

ANNOUNCEMENT



MR. R. C. AUGUSTINE, the Decatur Optician, will be at Barber's Book Store on the Third Saturday of Each Month. Next date, Saturday, Feb. 15.

CHURCH SERVICES.

CHRISTIAN.

Sunday was a good day for the Sullivan church. Will you help us make next Sunday still better. The revival is continuing with much interest manifested.

W. B. HOPPER, Pastor.

Advertised Letters.

- The following list of letters remain uncalled for in the Sullivan post office for the week ending Jan. 19, 1913. Wm. Alexander, Mrs. Estella Benfield, Mrs. John Birch, etc.

Wish To Be Beautiful.

First of all, the woman of to-day cannot be good-looking without being strong and healthy. Fragility is no longer the fashion. A good physique, well-developed, is the first solution of the secrets of good looks.

Clubbing Offers

The Mothers Magazine to subscribers of the Saturday Herald for 75 cents per year. Call at this office and see sample. Chicago Tribune, daily, except Sunday, \$2.50.

In Washington City.

The prize corn growing boys of the U. S. are having a big time in Washington City this week. Their program includes a visit to President Taft, and the receipt of diplomas from the secretary of agriculture.

The boys of the north are in charge of Professor O. H. Benson, assistant in the office of farm management. Sixteen of the twenty-three are from Illinois, and one, Bert Waggoner, of Whitley township, Moultrie county.

Mausoleum Promoters.

H. W. Rich and F. B. Cockrell representing the International Mausoleum Company of Chicago were in our city Monday of this week and called on Mayor Birch and Mr. Steele relative to the building of a Community Mausoleum in the Greenhill Cemetery.

The purpose of the Mausoleum is to do away with burial in the ground. To place the body of a departed relative in a beautiful marble vault in a building such as these gentlemen propose to put up here seems much more humane than the old method of burying.

Harmony

Peter Davis and wife, of Missouri, are visiting with relatives and friends here. Miss Tella Briscoe returned home from Chicago Tuesday, after an extended visit there with relatives. Clem Messmore was a business caller in Sullivan Wednesday.

Masonic Installation.

The Sullivan Council R. and S. M. Installed their officers Monday evening for the ensuing year; James A. Steele, L. I. M.; L. M. Craig, D. I. M.; C. F. McClure, P. C. W.; W. H. Chase, recorder; O. L. Todd, treasurer; Wesley Shanks, C. G.; H. C. Shirey, C. C.; S. W. Johnson, sentinel; James T. Taylor, sr. Tyler.

COURT HOUSE NEWS

CIRCUIT COURT

Following, we publish a list of cases filed during January on the circuit court docket for the March term of circuit court. Also other gleanings from the county capitol:

- A. E. Foster vs. Leonard Estes and W. S. Harris; confession. V. R. Ashbrook vs. Pearl and Bertha Spanhook; confession. Mary Hill vs. Charles Hill; divorce. Mianie M. Weatherly vs. Farmers and Merchants Telephone Co., Lovington; case. H. V. Weatherly vs. Farmers and Merchants Telephone Co., Lovington; case. W. S. Elder vs. E. F. and Estella Baker; confession. W. H. Bland vs. C. T. Walton; confession. Sarah E. Kane vs. Jas. Daniel Kane; divorce. Sherman Selby et al. vs. Della Perryman et al.; to set aside will. Carl Hill vs. J. H. Baker; confession. Moorehouse & Wells Co. vs. A. Linder Underwood; confession. W. H. Whitaker vs. John H. Baker and Carrie A. Baker; confession. Rosie Beck, Addie Dishman, et al. vs. Walter Dishman et al.; partition. David Condit vs. John Kirkendall; transcript for lies. Gus Bromley vs. A. E. Stocks; appeal. A. E. Foster vs. M. Ellen Traylor et al.; partition. Gottlieb F. Gerkin, and Harry L. Solomon vs. The County of Moultrie; bill to quiet title. First National Bank vs. Ed Myers; confession. DEDS RECORDED. Ernest W. Siskafus to N. A. Heseock et al. bk 14 of E. Title' add to Sullivan; \$2000. Samuel Miller to Samuel Bronsman, 1/2 ac and et al; sv, 18-15-6; \$10,000. Int Stanley and wife to Frances Hester, lots in W. Laws add to Lovington; \$1250. J. H. Mattox to A. M. Blythe, lots 7, 8 and 8, Gays; \$800. W. L. Wallace to Grant Estes, lots, etc. Gays; \$1400. Simon Morker to Wm. A. Butts, lots in Lake City; \$250. TAX COLLECTOR'S BONDS. John Troy, Love township, \$40,000. George T. Hill, Marrowbone township, \$5,000. C. G. Foster, Lovington township, \$51,000. Art Roberts, Jonathan Creek township, \$2,000. B. H. Swanson, Dora township, \$31,000. H. C. Ledbetter, Whitley township, \$20,000. B. D. Montgomery, East Nelson township, \$25,000. Paul Haskle, Sullivan \$26,000.

Teachers' Institute.

A teachers' institute will be held in the high school building in Sullivan, on Thursday and Friday, February 6 and 7. Dr. Edward F. Daugherty will be present. On Thursday evening he will deliver a lecture in the assembly room of the school house, theme, "Making the Most of Life." Friday at 2 p. m. he will deliver another of his very popular lectures, subject, "The Tyranny of Truth."

Sullivan Newspapers.

The Moultrie County News Leeds, with Hazel abounding. The Progress with a long straight, strait Lane, the smiles of May upon them, a ray of hope, a Martin to sing with Eden near, may Seright. The Herald can only play on a Lilly and look after the Ward. Our Taylor is always busy. The Democrat has license to Rip any one up the back, never get be Hind (es) for they always have a Longwill. Double u, ayche, Boy with a c and an e runs the jobbery on the south side of the square.

A Birthday Surprise.

Monday, January 20, being John Weakley's 70th birthday, Curt Robinson and wife living near Allenville planned and carried out a very pleasant surprise on him. Quite a number of his relatives were present, bringing with them well filled baskets. All enjoyed the occasion very much. The guest, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Weakley as they bid adieu

wished that they may have many more happy reunions. Mr. and Mrs. Weakley live in the northwest part of Sullivan and are very highly respected citizens.

LAND SALE

63 Acres Good Farming Land At Public Auction.

To close the estate of the late Harvey Lowry, we, as the only heirs at law of said estate, will sell at public auction, on the premises to be sold, on Friday, January 31, 1913, the following described real estate:

Part of the south half of the southwest quarter, and part of the south half of the southeast quarter, all in section 20, township 11 north, range 5 east of the 3rd P. M., 1st Shelby county, Illinois, containing 63 acres more or less. The land is located in Richland township, being four miles north-west of Strasburg 3/4 miles east and 1 1/2 miles south of Shelbyville, 3/4 miles southeast of Middletown station, 1 1/2 miles west and 1/2 miles south of Richland church, 1/2 mile from Whitlatch school. Good neighborhood. The farm is first-class corn and grain land, all in cultivation except a woods pasture of about six acres, and is well improved and tilled. The improvements consist of a good two story, five room frame house with good cellar in good repair; been built 12 years. Good barn 24x60 feet, stalls for 10 head of horses, mow for 50 tons of hay, crib for 1000 bushels of corn and granary for 500 bushels of oats. Good corn crib 22x30. Good smoke house. Never falling well of water. Running water year round through barn lot.

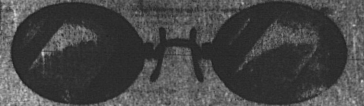
Prospective purchasers may view the land by calling on Daniel Lowry, who will show the land, or by calling on Del Waldon on the premises to be sold. Terms—One thousand dollars cash on day of sale, balance cash on 1st of March, 1913, when possession of the farm will be given. If the purchaser desires, arrangements may be made to borrow \$5000 at 8 1/2 per cent interest for a term of 5 years by giving mortgage on the premises. Abstract showing title will be furnished to the purchaser. Sale to be held on the premises at 3 o'clock p. m.

Daniel Lowry, Nelson Lowry, Joseph Lowry, Mrs. Jess Martin, Ray Lowry. Only heirs of Harvey Lowry, deceased. Del Bennett, Auctioneer.

Lost—A jeweled fraternity pin, with name on back. Finder please leave at O. J. Gauger's office. 4-2

YOU CAN STACK UP DOLLARS

But that is not ALL. Good Eyesight is More Valuable than Your Dollars.



Just a few dollars and your eyes in our care and you see as you ought to see. Here at Barron's Drug Store on the third Saturday of each month.

Next date, Feb. 15 WALLACE & WEATHERBY

Optometrists and Opticians. The Optical Shop 109 E. North Street, DECATUR, ILL.

CONFIRMED TESTIMONY.

The Kind Sullivan Readers Cannot Doubt.

Doan's Kidney Pills have stood the test. The test of time—the hardest test of all. Thousands gratefully testify. To quick relief—in lasting results. Sullivan readers can no longer doubt the evidence.

It's convincing testimony—twice-told and well confirmed. Sullivan readers should profit by these experiences.

Mrs. Charles Roberts, 1217 Edgar Ave., Mattoon, Ill., says: "One of the family had terrible backaches and pains through his kidneys, and could hardly get around. The kidney action was irregular and the kidney secretions contained sediment. He finally used Doan's Kidney Pills, and they restored his kidneys to a normal condition."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no other.—Adv

Notice to Taxpayers.

I have the tax collector's books, and may be found in the coroner's room in the court house by persons wanting to pay their taxes. 4-2 PAUL HASKLE, Collector.

25% Off ON ALL CLOTHING

Men's and Boys' SUITS AND OVERCOATS

25 Per Cent Off on all Pants! 500 Pairs to Select From

Commencing Saturday, Jan. 25 and lasting until Feb. 15.

Come and Look over Our BARGAINS M. E. LEARNER North Side Square. Sullivan, Illinois.



The Choice of Courage

Being the Story of Certain Persons Who Drank of it and Conquered

A Romance of Colorado

By **Cyrus Townsend Brady**

Author of "The ..."



