

CHURCH IS
DEDICATED

The work on the Maxinkuckee Methodist Protestant church being finished at a cost in cash and labor of \$1,610, it was dedicated on Sunday. The service began on Saturday evening and consisted of special music and sermon. On Sunday at 10 o'clock a fine congregation assembled. Rev. A. L. Vermillion, pastor, conducted the services. A fine program of special music and scripture reading was given, the following ministers taking part: Revs. W. W. Lineberry, D. D., J. W. Albright, S. C. Norris and A. L. Vermillion. A solo was sung by Miss English.

The dedicatory sermon, which was a most excellent discourse, was delivered by Dr. Lineberry, president of the Indiana conference. The trustees announced the building was clear of debt. The church was then formally dedicated unto the Lord by Dr. Lineberry of Elkhart.

Shrinkage of Corn.

One who has been watching the Chicago markets for the last five years will find that they show an average increase of 6.3 cents per bushel for corn sold in May over that sold in December. Now the question comes to the farmer who has large or even small quantities of corn to sell, will it pay me to hold my corn over until spring or had I better sell it now?

With this thought in view several experiments have been conducted to determine the shrinkage of corn in the crib under the average conditions, and all have led to the conclusion and all have shrunk from 12 per cent to 20 per cent of the original weight. This means that it would require from 4.9 cents to 8.6 cents increase per bushel to cover the loss from shrinkage.

Some experimenters say a 10 and 12-cent increase will not cover loss of shrinkage and other waste.

Then it might be concluded by taking into consideration the extra time, labor and money required to market the corn in the spring, that it would not be profitable to hold corn over until spring for the extra 6 or 12 cents increase in price at that time.

As very few marked conclusions are quoted along this subject it is hard to draw conclusions only in a general way. W. R. ZECHIEL.

Y. P. A. Rally Closes.

The annual rally of the Young People's alliance came to a successful close last Friday evening. The entire week was one of inspiration and each evening was well attended in spite of adverse weather conditions.

The programs given by the Epworth league of the M. E. church and the Christian Endeavor of the Reformed church were well rendered and fully appreciated.

Ralph E. Browns delighted his audience on Wednesday evening. Mr. Browns is an accomplished lecturer and entertainer and never fails to please wherever he appears.

The final evening was to have been given by the Lake Bruce Y. P. A., but unfortunately it was impossible for the society to come. However, they sent an efficient substitute in their pastor, Rev. C. H. Schlemer, who gave a very able address upon the young people's movements.

Campaigners are Coming.

On Wednesday evening of this week the prohibition campaign automobile will be here, and on Thursday the republican candidates of Marshall county are scheduled to arrive at 9 o'clock a. m. in automobiles. Besides the local men there will be in the party A. J. Hickey of Laporte, candidate for congress, Ed Jackson, candidate for secretary of state, and the Hon. James E. Watson.

NOTES FROM THE ACADEMY

Record of the Past Week's Work and Pastimes at the School.

The first of the Friday afternoon chapel programs to be given by the companies was offered to the battalion last week by A and B companies. They chose to debate the question of the desirability of labor unions as conducted in the United States. One representative of each company presented the question in five-minute talks and the debate was then thrown open to all members of the interested companies.

Against the heavy team of Notre Dame freshmen the academy eleven made a strong fight last Saturday and the score of 12-0 for the visitors is only evidence of the work done against the collegians. The visitors excelled in using the forward pass and were able to make many substantial gains by its use. In Culver's playing the work of Spafford and McLean stood out prominent both on offense and defense. On next Saturday the cadets meet the Winona "Aggies."

Company contests on the gridiron furnish some of the keenest competition of the fall term and this rivalry is now in full swing. On Monday three games were played in the inter-company series. As a result of the triangular contest B company took A into camp with a 14-0 score; the band went after E company and made the long end of a 20-0 score; A company displayed its mettle by defeating C company with a score of 19-0.

Captain Elliott and his mother made a motor trip to Chicago Heights Saturday afternoon.

Word has been received from Colonel Gignilliat announcing his arrival in Georgia.

Captain and Mrs. Hunt spent Sunday in Indianapolis.

Mrs. Bowles of Bloomington was the guest of Captain and Mrs. Rossow last week. On Friday Mrs. Rossow entertained at bridge in her honor.

Fetters Reunion.

The Fetters reunion was held at the home of Mrs. Nellie Castleman on Sunday, Oct. 18, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John Fetters, who are here visiting from Beaver City, Neb. The family was well represented, 65 people being present. A delicious dinner of fried and roasted chicken, potatoes, coleslaw, cakes, pies and many other good things was served after which a program of singing, prayer and remarks by different members of the family was given. Then came a dime shower for John Fetters, as Oct. 19 was his 71st birthday. Then all joined in singing "Blest be the Tie that Binds." Officers elected for the coming year were as follows: John Fetters of Beaver City, Neb., president; Ben Fetters of Plymouth, vice-president; Miss Ethel Fetters of Lucerne, secretary. A committee was appointed to choose a place and time for a meeting next year. Then all returned to their homes, feeling they had spent a pleasant time together.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

Joint Institute.

The schools of Center, West, Polk and Union townships held a joint institute in Plymouth Saturday at the Library. Supt. Steinebach, with the four township trustees, were present. The Inwood consolidated schools gave a demonstration of their work. Lester Young of Culver read a paper on "History in the Grades."

The teachers report a large attendance and the day was filled with work.

Big Crowds at Fair.

The Mirror says that 25,000 people visited Bourbon during the fair. The autos assembled represented \$900,000. There were 983 autos within the infield Thursday, and those without distributed about town increased the number to 1,500. There were 1,300 people in the grand stand.

THE WEEK
IN CULVERLittle Items of Local Happenings of
Interest to People in Town
and Country

—Well, darn that clock!
—On Oct. 21 and 22 last year there was snow.

—Mel Osborn's 4-year old daughter has diphtheria.

—Will Osborn has sold his Ford to Robinson, the baker.

—J. W. ("Bill") Riggins has been appointed a notary public.

—A dollar kept in this town is worth two across the county line.

—The County board of Education will meet at Culver next Monday.

—It is definitely stated that the Vandalia will change time on Nov. 1.

—The assistant postmastership of the Culver office has been transferred from C. D. Behmer to Lester Rockhill.

—Beginning last Monday the Knox stores will close every evening at 6 o'clock except on Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

—A marriage license was issued Saturday to Ralph D. Pierson and Blanche A. Dickerson, both giving their residence as Culver.

—Supt. Campbell of the Vandalia and Mr. and Mrs. Lenon caught 175 perch Saturday afternoon on the bar opposite the Palmer House.

—Street grades in the Dillon & Medbourn were taken by the surveyor yesterday, preparatory to taking the addition into the corporation.

—The ladies of the M. E. Missionary society are doing some lively hustling this week preparing for the district convention next Monday and Tuesday.

—The largest potatoes shown us this year come from Arthur Zechiel. They are Rural New Yorkers, three of which weigh 5 pounds and 5 ounces, the largest weighing 2 pounds. Mr. Zechiel planted one bushel and harvested 25.

—The vacancy for justice of peace on the republican ticket has been filled by Township Chairman W. S. Easterday, who has named Henry Lichtenberger of Hibbard for the place. This action is in pursuance of a motion carried at the township republican convention.

—Purchis Blanchard sends us a copy of the Lomax Herald, from which we learn that Lomax is not yet ready to be wiped off the map. Town company bonds to the amount of \$50,000 have been paid off, 25-year options on over 3,000 acres of townsite land have been renewed, a large foundry is being built, and a switch track to the C. B. & Q. and the T. P. & W. railroads is being constructed.

The Missionary Convention.

The convention of the South Bend district missionary societies of the M. E. church will be held in Culver next Monday and Tuesday in the M. E. church. There will be sessions on Monday afternoon and evening and Tuesday forenoon and afternoon. Reports from South Bend and Rochester will be features of the program. On Monday evening Miss Strawick, a returned missionary, will speak and there will be good singing. Everybody heartily invited.

The County Fair.

About 30 citizens of Plymouth met last week Wednesday evening and discussed informally the proposition to revive a county fair. The sentiment was wholly in favor of the proposition, and it was declared that if a county fair is to be re-established it should be first class in every particular. A committee was appointed to ascertain the cost of grounds and buildings. The members of the committee are U. S. Lemert, Dr. Danforth, Arthur O'Keefe, A. M. Cleveland, and L. J. Hess.

PERSONAL
POINTERSBrief Mention of Culverites and
Their Friends Who Have
Come and Gone

Mrs. Earl Working is visiting in Kewanna.

Herbert Boblett returned Monday from a business trip to Indianapolis.

Mrs. Kate Edwards is visiting Mrs. Julia Work at Brightside, Plymouth.

Miss Louise Mitchell of Chicago was an over Sunday guest of her brother John.

Captain and Mrs. Crook are spending the week in Chicago with Mrs. Crook's daughter.

John Stamm of Lake Bruce and daughter May visited H. E. Adams' Friday and Saturday.

Ray Marshall and family went to Fostoria, Ohio, Sunday to visit a few days with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Bradley have been visiting their daughter in South Bend during the past week.

Mrs. Slattery and Ramona returned Monday from a three weeks' visit in Chicago and Benton Harbor.

Clarence Behmer of the postoffice is taking advantage of his 15-days' vacation to install a furnace in his house.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Williamson and daughter are spending the week in Auburn, with Mr. Williamson's parents.

The A. F. Potts cottage on the East side was closed Sunday, the family returning to their home in Indianapolis.

Mrs. Ray Smith arrived Saturday from Douglas, Alaska, to join her husband who has been here for several months.

Albert Wiesjohn and wife of Hanna drove over in their car last Wednesday to visit Mr. Wiesjohn's cousin, Mrs. H. E. Adams.

Quartermaster Hand and Steward Boblett are in Michigan looking after the academy's annual supply of potatoes, which amounts to several carloads.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Barnet of Logansport spent several days of their honeymoon the first of the week with Mr. and Mrs. Sam Medbourn at their cottage.

John Murphy of Ashland, Ohio, visited his brother Tom west of town a few days last week while on his vacation. He is boss over a gas-line gang at Ashland.

J. M. Waldorf, who with his family has been spending a few weeks at the cottage near the Palmer House, closed his place Sunday and returned to South Bend.

Word comes from H. E. Adams, who has been in the hospital of the Soldiers' Home at Marion, that he is no better. Mrs. Adams expects to go down to see him Saturday.

Martin Heminger went to Indianapolis Monday evening where he is in attendance at a three day session of the grand lodge of the Red Men as delegate from the local council.

