lives. Admit his generosity, dear lady. He will be very kind to you for my sake."

Zallony was a Romany of Romanies, a tall, dark-eyed gypsy, slim and graceful, and a musician in every thought and act of his life. He wore a dark suit of serge, a broad-brimmed hat, and a bright blue scarf about his walst. With him were three others; one a very old man dressed in a bizarre fashion of the East, and at no the West; the rest, dark-visaged, far from amiable-looking fellows, who might never have smiled in all their lives. Zallony remained a prince among them. He bowed low to Evelyn and instantly struck up a lively air, which the others took up with that nerve and spirit so characteristic of Eastern musicians. When they had finished, Evelyn found herself thanking them warmly. They had no English, and could only answer her with

"How did these people come here?" she asked the Count, as they began to walk slowly toward the woods.

His reply found him once more telling the truth and astounded perhaps, at the ease of a strange employment. "By the railway and the sea, Lady Evelyn. They are my watch-dogsyou would call them that in England. Oh, yes, I am a timid traveller. I like to hear these fellows barking in the woods. So much they love me that if

I were in prison they would pull down | will-saying, speak or be silent, forthe walls to get me out. Your father, get or remember? I know you better; my lord, does not forbid them to pitch | you love me, Evelyn; you are afraid their tents in his park. Why should to tell me, but you love me. That is he? I am his guest and shall be a why I remain a prisoner of this house long time in this country, perhaps. -because you love me, and I shall These fellows are not accustomed to make you my wife. Ah, cara mia, say live in houses. Dig them a cave and it but once-I love you, Georges, the they will make themselves happy- son of my father's friend-I love you they are sons of tents and the hills; and will not forbid your words." men who know how to live and how to die. The story of Roumania has written the name of Zallony's father in golden letters. He fought for our country against the Russians who would have stolen our liberty from us. To this day the Ministry at Petersburg would hang his son if he was so very foolish as to visit that unfortunate country. Truly, Zallony has many who love him not-he is fortunate, Lady Evelyn, that your father is not among the number."

He meant her to ask him a question and she did not flinch from it.

"My dear lady, in Roumania, twen-

"Why should my father have any opinions upon the matter? Are these people known to him also?"

ty years ago, the bravest men, the biggest hearts, were at Zallony's command. His regiment of hussars was the finest that the world has ever seen. Bukharest made it a fashion to send young men secretly to its ranks. The name of Zallony stood for a brotherhood of men not soldiers only, but those sworn to fidelity upon the Cross; to serve each other faithfully, to hold all things in common-the poor devils, how little they had to hold!such were Zallony's hussars. Lady, your father and my father served together in the ranks; they took a common oath-they rode the hills, lived wild nights on desolate mountains, shared good fortune and ill, until an unlucky day when a woman came between them and brotherhood was no more. I was such a little fellow then The music ceased upon a weird that I could not lift the sword they put into my hands; but they filled my body up with wine and I rode my pony after them, many a day that shall never be forgotten. This is to tell you that my mother, a little wild girl of the Carpathians, died the year I was born. Her I do not remember-a thing to be regretted for who may say what a mother's memory may not do for that man who will let it be his guiding star. I did not know her, Lady Evelyn. When they carried my father to prison, the priests took charge of me and filled my head with their stories of peace and good-willthe head of one who had ridden with Zallony on the hills and heard the call to arms as soon as he could any. thing at all. They told me that my father was dead-five years ago I learned that he lived. Lady Evelyn, he is a prisoner, and I have come to England to give him liberty."

> He looked at her, waiting for a second question, nor did she disappoint

"Can my father help you to do that,

"My dear lady, consider his posttion. An English noble, bearing his honored name; the master of great riches-what cannot be do if he will? Let him say but one word to my Government and the affair is done. I shall see my dear father again-the world will be a new world for me. My lord has but to speak."

"Is it possible that he could hesi-

"All things are possible where human folly is concerned." "Then there would be a reason.

"And a consequence, Lady Evelyn."

"Oh." she said quickly, "you are

not frank with me even now." "So frank that I speak to you as I never spoke to another in all my life. You are the only person in England who can help me and help your father to do well. I have asked him for the liberty of a man who never did him a wrong. He has refused to answer me, yes or no. Why should I tell you that delay is dangerous? If I am silent a little while, do you not guess that it is for your sake that I am silent? These things are rarely hidden from

clever women. Say that Count Odin question me ne more." They were in a lonely glade, dark

with the shade of beeches, when he made this apparently honest declaration; and he stood before her forbidding her to advance further or to avoid his entreaty. Her confusion, natural to her womanhood, he interpreted in its true light. "She does not love me, but there is that in her blood which will give me command over her," he said. And this was the precise truth. Evelyn had, from the first, been fully aware of the strange spell this man could put upon her. His presence seemed to her as that of the figure of evil backoning her to wild pleasures and forbidden gardens of delight. Strong as her will was, this she could not combat. And she shrank from him, helpless, and yet aware of

"You are speaking to me of grave things," she said quietly. "My own feelings must not enter into them. If my father owes this debt to you, he shall pay it. I will be no part of the price, Count Odin."

"Cara mia," he said, taking both her hands and trying to draw her close to him, "I care not how it is if you shall say you love me. Do not hide the truth from yourself. Your father is in great danger. You can save him from the penalties of wrong. Will you refuse to do so because I love youlove you as I have never believed a man could love; love you as my father loved your mother so many years ago -with the love of a race that has fought for women and died for them; a race which is deaf when a woman says no, which follows her, cara mia, to the end of the earth and has eyes for nothing else but the house which shelters her? Will you do this when your heart can command me as you

A strange thrill ran through Evelyn's veins as she listened to this passionate declaration. The frenzied words of love did not deceive her. This man, she thought, would so speak to many a woman in the years to come. A better wit would have concealed his purpose and rendered him less frank. "He would sell his father's liberty at my bidding," she said, and the thought set her struggling in his arms, flushed with anger and with shame.