SYNOPSIS

Enid Maitland, a frank, free and unspoiled young Philadelphia girl, is taken to the Colorado mountains by her uncle, Robert Maitland. James Armstrong, Maitland's protégé, falls in love with her. His persistent wooing thrills the girl, but she hesitates, and Armstrong goes east on business without a definite answer. Enid hears the story of a mining engineer, Newbold, whose wife fell off a cliff and was so seriously hurt that he was compelled to shoot her to prevent her being eaten by wolves while he went for help. Kirby, the old guide who tells the story, gives Enid a package of letters which he says were found on the dead woman's body. She reads the letters and of Kirby's request keeps them. While bathing in mountain stream Enid is attacked by a bear, which is mysteriously shot. A storm adds to the girl's terror. A sudden deluge transforms Enid into a being of great confusion upon discovering Enid's absence when the storm breaks. Maitland and Old Kirby go in search of the girl. Enid discovers that her ankle is sprained and that she is unable to walk. Her mysterious rescuer carries her to his camp. Enid goes to sleep in the strange man's bunk. Maitland cooks breakfast for Enid, after which they go on their inspection. The rescuer tells Enid of his unsuccessful attempt to find the Maitland campers. He admits that he is also from Philadelphia. The storm falls in love with Enid.

CHAPTER XIV. (Continued)

Having little else to do, she studied the man, and she studied him with a warm desire and an enthusiastic predisposition to find the best in him. She would not have been a human girl if she had not been thrilled to the very heart of her by what the man had done for her. She recognized that whether he asserted it or not, he had established an everlasting and indisputable claim upon her.

The circumstances of their first meeting, which as the days passed did not seem quite so horrible to her, and yet a thought of which would bring the blood to her cheek still on the instant, had in some way turned her over to him. His consideration of her, his gracious tenderness toward her, his absolute abnegation, his evident overwhelming desire to please her, to make the anomalous situation in which they stood to each other bearable in spite of their lonely and unobserved intimacy, by an absolute lack of presumption on his part—all those things touched her profoundly.

Although she did not recognize the fact then perhaps, she loved him from the moment her eyes had opened in the mist and rain after that awful battle in the torrent to see him bending over her.

No sight that had ever met Enid Maitland's eyes was so glorious, so awe inspiring, so uplifting and magnificent as the view from the verge of the cliff in the sunlight of some bright winter morning. Few women had ever enjoyed such privileges as hers. She did not know whether she liked the winter crowned range best that way, or whether she preferred the snowy world, glittering cold in the moonlight; or even whether it was more attractive when it was dark and the peaks and drifts were only lighted by the stars which shone never so brightly as just above her head.

When he allowed her she loved to stand sometimes in the full fury of the gale with the wind shrieking and sobbing like lost souls in some icy inferno through the hills and over the pines, the snow beating upon her, the sleet cutting her face if she dared to turn toward the storm. Generally he left her alone in the quieter moments, but in the tempest he stood watchful, on guard by her side, buttressing her, protecting her, sheltering her. Indeed his presence then was necessary, without him she could scarce have maintained a footing. The force of the wind might have hurled her down the mountain but for his strong arm. When the cold grew too great he led her back carefully to the hut and the warm fire.

Ah, yes, life and the world were both beautiful to her then, in night, in day, by sunlight, by moonlight, in calm and storm. Yet it made no difference what was spread before the woman's eyes, what glorious picture was exhibited to her gaze, she could not look at it more than a moment without thinking of the man. With the most fascinating panorama that the earth's surface could spread before human vision to engage her attention, she looked into her own heart and saw there this man!

Oh, she had fought against it at first, but lately she had luxuriated in it. She loved him, she loved him! And why not? What is it that women love in men! Strength of body? She could remember yet how he had carried her over the mountains in the midst of the storm, how she had been so bravely upborne by his arms to his heart. She realized later what a task that had been, what a feat of strength. The uprooting of that sapling and the overturning of that huge Grizzly were child's play to the long portage up the almost impassable canon and mountain side which had brought her to this dear haven.

Was it strength of character she sought, resolution, determination? The man had deliberately withdrawn

from the world, buried himself in this mountain, and had stayed there deaf to the alluring call of man or woman; he had had the courage to do that.

Was it strength of mind she admired? Enid Maitland was no mean judge of the mental powers of her acquaintance. She was just as full of life and spirit and the joy of them as any young woman should be, but she had not been trained by and thrown with the best for nothing. Noblesse oblige! That his was a mind well stored with knowledge of the most varied sort she easily and at once perceived. Of course the popular books of the last five years had passed him by, and of such he knew nothing, but he could talk intelligently, interestingly, entertainingly upon the great classics. Keats and Shakespeare were his most thumbed volumes. He had graduated from Harvard as a civil engineer with the highest honors of his class and school and the youngest man to get his sheepskin! Enid Maitland herself was a woman of broad culture and wide reading and she deliberately set herself to fathom this man's capabilities. Not infrequently, much to her surprise, sometimes to her dismay, but generally to her satisfaction, she found that she had no plummet with which to sound his greater depths.

Did she seek in him that fine flower of good breeding, gentleness and consideration? Where could she find these qualities better displayed? She was absolutely alone with this man, entirely in his power, shut off from the world and its interference as effectually as if they had both been abandoned in an ice floe at the North Pole or cast away on some lonely island in the South Seas, yet she felt as safe as if she had been in her own house, or her uncle's, with every protection that human power could give. He had never presumed upon the situation in the least degree, he never once referred to the circumstances of their meeting in the remotest way, he never even discussed her rescue from the food, he never told her how he had borne her through the rain to

its crown of sunny hair rising above the rushing water. He had listened to the roar of the wind through the long nights, when she thought him asleep if she thought of him at all, and heard again the scream of the storm that had brought her to his arms. No snow drop that touched his cheek when he was abroad but reminded him of that night in the cold rain when he had held her close and carried her on. He could not sit and mend her boot without remembering that white foot before which he would fain have prostrated himself and upon which he would have pressed passionate kisses if he had given way to his desires. But he kept all these things in his heart, pondered them and made no sign.

Did she ask beauty in her lover? Ah, there at last he failed. According to the canons of perfection, he did not measure up to the standard. His features were irregular, his chin a trifle too square, his mouth a thought too firm, his brow wrinkled a little; but he was good to look at for he looked strong, he looked clean and he looked true. There was about him, too, that stamp of practical efficiency that men who can do things always have. You looked at him and you felt sure that what he undertook that he would accomplish, that decision and capability were incarnate in him.

But after all the things are said love goes where it is sent, and I, at least, am not the sender. This woman loved this man neither because nor in spite of these qualities. That they were might account for her affection, but if they had not been, it may be that that affection, that that passion, would have inhabited her heart still. No one can say, no one can tell how or why those things are. She had loved him while she raged against him and hated him. She did neither the one nor the other of those two last things, now, and she loved him the more.

Mystery is a great mover; there is nothing so attractive as a problem we cannot solve. The very situation of

She said in her heart—and I am not one to dispute her conclusions—that she would have loved him had he been one among millions to stand before her; and it was true. He was the complement of her nature. They differed in temperament as much as in complexion, and yet in those differences as must always be to make perfect love and perfect union, there were striking resemblances, necessary points of contact.

There was no reason whatever why Enid Maitland should not love this man. The only possible check upon her feelings would have been her rather anomalous relation to Armstrong, but she reflected that she had promised him definitely nothing. When she had met him she had been heart whole, he had made some impression upon her fancy and might have made more with greater opportunity, but unfortunately for him, luckily for her, he had not enjoyed that priv-

but there is a sweetness even in the despair of the truly loving.

Enid Maitland, however, did not have to endure indifference, or fight against a passion which met with no response, for this man loved her with a love that was greater even than her own. The moon, in the trite aphorism, looks on many brooks, the brook sees no moon but the one above him in the heavens. In one sense his merit in winning her affection for himself from the hundreds of men she knew, was the greater; in many years he had only seen this one woman. Naturally she should be everything to him. She represented to him not only the woman but womankind. He had been a boy practically when he had buried himself in those mountains, and in all that time he had seen nobody like Enid Maitland. Every argument which had been exploited to show why she should love him could be turned about to account for his

ed away, or which may be expressed from the soft petals by the hard circumstance of pain and sorrow until there is left nothing but the lingering perfume of the flower.

His body trembled if she laid a hand upon him, his soul thirsted for her; present or absent he conjured before his tortured brain the sweetness that inhabited her breast. He had been clearheaded enough in analyzing the past, he was neither clear-headed nor coherent in thinking of the present. He worshipped her; he could have thrown himself upon his knees to her; if it would have added to her happiness, she could have killed him, smiling at her. Rode she in the Juggernaut car of the ancient idol, with his body, would he have unhesitatingly paved the way and have been glad of the privilege. He longed to compass her with sweet observances. The world revenged itself upon him for his long neglect, it had summed up in this one woman all its charm, its beauty, its romance, and had thrust her into his very arms. His was one of those great passions which illuminate the records of the past. Paolo had not loved Francesca more.

Oh, yes, the woman knew he loved her. It was not in the power of mortal man no matter how iron his restraint, how absolute the imposition of his will, to keep his heart hidden, his passion undisclosed. No one could keep such things secret, his love for her cried aloud in a thousand ways, even his look when he dared to turn his eyes upon her was eloquent of his feeling. He never said a word, however, he held his lips at least lettered and bound for he believed that honor and its obligations weighed down the balance upon the contrary side to which his inclinations lay.

He was not worthy of this woman. In the first place all he had to offer her was a blood stained hand. That might have been overcome in his mind; but pride in his self punishment, his resolution to withdraw himself from man and woman until such time as God completed his expiation and signified his acceptance of the penitent by taking away his life, held him inexorably.

The dark face of his wife rose before him. He forced himself to think upon her, she had loved him, she had given him all that she could. He remembered how she had pleaded with him that he take her on that last and most dangerous of journeys, her devotion to him had been so great she could not let him go out of her sight a moment, he thought fatuously! And he killed her. In the queer turmoil of his brain he blessed himself for everything. He could not be false to his purpose, false to her memory, unworthy of the passion in which he believed she had held him and which he believed he had inspired.

