

LAKE SIDE GLEANINGS

Some Interesting Items Concerning the Summer Colony at Lake Maxinkuckee.

ON THE EAST SIDE.

A. W. Wagner spent the week end with his family at the cottage.

Miss Helen Beggs of Terre Haute is a guest at the Stimson cottage.

Miss Ella Daines of Vincennes is visiting her aunt, Mrs. F. Gompf.

W. G. Ponader is slowly recovering from an attack of typhoid fever.

Miss Pearl Kiefer, who has been a guest at VanSchoiack's, is again here.

Miss Alice Fogas of Mt. Vernon, Ind., is visiting Miss Helen Heywood.

Mrs. McElwee has returned to Kokomo after a visit at Sleepy Hollow.

Hal Lanning of Chicago is the guest of Miss Kleo Cozzins at Willowdale.

Miss Elizabeth Hann arrived on Thursday to spend the remainder of the season.

Miss Catherine Louise McCain of Crawfordville is a guest at the Holiday cottage.

Clark Springer of Garrett, Ind., will be a week end guest at the Buckeye cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cothe of Indianapolis are the guests of the C. C. Perry family.

Mrs. George B. Carpenter of Chicago spent the week end at the Glosbrenner cottage.

Augustus Coburn and Julian Fauvre of Indianapolis are guests of Freeland Mansfield.

Miss Cox, who has been the guest of Miss Ione Hazeldine, left Monday for Terre Haute.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Dean of Springfield, Mass., spent the week end at the Heywood cottage.

Mrs. Theodore Stein and daughter of Indianapolis are spending a few days at the Kuhn cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Smith have returned to Spencer after a three weeks' visit at the Wagner cottage.

Miss Fay Harris of Ellettsville, Ind., is visiting at the Buckeye cottage with Miss Elsie Mansfield.

Judge and Mrs. Frank Ellis of Muncie will arrive at the Gardner cottage Saturday to remain during August.

Miss Carol Rice and Miss Emily Moores leave Thursday for Burt lake where they will remain during August.

Mrs. V. H. Wallen and daughter Orelia of Grand Rapids are spending a week at the Heywood cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Grant returned to Chicago Monday after visiting Mrs. Glosbrenner at the Wigwam.

Mr. and Mrs. James Farrington and children will visit Mr. Farrington's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Farrington.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley Wood and son Charles and Mrs. Stitt of Monroe, Mich., are the guests of Mrs. D. C. Jenkins.

Mrs. E. M. Thompson and daughter Ruth are the resorters at the Winslow cottage for the remainder of the summer.

Mr. Myers and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Walker motored from Terre Haute and spent Sunday at the Gardner cottage.

Charles Schaf and Miss Alice Schaf, who are at Glenwood Springs, Colo., will spend the month of August at Maxinkuckee.

Mrs. W. E. McKeever and C. C. Trueb and son Thomas of Terre Haute are visiting at the Graham cottage with J. W. Trueb.

Mrs. H. H. Rice gave a luncheon Wednesday to nine young ladies in honor of her guest, Miss Marguerite Franklin of Boston, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Creed and daughter

of South Bend and Mr. and Mrs. Skinner of Hamilton, O., are the guests at Maple Grove House.

Mrs. Hann drove from Indianapolis, accompanied by Raymond Bunch and Marcus Warrender, last week and will remain for the rest of the summer.

Last Friday evening a dinner was given at the Lake View hotel by six cadets of the Summer school in honor of Miss Cox, who has been visiting in the summer colony.

John Dewinter and family, Mr. and Mrs. John McCarthy and son of Peru, and Mrs. Katherine Murphy and daughter Gussie of Logansport are at the Shroyer cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Barnhart and daughter and Mrs. Carrie Moore of Logansport and Miss Clara Wilcox and brother of Hutchinson, Kas., stopped with Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Harwood Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Courtland Van Camp, Mrs. Riley, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Martindale and children of Indianapolis, and Mrs. Albert Steinbrecher of Detroit are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Schaf.

Last Monday as the Louisville and New Albany guests at the Bide-a-Wee were getting ready to leave the Foss pier and were lined up for a picture, the pier broke and let all of the eighteen people of the party into the lake. All received a good ducking and a little fright.

At the Bide-a-Wee: Mr. and Mrs. Wammaina, Lebanon; Mrs. G. S. Hice, Miss Irma C. Korb, New Albany; W. B. Rice, Terre Haute; W. W. Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. Evans, Indianapolis; Claude Rowe, New Albany; Mina M. Wagener, Sophia A. Engle, Sherman Mott, Indianapolis; Milton Lavelly, Louisville, Ky.

Robert Parsons, son of W. W. Parsons, president of the State Normal at Terre Haute, died Wednesday night of last week of inflammation of the heart, after a serious illness of several months. He was 21 years of age and was graduated last spring from Wabash college. He was buried Friday at Terre Haute.

At Bay View Place: L. H. Orvis and family, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Barnard, South Bend; Florence Terpening, Mrs. R. E. Terpening, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Bidle, Toledo; Mrs. A. R. Heller, Maxinkuckee; Mrs. E. Heller and daughter, Memphis, Tenn.; S. J. Gibbs and wife, S. A. Cammon and wife, Indianapolis; Mrs. Musser and son, Mattoon, Ill.

The Hearts club of Indianapolis was royally entertained through the week end by Mrs. Clemens Vonnegut, Mrs. Bernard Vonnegut and Mrs. J. G. Mueller at their cottages. The following were present: Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Bookwalter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Krauss, Mr. and Mrs. H. Raub, Mr. and Mrs. John Berterman and Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Stein of Indianapolis. This was the first visit of some of the guests to Maxinkuckee and they were deeply impressed with the beauty of the lake and the royal entertainment they received.

ON LONG POINT.

Miss Hazel Ginty of Chicago is a guest at F. C. Murphy's.

The F. L. Kellers have taken possession of their cottage.

Max Wiley of Paxton, Ill., is at the Charles Moniger cottage.

W. W. Rankin of Cleveland, O., spent Sunday at Shady Point.

Dr. and Mrs. F. A. Morrison of Indianapolis opened their cottage last week.

Bayles Thompson and J. H. Witamyer spent the week end at Shady Cove.

Emmett Bennett returns to Westfield this week after a visit at the Knapp cottage.

Misses Helen and Katherine McCarty spent the week end with the Witamyers.

Mr. Frisz and daughter of Terre Haute are spending the week with the Frank Conrath family.

Charles Dorsch and family have returned to Charleston, Ill., after a visit with the family of W. Retz.

James I. Barnes and family and Charles Barnes and family of Logansport are at their cottage for two weeks.

Oscar Hartz of Evansville is expected at the Seeberger cottage this week to visit his sister, Mrs. Jacob Hartz.

Mr. and Mrs. Gary and Mr. and Mrs. John Simons have returned to Chicago after a visit with the F. C. Murphy family.

Paul Stover, Frank Throop, Gerald Coughlin and Hal Srofe of Terre Haute are camping on the Miller lot for two weeks.

Miss Jane Goldsmith, who has been visiting Mrs. Fred Goldsmith at A-shan-tee, will return to Terre Haute the last of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moniger and daughter Eleanor are on an auto trip this week to Chicago, Peoria, Terre Haute and Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Solenand and their granddaughter, Dorothy Knapp, arrived Monday to spend the remainder of the season at the Knapp cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Oppenheimer and L. K. Oppenheimer of Cincinnati and I. Oppenheimer of Logansport are this week's resorters at the Webster-Folrath cottage.

At Chadwick's: Carrie Hye, Topeka, Kas.; Anna Minch, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Beauleir, Indianapolis; Mrs. M. C. Cair, Mrs. F. C., Arthur and Jane Goldsmith, W. R. Flagg, Terre Haute; Geo. Castle and daughter, James Brown and family, Boston, Mass.; Frank M. Brown, South Bend; Frances B. Walsler, Lawrenceburg; Estella Pontius, Mrs. J. O. Ferrier, Culver; Jacob Smith and family, Chicago; Dr. Wagner and family, Peru; Mr. and Mrs. Moesta, Mrs. H. Geales, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Barnett, Mr. and Mrs. J. Krintrough, Mr. and Mrs. C. Chambers, Eshel Zartman, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Case, Logansport.

ON THE ASSEMBLY GROUNDS.
Mr. Coons and family have returned to Lebanon.
Herbert Gerald of Bourbon is the guest of James Park.
Vern Power of Marion is spending a few weeks at the Eberhard camp.
Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Steckle of Flora are at Idle Hours for two weeks.
Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Mattoon of Logansport are visiting with the Mattoon family.
Mr. and Mrs. Willard Hart of Logansport were week end visitors with Mrs. James Park.
Mrs. Finch and Mrs. Evans of Indianapolis were guests last week at the Rassner cottage.
Mrs. George Cann and daughter Mildred of Logansport are visiting the James Park family.
The Shomer family have arrived at the Shomer camp to spend the remainder of the season.
Dr. Twinkler of Terre Haute will join his wife here this week at their camp on the Twinkler lot.
Joseph Eberhard leaves for Rochester, N. Y., next Sunday as a delegate to the Glass Bottle Blowers' association.
Mrs. A. L. Brown of Lebanon spent Sunday with J. Kerzey and Mr. and Mrs. Overlesse at the Kerzey cottage.
The Rassner cottage is occupied this week by E. B. McComb and family of Plainfield and Mrs. Ralph Elliott and Claire Kimber of Indianapolis.

PERSONALITIES

Benjamin Easterday is visiting in Elkhart for a week.

"Bill" Riggins and family spent Sunday in Mueselville.

Rev. H. A. Davis of Gosport visited his parents over Sunday.

Chester Zechiel is home from Indianapolis for a month's visit.

Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Culver are at Mr. E. R. Culver's cottage for the summer.

Mrs. Harry Alleman and children of Argos are guests of Miss Clara Shilling.

Miss Emma Miller of Bourbon visited her relatives, the Stahls and Zechiels, here last week.

Miss Alice Babcock of Rochester is visiting relatives and friends in Culver and on the East side.

Mrs. Ritter and daughter Grace and Marion Leland of Argos visited the L. C. Wiseman family this week.

Mr. E. R. Culver sailed last week from Montreal to join his family in Europe where they are spending the summer.

Miss Myrtle Hoff of Flora, who has been touring the Western states, visited Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Hoff last week.

Mrs. Frank Tyner of Wabash left Tuesday after making a ten-days' visit with Mr. and Mrs. Lichtenberger.

Wm. Lichtenberger, wife and daughter of South Bend were guests from Wednesday to Friday at Wm. Lichtenberger's.

