

PERSONAL POINTERS

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

Fred Hawkins was in Fostoria, Ohio, over Sunday.

C. C. Perry has closed his cottage and returned to Indianapolis.

Miss Zula Finney of Argos is spending the week at I. G. Fisher's.

Mrs. John Mathews has gone to Gary to spend a few days with her son.

Mrs. C. E. Behmer visited in Lakeville and South Bend from Friday until Sunday.

Sam Belt returned Saturday from a two weeks' visit at his home in Greenville, Ohio.

A. E. Schad closed his cottage near the Palmer House Monday and returned to Chicago.

Miss Myrtle Painter of the telephone office is spending her week's vacation in Chicago.

Rev. J. F. Kenrich and family went to Bringham Monday night to attend a Brotherhood meeting.

Mrs. Dr. Wiseman and Mrs. M. C. Hill spent Tuesday and Wednesday in Monterey at Sam Allen's.

Mrs. H. J. Meredith and Mrs. Charity Stahl went to Brazil Friday as delegates to the state W. C. T. U.

Dr. and Mrs. Burris returned on Monday from a week's visit to their children in Hartford City, Dunkirk and Muncie.

Peter Smith of Poplar Grove, formerly of Culver, who has been in poor health for more than a year, is now confined to his bed.

Walter Shearer returned Friday from a three months' trip to North and South Dakota and into Canada. He will spend the winter here.

Friends of the E. B. Sutherlins of Port Arthur, Texas, will be interested to learn that a daughter arrived at the Sutherlin home Oct. 4.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fetters of Beaver City, Neb., are here on a visit to Mrs. Fetters' brother, Ezra Hawkins, and other relatives until after Thanksgiving.

D. R. Wolfe, who recently sold his bakery here, is now located at Camden, Ind., where he has purchased and is operating an old established bakery and retail store.

The Monterey Sun announces that Elsie Marie, the year old girl of Byron Badgley of Crown Point, died Oct. 3 and was buried in the Harris cemetery, 3 miles northwest of Monterey.

Mrs. Chadwick went to Britt, Ia., Monday and Mr. Chadwick has gone to Michigan for a short stay before joining her. He expects to return to Culver to cast his vote at the November election.

Russell Saine, W. H. Dalrymple and Nick Bozarth expect to leave on Nov. 3 for Dyersburg, Tenn., on a three weeks' hunting trip. They will take along a complete camping outfit and anticipate bagging enough deer, bear, squirrel and coon (not coons) to solve the h. c. of I. problem the rest of the winter.

About Onions.

The onion market is "shot to pieces" at present. Last week Wm. O'Connor sold four carloads for 29 cents per bushel. There are those who think that the big buyers are in a combine to break down the price, as there are not many onions in the storage houses and Indiana has raised a smaller crop this year than last.

County Council Candidates.

The democratic county committee last Saturday selected the following candidates for the county council:

At Large—Elmer Seltentright, Eli Freese, D. W. Marks.

First District—Wesley Knepp; 2d district, Charles Seniff; 3d district, Charles Ramsby; 4th district, Thos. Clifton.

NOTES FROM THE ACADEMY

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

Preparations for the fall season started Wednesday, Sept. 23, when Lieutenant Starbuck issued his first call for material. The call was answered liberally by plebes and old men alike. Out of the few old men back at that time were four who were on last year's team. Lieutenant Starbuck is being assisted by Lieutenant Wilson. John McLean, who is captain this year, has put lots of spirit into his men already and they are working hard to uphold Culver's standards against the coming onslaught of teams. Weeter, who left the school last year at Christmas, is back and is showing up well. He was on the team for two years previously and has always made a good showing. Many of the men who were unable to make the first team last year, but who made good on the second team, are showing up with very good results. For spirit there are very few men who equal Captain McLean. From all accounts from men on the team the material is very promising and they expect a no-defeat team. Look over this material and see if this is not a good forecast: McLean J., Weeter, Evans, Winn, Zahn J., Herr, Leinenkugel, McIntire, Mertz, Bancroft, Mayer D., Wade L., McCutchen, Nimmons, Perley, Marshall and Sayer.

In the midst of the drizzle last Saturday the football team opened its season with a game against Bronson Hall of Notre Dame. In spite of the difficult conditions the teams put up a contest that was well worth watching and proved so evenly matched that the score stood 6-6 at the close. Lieutenant Starbuck tried out a good deal of his new material in the course of the game and can now tell more of their real ability under game conditions. On next Saturday the local eleven will meet the Notre Dame freshmen and the cadets will have to do some terrific playing to head off a defeat from the husky South Benders. The inter-company schedule also started on Monday morning when D. company defeated C, and the new F company took E company into camp, the score in each of these games being 18-0.

The change in the chapel arrangements is one of the most interesting features of the new schedule which is being introduced at the academy this session. In the first place, the time of holding this is changed from the morning to the time immediately after dinner. On three days of the week the usual 15-minute service is carried through and the spelling classes follow; on Wednesdays and Fridays the chapel assembly will last for 30 minutes and the spelling period will be merged into chapel time. This longer period gives opportunity for carrying out a program of short talks and other exercises by the members of the faculty and by the cadets. On two Fridays of each month two companies of the battalion will have the floor to use the time in any suitable manner which they may arrange. One Friday will be used by Mr. Donath to continue the music talks which he inaugurated last spring. Dr. Reed will also give instructive talks on some phase of hygiene and health. Other members of the faculty will utilize certain of the long services for current events, and Captain Crawley will give readings once each month on one of the Wednesday chapels.

A number of the officers and ladies of the faculty were among the guests at the last performance given by the "Maxinkuckee Mummies" at the Potts cottage last Saturday night. The cast of the play were all entertained for Sunday supper by Miss Elizabeth Ketcham.

Mrs. F. N. Noble and daughter, who have been spending the past two months with Captain and Mrs. Hunt, left on Thursday for their

LIBRARY LEVY IS MADE

The Advisory Board Makes It Possible for Union Township to Have a \$10,000 Building.