If he had gone out in the world, after her death he might have forgotten most of these things, he might have lived them down. Saneer clearer views would have come to him. His morbid self reproach and self consciousness would have been changed. But he had lived with them alone for five years and now there was no putting them aside. Honor and pride, the only things that may successfully fight against love, overcome him. He could not give way. He wanted to, every time he was in her presence he longed to sweep her to his heart and crush her in his arms and bend her head back and press tips of fire on her lips.

But honor and pride, held him back. How long would they continue to exercise dominion over him? Would the time come when his passion rising like a sea would thunder upon these artificial embankments of his soul, beat them down and sweep them away?

At first the disparity between their situations, not so much upon account of family or of property—the treasures of the mountains, hidden since creation he had discovered and let lie—but because of the youth and position of the woman compared to his own maturer years, his desperate experience, and his social withdrawal had reinforced his determination to live and love without a sign. But he had long since got beyond this. Had he been free he would have taken her like a Viking of old, if he had to pluck her from amid a thousand swords and carry her to a beggar's hut which love would have turned to a palace. And she would have come with him on the same conditions.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Name Saved Him.

A man brought before the court in Bladeford, Ma., on a charge of vagrancy, when asked by the judge to give his name, answered, "David Gohome." The judge contracted his brows. "Your last name again," he asked. "Gohome," was the reply. "All right, go ahead," said the judge. "That's a new one on me."



She Loved to Stand in the Full Fury of the Gale.

the lonely shelter of the hills, and in no way did he say anything that the most keenly scrutinizing mind would torture into an allusion to the pool and the bear and the woman. The fineness of his breeding was never so well exhibited as in this reticence. More often than not it is what he does not rather than what he does that indicates the man.

It would be folly to deny that he never thought of these things. Had he forgotten them there would be no merit in his silence; but to remember them and to keep still—aye, that showed the man! He would close his eyes in that little room on the other side of the door and see again the dark pool, her white shoulders, her arched arms, the lovely face with

the man, how he came there, what he did there, why he remained there, questions to which she had yet no answer, stimulated her profoundly. Because she did not know she questioned in secret; interest was aroused and the transition to love was easy.

Proximity, too, is responsible for many an affection. "The ivy clings to the first met tree." Given a man and woman heart free and thrown them together and let there be decent kindness on both sides, and it is almost inevitable that each shall love the other. Isolate them from the world, let them see no other companions but the one man and the one woman, and the result becomes more inevitable.

Yes, this woman loved this man.



The Dark Face of His Wife Rose Before Him.

ilege. She scarcely thought of him longer.

She would not have been human if her mind had not dwelt upon the world beyond the sky-line on the other side of the range. She knew how those who loved her must be suffering on account of her disappearance, but knowing herself safe and realizing that within a short time, when the spring came again, she would go back to them and that their mourning would be turned into joy by her arrival, she could not concern herself very greatly over their present feelings and emotions; and besides, what would be the use of worrying over those things? There was metal more attractive for her thoughts close at hand. And she was too blissfully happy to entertain for more than a moment any sorrow.

She pictured often her return and never by any chance did she think of going back to civilization alone. The man she loved would be by her side, the church's blessing would make them one. To do her justice, in the simplicity and purity of her thoughts she never once thought of what the world might say about that long winter sojourn alone with this man. She was so conscious of her own innocence and of his delicate forbearance, she never once thought how humanity would raise its eyes and fairly cry upon her from the house tops. She did not realize that were she ever so pure and so innocent she could not now or ever reach the high position which Caesar, who was none too reputable himself, would fain have his wife enjoy!

CHAPTER XV.

The Man's Heart.

Now, love produces both happiness and unhappiness, but on the whole I think the happiness predominates, for love itself, if it be true and high is its own reward. Love may feel itself unworthy and may shrink even from the unblinking of the shoe lace of the beloved, yet it joys in its own existence nevertheless. Of course its greatest satisfaction is in the return,

passion for her. They are not necessary, they are all supererogatory, idle words. To him also love had been born in an hour. It had flashed into existence as if from the fiat of the Divine.

Oh, he had fought against it. Like the cremates of old he had been scourged into the desert by remorse and another passion, but time had done its work. The woman he first loved had ministered not to the spiritual side of the man, or if she had so ministered in any degree it was because he had looked at her with a glamour of inexperience and youth. During those five years of solitude, of study and of reflection, the truth had gradually unrolled itself before him. Conclusions vastly at variance with what he had ever believed possible as to the woman upon whom he had first bestowed his heart, had got into his being and were in solution there; this present woman was the precipitant which brought them to life. He knew now what the old appeal of his wife had been. He knew now what the new appeal of this woman was.

In humanity two things in life are inextricably intermingled, body and soul. Where the function of one begins and the function of the other ends no one is able to say. In all human passions are admixtures of the earth earthy. We are born the sons of old Adam as we are reborn the sons of the New. Passions are complex. As in harvest wheat and tares grow together until the end, so in love earth and heaven mingle ever. He remembered a clause from an ancient marriage service he had read. "With my body I thee worship," and with every fibre of his physical being, he loved this woman.

It would be idle to deny that, impossible to disguise the facts, but in the melting pot of passion the preponderant ingredient was mental and spiritual; and just because higher and holier things predominated, he held her in his heart a sacred thing. Love is like a rose; the material part is the beautiful blossom; the spiritual factor is the fragrance which abides in the rose far even after every leaf has fallen.

THOSE RHEUMATIC TWINGES

Blank of the rheumatic pain that comes in damp, changing weather is the work of uric acid crystals.

Needles couldn't cut, heat or hurt any worse when the affected muscle joint is used.

If such attacks are marked with headache, backache, dizziness and disturbance of the urine, it's time to help the weakened kidneys.

Doan's Kidney Pills quickly help sick kidneys.

A Michigan Case

Josiah Hoover, 211 S. Catherine St., Bay City, Mich., says: "My back got so bad I had to get down and crawl. Doctors had failed to help. Doan's Kidney Pills went right to the spot, three boxes cured me completely. I have had no trouble since."

Get Doan's at Any Store. He's a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

POSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, New York

HAVE FAITH IN GOD

SEEMING HINDRANCES IN THE END ARE FREQUENTLY REVEALED AS HELPS.

ALL who think deeply upon the subject of God's providences must exclaim with St. Paul, "O, the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God; how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out." God's ways are indeed often inscrutable to us. Sometimes we misinterpret his dealings; sometimes we allow ourselves to doubt whether God's hand is concerned in this or that occurrence, and we cannot see how things which he allows to obtain are compatible with his justice.

Let me say that we should be careful not to interpret God's providence in fragments. This evil which to us seems overwhelming, may be only a temporary, may be only a link in a chain of a great and a permanent good. So the reverses and humiliations of a nation are often the prelude to the greater development and the higher manhood of its citizens. In adversity the material of men and nations is made manifest. Human character must go through fire before it becomes steel. Forty years ago our land passed through a great crisis. Its consequences are not yet worked out, but they are far greater than the mere abolition of slavery. God works not out his purposes in a day, or a year, nor in 100 years. Four hundred years Israel was in Egypt, and then it pleased God to raise up the emancipator. A thousand years the world waited for the Lord's salvation, and then came the fullness of time. Let us remember that in our lives, and it would lighten many a burden and put a silver lining to many a cloud—that God's providence is not to be interpreted by this or that occurrence, but that these are only links in the golden chain of his goodness.

And Paul a Prisoner.

Now we come to the story of our text. Paul is in prison in Rome. That in itself is strange. Paul the ambassador of Jesus Christ in prison! Can the work he has been doing be God's work? Would God allow it to be thus hindered? Can Paul be a true servant of Jesus Christ? Think of the effect it would have upon the young, struggling churches when they heard that Paul the great missionary was in prison. Would they not be tempted to give up the unequal struggle and disband? These questions and others might have presented themselves to many men in those days, and to-day many would think the same.

What does Paul say about it all? With his missionary enthusiasm we would expect to find him in despair at being shut up in prison. But on the contrary he writes to the Philippians, "I would ye should understand, brethren, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out rather to the furtherance of the gospel." How was that possible? "My bonds in Christ are manifest in all the palace, and in all other places." His circumstances are conducing to the spread of the gospel in Rome. His very imprisonment, which was intended to put an end to his activity, is in itself a mission. Its connection, not with political or social causes, but with Christ, is well known throughout the imperial guard, and to the Romans in general. Moreover, the Roman Christians have felt a spiritual impetus, and his captivity has served them to bear a bolder witness in the eyes of their heathen neighbors.

Lesson Worth Learning.

It is a lesson worth learning which St. Paul learned in that prison; that hindrances are often helps; that circumstances most untoward may be advancing the kingdom; that faith placed in the goodness, purpose and helpfulness of God is never misplaced. Oh, that we could learn that lesson—to accept God's providences as they come with a quiet mind, firmly believing that all things shall work out for good to them that love him.

Note here also that moral and spiritual things are always higher than what is individual and personal. Paul was in prison, but the gospel was not bound. Paul's liberty was restrained, but the gospel had free course. Remember that your spiritual nature is above any physical circumstances, that your mission to the world is above any physical well-being. Paul lost his life in the struggle, but the gospel went on. So it has ever been: The consecrated cobbler of England, William Carey, gave his life to India, and hosts of men and women have followed in his steps. Livingston died in the African jungle, and it meant the opening of the Dark continent to the gospel. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, and their works do follow them."

We also gather from our text that the spread of the gospel depends on no one man. That is a wonderful comfort. It does not depend on this or that imperfect Christian, on you or on me. It did not even depend on the great apostle St. Paul. Let us remember that in our congregational life or in the church at large, when good and great men are taken away, and let us thank God that the work of his kingdom depends on no man, but on the living power of the word, and upon the work of the holy spirit, and upon the living presence of our savior, Jesus Christ.