Miss Hazel Chapman returned to Chicago Monday after several days visit with Miss Helen Decker at P. A. Wickizer's.

Mrs. Clara Replogle of South Bend was a visitor at Wm. Lichtenberger's and D. W. Marks' from Friday until Monday.

Claude Thompson of South Bend has taken employment with Captain Crook, and will be employed on the launch Charlene.

Albert and Mary Collier, who have been visiting the Shilling family for a month, returned to their home in Brook Monday.

Violet Shafer of Bremen visited her former teacher, Clara Wiseman, here last week, and Mary Lair of Wyatt is Miss Wiseman's guest this week.

Miss Ethel Hardy of the millinery department at the Golden Rule store at Logansport, returned home Friday after a week's visit at Captain Crook's place.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Fischer of Chicago are making a week's visit to their daughter, Mrs. John Mitchell. A friend, Frank Zemischek, accompanies them.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wince and Mrs. Stella Sitz of Logansport were recent visitors at the lake, and guests of Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Smith at Captain Crook's place.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Fetters of Chicago, Orbe Geyer and family and A. Whitehead of Napanee, motored to Culver Friday and spent a few days with the family of Arthur Castleman.

Captain Rossow expects this week to take possession of the fine new house which he has erected at the west end of Faculty row. Captain Elliott's mother will then occupy the Fleet cottage on the row.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hand returned from Howard City, Mich. Mrs. Hand has been given assurance by her doctor that the removal of the cancer has been entirely successful and that she will have no future trouble from it.

Frank White and Clark Stuart of Logansport spent Sunday at Captain Crook's place visiting O. P. Smith. Mr. White is a city councilman in Logansport, and Mr. Stuart is secretary-treasurer of the Trades assembly of the same city.

Edgar A. Perkins, chief of the State Bureau of Inspection of Indiana, came to Culver last Saturday on official business in connection with the state factory inspection.

He also was a Sunday visitor at Captain Crook's place, the guest of O. P. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy E. Cannon of Corvallis, Ore., came this week for a visit of two weeks with Mrs. Cannon's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cromley. They will visit Mr. Cannon's parents in Kewanee before coming to Culver. Mrs. Cannon was Miss Esta Cromley, and this is her first visit home since her marriage. Mr. Cannon is county superintendent of schools in his home county in Oregon.

Business Changes.
Harry Poore has bought the Smith barber shop and will merge into his own and add a fourth chair.

D. H. Smith, the harness maker and shoe repairer, has rented the south half of the first floor in the Pecher building, and will probably move in this week. This will give him a fine location and more room for his growing business.

—Chadwick's new hotel is now fully equipped with electric lights, both inside and on the grounds. Mr. Chadwick has put in his own plant and is operating it with a gasoline engine.

Miss Dorothy Baldwin of Terre Haute will visit Mr. and Mrs. Farrington at the Carson cottage.

CHAUTAUQUA NOTES

A Few Thoughts Which Come to Mind in Connection With the Recent Assembly.

Before the last number had been concluded on Wednesday night the outside canvas enclosure had been removed, and as soon as the audience had left the lot willing volunteers were at work taking down the big tent. By midnight the canvas had been stored away in 22 great trunks and taken to the depot for shipment on the north-bound morning passenger train as excess baggage to Constantine, Mich.

There are six Chautauquas going on at the same time—one opening and one closing each week day. It requires seven tents—one being in transit all the time. Varying opinions have been expressed as to the relative excellence of this year's and last year's programs. Some liked this year's better, some preferred last year's, and others enjoyed both equally well. Personally, the writer in looking over the two years' programs sees but little difference in point of quality. Some features were a little stronger this year and some a little weaker, but on the whole we found this year's attractions as pleasing as last.

The boys on the front seat gave a little more trouble this year. We think it is just to say that the youngsters should be accompanied by an adult unless they have been trained to behave; and even in this case the irrepressible uneasiness of a boy is excited by contact with other boys. Superintendent Cochran says this matter has been the subject of much discussion among Chautauqua managers, and it is possible that next year the plan will be adopted of having a woman who knows how to entertain children accompany each tent, and when the lecture hour arrives take the children out and furnish them with some form of entertainment that they will understand and like. Then there is the baby nuisance. The Chautauqua people haven't been able to find a remedy for that. Half a dozen infants raising a squall at intervals during an entire program constitute an imposition. But then there are the infants of

larger growth—adult in size but immature in years—who talk all through an entertainment. A crying baby can be removed, but a whattering young person must be borne with. On the night of the National Grand Opera Co.'s program a young person flounced into a seat next to the writer and at once announced to her companion that she didn't care for music. Why she selected that occasion for attending it would be hard to guess. We saw what we were in for, and promptly changed our seat.

The guarantors met on Thursday night, audited the bills, heard reports, approved the 1915 contract, and re-elected the 1914 officers. Mr. Michael was reluctant to stand for re-election as president, giving as a reason that he might not be here next year, but the association was not willing to let him off. Mr. Michael and the other officers and committeemen have proved themselves to be very efficient, as the result of the Chautauqua testifies. There is a balance of \$112 to carry over to next year.

Following is the financial statement as made by John Mitchell, secretary-treasurer:

RECEIPTS.	
600 adult season tickets.	\$ 900.00
60 youths' season tickets	60.00
Single admissions.....	203.50
C. M. A.....	50.00
Total.....	\$1,213.50
EXPENDITURES.	
Lincoln Chautauqua....	\$ 907.62
A. L. Warner, draying....	25.89
J. O. Ferrier, lumber....	20.03
Citizen, 1/2 page ad and 300 copies of paper.....	12.00
C. W. Newman, auto hire	5.00
McLane & Co., livery....	9.39
A. F. Stahl, extra labor....	5.50
A. M. Roberts, labor....	2.60
S. C. Shilling, postage, etc	2.00
John Osborn, hotel.....	84.20
Electric lighting.....	5.25
Wm. Moss, labor.....	.75
Cook, livery.....	.90
Leighty, board.....	18.40
J. L. Scheuerman, labor..	4.00
Total.....	\$1,103.53
Balance last year.....	1.12
Balance this year.....	111.09

ROAD WORK HAS STARTED

The work on the paving and gravel road improvements has finally started. Contractor Thurman of Knox began Monday morning on Road No. 2, "the Newman road," and Contractor Kelleher of Frankfort put a force of six teams and 12 or 14 men on the excavating and grading of South Main street. Sand and brick will arrive in a few days, and the work will be pushed to an early completion. John C. Butler is inspector of the work and Ted Spray is time keeper.

A disagreement arose on Monday between the contractor and the town as to the ownership of the dirt taken from the street. The contract is somewhat contradictory on this point. The matter was finally adjusted satisfactorily, after a visit to Plymouth, by the town taking the dirt from the Evangelical church to the corner of Scott street and Lake View avenue, and the contractor the dirt south of the Evangelical church and from Lake View avenue to the top of Banker Hill.

Choice Musical Entertainment.

The Berry Quartette of ladies will give one of their fine musical recitals at the M. E. church Wednesday evening, July 29. Silver offering at the door.

THE CULVER CITIZEN

ARTHUR B. HOLT, Publisher.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
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On the label of your paper the date on which your subscription expires is printed each week. All subscriptions are dated from the first of the month shown on the label, and the figures indicate the year. For example, John Jones' subscription is paid to Jan. 1, 1914, and on the pink slip on his paper appears

Jones John Jan 14

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

CULVER, INDIANA, JULY 30, 1914.

EXPIRATION NOTICE

IF YOU find this space marked with a blue pencil it means that your subscription expires with this number, and that our contract with you has been filled. If you wish to renew without missing next week's paper, remit promptly.

Tells Clover's Importance.

"The greatest problem the farmer faces today," said Mr. Mann in an address late in the afternoon, "is how to grow clover. Anywhere that clover can be grown the soil can be raised to a point of high fertility. Where you cannot grow clover there is no hope for the country."

"The system which I have found to be the best and that has made my farm one of the best in this part of the country, is to feed phosphates to the clover and the clover to the grain crop. When you turn the clover under it feeds the grain organic minerals it must have."

B. F. Harris, chairman of the agricultural commission of the American Bankers' association, spoke of the necessity of raising stock and made a plea for better and rural schools. He prophesied that Illinois land would increase in value as a result of scientific farming until it sold for double the price it now will bring.

Song Birds Increasing.

Editor Citizen: The tremendous increase all over the Eastern states in song birds is due to two things: First, the very wide interest in conservation which the general public has only realized in the last two or three years; and second, the new federal game laws which put our songsters under government protection at all times. That means that until recently there were very poor laws.

The English sparrow had to be partially exterminated before any real success could be expected with song birds, for the reason that they have the militant disposition and drive the birds out. As an instance of what may be actually accomplished through constant attention and protection, in 1905 (from actual data) on a certain estate in Connecticut there were 65 nests of the English sparrow, and on the entire thirty acres only 25 nests of song birds. By constantly destroying the nests of the sparrows and shooting the old birds there were in the spring of 1913 120 nests of song birds and 2 only of sparrows.

The great increase of song birds has reduced our bills for killing insect pests on shade and fruit trees to nearly one-half of what it was before we took this interest in our insect eating birds. H.W.S.

Coming Saturday.

The well-known Alderfer tent shows will exhibit in Culver Saturday, Aug. 1. First-class attractions. Admission, adults 20 cents; children 10 cents.

Do not miss the Berry Quartette concert at the M. E. church Wednesday night, July 29.

"CUTS" TO CHOOSE AT THE BUTCHERS

STRANGE as it may seem, not a great many of the younger housewives are positive, when they buy meat, that they are getting what they pay for.

In selecting beef, see that the grain is smooth and open. If the fiber parts or breaks readily, it will be found to be tender.

In color, it should be a deep rose, and the fat a rich cream color; if the fat is white it is an indication that the beef is young and lacking in flavor, and if a deep yellow, the meat is likely to be tough and of inferior quality.

The choicest cuts for roasting are the sixth, seventh and eighth ribs, the sirloin and porterhouse cuts. In selecting steak, avoid the first three or four cuts, as they are likely to be broken and stringy.

Sirloin and short cut porterhouse steaks are the best, although the pin-bone roast is considered best by many. Round steak is almost invariably tough. Beef tenderloin cut across the grain also makes a most delicious steak.

Although many people fry beefsteak, it really should be broiled in order that the finest flavor be given.

How to Fit Yourself for Life

Do you know what this word Fit means? If you look it up in the dictionary you will find that it means neat, elegant, well made, suitable, proper.

Every man and woman is sure of its meaning when they buy a hat or a suit of clothes. "Of course, I must get a good fit. I don't want to look like a scarecrow."