At a second meeting of the township advisory board, held Tuesday evening, a levy of five-tenths of a mill on the \$1 assessed valuation of the township was ordered for public library purposes. As the assessed valuation is over \$1,400,000 this will produce a little more than \$700, which, in addition to the one mill levy by the town board, will create a library fund of about \$1,100. This will justify the library board in asking the Carnegie corporation for a donation of at least \$10,000 for building purposes. The result of the action of the tax levying boards is highly gratifying. Let the campaign be started for the purchase of a lot. The people should undertake this with pride and enthusiasm. We

have no doubt of the outcome. The money can be raised by individual subscriptions. The building will be owned jointly by the town and township and will prove to be a valuable convenience to the country people as it will contain a rest room and public comfort stations besides an auditorium in which farmers' institutes and other public meetings can be held.

The Citizen last week did the town board an injustice in stating that it had made a levy of two-tenths of a mill; the levy was one mill, the full limit allowed by law. The members of the board are among our most progressive and intelligent citizens and fully appreciate the value of a library to the community.

home in Flagstaff, Ariz. Mrs. Ethel Houston and Mr. Harold Carr of South Charleston, Ohio, are at present the guests of the Hunts.

Dr. E. H. Lindley, head of the department of philosophy in Indiana University, was the speaker at the Sunday service and gave the cadets an unusual type of talk, taking the subject of "Sleep and Dreams."

With the opening of the fall term Captain and Mrs. Bays returned to the academy where Captain Bays again takes up his work.

Mr. and Mrs. Grubb of Litchfield, Ill., spent the past week with Captain Elliott and mother.

Oh, Rats!

If you have any doubts that the rat does not possess cunning and sagacity far beyond its size, Druggist T. E. Slattery is prepared to convince you that it has. Recently, according to Mr. Slattery, rats began to appear in the store, and investigation showed that they had gnawed a large hole in the baseboard next to the end of the soda counter. One day, hearing one in that vicinity, Mr. Slattery blocked up the hole with a piece of wood, and the rat was shut into the cellar. But Mr. Rat didn't let a little thing like that bother him. He came out the front cellar door, up the stairway and scratched upon the front screen until he finally succeeded in getting it open, and thus gained entrance to the store where he was cornered and killed. Mr. Slattery maintains that had the front door been locked it probably would have gone to his home for the key.

A Danger that Threatens.

Dr. J. N. Hurty of the state board of health received reports from Lake and Fulton counties that trachoma, a disease which leads to blindness, had been found among children there. Dr. Hurty says there is an alarming epidemic of the disease in this state and that it has been found in nearly every county.

It is known commonly as "sore eyes," but Dr. Hurty says it surely leads to blindness unless it is treated in time. If the people of the state do not wake up and help to stamp out the disease, which is contagious, Dr. Hurty says another hospital for the blind will have to be built.

Road Controversy Settled.

The result of the joint inspection of the gravel roads by the committee of citizens (L. C. Dillon, S. E. Medbourn and Jerome Zechiel) and the county commissioners on Tuesday resulted in an agreement on the part of the commissioners and the surveyor to carry out the specifications in full. The contractor will therefore go back over road No. 2 and make the required changes if his attorney advises him to do so. This settles the controversy and removes all doubt as to how the construction of the remaining roads shall be carried out.

Michigan Road Open.

The people went to using the Michigan road north from Plymouth on Saturday before the contractor had completed his work. The work, however, was practically finished, only a small amount of rolling to be done. The contractor had not intended it to be used until Thursday or Friday. The road had been closed so long and the track at the side was getting so bad that the people began using the road anyway.

The last spread of stone had been put on and rolled once. There is some grading to be done at the sides, but the road is otherwise immediately ready for use. For a time there will be a little dust raised from the fine stone on top of the last coating of tar, but this will soon be worn down to where it sticks to the tar and then there will not be even dust. If the tar has been put on thick enough to bind the stone together and turn the water, the road seems to be made to last some years.—Plymouth Republican.

Latest from the War.

Antwerp, the big port of entry for ocean liners, and Belgium's recent seat of government, was captured by the Germans last week. The king and all the government officials retreated to Ostend. On Tuesday, owing to the continued advance of the Germans and the probable capture of Ostend, the government was transferred to Havre, France. With Ostend in their possession the Germans will be in sight, so to speak, of England's shores.

The Russians seem to be having varying success in their campaign against Germany and Austria, and as heretofore the reports claim first a victory and then a defeat for both sides.

Matrimonial.

Ezra Hawkins, government mail carrier on route 15, and Mrs. Jennie Hollett were united in marriage on Sunday evening at 7:30 at the home of the latter. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. E. Young, pastor of the Evangelical church. In addition to the Culver relatives of the bride and groom there were present Mr. and Mrs. John Fetters of Beaver City, Neb., Mr. and Mrs. Charles Alexander of Culver and Miss Hattie Lichtenberger of Hibbard. The Citizen, on behalf of a large circle of friends extends congratulations to the worthy couple and hopes for them a family life of uninterrupted joy.

Adding to the Census.

Oct. 9, to Dr. and Mrs. Tallman, a girl.

Oct. 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Folker, a girl.

If your oven will not brown your pastry as well as you would like, put it on the upper tray and throw a little sugar on the floor of the oven.

THE WEEK IN OUR SCHOOLS

Items of Interest Concerning the Faculty and Students.

The report cards, with grades for the first month's work, have been handed to the students, and they are able to realize that this start is a more difficult one than before. Yet the report cards are merely an opportunity of letting each student know how he stands in his work and what additional efforts are necessary to better his standing next month, so the student who made low grades should not be discouraged at this first attempt, but try again and for better results.

The pie social, which is for the benefit of the Athletic association, will be held in Bradley's hall, the old bowling alley, one week from Friday night, Oct. 23. Every girl, young lady or woman is requested to bring a pie. The association is laboring to make this a very pleasing affair. Entertainments of various kinds will be provided so that all may enjoy a "jolly good time."

Robbed by a Gipsy.

Amos Green had his pocket picked of \$15 one day last week by the female member of a gang of gypsies that passed through Culver. Green was in his buggy when he was accosted by the woman. During the conversation she deftly slipped her fingers into his pocketbook which protruded from his trousers pocket and extracted three \$5 bills. The flap of the pocketbook happened to be open revealing the money. Marshall Vanmeter and Mr. Green in Phil McLane's car went in pursuit of the gang and overtook them at the Shoemaker bridge on Yellow river where they placed the woman in the car and carried her to Plymouth. Justice Shakes had committed her to jail and she was about to be taken there when the men of the gang arrived and begged to be allowed to settle the case. This was done by their returning the money and paying the costs of \$11.10.

