

PERSONAL POINTERS

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

G. M. Beck has been confined to his bed most of the time for the past two weeks.

Samuel Warren of Huntington county spent the last of the week with his sister, Mrs. Ella Parr.

The Austins have closed their skating rink in Lafayette and have gone back to Peru for the winter.

Sylvester Zechiel and wife and Albert Stahl and wife visited with friends in Kewanna over Sunday.

Willard Jones of the Oliver hotel cigar stand came from South Bend to spend Sunday with his parents.

The Vonnegut and Rice cottages were closed Monday for the season and the families returned to Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Medbourn, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poore and Mrs. Ira McLane and children spent Sunday in Logansport.

A note from Mrs. Leatha Miller says that Clarence Woolley and Miss Maddolen Beck were married Sunday Oct. 18, at Rushville, Neb.

Mrs. Sam Buswell went to Mishawaka Tuesday to visit the family of her son John and to see the new boy that arrived a few days ago.

About a dozen ladies, members of the Pocahontas lodge, drove to the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Gideon Mahler Friday and spent the day.

Mrs. McLaughlin, Misses Pickert, Moss, Proctor and Stahl and Messrs. Pinkerton and Darnall are attending the State Teachers' association in Indianapolis.

Mrs. W. O. Osborn, Mrs. A. L. Porter and Miss Bess Medbourn are attending the M. E. district missionary convention at Lacrosse. The place of meeting was changed from Culver.

Mrs. Peter Keller of Culver who has been visiting in Plymouth, returned home today. Tomorrow she will go to Lima, O., to attend the funeral of her sister.—Thursday's Republican.

Wm. Hunt, who for several years has been local manager for the Grand Union Tea Co., has resigned and will enter the employ of Speyer Bros. His successor has not yet been named.

Mrs. H. E. Batterman and daughter of Chicago are visiting at J. F. Behmer's. Mr. Batterman came with them to spend Sunday, and Harold Behmer accompanied him back to Chicago to remain a couple of days.

Bert Rector, Ray Fisher and Misses Allie and Huldah Wiseman motored to Lakeville Sunday to spend the day with Dr. Sumner Wiseman. Clara Wiseman, who came down from Lakeville Friday night, returned with them.

Mrs. Cora Kenrich, mother of Rev. J. F. Kenrich, accompanied by her daughter Beatrice, went to Mokenca, Ill., Monday evening to attend the funeral of her mother, Mrs. Sarah Metcalf, who had attained the ripe age of 95 years. They expected to return Wednesday evening.

Colonel Gignilliat who, with his family, is on an extended motor trip in his Cadillac, has reached Atlanta, Ga., where they will visit for a short time. From all reports of the trip, it has been a most enjoyable one, with practically no trouble so far. We may hope for his safe return in two or three weeks.

Mrs. Charley Stahl came from Culver today to pay her taxes. She recently attended the State W. C. T. U. convention at Brazil. There was an attendance of about 900. On her way home she visited her son Russell at Purdue, who is taking a course in mechanical engineering.

He is now on an inspection trip of shops of several days to Chicago, Gary, Hammond and Milwaukee. He graduates next June. While in Brazil, Mrs. Stahl attended the large Sunday school at the First M. E. church. They had an attendance of 2,300, 500 of whom were in the men's bible class.—Plymouth Republican.

The Candidate.

Some people are always trying to poke fun at candidates, but some people would joke about their grandmother's false teeth, or make merry over a nutmeg.

One of the facetious references at this time of year is about the candidate's handshake. Now we rather like the candidate's handshake. It is a good, warm, sure-fire affair. And if it were not for the candidates, lots of fellows would never get to shake hands at all.

It is all right for candidates to be friendly. They ought to be. They are asking for favors, and any man seeking for favors is expected to be friendly. It is perfectly all right for them to be useful, to help chop wood, to carry in coal, to give the corn husker a lift, to say nice things about flat-topped biscuits and flat-headed children. Even in some state fall candidates will not be censured for carrying along a complete toilet case, so they can lend the fair voters a powder rag, a nail file, a hand mirror or a hair brush.

But it ought to be unlawful for a candidate to carry around jokes. A candidate's jokes are deadly. They ought to be prohibited under the pure food and drug act, on the ground that mildew is poisonous.

A candidate's jokes are the oldest formation known to geological humor. Besides the damp, musty ones they draw on two or three voters together, they carry a pocket of kiln-baked and sun-dried ones that they drop into the cornered voter's ears, expecting them to produce a rattle that resembles a laugh. Candidates do not need jokes. We ought to impress upon them that running for office is a serious business.

NEWS OF LOCAL CHURCHES

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

Unless the board of health orders otherwise, we will follow our regular schedule of service next Sunday. While we are thoroughly in accord with the action taken by the school board and health officer as precautionary steps in coping with the scarlet fever that has shown itself, yet we desire to see as much consistency used in dealing with the deadly leprosy of sin that is constantly praying upon the body, soul and spirit of our humanity. Sunday school, 10; morning worship and holy communion, 11; Junior league, 2:30; Senior league, 6:30, subject, The Root of Murder; evening worship, 7:30. Special music by the choir in our worship and the orchestra will be on hand with their splendid music for the Sunday school. Subjects for sermons will be the same as published last week. Rev. A. W. Wood, the district superintendent of Lafayette district, of which we are now a part, will make his first quarterly visit Saturday night and Sunday morning, Nov. 7 and 8. We trust our entire membership will arrange to be present to greet our new superintendent. Let our Sunday school folks not forget to attend the Sunday school institute to be held in the First M. E. church in South Bend the 29th and 30th.

POPLAR GROVE.

It was a delight to be with the folks in two public services last Sunday morning and evening. The people are responding nicely, yet there are a few that are not with us who ought to be. Come next Sunday afternoon at 3. Sermon by the pastor; subject "Spiritual Storage." The Sunday school will observe Rally day Nov. 15. Let everybody be ready to rally. J. F. Kenrich.

Buy it at home, and your money stays at home. Think first of home.

DEATH'S BUSY WEEK

Four Homes are Mourning the Loss of Loved Members of the Family Circle

There were four deaths last week in families well known to Culver people.

On Thursday Peter Smith passed away at his home 4 miles east of the lake. He had been in poor health for some time before moving from Culver a year ago. His age was about 56 years. The burial was in Poplar Grove cemetery Saturday. He is survived by his widow and one son, David, who lives in Culver.

Vera Elizabeth Osborn, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Osborn, born 4 years ago the 31st of last March, died Sunday afternoon, Oct. 25. She was sick about ten days and is survived by a father, mother, sister and brother. A burial service was conducted by Rev. J. F. Kenrich in the Culver cemetery Monday morning.

John Willard Hissong, aged 50, died on Saturday, Oct. 22, at the home of his father, Charles Hissong, a short distance east of the academy. He had been in failing health

all summer and his death was not unexpected. He was unmarried. The funeral was held at Burr Oak on Saturday, Rev. Vermillion conducting the service.

The death of Eli Mock occurred at 9:45 last Saturday morning at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Wm. Joseph, in Starke county. While Mr. Mock had been in poor health for some time he was not taken acutely ill until about three weeks ago when he stopped over night at the Joseph home on his way to Knox. His disease was cancer of the liver. Mr. Mock was 69 years of age. He leaves a widow and four daughters—Mrs. Kate Wolf of South Bend, Mrs. Wm. Joseph, Mrs. Benjamin Hawkins and Mrs. Amos Bottorff. He formerly lived west of Burr Oak, but moved to Culver five or six years ago. The funeral was held at Salem church, Rev. Appleman, assisted by Rev. Hendricks, conducting the service. The burial was in Burr Oak cemetery.

Red Men and Pocahontases.

Neeswaugee council, degree of Pocahontas, branch of the Improved Order of Red Men, was represented at the meeting of the 21st great council at Indianapolis Oct. 21 by Mrs. G. W. Overmyer.

About 1,000 past Pocahontases and past sachems were in attendance, and a great amount of business was transacted at the one day's session.

Interest centered largely in the election of state officers at the afternoon session. As the officers holding the four highest positions in the council succeed each to the next higher position Mrs. Hesba Blough, whom Culver people will remember as one of the guests of honor at the Braves banquet a year ago at this place, succeeds Mrs. Lizzie Arbuckle of Kokomo as great prophetess; Mrs. Lulu B. Little of Terre Haute becomes Great Pocahontas; Mrs. Nellie B. Hart of Terre Haute becomes Great Wenona, and Mrs. Lone Eberly of Boswell was elected Great Minnehaha.

The report of the great keeper of records showed a membership of 21,845 in the various lodges of the state, nearly 2,500 members having been added during the past year.

The council was honored by the presence of the Great Incohonee of the national reservation who comes from Massachusetts.