Of course, you must get a good fit! But do you ever think of BEING a good fit? Of adapting yourself—neatly, elegantly, suitably and properly—to your responsibilities, so that they do not make you look like a scarecrow?

Many a man who is ashamed to wear a tie that does not match his socks, or to have shaggy knees to his trousers, is not at all troubled if two parts of his job fail to match, or if his work is a general misfit. He knows that his suit and tie and socks are prominent and win attention. But he hopes that the shabbiness of his job will be unnoticed.

Being fit comes from effort; from YOUR effort—YOU WHO READ THIS PAPER. You can be fit if you want to be, but you must first wish and then busy yourself with making the wish come true. Don't look at the new moon and wish, or at the evening star, or at a red rose. Look at your day's work, or your next job, and WISH ON THAT.

Back of all fitness is a belief in the security of the universe. You must believe that all is well with it; that all is going better with it; that you are secure, safe and sound in your place; that the universal life and power are back of you, just as a reservoir of water is back of the faucet in the kitchen sink.

This will make you cheerful. Being cheerful is investing in health; for health is the absence of friction, and cheerfulness oils all the squeaking wheels in the machinery of life.

Then you must learn to know your own body as an engineer learns to know the engine he runs. Teach it to take in all the air its lung space calls for. Feed it to run smoothly—not to be put to bed with a pain in its stomach. Keep it clean, without and within. Then you will have at your service a machine that will adapt itself marvellously to your needs.

To what needs? To the needs of your creative spirit, for it is that part of you that commands the body and bids it to do things.

Now, how does the spirit create? By work. Work lets the real man out, and, as it lets him out, it shows the world how fit he is. Hence work is the one and only great blessing. It makes a man tell the truth about himself.

To be fit, then, feel secure in the universe in which you live; let your security make you cheerful. Let your cheerfulness spread about you. Study your body and learn how to run it to its maximum. Remember your spiritual power. Remember that work is the one outlet of it.

The Secret of Being Fit. When you give work this sort of a background you will respect it. You will never try any humbug with it. You will make it fit your belief, as you want the colors of your costume to fit your complexion.

A French philosopher once said: "A woman may forget she has a soul, but she never forgets she has a complexion."

Now the one secret of being fit in this life is to remember that you have both.

WASHINGTON

Eva Jones Correspondent.

Mrs. Theo McFarland is visiting relatives in Kentland. R. C. McFarland made a business trip to Kentland last week. Jessie and Paul Fairchild are visiting their grandfather, J. Jones. Blanche Wiggles of Wabaah is visiting her cousin, Clare Geddes. Mildred Erwin entertained her Sunday school class Sunday in honor of her 11th birthday.

Mrs. Havens and daughter of Fowler, Ind., are visiting her son, Rev. Havens, for a few days.

The John Klines entertained company from Colorado, South Bend, Culver and Argos Sunday.

John Norris returned to Bantry, North Dakota, after spending his vacation with his mother, Mrs. W. J. Curtis.

Sunday visitors: Mr. and Mrs. Levi Krieg and Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Curtis at B. A. Curtis's; Albert Biddinger and family at Clem Curtis's.

MAXINKUCKEE

Mrs. G. M. Woolley, Correspondent.

Forrest Crowl is visiting his mother in Maxinkuckee.

Jessie Fairchild is visiting a few days with Mabel Schumacher.

Florence South spent a few days with her cousin, Forest South.

Hazel Woolley of Peru is visiting at Rev. S. C. Norris' and Geo. Woolley's.

Mr. and Mrs. George Woolley spent Sunday and Monday in Twelve Mile with relatives and friends.

Frank South returned home on Saturday from a week's visit with his grandfather, J. M. South in Plymouth.

Mrs. English and daughters, Mrs. S. A. Rector, Mrs. Dow Rector and Mr. and Mrs. George Garver spent Thursday at F. M. Parker's.

Sunday visitors: Mr. and Mrs. George Garver and Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Parker in Plymouth; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Woolley, Elsie and Lucille Woolley and Marvin Norris at Rev. S. C. Norris'; Jessie Whittaker at Mary Bigley's; Nolan and Roth Cline at Richard Woolley's; Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Parker of Argos at the old home.

GREEN TOWNSHIP.

Miss Mary Irwin, Correspondent.

Preaching services at Santa Anna Sunday afternoon.

Lois Shaw visited over Sunday with friends in Valparaiso.

Mrs. John Wagoner is seriously ill, with but little hope of recovery.

Olive Lake went to South Bend last week to be at the bedside of her sister, Mrs. Cecil Zerbe, who is seriously ill.

Sunday visitors: Neal Shaw at J. C. Shaw's; L. D. Personette, Wm. Town and wives and Mae Shivers at T. W. Irwin's; Mary Irwin with Mary Walters; Lucille Shivers with Iva Hittle.

DELONG.

Leslie E. Wolfe, Correspondent.

James Kline and family of Hibbard visited in Delong Sunday.

Mrs. Harley Moore and Mrs. Oliver Jordan are on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Sorehage and Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Wolfe went by boat down "Old Tip" to Monticello last week.

Z. C. Bunnell and family moved to South Bend last week and A. D. Toner and family moved into the property vacated by Mr. Bunnell.

Mr. Bunnell recently traded his acre and other property here for a farm near Elkhart, but will not get possession until next March.

Nibbling Time.



"How's the fishin'?"
 "Fine—Billy Jinks sez they're bitin' so fast he had ter git behind a tree to bait his hook!"

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Sunday school has accepted an invitation to attend the Methodist picnic at Leiter's Ford next Saturday, Aug. 1st. Transportation is being provided for all members of the school who care to go. Some, however, may need to return by railway on account of some who have autos not being permitted to spend the whole day away from their business.

Bring your lunch baskets well filled and let us be ready to start from the church by 8 o'clock.

Our fourth quarterly communion service will be celebrated next Sunday morning as part of the morning worship. Subject: "Profitable Communion." Special music by the choir. At 7 o'clock, Y. P. S. C. E. and Y. P. A. will meet with the Epworth league for young people's devotional services. Mrs. Leroy Hoff will lead. Subject, The song of Penitence and Triumph, Psalm 51. We announce the program for the evening union service as follows: Praise service, congregation; invocation, Rev. J. E. Young; anthem, choir; scripture reading, announcements, offering, song, congregation; sermon, Rev. A. J. Michael; closing song, benediction.

"Behold how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." All the congregations of the town are joining in this union effort for the remaining Sunday evenings of the warm weather period. Let everybody join in and make these services the best ever.

POPLAR GROVE.
 Sunday school at 10, W. H. Myers, superintendent. Preaching by the pastor at 3, subject, The Relation of Pastor and People in the Church Service. We would be glad to see the young people in these services as well as the heads of families. Keep spiritually warm in the summer and you will not need to consume a lot of time next winter in getting warmed up so that you can enjoy religion.

J. F. Kenrich, Pastor.

Special Services.

There will be preaching at the Christian church on the evenings of Aug. 4 and 5 at 8 o'clock by C. C. Maple of Cleveland, O. Everybody is cordially invited.

Notice to Citizens.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 4, 5 and 6, will be Clean Up days, at which time rubbish and weeds must be removed from all premises. If not done by the property owners the town will do the work and charge the expense to the property owners.

W. A. VANMETER,
 Sec'y Board of Health.

Notice.

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

Money to Loan.

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

A choice musical program by the Berry Quartette at M. E. church Wednesday evening, July 29. Silver offering at the door.

Miss Sylvia Alderfer, with the tent show next Saturday, is a star performer on the slack wire and rolling globe.

Wood for Sale—Fine split stove wood. Tel. 135-25. M. Bernhard j23t2

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Hot Weather Goods

Quick Meal Gasoline Stoves
 Quick Meal Blue Flame Oil Stoves
 Refrigerators
 Ice Cream Freezers
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 Window Screens

The Culver Cash Hardware

THE WHITE STORE

RETTA HOLLETT, Proprietor

Our line of Summer Dry Goods is complete, and our selections are new and up-to-date, while our prices are noted for being reasonable.

Watch Our \$1 Shoe Table

from week to week. This week the line consists of Tan, Black and White Low Shoes, sizes 2½ to 4; your choice for \$1.00.

A SATURDAY SPECIAL FOR AUGUST 1st ONLY

One lot of Wash Goods, worth \$1 to \$1.25, Saturday's price..... **65c**
 One lot White Underskirts, embroidery trimmed, worth 75c, Saturday at **55c**
 One lot White Underskirts, worth \$1.50, Saturday's price..... **\$1.15**

Watch for Next Saturday's Special

Electric Irons

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

For 60 Days, Commencing June 1st



Your choice of the two best electric irons made—

The General Electric and the Hotpoint for only \$2.75

—Sold all over the United States for \$3.50. Heating element guaranteed five years. Come in and let us show you.

The Plymouth Electric Light & Power Co. Austin Building

WHAT JAP-A-LAC IS

JAP-A-LAC comprises a complete line of interior finishes, providing for every requirement of the housewife who wishes to keep her furniture, floors and interior woodwork in spick and span condition. JAP-A-LAC is made in Natural (clear) and in Transparent and Enamel colors. JAP-A-LAC is so easy to use that it is a pleasure to use it. It comes in all sizes from 15c cans up. Ask about it in our paint department.

Culver Cash Hardware

Rector's Pharmacy The Rexall Store

The choicest line of dependable drugs and sundries to be found anywhere.

The brightest, cleanest, most up-to-date drug store you will see in this vicinity.

The most courteous treatment and efficient service it is possible to give.

These features make RECTOR'S PHARMACY—the REXALL STORE—popular with the public.

THE LADY EVELYN

A Story of To-Day

By
MAX PEMBERTON.

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

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Impresario's Prayer.

So the Lady Evelyn had become Etta Romney once more, the child of the theatre, the daughter of a mystery which London was upon the eve of solving. The events which brought her to this resolution are briefly outlined in a letter which she wrote to her father upon the morning after her interview with the great Charles Izard at the Carlton Theatre. No longer ashamed of her resolution, she took up her residence boldly at the Savoy Hotel and entered her own name in the visitors' book, afraid of none.

"Savoy Hotel,
Thursday.

