

PERSONAL
POINTERS

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

Eldon Porter spent Sunday in Chicago.
Iva Smith has gone to Stoutsville, O., to spend the winter.
Rural Carrier Harry Menser was in Indianapolis Tuesday.
Mrs. Morket of Frankfort is visiting her sister, Mrs. Shewmaker.
Mrs. Della Heeter spent the day Wednesday with Mrs. H. J. Meredith.
Charley Hayes returned Saturday from Martinsville and is again attending to business as usual.
The H. E. Adams family are expecting to move to Rochester as soon as they can sell their house.
F. L. Brooke and family are this week on a vacation visit in Watseka, Ill., visiting Mr. Brooke's parents.
John Hawk, Mrs. Catherine Hawk and Miss Pearl Blanchard left Tuesday for a month's visit in Edison, Neb.
Mrs. H. J. Meredith and Mrs. Charity Stahl leave for Brazil to attend the W. C. T. U. state convention.
Mrs. Shewmaker, who has been confined to her home since early in June by an affection of the knee, is able to get out.
Mrs. M. C. Hill of Vancouver, Wash., is expected to be here today on a visit to her brothers, B. W. S. and L. C. Wiseman, after an absence of 37 years.
Mrs. J. F. Nutt will leave this week with her daughter to spend the winter in the latter's home, Tupelo, Miss. Harold Buchanan has rented Mrs. Nutt's house.
Word comes from Wesley Russell that he is teaching school in North Dakota and has about 15 pupils. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds.
Mrs. George Voreis went to Clinton, Ind., on Monday to remain as long as may be necessary with her daughter, Mrs. Daisy Davis, who has had several hemorrhages of the lungs.
Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Parker of Argos and Mr. Darnell were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Marks on Sunday, and in the afternoon the entire party motored to Bass lake, Winamac and Monterey.
Mr. and Mrs. Will Hayes went to Terre Haute Saturday in their Chalmers car and will be away about two weeks. Ernest Cromley and Ernest Parr accompanied them, but returned early in the week.
John Swick and wife drove to the neighborhood of Culver where they visited Ira and Simon Mattix. These two are all that are left of the eight brothers who formerly lived in this locality, and Ira is in very poor health.—Mentone Gazette.
Mrs. Earl Haynes and two daughters, Edith and Dorothy, and Miss Mary Fear visited last week in Bremen, the guests of the families of Mr. and Mrs. Homer Holman, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holman and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Cline, and also attended the fair.
S. S. Chadwick returned last week from his Michigan farm after concluding to let the tenant occupy it until March 1. Next week Mrs. Chadwick will leave for Britt, Ia., where her son lives, and Mr. Chadwick will join her soon. They will spend the winter there and in Illinois.
Mrs. J. H. Barnes of Warsaw, who spends her winters at her farm near Culver and has been one of the reporters for the Citizen for several years, was badly burned with carbolic acid in an accident a week ago. One foot is badly swollen and still very painful, but she is improving as fast as can be expected.

A Few Lake Items.

Mr. and Mrs. Snider are visiting in Logansport for an indefinite time.
The Coffin family closed their cottage Saturday and returned to Indianapolis.
Judge Winfield and family closed Cherry Villa Saturday and returned to Logansport.
Mrs. W. W. Fulton returned to Indianapolis Saturday after spending the summer at the lake.
The H. B. Heywoods and the W. T. Woods have closed their cottage and returned to Indianapolis.
Major Hervey Bates and Mrs. Perrin returned from Indianapolis Wednesday after a visit of a week.

CONFLICTING
WAR REPORTS

All that can be positively known of the war situation is that fighting is going on continually. Reports from the opposing sides never agree, each claiming victories for itself and defeats for the other. For instance, for several days the reports from German sources have insisted that the Germans have captured three forts at Antwerp in Belgium, while the reports from Antwerp absolutely deny the capture.
The following summing up of the latest news gives the reader an idea of the impossibility of knowing definitely the status of the war or of its outcome:

German—The battle on the German right and in the Argonne district is proceeding successfully. The operations off Antwerp and in the eastern theater have been carried out according to plan. In the eastern arena near Augustowo the left wing of the Russian army has been defeated and 2,000 Russians made prisoners.

French—The general situation is stationary. Although the allies' left wing has been forced to yield some ground, the action still continues. In the Argonne and on the heights of the Meuse the allies have repulsed night and day attacks.

Russian—German army which invaded Russia from East Prussia defeated with loss of 70,000. Kaiser's troops retreating in disorder and abandoning guns, ammunition and supplies. Czar's forces are proceeding toward Allenstein.

Refuse to Make Levy.

Trustee Easterday called the advisory board together on Thursday for the purpose of making a levy of two-tenths of a mill on the dollar (or 2 cents on the \$100) of valuation of the property in the township for a library. One member of the board, J. F. Behmer, was in favor of the levy, but the other two members, Ira Faulkner and Aug. Druckermiller, were opposed to it. The levy asked for would have raised only \$280, an amount too small to be regarded as a burden or a reckless waste of the people's money. The desirability of the township owning the library jointly with the town of Culver is felt by a great many men and women who believe in securing all the educational advantages for themselves and their children. If the township will join in it will be possible to erect a Carnegie library building, but Culver cannot do this alone.

The advisory board will be compelled to make a levy upon the presentation of a petition containing the names of 50 freeholders residing in the township. If the people will interest themselves in the matter Union township will have a library open to all the residents of the township and eventually a fine building; if nothing further is done the plan for making the library a township affair will fail and the people of Culver alone will have the privileges of the library.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lichtenberger spent several days during the past week visiting their Bremen relatives.

GRAVEL ROAD AGAIN

Commissioners and Citizens' Committee to Go
Over Road and Hope to Adjust Differences.

Renewed discussion of the gravel road improvement has engaged the attention of our taxpayers during the past week.

Learning that County Surveyor Schoonover and Road Superintendent Simon Hatten had pronounced road No. 2 completed and that Contractor Thurman would apply to the county commissioners on Monday for the balance due him on that road, the road petitioners' organization, of which Henry Zechiel is president, called a meeting to consider the protests of some of the taxpayers who charged that the specifications had not been complied with either in the width, dragging or banking. It developed that County Commissioner Newman and Surveyor Schoonover had given their consent to leave the road unbanked, claiming that this would make a better and more satisfactory road. Mr. Logan, attorney for the petitioners, was sent for, and in company with some of the petitioners, went over the road on Thursday. They found that the road had not been banked or dragged and that in places the width was 14 and 16 feet instead of the specified 18 feet.

The called meeting on Thursday night was attended by so few that an adjournment was taken until the following night when about twenty citizens of the town and township were present. It was the opinion of this meeting that the road would not be satisfactory and should not be accepted and paid for until the specifications were fully complied with. It was voted to serve an injunction on the commissioners to restrain them from paying the balance of the contract money. A bond indemnifying the contractor against any loss he might sustain in case the matter was taken into court and a decision rendered against the petitioners was circulated Saturday and received 65 signatures.

Meantime the surveyor and road superintendent had taken oath before A. L. Porter, notary, that the road was completed according to contract.

On Monday Henry and Earl Zechiel, S. C. Shilling and L. C. Dillon appeared before the commissioners. The injunction was not filed, however, as the report of the surveyor and road superintendent was not presented. A friendly discussion of the situation was had. The petitioners' committee stated that they did not wish to embarrass the contractor or the commissioners, but that the people they represented were not satisfied with the departure from the specifications. Contractor Thurman said he was ready to go back over the road and carry out the specifications exactly if that should be the order of the commissioners. He further stated that when he finished the road it was of the required width.

Commissioner Newman said that he did not wish to put any obstacle in the way of the road, but it was his judgment, based upon the experience of the commissioners with the Bourbon road where they had to remove the bank, that it was a mistake to bank it. If, however, the Union township people insisted on this form of construction he was ready to have it done.

As to the right or wrong of the controversy the Citizen has nothing to say. Practical men take different views.

County Attorney Wise says that the commissioners and surveyor have a legal right to change the specifications if in their judgment

it is better to do so, and Attorney Logan says they have not.

It was agreed that the commissioners would go over the road in company with three citizens of Union township to be appointed at a called meeting and endeavor to reach a conclusion satisfactory to all parties. This committee was appointed on Tuesday night and consists of L. C. Dillon, S. E. Medbourn and Jerome Zechiel. These are fair-minded men and will undoubtedly be able to adjust the matter on a fair basis. It is expected that the commissioners will be here Friday.

