

DOINGS AT ACADEMY

Happenings of Interest and Personal Paragraphs Gathered at the School the Past Week.

A change in the plan of issuing mail and merchandise at the quartermaster's has been under consideration for a long time, and the plans finally adopted were carried out during vacation. The old small-sized boxes have been removed and the room formerly given over to the mail has been occupied by Quartermaster Haul as his office. Beginning at the west side of the building and running in an L shape to the east side are arranged large individual lock boxes for each cadet. These resemble in shape and size the gymnasium lockers. Instead of having only a limited time each day in which to visit the quartermaster's the cadet may now secure his mail at whatever time is most convenient to his schedule of work. Instead of going to the window for whatever supplies he needs he will now fill out his requisition blank for the same, deposit it in a box assigned for that purpose and the supplies will be placed in his own box to be taken out at his own convenience. Each cadet is also furnished with a pass book much like a common bank book. In this his individual account will be kept and frequent balancing will show him exactly how he stands financially. On the whole the new system gives promise of being the most satisfactory method devised for handling the complicated and varied business of the quartermaster's department.

Reveille call at 6:50 Tuesday morning announced the official beginning of the spring term of C. M. A. After giving new arrivals time to report their return and the

old ones to get their trunks unpacked, chapel exercises were held and then classes met as usual. More cadets than usual failed to appear for the first formations, but the noon trains brought in such numbers that by Tuesday night the battalion assumed its wonted size.

During the vacation the new catalogues for the Culver Summer Naval and Cavalry schools made their appearance. The cavalry will be used for the first time this summer and the little 16-page catalogue sets forth in picture and print the attractions of this feature of life at Culver during July and August. The Naval school catalogue is on the same lines as that of 1906 with the addition of the pictures taken after the addition to the cutters last summer. It is in itself a work of art and will no doubt bring up to capacity limit the attendance for the summer of 1907.

The vacation brought another distressing accident to one of the Culver cadets. Last week Cadet W. A. Perrin of Chicago while visiting a friend near Laporte accidentally discharged a shot gun so that his left arm was shattered by the shot from both barrels. Amputation just below the shoulder was found necessary, and the operation was performed at once. The latest accounts report him as doing well though the loss of blood has rendered his condition very serious for a time.

Twenty-five cadets and most of the married officers spent their vacation at the academy.

LOCAL JOTTINGS

The Thursday club meets with Mrs. Arthur Morris this week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Buckheiser, April 2, a daughter.

Rollin Hawk has sawed 1,500 cords of wood this spring with a six-horse gas engine.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Grove, of North Bend township, on Thursday, a boy.

Miss Jessie Grove entertained her Sunday school class of young boys on last Friday evening.

The 6-year old daughter of Capt. Glascock is recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia.

Bremen's \$10,000 school building is now completed, and the people are proud of it, as they have a right to be.

It is said that some farmers bring enough butter, eggs and poultry to the Culver stores to average \$1 a day the year around.

No school sessions will be held to day and tomorrow as the teachers will go to South Bend to attend the meeting of the Northern Indiana Teachers' association.

The bountiful supper served by the ladies of the Reformed church on Saturday night received the liberal patronage which it deserved. The Aid society clears \$65 or over.

George Busart paid \$187 for a strong, well put-up gelding, coming 3 years old, at Plymouth last Saturday at private sale. As horses are selling nowadays it was well worth the money.

Deputy Assessor S. E. Wise interviewed the Culverites last week as to their personal possessions. The personal property assessment will not vary materially from last year's valuation.

The Plymouth Chronicle has been enlarged to seven columns to a page. The Chronicle is well edited. Mr. Boys has the true newspaper instinct and produces a paper which is always bright and interesting.

John Osborn last Saturday bought Aaron Asper's big roan 4-year old horse for \$225, and will put it on his farm as a mate for a horse he bought at Argos two weeks ago.

Marshall Fries used a road drag on the streets Friday, with such excellent results that it ought to encourage the use of this implement on the country roads. It has the road scraper beat a city block—Bremen Enquirer.

Sam Medbourn purchased four fine work horses Saturday for \$900. Harry and Charley Medbourn took them to Logansport Tuesday where they will be used in the ice delivery business that Medbourn is going to start at that place.

Let everyone keep hustling to improve the appearance of the streets and lots. Keep all kinds of rubbish off the streets and sidewalks, and see that your houses, etc., are neatly painted. There is nothing that helps the looks of a town and induces newcomers to settle in it more than neatly-painted houses, tidy streets and sidewalks, and fruit and shade trees on your lots. Let us see what you will do for the benefit of our progressive little city.

A Good Story, Anyhow.

Claud Clawson, a one-armed man in Whitley county, is establishing a reputation as a wood cutter. With his single left arm, and only three fingers and a thumb on the hand of that one, it is said he split and ranked eight single cords of oak and hickory wood in a day.—Exchange.

Horse for Sale.

One roan horse, 1100 pounds, cash or on time. Enquire at this office. Also one good second-hand buggy.

PERSONALITIES

Mrs. Capt. Crook has gone to Logansport to spend the week.

Mrs. Wm. Foss left for Palermo, N. D., yesterday to remain indefinitely.

Mrs. Lovina Shilling of Knox was in Culver Sunday to see her son, S. C. Shilling.

W. H. Porter and family were Easter guests of Oscar Porter and family near Rutland.

C. W. Newman attended a sale of Holstein-Friesian cattle at Columbus, O., this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Blanchard visited over Easter with friends and relatives in Mishawaka.

John Buswell has been entertaining this week Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Bentley of Michigan City.

Mrs. Elsie Curtis and Mrs. Rollo Hutchison were Logansport shoppers last Monday and Tuesday.

Mrs. Wm. Schrieker of North Judson has been the guest of Mrs. Will Osborn during the past ten days.

Mrs. Nelson Geiselman and daughter went to Knox last week for an Easter visit with her parents.

Mrs. Elza Cromley of Indiana Harbor visited over Easter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Hayes.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gast and son Chester visited with relatives in South Bend over Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Wiseman and two youngest sons visited John Leland, east of Plymouth, over Sunday.

B. D. Ebling returned to Culver Tuesday after spending the winter with F. E. Zechel at Fostoria, O.

Miss Chloe Houghton, who is attending the State Normal at Terre Haute, is spending her Easter vacation at home this week.

Lorna Howard returned Tuesday evening from the hospital in South Bend. Her restoration to health promises to be complete.

Mesdames Sam and Isadore Hessel and John W. Cromley and Misses Vera Baker and Esta and Gladys Cromley went to Plymouth Friday.

Charley Medbourn will go to Logansport as soon as the ice delivery season opens to take charge of the wagons which the Culver City Grain & Coal Co. will put into service.

Miss Lois Wood of Newtown stopped on her way home from Valparaiso where she was attending school and spent Easter Sunday with her uncles, Dr. and L. C. Wiseman, and families.

Chester Easterday left Monday for Cincinnati, where he will take a course in embalming at Clark's Embalming school. His brother Willie has returned from Michigan City and will take his place during his absence.

Matrimonial.

Wesley Kaley, principal of the Leiter's Ford school, and Sarah Zook, a teacher in one of the country schools, were married at the home of the bride in Leiter's Ford on Sunday evening. A company of about twenty relatives and friends was present. Clark Bailey and Bertha Zook stood up with the couple. A supper was served after the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Kaley will attend the Normal school at Terre Haute this summer.

Auction Sale.

Saturday, April 6, in Culver, opposite the school house, farming implements, buggy and work harness, and a quantity of small articles. Property of Aaron Asper.

Keen Bros. are making special preparations for the photographing of graduates this spring.

GROWTH OF CULVER

Sales, Improvements and New Buildings Which Show the Development of the Town

D. A. Bradley is building a large lunch room on his property near the Vandalia station. It will be about 24x44 and will cost upwards of \$900. Mr. Bradley found his home accommodations in such demand last season by visitors that he has concluded to enlarge his facilities for handling both transient and permanent trade.

Wm. O'Connor, 2 1/2 miles southwest of Culver, has begun work on a 60x90 stock and hay barn which will cost him \$1,000. The entire floor will be of cement. Ferrier & Son will put this in and furnish the lumber bill.

Ferrier & Son are at work on a concrete porch for Dr. Parker. It will extend across the 40 feet of frontage and will be 12 feet deep on the wings and 6 feet on the projection of the main building.

Howard is busy this week renovating the inside of his bakery. The rear partition has been extended to the ceiling, and the store and dining room are being treated to new paper and paint.

Railroad officials were here on Monday looking over the Lake View hotel property. The impression left by them was that no enlargement of the hotel will be made this year.

The Peter Zumbaugh farm of 32 acres, 4 miles south of Plymouth, has been sold to Daniel Poor, and the Kimmel farm of 20 acres, 5 miles south of Plymouth, to Jacob Ringer.

Fred Thompson is building a \$500 or \$600 addition to the house on the place recently bought by Simon Mattix, east of the academy.

George Davis is putting up a story and a half cottage, 16x24, in

the south part of town, and it has already been rented to Lem Woods.

I. G. Fisher has sold his residence property to the Fishburns and will move to the Kreuzberger property.

D. G. Walter has raised and re-graded his lawn, adding much to the appearance of his well-kept property.

L. C. Dillon is having his farm residence north of town, built two years ago, handsomely papered.

Capt. Greiner of the academy colony has built a kitchen addition to his house.

Chas. Asper is adding a second story to his woodshed to be used as a workshop.

Ezra Hawkins is putting up a corn crib and wagon shed on his farm.

Will Begin May 1.

John Osborn interviewed the officials of the National Water-works company at South Bend last week, and learned that the material for the Culver plant had been ordered and that it will be on the ground in time to begin work about May 1. The company thinks better progress will be made and better work done by waiting until the spring rains are over and the weather is settled.

Contractor Osborn began work on the cement pumping station this week Monday, and will probably complete the walls this week.

Never disappoints you for fine pastry work—Red Line Flour. The Surprise sells it.

Wanted—Three bushels shoe-peg seed corn; also a hand for three months. Frank Pulver.

DANGER TO FRUIT CROPS

Sunday's Freeze Puts Peaches and Cherries in Jeopardy.

The tender buds and plants were caught Sunday morning in what proved to be a killing frost says the Indianapolis Star of Monday. The area of low temperature covers the entire state of Indiana at a mean average temperature of 23 degrees Fahrenheit. It is early to predict however, that the frost was of the kind described as "killing." Several days will elapse before the actual extent of the damage will be definitely known. The bright clear sky and the sunlight following the frosty nights is most unfavorable. Fruits and buds that are frozen must be thawed gradually, in order not to be blighted. When a heavy frost is followed by a bright day fruits and buds in places sheltered from the wind thaw almost immediately and wilt. Under these conditions frost is death dealing. Gardeners acquainted with the situation can avoid such results by sprinkling the trees, the buds and the tender shoots with water and the effect will be a gradual thaw, which will leave the growth undamaged. The frosts of Sunday and Monday nights swept the state, and nothing in a state of growth to be susceptible will escape. There seems to be no question that great damage was done, as it will be impossible for most growers to protect their budding crops properly.

The weather bureau bulletins show that the freezing temperature covered the entire wheat and corn area, with the exception of Kansas City where the temperature was 36. The cold wave went as far south as Mississippi, with damaging results. Reports from the Indiana stations show that Auburn was visited with a temperature of 19; Bloomington, 22; Cambridge City, 22; Columbus, 23; Evansville, 26; Farmland, 21; Indianapolis, 23; Lafayette, 21; Logansport, 20, and Marion 20. The sky was clear at all these places except Auburn and Cambridge City, where nature was lenient in following the cold night by a cloudy day, so that under these proper thawing conditions the new growth in these places was protected.

WILL PROVE POPULAR.

Special Delivery Can be Secured Without Special Stamp.

After July 1 the public may send special delivery letters without going to the trouble of pasting a special delivery stamp on the envelope.

Congress has passed a law which will permit the transmission of letters and packages for special delivery where the necessary 10 cents in ordinary postage is attached, the law to become effective July 1.

The postoffice department believes that there will be an appreciable increase in the special delivery business under this regulation, because it will be possible for business men and farmers who are not ordinarily provided with special stamps to forward this class of mail without inconvenience.

Plymouth's Tough Joint.

The Plymouth Independent relates the following circumstance which is alleged to have happened in a saloon which has the reputation of being a "strong arm" dive:

Only a few days ago a man came from Maxinkuckee lake to Plymouth on some business. At the same place where the money of the boy was taken yesterday afternoon \$160 is reported to have been taken from the farmer.

While such a resort ought not to be allowed to exist it is also true that there is no law compelling a person to go into it.

At the M. E. Church.

Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock will convene the third quarterly conference of the year, Dr. Paul C. Carnick, presiding elder, will preside at the meeting.

On Sunday morning (April 7) Dr. Carnick will preach and administer the sacraments of the Lord's supper.

There will be preaching in the evening by the pastor. All are cordially invited to attend the services.

Seed Oats for Sale.

Three hundred bushels good seed Big Four oats. Culver City Grain & Coal Co.

Farmers, for good 60-pound wheat we will give you 40 pounds best flour. Get your summer's flour now before the spring work begins. Leiter's Ford Mills.

For Sale at a Bargain.

An end-gate seeder. Enquire at the Culver Cash Hardware.

FLORA WATERWORKS ENJOINED

By a decision of the Tippecanoe circuit court the town of Flora is perpetually enjoined from entering into a contract with the National Construction Co. of South Bend for the construction of a waterworks. About a year ago the city council of Flora decided to build the water plant estimated to cost \$23,000. Waldo Callane, a taxpayer, secured a temporary injunction, restraining the council from going ahead, on the grounds that the town could not bond itself for more than its constitutional two per cent limit of indebtedness. Flora's 2 per cent limit is \$8,000. Defeated in this, a water company was formed and it was planned

that the town was to pay a rental of \$2,400 annually, and that this sum should be paid to the National Construction Co., for building the plant. Payments were to continue until the full contract was paid, when the plant would then become the property of the town. Callane fought the proposition on the same grounds. Venue was taken to Tippecanoe county, and now a decision has been made, permanently enjoining the town from building the plant, holding that the organization of the water company is but a subterfuge to evade the 2 per cent constitutional limit. The case has attracted great attention all over the state.

TELEPHONE AFFAIRS.

New Mutual Marshall County Company Perfect Organization.

The Patrons Mutual Telephone company completed its organization last Saturday, says the Plymouth Tribune. It is incorporated under the laws of the state and is composed of some of Marshall county's best business men. Its capital stock is \$50 a share. The president of the company is V. A. Lidecker of Union township; Elmer Weedling of North township, first vice-president; George Morlock of West township, second vice-president; Warren McFarlin, secretary; Oliver G. Soice, treasurer.

The directors are W. F. Beck, C. W. Heim, Elmer Weedling, Samuel Garn, Wm. Welborn, V. A. Lidecker, P. E. Sarber, J. F. Behmer and George Hartman.

First Spring Outing.

The Gamma chapter of the Omega Zeta fraternity of Indianapolis is spending the week at the Winslow cottage on the East side, this being the spring vacation of the Shortridge high school. The following members are here: Will Gavin, H. Gage McCotter, Walker Winslow, Clifford Hill, Edward Ogle, Clemens Mueller, Frank Cavengh and Remster Bingham. All are enjoying themselves to the fullest extent.

Great Place for a Spin.

Oregon township, Starke county, now has nearly completed 25 miles of graveled roads, requiring 20,000 yards of gravel and costing when finished \$25,000. This improvement gives the traveling public a continuous gravel road from South Bend to Knox.

The rural routes were established for the benefit of the rural homes, in other words the farmers. The free daily mail delivery has proven a greater blessing to the farmers than was anticipated by the most sanguine. A farmer who has once enjoyed the advantages of the rural service would hardly know how to live without it. It did not come to the farmer, however, until he had many times earned it. The farmers are our heaviest taxpayers. What property they have is in plain sight and unlike the holdings of many of the residents of the cities pays its full share toward the expenses of government.

Red Line Flour at The Surprise.

