

LAKE SIDE GLEANINGS

Some Interesting Items Concerning the Summer Colony at Lake Maxinkuckee.

ON THE EAST SIDE.

Mr. Hahn was in Indianapolis Sunday.

J. F. Farrington spent Sunday in South Bend.

Mr. Wheeler has returned home to Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Albrecht of Terre Haute are at the lake for a short stay.

Mr. Herz and family of Terre Haute are at their cottage for the summer.

H. H. Rice of Indianapolis takes possession of the Peirce-Ward cottage today.

J. J. Brandon and family are occupying the Judah cottage for the season.

Carl V. Nipp and family of Rushville will spend the summer at the Northmead.

Mr. and Mrs. Gideon Blaine and daughter Eleanor spent Sunday at their cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wagoner of Terre Haute are occupying the old Ogle cottage.

Charles Miller and family of Peru returned yesterday after a three weeks' stay at the lake.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Wilson and sons, Warden and Stuart, are at their cottage for the summer.

Mrs. W. K. Stewart and daughter Susan will arrive at the Vonnegut cottage the end of the week.

Yesterday Geo. Muehler of Indianapolis took possession of their cottage which glistens in its new coat of paint.

W. C. Mannfield and children and Miss Julia Langsenamp are at the Buckeye cottage for the summer season.

Mrs. Buchanan and Ruby Bell of Indianapolis are at the Carson cottage awaiting the arrival of C. H. Carson and mother.

Mr. and Mrs. King, Mr. and Mrs. Flowers and Mrs. Schluter and daughter of Indianapolis are the guests at Maple Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Hervey Bates Jr., Miss Emma Martindale and Hervey Bates IV. arrived Friday to visit Major Bates at Manana.

Mr. and Mrs. Crawford McKeen are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Crawford who are occupying the Strong cottage for the summer.

Mr. Sipe, formerly a student of C. M. A. has rented the Hazledine cottage near Maxinkuckee Landing and will take possession soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Aton and Mr. and Mrs. Niles Chapman will motor from Indianapolis to spend the week end with Mrs. Clemens Vonnegut.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Thayer of Plymouth spent a few days with the Misses McCormick at Sunnyside before leaving for St. Augustine, Fla.

Mrs. Ernest Knefler and children of Indianapolis are occupying the Hazledine cottage for a short stay. Mrs. Mothershead of Indianapolis is visiting with them.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Rasmussen of Indianapolis are spending their honeymoon at J. W. Wood's cottage. Mrs. Rasmussen was formerly Miss Helen Wood.

Mrs. O. D. Bohlen and daughter and Mr. and Mrs. Kuhn with Miss Mummenhoff of Indianapolis are spending the week at their cottage near the Palmer House.

Mrs. Waterman is a guest of Mrs. Demas Deming who is at the lake and awaiting the arrival of the family. Mr. Deming and Mr. Waterman will arrive soon.

Hillis C. Rhyman of Monticello spent a few days with James A. Bawdin. Mrs. Bawdin returned to her home in Chicago after a visit with her son James A.

Mrs. Martha Miller, a well-known cateress of Indianapolis, will have charge of the dining room at Sarah Rector's on the East side during the summer. Board by the week, day and meal will be served at reasonable prices. Chicken dinners for private parties will be made a specialty. Your patronage is invited.

ON LONG POINT.

Richard Springer has joined the Springer family at the lake for the summer.

Charles Moniger and son have left Villa Carl for a few days' visit in Peoria, Ill.

O. C. Hornung and family of Terre Haute are at Happy Hollow for the summer.

Catherine McCarty of South Bend is the guest of Miss Witamyer at Shady Grove.

Miss Sue Blossingham and C. S. Tucker of Terre Haute were week end guests at the Routh cottage.

William C. Retz and family of Terre Haute came to the lake last Sunday to open their cottage for the summer.

E. W. Shaffer of Chicago and Mrs. David Bender and son of Logansport spent Sunday at the Shaffer cottage.

Henry Meyer and family of Terre Haute motored to the lake to look after Alpenrose which they will occupy soon.

E. W. Johnson and family motored from Terre Haute Sunday to take possession of their cottage, Oak Dell, for the summer.

Francis Churchman, Fred Cunningham and Tennyson Finch of Indianapolis are occupying the J. O. Finch cottage in the Assembly grounds for ten days.

Walter Knapp and daughter Louise, accompanied by Miss Heath who is visiting a few weeks, motored from Westfield, Ill., Sunday to occupy their cottage for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Routh were called suddenly to Logansport on Wednesday after the accident that befell their son, W. A. Routh. He was pumping up the tire of his car when it burst, and as he wore glasses the explosion put out one of his eyes and badly injured the other.

Washington Widow Wedded.

The elopement and marrying of Mrs. Minnie Jones and Charles Miller came to light the other day.

Last September, says the Rochester Republican, Mrs. Minnie Jones, the comely widow of Oliver Jones, came from Culver and took charge of the Cottage hotel. The lady soon secured a good patronage, because she kept a neat house and set out appetizing meals.

Three months ago Chas. Miller registered at the Cottage hotel and gave Valparaiso as his residence. He was traveling for the Franco Hygienic Co. of Chicago. At this point Cupid sharpened one of his arrows and pierced the two hearts. The couple decided to continue life's journey together and were married in St. Joe on May 22.

Since their return, neighbors have noticed that Mr. Miller has made himself very helpful around the hotel, but as the couple did not say anything about a marriage they did not offer congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller had no reason for keeping the marriage a secret and are now pleased that their friends have learned the truth of the matter.

The C. C. club will meet with Mrs. Roy Warner Thursday afternoon.

LOCAL JOTTINGS

—Bessie Bush won the Speyer piano.

—Mrs. Abram Hayes is replacing the brick walks at her home with cement.

—W. H. Porter is adding up to-dateness to his market by remodeling the salesroom.

—A party of young fellows motored to Monterey on Tuesday evening to attend a dance.

—Garland Bogardus last week sold his big team of grays to a Cleveland horse buyer for \$500.

—Lem Crabb is building a four-room cottage, 22x26, in the Zechiel addition. It will cost about \$700.

—The town board is working on a plan for numbering the houses in anticipation of free mail delivery.

—Sam Lenon has eight hills of sweet corn in his garden. He must be expecting comp'ny this summer.

—P. C. Nelson has been given the contract for cleaning the curtains in the academy mess hall. Heretofore this work has been sent out of town.

—A dispatch in an Indianapolis paper says that Mrs. Mary Brunelle, aged 67 years, was burned to death at Leiter's Ford when a coal-oil lamp she was filling exploded.

—The following property owners have recently made a pleasing improvement in the appearance of their homes by repainting: John Cromley, Mrs. Horgeshimer, J. W. Riggins and Samuel Osborn.

—O. T. Goss has made a needed and desirable improvement to his residence by the addition of a back porch. It extends 24 feet across the north end of the house and 12 feet along the west side, and is 7 feet wide.

—Tom Murphy has ten acres of onions which he says are the best he has ever grown or even seen. We hope Tom and the weather clerk are on such good terms that the harvest will carry out the present promises.

—The ball game last Sunday between the first and second teams of Culver, which was substituted for the game with Bass Lake who failed to appear, ended in a victory for the second team, the score being 16 to 15.

—Melville Morehouse, 13 years of age, living west of town, was taken in an automobile Tuesday, accompanied by his parents and a trained nurse, to a hospital in Lafayette. He has a severe case of typhoid fever.

—County Commissioners Morelock and Newman and Surveyor Schoonover accompanied Contractor Thurman over the route of the gravel road system Tuesday to locate the gravel pits and ascertain the most convenient place for beginning the work.

—A general campaign of painting is making the Zion neighborhood take on a prosperous and well-cared-for appearance. The church has been repainted, and the farm buildings of C. W., John and Claude Newman, Reuben Kaley and Mr. Hanna.

—We hear kicks against the town marshal, the town board, the Water company, the electric lights, the street commissioner, the high prices at the stores, the preachers and the teachers, but we don't hear much about the good things that are being accomplished in Culver. Seriously, this not a good way to build up a town. Other people will not think or speak better of us than we think or speak of ourselves.

Rev. Zechiel Preaches.