Mr. and Mrs. Urias Menser, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Smith and Deane Walker went to Tiffin, Ohio, Sunday to spend the day with Cecil Smith, Rex Mawhorter and Clarence Menser at Heidelberg university.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Blanchard and son Earl entertained as guests at dinner Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Lucas Duddleson and son Norman, Mr. and Mrs. Claude May and daughter Eva; also John Murphy of Ashland, Ohio, Chas. Murphy of Lucerne, Ind., both being uncles of Mrs. Blanchard.

Recently W. E. Hand received word from Berkeley, Cal., that his sister, Mrs. Culver-Bell, was almost at the point of death with a dropsical and heart affection. This was followed some days later by the welcome news that the patient was considerably better and was able to sit up and be moved in a wheel chair.

THE WEEK IN OUR SCHOOLS

Items of Interest Concerning the
Faculty and Students.

Arrangements have been made to use the Bradley room, the old bowling alley, this season for a basket ball hall. The association takes possession of the hall Nov. 1, and thenceforth all games will be played in the new location. The new hall is as large as the old hall for basket ball and will seat a greater crowd of people, is a convenient place and can easily be heated. The building will be wired for electric lights next week. There is every prospect for a good team this year.

All the school has been testing the joy of fire drills. The students have been able to pass out of the building in one minute and a half. It is hoped, however, to reduce the time to one minute, which seems a reasonable time.

The sophs defeated the freshmen in basket ball Tuesday by a score of 14 to 12.

Don't forget the pie social Friday evening at 8 o'clock in the Bradley hall. Everyone is welcome. Each girl is requested to bring a pie.

Matrimonial.

At noon, Oct. 14, 1914, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Edgington of Delong, Dr. Elmer C. Leininger of Chicago and Miss Myrtle M. Edgington of Delong were united in holy wedlock, Rev. Thomas Whittaker officiating. After the ceremony a bountiful three-course dinner was served to 28 guests. The afternoon was spent in social visiting, making new and renewing old acquaintances. The groom is a physician of some note, having a large practice in Chicago. The bride is a very estimable young lady, by profession a trained nurse, having graduated with honors from one of the best schools in Chicago.

Dr. and Mrs. Leininger will be at home to their many friends at 39 East Ohio street, Chicago, where their home is already furnished. Their many friends will join us in wishing them a happy voyage over the matrimonial sea.

A Good Character.

Someone has advanced the opinion that the letter "e" is the most unfortunate character in the English alphabet, because it is always out of cash, forever in debt, never out of danger and in hell all the time. For some reason, he overlooked the fortunes of the letter, so we call his attention to the fact "e" is never in war and always in peace. It is the beginning of existence, the commencement of ease and the end of trouble. Without it there would be no meat, no life and no heaven. It is the center of honesty, makes love perfect and without it there could be no editors, devils nor news.—Ex.

MAXINKUCKEE

Mrs. G. M. Woolley, Correspondent.

Mrs. Eliza Fear is visiting her daughter, Mrs. F. Thompson.

Mr. Davis and family of Mt. Hope were guests of Thomas Bigley.

Mrs. Annie Norris visited relatives in Denver and Peru from Friday till Sunday evening.

Mrs. Ray Stevens and sons Frank and Cecil of Hammond are visiting at Dr. Stevens.

Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Cline attended the dedication and took dinner with Mrs. Wm. VanSchoiaek.

Mollie Gibbons of Santa Anna visited over Sunday with Mrs. Hissong and attended the dedication services.

Sunday visitors: Forest Shaw, Noland and Roth Cline of Culver at Frank South's; Mrs. P. R. McLane at Fred Thompson's.

Mrs. Bertha Allarding and Miss Fannie Walsh went to Boone Grove Saturday to visit the families of Guy Stevens and Alva Edinger.

The stork visited the homes of George Andrews and Ernest Benedict on Friday and Monday, leaving a girl for the former and a boy for the latter.

INSPECTING
LIBRARIES

John P. Walter, Dr. Parker, Rev. Michael, W. S. Easterday and A. B. Holt went to Kewanna Monday in Mr. Walter's Apperson to inspect the new Carnegie library building which has just been completed. It is a handsome structure, 40x60, constructed of mottled brick, with red tile roof, and includes a public comfort station, rest room and auditorium. It is steam heated. It was erected at a cost of \$9,000. Though a little smaller than Culver would like to build, it is in the main a good model for us to follow. Certainly it is an improvement of which the people of the town and township have every reason to feel proud.

The party also visited Rochester and was shown through the Carnegie building there.

President Parker of the Culver-Union Township Library board announced the following committees at a meeting of the board Monday night:

Building and Grounds—E. E. Parker, chairman, ex-officio; John P. Walter, Mrs. I. G. Fisher.

Finance—Dr. N. S. Norris, W. S. Easterday, Mrs. W. O. Osborn, ex-officio.

Book—Rev. A. J. Michael, A. B. Holt, Edna Stahl.

Concerning the Road.

County Commissioner Newman says that the Citizen was wrongly informed in the statement that the commissioners had agreed to carry out the road specifications in full as the result of a conference with the road association committee. He states that the commissioners took the demands of the committee under advisement. The Citizen has no desire nor intention to misrepresent either side, nor does it mean to complicate matters or add fuel to the controversy. Therefore, with this statement, we shall let the matter rest where it is, believing that all parties wish to see the right thing done.

Ransbottom Has Big Sale.

The sale of real and personal property belonging to Lee M. Ransbottom at Ober, Wednesday and Thursday drew large crowds both days. On the first day the land was sold. The 200 acre farm was sold to Geo. Harkins at \$45.45 per acre. Steve Aker bought the 23 acre tract at Ober at \$151 per acre and W. W. Osborn the 40 acre tract at \$80. The store building brought \$1,500, the residence \$1,500 and the Cocher 20 acre tract \$1,500. The personal property amounted to \$4,700. The stock of goods will be sold at invoice. Mr. and Mrs. Ransbottom expect to make their home at Dowagiac, Mich.—Knox Republican.

Editor Boys in Hospital.

Editor S. E. Boys of Plymouth was hurried to the hospital in Plymouth Saturday suffering from an attack of appendicitis. The operation revealed a very serious condition and a delay of a few hours would have probably been fatal. Mr. Boys stood the operation well and is doing as well as could be hoped. Those in charge are hopeful of his recovery. He will be in the hospital for several weeks.

Welcome, Little Strangers.

Oct. 19, to Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Low, a boy.
Oct. 19, to Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Polen, a girl.
Oct. 19, to Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Koontz, Parsons, Kansas, twin boys.
Oct. 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Beck, a girl.

Seriously Sick.

Eli Mock of this place was taken sick while staying over night at his daughter, Mrs. William Joseph's, on his way to Knox. His condition is regarded as critical.

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

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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

John Jones Jan 14

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, IND., OCTOBER 22, 1914.

When a baseball player can bank \$44,000 for one year's services, as Johnny Evers of the Boston did, there seems to be some excuse for making athletics prominent in our schools. However, Johnny had some brains to go along with his brawn.

It is a profanation of the great and sacred function of prayer to ask for peace and happiness and continue the habits and practices which make peace and happiness impossible. There is a legal maxim that he who comes into a court of equity must come with clean hands; it is a kind of blasphemy to ask for peace unless we make every effort to put hatred and greed out of the world.—The Outlook.

Real Estate Transfers.

U Lidgard to M Thompson, in sec 6, M r 1, North, \$3000.

Bertha Jones and Thos Houghton to W S Easterday, trustee, 1/4 in sec 33, Union, \$300.

W W and Harry Parsons to B and L Ott, lot 14, Sea Beach Place, Lake Maxinkuckee, \$57.50.

Mary Geiselman to Cora Riggins, qcd to pt of outlot 4, Vandalia add, Culver, \$1.

Matilda Carleson to H Gustafson, in sec 3, West, \$2250.

M Bottorff to J Washburn, in sec 7, Center, \$3400.

L Burger to W Shafer, 40a in sec 28, Center, \$2500.

H Inks to F Neidlinger, 40a in sec 6 and 30a in sec 31, North, \$5000.

Sweet Clover a Valuable Crop.

F. C. Grannis, county adviser of Will county, Ill., is receiving many inquiries from all over the state regarding sweet clover seed crops.

Sweet clover is far more valuable than alfalfa. It takes 20 pounds of sweet clover to one acre. Two tons of hay can be cut from each acre as a rule. One acre will produce 820 pounds of sweet clover seed, which, at 25 cents per pound, will net \$204. Mr. Grannis advocates, though, that the land first be treated to limestone and the seed inoculated.

Winter Will be Mild.

According to the goosebone prognostication, which a well-known Judson man says he has hardly ever known to fail, the coming winter will be a very mild one. He says that the bone this year shows but one cold snap and that will be the latter part of the winter. Our weather prophet says the slime on the fish is not so heavy and the ears of corn are not so thickly wrapped as they would be if the weather was to be cold.—North Judson News.

Honk! Honk!

It is coming—the prohibition campaign automobile. Speeches and songs. At Culver Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 7:30 p. m.

Notice To Taxpayers.

Those wishing to pay their taxes at home will please order their receipts at once and avoid the last day rush. Exchange Bank. t3.

\$100 Reward.

For the conviction of any person found guilty of maliciously breaking high tension insulators of the Plymouth Electric Light & Power Co.

Money to Loan.

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

HIGH COST OF LIVING

Reasons for the Great Increase in Price of Food-stuffs and Some Remedies Therefor.

Had there been no war, the price of living would have advanced because of the natural increase of our own population and the large immigration of foreign people. This immigration will now cease for a time and possibly for a good while; but our natural increase will go on about as usual. The war will undoubtedly increase the cost of living. The increase has not been felt much as yet in the corn belt, except on sugar, flour, beans and the table luxuries. There are merchants who have endeavored to put up prices, but public sentiment is so strongly set against it that we do not look for any great increase in the cost of living on the part of the great mass of the people on account of the war; but it will come by and by, and gradually.

One thing seems certain, that grains will advance in price. There will be an immense demand. Fortunately, in the case of wheat, we are able to satisfy it, but it will undoubtedly increase the price of flour. Meats are bound to be high, and would have been even if there had been no war, and for reasons which we have given over and over again.

Up to ten or fifteen years ago, we were living ridiculously cheap, for the reason that there were great sections in this country, and in Australia, and in South America, where cattle could be pastured without expense. Even in the farming sections they could be grown on land comparatively low priced, when a cow could usually be kept for the chance of a calf.