Dr. Caillat's Estate.

Hon. Henry W. Warner of Northampton, Mass., was in court Saturday, called here in a matter in adjustment of the estate of Dr. Victor Caillat, deceased. Mr. Warner is a member of the Massachusetts legislature, and was made defendant in a suit brought by L. M. Lauer as administrator in this estate. The question was over the disposition of a trust fund of \$1,800 left by the doctor. Mrs. Victorine Myers, wife of George Myers, claims the fund, and there does not seem to be any particular dispute about the matter, but it was necessary for Mr. Lauer as administrator to have some adjudication of court before he could pay out the money.

Dr. Caillat was an old French doctor who lived at Argos for many years, and died at Culver two years ago at an advanced age.—Plymouth Republican.

Democratic Township Candidates.

The democrats of Union township last Friday nominated the following candidates:

Advisory Board—V. A. Lidecker, 1st precinct; Willard Zechiel, 2d; Ernest Benedict, 3d.

Justices of the Peace—Glenn Snapp, G. W. Voreis.

Constables—John F. Banks, Arthur Sturgeon.

Supervisors—Elmer Inks, district No. 1; Aaron Burns, No. 2; Simon Hatten, No. 3; Clark Allerding, No. 4.

Paving Accepted.

Surveyors Schoonover and Butler have filed their report of acceptance of road No. 11 in Union township, which is the brick paving through Culver. The commissioners accepted the report and paid the contractor.

Senator Shively and Ex-Senator Beveridge are billed for speeches in South Bend on Monday night, Oct. 26. Congressman Barnhart will be there at the same time.

THE WEEK IN CULVER

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

—Oct. 23 is Arbor and Bird day.
—We'll bet a lot of people are sitting in the kitchen about these days.

—Many young folks from Culver attended the band concert at Argos Tuesday evening.

—Ed Woodward has moved from one of the Duddleson houses to a home near the academy.

—Richard Milburn, democratic candidate for attorney general, is scheduled to speak in Culver Oct. 24.

—The republican judicial convention to nominate candidates for judge and prosecutor will be held in Rochester Friday, the 16th.

—Julius Carter, the negro boy who stole a revolver from the Bates cottage, has been sentenced to the reformatory or an indeterminate term.

—A movement is under way to revive the Marshall county fair. A meeting was held in Plymouth last night to consider the purchase of the old fair grounds.

—Chas. Emerick, a Vandalia brakeman who was knocked off the top of a box car by the water spout at Culver one night last summer, has entered suit in Cass county for \$10,000 damages.

—The attendance at the Bourbon fair on Thursday was 14,000—the largest in its history. The races were unusually good. A considerable number of people from Culver and vicinity attended.

—Osie Stahl and Dean Walker have been appointed delegates from the Christian Endeavor society of the Reformed church to the state convention at Logansport Oct. 22-26. Clara Blanchard also expects to attend.

—A big crowd turned out Monday night to give Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Hawkins a "belling." The occasion was also utilized to bestow the same flattering attention upon Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Hawkins who escaped it at the time of their marriage several weeks ago.

—Ernest Parr and Earl Working have formed a partnership and the former's barber shop will be moved into a new building adjoining the Hayes restaurant, and E. A. Poore has taken possession of the building vacated by Parr. Earl Poore takes Working's place in Harry Poore's shop.

—D. H. Smith, the rural route carrier on 14 for many years, is really building up a wonderful business in the line of harness manufacturing and shoe repairing. He has recently added to his shop equipment a \$400 electrical machine which does the work of four men in sewing on soles. It is the academy work that makes this possible.

Socialists Name Ticket.

About 25 socialists, mostly from Union township and Plymouth, met in Plymouth Saturday and selected the following county ticket:

Representative—Ernest L. Mead, Union.

Auditor—Timothy Wolfe, Union.

Treasurer—Geo. E. Ewald, Center.

Clerk—Clement Niedig, Bourbon.

Sheriff—J. W. L. Harrell, Walnut.

Surveyor—Scott Geddes, Union.

Coroner—Dr. Kendall, Walnut.

Assessor—Peter A. Rivar, Center.

Commissioners—1st district, E. C. Bowser, German; 2d district, E. O. Samuelson, West.—Plymouth Republican.

New Road Inspector.

Henry Zechiel began work Monday morning as inspector for road No. 3. J. L. Scheuerman having resigned.

THE CULVER CITIZEN

ARTHUR E. HOLT, Publisher.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES
 One Year, in advance, \$1.00
 Six Months, in advance, .50
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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

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

CULVER, IND., OCTOBER 15, 1914.

There is this difference between the American spirit and the European spirit: There are many things which we want and which we are strong enough to have, but they are not ours. In Europe, as soon as a nation becomes strong enough to acquire something that it wants, it sets out to take it.

The Citizen is besieged with printed matter from an evidently well-organized bureau advocating a favorable vote at the coming election on the proposition to erect a \$2,000,000 memorial building at Indianapolis in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the admission of Indiana as a state. Such a building is desirable, and the proposition appeals to the sentimental and patriotic feelings of the people. Whether it will appeal to the taxpayers is another thing. The present time does not seem propitious to launching out into new expenditures. If ever there was a time for "sailing close to shore" in the matter of public and private expenditures, it seems to us that it is now. However, let the people decide.

Seed Corn.

Good seed is the requisite of a good crop, and to have good crops necessitates the most careful selection and preservation of the seed. Corn, being one of the depending crops to the average farmer, should receive special care in this particular, and in order to accomplish this requires a definite system of some sort similar to the following:

1. When to Harvest the Seed. Seed corn should be selected soon after the corn becomes thoroughly matured and before cold weather sets in, as freezing may lower the vitality of the seed.

2. Where to Gather the Seed. Select seed corn from that portion of the field which shows the most uniformity and greatest development.

3. How to Harvest the Seed. In husking the corn either from shock or stalk one should ever be on the lookout for good seed, and all that looks good at a glance should be put in a separate pile, or apartment where later selection may determine its real value.

4. How to Preserve Seed Corn. Seed which is finally put aside as of the best should be put in a dry, well-ventilated room where the ears can be put out, and if they are not thoroughly dry artificial heat should be applied until they become dry and hard.

