

## PERSONAL POINTERS

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

Helen Gandy has gone to South Bend for a two weeks' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Whitehead of Goshen are guests at the Reformed parsonage.

Mrs. J. A. Hatch of Kentland spent Saturday and Sunday with her niece, Mrs. Arthur Holt.

Mr. and Mrs. Nutt of Carmel have been guests in the home of J. F. Nutt for the past two weeks.

Miss Helen Decker has returned to Chicago after a month's visit with her sister, Mrs. P. A. Wickizer.

S. S. Smith went to Lansing, Mich., yesterday for a few days' visit and to attend a family reunion.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Holem and Mrs. Kestler of Indiana Harbor were Sunday guests at E. N. Cromley's.

Miss Clea Filar and little brother of Evanston, Ill., are visiting the family of John Hawk and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Buchanan returned to Lebanon Saturday after a two weeks' visit with Mr. Buchanan's brother George.

Mrs. Grace Tripps of Logansport, secretary of the Woman's Union Label league of that city, is a guest at Captain Crook's.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Drenning motored from Angola Saturday to make an over-Sunday visit to their daughter, Mrs. Geo. Crossland.

Edgar A. Perkins of Indianapolis, chief of the State Bureau of Inspection, was a Culver visitor on Monday at Captain Crook's hostelry.

Abe Wiener and family of South Whitley were Sunday guests of Mr. Wiener's nephew, D. A. Marks. Mr. Wiener deals extensively in onions.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Reed and children of Lebanon arrived Saturday for a visit with Mrs. Reed's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Buchanan.

Misses Alma and Gladys Overmyer have returned to Chicago after spending a month with relatives and friends in and around Burr Oak and Culver.

Mrs. George Jackson and daughter Mary Esther of Wolcott returned home Monday after a birthday reunion with Mrs. Jackson's twin sister, Mrs. J. F. Kenrich.

Captain and Mrs. Crook have returned to Culver after their short wedding trip and are "at home" to their many friends at their beautiful residence, Cottage Grove Place.

Mrs. Belle Colwell of St. Louis and Mrs. Scott Marks of Chicago visited Mrs. Kate Edwards last week. Mrs. Frank Lamson of Plymouth was also a guest for a day of Mrs. Edwards.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Church and Master Edward have been spending a few days in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Goss. "Eddie" bears his new honors as the father of a fine boy proudly but modestly.

Miss Florence Schryer and Miss Marie Henry of Logansport are at Cottage Grove Place. Miss Schryer is a school teacher and prominent church worker, and Miss Henry a well-known stenographer of the "City of Bridges."

J. F. Nutt was taken to South Bend Monday for an operation to remove a malady of 13 years' standing and which has recently become serious. He was accompanied by Dr. Tallman and his son, Russell Nutt of Winamac. The operation was successful and Mr. Nutt's condition is excellent.

### Matrimonial.

On Wednesday evening, Aug. 5, at 6 o'clock, Miss Myrtle Medbourn of Culver and Mr. Chester Zechiel of Indianapolis were united in marriage at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Mary E. Medbourn, by the brother of the groom, Rev. E. E. Zechiel of Stoutsville, Ohio, the ring ceremony being used. The Mendelssohn wedding march was played by Miss Alice Wiseman, who also played "Hearts and Flowers" during the ceremony. The bride was charming in a gown of white satin with jeweled net overdrapery. She carried a bouquet of white roses. After congratulations from the relatives who composed the guests, a six-course supper was served, Misses Kessler, Wiseman, Buswell and Painter serving. The evening was pleasantly spent in music and in admiring the wedding gifts, among which were many fine pieces of hand-made linen. Out-of-town guests were Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Zechiel of Stoutsville, Ohio, Miss Lucretia Rea of Rochester, and Mr. B. H. Shookel of the department of geology, Terre Haute Normal school. Mr. and Mrs. Zechiel will remain in Culver for a short time, and will be at home in Indianapolis after September 1 in a pretty new bungalow on the North side.

A delightful moonlight reception was given to the young couple by Mrs. Medbourn on the lawn of her home. The 60 guests were received by four children dressed as cupids and carrying bows and arrows—Frances Osborn, Cecil Asper, Helen Medbourn and Clea Zechiel. A program of music was given by Lucretia Rea, Alice Wiseman, Herman Sayer and Chester Zechiel, and a reading by Bess Medbourn. French charades followed, under the direction of Rev. E. E. Zechiel, Will Osborn, Edna Stahl and Mrs. Will Osborn. The most successful charade was based on the word "Herman" which was unconsciously acted out by the bride and groom. Punch was served and carnation favors were distributed.

### The Public Library.

Definite progress is being made on the public library. The town board held a special meeting on Tuesday night and extended a special library tax of 1 mill on the \$100 which will raise about \$350, and later on the township advisory board will be called upon to make an additional levy. The next step will be the appointment of seven persons to constitute a library board. Two of these will be appointed by the town board, two by the school board, and three by the judge of the circuit court. This board will then elect its permanent officers. The township advisory board at a later date will be required to appoint two members, one of whom must be the township trustee.

Meantime arrangements are being made for an early opening of the library rooms. A temporary system of loaning out the books will be installed. As soon as this is done the rooms will be open from 2 to 4 on Tuesdays and Saturdays.

### Rain at Last.

The drought was partially broken on Monday afternoon by a 40-minute rain, part of which came in a heavy downfall, followed by two or three light showers during the afternoon. The ground was wet down about three inches. The late corn will be benefited and a considerable portion of the crop that was dying will be saved.

### Goodbye, Huckleberries!

The huckleberry marshes west of town, covering about 60 acres on the O'Connor and Keen land, have been burned off. It is the intention of the owners to use the ground next year for peppermint. This will about wind up huckleberry picking in this vicinity.

## LAKE SIDE GLEANINGS

### Some Interesting Items Concerning the Summer Colony at Lake Maxinkuckee.

**ON THE EAST SIDE.**

Miss Katherine Van Horn is visiting Mrs. Mordhurst.

Julius Whitaker of Terre Haute is visiting with Springers.

Miss Lelia Cooper of Terre Haute is visiting Mrs. F. B. Hord.

Miss Ruth Hubbard of Indianapolis is visiting at C. E. Coffin's.

L. Ludorff of Indianapolis is visiting the family of O. E. Reiman.

Mrs. I. P. Carnes and C. H. Wood are guests at the Moll cottage.

E. J. Falton is spending a two weeks' vacation at the Falton cottage.

Mrs. W. C. Huston of Indianapolis is the guest of Mrs. Harry Wheeler.

Malcolm Moore is spending a few days with the Heywoods at Hamewold.

Mrs. F. W. Wood and daughter Jessica were the guests of Mrs. H. A. Mansfield.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Esterly of Indianapolis are the guests of Mrs. G. W. Blaine.

Miss Josephine Otto of Edinburg, Ind., is the guest of Mrs. Glossbrenner.

Mrs. C. M. Wheeler of Indianapolis is the expected guest of Mrs. Joshua Florea.

Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Van Horn spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Mordhurst.

Miss Whitlock of Indianapolis is visiting Miss Perrin and Major Bates at Manana.

H. B. Perrin of Pasadena, Calif., arrived at the lake for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. Omelvena of Indianapolis arrived Wednesday for a visit with Mrs. Harry Hughes.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Coburn and family of Indianapolis are the guests of C. E. Coffin.

Mrs. J. M. Dresser and Miss Dresser left on Wednesday for a month's visit in the East.

Frederick A. Joss and family of Indianapolis are spending the week with the Hollidays.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Lanning will motor from Chicago to spend the week end at Willowdale.

Mrs. Howard Marmon of Indianapolis, who was visiting Miss Cora Bohlen, has returned home.

Miss Justine Cook of Bluffton and Miss Alice Fogas of Mt. Vernon are expected guests at Hamewold.

George Vonnegut and family are occupying Mrs. Bernard Vonnegut's cottage during the month of August.

Mrs. O. D. Bohlen of Indianapolis arrived Friday to be at her cottage for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. A. S. Mitchell and daughter Eileen are expected for a few days' visit with Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Heywood.

Miss Genevieve Wansbrough of Kokomo will be the guest next week of Miss Florea for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. E. M. Wilmington and son Newton left for New York City on Monday after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Steele.

"The Jolly Bunch," a party of twelve young people of Indianapolis are spending a two weeks' vacation at Maple Grove House.