"I will not hear you, Count," she cried again and again. "I cannot love you-you are not of my people. If my father has done wrong, he shall repay. He is not so helpless that he cannot save me from this. Oh, please let me go, your hands hurt me. I can never be your wife, never, never!"

He released her reluctantly, for his ouick ear had caught the sound of a horse galloping upon the open grass beyond the thicket.

"You will answer me differently another day," he said smilingly; "meanwhile, cara mia, there are two secrets to keep-yours and mine. If the charming Lady Evelyn will not hear me. I must remember Etta Romney, a young lady of my acquaintance-ah, you know her too; and that is well for her. Let us return to the house. My lord will have much to say to me

They went up to the Hall together in silence. Evelyn knew how much she was in his power and how idle her velled threats had been.

She could save her father from this man-truly. But at what a price! "Etta Romney would marry him,," she said bitterly; "but I-Evelyn-

God help me to be true to myself!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Money to Loan.

Money to loan at 5 per cent on form securities H J. Meredith.

ESTABLISHED 1893

EASTERDAY **Funeral Director** and Embalmer

PRIVATE AMBULANCE

QUICK SERVICE

All Day or Night Calls Receive Prompt Attention

DR. E. E. PARKER

Physician and Surgeon Special attention given to Obstetrics and diseases of Women. Office over Culver Exchange Bank. Office hours, 9:30 to 10:30 a. m., 3 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Phones—Office 6 1. 2; Residence 62-K-1

DR. N. S. NORRIS DENTIST

Dentist to Culver Military Academy

Over Exchango Bank-Phone 53 B.W.S.WISEMAN, M.D.

Physician and Surgeon

Office in rear of the Postoffice. Office hours, 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m.
Telephone No. 32

Dr. R. H. BUTTNER Dentist

Office Over White Store Telephone 105

Fancy Golden Horn Flour

None Better None So Cheap \$2.60 per cwt.



MAKES MORE BREAD COSTS LESS MONEY

For Sale By

ULVER FEED @ GRAIN CO

At the Old Mill Telephone 109-2

Culver's Decoration Day.

The Grand Army veterans had a splendid day for their memorial exercises on Saturday, and while the attendance was small the program was an excellent one and did Mole," and "House Flies." You honor to the occasion. The ritual was conducted by Post Commander as the allotments last by writing Ezra Blanchard, Dr. Wiseman recited the Lincoln Gettysburg speech. Rev. J. F. Kenrich gave you want. an address that held the close and appreciative attention of the old soldiers and brought out many compliments. The musical program was impromptu owing to the absence of expected singers. On a moment's call Dr. Wiseman arranged for the singing, and himself sang two selections-"Just Before the Battle, Mother" and "The Vacant Chair." Mrs. S. G. Buswell and Miss Clara Wiseman assisted in the choruses, and Miss Myrtle Painter played the accompaniments. The little flower girls sang a selection. Rev. W. A. Walker made the closing prayer. Fourteen of the sixteen members of Henry Speyer post were present, besides a delegation of the W. R. C. The decoration of the graves and strewing flowers on the lake from the depot pier followed the exercises at the church.

The business houses generally were decorated with the national colors.

Obituary.

David Feece was born in Miami county, Ohio, January 31, 1826, and departed this life May 28, 1814, at the home of his son, Rev. W. M. Feece, 31 miles northeast of Ober, Starke county, Ind., at the age of 88 years, 3 months and 27 days. He was united in marriage to Mary Engle May 10, 1848. To this union were born nine children, three of whom have gone to their home beloss six children, twenty-three grandchildren and twenty-eight great grandchildren and a host of friends, being loved and reverenced by all who knew him. While we feel that we have lost a good father, we know that he is resting, for so often he told us he wanted to go home. We know that we shall never hear father's voice again on earth, but we know that we shall meet again. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for again. Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. One by one our friends pass over to the bright and peaceful shore, and they join in glad surprise the glorious anthem of the skies. Funeral services Sunday at 11:30 at the U. B. church at Athens, Ind., Rev. Rupe of Argos officiating. Interment in the Athens cemetery near the

Town Clock Running Again.

church.

After a coma of several years the town clock on the M. E. church has been resuscitated and gives promise of again taking its old place as a useful and respected factor in the busy life of Culver.

It all came about through the initiative of Preacher Kenrich who framed up an agreement that if the town board would repair the clock and set it going he would keep it going as long as he remained in Culver. And the board saw that it was good, and the morning and the evening were the first day. And now that we have committed, in black and white, the town board and Bro. Kenrich to their own proposition, we expect them faithfully to abide by it.

The striker will be put into gear and then we shall have the hours tolled off us in cheerful reminder that our days are swiftly gliding by and eternity yawns.

Interesting Publications Free.

The U. S. government has receutly issued some publications for free distribution of much interest and profit to all who will send for them. One is a booklet on "Care of the Baby," which ought to be in every home in which there is a baby.

Another is a war engineer's report on the causes and preventions of floods which refers in part to the Indiana floods of last year.

Other recent and especially in-

teresting and helpful government publications for free distributions are "Poultry Management," "How to Prevent Typhoid Fever," "Some Common Birds," "The Ground can have any of these free as long Congressman Henry Barnhart, at

The Calamity Howler.

A dog sat out in the midnight chill and howled at the beaming moon; his knowledge of music was strictly nil and his voice was out of tune. And he howled and howled as the hours went by, while dodging the bricks we threw, till the moon was low in the western sky, this summer. and his voice was split in two.

And there wasn't a thing at which to howl, over which a pup should weep, and the course of the dog was wrong and foul, for the people were wild to sleep.

that blamed fool hound, who yell when there's nothing wrong, dissound-the pessimist's doleful song.-Exchange.

Kitchen Kinks

Put vaseline on the cork of the glue bottle and it will never stick

When putting raisins, dates or figs through the food grinder add a few drops of lemon juice to prevent fruit from clogging the chop-

If sour milk is not at hand and is needed put one tablespoon of vinegar or lemon juice in one cup of sweet milk and allow to stand three hours.