Birthday Party.

Mrs. J. O. Ferrier gave a family party on Monday in honor of her father's 84th birthday. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Guinn (father and stepmother of Mrs. Ferrier), Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Eikenbury and Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Guinn, all of Florida. The day was spent in that delightful communion which the gathering of members of a family inspires, and not the least of the day's pleasures was the splendid dinner served by Mrs. Ferrier.

Real Estate Transfers.

E Zimmer to C Brown, 20a in sec 1, West, \$2200.
Clara Callene to J J Hawkins et al, lot 67, Ferrier's add, \$580.
Delilah Rockhill to A Rhodes, in sec 24, Tippecanoe, \$850.
S Rowe et al to Lydia Rowe, und 3/8 of 80a in sec 19, Center, \$4000.
J Yager to H Lozer, 45a in sec 6, Tippecanoe, \$1.
C Manuwal to Jane Shadel, pt of sec 18, North, \$3300.
H Shafer to D Thayer, in secs 9 and 11, North, \$4000.
A Rhodes to Delilah Rockhill, in sec 24, Tippecanoe, \$1350.
Florence Morris to H C Bays, lot 5 in Morris plat, Union, \$800.

Two Sisters Killed.

Myrtle and Olive Kelso were killed at Winamac early Saturday morning when struck by a fast train passing the station. The young women had bought tickets for Rock Island, Ill., where they had secured positions as teachers, and expected to board the second section which was to be flagged for them. When the first section approached they stepped out on the track, thinking (according to a third sister who accompanied them to the station) that this was their train and would stop. When they realized their mistake one of the girls started back but stopped between the rails apparently paralyzed with fright by the glare of the headlight and the roar of the train. Her sister attempted to help her, but the train came too fast and both were run down and killed. These are the facts about as they were secured by Clarence Hollett who was in Winamac and talked with the surviving sister. It is said that the Kelso family are known a short distance southwest of Culver where they formerly lived.

Proposition Fails.

The proposition to revive the county fair at Plymouth has fallen through. The committee reported that it would require \$24,000 for the necessary improvements, and that the Marshall County Agricultural association which owns the old fair grounds wanted \$6,000 for the land with a reversion of the title if the new organization should lapse or discontinue the fair. The forty business men who were present at the meeting were willing to undertake the expense of the improvements and to pay \$5,000 for a clear deed. This proposition was rejected by the present owners.

Baby's Arm Broken.

Charles, the 2-year old son of Clark Ferrier, was the victim of a serious accident Tuesday in the cement block yard. He ran in front of a push car which knocked him down and ran over his left arm. The bone below the shoulder is crushed, but the indications are that it will heal successfully and that no permanent injury has been sustained.

New Time Table.

The winter schedule will become effective on the Vandalia Sunday, Nov. 1.
North-bound trains on week days at 7:22 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 5:52 p. m. Sundays, 11:30 a. m. and 5:52 p. m.
South bound on week days at 6:09 a. m., 10:38 a. m., 5:52 p. m. Sundays, 8:40 a. m. and 5:52 p. m.
S. J. LENOX, Agent.

NOTES FROM THE ACADEMY

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

The cadet football team started its forward movement on Saturday when it ran away with the long end of a 47-0 score against the Winona "Aggies." The locals had little difficulty in scoring early and they added to their record in each quarter of the game. In the last quarter, however, the visitors got a player off for a beautifully worked forward pass and a long run. Then two or three successful gains brought them to Culver's 5-yard line and dangerously near a touchdown. They were unable to put the ball across, however, and two attempts at a field goal went astray. Brown S., Spafford and Sayger were prominent names in the cheering of the rooters.

On Sunday evening Mr. Miller started a series of illustrated meetings at the Y. M. C. A. upon social topics. The course is prepared under the auspices of the Social Service bureau and includes 50 slides and the material for a talk to accompany these on each of six topics. The first talk was given by Captain Hunt upon the subject of "Hours and Wages." The views covered living conditions in various industrial occupations, together with data upon the hours of labor required and the wages paid. The series gives promise of being a highly instructive course of study of certain phases of our industrial life.

The first class held its election on Monday to choose the members of the Roll Call for the present year. As a result of their balloting the following cadets were chosen to the various staff positions: McCormick, editor-in-chief; Ingals, business manager; Schyver, assistant manager; Culver E., military editor; Duerr, athletic editor; Mertz, social editor.

Dr. George R. Grose, president of DePauw university, was the speaker at the chapel services on Sunday. He gave an instructive talk on "The Meaning of Life." The ideal of service was the one which he emphasized as giving the greatest value and the greatest meaning to a human life.

An interesting musical program was given in chapel last Friday afternoon. After the battalion had practiced two hymns, Mr. Donath gave two vocal numbers and Lieutenant Andrews and Cadet Kutschinski gave a violin duet.

Among the academy officers of last year who did not return the old cadets will be interested in hearing of the following:

Lieutenant Shower is teaching public speaking in the Kansas State Agricultural college, at Manhattan, Kansas.

Lieutenant Kelley is an instructor in psychology in the University of Texas.

Lieutenant Newton has started in business in Chicago.

Lieutenant Clevett has founded, and is principal of, The Clevett Health Institute, in Omaha. He has been taking a physical instructor's course during the past summer at Bernarr-McFadden Healthatorium in Chicago.

Lieutenant Poland is taking a vacation in Boston at present and intends to start in business in that city soon.

Lieutenant Collins is at the head of the English department in the University of Idaho.

Lieutenant Runzler is an instructor in history at Western Military academy, Alton, Ill.

Lieutenant Farnham is principal of a high school in Massachusetts.

His Leg Broken.

Samuel Riggins made a misstep on the sidewalk in front of Arthur Castleman's Tuesday morning, and in falling broke both bones of one of his legs just above the ankle. The break occurred in about the place where he hurt the leg while taking down the Schurmann pier a short time ago.

THE WEEK IN CULVER

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

—Arthur Hewes of the Q. M. office at the academy has bought an Overland touring car.

—Alice Wiseman has been employed to teach music in the North Bend township high school one day a week.

—The switch lights in the Culver railroad yard, extending from Shaw's to Arlington, burn continuously and are filled and lighted only twice a week.

—Wm. Lichtenberger last week found two ripe cherries on his tree. A second crop of strawberries and raspberries is quite common, but this is the first time we have heard of a second crop of cherries.

—The first killing frost came Sunday morning, and the first snow fell Monday afternoon in the form of scattering flakes in a downpour of rain. During Monday night enough snow fell to cover the ground.

—W. W. Wilfret, living south of the county line, brings us three Rural New Yorker potatoes which weigh 6 pounds - the largest weighing 2 1/2 pounds. From 4 quarts planted his wife raised 6 bushels.

—I. D. Young, who has published the Monterey Sun for the past 16 years, has sold to Johnson & Kietzer. The editor and manager will be George L. Robertson. Mr. Young has not yet decided on his future business plans.

—There has been little or no advance in onion prices. Tom, Murphy and Claude Newman shipped a carload (700 bushels) Saturday at 30 cents. Murphy still has about 4,000 bushels on hand which he intends holding for a higher price.

—Archie Blanchard's Ford turned turtle at Plymouth the night of the republican rally. Archie was the only member of the party who was severely hurt, and his injuries will not keep him in the house long. The car was considerably damaged.

—A stranger brought a carload of Michigan Baldwins and Northern Spys to Culver Saturday and sold them off the car at 75 cents per bushel. Evidently the people are apple hungry, for they came from town and country in droves. Many of our citizens brought sacks to the car and lugged home a bushel over their shoulder.

—Fishers have been making good catches during the past week. Black bass ranging from 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 pounds have been met in great schools and many anglers have taken the limit in a short time. Night fishing with spinners and other artificial baits has been popular and productive of good strings of bass and salmon. The bass are mostly found along the bars next to deep water.

Judge Bernetha.

Circuit court adjourned Saturday. The next term will begin November 30, with the new judge. With the termination of the present court Judge Bernetha closed a twelve-years' service on the bench. He has arranged for his future business career. He has formed a law partnership with the firm of Holman & Bryant of Rochester and will immediately engage in the law practice in the local and state courts. He has also become a director in the Indiana Bank and Trust company and will have an active interest in the management of that concern.

The Scarlet Fever.

Unless something unexpected develops there will be the usual church services next Sunday and the schools will open Monday. While there has not been a single case of scarlet fever within the corporate limits of Culver, it was a wise precaution to take preventive measures.

THE CULVER CITIZEN

ARTHUR B. HOLT, Publisher.

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CULVER, IND., OCTOBER 29, 1914.

EXPIRATION NOTICE

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

The Sparrow Family.