Rev. D. E. Zechiel, a former Culverite, now pastor of Zion Evangelical church at Louisville, Ky., preached at the Evangelical in Culver Sunday evening to a large audience and to the delight of all present.

PERSONALITIES

Cecil Smith and Clarence Menseer are home from Heidelberg.

Mrs. Charles McLane has been in Knox and Hobart during the past week.

Miss Lillian Thomas of South Bend spent the week end with her sister, Mrs. O. A. Gandy.

Ramona Slattery graduated on Tuesday from the conservatory of music of St. Mary's academy, South Bend.

Miss Portia Paddock of Kankakee, Ill., comes to Culver Thursday to visit Mrs. Holt.

Miss Bessie Berlin of Aurora, Ill., is spending a couple of weeks with her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey McFeeley.

W. P. Bland was in town Thursday on his way to Chicago where he will take special work in the university this summer.

Mrs. Lester Rockhill was quite seriously ill for several days last week. She is much better now and will soon be about as usual.

Mrs. Sylvia Rea of Rochester last week attended the Chicago university convocation where her son William S. graduated in the law course.

Misses Edna and Ruth Stafford of Albany, Ind., Mary Blair of Laporte, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Adomeit of Chicago and Clara Shilling of Culver are spending a week with Bess Medbourn at the Medbourn cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Garn of near Burr Oak are enjoying a visit from their daughter, Mrs. E. O. Wickizer and her little daughter. Mr. Wickizer is publishing a successful newspaper at South Pasadena, Cal.

Ramona Slattery returned from St. Mary's, South Bend, Tuesday evening accompanied by the following friends: Ruth Vogel of Monticello, Ind., Toomey Clifford of Indianapolis and Fred Gushurst of South Dakota.

Jesse Rhoads was taken quite seriously sick Monday night, and on Tuesday morning his symptoms so strongly indicated appendicitis that it looked as though an immediate operation would be necessary. During the day he improved and is considerably better today.

Mrs. Ferrier returned home on Monday from the Mayo surgical institute in Rochester, Minn. Her operation was a severe one, but she is gaining strength as rapidly as could be expected, and is looking forward to many years of renewed health.

Rev. D. E. Zechiel and two children came from Louisville, Ky., on Saturday, returning home Monday accompanied by his wife, who has been here for several weeks, and one of the children. Raymond, the boy, will remain here with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Zechiel, for a summer visit.

Dr. Wiseman left on Monday on a trip which will prove to be a storehouse of rich memories. He will attend the annual meetings of the surgeons of the Pennsylvania railroad system and of the American Medical association at Atlantic City, stopping en route at Columbus, Harrisburg, Washington and Philadelphia. He hopes to go also to Valley Forge, Pa., and New York City.

Farewell to Miss Medbourn.

Monday evening the telephone "bunch" met at Manager Dalrymple's to give Miss Medbourn, the chief operator, a hearty farewell. And yet there was an essence of sadness in the occasion as Myrtle is leaving after 11 years' continuous and faithful service. During this time she has made many friends both in and out of the office. The force presented her with a little token of remembrance. The hearty good wishes of all go with her.

MODERN GRAVEL PIT

Big Plant of the O'Keefe Lumber Co., South of Town, Handles Product in Rapid Manner.

Editor Boys of the Plymouth Republican visited Culver one day last week and discovered, among the other good things that he found in the town and its environs, the gravel pit on the former Green farm, and tells about it in his paper as follows:

The O'Keefe Lumber Co. of Plymouth has just completed, about a mile south of here, an immense plant which in the course of time, will suck up and load into cars over three million cubic yards of the best gravel and sand to be obtained.

Just south of Arlington station this company owns a hill of pure gravel sand covering 70 acres. Ever since April 3 Arthur O'Keefe has been here building one of the most notable plants in this part of the state. It is composed of two great cement bins for holding the gravel and sand, and a superstructure on these bins holding frames and screens for separating the gravel from the sand. There is a power house in which has been installed a 50 h. p. engine. This engine sucks up the sand and gravel through an 8 inch pipe as heavy and similar to iron water mains, and sends it through the screens into the bins.

The erection of this plant has taken much time and the expenditure of a large amount of money, but will be used to suck up and load into cars all the sand and gravel in the 70 acres of land.

One of the remarkable things about the plant is that water from Lake Maxinkuckee seeps through the ground and into the bottom of the gravel pit, making plenty of water at no cost for the operations of the plant. With this water the big pipe sucks in the sand and gravel and throws onto the top of the big frame work an 8 inch stream of water, sand and gravel. This stream runs upon screens which separate the gravel from the sand, letting the sand fall into one of the big pits and the gravel into another. The water is conducted over the pits in a sluiceway and falls outside to run back into the pit again. The water washes all the dirt out and leaves a pure gravel and sand.

Between the pits is a narrow passageway where carrier buckets similar to those used in elevators, will operate to carry the sand from the bins into the cars on the track beside the pit.

A few days ago Mr. O'Keefe loaded a flat car with gravel in just 30 minutes. It takes two men a full day hard at work to load one car with shovels. The big power plant at the O'Keefe pit can load 40 cars in a day providing it runs steadily.

However, it cannot run all the time, for so powerful is the suction in the big pipe that stones as large as a man can lift are drawn up against its mouth with such force that the machinery has to be stopped before they can be taken away. These stones which occur with some frequency through the gravel, cause considerable trouble and must be dealt with as best they can whenever met.

Already 30 cars of sand and gravel have been sent out from the new works though it was not ready to do its work until last Friday afternoon.

Mr. O'Keefe has met and conquered many difficulties in the erection of his plant, but he was determined to build it, because he knew the amount and quality of gravel in the land and the demand for it. He will be able now to produce the only washed sand and gravel to

be obtained in this section of the state. Indeed, we do not know of any other such plant in the state.

Russell Family in Danger.

The family of Rev. T. J. Russell of Rolla, N. Dak., had a very narrow escape Saturday night, June 6, from death by lightning. The bolt struck the house at or near the place where the telephone wires enter, and caused much damage in five rooms in the house. The study, where the telephone is located, was badly wrecked, almost all of the plaster on the outer wall being knocked off. The bolt seems to have divided there, one part of it going to the room above, coming out of the wall near the floor and going under the bed on which Mrs. Russell and two of the little girls were sleeping. Mabel's arm, which was hanging over the side of the bed, was burned, which was the only mark that any of them received. The mattress was set on fire. Another part of the bolt went through the dining room, tearing off some plaster and going out through the side wall. On the upper floor, three rooms were invaded by the visitor, the plaster being torn off in places and other damage being done. It is probable that this family will never have another such close call as that of Saturday night, and the whole town is congratulating them on their providential escape from death.

Mrs. Russell adds, in a letter, that Mabel's arm is perfectly black, but is causing her no inconvenience. The loss on the house is covered by insurance.

Great is the Chautauqua.

Great is the Chautauqua. Only those who keep in touch with the small town and rural conditions can appreciate how great is this highly modern movement, how widely it has spread, how intensively its promoters are cultivating the territory, how edifying and uplifting and soul-satisfying it has become. Even to the student of the Chautauqua it is surprising to find that nowadays the town of 1,200 to 1,500 population is regarded as "backward" unless it holds a Chautauqua assembly in the course of the summer, with four or five days of oratory, music, lectures, humorous entertainments, etc.

Until times comparatively recent the ordinary town relied for its public entertainment upon the Fourth of July oration delivered by some politician, who poured forth spread eagle pyrotechnics from a plank rostrum in the picnic grove and was heard only by the graybeards, while the younger element was popping firecrackers, drinking pink lemonade, dancing on a platform, and otherwise diverting themselves so that they might miss the agony of hearing the Declaration of Independence read monotonously by the town clerk or the high school principal. The old-time Independence day oration is still heard here and there, but the Chautauqua has diminished its glory.—St. Louis Republic.

School House Bids.

There were three bidders last Saturday for the Burr Oak school house, as follows:

Fred Thompson.....\$6,690
Alex. Dismore..... 6,650
J. C. Bontrager (Elkhart)... 6,000

The advisory board let the contract to Bontrager.

Pastry Sale.

The ladies of the M. E. church will hold a pastry and cooked food sale at Porter's meat market next Saturday, June 20.