Table cloths will last much longer if, when they are washed, they are folded, one week three times, the next week four, thus changing yond. He leaves to mourn their the crease and adding to the wear

> To remove labels from bottles. wet the labels with water and hold it over a flame for a second or two. The steam quickly penetrates the label and softens the gum or paste.

ROUTE SIXTEEN.

Robert Frisingers of Hibbard have moved to Burr Oak.

were at Knox Sunday afternoon.

Alta Burns, who has been away soon. for a few weeks sewing, is at home

with relatives.

a barn for G. M. Osborn, blowing Mary Cox at T. J. Bell's. part of it flat to the ground.

Sunday visitors: G. A. Maxey and family at G. M. Osborn's; Mr. Mrs. John Cochran of Knox, Mrs. Clarence Woods, and Mrs. Charles Mc Lane of Culver at Jake Vanderweele's; Willis Burkett of Ply. mouth and A. E. Hatch of Aurora, Decoration at Poplar Grove. Ill.,college at G. M.Osborn's; Allen Burkett and wife, Delmar Burkett tended the Memorial services at and family of Mishawaka, Mrs. Geo Leiters Sunday. Garn, Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Asper and a few other friends at Aaron Burketts'.

No Place To Put It.



A bride of two weeks, Mrs. Gable Was ordering things for her table "Have some horse-radish, Madam?" Asked Grocer McAram, "Oh, no," she replied, "we've no

this bit of wit and wisdom relating to his art:

An actor should be modest, and most actors are. But I know a young actor who at the beginning of his career carried modesty almost too far. This young man inserted in all the dramatic papers a want advertisement that read

"Engagement wanted-Small part, such as dead body or outside shouts, preferred."-Argonaut.

POPLAR GROVE

Effie Krieghbaum has been with her mother for a few days.

The John Swansons were Sun day guests at J. E. Myers'.

The I. S. Romigs of South Bend called in Argos and Poplar Grove Sunday.

S. M. Snider of Richmond spent Washington, and telling him what the week end with his mother, Mrs. Caroline Snider.

> Mrs. Garnet Snyder of Canton Ohio, visited her mother, Mrs. Landis, last week.

Mrs. I.G. Grossman went to Plymouth Tuesday to attend the high school commencement.

Chloe Scott graduated from the Plymouth high school this week. She will go to school at Valparaiso

Poplar Grove held their annual Sunday afternoon, The Grand Army men and Woman's Relief corps from Culver and Argos attended. Rev. Kenrich of Culver There are plenty of men like made the address which was an excellent tribute to the veterans. Music by the choir was substituted Georgia," was appreciated by the audience. At the close of the program the G. A. R., the W. R. C. to the cemetery to place flowers on the graves of the veterans and hold a memorial service for the unknown dead.

GREEN TOWNSHIP.

Preaching at Santa Anna Sunday afternoon.

Miss Mary Irwin, Correspondent.

Mrs. Isaac Sturgeon and daughter Zella visited at T. W. Irwin's Wednesday evening. J. E. Young. Monday.

Mrs. Wallace Price and daughter of Chebanse, Ill., are visiting relatives here.

Beryl Shaw went to Grand Rapids, Mich., Tuesday, where he has employment with the Postum Cere-

Mary Walters, who has spent the past two years in Pasadena, Calif., with her uncle, A. Miller, returned home Thursday.

Rev. Stanton will be at Santa Anna on Thursday evening, June 11, for the purpose of organizing Quite a few of the Burr Oak boys new officials to build the new church there which will be commenced

Sunday visitors: Mrs. Daniel week. Gibbons and daughter Susie in The Zenith McCrearys drove Rochester; John Price and daughto Ora Sunday and spent the day ter Lora, Iley Hess and Lulu Stevenson at J. M. Lake's; Joseph The wind storm last week wrecked | Abaire and wife at C. E. Low's;

NORTH GERMANY Miss Tressa Edgington, Correspondent

Children's day exercises Sunday evening, June 14.

Mrs. Mary Anderson Sr. is visiting relatives in Ohio.

Alvin Hiatt and family attended

Quite a number from here at-

Mrs. Isaac Cook of Leiters and Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Norris. Mrs. Maggie Allen of Monterey visited Mrs. Mary Edgington last week Tuesday.

The 14 day old babe of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Batz passed away Friday after severe suffering with lock jaw. The funeral was conduct-Interment was at Sycamore cemetery near Talma.

Sunday visitors: Mr. and Mrs. James Rennells at J. L. Edgington's; Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Anderson of Plymouth with relatives here; Bedengo Florence and family and Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Overmyer at Will Flora's in Kewanna; Blanche Sanders, Nellie Overmyer and Beulah Wills at Sherm. Overmyer's; Dan Cook and family at Floyd Babcock's; Grace Babcock and Ruth Babcock at Grace John-

Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our thanks A prominent actor is credited with to the neighbors and friends for their kindness and assistance during the sickness and death of father, David Feece.

THE CHILDREN,

For Sale—A buggy, nearly new, very cheap. Charles Cowen.

Old newspapers, any quantity, at the Citizen office,

NEWS OF LOCAL CHURCHES

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

The pastor will preach next Sanday in the morning at 11 and in the evening at 8; Sunday school at 10; Junior league at 2 and Senior league at 7; bible study and prayer meeting Thursday evening at 8. The Epworth league has a new set of officers elected to serve one year, as follows; President, Mrs. Carrie Huff; first vice-president, Nellie Walker; second vicepresident, Rhoda Polly; third vicepresident, Leroy Huff; fourth vicepresident, Roy Porter; secretary, Evelyn Howard; treasurer, Lon Wiseman; organist, Dolyn Kessler, assisted by Elsie Polly; chorister, J. F. Kenrich, assisted by Elsie Polly. Business meetings are home coming and memorial sevice held every first Wednesday night of each month,

POPLAR GROVE.