All that is passing, and is in fact past. Hereafter live stock must be grown on land in which the farmer has a heavy investment, whether that be in actual cash or in the growth of values as the amount of free land decreases. Hence we must figure on high priced meats and high priced grains. We have wasted so much of our fertility by bad farming that in any event we should have had to meet this increase in prices.

We do not know how long the war will continue, but it looks as though it could not cease until there is a new map of Europe. Humanly speaking, England is in a position to prolong the war as long as she likes, for she has command of the seas, and command of the seas means command of the food of all countries.

In view of this condition of things, for which America is in no way responsible, and the result of which no man can foresee, it is time for us to plan to minimize the cost of living as much as possible. The farmers of the United States, and particularly of the corn belt, are in a better position than those in any other part of the world of which we have any knowledge; but even they will feel the pressure of the high cost of living.

What can be done about it? It seems to us the time has come when farmers, especially in the West, should go back to the healthy and homely practice of curing their own pork. The farmers' consumption of pork has a very large effect on the market. If to save himself the labor and the trouble of learning how to cure pork, he will continue to send his hogs to Chicago, and buy back his bacon and hams, paying two freights and from three to five profits and commissions, he must not growl about the high costs of living. In fact, it seems to us that it is the duty of farmers to bear this burden and thus help the people who do not and can not grow pork.

Another branch of farm industry might be increased to a certain extent with great benefit to the public and to the farmers themselves. We mean the poultry industry. There is not a farm in our territory that can not, without any additional expense worth mentioning, double the number of chickens, ducks and geese it is now raising. The waste of the farm will go far to support

them, and prices of eggs and poultry are bound to be very high. The foreign supply is entirely cut off, and what they have would be consumed at home, even if transportation were not impossible.

Again, as intimated in a recent article, there is large opportunity for cutting down expenses by co-operative buying as well as selling. Our system of distribution was beginning to break down even before this war in Europe. It was inordinately expensive. Other countries have long since learned how to cut down expenses. The comparatively low cost of living in England, France and Germany was largely due to the co-operative enterprises, of the number and growth of which we in this country have no conception. As the cost of living increases, men will seek more earnestly for a short and straight road between producer and consumer, and those who are engaged in distribution will need to do some careful studying, or they may get into trouble.

Another way of cutting down the cost of living, and this is applicable alike to the farmer and to the townsman, is that of paying cash. Many merchants have greatly encouraged the system of credit, knowing very well that both the farmer's wife and the townsman's wife will buy more if they can have it charged than if they have to pay cash for each purchase. Many of the big mercantile establishments, such as the department stores in the cities, have studiously encouraged a credit system, knowing this fact. Some of them are likely to be in trouble now, especially in the larger cities, because men who had credit three months ago may not have credit now. Merchants have encouraged credit, knowing all the time that there would be losses. These losses are made good by charging a higher price to the general public, wherever it can be done. There is no necessity for the farmer having goods charged, unless it be for a short time, thirty days at the most. If farmers will pay cash for whatever they buy, they will greatly reduce their own expenses, and at the same time contribute to the welfare of the general public.

Some of our readers may think all this far-fetched; but please make a note of it, and see whether time will not prove us right in this. If we are right, then the sooner we begin to prepare for it, the better. We do not look for any panic, nor for any great period of disaster, especially among farmers; but everyone must know that the vast destruction going on in Europe, and the urgent need of both warring and neutral nations for food, must create an immense demand. Everything that can be exported at a profit will make a great increase in the value of everything that men eat, drink and wear, especially after the lines of communication have been fully opened and financial arrangements made by which our goods can be paid for before shipment. This will be done. Let us look to the future without fear, and take such wise precautions as may be necessary for our own good as farmers, and for the good of the entire nation.—Wallace's Farmer.

The Return.

What is the Man doing? He is picking up 47 Newspapers from the Floor, sweeping out 1 quart and 1 pint of Cigar Ashes, and removing the impression of Feet from the Best Sofa Cushions.

Why is the Man doing These Things?

Because Friend Wife will return tonight. She has been gone three weeks.

Will Friend Wife be pleased with what the Man has done?

No. She will say, "Good gracious, John! how could you let things get so dusty?"

Sale bills printed at the Citizen.

ANCIENT COUNTERFEITS

Phoney Money Popular in the Golden Days of Charles I.

It is difficult to think of counterfeiters in connection with the golden days of Charles I, but a recent discovery of old coins in the well which is being excavated in the ruins of Scarborough Castle, England, seems to prove that they not only existed at that time but were frequently in danger from the officers of the law.

The find in question consisted of a large mass of copper or brass strips, together with a number of imperfectly struck coins. The discovery took place at a distance of 130 feet from the surface of the ground.

H. A. Grueber, the keeper of the coins at the British Museum to whom a portion of the find was sent, pronounced them to be incomplete farthings of the reign of Charles I. issued between 1626 and 1630. It appears that the right to issue these coins was granted by King Charles to the Dowager Duchess of Richmond and Sir Francis Crane, who no doubt made a considerable profit on the monopoly. The result of this monopoly seems to have been that extensive forgeries took place, and the British Museum's expert is of opinion that the coins found during the excavations at Scarborough Castle are forgeries struck at the time, and that in all probability they were thrown down the well to escape detection.

DISEASE IN SPRAY

Air Drift From Ocean Can Carry Noxious Germs.

A French military surgeon in Algiers has recently found that spray driven ashore from a stormy sea can effectively transmit disease germs. Carrying on his investigation at Babeloued, near Algiers, at a point where a number of sewers discharged into the sea, he found that the spray which was driven some 150 feet ashore and high into the air contained three times the number of germs ordinarily present in the air.

This spray forms a mist, which permeates the houses near to the waters edge and in it a number of virulent bacilli were found.

When a gale is blowing off shore the effect is still more pronounced, and the proportion of germs increased and the investigator is convinced that steps should be taken to protect shores from sewage pollution.

There are sufficient people in England and Scotland paying the annual tax imposed by the inland revenue upon the use of armorial bearings to produce a sum of \$350,000 each year. The great bulk of this sum is paid by people who care not an atom either about their family or their arms, but pay the tax regularly simply because they have carriages or plate heraldically decorated. The really old families of the realm, however, use armorial emblems for decorative purposes to an extent almost incredible in the eyes of those familiar with them only on note paper, table silver and carriage panels.

South America's "Oil Bird."

One of the animal curiosities of South America is the "oil-bird" or guacharo. It breeds in rock caves on the mainland and one of its favorite haunts is the island of Trinidad. It lays its eggs in a nest made of mud, and the young birds are prodigiously fat. The natives melt the fat down in clay pots, and produce from it a kind of butter. The caves inhabited by the birds are usually accessible only from the sea, and the hunting of them is sometimes an exciting sport.

Snakes Driven by Fire.

People residing in the Pine Creek Valley, which is contiguous to the wild land districts that were burned over recently, report a terrific influx of snakes driven into the valley by the great area of fire that ran over the wooded section.

The rattlesnakes are taking refuge in outbuildings, chicken pens and the like, so that there is a veritable snake panic in that section. The rattle and black snakes are the most numerous varieties, as these are the type of reptiles that stay for the most part in the hill sections.—Williamsport correspondence Philadelphia North American.

Notice.

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THE MYSTERIOUS MONOGRAM

A Baffling Mystery Story
By HOWARD P. ROCKEY

CHAPTER XIV.

MUTINY ON BOARD.

At breakfast the next morning, Harcourt watched Cornish and Adele carefully. It had occurred to him that Benson might repent and report their conversation to his chief, but if the two did know anything of the matter they gave no signs of it. The thought that the success of his plan might implicate Cornish when his action should come to MacBee's attention, also disturbed Harcourt, and angry as he was at being held a prisoner, he appreciated his abductors' motive, and wished no harm to come to them.

When the meal was over he walked on the deck with Adele for more than an hour, trying hard to conceal the impatience he felt. At last, however, she left him, and shortly, to his intense satisfaction, Benson approached and nodded pleasantly. They were standing apart on the after deck, and although striving to convey the impression that their conversation was purely a casual one, Benson signalled to Harcourt that he had something important to say.

One of the seamen passed and Harcourt commented upon the weather, but as soon as he had gone, Benson stepped closer, and pretending to point out something off the port bow, said "I think what you wish may be possible."

Harcourt's pulse leaped. "What have you done?" he asked.

"Found five of the crew who will help us," Benson said in a low tone. "With you and me that is seven. If everything goes well we should be able to overpower the others, even though they are three to our one. They will be surprised and I think it can be done. The five who are with us will be on watch with me at 11 tonight. The others will be asleep below. We will simply fasten down the hatches and handle the yacht ourselves. The captain will be in his cabin, and Pierce, the third officer, on the bridge. Two of us can easily handle them, while you must see that Mr. Cornish does not leave his cabin. Have you arms?"

"No."

"Take this then," Benson slipped a big revolver into his hand and Harcourt slipped it into his pocket quickly. "I hope this won't be necessary," he said.

"So do I," Benson agreed. "But Whitford wouldn't hesitate to snoot and we can't afford to take chances. The moral effect of a gun is good, you know."

"How soon can we land?" Harcourt asked.

"In a few hours we can make the coast of Scotland," Benson replied. "My plan is to run in as close as is necessary for the seven of us to go ashore in the launch, leaving the others on board. I don't want to run the yacht into port under the circumstances, but I figure that in view of the whole situation, Cornish won't dare to make any trouble after we have gone."

"Once on shore the police will be with you, naturally," Harcourt assured him.

"That is what I told the boys," said Benson. "Now, until you hear the signal, don't come near me. Remain in your cabin until 11 o'clock, then go right to Cornish's door and see that he doesn't get on deck. When we have done our part I will come to you."

To Harcourt, hoping earnestly for success, the day seemed endless. He spent the afternoon in his cabin, feeling a headache because he wished to be alone with his thoughts—to plan his course once he was free to return to MacBee.

In the evening, after dinner, he joined Adele on deck and for the first time, she told him of the part she had played in his abduction. Harcourt looked in admiration at the girl by his side, doubting, in spite of her words, that she could have played the role of which she told him.

"You don't know what an actress I am," she said laughing. "I've always wanted to go on the stage, but, of course, dad wouldn't hear of it. Oh, it was glorious, and my only difficulty was not to laugh in the man's face—he was so completely deceived. It was a chance of fortune that he had never seen you."

"But I can't imagine you masquerading as myself!" Harcourt protested.

"Oh, I say, can't you really?" she drawled in perfect imitation of his voice.