BREAKS A COLD IN A DAY

And Cures Any Cough That Is Curable. Notes Doctor's Formula.

"From your Grandpa get two ounces of Globina and half an ounce of Globin Compound (Concentrated Pine). Take one to two teaspoonfuls after each meal and at bedtime. Smaller doses to children according to age." This is the best formula known to science. There are many cheaper preparations of large quantity but it don't pay to experiment with a bad cold. Be sure to get only the genuine Globin Compound (Concentrated Pine). Each half ounce bottle comes in a sealed tin screw-top case. If your druggist does not have it in stock he will get it quickly from his wholesale house. This has been published here every winter for six years and thousands of families know its value. Published by the Globe Pharmaceutical Laboratories of Chicago.

Queer Sex.

"Yes," said the man at the end of the bar, as he ordered his second drink, "women sure are queer creatures. I came home tonight and thought my wife looked a little down in the mouth. So I said: 'After supper let's go to the theater.' And she burst into tears and said: 'Me busy all day doing up preserves and you come home and ask me to go to the theater.' She was still crying when I came out. It beats all, doesn't it? Bartender, I think I'll take just one more."

A CLERGYMAN'S TESTIMONY.

The Rev. Edmund Heslop of Wigton, Pa., suffered from Dropsy for a year. His limbs and feet were swollen and puffed. He had heart fluttering, was dizzy and exhausted at the least exertion. Hands and feet were cold and he had such a dragging sensation across the loins that it was difficult to move.

After using 6 boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills the swelling disappeared and he felt himself again. He says he has been benefited and blessed by the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. Several months later he wrote: "I have not changed my faith in your remedy since the above statement was authorized. Correspond with Rev. E. Heslop about this wonderful remedy."

Doan's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Doan's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All sent free. Adv.

THE BAROMETER OF THE POST OFFICE, THE READING OF WHICH SHOWS WESTERN CANADA'S GROWTH.

Several of Western Canada newspapers coming to hand during the last part of the year 1913 contained items of news such as the following, speaking of the Christmas work in the postoffice:

"Other years have been heavy and the employees have had plenty of opportunity of learning what it was to work overtime, but the past has had nothing equal to the present. Forty extra men have been employed (in Winnipeg), and mail trains have been run special. The increase in the mail this year has been due to the enormous influx of people into Western Canada during the season, and also the general prosperity which the prairie provinces have enjoyed. To the latter cause has been due the heavy increase in the number of parcels which have been shipped to the old country and Eastern Canada."

The above extract taken from a Winnipeg paper gives a fair idea of the great work that the Canadian postoffices have had all through the western prairies. During the past year hundreds of new postoffices were established, many of them at remote points from the railway, but all forced upon the country on account of the new settlements that have taken place during the year. It is said of the Canadian government that in its immigration and settlement policy there is nothing left undone to take care of the people and their welfare, whether it be in the new town along a new line of railway or in the remotest hamlet. This solicitude and care are not confined to the postoffice, but with every branch that has to do with organizing new districts. Bridges have been built, roads constructed, the district policed, and a dozen other things have to be done and are done. Is it any wonder that with the splendid land, the high yielding land, the land that is free to the homesteader or open to purchase at reasonable prices from the railway and land companies, that the Canadian immigration records for 1913 will show arrivals of upwards of 400,000, one-half of this being from the United States. The new literature being sent out by the immigration branch at Ottawa, and its agencies throughout the United States deals with many of the new and interesting features that will mark the work of that branch for the year 1913.—Advertisement.

Familiar to "Mike."

A negro clairvoyant who for some time masqueraded as a Hindoo was recently visited by a collector, Mike O'Conner.

"Ah," smiled the clairvoyant, "no gentleman wants so palm read?"

"No," said Mike, "no gentleman has so bill for you."

When the bill was produced the palm reader forgot his Hindoo accents and a stream of perfect English swear words poured from his lips.

"Ah," said Mike, smiling, "no gentleman sounds more like so Indiana avenue san so Hindoo."—Indianapolis News

Man's Preference.

Miss Lillian Hill, lecturing on agencies in Cleveland, said:

"It is a good thing for the human race that beauty counts for more than intellect when it comes to love. In intellect too often means nerves—insomnia—hysteria."

"Yes, it is a good thing for the human race that, as an old maid from Vassar put it rather bitterly: 'Men prefer a well formed girl to a well informed one.'"

Rev. E. Heslop.

Doan's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Doan's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All sent free. Adv.

Breath Was "Out of Place."

Papa took Harry to the country to visit his grandparents. They lived a short distance from the village where the train stopped. Harry insisted on running as they approached the home of his grandparents. They had not gone far, however, until Harry's breath was coming in short jerks and he could hardly talk.

"Wait—wait—a—minute—papa," he gasped.

"What's the matter, son?" asked the father.

"My—breath—is all out of place," gasped the little fellow.

Her Advice.

"Reginald," says the beautiful object of his adoration, "I happened to read in the paper that sugar has gone away up in price, and for that reason candy is more expensive. I just think you are extravagant to keep bringing me a pound every time you call."

"I am glad to do it, darling," avows Reginald.

"I know you are, but you must learn to be economical." Papa told mamma to buy sugar by the barrel and get it cheaper, so maybe you would better buy candy for me the same way."

Rooted in the Human Heart.

There is a smell in our native earth better than all the perfumes in the east. There is something in a mother, though never so angry, that the children will more naturally trust her than the studied civilities of strangers, let them be never so hospitable.—Lord Halifax.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Extremes.

"Why is Alexander so cut up?"

"Because his salary has just been cut down."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, dry granules, easy to take. Do not grip. Adv.

Usual Results.

"Did the girls get a hint of our secret?"

"Yes—with telling effect."

About the only time the average married man has any peace in his home is when his wife has her mouth full of hairpins.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle, 10c.

Its Pace.

"So time runs its race?"

"Yes, in the laps of years."

Have You Seen the Coupon Now in Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture

Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture makes a great pipe smoke—and rolled into a cigarette nothing can beat it.

It is the favorite smoke of thousands of men who want selected, pure, Virginia and North Carolina bright-leaf tobacco.

If you have not smoked Duke's Mixture, made by Liggett & Myers at Durham, N. C.—try it at once.

Each sack contains one and a half ounces of tobacco that is equal to any 5c granulated tobacco made—and with each sack you get a book of cigarette papers FREE and


A Coupon That is a Dandy.

These coupons are good for many valuable presents—such as watches, cameras, jewelry, furniture, razors, china, etc.

As a special offer, during February and March only, we will send you our illustrated catalog of presents FREE. Just send us your name and address on a postal.

Coupons from Duke's Mixture may be secured with last year's DUKES MIXTURE, VIRGINIA NATURAL LEAF, GRANGE, WISKEY, COUPONS FROM FIVE CIGARETTES, WINDY COASTERS, CLIP CIGARETTES, and other tags or coupons issued by us.

Premium Dept.
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
ST. LOUIS, MO.



Cleverness Required.

In these days of high-cost living," said Representative De Forest, the sponsor of the bill for pensioning ex-presidents, "we hear of many queer economies."

"On a street car the other day, at the end of a discussion on saving and retrenchment a lady said decisively: 'Oh, any woman can cut her husband's hair; but, believe me, it takes a clever one to cut it so that other women's husbands will suspect nothing.'"

Trend of Times.

Ex-Governor Pennypacker, discussing the divorce evil in Philadelphia, said, with a smile:

"In these times one never, as the saying goes, knows where one is at. An acquaintance of mine extended his hand to me at the Historical society the other day and cried: 'Congratulations! I am the happiest man alive!'"

"I looked at him doubtfully."

"Engaged, married or divorced?" I asked.—New York Tribune.

ECZEMA CAME ON SCALP

Lebanon, O.—"My eczema started on my thigh with a small pimple. It also came on my scalp. It began to itch and I began to scratch. For eighteen or twenty years I could not tell what I passed through with that awful itching. I would scratch until the blood would soak through my underwear, and I couldn't talk to my friends on the street but I would be digging and punching that spot, until I was very much ashamed. The itching was so intense I could not sleep after once in bed and warm. I certainly suffered torment with that eczema for many years."

"I chased after everything I ever heard of, but all to no avail. I saw the advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a sample. Imagine my delight when I applied the first dose to that awful itching fire on my leg and scalp, in less than a minute the itching on both places ceased. I got some more Cuticura Soap and Ointment. After the second day I never had another itching spell, and Cuticura Soap and Ointment completely cured me. I was troubled with awful dandruff all over my scalp. The Cuticura Soap has cured that trouble." (Signed) L. R. Fink, Jan. 23, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Under the Circumstances.

"Now, Willie, if the minister comes to dinner tonight you are not to ask for a second piece of pie."

"Why, is dat wicked?"

Allen's Foot-Ease

The Antiseptic powder shakes into the shoe—the Standard Remedy for the feet for a century. 25c. Sample FREE. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. The Man who put the S. S. in F. E.

Tut's Pills

stimulate the torpid liver, strengthen the digestive organs, regulate the bowels. A remedy for sick headache. Unquestioned as ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE. Elegantly sugar coated. Small dose. Price, 25c.

YOUR OLD FRIEND

CUSHMAN'S MENTHOL INHALES

Millions have used it. Best known germ destroyer in colds in head, sore throat, influenza, whooping cough, bronchitis, pneumonia, measles, mumps, scarlet fever, diphtheria, etc. It is a real germicide. Always get the real one. CUSHMAN'S MENTHOL INHALES. All responsible druggists keep this product in stock. It is a real germicide. Menthol free. Attractive offer to Agents. CUSHMAN DRUG COMPANY, VINNEMER, ILLINOIS.

Seldom See ABSORBINE

When Absorbine will clean them off without laying the hands on them. No blister, no hair loss. Special instructions and Book \$3 free. CUSHMAN'S MENTHOL INHALES. All responsible druggists keep this product in stock. It is a real germicide. Menthol free. Attractive offer to Agents. CUSHMAN DRUG COMPANY, VINNEMER, ILLINOIS.

Better Way.