Misses Emelia and Paula Kipp, Miss Zuleme Kinney and Clemens Mueller of Indianapolis are visiting the J. G. Mueller family.

Ralph Vonnegut entertained Miss Lillia Fox, Miss Mary Evans and John Madden, all of Indianapolis, at a house party last week.

Prof. Arnold Bennett Hall of Wisconsin university and Mrs.

Hall are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Potts. Prof. Hall will deliver the address Sunday to the cadets of the Summer school, his subject being "The Playground of Life."

At the Bay View: Mr. and Mrs. Hadley, M. Schumacher and family, Indianapolis; Mrs. G. Miller, G. Miller Jr., Peru; W. Layton and wife, Covington, Ind.; A. M. Graffs and wife, Marion; S. C. Themser, Gas City; W. H. Johnson and family, Terre Haute.

At the Bide-a-Wee: W. B. Lyon and wife, Otto Austermler and wife, Terre Haute; Bernard Bwockman, Cincinnati; Miss Mary Graham, Richmond; Mrs. Renicke and son, Chicago; Mrs. G. E. Brosius and daughter, Terre Haute; John McLean, Wichita, Kans.; C. H. Shiseek, Indianapolis; Frank Campbell, Sheridan, Ind.

Mrs. Mary Etta Davis, Mrs. Ida and Mareta Finley of Indianapolis, Mrs. Partheui Williams of Chicago, Mrs. William Harrison of Omaha, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Christian and Miss Catherine Christian of Indianapolis, Mrs. Louis Rettgu and Miss Winifred Rettgu of Terre Haute, and Mr. and Mrs. Collin Ford of Cincinnati are guests at the Ketcham cottage.

**ON LONG POINT.**

James I. Barnes and family have returned to Logansport.

Mrs. Charles Fleming of Terre Haute is the guest of Mrs. Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Plank were week end guests of Mrs. Mintie Holman.

Chas. Moniger, wife and daughter returned Sunday from their auto trip.

Miss Lucille Carmack of Terre Haute is the guest of Miss Marjory Johnson.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Wood returned to Terre Haute Monday after a three weeks' visit with Miss Marjory Johnson.

Myron Oppenheimer and John Burge arrived Monday for a visit with the Oppenheimers at the Webster-Folrath cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pyle, Dr. and Mrs. Babcock and Prof. and Mrs. J. C. Irwin of Rochester spent Sunday with Mrs. Holman.

Mrs. Jacob Hartz expects her brother, Thomas Minton of St. Louis, and her sister, Miss Florence Minton of Louisville, Saturday, for the remainder of their stay at Maxinkuckee in the Seeberger cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Jake Raub and son Clyde of Chalmers, Ind., Geo. Raub of Logansport and Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Raub and children of Indianapolis were guests last week of Mrs. Geo. Raub and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Johnson who have been occupying the cottage, Acorn Heights, for the past week.

At Chadwick's: H. W. Bledsoe and wife; W. E. Spitzer, Francesville; Miss Olivia Peirson, Kansas City, Mo.; Early Phillips, Fred Einecke, Henry and Mrs. Schreffeman, Paul Schreffeman, W. L. McPeak and family, Terre Haute; Charles Teller and wife, Lucile Teller, Charlotte Teller, Fred Schreffeman and wife, Brazil, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. M. Afelbam, L. Kraus, H. Kellemsieur, Fort Wayne; Messrs. Chalmers, Geo. W. Cooper, Ed Gonnert, James Lindoner, W. Bowler, Chicago; Miss Wyland, Miss Walsler, Miss Shilling, Miss Pontius, Culver.

**ON THE ASSEMBLY GROUNDS.**

Mr. and Mrs. E. Gregg of Luerne, Mrs. Fred Gibson and children and Mrs. Binney of Logans-

port were the guests last week of J. H. Behmer and family at the Calane cottage. The family returned to Logansport Monday.

James McCann and family have returned to Lebanon.

Miss Louise Mahn is visiting at C. W. Howell's at Lookout.

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Kriecher, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. A. Kriecher of Terre Haute are at the Finch cottage for three weeks.

### Elevator at Ober.

Arthur E. Castleman, a well-known grain dealer of Culver and a cousin of Trustee Castleman of North Bend township, is making preparations for the erection of an elevator at Ober. The location of the structure along the Nickel Plate tracks has been secured and the work on the foundation will begin at an early date. The elevator will be strictly modern in every respect and the power will be supplied by the Plymouth Electric Light & Power Co. Mr. Castleman has had many years' experience in the grain and seed business and is favorable known among the farmers of North Bend and Washington townships. He has great faith in the future of the county and is confident that his new business adventure will meet with success. Mr. Castleman intends to become a resident of Ober as soon as the elevator is put in operation.—Knox Democrat.

### Grass Caught Fire.

Sparks from the 11:30 north-bound train Sunday set fire to the grass and tall weeds along the right of way adjoining Chas. McFeeley's place on Bunker hill. The fire soon spread into the McFeeley lot. Neighbors whipped it out, but in a short time it broke out again. An alarm was telephoned in to the town fire department. With plenty of help and hard work the rapid progress of the flames toward the barn was checked. Three or four acres were burned over, but no property of value was destroyed.

The fire department was called out on Monday noon to put out a fierce grass fire that had started near Lester LaBounty's house and was making headway toward the Levi Henderson house. Workmen on Raymond Mikesell's basement had been burning brush, but supposed the fire was out when they went to dinner.

### Death in the White House.

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson died on Thursday afternoon after an illness of several months. The cause of her death was Bright's disease. It was aggravated by a nervous breakdown, attributed to the exactions of social duties and her active interest in philanthropic betterment work. Mrs. Wilson was 50 years old and when she went to the White House was in robust health.

Former Supt. W. P. Bland was in town Sunday. He has engaged for the coming year to superintend the schools of Globe, Arizona. "I have always wanted to go West," he said, "and I am sure that I am going to like my new home."

## WAR NEWS IS UNSATISFACTORY

The big war seems to be, so far, a "whipsaw" game. Each of the nations engaged, except Great Britain, has been credited with victories and defeats, but none of them yet of great magnitude. The engagements reported—with the exception of the advance of the German troops into Belgium—are little more than skirmishes, or at best the capture of some small town or fort. The heaviest fighting has been in the attack of the Germans on the city and forts of Liege, Belgium, where, the reports from French and Belgian sources claim, the Germans have been repulsed almost daily with heavy losses. Occasionally a merchant ship is captured by one or another of the opposing navies, and every day or two there are rumors of some battleship being sunk, but these rumors lack official confirmation. All the fighting nations are maneuvering for advantage, and any day is likely to bring the news of some general engagement, both on land and water.

The fact is, that all press dispatches are rigidly censored and nothing is permitted to go out over the wires or cables except what army or government officials think will be of advantage to them. In short, the war news is "bottled up." If the dispatches are to be believed, Germany in the outset is getting the worst of it, but no word comes from Berlin to either confirm or deny such reports.

## THE WEEK IN CULVER

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

—When the sun shines and it doesn't rain it's a sign of war.

—The merchants announce an advance in prices of nearly all staples.

—The rest room in the Plymouth public library building is open.

—If we were a king we wouldn't go farther than the woodshed in times like these.

—You needn't expect to find a man who owns an automobile at home on Sunday.

—E. V. Boblett, steward at the academy, has treated himself to a Ford touring car.

—The C. C. club cleared about \$38 from their sale on the Rector hotel lawn last Thursday.

—If you have any bills against the "Culver Electric Co." throw them away. Stapp has faded.

—Along about early milking time on Sunday afternoon you'll see the Fords hustling back home.

—Tim Wolfe has his billiard and pool hall in the new Edwards building at Depot Place in full tune.

—Wonder how many Culver people cleaned up their premises last week in compliance with the health officer's order!

—About next week watch out for the gentlemanly book agent with "A Complete History of the European War."

—Lilly Sturgeon, who was so badly burned last week, is improving rapidly. A trained nurse is taking care of her.

—The many friends of Rev. and Mrs. Kenrich will extend congratulations on the arrival of a son last Tuesday at the M. E. parsonage.

—Miss Pickert of Bremen has been engaged to teach Latin and English in the high school at \$75 per month. The faculty is now complete.