FARM HOME DESTROYED

Corbin Spencer Returns to Find His Home in Ashes

The farm residence of Corbin Spencer, brother of Eli Spencer of this place, situated 5 miles east of Maxinkuckee, was destroyed by fire on Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The family were away for the day, but had carefully closed the dampers of the heating stove, and find it difficult to believe that the fire originated from this source. Everything in the house was consumed. It is probable that the neighbors were also away from home and thus help was not at hand. The house was a large one-story building containing seven rooms. Mr. Spencer carried insurance, but the amount has not been learned.

A Broken Leg.

W. S. Easterday drove his ambulance to the neighborhood of Bourbon yesterday to convey a 19-year old son of Mrs. O. Jordan to his home 3 miles southwest of Culver. Two weeks ago the young man had his leg badly fractured below the knee by a falling log while working for Otto Appel.

Farewell Sermon.

Rev. S. E. Klopfenstein will take formal leave of his congregation next Sunday evening.

J. Combs & Son's fine granulated corn meal (white or yellow) is the best. For sale at The Surprise.

Lost—Along the railroad track between the depot and my home, a handbag containing money and other valuables. Will pay reward for its return to Citizen office. Mrs. James Green.

Seed Oats for Sale.

Three hundred bushels good seed Big Four oats. Culver City Grain & Coal Co.

For Sale—Two splendid work horses and a set of log bunks and chains. Apply at The Surprise.

The Surprise store will furnish you our prepared Scratch Food for little chickens. Feed it dry. J. Combs & Son, Leiter's.

THE CULVER CITIZEN.

ARTHUR B. HOLT, Publisher.
CULVER, INDIANA.

Authors Misinterpreted.

This is an age of illustrated books and periodicals, and there has been much complaint of late that the artists too often misinterpret the meaning of an author, or wilfully misrepresent him in the perverse carrying out of their own ideas. Indeed, sometimes it seems as if the illustrator had not read the passage he pretends to picture, and has drawn entirely on his imagination for the work of his pencil. This complaint of the artist's failure to interpret properly the work of a novelist or poet is an old one, and in the past numerous protests have been made against the manner in which works of fiction have been illustrated. The New York Mall calls attention to the fact that Charles Dickens indignantly objected to Hablot K. Brown's manner of illustrating "Dombey & Son," especially in his presentation of Paul and Mrs. Pipchin. He also found fault with the caricatures of George Cruikshank in his stories, and, indeed, would not let some of them that were submitted to him appear. No doubt many people got their idea of Dickens' characters from the pictures of the famous caricaturist, and after the break between the two men Cruikshank said that he was the originator of some of the things that Dickens claimed were his own original conceptions. Dickens refused some drawings by Thackeray because he thought they were not adapted to his creations, and there is no doubt that Dickens took little advice from his contemporaries, though he did use many of the peculiarities of his friends in the people he introduced into his novels. He was a realist, but in an exaggerated vein, which has no counterpart in the realism of our day, and his father was burlesqued in Wilkins Micawber and his mother in Mrs. Nickleby, while he made Leigh Hunt masquerade as Harold Skinpole. The dwarf, Miss Moucher, was taken from real life, and the archetype was much increased over the fantastic dress in which she was made to appear. Nevertheless, Dickens did not want any mistakes made in the portraying of his characters by the pencil, any more than he wanted his stories unsatisfactorily dramatized for the stage. This misrepresentation by artists, however, could be reformed altogether, we believe, if they would always consult the authors before they completed their tasks.

Women to Save the Nation.

The three evils most menacing to the country to-day are (1) debasement of moral standards in politics and business; (2) absorption by a few, at unwarranted cost to the many, of the common wealth, and (3) unreasonable and violent expression of resentment by the multitude. With each of these perils the American woman is quite as competent to cope as the American man, says North American Review. That she would be less tolerant of moral deficiency in a candidate for public office requires no demonstration; that, as a careful householder and ambitious mother constantly practicing economies for the advancement of her children, she would take an active part in restraining monopolies from adding undue profits to the cost of living seems evident; that her keen personal interest in the preservation and protection of homes and property would inevitably constitute her a conservative balance against the increasing horde of foreign-born voters may also, we submit, be accepted as a certainty. For the purposes, therefore, of purifying the ballot, of establishing and maintaining lofty standards as to the qualifications required of candidates for public office, of effecting an even distribution of earnings, of providing a heavier balance of distastefulness and conservatism against greed and radicalism, we reiterate the expression of our firm belief that universal suffrage has now become, not only desirable, but almost a paramount issue.

It is Spanish Gossip that when Princess, afterward Queen, Victoria complained to her uncle, King William that some ladies of the court in Madrid objected because she proposed to entertain English friends who were not of the royal family, her uncle advised her to "be a sensible girl," and said, "Do not make enemies. Respect people's stupidities when necessary. In time, if you are wise, you will have everything your own way." Whether the king ever said this or not, it is pretty good advice for everyone.

The negro who has just died at Washington at the age of 114 declared that he had a clear recollection of the war of 1812 and the capture of Washington by the British, but strangely enough he never claimed to have been a body servant of George Washington.

A train robber was captured out west a few days ago while he was asleep. It probably surprised the detectives to find that a train robber never found it necessary to go to sleep.

FOR REAL CHICKEN STEW.

Famous Dish as It is Prepared in Virginia.

If chicken can be had, try the famous stew of Virginia, which contains, in addition to the chicken, new corn and tomatoes, onions, beans and potatoes. A little later squirrels may be used in the place of the chicken. In either case the stew is a meal in itself. Allow to two or three chickens or squirrels, which should be cut in small pieces and laid in cold water to draw out the blood, one quart tomatoes, peeled or sliced, or a quart can of tomatoes, half a dozen ears of green corn cut from the cob, one sliced onion, six parboiled and sliced potatoes, one gallon water, with butter, black pepper, sugar and salt to season; put the water on in a kettle to heat, adding a tablespoon of salt; when it has come to a boil and cooked five minutes, put in the onion, beans, corn and potatoes; pepper the chicken or squirrel and all; cover closely and simmer gently for two and a half hours, stirring often from the bottom to prevent sticking; now add the tomatoes, with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and stew an hour longer; when almost ready to serve the dinner, add a half cup butter cut in small pieces and rolled in flour; boil ten minutes to thicken, and serve.

ON THE LUNCHEON TABLE.

Ideas for Decorating and Serving Simple Meal.

For a simple luncheon there is nothing prettier than scarlet blossoms, arranged in a glass bowl, with sprays of fern to form a contrast to the brilliant red.

Colonial glass is again in fashion and is much cheaper than cut, the design being simple it is more appropriate for an informal occasion.

The conventional courses may be dispensed with and stuffed peppers can take the place of raw oysters or grape fruit.

Plates, painted in cherries or fruit, harmonize well.

A fruit salad can be sent to the table in crimson apples, with the stems tied with ribbons to match.

Place cards can readily be made at home by cutting out small pictures of apples and pasting them on the corner of each.

Mushrooms, instead of being served in china caps, may be put in those made of paper in the shape of crimson roses.

Wild Mushrooms Creamed.

Take the delicious little meadow mushrooms. Peel and trim the end of the stalks where they enter the earth. Melt a tablespoonful of butter in an earthenware saucepan and put in the mushrooms. Let them stand ten minutes on the back of the range, then pull forward and simmer five minutes. Season with salt and pepper, add a cupful of cream, simmer five minutes longer, then serve on slices of toast or buttered bread that has been crisped in the oven, pouring the gravy over them. Serve at once. A few moments' delay in serving mushrooms after they have been cooked is ruinous to their flavor.

Suet Pudding and Sauce.

One cup of molasses, one cup of raisins and one cup of chopped suet; one cup of sour milk with a rounded teaspoonful of soda beaten into it; season with one-quarter teaspoonful of cinnamon, clove, nutmeg and allspice, each; add pinch of salt and flavor enough to make a stiff batter. Mix well and steam four hours.

Sauce—Beat one cup of sugar thoroughly with the white of one egg, pour on this enough boiling water to make it about as thick as cream. Let it stand in a bowl over a steaming tea kettle until it foams, then remove at once and set on back of stove till you serve the pudding.

Mending Frazzled Linen.

When the hemstitching is beginning to wear on a good-sized dolly or napkin and the linen center remains good and strong, cut the dolly all around the hemstitching and make a new hem, drawing the threads just far enough away from the old line to find a strong place. This will give you a smaller dolly practically new. If you do not want to spend the time or take the trouble to hemstitch, make a tiny hem and edge it with a narrow lace heavy enough to match your linens.

Pecan Pudding.

This dessert is very simple but delicious. Roll finely a dozen stale macarons and mix lightly with a pint of cream whipped until stiff. Add one cupful of pecan meats, which have been put through a meat chopper, and mix it thoroughly. Pack in a covered mold or pail and bury in ice and salt for four hours. Turn out and serve, surrounded with more whipped cream.

Baby's Gown Needs Fixing.

Children's white dresses often get badly stained with fruit. The worst stains may be removed in the following manner: Dissolve a tablespoonful of chloride of lime in eight quarts of water. Soak the dress in the solution, squeezing it occasionally. In 24 hours, or less, according to the extent of the stain, the garment will be quite clean.

A Good Washing Fluid.

To one gallon of soft soap take four ounces of sal soda and one-half gallon of rain or softened water, and one and a half gill spirits of turpentine. Place them all in a pot over the fire and allow the mixture to boil a few minutes. It is then ready for use. It can be kept in an earthen stoneware vessel.



A SIGNAL OF PEACE.

Story of the Last Message of the Civil War.

It was the 13th of April, 1865, precisely four years to an hour from the capitulation of Fort Sumter. I had been a soldier of the union for four years, lacking seven days. At that moment I found myself riding with a small signal detachment in advance of the armies, which had swept from the valley of the Mississippi to the sea and were then turning from the sea toward the mountains. On the afternoon of that day, after a march of 21 miles, we entered Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, says Lieut. George C. Round, in the Chicago Inter Ocean. We found that Kilpatrick's cavalry had been there before us and had passed through the city.

Near the center of the city was a square occupied by the two buildings of the Raleigh academy, now the location of the governor's mansion. I saw an old gentleman on the grounds, who proved to be Prof. Lovejoy, the principal. He told me he was a native of Vermont, had come to North Carolina as a teacher, and was concerned for the safety of his family.

I had pitched quite a cozy encampment under the trees of the academy, and had sent, with my compliments, a small package of "genuine coffee" to Mrs. Lovejoy, and that estimable lady had just reciprocated with a few early vegetables for a supper then impending, when I received an order from the headquarters of Gen. Schofield, then commander of the Army of the Ohio, to establish a signal station at once on the dome of the capitol, about two squares distant.



I Grasped the Lightning Rod.

It stood at the junction of the four main avenues of the city, was built of a light colored stone in the massive style usual for good public buildings, well proportioned, and surmounted by a beautiful dome. Its shape was that of a Greek cross, and in the center, from the ground floor to the dome, was the rotunda. The dome rose from the roof first in heavy stone abutments or steps, and from the upper tier of these, in a graceful curve, to a small circular stonework on top, above and around which ran a light iron railing.

Lieut. Round then goes on to tell how, after a thrilling escape from death by being dashed through the glass skylight of the dome, the station was established on the top of the dome, which was reached by means of a lightning rod.

On the thirteenth night after we had entered Raleigh I sat at my station till a late hour. The myriad bands had played with unwonted sweetness, closing, as if by common consent, with "Home, Sweet Home." The "tattoo" had rolled around the circle of my vision, and 100,000 men had answered to evening roll call. "Taps" had sounded, the campfires burned low, and the lights in the homes of Raleigh had gone out. Still, though then with no apparent necessity, I watched over the silent hosts committed to my charge. My post had a charm for me, and I had become attached to the citizens, who seemed in some vague manner to be my special care. As if lifted up from earth, in very presence of mysterious constellations, I mused over life and its problems, the unrolling present and the oncoming future. I was gazing westward. I knew that at some point toward where the sun had set five hours before the two great chieftains were in consultation under a flag of truce. I felt at that silent hour ascending to heaven the prayers of estranged millions that bloodshed might cease.

Suddenly, far out to the front, I heard the sharp click of a horse's hoof. "Some drunken cavalryman out of camp," I thought. Clearer and nearer it came. I became impressed with the idea that it was no ordinary messenger, and sent word to the provost to look out for the intruder. Straight on toward us it came, nor did it stop until reined up at the capitol, and when the lookout returned he shouted as he flew up the lightning rod:

"Hurrah! The War is Over!"

I wrote at once to Capt. Russell, my

chief signal officer, and in a few minutes had received permission to expend one-half my stock of signal rockets. They were of beautiful colors, some of them changing many times as they floated in midheaven. I arranged them in such order as to announce the glad tidings which would be "of great joy to all people." The watchman would bring the rocket and stand it in position on the edge of the platform, while I, standing on the dome, outside the circle of safety, and holding on with my right hand, would reach through the railing and touch off the rocket with my left. I would then walk backward along the railing, beyond the reach of danger. After sputtering awhile the rocket, throwing downward a tremendous shower of sparks and smoke, would with a mighty rush speed away for the stars.

We had spelled out the word "P-E-A-C-E" when one of the most serious events of my life occurred. It seemed as if some demon of war had determined to stop the proceedings and some kind angel was at hand for my deliverance. The next rocket was a "pause" signal, to denote the end of a word. It sputtered and went out—or so appeared. After some waiting I struck another match, walked carefully around the dome, and was putting my left hand through the railing, when, with no premonition whatever, it exploded with terrific force, casting its hellish blast of hot embers and flame full into my upturned face.

For the instant I forgot everything. I only knew that the hot smokes were sweeping around me. Instinctively I loosened my hold and sprang back into space. The next instant I felt myself reeling and falling, as it seemed to me then, half way down the dome. In that terrible moment I fully realized my situation. I thought of the great stones below me and how I would bound lifeless from them to the ground below.

I had fortunately sprang back in the same line that I approached the point of danger. My course was tangent to the circular stonework, and directly in my line of retreat stood my old friend the lightning rod, which by the light of the ascending meteor I saw and grasped. It was all the work of an instant. The watchman caught me and helped me over the railing, and I threw myself breathless on the platform.

After this second escapade with the dome I again took account of stock. My eyes were all right, but I was minus two eyebrows, two sets of eyelashes, a portion of my hair, and the down I then called whiskers. I was plus a face that more nearly resembled a boiled lobster than a human countenance. Worse than all, for a boy like me, I was not presentable to the fair daughters of Raleigh for several days.

When I climbed back to the platform I had no more idea of continuing the celebration than I had of flying to the moon. When I saw, after about three minutes, that my injuries were all on the surface, I determined to have it out, and so it happened that after a pause not provided for in the "manual of signals" I renewed my rocket message extraordinary to the armies of the west and the good people of the old north state.

Everything now worked smoothly. Rocket after rocket sped away to the zenith. In the silence that intervened I could hear the opening of windows below me, and gentle household voices seemed to say: "Watchman, what of the night?" and I knew that for them my answer meant "The morning cometh." I thought I heard the distant murmur of the camps, as though the army was awakening from its slumber, and each soldier was with whisperings of joy pointing his comrade to the angel of peace hovering over them, and I knew that one outpost of the Army of the Tennessee caught the full spirit of the vision, for, throwing the fear of army regulations to the winds, they sent up over field and forest a shout such as the shepherds might have uttered when over the palms of Bethlehem they saw the angel convoy of the Prince of Peace; while those skilled in the "cipher code" of freedom thrilled as they read in the fiery heavens:

"Peace on earth, good will to men."

AFTER FORTY-TWO YEARS.

Veterans Resume Checker Contest Started in '64.

One of the Washington veterans of the civil war who attended the recent national encampment of the G. A. R. at Minneapolis relates an interesting incident of the reunion of the old boys in blue. He said two comrades who began a game of checkers 42 years ago at Atlanta, Ga., finished the game at Minneapolis several days ago. During the civil war they were playing on a homemade board with black and white trousers buttons for checkers when suddenly orders were received from Gen. Sherman to get in readiness for his famous march to the sea. As the buglers were sounding "boots and saddles" and all was confusion, the game came to a sudden ending. The players became separated on the march and the game was not concluded until their recent meeting at Minneapolis.