"My dear Father:

"I am here in London, according to my determination already announced to you. I shall live a little while at this hotel, and afterwards where my profession may make it necessary. Believe me, my dear father, that this life alone is best for me, and best for you at this moment. I could live no longer in a house where, rightly or wrongly, I have always felt a stranger—and my love for Gavin forbids me to hear those things which I must hear every day in my old home. Now that I am mistress of my own actions, you will be able to find an answer in my independence to those who are not to be answered in any other way. Should Count Odin follow me to London, he will learn that I am neither without friends nor resources; and I shall not hesitate to call upon both for my protection. It is my intention to establish myself here until such time as news of Gavin's welfare may come to me or that I may, myself, go to seek it. That he has been the victim of foul play I am sure; and I will not rest until the truth is known. Dear father, if you must suffer because of me, forgive and forget, and be sure always of my love for you and my desire for your happiness. We are outcasts of fortune both, and while the world is enjoying our position, we know that it is false, that we are but intruders by accident, and that our past is rising up every day to laugh out ambitions to scorn. Happier far when we were wanderers and poor, with days of love and hope to live and no debt to pay to a great and insupportable heritage. Dear father, you will next hear of me as Etta Romney, the actress—but never forget that Evelyn will return to you if you have need of her; and that her love for you is imperishable. Willingly would she take your burdens upon her own shoulders, and give you those years of rest and peace which are your heart's desire. But, for the time being, she must live alone for the sake of the man who has befriended her and to whom she has given her love.

"Dearest Father,
"Your loving Evelyn always."

From which it is clear that the month of November found Gavin Ord still in Roumania and Count Odin again in Derbyshire. The latter had returned from Bukharest early in the month of September, and, dismissing his friends, the gypsies, had settled down at Melbourne Hall as one who, at no distant date, would be its master. That the Earl acquiesced in this assurance convinced Evelyn finally that she did not possess the whole of her father's story. Either he was a coward (and this she would never believe), or some mystery of her own past or his abetted the Count's pretensions. No other explanation of the matter was possible; nor could she foresee a day which would rid her of the presence of a man who ever spoke to her of the heritage her mother's country had bequeathed to her and its penalties.

She had always feared Count Odin, and she feared him now when the true meaning of a man's love had been made known to her and her daily prayer was for Gavin's safety. Not that she doubted herself or the truth of her love, but that she feared that something in her blood which might bring her to the Count's arms and mock for all time her faith in her own womanhood and her spoken word that she would be Gavin's wife upon his return. So greatly did this fear haunt her that the days of waiting became almost insupportable. She would rise with the sun each morning and say, "to-day his letter will come." The nights found her brooding and restless and fighting ever against the insidious advances of a man who made love to her with a Southern tongue—and when he was repulsed had no shame to threaten her.

"Your English friend was a fool to go to the mountains," he would say; "we cannot protect him there—my Government is helpless. The prison in which my father lies, sent there by the man who should have been his friend, will not open to an Englishman's knock. If I could have helped your friend, I would have done so because he was your friend. You say that he loves you. I will believe it when the sun shines in England. My dear lady, your heart is in the South with the vines and the pomegranates.

All your life has not made an Englishwoman of you. You are like a flower that cries for the sun all day and withers because there is no sun. I will take you to a land of roses and set your feet upon golden sands. We will visit the East together—the color, the life, the music of it, shall enthral you. There they will teach you how to love. In England your hearts are ice—but you have not an English heart."

Day by day these vehement protests would be made; day by day he whispered them in her ear, following her at home and abroad, in the galleries of Melbourne Hall, and to the glades and the thickets of the park. And her father abetted him, not openly by word but silently by impotent consent he acquiesced in her persecution, protesting that Georges Odin's son had a claim of hospitality upon him, and that he could not shut the gates of the house in his face. In plain truth Robert Forrester sinned not of his will but of despair. He did not dare to tell Evelyn that, by the English law, Dora d'Istran might not be recognized as his wife at all and that she, his daughter, had therefore but a dubious claim to that dignity which the accidents of fortune had thrust upon him. He loved her, understood her, understood every whim of that strange, romantic mind, and believed, it may be, that the young Count would not be an unworthy husband for her. But the fear that she would charge him with the shame prevailed above other thoughts. He would not that she should pay the price for the follies and the amours of his youth.

And what of Evelyn herself, meanwhile? She was as one to whom the heaven of life has been suddenly revealed after long years of darkness and doubt. If she understood the meaning of womanhood, that of manhood was not hidden from her. In Gavin Ord she had, for the first time, met and known intimately an Englishman; understood the nobility of man, the resolution, the courage of those reticent personalities by which the nation has been made great and its children sent out to rule the new centuries of the world. Such a knowledge uplifted her and revealed truths which had been hidden during her childhood. By Gavin's love would her soul be re-born; by faith in him would the victory over her heritage be won. This had become her credo, sustaining her in the conflict, and sending her to London with a brave heart and an unconquerable determination to win independence and freedom. More than this she believed that the great city would give her friends; and that these friends would tell her how to find Gavin, and, if need be, to save him. No longer could she hide it from herself that something beyond the quest for Georges Odin kept her English friend in Roumania. She had received but two letters from him, and these had been written during the early days of his journey. The rest was silence and a dreadful doubt creeping upon her as a shadow; the doubt which said, "he may have given his life for you; he may never return."

We have said that Evelyn took up her residence at the Savoy Hotel, fearing no longer the disclosure of her identity. Thither upon the second morning came little Dulcie Holmes and the melancholy Lucy Grey, entering her splendid room with timid steps and altogether abashed by the changed circumstances under which they found their friend. Their introduction of themselves was characteristic. Dulcie, unable to restrain her impulse, threw herself into Evelyn's arms and waited to apologize until she had kissed her. Lucy Grey stood bolt upright and rebuked her friend with almost tearful melancholy.

"Oh, how can you, Dulcie, and it's all in the papers too."

"I don't care a bit," rejoined the unabashed Dulcie. "I must kiss her if she'll kill me for it." And then to Evelyn she said: "Oh, you darling Lady Etta, oh, I am glad; I can't believe it's really true. But I've always said you'd come and I've told Mr. Izard so—and there's the gold watch you sent me, round my neck where it's always been since the day it came—and, oh, Etta, what times we will have again—what times!"

Lucy Grey appeared altogether dumfounded by the familiarity.

"You forget yourself, Dulcie," she protested again and again, "after it being in the papers too—you certainly forget yourself. How can you say such things—to her ladyship as we all know after what's in the papers. I'm sure, miss, your ladyship won't think any the worse of Dulcie for this. It's her bringing up, that's what it is."

Evelyn was very much amused; but she hastened to reassure them, and, insisting upon their relating all their personal troubles (which they did with many exclamations and minute particulars), she ventured to ask them what the papers really had said and why it should make a difference to them. To this they answered in a breath that the Carlton would reopen in a fortnight with "Haddon Hall" and Miss Etta Romney in the title-role.

"And it says you're a Duchess, and Mr. Izard wouldn't say so before though he knew it all the time," Dulcie added with considerable enthusiasm. "Oh, Etta, how you kept it from us all, just as though you had been no different to anybody else. But I knew you were; I said you were no ordinary human being, and Lucy knew it. My life's never been the same since you went away, Etta. You won't leave us again, will you?"

They rambled on alternately in confusion and delight while Evelyn sent for the morning papers and read the news they spoke of. There, sure enough, was the story written for all to read.

"Many will hear with pleasure," said the "Daily Shuffler," "that one of the most capable and finished of our younger actresses is about to return to the stage. Some months ago, all

dramatic London was not ashamed to be curious concerning the Romney Mystery. A new play presented to us an artiste of no common order. Scarcely had we settled down to admire her when she disappeared from our ken, and, while we do not doubt that certain of her friends were in the secret, this was well kept and remained undiscovered by the public. Now we know that Etta Romney is the nom de theatre of Lord Melbourne's daughter, the Lady Evelyn. Mr. Charles Izard informs us that he is about to present her in the role already familiar to us and sure of a wide welcome. Etta Romney, assuredly, will establish the success of the Carlton Theatre as no other actress of our time could do. We offer our cordial greetings upon her return to the stage, and congratulate all concerned upon the clever advertisement achieved."

Evelyn cringed when she read the last words; but her sense of humor proved greater than her annoyance.

"Did you believe, does anyone really believe, that I went away to advertise myself?" she asked the girls.

They answered in a breath that all the world believed it.

"Why, what else should it have been for? They say you and Mr. Izard did it, just as he lost Elsie Barton's jewels last year and had Billie Dan photographed in a motor-car accident. People love anything like that—they think it's so clever. There'll be such a scene when we open, Etta, as never was known. Shall I call you Etta, though, or should it be your ladyship?"

Etta was about to answer her as well as her amusement would let her when a man-servant opened the door and announced a visitor.

"Mr. Charles Izard," he said, and the girls stood up abashed.

"Mr. Izard here, however shall I look him in the face?" cried Lucy in an extremity of terror.

"I could drop through the ceiling for my nerves," said Dulcie, but she did nothing of the sort; merely standing and giggling nervously while the great man came panting in; and he, who had "presented" so many, now presented himself with the air of a Rajah just dismounted from an elephant, or a monarch about to address an assembly of barons.

"My dear," he said to Evelyn, "I've come to pay my respects to you, and that's what I do to few of 'em. You've got London by the throat and we'll both be rich before you let go. Didn't I say you'd come back to me? Why, when I think how we've fooled the populace, I could shout 'bully' until my tongue's tied. Now, let these girls go their way and we'll talk business. I've come to offer you a five years' engagement certain, and there's no one in London is going to better my terms. Three words and we settle it. Let 'em be spoken and we're friends for life."

"Mr. Izard," said Etta quickly, "I will play at your theatre for three months. Then I am going away. If I return, I will come to you again. But I may never return, and so I cannot engage myself to do so. Should my present determination be altered—"

Izard laughed hardily and almost impatiently.

"At coming or going, my dear, you have no equal in Europe," he admitted gloomily, and then quickly, fearing to offend her, he added, "Well, have your own way. Take a fortune or leave one, Charles Izard will always be your friend."

It was a great admission, honestly meant, though uttered with the regret of one who saw a golden vision falling from his view. To himself, the great man said: "There is a man and he is not in England. The Lord send him a handsome funeral before the mischief is done."

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Prisoners at Setchevo.

Gavin heard the tap of the blind man's stick as the old Chevalier felt his way from the bare vaulted room in which a scanty supper had been served to them; and a fit of despondency coming upon him, more bitter than ordinary, he buried his face in his hands and uttered his heart-stricken complaint aloud.

"What are they all doing, then—why has Chesny broken his promise. Good God, Arthur, have we no friends at all? Is there no one who has interested himself in our story? I can't believe it. It isn't the English way. They must find out sooner or later. It can't be for all time."