—Inspectors for the Union township registration are J. J. Cromley in precinct 1, Urias Mensemer in precinct 2, and Frank Voreis in precinct 3.

—Marshall county paid into the state treasury \$3792 as automobile taxes, and received \$2781. This amount would have been larger if there had been more improved roads in the county.

—In the readjustment of rural carriers' pay Harry Mensor of route 14 is raised to \$1,200. The pay of Carriers Hawkins and Smith remains the same—\$1056 and \$1100 respectively.

—The Almighty has a hard proposition up to Him. Both the Czar of Russia and the Emperor of Germany have proclaimed that they have committed their cause to the Lord and are perfectly confident that they are in the right and that He will bring confusion to the other fellow.

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

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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, AUGUST 13, 1914.

The Monroe Doctrine.

The Chicago Herald does a good thing to call attention to the fact that the "Monroe doctrine," many times questioned, if not derided, is a saving factor to the United States in the present situation. Without this nation's pronouncement that no foreign nation can acquire territory on the Western hemisphere without reckoning with the United States, Central and South America might be largely parceled between the warring great powers of Europe. A Hapsburg (Austrian) would probably be ruling over Mexico.

Obituary.

Clarence Hobson, son of Jesse H. and Mary Hobson, was born near Marion, Grant county, Ind., June 24, 1882. When nine months old he moved with his parents to New London, Howard county, Ind., where he grew to manhood, receiving his education at the New London common and high school. His early ambition led him at the age of 18 years into the service of his country. He was assigned to the coast defense at Fort Adams, R. I., where he by conscientious efforts at the end of six months became corporal. Six months later he was promoted to first sergeant of the 110th Co., coast artillery, which rank he held until his honorable discharge in 1903. At the expiration of his enlistment he returned to Indiana and spent over three years at his home. When work began on the Panama canal he was among the first ready to serve his country again this time in the construction of the canal, entering the service as fireman on Nov. 5, 1906. In Sept., 1907, he was promoted to steam shovel crane-man. Soon afterwards he became steamshovel engineer, which position he held until he resigned May 26, 1912, to go into private business. After spending a year on the isthmus, he returned to the states and on Oct. 31, 1907, was married to Miss Mary Paton of North Attleboro, Mass. In the fall he returned to the isthmus with his bride. Two dear little boys bless their union—Clarence Paton, aged 5½, and Jack H., aged 3½ years. In the fall of 1910, while on a vacation to his home in Indiana, he became affiliated with the Masonic order, taking three degrees at this time. Last March he received the 32d degree of Masonry. A brief but intense illness, which began the first day of June, was followed by an operation for gall stones in Dr. Taylor's private hospital in Colon. He never rallied from its effects and died five days later, aged 31 years, 11 months and 17 days. He was an obedient son, a kind and generous brother, a devoted husband, a loving father and a true friend. Besides his wife and boys he leaves a father, mother, sister, brother and a host of relatives and friends to mourn the loss of their dear one. He was a birthright member of the Friends church and was converted at the age of 8 years.

Culver City Club.

The C. C. club meets Thursday with Mrs. George Overmyer.

GOOD TIMES CAUSES

Farmer the Leading Factor in Bringing Prosperity to the Country.

For about a year past we have been having loud complaints of a lack of sufficient prosperity to go around. Eastern folk, and particularly the people in manufacturing districts, have been sitting in a cave of gloom. They have the wealth, have the great newspapers that control public opinion, but they have not been able to bring prosperity. Now that the harvest is approaching, they are looking forward anxiously to the fields and farmers. In so doing they are simply voicing the everlasting truth that the prosperity in this or any other country depends on the creation of values, not in the changing of values from one form to another, or in their distribution, but in the creation from earth and rain and sunshine of new things that have value, which never existed before.

In other words, they are simply voicing the truth that the basis of prosperity in the United States is not in the banks nor the factories nor the exchanges nor even in the mines, but in the farms and crops. They are all agreed now that if they are to come out of the cave of gloom, they must in some way get hold of the farmer's hand and let him pull them out.

Our manufacturing friends have been blaming the tariff for the lack of sufficient prosperity to go around; and the strange thing is that the man they expect to pull them out of the cave of gloom is the man who is hardest hit by the new tariff. In the production of wheat and meats, he is now in free competition with the entire world. He has a little bit of tariff left on his butter, reduction has been made in the tariff on his sugar, with the promise that in a short time it will have no protection at all. Yet this is the man to whom everybody looks for the inauguration of prosperity. He has been hit hard through Argentine corn, Argentine beef, Australian mutton; and yet he is expected to inaugurate an era of prosperity.

We say he has been harder hit than anyone else. Let us give you an illustration: The woolen manufacturers claimed that blue ruin loomed up in front of them because of the reduction in the schedule on woolen clothing; and yet the bureau of commerce is authority for the statement that the importations of woolen goods have increased only about \$7,500,000, while the woolen manufactures produced in the United States during the year amounted to \$500,000,000. After waiting for a few months, the manufacturer finds out that his increase is negligible.

The farmer does not spend much time in wailing when he is hard hit. If the price of corn has been reduced 10 cents a bushel by the introduction of Argentine corn, as is alleged, the farmer simply sows more grass, grows more cattle, and markets his corn in the shape of meat. If 3½ cents is taken off the price of butter by the tariff, he simply produces better butter and gets out of the range of competition with the foreign stuff that is shipped long distances. If eggs from China come in on the Pacific coast, he simply takes a little more care in gathering the eggs and selling them fresh.

The farmer is the true source of prosperity because he has more practical sense in adapting himself to the situation than all other classes put together. If free wool from Australia decreases the price of his wool of a similar character, he simply grows mutton sheep and sells mutton instead of wool, with wool as a by-product. In this ability of the farmer to adapt himself to the situation lies one of the great secrets of success. While politicians and manufacturers are howling about the changes in the tariff, the farmer simply adapts

himself to the situation and goes ahead with his business. If the farmers would stop production, as other classes do, and howl about adversity, we would be in a bad way. It's fortunate that the farmer can't do this, if he would. Perhaps we have been attributing to him a virtue for which he deserves no credit; but the fact remains that, whether from choice or necessity, he keeps right on and thus really conserves prosperity.

We are in a changing world. Every year brings its changes, sometimes affecting us adversely, sometimes favorably; but no good comes from longing for the old days, the old times, and the old ways. These will never return, because this is a world of constant change, and, on the whole, for the better. The thing to do is to adapt ourselves to the situations as they arise, and quit howling calamity. When misfortune comes to the farmer from natural causes, he may growl and complain, possibly from long-time habit or custom, but that doesn't prevent him from keeping up with his work and adapting himself to the situation.

Neither is it any use to complain when loss comes to us through the acts of men or legislatures. The thing to do is to go right along, adapt ourselves to the situation, and meet the future with a smile.—Wallace's Farmer.

Wireless at the Academy.

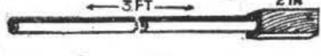
The wireless equipment consists of a permanent set located on the rear balcony of the riding hall and a field set mounted on a specially constructed wagon drawn by four horses.

Among the stations picked up daily by the operators in the riding hall are Arlington, Va., Sayville, N. Y., on Long Island, Cape Cod, and Key West. Of course Chicago and the lake boats are readily picked up. The time is received twice each day from Arlington. The receiving range of the stationary set is probably 1,500 miles. A low power is used for sending and the sending range is from 30 to 40 miles. The sending and receiving range of the field set is about 30 miles.

There are many interesting messages to be heard at the present time. The government regulations for the secrecy of messages, however, makes it unlawful to make public any information received by wireless without proper authority.

To Make a Wooden Maul.

A maul that never comes off the handle may be made by boring a 1½-inch hole in the center of a suitable stick. Cut a mortise in the back as shown in the accompanying illustration.



tion at A and insert the handle which has a square knob at the end on the other side. Fasten a small strip of leather at B. The head of the maul should be about 10 inches in length.—Ethingam Co., Ill. D. T. DeViney.

To Prevent Damage.

Every farmer should have a good roomy yard well built, and sowed to alfalfa or some green foliage for spring use, so that the hen can be controlled during the early crop season, as a very large number will sometimes damage a crop to a very large extent in its early stage.

Are you giving your hogs any roughage? They need it; not much, of course, but some alfalfa or clover hay will give surprising results. Feeding tests have shown that corn meal, alfalfa hay, with a small amount of shorts gave profitable results and produced a good quantity of meat.