5. Final Selection. During the winter when the farm work is at a rest one should go over the corn again and select the ideal and most perfect ears from the lot and give them a thorough germination test by taking from 5 to 10 grains from each ear, and such ears as show up best in this particular are laid aside for spring planting.

By careful heed to the foregoing particulars, other things being equal one may feel assured of loving a good stand of corn the following spring.

Teams Wanted.

For gravel road work on No. 2. Apply to S. C. Thurman, Culver.

Money to Loan.

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

In a Nutshell.

The Charge. "Nobody but Russia is giving the dangerous turn to the conflict. Nobody but Russia is to blame for the outbreak of the war." So say Rudolf Eucken and Ernest Haekkel in their appeal to the universities of America.

The Facts. Austria charged Serbia with official complicity in the assassination of Austria's crown prince by two of Austria's subjects, and gave Serbia forty-eight hours to reply to an ultimatum. Russia's attitude during the eight days which intervened between Austria's accusation, on July 24, and the declaration of war by Germany against Russia, on August 1, is indicated by the Russian diplomatic correspondence now published in full by the New York "Times." From this correspondence we give here, without comment, a summary of the letters by M. Sazonof, the Russian Premier.

On Friday, July 24, the day when Austria issued her ultimatum to Serbia, Sazonof asked Austria to extend the term of Serbia's reply and to inform the Powers of the evidence in support of Austria's charge. Both requests Austria refused. On Sunday, the 26th, Sazonof appealed to Italy to influence her ally, Austria, in favor of peace, and simultaneously sent a copy of this request to Germany, Austria's other ally, asking Germany's influence in favor of peace. The next day Sazonof notified England that Russia was ready to accept the English proposal for a conference of the Powers, or any other method which would promise peace. The following day he twice telegraphed England, urging her to exert her influence in Germany in favor of peace. The next day he telegraphed Germany that Russian mobilization was not directed against Germany and did not indicate aggressive measures against Austria, and urged both a conference of Germany, France, England, and Italy, and also a conference between Austria and Russia, to secure peace. The next day, Vienna having refused the conference with Russia, Sazonof telegraphed England that Russia would leave herself entirely in the hands of the British Government for the initiation of procedures for peace. And on the next two days, July 30 and 31, he telegraphed simultaneously to Germany, Austria, France, England, and Italy that, if Austria would consent to stay the march of her armies on Serbia, and would allow the Great Powers to consider the reparation which Serbia should accord to the Government of Austria without injury to her sovereignty and independence, Russia would cease her military preparations. The consent of Austria to this proposal being refused, he finally, on July 31, telegraphed England that the only chance for peace lay in negotiations at London "facilitating for Austria the necessity of compromise." On the following day, August 1, Germany declared war against Russia because Russia refused to demobilize her troops. In this summary we have given practically the substance of all M. Sazonof's letters.

Students of history who take the trouble to read the English White Paper, the German White Book, and the Russian Orange Paper, which, combined, give the bulk of the diplomatic correspondence immediately preceding the war, will find no difficulty in reaching the conclusion that Austria, who refused all appeals of the Powers to submit to them the evidences of her charges against Serbia, and Germany, who refused to cooperate with the Powers in asking Austria to submit her complaints against Serbia to a conference of the Powers, are responsible for the European war, and that Sir Edward Grey in England and Mr. Sazonof in Russia did all that it was possible for men to do to secure a peaceful adjustment of the issue.—The Outlook.

\$100 Reward.

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

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

Mail Order Houses Swamped.

The Momeno, Ill., Reporter says: The following letter was received by one of our prominent farmers on last Saturday, and we publish it simply to show that the mail order houses are doing business, and lots of it:

Never before in the history of this country has the present situation in the supply and prices of foodstuffs been equaled. The situation is such that people outside of this line of business cannot understand or appreciate it. No house in the country dealing in foodstuffs, including the sugar refineries, flour mills, etc., is able to supply the wants of the trade. In our own case we received during the last three weeks of August from fifteen to twenty times the amount of business that would usually come to us at this time of the year.

We had hoped to be able to handle and fill every order received, but the volume was so great that it is simply a physical impossibility to handle it. At present we have enough grocery orders on hand to tax our utmost capacity until the latter part of September. We have set aside every square inch in our building that we can possibly spare for the handling of groceries, our freight tracks are crowded to their utmost capacity, we have a double force in our entire grocery department working night and day, in fact, we have done all that is humanly possible, and still are falling far short of being able to take care of the flood of orders that has come in. To give you some idea of the volume of business in one item alone, we received during the latter part of August orders for approximately two million pounds of sugar per day.

Since we cannot possibly handle all this business, we have got to either cut out some orders entirely or reduce the quantity on heavy selling items, such as flour, sugar, beans, etc., so as to reduce the total volume and handle as much of each customer's business as possible. If we have made any change in your order, either in the grade of goods that you ordered or in the quantity, you will understand that we have done the very best that is possible, and we know you will not criticize or find any fault when we tell you we are doing everything that we possibly can. To ask us to do more would be to request the impossible.

If after considering the above conditions, our action in any particular does not meet with your approval, you are, of course protected by our usual guarantee and you may return any unsatisfactory purchases and receive the money you paid, together with freight charges.

You may be sure that it gives us a great deal of concern and very deep regret that we are unable to fill every order exactly as sent us.

The Hessian Fly.

The wheat crop sown this fall in Illinois is in immediate danger of very serious injury by the Hessian fly unless the volunteer wheat now growing in old stubble fields and on field borders is promptly destroyed by plowing under, or at least by a thorough disking of the ground. This volunteer wheat is very heavily infested, throughout the state, by an early generation of the Hessian fly, which is now in all stages from the young larva or maggot to the winged insect, and is just beginning to emerge and lay its first eggs on the leaves of the young wheat of the regular sowing. If this early generation of the fly is all allowed to come to maturity on the volunteer wheat, it is certain to infest the new wheat heavily this fall; while if it is destroyed with the wheat plants in which it is developing, the danger of loss from Hessian fly injury will be greatly diminished. The sooner this work is done the better. Not only the individual wheat grower, but the community and the country generally are affected by this situation, for the Hessian fly spreads rapidly, and the emerging insects are a general menace.

Farmers should "get busy" at once in plowing under all volunteer wheat.