There is probably no other family of birds which is more important to agriculture than the sparrow family. The group is very large and comprises more than one-seventh of all birds in America. Their chief value lies in the fact that they are ever on the lookout for weed seed. The most persistent species in this seed selection is the tree sparrow which in the state of Indiana consumes more than 600 tons of seed yearly.

It is true some species destroy large quantities of fruit and grain by their persistent eating of the buds and ripened fruit, but when one considers that the art of budding is practiced in large orchards, it can be seen that the loss from this source is slight in comparison to the large numbers of insects such as flies, beetles, caterpillars, moths and butterflies which they destroy, all of which are indirectly injurious and in many cases totally destructive to many varieties of fruits and farm grains.

Until the English sparrow was introduced into the United States it would have been safe to say that the entire sparrow family were friends of the farmer and deserved protection at his hands. Unlike our native species, however, this bird has bad habits far outweighing any possible good that it does, even if the most liberal estimate of insects that it destroys or the weed seed it eats is credited to them. By preference the bird is a scavenger of the city. Outside the city the bird's fondness for seed does not stop with weed seed, but all the farm grains are liable to attract at all stages of growth from sowing time to harvest, and the total damage to the grain crops alone of this country amounts to many thousand dollars annually. Just for this one damage alone it would have been far better if the English sparrow had never seen American soil.

If the English sparrow existed in small numbers, as do our other birds, it might be closed as doing no special harm, but the bird being so very prolific enables it to outclass all other birds for numbers, and thus gives it supreme rule, which it readily accepts, and makes all other birds yield to its control. Even the most desperate of American birds, such as the little purple martin, cannot long withstand the persistent attacks of a united colony of sparrows. If unable to conquer in open warfare it will enter the nests in absence of the owner and kill the young or destroy the eggs. Thus the English sparrow has usurped the place about the home by right belonging to our native birds.

So in dealing with the sparrow class, one must always make an exception of the English sparrow in classing them with the beneficial birds of this country.

W. R. ZFCHIEL.

Slick Soap Swindler.

The soap salesman swindler is about due. He is working with excellent success in the surrounding cities and may be expected to show up ere long.

Many of the women at Lebanon, happy in the thought that they had been awarded a fine Axminster rug or a kitchen cabinet, contributed \$2.98 each to the soap workers. They have a small package of soap, worth 10 cents, but they will not likely ever see their gift.

The solicitors who are the advance in the game are smooth articles, stylish and so confidential that you would almost wish they were roomers at your house. Their proposition was as alluring as their bearing, promising kitchen cabinets, rugs, rockers and other household goods on a lottery deal.

For the small sum of \$2.98 you get a carton of this fine soap, and a numbered ticket which gives you a chance on all of the articles that are listed, and you pay no money until the soap is delivered. The taking of subscriptions on this plan was easy and the solicitors got a lot of names.

Monday a stylishly dressed young woman appeared at the different homes where the housewives had signified their intention of taking the lottery. She displayed a case of envelopes, all numbered, and asked the homes that she visited for their slips. In each case (strange to say) the numbers drew kitchen cabinets, rugs and chairs. Of course the delighted housewives paid their \$2.98; received the small box of soap and the promise that the prize would arrive today.

The prizes are coming—so is Christmas.—Rochester Republican.

Diseased Cattle.

St. Joseph county farmers face bankruptcy as the result of the ravages of the "foot and mouth disease" which is spreading with alarming rapidity in its most virulent form among cattle, sheep and hogs.

There is a possibility that the state militia will be requested to maintain a strict patrol of the quarantined districts in St. Joseph and Laporte counties and to prevent a violation of that quarantine.

"Unless immediate steps are taken both by the state and federal governments to bring about a closer quarantine and to provide for an appropriation to reimburse the farmers, the disease will have spread beyond control and all the live stock in Northern Indiana will be wiped out." This was the declaration Thursday of J. D. Collins, a prominent farmer of the county.

[Later.—It is officially announced that the disease is under control. The farmers will be reimbursed by the state and federal governments for all stock killed.]

Must Be Crazy!

True to his word, John Eckert came in the first of the week and handed us five dollars for the town of Argos as tangible expression of his gratitude for the completion of the Broadway paving. It will be remembered that Mr. Eckert did similarly upon the completion of the first Walnut street improvement and when our big thoroughfare Michigan street, had been paved "from limit to limit." A number of our farmer friends have chosen this manner of expressing their appreciation of the town's substantial street improvements and, while the town has never asked or hinted for favors in this form, when they come it can do no less than graciously accept them, not so much for the intrinsic worth of the donations as for the fine spirit that prompts them. Thanks!—Argos Reflector.

\$100 Reward.

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

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

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Sale bills printed at the Citizen.

OLD HOTEL CLERK KNOWS 'EM

Temperament of Guests Comes Out When They Register Their Names.

"Do I believe that a man's name as he writes it is an indication of his character?" repeated a hotel clerk who has been behind the counter in several cities. "I don't know about character, but I do know that the best of them unmask their real temperament when they write their names on a hotel register—and I hold that there's a difference between character and temperament.

"A man may be bilious and yet have a good character. A man may be a crank and yet hold a job in a bank. I knew a preacher who had a case of dyspepsia that would have made an angel jump over a ten rail fence, but he was all right on the religious goose. I'm talking about temperament that shows itself when a man grabs a pen and writes his name on the register and where he hails from.

"When a man spreads a John Hancock brand of chirography on the book of arrivals I know what sort of room he wants. I know he has to have a bed in which he can wallow like a buffalo.

"When a guest writes his name as he would sign it in a lady's album I put him in the finicky class. I know he wants to thin glass from which to drink his water.

"The arrival who uncovers himself the quickest is the man who tries to write differently from anybody else and has an acquired autograph. The man who develops the trait of getting something under false pretences begins by trying to assume an autograph. I always know that this fellow will have a rumpus with the waiter or the bellhop or the liquid dispenser.

"There is one chap that reaches my heart—the man who writes 'and wife' for the first time after his own name. He can't disguise the fact by his manner, to say nothing of his chirography, that he has just started on the first lap of his honeymoon. He doesn't try to counterfeit his natural penmanship, but he writes 'and wife' as if he thought we were on, wondering how we knew it.

"All things being equal, the newly married arrival is the most agreeable guest in the house. A fellow with a new wife wears velvet shoes so that his kick is never felt. I think if anybody writes a perfectly natural autograph it is the man who has just been married. Then if ever a man tries to be just what he is."

A Qualified Opinion.



The Dude—Am I all right for Glasgow?

The Native—Ar, weel, this is the road tae Glasgow, ye ken, but I wadna be sure that ye're a' richt.—Pick-Me-Up.

A Big Maine Salmon.

What is supposed to be the largest land-locked salmon ever taken with hook and line from a Maine lake or pond was caught at Greene Lake by Luther Moore, an employee of the United States Government fish hatchery, and weighed 16 1/2 pounds.

Nothing to equal this for a salmon has ever been heard of in eastern Maine, and so far as known now it is the biggest on record. One Bangor man said that he had heard of one weighing 15 pounds being caught with hook and line at Greene Lake, but that was in the dim and misty past.—Kennebec Journal.

Notice To Taxpayers.

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

Teams Wanted.

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

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

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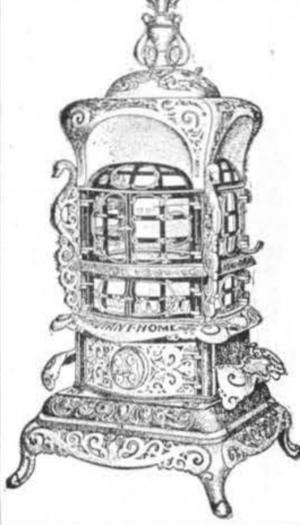
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CHAPTER XVI.

ASHORE ON THE SCOTCH COAST.

When Adele Cornish had closed the door of Harcourt's cabin, he sat down moodily on the edge of his bed to ponder over the situation. He had failed completely, and now his chance of escaping was slighter than ever. To plead further with Cornish would be useless, and he knew he could count on no further aid from Benson, or from the crew. By himself there was hardly any possibility of success, for the surveillance over him seemed complete.

He had considered trying to bribe the wireless operator to flash a message ashore, but that course was certain of discovery, and would probably only result in his being watched with increased vigilance. To leap overboard would be sheer madness, and there seemed to be no other course than to wait with what patience he could summon, until Cornish should be ready to set him ashore again.

The weather had suddenly changed, and now he could hear the rain beating against the glass of the portholes. The yacht was pitching and plunging wildly, and the wind howled furiously. On the deck outside there was a scurrying of footsteps, and excited voices called to each other through the storm. Through the port he could make out nothing in the darkness, and as he stood there peering out, the cabin door opened suddenly to admit Cornish and two sailors.