He stared at her for a moment, and then he laughed outright.

"Now are you satisfied that I did it?" she demanded.

"You're wonderful!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "Really, Miss Cornish, you and your father have done too much for me. I wish I could appreciate it as I should, but I'm afraid I can't."

"You don't imagine we're doing all this for your sake do you?" she retorted.

"Not doing it for my sake?" "Then why are you doing it?"

"For Grace," Adele said simply. "Lord Harcourt, father and I have become very, very fond of Grace. If anything should happen to you, it kills her. Don't you think you owe it to her if not to yourself, to avoid the danger of this situation if you can?"

Harcourt stood silently, avoiding her searching gaze. He wondered what the girl would say if she knew the grave suspicion in his own mind—if she realized that his greatest desire to return was prompted by the thought that his absence might mean greater danger to the girl for whom the American felt so deeply.

"Miss Cornish," he said, after a moment. "There are several phases of this affair that you do not understand clearly. I cannot discuss them with you any more than I could with Grace."

"What is the trouble between you two?" she asked abruptly. "Oh, I knew there was something the moment I found Grace unconscious by your side the night of our reception."

"Please don't question me," he begged. "I cannot say more now. Some day, perhaps you will understand—although I hope you never will!"

"Poor boy!" Adele said feelingly. "for, do you know, Lord Harcourt, you are just a great overgrown boy. We all admire your courage, your high sense of honor, and your absolute indifference to your own fate—yet we cannot but feel that the strange situation in which you have found yourself has carried away your good judgment. Try to content yourself here. I am sure no innocent person will suffer through the fact that you are safe, and by accepting your present position philosophically, you will surely preserve your own future happiness and that of the woman you love."

She spoke very seriously, and put her small hand upon his arm as she leaned close to him. "Can't you see that we are right?" she urged.

"I wish I could feel that you are," Harcourt replied. "With all my heart I do—but I am afraid I cannot."

He saw the disappointment in her face as she withdrew her touch. "Please try," she begged. "I know that time will straighten out all of this horrible tangle."

And she turned to leave him alone. Harcourt watched her cross the deck and enter her cabin, and with a little sigh began to pace up and down nervously. Perhaps he was making a mistake in trying to outwit these good friends who were determined to save him in spite of himself, and he wondered if he was justified in attempting to carry out the plans for the mutiny. In any event he resolved that no harm must come to Cornish and Adele—that if necessary he would tell MacBee that he had deliberately run away, and lie as to his whereabouts during his absence. A change of heart—repentance at having broken his word—would be sufficient explanation of his return.

So, struggling with himself, he passed the remaining hours until midnight. To avoid all chance of suspicion, he forced himself to dine with his hosts, and was more or less successful in making Adele feel that he had at last become resigned to his enforced presence aboard the yacht.

Slowly the early evening passed. Adele amused herself by playing quietly at the piano in the corner of the salon, while Cornish and Harcourt smoked in silence, each occupied with his own thoughts. Now and then Harcourt stole a glance at the great figure of the American and marveled at his great strength. Determination of purpose was plain in every line of his splendid physique, and in the strong lines of his face Harcourt observed a strange mixture of kindness and brutality. Unquestionably Cornish was a man of tremendous force, a man not to be trifled with, and as he watched him, Harcourt knew that unless he succeeded in gaining control of the yacht that night, Cornish would certainly carry out his threat to put him in irons.

At last Adele bade them good-night, and Cornish, with a yawn, announced his intention of turning in. Harcourt, too, retired to his cabin, but he did not undress. He switched on the small reading light by the little corner table, and opened the drawer where he had hidden Benson's revolver. With an exclamation of surprise he turned out the contents of the compartment, but the revolver was not there.

A dull sense of disappointment came over him and his heart sank. The plot had been discovered and the attempt would fail. After a moment's thought, however, he laughed at his fears. Naturally his every movement was watched, and the revolver, having been found in his cabin, had been confiscated. There was nothing in that by itself to prove that the projected mutiny was suspected.

Turning out the light he crossed to the porthole and looked out. He could hear the splashing of the sea against the yacht's sides, but there was no other sound. He struck a match and looked at his watch. It was 10 minutes to 11. The time was close at hand now and he waited breathlessly in the darkness as the match burned close to his fingers and went out. Without moving he stood against the cabin wall, listening for the first indication of activity outside. Then, after an interminable time, he struck another match. It was just five minutes since he had looked before, and the hands of the watch seemed stationary as he gazed at the gold dial. He held the watch to his ear. It ticked regularly and he smiled at his impatience.

Finally he tiptoed across the cabin and went out into the passageway. All was still and he made his way quietly along to Cornish's door and waited there. The remembrance that he was unarmed came to him abruptly, and he realized his utter helplessness against this man of gigantic strength, yet he knew, too, that he could not have used the revolver if he had it, and his mere possession of it would never have intimidated a man like Cornish.

Surely it must be 11 now, yet he

had not heard the clang of the ship's bell he was momentarily expecting. He strained his ears to catch the slightest sound and pressed his body close to the door of Cornish's stateroom, but it was quiet within and he could not hear the American's breathing.

He could see nothing in the darkness but now, somehow, he seemed to feel the presence of someone near him. He felt the desire to call and demand to know who was there, but he thought better of it and remained still, scarcely daring to breathe lest he should be discovered there. Perhaps it was Benson, he thought, but if so why did he not speak?

Suddenly the passageway was flooded with light, and he found himself looking into the mischievous eyes of Adele, who stood not three feet away.



ADELE, WHO STOOD NOT THREE FEET AWAY COVERING HIM WITH A BIG BLUE STEEL REVOLVER.

covering him with a big blue steel revolver that he recognized at a glance as the one Benson had given him.

He returned her gaze sheepishly, and in spite of his chagrin, smiled back at her. Despite the opinion many who knew him only casually, Harcourt had a keenly developed sense of humor, and it was only this which saved him from utter despair at that moment.

Raising her finger to her lips, Adele cautioned him to be silent, and in a whisper told him to follow her. Harcourt hesitated a moment and she beckoned again. Then he followed her meekly as she led the way down the passageway and paused before his own cabin.

"Please go in," she said. "I am coming too. Is it terribly improper?"

He crossed the threshold and paused as she closed the door behind her. Questioningly he looked at her, and saw that she was laughing silently at him. For a moment she stood with her back against the door, her body shaking with mirth. Then she put down the revolver and sank down upon the bed, while he, awkward and embarrassed stood waiting for her to speak.

"I say," he began stupidly at last, "what's the joke?"

"It's on you, I'm afraid," she said, looking up at him. "I've spoiled your little mutiny."

"You?" he asked in astonishment.

Her eyes twinkled merrily.

"Lovers make poor plotters, Lord Harcourt."

"Lovers?"

She nodded. "Benson has fallen in love with me," she announced.

"In love with you?"

"Is that so very wonderful?"

"No, but—"

"You see, Benson is quite young and romantic," she explained. "He has long been my most ardent admirer. Tonight he confided his plan to take me with you in the launch, but the launch will not go, and I am afraid I shall never be Mrs. Benson."

"You mean the scoundrel meant to force you to go with him!" Harcourt cried angrily.

"Oh, no indeed. Benson is much too mild a villain for that. He told me he knew Dad would never consent to my marrying him, and that before he had always been too poor to ask me, but he explained that on the money he would receive from you, we could live quite comfortably. Delightful little plan, wasn't it?"

"The idiot!" Harcourt exclaimed.

"Why did he—"

"Surely you did not hope to succeed?" Adele said. "Capt. Whitford has observed your intimacy with Benson and he has been watched carefully. Fortunately for him, however, no intimation of your plans reached Whitford or Dad, or I am afraid it would have gone hard with the poor fellow."

"But why on earth didn't he tell me—"

"Because I forbade his communicating with you. I wished to catch you myself and to obtain your promise not to attempt anything of the sort again."

"I make no such promise."

"Not even for Grace's sake?" Adele asked.

"No," said Harcourt. "If I can escape and return to London I shall do so the moment opportunity offers."

"Then it is to be war between us?" she asked.

"I'm afraid it is," he smiled, smiling.

"Then beware!" she cautioned mockingly. "Goodnight, my friend the enemy!"

CHAPTER XV.

KANDWAHR ESCAPES.

Harcourt's disappearance had stirred the whole of England. Cables

flashed the news of his kidnapping across the world, while the murder was eagerly being discussed in every civilized country. Thousands of men and women were eagerly awaiting further statements from MacBee, who had promised definite information speedily, but after two weeks none of the cutters on the coast had caught so much as a glimpse of Cornish's yacht, and the inspector seemed no nearer to a solution of the great mystery.

A score of men scoured the country for some trace of the missing nobleman or of his captors, for MacBee still held firmly to the belief that Harcourt had not willingly run away. The newspapers speculated upon the finding of the suitcase with the supposed clothing of the missing man, forming various conclusions, all of which caused MacBee quiet amusement. And through it all the inspector smoked incessantly and thought a great deal. Occasionally he talked when it suited his purpose, and again he would refuse to comment upon the case at all.

Ten days after Harcourt's disappearance the examination of Kandwehr was ordered. MacBee knew that he could not hold the man longer without further evidence, yet he knew that, with Kandwehr and Harcourt both gone, he might never get to the bottom of the matter. Owing to the widespread interest in the case, and the fear of a disorderly crush of persons, the hearing had been fixed for the evening. It was after nightfall, therefore, when Kandwehr was taken from his cell and placed in a closed carriage, manacled to the hand of a detective beside him. A second officer mounted the box beside the driver, and only at the last moment had the newspapers been advised that the hearing was to take place.

In the corridor adjoining the court room MacBee paced nervously up and down, smoking his pipe and waiting for the arrival of the prisoner. He was struggling to arrive at some conclusion—whether to demand the remanding of Kandwehr or to permit his release because of lack of evidence against him. There was only one tiny thing that would have given the inspector the hold he required, but that thing had been so unobtrusive that it had never attracted his attention. He had not seen the monogrammed cigarette Harcourt had found beside the body of Townshend, and as Kandwehr had thoughtfully rid himself of his last one before arriving at Scotland Yard, MacBee had no reason to give more than passing consideration to the peculiar symbol he had noticed on the dagger of which Kandwehr admitted ownership.

As he walked slowly to and fro, pondering over the problem, a man hatless and excited, rushed in from the street.

"We've been attacked!" he shouted, "Kandwehr has escaped!"

With an oath, MacBee, started from his reverie. "Attacked? Escaped?" he exclaimed. "In the streets of London at 8 o'clock in the evening! Impossible!"