The comrades were both members of Company A, Thirty-first Wisconsin volunteer infantry. The loser of the game that was begun in 1864 treated the winner to a first-class dinner, and on the following day the winner "set up" a fine supper for his "bunkie" who became lost from him while "marching through Georgia."—Galveston News.

Teach Lace-Making by Hand.

In many girls' public and normal schools in France lace-making by hand is now taught by government instructors, which attempt to revive the industry is proving successful.



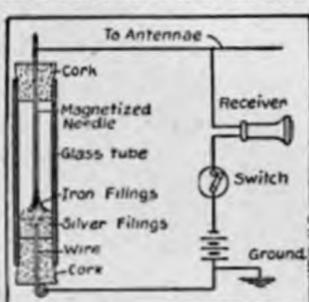
A WIRELESS COHERER.

How One May Be Easily and Cheaply Constructed.

A good wireless coherer may be made with very little expense, the only materials necessary being a glass tube, two corks, a magnetized needle and a quantity of iron and silver filings. Push a piece of wire through one cork and place in the bottom of the tube, as shown in the sketch.

Pour in the filings and insert the top cork with the needle pushed through from above. The point of the needle should barely touch the filings and by slightly agitating the tube the iron filings will separate from the silver and cling to the magnetized needle, as shown.

In operation the device must stand on end and should be connected in the circuit, as shown in the sketch. When the electrical waves strike the needle



Details of Coherer

the conductivity of the filings is established and a click is heard in the receiver.

Portable Wireless Telegraph Plant.

An interesting and compact wireless telegraphic plant of the portable type has been constructed by Sir Oliver Lodge and Dr. Alexander Muirhead, the system employed being that evolved jointly by them. The installation, which is self-contained, is especially intended for military operations, and for facilitating transport particularly over difficult country it



LODGE-MUIRHEAD PORTABLE WIRELESS TELEGRAPH PLANT. The Current is Generated by a Small Continuous-Current Motor Driven From a Stationary Bicycle.

has been made as compact and light as possible, so that it can be easily stowed away for carriage by mules. It is of sufficient capacity to enable communication to be established over distances up to 50 miles across land, or 150 miles over sea.

The antennae are carried by bamboo poles, of short, convenient lengths for transport, which poles, when fitted together, form a somewhat cubical structure 40 feet in height. No earth

ELECTRICAL FARMING.

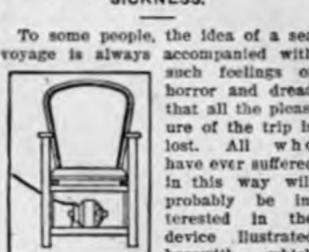
Yield Increased by Application of Electric Current to Plants.

Experiments in electrical farming which have been held by Prof. Lemstrom, of Helingsfors, have demonstrated some very interesting facts. In one experiment with carrots the yield was increased 30 per cent. the first year and 50 per cent. the second year over plants that were not treated electrically. In another experiment with potatoes where the current was generated galvanically in the earth by means of copper and zinc plates connected by insulated wires strung above growing vines, an increased yield of from 60 per cent. to 100 per cent. was recorded. Some scientists now claim, says Farming, that the large harvests of Spitzbergen and Finland are due to the electrical influence of the Aurora Borealis.

Space Left for Expansion.

In every mile of railroad there are seven feet and four inches that are not covered by the rail—the space left for expansion.

APPARATUS TO PREVENT SEA-SICKNESS.



To some people, the idea of a sea voyage is always accompanied with such feelings of horror and dread that all the pleasure of the trip is lost. All who have ever suffered in this way will probably be interested in the device illustrated herewith, which

is the invention of Messrs. K. and W. Otto, of the Sanitas Electric company, Berlin.

The device consists of a chair with an electric motor attached in such a manner that the seat is caused to vibrate. The seat rests on springs which allow it to vibrate up and down very rapidly. The inventors explain that this rapid vibration counteracts the slow vibration of the ship, and actually prevents the outbreak of the sickness. The sensation experienced while sitting in the chair is not at all disagreeable, being similar to that felt in the jar of an automobile, and so long as the vibration continues the motion of the boat cannot be detected.

In recent tests, says Popular Mechanics, the most susceptible persons have found absolute comfort while sitting in the vibrating chair.

A Novel Instrument.

A novel instrument for illustrating the magnetic properties of iron was described some time ago to the Cambridge Philosophical society by Mr. A. H. Peake. In this instrument a strong magnetic field is produced by 16 bar magnets; this field, which is normally horizontal, may be slightly inclined at will by rotating a turn-table, to which the permanent magnets are attached, through a few degrees. The specimen of iron under test is very thin in proportion to its length; it is supported in a freely pivoted cradle, to which a control weight and a long pointer are attached; the axis of the cradle is in the same straight line with that of the turn-table.

Must Interchange Messages.

One of the important matters which has been submitted to the International Wireless Telegraph Conference at Berlin is the necessity of compelling the various wireless companies to interchange messages in certain emergencies, regardless of the system used by sender or receiver. The various companies in the field are naturally rivals. They now refuse to send or receive a wireless message unless the sending and receiving instruments are controlled by the same patent. The danger from this attitude on the part of the companies was made public by the German emperor, whose attention was attracted by the case of a vessel in distress, which was unable to communicate with the shore by reason of this rule.

Monks Use Automobiles.

The St. Bernard monks drove one of their new powerful motor cars, specially constructed to transport heavy luggage, from Martigny to the hospice on the summit of the Grand St. Bernard a few days ago, and next summer they will start a regular automobile service for tourists to the hospice.

On the Fangs of the Yellow Saw

(The Weird Tale of a Shipwreck)
BY CUTCLIFFE HYNE

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles)

It happened when I was 18; and my life had not been passed in still places; but although my years now number four-score and one, the wreck of that unknown Indian ship is the clearest thing in memory to-day.

It was the chief boatman who saw her first. He was patrolling on duty along the cliffs, and a rocket spurting up from the gloom beneath showed him a vessel hard jammed on some of the mid-teeth of the Yellow Saw. Being powerless to aid her by himself, he forthwith carried the report to my father, his superior officer.

Picking up his men as he passed the signal station, my father led on along the cliff, we staggering after him as best we might through the stinging, shrieking darkness, bearing with us ropes, rockets, hawsers, blocks, and what not, we got at last to the cliff-head.

Out of the seething, howling cauldron below, there glared up a flare, as sailors call it—a handful of tow steeped in turpentine, and streaming with dirty yellow flame.

The tearing breath of the gale consumed it in a moment, but we saw a couple of men making a shift to light a larger beacon, and soon a pile of tar-barrels and old junk began to blaze and sputter from the deck of the Indian ship, and lit up all clearly. She was a full-rigged ship of 1,100 or 1,200 tons burden, and sorely mauled. All around was crawling with green curling waves, though occasionally the glint of the flames fell on some grim yellow fang of the Saw, and reminded us that others of those venomous rocks were every minute eating deeper and deeper into her sheathing and timbers. It was a weird sight and an awful one.

She could not last long, and her people had evidently come to this conclusion—those of them who were left, that is, for their numbers had thinned woefully during those last dreadful hours. The launch was the only boat the sweeping seas had left them, and when the breaking day once more lit up our view, they were preparing to get her into the water. There was a steep cleft in the rock a little further westward down the evidently they had seen it, and were through going to attempt a landing.

We, who knew the place, saw the act with new horror. The cleft was guarded by reefs that no craft could hope to float over, and both backwash and undertow were strong enough to drown a seal.

But on what followed I cannot bear to dwell though the few seconds in which that salt drama was played out to the finish seemed to drag themselves out into hours. The heavy boat got into the water, partly by human effort, partly by aid from the cruel sea itself; and its helpless freight embarked. Then she sank into a deep trough out of sight, and when the next sea swept up, no two planks of her were holding together. She had been ground to staves and splinters upon the reef.

A few human stoms here and there dotted the bill of waters, but one by one the hungry fingers of the sea drew them quickly down, and not a soul of that launch's crew escaped.

And now comes the really weird part of my yarn.

As we wound our way amongst the hummocks of the men who had been on ahead came running back.

"They hain't all left her," he cried out excitedly. "There's a man perched in the mizzen-top!"

Helter-skelter we all struck out, striding over the bowlders, leaning up against the gale, and in another minute saw this survivor for ourselves. He was there, surely enough, and to all outward appearance in no wise dismayed by his situation. He was sitting in the top, with his legs spread out, and his back up against the lower masthead, leisurely eating some bread and meat. On seeing us he stopped for a moment with a morsel in mid-air, and then went unconcernedly on with his meal.

My father ordered us to get all ready for firing another rocket. His keen seaman's eye had noted that there was likely to be another lull in the gale directly, and he was determined to make the most of it.

Presently the squall gave signs of blowing itself out, and in due time the lull came, and away went our rocket. It fell across the deck of the wreck, close to the main rigging.

In a second the man in the mizzen-top had jumped out on a topmast backstay and slid down to the channel. Running cleverly along the streaming decks he laid hold of the line, and in less than half a minute was back again in his old perch, hauling it in hand over fist with sturdy good will. All his nonchalance was gone now. He saw a good chance of being saved, and was making use of it to the full.

At last he came to the end of the thin line, and making fast the hawser and tail-block which came up to his hand, signaled to us "All ready." In a minute more he was on the cliff-head amongst us.

"A providential escape, sir," observed my father.

"Narrow, certainly," returned the stranger.

"Narrow, also," said my father. "You alone are saved out of I know not how many who were alive at the

what with the crew and ourselves. Yes, they're all gone except your humble servant, poor beggars! Yes, gone, poor things."

"You don't seem very grateful for your escape, sir," remarked my father, a trifle sharply.

The stranger, who had been staring at the wreck, turned to him with a curious smile.

"Dry land has a deuced pleasant feeling about it at times. But there are other things—"

He did not finish the sentence. He had turned to seaward again, and stood on the extreme brink of the cliff, with hands pressed against the sides of his head, and body crouched and twisted.

"My God!" I heard him say. "See that! There she is alive, and I thought her a battered, sea-washed corpse."

My eyes followed his glance down towards the wreck. A door of the



"My God!" I heard him say, "see that!"

deck house on the poop was in the act of being closed from within, and as it drew to I clearly saw the flutter of a woman's dress. That was the reason of the stranger's agitation. There was some one left behind.

"Nobody interferes here," I heard him saying. "I thought her to have gone off in the launch. Now that she lives, no one has more right to be at her side than I, and whilst I live no one shall stand between us."

"Are you her husband?" my father asked.

"Oh, yes, if you like," replied the man; "or uncle, or father, or anything else that pleases you. Good-by."

He reached the top, swung himself on deck by a backstay, as before, and strode off towards the deck house door where the woman had disappeared.

He passed inside and seemed to stay there an age. Was he never going to come out again? Heavens! did not the man know the crazy fabric might dissolve like a sandpit at any moment beneath his feet!

Finally the door of the deck house opened and the pair of them appeared. The woman seemed to be holding back; the man persuaded her, dragging her. Against his strength she could do nothing, and rattling by rattling he carried her up into the mizzen-top, set her down and cleared away the rope's end which had jammed the tail-block. We on the cliff had remained the hauling lines, and directly it was clear ran the breeches buoy up to them.

Moments were precious. The sea was full of planks, boiling and popping amongst the foam. Every second they were being added to. The mainmast had lurched overboard, ripping a great gap from the deck in its fall. The Indian was breaking up fast. Any wave might send the remaining mast after its fellows.

That those on board knew of this we could tell by their gestures; but yet they loitered. He seemed trying to persuade her to do something from which she withheld. We could see him make some proposition and then point to the breeches buoy, which would convey both of them to safety. But again and again she shook her head.

We were standing by the whip ready to heave them shorewards at a moment's notice, and we could see the man point this out. But his companion held to her resolve, and he was evidently determined not to leave her. He waved his hand to us in farewell, shouted something which the gale carried hopelessly away, and then, turning to the woman, kissed her passionately on the lips and then he clasped her tightly in his strong arms.

The mizzen mast swayed over with heavy, sickly slowness, heeled down till the grating of the top was almost perpendicular and then plunged in the dark green cavern of a combing sea.

When it came up again its human freight had disappeared.

The Indian's name we never learned, nor the woman's, nor that of the man whom we first saw in the mizzen-top. What their tale was, whether innocent or guilty, how their fate was ruled, whether by themselves

MUCH DANGER IN DUST.

Why Clothes Should Not be Brushed in Living Rooms.

The use of the clothes brush in the living rooms of a house is emphatically denounced in the Lancet as a dangerous practice, likely to lead to disease and death. "The imagination does not require to be stretched very far to realize that the clothes brush might be easily responsible for the dissemination of disease," says the expert journal. "Dust is rarely, if ever, free from micro-organisms, and among them pathogenic entities have been recognized. Dust is in fact an enemy of the human race, a vehicle of disease, and should everywhere and on every occasion, however trifling, be prevented as far as means can be employed to that end. Clothes, of course must be brushed just as carpets must be beaten, but both processes create a nuisance which is different not in kind, but only in degree. Just, therefore, as there are grounds reserved for the beating of carpets, remote as they should be, from human habitation, so also ought there to be in a household conducted on hygienic lines a special room relegated to the brushing of clothes. The daily clothes have a large capacity and a singular affinity for dust which contain the seeds of a common cold or a sore throat, or even of blood poisoning and tetanus, so that the suggestion that the clothes brush should be handled in a less indiscriminate way than is usually the case can hardly be regarded as chimerical."

POLISH FOR THE FLOOR.

Mixture That is Guaranteed to Produce Good Results.

A good mixture for polishing a hardwood floor may be made from one-third raw linseed oil and two-thirds paraffin. It should be used sparingly or the polishing afterward will take a long time. In cleaning such a floor it is better to use a soft hair brush rather than a stiff one. After being well swept, the floor should be wiped with a dry, soft cloth, in order to take up all dust. If there are any spots they may be removed with a cloth wet with turpentine or they may be rubbed with a cloth wrung dry out of warm water.

This will take off the polish, but it may be restored by using a weighted brush. This brush has a long handle and is pushed back and forth till the polish is again restored. Woolen cloths may be used, but, of course, it will take longer and the work will be tedious. The weighted brush, as well as others, should be thoroughly cleansed two or three times a year by washing in warm water, to which a few drops of ammonia has been added.

The Ideal Bedroom.

A cheerful bedroom is one of the essential points for an invalid or convalescent, and since it is difficult to find a house with all the bedrooms facing south, some one must be unselfish enough to give the sunniest rooms to the less robust members of the family.

Many people insist that the eastern exposure is the best for a sleeping room, because the early morning sun is healthful, but if the room must, perforce, face north, it should have a light, cheerful paper and the lightest possible draperies.

The bed should not be placed so that the light from the window shines directly in the eyes of the sleeper; it may be conducive to early rising, but the effect upon the eyes is unpleasant and often harmful. If the bed must face the windows and the footboard is not high enough to shield the eyes a screen should be put across over night between the window and the bed.

Uses for Bran Water.

Bran water is the best of agencies for cleaning fine colored muslins, like organdies.

As a carpet cleaner bran slightly dampened, thrown on the carpet, and then thoroughly swept out, is unexcelled. Removes all dust and, being damp, prevents dust from flying.

To cleanse light-colored furs heat bran and rub into fur with hands, then with perfectly clean brush beat and brush every particle of bran from the fur.

To dry patent leather or other shoes heat a pan of bran in the oven until quite warm, pour this into the shoes, filling to the top, wipe the outside with a dry cloth and rub into the leather vaseline or sweet oil and let stand until dry.

Lemon Souffle.