This church is doing splendidly. The crowd of people attending the Decoration day services Sunday afternoon was certainly an inspiration to the speaker. It is one turbing the country with senseless for the orchestra which failed to thing to be able to do things, but come. A solo, "Marching Through it is far better to use that ability in doing things that ought to be done. Services conducted by the pastor every first and fourth Sunand twenty-two children marched day afternoons, every second Sunday morning and the second and fourth Wednesday nights of each month. Come! You will find a wel-J. F. Kenrich, Pastor.

EVANGELICAL.

Sunday school 10; preaching 11 Y. P. A. meeting 7, topic, The Twelve Great Verses, VI. the Purity Verse," Matt. 5:8, (consecration meeting), leader Cleo Patesel; preaching at 8; prayer meeting on

WASHINGTON

Eva Jones Correspondent. Theodore McFarland is remodeling his house.

Hanford Kurtz, who has been very sick, is better. The farmers of this vicinity are

very busy planting corn.

The Geddeses entertained guests from Knox over Sunday.

Elva Savage of Rochester visited her parents over Sunday.

Marie Tremble was an over Sun day guest of Marie Warner. Rev. and Mrs. Havens spent last

week with her parents near Fulton. Elva Louden is entertaining Daniel Sanders of Nebraska this

Mrs. Marion Jones made a business trip to Logansport one day

last week. Nellie Kline has gone to Chicago to visit her sister, Mrs. Earl Brown,

a few weeks. Jay Krieg, who has been attend. ing school at Valparaiso, is home

for the summer. Mrs. Scott Foss came home last week after spending several weeks

with her mother in Bluffton. Helen Jones of Rochester has come to spend her vacation with

her grandfather, Jordan Jones. Dr. Allen Norris and family of Elkhart are visiting his parents,

Sunday visitors: Roy Warner and wife at Ralph Kline's; the B. A. Curtises at Snider's; the Marion Jones at Round Lake; the Roy Klines at John Kline's; the George Vanschoiacks at Alvin Jones'; Clarence Dillon at Jordan Jones'; Goled at the home Sunday morning. da and Elsie Curtis with Mabel Shoemaker.

MAXINHUCHEE Mrs. G. M. Woolley, Correspondent.

Mr. and Mrs. Wildermeth of Macy were guests of Rev. Norris last

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hissong of Chicago are spending a few days with Mrs. Sallie Hissong.

Palmer Norris and family of

Kouts are spending this week with Palmer's father, Rev. S. C. Norris. George and Mrs. Spangler and Mr. and Mrs. Babcock motored to Rochester Saturday and took in the Decoration exercises in the afternoon.

Mrs. Barbara Reed of Herrville, O, Miss Elizabeth Binrack of Fremont, O., and Ollie Baker and family of Culver were guests at Jay Bartlett's Thursday.

Sunday visitors: Goldie McLane of Calver at Fred Thompson's; Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Parker of Argos at F. M. Parker's; Marvin Norris of Ft. Wayne at Rev. S. C. Norris'.

For Rent.

Edgewater cottage, near Maxinkuckee Landing, for season. H. Carson, 3002 Park Ave., Indi-

Methodist Ladies' Aid.

The M. E. Ladies' Aid will meet with Mrs. J. W. Riggens on Wednesday, June 10.

CULVER MARKETS

Wheat	80
Corn, per bu., new	65
Dats, assorted	36
Rye	60
Clover seed	\$7.00
Oow peas	\$3.00
Eggs (fresh)	.17
Butter (good)	.17
do (common)	.12
Powls	14
eghorn chickens	10
Roosters	.05
Ducks, old	.08
deese	.08
Curkeys	.14

Lard.....

To Water Users.

Water will be turned off unless paid for by June 15. Culver City Water Co.

Announcement.

Fisher & Bergman will do your dyeing, pressing and dry cleaning in a manner to insure satisfaction. All work guaranteed. called for and delivered.

For Sale-A buggy, nearly new, ery cheap. Charles Cowen.

SUMMER OUTINGS VIA THE

NICKEL PLATE ROAD

Illustrated booklet containing list of homes for summer boarders at points on the South shore of Lake Erie and other points on the Nickel Plate Road will be mailed free. Address F. P. Parnin, D. P. A., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Electric Irons

The Plymouth Electric Light and Power Co. is making a GREAT CUT on Electric Irons to their Culver and Plymouth customers only.

For 60 Days, Commencing June 1st



element guaranteed five years.

Your choice of the two best electric irons made—

The General Electric and the Hotpoint for only \$2.75

-Sold all over the United States for \$3.50. Heating Come in and let us show you.

The Plymouth Electric Light & Power Co.

WHY NOT?

Ladies and Gentlemen, why not keep your clothing cleaned and pressed at all times, when the following low prices prevail at NELSON'S TAILORING SHOP? Your clothing will last longer and have a wonderful change for the better in appearance.

Men's Suits sponged and pressed\$.50 Men's 3-piece Suits dry cleaned and pressed ... 1.50 Men's 2-piece Suits dry cleaned and pressed ... 1.25 Ladies' 2-piece Suits sponged and pressed50 Ladies' Skirts sponged and pressed..... Ladies' 2-piece Suits dry cleaned and pressed. 1.25 Dresses ("Dark") dry cleaned and pressed... 1.00 Dresses ("Light") dry cleaned and pressed ... 1.25 Silk Dresses, plain, at the same prices.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Why bother trying to wash curtains? Nelson makes a specialty of cleaning all kinds. Special attention paid to fine lace curtains and all work guaranteed. Goods called for and delivered.

P. C. NELSON, The Tailor

Main Street (Upstairs). Look for the Sign. Phone 42-K.

THE HOME OF GOOD CLOTHES

MITCHELL & STABENOW **CULVER: INDIANA**

FURNISH-INGS HATS AND SHOES

OUR \$15.00 SUITS

A splendid and most desirable suit of clothes can be made to sell at \$15, where the merchant is content with reasonable profits. If you men and young men want to see a line of \$15 suits that in all essential details are \$20 suits and would sell at \$20 at other stores, call today, see the suits and try them

on. These suits cannot be duplicated anywhere else for less than \$20.

OUR \$10 SUITS

These are the very best \$10 suits sold anywhere. They are more carefully made and of better materials than you would expect at the price, and they cannot be bought anywhere else for less. Seeing is believing.