STEPHEN A. FORBES, State Entomologist. Urbana, Ill., October 2.

Real Estate Transfers

P Moriarity et al to B Snyder, pt sec 23, Tippecanoe, \$14,250.
 J Bishop to Daisy Shaffer, 30a in sec 23, M r l, and two lots, Walnut, \$4000.
 Daisy Shaffer to J Bishop, 1/2 of above, \$2400.
 O Fitzpatrick to H Markley, 20a in sec 19, Walnut, \$2600.
 H Markley to E Zentz, pt sec 20, Walnut, \$4200.
 R Sullivan to J Manges, in sec 19, North, \$1700.
 C Allen to L Allen, qcd to pt sec 12, Polk, \$7000.
 C Hochstetler to J Hochstetler, 40a in sec 5, German, \$4200.
 H Way to J D Heiser, et al, qcd to pt sec 2, North, \$1.
 C Fields to J Waddle, in sec 19, Tippecanoe, \$1025.
 Marion Overmyer to Zina Overmyer, 5a in sec 9, Union, \$1.
 J H Matchett to C Hepler, in sec 7, Bourbon, \$1400.
 W Pfeiffer to F Rohrabough, part sec 23, Walnut, \$4000.

White Winter Predicted.

Frank I. King, in the C. A. King & Co. grain report, predicts a severe winter. He writes: "Eastern weather prophet predicts a white Christmas. He figures snow this winter will be deep because the weeds are very high. Recent frost caused tips of hickory leaves to point skyward. This means they are winter leaves and there will be also plenty of wind and snow. Chestnut twigs are unusually loaded with burrs although this is an off year for chestnuts. This is the way nature provides the squirrels with food during a severe winter."

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.
 O812 CHARLES ZECHIEL, Sec'y.



Art Laurel Base Burners

A massive, scientifically built Art Heater that will pay for itself in the amount of fuel it saves. It is constructed of the very best materials, each piece being tested, carefully ground and fitted. Has large firebox, patent duplex grate, gas consuming flues, and airtight doors; handsomely nickeled.

An Unusual Value SPECIAL PRICE \$44

Sold everywhere at \$50.00. Save money. See our stoves.

At Furniture Store P. A. Wickizer

Fall's the Time to Kodak

Bright skies, invigorating air and brilliant foliage makes one seek the out-of-doors. And a Kodak perpetuates the scenes and incidents as nothing else can do.

Kodaks and Supplies Developing and Printing

Rector's Pharmacy The Rexall Store

The RADIANT HOME BASE BURNER



Excel all others. Most powerful heating and economical hard coal stove ever made. More square inches of radiating surface than any other type of Base Burner ever constructed.

The only perfect Duplex Grate, Fire Pot and Flue Construction

All danger of explosion or escape of gas prevented by ventilated upper magazine in combination with a gas flue, found only in the Radiant Home.

The Culver Cash Hardware

Toilet Articles & Preparations

THE CELEBRATED NYAL'S LINE

Health and Comfort demand ABSOLUTE PURITY when it comes to Toilet Preparations. The goods we carry are guaranteed in every respect, and our comprehensive assortment embraces every requirement.

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CHAPTER XII.

A VISIT TO MACBEE.

By noon Sir Harry Farndale had finished a luxurious tub in his London lodgings and was just setting down to a long delayed breakfast, when Carrington arrived.

The nudecoated automobile—taken on a long detour by Cornish's chauffeur—had rolled into the garage at Harcourt Manor only half an hour before, and Farndale had just been advised of the fact by telephone. He had spoken with Sir Thomas and learned that his daughter, although confined to her bed, was resting quietly and during the conversation, had also been advised of the departure of Carrington for the city.

Now Carrington was eager for news, and briefly, Sir Harry told him all that had occurred. "To cover our tracks and to avoid suspicion, I suggest we take a cab to Scotland Yard and report ourselves to MacBee, pleading ignorance of Harcourt's whereabouts and expressing surprise that he is not also there," Farndale said.

"Right—oh!" Carrington agreed. "There is hardly a chance that they'll know we didn't come in last night in Cornish's car—just as we tell them. Of course none of the Manor servants except Fergus know what happened, and we can rely upon him absolutely."

"The only difficulty lies in the possibility of the yacht being stopped and searched," Carrington went on a bit anxiously.

"Remote chance," said Sir Harry. "No reason for anyone being suspicious of her, and the alarm couldn't have spread in time anyway."

"I hope not," Carrington said. "Cornish might even deceive them if he should be overhauled."

"He'd never submit to a search of the yacht," Farndale asserted. "If a lookout has been set for him—which I doubt—he will simply cruise about trying to avoid discovery until the opportunity to land Harcourt arrives."

"Surely he won't try that!" Carrington protested. "It would be mad to take such a risk now."

"On the contrary," Farndale assured him, "it is the safest and best plan of all if the landing can be made unobserved, and the can be made unobservedly the yacht then slips away quietly without him. Rather than risk Harcourt being found on board, Cornish may bring him ashore to a safe hiding place and then let the yacht run for it. If MacBee gets suspicious, it is better that he be led to believe that Harcourt is aboard the Murita, when he is really in England. In that event he will be safest right here, while the police, having searched the yacht without finding him, will be more puzzled than ever."

"But where the devil can we hide Harcourt if Cornish does land him?"

"That is the question," Farndale replied. "If they are forced to land, Cornish will communicate with me at once—if we can do so without taking chances of discovery. Then we must find some safe place quickly. But I have every confidence in Cornish's ability to outwit the police. Dicky, that man is a wonder!"

"And his daughter is simply magnificent!" Carrington added with enthusiasm.

Sir Harry smiled knowingly. "She certainly saved the situation last night," he said. "Her ruse worked splendidly. Fortunately the man MacBee sent did not know Harcourt personally, but even if he had seen him often, her imitation was almost perfect."

"Well," said Carrington, "let's get along and see MacBee. I want to satisfy myself that he doesn't know too much that he shouldn't."

The inspector looked tired and worn when they were ushered into his presence, but he greeted them pleasantly and thanked them for calling.

"I understand that some of the others concerned in this matter have been less considerate," MacBee said. "I am told that Mr. Cornish and his daughter sailed last night."

"I believe the yacht left this morning," said Sir Harry. "They contemplate a somewhat extended cruise, as Miss Cornish is not particularly well."