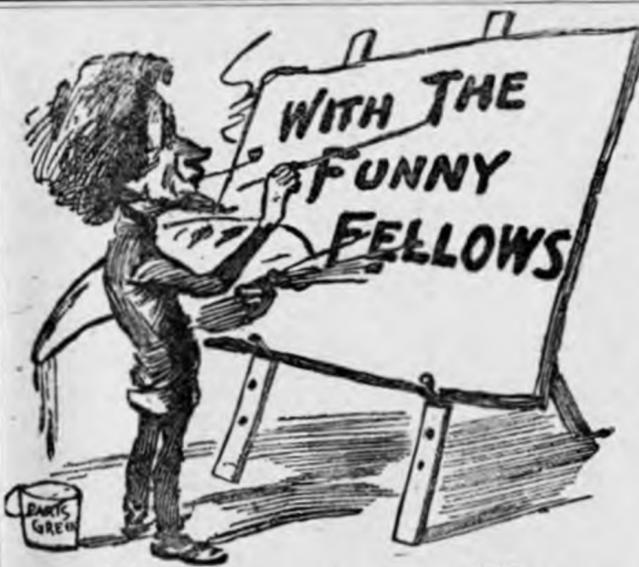
One pint boiling water, two table-spoonsfuls cornstarch, mixed in a little cold water; boil until as thick as a custard; add a little salt, also butter size of a nut; take from stove, add yolks of three eggs beaten with a cup of sugar, juice and rind of one large lemon; mix well; bake 15 minutes; take from oven, put on white of eggs; beat with three table-spoonsfuls powdered sugar. Brown and serve cold.

Steamed Apples.

The following is a delicious way to prepare winter apples. Peel, quarter and core six or eight apples. Steam or boil until about half cooked. Take from the fire and let it cool. Make a syrup of two cups of sugar and half a cup of water. Drop the apples into the boiling syrup for a few minutes, or until they become clear. Let cool and serve with cream.

Restoring Flowers.

Good flowers, if not very faded and very dirty, may have some of their



Red Revenge.

"So you spurn me!" he cried, in wrathful woe. "But I shall have my revenge!"

"Ha! ha!" laughs the heartless maiden.

"You may laugh now, but wait! In the four years I have known you, you have given me six photographs of yourself. Each one of them I shall have enlarged by the cheap crayon process, and presented to your various friends and relatives!"

Leaving the frightened girl in a swoon, the cruel swain departs with the melodramatic tread of one who will stop at nothing.—Judge.

Moderation.

It was a question of diet.

"Mr. Doddington!" she asked, turning to appeal to the little man who sat drinking with her husband. "Don't you think that a little meat from time to time is really necessary to everyone?"

The little man paused. "In my opinion, Mrs. Gollightly," said he, "a little food of any kind now and then does no particular harm."

DIVORCE EXPLAINED.

Winks—Most divorces are caused by a common mistake.

Jinks—What is it?

Winks—Many a man in love only with a dimple or a curl makes the mistake of marrying the whole girl.—Cincinnati Enquirer.



Just the Thing.

Once on a time, in Brazil, Attacked by a violent chill, A big alligator Clinched on the Equator And enjoyed a comforting grill.

Appropriate Reply.

Mildred—Is it true that you have broken your engagement with young Smiley?

Florence—Yes. He was under the influence of liquor when he called the other evening, but he had the audacity to call me up by telephone the next morning and try to apologize.

Mildred—What did you answer?

Florence—Ring off!—Chicago Daily News.

His Dimensions.

"What is the Hon. Thomas Rott so angry about?"

"Why, the Weekly Palladium and Farmer's Vindicator published a one-column cut of him and referred to it as a 'life-size' portrait."—Puck.

For Her.

"What I want," pants the comic-opera star who had acquired a superabundance of flesh, "what I want is a vehicle for the proper display of my personality. I don't want any ordinary—"

"No, Miss Fatyette," interposes the playwright. "You don't want any ordinary vehicle. How would an automobile truck do, in these days of auto-drama?"

The Other Way.

Downson—Do you think opportunity makes the man?

Upps—No. Man makes the opportunity.—Detroit Free Press.

Realism.

"Do you believe that realism is a benefit to the drama?"

"Decidedly," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "I cannot express myself too strongly in favor of the practice which has grown up in recent years of paying actors with real money."—Washington Star.

Better Still.

Mrs. Nurich—We've got a "baby grand" at our house. Have you?

Ta-Ta.

There was a young maid from afar, Who ran like the deuce for a car! To her soul she was martyr. For soap went her shoe-string— Too embarrassed for more—so Ta-Tat—Puck.

POSSIBLE CHICKEN PROBLEM.



"O! Alfred, wouldn't it be awful if they lost their mother, and we had to bring them up on the bottle!"—Brooklyn Life.

Not a Cigarette Smoker.

A good old gentleman, who was strongly opposed to tobacco smoking and alcoholic liquor drinking, met a lady friend in a street car recently, and their conversation was as follows:

"Have you any children, madam?"

"Yes, sir, a son."

"Ah, indeed! Does he smoke?"

"No, sir; he has never so much as touched a cigarette."

"So much the better, madam; the use of tobacco is a poisonous habit. Does he frequent the clubs?"

"He has never put his foot in one."

"Allow me to congratulate you. Does he come home late?"

"Never. He goes to bed directly after dinner."

"A model young man, madam—a model young man. How old is he?"

"Two months!"

The good old gentleman bade the lady good morning and left the car without a smile.

SAVING MONEY.



"How did you make your wife's acquaintance?"

"I ran over her with my automobile. The court decreed that I should pay her \$3,000 damages, and I thought it was better to marry her!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Confused Emotions.

"How is your boy doing at college?"

"Well," answered Farmer Cornstosel, "I don't exactly know whether to compliment him or to make a fuss. He came out first in his class but he was last in a foot race."—Washington Star.

His Contribution.

Miss Prattles—Do you ever do anything for other people?

Mr. Rattles—Umhuh. I sometimes shut up and give them a chance to talk.—Detroit Free Press.

About the Same Thing.

Little Elmer (who has an inquiring mind)—Papa, what is meant by "honor among thieves?"

Professor Broadhead—Oh, just about the same as "senatorial courtesy," my son.—Puck.

Too Bad.

The Lover—See me in the dust at your feet!

The Beloved—Dust? Oh, dear, and I told the maid to be very careful

AROUND THE HOUSE

HINTS AND RECIPES WORTH CONSIDERATION.

Simple Devices That Will Tend to Keep the Hands in Good Condition—Directions for Some Appetizing Dishes.

A housekeeper who has no maid was complaining of her inability to keep her hands in order because of dishwashing, from which, like thousands of other women, she shrank as a most distasteful task. An older housekeeper, looking at the reddened fingers, with just a suspicion of grime round the nails, offered to buy an outfit for 20 cents that would be of great assistance in preventing the disfigurement. The list included a dish chain for rubbing black kettles or taking off food that had stuck in a saucepan, a soap shaker to prevent handling the soap or accidentally getting too strong a suds, a dish mop, which would keep the hands out of the water most of the time, and a handled sink scraper, with a stiff brush on one side and a scoop on the other, for cleaning the sink and taking up the scraps, a task which in itself does more than all else to make the dishwasher hate her work. She added the injunction to use good soap, and rub all greasy dishes with a wad of newspaper before putting them into the dishwasher.

Some women can never be converted to using such little helps because at first it seems more natural to take the hand, but after perseverance for a few days these little aids will be preferred.

CANNED PEACH PUDDINGS.—Sift two cups of flour with two level teaspoons of baking powder, one-half teaspoon of salt; add one tablespoon of melted butter, two beaten eggs, and milk to make a thin batter or nearly one cup. Beat all well, then add the beaten whites of two eggs. Put a spoonful of the batter into buttered cups, then half a canned peach and a spoonful more of the batter. Set in a steamer, cover and steam 20 minutes. Serve with vanilla sauce.

VANILLA SAUCE.—Beat the white of one egg stiff, and three rounding table-spoonsfuls of sugar, and beat well, then the yolk and beat again, and last three table-spoons of milk and half a teaspoon or more of vanilla. Beat hard until smooth, and it is ready to serve at once.

SPICED BEEF.—Put three pounds of the round of beef into a kettle with water to cover; cook slowly until tender enough to pull apart easily. The broth should be reduced one-half. Tear the meat into shreds with a fork, but do not chop, stir in one level table-spoonful of salt, one-half level table-spoonful each of pepper, cinnamon, allspice and cloves. Put the whole into a mold and when cold slice for serving.

PUMPKIN PIE.—To two cups of stewed and sifted pumpkin, add two-thirds cup of sugar, one-half level table-spoonful of salt, one level teaspoon of cinnamon, two well beaten eggs, and enough milk to make four cups in all the mixture. Line a plate with paste, making deep scalloped rim around the edge; fill and bake slowly one hour.

ONIONS WITH CREAM SAUCE.—Put the onions into boiling water and cook ten minutes, change the water and cook until tender. Serve with a sauce made with three cups of flour, one rounding table-spoonful of butter, one-half level table-spoonful of salt, and cook for five minutes.

WHITE LAYER CAKE.—Cream one and one-half cups of sugar with one-half cup of butter; add slowly three-quarters cup of milk, alternately with two cups of flour sifted with two level teaspoons of baking powder. Add the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs and bake in three layers. Spread a white icing between and over the cakes.

Household Hints.

The stains of long standing should be soaked in glycerin and then washed in cold water.

A very strong solution of water and alum thrown on a burning object will speedily extinguish the flames.

Gruel, when properly prepared, should be but little thicker than cream and should be absolutely free from lumps.

When making ice cream pack newspapers tightly around the top of the freezer to prevent the ice melting too rapidly.

Take time to put the blacking pot out of the way in its accustomed place, for thereby will a probable smutting be avoided.

Select a dozen or so of the smoothest and largest splinters from the new broom and lay them away to use in testing cake when it is baking.

A varnish for glass is made by dissolving pulverized gum tragacanth in the whites of eggs well beaten. Apply with a brush very carefully.

Fruit and Nut Rolls.

Sift together, three times, three cups of flour, six level table-spoonsfuls of baking powder and half a table-spoonful of salt. Work in from one-third to one-half a cup of shortening. Then mix to a dough with milk. Turn onto a floured board, knead slightly, and then roll out into a square sheet about one-third of an inch thick. Brush over the sheet of dough with softened butter, then sprinkle with sultana raisins or cleaned currants, and filberts cut into several pieces. Roll up the dough compactly and then cut the roll into pieces an inch long. Set these on end

Leiter's Ford High School.

The seventh annual commencement of the Leiter's Ford high school, W. A. Kaley principal, was held at the Leiter's Ford M. E. church on March 22 in the presence of a large audience. Following was the program:

Opening march, Lyla Overmyer. Invocation, Rev. L. E. Smith. Solo, "Crossing the Bar," Bertha Zook.

Salutatory, Guy A. Shadel. Song, "Star of the Nations," class.

Address, Prof. Arthur Deamer. Solo, "God Save the People," Earl B. Markin.

Valedictory, J. Albert Van Kirk. Presentation of the class, W. A. Kaley.

Acceptance of the class, Supt. J. C. Werner. Song, "America," Audience.

Benediction, Rev. T. B. Markin. The graduates were Albert Van Kirk, Guy A. Shadel and Earl B. Markin. The class motto: "Qui se vincit, vincit" (he who overcomes himself, conquers), the class colors: royal purple and white, the class flower: white carnation.

The address of Prof. Deamer was listened to with keen and appreciative attention, not only because of its intrinsic value but because the speaker was formerly a highly esteemed principal of the Leiter's Ford school.

A Cold Wet April.

Hicks: From the 1st to the 3d storms will prevail followed by clear and cooler 3d to 5th. Then up to the 15th storm conditions again prevail, then much colder with heavy frosts up to the 18th. Violent storms will prevail during the next three days, and from the 21st to the 24th look out for a cool wave. Sleet and snow are due from the 24th to the 26th, and the last week in April will bring heavy thunder storms. So note it be!

Easter League Services.

At the Sunday evening services of the Epworth league special music in commemoration of Easter was sung by a quartet composed of Misses Susie and Clara Shilling and Allie and Clara Wiseman, and Misses Susie Shilling and Allie Davis sang a duet. Miss Eva is president of the league.

Men wanted, to work in factory. Steady work the year round for reliable men. Address Box J, Plymouth, Indiana. 412

Maxinkuee flour for sale by Porter & Co., W. E. Hand, The Surprise and Saine & Son. Every sack guaranteed to be first class. Try a sack.

SHORT TALKS BY L. T. COOPER.

THE STOMACH.

My but peoples' stomachs do cause a lot of trouble. I offered to wager some doctors in St. Paul, Minn., that one half of all sickness is caused by the stomach. After I assured them that my medicine did nothing but put the stomach in shape and they had spent a day listening to what people who called on me had to say, they had to agree with me. They heard people come in and tell me that for years they had been near the grave with Bright's disease, or lung trouble, or kidney complaint and all manner of diseases and that the New Discovery had cured them. Of course these people were mistaken, it was nothing but their stomachs. As a matter of fact when the stomach gives out most everything else is thrown out of order too.

When a person feels tired and dull and despondent, is losing flesh and doesn't sleep well, has a poor memory, a bad taste in the mouth, a coated tongue, and other troubles he's liable to believe a lot of things are the matter with him. Nine chances to one it's his stomach. I've seen Cooper's New Discovery bring back health to too many people in just this shape to believe anything else. Here's a letter about it:

"I suffered for a long time without knowing just what was the matter with me. I seldom felt like eating. I lost greatly in weight. My digestion was extremely poor and when I did eat I invariably suffered afterward. I was constipated and frequently suffered from nerve racking, violent headaches. When I heard of what the Cooper remedies were doing for others I resolved to try them."

"Relief came with the first bottle. My appetite and digestion improved rapidly. I am no longer constipated nor do I have those dreadful headaches. I sleep well and am gaining flesh." C. H. Powell, 13 Harrison Addition, Duluth, Minn.

We are selling immense quantities of these medicines and our customers express great satisfaction. The Culver City Drug Store.