There is a successful fox farm on Prince Edward island. Skins in their green condition are valued at from \$200 to \$250 each, one or two reaching \$450.



POPE AND GOOD COWS.

There is a Very Great Difference in the Efficiency of the Animals.

"The Dairy cow may be considered as an animated machine that has for her mission the conversion of feed into milk and butter fat," says Prof. D. H. Otis of the department of animal nutrition of the University of Wisconsin. His studies of a large number of herds and of individual cows shows that there is a great difference in the efficiency of cow machines. One herd may produce from three to five times as much profit per cow as another herd in the same community. In the same herd one good cow not infrequently produces as much profit to the dairy farmer above the cost of feed and care as eight or ten poor cows.

In a comparison Prof. Otis made between two herds of dairy cows in Wisconsin dairy districts, it was found that in one herd the two best dairy cows produced 419 pounds of butter per cow per annum. Comparing the production of the poorest cow with that of the best two in the herd, and averaging the three, the yield of butter per cow was lowered from 419 to 313, a reduction of 106 pounds of butter per cow for the year. In the second herd the average production of the two best cows in the herd was 427 pounds of butter. A comparison of the production of the poorest cow with the two best showed the average yield lowered from 427 to 301 for a cow, a reduction of 126 pounds per cow. In both instances the poor cow reduced the average of the two best cows to the average yield of the entire herd.

The investigation shows that it is possible for a few poor cows in a herd to so reduce the profits realized from the good cows that the entire herd is kept either at a loss, or at but small profit. The depressing influence of poor cows will be eliminated when the dairy farmer keeps records of the production of his individual cows so that he may discover and remove as soon as possible all "star boarders."

Ripening Cream.

It is very essential in cream ripening to agitate the cream frequently to insure uniform ripening. When cream remains undisturbed for some time the fat rises in the same way that it does in milk, though in a less marked degree. The result is that the upper layers are richer than the lower and will sour less rapidly, since the action of the lactic acid germs is greater in thin than in rich cream. This uneven ripening leads to a poor bodied cream. Instead of being smooth and glossy, it will appear coarse and curdy when poured from a dipper. The importance of stirring frequently during ripening should therefore not be underestimated.—Prof. John Michels.

Three scientific men from an Eastern college visited a certain Montana mine. On the ascent by means of the usual bucket one professor thought he perceived signs of weakness in the rope by which the bucket was suspended. "How often," he inquired of the attendant, "do you change these ropes?"

"Every three months," carelessly replied the other. Then he added thoughtfully, "This must have been forgotten. We must change it to-day if we get up.—Christian Register.

To the Public.

I wish to announce that I will do manuring at my home, 2d house south of Evan church. Bertha Hawkins. a514

Post Cards

All Views now

1 Cent Each

The most complete assortment in the town --anything you want.

Some extra big bargains in Cameras to reduce our stock.

Rector's Pharmacy  
The Rexall Store

Removal

I have moved my shop to the Pecher building, just across the street from my old location, and am now prepared to supply all your wants in my lines.

Firstclass work at fair prices always has been and always will be my aim.

Come in and see me.  
**SMITH'S** (The Original)  
**SHOE & HARNESS SHOP** (North of Hardware)

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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 Puzos's Wife," Etc.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### A Shot in the Hills.

The two men sat in the great bare room of the House at Setchevo and watched the ebbing firelight as it played upon the dead man's face and declared the horror of it. Not a sound came to them but that of their heavy breathing. They feared almost to raise a hand lest by any movement the living should be called to avenge the dead. Just as he had fallen, heavily and in anger, so the old Chevalier lay, his face upturned, the slightest eyes still open as though gazing now upon the eternal mysteries. And none knew better than Gavin Ord that death might be their worst enemy, loosing upon them the worst passions of their jailers and forbidding them any longer even to hope.

This he knew, and yet there came no profit of the knowledge. If he feared death, it was for Evelyn's sake. Sitting there by the firelight, waiting in tense doubt for the coming of the dead man's friends, he could recall a picture of Evelyn as first he saw her in the hall of the Manor. How stately she was; with what dignity she had received him! And what an odd mental hallucination he had suffered when he thought to hear her crying to him from the river. But was it altogether an hallucination and did this explanation satisfy? Here, to-night, it seemed that he must die because of his friendship for her. How foolish, then, the call from the unseen world had been if its meaning were so, and his own death had been the subject of the prophecy! That he could not believe. The firm idea that he had been chosen to love and befriend this beautiful girl remained his own even in this momentous hour. He must suffer this to save her—how or by what means he did not pretend to say—nor would he account death as other than a friend if by death salvation came to one who alone among women had taught him to say, "I love."

A wolf howled out and howled upon the hills without and the lingering, doleful cry, taken up by a thousand lifted throats, came upon the silence as the dead man's requiem. Arthur Kenyon shivered when he heard it and beat the fire down as though darkness were preferable to this aureole upon the staring face. When Gavin said "Hush," and bade him listen, he half turned, upon an impulse, toward the dead man as though the dead were about to speak. The terrible strain of that suspense had become insupportable. What mattered it since the end must be the same—sooner or later, to-night or to-morrow, the reckoning and the vengeance? He was young, and life might have much in store for him; but travel had taught him to say "Kismet" and he said it unflinchingly.

"There would be snow on the hills," he cried at last, as though his thoughts were out there upon the lonely mountain road.

Gavin, for answer, gripped him by the arm and forced him to listen.

"Do you not hear?" he cried in a broken whisper; "some one is calling the Chevalier?"

They bent together as though to hear more keenly. In the courtyard without, footsteps could now be heard and a voice crying, "Master, master!" The hour had come then! Here were those who sought them.

"Will you speak to them, Gavin?" "Hush for God's sake—I must think, think—"

"That's a second footstep—can't you hear it? My God, Gavin, what shall we do?"

"Let me think, Arthur, let me think."

He buried his face in his hands and could feel his temples throbbing. For Evelyn's sake, for her—ah, if that miracle of love could but come to pass! To open the gates, to defy the perils of the hills, to pass as in flight by towns, rivers, cities, the abodes of men, the lonely passes, the lights of towns, the storms of seas, to venture all for Evelyn's sake. If it could be that? The voice of reason answered, "Fool, the men are at the door."

He rose excitedly from his chair and gripped his friend by the arm.

"Tap the pavement," he said, "tap as the old Chevalier used to. I must think, Arthur—for God's sake now tap with the stick."

Kenyon obeyed him as a child would have done. He tapped upon the stone floor with the stick but did not speak a word. Gavin had him by the arm now and appeared almost as one in a trance. His eyes were half-closed; he muttered to himself, stretching out his hand and feeling, as it were, for a path which the darkness would disclose to him. And the word upon his lips was "Evelyn"—oft repeated, as though she were near and did not hear him.

"What are you going to do, Gavin?" "To lead you from this house, Arthur—do not speak to me; some one is calling us, Arthur."

He passed out into the bare stone corridor leading to the banquet hall. From the shadows one of the

gypsies appeared with the swiftness of an apparition. He carried a lantern in his hand and lifted it while he spoke.

"Master!" he cried, and then reeled back, the words broken upon his lips. They passed him by, leaving him cowering by the wall; he did not cry after them or raise an alarm. And Gavin went on swiftly, still toward the gate, as though his will would open it.

"No man could cross the hill road to-night," Kenyon said presently. He was thinking that if they passed the gates, their allies would be the wolves. Gavin did not answer him at all this time. He had come to the gate by which you reach the courtyard, and lifting the latch, he went out unquestioned.

"You see," he said, "that fellow has just unlocked it. I knew it must be so, Arthur."

"He has gone to bring the others, Gavin."

"They will not hear him. Or if they come, they will be powerless to harm us, Arthur. It must be so. I hear Evelyn's voice. She would not call me if the gates were shut."

Kenyon knew not what to say. Once or twice before he had known and seen Gavin in such a mood as this, led by unseen hands and speaking with another's voice. Never had he scoffed at it or misunderstood his friend. He took it to be a force within that was beyond his own experience. To-night, at least, it had led them out of the death-chamber to look once more upon the heaven of stars above.

"I will follow wherever you lead, Gavin," he said in a whisper, "only tell me what I must do." We are going to the bridge, Arthur. Tap as the old Chevalier did. I shall cry 'Open!' when we come there. They will let us out and we shall cross the mountains."