"Get into your greatcoat, and put on a cap," Cornish ordered abruptly. "What for?" Harcourt demanded, resenting the man's manner.

"Don't ask questions!" Cornish snapped. "Do as I tell you!"

As he spoke a sailor entered and saluted. "They are gaining on us, sir, Capt. Whitford says the boat is ready and you'd best hurry, sir."

Cornish glared at the man. "Shut up, you idiot!" he cried angrily. Then turning to Harcourt, he said, "I suppose I may as well tell you that we are in danger of capture by a cutter. We've barely time to get you away in the launch before she overtakes us. We're helpless. She crept up in the darkness and if we try a run for it she can sink us with a single shot."

Harcourt smiled. "In that event I'll stay here," he said.

"You'll do nothing of the sort!" Cornish thundered. "Get into that greatcoat made a move to take the heavy garment. Then, as the attention of the three was taken from him for a moment, he made a dash for the doorway and ran quickly along the passageway. In an instant they were at his heels, and just as he gained the deck a rough hand caught him.

Exerting all his strength, Harcourt wrenched himself free and ran to the yacht's rail. The bright, blinding rays of a searchlight swept the deck now, occasionally swinging to the right and left to light up the dark, seething waters. As Harcourt gained the side of the yacht, the arm of light swung back, outlining him sharply against the blackness. Frantically he waved his arms in signal to the pursuing cutter, but even if the glasses of its officers were upon him, he had little hope of being recognized or making his actions understood.

Only a moment remained before Cornish and his men would be upon him, and he hurriedly made a trumpet of his hands, calling as loud as he could: "It is I—Lord Harcourt! They are taking me off in the launch!"

But his voice was lost in the fury of the storm and in another second his arms were pinned to his sides in a vice-like clamp. A great hand was put over his mouth and he felt himself a helpless prisoner. The searchlight was gone now, but in the dim light of the deck lanterns, Harcourt recognized Cornish's stern angry features.

"Don't try that again!" the big American cautioned sharply. "Sometimes I wonder if I'm crazy trying to take care of you like this—and this is one of the times. But it's too late to think of that now. If that cutter overtakes us with you on board we'll both be in a pretty mess!"

He signaled to the men who held Harcourt to stand aside, and the Earl breathed freely once more. "Mr. Cornish," he said, "Please don't think I fail to appreciate what the kindness of your big heart is prompting you to do, but you are making a mistake. If the police have sent this vessel after me, I wish to be given up."

"Rot!" Cornish exclaimed, impatiently. "Are you crazy, or will you go quickly without any more nonsense?"

"I cannot," Harcourt said firmly.

"You mean you will not!" Cornish retorted. "I don't want to use force unless you compel me to do it, but I most certainly will if it is necessary. As soon as the captain tells me we are near enough to the shore to make a dash for it, we are going to lower the launch. They may catch us with their searchlight, but I doubt it, and Whitford will keep them busy until we are safely away."

As he spoke there was a flash from the darkness astern, and a dull report echoed across the sea between the ships. The outlines of the pursuing craft were barely distinguishable, but Cornish knew that she was gaining on them, and his impatience to be off increased momentarily.

Their fireworks are setting the

some!" he exclaimed. "But I suppose they'll soon vary it and send a shell across us as a gentle hint that we'd better stop without further delay."

"Then please take no further risks for your daughter's sake," Harcourt urged him. "I do not wish to be the cause of endangering any of you."

Cornish smiled. "You're getting mighty considerate," he said sarcastically. "But you're about the most stubborn idiot I ever saw!"

The storm seemed to grow in intensity. The rain was coming down in torrents, making a great, slippery stream of the deck, and the wind drove fierce gusts into the faces of the men gathered by the rail. Now a vivid flash of lightning made the scene like day for an instant, and while the light lasted they could see their pursuer plainly—not half a mile behind them.

Cornish noticed its nearness, and swore under his breath as Capt. Whitford, in dripping oilskins approached hurriedly.

"I think we're in far enough to land the launch now," he said. "On a night like this I don't want to run too close. It's going to be a risky undertaking for you though," he added anxiously looking toward the shore.

"How long will it take us to reach land?" Cornish asked, ignoring the warning.

"You ought to do it in an hour against this sea—providing nothing happens," the captain replied.

"Then let's get off," said Cornish without a moment's hesitation.

"Mr. Cornish!" Harcourt broke in. "I protest! I refuse to—"

"Lower the launch!" Cornish directed without heeding him.

As he gave the command Adele, appeared in the companionway, completely enveloped in a seaman's oilskins. Harcourt looked at her in surprise and she laughed mischievously at him. "Oh, you are not going to get rid of me just yet!" she said.

"You don't mean to say that you intend to go in the launch?" Harcourt asked.

"Certainly," said Adele. "You're entirely too troublesome for dad to handle alone."

Again a dull boom sounded above the storm and this time, as Cornish had anticipated, they heard the shriek of a shell as it flew close to the yacht's mast.

"Come on!" shouted Cornish. "There's no time to lose!"

"The launch is ready, sir," Whitford announced. The Murita had swung her prow about to the westward, and the launch had been dropped from the port side, so that now the yacht lay between it and the cutter. Whitford had planned it out carefully, so that even if the searchlight should play upon them again the launch would not come within range of its light until it had shot away from the protecting side of the Murita. After that the little party would have to take their chances, but Cornish figured that the cutter would hardly be seen above the great waves, especially as those on the cutter would be unaware of its departure and would be directing their entire attention to the yacht.

Once the launch was gone, however, it was the plan to start the Murita full speed ahead in the opposite direction, to give the cutter the slip if possible, and at least divert the attention of its officers from the escaping launch.

At a signal from her father, Adele climbed over the rail and made her way slowly and carefully down the swinging ladder, while a seaman held the launch close with a boathook. Cornish turned to Whitford. "As soon as we put off, keep the cutter curious and dodge about so they'll have to keep their searchlight on you," he directed. "We'll be ready as soon as your men climb back on board."

"You're not going alone are you?" Whitford asked in surprised disapproval.

"Certainly," said Cornish. "I'll attend to the engine myself, and Adele can steer as well as any seaman you have," then he faced Harcourt once more. "Are you coming?" he demanded.

"No," Harcourt refused.

"Then I'll make you come!" Cornish cried, out of all patience. With a quick movement he stepped to Harcourt's side, hesitating for the fraction of a second with his great fist poised in the air. Then the bow descended and Harcourt dropped like a log, his head striking heavily against the brasswork of the railing.

A murmur of astonishment came from the crew, and Adele, hearing the noise from below, called up to ask what had happened. Without a word of explanation Cornish lifted the unconscious man in his arms, and, steadying himself for a moment on the uncertain ladder, began to descend, holding Harcourt close to his powerful body as he might have handled a baby.

Once in the bobbing launch, Cornish cast off. The little engine snorted through the noise of the storm, and in another minute the launch shot out through the heavy seas. Cornish sent it ahead at full speed, and, in spite of the heavy waves, the little craft made rapid progress, soon being lost in the darkness from the view of those who watched from the Murita's deck.

Cornish gave not the slightest heed to Harcourt who lay where the American had left him, and Adele, at her post by the wheel had no time to question or investigate his condition. The rain was falling in torrents, and now and then the sea broke over the sides, drenching them as they strained their eyes to see what was happening behind them.

Fortunately the lightning came no more, but now the searchlight played again, and looking back, Cornish saw it fall across the Murita. Cornish

smiled grimly as he saw the yacht clearly once more. Whitford was losing his part well, for the little vessel was ploughing its way through the sea at a rapid rate. As the great wide streak rested upon the Murita, the ship suddenly altered its course, and slipped away towards the northwest out of the path of the searchlight.

"Good work!" muttered Cornish. "He's doing a bit of dodging."

No sooner had the yacht faded from view however, than a broad white streak flashed again, penetrating the blackness, and began to swing rapidly from right to left in search of the elusive yacht. Now it caught a glimpse of what it sought, and after a moment's wavering, it shot out straight and the Murita was again plainly discernible.

Once more a shot came from the cutter and Cornish chuckled to himself. Adele sat breathlessly in frightened suspense, and then gave a sigh of relief as the yacht continued calmly on its way.

"They're not trying to hit her, and they won't!" Cornish called over his shoulder to Adele. "Apparently they don't want to take the chance of sinking her and drowning the man they're after. It's a lucky thing for Whitford—and for me too, as I'd hate to lose the Murita!"