THE WEEK IN OUR SCHOOLS

Items of Interest Concerning the
Faculty and Students.

Friday, Disease Prevention day, was celebrated by the entire school. Some special lessons were taught, and a few health rules were placed throughout the building for the purpose of impressing the necessity of cleanliness and good health upon the students. In the morning the high school gave attention to an interesting talk by Dr. Wiseman. He also read a paper on different diseases, how to prevent and detect them, and their cure.

Lewis Hatten came to school on Monday after an absence on account of an operation for appendicitis.

A meeting of the Athletic association was held Tuesday evening. It was decided, upon gaining the girls' consent, to give a pie social, as the association is "needing the money." It was left to committees, appointed in each class, to provide for the place and to set the time and to make all necessary arrangements.

The monthly examinations are being held this week and the student is given a chance to find out what knowledge he has thus far attained.

During basket ball practice the other evening Vane Lowry dislocated his arm. This will throw him out of the campaign for this year.

Reception and Open Meeting.

The Home Economics department of the Parent-Teacher club, of which Mrs. E. E. Parker is chairman, held an open meeting in the M. E. church Tuesday evening. After an organ voluntary by Allie Wiseman and a prayer by Rev. Young, the program given in last week's Citizen was taken up. Mr. Kenrich's interesting address, excellent papers read by Mrs. Henry Zechiel and Mrs. McLaughlin, and the able discussion of Mrs. Zechiel's paper by Mrs. Charity Stahl brought the program to so late an hour that the paper to have been read by Mr. Shilling and discussions by Mr. Darnell and Dr. Parker were postponed.

Following the program a reception to the public school teachers was given by the whole club in the basement of the church, which had been, as well as the auditorium, beautifully decorated by the reception committee, of which Mrs. W. O. Osborn was chairman.

Mrs. Stabenow and her efficient committee served refreshments of punch and cake to those who remained to meet the teachers, and a quartet consisting of Misses Marie and Grace Buswell, and Huldah Wiseman, added much to the occasion by giving several pleasing vocal numbers.

Mr. and Mrs. Orr Byrd of Chicago were visitors here last week and Orr took the time to wire his parents' house. They returned on Sunday, accompanied by Mrs. Marion Korp who will remain in Chicago all winter.

The Methodist Preachers.

Assignments of special interest to our readers have been made by the Northwest Indiana M. E. conference as follows:

Culver—J. F. Kenrich.
Argos—C. H. Berry.
Ober—C. Polen.
Leiter's Ford—W. I. Taylor.
Rensselaer—P. C. Curnick.
Monon—W. B. Morgan.
Hammond—F. O. Fraley.
Rev. Owen Wright was given a supernumerary relation.

By the elimination of the Hammond district and the readjustment of the district boundaries, Culver is now in the Lafayette district.

MEETING OF
THE P.-T. CLUB

The combined attractions of an exhibition of the vegetables and flowers from the children's gardens, the flag salute given by the whole school in recognition of Mrs. B. A. Ralston's gift of a flag, and the October meeting of the Parent-Teacher club, brought out over fifty interested parents and teachers on Friday. At the hour of dismissal the grades and high school formed on the campus, facing the building, and sang the national anthem. After this, Mr. Michael made an impressive prayer and William Tiedt read Drake's beautiful "American Flag" very effectively. The school then gave the salute to the flag displayed from the building.

A short time was devoted to looking at the creditable products of the little people's gardens, which were shown in Miss Proctor's room, and the club then went to the assembly room to listen to a "disease prevention" program.

The first number was a well-executed violin solo by Ruth Behmer.

Dr. Parker gave a talk of a practical and convincing nature, on disease prevention and our laws and ordinances on health. Dr. Buttner then told the club useful things concerning the "Relation of Teeth to Health." Lack of space prevents anything like an adequate report of these two valuable talks which were full of facts everyone should know—but don't, always—and helpful suggestions.

Dr. Parker predicted that the day was not far distant when every school would be under regular medical inspection for sight, hearing, contagious diseases, etc., as is now done with such excellent results in many cities.

At the close of Dr. Buttner's talk he said if there were children in the schools whose 6-year molars needed attention, and their parents were too poor to have it done, he would give them such attention and treatment as could be given without expensive materials, free, if the child came to him with a note from the teacher.

Between these talks Daisy Easterday sang "Crossing the Bar" very sweetly.

The club voted to have a committee appointed to investigate the matter of obtaining some regular medical supervision of the schools.

The Circuit Judgeship.

There will be no progressive candidate for judge in the 41st judicial district, which comprises Fulton and Marshall counties. It is likely that S. N. Stevens, democratic nominee, of Plymouth, will not be opposed.

At their convention Thursday afternoon, the moose named by one candidate, and he was the sole seeker of the honor of opposing Del McLesson for state's attorney. Galeman Dexter, formerly of Bourbon, but now of Plymouth, is the man.

A. B. Farmwald, progressive chairman of Marshall county, was present at the meeting.—Rochester Sun.

Culver City Club.

The C. C. club will meet Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Chas. Medbourn.

THE WEEK
IN CULVER

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

—Bert Rector is still working on his "Yellow Devil."

—Ex-Senator Beveridge will speak in Plymouth at 10 o'clock Friday morning.

—The indications now are that the foliage will be unusually beautiful this fall.

—The winter schedule on the Vandavia is expected to go into effect next Sunday.

—Mrs. C. E. Behmer has been engaged as teacher of vocal music in the public school.

—Frank M. Parker has been nominated as republican candidate for county councilman at large.

—Clark Ferrier has put the finishing touches on his house by completing the work on his large front porch.

—The Bremen fair last week was the most successful ever held. Ten thousand tickets were sold on Thursday. There were 700 or 800 automobiles on the grounds that day.

—The public school teachers enjoyed an afternoon's outing at Twin Lakes Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. John Buswell "chaperoned" the party and prevented some of the fried chicken from spoiling.

—West township voted "dry" last Friday by a majority of 30. There is one saloon in the township, at Donaldson. It has been in operation two months. It will have 90 days to wind up its business.

—Mrs. Zina Duddleson brings to the Citizen a sample of her pears, three of which weigh a trifle over 3 pounds. The largest one on the tree weighed a pound and a quarter. They are apparently of the Kiefer variety.

—The M. E. Sunday school classes of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Osborn chartered a hayrack and "motored" to the banks of Yellow river, north of Burr Oak, last week Wednesday evening and enjoyed a marshmallow and "weenie" roast.

—The Plymouth Electric Light & Power Co. is now supplying Knox, Ober, Walkerton and Culver with a good, strong 24-hour light and power service. In a short time it will also be supplying current to North Liberty, Tegarden and Lapaz.

—Two Fords, carrying some Culver young people, made a trip to North Judson last Thursday evening to enjoy the fun of the Jubilee held there last week. They motored thence to Knox, Bass lake and several small towns, making a ride of about 70 miles.

—Operator Fred Gillespie has rented the Moses Menser house which Mr. Menser will vacate as soon as his new farm home is done. Ed. Washburn has moved into the house recently occupied by Ed. Wallace. William Swigart's family has moved into the second story of the Kruezerberger brick.

—Nearly every advertiser of some special article for sale makes the mistake of not naming the price. Just take one single instance: In the Bourbon News-Mirror last week there were advertised a hard coal stove, a six-room house, a typewriter and some sheep, and the reader of the ads was left in ignorance as to what amount of money would be necessary in each case. The advertiser takes the stand that if anybody is interested enough to buy he will write or call to ascertain the price. But that isn't always true. Take your own case. When you read an ad like those mentioned, what is the first thing that comes into your mind? The price, every time. "How much money will it take?" Many an ad fails to sell the goods because it fails to mention the price.

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

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

Entered at the postoffice at Culver, Indiana as second-class mail matter.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

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

Jones John Jan 14
When you want to know when your time is out look at the pink label, though the paper will not be stopped without giving you notice.

CULVER, IND., OCTOBER 8, 1914.

Back To The Smokehouse.

Farmers in all parts of the country are watching with interest an experiment which is being made in Brooks county, Georgia. The Georgia farmers objected to the commercial system under which they were receiving but seven and eight cents a pound for the pork which they raised, while they saw the ham and bacon of commerce retailing in their own markets for 25 cents a pound. They resolved to reestablish the ante-bellum smokehouses on their farms and immediately carried the resolution into effect. Through co-operation they have commenced marketing their products in the finished form. They find that the profits which they make from curing their own meats are relatively larger considering the time and expense involved, than those which they were receiving from marketing hogs on the hoof. The remarkable thing about this profitable experiment is that it has not been worked out in any of the country's great markets, but in a remote county in the extreme southern part of Georgia, in a "one crop" section, and that crop cotton.