"It's true," the man insisted, panting for breath. "Not three minutes ago and within a block of here!"

In an instant all was confusion. An excited throng of court attendants and newspaper men surrounded the bearer of the seemingly impossible news, but he was too confused to give them much satisfaction. Without waiting to hear more, however, MacBee dashed from the building and ran rapidly down the street. A crowd was already gathering about a carriage that stood close to the sidewalk, its horse lying in the street before it, apparently dead. Upon the box the driver still sat, but he breathed no more, for a great cobblestone had crushed his skull. The carriage door had been almost wrenched from its hinges, and within, upon the cushions, lay the detective to whom Kandwehr had been manacled. His clothing was soaked with blood and from his wrist dangled the steel chain of the bracelet that remained fastened tightly about his wrist. MacBee examined it and found that the chain had not been broken, but the other bracelet which had been fastened about Kandwehr's wrist, had been opened as neatly and easily as though with a key.

Seeing MacBee, the detective tried to speak, but the effort was too much for him. A man forced his way through the crowd and announced that he was a physician. In a moment they lifted out the detective and stretched him upon the sidewalk, cutting away his clothing to reveal a narrow slit in his left side.

"Stiletto wound," the doctor said promptly, and began to staunch the flow of blood.

"What has happened, man, tell me!" MacBee urged, bending over the prostrate form.

"He can't," the doctor said after a minute. "He is dead."

A murmur of horror ran through the crowd, and MacBee turned quickly to the detective who summoned him.

"It all happened so quickly I hardly know, sir," the man explained. "I saw three men jump out of the shadow and run toward us. One of them caught hold of the horses and it went down. I drew my revolver and fired, but just then the driver yelled and fell against me so heavily that I slipped off the seat. I guess the fall stunned me a bit, for I hit my head, and when I got to my feet, all I could see was a little group running down the street. I looked into the cab and saw him there moaning—alone. Then I turned and started after the men who were running, but by that time they had turned the corner. I fired again and shouted for help, sir, but when I reached the corner they were gone as though the earth had swallowed them up!"

"And then," MacBee pressed him. "Then I ran for you, sir."

A score of bobbies arrived upon the scene, and as they pushed back the crowd MacBee gave them a few hasty instructions. Then he hurried away to his office and sat down by the telephone. Through the night he remained there sending and receiving messages. Telegraph wires hummed with queries and instructions, and messengers hurried in and out constantly.

The events of the past hour had changed the whole complexion of the case, and far from complicating it MacBee was confident that this double kidnapping of the two men he wanted most would simplify his work. This time, however, he did not mean to let his prisoner slip from his grasp so easily. It was practically impossible for Kandwehr to have been spirited out of the city by this time, and already the great dragnet of the London police was spread to prevent his ultimate escape. Like a spider in his web, MacBee sat at his desk directing the search and determined that the remaining hours of darkness would not be passed before Kandwehr should again be in custody. And this time he would have others, too—prisoners from whom he could quickly force the information required.

But by morning no trace of Kandwehr or his deliverers had been found. From the moment they had turned the corner no trace of their whereabouts was discovered. Even the great conservative newspapers of the capital grew hysterical over the events of the night. The Townshend murder, followed closely by the disappearance of a well known peer, now the escape of another suspect, and the killing of two detectives in the very heart of the city, stirred the most stolid Londoners to a storm of frightened protest. It shrieked of anarchy, the newspapers thundered. A band of organized criminals held the city in their grasp, and the most severe measure was piled upon the police and upon MacBee, whose removal for incompetence was flatly demanded.

MacBee had not slept and he glanced over the morning editions with but scant interest. Their charges and demands did not disturb him in the least, and he continued his work without comment. At noon he held a conference with his staff, and then lay down for a brief nap.

An hour later he was aroused and had a batch of telegrams. They came from every port at which it would have been possible for Henry Cornish's yacht to have touched since its departure, and each contained a disappointment, for at none of them had the Murita been sighted.

MacBee smiled. "Just as I thought," he murmured to himself. "He's keeping at sea. Harcourt is quite as safe there as he would be here under my thumb. It now remains only to find the others."

Then he turned his attention to another telegram, and was just answering it when Carrington was announced.

"You are wearing yourself out, working like this," Carrington said as he shook MacBee's hand. "If you're not careful you'll break down."

"I hope not before my work is finished," the inspector answered. "It will take time, but they have me in a corner now, and I'm determined to get out of it for the sake of my own reputation as well as my desire to clear Lord Harcourt."

"You have had no news of his whereabouts as yet?"

"You could tell me if you cared to do so," MacBee answered looking squarely at his visitor and noting his surprise at the sudden accusation.

"I?" Carrington said falteringly.

"Yes Mr. Carrington. I have known from the first that you and Sir Henry Farndale were quite well aware of his hiding place."

"Upon my honor, I have not the slightest idea where he is!" Carrington protested.

"Not now—doubtless that is exactly where he is," MacBee agreed smilingly. "But you know as well as I do Harcourt is aboard the Murita. Mr. Cornish is a very crafty man. He has made no landing since he left England, but he will do so shortly, even though one of the government ships fails to encounter him in the meantime."

"And then—"

"Wait and see," said MacBee. "You surely do not think me child enough to have been deceived by your attitude. Why, Mr. Carrington, your very lack of concern as to Lord Harcourt's safety would have told me you knew where he was to be found."

"If that is the case why were not Sir Harry and I arrested?"

"What was the need of that? MacBee asked him. "I have always been able to reach you, and being at liberty I had the opportunity to observe any efforts you might have made to communicate with Cornish. Mr. Carrington, I am working just as jealously as you are and your friends in my effort to prove Lord Harcourt's innocence. Our methods must essentially be different—that is all."

A clerk entered and handed the inspector a long pink envelope.

"If you will pardon me, I will read this," MacBee said, and slit open the message.

Carrington noted that it was a cablegram, and he watched the detective closely as he read the lengthy message, referring to a code book once or twice when his memory failed him. At last MacBee finished and tucked the cable carefully into his pocket.

"Mr. Carrington," he said looking up, "May I trouble you for a cigarette?"

In surprise, Carrington handed him his case. "I thought you only cared for a pipe?" he said.

"But this is a sort of celebration—because of the cablegram," MacBee told him.

"You have something definite?" Carrington asked eagerly.

"I have established the motive for the murder—of which I have heretofore been entirely ignorant. I cannot say any more than that my suspicions have been correct from the first. The disappearance of both my prisoners seemed to prove the fact but this is conclusive."

"You think they were both carried off by—"

"Mr. Cornish? Hardly," said MacBee. "Mr. Carrington. I earnestly recommend that you do not attempt to mix up further in this. It will be dangerous work if you do, and by communicating with Lord Harcourt in any way, or even trying to solve the mystery of Kandwehr's escape, you make it impossible for me to accomplish my purpose."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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Who Sings His Song in a Style Sedate, of Reefs and Wrecks and a Fearful Fate 'Mid Cannibal Crews in a Savage State.

"'Twas seventy days from Barnegat Sound, and far from the Navesink Highland, that the good ship Shyster, outward bound, was caught by the tempest and went aground, and in seven days and nights we found we were wrecked on a cannibal island.

"And of all that crowd there were only two who reached the isle they were lost on; for every soul of the gallant crew was gulped by the billows of boundless blue, except for the Mate, who was stanch and true, and a Shanghaied Man from Boston."

This is the tale that was brought to port by the Mate, who is bright and clever. And it bears the marks of a straight report that is clear and sharp, concise and short, and free from all doubt of any sort or manner or style whatever.

The two men roved like a shrivelled soul; they were thin and getting thinner, and they soon discovered that on the whole they both were booked for a leading role—to be served in style and on casserole at a cannibal Christmas dinner.

Now this was a galling and grew some fate, which the sailors least expected; so largely so that I'm free to state that the bright and clever and truthful Mate, and the Shanghaied One, who was up to date, most vigorously objected.

And then it appears that as they ran, like transpontine commuters, that the cautious and capacious Shanghaied Man evolved a startling original plan to poison themselves in the frying pan and slay their persecutors.

And so they paused by some glacial rocks, as if by mutual appointment, while the Shanghaied Man pulled out of his socks a thin peculiarly oblong box that was fastened with several double locks and contained a subtle ointment.

Then he opened his plan to the Clever Mate, who straight became enraptured; and here, although I sincerely hate to tell the tale that I must relate, the cannibals came in a hungry state, and the two of them were captured.

And they hauled them off to a side, where a kettle was a fixture, but before the end of that solemn ride each one of the victims had applied to various parts of his tender hide this poisonous, plastic mixture.

But a sudden thought occurred to the mate, as he glanced at the sleek well-fed ones. "Now what will we gain from this poisoned state, to know that after we've met our fate, the cannibal crew that has polished the plate," he said, "is a bunch of dead ones?"

"It's particularly simple to demonstrate when divested of complication," said the shanghaied man to the puzzled mate, "for one by one we will meet our fate, and the luckiest one of the two can wait for the second day's collation. And he who first to the spit is tied can easily save his brother, for once the cannibal crew has tried to dine on the man with a

poisoned hide, it will double them up with a pain inside and they can't digest the other."

So the two agreed if a coin were tossed they'd abide by the way it tumbled, and the shanghaied one, with his fingers crossed, flipped up a shimmering cent, and tossed the deal so well that his shipmate lost, on discovering which he grumbled.

But he braced himself up with a fortitude that would honor an army of Hannibals, and offered himself to the ravenous brood who gleefully carried him off to be stewed into savory slabs of the favorite food that is craved by the kings of the cannibals.

As he said to himself with snivel, "Oh, piff! These savages have me mastered; I am certainly booked for a terrible bliff, and my chips are all

counted, so what is the diff?" When his captors suddenly caught a sniff of the stuff with which he was plastered. "And quickly I learned," says the truthful mate, "the event was most auspicious, for the cannibal horde at a strenuous rate collected the stuff, which they greedily ate, pronouncing

THE "FELLOW" WHO PUT UP THE JOB ON ME IS TIED IN A CAVE BY THE CANNIBAL SEA.



It bully and perfect and great and nourishing and delicious.

"It seems, as I found, when the meeting was calm, that instead of a deadly potion, my mate, who was watching my fate with a quail, had covered us both with a savory balm that is made from the juice of a tropical palm that grows in the Indian Ocean.

"When they'd eaten it all, why they set me free, and I ran from the place a cursin'; and the fellow who put up the job on me is tied in a cave by the Cannibal Sea, where he's held for the sake of the dope that he still has on his shanghaied person."