The Latest Straw Hats



THE LADY EVELYN

A Story of To-Day

MAX PEMBERTON.

Вy

Author of "The Hundred Days," "Doctor Xavier," "A Gentleman's Gentleman," "A Puriten's Wife," Etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

Inheritance.

Alone in his own room, high up in the northern tower of Melbourne Hall. the Earl locked the door and turned up the lights with the air of a man who has a considerable task before him and must make the most of the hours of grace remaining.

He was very pale and greatly changed since he had returned from London three hours ago. Some would have perceived in his manner, not the evidences of fear but of displeasure, and such displeasure as events bordering upon tragedy alone could provoke. Uttering but one harsh instruction to the servant who answered his bell, he gat at his writing table and for a full hour turned over the pages of a diary which had not seen the light for twenty years or more.

Georges Odin! How the very name could seize upon his mind to the exclusion of all other thoughts. Sitting there with the time-stained papers before him, the Earl was no longer in Derbyshire but out upon the Carpathians, a youth of the West craving for the excitements of the East; a hunter upon a brave horse, the friend of brigands and of outlaws-drinking deep of the intoxicating draughts of freedom and debauch. Well and truly had this young Count whom Fate had sent to his door, reminded him of these scenes he had made it his life's purpose to forget.

"Zallony, my lord," the Count had said. "Zallony still lives and you were one of his band. They tell of your crimes to this day. The mad Englishman who carried the village girls to the hills-the mad Englishman who drank when no other could lift the cup-the mad Englishman who rode out of Bukharest in a bandit's cloak and lived the Bohemian days of which the very gypsies were ashamed. Shall I tell you his name? It would be that of my father's murderer."

And the answer had been a cringing evasion.

"I met Georges Odin in fair fight. He was the better man. I could show the scars his sword left to this day. Of what do you accuse me? They sent him to prison-well, I did not make their laws. He died there, a convict laborer in the salt mines. Was it my doing? Ask those at the Ministry. We moved heaven and earth to save him. The Government's reason was a political one. They sent your father to the mines because the Russian Government-then all powerful at Bukharest-believed him to be its most dangerous enemy. His affair with me was the excuse. What had I to do with it?"

But the Count persisted. "Your influence would have saved him. You preferred to keep silent, my lord. And I will tell you more. It was at your instigation that the Roumanian Government arrested my father in the first place. You wished for revenge-I think it was more than that. You were afraid that the woman you married would find you out if Georges Odin regained his liberty. You were not sure that Dora d'Istran did not love him. And so-you left Roumania and took her with youluckily for you both-to die before she had read her own heart truly. That's what I have come this long way to tell you. To Robert Forrester -I said. How should I know that in England they would make a lord of such a man! I did not know it; but that to me is the same. You shan answer my question or pay the price. My lord, I have brains of my n and I can use them. You shall pay me what you owe you will be wise to do

The Earl did not wince at the threat, nor did his habitual self-control desert him. His insight would have been shallow indeed if he had not perceived that he was face to face with a dangerous enemy, and one with whom he might not triffe.

"Put your question to me and I will answer it," he said doggedly, "Remember that we are not in Roumania, Count. A word from me and my men would set you where questions would help you little. Speak freely while I have the patience to hear you."

"As freely as you could desire, my lord. A wise man would not utter a threat at such a time. Do you think that I. Georges Odin's son, do you think that I come to England alone? Ah, my lord, how little you know me! Open one of your windows and listen for the message my friends will deliver to you. I come to you with white gloves upon my hands. It is to ask you, my lord, in what prison my poor father is lying at this moment. Tell me that, help me to open the gates for him, and we are friends. It will be time to utter threats when you refuse."

The Earl's face blanched at the words, but he did not immediately reply to them. The story which the young man told was too astonishing

that he should easily understand it. "Your father died in the fortress of Krajova," he said at length. "I remember that it was in the month of

you speak of the gates of his prison? It is incredible that you should bring such a story to me.

"As little incredible as your own ignorance, my lord. I thought as you did until the day, five years ago, which released Zallony's brother from Krajova. He brought the news to us. My father lives. But he is at Krajova no longer. The Russian and roused him from his musings. Government never forgets, my lord. It remembers the day when Georges Odin was its enemy. My own people fear that my father's liberty would awaken old affairs that had better sleep. He is the victim of them. Yours is the one hand in all Europe that could set him free. My lord, the world must know his story and you shall write it. And if not you-then my Lady Evelyn, your daughter. Do you think I am so blind that I do not read the truth? The blood that ran in the mother's veins runs in the daughter's. Open the doors of this house to her and she will go to the hills as her mother went. The desire of life throbs in her veins. When I speak to her. I witness the struggle between the old and the new; faith and joy; the convent and the theatre; love and the prison. Your pride, your fear, have made a captive of her-but I, my lord, may yet cut her pretty bonds. As God is in heaven, I will not spare her one hour of shame if you do not give my father back to me. Think of that before you answer me. The girl or the man. Your shame or her freedom. My lord, you have not many hours in which to choose." Such an alternative the Earl car-

rled with him to his own room; such an alternative spoke to him from every page of the diarles his hand turned so painfully. It was as though the dead had risen to accuse him. Yonder, in a great clamped drawer of the bureau, were the letters he had received from his dead wife in the days when he contended with Georges Odin for the love of that mad, wild girl of the Carpathians. How ardently he had loved her! What mad hours they had lived amid the gypsy children of Roumania! And yet in heart and will she was another's. He had long known she loved the prisoner at Krajova. And the one supremely cowardly thing he had done in the course of his life had been done at the dictation of an uncontrollable passion which would sacrifice even honor for her sake. Georges Odin, the Count's father, had met him in fair fight-the better swordsman had won. Never would he forget the day-the snowcapped hills, the white glen in which they fought; the keen sword lightly tack, the masterly reposte and that his tongue." sensation as of red-hot iron passing to his very heart. No shame here, shame afterward when the story came out and King Charles himself asked the question, was it so? A word from to him?" Robert Forrester would have saved his enemy from the mines. He never spoke it. The man disappeared from his ken, and he believed that he was dead. He could scarcely deny the justice of the retribution which now over-Georges Odin allve and a prisoner