The idea in his head remained there ineradicably. Despite the horde of gypsies that was concealed somewhere in the darkened rooms of that weird house, Gavin pushed his way toward the portcullis and demanded that the keeper should open to him. This was the first time he had spoken aloud since he quitted the room where the dead man lay; and instantly at his words the courtyard became alive with the murmur of voices and the sounds of shuffling footsteps.

"Quick, Gavin, they are after us," Kenyon cried, holding his friend's arm and trying to draw him aside to a place of safety.

Gavin would not move, however. Imitating, as well as he could, the voice he had heard so often challenging the keeper of the bridge, he continued to shout, "Open—I wait!" None the less, he knew that armed men were all about him and that any moment might bring them at his throat.

"Open—I wait!"

The gate-keeper, awakened from a heavy sleep, came from the rude watch-tower above the bridge and stood there with a lantern in his hand. Raising it he looked upon the faces of the men, and drew back with hand uplifted.

"Why do you call to me in my master's voice?" he asked.

They could not answer him. A great shouting in the courtyard behind them warned them that the truth was known. The gypsies had discovered the dead man's body and pell-mell they began to swarm about those they believed to be his assassins. Haggard, in the weird light, their figures in phantom shapes, they pressed on, searching every nook and cranny with the naked blade of sword and scimitar, walling their doleful lament and encouraging one another to the pursuit. Nor had Gavin any belief that he could escape them. Called by the peril from the unnatural trance which had fallen upon him, he swung round upon his heel as though to protect his friend whose life he had thus jeopardized; but in his heart he believed that nothing could have them. This was the moment when the uttermost penalty of folly must be paid. It found him ready with a dogged courage, but lacking all ideas except that supreme determination to fight for his life to the end.

"Give me the bludgeon, Arthur—I am the stronger."

"Don't think of that—there's something left in my locker still. Side by side, old chap, unto the end. What luck. We'd have been across the bridge in another ten seconds."

"Some of them are going to remember us anyway. Stand close to me, Arthur—it won't be long now."

Indeed one of the gypsies discovered him as he spoke and with a loud cry to the others made known his news. The horde swept on with the ferocity of wolves. Knives gleaming, eyes bright in the darkness, some voices cursing, some howling in brutish anger, they came pell-mell toward the gate. And then, as suddenly, they halted and a silence as of the dead of night fell upon the house.

Some one upon the mountain road without had fired a rifle. The report of it, echoing in the lonely hills, was like a sharp peal of thunder, rattling from peak to peak with monstrous sounds near by and low rumblings far away. To the gypsies it spoke a message which they alone understood. They stood altogether, shivering and gibbering in the darkness. Their muttered words were unintelligible to Gavin. Beyond the sound of the rifle-shot he could hear nothing—or when the silence was broken again, it was by the tongue of wolves indescribably haunting and long drawn as a dirge of woe.

"There is some one on the mountain road and they are afraid of him," he said quickly to Kenyon.

The idea of profit to come by the truce occurred to him in the same breath; and, crying loudly, again he made the doorkeeper to open.

"Open, open!"

Twenty voices took up the cry. The gypsies vied with each other in shouting the summons. For they understood the signal. The rope was about their own necks, they said. The last chance was to open the gate to their prisoners. When the doorkeeper hesitated, trembling and afraid, they stabbed him to the heart; and he rolled headlong to the foot of the bridge near by which his life had been lived. But Gavin and Arthur Kenyon passed out to the mountain road, and looking down to the valley they perceived the flame of bivouac fires in the wood below; and they understood immediately that cavalry had been sent from Bukharest to their aid and that the hour of their peril had passed.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### Djala.

Evelyn recovered consciousness after that which seemed a very night of evil dreaming, but which was in reality no more than a brief half-hour of insensibility. Greatly weakened by the struggle and the swoon attending it, she lay for some while unable to lift herself upon the bed where they had lain her or to take any notice of the room to which she had been carried. When her strength returned somewhat, and a sudden memory of the circumstances of her visit recurred to her, she sat up immediately, a great fear at her heart and a dread upon her such as she had never suffered before.

What house was it? Who was its owner? What was the meaning of the insult placed upon her? The questions raced through her brain so quickly that she found an answer to none of them. At one time she could almost believe that her own father was privy to the outrage and had led to this desperate course by his detestation of the role she played in London. Rejecting this immediately because of her love for him, she was then tempted to say that Odin relied upon his threats and believed that she would submit to him to save Gavin's life. This appeared the more plausible story. Was not the man from the East a Roumanian with but primitive ideas of a modern civilization and the son of a country wherein women were still little better than the silent victims of men's passions? Perhaps he believed that he could carry her out of England. It might be even that.

She was in a spacious bedroom, furnished, so far as the dim light would permit her to see, in a modern style and with many evidences of later-day luxury. A fresh fire, burning with a light flame in an open grate, cast flashing rays upon darkly-papered walls and the heavy pictures which ornamented them. A sofa had been drawn up before the fire and showed its pattern in the fitful beams; there was an electric chandelier above a dressing-table and a single reading lamp upon a little table by the bedside. Afraid of the darkness in a degree unknown to her, Evelyn tried to find the switch by which the lamp might be lighted; but her cold hands bungled it and, despairing, she rose from the bed and crossed the room toward the heavily-curtained window.

Was escape to be thought of? In sober reason, no; but sober reason says nothing to a woman driven by the supreme dread of wrong and guarding her courage even while she is afraid. Evelyn knew in her own mind that so shrewd and daring a schemer as Count Odin, would leave her no loophole, neglect no precaution, nor spare any insult by which his own safety might be assured. She knew it and yet must go to the window and draw the curtains back and touch the heavy shutters and feel her heart sink when she came to see that they were twice barred and that no woman's hand could open them. Despair alone could have led her to believe that the Count would be so foolish; but despair did not mock her twice and she left the door untried lest she should brand her own intelligence with contempt. Let it be sufficient that she was the prisoner of the house, far from any human aid, alone with her own courage for her friend. She admitted it and sank down upon the sofa, to stretch her hands to the warming blaze, and to breathe that simple prayer to God for aid which is the supreme pathos of womanhood.

The night was silent without the silence of midwinter; the fire blazed as though in enmity to the cold of the early morning hours. Evelyn had no watch, nor did she know what hour it might be. When a distant bell chimed, she caught a faint sound upon the still air, but it told her nothing. And with the passing hours there came upon her a desperation she could not master; a desire to kill this man who had so affronted her, to brave him at whatever cost, even if it were to die at his feet. Etta Romney lived again in this, the Etta of the East, the child of the mountains which knew few laws but those of might. She was her mother's daughter now; the voice of heritage spoke, and she would not still it.

The distant church clock chimed again and she counted three strokes upon its bells. It was three o'clock in the morning then, and another four hours must pass before dawn came. Or would it ever come in that shuttered and curtained room which she must call her prison? Sometimes she could have wished that the Count would throw down the challenge to her and that she might answer him there and then. Suspense as ever tortured her nerves; but in her case also contributed to the victory of reason. For Gavin's sake the evil in her heart must die, she said. She must act not only as a brave woman but as a wise one. Moreover, her true self, beginning to speak, reminded her that that would be an outcry through all London to-morrow, and that such a

man as Count Odin would never face the publicity of it; his one sure weapon was his threat against her lover. At this she cowed and knew that her heart had grown cold again.

Could she, indeed, save Gavin by a word? Had she believed it she would have spoken that word, so greatly did she love. But she did not believe it. Her faith in a brave man's resolution, in his daring and success, remained unshaken. Gavin might even come to this house, she thought; and dreamingly she sat very still by the fireside and listened for the sound of his footsteps. A profound silence followed upon the foolish act. When next she moved it was with agitation and a sudden spasm of fear she could not quell.

She was no longer alone in the room. How she had come to believe herself so she could not even imagine. Out of the darkness a pair of jet black eyes were looking up to her own. The wavering firelight becoming stronger as the coal reddened and burst into brighter flame, showed her the huddled figure of a young girl crouching by the grate and watching her so intently that the very glance seemed a tragedy.

"Djala!" she cried in spite of herself—"Djala, the gypsy girl!"

She knew it was no other and her fear passed with the knowledge. Many a day had she seen this child with the gypsies who had followed the Count to England. That she should be in this house at such a time was the greater mystery. Evelyn knew not whether the omen were good or bad.