Arthur, whose arm and shoulder were bound up in a garment that might have been a Moorish bournouse, smoked his pipe quietly and did not for a little while know what to say. Bitterly as he had paid for that which he called a "little trot to the Balkans," the English spirit forbade the utterance of any reproach, or even a word that his friend might take amiss.

"My people never trouble about me," he said. "They know me too well. You see, I've only a couple of uncles and a maiden aunt to go into hysterics; and my lawyers won't advertise while they can bank my dividends. It's different with you, Gavin. I'll bet your people were on the scent long ago; and that's to say nothing about Evelyn. Of course, she has not held her tongue. No woman does when she's in love with a man; and sometimes she can be eloquent when she is not. Oh, yes, I'll go nap on Evelyn all the time. She must know that we shouldn't stay in this cursed country for three months if we had the train fare to get out. Of course, she'll cry out about it—and if she cries loudly enough the Government will act. Not that I believe much in Governments—they generally weigh in when the corpse is buried."

Gavin smiled but did not raise his head. A fire of logs burned in the

grate before them and filled the room with a haze of heavy smoke; the tapping of a man's stick had ceased, and the house was without sounds and void. In the hills above them a wild wind scoured the clefts and sent whirling clouds of snow to cover all living things below. The torrent beneath the drawbridge had become a monstrous scale of icy steps, a ladder with glistening rungs which none but the eagle dared.

"Three months—is it really three months?" Gavin exclaimed in a tone of unspakable weariness; "three months in this awful den. Three months listening to that blind devil and his insults. God, I would never have believed that a man could go through so much and live. And you, Arthur—not a word from you since the beginning. That's what hits me. If you'll only speak out and tell me what I ought to hear, it would be easier."

Arthur laughed and stooped to light his pipe by the fire again.

"What's the good of talking. A pal asks you to come and you go. Is it his fault if a wheel comes off the coach? Let me have five minutes alone with that blind scoundrel and I'll be eloquent enough. Otherwise I intend to make myself as comfortable as I can under the circumstances. There's no fun in boxing scimitars—as we both of us have discovered."

They had discovered it, indeed. From the first day of their captivity in the mountains, insult, foul, oft-repeated, revolting insult had been their daily punishment. Coarse food, filthy rooms . . . these they could have suffered; but the blind man's tongue, the lash of the whip his servants wielded, might have driven braver men to that last resource which faith in God alone can question or deny. The very wound which Arthur Kenyon made light of had been the first fruits of their English temper. A gypsy had lashed him across the shoulder with a riding whip and he had answered with an English left, straight and unerring. But the blow had scarcely been struck before a wild horde filled the room, its knives unsheathed, murder in its eyes—and from murder the terrible voice of the blind man alone withheld it. So the two comrades spoke of fighting scimitars, that was no jest at all.

"You are a friend in a thousand," Izard exclaimed as one who spoke from his very heart. "I'm not going to thank you, Arthur. What is the good of words between you and me? Here we are, worse than dead, by God . . . and not a ray of light, not a speck anywhere. How will it end? How can it end? You heard him tell me this morning that Evelyn will marry his rascally son in ten days' time. Well, to-night I'm just in that humor which says, it may be true, he may have tired her out, led to her, promised her God knows what, my liberty perhaps and her father's happiness afterwards. It might be that, Arthur. I try to put it fairly, and yet I must say that it might be so."

"There are a hundred things that might be so, old man. This house might fall down the hill and the eagles carry you and me to the tree-tops. We might have pate de foie gras for supper and eighty-four champagne to wash it down with. There's no greater rot than the might-be-so. Tell me how to get out of this cursed den and I'll listen with both ears. As for Lady Evelyn—she's too much a woman to do any of the things you talk about. For all you know some sham tale has been told her—telegrams sent in our name, or something to lull her suspicions. When a man is travelling a thousand miles from home, people don't get alarmed about him for a month or two. But this I'll stake my existence upon, that once Evelyn guesses it's not all right with us, she'll move heaven and earth to know the reason why. That's what keeps me sane. I should kill this old man and myself afterwards if it were not that I believe in my friends. Doing so, I just sit down and wait like the Spaniards for to-morrow."

Gavin heard him in silence. His great room had become their prison-house; refractory by day and dormitory by night. For an hour each morning, they were permitted to go out into the court, where a vista of the sky spoke to them of liberty and the massive portcullis of the drawbridge mocked the idle word. "Until the Englishwoman is my son's wife," had been the sentence pronounced by the old Chevalier; and he repeated it day by day, tapping his way to their great bare cell, striking at them with his stick, cursing them—a very fiend incarnate, mad with the lust of money and the desire of revenge. And against such an enemy they were doubly powerless—not only by reason of his blindness, but by the knowledge that unseen eyes followed him to their room and that his allies, the gypsies, hidden in the house of Setchevo, were ready to do his bidding did he but raise his voice to call them.

Brave men, who do not know fear in a common way, may bend and break before such torture as this . . . the torture of impotence and of unseen presences about them. Gavin had come to declare that he would sooner a man had burned his hand in a flame than compelled him to listen each day at dawn for the tapping of that stick upon the floor and the coming of that terrible sightless figure. Even in his sleep the old Chevalier would visit him, approaching with his claw-like hands extended and his eyes seeming to shine as live coals in the darkness. Never had he imagined that so much malignity, cunning, and vermin could be the fruits of imagined wrong, or be united in one personality. And all his fine notions of retribution and reconciliation, of the old man's visit to England and the Earl's reception of him there—how vain-

glorious they had been and how childish, he said. Justly had such folly been overtaken and punished. He realized that his knowledge of human nature was pitifully small.

"Evelyn will help us if she can," he said at length, poking the fire restlessly and listening as of habit for the dreaded beat of the blind man's stick upon the stone floor without; "she will help us if she can, but what can a woman do? Let's regard that view of it as out of the question. What I would ask—what you have been asking—is just this—why does Chesny do nothing? He must know that if all had been well, we should have written and let him hear it. His Government could have these rats out in five minutes. Why does he do nothing? He's an old Winchester boy and could see us through if he knew. I can't think that such a man as Chesny would sit on his back and just ask what's happened. He's moving somewhere—pity it isn't on the road to Setchevo."

"Perhaps it is, and they've lost the road," rejoined Kenyon with a sarcasm he could not conceal. "Don't you see, Gavin, that these devils will have been clever enough to have taken care of themselves. Of course, they will. They give it out that we are making for the Castle of Okna which may be any number of miles you like from Setchevo. The escort—God save the mark!—knows better than to blab. Likely enough Chesny has heard that we crossed the frontier into Servia. Those poor devils who were killed are unlikely to be important enough to be searched for. Life is cheap hereabouts—and what is a Turk more or less? Chesny says we are all right and goes picknicking. Evelyn waits for our letters and does not a bit understand why they don't come. We must be patient, old chap—patient and brave. Nothing else will save us."

Gavin assented, though he could admit to himself that the common heroes of the nursery were the poorest food for a man in his situation. His days of waiting, patience, and bravery were so many hours of exquisite torture, like none he had imagined a man might suffer and live through. Evelyn, what of her, he asked himself waking and sleeping. Would the heritage in her blood deliver her to the bondage prepared for her; or had she, in his absence, the will to conquer it? He knew not what to think; his brain wearied of conjecture and wakened only when, as now, the blind man's stick tapped the bare stones and the sightless eyes looked into his own.

"Do you hear him, Arthur; he's coming to say Good-night to us."

"I hear, old chap—my God, if the man could only see—"

"Better blind—you would have killed him but for that, Arthur."

"It's true, Gavin, I would have killed him."

"And then—his friends. Better blind, Arthur."

Arthur said "Hush," for the sound of footsteps drew very near; and now they could hear the old Chevalier panting and shuffling and plainly approaching them. When he entered the room they perceived that something had occurred beyond the ordinary. The hand upon the stick quivered and trembled—the muscles of the forehead were twitching; there were drops of sweat upon the man's forehead, and his voice echoed the tumult of passion which shook him.

"One of you has written a letter to Bukharest," he cried hoarsely; "by whose hand was that?"

The two men looked at each other amazed. Neither had written such a letter nor knew aught of it.

"By whose hand?" the Chevalier continued, his anger growing as he spoke; "silence will not serve you, gentlemen. By whose hand was that letter written?"

Gavin now laughed aloud with a laugh that expressed both contempt and defiance.

"Had I written it, I would not have answered you," said he; "as I have not, your question merely arouses my curiosity."

Arthur did not answer at all; but he stood up as though fearing attack and his hand rested upon the back of the heavy oak chair—one of the few ornaments of that dismal room. His silence provoked Georges Odin as no words could have done.

"Let your friend speak," he cried, advancing with stick upraised. "I will know the truth; my servants shall flog it out of you—do you hear, I will have you whipped—answer me, who wrote that letter?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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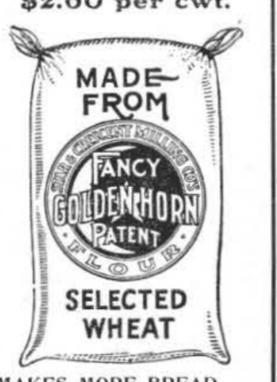
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Trustee's Notice.
The undersigned, trustee of Union township hereby gives notice that his office for the transaction of township business will be at Easterday's undertaking rooms, Main street, Culver, Indiana. W. S. EASTERDAY Trustee

THE WEEK IN CULVER

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

—Dr. Parker is building a frame garage on his residence lot.

—Jesse Rhoads has moved into the Mary Medbourn house at the north end of Main street.

—The benefit entertainment given by the academy for Mrs. Tallis Strom netted about \$140.

—Captain Elliott is building a garage with a sleeping porch above on the Captain Fleet property which he bought.

—Mr. McNeil, son-in-law of Schuyler Overmyer, has bought a lot of S. C. Shilling in the Hawkins addition for \$300.

—"There's always something to be thankful for," said a Culver optimist during the hot afternoon of Sunday. "I'm thankful I haven't a \$5,000 car that I'd feel obliged to go out riding in."

—Knight Culver is finishing up and adding to his cement block garage building and has started a cement block bungalow, 32x41 feet, for the use of his farmer, James McAndrews. Alex Dinsmore is in charge of the work.

—The Plymouth Republican protests against the noise made at night by the automobilists and motorcyclists who run their machines with open mufflers. It is getting to be the rule on Michigan street to go to sleep at 1 and wake up at 3. With a night policeman Plymouth ought to be able to squelch some of these public nuisances.

—Mrs. Armstead dislikes to have the public get the impression that she is careless about the matter of keeping her chickens shut up. She says that all her neighbors except one will testify that she has taken pains to keep her fowls confined, and those complained of were only five or six weeks old. She intended to employ a lawyer and fight the case, but yielded to her husband's wish not to have any further trouble, but to pay the costs, which amounted to \$3.