"Does your wife raise a rumpus when you stay away from home at night?"

"No; but she does when I get home."

Its Popularity.

"What public board is most in favor in a municipality?"

"I rather think it is the festive board."

Proper Help.

"The steamer I sailed in was a floating hotel."

"Did it employ any bell boys?"

Some of the blame for the lies we tell ought to be charged up to the people who ask our candid opinion.

Mark Twain and T. R.

Augustus Thomas, the playwright, kept the mirth alive with story after story. One had reference to a game in which the players, so Mr. Thomas said, were Colonel Roosevelt, the late Mark Twain and himself.

"In the course of the game Colonel Roosevelt talked much of war," said Mr. Thomas. "And I remember him turning to Mark Twain and asking him if it were true that the bravest men were nervous when they faced the enemy, and Mark Twain, being an old confederate soldier, replied: 'Yes, that is quite true, for I remember vividly to this day that I had the quality of maintaining it all through the engagement.'—New York Sun.

Anyway, the man who contradicts himself may be right.

Handy Breakfast

Ready to Serve

Direct From Package

Post Toasties

and cream

A dainty dish of toasted Indian Corn, brimful of sweet flavour and substantial nourishment.

Post Toasties in the pantry mean many delicious breakfasts.

Direct to your table in sealed, air-tight packages.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

"The Memory Lingers"

Posters, Cards, etc., Ltd.
Buck, Cook, Mich.

Handy Breakfast

Ready to Serve

Direct From Package

Post Toasties

and cream

A dainty dish of toasted Indian Corn, brimful of sweet flavour and substantial nourishment.

Post Toasties in the pantry mean many delicious breakfasts.

Direct to your table in sealed, air-tight packages.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

"The Memory Lingers"

Posters, Cards, etc., Ltd.
Buck, Cook, Mich.

GOOD SEEDS

BEST IN THE WORLD

New Crop Corn at Prime Price. In addition a set of our FREE SEEDS & covers with every order.

BIG SEED BOOK FREE

Our Grand Big Illustrated Catalog of all Farm and Garden Seeds is now ready and free to you. Write for it today. Send name and address of where you buy seeds. Address: **MATEKIN'S SEED HOUSE**, SHENANDOAH, IOWA.

125 Egg Incubator \$10

and Brooder for \$10

Write for details.

PATENTS

W. N. U. ST. LOUIS, NO. 4-1913.

You Look Prematurely Old

Because of those ugly, grizzled, gray hairs. Use "LA OREOLE" HAIR DRESSING. PRICE, \$1.00, retail.

Do You Realize That

Barber & Son

Keep a full line of all goods listed as supplies for a Book and Jewelry Store?

We have a well selected, up-to-date assortment of—

VALENTINES

Many beautiful designs, at prices ranging from **25 cts. to \$5.00**

If it is amusement you want, we have the comic ones.

School Supplies


Copyright and Popular Copyright Books, Fine Stationery and Paper Goods

Examine our goods, it will cost you nothing to see them.

BARBER & SON

South Side Square.

ANNOUNCEMENT



MR. R. C. AUGUSTINE, the Decatur Optician, will be at Barber's Book Store on the Third Saturday of Each Month

Next date, Saturday, Feb. 15

Call at his store when in Decatur, at 143 North Water street.

O. F. DONER, Sullivan. H. MCINTIRE, Sullivan.

Doner & McIntire AUCTIONEERS

We do a general auctioneer business. Horse and Farm Sales a specialty.

Your business solicited. Terms right.

Phone 400. SULLIVAN, ILL.

B. F. Connor—Sam Newbould

CONNOR & NEWBOULD

Licensed Embalmers and Funeral Directors

Day Phone, No. 1, Night, 304 and 387

CHAS. C. LEFORGEE ROBT. P. VAIL WM. B. HUFF

LeForgee, Vail & Huff

Attorneys-at-Law

OFFICE—South Side Square, over City Book Store.

F. M. PEARCE

Real Estate and Insurance Notary Public

OFFICE IN ODD FELLOWS' BUILDING SULLIVAN, ILLINOIS

O. F. FOSTER DENTIST

Office in Odd Fellows' Building. Rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Marxmiller.

Office Hours—8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.
Phone 64. Residence Phone 119

A. A. CORBIN

Licensed Embalmer and Undertaker

ANSWERS CALLS PROMPTLY AT ANY AND ALL HOURS

Day Phone 36 Residence Phone 377

SULLIVAN, ILL.

SOME TIMELY SUGGESTIONS

A Citizen's Views on Conditions in Sullivan.

Sullivan's future will depend entirely on the spirit and action of its citizens, particularly its business men. The time is now ripe to make Sullivan a progressive business city or to permit it to drift back to the stone age. From a close observation of affairs in and around the city I have drawn the following conclusions:

The first active step should be towards solving the water problem and that may be said to have virtually solved itself. We should go to the river where there would be sufficient supply for all purposes not only for domestic use but also for manufacturing purposes. This can be done if the city council will make the proper effort. I am sure a way can be found if some member of the council has the nerve to offer the proper resolution.

The trouble with our "city dads" is that nearly all of them are engaged in public business and perhaps are somewhat timid regarding any action that may tend to increase taxes, for fear of possible results to their business.

The campaign promises made two years ago gave assurance that we were to have better light service and a cleaner city. Have the pledges been fulfilled? Let your own convictions be the judge.

Is there not some way by which our lights can be made to burn more regularly? If not, sell the plant to some public utility company, give them a franchise with proper restrictions so we may have better service.

The interurban now seems to be assured, and will probably be built this year. Those who have been instrumental in promoting it are deserving of much praise for their untiring efforts to give us this additional transportation line.

The completion of this road will mean much to Sullivan, but the business interest of the city will have to get busy or expect to lose some of the trade.

We do not want to be confronted with vacant business rooms or see laboring men idle. This is not a very roseate condition to portray, but I believe the facts should not be ignored.

However, I firmly believe there is a way to prevent the possibility of being confronted by such a condition. First solve the water question, in a way that it will stay solved for all time, then we are in a position to say to manufacturing interests that are showing a tendency to leave the large cities, "Come to Sullivan, where we have the best transportation facilities in Central Illinois, and can furnish all the water you may require."

Do this, and within the next five years Sullivan will be in the midst of a boom such as has never before been experienced or anticipated. Every thirty days there will be a labor payroll that will mean thousands of dollars to the business interests of the city.

I feel constrained to say a word about the proposed Wyman park. Almost a year, half of the time limit in which we have to accept the bequest, has expired, and yet practically nothing has been done. Are we going to allow the liberal beneficence of this worthy citizen of many years to pass from us for the want of the proper action, or will the city council, aided by the chamber of commerce, take the necessary action to make the gift available? If this bequest is allowed to lapse it will be poor encouragement to any others who might be actuated by similar motives in the future.

The increase in the business of the postoffice, by which we now have free city delivery, is certainly to be commended. It is not so very long since we were rated as a little country office, but under the efficient management of Postmaster Harsh and his faithful assistants, we have now entered the list of second class offices and if Mr. Harsh's successor is as persistent in his efforts to continue to increase and better the service, we may confidently expect to rise to the dignity to have a government building to house it in before many years have passed.

J. R. BRAN,

OBITUARIES

MRS. ISYPHENIA SMYSER
Isyphenia Edwards was born on March 16, 1827, in Barren county, Kentucky. She was the daughter of John W. and Polly Hardy Edwards, who came to Whitley township, Moultrie county, Illinois in 1830, and were about the fourth family to settle in that locality.

On April 15, 1847, she was married to A. N. Smyser. In 1857 the family moved to Sullivan.

They were the parents of six children: William H. Smyser, holding a position in the treasury department in Washington City, Kate E. Duncan, M. Josephine Eden, Lucretia F. N. Ollie and Samuel E. But two of the children are living, William H. and Mrs. Josephine Eden, of this city.

She is survived by one brother, John Will Edwards, of Sulphur Springs, Arkansas; three sisters, Mrs. Sarah Rice and Mrs. Sophia Flesher, in Pasadena, California, and Mrs. Susan Calaway, in Clinton, Missouri.

Mrs. Smyser's husband, Capt. A. N. Smyser, died Jan. 20, 1880. Since that time she has lived with her children. She reared one grandchild, George Duncan, living in Los Angeles, California. Nine years ago Mrs. Smyser went with her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Carrie Smyser, to Los Angeles, California, where she remained for six years. At the end of that period she went to Washington City and made her home with her son, W. H. Smyser, for the remainder of her life.

Mrs. Smyser died very unexpectedly in Washington, Tuesday of this week. She was in fairly good health for one of her age, a little less than 86 years. She was a devoted member of the Christian church, having united with that denomination at the Smyser church in Whitley township.

The arrangements for the funeral had not been made when we went to press, as they were waiting for friends to come from California.

MATTHEW MILLER

Matthew Miller was a son of Asa Miller an early settler of Jonathan Creek township, was born in Columbus, Ohio, March 21, 1838. Died near O'Keene Oklahoma, December 28, 1912, age 74 years, 6 months and 7 days.

He moved with his parents from Ohio to Illinois, where he was married to Miss Permelia Minor, Feb. 6, 1863. They were the parents of ten children, nine boys and one girl.

In 1877, Mr. Miller and family moved to Harper, Kansas, in 1893 they moved to near O'Keene Oklahoma.

His wife, the ten children, thirty-five grandchildren and two great grandchildren survive him. He also leaves three brothers and two sisters.

Mrs. Minerva Kenny of Sullivan is a sister to the deceased man's wife. All the children were present at the funeral. They are W. L. and J. P. Miller, Meno, Ok., Asa Miller, Harper, Abia Miller, Attica, Thomas Miller, O'Keene, Ok., Jas. S. Miller, Clearwater, Kansas, Ira and Frank Miller, Higgins, Texas, Blanche and Grover Miller, Isabel, Ok.

MRS. SARAH HARRIS

Mrs. Sarah Harris died at her home on West Jefferson street in this city Friday morning at 2 o'clock after an illness of several weeks. The deceased is the widow of the late Joseph Harris and lived on their farm northwest of this city until the past few years, when she and her daughter, Miss Lydia, moved to this city. She was born Jan. 9, 1833, and was eighty years and fifteen days of age.