C. H. POWELL.

Real Estate Transfers

L. A. Larkins to Bertha Eckert, part 10 M. R. L., \$2425. C. P. Drummond to Cora Drummond, 80 acres in 7, 32, 3, \$6000. J. M. Robbins to Levi Artz, part 7, 33, 3; also part 18, 33, 3, \$3200. John Walker et al. by con'r to Wm. Dille, part 23, M. R. L., \$1. Ruth C. Brown by gdn. to Elizabeth Kasser, lot in Lapaz, \$400. Adam Spies by adm. to S. A. Gara, right of way in 33, 34, 1, \$10. James Bryan by adm. to C. A. Bryan, lot in 20 M. R. L., \$2934. Ann Kizer et al. to A. Nunemaker, part 30, 34, 3; also 40 acres in 29, 34, 3, \$4200. Perry King to A. E. Graham, lot 4, Tippecanoe, \$350. Peter Swoverland to Simon Snyder, tract in 21, 52, 3, \$3750. J. F. Caldwell to G. D. Long, lots in Inwood, \$550. O. F. Warner to J. W. Baxter, lot in Lapaz, \$100. John Soice, dec'd, by ex'r to Emily Gander, two lots in Soice's add., Plymouth, \$100. G. M. Riddle to N. Norton, 40 acres in 29, 33, 3, \$3000. Isaac Webb to Deborah Ruff, 40 acres in 36, 35, 1, \$1600. S. S. Mann to Sarah Colp, 80 acres in 8, 34, 1, \$1. E. E. Anderson to C. W. Cornwall, lot 14, Ball's add., Bourbon, \$440. Sophia Schrader et al. to Sophia Schroeter, lot 1, Huff's add., Bremen, \$1. Christian Gehring to Geo. Schrader, lot 10, block 8, Ringle's add., Bremen, \$1150. Wickizer-Bondamat Co. to Emma Shaffer, lot 18, Rhodes' add., Argos, \$500. L. C. Dillon to S. E. Medbourn, and 1/2 lot 1, Vandalia add., Culver, also lot in 21, 32, 1, \$4000. Dollie Stewart to O. W. Thacker, tract in 19, 35, 4, \$476. Wm. Lawrence to A. C. Lawrence, 40 acres in 31, 33, 2, \$2000. H. E. Wininger to Jno. Thompson, 40 acres in 25, 34, 1, \$2400. Lucy Gerard to John and Mary Leeper, 2 acres in 10, 33, 3, \$200. F. M. McCrory to John Richard, lot in Ewing's add., Plymouth, \$1800. S. P. Yazo to J. S. C. Geer, 40 acres in 33, 3, \$3800; also 23.73 acres in M. E. Fish to E. D. Schrom et al., lot in sec. 20, M. R. L., \$600. B. Weaver to Ira Weaver, 40 acres in 19, 35, 4, \$3000. P. Buregal to B. Weaver, 80 acres in 19, 35, 4, \$4900. Mary A. Parks to G. A. Gurthel, 80 acres in 30, 33, 3, \$8900. John Soice, dec'd, by ex. to Amos York, 6.72 acres in 18, 33, 2, also 20.36 acres and 5.97 acres in 13, 33, 1, \$1652.50. Lydia Brooke to R. W. Frisinger, 2 acres in 13, 32, 1, \$150. H. Bailey to Florence Lawrence, 9 acres in 5, 33, 2, \$1900. Rose Mutchelkness to Simon Mattie, 60 acres and 16-foot strip in 11, 32, 1, \$2500. J. V. Lawrence et al. to Wm. Lawrence, part 19, 33, 2; also part 30, 33, 2, \$5000. Wm. Lawrence et al. to Henry Lawrence, tract in secs. 19, 20, 2 and 30 in 33, 2, \$6416. Annetta I. B. Stonehill to Marion Sharp, 4 acres in Bourbon, \$1400. L. C. Dillon to H. C. Bays et al., lot in 16, 32, 1, \$225. W. F. Young to Susannah Young, 41 acres in 35, 33, 3, \$3075. W. F. Young et al. to John W. Young, 39 acres in 35, 33, 3, \$2025. D. Yeagley et al. to W. H. Thornburg, lot in Lapaz, \$25. Andrew Johnson to Amanda Overhalt, 4.29 acres in 21, 34, 1, \$400. Amanda Bradley to F. O. Swanson, 2 acres in 21, 34, 1, \$325. J. H. Kizer to J. F. Caldwell, lot in Inwood, \$150. C. W. Patterson to E. C. Stont, 57 1/2 acres in 13, 32, 3, \$3875. Mary A. Ringle to R. A. Drow et al., part lot 45, orig plat Tippecanoe, \$750. Julia Work to Center Township, lot in 11 M. R. L., \$1. Mary Davis to Bourbon Elevator and Milling Co., lot in Bourbon, \$50. Rebecca Chaney et al. to O. C. Tribbey, lot at Pretty Lake, \$2000. J. F. Chaney to O. C. Tribbey, part lot 159, orig Plymouth, \$1. Rebecca Chaney et al. to O. C. Tribbey, same, \$1500. Caroline Hartman to O. C. Tribbey, lot at Pretty Lake, \$800. Ruth Ebersole to R. Cox, part 22, M. R. L., \$5140. A. E. Babcock et al. to A. Lechlightner, 80 acres in 12, 32, 2, \$4600. Jane Boyce, gdn. to I. N. Jones, part 23 and 26, 32, 2, \$4655. Hannah Nutt to P. Swoverland, 40 acres in 19, 32, 4, \$2700.

For Catarrh, let me send you free, just to prove to you, a trial one box of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. It is a snow white, creamy looking antiseptic balm that gives instant relief to catarrh of the nose and throat. Make the free trial and see. Address Dr. Shoop, Lake City, Wis. Large jars 50 cents. Sold by T. E. Slattery.

Stock Profits

can be greatly increased by giving special care to the health of every animal and fowl on the farm. Sick poultry, sheep, cattle, hogs, horses, etc., depend on their livers to keep them well.

Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine

keeps their livers working and therefore keeps them well. Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine is a pure, natural, vegetable, blood purifier, and acts by regulating the stomach, liver and bowels. It prevents and cures Hog Cholera, Chicken Cholera, Colic, Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Constipation, Fever, Loss of Appetite, Wasting Away, and all the common stock diseases. It is a perfect a medicine for general farm use. Try it.

Price 25c for a large can, at all druggists and dealers

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Indiana Raymond soft coal, for domestic use, \$5.50 per ton. If you use this once you will always want it. Collier Bros. Ground to Lense. Potato and onion ground to lease, ready plowed and seed furnished, one mile west of Culver. For further particulars see John Osborn.

Pennsylvania LINES

EXCURSIONS TO Jamestown Exposition Norfolk, Va. April 19 to November 30. Choice of a number of attractive routes. Los Angeles, Cal. April 27 to May 1 - Mystic Sights May 7 to 15 - German Baptist Brethren Good going one route, returning another. Atlantic City, N. J. May 23 to June 2 - American Medical Ass'n. Saratoga Springs, N. Y. July 5, 6 and 7 - Knights Templar. Boston, Mass. July 8, 9 and 10 - Y. P. C. U. Philadelphia July 12, 13 and 14 - Y. P. C. U. One-way Second-class Colonist Tickets to Idaho, Montana, Mexico and Pacific Coast Points at Unusually Low Fare daily during April. Around the World Tours \$60 and upward For full particulars consult S. J. LENON, Ticket Agent, Culver

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AM a graduate optician and know how to fit glasses to every form of defective vision, and I keep a full and complete line of eye glasses and spectacles. As an expert watch and clock repairer and jeweler I am qualified to do all work in the repairing line.

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When you want to eat at Plymouth stop at the Plymouth Inn J. E. Bowell Proprietor Absolutely the BEST MEALS and the BEST SERVICE in the City

The "Ideal" Washer

Wash Day, robbed of its terrors, becomes a day of pleasure instead. A Few Reasons why you should buy an "Ideal" It runs so easy that a child 12 years old can operate it. It will wash a tub of clothes in from 6 to 8 minutes, thus making it possible for you to do your washing in one-half the time and with one-half of the effort formerly required without the aid of a first-class washer. It will not injure the finest or most delicate fabrics. It is the simplest machine on the market, having no gears, springs or other devices which add no value to a washer whatever. It is not an expensive machine in the first place, and will pay for itself in a short time. The Ideal weighs only 50 pounds and any woman can haul it.



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Wall Paper Points We have bought our 1907 stock of Wall Paper with the intention of selling it, and of pleasing our customers. Therefore each pattern in it has been selected with the utmost care. The assortment includes the most attractive and distinctive of this year's designs. We buy enough wall paper to get the best prices and discounts and are in position to make right prices. You will find papers here that will just suit you and you may be certain that nowhere else can equal quality be had for a less price. At Slattery's Drug Store

SUNSHINE SUNSHINE Have you any Sunshine in your home? If not just take home with you today a sack of SUNSHINE FLOUR, and everything will be as light as sunshine. Even the bread will be as light as sunshine itself. W. E. HAND, Grocer

Cement Blocks When you have concreting or cement block work to be done call and see Ferrier & Son, as they have a Mixer and Block Machine. We will take contracts for putting in foundations and for building cement block walls. Call and get prices. J. O. FERRIER & SON WILLIAM GRUBB FOR SALE PLUMBER Building lots. Now is your time to buy. Long time, easy payments. HENRY ZECHIEL, All Work Guaranteed to be Sanitary Shop In Rear of Tin Shop, Culver

A DESPERATE GAME

By Julian Ralph

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Barney Moriarty had done well for himself. Starting with nothing but health and ambition, he got a city lot on the strength of money he did not have, and then got the money on the strength of owning the lot. After this he built a monument to his own success in the form of an apartment house in which he set up his own home, and on the granite front of which he blazoned his triumph in carved letters reading "Moriarty Maisonette."

By a mere chance, no one except Florence, the elevator boy, was at hand when Miss Cordelia Byrne called to inspect the fifth floor back, which was advertised for rent. She took it and her furniture came the next morning, when Mr. Moriarty was again absent.

Miss Byrne was about 29 years of age, slender, of middle stature and dressed habitually in black or dark blue. How anyone who looked at her smiling blue eyes, her sensitive pouting mouth, and her pale complexion, enriched by her auburn hair, could have found reason to doubt her goodness, few men would be able to say. Among her belongings was an upright piano, and she and it combined altered the temper of the people in the Moriarty Maisonette with a suddenness, and to a degree, which was astonishing. This was because she and it either knew but one tune, or, at any rate, played but one. This was a dainty, rippling trifle by Paderewski. On the first afternoon and evening Miss Byrne played the Paderewski peasant dance over some dozen times. Now when the exquisite, folk-like, merry, melodic current flowed through the wall to the fifth floor front, through the floor to the fourth story suites and through the ceiling to the sixth story's tiny homes, the "star" tenant sat entranced, his silken-robbed better half leaned forward, plucking her youngest from the floor to bid it listen to "the peety moozicks." Upstairs and downstairs the delighted tenants blessed the day that Moriarty's builders scamped their work, leaving the house so like a colander that Cordelia Byrne could play them all into the seventh heaven of delight with Paderewski's peasant dance—no suited to the joyous temperament of the Irish audience and to their pretty taste in music.

Miss Byrne was taken into the warmest corners of the hearts in the Maisonette on that night. She could almost have demanded instant membership in the Bloomingdale Bowling club, to which nearly all the tenants belonged.

That was, as we recollect it, on a Friday night. The following Wednesday found everything unchanged except the temper of Moriarty's tenants.

That night the Pinochle club, composed of six of the male tenants of the Maisonette, met in Mr. Mahoney's apartments. Five of the members were on hand promptly and waited for Mr. Moriarty, the sixth, to arrive. Miss Cordelia Byrne, in the rear suite on the same floor with the Mahoneys, regaled the club members with that choice morceau of Paderewski's to which we have referred, and with which all the men and women in the Maisonette had for some time been familiar.

The plot was afoot. The innocent proprietor of what he once boasted as being "the happiest bunch of homes on the island" was to be trapped when he came for a night's enjoyment, by a rebellious band of tenants who had sworn that either they, Miss Byrne or her piano must leave the house on the first of the incoming month.

Meanwhile Miss Byrne finished the one hundred and sixty-eighth rendition of the dainty peasant dance, and, closing the piano, moved across the neat and cozy parlor, faintly perfumed with a delicate odor of lilac, to the little writing table and penned a note to her sister. We may read over her shoulders as she writes:

"There is nothing to write, only I know you are wondering. It is win all or lose all with me. I may go back to the counter of a department store—but it won't be until I have to."

"I've taken the little money mother left me and furnished the apartment and dressed myself with the quietest taste, so as to look ladylike on the smallest outlay. I've thrown myself headlong into everything that's doing in a swell church, and I am so quiet and demure that I don't think you'd recognize your merry romp of a sister if you saw me. Butter wouldn't melt in my mouth and I never lift my eyes above the sidewalk. I should have thought by this time some man would break his neck, almost to get acquainted with me, just to see if he couldn't make me raise my eyes."

"The trouble is that I only see women at the church, and I made a bad choice of an apartment house because the men here are nearly all married and are such oysters that not one has yet made my acquaintance. The landlord is single, though, and rich."

"Not that I want to fool anybody, Lou, dear. Only, I'm as good as any girl that's got a home and a husband—and love. I'm too good to stand and yell 'cash! here, cash!' behind a counter, year in and year out, with a fifty-one-to-a-thousand chance of marrying a floor walker before I die."

"I am so lonely and I am playing such a desperate game! But if you could look in on me, Lou, I'd just sim-

time romp. I am breaking the ice here in the Moriarty Maisonette in the funniest way. I am doing it with a piano. It's bound to get me acquainted with somebody of the adorable sex. But you must wait until I tell you how my piano is helping me—when I know how it all turns out. Your loving sister,

"CORDELIA."

"That's our last word, Moriarty," Mr. Mahoney was saying to the landlord, who stood with his back against the wall, facing the other members of the Pinochle club, "the Maisonette's turned into a music box that plays only the one tune, and it's a case of 'good riddance to bad rubbish' with the lot of us."

"Hold on, now," said Moriarty, "what's the use of such talk between friends? Leave it to me. I'll go and see the girl and give her the kibosh, all right. What's her and her planner to me, where the likes of you old friends is concerned?"

When Miss Byrne opened the door to receive his visit, she greeted him with such evident, though guarded and blushing, pride, as would have flattered any man alive. As she set out a



Sat opposite him.

chair for him, she said that he was the first visitor who had honored her apartments and that she thought it most kind of him to pay her this high compliment. She was not so overcome with delight but that she thought herself to open the door into the hall and leave it open during his visit. Then she sat opposite to him, at a well chosen distance, suggestive neither of familiarity nor prudish decorum. And, all the time, she let flow a current of the most shrewdly chosen remarks, the purpose of which was veiled by great maidenly simplicity and modesty.

Sometimes a very obscure little woman reveals the genius of a great diplomat in ways such as these.

While Mr. Moriarty was yielding to a sense of shame for having planned rudeness to so pretty a little lady, he gradually became interested in the matter, as well as the manner, of her speech. He learned of her loneliness, her piety, her domesticity and of her very respectable family connections. His sympathy was first aroused, then his admiration. His gallantry yielded to devotion. He was nettled like a moth; and as the wings of his freedom were ruffled in the meshes of her attractions, he felt the danger that threatened. But he made no effort to escape. He was a very willing captive.

"But how rude I have been!" Miss Byrne presently exclaimed. "I have not asked whether you had any special errand. Or, did you really come to offer me the first kind word I have had in my new home?"

"I heard your planner," the clumsy fellow began in reply. "and—and— He pretty nearly blurted out the truth. 'Oh! did you like the little piece I was playing?'"

"'Twas the most angelic town ever I heard in my life.'" Moriarty answered, recovering his native tact. "Then do let me play it for you. Oh, I don't mind a bit."

She ended the performance with a medley of Irish airs, played with a fair amount of cleverness. She was finished. And the last string which held Moriarty's heart in place was loosened; both that organ and his brain went afloat upon the troubled sea of love.

When, at length, he bid Miss Byrne good night, she dropped a hint that her pious duties at St. Catharine's were interesting her to such a degree that she was seriously thinking of "taking the veil" and devoting herself to the church. The rogue said this so soberly, with such half expressed suggestion of earnestness and doubt of her worthiness that she put Moriarty in an agony lest she should take holy vows before it would be fit time for him to propose marriage to her.

Facing his friends at the card table somewhat later, he was unable to conceal his scorn for their unmanly behavior of an hour before.

"We'll pass no words," said he, "except that I'll be saying this: Come or go, as ye will, but that lone girl'll not be inconvenienced by anybody or any thing while she does us all the honor

HE HELD THE BEAR

CASE WHEN TURN ABOUT WAS FAIR PLAY.

Stephen Had Done His Part, and Allowed Brother Experience of Mastering Angry Bruin Almost Out of Trap.

Stephen Allard was born in New Durham, N. H., in 1770, and died in 1870. He was a unique and somewhat eccentric character, and was known throughout the Pequawke country as "Steve the Bear Hunter." Many anecdotes are still related of him. The following is a well authenticated one:

He had set a bear trap in a plot of corn about a quarter of a mile from his residence. His brother David was a guest at his house. Stephen went early in the morning to see if any bears had been among the corn during the night, not expecting one to get into the trap the first night. As he arrived at the corn he heard the rattle of the trap, and found a bear caught by the toes of one forward foot. One glance convinced him that the hold of the trap was weakening. He seized the chain when the bruin instantly rose on his hind legs and made for him.

Without hesitation, he closed in with the bear, and, being a powerful man, succeeded in soon getting the mastery, and called to David to come quickly and bring an ax with him.

After considerable delay, and when Stephen's patience had become ex-



"Now, Dave, Hold Fast."

hausted, David arrived with the ax. Stephen berated him, in language not fit to print, for his tardiness, and in explanation David said that, breakfast being ready, and not thinking there was any necessity for hurrying, he stopped and ate his breakfast. Stephen said: "Dave, hold this 'ere b'ar, and let me kill him."

David was loth to do so, but to appease Stephen's wrath, finally did as requested. When Stephen saw David had a firm hold on the bear, he threw the ax out of David's reach and said: "Now, Dave, hold fast that varmint while I go to the house and get my breakfast."