For a quarter of an hour the launch raced on, Cornish crowding the staunch little engines to their greatest capacity. Wet and shivering, but with never faltering courage, Adele kept the wheel firm, heading the launch due east on a steady course. Meanwhile the yacht and the pursuing cutter disappeared from view, and all they could see was the occasional flare of the searchlight as it flashed across the waters when the Murita apparently changed her course abruptly and momentarily eluded the watch of the other vessel.

Now that the chance of the launch being discovered was extremely remote, Cornish eased up a bit, and for the first time since they had started, turned to glance at the unconscious form behind him. Adele, too, elated at the success of their little strategy, was wondering how Harcourt fared, and called out to her father asking if he could relieve her at the wheel.

Satisfied that the engines were running properly, Cornish arose and made his way cautiously aft. Reaching Harcourt he bent over and looked down at him anxiously. The tarpaulin Cornish had thrown over the earl had kept him dry in spite of the spray, but he lay pale and very still, breathing only faintly. Raising his head, Cornish saw a deep red stain upon Harcourt's temple, and observed with alarm, an ugly gash on the side of his head. Adele could only make them out dimly, but she heard her father's exclamation and asked anxiously what was wrong.

"I must have hit him harder than I intended," Cornish said. "I didn't notice that he had such a cut. Wait a minute—I'll come back, and then you can look after him."

Slipping into the seat beside Adele he took the wheel and she made her way quickly to Harcourt's side. She bent close to him, trying to see more distinctly, and felt the warm blood upon his face and hair. Hurriedly throwing open her slicker, she tore a strip from her petticoat, and wetting it, carefully wiped the wound before staunching the flow of blood as best she could. Then she rudely bandaged the cut and placed the limp head more comfortably.

"Do you think he's badly hurt?" she asked fearfully.

"I don't know," Cornish called back. "I didn't dream of his falling like that. Give him a good drink of this."

Still holding the wheel, Cornish reached into his pocket, and pulling out a big flask, passed it to Adele. She pressed it to Harcourt's lips and poured a generous quantity into his mouth. Gradually his heart began to beat more quickly and his breathing grew more regular, but he did not open his eyes or show any sign of returning consciousness.

"What are we going to do with him now?" she asked in perplexity. "We must get a doctor the minute we land."

"We haven't landed yet," Cornish reminded her, as a great wave threw the launch high upon its crest, and then dropped it down into a deep valley between angry seas that towered high above them on every side.

"Take a good pull at that flask yourself, and don't lose your nerve," he added kindly.

"I'm not the least bit frightened," Adele assured him. "I'm only worried about him."

"There's no use worrying," said Cornish. "He's not dead, and I don't think he's seriously hurt. We'll get a doctor, somehow, or, if we can't, I can patch him up when we get ashore. Perhaps it's just as well he is unconscious. It will prevent his making trouble for us, and we'd have difficulty keeping him quiet once we land, if he knew of it."

Not even the occasional flashes of the searchlight broke the blackness now, and in another quarter of an hour, Cornish heard the roar of the surf breaking on the beach. He welcomed it, but he knew that the most difficult part of his work still lay before him. It would be no easy matter to get the launch in through the breakers, and the least accident might result in their being dashed to pieces on the rocks. To beach the launch was the only possible way, however, since he knew they could never get Harcourt ashore if they left the little craft.

Adele sat quietly by Harcourt's side, peering ahead, and then looking down anxiously at the pale face in her lap. Frequently she felt Har-

court's pulse, relieved each time to find it beating faintly. She was perfectly well aware of the danger that lay ahead of them, but she tried bravely to control her nervousness with the remembrance of her father's smile.

At last Cornish could see the white-caps and the dance of the spray as the great waves pounded wildly against the beach. It was still dark, but the rain had ceased and he could see quite a little distance across the water. Eagerly he looked to the right and left along the strand. At first he could see no sign of what he sought, but after a moment or two he swung the wheel sharply and the launch veered about to the north. He did not know what hidden danger might lie in his path, but the course looked clear and the chances seemed in his favor.

Far ahead he saw a break in the line of the raging surf—a narrow strip where the waves rose and fell evenly—and beyond that the wide expanse of a sheltered inlet. Carefully he steered for it. The current was running strong and he held the wheel in a vice-like grip for he knew everything depended upon his making the shelter.

Seeing his purpose Adele watched breathlessly as the launch drew nearer and nearer the haven of safety. Twenty minutes more and the battle was over. Skillfully, Cornish guided the little craft into the sheltered waters, and lashing the wheel firmly, went forward to shut off the engines.

Slowly the launch drifted toward the shore. In another moment they felt its keel grate upon the sand and Cornish leaped out, up to his loins in the water, lifting Adele in his arms and carrying her in safety up on the beach.

"I'm proud of you, little girl!" he said. "You're a trump!"

She smiled happily as he turned away and hurried back to the launch for Harcourt. In a moment he was back again and together they went far back from the surf, placing Harcourt tenderly upon the sand.

"I wonder where we are?" Adele said, for it was still too dark to make out their surrounding accurately.

"I don't know exactly," Cornish answered, "but we're somewhere along the Scotch coast. We'll have a look about for a sheltered spot where you can keep him hidden until I get my bearings and find a physician."

CHAPTER XVII.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND.

Eager to have Harcourt safely hidden from the gaze of chance wanderers or whoever might live nearby, Cornish started off on a hurried tour of investigation. He knew it would soon be daylight, and already the darkness was fading. Great clouds rolled seaward, and the wind was a gale, but, although there was no sign of the sun, the storm seemed to be over.

Alert against discovery Cornish moved cautiously along the beach in the dull gray of the morning. He was elated over the trick he had played the officers of the cutter, but he realized only too well the difficulties that now lay before him. The case of an injured man wanted by the police would be no easy matter, and he was trying his best to invent some plausible reason for their presence on the coast, wet and bedraggled at so early an hour.

Just around a little mound of sand dunes, covered with tall, rank grass, he stopped short. There stood a rude shack or lean-to, apparently a shelter set up by fishermen. The door stood partly open, but there was no sign of life about the place.

Kneeling down behind the grass Cornish watched carefully for several minutes. Then, drawing a revolver from his pocket, he slowly approached the hut. He listened, alert for the slightest sound within, but hearing nothing, walked boldly up and looked inside. It was deserted—a hovel devoid of furniture or fittings, and apparently unoccupied.

As he stepped inside, however, he noticed a change in temperature. It was much warmer than the air outside. The place had a smoky odor, too, and in the far corner he saw a blackened stone with ashes scattered over it. The fire was dead, but the stone was still hot as he stooped down to touch it. Apparently someone had spent the night there and had only recently left, although there was nothing else to indicate that the place had been recently inhabited.

Satisfying himself that whoever might have been there was not now about, Cornish hurried back to Adele. She was weary after the strain of the night, but she smiled brightly when he told her what he had found, and at once arose to accompany him.

Once inside the hut, Adele made a rude bed for Harcourt with the greatcoats of the two men, while Cornish spread out Adele's slicker for her to lie down upon.

"Now I'm going off to find the nearest village," he said when she had stretched herself out with a little sigh. "I'll bring back a doctor if I can find one, and I'm going to telegraph to Sir Harry."

"Isn't that rather dangerous?" Adele asked apprehensively. "Both he and Mr. Carrington are probably being watched by the police in anticipation of just such a communication."

Cornish smiled. "Sir Harry can read the message to MacBee himself if he likes. When I find out where we are I'll send him a message that no one else can understand. I'll sign any name that comes into my head and Sir Harry will be on in a minute."

As Cornish finished speaking, Harcourt stirred uneasily and murmured

something faintly. They bent over him and Adele removed the bandage from the wound.

"It doesn't seem to be much of a cut," she said, examining it closely.

"No. The trouble is apparently inside," Cornish answered. "It looks to me like a fractured skull, in which case there's no time to lose. I'm off now." He handed his revolver to Adele. "You'd better have this," he said. "I don't imagine you'll feel the slightest use for it, but you'll feel more comfortable with it, here alone."

As she took the weapon she smiled confidently at him. "Don't be anxious, dad. I shall be safe enough. I shall venture outside as someone might see me if I did."

When her father had gone she sat for a long time looking at Harcourt. He was quiet now and his pulse was beating more evenly. Gradually as she watched him a drowsiness came over her, and as the day brightened she dropped off into a restless sleep.

Several hours passed before she awoke. Then, with a sudden start, and a sense of surprise and fear, she sat up quickly. It was almost dark in the little shanty, but through the cracks in the rough boards she could see the sunlight streaming in. A vague sense of uneasiness gripped her, and she reached out to grasp the revolver at her side. She turned to look at Harcourt, but he lay quietly and she noticed the faint rise and fall of his chest as he breathed evenly.

Although she listened intently she heard no sound but the roar of the sea and the faint rustling of the tall grass about the hut. But somehow she seemed to feel instinctively the presence of someone lurking outside.