IMPROVED PUTTY KNIFE.

Scraper Attachment Leaves Blade Free for Spreading.

Painters and glaziers will find a great convenience in the improved putty knife designed by a New York man. The invention is a small one and the need it fills could scarcely be called a crying one, but it has distinct advantages over the old-style knife. The new knife has a slot running across it near the end, and in this slot a scraper blade is pivoted on a hinge. When not in use the scraper lies flat along the knife blade, but it can be opened to about the blade at right angles. The putty is placed on the end



of the knife and with the thumb pressed against it is laid along the edge of a window frame, or wherever it is to go, as in the old method. In scraping off the superfluous putty, however, it is not necessary to remove that from the knife blade and use the edge of this blade, as was formerly the case. The scraper attachment on the new type does this work even more effectively and the end of the knife is kept clean.

Water Like Steel.

Water can be put through a nozzle so fast that it becomes as hard as steel, and if struck with a sword the weapon is broken or dented. Similarly the track of water behind a big speeding ocean liner is like rocks and may buck ferryboats or buckle and break the rudders of tender craft that thoughtlessly push and paddle into this dangerous rigid undertow. A Government engineer says he has been looking for something serious from this cause in New York Harbor.

Digestion Before Sleep.

A large part of the work of the stomach should be done before going to sleep at night—two hours at least between the last meal and bedtime. Digestion is improved by rest after meals, but hurt by sleep. Mental strain and emotion knock digestion; pleasure and conversation help.

Public Health Education.

Louisiana and Kansas are planning broad education in matters of public health and hygiene. The president of the Louisiana State Board of Health will visit every parish and lecture on health questions. Kansas will spend \$10,000 a year in the same direction.

Centuries to Learn.

How stupid is man! Empire after empire and millions upon millions killed by the mosquito, and man never once dreamed sweet stinging stickers were such sure death.

Portugal's Blood Blends.

Except the West Indies, Portugal has the largest admixtures, blends and amalgamations of white and negro blood of any country in the world.

HIBBARD

Mrs. E. E. Pasley is visiting in Terre Haute.

Sunday school 9:30, preaching services immediately after.

Sunday visitors: Mr. and Mrs. R. Geiselman, F. Scott and family and Hazel and Erma Reed at R. Scott's.

Station Agent Day is on his two weeks' vacation. He will visit in Indiana, Ohio and Virginia. Mrs. Day and children went to Terre Haute Friday night to visit her parents. They returned Monday noon.

Eva Fishburn, Will and Dollie Reed and Russell Listenberger at F. M. Albert's; Grandma Listenberger at H. Listenberger's; Vera Livinghouse at Lillie Stuck's; M. J. Livinghouse and family at C. Newman's.

Next Friday evening, Oct. 23, there will be a meeting at the Hibbard school house to discuss the question of calling a constitutional convention. All voters are requested to be present and take part in the discussion.

WASHINGTON

Eva Jones Correspondent.

Alvin Jones and family are visiting in Peru.

Nye McFarland of Valparaiso was home over Sunday.

The little son of Ollie Clemmons is decidedly better.

J. Krieg entertained a friend from Hanna over Sunday.

Arthur Jones of Chicago visited his uncle, J. Jones, last week.

Rev. McClure of Syracuse is spending his vacation with Mr. and Mrs. William Kline.

Mrs. Earl Brown and son Jack of Chicago are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Kline.

Sunday visitors: William Kline and family at B. A. Curtis's; Mr. and Mrs. Harry White and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Warner at John Kline's; William Schanes and mother, Mr. and Mrs. H. Hissong, Mr. and Mrs. Lon Hissong, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Voreis, Mr. and Mrs. Ora Price and Mr. and Mrs. John Hacker at Clem Curtis's.

GREEN TOWNSHIP.

Miss Mary Irwin, Correspondent.

Cristol and Nova Irwin spent Sunday with Trella Thompson.

Hazel Bell was taken to Chicago Saturday to undergo an operation for appendicitis.

Linton Quivey is building an addition to his house. Arley Steinger is doing the work.

Mrs. Jasper Helsel and children of Donaldson visited over Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Lake.

Rev. Albright organized a Ladies' Aid at Santa Anna with Mrs. Frank Wright, president; Mrs. T. J. Bell, vice-president; Mrs. L. Lockwood, secretary; Mrs. Sam Simmons, treasurer.

Sunday school at Santa Anna at 10 o'clock, preaching services Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, and a temperance program will be given Sunday Nov. 8, following Sunday school.

MOUNT HOPE

Miss Ethel Edgington, Correspondent.

A furnace is being placed under the Mt. Hope church.

Roscol Dice of Peru is the guest of Clarence Fisher for a few days.

L. J. Hartle of Chicago is spending a few days with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hartle.

Sunday visitors: Mr. and Mrs. Martin Sr. and Mr. and Mrs. Leo Martin and daughter Ruth of Tiosa at Isaac Thompson's.

Overlooked This One.

The town of Bremen has a population of more than 3,000, and has no Methodist church. This is phenomenal. It is perhaps, the only town of 500 population that is without a Methodist church east of the Mississippi river.

Wister in Land of "The Virginian."

Owen Wister, whose "Virginian" made this town famous, was the guest of the town, stopping here for a few hours before starting for the Jackson Hole country on a hunt. While here Wister witnessed the dedication of the Virginian Hotel, which stands on the site of the old Elk saloon, in which some of the scenes of his novel were enacted.

Wister will travel from here to the Jackson Hole country over the trail to the Sunk Creek ranch, which figures so prominently in "The Virginian." He is seeking atmosphere for another Wyoming story.—Medicine Bow correspondence Denver Republican.

NEWS OF LOCAL CHURCHES

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

At a special meeting of those interested last Sunday a move was made toward redecorating the church interior. It was unanimously adopted by the 20 or more present that a period of self-denial should be observed in order that funds be raised to be placed with the trustees for the work. No one denies that this work should be done. Mrs. Rose Wiseman, Mrs. Lenon, Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. Ralston were appointed to circulate self-denial envelopes among the members and friends, asking for a fund to start this work. The Epworth league, assisted by the other societies of the church, desire to give a nard times social on the evening of Nov. 4, when the offerings will be brought in.

All invited to bible study and prayer Thursday, 7:30. The Sunday school asks for at least 150 to be present next Sunday. If every one does his duty it will be even better. Sunday morning worship at 11, subject, "Meditations Worth While," evening subject, "Christianity and Our Penal Institutions." This subject is in response to the request make by the State Board of Charities. Bring your Methodist Hymnal to both services. We desire to use the church hymnal in all our regular services. The Epworth league at 2 and 6:30.

POPLAR GROVE.

Regular preaching service by pastor Sunday at 3; subject, "The Owner's Mark. The people gave us such a splendid hearing the first Sunday that there is much delight, on the pastor's part, in being in the service of worship with you. May there be a delight on your part in the privilege of attending church. Bring the children. J. F. Kenrich.

EVANGELICAL.

Services as usual. Rev. Young.

W. C. T. U.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. H. J. Meredith on Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Delegates will give a report of the state convention. Leader, Mrs. G. R. Howard.

Methodist Ladies' Aid.

The Ladies' Aid of M. E. church will meet with Mrs. Frank McLane on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 28.

Their Own Thoughts.



Mr. Younghusband (reading from paper)—Married-Blanche de Smythe to Walter Wellington Beere. What old memories that name awakens.

Mrs. Y. (blushing)—I never imagined you knew of my engagement to Walter.

Mr. Y. (chillingly)—I was alluding to Blanche.—Illustrated Bits.

Which Can Be Touched.



"What is meant by something tangible, pa?"

"Something that you can touch, son."

"Then it is another name for an easy mark."

Gags Wife With Towel.

Yonkers, N. Y.—John Foley said his wife made him cook his meals, while she declares that he tied a towel on her mouth to stop her talking. Alimony was ordered.

A Card from Currens.

To the Voters of Union Township: I have learned that a report is being circulated that if elected I would erect a township high school building at Burr Oak, I desire to say that if elected I will try to serve ALL the people of the township, and if such a building should become necessary it must be built as near the center of the township as possible to do this.

If elected I promise to hold at least one office day a week at Cnlver, and more if the business demands it.

I believe in an equitable distribution of the benefits, viz: funds, labor, etc., and will give all having business with the office careful and considerate attention, and will use my best efforts to serve all the people of Union township pleasantly, consistently and faithfully.

I am using no unfair or unclean methods to gain my election, and can co-operate with all the good thinking people of the township.

I am asking you to place your confidence in me, and believe that no one who does this will have reason to regret it.

I now wish to thank you for your support and vote. Respectfully,

J. W. CURRENS,

Democratic Candidate for Trustee.

Choice Potatoes 60 Cents.

Newmans are booking orders for their fine Carman potatoes. Delivery next week.

By the will of a French lady who died recently a farm was left to the town on condition her family vault was kept in repair; while the rest of her estate was to be divided among those attending her funeral.

Tonight, Crook's Hall.

Don't forget the socialist lecture this (Thursday) evening by Judson O'Neal of Terre Haute. Come out and hear his remedy for the high cost of living. Everybody welcome. Bring the ladies.

For Sale.

Black Galloway heifer calf 5 weeks old. Must have the milk and stable room. \$16 takes it. Call at once at Wm. Dague's, 1 mile north of Hibbard.

Please Return.

Will the parties who borrowed my posthole digger and long-handled shovel kindly return same at once. A. L. Porter.

Player Piano For Sale.

Rlayer piano in the Star theater for sale at a bargain, with 52 pieces of music. w2

Mrs. Lura Oberlin, practical nurse. Telephone 128. w2.

CULVER MARKETS

Wheat.....	1.00
Corn, per bu., new.....	.60
" " " old.....	.70
Oats, assorted.....	.45
Rye.....	.75
Clover seed.....	7.50
Cow peas.....	1.40@1.60
Eggs (fresh).....	.23
Butter (good).....	.23
do (common).....	.17
Spring chickens.....	.10
Fowls.....	.10
Leghorn chickens.....	.08
Roosters.....	.05
Ducks, old.....	.08
Geese.....	.08
Turkeys.....	.14
Lard.....	.124



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THE HOME OF GOOD CLOTHES	MITCHELL & STABENOW CULVER : : INDIANA	FURNISHINGS HATS AND SHOES
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A Word to the Wise

Fall is with us. Cold weather has not yet arrived, but it will come, as surely as the sun shines

Whether you want a medium priced or high priced suit or overcoat, for yourself or for your children, whether you need underwear, shirts, gloves or anything else in the furnishing goods line, whether you desire a foreign made hat or a domestic made hat, or a pair of shoes for yourself or boys, this store will fulfill your wishes with better merchandise and at a lower cost than elsewhere.