She leaves three daughters, The daughters are Mrs. Fannie Bingham, Vandalia, Mrs. Alice Kellar, Covina, Cal., and Miss Lydia Harris. The sons are Willis and Scott Harris of this city and George Harris of Lovington.

The funeral services were held in the residence Sunday at 10:00 a. m. The services were conducted by Rev. A. L. Casely, assisted by Rev. Mr. Adams of Lovington and was largely attended. Burial was made in the Pea cemetery northwest of this city.

FOR SALE—One hundred Barred Rock cockerels, hens and pallels. I must sell in order to make room. J. W. DALE, Sullivan, R. F. D. No. 5.

WM. MCKINLEY IS CHOSEN SPEAKER

Famous Dead-Lock Finally Ends. Three Weeks Wasted.

William McKinley, of Chicago, was elected speaker of the house about 6 o'clock Wednesday evening. His election took place at the end of the seventy-sixth ballot and marked the end of the longest speakership dead-lock in the history of Illinois.

The victory was won on McKinley day, the day set apart in commemoration of President McKinley, deceased. The two McKinley families are related.

This election of a permanent speaker opened the way to proceeding to business.

The votes were canvassed Friday and Governor elect, Dunne, will be inaugurated at noon next Monday.

This is the first time in the history of Illinois' legislature that a member serving the first time has been named speaker of the house.

Get a Printer to Count.

"A comparison of last week's papers shows the number of columns of news in each, exclusive of advertising:

The Sullivan Progress14
The Sullivan News10
The Saturday Herald9
The Sullivan Democrat8

Count the columns yourself this week. We don't know what the others will have, but experience is a good guide."

The above article appeared in the Progress this week extolling its superiority over other sheets published in the town.

This brings to our mind the story of "Jerusha Jane and the Old Cow," which we do not intend to relate at this time, but save it for another day and purpose.

The Progress measured fourteen columns of editorial, big heads, bare spots and uprisings.

An old adage says, "It Takes a Thief to Catch a Thief," but we say it takes a printer to know the tricks of the printer's trade and gauge the space utilized.

In those fourteen columns printers see slugging, spacing and leading overdone. Notice the distances between words, quads instead of spaces; note the difference between items. Then size up the spread heads, Big heads, with nothing in them. Display line, and white space. Look in the upper left hand corner, and see how much space is wasted there. Compare that corner with any other paper in the county.

We read in a typo journal a long time ago that white space made a paper look cheap and is cheap.

Then another thing the printer sees is that the Progress is set in 10-point and 11-point type. Now when you get your yard stick to measure the issue of January 16, see the size of the type and bare places.

We like butter spread thick on our bread and the right side up.

Look at the type of the HERALD and News, where you find they use 8 and 9 point type, two and three points less than the Progress. Our brother Democrat can take care of himself and not have to toot to be found.

Of course if all the other papers have to depend on the Progress for news it would be wise and economical to wait for the last one out, and get all in a nutshell.

Wabash Excursions.

Toledo, Ohio, Feb. 22nd to March 15th, American Bowling Congress. Fare from Sullivan, round trip, \$12.92. Louisville, Ky., Feb. 9th, 10th and 11th. \$9.60 round trip.

Home-seekers' rates, first and third Tuesdays of each month.

Tourists rates on sale daily. 5-3

Notice to Taxpayers

I have the tax collector's books, and may be found in the coroner's room in the court house by persons wanting to pay their taxes.

4-2 PAUL HANKLA, Collector.

MARRIAGES.

KEPT WEDDING SECRET.

Miss Rose White, a popular Moultrie county school teacher who is at present instructing the young idea, in the Fairview district, how to shoot, has disclosed the great secret that on July 20 last, in the town of Oak Park, a suburb of Chicago, she was united in marriage to Mr. C. F. Ficht, a Chicago young man who holds the important position of assistant manager of the Acme Steel Goods Co. When blushing admitting the above fact Mrs. Ficht failed to state just why she wished to keep her marriage a secret, but it is presumed it was in order to teach her school, she having previously been employed to do so. She tells us that she will finish the present term, after which she will go to Chicago to reside. The bride is a fine young woman and an excellent teacher. Her many friends here join even at this late date, in extending their hearty well wishes. Her parents reside in Kirksville, but she has been teaching in this township for several years. Mr. Ficht spent two weeks here in October—another secret disclosed. The groom is a graduate of the Wesleyan university of Delaware, Ohio.

The above article was taken from the Arthur Graphic. We wish to say in addition to the same that Mrs. Ficht is one of Moultrie county's best teachers and will be missed very much, especially in the neighborhood, where she is now teaching, since she has spent the three years of her teacher's life in that neighborhood.

Mrs. Ficht is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James White, a wealthy farmer living near Kirksville. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ficht of Chicago and is a young man of excellent qualities. He has traveled extensively and has spent quite a bit of his time in Europe.

The many friends here extend their congratulations and wish them all the happiness that can possibly come their way.

Special Meeting of the Board of Supervisors.

Notice is hereby given that in accordance with a request in writing addressed to the undersigned, county clerk of Moultrie county, Illinois, signed by at least one-third of the members of the board of Supervisors of said county, I hereby call a special meeting of said board to convene on the 10th day of February, A. D. 1913, at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m. of said day, at the court house in the City of Sullivan, Illinois, for the purpose of selecting a grand jury as required by law to serve at the March term, A. D. 1913, of the circuit court of Moultrie county, Illinois, and also for the purpose of auditing claims against the county and for the transaction of such other business as may come before said board.

Dated at Sullivan, Ill., this 29th day of January, A. D. 1913.

CASH W. GREEN, County Clerk.

M. and F. Bank Meeting.

At a meeting of the stockholders of the Merchants and Farmers State Bank the following directors were chosen: F. M. Harbaugh, S. W. Wright, W. G. Cochran, A. T. Jenkins, J. C. Dawdy, E. J. Enslow, Z. B. Whitfield, J. A. Steele and W. A. Steele.

The officers elected were: President—W. A. Steele. Cashier—J. A. Steele. Assistant Cashier—Z. B. Whitfield. Bookkeeper—Harold Ray.

The Merchants and Farmers State Bank will move to the room vacated by the Sullivan Dry Goods Co., as soon as they get the room remodeled. The bank has been in its present location on the west side of the square twenty-eight years this January.

Clubbing Offers

The Mothers' Magazine to subscribers of the Saturday Herald for 75 cents per year. Call at this office and see sample.

Chicago Tribune, daily, except Sunday, \$2.50.

McCall's Magazine, 50 cents per year and one of McCall's fifteen cent patterns free.

Walter Purvis will have a public sale, Tuesday February 4.

YOU CAN STACK UP DOLLARS

But that is not ALL

Good Eyesight Is More Valuable than Your Dollars.



Just a few dollars and your eyes in our care and you see as you ought to see. Here at Barrum's Drug Store on the third Saturday of each month.

Next date, Feb. 15

WALLACE & WEATHERBY

Optometrists and Opticians.

The Optical Shop

109 E. North Street, DECATUR, ILL.

WILL READ THE "LION AND MOUSE"

Mrs. Farquhar in the Methodist Church February 7.

The reading which Mrs. Farquhar is to give in the Methodist church, Friday evening February 7, is taken from the "Lion and the Mouse".

This is the story of a man of unusual ability who permits the love of money and the love of power to hold his attention until he loses his interest in the finer things of life. The personal world, with its friendships and even its family ties, is crowded into the background while he carries out his plans for material success. When this man, John Burkett Ryder, finds his plans thwarted by the honest decisions of Judge Rossmore, he turns all his influence against Rossmore, determined to crush him.

The judge's daughter, Shirley Rossmore, has developed herself in exactly the opposite direction from that of John Ryder. To her the personal world, with its friendships and ties, comes first and material things are worthless except that they minister to the higher things of life.

Mrs. Farquhar takes her reading from the second half of the book, in which this girl crosses swords with the capitalist each contending that the position of the other is absurd. It is a contest between the material and spiritual word as incarnated in these two people, a contest which we see carried out in daily life, and a contest which is in some measure fought out in the life of every person. It seems to be a hopeless fight, a mouse against a lion, but the outcome shows that love is stronger than greed, that personal values are worth more than money. If the reading is to have a text, it is that "One righteous person can chase a thousand and two can put ten thousand to flight."

Tickets on sale at Barber's book store.

CHURCH SERVICES.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Sunday morning. Subject, "The Types of the Bible."

Sunday evening. Subject, "Where Shall I Spend Eternity?"

Don't forget the revival meeting.

W. B. HOPPER, Pastor.

U. B. CHURCH.

10:00 a. m.—Sunday School. Jas. Kelly, superintendent.

11:00 a. m.—Sermon. Subject, "Cain and Abel."

7:00 p. m.—Sermon. Subject, "The Fall of Man."

What do you know about the nature of Eve's temptation? Who tempted her? What was her sin? These and other questions will be answered Sunday night. All Sunday School classes will be organized in the morning.

E. N. SYDOR, Pastor.

Notice to the Public.

In opening a meat market in Sullivan, I take this method of stating to the public that I, (T. W. Williams) am the only individual interested in the business, or who has any money invested therein. Also Gaddis is employed in the shop. I am here to give you good service. Give me a portion of your trade and be convinced.

T. W. WILLIAMS, Northeast Corner of the Square.



SYNOPSIS.