Cautiously she crept toward the rude door and pushed it open a crack, holding the revolver tightly in her hand, ready for instant use. A pistol was a familiar toy in her hand, and she had the confidence of knowing that she could use it well, but there was no one within the range of her vision. Then, as her eyes dropped to the sand before the door, she started violently and a little tremor passed through her tense body.

Drawing back hastily, she pulled the door nearly shut and peered about its edge. There on the sand directly in front of the shack were a man's tracks, and within reach of her hand was the impression of a great bare foot.

She was positive they had not been there when she had entered with her father, and a feeling of nervousness came over her. The footprint might be that of a wandering flashman, but it seemed more likely to her that someone had opened the door, and looked in, and it occurred to her that his doing so might have awakened her. Even now he might be concealed behind the sand dunes close by.

Leaning back against the shanty wall, she thought for a moment. Then, as the uncertainty grew too great to bear, she boldly threw open the door and stepped out, her finger firmly pressed against the trigger of the revolver. She glanced about quickly, but saw nothing to arouse further suspicion. Still she was not satisfied. Advancing a few steps farther she passed out to the flat stretch of beach and looked down toward the inlet where they had landed. A little cry escaped her as she saw the launch they had left there putting slowly out through the narrow channel. Three figures were crouching down in the stern and in the bottom of the boat she could see some heavy bale-like object. The launch was outside the inlet now and was swinging about to the north, where there was a sharp bluff marking an abrupt turn in the coast.

Spellbound, she stood looking after the little craft, unable to understand the meaning of what she saw or to figure out who could be making off in that way. She could only see the backs of the three men and they were now too far away for her to have recognized them even if their faces had been turned toward her.

Suddenly, as she watched, she became conscious of a figure coming from the left, down close by the water's edge. Just as she turned to look in that direction a second figure appeared, and she saw them both point excitedly after the launch.

Then the two started off up the beach on a run. Fascinated she stood watching them hurry along, curious as to what it all meant, and not in the least frightened. There seemed to be something strangely familiar about one of the men, but at first she could not make out what it was. In another moment, however, his identity flashed across her mind, and she knew the man was MacBee.

The recognition gave her a start, as she realized the danger of his presence. She gave no thought to the reasons of his being there, nor to who he might be pursuing in the escaping launch. Her one thought was to keep Harcourt concealed, and she closed the door hurriedly, barring it as best she could with the rough stick that served for a bolt.

Peering through the boards she watched the inspector and his companion, who were still running rapidly. In another moment they had disappeared around the bluff and, with the launch, were concealed from view. When they had gone she turned to look at Harcourt, lying helpless and unconscious of it all. For the first time she felt glad that he could not know, for she realized that she could not have kept him there if he had been able to see MacBee. In spite of her efforts she felt sure he would have stepped out and given himself up promptly.

For another hour she sat quietly, watching and waiting, dreading every moment that the detective might return. The seemingly endless time slipped by, and gradually the daylight

began to fade. As the darkness came on her fears increased, and although it was growing colder now, she hesitated to light a fire lest it betray their presence in the hut. Several times she felt for the matches in her father's greatcoat, but each time she resisted the temptation although she had seen nothing of MacBee since the morning.

Nervous and shivering, she sat huddled in the corner, anxious too, for Harcourt, who should have been in a doctor's hands long ago. Now she heard someone approaching, and hurriedly caught up her slicker to throw it over Harcourt. This done, she crouched down in the corner opposite the door and waited, resting the revolver upon her knee.

There was someone just outside the door now, and every nerve in her slender body was trembling, but she did not move and scarcely dared to breathe. Someone touched the latch of the door and rattled it and her heart gave a great jump. Then, from behind the sand dunes she heard a familiar whistle, and she knew that her father was approaching.

The rattling of the latch ceased abruptly and she heard a smothered exclamation through the thin walls. In another instant she heard a faint swishing sound as someone darted through the tall grass, and a moment later Cornish's voice called to her.

Jumping up quickly she threw open the door and fell sobbing into her father's arms.

"Why what's happened, little girl?" he asked soothingly. "Did my silent approach startle you?"

"No—not that!" she whispered. "Someone was here at the door—just a moment ago!" And in a low tone she told him quickly of all that had happened.

Cornish stood thinking for a moment. "Then he took the revolver from Adele and went outside. Impatiently she awaited his return, but it was more than 10 minutes before he slipped quietly back again.

"I can't find anybody loitering about," he said uneasily. "I can't understand what MacBee can be doing about here. He couldn't have possibly known where we were going to land. Whoever took the boat did us a good turn, however, as the inspector would have been able to place it in an instant. Don't worry. The man at the door may have been a tramp of some sort seeking shelter for the night. In any event, you go to sleep and forget it. I'll keep a sharp lookout."

His reassuring tones were like a tonic to her, and, rallying quickly from her fright, Adele asked eagerly what he had been doing all day.

"Carrington and Sir Harry will be here tomorrow," Cornish told her. "You had an answer to she asked incredulously.

"I did better than that," he replied. "I talked with Farndale over the long distance telephone. I spoke guardedly, of course, and even if Scotland Yard had been listening on the wire, they will not be able to make anything of what passed between us."

"How splendid!" Adele exclaimed with enthusiasm. "Luck certainly seems to be with us."

"Doesn't it?" Cornish agreed, although he was far from sanguine after having heard of the day's happenings about the shack.

"Carrington and Farndale will leave London tonight in Sir Harry's motor, announcing their intention to spend a fortnight at Sir Harry's shooting lodge, which is only a few hours' ride from here. They'll run out to the village about a mile from here to pick up a Mr. Gilmore, the gentleman who suggested the trip by telephone this afternoon."

"But what about Lord Harcourt—and a doctor?" Adele went on.

"I couldn't take a chance of bringing one out here tonight," Cornish explained. "The village is only a small one and I wouldn't trust to the medico's keeping his mouth shut. I'll meet Farndale when he arrives tomorrow and then we'll make a detour of the village, running close enough to the shack here to carry Harcourt to the machine. How does he seem?"

"About the same, I think. It's strange he doesn't regain consciousness. It frightens me sometimes, yet I believe he is safe enough," Adele said. "Oh, dad, it would be terrible if anything happened to him—if you—"

"He will be all right," Cornish said, quieting her. "You're just tired and overwrought, that's all. We'll pull him through this and the other things as well. Thus far we've succeeded in outwitting MacBee, and everything will come out right before long, I'm sure."

"Oh, I hope so!" Adele said, wearily.

"I almost forgot!" Cornish said with a smile. "You must be nearly starved." And he handed her a package of food he had brought from the village.

"I haven't thought of eating until now," Adele said, "but I believe I am a bit hungry."

"I don't wonder," her father answered. "When you've eaten just turn in and get a sleep. I'm going out to watch the ocean and smoke a cigar. The smoke won't do him any good in here."

And he stepped out, eager to renew his search for the mysterious visitor who had eluded him so successfully. "A nice mess you've got yourself into, Henry Cornish!" he muttered to himself. "But you've started this thing and you're going to see it through!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Money to Loan.

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

ROUTE SIXTEEN.

Lafe Voreis moved this week to the Wm. Warner farm.

Mr. Weaver spent Sunday in Chicago, the guest of his sister.

We are wondering who cut all the telephone wires Saturday night.

Walter White and family and Bell Bender spent Sunday at Jacob Bender's.

Mrs. Rogers of Winamac spent a few days last week at Geo. W. Osborn's.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Cromley and Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Osborn autoed to Fulton Sunday and spent the day at Mr. Martin's.

Mr. Byers from Walkerton, county deputy for the Gleaners, will be here next week to do some Gleaner work for the arbor.

The committee are thinking of postponing the box social until the scarlet fever scare is over. It was announced for Halloween night.

A number from our vicinity attended a demonstration last week at the big apple orchard. A young man from Purdue did the speaking.

Quite frequently it has been the habit of a gang of rowdies to auto along our streets and practice the art of shooting. The other night some one shot into G. M. Osborn's house in the bedroom wall. Be careful, boys, remember the law.

MAXINKUCHEE

Mrs. G. M. Woolley, Correspondent.

Helen Rector spent part of last week in Argos with relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Dow Rector spent Thursday and Friday with relatives in Akron.

Ade Stevens and wife of Hammond are visiting relatives around this burg and stayed Sunday night at Dr. Stevens'.

Mrs. Arthur Strauss and two children of St. Paul, Minn., are visiting her mother, Mrs. George Garver, and other relatives in this vicinity.

Jay Bartlett and family, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Dow Rector, motored to Kokomo and spent Saturday and Sunday at Scott Bartlett's.