Stephen went and got his meal and then returned and killed the bear.

TELLS OF HIDING PLACE.

Water Quickly Reveals Location of Buried Treasure.

This method—more certain than the operation of digging—for finding, say, treasure or stolen goods recently buried in the earth, is well known to the soldiers of some Continental armies, and also to the police of most



countries. Water is poured copiously upon the ground and left to soak in; when, exactly over the place where the treasure lies hidden, a depression—dotted lines—caused by the sinking down of the earth, is to be noticed. Then the spade usefully goes to work.

Suffers from Rare Disease.

Suffering from a rare disease, the most marked symptom of which is a decay or crumbling of certain of the vertebrae of the spinal column, John P. Miller, of New York, is interesting the surgeons of Fordham hospital. Miller is unable to stoop over and touch his toes, but can bend backward with ease, the bones and muscles of his back being as supple as rubber. The surgeons of the hospital have had six consultations over his case within a some weeks, and have had several prominent surgeons of the city in the hospital to consult with them as to the best way to attempt to cure the case. Some of the surgeons think that by opening the spine to the seat of the trouble they may be able to treat the part in such a way as to ar-

NO NEED TO PAY TOLL.

Ramshackle Rig Would Not Fit Any Description.

In the days of toll bridges the keeper of one over one of the western Massachusetts rivers was a rather spry old character named Abercrombie. It is said that one day an outfit of the most ramshackle appearance drove up to the gate—horse a mere traveling bone-yard, harness held together with



"Drive on, drat you! drive on."

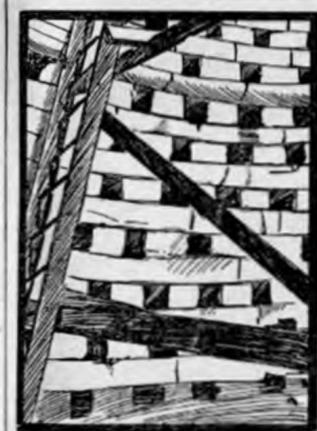
various bits of rope and string, and numerous deficiencies in the wagon made good evidently by any old bit of wood that could be utilized.

The driver, corresponding to this outfit in point of general dilapidation, stood with mouth agape conning the schedule of rates, when old Abercrombie stepped out of his little house and said: "Drive on, drat you! Drive on! There's nothin' that answers to your description."

RAMSHACKLE OLD DOVE-COT.

Building Dating From 1307 Still in Good State of Preservation.

The "Dove-cot" at Hurley, near Marlow, Bucks, England, is an ancient and picturesque building, dating from the year 1307. The picture shows the interior. The jamba and lintel of the pigeon-house doorway are of more modern date than the walls. On the front of the lintel the date 1642 with C. R. to follow is distinctly marked. It was used by the old monks for the



purpose of breeding pigeons, and the countless niches or nests of chalk (of which material the walls are made) are very remarkable.

The ladder shown is fixed to a central beam, and when inspecting the nests it is only necessary, when standing on the ladder, to push against the wall and the whole affair moves round.

It is still the home of a very considerable number of pigeons.

SOME THINGS NATURE MAKES.

Wooden Bowls and Glass Pipes, Cloth, Ropes and Laces.

Nature is something of a manufacturer herself.

In the case of a certain cactus marvelous natural pottery is produced. Woodpeckers excavate nests in the trunk and branches, and to protect itself the plant exudes a sticky juice, which hardens, forming a woody lining to the holes made by the birds. Eventually the cactus dies and withers away, but the wooden bowls remain.

As a weaver nature also produces fine work. Certain tree barks and leaves furnish excellent cloth, as, for instance, the famous tapa cloth used in the South Sea Islands.

Nature is a glassmaker, too, according to the Indian Review. By discharging her lightning into beds of quartz sand she forms exquisite little pipes of glass.

She makes valuable ropes of various kinds in the shape of tropical vines and creepers, and she is even a lace maker, as witness the lace trees of the West Indies.

Scared to Death by Auto.

Albert Jenks, an elderly farmer, living near Washington, Pa., who has seldom been outside of Beaver county, never saw an auto until recently, when he met one near a graveyard. The farmer has ever been superstitious, and when he was met in the lonely road by a large touring car, well lit up, and which honked past him, he fell in a fit by the side of the road, where he remained until found by neighbors several hours later. He passed from one fit into another during the day and is now

KEEPING YOUR TRADE SOLID

Important Point Is to Gain Confidence of Merchant With Whom You Have Dealings—Gatering to a Man's Hobby

By Charles N. Crewdson.

(Author of "Tales of the Road," Etc.)

"The thing to do in handling your customer is to gain his confidence," began the necktie man, "and the next thing to do is to hold his confidence. I've been going over my territory for a good many years and I flatter myself that I have as solid a line of customers as any man out in this country. I know, to be honest about it, that there are lots of lines of goods out here that are on a par with mine, and there is no reason why my customers, as far as values of goods are concerned, might not as well buy their goods elsewhere. At the same time, my customers stick to me."

"I wish I had my trade as solid as you have," remarked the hat man.

"Well, I try to treat my trade right," continued the necktie man. "Now, for instance, I was up in the Black Hills last time just about the time I was winding up. I was about a week late and my customer had been waiting for me to buy some Fourth of July neckties. He was running very short on them. When I reached town I didn't even have time to telegraph in and get some stuff out to him. I was really sorry about this, but he had been a faithful customer, in fact gave me every cent in his line. I was lucky, though, in having quite a number of 'extra' ones, after he had given me his regular bill, I not only put the extra in a pile, but threw on top of them a whole lot more samples I could spare. You know I carry my line all made up instead of trying to work the confidence game and getting my customers to buy from swatches—small samples no bigger than the palm of your hand. The prices on the samples ranged from \$1.50 to \$6 a dozen, and there were a few \$9 goods among them. 'Now, look here,' I said to my customer, 'you have been on the square with me and have been waiting for me. I can't get out anything in time for the Fourth, but I'll just let you have this bunch of samples over here. They will help you out a good deal. Are they worth anything to you?' 'I can use them in my sale; they are worth \$1 a dozen to me,' answered he. 'They would make a bully good 50-cent line.' 'Well, I can't let you have them at that price,' I answered, but you may have them at \$3.50. There were nine dozen in all. I would just as soon have gone down into my friend's pocket and taken out \$4.50 as to have charged him \$4 a dozen for those ties, because my customary price on samples was only \$3.50."

Saving Customer Money.

"Well, it isn't everybody that will appreciate a thing like that," remarked the grocery man. "I know I once struck a fellow who wanted to buy an opening bill in my line. He had been carrying clothing and dry goods and everything of that sort, but didn't know anything about my business. He wanted to put in a line with which to fight a competitor who had been an exclusive grocer, but who had put in a general line of goods. I was making a special trip on pipes that time and had a large case of samples with me. These I had in the back end of his store, so when we got down to pipes—I had rather made an estimate of all the other stuff for him—I thought it best for him to pick out the line. Just as I had spread out the samples on the counter a messenger boy came in and told me that a man from a neighboring town wanted me at the telephone. I was gone at the telephone office about half an hour, and when I came back my customer had laid out enough pipes for an exclusive store on Broadway. 'Well, give us about a dozen each of these, I guess,' he said. 'We have a big Irish settlement west of here. 'Well, Irish or no Irish,' I replied, 'you don't want all those pipes. If you will cut down about half of them and say six each, that would be a little more like it,' and I cut down his pipe order at least three-fourths. And do you know I never sold that son of a gun another sou. After that I made up my mind that I would let a man have all he wanted."

"Well, you can work your game as much as you please," remarked the necktie man. "While I may lose out a little once in awhile my way, I am going to keep on playing the old system, and if a customer wishes to order from me a little more than I think he really needs, I am going to suggest to him that he do not take so much."

Best System in the End.

"And you will find," remarked Brewster, the merchant, "that is the right system. I know in my buying I like to have the salesman who is waiting on me make suggestions. Now, I must not only buy underwear from Gaylord and dry goods from Watkins, but a dozen more lines of goods. The salesmen on the road are specialists in their lines of business, and I find that they help me a great deal. Once in awhile I had a fellow who wants to ram me full, but he injures himself when he does so, because I won't let the same dog bite me twice."

"Well, you can handle some customers that way," remarked the furnishing goods man, "but not all of them. I

goods for them, but I have one that I let almost absolutely alone. You cannot handle every customer alike. When I first struck this man and told him my business, he said: 'Now, I'll buy some goods from you if you'll just let me have my way. The fellow I've been dealing with always wants to buy for me. My money is to pay for what I buy, and I want to have the fun of picking it out.'

"So I had my trunks thrown in his store, after supper, and when I opened my samples so they could be got at, I took a seat down by the stove and literally left this man and his clerk to pick out the bill. He went through the stuff a line at a time, throwing out what he wanted, and as he finished with one line he would call to me to write it down. That's the way I've been selling him ever since. In handling a customer there is a great deal in finding out how he himself likes to be handled."

Handling a "Grouch."

"Did you ever strike a fellow," asked Watkins, "who had a spite against one of the landlords in town and would not buy goods from you if you stopped at that man's hotel? I run against a snag of that kind every once in awhile."

"Well, what do you do, Watkins?" asked Brewster, the merchant.

"I try to make peace if I can. If I cannot do that, unless my customer is an old one and has good cause for a grudge, I usually hunt some one else to do business with. In a case of this kind you can count on it that it is easier to find a new customer than to pack up your samples and move to another hotel. As a rule, I like to do business with a man who has a hobby. If I can find out what a man's hobby horse is, I always try to jump up behind, but I draw the line on a fellow who won't deal with you if you stop at the wrong hotel. His hobby horse is too weak-backed to tote double."

"Yes, but it's a good idea to stand in with your customer," remarked the grocery man.

"But it is better," replied Brewster, "to have your customer feel that he should stand in with you. In handling your customer, if possible, accept a favor, rather than give one."

"And there is another thing that a man must not do," began Watkins. "It is forgetting an old customer who has gone out of business. Once in awhile a merchant will come to feel that he would rather feed a thrashing machine when the thermometer is 104 than measure calico. But after they sell out to try something else for awhile, nine times out of ten they go back into business, and when they do, they will always appreciate the man who remembered them when they had no goods to buy."

As Friend to Friend.

"Ah, you bet!" exclaimed the furnishing goods man. "The right thing to do in handling your customer is to be a man with him—just a man—that's all. I think a great deal of a man who gives me his business. A man's heart and his pocketbook are not far apart."

"Mr. Brewster, you know we boys on the road become very much attached to many of our customers. The traveling man and his customers, after many years of dealing, draw close to one another. Of course we oftentimes get a hard bump on the head from those we think to be our friends, and I myself try to avoid too close a friendship with my customers. At the same time, I cannot help it once in awhile. Now, take a case like this: I had a man who had given me more or less of his business for two or three years, but one year he had just about cut me out altogether, so when I went out to Omaha, which wasn't far from where he is in business, instead of going out to his town, I dropped him a line. I thought he was going to pass me up anyhow, and, you know, when we don't wish to make a town or think there is nothing in it, we write or 'phone a customer."

"That's a good way to lose one, too," put in Watkins.

"Sure thing!" continued the furnishing goods man. "Write a man or 'phone him if you want to lose him. Well, a reply came addressed in a lady's hand. My customer's wife wrote me that her husband was sick in the hospital in Omaha. She was at the hospital with him. I got the letter only an hour or so before my train left. I had my ticket bought and sleeper paid for, and I had been away from home for about three months. I couldn't go out to the hospital, but I did go down to the florist's and sent out a nice bunch of flowers to my customer's wife and wrote her a note saying I trusted her husband would soon be up and on his feet again. That was just a simple thing to do, and I would have done this just the same had the man been in the drug business instead of in my line. The next time I was in Omaha, I found a letter from this man, asking me to 'phone him. I did so, and he came down and bought from me his complete bill of goods."

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She—But, professor, what do you recommend for preserving the voice? The Professor—Rest, madame, ab-

She—But, professor, what do you recommend for preserving the voice? The Professor—Rest, madame, ab-

A PARADISE LOST

By L. G. MOBERLY

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph H. Bowles.)

I was an unwilling witness of that most idyllic of love scenes in a garden that was in itself an idyll.

The murmur of voices from the path, immediately outside the entrance to the pergola, where I was lounging, was the first intimation I received that someone besides myself had discovered this fragrant corner of that most lovely garden.

It was a man's voice that spoke first, in French, eager, impetuous, and, as I imagined, youthful.

"Beloved," he said, "is it true? Are you sure? Will love be enough?"

"Enough?" The answer evidently came from a girl; the tones were so fresh, so clear, but with a penetrating sweetness in them. "If you knew how glad—how glad I am that I am free to choose love, to follow my heart! Love is enough."

The last words were very simply said, but they held a depth of meaning that made my foolish old heart give a leap of sympathy.

"But you give up so much," he said doubtfully. "I take everything; the sacrifice is all yours."

"Sacrifice!" she cried, a ring of glad pride in her voice. "Do you think I care for rank and all that rank brings? I am glad I was born too late to have to wear a crown that is so thorny—so thorny," she repeated almost dreamily. "I am free to give myself to you. Sacrifice?" she laughed softly. "There is no sacrifice in going into Paradise."

As she spoke those words, the two paused in their walk along the path, and through the delicate wisteria and banksia leaves I caught a glimpse of them both.

They were young, but there was no immaturity or lack of purpose in either face.

"Beloved," he said, and his voice shook, "will you never regret all that you will lose if you come into Paradise with me?"

"Never," she said quietly. "To enter paradise with you, Armand, that is enough." And she turned her beautiful face to his and let him kiss her softly on the lips.

I caught my breath as they turned away.

Standing that evening on the terrace of the hotel watching a rose-colored sunset behind the great pile of Monte Rosa, I saw the girl again. She was walking across the garden, an elderly lady on one side of her, the young man on the other.

"Do you see that girl?" a hotel acquaintance asked eagerly.

I nodded.

"She is a great personage, in spite of her simple dress and manners. She is the Princess Theresa, daughter of" (and he named the king of a well-known and flourishing little kingdom). "But for the fate which has given her two elder sisters, she would be heir to the throne; she has no brothers. As it is, I fancy it looks as if she intended to renounce all regal rights and be happy in her own way with the young fellow beside her."

Two years later, as I was journeying homewards from a long tour in the East, which had taken me far out of reach of all newspapers or tidings of the western world, I resolved to stay for a night or two in a town on my route which, it so happened, was the capital of that kingdom where the Princess Theresa's father reigned as king.

My thoughts naturally enough flew back to her as I drove through the quaint and picturesque town, and a vivid picture of her as I had last seen her arose before my eyes. As I drove, I became aware that the streets were gaily decorated with flags and flowers, and that people's faces wore an unusual look of festivity and rejoicing.

"What is happening?" I asked of my driver. "Is this a national festival, or the anniversary of some great victory?"

"The gentleman does not know?" he said. "Our princess is to be married to-morrow—the crown princess, the heir to the throne, be it understood," he went on for the further enlightenment of my dull foreign understanding. "She marries our neighbor, Prince Frederick, and we rejoice."

"So," I reflected, "the Princess Theresa's eldest sister was to be married, and no doubt the younger princess herself would be at the wedding." I then and there resolved that I would make at least an effort to see something of the morrow's ceremony.

The town was astir betimes, and I was astray with the town to take my place as near as might be to the steps of the fine cathedral in which I learned the wedding was to take place.

I found myself well amused watching the guests stream into the building, listening to the comments of the populace, and learning from my neighbors who was this grandee, and who that. Then at last a murmur ran round: "The royal household is coming," and I craned forward with the rest to watch the lords and ladies in waiting pass up the steps. Once I started violently, for I saw a face I knew, but a face grown from youth to manhood since I had seen it last—the face of the man called Armand. And, as well as the youth, all the gladness had gone out of it; it was strong and pure as ever, but infinitely sad; and I wondered.