Praying For Peace and Rain.

An Illinois editor says: "If you feel like praying for peace, go to it. Nevertheless, much as we may desire peace, it is going to take a Jim Dandy to pray in absolute faith—the only sort of petition the Heavenly Father ever hears or answers—so long as ten million men are going around with rifles on their shoulders looking for a fight. Most of us, while believers in prayer, are a good deal like Uncle Jimps Dysart, a famous pioneer preacher of Monroe county. A prolonged drouth was spoiling the crops, and the people of several neighborhoods had met at a central point to petition for rain. The first man called upon for prayer was Uncle Jimps. 'I'm perfectly willing to pray, brethren,' said Uncle Jimps, 'and I'm going to do my best; but my honest opinion is that it ain't a bit of use so long as the wind is in the north.'"

The Passing of Youth.

In the October American Magazine a husband who has been married 25 years reports some of his experiences in life. In the following passage he tells how it felt to pass from youth to middle age:

"To me the passing of youth was escaping from a torment of passion, strife and trouble into placid content. My griefs and joys grew less violent, I ceased hating those who had wronged me and, in lesser degree, grew calmer in my attachments. Undisturbed by passions I found I could think more clearly, be more liberal, and understand better."

Counting and Weighing Mail.

Between October 1 and October 15 every piece of parcel post mail, both incoming and outgoing, must be counted by the postal clerks in the local office. Also the amount of postage paid on the packages must be recorded during the fifteen days. This work is part of the task outlined for postal employes by Postmaster General Burleson, who is making a special investigation of the parcel post service.

Good Times for Ober.

Ober never had the electric current, in their town of 50 inhabitants until last Wednesday, when the Plymouth company connected them with their big dynamos. Ober will probably have about eight customers of the electric current and will probably install a few street lights later on.

A large elevator will soon be erected at Ober by Castleman & Co., now that that they can get their power from Plymouth. Ober is a great country for cowpeas and is surrounded by many fields of this new paying crop, and this new elevator will handle them for the growers. Some of the energetic farmers near Ober are talking very strongly of building a tile mill that will manufacture tile out of cement. A large lumber company of Chicago is talking of building a lumber yard there. A person going out to Ober six months from now probably would not recognize the well lighted busy little town for the old Ober that they knew.—Plymouth Republican.

"Farm-To-Table" Service.

Washington, Oct. 1.—Postmaster General Burleson today extended the "farm-to-the-table" service of the parcel post in fifteen cities, in addition to the twelve to which the service already applies.

The cities named today were Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Seattle, Portland, Ore., New Orleans, Austin, Tex., Cleveland, Indianapolis, Chicago, Denver, Providence, Nashville, Los Angeles, Hartford, Conn., and Richmond, Va.

Farmers and truck growers, in the territory contiguous to those cities, may supply to the postmasters lists of the articles which they can send to customers by parcel post. The postmasters, in turn, will have printed lists prepared of farmers and of the articles they can supply, which will be distributed in the cities by the mail carriers. Prospective customers then may order directly from the producers.

Lecture of Rev. Hayes.

The blind evangelist and orator, Rev. John Hayes of Argos, gave his delightful lecture "The Calf that Threw Him," before a nice audience at the Methodist church, Friday evening, and was rewarded by close attention and splendid comments after the effort. It requires no stretch of imagination to accord this man a place among those lecturers who really have a message for the people and a purpose in life. Blind from the age of two years, getting his education from books of raised letters, he has forged forward to a place that those who have normal faculties might well envy. He was appreciated here and is every place he goes.—Bourbon News-Mirror.

Paper Did All This.

Your home newspapers heralded to the world your birth; it told of your entry into school; mentioned your birthday party when you were sweet sixteen; applauded your graduation from the high school; started you to college; and when you returned, mentioned the first job you secured; told of your marriage to the sweetest girl in town, and also the advent (or event) of your first-born; told of the visits of pa and ma; sympathized with you in your joy; and when you die it will do its best to get you through the pearly gates—at only \$1 a year.—Express Advertiser.

Onion Market is Bad.

Starke county onion growers are in the dumps because of the low prices they are offered for their onions. The price ranges from 18 to 30 cents per bushel. John W. Good sold a carload to the Fair store, Chicago, at 45 cents a bushel. This is the best price anyone has obtained lately, but the concern would buy only one carload. It is difficult to predict the outcome on the onion situation. Some look for an advance in price soon, while others feel the worst has not come.—Knox Republican.

The Usual Way.

"I received a lot of rejected manuscripts to-day," said Titmarsh.
"Did you?" replied his friend. "I had no idea you had an ambition to shine as an author."
"Not exactly that," said Titmarsh.
"You see, my girl and I quarreled, and she returned all my letters."—Answers.

The Temptation of Father O'Flynn

By PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

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For the third time the friendly red men from the unknown peaks had come to the desert mission with a haul of lustrous virgin gold as a present to Father O'Flynn, in token of their gratitude for his many kindly deeds.

What a beautiful, exciting show it made—the flakes, the leaves, the wondrous forms, untarnished, gleaming, fresh from the workshop of the gnomes of earth! What treasures of wealth must lie afar in those inaccessible hills for the Indians to bring it forth so readily! What tales had been told of the vastness of the riches there, denied to all save these, the dusky guardians of its secret source!

Old Scar-Face, weary with his many years; stood smiling in his silent way as the priest received the gift. For Father O'Flynn he entertained a genuine affection, grounded on ten years of more or less constant association. He spoke as the mouthpiece for the tribe.

"These is Injun's present," he said. "Heap good!"

His eyes twinkled as he watched the gleam reflected from the glistening gold in the churchman's kindly face. "Beautiful! Beautiful!" murmured Father O'Flynn. "Indians all my good brothers!"

For a moment he looked into the bleary old eyes of the donor; and then his glance stole away to the great slope of arid land whereon his one bright dream had always focused.

In imagination he saw the sagebrush acreage transformed by the magic of his powers. He saw a huge church of imposing masonry risen from the earth. He pictured the low stone houses of the mission, clustered near; he fancied the barren waste a curve of living greenery, with orchards, vineyards, fields, and lowing kine, for a mile or more around. He saw the faint green water-way—the long canal to bring the precious water to the land, winding in a tortuous belt about the hills. He smelled the scent of clover in the air, where bees should hum at their plunder. Across some inward sense of his soul ther crept the sweet chimings of the vesper bells.

This gold—this wondrously mountain hidden gold that lay in some rock-vault, far from the white man's ken—how quickly such a mint as this could realize his dream upon the plain! The hateful already supplied by his friends was nothing but a hint of what he needed to attempt his mighty work.

Why should the mountains guard from him the secret of their hoard? The Indians were his beloved friends, and in the end would be his beneficiaries. Theirs would be the missions; theirs the herds, the orchards, the houses the fields of waving grain. What a wondrous exchange he could give them for the secret of their worthless, hidden mine! True life, true godliness, true plenty, true content—all for the yellow dross lying useless in the hills!

How sore was the priest's temptation no man may tell. His mouth was dry and his voice was hoarse as, with a new eagerness of purpose, he turned again upon old Scar-Face.

"My friends have never told me where they get the gold," he said. "I heap like to see where it comes from. Indians know I am their brother. Will you take me there to see?"

"Yesh, Injun take um," said old Scar-Face readily, pursing up his mouth as if to whistle, but making no musical sound. Then he added quietly: "Heap take to see um, but put um blindfolded on the eye, all way up there all way back."

The good father's heart gave a mighty leap in his bosom. They would take him there—blindfolded, to be sure, lest he note the devious trails by which the place was reached; but they would take him. That was enough; for the rest he was sure he could put his trust in heaven.

His breath came fast as his hand fell upon his rosary.

"Tomorrow I go. You take me there?" he said.

"Tomorrow," answered Scar-Face. With all his gold hidden, and with many special prayers for celestial guidance in his quest, Father O'Flynn made ready for his trip that very afternoon. At 4 o'clock young Manuel rode over to see him from the valley far beyond. In the heart of the handsome young horseman were much love and much anxiety; in his purse were little money and even less of hope. "My horse should be named Despair," he said, "for I live so much in his company. I fear my marriage with papinta may be presently impossible, since I lack so much of the price to buy a ranch and her father would wed her to a gringo."