—It will be a serious mistake for property owners along Main and Scott streets to neglect having water service pipes brought to the curbs of their lots before the paving work begins. If done in the future the paving will have to be torn up, and anyone who has seen that done knows how nearly impossible it is to relay it perfectly. If you don't want water service yourself, your tenant or buyer may demand it, and the lack of it may deprive you of a desirable renter or a good buyer. Many a man will hold a penny before his eyes and shut out the sight of a dollar beyond.

HIBBARD

Mrs. E. J. Reed, Correspondent.

Ed Lowry lost a horse Saturday. S. E. Wise was in Plymouth on business Sunday.

F. M. Scott and little granddaughter went to Chicago Sunday. Mrs. F. A. King went to South Bend on a visit Tuesday.

Mrs. F. A. King returned Monday from visiting friends in Burr Oak.

Mrs. S. Fishburn is visiting Mrs. Jake Lichtenberger for a few days.

The M. J. Livinghouses entertained company from Lakeville Sunday.

Mrs. S. E. Wise went to Plymouth on a shopping expedition Monday.

Rev. J. Colman and family are visiting with his sister and family, the Martin Lowrys.

Sunday visitors: S. S. Reed, wife and babies at Strole's; Inez Albert at Cooper's; Gladys Wise, Glen, Mae and Ross Snapp, Hazel and Erma Reed and Wayne Lowry at Martin Lowry's.

Christian Church.

Rev. W. S. Buchanan of Union City will preach next Sunday morning.

Latest and most popular moving pictures at the Alderfer show Saturday.

UMBRELLA HOLDER.

Leaves Both Hands Free to Attend to Other Things.

One of the things that has helped the popularity of the raincoat is the universal objection to carrying an um-



Handy for Letter Carriers.

rella. Indeed, people in some occupations find it impossible to carry umbrellas, and they will rejoice in the supporter designed by an Indiana man. Particularly will letter carriers find it a convenience, as it will hold an umbrella over their heads and leave both hands free to get mail from their bag and ring the doorbell. The holder is attached to the user's coat and has a groove in it and hooks to engage whatever enters the grooves. The handle of the umbrella is placed in the groove and clamped fast, holding the rain protector firmly above the owner's head. If the rain stops the umbrella can be closed and carried in the holder ferrule down, thus preventing it from being an encumbrance even then. Any person who has bundles to carry would find one of these devices useful.

Artificial Lace.

Mechanism and chemistry combined have furnished France with a new product—artificial lace. The general public has heard little about it, but the lace manufacturers of Lyons, Calais and Cauchy have for some time past been much perturbed over this unexpected competition to which they will have to submit.

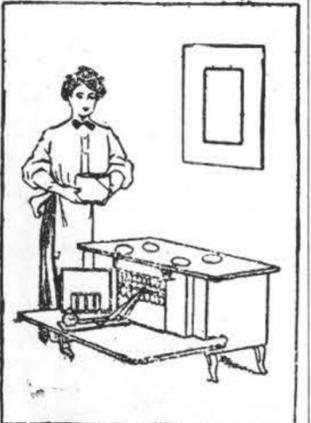
Artificial lace is in effect a manufacture of a very simple nature, says the Daily Consular and Trade Reports. There is no weaving employed in its production. The machine consists in its essential parts of a receptacle containing a cupro-ammoniacal solution of cellulose, a metallic cylinder upon which is engraved the negative of the design and a coagulation vat.

A rotary motion is given to the cylinder, over which flows the solution which, entering the interstices of the engraved pattern, fixes itself immediately in the coagulative liquid, out of which emerges the texture ready to be dyed and dressed.

Artificial lace has a beautiful appearance. It is homogeneous and unalterable; will wear better, and is less combustible than ordinary lace. Water does not affect it. And desired pattern can be obtained by engraving a new cylinder.

Starts Kitchen Fire.

An automatic device for lighting the fire in the kitchen range before anyone comes downstairs has been invented by an Indiana man. On a support running out from the bottom of the stove an arm, holding a bunch of matches in an end, is set up so that the matches are held close to the paper under the kindling, the door of the stove being open. A trigger arrangement sets the matches afire and they in turn ignite the kindling, and by that time the apparatus has run down so that the match-holding arm is sprung back out of the way and the stove door closes automatically. This leaves the fire burning merrily with the proper draught on so that by the time the cook or housewife arrives in the kitchen the range will be ready



Operated by Alarm Clock.

for use, thereby saving so much time. The whole device is operated by means of an alarm clock, which can be set to start the fire at any hour desired.

Few Personal Cablegrams.

Only 1 per cent. of the cablegrams sent over-seas are concerned with family or private matters. The rest are commercial, journalistic or official.

From Leather to Boots.

A piece of leather can now be transformed into a pair of boots in 34 minutes, passing through the hands of 63 people and through 15 machines.

FARM AND GARDEN

TWO VARIETIES OF CORN.

Golden Honey and Golden Bantam Keep Longer Than the White Sorts.

The golden yellow and extra sweet varieties of corn for the table have taken the public by storm. Golden Bantam was among the first of these delightful variations upon a favorite delicacy. It is very early, very sweet—by some considered the sweetest corn that grows. As may be inferred from the name, it is



GOLDEN HONEY SWEET CORN.

dwarf, growing not more than three feet high, and makes a small, compact ear. In their early stages the grains are cream white, maturing to a beautiful golden yellow.

At the head of these tempting golden sweet varieties some connoisseurs in corn place Golden Honey sweet corn. It is medium early, quite prolific and has ears of good size.

It is claimed that both these yellow corns keep in good eating condition longer than the white sorts. The distinctive points of the golden sweets are their color and a certain "rich delicacy" of flavor, in which those who fancy them most say, they excel any other kinds. They are pretty certain to become favorites where introduced into a community.

Potash for Muck Soils

Muck soil that has been under cultivation for some time usually needs a copious supply of potash to replenish the original quantity of that soil essential which has been taken up by the few crops, or has disappeared, through the leaching process, to depths beyond the reach of the roots of farm plants.

If one has access to plenty of wood ashes and cinders, a very cheap and simple method for improving the fertility of swamp land is found by scattering these ashes broadcast and in general quantities over the surface of the reclaimed land. In the regions of large manufacturing plants or coal mines coal ashes and cinders can be gotten merely for the asking and removal. The low potash contents of these ashes necessitates adding a large amount per acre. From three to four tons of coal ash per acre ought to supply enough potash for about two crops of corn or potatoes.

The application to each acre of swamp land, of from 400 to 500 pounds of kainit, a mineral obtainable from almost any reliable dealer in fertilizers, will also supply a sufficient amount of potash for several crops.

If muriate of potash is used, (and it is most commonly available) from 200 to 400 pounds per acre applied to the well prepared ground, just before planting or seeding, will prove very satisfactory.

Sulphate of potash may also be applied in the same quantity per acre as the muriate. Application of these different fertilizers of high potash content may be made either by hand broadcasting or when conditions permit, by drill. Large quantities of tobacco stems scattered on the muck soil and plowed under will also supply potash.

The liquid manure flowing from the compost heap in the barnyard may be profitably applied to muck soils, as this liquid is well charged with soluble potash generally in the carbonate form.—H. C. S. in Indiana Farmer.

First Aid to Farmers.

A farmer in Ohio wrote to the Department of Agriculture that he had struggled for twenty years on an eighty acre farm heavily mortgaged but had been unable to reduce his debt or rise above a poverty that made the bringing up of his family a humiliation.

He asked if there was any hope for him on the farm or if he might as well give up the fight. The Department requested that he make a detailed report of his farm and its soils and upon this it based a plan of farming which he was recommended to follow to the letter. According to a writer in The World To-day, there was a profit the first year of \$2,000, and the Department believes that ultimately the depleted 80 acres can be made to yield \$5,000 a year.

Obituary.

Thomas Jefferson Freshour, son of George and Rachel Freshour, was born April 22, 1842, in Mercer county, Ohio, and died July 22, 1914, at the home of his brother Andrew, living near Wolf creek mill, at the age of 72 years and 3 months. While still a young man he enlisted at his country's call to serve in defending the flag and was a comrade in the 46th Ohio regiment Vol. Inf., Co. A. He was a brave soldier and served his country well. After returning from the war he was united in marriage with Miss Mary Jane Freisinger in the year 1868. To them was born one daughter, Mahala, who became Mrs. Zumbaugh and still survives. Noah, a son by adoption, also survives him. He is also survived by one brother, Andrew, and two sisters, Mrs. R. D. Paige of Oakland, Calif., and Mrs. Hiram Freeman of Hartford City, Ind., and two grandchildren. During his late illness he submitted to christian baptism, but had not identified himself with any church. Funeral services were conducted at Poplar Grove Friday morning by the pastor, Rev. J. F. Kenrich. Interment in Maxinkuckee cemetery.

Father Edwin Sour was born in Summit county, Ohio, Jan. 1, 1832, and died at his home near Twin Lakes July 23, 1914, at the age of 82 years, 6 months and 22 days. Father Sour was ailing for over a year, but the cause of his death was mostly old age. He was married to Susan Frase in 1854 in Summit county. To this union were born four children—Mary C., Ellen, Lafayette and Ira. Ellen preceded the father to the spirit world in 1861. Father Sour and family came to Marshall county in 1861. He was a soldier and fought bravely in the civil war and was honorably discharged. He leaves his widow, one daughter, two sons, two granddaughters and an adopted daughter, Mrs. Wm. Hartman, whom they took to raise. He also leaves four sisters and one brother and a host of friends. He was baptized in his infancy in the Reformed church. The community in which he lived has lost an honest man who was well beloved among his friends. May God bless and comfort the bereaved family, relatives and friends and grant a happy reunion in the world to come. J. A. TIEDT.

Methodist Ladies' Aid.

The M. E. Ladies' Aid will meet Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 5, with Mrs. Charles McGaffey.

Don't miss the Alderfer tent show Saturday, Aug. 1.

Culver City Club.

The C. C. club meets Thursday afternoon with Alice Wiseman.

The Copelands in comedy sketches, Irish, Dutch and black-face, specialties at Alderfer's show Saturday.

For Sale—Hand crocheted counterpane. A bargain if taken at once at Stella Pontius'.

Don't fail to see America's greatest head-balancing trapeze artist, Charles Alderfer. Next Saturday.