Something very like a smile twitched about MacBee's lips for an instant.

"I am rather surprised at Mr. Cornish not having advised me of his intentions when he knew that I wished everyone who attended Lord Harcourt's dinner to be within easy reach. But you are of course seeking news of Lord Harcourt himself."

MacBee was looking squarely at them, and instantly the two realized the folly of pretending to be ignorant of his disappearance. "You have had no news of him?" Carrington asked, trying to conceal his disappointment.

"None," MacBee answered. "His disappearance is complete. The officer I sent to arrest him that he could not identify the men who carried off the earl, as the whole incident only occupied a few seconds under most unfavorable conditions."

The memory of the detective's discomfiture nearly caused Sir Harry to smile, but MacBee appeared not to notice his amusement and continued without hesitation.

"I have censured the man heavily," MacBee went on, "yet I cannot really blame him much, as it seems to me he took every precaution that seemed needful. The possibility of his lord-

ship deliberately attempting to escape would never have occurred to me—and even now it seems incredible that he could have done so."

"Naturally," said Carrington. "Do you, too, believe that he has been kidnapped?"

"Beyond a doubt," MacBee replied. "As a rule I do not believe in discussing cases upon which I am working—especially with those involved in them—but I think I may be frank with you in this matter. I have received a cable from my agents in Madras which gives me much valuable material to work upon. For one thing, I have learned positively that Kirshin Kandwahr was not born to his princely title."

Sir Harry looked up in surprise. "You astound me," he said. "None of us like these fellows, but naturally we of the army are obliged to associate with them for diplomatic reasons. That is why poor Townshend went to such pains to secure decent introductions for Kandwahr—at least so he said to me—and I cannot believe that he would have done so unless he was certain that Kandwahr's official position warranted his going to such trouble."

"Capt. Townshend had no choice in the matter," MacBee explained. "Kandwahr is a real prince, although he was not born to the rank. He is Capt. Townshend's half brother—son of the late Gen. Edward Townshend and an Indian woman. The elder Townshend served in India in the early seventies and it was then that Kandwahr was born."

"But how could that make him a prince?" Carrington asked.

"Under the Indian laws," MacBee informed them, "an adopted son has all the rights of a natural heir. Kandwahr's mother later became the wife of the Maharajah of Kandwahr, who took a liking to the child and adopted him. The woman was very clever and my agents say that she induced the Maharajah to make her son his heir. The result was that upon the death of the Maharajah, Kandwahr succeeded to the title and the estates."

"But do you see how this would lead to any quarrel between Kandwahr and Townshend?" Sir Harry asked.

"No, frankly I do not," said MacBee. "On the contrary I have every reason to believe that a genuine affection existed between the two men and that makes me feel more strongly that I have been wrong in suspecting Kandwahr. In fact I am becoming more and more strongly convinced that Kandwahr is not the murderer, and unless I discover some further evidence against him, I shall release him shortly."

"But why do you suppose Townshend never told us of this relationship?"

"The reason for that is frankly admitted by Kandwahr himself. He feels the prejudice society holds toward all Indian princes, and if the facts of his birth had been divulged, his entire would have been all the more difficult. I have talked with Kandwahr several times, and he seems to feel Townshend's death most keenly, although—with the characteristic calmness of his race—he shows but little feeling openly. On the other hand, it seems equally impossible that Lord Harcourt could have done it. I believe implicitly in his innocence, yet, as things stand now, everything points to his having struck the blow, and I have been obliged to order his arrest."

"But what do you make of the death of Dodson, the door man?" Sir Harry inquired.

"That is the one weak spot in the case against Harcourt," said MacBee. "The murder of Townshend could easily have been done by Harcourt. The death of Dodson bears the earmarks of the kind of killing an ordinary thug would do. Dodson died by strangulation, and whoever did it possessed great strength, for Dodson, although old, was a powerful man. It is, of course, possible that the two died by different hands, but I believe that both murders were done by the same person, and this makes me cling to the idea Lord Harcourt is innocent."

"Had Townshend no enemies that you can discover?" Carrington suggested.

"I can learn of none," MacBee answered. "Townshend's Indian record seems clear, and I can find none here who had any quarrel with him. The kidnapping of Lord Harcourt suggested one theory to me, but I shall not speak of that now. I suppose I need not enjoin the strictest silence upon you, for you realize the importance of mentioning nothing of what I have said to you."

"What object could anyone have in abducting Harcourt?" Sir Harry asked, hoping that MacBee would yet show his hand on the subject.

"Several," said MacBee. "His abductors doubtless wish him out of the way for good reasons. What they are I have yet to learn, but I am satisfied that no harm has come to him. By nightfall I hope to have something tangible in this regard. By the way, do you happen to know the first port at which Mr. Cornish will touch?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," Sir Harry answered.

"Nor I," said Carrington with perfect truth.

"Nor when he will return?"

"No."

"Thank you," said MacBee. "If anything of importance develops I shall advise you at once."

He shook hands with the two, and they left him far from satisfied that the inspector was as ignorant of Harcourt's whereabouts as he pretended to be. And they were correct in their surmises, for MacBee had already been in communication with the admiralty offices, and a sharp lookout for the yacht Murita had been ordered.

There was a knock at the door and an official entered at MacBee's bidding. Without a word he set down upon the floor a mudstained and battered valise. Quietly MacBee looked the bag over, puffing away at his pipe without visible concern or satisfaction. There were no initials upon the grip and no marking to suggest the name of its owner.

"We found it in the clump of bushes by the roadside, about five miles from Southampton," the man said as MacBee looked up inquiringly. "It contains a full set of evening clothes such as a tall man would wear. The stuff was thrown into the bag in a most disorderly way, everything muddled up together, but the outfit is complete."

MacBee stooped down and opened the case, examining its contents curiously. There was no name sewed in any of the pockets, but MacBee was sure that the clothes were those of the prisoner who had escaped the night before. He picked up a plaid cap and looked it over carefully. In it was the name of a fashionable shop, but there were hundreds of similar caps worn by Londoners. The garments were wet and badly creased, but there were no rips or tears to suggest rough handling, and no telltale stains upon them anywhere, and MacBee's face showed enthusiasm as he continued to turn the things over. At last a smile spread over his features and he began to refill his pipe.