THE CULVER CITIZEN

ARTHUR B. HOLT, Publisher.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year, in advance, \$1.00
Six Months, in advance, .50
Three Months, in advance, .25

ADVERTISING

Rates for home and foreign advertising made known on application.
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 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 18, 1914.

THING HE CAN'T DO WITHOUT.

His Regular Sleep, and This He Must Have at His Regular Hours.

"One thing that I find I must have," said a man of mature years, "is sleep, and in order to keep fit and able to work I must not only have my full amount of sleep, but I must have it in my regular sleeping hours.

"When I was a youngster I could go without sleep, or I could take an hour or two at any time of the night and get up the next morning and go at it fresh as a daisy, but it isn't so now. If I cut off an hour or two's sleep now I am dull next day. Not until the next day after that, after a full night's sleep, do I come back all right. And even after my full number of hours of sleep, if these have been begun an hour or two later than usual, with the sleep continued later, I don't feel chipper; I must have my full sleep in my regular hours. I account for this on the supposition that I now have strength enough to keep me going through the day in good shape, just so long and no longer; if I work or sit up later I overtax my strength and so make myself correspondingly overtired; and to recover from this I must come back to my accustomed ways of living.—New York Sun.

Justice Harlan's Scarab.

"I was riding down Pennsylvania avenue in a car with Justice Harlan of the United States Supreme Court," remarked Charles Francis Bedloe of Missouri, "and after admiring the fine old man whose portrait we see in the Capitol I could not help noticing the new scarab that he wears as a scarfpin.

"I have looked over the Senators and other members of the Supreme Court and have not noticed that any other one of them wears a scarab pin. They may have them at home, but Justice Harlan wears one that would attract an expert. The genuine ones are becoming rare, and that is why the Harlan scarfpin would be noticed.

"To tell the truth, the genuine ones are scarce enough, so great has been the demand for them, but the museums have great collections that will never be broken up for the sake of scarfpins."—Washington Post.

Making Use of the Rhine.

The German Rhine is commercially the most important stream in the world. It furnishes a most illuminating contrast to the decadent Mississippi.

The United States has expended more money in the twenty years ended in 1907 on the most important stretch of the Mississippi, 206 miles between St. Louis and Cairo, than the German central government has expended in the improvement of the Rhine from Strassburg to the frontier of Holland, a distance of 355 miles.

Yet the amount of tonnage handled on this portion of the Mississippi in 1908 was 374,093 tons, while that on the Rhine in the same year was between 40,000,000 and 45,000,000 tons, an amount from eighty to 100 times as great.—American Review of Reviews.

An Indiana Poplar.

James L. Barley, a timber dealer for forty years, hauled to this city from near Mount Etna, Huntington county, the largest poplar tree he ever bought. The tree was drawn on six wagons, five loaded with logs 12 feet long and one with a log 16 feet long. The tree measured 5 feet at the stump and was sold throughout. Mr. Barley says it will make 5,500 feet of lumber. The tree grew along the Salamonie River and has been pointed out as one of the few remaining big trees of the forest.—Marion Correspondence Indianapolis News.

The Power of Niagara.

A recent estimate of the amount of energy derived from Niagara Falls places it at 273,140 horse-power, divided in its applications as follows: Electro-chemical industries, 126,000; railway service, 56,200; lighting, 36,400; various industrial purposes, 54,540. The total energy of the falls is estimated at 5,000,000 horse-power, so that not much more than 5 per cent. is utilized.—Youth's Companion.

NEW YORK FOR HONEYMOONS

From Every Section Newly Married Couples Come in Swarms to Visit Big City.

New York.—Little old New York is the Mecca of honeymooners, the mighty magnet that attracts them as honey draws the bee. From north, south, east and west come they in swarms. It makes no difference whether they be young and frolicsome, middle aged and sedate or old and kittenish, it is Manhattan for which they all steer their course, immediately after dodging the old shoes, rice and criticism, fully believing that along Broadway and Fifth avenue will be found everything that makes for happiness and the complete fulfillment of their years of dreaming and anticipation.

There was a time in the old days when no honeymoon trip was arranged that did not include a trip to Niagara Falls and a visit to Philadelphia to see the Liberty Bell. But with the passing of the bustle, side-whiskers, mittens and horse cars, these two resorts of mild and placid entertainment became decided l'passé. Today when the young men of Missouri, Kansas and Colorado summon up enough courage to pop the fatal question, they know full well that they must follow up the solitaire with a promise that the honeymoon will be spent in New York where the tall buildings tickle the sky and the sun is always shining. Many a fair girl who has spent her winters and summers in the small town, undecided between two or more suitors, has quickly made up her mind in favor of the chap who had the good sense to suggest that New York is the proper place in which they can best become better acquainted before settling down to double harness in the home town.

From the Rio Grande to the St. Lawrence and from the Pacific to the Atlantic New York is the one place on earth with which every boy and girl becomes distinctly familiar almost from infancy. Day in and day out they hear it talked about, sung about and see it in pictures. From the great metropolis come the books and magazines they read, the plays they see and the songs they sing. It is New York here, there and everywhere and small wonder it is that the dream of every one of them is that some day fortune will smile upon them and they will be able to see with their own eyes, the pictures of their fancy.

And New York justifies all that is said and expected of it; and welcomes with open arms the honeymooners that come to it and from the four points of the compass, prepared to give them the time of their lives, sending them away happy with a multitude of pleasant things to think about for years to come.

Best of all perhaps is the fact that joy-giving programs particularly such as will appeal to honeymooners to whom New York is a new and unexplored fairyland, can be arranged to fit any purse, fat or lean.

SEES SURGEONS KNIFE HIM.

Patient Who Can't Take Ether Loses Appendix.

Hazleton, Pa.—Stricken with appendicitis and suffering from heart trouble in such severe form that he could not stand ether, William Coyle, aged 19, of Beaver Meadow, had his appendix removed at the State Hospital, and chatted with the surgeons as they operated. He was given an injection near the appendix that deadened the pain. His condition is good.

It is the first time that the knife was used on an appendicitis patient at the local hospital without the agency of an anesthetic.

LONGED FOR BABE; STOLE ONE.

Childless Woman Says She Can't Resist Love of Toddlers.

Reading, Pa.—When Mrs. Anna L. Kiehlman, formerly of Reading and lately of Bluefield, W. Va., was given a hearing before Alderman W. F. Weber, here, on the charge of kidnapping a baby belonging to a Mrs. Fitchthorn, she admitted it all, saying:

"Everything these people have said about me is true. I took the child, not with any bad intentions but because I am childless and love children."

In default of \$300 bail she was taken back to prison to answer the charge at court.

HARD TO NAME INJURED TWIN.

Witnesses Didn't Know Them Apart After the Mishap.

Shamokin, Pa.—Complications ensued when Clyde Vought fell near his grandfather's home at Elysburg and fractured his arm. He is 7 years old, and his twin brother, Claude, looking identically like him, was playing with him at the time, and several men found them crying after the accident. One of the men hurried to the Vought home to report the accident.

When asked which boy was injured, he said he did not know, and the relatives were kept in doubt until the twins were escorted to their home.

Parrot Causes Divorce Suit.

Vienna.—A man named Haas has petitioned for a divorce at Budapest on the ground that his wife has taught their parrot to call his names.

RICH SCIENTIFIC RETURNS SECURED

In Excavating the Ancient City of Quari in New Mexico Science Profits

WAS AN OLD INDIAN SETTLEMENT

Ruins of Old Church Uncovered Built by the Spaniards in the 17th Century—To Be One of the Most Interesting Archaeological Finds.

Denver, Colo.—The School of American Archaeology at Santa Fe has been conducting extensive excavations on the site of the ancient Spanish mission at Quari, N. M., and has secured unexpectedly rich scientific returns at the very outset of this important work.

The ruins at Quari have formed an object of interest and speculation for many years. The walls of the old mission established by the Spaniards early in the seventeenth century are still standing. On every hand are evidences of occupation long antedating the Spaniards. Mounds show the existence of ruined houses and kivas, and there has existed no doubt in the minds of scientists that Quari was at one time the center of a large settlement of Indians belonging to the Tigua branch of the Pueblos.