his youth struggled once more for mastery with the finer impulses and desires which a later day had inspired. Yesterday he had been a country gentleman, seeking to cast behind finally that cloak of unconventionality he had from which he shrank immediately, worn with such pleasure in his youth. He had meant to whitewash the sepulchre; to take his seat in the Lords; to equip himself for the great honors thrust upon him; to marry Evelyn sedately to a son of a noble house and then, as it were, to convince himself that the abnormal had been purged out of him and would afflict him no more. These ambitions, however, were powerless now to combat the more natural instincts which the story of his youth could recreate for him. Once more in imagination he rode the hills of Roumania as a free adventurer, submitting to the laws neither of God nor of man. Once more the sensuous voluptuousness of the Earl dominated him, and the spirit within him rebelled at its captivity. He must esa wanderer once more. And Evelyn! cried out for. He shuddered when he

still in some unknown fortress cita-

del. How the very name could awak-

en forgotten sensations! It seemed

to the Earl as though the madness of

her in the hour of cataclysm? Such were the thoughts of that night long drawn and terrible. In moments of revulsion against those who had thus brought him to bay, there were mad whisperings which reminded him that Georges Odin's son was the prisoner of his house and that, as he would, he might readily be detained there until some understanding had been come to. This was a thought the Earl could recall again and again, The man was alone and helpless in his hands. It would be folly to open the doors and to say, "Go out and tell the story to the world." Melbourne Hall had harbored greater secrets before that day, and might witness them again. Why should he stand irresolute; what forbade him to save Evelyn from all that revelation must mean to her? He knew not-it reof one who has set out upon no idle mission but is well aware of the danger he must face.

thought of Evelyn. Who would save

This was at the hour of dawn. Uncreeping over the dew-laden grass and disclosing the trees one by one as as in a picture of a forest land; the

ous vistas of wood and thicket; home A velled hostility toward their guest scenes, and scenes of Nature untram- might have provoked her to show him melled. Upon other days, often at such an hour as this, the Earl had looked down upon them and said, "Mine-mine . . . all these are mine." To-day he viewed them with heavy eyes. Something unfamiliar in the landscape attracted his attention

A loom of heavy white smoke floating upward from the glen! Nothing but that. A drift of smoke and anon the figure of a man seen between the trees. Another would hardly have remarked the circumstances, but Robert Forrester became awake in an instant and as vigilant as one who dreads that which his eyes discover.

"They are gypsies, by-" he said, 'and they have come at this man's bidding."

He knew the meaning of their presence without words to tell him. They had come to demand the freedom of their old master, Georges Odin, whose son had carried them across the seas

"I must answer them," the Earl said, "and if I answer them, what then? Will the other be silent?" He turned away and shut the win-

dow violently, as though to shut the

"He would kill me," he said; "the world is not big enough to hide me from Georges Odin."

CHAPTER XV.

The Price of Salvation.

Evelyn met her father at the breakfast table on the following morning; but their brief conversation in no way enlightened her. The Earl, indeed, appeared to be entirely wrapped up in his own thoughts, and the few questions he put to her were far from life, listen, for it is the voice of Desbeing helpful.

"You have seen my friend, Count Odin," he remarked abruptly, "what is your opinion of him?"

"He interests me, but I do not like him," she replied frankly.

"A first impression," the Earl continued with a note of annoyance but ill-concealed. "You will get to know him better. His father was my oldest friend."

"In which case the son is sometimes an embarrassmerk" she said naturally, and with no .dea of the meaning of her words.

The Earl looked up quickly. "Has he told you anything," he asked with little cleverness, "spoken of Bukharest, perhaps? You must to the water's edge and laughed at have been a good deal together while her evident perplexity. I was away. What did he say to you engaging his own; then the swift at | A man like that is never one to hold

She smiled at the suggestion.

"He was unconscious for thirty it is true; but there were days of hours. My store of small talk did not come up to that. Why do you ask me father? Don't you wish me to talk

> "My dear child, I wish you to like him if you can. His father was my friend. We must show him hospitality just for his father's sake."

> "Oh, I'll take him in the park and flirt with him if you wish it. The nuns did not teach me how-! suppose flirtation was an extra."

Again he looked at her closely. This flippancy velled some humor he could not fathom. Was it possible that the girl had been fascinated already by a man well schooled in the arts of pleasing women. And what solution of his trouble would that be? If he gave Evelyn to the son of Georges Odin-a coward's temptation but not so far away that he put the thought entirely from him.

"I mean nothing so foolish," he exclaimed sharply; "the Count is our guest and must be treated as such. I understand that he is allowed to go out to-day. If you have any wish to accompany him in the car, he will consider it a courtesy."

"Thank you," she said in a hard voice, "I should really be frightened of the Vicar's wife."

Her raillery closed the conversation. The Earl went upstairs to his guest. Evelyn, at a later hour, caught un a straw hat and ran off by herself to the little boat-house by the river. She was a skilful canoeist and there was just water enough for the dainty canoe her father had bought in Canacape convention, he thought, become da for her. Never was she so much alone as when lying, book in hand, Had he not feared to read in her acts | beneath the shelter of some umbragethis very inheritance his own nature ous willow; and to-day she welcomed solitude as she had never welcomed it since first they came to Melbourne Hall. One refuge there was above others-Di Vernon's Arbor, they called it, where the willows spread their trailing branches upon the very waters; where the banks were so many couches of verdant grass, the iris generous in its abundant beauty, the river but a pool of the deepest, most entrancing blue water-this refuge she had named the Lake of Dreams, and to this to-day she steered her frail craft, and there found that solitude she prized so greatly.