"Jamelson," he said. "Take that coat and find the tailor who made it. I suppose you have gone over the country near the place where you found this?"

"Yes, sir," the detective replied. "We've made a thorough search, but there is no trace of any strangers thereabouts. The bag was over a mile from any house, and no one in the neighborhood saw or heard anything unusual during the night. We thought, sir, that the bag might have been thrown from a passing automobile, although the roadway shows no tracks of a machine having passed."

"Naturally not," said MacBee. "The heavy rainfall would have obliterated any wheel marks in a short time. You are right, though, beyond a doubt. The bag was thrown from a machine—an automobile on its way to Southampton. The man who wore these clothes discarded them deliberately. They were not taken from him. I do not think they belong to Lord Harcourt, or at least that it was he who wore them, but I do wish to find the man who did wear them. I am beginning to see things in a new light. If there is any news of the yacht Murita, advise me as soon as you receive it."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CRUISE OF THE MURITA.

Meanwhile the Murita was steaming rapidly out to sea, and immediately upon leaving Harcourt in his cabin, Cornish joined the yacht's captain on the bridge.

"Any signs of pursuit?" Cornish asked.

"None," the captain said. "I've taken a northerly course to keep out of the path of the big liners—just far enough out to avoid being sighted from shore."

Cornish nodded with satisfaction as he regarded the bluff New England captain, a man who knew the Atlantic as well as he did the narrow path leading down from his home on Cape Cod to the village tavern nearby. Capt. Whitford was a man of few words—and of fewer words that were suited to the ears of polite society. He was reputed to have the gift of swearing for a longer period without repetition than could any seaman afloat, and to his crew he was master both heartily loved and cordially feared. Whitford was absolute ruler of his yacht, and if its owner had ordered him to attack a battleship or scuttle a steam yacht he would have done so without question if the thing were possible.

When, two days before, Whitford had received a telegram from Cornish, instructing him to be in readiness to sail at a minute's notice, with fuel and provisions for an extended cruise, he had followed his instructions to the letter. The notice had been brief, but Whitford had overlooked nothing, even to the laying in of a complete wardrobe for the mysterious guest whose measurements the yacht's owner had sent him.

"See here," said Cornish, lighting a cigar and leaning against the bridge rail. "I'm going to tell you a few things. Do you know who this Englishman is?"

"No and I don't care!" snapped Whitford. "He looks like a damned fool and probably is. Whatever else he may be is none of my business."

"You're a man of sense," Cornish congratulated him. "This much, however, I want you to know. There are a great many people in England who do know him, and who are wondering where he is at this minute. I don't intend that they shall find out. While he is on this yacht they are not likely to do so. How long do you think we can cruise without touching port for supplies?"

"Six weeks if necessary—or even longer if we rough it a bit."

"Good! I don't care where you go, but keep out of sight and don't communicate with any ship we pass. There may be a man-o'-war or a cutter or two on the lookout for us, but don't pay any attention to their signals. If anyone shows a disposition to come too near or to talk to us, simply give them the slip. Have you a wireless operator on board?"

"Yes."

"Well see that he doesn't use the apparatus except to listen to other ships' conversations. I don't suppose there would be any trouble even if the crew did know who I have aboard,

or why he is wanted ashore, but it's just as well that they don't know anything about it."

"They won't—and if they should find out, I'll answer for them. I'm captain of this ship and my orders are obeyed!" said Whitford flatly. "You tell me what you want, and I'll see that you get it. If that wireless fellow tries to monkey with his keys, I'll throw him overboard!"

"Don't," Cornish advised. "We may need him later on. If we can keep hidden we'd better remain out for a month at least. Then I'll figure out what is best to be done. Eventually, when it is safe to try, I want to make New Orleans and go home from there by rail."

Whitford nodded. "In case we are overhauled?" he asked abruptly.

"In that event keep safely ahead until you can run close enough to shore to enable us to make a quick landing in the launch. Once I get my guest on land turn the yacht about and give our pursuer the longest chase you can."

Making his way down from the bridge, Cornish walked slowly aft to find Harcourt talking quietly with Adele under the deck awning. Adele, in her neat yachting costume, looked the picture of health, and she was laughing at Harcourt when her father joined them.

"Mr. Cavendish is trying to convert me to his cause," she said laughingly.

"Cavendish?" Cornish said. "Oh, so that's the new name you've selected is it? I'll not have you plotting treason, sir!" he added with a grin.

"Isn't he ungallant!" Adele said. "He really prefers the interior of an English prison to sitting here with me. If he was not engaged I should never forgive him!"

Cornish smiled. "Sorry you're so restless," he said to Harcourt. "But I'm afraid you'll have to put up with our society for a little while longer. We won't see lam again until some time next month—I hope."

"I cannot make you out, Mr. Cornish," said Harcourt in perplexity. "You have been kindness itself to me since you brought me on board this morning, and under other circumstances I should enjoy the trip immensely, but I simply cannot understand your forced detention of me here. It is an interference with my personal liberty which is absolutely unwarranted, and I assure you that at the first opportunity presenting itself, I shall make good my escape."

"Fire ahead!" Cornish chuckled. "I haven't heard of anyone walking on the sea recently, and that's about the only way you're likely to get back to England for a long time to come. You've a difficult proposition ahead of you, and what is more, I meant exactly what I said when I told you I'd put you in irons if you try any monkey business."

"You don't really?" Harcourt gasped.

"I most certainly do, and don't you forget it," came the prompt response. "Have a cigar?"

Realizing that he could not move Cornish, Harcourt gave up trying, but for the remainder of the day the American's attitude rankled in his breast. Nothing that would add to his comfort was left undone, and both the millionaire and his daughter exerted themselves to the utmost to make the days pass pleasantly for Harcourt, but whenever he brought up the subject of returning to London his suggestion was flatly and unceremoniously vetoed by Cornish.

And as the days passed Harcourt tried to content himself with his situation. But he could not help thinking of his fiancée, and wondering what had happened since his disappearance. The thought that Grace might now be deeply involved in the affair, troubled him. Times without number he told himself that it was absurd to connect her with the murder, yet her wearing of the mysterious and constantly recurring monogram, fed his suspicions until he could not lose them.