Next there came a pause, then a blare of trumpets, a great shout from the multitude, a pealing volume of sound from the organ, and out of a

sunshine on the steps, there came, leaning on the old king's arm, a tall form in trailing white garments, her diamonds flashing till she seemed to move in a blaze of light.

And when I saw the face of the bride, I caught my breath and uttered a low exclamation, for the face under the bridal veil was not the face of a stranger. I looked once again upon the face of the girl I had seen walking with her lover in the garden at sunset time—the girl who had entered into Paradise with Armand!

The same, yet not the same! The exquisite contour was there still; the eyes, blue and deep as the sky overhead; the beautiful curves of mouth and chin; and the gleaming hair. But the coloring, instead of making me think of apple blossoms in spring, was white, white as a statue; and the radiance was all gone! The face was set and still as though carved out of marble, lovely beyond words, but cold with a coldness that froze my heart.

She passed into the building with that free, stately step I remembered, then I turned with a question to a man behind me.

"Yes—that is the crown princess now. Her elder sisters both died. Yes—it was sad, very sad. They said the young Princess Theresa had been about to resign her royal rank, to wed for love; but—her sisters had died, and she had become her father's heir—and—well, of course, it was easily to be seen that she must wed the son of a royal house," and so on, and so on.

I waited to hear no more. I could not bear to see that beautiful cold face again.

It was a tiny churchyard on a hillside in Switzerland. Below it the waters of the lake shimmered in the sunshine, above its terraces arose vineyard above vineyard, till they were lost in the woods that hung upon the sides of the great brooding mountains.

I walked slowly along the little paths among the graves, reading the names of the dead who lay in their peaceful resting place amongst the roses.

All at once my slow steps were arrested; a few feet in front of me I saw a woman in black and alone, kneeling beside a grave over which was a trelliswork covered with white banksia roses.

Yes, oh, yes, there was no mistaking her beautiful features. Though years had gone by, they had not dimmed her loveliness; and though her eyes shone through a mist of tears, their color was still the same wonderful deep blue.

The grave was marked only by a simple stone. No date was upon it; no text; there were no wreaths upon the simple grass plot. Only it was wrapped about by the trailing branches

of the rose, whose petals had made a pure white mantle upon the grass; and the three words upon the little stone seemed to me the most pathetic I had ever read—

"Armand—au revoir!"

I have seen her once since then, a crowned queen and her people's idol. She was driving along the streets of her capital, her little son by her side; she was dressed all in white, and her loveliness was something to dream of and remember. I thought I had never seen a smile more infinitely sweet; and yet the sadness in her eyes brought a mist before my own.

For a moment the street, the people about me, the swiftly rolling carriage, faded from my sight. Instead I saw a far-away garden, fragrant with the scent of pale wisteria flowers and banksia roses; radiant with sunshine full of the songs of birds—the glory of spring. I saw the face of a girl, glad with a wonderful new gladness; I heard a voice, the most soft and musical it has ever been my lot to hear before or since, say gently—

"To enter Paradise with you, Armand, that is enough."

The vision faded, another took its place.

A hillside cemetery; the deep, still lake, the brooding mountains—roses, roses all the way—and a little grave amongst them, a grave whose simple stone bears only those three short

THE WEDDING CAKE

CONFECTION REQUIRES MUCH CARE AND TIME.

Fundamental Rules to be Observed in the Preparation of This Most Important Adjunct to the Marriage Feast.

In getting ready for the wedding cake, it is easier to prepare the fruit a day or two ahead of the baking. Weigh, after seeding, two pounds of raisins; clean two pounds of currants by rubbing in flour; shave fine a pound and a half of citron, keeping it separate from the other fruit; shred two ounces each candied orange and lemon peel and chop fine one pound sweet almonds that have been blanched and dried; mix together thoroughly, excepting the citron, and dredge well with flour, using about a half cup. The next morning you can finish mixing the cake, then set away over night in a cold place to ripen, or bake the same day, as preferred. A celebrated wedding cake baker in Boston always mixes her cakes the day before baking; and just here let me caution you about the baking itself. No matter how rich the ingredients are and how carefully put together improper baking spoils everything; if baked too fast the cake will be an ugly brown instead of black. Do not try to bake a fruit cake in the oven of a gas range if you can possibly avoid it; the heat is too intense. Five hours' slow baking is about the time required for the proper baking of a wedding cake. It should not rise quickly, like a cup or sponge cake, but slowly swell while the rich fruit juices permeate the whole. There must be slow baking to have the cake as it should be, black, moist and richly fragrant. If you find yourself limited to the gas oven, steam the cake in a steamer until three-fourths done, then finish in the oven with one burner turned half on.

For a coal fire, bank it up to last six hours with the addition from time to time of a shovel of coal. Do not put on enough to reduce the oven heat, which should be slow and uniform. If it shows signs of baking too fast, cover with paper and set a little dish of cold water in the oven, changing for cold as it gets hot. And now to return to the mixing. And first, the dry ingredients. Into one pound sifted pastry flour mix thoroughly two teaspoonfuls each cinnamon and mace, one teaspoonful each nutmeg and allspice, half a teaspoonful each salt and cloves.

Next beat to a very light cream one pound each butter and soft coffee sugar. When light add 12 eggs, one at a time, beating hard between each addition. It will be much easier to do this beating with the hand, as confectioners do, instead of with a spoon. When these are well blended add the sifted flour mixture, alternating with the moisture, which should include two tablespoonfuls strained honey or molasses, as preferred, two ounces each brandy or port wine, or the rich fruit syrup from preserved cherries, peaches or tutti frutti and the juice of one orange and one lemon. Mix thoroughly and smoothly, then set away over night in a cold place. The next morning, when ready to bake, mix again, turn into pans lined with several thicknesses of oiled paper. Do not make over three inches in thickness, as the batter swells in the slow baking. The citron may be put in with the other fruit or saved out and put in rows across the width of the pan in the batter. If preferred, a few figs, candied cherries or chopped dates may be used in place of so many currants. Watch the cake faithfully all during its baking, not allowing it to brown too rapidly. The oven must be kept at a proper heat by an intelligent use of the stove dampers. If it seems too hot after the dampers are all turned off, set a pan of cold water in the oven, changing it for fresh as it grows hot. When done, take from the oven carefully, set out of a draft but let it stand in the tin until quite cold.

As rich wedding cake improves with age, it is desirable to make it some time in advance of the ceremony. If for any reason, however, its baking has been delayed, the loaves may be pierced with a skewer or knitting needle and a little brandy poured in to hasten its ripening.

Salt Raising Bread. Into a pint of scalding water stir a half teaspoonful of salt and enough flour to make a soft dough. Beat hard for 15 minutes, cover and set in a warm place to rise over night. In the morning stir a teaspoonful of salt into a pint of luke warm milk, with sufficient flour to make a stiff batter. Work this into the risen dough, mixing thoroughly; cover again and set to raise until very light; then knead in enough flour to make the batter the consistency of ordinary bread dough. Make into loaves, and set these to raise until light, then bake.

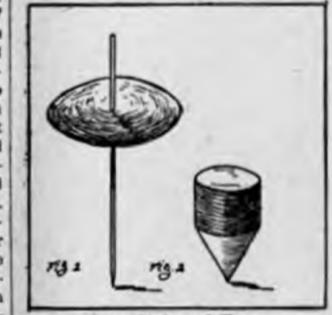
Varnishing Wall Paper. Before being varnished wall paper should first be given a coat of weak glue size to prevent the varnish penetrating too deeply into it, and otherwise the paper would, to a certain extent, become transparent. After the size has been dried thoroughly, apply white shellac varnish.

French Lamp Shades. Some beautifully imported shades for lamps and electrolights are made entirely of beads, worked into butterfly, bird and flower designs in beautiful

MAKE YOUR OWN TOPS.

Some Instructions for the Boy Handy with a Jackknife.

Every boy likes to have a top, and, as a rule, more than one suits much better than a single specimen. Different patterns can be bought, or if the expense seems too great, they can be made at home. One of the simplest forms of this plaything can be made from a large wooden button such as ladies sometimes wear on cloaks. If the button has been cov-



Two Styles of Tops.

ered the cloth must be removed. Through a hole in the center pass a small peg that will fit so tightly that the button will not slip.

Leave the peg nearly three times as long on one side of the button as it is on the other, and whittle each end to a smooth point. This will enable you to spin the top on either the long or short end, and the different motions produced will add greatly to your amusement. To set it in motion twirl the peg between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand or the palms of both hands, and at the same time drop it gently upon a floor or some other smooth surface. Figure 1 will show how this top is made and how it looks when spinning on the long end of the peg.

In Figure 2 there is an illustration of a whip top. This is a general favorite, and can be easily made, says the Montreal Herald. Take a piece of wood that is shaped like a cylinder, and about one and a half inches in diameter. With the compasses mark out the exact center of the stick at one end. At this point bore a small hole into which drive a piece of iron wire. This wire should be cut off about three-eighths of an inch from the wood.

Now make two circles around the wood. The first one is to be an inch from the end in which the wire has been driven, and the other one three-quarters of an inch beyond. Commence at the first circle, and with a sharp knife cut the wood down to a point and smooth this cut surface with a file. The picture shows the exact shape in which the top should be made.

CLEVER NEW MATCH TRICKS.

Arrangement of Ten Matches Which Will Puzzle Your Friends.

The first trick requires ten matches, which must be laid out as shown in Fig. 1. The problem is: How can they be arranged into pairs, taking each of five matches in turn across



The Two Match Tricks Illustrated.

two others? Number the matches from left to right in your mind and then solve as follows: 4 to 1, 6 to 9, 8 to 3, 10 to 7 and 2 to 5.

Now for the second trick. Take two of the matches away, leaving eight, and proceed to form them so they will make four right-angled triangles and two squares. The smaller square should be made first by four matches as shown in Fig. 2, and then the remaining four matches added, forming the second square, thus giving the geometrical result asked for.

Poor Human Nature. If you take all the vanity and selfishness out of some people there isn't much left.—London Tit-Bits.

FOURTEEN MISTAKES OF LIFE.

Are You Making Any of Them in Your Life?

Some thoughtful person has condensed the important mistakes of life and decides that there are just 14 of them. Most people believe there is no limit to the mistakes of life; that they are like drops in the ocean, or the sands of the seashore, in number. But here are the 14 great mistakes:

It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly.

To measure the enjoyment of others by our own.

To expect uniformity of opinion in the world.

To look for judgment and experience in youth.

To endeavor to mold all dispositions alike.

To yield to immaterial trifles.

To look for perfection in our own actions.

To worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied.

Not to alleviate all that needs alleviation so far as lies in our power.

Not to make allowances for the infirmities of others.

To consider everything impossible that we cannot perform.

To believe only what our finite minds can grasp.

To expect to be able to understand everything.

To believe the Almighty made one almost perfect individual, and that you are that one.

DOUBLE TIT-TAT-TOE.

A Game That is a Little More Complicated Than the Single.

Of course you all know the old game of "Tit-Tat-Toe, Three in a Row," which almost every boy and girl in this country has played at school, filling slate after slate with the cross lines and the little circles or crosses between them. It is not a

very interesting game for a boy or girl of ten or twelve, and he or she is apt to look upon it with scorn as a pastime for only the younger ones. But have you ever tried "double tit-tat-toe?" That is a different thing. You make four cross lines, as shown in cut, and, as you can readily see, there are nearly twice as many spaces for moves as in the old game, and of course nearly twice as much quick thinking is required to keep your opponent from scoring until you score yourself. In fact, it is utterly impossible to keep any one from scoring three in a row, so in this new game it takes "four in a row" to win.

There are no end of unexpected complications to it, and even "grown-ups" need not despise it as a test of quick wits. If they do you can soon change their attitude toward it by beating them time after time.

Young People Need Sleep. Sleep, and how much of it the average person needs, was one of the subjects considered by the British association at its annual meeting. The scientific men were agreed that no universal rule can be laid down; but they were also agreed that Wellington's saying, "Six hours for a man, seven for a woman and eight for a fool," would place the author of it, if he had done nothing else, in the eighth class, says the Youth's Companion. An abundance of sleep for young people during the period of growth was urged with unanimous insistence, and the advice was re-enforced by a letter from the head of a boys' school, where the breakfast hour had been changed from seven o'clock to eight, with an immediate improvement in the character of the work done.

Self-Respect Needed. There is no one thing so necessary for one's real advancement in life as a thorough self-respect. You must think well of yourself, or others will not respect you.—Success Magazine.

Good Home-Made Paste. A good paste which is yet inexpensive is a necessity in any home where there are children, since many a rainy day can be put in happily with a paste jar, a pair of scissors and an old magazine or two. Purchase five cents' worth of gum arabic and turn it into a wide-mouthed pint jar having a screw top. Fill the jar two-thirds full of cold water and set away over night. In the morning a smooth, transparent jelly will be the result, and this should be well stirred up from the bottom with a stick. Let it stand for three nights in this way, stirring it up each morning. Then add a few drops of wintergreen to scent it nicely, and it is ready for use. Turn into a small jelly tumbler for immediate use, keeping the large jar air-tight. This paste is not at all sticky and can be applied with the fingers. If necessary, without disagreeable results.

Setting the Color. Before a new print, sateen or gloria goes into the tub set the colors. Dissolve a handful of salt in a tub of cold water and soak about ten minutes. Some blacks are made fresher and faster color by putting strong black pepper tea in the first suds in which the garment is washed. Wash in lukewarm suds, using white, not yellow, soap. After rinsing, starch, then put through a clear rinsing water again. This prevents the starch from showing. If desired very stiff, repeat the starching a second time, followed by rinsing.

Laundry Hint. In assorting clothes for washing, use cold water for stains such as perspiration. Stains that are from fruit or coffee must be treated with boiling water. Hours of rubbing will be saved by following these simple precautions.

To Remove Match Marks. To remove match marks, rub with a piece of wet lemon and afterwards

LIFE'S DAILY ROUND

MULTIFARIOUS DUTIES OF THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Much of Work Required is a Labor of Love, But Should Be Lightened Whenever Possible—Reliable Washing Fluid.

In these days of specialization the housekeeper is about the only one left undisputed "Jack of All Trades." Every boy and girl leaving school has it drummed into them that they must choose one thing and make the most of it, if they would reach the top. Every maid coming from the other side, green as the turf she has left, scorns general housework, acting on the advice of her friends and the employment agencies, and stands boldly out for specialization as cook, waitress or laundress.

There are women, brilliant, advanced ones, who are boldly advocating the revolt of "mother," claiming that she can do more for her own and the world at large if relieved from the thousand and one petty avocations that go to make up the grand sum total in the daily round. These stand for a central nursery, a central kitchen, a central infirmary, a central laundry, and so on to the end of the chapter of housewifely avocations. While there is much to commend in this much exploited new departure, the most of us have the home instinct so well developed that in spite of weariness of flesh, we still prefer to stand for our own fire upon the hearth, our own table where love goes into the making of each dish, our own nursery where we can cuddle our own babies, and, above all, the care of our own when sickness comes. There are many things that may be done outside the home with advantage to all concerned. Among these the heavy laundry work, where strength is limited and help cannot be procured, stands first. In most large cities now there are central laundries that take family washes for 25 cents a dozen, mingling all the plain pieces, such as tablecloths, pillow cases, sheets and towels, returning the others rough dry, but starched ready for ironing.

Managing in this way all the large pieces can be done outside the house, leaving the little particular things to wash at home.

This is really a very fascinating part of housework, and when brains are put into it becomes a fine art, like embroidery or millinery.

A reliable washing fluid is a great lightener of labor. Here is the recipe for one that has been used in the same home for 30 years. Used according to directions it is warranted not to injure the most delicate fabric. Dissolve one pound concentrated potash in six quarts warm soft water. When cool add one-half ounce salts of tartar, and one-half ounce crude dry ammonia. Put into a jug or large bottle and cork tightly. This will keep any length of time. When ready to wash, put on the boiler with a suds made of any good laundry soap, allowing to every three pails of water a half cup of the washing fluid. Put in the clothes that are least soiled, boil ten minutes, take out and wash through fresh water in the usual way, rubbing any soiled spots that may remain. They will come out like magic. Meantime be boiling the second batch of clothing. Rinse in clear water, then in blue, and when dry the clothes will be found snowy white. If preferred the clothes may be soaked over night in a warm suds with a quarter teacup of the fluid added to each tub, but this is not necessary.