Enid Matland, a frank, free and unswerving young Philadelphia girl, is taken to the Colorado mountains by her uncle, Robert Matland, James Armstrong, Matland's protégé, falls in love with her. His persistent wooing thrills the girl, but she hesitates, and Armstrong goes east to business without a definite answer. Enid hears the story of a mining engineer, Newbold, whose wife fell off a cliff and was so seriously hurt that he was compelled to shoot her to prevent her being eaten by wolves while he went for help. Kirkby, the old guide who tells the story, gives Enid a package of letters which he says were found on the dead woman's body. She reads the letters and at Kirkby's request keeps them. While leading in mountain stream Enid is attacked by a bear, which is mysteriously shot. A storm adds to the girl's terror. A sudden deluge transforms Enid into a raging torrent, which sweeps Enid into a gorge, where she is rescued by a mountain hermit after a thrilling experience. Campers in great confusion upon discovering Enid's absence when the storm breaks, Matland and Old Kirkby go in search of the girl. Enid discovers that her uncle is sprained and that she is unable to walk. Her mysterious rescuer carries her to his camp. Enid goes to sleep in the strange man's bunk. Kirkby speaks breakfast for Enid, after which they go on their inspection. The hermit tells Enid of his unsuccessful attempt to find the Matland campers. He admits that he is also from Philadelphia. The hermit is a realization of his love for her, but naturally in that strange solitude the relations of the girl and her rescuer become unnatural and strained.

CHAPTER XV—(Continued).

He did not know that. Women have learned through centuries of weakness that fine art of concealment which man has never mastered. She never let him see what she thought of him. Yet he was not without suspicion; if that suspicion grew to certainty, would he control himself then?

At first he had sought to keep out of her way, but she had compelled him to come in. The room that was kitchen and bed room and store room for him was cheerless and somewhat cold. Save at night or when he was busy with other tasks outside they lived together in the great room. It was always warm, it was always bright, it was always cheerful, there.

The little piles of manuscript she had noted were books that he had written. He made no effort to conceal such things from her. He talked frankly enough about his life in the hills, indeed there was no possibility of avoiding the discussion of such topics. On but two subjects was he inexorably silent. One was the present state of his affections and the other was the why and wherefore of his lonely life. She knew beyond peradventure that he loved her, but she had no faint suspicion even as to the reason why he had become a recluse. He had never given her the slightest clue to his past save that admission that he had known Kirkby which was in itself nothing definitive and which she never connected with that package of letters which she still kept with her.

The man's mind was too active and fertile to be satisfied with manual labor alone, the books that he had written were scientific treatises in the main. One was a learned discussion of the fauna and flora of the mountains. Another was an exhaustive account of the mineral resources and geological formations of the range. He had only to allow a whisper, a suspicion of his discovery of gold and silver in the mountains to escape him, and the canons and crests alike would be filled with eager prospectors. Still a third work was a scientific analysis of the water powers in the canons.

He had willingly allowed her to read them all. Much of them she found technical and, aside from the fact that he had written them, uninteresting. But there was one book remaining in which he simply discussed the mountains in the various seasons of the year; when the snows covered them, when the grass and the moss came again, when the flowers bloomed, when autumn touched the trees. There was the soul of the man, poetry expressed in prose, manlike but none the less poetry for that. This book pored over, she questioned him about it; they discussed it as they discussed Keats and the other poets.

Those were happy evenings. She on one side of the fire sewing, her finger wound with cloth to hold his giant thimble, fashioning for herself some winter garments out of a gay colored, red, white and black ancient and exquisitely woven Navajo blanket, soft and pliable almost as an old-fashioned piece of satin—priceless if she had but known it—which he put at her disposal. While on the other side of the same homely blaze he made for her out of the skins of some of the animals that he had killed, a shapeless foot covering, half moccasins and wholly leggings, which she could wear over her shoes in her short excursions around the plateau and which would keep her feet warm and comfortable.

By her permission he smoked as he worked, enjoying the hour, putting aside the past and the future and for a few moments blissfully content,

Sometimes he laid aside his pipe and whatever work he was engaged upon and read to her from some immortal noble number. Sometimes the entertainment fell to her and she sang to him in her glorious contralto voice music that made him sad. Once he could stand it no longer. At the end of a burst of song which filled the little room—he had risen to his feet while she sang, compelled to the erect position by the magnificent melody—as the last notes died away and she smiled at him triumphant and expectant of his praise and his approval, he hurled himself out of the room and into the night, wrestling for hours with the storm which after all was but a trifle to that which raged in his bosom. While she, left alone and deserted, quailed within the silent room till she heard him come back.

Often and often when she slept quietly on one side the thin partition, he lay awake on the other, and sometimes his passion drove him forth to cool the fever, the fire in his soul in the icy, wintry air. The struggle within him preyed upon him, the keen loving eye of the woman searched his face, scrutinized him, looked into his heart, saw what was there.

She determined to end it, deciding that he must confess his affections. She had no premonition of the truth and no consideration of any evil consequences held her back. She could give free range to her love and her devotion. She had the ordering of their lives and she had the power to end the situation growing more and more impossible. She fancied the matter easily terminable. She thought she had only to let him see her heart in such ways as a maiden may, to bring joy to his own to make him speak. She did not dream of the reality.

One night, therefore, a month or more after she had come, she resolved to end the uncertainty. She believed the easiest and the quickest way would be to get him to tell her why he was there. She naturally surmised that the woman of the picture, which she had never seen since the first day of her arrival, was in some measure the cause of it; and the only pain she had in the situation was the keen jealousy that would obtrude itself at the thought of that woman.



He Stood—Entranced.

She remembered everything that he had said to her, and she recalled that he had once made the remark that he would treat her as he would have his wife treated if he had one, therefore whoever and whatever the picture of this woman was, she was not his wife. She might have been some one he had loved, but who had not loved him. She might have died. She was jealous of her, but she did not fear her.

After a long and painful effort the woman had completed the winter suit she had made for herself. He had ad-

vised her and had helped her. It was a belted tunic that fell to her knees; the red and black stripes ran around it, edged the broad collar, cuffed the warm sleeves and marked the graceful waist line. It was excessively becoming to her. He had been down into the valley, or the pocket, for a final inspection of the burros before the night, which promised to be severe, fell, and she had taken advantage of the opportunity to put it on.

She knew that she was beautiful; her determination to make this evening count had brought an unusual color to her cheeks, an unwonted sparkle to her eye. She stood up as she heard him enter the other room, she was standing erect as he came through the door and faced her. He had only seen her in the now somewhat shabby blue of her ordinary camp dress before, and her beauty fairly smote him in his face. He stood before her, wrapped in his fur great coat, snow and ice clinging to it, entranced. The woman smiled at the effect she produced.

"Take off your coat," she said gently approaching him. "Here, let me help you. Do you realize that I have been here over a month now? I want to have a little talk with you, I want you to tell me something."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Kiss on the Hand.

"Did it ever occur to you," began Enid Matland gravely enough, for she quite realized the serious nature of the impending conversation, "did it ever occur to you that you know practically all about me, while I know practically nothing about you?"

The man bowed his head. "You may have fancied that I was not aware of it, but in one way or another you have possessed yourself of pretty all of my short and, until I met you, most uneventful life," she continued.

Newbold might have answered that there was one subject which had been casually introduced by her upon one occasion and to which she had never again referred, but which was to him the most important of all subjects connected with her; and that was the nature of her relationship to one James Armstrong whose name, although

ed to know, I have told you. I had nothing to conceal, as you have found out. Why you wanted to know about me, I am not quite sure."

"It was because—" burst out the man impetuously, and then he stopped abruptly and just in time.

Enid Matland smiled at him in a way that indicated she knew what was behind the sudden check he had imposed upon himself.

"Whatever your reason, your curiosity—"

"Don't call it that, please."

"Your desire then has been gratified. Now it is my turn. I am not even sure about your name. I have seen it in these books and naturally I have imagined that it is yours."

"It is mine."

"Well, that is really all that I know about you. And now I shall be quite frank. I want to know more. You evidently have something to conceal or you would not be living here in this way. I have never asked you about yourself, or manifested the least curiosity to solve the problem you present, to find the solution of the mystery of your life."

"Perhaps," said the man, "you didn't care enough about it to take the trouble to inquire."

"You know," answered the girl, "that is not true. I have been consumed with desire to know."

"A woman's curiosity?"

"Not that," was the soft answer that turned away his wrath.

She was indeed frank. There was that in her way of uttering those two simple words that set his pulses bounding. He was not altogether and absolutely blind.

"Come," said the girl, extending her hand to him, "we are alone here together. We must help each other. You have helped me, you have been of the greatest service to me. I can't begin to count all that you have done for me; my gratitude—"

"Only that?"

"But that is all that you have ever asked or expected," answered the young woman in a low voice whose gentle tones did not at all accord with the boldness and courage of the speech.

"You mean," asked the man, staring at her, his face aflame.

"I mean," answered the girl swiftly, wilfully misinterpreting and turning his half spoken question another way, "I mean that I am sure that trouble has brought you here. I do not wish to force your confidence, I have no right to do so, yet I should like to enjoy it; can't you give it to me? I want to help you, I want to do my best to make some return for what you have been, to me and have done for me."

"I ask but one thing," he said quickly.

"And what is that?"

But again he checked himself. "No," he said, "I am not free to ask anything of you."

And that answer to Enid Matland was like a knife thrust in the heart. The two had been standing confronting each other. Her heart grew faint within her. She stretched out her hand vaguely as if for support. He stepped toward her, but before he reached her, she caught the back of the chair and sank down weakly. That he should be bound and not free had never once occurred to her; she had quite misinterpreted the meaning of his remark.

The man did not help her, he could not help her. He just stood and looked at her. She fought valiantly for self-control a moment or two and then, utterly oblivious to the betrayal of her feelings involved in the question—the moments were too great for consideration of such trivial matters—she faltered.

"You mean there is some other woman?"

He shook his head in negation. "I don't understand. There was some other woman?"

"Yes."

"Where is she now?"

"Dead."

"But you said you were not free."

He nodded.

"Did you care so much for her that now—that now—"

"Enid," he cried desperately, "Believe me, I never knew what love was until I met you."