"Then cheer up, lad," said Father O'Flynn. "Sure, tomorrow it's myself that's making a special pilgrimage to gratify the saints, and 'twill be no surprise if they smile upon your troubles."

"Where are you going?" said the visitor eagerly. "May you not need a friend to go along?"

"Not at all, at all. I shall be with my friends," the priest replied. "I've no permission to take along a guest—nothing at all but my rosary. But after that—perhaps next day—who knows, my son, sure it may be you and I must ride to the mountains together!"

On the following day, early in the morning, the Indians and Father O'Flynn set solemnly forth on horses to the barren mountains that held the secret of the gold. For an hour or more they made their way into the well-known passes. Then a halt was called; the good priest's eyes were carefully bandaged, and for many a rough and rugged mile he rode as one doomed to utter darkness.

But, ah, for the wiles that temptation may suggest! Playing upon his well-worn rosary, his fingers told off prayer on prayer, the while his patient horse was stumbling forward; and all the while he slipped bead by bead from the long, stout cord, to drop them by the way. He prayed for assistance, for light in the gloom, for heavenly help in his labor. He prayed for special forgiveness of his sins, in case his actions should appear dubious or unacceptable in the sight of heaven. He prayed for the Indians, and prayed for himself—all the while dropping his beads upon the earth. He prayed for nearly everything—a long, long chain of prayers—but mostly he prayed for guidance—guidance to the mines, which the telltale beads that blazed the trail would furnish on the following day.

It was a long journey, but the rosary was also long—and the fathers prayers were exhaustless. Shortly after noon they arrived at the place, and the blindfold was lifted at last.

It was not much to see, that fabled place of gold. Such virgin deposits are never vast in size. In an ancient working, covered up with sand, was bedded the seam of gleaming metal—a narrow, crooked judgment of the gold, where it seemed as if the lightnings of the gods had some time struck and then remained immobilized—forever imprisoned in the adamant a cold and solid stream of fire to glow in its matrix throughout all the ages of eternity.

Father O'Flynn felt beads of sweat creep out upon his ample brow. His church, fields, houses—all were here, reduced to sovereign metal! It was all he could do to contain his excitement. He tried to look about the place, and "mark down" the vital position; but alas! in all that wilderness of bare and broken rock he was as helpless as a child. But then, thank the saints, the rosary beads were strewn faithfully along the winding trail, and on these and his prayers he could rely.

When, at last, he was ready to depart with his friends, and was once more made sightless for the trail, he carried away but a pocketful of gold, since he must not appear too covetous of that which was not yet his own. It was long after dusk when at length he was back at his meager little hut—a weary man, but inwardly aglow with pious content.

Young Manuel was waiting, in the shade of Father O'Flynn's vine, when the party rode up to the shack. Wholly at a loss to understand what such a proceeding as this might signify, he saw the bandage taken from the good man's eyes by the silent old Scar-Face, grown inordinately grave.

"Father—father—why, where have you been?" cried the young man eagerly, assisting the priest from the saddle. "You ride home thus; I cannot understand. Perhaps the sun has hurt your eyes?"

"Ah, give yourself no worry, lad," said Father O'Flynn, with his cheeriest smile. "Sure all day long I've been taking a ride with my friends and my brothers; but I'm pledged, my son, not to answer as to where we have been, at all, at all, or what has been blowing in the wind."

He stood on his old legs somewhat stiffly, since for many a month he had taken no such exercise. Old Scar-Face, near by, was fumbling in a pocket of his coat. He presently drew forth a grimy buckskin pouch that bulged out to generous plumpness. Then into a gourd that was hanging by the door he deliberately poured the bag's hoardings. The contents rattled out in a lively chase—a dusty lot of units, marble-like and round, all from Father O'Flynn's depleted rosary.

"You heap lose um beads," the wrinkled old red man said to the priest, without the least suggestion of a smile upon his face. "Injun heap find um—ketch um all."

Father O'Flynn nearly dropped in his tracks. Not a word would arise to his moving lips, but his weariness depended upon him like a shroud of lead, and he sank on the bench before his door.

Once more old Scar-Face dragged out a bag, this one containing a modest gift of gold. He placed it in the listless hands that had prayed off the beads along the trail; and from out his store of wisdom, culled for many weary years, he observed, laconically: "Little bit gold pretty good; big pile gold pretty bad; damn big lot gold—all same hell!"

The vision of the greening fields, the great stone church, the clustered houses—all, all had faded from the gray and barren slope, leaving for the weary priest less than nothing, save a sickly thought of temptation too great to be resisted, and a conscience somewhat sore.

Later, when the Indians had taken his blessing and departed on their way, Father O'Flynn brought forth his hoard of gold and placed it all in the strong hands of the youth who was looking forward to his mating with Papinta.

"Take it and buy you a ranch," he said, in his old-time kindness of spirit. "And remember, my son, it's myself that indorses what old Scar-Face remarked concerning the gold—though not, of course, precisely in his language!"

GAME LAWS DIGEST IN U. S.—CANADA

Among Changes Is Bill Barring Deer Killing in Colorado and North Dakota

BADGES REQUIRED FOR SHOOTING

Florida Repeals All Local Legislation and Enacts Uniform State Regulations—Time for Killing Quail Is Reduced One Month.

Washington — Hunters throughout the country will be interested in a digest of the game laws of the United States and Canada which has just been issued in pamphlet form by the Bureau of Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture. It contains a summary of the more important features of the new legislation, a brief synopsis of the new game laws enacted in each State and province and a series of tables showing the provisions relating to seasons, export, sale, limits and licenses. The booklet presents the restrictions on shooting which affect the enforcement of the Federal statutes regulating interstate commerce in game and the protection of migratory birds.

Bills affecting game, according to the booklet, were under consideration in each of the States, eight Canadian provinces and Newfoundland. Regulation for the protection of migratory game and insectivorous birds were promulgated by the Department of Agriculture.

Codification bills were enacted in Maine, Oregon and Vermont; nearly all the changes made in Illinois, Montana, New York, Utah, Washington and Wyoming were embodied in single bills, and all legislation failed in Georgia, Idaho, Nebraska, New Mexico, South Carolina and Texas.

Several novel features affecting the hunter or the conditions under which game may be hunted are contained in some of the new laws. Ohio and Pennsylvania now require license to wear a badge conspicuously exposed bearing the number of their hunting licenses. In order to minimize shooting accidents, Manitoba requires hunters to wear a white coat or sweater and cap, and Saskatchewan requires that those who hunt big game must wear a complete outer suit and cap of white.

The latter province has recently made the penalty for accidentally shooting a person a fine ranging from \$500 to \$1,000 or imprisonment for six months, and suspension of further license privileges for 10 years. To the list of six states prohibiting the use of silencers—Maine, New Jersey, North Dakota, Washington, Mississippi and Louisiana—are now added Minnesota and Wyoming. Connecticut has provided that any hunter who shall injure a fence or let down a bar without replacing it shall forfeit his hunting license and the license privilege for two years.

Connecticut, Pennsylvania and British Columbia require license applicants less than 16 years old to furnish the written consent of parent or guardian. Vermont has a similar restriction for those less than 15 and Oregon does not permit children less than 14 years old to go shooting except on the premises of their parents, relatives or guardians. Several important changes have been made in provisions protecting big game. Colorado and North Dakota prohibited all killing of deer for a term of years and Saskatchewan has provided a closed season throughout the year for all big game south of latitude 52 degrees. Laws protecting deer at all seasons were enacted in Florida, Nevada and Wyoming, but South Dakota repealed a statute of this kind.

The deer season were shortened from two weeks to two months in Utah, Wyoming and Quebec. New Hampshire lengthened the season two weeks in Coos County, Vermont 10 days and Massachusetts opened the season in the few closed counties, thus permitting shooting throughout the State. Montana provided that the limit of three deer a season can include only one doe. In 1911 Michigan made an experiment of an open season of 45 days on deer, but limited the life of an individual hunting license to 25 days from date of issuance. After a trial of two years the season has been restored to the last three weeks in November to correspond with the deer season in Minnesota and Wisconsin.

Wyoming and Montana, heretofore affording the principal ground for elk and sheep, have recently limited the hunting area to a few counties in each State, where the seasons have generally been shortened. Wyoming has adopted the innovation of allowing the killing of female elk only under ordinary resident licenses, and requiring licensees to obtain a special \$15 license to kill a bull or cow. Montana also prohibited the killing of ewes and lambs. Other states in which elk or sheep were protected for a term of years or by a perpetual close season are Nevada, Oregon, Utah, and Washington.