Sunday visitors: Mr. and Mrs. G. South and son at Asa South's; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Woolley, Robert Woolley, Jessie Whittaker, Elsie Woolley and Forest Benedict at Everett Norris'; Mrs. Ida Woolley and children at Eugene Benedict's; Mr. and Mrs. John Whittaker at Ernest Benedict's; Rev. and Mrs. Vermilion and little daughter and Miss English at Arthur Parker's; Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Babcock and little daughter Gail at Mrs. Babcock's parents' near Leiters.

DELONG.

Leslie, E. Wolfe, Correspondent

Wm. O'Glant has moved to near Lake Bruce.

Dean Ginther was at Rochester Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ellis have a new piano player.

Wm. O'Keefe of Plymouth was at his farm here Monday.

Roy Hay and wife of Logansport visited relatives here Monday and Tuesday.

Isaac Gray of Rochester spent the week end with his daughter, Mrs. L. E. Wolfe.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Wolfe visited at Leslie Stubbs', north of Monterey, Sunday.

Scarlet fever is at the homes of Schuyler Johnson, Bert Young and James Pugh.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hodge of Richland Center visited Sunday with the J. E. Duck family.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Heeter, Mrs. W. H. Heeter, and Mrs. Levi Heeter and her sister from South Dakota visited Samuel Heeter at Laketon Sunday.

A. E. Babcock of Rochester called to see the voters here Saturday. He is the present incumbent as the clerk of the circuit court and wants to be re-elected. His opponent, Milo B. Smith, was here Monday.

ROBBERS DRINK CHURCH WINE.

Eat Communion Bread and Make Coffee in Kitchen in St. Paul.

St. Paul, Minn.—Thieves broke into a church at night, stole silver spoons and a baptismal outfit, drank the communion wine and devoured the bread. Not being content with the sacred beverage, the men mixed their drinks with hot coffee that they prepared in the church kitchen. Two used cups were found on the pastor's desk in an adjoining room.

HIBBARD

Mrs. E. J. Reed, Correspondent.

Ray Scott and wife were Chicago visitors Sunday.

Paulina Sarber was reported quite sick a few days ago.

Jake Landis, our genial livery assistant, has returned from a visit to Chicago.

Harlan Day, the agent at this place, has completed his vacation and returned to work.

The farmers have had fair warning that winter is not far away. So take the hint and hustle.

A number of the young people of this place were the guests of Homer Alberts and wife Sunday.

We think it a wise plan for old gentlemen to take a lantern along when they expect to be out after dark.

Glenn Snapp went to Monticello one day last week, and on Saturday returned bringing home a helpmate. So congratulations will be in order when you see him.

GREEN TOWNSHIP.

Miss Mary Irwin, Correspondent.

Mrs. Dan Gibbons and daughter Susie spent Sunday at Rochester.

Mrs. Sarah White of Argos is spending a few weeks with her son Harry.

Hazel Bell is improving rapidly from her recent operation and will return home Thursday.

The infant son of Columbus Marshman died Sunday morning and was buried Monday afternoon in the Jordan cemetery.

Professor C. L. Hottel, for the past ten years superintendent of the Argos schools, died at 10 o'clock Sunday night following a stroke of apoplexy which attacked him soon after his return from Sunday school. He was 69 years of age. There are no sessions of the Argos schools this week.

MEDICAL EDUCATION IN JAPAN.

Knowledge of the Healing Art Due to a Dutch Book.

The first Western knowledge introduced into the Japanese Empire was through a Dutch textbook of anatomy, which came into the hands of a Japanese physician about the year 1771. After months of study, this physician and three friends published a good translation of the book. It taught them that their former teaching had been wrong. On looking first at the illustrations in the book, they dissected the body of a criminal in order to find out who was right—their or the teachings of the Dutch book.

In 1868, the Imperial University was established, with an excellent medical school, in charge of German teachers, and a four years' course, which admitted just 100 students to each course. Those who prepare for the medical work also take German as a language, since it is the medical language of Japan.

Today all the teachers in the Imperial University are Japanese, with the exception of two honorary professors, who are German. After the student receives his degree—at the end of the four years—he is allowed to practice without a further examination, and so much are physicians in demand that minor schools of medicine have been established, the students of which are allowed to practice by obtaining a license after passing an examination.

American Pianos Abroad.

There is no trade in American-made pianos in Scotland because it has been found that when pianos are manufactured in the dry climate of the United States and brought to Scotland the wood in the course of a few months is seriously affected by the dampness, causing joints to open and frequently "buckling" the sounding board. One American firm does a very large business in that country but it has all its instruments made in Hamburg, where the wood has been seasoned in a climate similar to that of Scotland. It has become a saying in the trade that the only "American" pianos sold in Scotland are "made in Germany."

Devastation by Sand.

On the coasts of Pomerania there are large tracts of sand, heaped up by the wind, hundreds of yards in breadth and from sixty to 120 feet high, and these hills, propelled by the wind, move steadily in an easterly direction. The speed at which these great hills travel is from thirty nine to fifty six feet a year. Pine woods, which sometimes come in their line of march, cannot stop them and are completely destroyed. The branches are rotted off by the sand and nothing is left of the trees but the bare stems, which after a few years wither and die.

Potato in Wild State.

In a wild state the potato vine is very hardy and will grow to a considerable height. It is said that the Indians did not cultivate the potato except for the leaves, which became known as their tobacco—hence the leaves and stalks of tobacco are large, but there are no signs of potatoes at the roots. So much for cultivation.

WAYS OF SAVING WASTE.

Skimming River for a Living—Fishermen Who Net Corks.

Skimming a river for a living may be said to be one of the most striking examples of the utilization of waste. This is done in Paris. There is one individual, at least, in the French capital who makes it his daily business to skim the Seine. He is out at early morning in an old flat-bottomed boat, armed with a skimming pan. With this he skims off the surface of the river the grease which collects there during the night, and which he disposes of to a soap factory. Generally he makes a quarter or so by his morning's work, which enables him to live.

In Paris also there are a number of people who make a living out of waste corks, which they fish from the Seine. They collect on the river bank at daybreak, each with a short pole, at the end of which is a small improvised net. They set to work to gather in the floating corks, subsequently selling them to the cork merchants in the neighborhood.

There are about a score or so of these cork fishermen, who have formed themselves into a sort of craft and who guard their interests jealously. If they catch sight of a stranger netting corks they fall on him in a body. Only recently the police rescued one of these novices barely in time to save his life.

The sweepings of a floor might well be considered as so much waste; yet, through a fire in London the other day, which consumed a quantity of sweepings stored in the basement, a certain firm lost several thousand dollars. The heap of dust and rubbish contained silver filings, which it was intended to extract later on.

This is done regularly at all works where silver or gold is used. In gold refiners' premises even the soot in the chimneys is not allowed to be treated as waste. It is found to contain minute particles of the precious metal, which are far too valuable to be lost.

In places where sheep are bred extensively one frequently sees little bits of wool adhering to briars as waste. From such wool rubbish, whether coming from sheep or goats, valuable oil is now extracted.

INSECTS THAT ARE TIPLERS.

Flowers and Blossoms That Have an Intoxicating Effect on Flies.

It is not very obvious, from the human point of view, why the ivy should be called the plant of Bacchus, since no wine is made from its berries. Entomologists, however, have found that its flowers make a veritable Bacchanalian festival for a number of insects. They are wont to sally forth at night with lanterns to capture the intoxicated moths that crowd around the greenish blossoms. When the willow is in bloom they find a similar scene of dissipation around its yellow catkins.

The tipping insect may be used to point a moral by the temperance lecturer, says the London Globe, for rum not infrequently leads to its ruin. A distinguished entomologist after giving a recipe for the mixture for sugaring trees for moths—which included beer—said: "Add some Jamaica rum just before using; it is the rum which attracts them." After slipping this mixture the moths and butterflies fall from the tree intoxicated. If the entomologist is not there to capture them by and by they recover and get up again for another dip.

There is a fly so addicted to wine that Linnaeus named it the cellar fly, which appellation Kirby changed to the more appropriate one of the cellar wine drinker. This latter distinguished entomologist writes of it thus: "The larva of this little fly, whose economy, as I can witness from my own observations, disdains to feed on anything but wine or beer, which like Boniface in the play it may be said both to eat and drink, though, unlike its topping counterpart, indifferent to the age of the liquor, which, whether sweet or sour, is equally acceptable."

Kirby, who writes the above, does not, nevertheless, exonerate adult flies from a partiality for the cup that cheers. "That active little fly," he writes, "now an unbidden guest at your table, whose delicate palate selects your choicest viands, one while extending his proboscis to the margin of a drop of wine and then gaily flying to take a more solid repast from a pear or a peach." And there is another insect—a moth—which also loves the cellar and the wine bottle. But, strange to say, it takes its liquor as a mere flavoring to the cork on which it really feeds; the larva, that is to say, pastures on the corks of wine bottles, sometimes causing the wine to run out. The moth belongs to that troublesome family which works such destruction in clothes and furs.