The truth of this theory has been borne out by the preliminary excavations this fall. Further work is being rushed, and it is expected that when the work is completed Quari will yield as rich scientific returns as the ruins of Teyoniy and Puye, extensive Pueblo settlements in the Rio Grande Valley, which have been completely excavated by the School of American Archaeology.

At Quari a number of skeletons have been found, the first Tigua bodies to be studied scientifically. The Tiguas occupied a narrow strip along the eastern slope of the Manzano Mountains, and at one time were a numerous and powerful tribe, but are believed to have been almost completely exterminated by the Apache Indians. The site of the ancient Indian town has been mapped and shows that there were at least fifteen terraced houses, arranged in a series of quadrangles. Many underground kivas, or sanctuaries, have been located, and all these will be cleared of the accumulated rubbish of centuries.

Even more interesting than the Indian town is the extensive Spanish ecclesiastical institution which has been uncovered. It has been found that the Spaniards built more extensively on the site of Quari than was at first supposed. The ruins of the old mission have been an object of public interest for many years, but these formed only a part of the buildings erected by the Spaniards, who must have converted Quari into an important headquarters. Adjoining the church have been discovered the foundations of buildings which were evidently a monastery and mission school. The settlement was surrounded by a massive stone wall and there were inner fortifications defending certain pueblos.

Quari is located near the New Mexico summer resort of Mountainair and was owned by Messrs. Duh-lavy, McCoy & Corbett of that place. Recently the owners presented the site of the ancient city to the School of American Archaeology at Santa Fe, to be excavated and exhibited as a public archaeological park. Director Edgar L. Hewett immediately began the work of excavation and restoration, which promises to be the most extensive and important work of the kind carried out in this country. It will take several seasons to uncover the ancient Indian city and the Spanish settlement thereon, but rich scientific rewards are looked for.

The destruction of Quari and other pueblos of the Salinas became inevitable as soon as the Apaches spread in that direction, which they have begun to do previous to the advent of the white man in the Southwest. When the Pueblos had received from the Spaniards new domestic animals, the inducement for the nomads to prey upon the house-dwelling Indians was greatly increased. Only the rapid colonization of New Mexico could have saved the villages on the east side of the Manzano chain. This was impossible, as Spain was too weak and New Mexico not sufficiently inviting to warrant extraordinary exertions.

Quari was the seat of a Spanish mission from 1629, and contained a monastery and church dedicated to the Immaculate conception. According to Vetancourt, Quari had 600 inhabitants immediately prior to its abandonment. About 1674 the Apaches compelled the Quari people to fly to the pueblo of Taquique, about twelve miles northward. The latter village remained inhabited probably a year longer, when its occupants were also forced to succumb to the hostility of the Apache and to flee to El Paso, being afterward settled in the village of Isleta del Sur, farther down the Rio Grande, where their descendants, almost completely Mexicanized, reside today.

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 Michael 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 following described real estate situated in Marshall county, Indiana, to-wit:

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 said lot number two (2), thence east to the east line of said lot number two (2), thence south to the place of beginning, containing three and one-half (3 1/2) acres, more or less.

Said sale to continue from day to day until all property is sold. The terms of said sale to be agreed on at the time the sale is made.

WILLIAM O. OSBORN, Executor.

m28w5

A Remarkable Typewriter.

Only \$10 at the Citizen office for a Bennett typewriter. Can be carried in grip or in overcoat pocket, standard keyboard, over 35,000 in daily use, has less than 250 parts against 1700 to 3700 in others. \$5 down and \$1 a week.

Harness Shop

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

Robes, Blankets, Whips, Bug-gy Storm Fronts, etc. Everything in this line.

Shoe and Harness Repairing a specialty.

D. H. SMITH, Culver

FARMERS, TAKE NOTICE!

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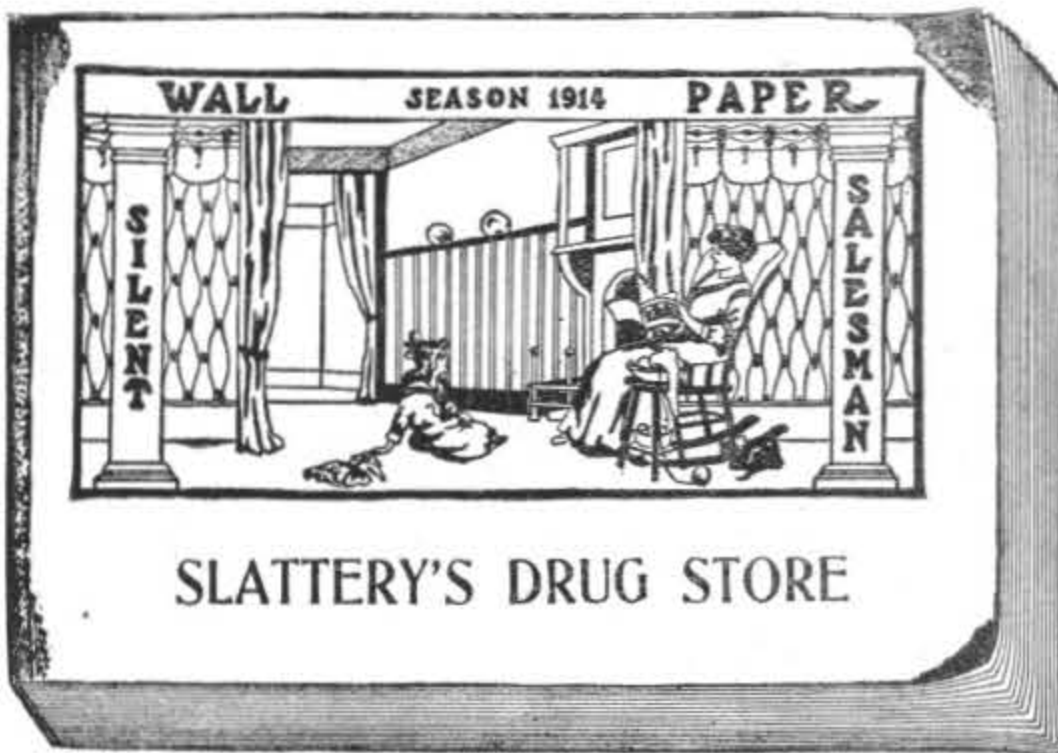
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MONARCH PAINT is Pure Lead, Zinc, Linseed Oil, Turpentine Dryer, Coloring Matter—and nothing else. Subject to chemical analysis.

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JAP-A-LAC A HIGH GRADE VARNISH AND STAIN COMBINED

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THE LADY EVELYN

A Story of To-Day
By
MAX PEMBERTON.

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

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Duel Over the Tea-Cups.

Gavin had always been an early riser and one who flouted the modern idea that the world should be altered before men went abroad. Faithful to his habit, the following morning found him riding in the park a little after seven o'clock; and not until the sweet cold air of the highlands had recompensed him for a waking night did he return to the Hall and the generous breakfast table there spread for him. A professed disciple of the simple life, Gavin confessed that the Earl's lavish hospitalities were altogether too much for his philosophy; and he ate and drank with the hearty relish of one to whom these unending luxuries were both a revelation in the art of living and a satire upon the habits of the rich.

What vast quantities of food were heaped upon that priceless sideboard—in dishes of shining silver, each warmed by the clear flame of a silver lamp beneath. Lift a lid of one of those granulars and there you would espy an omelet which none but a man from Paris could cook. Peep into another and there are eggs prepared so cunningly that they would melt the heart of Master Fastidious himself. Fish and fowl and flesh, great red joints upon the buffet, exquisite peaches from the hot-houses, bunches of grapes that would have taken prizes in any show—how ironical to remember the class of man who usually sat to such a table, his ennui, his distaste, and the abstinence cure the physicians compelled him to practice. Gavin was just a hearty Englishman, fit and strenuous and needing no "waters" to make life endurable. He took what came to him and made no bones about it. Had he been a rich man himself, he would have done the same, he thought. Humbug was no part of his creed, and he never mistook necessity for self-sacrifice.

The Earl had not come down when he entered the famous breakfast-room, and not a little to his satisfaction, he found himself alone with Lady Evelyn for the first time since his arrival at the Manor. A student of faces always, he studied this face to-day with a curiosity which he set down to his own delusions rather than to an absolute interest in the personality of a stranger. A beautiful woman he had admitted her to be when first he saw her by her father's side upon the night which carried him to the Hall. But now his scrutiny went deeper, and, so far as opportunity served, he looked at her as one seeking a woman's secret, and seeking it with a man's desire to help her.