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THE MYSTERIOUS MONOGRAM

A Baffling Mystery Story
By HOWARD P. ROCKEY

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

Like a wild thing the machine sped on through the dripping night. Now a flash of lightning lit up the road for the fraction of a second, and the wheels splashed and hissed as they churned through the streams of water that ran rapidly along the muddy runway. On and on the car flew, and all the time Cornish profanely urged the chauffeur to greater efforts. Now he consulted his watch, and at last, when 10 minutes had elapsed, he directed a sharp lookout upon the road ahead.

The car was racing forward madly, but now, through the darkness ahead, they saw the lights of another car ahead of them. Drawing closer they saw that it had stopped by the roadside and the driver was kneeling in the soggy road, apparently searching for the cause of his machine's failure to run smoothly. Cornish smiled. Thus far all had gone as he had planned. The stalled car was Harcourt's—the same in which Adele and the detective had left the Manor house a short time ahead of them. By Cornish's direction, the chauffeur driving it had purposely missed the last train to London by taking the wrong road to the station, and, as arranged, Adele, posing as Harcourt, was to suggest making the trip in the machine.

The detective, with every reason to feel safe as to the security of his prisoner, and conscious of the persuasive power of the revolver in his pocket, had readily consented to the suggestion, as this made it possible for them to reach Scotland Yard before daylight. Now, however, an accident that he had not counted upon prevented their going on, and he began to feel vaguely uneasy, fearing the wrath of his chief, who was even then impatiently awaiting the arrival of the prisoner.

"What's wrong?" the detective called out to the chauffeur. "Can't you fix her?"

As he shouted through the rain, the second car drew up beside the stalled machine and Cornish put his head out of the window. "Can we be of any assistance?" he asked solicitously. "It would be very good of you, if you would have your man look over the car," the detective answered gratefully. But before he could say another word, a violent push sent him through the half open door of his own machine, and he pitched headlong into the wet mud of the road. And as he lay sprawling upon his face in the filthy ooze, his companion leaped lightly over his body and climbed into the machine opposite.

A sharp word of command, a loud chug-chugging, and the heavy car shot away, disappearing completely in the darkness. Safe inside it, Adele, laughing gleefully, made a place for herself between her father and Sir Henry. "Oh, what a lark, dad!" she exclaimed with genuine enthusiasm. "Didn't he look funny scrambling around in all that mud—poor fellow!"

"Don't worry about him," Cornish advised. "He'll get quite a jolt when he realizes what has happened, but the lark is still ahead of us. Did you put oil on the license tag?" he asked the chauffeur. "Good. With the roads in this condition the number won't be decipherable inside of 10 minutes." They were running forward now with the speed of a locomotive, and the lights of the houses in little towns they dashed through faded away like ghost cities, so quickly did the car pass them. In spite of its weight and size the car rocked frightfully as it sped on madly, and now and then as they struck a long, even stretch of roadway, it gained an even greater impetus.

"That chauffeur's a corker!" Cornish said with satisfaction. "He can't speak a word of English, but he can understand it and he isn't afraid of the devil!"

Huddled on the floor of the car, cramped and uncomfortable in his bonds, Harcourt heard their words and wondered what on earth was being done to him. He recognized their voices, but puzzle it out as he might, he could not satisfy himself as to their purpose. Of course he had not known of the detective's arrival, nor did he understand how Adele had happened to join them on the lonely road, and now, as he stirred uneasily at her feet, she looked down at him compassionately. In the darkness she could not see his face, but she knew that he must be suffering from the strain of his position.

"Dad, couldn't we take the gag out of his mouth and make him a little more comfortable?" she suggested.

"No," her father said grimly. "I'm not taking any chances of his kicking up a row until I get him safely aboard the yacht. Then he can raise all the hell he likes—it won't do him any good."

"But if he should give us his word not to attempt to escape?" she urged.

"He won't—if we tell him what we're doing—and if we release him, we'll have to explain. There's neither time nor use of doing that now."

Cornish struck a match and looked at his watch. It was after midnight, but it would be nearly dawn before they reached Southampton, barring the chance of a breakdown. Suddenly he remembered that Adele was dressed in male attire.

"Take off those clothes and get into your own," he said to her. "You'll

find your things in the bag beneath the seat."

"Dad!" she demurred, blushing as she glanced through the darkness at Sir Henry.

"Oh, Fardale won't look," her father said with a smile. "Even if he could see, this is no time for prudishness. Hurry—I want to throw that rig out in the road."

Realizing that further objection would be useless, Adele dragged the bag from its hiding place, and in embarrassed silence, began to take off the evening suit she wore—breathing a little sigh of thankfulness for the blackness of the night, and hoping that no sudden flash from the Heavens would light up the interior of the machine. With difficulty she slipped on her own dress and adjusted it as best she might while the car jarred and swayed on its mad course.

At last she had done it, and bundling the discarded garments together, she stuffed them into the leather bag. A moment later, Cornish dropped the glass in the door and threw the case out among the bushes at the roadside.

Their cramped positions were becoming irksome, but the thought of Harcourt's greater discomfort, and the thought of harder work yet to be accomplished, kept up their spirits as the minutes passed—minutes that were bringing them nearer to their goal. Cornish passed a cigar to Sir Henry and lit one himself, while Adele, heavy eyed and weary now, leaned back as comfortably as she could and tried to sleep.

Behind them in the sodden roadway a good 10 miles or more, the astonished detective struggled to his feet and wiped the mud from his eyes and mouth.

"Stop them!" he cried wildly, drawing his revolver and shooting vainly after the escaping car, almost far out of sight. The chauffeur, crawling from under the machine, stared up at the Scotland Yard man with well feigned surprise.

"What's wrong?" he asked innocently.

"Wrong, you idiot!" yelled the detective. "Can't you see he's gone?"

"Who—his lordship?"

"Who else blockhead!" came the impatient retort. "He's gone away in that car—escaped!"

"Escaped?" The chauffeur stared stupidly at the detective. He was following out his instructions to the letter. "His lordship wouldn't try to escape, sir. If he's gone away in that machine, it was because they forced him to go. He's been kidnapped!"

The detective gave a low whistle of surprise. Suddenly the possibility of it dawned upon him, and in spite of his doubts the idea seemed reasonable. "Kidnapped!" he muttered. "It don't seem possible—yet say, for the love of Heaven, get me to a telephone!"

"I can't make her go," the chauffeur protested, pointing with his wrench to the standing automobile. "I can't find anything the matter with it—the trouble's inside somewhere. You might walk," he added, turning away to hide a broad grin.

The detective shivered. The rain was coming down in torrents, and he was wet to the skin. But there was no help for it—he knew he must trudge on to the nearest village and there report his failure by wire to MacBee. To a man in line for an inspectorship the situation was anything but a pleasant one, and he realized only too well, that the loss of so important a prisoner might easily mean his dismissal. He swore and stamped his foot in the puddle that had formed beneath him.

"I'm off," he said dismally.

"If you do find a telephone," the chauffeur called after him, "send someone to me from a garage!"

Then as the detective trudged slowly away into the night, the chauffeur climbed into the back of the car, and closing the door, pulled a hamper of lunch from beneath the seat. Making sure that his pipe and tobacco were safe, he felt for matches, and proceeded to make himself comfortable against the leather cushions.

His instructions were to wait there until daylight and then run the car back to the Manor house.

CHAPTER XI.

THE KIDNAPPED PRISONER.

Dawn was just breaking as the mud bespattered automobile neared the little landing on the coast just beyond the city. Cornish had given instructions to the captain of the Murita to have his launch there, and now the American leaned forward to ask the chauffeur if the boat was in sight. It was moored loosely to the dock, its engines ready to be off in an instant.

Drawing up at the edge of the planking, the big machine stopped and Cornish sprang out with a little grunt of relief. As he did so three men from the launch hurried forward with a great tarpaulin.

Adele slipped from the car and without a word ran down the wharf to the launch, while the men hastily wrapped Harcourt in the rubber blanket and carried him aboard unceremoniously. Turning to Fardale, Cornish grasped his hand warmly. "Sir Harry, you're a brick!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "I leave it to your ingenuity to get back undetected and to cover up the real movements of the car. Good-bye—and good luck!"

Then he stepped into the launch, and the little craft shot out rapidly over the water to where the yacht lay all ready to weigh anchor. The day was coming fast now and there was no time to be lost. Cornish's instructions to the captain had been most explicit. The Murita had cruised off Southampton until nearly daybreak and had then run in close enough to

permit the landing of the launch. Officially, the trim little vessel had not been noted, and now if they were able to get away before being observed, or before the news of Harcourt's disappearance could cause a lookout for departing craft, Cornish knew they were safe—that the success of his carefully laid plan was assured.