Ways of French Mechanics.

All mechanics in France are obliged to serve an apprenticeship of from two to three years, during half of which period, at least, they receive no wages and must board themselves. In addition to this each one must give up two years of his life for military service, for which he receives 1 cent a day and board and clothes. It will be seen that every mechanic in France must expend four or five years of his life without wages before he is prepared to earn from 97 cents to \$1.17 a day.

LOSES \$10,000 ON FAKE RACE

Lends Them Small Fortune to Wager and of Course Never Sees His Money Again.

Philadelphia, Pa.—How J. Ellison Hess, 60 years old, a wealthy farmer of York, Pa., paid a big price for his visit in Philadelphia was told when he called at the police station, accompanied by his son and asked for the arrest of two young crooks.

According to Hess the two fleeced him out of \$10,000 by getting him to bet on a fake horse race.

Hess says that he visited this city on his way to Atlantic City. He went to the mint and as he left the building met a young man about 22 years of age. He asked this man to direct him to Independence Hall. The young man explained he was on a vacation and would be glad to show Hess the sights. They walked to Independence Hall, Hall, and before parting company the young man, who said his name was Fred Hawkins, made an appointment for the following day.

The next day Hess met Hawkins, who suggested that they take a ride in a sightseeing auto, but later decided to visit a hotel for lunch.

While in the hotel Hawkins pointed to a well-dressed man who stood in the lobby and told Hess he thought he knew him. "He is the chap who made a lot of money for a judge down in McKeesport. He is a mighty fellow and has got a lot of money."

Hawkins spoke to the stranger, who admitted that he was a good money-maker, but added he would rather not talk about the McKeesport man.

He said the judge could not stand prosperity and talked too much. The stranger went on to relate that he had made \$99,000 that afternoon by betting in horse races in a pool room, but said he could not get the money, as he was \$20,000 short in his payments. He explained that he put up \$60,000 to win \$90,000, but had deposited but \$40,000.

He asked Hawkins if he knew where he could raise the money, and Hawkins replied that he could. Hess agreed to put up \$10,000 if Hawkins would raise an equal amount. Hawkins readily assented, and Hess returned to York and got from his bank a cashier's check for \$10,000.

Hess turned over his \$10,000 to the bookkeeper, and Hawkins gave him a roll of bills, too. A few minutes later Hawkins said he was going to make a bet of \$10,000 on the second race. When he returned to Hess fifteen minutes later, he said, he placed the entire \$20,000 on the race and had lost.

RATS WRECK CRIB, CORN FLOODS YARD

Six Thousand Bushels Spread Over Ground by Outrages of Rodent Pests Start War in Which Farmers Get a Cord of Tails.

Findlay, Ohio.—A cord of rat tails is proof of the vengeance of an outraged Hancock County township. The pile of tails, which is four feet wide, four feet high and eight feet long—as all real cords are—was taken from 23,983 rats, and represents the rodents killed in a campaign conducted by farmers of one township against the imprudent and provoking pests of the barns, granaries and cellars.

A farmer awoke one morning to find his crib of 6,000 bushels of corn scattered over his backyard, because rats had chewed off the girder ends, causing the crib with its load to collapse. He vowed vengeance. Another was incited to war when one rat caused \$6 damage in twelve hours' time by entering the engine hood of an automobile and chewing off the soft copper wire cables and rubber hose water connections. Still another awakened to find sixteen of a flock of nineteen ducks lying about with throats cut by rats.

These outrages and many others of similar nature caused the farmers of the township to organize in two parties, each trying to outdo the other in the number of rat tails collected. Armed with almost every conceivable weapon, they went forth in search of the enemy and with a will to dare and do. One man shredding his crop of corn from the field, hired an extra employee at \$2 a day just to catch rats. His day of greatest success produced 168 tails.

An army of men with bee-smokers attacked an afflicted corncrib and with cudgels blotted eighty-seven rodents from the landscape as they sought to flee, terror-stricken and blinded by the smoky fumes forced into their retreat. Traps without number gathered in rodents from the buildings, and farmers in parties accompanied by terriers and mongrels, went from house to house to clean up on the rodents.

After the war was over, and the rats defeated and annihilated except in a few isolated outposts, the victors held a big oyster supper, the regiment having the least number of rat tail trophies to show being compelled to pay for the feast.

Unlike most wars this township's campaign was not a costly one for the farmers, either in killed or wounded, or in a monetary way. Instead, the farmers figure they profited by the battles, for the Government estimates that one rat will do at least \$1 worth of damage in a year. At this conservative figure the township saved \$23,983 by the extermination of the rodents.

Better Prepared.

The young minister lost his manuscript one Sunday morning, so he spoke out thus: "I am very sorry indeed to have to inform you that I have—er—somehow or other, mislaid my sermon for this morning. I must—er—therefore, trust to Providence for inspiration. To-night I will come better prepared."

MOUNT HOPE

Miss Ethel Edgington, Correspondent.

Mrs. Daniel Fry is visiting relatives in Missouri.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hay of Logansport are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Hay.

Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Leisinger, who have been visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. Edgington, for a few weeks, left Saturday for their home in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Edgington and daughter Ethel, Alva Thompson, George Speyer, Ellsworth Edgington and family and Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Leisinger spent Tuesday evening at Clarence Fisher's.

Sunday visitors: Mr. and Mrs. E. Thompson and son and Mr. Anderson of Laporte, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Carpenter and daughter of near Argos at I. Thompson's; Elta Davis and George Cowan and families at Louis Polley's near Rochester; Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Brugh and niece Helen, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Patesel and Mrs. Douglas Patesel at Wm. Hay's.

POPLAR GROVE.

The W. H. Myrers motored to South Bend Friday.

Ezra Woodridge of Tipton announced the birth of a son last Saturday.

The Alf Cowans moved to Francisville last week. Mr. Cowan is to work on a farm there.

Sylvia Vanmeter, teacher at Poplar Grove, spent the week end at Grass Creek with relatives.

The L. D. Personettes have purchased the Ira Grossman farm and will move to their new home soon.

Peter Smith, an old settler, died Wednesday night of tuberculosis. He was 56 years of age and lived all of his life in Marshall county. He left a wife, one son, a brother in South Bend and a sister in Nebraska. The funeral service was conducted at Poplar Grove Saturday by Rev. Whittaker.

Apples.

Hand-picked Michigan apples, 75 cents per bu., Spies, Baldwins, Russets, Greenings, and Rambos. Car will be in Culver Friday and Saturday. Hollett & DeGroot.

Culver City Club.

The meeting announced for Friday evening of this week with Mrs. Goss has been postponed until Friday evening of next week at the same place.

Notice of Administration.

No. 2357. State of Indiana, Marshall county, ss.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of John W. Hissong, late of Marshall county, Indiana, deceased. Said estate is supposed to be solvent.

GEORGE F. HACKER, Administrator. Chas. Kellison, Atty for Adm'r.

CULVER MARKETS

| | |
|-------------------|---------|
| Wheat | 1.00 |
| Corn, per bu, new | .55 |
| " " " old | .75 |
| Oats, assorted | .45 |
| Rye | .75 |
| Clover seed | 7.00 |
| Cow peas, cleaned | 1.50 |
| Eggs (fresh) | .23 |
| Butter (good) | .23 |
| do (common) | .17 |
| Spring chickens | .10 |
| Fowls | .10 |
| Leghorn chickens | .08 |
| Roosters | .05 |
| Ducks, old | .08 |
| Geese | .08 |
| Turkeys | .14 |
| Lard | .12 1/2 |

Notice to Taxpayers, Marshall Co.

The last day for paying tax without penalty will be Monday, Nov. 2. Please call and pay before that date. All banks having tax receipts for collection will report to this office Tuesday, Nov. 3.

GEORGE A. MAXEY, Co. Treas.

Old newspapers at the Citizen

5% Guaranteed on Savings accounts or certificates. Interest from day of deposit and compounded quarterly, at the

Indiana Savings and Loan Association

67 North Broadway, Peru, Indiana

Write for full information



A good time to send one of the children here for meats?

When the phone is out of order and you can't come yourself.

You can send your children here with the assurance that they will return with as choice a cut of meat as you would procure yourself.

We seek your continued patronage.

Culver Meat Market

| | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------|----------------------------|
| THE HOME OF GOOD CLOTHES | MITCHELL & STABENOW | FURNISHINGS HATS AND SHOES |
| CULVER : : INDIANA | | |

A Word to the Wise

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

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

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