And first he said that it was an English face in repose, and yet not an English face when the repose was lost. The masses of jet black hair would have excited no surprise upon the Corso at Rome or shining in an aureole cast out from a Florentine window. Here, in England, the tresses spoke of the South and its suns—and yet, in flat contradiction, the perfect skin, smooth and silky as the leaf of a pink white rose, could tell of English lanes and sunless days and the kinder climate of the North. Character he read in the firm contour of her chin—romance and passion in the deep blue of her eyes and the modulations of a voice whose music had not been lost in the roaring Saturnalia of the modern salon.

This, then, was the estimate which one strong personality formed of another; the man saying to himself, "I would read this woman's heart!" the woman asking herself if she must talk architecture until the Earl came to her assistance. Breaking the ice with a common observation, she remarked that she had seen him galloping across the park and regretted the dilatory habit which kept her in bed.

"Getting up is a foreign art," she said. "It lives in kitchens and places where they scrub. The doctors positively forbid it nowadays. And, of course, life is too short to disobey the doctors."

Gavin looked at her with the air of a man who has too much common sense to deal in frivolities and rarely troubled to say the thing which was not.

"They talk nonsense," he said quietly; "the profession is becoming far too commercial. It lives and thrives upon the credulity of fools. Just consider—man is the only animal which does not glory in the Creator's gift, the dawning day and all its wonders. By getting up with the sun we see something of ourselves sometimes. Our work is not then the whole occupation of the day."

"But yours, surely, is not work you despise, Mr. Ord?"

"So little that I fear it on that account. Just imagine how this house is going to make a captive of me. I shall know every stone of it before a month has passed. I will tell you then all its truths and all its fables. The dead will become my intimate friends. I shall reconstruct from the beginning. I must do it, for how shall I dare to touch the hallowed walls unless something of the builder's secret

is known too. In six months' time I will show the harvest of dreams. In six months' time—"

"In six months' time! What an age to wait! I may not be in England then."

"You will return to be my critic."

"I may never return."

"Never return! My dear lady, you could not possibly desert Melbourne Hall. The very stones would cry out upon you."

"Oh," she said, looking straight into his face; "my husband may not like England, you know."

"I will believe it when he has the courage to tell me so."

"Men are generally courageous when it is a question of telling a woman what they do not like. I am to live in Bukharest, be it known. My summers will be spent in the Carpathians. I shall become a child of the primitive colors—the red, the blue, and the orange—which Menie Muriel Dowle tells us are an eternal delight to the eyes. I am promised glorious weeks on the Black Sea, and more glorious weeks on seas which are not black. The sun is always shining there—why should one want to come back to England?"

Had anyone asked Evelyn why she spoke in this way to a stranger, a man of whose existence she had hardly been aware yesterday, she would certainly have been unable to give a satisfactory answer. To no other in all her life had she spoken so openly and so readily as to this fair-haired, blue-eyed Englishman, who did not appear to have one grain of humbug in all his body. Her surprise was not greater than her pleasure; she would deny that it pleased her thus to confess intimate thoughts which she had not shared even with her own father. Gavin, upon his part, a servant of candor always, observed nothing unusual in her freedom; but he could ask himself already if she were in love with the man to whom her future was pledged.

"We are forgetting how to be serious," he rejoined; "that is also one of the vices of the age. People chatter away as though words were enough and the truth of words nothing at all. You do not mean anything you say, and you expect me to listen to you in the same spirit. I decline to do so. If you go to Bukharest, you will come back again before the year is out. As for the blue, red and orange, well, I could as soon imagine you buying an early Victoria sideboard. That is my frank opinion. You must forgive me if it offends?"

He looked straight into her eyes and she did not turn away. Gavin Ord was unlike any man she had known—not by mere cleverness alone, but by that strength of will and character which could not fail to assert itself in any company, whatever its nature. Here sat one whom, were he to command her, she would certainly obey. Such a possibility of docility astonished Evelyn beyond measure—but it also encouraged her to put a question to him.

"Frank opinions need no forgiveness," she said. "I am longing for more, Mr. Ord. You told me last night that you believed you had met me in London. Please tell me where it was."

She asked the question with some pretty pretence of indifference which did not deceive him for an instant. It is better, he thought, that I should tell her, and so he said, without any affectation whatever:

"I am quite wrong, of course; but when I thought the matter over I remembered that a young actress, who made a great sensation at the Carlton Theatre in May, might have been named for your own sister. That is what gave me the idea that I had seen you before."

"How strange! Do you also remember the lady's name?"

"Perfectly. All London went mad over her. She called herself Etta Romney, and the play showed just such a house as this. It was the old story of Di Vernon retold, Lady Evelyn."

"You were much taken with the play, it appears?"

"Not with the play at all. But I thought Etta Romney one of the cleverest women I have ever seen on the stage."

"Is she playing still, may I ask?"

"You know that she is not, Lady Evelyn."

"I know it—are you serious?"

"So serious that I shall forget the subject until you choose to speak of it again."

"But it interests me greatly," she pleaded, with that insistence which often attends the discussion of things better avoided. "If I am really so like somebody else, ought I not to be serious? You say—"

"Indeed, I say nothing," he exclaimed quickly, and then in a lower voice—"at least until the Earl has breakfasted."

She did not reply. The Earl entered the room and began at once to speak of Gavin's work and the arrangements which must be made for it.

CHAPTER XIX.

From the Belfry Tower.

Gavin's little band of workmen ran up a light scaffold of ladders and boards for him against the belfry tower, and had it finished upon the morning of the conversation with Lady Evelyn. To this height he climbed an examination of the decaying fabric and set down the first lines of the report he had to make to the Earl. The old building was in a shocking state certainly; the plumb-line declared surprising departures from that stately grace of perpendicularity the text books had taught him to esteem. Gavin should have taken the greatest interest in all this, but he did not.

Had you spoken to him yesterday, he would have been ready to declare that nothing on earth could be more fascinating than the very task he now pretended to be engaged upon; but his habitual candor came to his rescue to day and he now pronounced the work to be almost distasteful. For, in truth, he had discovered a secret as old as man, and the delight of that new knowledge surpassed the worker's dreams by far.

He stood upon a dizzy height, but custom had staled the peril of his employment, and, in this aspect, fear was unknown to him. A high trembling ladder permitted him to climb up to a couple of boards suspended from the parapet above by frail ropes cunningly wound about the embrasures of the battlements. He stood with his back to a mossy wall; beneath him lay the fair domain of Melbourne Hall; its ancient trees so many children's fretted toys; its grass lands supremely green; pool and lake and river ablaze with the golden light of an Autumn sun. But more to Gavin than these was the figure of the Lady Evelyn herself, clearly to be seen in the glade where the gypsies had pitched their camp—the figure of an English girl divinely tall, of one whom the splendid woods might well choose for their divinity.

She rode through the glade and by her side there walked a rough fellow, who, Gavin thought, would have been much better in Derby jail than idling in the home park at Melbourne. Some chance observations which had fallen from servants' lips had made him acquainted with the circumstances under which these apparent vagrants had come to Derbyshire; and he was quick enough to perceive the connection between the Earl's younger days and this odd visitation.

"He knew these fellows in Roumania and they have come here to blackmail him," was the unspoken comment. "Their master is a shady Roumanian Count—one of the long-haired brand, who ogle the women. I take it that she had promised to marry this man, not altogether at her father's bidding, but just because he is a romantic liar enough to appeal to one side of her imagination. That's what sent her to London play-acting. She had to escape from this monotony or it would have killed her. Well, I think I know the temperament—a very dangerous temperament which has sent many a woman the wrong way and will send many more before the world is done with."

He turned again to the crumbling stone work and passed his hand idly over it. This old house, how many women's hearts had it not imprisoned and stifled! What stories of woman's love and passion could it not unfold if these rotting stones might speak? Many a Di Vernon had gone forth from secret doors to meet her lover; many a one had lived and died with her girlish secret unspoken. Study in those records and the true story of Evelyn, my Lord of Melbourne's daughter, would be read. A brave girl, a lonely girl, full of the stuff of which dreams are made, she believed her to be. And she had come suddenly into his life, impotently as a man may look upon a precious thing he may never possess. For even if she loved him, what right had he to speak to her; what position or name had he to give her? He was a worker in clay. Bricks and mortar were not the tokens in which a woman's imagination deals.