"Why do you not speak to me?" she said; "why are you silent?"

The gypsy started up as though the sound of a voice had waked her also from reverie.

"Excellency," she answered, speaking in such broken English that Evelyn caught her meaning with difficulty; "excellency, I wait for my brother and then we will go away."

"Who are you, child—how did you come here?"

"I am Zallony's daughter, excellency—my brother brought me across the sea from my own country."

"Yes, yes, you were in Derbyshire at my father's house. When did you leave there, child?"

"A month ago, excellency. My brother came to London. We had little money and were poor. The Count would follow us, he said. So we waited, but there was no message. Excellency, he should not have treated us so ill, for he was my lover and owes it to me. He should have come to us, excellency . . . and then I would not have told them. God help him now, for my brother will kill him. Yes, I followed him here, but none knew of it. And to-night I told them the truth. Excellency, had you not come here I never would have told them . . . but I have loved him and he has forgotten, and I must go back to my own country alone and ashamed."

She spoke in such a low tone, the childish eyes were so wide open, the heart beating so rapidly beneath the fine lace which covered her breast, that one who knew nothing of her Eastern birth or of all that the love of a man meant to her, might well have believed her story an hysterical fiction and turned from it with just impatience. To Evelyn, however, it spoke of danger as no other word of all that evil night had done. The peril of the house, the vengeance which might fall upon it—the price of the betrayal, her own silence when a word might save a man from the penalty of his sins—this all flashed through her troubled brain and left her with a new sense of helplessness and surpassing dismay.

"How did you come here; how did you enter this room?" she asked quickly.

"Mollnes, my uncle, who brought you here—he keeps the keys, excellency."

"Then he let you in—he knows of your being here?"

"He knows, excellency, and is afraid. We must save the English lady, he said. That is why he sent me to you."

"I must see your uncle at once, Djala. . . . I must tell the Count. What you speak of is a great crime. Let us make them hear us. Oh, my God, we cannot be silent."

"The doubt and suspense of it all became overwhelming, and she stood groping in the dim light for the doorway and beating upon it with both her hands. No one, however, answered her. The little gypsy crouching by the fire seemed afraid to move or to speak. The silence of the house remained unbroken. Evelyn turned away in such despair as seemed to her scarcely human.

"When is your brother coming here?" she asked the child.

Djala answered without looking up. "I do not know, but he will come, excellency . . . and he will speak for me to the Count. Yes, and then—"

The words were stilled upon her lips and she sat up to listen. A sound of men's voices suddenly made itself audible in the room below. The gypsy heard it first and spoke no more of her vengeance.

"That is my brother's voice," she said—and then, realizing what she had done, she caught at Evelyn's dress with both her hands and implored her pity.

"Save him, excellency, for Christ's dear sake, save the man I love," she implored.

"I cannot save him, Djala—I am I not as helpless as you? . . . I cannot save him."

They waited together, hand in hand, listening to the story which the voices told them. Now it would be to the voice of argument, then to that of entreaty, ultimately to the swift interchange of phrase which spoke of anger. When the dialogue ceased, the silence had greater terrors of doubt

than any they had yet suffered. What had happened, then? Why did none come to them? They could but hope that reason had prevailed.

"Let us light a lamp, excellency; I am afraid of the dark."

"I cannot do it, Djala. . . . I cannot find the switch."

"Let us try together, excellency—how your hands tremble! And mine are cold, so cold. Let us try to find the light."

They felt along the wall, gathering courage from their occupation. The main switch was upon the landing outside the door, but they found the plug of the bedside lamp and managed to fix it, getting for their reward a little aureole of light upon the bed and greater shadows upon the further walls. That, however, which pleased them better was a green sliken bell-rope hanging down by the bedside and revealed now by the lamp. Evelyn took the cord in both her hands and pulled it thrice. But no bell rang.

"It is broken, Djala; they did not mean us to ring it—hush—listen—they are talking again—that is the Count's voice . . ."

She caught the child's hand impulsively and drew her to the door as though it would help them to hear the voices more plainly. The controversy below had been resumed suddenly and with a bare preface of civil words. Loud above the other the Count's voice could be heard in threatening expostulation. It ceased upon a haunting cry—lingering, horrible, and to be heard by the imagination long after it had died away.

Djala did not speak when she heard the cry; she seemed as one transfixed by terror, unable to move from the place and afraid to learn the truth. Presently low sobs escaped her; she became hysterical and sank at Evelyn's feet, moaning and trembling.

"They have killed him, excellency . . . oh, my God, my God!"

Evelyn could answer nothing. Stopping, she lifted the fainting girl and laid her upon the bed. While she was not less afraid or distressed than the gypsy, this nearer danger had quickened her faculties and awakened her to action. Once more, though the act seemed folly, she caught at the silken bell-rope and pulled it with all her strength. The answer was a jarring intonation heard clearly in silence. She stood to listen and knew that footsteps were approaching the landing. Then the key turned in the lock and a man, whom she had seen before, a Trizgancy beyond all question, entered without ceremony.

"Lady," he said in broken English, "come with me—you must leave this house."

"I will not go until I know the truth; I cannot leave the child," she said, pointing to Djala.

"There are those who will care for her. As for the truth . . . it is a man's quarrel. They will be friends to-morrow, lady. Obey me and go quickly."

"I will not leave the child," she protested—not knowing whether his story were false or true and fearing greatly. For answer, he took her by the arm menacingly and drew her toward the door.

"Go before ill befalls you. The child is our daughter. Are we of the people who do not care for their own children? Go, lest worse follow! The man will live—I, Mollnes, say it."

The words found her without argument. This child had been with the gypsies at the Manor. What harm would befall her if she remained with them here? And it was no time for woman's pity. The story of the house lay upon her as a heavy shadow. She had the desire to flee far from it; to blot it out of her dreams; to forget its humiliations; to escape its darkness. A voice called her to the way of salvation and she went with the gypsy.

"The carriage will take you as you came," he said; "ask no questions, lady; do not betray us if you value your life and that of another. That which has happened in this house to-night will never be known to the world. Seek not the story, for it is not yours to seek."

She had no rejoinder for him. There were lamps still alight in the hall as they descended the staircase and the door of a room upon the right hand side was a little way open. Evelyn half-believed that she saw the body of a man lying upon the table there as she passed swiftly by; but the door closed immediately and the gypsy hurried her from the house.

"Remember," he said, "be silent . . . It is your only hope, lady."

She shuddered and drew away from him. The electric brougham which had carried her from the theatre now rolled slowly up the drive. She entered it without a word and so was driven swiftly away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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The Gleaners of this section will hold a picnic at Vandavia park on Friday, Aug. 21. There will be good speaking and an abundance of amusements. All arbors are invited. Come and spend a happy day with us. Committee.

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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.

### Great Kraut Factory.

Pierceton now boasts of the biggest sauer kraut factory in the world, and when the season of 1914 is at an end and the kraut gets in its best state of perfection a fellow with a good sniffer ought to be able to sniff the aroma a long way off.

Reid, Murdock & Co. of Chicago, proprietors of the canning factory at Pierceton, have made arrangements for enlarging their business this year, and have erected a number of new buildings, the largest of which is 64x188 and three stories in height. This building is made of cement blocks and will be used as the tank room for the kraut factory. There will be thirty tanks, fourteen feet in diameter and twelve feet in height. Each tank will hold about forty tons of kraut, and if all are filled there will be something like six million pounds of kraut stored there.

The factory handles pickles, corn, peas and tomatoes and will be working to capacity about August 1st. From 100 to 200 people will be employed during the busy season.—Rochester Republican.

### Fire, Fire, Fire.

The question of fire prevention on farms, as everywhere else, is a serious one. Everything is dry as tinder and needs but a tiny spark to start a conflagration that ordinary means cannot stop. Just the other day at a threshing machine one of the men lit his pipe and started right into the thickest of the straw and chaff, stirred up by a gale of wind, and only stopped when told by the owner not to go any farther. The railways are setting fires now with almost every train, so it behooves farmers and everybody else to be sure that no fire is allowed to be set out of doors for any purpose until some rain comes to lessen the danger of it spreading.