Whatever you need, now or later, in our line of merchandise, you should know that this is the store for economy. We have a reputation for giving the best value for the least money, quality considered. We will maintain this reputation always, and remember, a dollar saved is a dollar earned.

THE MYSTERIOUS MONOGRAM

A Baffling Mystery Story
By HOWARD P. ROCKEY

CHAPTER XIV.

MUTINY ON BOARD.

At breakfast the next morning, Harcourt watched Cornish and Adele carefully. It had occurred to him that Benson might repent and report their conversation to his chief, but if the two did know anything of the matter they gave no signs of it. The thought that the success of his plan might implicate Cornish when his action should come to MacBee's attention, also disturbed Harcourt, and angry as he was at being held a prisoner, he appreciated his abductors' motive, and wished no harm to come to them.

When the meal was over he walked on the deck with Adele for more than an hour, trying hard to conceal the impatience he felt. At last, however, she left him, and shortly, to his intense satisfaction, Benson approached and nodded pleasantly. They were standing apart on the after deck, and although striving to convey the impression that their conversation was purely a casual one, Benson signalled to Harcourt that he had something important to say.

One of the seamen passed and Harcourt commented upon the weather, but as soon as he had gone, Benson stepped closer, and pretending to point out something off the port bow, said "I think what you wish may be possible."

Harcourt's pulse leaped. "What have you done?" he asked.

"Found five of the crew who will help us," Benson said in a low tone. "With you and me that is seven. If everything goes well we should be able to overpower the others, even though they are three to our one. They will be surprised and I think it can be done. The five who are with us will be on watch with me at 11 tonight. The others will be asleep below. We will simply fasten down the hatches and handle the yacht ourselves. The captain will be in his cabin, and Pierce, the third officer, on the bridge. Two of us can easily handle them, while you must see that Mr. Cornish does not leave his cabin. Have you arms?"

"No." "Take this then," Benson slipped a big revolver into his hand and Harcourt slipped it into his pocket quickly. "I hope this won't be necessary," he said.

"So do I," Benson agreed. "But Whitford wouldn't hesitate to snoot and we can't afford to take chances. The moral effect of a gun is good, you know."

"How soon can we land?" Harcourt asked.

"In a few hours we can make the coast of Scotland," Benson replied. "My plan is to run in as close as is necessary for the seven of us to go ashore in the launch, leaving the others on board. I don't want to run the yacht into port under the circumstances, but I figure that in view of the whole situation, Cornish won't dare to make any trouble after we have gone."

"Once on shore the police will be with you, naturally," Harcourt assured him.

"That is what I told the boys," said Benson. "Now, until you hear the signal, don't come near me. Remain in your cabin until 11 o'clock, then go right to Cornish's door and see that he doesn't get on deck. When we have done our part I will come to you."

To Harcourt, hoping earnestly for success, the day seemed endless. He spent the afternoon in his cabin, feigning a headache because he wished to be alone with his thoughts—to plan his course once he was free to return to MacBee.

In the evening, after dinner, he joined Adele on deck and for the first time, she told him of the part she had played in his abduction. Harcourt looked in admiration at the girl by his side, doubting, in spite of her words, that she could have played the role of which she told him.

"You don't know what an actress I am," she said laughing. "I've always wanted to go on the stage, but, of course, dad wouldn't hear of it. Oh, it was glorious, and my only difficulty was not to laugh in the man's face—he was so completely deceived. It was a chance of fortune that he had never seen you."

"But I can't imagine you masquerading as myself!" Harcourt protested.

"Oh, I say, can't you really?" she drawled in perfect imitation of his voice.

He stared at her for a moment, and then he laughed outright.

"Now are you satisfied that I did it?" she demanded.

"You're wonderful!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "Really, Miss Cornish, you and your father have done too much for me. I wish I could appreciate it as I should, but I'm afraid I can't."

"You don't imagine we're doing all this for your sake do you?" she retorted.

"Not doing it for my sake?" he asked in a puzzled tone. "Then why on earth are you doing it?"

"For Grace," Adele said simply. "Lord Harcourt, father and I have become very, very fond of Grace. If anything should happen to you, it kill her. Don't you think you owe it to her if not to yourself, to avoid the danger of this situation if you can?"

Harcourt stood silently, avoiding her searching gaze. He wondered what the girl would say if she knew the grave suspicion in his own mind—if she realized that his greatest desire to return was prompted by the thought that his absence might mean greater danger to the girl for whom the American felt so deeply.

"Miss Cornish," he said, after a moment. "There are several phases of this affair that you do not understand clearly. I cannot discuss them with you any more than I could with Grace."

"What is the trouble between you two?" she asked abruptly. "Oh, I knew there was something the moment I found Grace unconscious by your side the night of our reception."

"Please don't question me," he begged. "I cannot say more now. Some day, perhaps you will understand—although I hope you never will!"

"Poor boy!" Adele said feelingly. "For, do you know, Lord Harcourt, you are just a great overgrown boy. We all admire your courage, your high sense of honor, and your absolute indifference to your own fate—yet we cannot but feel that the strange situation in which you have found yourself has carried away your good judgment. Try to content yourself here. I am sure no innocent person will suffer through the fact that you are safe, and by accepting your present position philosophically, you will surely preserve your own future happiness and that of the woman you love."

She spoke very seriously, and put her small hand upon his arm as she leaned close to him. "Can't you see that we are right?" she urged.

"I wish I could feel that you are," Harcourt replied. "With all my heart I do—but I am afraid I cannot."

He saw the disappointment in her face as she withdrew her touch. "Please try," she begged. "I know that time will straighten out all of this horrible tangle."

And she turned to leave him alone. Harcourt watched her cross the deck and enter her cabin, and with a little sigh began to pace up and down nervously. Perhaps he was making a mistake in trying to outwit these good friends who were determined to save him in spite of himself, and he wondered if he was justified in attempting to carry out the plans for the mutiny. In any event he resolved that no harm must come to Cornish and Adele—that if necessary he would tell MacBee that he had deliberately run away, and lie as to his whereabouts during his absence. A change of heart—repentance at having broken his word—would be sufficient explanation of his return.

So, struggling with himself, he passed the remaining hours until nightfall. To avoid all chance of suspicion, he forced himself to dine with his hosts, and was more or less successful in making Adele feel that he had at last become resigned to his enforced presence aboard the yacht.

Slowly the early evening passed. Adele amused herself by playing quietly at the piano in the corner of the salon, while Cornish and Harcourt smoked in silence, each occupied with his own thoughts. Now and then Harcourt stole a glance at the great figure of the American and marveled at his great strength. Determination of purpose was plain in every line of his splendid physique, and in the strong lines of his face Harcourt observed a strange mixture of kindness and brutality. Unquestionably Cornish was a man of tremendous force, a man not to be trifled with, and as he watched him, Harcourt knew that unless he succeeded in gaining control of the yacht that night, Cornish would certainly carry out his threat to put him in irons.

At last Adele bade them good-night, and Cornish, with a yawn, announced his intention of turning in. Harcourt, too, retired to his cabin, but he did not undress. He switched on the small reading light by the little corner table, and opened the drawer where he had hidden Benson's revolver. With an exclamation of surprise he turned out the contents of the compartment, but the revolver was not there.

A dull sense of disappointment came over him and his heart sank. The plot had been discovered and the attempt would fail. After a moment's thought, however, he laughed at his fears. Naturally his every movement was watched, and the revolver, having been found in his cabin, had been confiscated. There was nothing in that by itself to prove that the projected mutiny was suspected.

Turning out the light he crossed to the porthole and looked out. He could hear the splashing of the sea against the yacht's sides, but there was no other sound. He struck a match and looked at his watch. It was 10 minutes to 11. The time was close at hand now and he waited breathlessly in the darkness as the match burned close to his fingers and went out. Without moving he stood against the cabin wall, listening for the first indication of activity outside. Then, after an interminable time, he struck another match. It was just five minutes since he had looked before, and the hands of the watch seemed stationary as he gazed at the gold dial. He held the watch to his ear. It ticked regularly and he smiled at his impatience.

Finally he tiptoed across the cabin and went out into the passageway. All was still and he made his way quietly along to Cornish's door and waited there. The remembrance that he was unarmed came to him abruptly, and he realized his utter helplessness against this man of gigantic strength, yet he knew, too, that he could not have used the revolver if he had it, and his mere possession of it would never have intimidated a man like Cornish.

Surely it must be 11 now, yet he

had not heard the clang of the ship's bell he was momentarily expecting. He strained his ears to catch the slightest sound and pressed his body close to the door of Cornish's stateroom, but it was quiet within and he could not ever hear the American's breathing.

He could see nothing in the darkness but now, somehow, he seemed to feel the presence of someone near him. He felt the desire to call and demand to know who was there, but he thought better of it and remained still, scarcely daring to breathe lest he should be discovered there. Perhaps it was Benson, he thought, but if so why did he not speak?

Suddenly the passageway was flooded with light, and he found himself looking into the mischievous eyes of Adele, who stood not three feet away,



ADELE, WHO STOOD NOT THREE FEET AWAY COVERING HIM WITH A BIG BLUE STEEL REVOLVER.

covering him with a big blue steel revolver that he recognized at a glance as the one Benson had given him.

He returned her gaze sheepishly, and in spite of his chagrin, smiled back at her. Despite the opinion many who knew him only casually, Harcourt had a keenly developed sense of humor, and it was only this which saved him from utter despair at that moment.

Raising her finger to her lips, Adele cautioned him to be silent, and in a whisper told him to follow her. Harcourt hesitated a moment and she beckoned again. Then he followed her meekly as she led the way down the passageway and paused before his own cabin.

"Please go in," she said. "I am coming too. Is it terribly improper?"

He crossed the threshold and paused as she closed the door behind her. Questioningly he looked at her, and saw that she was laughing silently at him. For a moment she stood with her back against the door, her body shaking with mirth. Then she put down the revolver and sank down upon the bed, while he, awkward and embarrassed stood waiting for her to speak.

"I say," he began stupidly at last, "what's the joke?"

"It's on you, I'm afraid," she said, looking up at him. "I've spoiled your little mutiny."

"You?" he asked in astonishment.

Her eyes twinkled merrily. "Lovers make poor plotters, Lord Harcourt."

"Lovers?"

She nodded. "Benson has fallen in love with me," she announced.

"In love with you?"