"If I built a cathedral," he said to himself ironically, "she would merely say, 'How draughty!' It is necessary to be a brigand or a musician to reach the heart of her desires."

So the work went on a little savagely. He had the scaffold shifted to the tower of the chapel where the clock face records the deeds of that Lord of Melbourne who fell with Picton's troop at Waterloo. "Time passed above his head but will turn to look at him . . ." the inscription went. Gavin was cleaning the dust of the century from it when he heard a voice upon the parapet above, and looking up he perceived my Lady Evelyn there, standing by the battlement and watching him curiously.

"Is not that dreadfully dangerous?" she asked him, indicating the frail scaffold upon which he stood.

He answered at once by another question.

"Do you refer to Time? If so, yes, it is always dangerous. Time never sleeps, remember."

She laughed and leaned over, a little afraid of the height, but desiring, she knew not why, to hear him talk.

"You will not look Time in the face, then?" she said; "or does the bell of Time speak to you? I know people in France who always cross themselves when the clock chimes the hour."

"The bells chime eternally—oh, yes. Time rarely laughs if it is not ironically. Here's a clock which tries to tell all the world how a brave man died. Time passed him by, but returns twice a day to have a look at him. The dirt of nearly a hundred years is cast upon his monument by Time. The ages used to be cleaner, Lady Evelyn. Nowadays we trample mud on every tomb. There is always an 'if' for the best of our friends."

"Meaning that some disappointment has made a cynic of you, Mr. Ord?"

"Perhaps, I cannot tell you. What is the good of ideals in this twentieth century? We have learned to scoff at simple things, faith, honesty, even courage. Rich men try to believe that they were never poor and the poor believe that they are rich—and go through the Bankruptcy Court accordingly. I could do great work in the world, but my enemy is an estimate. A man no longer builds a temple to the glory of God; he builds it to the memory of John Snooks, hog-merchant. Most of our ailments are the penalty of soullessness. If we lived and strived toward an end, the

mind would not smart so often as the body. That says our courage as well. I can work upon a scaffold like this because I have the past all round about me. But directly I cease to work I become a coward. Time is dangerous because Time is truth; one of the few truths our modern life permits us to recognize."

"Then you do really believe that the old glory of achievement lingers somewhere?"

"In the imagination of men who would be artists but remain the servants of Mammon. Let me interrupt you to beg a favor. Your arm is shifting the rope and if it gave way—"

"The rope—the one I am leaning against? Does that go down to your scaffolding? I never noticed it."

"There is no damage done," he said quietly; "please pull it down over the stone-work. No, hardly that way. Let me come up and show you."

A short ladder led up from the scaffold to the roof of the clock tower. The foothold of planks was held up by stout ropes wound about the embrasures of the parapets. Unconsciously as she talked to him, Evelyn had shifted the right-hand rope from its place and Gavin's heart leaped when he perceived that in another instant boards and man and ladder must go headlong to the stone terrace below. In truth, the climax came while the light words were still upon his lips, and the rope, slipping away from the girl's weak hands, the scaffold swung out in an instant and Gavin was left above the abyss, his fingers twined about the second rope and his feet vainly seeking a hold against the time-worn stone.

Men fight for their lives in many ways—the cowards desperately and without reason, brave men with a quick apprehension of the circumstances and a bold course from which fear does not divert them. Desperate as Gavin's situation had become, he realized the whole truth of it in an instant. Forty feet below him was the square flagged pavement built about the belfry door. Above him a single rope swayed and strained against the stone of the parapet, here bulging outward and difficult to climb. If the rope held, Gavin believed that he might touch the parapet, but to mount it would be an acrobat's task. Other help seemed impossible to bring. His assistants had gone down to the outer stables to load up the permanent scaffold. His quick eye could not detect the presence of a single human being in the vicinity of the gardens. Evelyn herself stood as one petrified by the battlements, afraid for the instant to lift a hand or utter a word lest the spell of his momentary safety would be broken. She had never possessed that particular courage which stands upon a height unflinchingly, and this dreadful accident found all her nervous impulse paralyzed and shattered. She listened, as in a trance of terror beyond all words to describe, for the broken cry which would speak of death; for the sound of a body falling upon the flags below. Infinitely beyond Gavin Ord's, her imagination added its darkest picture to her handiwork. She clutched her hands, fearing their clumsiness, and with eyes half-closed drew back from the battlements. Never until this day had she seen a man die; never had she been asked to take an instantaneous resolution wherein the measure of her own peril might be the measure of another man's safety. If for the briefest instant she failed to answer the call, cowardice had no part in her resolution. Few would have acted otherwise.

Gavin climbed the rope almost inch by inch, seeking as he did so a foothold upon the rotting stone and careful always to bring no sudden jerk upon the trembling cord. It seemed an eternity before he reached the forbidding parapet where the graver danger must be faced; but when he did so and tried to put an arm over the bulging stone, then he understood that if none came to his assistance, he was most certainly doomed. Beneath him, the crumbling cornice became so much powdered dust whenever his feet touched it—he could find no foothold there, nor so much as feel a single projection upon the battress by which he might pull himself up to safety. And his wrist now ached with a pain which threatened to become intolerable, the rope cut his hands until drops of blood trickled from them to his face. Salvation depended upon that which he could do while a man might count twenty, and with death looking up at him exultingly, he made a last effort to surmount the bulging parapet and in the same instant told himself that it was impossible.

"My God," he cried aloud; "I cannot do it—I cannot do it!"

Perhaps he no longer feared death. There is this merit of exhaustion in danger that it blinds the imagination and leaves indifference to the ultimate issue. Gavin was just at that point when a man is incapable of further effort, even in the cause of his own safety, when, looking up, he perceived Evelyn at the balustrade, her face deathly white, her eyes shining terror; but her acts were as cool and collected as they had been when first he met her in the long gallery of Melbourne Hill. Waked from the trance of fear by the words he had spoken, she cast one quick glance at the figure swaying upon the rope; then turned about her and, stooping, she picked up the long rope which her own maladroitness had displaced from the battlements. Methodically and without a blunder, she made a noose in this and passed it over the parapet.

"Slip your arm over it," she said, in a voice that betrayed no emotion whatever. "I will tie it to the weather-vane—please, please try. I can help you—I am very strong, Mr. Ord. Yes, that's the way—now take my hand—don't be afraid to hurt me—yes, yes, like that."

He slipped one arm over the noose and changing hands cleverly upon the other rope and digging his feet deep into the rotting stone, he drew the noose around his body while she caught up the slack of the cord and bound it round and round the great iron pillar of the weather-vane which crowns the Belfry Tower of Melbourne Hall. His position was such in this instant that he hung out clear above the abyss with his face upon a level with the parapet and his body backward to the flags below. All depended upon the firm pillar of the weather-vane and the stuff of which the rope was made. Gavin had no alternative but to trust to it, and he swung himself out fearlessly with one earnest prayer for safety upon his lips. So near to him that he wondered that his arms could not touch her was the figure of Evelyn, seeming to beckon him to salvation. He felt the noose draw tight about his body, and for some instants he strung to and fro almost with superhuman will and touched the round of the stone-work with his hands laid flat upon it and his knees bent upon the balustrade. Would he fall back once more or had she the strength to save him? Her little hands had caught him by the wrists now; and, kneeling, she exerted a strength she had never known herself to possess. Must they go crashing together to the flags shining in the sunlight below? In vain he supplicated her to release her hold and leave him to do battle for himself.

"I shall pull you over," he cried madly. "For God's sake, leave me to myself!"

She scarcely heard him; her eyes were closed, her lips were hard set; she had thrown her whole weight backward from the hips and with every muscle straining, every danger forgotten, but that of the man whose safety she had imperilled, she drew him to her side and fell fainting before him.

Gavin was dizzy and sick from fear. His hands were cut and bleeding; his clothes torn to ribbons; he could hear the heavy pulsation of his heart when he bent to lift Evelyn in his strong arms as one who, henceforth, had some right to do so.