CULVER MARKETS

Wheat.....	82
Corn, per bu., new....	68
Oats, assorted.....	32
Rye.....	56
Clover seed.....	\$6.00
Cow peas.....	\$1.50
Eggs (fresh).....	.18
Butter (good).....	.17
do (common).....	.12
Spring chickens.....	14@17
Fowls.....	.11
Leghorn chickens.....	.08
Roosters.....	.05
Ducks, old.....	.08
Geese.....	.08
Turkeys.....	.14
Lard.....	.12@

Harness Shop

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

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

Shoe and Harness Repairing a specialty.

D. H. SMITH, Culver

THE HOME OF GOOD CLOTHES	MITCHELL & STABENOW CULVER : : INDIANA	FURNISHINGS HATS AND SHOES
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ANY MAN'S SUIT

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

AT 20 PER CENT OFF

Including Black and Blue—None Reserved

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

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

There is nothing sold that is "just as good" as NYAL'S

SLATTERY'S DRUG STORE
THE NYAL STORE

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

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

W. E. HAND, The Grocer

KEEPS YOUR HOME FRESH and CLEAN

Duntley

Combination Pneumatic Sweeper

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

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

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

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THE LADY EVELYN

A Story of To-Day

By MAX PEMBERTON.

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

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Impresario's Prayer.

So the Lady Evelyn had become Etta Romney once more, the child of the theatre, the daughter of a mystery which London was upon the eve of solving. The events which brought her to this resolution are briefly outlined in a letter which she wrote to her father upon the morning after her interview with the great Charles Izard at the Carlton Theatre. No longer ashamed of her resolution, she took up her residence boldly at the Savoy Hotel and entered her own name in the visitors' book, afraid of none.

"Savoy Hotel,
Thursday.

"My dear Father:

"I am here in London, according to my determination already announced to you. I shall live a little while at this hotel, and afterwards where my profession may make it necessary. Believe me, my dear father, that this life alone is best for me, and best for you at this moment. I could live no longer in a house where, rightly or wrongly, I have always felt a stranger—and my love for Gavin forbids me to hear those things which I must hear every day in my old home. Now that I am mistress of my own actions, you will be able to find an answer in my independence to those who are not to be answered in any other way. Should Count Odin follow me to London, he will learn that I am neither without friends nor resources; and I shall not hesitate to call upon both for my protection. It is my intention to establish myself here until such time as news of Gavin's welfare may come to me or that I may, myself, go to seek it. That he has been the victim of foul play I am sure; and I will not rest until the truth is known. Dear father, if you must suffer because of me, forgive and forget, and be sure always of my love for you and my desire for your happiness. We are outcasts of fortune both, and while the world is enjoying our position, we know that it is false, that we are but intruders by accident, and that our past is rising up every day to laugh out ambitions to scorn. Happier far when we were wanderers and poor, with days of love and hope to live and no debt to pay to a great and insupportable heritage. Dear father, you will next hear of me as Etta Romney, the actress—but never forget that Evelyn will return to you if you have need of her; and that her love for you is imperishable. Willingly would she take your burdens upon her own shoulders, and give you those years of rest and peace which are your heart's desire. But, for the time being, she must live alone for the sake of the man who has befriended her, and to whom she has given her love.

"Dearest Father,
"Your loving Evelyn always."
From which it is clear that the month of November found Gavin Ord still in Roumania and Count Odin again in Derbyshire. The latter had returned from Bukharest early in the month of September, and, dismissing his friends, the gypsies, had settled down at Melbourne Hall as one who, at no distant date, would be its master. That the Earl acquiesced in this assurance convinced Evelyn finally that she did not possess the whole of her father's story. Either he was a coward (and this she would never believe), or some mystery of her own past or his abetted the Count's pretensions. No other explanation of the matter was possible; nor could she foresee a day which would rid her of the presence of a man who ever spoke to her of the heritage her mother's country had bequeathed to her and its penalties.

She had always feared Count Odin, and she feared him now when the true meaning of a man's love had been made known to her and her daily prayer was for Gavin's safety. Not that she doubted herself or the truth of her love, but that she feared that something in her blood which might bring her to the Count's arms and mock for all time her faith in her own womanhood and her spoken word that she would be Gavin's wife upon his return. So greatly did this fear haunt her that the days of waiting became almost insupportable. She would rise with the sun each morning and say, "to-day his letter will come." The nights found her brooding and restless and fighting ever against the insidious advances of a man who made love to her with a Southern tongue—and when he was repulsed had no shame to threaten her.

"Your English friend was a fool to go to the mountains," he would say; "we cannot protect him there—my Government is helpless. The prison in which my father lies, sent there by the man who should have been his friend, will not open to an Englishman's knock. If I could have helped your friend, I would have done so because he was your friend. You say that he loves you. I will believe it when the sun shines in England. My dear lady, your heart is in the South with the vine and the pomegranates.

All your life has not made an Englishwoman of you. You are like a flower that cries for the sun all day and withers because there is no sun. I will take you to a land of roses and set your feet upon golden sands. We will visit the East together—the color, the life, the music of it, shall enthrall us. There they will teach you how to love. In England your hearts are ice—but you have not an English heart."

Day by day these vehement protests would be made; day by day he whispered them in her ear, following her at home and abroad, in the galleries of Melbourne Hall, and to the glades and the thickets of the park. And her father abetted him, not openly by word but silently by impotent consent he acquiesced in her persecution, protesting that Georges Odin's son had a claim of hospitality upon him, and that he could not shut the gates of the house in his face. In plain truth Robert Forrester sinned not of his will but of despair. He did not dare to tell Evelyn that, by the English law, Dora d'Istran might not be recognized as his wife at all and that she, his daughter, had therefore but a dubious claim to that dignity which the accidents of fortune had thrust upon him. He loved her, understood her, understood every whim of that strange, romantic mind, and believed, it may be, that the young Count would not be an unworthy husband for her. But the fear that she would charge him with the shame prevailed above other thoughts. He would not that she should pay the price for the follies and the amours of his youth.

And what of Evelyn herself, meanwhile? She was as one to whom the heaven of life has been suddenly revealed after long years of darkness and doubt. If she understood the meaning of womanhood, that of manhood was not hidden from her. In Gavin Ord she had, for the first time, met and known intimately an Englishman; understood the nobility of man, the resolution, the courage of those reticent personalities by which the nation has been made great and its children sent out to rule the new centuries of the world. Such a knowledge uplifted her and revealed truths which had been hidden during her childhood. By Gavin's love would her soul be re-born; by faith in him would the victory over her heritage be won. This had become her credo, sustaining her in the conflict, and sending her to London with a brave heart and an unconquerable determination to win independence and freedom. More than this she believed that the great city would give her friends; and that these friends would tell her how to find Gavin, and, if need be, to save him. No longer could she hide it from herself that something beyond the quest for Georges Odin kept her English friend in Roumania. She had received but two letters from him, and these had been written during the early days of his journey. The rest was silence and a dreadful doubt creeping upon her as a shadow; the doubt which said, "he may have given his life for you; he may never return."

We have said that Evelyn took up her residence at the Savoy Hotel, fearing no longer the disclosure of her identity. Thither upon the second morning came little Dulcie Holmes and the melancholy Lucy Grey, entering her splendid room with timid steps and altogether abashed by the changed circumstances under which they found their friend. Their introduction of themselves was characteristic. Dulcie, unable to restrain her impulse, threw herself into Evelyn's arms and waited to apologize until she had kissed her. Lucy Grey stood bolt upright and rebuked her friend with almost tearful melancholy.

"Oh, how can you, Dulcie, and it's all in the papers too."
"I don't care a bit," rejoined the unabashed Dulcie. "I must kiss her if she'll kill me for it." And then to Evelyn she said: "Oh, you darling Lady Etta, oh, I am glad; I can't believe it's really true. But I've always said you'd come and I've told Mr. Izard so—and there's the gold watch you sent me, round my neck where it's always been since the day it came—and, oh, Etta, what times we will have again—what times!"

Lucy Grey appeared altogether dumbfounded by the familiarity. "You forget yourself, Dulcie," she protested again and again, "after it being in the papers too—you certainly forget yourself. How can you say such things—to her ladyship as we all know after what's in the papers. I'm sure, miss, your ladyship won't think any the worse of Dulcie for this. It's her bringing up, that's what it is." Evelyn was very much amused; but she hastened to reassure them, and, insisting upon their relating all their personal troubles (which they did with many exclamations and minute particulars), she ventured to ask them what the papers really had said and why it should make a difference to them. To this they answered in a breath that the Carlton would reopen in a fortnight with "Haddon Hall" and Miss Etta Romney in the title-role.

"And it says you're a Duchess, and Mr. Izard wouldn't say so before though he knew it all the time." Dulcie added with considerable enthusiasm, "Oh, Etta, how you kept it from us all, just as though you had been no different to anybody else. But I knew you were; I said you were no ordinary human being, and Lucy knew it. My life's never been the same since you went away, Etta. You won't leave us again, will you?"

They rambled on alternately in confusion and delight while Evelyn sent for the morning papers and read the news they spoke of. There, sure enough, was the story written for all to read.

"My dear father, I will believe it when the sun shines in England. My dear lady, your heart is in the South with the vine and the pomegranates. dramatic London was not ashamed to be curious concerning the Romney Mystery. A new play presented to us an artist of no common order. Scarcely had we settled down to admire her when she disappeared from our ken, and, while we do not doubt that certain of her friends were in the secret, this was well kept and remained undiscovered by the public. Now we know that Etta Romney is the nom de theatre of Lord Melbourne's daughter, the Lady Evelyn. Mr. Charles Izard informs us that he is about to present her in the role already familiar to us and sure of a wide welcome. Etta Romney, assuredly, will establish the success of the Carlton Theatre as no other actress of our time could do. We offer our cordial greetings upon her return to the stage, and congratulate all concerned upon the clever advertisement achieved."

Evelyn cringed when she read the last words; but her sense of humor proved greater than her annoyance. "Did you believe, does anyone really believe, that I went away to advertise myself?" she asked the girls.

They answered in a breath that all the world believed it.

"Why, what else should it have been for? They say you and Mr. Izard did it, just as he lost Elsie Barton's jewels last year and had Billie Dan photographed in a motor-car accident. People love anything like that—they think it's so clever. There'll be such a scene when we open, Etta, as never was known. Shall I call you Etta, though, or should it be your ladyship?"

Etta was about to answer her as well as her amusement would let her when a man-servant opened the door and announced a visitor.

"Mr. Charles Izard," he said, and the girls stood up abashed.

"Mr. Izard here, however shall I look him in the face!" cried Lucy in an extremity of terror.