What was it she had done that she would not tell him about? What did she know of it all he wondered. And sometimes—still doubtful as to his own part in the crime, he thought he could go mad. Since the first day out he had eagerly watched the horizon for signs of other craft. Whenever Whitford observed a sail or the smoke from a steamer's stack, however, the yacht's course was promptly altered, and soon all of them were left far astern.

For more than a week now there had been nothing on any side but the broad expanse of sea, and the Murita, with all on board, was as completely isolated from the rest of the world as if the yacht had left it. Yet Harcourt was sure that England lay not far away to the east. He realized, too, that he was but seldom left alone, and that during the long daylight hours, either Cornish or his daughter were constantly near him. He was free to do as he liked, but at all times he felt keenly the fact that he was a prisoner.

At night, after the others had retired, he frequently paced the deck alone, smoking and wondering what was being said of him ashore. He wondered, too, how Kandwahr fared, and then he would recall the dagger with its strange marking, until the curious monogram, flashing through his brain, brought back again the horror it had first struck into him. There was a weird sense of terror for him in the thing, and he asked himself a thousand times what the symbol might represent. To him it meant only haunting doubts and strange fears, yet he knew that the character held a meaning that would solve the whole problem if he could only discover it.

Gradually he struck up a friendship with Benson, the second officer, who

always stayed nearby when Harcourt walked on the deck at night. He was a young man of good looks and pleasant manners, and he seemed ready enough to talk when Harcourt approached him. Often as the yacht plowed through the swelling seas, the two talked for hours, and frequently Benson told Harcourt of the country that he and Cornish claimed as home.

Sometimes Harcourt wondered how much Benson knew concerning him, but as Cornish had warned him not to reveal his identity, he refrained from questioning the man on the subject. Talking to him seemed to relieve the strain of the long nights when he could not rest alone in his cabin, and gradually, after several extended conversations, Harcourt wondered if he could not make use of Benson.

He considered the idea carefully and at least resolved to try it. If the Murita would put in at any port, Harcourt knew he could reach Scotland Yard by telegraph within a few hours and advise MacBee of the reason for his disappearance as well as his desire to return. So, when they were alone again on the deck the following night, he made his first attempt.

"Benson," he began, as he leaned against the rail, "what would you consider a great deal of money?"

"I—I don't know—why?" said the officer.

"I mean what do you consider your prospects worth—what do you expect to have when you go back home and ask some girl to marry you?"

Benson laughed. "I'm not likely to marry," he said. "There's only one woman I'd care to have, and I'll never win her."

"Perhaps you would—if your career offered greater opportunities," Harcourt suggested.

"I'd need a fortune greater than I'll ever get at sea," Benson told him.

Harcourt stood silently looking out through the darkness at the great black waves rolling as far as the eye could see. "Benson," he said at last. "There is a woman back in England who is wondering where I am—why I do not come back at a time when she needs me. For reasons that I need not explain, Mr. Cornish is determined that I shall not go to her. I am a very rich man—a man of some influence in the kingdom—and if I could do so, I would return to that woman."

He stopped and felt Benson looking at him strangely. "What do you mean, sir?" the man asked.

"I mean that if I could be put ashore anywhere I would willingly pay £50,000 to the man who made that possible."

Benson stared at him in astonishment. "Fifty thousand pounds!" he said.

"Why, sir, that is a quarter of a million dollars!"

"It is," Harcourt said quietly. "And I mean exactly what I say."

Benson laughed. "That's funny," he said. "Are you trying to kid me?"

"I don't think I understand?" said Harcourt.

"I mean you're surely not in earnest—you're joking?"

"I was never more serious in my life. If you can win over enough of the crew to secure command of this yacht, and make the nearest port at once, I will pay you £50,000 the day you set me ashore."

"It couldn't be done, sir," Benson said, at first doubting the sanity of the man beside him.

"A great many things can be done with that much money, Benson," Harcourt urged.

"I know it, sir, but what you suggest means mutiny and you could not turn this crew against Captain Whitford even if you promised every man of them a reserved seat in Heaven."

"You might suggest the thing to Captain Whitford himself," Harcourt suggested.

"Bribe Whitford!" Benson threw back his head and laughed heartily. "And he'd be knocked flat for my pains. You don't know what you're saying. If he even knew I had let you talk to me like this, he would have me in the jug!"

"You believe him absolutely loyal to Cornish, then?"

"I am sure of it."

"Mr. Cornish is a very rich man, Benson, but I am richer than he."

"It isn't money with Whitford, sir," Benson explained. "He is a rough man and not a saint by a long shot, but he has the good old New England ideas of right and wrong mighty strongly developed in him, and he wouldn't do a disloyal thing no matter what you offered him."

"Then he will do what I wish," Harcourt said. "That is, his very sense of honor will win him over. A great wrong is being done to me and to persons ashore. A crime has been committed there and—well, I am concerned in it. If I do not return speedily, an innocent person may be made to suffer for my absence."

Benson gave a little exclamation of surprise, and stared sharply at Harcourt. He had been ashore the night before the Murita sailed, and had heard a great deal of comment on the mysterious crime that everyone was interested in. "Why are you?" he demanded suspiciously. "Not—"

"I am the Earl of Harcourt."

"Good Lord!" Benson exclaimed.

"Now you understand my wish to return—as a man of honor, who gave his word not to leave the country. In fact, there may even be a warrant for my arrest."

"What is Mr. Cornish's object in keeping you here against your will?"

"He has reasons of his own, opposed to mine," said Harcourt. "It is my wish to land and give myself up to the police."

"You want to give yourself up?" Benson repeated dubiously. "Say, you are a queer one!"

"My offer still stands," said Harcourt. "Think it over carefully."

Benson stood there silently, looking out over the yacht's side. He was thinking, formulating a plan in his own mind—one that appealed to him strongly. The ship's bell changed sharply, interrupting his thought, and he turned to Harcourt with a start.

"I don't know," he said slowly. "There's almost no chance, and I'm taking my life in my hands when I do it—but I'll see what can be done."

"You'll have to take your chances while you're on the yacht," Harcourt told him. "But once you are on shore I can guarantee that your work will cause no trouble."

"Remember, I'm not promising anything," said Benson, "but if there is any chance of putting this over I'll let you know. Don't question me. When the time comes—if it does come at all—I will let you know."

"Thanks," said Harcourt. "Good-night."

He threw his cigar into the sea and went to his cabin, leaving Benson alone with his temptation on the deck.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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