### Will be a Light Corn Crop.

So far as this region is concerned we shall have a light corn crop. Too many stalks have no ears and will have none. Good judges are saying that the crop is "cut half in two" already and even copious rains cannot make ears on a stalk that has no "shoot." All of this means that more corn must be saved in a feeding condition, curing it in a fodder stage where there is live stock, or making silage. To do this it must be planned for at once, for if no rain comes the next activity will be to cut the corn up that is to be fed before it gets too dry.

### Prospect for a Long Feed.

There is a prospect for a "long feed" this time sure. A lot of rain must come soon to make any fall pastures, and when they do grow the grass will be soft and lack the fattening element so that all sorts of stock must have a ration of grain or dry feed. Stock will easily get low in flesh, even now, if the owner is not careful to see to it that water and a proper feed are supplied, and that makes it so much harder to winter them satisfactorily. No animal ever does well that goes into winter poor in flesh.

### W. C. T. U.

The W. C. T. U. will meet Aug. 14 at 2:30 at the home of Mrs. E. E. Parker. Mothers are especially expected to attend, as it is a mothers' meeting. The following is a synopsis of the program:

#### Devotional.

Several short papers along the line of the subject of the program, "Character Building," will be read. Symposium.

#### Song.

"Paper, 'Should Sex Hygiene be Taught in our Schools?'"

### Two New Houses.

Raymond Mikesell has begun the construction of a five-room and basement bungalow on his lot north of the Christian church, and hopes to have it ready for occupancy in six weeks.

Walter McNeil, son-in-law of Schuyler Overmyer, has started an 8-room house on the lot he recently purchased of S. C. Shilling.

Old newspapers, any quantity, at the Citizen office.

## LATE WAR BULLETINS

### ENGLAND INVADED.

Berlin, Aug. 12.—The actual invasion of England by Germany has begun. To cover their movements, the troops of the Kaiser have stated that the matter is a joke, and it is believed that the English will be so long in seeing the point that actual landing can be accomplished.

### SUFFRAGETTES IN LINE.

London, Aug. 12.—Mrs. Spankhurts, the suffrage leader, has announced that the suffragettes will support England until the last puff of powder. [Error in transmission; should read "powder puff."]

### VIOLATES NEUTRALITY.

Lisbon, Aug. 12.—The German ambassador, Count Spitzpoodle, was given his passports this morning. He was discovered holding five queens—a breach of court etiquette.

### TOURISTS RELIEVED.

Berlin, Aug. 12.—The acute distress of American tourists stranded at Carlsbad and Smellsbad was relieved today on receipt of advices that all breweries would continue operations for the present.

### NAVAL ENGAGEMENT.

Havre, Aug. 12.—Prince Horsa du Combat, a captain in the French navy, and a daughter of the Minister of Horse Marines, plighted their troth in a row boat in the harbor here this forenoon.

### CHEESE IT!

London, Aug. 12.—The German cruisers Limburger and Smierkase were sighted off the coast at Falmouth this morning in pursuit of the French battle ship Fromage de Brie. The skipper of the latter seems to have gotten in a hole.

### FRENCH VICTORY.

Paris, Aug. 12.—A large body of Germans under Gen. Nemmen von Stein are reported to have been defeated by the French at Faux Pass.

### DIFFICULT CENSUS TAKING

A Delicate Task in Egypt—Discovering Secrets of the Harems. The country for the last few days has been going through a series of questions and answers. It is the period of the decennial census. At home the taking of the census is a comparatively easy matter. Every household has his or her sheet to fill up on a certain night and the collector fetches it on his rounds, and there the matter ends. But in Egypt there are insuperable difficulties in the way of such simple methods.

To begin with as the illiterate class is large, it is manifestly impossible to get the forms filled in, writes a Cairo correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette. So the Government has had to nominate an army of inspectors, who have been going from house to house and have powers to penetrate to the inner apartments in order to obtain full details.

Of course in a number of cases the natives, not understanding the cause, resent this intrusion, and some of the incidents have been most awkward. Moreover, very few of the fellahen really know their ages, their idea of time being fixed by events. Thus one man's reply to the questioner was that he was a boy working in his father's field when Alexandria was bombarded, and another that he remembered seeing the "mauka fransawiya," evidently the Empress Eugenie, at the opening of the Suez Canal.

On the other hand the women, unlike their Western sisters, do not consider age a thing to be ashamed of and unblushingly admit, in some cases, quite ten years more than possibly is their age. The harems have been another obstacle to the completeness of the census, and in many instances the inspectors have had warm quarters of an hour with the surly and unwilling eunuchs who guard those portions of the Easterner's domicile.

Altogether the lot of a census inspector is by no means a happy one, and it cannot be wondered at that many of them fight shy of the job. The task requires no end of tact, patience and persuasive power and, considering the difficulties in the way and the fact that the inspectors are empowered to hale recalcitrant inhabitants before the nearest magistrate or mamour it speaks volumes for the able manner in which the inspectors have tackled their delicate task that very few cases have been reported.

A lot of people never hear opportunity knocking for them, being themselves too busy knocking other people.

When the light of love dyes the home is in darkness.

## A POKEHEIMER TALE

Von ding vot I bet you I always do iss to keep up to date mit der music. Dere is nopody anyvere vot can said der times is behind mine back in der music line.

Der latest improvement mit vot I have improved my music ear iss von dem players piano. Dot sure iss der stuff yet, because der old man he can blay mit on chust so vell as der girls, py cholly. All vot you got to done to blay der blayer piano iss put in der piece of paper vot is full of holes, pump 'er up mit the pedals on, und avay she goes.

Ven I first gets dot piano and sets me down py its front to blay mine vife she comes in der room and tells me for vy I be a musician all dese years and say to her noddings about it, no? But ven she see how I blay, der fan stopped mit a quivick suddenness.

A blayer piano iss sure a funny infention. Anyding mit holes on it you can pud in dot ding and blay. Vonce I brings me down from der stairs up a lace ding vot mine daughter she year. I pud it on der blayer, turn on der power, and ach, such a music. It sounds like der Washington monument iss falling down. Und now I tink I know for vy der boys like dem peek-a-boo dings so vell—dey are so loud, py cholly. Vonce I make me mine own recort, too. But I don't see how dese fellers vot make recorts know vere to punch der holes. I get me a nice piece of paper alretty and drife it full of nice holes, some big, some lettle, und some in der middle. To me it sounds goot, but mine vife she say it sounded just like a classical selection and she vill stand for me playing it not.

Next week Pokeheimer tells about giving his daughter away in matrimony.

### Maimed for Life.

The 7-year old son of Louis Overmyer of Burr Oak was the victim a few days ago of an accident which cripples him for life. He got possession of a dynamite cartridge, which was one of a number that had been used in blowing out stumps, and taking it to the porch of the house exploded it with a stone. The thumb and three fingers of his left hand were blown off below the first joint. Dr. Parker trimmed off the shreds and sewed up the arteries.

### County Teachers' Institute.

The 42d annual session will be held in Plymouth Aug. 24. Competent instructors will conduct the usual branches of study. Thursday is reunion day when all former teachers of Marshall county are invited to be present.

### Another New Home.

John Mitchell of Mitchell & Stabenow has bought a lot next east of Harry Medbourn's in the old Kreuzberger Park. In due time there will be a pretty residence erected in this desirable location.

### POPLAR GROVE.

Mrs. Myrtle Clifton is seriously ill. Everyone is smiling since the rain.

Russell Loser of Fort Wayne is home for a vacation.

The A. E. Wickizers of Kalamazoo are visiting relatives here. Naomi Walker has returned from an extended visit at Tipton.

Forest South attended the Jones reunion at Rochester last Thursday.

The men will meet Wednesday morning at the church to saw wood.

Cleo and Dora Hissong of Ober have been visiting their grandmother, Mrs. Mary Kreighbaum.

The Wickizer family reunion was held Monday at the old home-stead. All of the family came but Roy and Mrs. William Kepler.

The George Souths, Ira Grossmans, Roy Wickizers, Anthony Smiths and Howard Mikesells went to Athens Saturday to attend the Smith-Clifton reunion. It was a big affair, 122 attending.

It was unfortunate that some of the people of the neighborhood were not permitted to hear Rev. Kenrich's sermon Sunday morning. It was worth going a long way to hear.

## HIBBARD

Mrs. E. J. Reed, Correspondent. Ed Lowry lost another horse last week.

H. Day has a very sick child at this writing.

Ice cream social on Wise's lawn next Saturday evening.