Good Home-Made Paste. A good paste which is yet inexpensive is a necessity in any home where there are children, since many a rainy day can be put in happily with a paste jar, a pair of scissors and an old magazine or two. Purchase five cents' worth of gum arabic and turn it into a wide-mouthed pint jar having a screw top. Fill the jar two-thirds full of cold water and set away over night. In the morning a smooth, transparent jelly will be the result, and this should be well stirred up from the bottom with a stick. Let it stand for three nights in this way, stirring it up each morning. Then add a few drops of wintergreen to scent it nicely, and it is ready for use. Turn into a small jelly tumbler for immediate use, keeping the large jar air-tight. This paste is not at all sticky and can be applied with the fingers. If necessary, without disagreeable results.

Setting the Color. Before a new print, sateen or gloria goes into the tub set the colors. Dissolve a handful of salt in a tub of cold water and soak about ten minutes. Some blacks are made fresher and faster color by putting strong black pepper tea in the first suds in which the garment is washed. Wash in lukewarm suds, using white, not yellow, soap. After rinsing, starch, then put through a clear rinsing water again. This prevents the starch from showing. If desired very stiff, repeat the starching a second time, followed by rinsing.

Laundry Hint. In assorting clothes for washing, use cold water for stains such as perspiration. Stains that are from fruit or coffee must be treated with boiling water. Hours of rubbing will be saved by following these simple precautions.

To Remove Match Marks. To remove match marks, rub with a piece of wet lemon and afterwards

DRAWING LESSON FOR BEGINNERS.



To remove match marks, rub with a piece of wet lemon and afterwards



When the Children come home from School

They usually want something from the pantry

You remember the hunger you had—Home cooking counts for much in the child's health; do not imperil

it with *alum* food by the use of poor baking powder.

Have a delicious, pure, home-made muffin, cake or biscuit ready when they come in. To be sure of the purity, you must use

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Royal makes a difference in your home—a difference in your health—a difference in your cooking.

ROYAL is absolutely Pure.

OAK GROVE OFFERINGS.

Clell Farrell expects to build a house soon near Mr. Loy's.
Mr. and Mrs. J. St. Clair Bottorf went to Hibbard Friday.
Mr. and Mrs. Sam Bottorf were the guests of John Hosimer of Culver Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Bottorf were the guests of Chas. Bishop and family one day last week.
Blanche Ransbottom and her mother of Ober were the guests of relatives in the Grove Sunday.
Mrs. Frank Riegs has returned from Columbia City where she has been at the bedside of her aunt who died a few days ago.
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Barnes have returned from Johnson City, Tenn., where Mr. Barnes was in the hospital the past winter. While he is very weak, some ways he is still
The attendance was good at Oak Grove Sunday afternoon and new officers were installed. Next Sunday is consecration meeting. There will be a special program of several duets and Mrs. J. S. Bottorf will sing a solo. Everybody is invited

WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP.

Wm. Odell was at Ober Wednesday on business.
Will and Meda Kinzie were Ober callers Friday.
Lester McDonald was seen on our streets Sunday.
The new cement church at Ober will soon be completed.
Edward Kinzie was seen in our midst Thursday afternoon.
Miss Blanche Ransbottom visited with her cousin Cora Sunday.
Mrs. Rhoda Kinzie was the guest of Mrs. Jane Kinzie Wednesday.
Mr. and Mrs. Clell Ferroll spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Claude Ransbottom.
Mrs. Lucinda Kinzie and grandson, Arnie Horner, were business callers in Plymouth Saturday.
Miss Elsie Krammer has returned to her home after spending the winter with her uncle in Mentone.
Mr. Oleson, one of our new citizens, has his new barn almost completed which improves the looks of his farm and neighborhood.

MOUNT HOPE MAGNETS.

Mrs. Chas. Richards returned on Friday after several months treatment in a sanitarium in Illinois.
The children of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cowan of Rutland gave them a pleasant surprise Sunday by taking their dinners and spending the day with them. Those present were Joseph Cowan Jr. and family, George Cowan and family of Leiter's, Elta Davis of this place, W. Cowan Jr. and family of Germany neighborhood, and Ora O'Brien's of Hibbard. After a bountiful dinner the afternoon was spent in listening to some very fine music. At a late hour all departed leaving many good wishes.

Does coffee disagree with you? Probably it does! Then try Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee. It is a clever combination of parrot cereals and nuts. Not a grain of real coffee, remember. In Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee, you get the flavor and taste without the harmful effects of coffee. If your stomach, heart or kidneys are weak, if you are nervous, if you are a coffee drinker, try Health Coffee. It is wholesome, nourishing and satisfying. It is a nice even for the youngest child. Sold by T. E. Slattery.

WASHINGTON WARBLINGS

The school here will close on Friday.
Preaching at East Washington Sunday morning.
Henry and Otis Krause spent Sunday in Rochester.
Ella and Ola Kriegg were Sunday guests of B. Krause and family.
Rev. Walmer and wife dined with Jasper Curtis and wife Sunday. Rev. Walmer preached his farewell sermon at the West church Sunday.
Mrs. Stella Kurts and baby visited the family of J. L. Scheuerman Sunday.
Ollie Jones and family spent Sunday in Argos, the guests of James Ohler.
Dick McFarland and family were Easter dinner guests of Walter Shivers and family.
About twelve relatives and friends took Easter dinner with Henry Pontius and family Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Jones entertained Mr. and Mrs. E. Benedict, Bert Wilson and Ethel Alden at dinner Sunday.
The graduates from the Washington school are Dona Curtis, Eva Jones, Ola Kriegg, Edna Kline, Jay Kriegg, Walter Kline, Edgar Kline and Nigh McFarland.
E. Love was so unfortunate as to have the greater part of his coat tail torn off by a gasoline engine last Monday. It was necessary to get repairs for the machine before they could go any further.

NORTH BEND NOTES.

Mrs. Jane Castleman, Correspondent.
Arthur Chapman took a walk on Sunday.
The Carl Jordans have moved to Monterey.
James Chapman spent Sunday at J. E. Demont's.
Miss Lizzie Castleman visited Sunday at F. Chapman's.
Harry Rannels and family visited relatives in Knox Sunday.
Most of the schools in North Bend township closed last week.
Delbert Wells and family have moved into Dayton Shanks' house.
Joe Castleman and Alvin Good made a business trip to Knox Monday.
Miss Anna Demont is home on a vacation from the Knox high school.
John Souder with his son Clyde and family visited at J. E. Demont's on Sunday.
Alvin Good and family spent Sunday at Winona, the guests of John W. Kaley and family.
Harry Leopold and family were the guests of Solomon Wolfgram's family at Monterey on Sunday.
There is going to be a wedding, 'Tis a secret now profound; But all details will be given
When another week rolls 'round.
While pruning his orchard last week, S. D. Allen fell out of an apple tree and was pretty badly shaken up, but fortunately no bones were broken.
Menses are prevalent at Winona. There are quite a number of cases there at present. Mrs. John Vergine was very sick with them Saturday, but is reported slightly better.

DELONG DOINGS.

Carolyn Kline spent Easter with friends at Rochester.
Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Casper moved to Walkerton March 27.
Mrs. Bair of Kewanna spent Easter with her mother, Mrs. J. Q. Howell.
Mrs. Wm. Halsey and son were the guests of Fort Wayne relatives last week.
Miss Mattie Stubbs spent Sunday in Kewanna with her father, Ed. Stubbs.
Miss Pearl Bunnell entertained Misses Lena and Mildred Sparks of Kewanna Easter.
Wm. Thomas and Harry McIntire visited the Sam Bakers of North Bend Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Heeter of Aldine spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Heeter.
John Hand and family and Fred Faulstich and wife spent Sunday with Jacob Castleman and family.
Mrs. Levi Heeter, who has been visiting relatives in North Dakota for the past year, returned home Thursday.
Mrs. Nelson Stayton and children of Hamlet are visiting with Mrs. Stayton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Large.
The two youngest children of John Deck are under the doctor's care but are reported to be some better at this writing.

NORTH UNION NUGGETS.

Mrs. Sarah Geiselman was a Knox caller Saturday.
Walter E. Jones went to Knox Monday where he expects to work.
Edna and Elva Joseph visited with Mae and Carrie Cooper Sunday.
J. Doll and family have moved to the farm just vacated by Geo. Osborn.
Mrs. Nancy Pettis is visiting her daughter, Mrs. George Grove and family.
Rev. and Mrs. Walmer and Lotta Hawkins of Culver visited with Wm. Cooper and family Friday.
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Osborn and Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Castleman made a business trip to Knox one day last week.
Friday was the last day of school at No. 3. The patrons surprised the teacher by coming in with well-filled baskets.
Mabel Osborn, Ruth Castleman and Ines Leighty visited with Mrs. Sarah Geiselman and family Sunday afternoon.
Geo. Osborn and family are moving to Nebraska. His wife and daughter are visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity and at Culver a few days before leaving for their new home.
For Sale at a Bargain.
An end-gate seeder. Enquire at the Culver Cash Hardware.
For Sale—Two Polled Durham Bulls, yearling past. J. E. Myers & Son, Culver. m28w2
Always the same goods—Red Line Flour.
"Preventies" will promptly check a cold or the grippe when taken early or at the "onset stage." Preventives cure seated colds as well. Preventives are little candy cold cure tablets, and Dr. Shoop's Bacterin, Wis., will gladly send you samples and a book on colds free, if you write to him. The samples prove their merit. Check early colds with Preventives and stop. Preventives. Sold in 1c and 2c boxes by T. E. Slattery.

BURR OAK BRIEFS.

G. A. Massey, Correspondent.
Mr. Jennie VanCamp of Sligo is quite sick.
Mr. and Mrs. Coon were Knox visitors Saturday.
Mrs. Sam Reaick is quite sick with the rheumatism.
Both section gangs have orders to take on more men.
Born to W. S. Overmyer and wife, March 29, a son.
Chance McFarland is working at Hammond on the section.
John Goodman and family took Easter dinner with Fred Lidecker's.
D. E. VanVactor will preach in Burr Oak Sunday night at the usual hour.
George Overmyer and family of Wheaton, Ill., visited here over Sunday.
Commencing April 1 the section foremen will get \$60 per month and the men \$1.50 per day.
Chancy McFarland, Jesse Friend and Marion and Zina Overmyer went to Nebraska last Thursday.
Mr. and Mrs. Coleman went to Sligo Tuesday to visit their daughter, Mrs. VanCamp, who is sick.
Mrs. Lizzie Haney visited in Burr Oak Monday and arranged for a house to move into in the near future.
Mrs. Billie Shearer of Elkhart and Geo. McCroary of Oklahoma have been visiting P. F. McCroary for the past week.
Mrs. John Burns and daughter, Mrs. Percival, will start for their home in North Dakota next Tuesday from Plymouth.
Misses Edwina McFarland and Maude Massey who teach school west of Knox were home visitors Saturday and Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. Zenith McCroary and son Leon, Miss Mabel and Lu Greer and Earl Dear spent Easter with P. F. McCroary and family.
C. Bollman and son of West township were in Burr Oak and Hibbard on business Monday. His wife is attending the funeral of her mother in Ohio.
Mrs. Osborn and daughter, Mrs. W. H. Leighty and children and Mrs. Daniel Leighty will start for Nebraska next Tuesday and will stop off and visit with Melvin Leighty at Hammond a few days.
Roy Overmyer is staying with his grandparents. Mr. and Mrs. Humbert, west of Plymouth, for awhile in order if possible to evade the whooping cough that is now cutting a figure in Burr Oak and vicinity.

HIBBARD HAPPENINGS.

Mrs. E. J. Reed, Correspondent.
Ed Stuck was at home last Sunday.
Miss Dola Shroek was on our street last Monday.
Amos Kersey has been nursing a sore throat for some days.
Will Kline and family visited Mishawaka friends last Sunday.
Doll Lichtenberger and daughter Lizzie were out of town visitors last Sunday.
J. Livinghouse and wife ate Easter eggs with Thomas Garver and family on Sunday.
Grace Voreis, who is making her home in Plymouth, visited her mother in Hibbard last Sunday.
Jule Clemons and wife and S. E. Wise and wife were the guests of S. S. Reed and family last Sunday.
Miss Verna Behmer gave the pupils in her room a party last Friday evening. Refreshments were served.

MAXINKUCKEE MURMURS.

Miss Della Thompson, Correspondent.
Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Bigley of Chicago spent Easter with relatives here.
The Ladies' aid will meet at Spangler's on the afternoon of April 8.
Mrs. Bertha Caple and son Chas. were in our village Saturday on business.
Dr. I. L. Babcock and wife visited Thursday with P. Spangler and family.
Edgar Wilson and family took Sunday dinner with Geo. Spangler and family.
Chester Bigley and Daw Rector and their wives drove to Plymouth Saturday on business.
Lawrence Vermillion has bought

Grandma Stevens' property and will take possession soon.

Mrs. Dizzie Balk and Grandma Rector returned Wednesday from Indianapolis after an extended visit.
Mrs. Sallie Hissong and son Harry and Asa South and family were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clark Alderding Sunday.
Thirteen of our merry school children went for an Easter outing Sunday, taking their well-filled baskets. They returned in the evening and decided to wait for a warmer day before taking another expedition. And if the girls want to know where the pie went ask Dick Loudon.
EAST SHORE SOUNDINGS.
Sam Rugg and his dog took Easter dinner at home.
D. W. Marks and wife took dinner with Mrs. Sarah Rector Sunday.
Leonard Cross and wife took Sunday dinner with John Stayton and family.
Mr. Edwards and wife took dinner with his daughter, Ella Loudon, Sunday.
Drury Edwards of Chicago visited over Sunday with his sister, Ella Loudon.
Charley Christenbery will occupy the Snokes house as soon as Mr. Vermillion moves out.
Mrs. Tillie Rugg took her little nephew John Holem home last Saturday. His father lives near Middlebury.

CULVER MARKETS.

Eggs.....14
Butter (good).....24
do (common).....20
Fowls.....08
Chickens.....08
Lard.....10
(By the Culver City Grain and Coal Co.)
Wheat, new.....73
Corn.....40
Oats (choice white).....38
Clover seed, per bu....7.50@8.50

Indigestion

Stomach trouble is but a symptom of, and not itself a true disease. We think of Dyspepsia, heartburn, and indigestion as real diseases, yet they are symptoms only of a certain specific nerve sickness—nothing else.
It was this fact that first correctly led Dr. Shoop to the creation of that now very popular stomach remedy—Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Going direct to the stomach nerves, whose brought that success and favor to Dr. Shoop and his Restorative. Without that original and highly vital principle, no such lasting accomplishments were ever to be had.
For stomach distress, bloating, biliousness, bad breath and yellow complexion, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—and see for yourself what it can and will do. We sell and cheerfully recommend.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative
T. E. SLATTERY.

AT THE GEM HARNESS SHOP

you will now find a full line of the best

Leather and Canvas Horse Collars

for spring work at prices to suit everybody.

Sweat Pads, Gall Cure, Coach Oil, and everything in the harness line.

We are closing out our entire line of

WHIPS

at reduced prices, on account of another big order coming in soon.

Come in and see them and bring your harness to be repaired.

Boot and Shoe repairing at the lowest prices.

Wm. Foss & Son

Culver, Ind.

FOR SALE

Building lots. Now is your time to buy. For particulars call on HENRY ZECHIEL.

THE SURPRISE

Complete Outfitters for Ladies and Gents



OUR showings of Spring styles are almost a season ahead in general make up, while our prices will certainly appeal to those who appreciate good dress at a minimum of cost.
You are invited to inspect our showing of Men's Suits, Ladies' Skirts and Jackets, and the best Shoes for men, women and children to be found anywhere.



CULVER'S BIG TRIPLE STORE