"The worst may become the best," he said to himself quietly; "she will tell me her story now."

And so he carried her down to the Long Gallery and Melbourne Hall heard of the accident for the first time.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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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?

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Trustee's Notice.

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

The New Chadwick.

We are glad to reproduce the following from the Plymouth Republican. Landlord Chadwick is deservedly one of the most popular landlords around the lake. He has worked hard for all he has, and has built up the reputation of his hotel by strict attention to business and the comfort of his patrons:

The Chadwick hotel at Long Point, one of the oldest and best hostleries around Lake Maxinkuckee, has just become the New Chadwick, and blossoms out for the season of 1914 with fine new clothes.

S. S. Chadwick, proprietor, has just finished a complete remodeling of the hotel, and now has 34 rooms for the accommodation of guests. The building is three stories and is made in rustic style inside and out. On each floor are toilet rooms and running water. There are 34 bed rooms, and every one has outside windows.

It is a pleasure to walk up the very wide stairway and through the wide halls. It gives the impression of coolness and freedom so much desired by those who come to a resort. The stairway leading up from the office was designed by Mr. Chadwick himself and is artistic.

The office floor is of cement. A porch running on two sides of the hotel, the west and north, has a total of 1000 feet of cement floor, and all of it looks out on the beautiful blue of Maxinkuckee.

There are 42 rooms altogether. All of the family and the help occupy the first floor, leaving the entire upper two floors for the guests. The dining room is the largest around the lake and is pleasant in its arrangement.

The building is covered with fire proof material, and fire escapes are placed wherever the windows do not open on porches.

An auto shed makes room for an auto of autos, and a plaster the covering the hotel makes room cottage near for extra guests who may wish to have a house to themselves.

Mr. Chadwick, proprietor, has lived around the lake for 22 years and has grown up in its history and development. At Long Point he has lived for 19 years, and the longer he knows the point, he says, the better it looks to him in every feature. It projects a half mile out into the lake, and near it are caught many of the best fish taken from this well known body of water.

Chautauqua Tickets.

Parties who have agreed to take season tickets are reminded that the agreement is in the nature of a contract and that the committee is looking to them to stand faithfully by it. We urge you to call at the bank for your tickets (whether you have spoken for 1 or 100) at once, paying for them now if possible, but in any event not later than July 1, at which time the tickets will be placed on the market. Societies and individuals who have pledged themselves to take a number of tickets for sale will find it easier to dispose of them by not waiting until after the 1st. The committee appreciates the hearty support given by those who have pledged themselves to take tickets, and respectfully asks that you further show your interest in the movement by calling for the tickets now.

COMMITTEE.

Extension of Water Mains.

The Water company has completed the laying of 1,100 feet of water mains at the extreme ends of Scott and Main streets, as far as the brick paving will extend. The expense will be about \$700. Property owners who contemplate using water in the future will do well to get busy and have service pipe laid to their lot lines at once, as it will cost much more after the brick paving is down, and it is possible that some future board may refuse to tear up the paving for parties who may later conclude to take water.

Wanted—To buy a good fresh milk cow, part, but not full Jersey preferred. Mrs. Demas Deming, Resthaven cottage, Lake Maxinkuckee, Culver, R. 14, Tel. 127.

Progressive County Ticket.

The following ticket was nominated in the progressive convention at Plymouth Saturday:

Representative—M. V. Daniels, Walnut.

Auditor—Oron F. Hoover, Plymouth.

Treasurer—Alfred Laird, Bourbon.

Clerk—Annon Nye, Inwood.

Sheriff—L. M. Henderson, German.

Surveyor—Earl Stoneburner, Polk.

Coroner—Dr. H. W. Farmer, Center.

Assessor—John Miller, Walnut.

Commissioners—1st district, John Teghtmyer; 2d district, Frank Bollinger, West.

Councilmen-at-large—F. M. Parker, Union; J. A. Kepler, West; Eber Deacon, Center.

District Councilmen—1st district, to be selected; 2d district, J. L. See, Green; 3d district, C. Bergland, Polk; 4th district, F. Holby, Center.

The Town Pier.

Culver, June 15—To the President and Members of the Commercial Club: The undersigned, cottagers and boat owners, would hereby kindly request your serious attention to the following:

Whereas, the new and beautiful town pier which your honorable body erected on the lake shore for the use of your petitioners is entirely inaccessible to the city of Culver on account of having no other outlet except by trespassing on the railroad track, and

Whereas, the railroad company refuses absolutely to build a viaduct under the track in order to open the passageway, and

Whereas, we all are aware that your honorable body erected this pier for the comfort and accommodation of cottagers and boat owners,

Therefore, we respectfully request the removal of the pier to the old and original viaduct (the same place where the pier was two years ago) and we would earnestly request this our petition to merit your speedy consideration and action. Respectfully yours,

Walter Knapp, James Bardsley, A. Herz, O. D. Bohlen, Ed Morris, W. F. Kuhn, E. T. Hazledine.

Trained Kicker—Mule, This Time.

William Hinkle, a teamster, was painfully injured and narrowly escaped death Monday when he slipped off the doubletree and fell across the wagon tongue. One of the team of mules kicked him on the chin, cutting a long gash, and he has a shoulder bruise caused probably by a second kick. The force of the kick may be judged when it is stated that it threw him back on top of the wagon. A mule that can kick like that makes some of our other kickers look like 30 cents.

POPLAR GROVE

Hamilton Hissong and wife spent a few days in Indianapolis last week.

Mrs. Maud Gaff of South Bend visited her mother, Mrs. Mary Kriehbaum.

The farmers are about through planting cowpeas and are busy plowing corn.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Grossman were in Argos Sunday attending the Honeywell meetings.

A number from Poplar Grove attended the Children's day at Maxinkuckee Sunday.

Edna Wooldridge has written her parents that she is well pleased with her school in Muncie.

The Wm. Scotts and Anthony Smiths attended memorial services at Richland Center Sunday.

The Roy Wickizers and H. P. Berlins motored to Tyner Sunday and took dinner with the Brooks.

Ice Cream Social.

The young ladies' class of the Reformed Sunday school will give an ice cream social on George Garn's lawn Tuesday evening, June 23. The public cordially invited.

Money to Loan.

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

Talk Up the Minister.

Years ago there was trouble in a certain church over the young pastor. Many members insisted upon his leaving. His few ardent friends insisted with equal zeal upon his remaining. Much bad feeling had been generated. The case was critical.

Finally two prominent gentlemen called the congregation together and counseled them as follows: "It may be that our pastor is not a great man, but we all know that he is a good man and that he is doing all in his power to promote our spiritual interests. Let us all agree to bear with him, and, instead of talking him down, let us go out from this meeting resolved to talk him up."

The advice was accepted. The result you can guess. He remained in that church half a century, and remarkable success attended his ministry to the close.

A good many people talk the minister down. They discount all his doings. They misunderstand his plainest sayings. They credit him with unworthy motives. They predestinate his failure. An angel from heaven could not succeed under such conditions.

That is unwise. It is unfair. And it is wicked.

How much better to "talk up" the minister. The world will accept him according to the measure of your own respect.

Talk up the minister in your home. Help him to win and save the children. Talk up the minister among the young people. Lift not a finger to break the spell of his uplifting influence.

Talk up the minister among your fellow members. Be his old friend. Suffer no tongue of malice to speak against him in your presence.

Talk up the minister in the social circle, on the street, in the cars, in the factory, store or office. Magnify his strong points. Minify his weak ones. Speak kindly of him or speak not at all.

Do you know what such loyalty to the minister will mean? In nine cases out of ten it means success.—Rochester Sun.

The foregoing can be applied in other cases. Why not talk up your town authorities, for instance—the members of the town council, the board of education, the town marshal, the township trustee. They too are all doing the best they can—perhaps a great deal better than the most of the rest of us could do, even if we were willing to do anything. We are a little community and laboring under disadvantages at the best. Our officials need our backing, and we ought to stand by them, even if they make mistakes. Instead of talking them down, and sympathizing with every stranger who has a grouse, we ought to defend them and talk them up, and give everybody to understand that we are loyal to each other and to our own community, first, last and all the time.

A Summer Joke.