His muscles stiff and sore, his head aching violently, and his mouth chafed and sore from the gag, Harcourt breathed a sigh of relief when he felt himself placed gently upon what seemed to be a bed. In another moment the suffocating tarpaulin was pulled from about him and someone began to cut the bonds that cut into his wrists and ankles.

The two men who had carried him departed noiselessly, and in the dim light of the little cabin, Harcourt made out someone standing in the doorway. A second later the electric lights were switched on and he saw Adele smiling mischievously at him.

Harcourt sat up with difficulty and surveyed his dishevelled appearance. His evening clothes were sadly disarranged, and he blinked at the lights as he rubbed his wrists ruefully.

"Good morning, Lord Harcourt," Adele said gaily.

"I say—what's this all about?" he stammered, still winking at the lights. "Isn't this a bit tough on a chap, Miss Cornish?"

"Perhaps—just a bit" she agreed. "But you must blame dad—not me."

"His American idea of a joke is certainly rather rough, I must say."

The girl laughed merrily. "Do you think it all a joke?" she asked.

"Isn't it?"

"Well not exactly," she explained. "Dad will be down as soon as we are safely away, and he will tell you all about it."

"My dear Miss Cornish," said Harcourt anxiously. "Surely we are not leaving England?"

"I'm afraid we are. But I must leave you now. You'll find clothing and I think everything you'll need, in that chest in the corner."

"Am I being—ah—stolen?" he demanded in astonishment.

Adele laughed again at his perplexity. "Yes, you are a prisoner," she told him. "But do not fear—you will not have to marry me in order to ransom yourself! Now promise me that you will not try to leave this cabin until father comes to see you. Then I can leave you to dress in peace."

"But, Miss Cornish—if this vessel is leaving—"

"There are guards at the door," she said, interrupting him. "If you should try to get out they would only be obliged to use force—so I hope you will do as I ask of you."

He stared at her questioningly, unable to believe his ears. For a moment the girl returned his gaze quite seriously, then, as he was about to speak again, she turned and fled, closing the door noiselessly behind her.

Sitting on the edge of the bed—alone in the cabin—Harcourt tried to puzzle out the events of the night. Unquestionably these people had deliberately carried him off by force against his will. And the most astonishing part of it was the fact that Carrington and Fardale—and even Sir Thomas—had taken part in the abduction.

He crossed to the narrow porthole and looked out. The yacht was certainly heading out to sea—and he swore to himself as he realized that he was being forced to break the word he had given to MacBee—his promise not to go away without advising the inspector. Then the thought of Grace and the mysterious monogram returned. What was her association with the horrible thing? How was she mixed up in the events that had culminated in the murder of Townshend? Because he feared that she would become involved—perhaps even suspected and arrested—he had confessed to the murder himself. And after all, he thought again, in spite of all his doubts—his confession might be the truth.

But at any event he must get back—and at once. He would not break his word to MacBee and if the woman he loved was in danger he meant to be there to protect her from it. He could not leave the cabin now and there was nothing to do but wait. The moment Cornish should appear, however, he would insist upon being put on shore at once, and he knew that he could easily be back in London within a few hours.

At the sight of himself in the mirror the clothing Adele had mentioned, he determined to take advantage of a plentiful wardrobe had thoughtfully been provided for him, and he hurriedly selected fresh linen and a suit of tweeds. The change made, he grew impatient for Cornish to appear, and crossing to the cabin door, listened carefully. There was no sound outside, and opening the door, he put his head out into the passageway. No guards were in sight, and with a sigh of relief he stepped out. At that moment, however, he saw Cornish's tall form coming from the deck, and he advanced angrily to face him.

The American cut him short abruptly, refusing flatly to return to Southampton.

"Harcourt," he said, not unkindly, "come into the cabin and sit down. I have a great deal to say to you."

"Meanwhile we are getting farther away from the coast," Harcourt reminded him.

"Go back into the cabin!" Cornish directed, and he forced the earl to do as he bade him.

"This is unwarranted!" Harcourt protested. "It is the most high-handed—"

"Perhaps it is—but I'm doing it," said Cornish calmly. "Last night Scotland Yard sent a man to arrest

you for complicity in Townshend's murder. I knew you would not go away willingly, and I knew—after the fool statement you made to all of us—that you would have no chance if you stayed. Hence my little plan to abduct you."

"And do you imagine I will remain away with such a charge hanging over me?"

"Not willingly, no," said Cornish. "But whether you like it or not, you will remain aboard this yacht until it pleases me to set you on shore again. I didn't believe you when you said you killed Townshend, but I do believe you know who did it. You are a fool to make this quixotic attempt to shield the guilty person, but since you are determined to do so, I adopted this means of preventing your carrying out your idea. With you out of the way, the police will have to find someone else to pin their suspicions upon, and I believe they will discover the real culprit—or at least prove that you could not have been the murderer."

"But I have said that I am the murderer."

"Nonsense!"

"Do you mean to say that I lied?"

"I mean to say that you are crazy!"

"Mr. Cornish—I—"

"Now look here," Cornish said with a gesture of impatience. "I own this yacht and the crew would do exactly what I directed even though we had the king himself on board. You may not be able to understand what I am doing now, but when you're in a different state of mind, you'll thank me for it. Anyway—whether you ever do or not—I'm going to carry out what I've started to do. I don't want to make things unnecessarily unpleasant for you, and if you'll promise not to attempt any nonsense, I'll treat you just as I would any other guest. If you don't—I'll put you in irons!"

"You can't be serious!" Harcourt pleaded. "Think of my promise to MacBee—think of—"

But he bit his lip and ended abruptly. Cornish smiled. "If you go on talking now you'll confirm my suspicions," he warned. "As to your breaking your word—you're doing nothing of the sort. You can't help it if I keep you a prisoner, can you? Of course you can't. None of the crew know who you are or why you are here. They don't care, and even if they did, not one of them would question what I choose to do. They take my orders and obey them—and it all ends there. I suppose you have a number of names—most Englishmen of family do have. If you haven't, it doesn't make any difference, but you'd better pick out a couple that you'd like to wear and can remember easily, and use them for the present at least. It may save trouble later."

Speechless, Harcourt gazed at the man, and read the determination in his face. He felt powerless as a baby, and the fact made him furious. Yet he realized that he could not hope to change Cornish's mind.

"You absolutely refuse to set me ashore—to permit me to do as I wish?" he asked, still hoping.

"I do," said Cornish. "Breakfast will be ready in half an hour, and if you're as hungry as I am, you'll be in the dining cabin promptly. If you want anything in the meantime, just ring the bell over there."

And without another word he turned on his heel and strode through the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Jolt for Him.

Miss Ellabelle Mae Doolittle, the Leesville poetess, effectively squelched a young man at a dance the other night, remarks the Denver Post. Miss Doolittle, when the lad first became fashionable, was operated on for appendicitis, and the young man knew this. In a waltz she had with him he said:

"Miss Doolittle, it seems to me you dance better since you had your appendix cut out."

"Is that so?" replied the great poetess.

"Yes," he said.

"Well," came from Miss Ellabelle Mae, "why don't you have yours cut out?"

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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 Easter day's undertaking rooms, Main street, Culver, Indiana. W. S. EASTERDAY, Trustee.

Old newspapers at the Citizen

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PICKED UP AT THE ACADEMY

The leading change in the military organization of the battalion under the increased numbers is the creation of a sixth company. Last year the old four-company organization was increased by a fifth, and now the sixth is added. This makes possible a larger variety of drills and the extension of maneuvers for the larger tactical unit. Cadet Lieutenant Schnellbacher is at present acting as commander of the new company. The other cadet captains are Lassen, Culver, Mertz, Stokes and Sodemann.

On last Friday evening the cadets had the opportunity of seeing the moving pictures taken during the boat races in August by the representative of the Chicago Herald as a part of that journal's weekly news film service.

Colonel Gignilliat and family left on Wednesday for a motor trip to the South. They will be gone for a month, making points as far south as Atlanta and Savannah.