What did her father mean by wishing her to be gracious to Count Odin? Had he so changed in a night that he would sacrifice his only daughter to atone for some wrong committed in his own boyhood? Her passionate nature could resent the mere idea as one too shameful to contemplate. But what did it mean then, and how would mained for the house to answer him, she stand if the Count presumed upon silently and finally, with the answer her father's acquiescence? The fascination which this stranger exercised did not deceive her; she knew it for the spell of evil, to be resisted with all her heart and soul. Was she to walk slowly toward the woods. able to sleep, the Earl sat by his open strong enough, had she character window watching the chill gray light enough, to resist it? She would be alone against them both if the worst befell, she remembered, and would though an unseen hand drew back the | fight her battle unaided. Others might curtain of the night from the stately have been dismayed, but not Evelyn, branches. And now all stood revealed the daughter of Dora d'Istran. She Oh, yes, I am a timid traveller. I like was grateful perhaps that her father green grass delici- had declared his preference so openly.

civilities which were asked of her no longer. As it was, she understood her position and could prepare for it.

ently, and then the pleasing notes of is not among the number." a human voice. Pushing her canoe out into the stream, Evelyn could just | and she did not flinch from it. espy a red scarf flashing between the trees and from time to time, the dark face of a true son of Egypt. Who these men were or why they thus defied her privacy, she could not so ty years ago, the bravest men, the bigmuch as hazard; nor did she any longer resent their temerity. The weird, wild music made a strange appeal to her. It awakened impulses and ideas she had striven to subdue; inspired her imagination to old ideals-excited and troubled her as no music she had heard before. The same mad courage which sent her to London to play upon the stage of a theatre returned to her and filled her with an inexplicable ecstasy. She had all the desire to such were Zallony's hussars. Lady, trample down the conventions which stifled her liberty and to let the world think as it would. Etta Romney came back to life and being in that moment -Etta speaking to Evelyn and saying, "This is a message of the joy of

chord in a minor key; and, when it had died away, Evelyn became aware that the men were talking in a strange still had no intention of declaring their presence. With the passing of herself not without a little alarmed curiosity to learn who they were and ly unquestioned and unknown. Disto the house again, but for the appearance of no other than Count Odin himself, who came without warning

"My fellows annoy you, dear lady," he said. "Pray let me make the excuses for them. You do not like their music-is it not so?"

"Not at all, I like it very much," she said, not weighing her words. "It is the maddest music I ever heard in all my life."

"Then come and tell young Zallony so. I brought him to England, Lady Evelyn. I mean to make his fortune. Come and see him and tell him if London will not like him when he scrapes the fiddle in a lady's ear. It would be gracious of you to do thatthese poor fellows would die if you English ladies did not clap the hands for them. Come and be good to young Zallony and he will never forget."

He helped her ashore with his left hand, for his right he carried in a silken scarf, the last remaining witness to his accident. His dress was a wellfitting suit of gray flannels, with a faint blue stripe upon them. He had the air and manner of a man who denied himself no luxury and was perfectly well aware of the fascination he exercised upon the majority of women he met, whatever their nationality. Had Evelyn been questioned she would have said that his eyes were the best gift with which Nature had dowered him. Of the darkest gray, soft and languishing in a common way, they could, when passion dominated them, look into the very soul of the chosen victim and leave it almost helpless before their steadfast gaze. To this a soldier's carriage was to be added; the grand air of a man born in the East and accustomed to has learned to be a lover and you will he obeyed.

"This is Zallony," he said with a tinge of pride in his voice, "also the son of a man with whom your father was very well acquainted in his younger days. Command him and he will fiddle for you. There are a hundred ladies in Bukharest who are, at all times, ready to die for him. He comes to England and spares their lives. Admit his generosity, dear lady. He will be very kind to you for my sake."

Zallony was a Romany of Romanies, a tall, dark-eyed gypsy, slim and graceful, and a musician in every thought and act of his life. He wore a dark suit of serge, a broad-brimmed hat, and a bright blue scarf about his waist. With him were three others; one a very old man dressed in a bizarre fashion of the East, and at no pains to adapt it to the conventions of the West; the rest, dark-visaged, far from amiable-looking fellows, who might never have smiled in all their lives. Zallony remained a prince among them. He bowed low to Evelyn and instantly struck up a lively air, which the others took up with that nerve and spirit so characteristic of Eastern musicians. When they had finished, Evelyn found herself thanking them warmly. They had no Eng- the truth from yourself. Your father lish, and could only answer her with is in great danger. You can save him

"How did these people come here?" she asked the Count, as they began

His reply found him once more telling the truth and astounded, perhaps, at the ease of a strange employment. "By the railway and the sea, Lady Evelyn. They are my watch-dogsyou would call them that in England. to hear these fellows barking in the

the walls to get me out. Your father, get or remember? I know you better; my lord, does not forbid them to pitch you love me. Evelyn: you are afraid their tents in his park. Why should to tell me, but you love me. That is he? I am his guest and shall be a why I remain a prisoner of this house long time in this country, perhaps. -because you love me, and I shall To this point her reverie had car- These fellows are not accustomed to make you my wife. Ah, cara mia, say ried her when she became aware that live in houses. Dig them a cave and it but once-I love you, Georges, the she was no longer alone. A rustling they will make themselves happy- son of my father's friend-I love you of leaves, a twig snapping upon the they are sons of tents and the hills; and will not forbid your words." bank, brought her instantly to a recog- men who know how to live and how nition of the fact that some one to die. The story of Roumania has watched her hiding-place behind the written the name of Zallony's father willows of the pool. Whoever the in- in golden letters. He fought for our truder might be, he withdrew when country against the Russians who she looked up, and his face remained | would have stolen our liberty from us. undiscovered. Evelyn resented this To this day the Ministry at Petersintrusion greatly, and was about to burg would hang his son if he was so move away when some one, hidden by very foolish as to visit that unfortuthe trees, began to play a zither very nate country. Truly, Zallony has sweetly, and to this the music of a many who love him not-he is fortuguitar and a fiddle were added pres- nate. Lady Evelyn, that your father

> He meant her to ask him a question "Why should my father have any

"My dear lady, in Roumania, twen-

opinions upon the matter? Are these people known to him also?"