Mrs. Snapp spent several days at Monticello visiting her son.

Mr. Snapp is entertaining a sister whom he has not seen for ten years.

Mrs. S. S. Reed and daughter Hazel spent Thursday with Mrs. Charles Cooper.

Mrs. Will Weber and little son of Valley City, Ohio, returned home Sunday after visiting a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Alberts.

Sunday visitors: The Jake Lichtenbergers with the J. M. Livinghouses; Henry Lichtenberger, wife and mother and Lee Freese and wife at Will Hunt's in Culver; the F. M. Scotts at Ray Scott's.

Well, we had the pleasure of taking an auto ride of about 70 miles last Wednesday and was much surprised to see the fine crops of corn, cowpeas, potatoes and onions, and saw but few fields that were affected very badly by the dry weather. By the piles of straw and stubble fields there must have been an immense yield of wheat and oats raised in Starke county this season. We passed large fields of corn whose ears were reaching out across the rows as if to shake glad hands with their neighbors. We have a very warm spot in our heart for old Starke as we were raised in one corner of it.

## WASHINGTON

Eva Jones, Correspondent. John Kline and family picnicked at the lake Sunday.

Several people attended quarterly meeting at Washington.

Mrs. Minnie Jones Miller and girls are visiting with J. Jones.

Mrs. John Church of Kansas City, Kans., and Mr. and Mrs. Ed Gill of Grass Creek visited at B. D. Krouse's last week.

Arley Jones and family of Argos, Edgar Jones of Ohio and Mrs. Winnie Babcock of Rochester visited Tuesday with their uncle, J. Jones.

Sunday visitors: Anna Kline with May Jones; Don Parker and wife at B. D. Krouse's; Mrs. W. J. Curtis and girls and the Alvin Joneses at George Van Schoick's; Hiram Shilling and family of Knox at Marion Jones's.

—A. L. Warner has sold a lot north of his house to Ralph Cook, chauffeur for the Palmer House.

### Methodist Episcopal Church.

There are some exceedingly important matters to come before the membership of this church and congregation in the next few weeks. The success of the church in the coming year depends largely on the interest and loyalty manifested on the part of our members and friends during the remaining days of our conference year. The first of a series of sermons to be preached on "The Call to Advance" will be delivered by the pastor next Sunday morning. Can you not find the willingness to attend your church next Sunday morning and be one that is really interested in its future advance? The Epworth league will have charge of the young people's devotional meeting at 7 o'clock, topic, Confessing Christ Away from Home, leader, Miss Jennie Keen. May we not expect all the membership of the league, Y.P.A. and Y.P.S.C.E. and these who belong to neither of these organizations to be present? The meeting will be held in the auditorium of the church and will close in plenty of time for the union meeting at the Christian church or wherever it may be held. Since the drouth and heated season is somewhat broken and we as a people are not involved in terrible bloodshed, as others are, let us show our gratitude for these inestimable blessings by devoting a little more attention to the worship of Almighty God. Sunday school at 10 and midweek prayer and bible study Thursday evening. You are welcome.

J. F. Kenrich, Pastor.

Sale bills printed at the Citizen.

## MAXINKUCKEE

Mrs. G. M. Woolley, Correspondent. Mr. and Mrs. Milizer spent Monday with their daughter, Mrs. Babcock.

Mrs. Richardson and daughter Josephine were Thursday afternoon guests of Mrs. Geo. Woolley.

Mr. Truex and Miss Tauex spent Saturday with their brother and sister. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Woolley.

Mr. and Mrs. Babcock and daughter Gail spent Saturday and Sunday with the Babcocks of Rochester and the Milizers of Leiters.

Mrs. Gerard of Ohio, Mary Karn of Mexico, May Leedy of Macy, and Mrs. Elsie Perkins are visiting at S. C. Norris' and G. L. Woolley's.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Garver, Luke Rector, N. W. Rector and family, and Mr. and Mrs. Dow Rector spent Thursday at Frank and Arthur Parker's.

Sunday visitors: Mr. South and family, Frank Foltz and family, Adam and Peter Edinger, A. E. Edinger and family, Guy Stevens and family, Ray and Roscoe Stevens, and Mrs. Ross Stevens and daughters at Dr. Stevens'; Nola and Ethel Mutchel at Nellie and May Whitaker's; Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Norris and son, Mrs. Gerard, Mary Karn, May Leedy, Mrs. Elsie Perkins and sons and Trella and Willie Truex at G. Woolley's.

## MOUNT HOPE

Miss Ethel Edgington, Correspondent. Isaac Thompson and family attended the Clifton reunion at Akron Saturday.

Mrs. Jay Boyce and daughters of Laporte are visiting the former's parents for a few weeks.

Guy Davis, who has been attending Normal school at Terre Haute, returned home Friday.

Ethel Edgington spent several days last week with her sister, Mrs. W. H. Heeter, at Delong.

Sunday visitors: Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Edgington at Mrs. Mary Edgington's who is seriously ill; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cook at Thomas Trimble's.

### Methodist Ladies' Aid.

The M. E. Ladies' Aid will meet with Mrs. A. L. Porter on Wednesday, Aug. 19.

### Card of Thanks.

Mrs. T. Strom wishes to thank the academy authorities, all those who took part in or assisted in giving the benefit concert, and all of those who bought tickets. Such help is gratefully appreciated.

MRS. T. STROM.

### Reduction for Cash.

For the remainder of August we will a Cash price of \$7.75 on \$8 hard coal, and \$8 on \$8 25 coal.

Culver City Grain & Coal Co. New Phone No. 248.

## The Old Elevator.

We are now running the old-established elevator and paying the highest market prices for grain. We also handle flour and feed.

Culver City Grain & Coal Co. New Phone No. 248.

## Expenditures and Levies for 1914.

The Trustee of Union township, Marshall county, Ind., proposes for the yearly expenditures and tax levies by the Advisory Board at its annual meeting, to be held at the Trustee's office in Culver on the first day of September, 1914, at 8 o'clock p. m., the following estimates and amounts for said year:

1. Township expenditures, \$—, and township tax, 8 cents on the hundred dollars.
2. Local tuition expenditures, \$—, and tax, 25 cents on the hundred dollars.
3. Special school tax expenditures, \$—, and tax, 20 cents on the hundred dollars.
4. Road tax expenditures, \$—, and tax, 25 cents on the hundred dollars.
5. Additional road tax expenditures, \$—, and tax, 5 cents on the hundred dollars.
6. Poor expenditures for preceding year, \$— and tax, 1 cent on the hundred dollars.

Total expenditures, \$—, and total tax, 84 cents on the hundred dollars.

Signed, W. S. EASTERDAY, Trustee. Dated August 10, 1914.

## CULVER MARKETS

Wheat	85
Corn, per bu., new	80
Oats, assorted	40
Rye	65
Clover seed	—
Cow peas	—
Eggs (fresh)	.20
Butter (good)	.22
do (common)	.17
Spring chickens	14@16
Fowls	.11
Leghorn chickens	.08
Roosters	.05
Ducks, old	.08
Geese	.08
Turkeys	.14
Lard	.12 1/2



What is the difference between a locomotive and the temperance movement? One toots to stop the train, the other strains to stop the toot!

## Toot! Toot!

Stop your autos, motorcycles, aeroplanes, carriages, buggies, wagons, footsteps, at our station for the best Fresh Beef, Mutton, Pork and Lamb, Smoked and Salt Meats, Sausage and Ham.

## Culver Meat Market

THE HOME OF GOOD CLOTHES	<b>MITCHELL &amp; STABENOW</b>	FURNISHINGS HATS AND SHOES
CULVER : : INDIANA		

# ANY MAN'S SUIT

ALSO ANY YOUNG MAN'S SUIT  
From Our Large and Varied Stock

## AT 20 PER CENT OFF

Including Black and Blue—None Reserved

The opportunity is now afforded you to choose any suit you desire in our entire stock at 20% off the already low marked price. The selection consists of this season's latest styles. This great offer is for the purpose of clearing every suit possible before inventory. Come early and have the first pick.

Every suit now \$5.00 less 20%	\$4.00
Every suit now \$7.50 less 20%	\$6.00
Every suit now \$10.00 less 20%	\$8.00
Every suit now \$15.00 less 20%	\$12.00
Every suit now \$20.00 less 20%	\$16.00