With the opening of the new term Lieutenant Starbuck made his first round-up of new football material. Before the return of the old cadets he had a good-sized squad of plebes trying out for places on the team and much of the material looks to be both fast and heavy. Of the old "Culver" men only three are on hand again, as the graduating class made a heavy inroad on the old lineup. McLean is captain for the present season. Besides him there are Weeter and Evans of last year's team. There are also several of the cadets who played at times on the second team last fall and these men should be able with the added experience and age to be able to secure places on the first eleven this fall. The first game will be played on Saturday against Bronson Hall from Notre Dame and a week later the Notre Dame freshmen will be the Culver opponents.

Children's Seed Competition.

The exhibition of the results of the annual seed competition of the children of the lower grades in the Culver public school was held last Friday. The number of entries for prizes was much larger than last year, notwithstanding the dry season, and the Parent-Teacher club, which instituted the competition and last spring had furnished the seeds, is much gratified with the interest shown by the children.

Following are winners of the premiums, which were 25 cents for the 1st and 10 cents for the 2d:

FLOWERS.

Asters—Helen McLane 1st, Gray Rector 2d.
Cosmos—Walter Wiseman 1st, Violet Lohr 2d.

Dahlia—Robert Joplin 1st, Beatrice Joplin 2d.

Nasturtiums—Zelta Duddleson 1st.

VEGETABLES.

Beets—Ruth Hawk 1st, Noma Patesel 2d.

Tomatoes—Donald Behmer 1st, Noma Patesel 2d.

Popcorn—Walter Wiseman 1st, Harold Patesel 2d.

Sunday School Census.

Three canvassers were selected from each Sunday school to take a census of the town and suburbs last Saturday. The result showed that 700 persons were listed as attending some Sunday school and 300 not attending. Those listed as attending include every member of a family which has some church connection; infants being placed in the cradle roll enumeration and old people or those not actually members of the Sunday school being enrolled in the home department.

The canvassers appointed from the different Sunday schools were as follows:

Christian—Lois Shaw, Elsie Crossland, Beulah Buchanan.

Evangelical—Dessie McGinnis, Helen Clemons, Goldie Alexander.

Methodist—Mrs. Ollie Baker, Evelyn Howard, Rhoda Polley.

Reformed—Deane Walker, Edna Garn, Elva Zechiel.

—Now is the time to go visiting and get even.

All Except the Hired Girl.

The following letter was received from an Iowa subscriber, says an exchange. "If you don't want lots of trouble, don't sow alfalfa in Iowa. Along the middle of June, when the corn needs cultivating most, we had to stop, to cut the alfalfa patch. It was all in bloom, three feet high. We had to haul it in twenty big loads of hay.

"In July, the folks in town invited us to spend a week attending Chautauqua. I expect they were glad when they got my card: 'Cannot come cause I have to cut that darned ten acre alfalfa patch.' Gee it was tough hauling that hay.

"Worse still, I got four bushels more of clean alfalfa seed and put it in. It's sure to grow. Next summer I'll expect to get a rest on rainy days from hauling alfalfa. It got to raining in September and first I knewed that darned alfalfa was three feet high again, all in bloom! Had to have another hair cut.

"Then I got a bill by mail that Barnum & Bailey would be in town. Durn my buttons if I didn't have to miss that show for the first time in 40 years and haul in 20 more loads of that alfalfa! I got mad and turned the hogs and calves all in; still it keeps on growing. But still these cold ground hog days it makes mighty fine stuff for the cows. Everything on the place eats it except the hired girl, and she ain't been here long. Yours in trouble,

JOHN PETERSON.

A Forger on His Travels.

A fellow giving his name as Frank Bishop, and claiming he had been working for Wm. Hand, and that his home was in Culver, blew into town last week in old clothes and found he needed money. He had a check, drawn on the First State bank of this place for \$9.50. Stepping into the grocery department of Stoffer & Stackhouse, he asked to have the check cashed. He was directed to the cashier who, knowing he was sent to her by some of the firm, cashed the check. Bishop then, to show his gratification, spent a dollar with Mr. Stoffer and left. Later, when they attempted to turn the check in as cash at the bank it was found to be bogus and result is they are out \$8.50 and have learned a valuable lesson. Bishop has fled and a telephone message to Culver, where another Wm. Hand is in business, drew forth the information that a man by the same description and the same name lived not far from Culver, but further developments failed to connect the two. The fellow wore an ordinary suit of clothes and was affable enough to allay suspicion.—Bourbon News-Mirror.

The man worked the bogus check scheme on the Plymouth merchants to the extent of over \$100.

Organized for Year's Work.

Following are the officers of the Culver W. C. T. U. for the ensuing year:

President—Mrs. Clara Meredith. Vice-Pres.—Mrs. Charity Stahl. Rec. and Cor. Secy.—Mrs. Uretha Zechiel.

Treasurer—Mrs. Anna Stahl. DEPARTMENT SUPERINTENDENTS. Mothers'—Elizabeth Duddleson, Mrs. May Kenrich.

Sunday School—Regina Zechiel, Mary Byrd.

Parliamentary—Jennie Sparks, Callie Medbourn.

Literature—Louisa Zechiel.

Evangelistic and Systematic Giving—Anna Howard, Ella McGaffey. Sabbath Observance—Louise Norris, Anna Medbourn.

Health and Heredity—Dora Parker, Anna Roberts.

Social Meetings, Red Letter and Flower Mission—Clara Meredith, Mattie Shewmaker.

Medal Contests—Gertrude Behmer, Charity Stahl.

Medical and Scientific Temperance—Florence Brown, Uretha Zechiel.

Purity—Louise Buswell, Elizabeth Elick.

Cooperation with Missionary—Sophia Zechiel, Josephine Moss.

A "Hall of Curios" and "The Pike" at the church bazaar, 408 N. Center street, Plymouth, Oct. 13, 14, 15 and 16.

Found—Watch. Owner can get it by applying to D. W. Wolfe.

Takes Change of Venue.

A suit has been brought to the Fulton circuit court on a change of venue from Marshall county, in which James T. Campbell is the plaintiff and Philip Pontius defendant.

The case, which was originally in the form of a replevin suit, asks for the restoration of property valued at \$2,600 and damages in the sum of \$1,000. The property in question is located at Culver and is known as the Pontius livery. In enumerating the stock concerned the plaintiff sets out it consists of three autos, seven horses, a lot of harness, two wagons, a number of buggies and tools of all descriptions. The plaintiff alleges he was in possession of the livery on March 6, 1913, and that on the evening of that day the defendant took possession of the place by force of arms and has since remained unlawfully in possession.

Bull Moose and Democrats.

The bull moose and democratic parties have the edge on the republicans this year in the matter of naming election officers as they will name all of them save inspectors in some of the precincts and a poll book holder without the polls. This is due to the fact that the progressive party cast the second highest number of votes in the state. The pay of the republican officials at this election will have to come from the party appointing them. The republicans can also name a watcher to witness the count of the votes.

Hot Dinner By Post.

Sunday dinners by parcel post are the latest innovation in South Bend. So far, the plan has proved to be really successful, and it probably will be continued indefinitely. The originator of the plan is L. D. Pangborn, a farmer in Starke county. Every Saturday he is sending into South Bend from 100 to 200 roasted four-pound chickens, stuffed with dressing and packed in dough, the package being in an air-tight can, which is so arranged to keep the fowl piping hot for twelve hours.

Dr. Slonaker Entertains.

Dr. Slonaker of Leiters' Ford entertained 14 members of the Fulton County Medical association at the Medbourn cottage Tuesday. The party arrived in cars about 4:30. The regular program of papers was carried out. This with the discussion and a splendid supper served by Mrs. Medbourn and Miss Bess Medbourn filled the hours until 10 o'clock.

Y. P. A. Rally.

The annual rally of the Young People's alliance will be held in the Culver Evangelical church Oct. 13-16. Special programs by Culver M. E. Epworth league, Ralph E. Browns, lecturer, Culver Reformed Christian Endeavor and Lake Bruce Y. P. A. Everybody invited to attend. Admission free. Mr. Browns will deliver his lecture on Wednesday evening.

Real Estate Changes Owners.

William Reeder has traded his 40-acre farm north of Burr Oak for Ralph Smith's house and lot in the Ferrier addition. The farm was priced at \$3,000 and the town property at \$2,000.

Simon Hatten has sold his 40-acre farm southwest of Culver to William Sheets, a neighbor, for \$4,000.

The Registration.

There was a registration of 169 in the Burr Oak precinct and 361 in the Culver precinct. We have been unable to get the registration in the Maxinkuckee precinct. The presidential vote two years ago in Burr Oak was 138 and in Culver 343. The Culver board held a second day's session, on petition, and added 11 names to the list.