gest hearts, were at Zallony's command. His regiment of hussars was the finest that the world has ever seen. Bukharest made it a fashion to send young men secretly to its ranks. The name of Zallony stood for a brotherhood of men not soldiers only. but those sworn to fidelity upon the Cross: to serve each other faithfully. to hold all things in common-the poor devils, how little they had to hold!your father and my father served together in the ranks; they took a common oath-they rode the hills, lived wild nights on desolate mountains, shared good fortune and ill, until an unlucky day when a woman came between them and brotherhood was no more. I was such a little fellow then The music ceased upon a weird that I could not lift the sword they put into my hands; but they filled my body up with wine and I rode my pony after them, many a day that shall nevtongue and secretly, and that they er be forgotten. This is to tell you that my mother, a little wild girl of the Carpathians, died the year I was the spell of sweet sounds, she found | born. Her I do not remember-a thing to be regretted for who may say what a mother's memory may not do by whom they had been permitted to for that man who will let it be his wander abroad in the park, apparent- guiding star. I did not know her, Lady Evelyn. When they carried my quiet, indeed, would have sent her father to prison, the priests took charge of me and filled my head with their stories of peace and good-willthe head of one who had ridden with Zallony on the hills and heard the call to arms as soon as he could anything at all. They told me that my father was dead-five years ago I learned that he lived. Lady Evelyn, he is a prisoner, and I have come to England to give him liberty."

He looked at her, waiting for a second question, nor did she disappoint

"Can my father help you to do that, Count."

"My dear lady, consider his posttion. An English noble, bearing his honored name; the master of great riches-what cannot be do if he will? Let him say but one word to my Government and the affair is done. I shall see my dear father again-the world will be a new world for me. My lord has but to speak."

"Is it possible that he could besitate?"

"All things are possible where human folly is concerned."

"Then there would be a reason,

"And a consequence, Lady Evelyn." "Oh," she said quickly, "you are

not frank with me even now," "So frank that I speak to you as I never spoke to another in all my life. You are the only person in England who can help me and help your father to do well. I have asked him for the liberty of a man who never did him a wrong. He has refused to answer me, yes or no. Why should I tell you that delay is dangerous? If I am silent a little while, do you not guess that It is for your sake that I am silent? These things are rarely hidden from clever women. Say that Count Odin

question me no more." They were in a lonely glade, dark

with the shade of beeches, when he made this apparently honest declaration; and he stood before her forbidding her to advance further or to avoid his entreaty. Her confusion. natural to her womanhood, he interpreted in its true light. "She does not love me, but there is that in her blood which will give me command over her," he said. And this was the precise truth. Evelyn had, from the first, been fully aware of the strange spell this man could put upon her. His presence seemed to her as that of the figure of evil beckoning her to wild pleasures and forbidden gardens of delight. Strong as her will was, this she could not combat. And she shrank from him, helpless, and yet aware of

"You are speaking to me of grave things," she said quietly. "My own feelings must not enter into them. If my father owes this debt to you, he shall pay it. I will be no part of the price, Count Odin."

"Cara mia," he said, taking both her hands and trying to draw her close to him, "I care not how it is if you shall say you love me. Do not hide from the penalties of wrong. Will you refuse to do so because I love youlove you as I have never believed a man could love; love you as my father loved your mother so many years ago -with the love of a race that has fought for women and died for them; a race which is deaf when a woman says no, which follows her, cara mia, to the end of the earth and has eyes for nothing else but the house which shelters her? Will you do this when woods. So much they love me that if your heart can command me as you

I were in prison they would pull down | will-saying, speak or be silent, for-

A strange thrill ran through Evelyn's veins as she listened to this passionate declaration. The frenzled words of love did not deceive her. This man, she thought, would so speak to many a woman in the years to come, A better wit would have concealed his purpose and rendered him less frank. "He would sell his father's liberty at my bidding," she said, and the thought set her struggling in his arms, flushed with anger and with shame.

"I will not hear you, Count," she cried again and again. "I cannot love you-you are not of my people. If my father has done wrong, he shall repay. He is not so helpless that he cannot save me from this. Oh, please let me go, your hands hurt me. I can never be your wife, never, never!"

He released her reluctantly, for his quick ear had caught the sound of a horse galloping upon the open grass beyond the thicket.

"You will answer me differently another day," he said smilingly; "meanwhile, cara mia, there are two secrets to keep-yours and mine. If the charming Lady Evelyn will not hear me, I must remember Etta Romney, a young lady of my acquaintance-ah, you know her too; and that is well for her. Let us return to the house. My lord will have much to say to me and I to him."

They went up to the Hall together in silence. Evelyn knew how much she was in his power and how idle her veiled threats had been.

She could save her father from this man-truly. But at what a price! "Etta Romney would marry him.," she said bitterly; "but I-Evelyn-God help me to be true to myself!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Money to Loan.

Money to loan at 5 per cent on farm securities H J. Meredith.

ESTABLISHED 1893

W. S. EASTERDAY **Funeral Director** and Embalmer

PRIVATE AMBULANCE

OUICK SERVICE

All Day or Night Calls Receive Prompt Attention

DR. E. E. PARKER

Physician and Surgeon Special attention given to Obstetrics and diseases of Women. Office over Culver Exchange Bank. Office hours, 9:30 to 10:30 a. m., 3 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Phones—Office 5 -1.-2; Rosidence 62-K-1

DR. N. S. NORRIS DENTIST

Dentist to Culver Military Academy Over Exchango Bank-Phone 53

B.W.S.WISEMAN, M.D. Physician and Surgeon

Office in rear of the Postoffice. Office hours, 2 to 4 and 7 to 5 p. m. Telephone No. 32

Dr. R. H. BUTTNER Dentist

Office Over White Store Telephone 105

Fancy Golden Horn Flour

None Better None So Cheap \$2.60 per cwt.



MAKES MORE BREAD COSTS LESS MONEY

For Sale By

ULVER FEED @ GRAIN CO

At the Old Mill Telephone 109-2