"I could drop through the ceiling for my nerves," said Dulcie, but she did nothing of the sort; merely standing and giggling nervously while the great man came panting in; and he, who had "presented" so many, now presented himself with the air of a Rajah just dismounted from an elephant, or a monarch about to address an assembly of barons.

"My dear," he said to Evelyn, "I've come to pay my respects to you, and that's what I do to few of 'em. You've got London by the throat and we'll both be rich before you let go. Didn't I say you'd come back to me? Why, when I think how we've fooled the populace, I could shout 'bully' until my tongue's tied. Now, let these girls go their way and we'll talk business. I've come to offer you a five years' engagement certain, and there's no one in London is going to better my terms. Three words and we settle it. Let 'em be spoken and we're friends for life."

"Mr. Izard," said Etta quickly, "I will play at your theatre for three months. Then I am going away. If I return, I will come to you again. But I may never return, and so I cannot engage myself to do so. Should my present determination be altered—"

Izard laughed hardily and almost impatiently.

"At coming or going, my dear, you have no equal in Europe," he admitted gloomily, and then quickly, fearing to offend her, he added, "Well, have your own way. Take a fortune or leave one, Charles Izard will always be your friend."

It was a great admission, honestly meant, though uttered with the regret of one who saw a golden vision falling from his view. To himself, the great man said: "There is a man and he is not in England. The Lord send him a handsome funeral before the mischief is done."

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Prisoners at Setchevo.

Gavin heard the tap of the blind man's stick as the old Chevalier felt his way from the bare vaulted room in which a scanty supper had been served to them; and a fit of despondency coming upon him, more bitter than ordinary, he buried his face in his hands and uttered his heart-stricken complaint aloud.

"What are they all doing, then—why has Chesny broken his promise, Good God, Arthur, have we no friends at all? Is there no one who has interested himself in our story? I can't believe it. It isn't the English way. They must find out sooner or later. It can't be for all time."

Arthur, whose arm and shoulder were bound up in a garment that might have been a Moorish bournouse, smoked his pipe quietly and did not for a little while know what to say. Bitterly as he had paid for that which he called a "little trot to the Balkans," the English spirit forbade the utterance of any reproach, or even a word that his friend might take amiss.

"My people never trouble about me," he said. "They know me too well. You see, I've only a couple of uncles and a maiden aunt to go into hysterics; and my lawyers won't advertise while they can bank my dividends. It's different with you, Gavin. I'll bet your people were on the scent long ago; and that's to say nothing about Evelyn. Of course, she has not held her tongue. No woman does when she's in love with a man; and sometimes she can be eloquent when she is not. Oh, yes, I'll go nap on Evelyn all the time. She must know that we shouldn't stay in this cursed country for three months if we had the train fare to get out. Of course, she'll cry out about it—and if she cries loudly enough the Government will act. Not that I believe much in Governments—they generally weigh in when the corpse is buried."

Gavin smiled but did not raise his head. A fire of logs burned in the

grate before them and filled the room with a haze of heavy smoke; the tapping of a man's stick had ceased, and the house was without sounds and void. In the hills above them a wild wind scoured the clefts and sent whirling clouds of snow to cover all living things below. The torrent beneath the drawbridge had become a monstrous scale of icy steps, a ladder with glistening rungs which none but the eagle dared.

"Three months—is it really three months?" Gavin exclaimed in a tone of unspeakable weariness; "three months in this awful den. Three months listening to that blind devil and his insults. God, I would never have believed that a man could go through so much and live. And you, Arthur—not a word from you since the beginning. That's what hits me. If you'll only speak out and tell me what I ought to hear, it would be easier."

Arthur laughed and stooped to light his pipe by the fire again.

"What's the good of talking. A pal asks you to come and you go. Is it his fault if a wheel comes off the coach? Let me have five minutes alone with that blind scoundrel and I'll be eloquent enough. Otherwise I intend to make myself as comfortable as I can under the circumstances. There's no fun in boxing scimitars—as we both of us have discovered."

They had discovered it, indeed. From the first day of their captivity in the mountains, insult, foul, oft-repeated, revolting insult had been their daily punishment. Coarse food, filthy rooms, these they could have suffered; but the blind man's tongue, the lash of the whip his servants wielded, might have driven braver men to that last resource which faith in God alone can question or deny. The very wound which Arthur Kenyon made light of had been the first fruits of their English temper. A gypsy had lashed him across the shoulder with a riding whip and he had answered with an English left, straight and unerring. But the blow had scarcely been struck before a wild horde filled the room, its knives unsheathed, murder in its eyes—and from murder the terrible voice of the blind man alone withheld it. So the two comrades spoke of fighting scimitars, that was no jest at all.

"You are a friend in a thousand," Gavin exclaimed as one who spoke from his very heart. "I'm not going to thank you, Arthur. What is the good of words between you and me? Here we are, worse than dead, by God, and not a ray of light, not a speck anywhere. How will it end? How can it end? You heard him tell me this morning that Evelyn will marry his rascally son in ten days' time. Well, to-night I'm just in that humor which says, it may be true, he may have tired her out, led to her, promised her God knows what, my liberty perhaps and her father's happiness afterwards. It might be that, Arthur. I try to put it fairly, and yet I must say that it might be so—"

"There are a hundred things that might be so, old man. This house might fall down the hill and the eagles carry you and me to the treetops. We might have pate de foie gras for supper and eighty-four champagne to wash it down with. There's no greater rot than the might-be-so. Tell me how to get out of this cursed den and I'll listen with both ears. As for Lady Evelyn—she's too much a woman to do any of the things you talk about. For all you know some sham tale has been told her—telegrams sent in our name, or something to lull her suspicions. When a man is travelling a thousand miles from home, people don't get alarmed about him for a month or two. But this I'll stake my existence upon, that once Evelyn guesses it's not all right with us, she'll move heaven and earth to know the reason why. That's what keeps me sane. I should kill this old man and myself afterwards if it were not that I believe in my friends. Doing so, I just sit down and wait like the Spaniards for to-morrow."

Gavin heard him in silence. His great room had become their prison-house; refractory by day and dormitory by night. For an hour each morning, they were permitted to go out into the court, where a vista of the sky spoke to them of liberty and the massive portcullis of the drawbridge mocked the idle word. "Until the Englishwoman is my son's wife," had been the sentence pronounced by the old Chevalier; and he repeated it day by day, tapping his way to their great bare cell, striking at them with his stick, cursing them—a very fiend incarnate, mad with the lust of money and the desire of revenge. And against such an enemy they were doubly powerless—not only by reason of his blindness, but by the knowledge that unseen eyes followed him to their room and that his allies, the gypsies, hidden in the house of Setchevo, were ready to do his bidding did he but raise his voice to call them.

Brave men, who do not know fear in a common way, may bend and break before such torture as this . . . the torture of impotence and of unseen presences about them. Gavin had come to declare that he would sooner a man had burned his hand in a flame than compelled him to listen each day at dawn for the tapping of that stick upon the floor and the coming of that terrible sightless figure. Even in his sleep the old Chevalier would visit him, approaching with his claw-like hands extended and his eyes seeming to shine as live coals in the darkness. Never had he imagined that so much malignity, cunning, and vermin could be the fruits of imagined wrong, or be united in one personality. And all his fine notions of retribution and reconciliation, of the old man's visit to England and the Earl's reception of him there—how vain-

glorious they had been and how childish, he said. Justly had such folly been overtaken and punished. He realized that his knowledge of human nature was pitifully small.

"Evelyn will help us if she can," he said at length, poking the fire restlessly and listening as of habit for the dreaded beat of the blind man's stick upon the stone floor without; "she will help us if she can, but what can a woman do? Let's regard that view of it as out of the question. What I would ask—what you have been asking—is just this—why does Chesny do nothing? He must know that if all had been well, we should have written and let him hear it. His Government could have these rats out in five minutes. Why does he do nothing? He's an old Winchester boy and could see us through if he knew. I can't think that such a man as Chesny would sit on his back and just ask what's happened. He's moving somewhere—pity it isn't on the road to Setchevo."

"Perhaps it is, and they've lost the road," rejoined Kenyon with a sarcasm he could not conceal. "Don't you see, Gavin, that these devils will have been clever enough to have taken care of themselves. Of course, they will. They give it out that we are making for the Castle of Okna which may be any number of miles you like from Setchevo. The escort—God save the mark!—knows better than to blab. Likely enough Chesny has heard that we crossed the frontier into Serbia. Those poor devils who were killed are unlikely to be important enough to be searched for. Life is cheap hereabouts—and what is a Turk more or less? Chesny says we are all right and goes picknicking. Evelyn waits for our letters and does not a bit understand why they don't come. We must be patient, old chap—patient and brave. Nothing else will save us."

Gavin assented, though he could admit to himself that the common heroes of the nursery were the poorest food for a man in his situation. His days of waiting, patience, and bravery were so many hours of exquisite torture, like none he had imagined a man might suffer and live through. Evelyn, what of her, he asked himself waking and sleeping. Would the heritage in her blood deliver her to the bondage prepared for her; or had she, in his absence, the will to conquer it? He knew not what to think; his brain wearied of conjecture and wakened only when, as now, the blind man's stick tapped the bare stones and the sightless eyes looked into his own.

"Do you hear him, Arthur; he's coming to say Good-night to us."

"I hear, old chap—my God, if the man could only see—"

"Better blind—you would have killed him but for that, Arthur."

"It's true, Gavin, I would have killed him."

"And then—his friends. Better blind, Arthur."

Arthur said "Hush," for the sound of footsteps drew very near; and now they could hear the old Chevalier panting and shuffling and plainly approaching them. When he entered the room they perceived that something had occurred beyond the ordinary. The hand upon the stick quivered and trembled—the muscles of the forehead were twitching; there were drops of sweat upon the man's forehead, and his voice echoed the tumult of passion which shook him.

"One of you has written a letter to Bukharest," he cried hoarsely; "by whose hand was that?"

The two men looked at each other amazed. Neither had written such a letter nor knew aught of it.

"By whose hand?" the Chevalier continued, his anger growing as he spoke; "silence will not serve you, gentlemen. By whose hand was that letter written?"

Gavin now laughed aloud with a laugh that expressed both contempt and defiance.

"Had I written it, I would not have answered you," said he; "as I have not, your question merely arouses my curiosity."

Arthur did not answer at all; but he stood up as though fearing attack and his hand rested upon the back of the heavy oak chair—one of the few ornaments of that dismal room. His silence provoked Georges Odin as no words could have done.

"Let your friend speak," he cried, advancing with stick upraised. "I will know the truth; my servants shall flog it out of you—do you hear, I will have you whipped—answer me, who wrote that letter?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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