W. C. T. U.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. Henry Zechiel on Friday afternoon at 2:30. Topic: "Current Temperance and Suffrage News." Mrs. L. C. Zechiel, leader.

St. Thomas' church bazaar given in the parish hall, 408 N. Center street, Plymouth, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, Oct. 13, 14, 15, and 16. Admission 10 cents.

MAXINKUCKEE

Mrs. G. M. Woolley, Correspondent. Nort Baker was in Plymouth on Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Retta Hacker spent Monday at Lawrence Hissong's.

Mrs. Harvey Thornburg visited at R. L. Babcock's Friday.

Earl Heller and S. C. Norris made a business trip to Macy Monday.

Mrs. Miller spent last week with her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Parker.

Mrs. Arthur Woolley went to spend a week with her parents in Ober.

Mrs. Bigley and daughter Mary and Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Benedict attended the reunion at Lee Warner's.

The Rally day service was well attended and the offering amounted to \$16.05, for which we are very thankful.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Parker and Mrs. Geo. Garver autoed Saturday to South Whitley where they visited over Sunday with relatives.

The Geo. Spanglers, Frank Parkers, Dow Rectors, Geo. Garvers, Jay Bartletts and Mrs. English and daughters autoed to the Bremen fair Thursday. They ate their dinner together and had a lovely time.

Sunday visitors: Mr. and Mrs. Brad Krouse at Dow Rector's; Mr. and Mrs. Jay Bartlett and children at Charley Cooper's of Hibbard; Nellie Whittaker at Irene and Florence South's; Rev. and Mrs. Vermillion and daughter at Geo. Spangler's; Robert Woolley, Jessie Whittaker and Byron Spangler at Mabel Schumacher's; Helen Rector, Marie Norris, Elsie Woolley, Mrs. Ida Woolley and family and Mrs. May Norris and family at Rev. Norris's; Mrs. English and daughters at Fred Thompson's; Mrs. McGrew at Mrs. Whittaker's; A. Miller and family, Ira Babcock and wife, Mrs. I. J. Babcock, B. Noftger and family and C. Clanch and wife from Rochester at R. L. Babcock's; Marvin Norris of Ft. Wayne at Rev. Norris's; Mr. and Mrs. Asa South at Willard Hissong's who is quite poorly; Fannie Walsh and Mrs. Bertha Alending at Asa South's.

DELONG.

Leslie, E. Wolfe, Correspondent. E. M. Adams is on the sick list.

Mrs. Amos Kersey was in Hibbard Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Toner Jr. were married 21 years ago Monday. Reuben Daugherty of Kewanna was in Rochester on business Tuesday.

George Newhart of Indiana Harbor went to South Bend Tuesday to visit relatives.

The Vandalia has a force of men here at present putting gravel ballast under the ties.

Lloyd Dillon of Macedonia, Mo., is visiting his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. David Castleman.

Mrs. Austin McIntire is recovering rapidly from her recent illness and is able to be out of the house.

Mrs. Lloyd Hazlett of Moran, Ind., visited last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Blair.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Heeter and Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Wolfe visited at Charles Kisler's near Star City Sunday.

MOUNT HOPE

Miss Ethel Edgington, Correspondent.

Mrs. Livezy was seriously bitten in the arm and hip by her bulldog Sunday.

Mrs. J. W. Reinhart was called to Lebanon last week by the serious illness of her father.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morgan, who have been visiting the latter's father, returned to their home in Columbia City last week.

Sunday visitors: Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hartle at Charles Salt's; Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Brugh at Charles Bush's at Culver; Gertrude Fisher and Fredona Reinhart at Ethel Edgington's; Mr. and Mrs. Daniel at Toner's in Delong; Guy Davis at Guy Freese's near Zion.

Call for Sale.

A fine large 10-day old heifer calf, 15-16 Holstein. Broke to drink from bucket. I need the room and the milk. \$15 if taken at once. Claude R. Newman.

A fine fish supper on Friday Oct. 16, at 6 o'clock, at the parish hall, 408 N. Center street, Plymouth.

Wanted—Position for general housework. Am a good cook. Enquire of Citizen office.

WASHINGTON

Eva Jones, Correspondent. Nellie Miller visited with Edgar and Anna Kline last week.

The Little Werner girls of Culver visited a few days with the Kantz family.

Rev. S. C. Norris will give a talk at the Evangelical church Sunday evening. Special music by the choir.

Sunday visitors: Mr. and Mrs. Milo Anderson and Rev. Tiedt at Clem Curtis'; Mr. and Mrs. R. C. McFarland at Alfred Lawrence's near Twin Lakes; Ira Faulkner, Carol Finney and Marion Jones with their families and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Kline at William Kline's.

GREEN TOWNSHIP.

Miss Mary Irwin, Correspondent.

Preaching services at Santa Anna Sunday evening, Oct. 11, at 7 o'clock.

Mary Alice Quivey is spending the week with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Irwin.

There will be preaching services at Jordan Sunday evening, Oct. 11, by Rev. Fisher of Peru.

A pleasant surprise was given Mrs. Clarence Quivey on Sunday, Oct. 4, in honor of her 30th birthday. About forty guests were present.

Free Lecture to Farmers.

There will be a lecture given at the Osborn hotel Saturday, Oct. 10, at 2 o'clock, subject being hog cholera. A practical demonstration will follow, the place to be announced later. The meeting will be in charge of the state veterinarian. Everybody come and be ready to ask questions.

W. R. ZECHIEL, Ch'n.

Election of Trustee.

Culver, Ind., Oct. 3, 1914. Notice is hereby given to the members of Grace Reformed church that after the evening service on October 18, 1914, there will be an election held for the purpose of electing one parsonage trustee.

CHAS. ZECHIEL, Sec'y.

Democratic Conyention.

The democrats of Union township will meet in mass convention at the town hall, Culver, on Friday night, Oct. 9, 1914, at 8 o'clock for the purpose of nominating candidates for the Advisory Board, Supervisors, Constable, and Justice of the Peace.

BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE.

Notice.

Rector's Pharmacy has secured the services of an expert photographer and is prepared to fill orders for outdoor views and home portrait work in the best style and at reasonable prices. Bring us your films to be developed.

\$100 Reward.

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

Mother Goose and her Trained Goose will entertain the children at the church bazaar, parish hall, Plymouth, Oct. 13-16. Admission 10c.

NEWS OF LOCAL CHURCHES

EVANGELICAL.

Sunday school, 9:30; preaching services, 10:30; Y. P. A., 6:30, topic, Next Steps for our Alliance, 2 Pet. 1:1-8, leader Gladys Smith; preaching, 7:30. Let us not forget that this is rally month in the Sunday schools of Culver and you will find a hearty welcome if you come. Enroll in one of the schools next Sunday. J. E. Young, Pastor.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

A new conference year has opened and it seems good that we are permitted to start into another year to labor together as pastor and people. We trust that all concerned are going to be pleased with the order of the annual conference and will work a little harder than ever to achieve greater things than were accomplished in the year that has just closed. If we have a more efficient church we will need the co-operation of all the membership working together that the redemptive purpose of christianity be realized. Our mid-week prayer and praise service held on Thursday night will not only interest you but will be a benefit to you if you arrange to be there. If it at all in line with your preference, come into our Sunday school on Sunday morning at 10. It is Rally day and you will want to be there to see who else is there. You will enjoy yourself. Epworth league meets Sunday evening at 6:30 and sermon by the pastor at 7:30.

POPLAR GROVE.

Sunday school at 10, morning worship at 11, conducted by the pastor. If you live in the community and will not be attending services elsewhere, we expect you to be present at the Sunday school and preaching service. Come and let us get acquainted. Mid-week service Wednesday night, Oct. 14.

J. F. Kenrich.

Methodist Ladies' Aid.

The Ladies' Aid of M. E. church will meet with Mrs. J. F. Cromley on Wednesday, afternoon, Oct. 14.

Fancy work for Christmas at the church bazaar, parish hall, Plymouth, Oct. 13, 14, 15, and 16.

CULVER MARKETS

Wheat.....	.95
Corn, per bu., new....	.75
Oats, assorted.....	.53
Rye.....	.75
Clover seed.....	8.00
Cow peas.....	1.75
Eggs (fresh).....	.23
Butter (good).....	.23
do (common).....	.17
Spring chickens.....	.11
Fowls.....	.11
Leghorn chickens.....	.08
Roosters.....	.05
Ducks, old.....	.08
Geese.....	.08
Turkeys.....	.14
Lard.....	.12 1/2

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