John Ravencroft, 8 years old, caught a 40 pound buffalo fish at the lake Monday and thereby annexed the belt for fishermen of his age. The tug at the other end of the line was so strong that the lad's father had to be called to land the monster fish. And still they wonder why there were no fish in the nets last winter.—Rochester Sun.

Delegates to Convention.

The following delegates from the Culver Sunday schools left on Tuesday for the state convention in Indianapolis: Methodist, H. J. Meredith; Reformed, Edna Stahl; Evangelical, J. L. Scheuerman; Zion, Arthur Hatten. The Christian school did not elect a delegate.

DELONG.

Leslie E. Wolfe, Correspondent.

Harvey Wolf and Simon Kaley now have automobiles.

David McClain cut his alfalfa on the O'Keefe farm last week.

A baseball team from Rochester was defeated here Sunday 18 to 1. Everyone invited to the Reformed church ice cream social on Saturday night.

Mrs. Lucinda McClure of Garrett, Ind., departed for her home on Monday after a visit of several weeks with Mrs. George Guise.

Frank Schwer is repairing the brick store building. Mr. Votaw of Monterey is moving into it this week. He is the third trick operator here now. Since the installing of the new automatic signals no telegraph operators are required at Bass Lake, Aldine, Ora, Monterey, Leiter's Ford and Germany Station.

MAXINKUCKEE

Mrs. G. M. Woolley, Correspondent.

Fred Thompson and family were business callers in Plymouth Friday.

Clarence Woolley and Walter Sanders started for the West Sunday. The former will spend the summer with his sister, Mrs. Leatha Miller.

Mrs. Jane Cunningham died at Logansport Saturday evening and was brought to the home of her niece, Mrs. Asa South, Monday. The funeral was at Poplar Grove Tuesday afternoon.

Sunday visitors: Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Benedict, Jessie Whittaker and Lillie Truax at Woolley's; Margaret Christ, Clinton Dahl and Fred Clem of Hamlet at Madeline Beck's; Nellie and Marie Whittaker with the Mutchels girls.

Mr. and Mrs. Edinger of Boone Grove autoed to Maxinkuckee last week Tuesday and spent the night at Dr. Stevens', returning Wednesday accompanied by the Dr. and wife who will visit them and the family of Guy Stevens for about ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Parker gave a dinner Sunday in honor of Arthur Parker's birthday. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. King, Mr. and Mrs. Flowers of Indianapolis, Mr. and Mrs. George Garver, Mr. and Mrs. Dow Rector and daughter Helen, and Mrs. Sarah Rector. All enjoyed the day, and most of all the good dinner which Mrs. Parker knows just how to prepare.

OAK GROVE.

Mrs. E. E. Barnes, Correspondent.

Crops are looking fine in this part of the country, but many of the farmers are not done planting. Link Ransbottom and Mr. Green called on Louis Davis Wednesday, commencing the straightening of the river.

Mrs. Barnes was a dinner guest at Mrs. Frank Abert's on Sunday, and a caller at Mrs. Link Ransbottom's in the afternoon.

Mrs. Garland and Mrs. Davis called on Mrs. Barnes Thursday. Mrs. Davis invited Mrs. Barnes to take dinner with her the next day.

Mrs. Will Ferrell of Ober has been very sick for several weeks, but is improving. Floy Ransbottom, her sister, is staying with her.

Mrs. Fannie Haslin of Chicago with her two little boys are visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. Louis Davis. She expects to spend a month.

Lee Ransbottom, who has been running a store a mile east of Ober, concluded to move, so he got a house mover who moved the building with all of its contents into Ober. They went right on doing business all the time.

Mrs. E. E. Barnes of Warsaw came to Barr Oak Monday to spend the day with Mrs. J. Currans. Tuesday she went to see Ray Bolen's family. From there Mr. Bolen took her over to her farm where she expects to spend a week or more. Mrs. Garland will help her with her cherries.

MOUNT HOPE

Miss Ethel Edgington, Correspondent.

Children's day exercises will be held at this place Sunday evening June 28.

Myrtle Edgington of Chicago is spending a few weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Edgington.

Mrs. Ellsworth Edgington received word last Friday of the death of her brother, Clarence Hobson in Panama.

Mr. Guy Davis, who is attending the State Normal at Terre Haute, spent a few days last week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elta Davis.

Sunday visitors: Mr. Isaac Thompson and daughter Ada with Mr. and Mrs. Leo Martin at Tiosa. Ruby Salts, Rovene and Lucile Rinehart, Elnora Fisher, Everette Goodman, Clifford Cowen, Norman and Emery Davis, Orville Fisher, Ora O'Brien and family and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Salts at Willie Cowen's; Elta Davis and George Cowen and families with the J. W. Rineharts; W. W. Wilfret and wife at Isaac Hobson's, in Panama; Lee Wagoner and family at Clarence Fisher's; Mr. and Mrs. Ewing and family of Kewanna at the Sylvester Groves'.

HIBBARD

Mrs. E. J. Reed, Correspondent.

S. E. Wise was an over Sunday visitor at South Bend.

The Allemans entertained company from Knox over Sunday.

Ed Lowry and wife went to Hobart Sunday to visit their aunt.

Mrs. Sadie Lichtenberger of Chicago is visiting friends here for a few days.

Alliance next Sunday at 7:30; leader, Inez Albert; preaching afterward by Rev. Tiedt.

Mrs. Weirman went to South Bend Monday on a short visit in connection with business.

Nada Livinghouse and Ray Scott visited with the latter's brother, Floyd, near Tyner, Sunday.

The members of the choir will give an ice cream social on the church lawn next Saturday evening, the proceeds for the church debt. Everybody invited.

The young people of Hibbard gave a miscellaneous shower last Tuesday evening in honor of Nada Livinghouse who will take unto herself a husband this week.

The following officers were elected for the Y. P. A. on Wednesday evening: President, Howard Albert; vice-president, Chas. Cooper; treasurer, Harry Lichtenberger; recording secretary, Neal Lichtenberger; missionary secretary, Inez Albert; corresponding secretary, Hazel Reed.

WASHINGTON

Eva Jones, Correspondent.

Several from here have been attending revival in Argos.

Rev. and Mrs. Tiedt of Culver are visiting in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Flagg and daughter, Mrs. Chas. Meyers of Kentland, visited a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Theo. McFarland.

Sunday visitors: Roy Kline and family at John Kline's; B. A. Curtises at Theo. Kline's; Walter Shivers and Alfred Lawrence and their families at R. C. McFarland's.

The Savage reunion was held at Theo. McFarland's on Sunday last. About 51 were present. Albert Savage and his daughter Ethel left on Monday for Los Angeles where they will make their home.

Commercial Club.

There will be a meeting of the Commercial club tonight (Thursday) at the town hall to consider the library question.

Methodist Ladies' Aid.

The M. E. Ladies' Aid will meet with Mrs. W. O. Osborn Wednesday afternoon, June 24.

For Sale.

A 50-light acetylene light plant. S. S. Chadwick.

NEWS OF LOCAL CHURCHES

EVANGELICAL.

Sunday school 9:30; preaching 10:30; Y.P.A. meeting 7, topic, The Chief Seats and How to Reach Them, Luke 14:7-11, leader Gladys Smith; preaching 8; prayer meeting Wednesday evening. Notice that the hour of Sunday school and morning service has been changed to one-half hour earlier. Electric lights have been placed in the church and will do away with the gasoline lights in the future.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

We were glad to see you at the Children's day service Sunday night. We trust you enjoyed the service. The pastor will preach at the regular morning hour next Sunday and also in the evening. Come to Sunday school next Sunday morning and hear what the superintendent has to report from the state Sunday school convention that he is attending this week in Indianapolis. The Epworth league begins promptly at 7 o'clock. Be there on time that you may count one for your side when the roll is called. Seven were added to the league in due and regular form on Sunday evening. If you are not identified with another young people's organization of the churches in town come, for we have a place for you. The light generator has been overhauled and is working in good shape. We think we will not be annoyed soon by the lights going out during the evening services. Come into the mid-week service on Thursday evening and let us look over a few things found in God's word that are of vast importance to every one of us. "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Ignorance of the law excuses no man since light has come into the world. "But men love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil." "Be sure your sin will find you out." J. F. Kenrich, Pastor.

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FITFORM

Culver Chautauqua, July 17 to 22