"Is that so very wonderful?"

"No, but—"

"You see, Benson is quite young and romantic," she explained. "He has long been my most ardent admirer. Tonight he confided his plan to take me with you in the launch, and I am afraid I shall never be Mrs. Benson."

"You mean the scoundrel meant to force you to go with him!" Harcourt cried angrily.

"Oh, no indeed. Benson is much too mild a villain for that. He told me he knew Dad would never consent to my marrying him, and that before he had always been too poor to ask me, but he explained that on the money he would receive from you, we could live quite comfortably. Delightful little plan, wasn't it?"

"The idiot!" Harcourt exclaimed. "Why did he—"

"Surely you did not hope to succeed?" Adele said. "Capt. Whitford has observed your intimacy with Benson and he has been watched carefully. Fortunately for him, however, no intimation of your plans reached Whitford or Dad, or I am afraid I shall have gone hard with the poor fellow."

"But why on earth didn't he tell me—"

"Because I forbade his communicating with you. I wished to catch you myself and to obtain your promise not to attempt anything of the sort again."

"I make no such promise."

"Not even for Grace's sake?" Adele asked.

"No," said Harcourt. "If I can escape and return to London I shall do so the moment opportunity offers."

"Then it is to be war between us?" she asked.

"I'm afraid it is," he smiled, smiling. "Then beware!" she cautioned mockingly. "Goodnight, my friend the enemy!"

CHAPTER XV.

KANDWAHR ESCAPES.

Harcourt's disappearance had stirred the whole of England. Cables

flashed the news of his kidnapping across the world, while the murder was eagerly being discussed in every civilized country. Thousands of men and women were eagerly awaiting further statements from MacBee, who had promised definite information speedily, but after two weeks none of the cutters on the coast had caught so much as a glimpse of Cornish's yacht, and the inspector seemed no nearer to a solution of the great mystery.

A score of men scoured the country for some trace of the missing nobleman or of his captors, for MacBee still held firmly to the belief that Harcourt had not willingly run away. The newspapers speculated upon the finding of the suitcase with the supposed clothing of the missing man, forming various conclusions, all of which caused MacBee quiet amusement. And through it all the inspector smoked incessantly and thought a great deal. Occasionally he talked when it suited his purpose, and again he would refuse to comment upon the case at all.

Ten days after Harcourt's disappearance the examination of Kandwahr was ordered. MacBee knew that he could not hold the man longer without further evidence, yet he knew that, with Kandwahr and Harcourt both gone, he might never get to the bottom of the matter. Owing to the widespread interest in the case, and the fear of a disorderly crush of persons, the hearing had been fixed for the evening. It was after nightfall, therefore, when Kandwahr was taken from his cell and placed in a closed carriage, manacled to the hand of a detective beside him. A second officer mounted the box beside the driver, and only at the last moment had the newspapers been advised that the hearing was to take place.

In the corridor adjoining the court room MacBee paced nervously up and down, smoking his pipe and waiting for the arrival of the prisoner. He was struggling to arrive at some conclusion—whether to demand the remanding of Kandwahr or to permit his release because of lack of evidence against him. There was only one tiny thing that would have given the inspector the hold he required, but that thing had been so unobtrusive that it had never attracted his attention. He had not seen the monogrammed cigarette Harcourt had found beside the body of Townshend, and as Kandwahr had thoughtfully rid himself of his last one before arriving at Scotland Yard, MacBee had no reason to give more than passing consideration to the peculiar symbol he had noticed on the dagger of which Kandwahr admitted ownership.

As he walked slowly to and fro, pondering over the problem, a man hatless and excited, rushed in from the street.

"We've been attacked!" he shouted. "Kandwahr has escaped!"

With an oath, MacBee, started from his reverie. "Attacked? Escaped?" he exclaimed. "In the streets of London at 8 o'clock in the evening! Impossible!"

"It's true," the man insisted, panting for breath. "Not three minutes ago and within a block of here!"

In an instant all was confusion. An excited throng of court attendants and newspaper men surrounded the bearer of the seemingly impossible news, but he was too confused to give them much satisfaction. Without waiting to hear more, however, MacBee dashed from the building and ran rapidly down the street. A crowd was already gathering about a carriage that stood close to the sidewalk, its horse lying in the street before it, apparently dead. Upon the box the driver still sat, but he breathed no more, for a great cobblestone had crushed his skull. The carriage door had been almost wrenched from its hinges, and within, upon the cushions, lay the detective to whom Kandwahr had been manacled. His clothing was soaked with blood and from his wrist dangled the steel chain of the bracelet that remained fastened tightly about his wrist. MacBee examined it and found that the chain had not been broken, but the other bracelet which had been fastened about Kandwahr's wrist, had been opened as neatly and easily as though with a key.

Seeing MacBee, the detective tried to speak, but the effort was too much for him. A man forced his way through the crowd and announced that he was a physician. In a moment they lifted out the detective and stretched him upon the sidewalk, cutting away his clothing to reveal a narrow slit in his left side.

"Stiletto wound," the doctor said promptly, and began to staunch the flow of blood.

"What has happened, man, tell me!" MacBee urged, bending over the prostrate form.

"He can't," the doctor said after a minute. "He is dead."

A murmur of horror ran through the crowd, and MacBee turned quickly to the detective who summoned him.

"It all happened so quickly I hardly know, sir," the man explained. "I saw three men jump out of the shadow and run toward us. One of them caught hold of the horses and it went down. I drew my revolver and fired, but just then the driver yelled and fell against me so heavily that I slipped off the seat. I guess the fall stunned me a bit, for I hit my head, and when I got to my feet, all I could see was a little group running down the street. I looked into the cab and saw him there moaning—alone. Then I turned and started after the men who were running, but by that time they had turned the corner. I fired again and shouted for help, sir, but when I reached the corner they were gone as though the earth had swallowed them up!"

"And then," MacBee pressed him. "Then I ran for you, sir."

A score of hobbles arrived upon the scene, and as they pushed back the crowd MacBee gave them a few hasty instructions. Then he hurried away to his office and sat down by the telephone. Through the night he remained there sending and receiving messages. Telegraph wires hummed with queries and instructions, and messengers hurried in and out constantly.

The events of the past hour had changed the whole complexion of the case, and far from complicating it MacBee was confident that this double kidnapping of the two men he wanted most would simplify his work. This time however, he did not mean to let his prisoner slip from his grasp so easily. It was practically impossible for Kandwahr to have been spirited out of the city by this time, and already the great dragnet of the London police was spread to prevent his ultimate escape. Like a spider in his web, MacBee sat at his desk directing the search and determined that the remaining hours of darkness would not be passed before Kandwahr should again be in custody. And this time he would have others, too—prisoners from whom he could quickly force the information required.

But by morning no trace of Kandwahr or his deliverers had been found. From the moment they had turned the corner no trace of their whereabouts was discovered. Even the great conservative newspapers of the capital grew hysterical over the events of the night. The Townshend murder, followed closely by the disappearance of a well known peer, now the escape of another suspect, and the killing of two detectives in the very heart of the city, stirred the most stolid Londoners to a storm of frightened protest. It shrieked of anarchy, the newspapers thundered. A band of organized criminals held the city in their grasp, and the most severe censure was piled upon the police and upon MacBee, whose removal for incompetence was flatly demanded.

MacBee had not slept and he glanced over the morning editions with but scant interest. Their charges and demands did not disturb him in the least, and he continued his work without comment. At noon he held a conference with his staff, and then lay down for a brief nap.

An hour later he was aroused and had a batch of telegrams. They came from every port at which it would have been possible for Henry Cornish's yacht to have touched since its departure, and each contained a disappointment, for at none of them had the Murita been sighted.

MacBee smiled. "Just as I thought," he murmured to himself. "He's keeping at sea. Harcourt is quite as safe there as he would be here under my thumb. It now remains only to find the others."

Then he turned his attention to another telegram, and was just answering it when Carrington was announced.

"You are wearing yourself out, working like this," Carrington said as he shook MacBee's hand. "If you're not careful you'll break down."

"I hope not before my work is finished," the inspector answered. "It will take time, but they have me in a corner now, and I'm determined to get out of it for the sake of my own reputation as well as my desire to clear Lord Harcourt."

"You have had no news of his whereabouts as yet?"

"You could tell me if you cared to do so," MacBee answered looking squarely at his visitor and noting his surprise at the sudden accusation.

"I?" Carrington said falteringly.

"Yes Mr. Carrington. I have known from the first that you and Sir Henry Farndale were quite well aware of his hiding place."

"Upon my honor, I have not the slightest idea where he is!" Carrington protested.

"Not now—doubtless—that is exactly where he is," MacBee agreed smilingly. "But you know as well as I do Harcourt is aboard the Murita. Mr. Cornish is a very crafty man. He has made no landing since he left England, but he will do so shortly, even though one of the government ships fails to encounter him in the meantime."

"And then—"

"Wait and see," said MacBee. "You surely do not think me child enough to have been deceived by your attitude. Why, Mr. Carrington, your very lack of concern as to Lord Harcourt's safety would have told me you knew where he was to be found."

"If that is the case why were not Sir Harry and I arrested?"

"What was the need of that? MacBee asked him. "I have always been able to reach you, and being at liberty I had the opportunity to observe any efforts you might have made to communicate with Cornish. Mr. Carrington, I am working just as jealously as you are and your friends in my effort to prove Lord Harcourt's innocence. Our methods must essentially be different—that is all."

A clerk entered and handed the inspector a long pink envelope.

"If you will pardon me, I will read this," MacBee said, and slit open the message.

Carrington noted that it was a cablegram, and he watched the detective closely as he read the lengthy message, referring to a code book once or twice when his memory failed him. At last MacBee finished and tucked the cable carefully into his pocket.

"Mr. Carrington," he said looking up. "May I trouble you for a cigarette?"

In surprise, Carrington handed him his case. "I thought you only cared for a pipe?" he said.

"But this is a sort of celebration—because of the cablegram," MacBee told him.

"You have something definite?" Carrington asked eagerly.

"I have established the motive for the murder—of which I have heretofore been entirely ignorant. I cannot say any more than that my suspicions have been correct from the first. The disappearance of both my prisoners seemed to prove the fact but this is conclusive."

"You think they were both carried off by—"

"Mr. Cornish? Hardly," said MacBee. "Mr. Carrington, I earnestly recommend that you do not attempt to mix up further in this. It will be dangerous work if you do, and by communicating with Lord Harcourt in any way, or even trying to solve the mystery of Kandwahr's escape, you make it impossible for me to accomplish my purpose."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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