The secret was out now; it had been known to her long since, but now it was publicly proclaimed. Even a man as blind, as obsessed, as he could not mistake the joy that illuminated her face at this announcement. That very joy and satisfaction produced upon him, however, a very different effect than might have been anticipated. Had he been free, indeed, he would have swept her to his breast and covered her sweet face with kisses broken by whispered words of passionate endearment. Instead of that he shrank back from her and it was she who was forced to take up the burden of the conversation.

he had heard it but once, he had not forgotten. The girl had been frankness itself in following his deft leads when he talked with her about herself, but she had shown the same reticence in recurring to Armstrong that he had displayed in questioning her about him. The statement she had just made as to his acquaintance with her history was therefore sufficiently near the truth to pass unchallenged, and once again he gravely bowed in acquiescence. "I have withheld nothing from you," went on the girl, "whatever you want



"You say that she is dead," she began in sweet appealing bewilderment, "and that you care so much for me and yet you—"

"I am a murderer," he broke out harshly. "There is blood upon my hands, the blood of a woman who loved me and whom, boy as I was, I thought that I loved. She was my wife, I killed her."

"Great God," cried the girl amazed beyond measure or expectation by this sudden avowal which she had once suspected, and her hand instinctively went to the bosom of her dress where she kept that soiled, water stained packet of letters, "are you that man?"

"I am the man that did that thing,

for me. I don't deserve it, and it started on the last journey. I was going alone again, but she was so unhappy over my departure; she clung to me, pleaded with me, implored me to take her with me, insisted on going wherever I went, would not be left behind. She couldn't bear me out of her sight, it seemed. I don't know what there was in me to have inspired such devotion, but I must speak the truth, however it may sound. She seemed wild, crazy about me. I didn't understand it, frankly I didn't know what such love was—then—but I took her along. Shall I not be honest with you? In spite of the attraction physical, I had begun to feel even then that she was not the mate



She Seized His Hand and Kissed It.

but what do you know?" he asked quickly, amazed in his turn.

"Old Kirkby, my uncle Robert Matland, told me your story; they said that you had disappeared from the haunts of men—"

"And they were right. What else was there for me to do? Although innocent of crime, I was blood guilty. I was mad. No punishment could be visited upon me like that imposed by the stern, awful, appalling fact. I swore to prison myself, to have nothing more forever to do with mankind or womankind with whom I was unworthy to so associate, to live alone until God took me. To cherish my memories, to make such expiation as I could, to pray daily for forgiveness, I came here to the wildest, the most inaccessible, the loneliest, spot in the range. No one ever would come here I fancied, no one ever did come but you. I was happy after a fashion, or at least content. I had chosen the better part. I had work, I could read, write, remember and dream. But you came and since that time life has been heaven and hell. Heaven because I love you, hell because to love you means disloyalty to the past, to a woman who loved me. Heaven because you are here; I can hear your voice, I can see you, your soul is spread out before me in its sweetness, in its purity; hell because I am false to my determination, to my vow, to the love of the past."

"And did you love her so much, then?" asked the girl, now fiercely jealous and forgetful of other things for the moment.

"It's not that," said the man. "I was not much more than a boy, a year or two out of college. I had been in the mountains a year, this woman lived in a mining camp, she was a fresh, clean healthy girl, her father died and the whole camp fathered her, looked after her, and all the young men in the range for miles on either side were in love with her. I supposed that I was too—and well, I won her from the rest. We had been married but a few months and a part of the time my business as a mining engineer had called me away from her. I can remember the day before we

shames me to say it of course, but I wanted a better mind, a higher soul. That made it harder—what I had to do, you know."

"The only thing I could do when I came to my senses was to sacrifice myself to her memory because she had loved me so; as it was she gave up her life for me; I could do no less than be true and loyal to the remembrance. It wasn't a sacrifice either until you came, but as soon as you opened your eyes and looked into mine in the rain and the storm upon the rock to which I had carried you after I had fought for you, I knew that I loved you. I knew that the love that had come into my heart was the love of which I had dreamed, that everything that had gone before was nothing, that I had found the one woman whose soul should mate with mine."

"And this before I had said a word to you?"

"What are words? The heart speaks to the heart, the soul whispers to the soul. And so it was with us. I had fought for you, you were mine, mine. My heart sang it as I panted and struggled over the rocks carrying you. It said the words again and again as I laid you down here in this cabin. It repeated them over and over: mine, mine! It says that every day and hour. And yet honor and fidelity bid me stay. I am free, yet bound; free to love you, but not to take you. My heart says yes, my conscience no. I should despise myself if I were false to the love which my wife bore me, and how could I offer you a blood stained hand!"

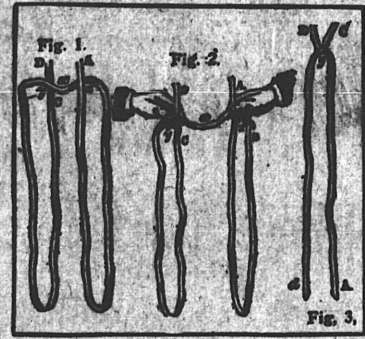
He had drawn very near her while she spoke; she had risen again and the two confronted each other. He stretched out his hand as he asked that last question, almost as if he had offered it to her. She made the best answer possible to his demand, for before he could divine what she would be at, she had seized his hand and kissed it and this time it was the man whose eyes gave away. He sank down in the chair and buried his face in his hands.

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

PUZZLING TRICK WITH TAPE

Clever Manipulation of Fingers Necessary for Performance of Delusion With Strings.

Take a piece of tape about two yards long; draw the ends over the center, as illustrated in Figure 1, the right end being over the tape and the left under it. Then hold the two loops thus formed, one in each hand, the two points y and z, where the tape crosses, being held between the thumb and forefinger of each hand, as shown in Figure 2. The point designated by x will then be right in the middle of the tape. You now explain that by cutting the tape through at x the tape will, of course, be divided into two parts, and you request one of the company to cut it, adding, that when cut you will restore the tape to its former condition. Before the cutting takes place give the loops a shake, which affords you the opportunity of dexterously making the following change, on which the success of the trick depends: Before shaking the loops you will place the second finger of the left hand on the point x (Figure 2), to show where the tape is to be cut; at the same time shift the disengaged fingers of the right hand (hitherto holding the part above B) underneath instead of over the string, and right inside the loop; then give the shake, during which the part x is drawn down by the second left hand finger; the portion of the tape above B is dropped from between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, and the tape at C is seized by the latter. On resuming your former position the piece is held up to be cut; it is no longer in the middle of the tape, but merely a short continuation of the end of D. Next, let this be cut through, and immediately let the tape fall entirely from the right hand, which you now employ, with the aid of your teeth, to tie the cut ends (D, C, Figure 3) in a double knot at y. After this is done (not before) you can remove the left thumb and finger and exhibit the tape apparently tied together in the middle, as in Figure 3. You now take hold of the knot with the forefinger and thumb of the right hand, and give one end of the tape to some one to hold; then place the thumb and finger of the left hand upon the tape close up to the right hand, apparently to hold the knot, which is slipped along the tape by the right hand; ask another person to



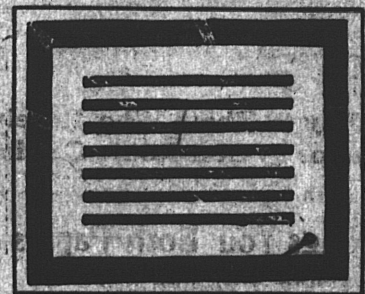
Trick With Tape.

take hold of the tape which you offer him with your right hand, and when placing it in his hand you slip the knot off the end, and conceal it between your fingers until an opportunity comes of pocketing or otherwise getting rid of it. The knot is supposed all this time to be under your left thumb and finger. Now, blow upon those fingers, and show the tape completely restored, and free from any knot.

OPTICAL ILLUSION IS NOVEL

Arrangement of Pieces of Cardboard Furnishes Entertainment by Showing Errors of Eye.

Cut out such bars as these in a piece of stout cardboard and fix a narrow strip of the same material at the



Optical Illusion.

back, as is indicated, with a small fastener, on which it can be turned. When nearly upright its edges look parallel, but as it drops lower and lower the illusion that this is not so increases.

What Had She Been Doing?

A teacher in a local Sunday school desired to reprove a small boy, "Johnnie," she said, quite solemnly, "I'm afraid I shall never meet you in the better land." Johnnie put on a look of astonishment. "Why, teacher," he asked, "what ever have you been a-doing of now?"



Cross-Patch got up one day, Wouldn't smile, wouldn't play; Snatched his toys from baby brother, Smacked the cat and grieved his mother, All because—or so 'tis said— He got the wrong way out of bed.

MAKE COASTER FOR WINTER

Boy Who is Handy With Tools May Derive Much Pleasure in Building Himself a "Skipjack."

The boy who is handy with tools and fond of possessing an article of amusement quite out of the ordinary, will enjoy making a "skipjack." The skipjack is very easily made and it furnishes no end of fun to those who



Skipjack for Coasting.

like coasting. It takes the place of the sled, and you will get a fair idea of how the skipjack is made. For the runner, you will need a stout barrel stave, free from knots or cracks. In order that this may pass quickly and smoothly over the snow it must move with the grain of the wood and not against it. When you have determined by which it is to be the front runner, fasten the upright piece to support the seat about one-third of the distance from the rear.

The wood of this upright should measure two inches by four inches around and should be about 16 inches high. A short piece to brace it should be fastened both front and back. A board about 18 inches long and six inches wide will complete the seat. The skipjack is then ready for use. Let the first trial be over a short slope. Seat yourself firmly, lift both feet from the ground, and you go whizzing along at a great speed. Only a slight movement of the body is needed to keep the runner in the track.

RIDDLES.

Why is an old bachelor always in the right?
Because he is never miss-taken.

Why are stout gentlemen subject to melancholy?
Because they are men of size (sighs).

Why is my cup of tea stronger than yours?
Because it is all my tea (almighty).

What is that which is invisible yet never out of sight?
The letter S.

Why is a comprehensive action an affectionate one?
Because it embraces everything.

If a man saw his sister fall into a well, why could he not rescue her?
Because he could not be a brother and assist her to.

Which are the two most disagreeable letters if you get too much of them?
K N (cayenne).

Why is a coal charity the best of all charities?
Because it makes the receivers' grate full (grateful).

Where do starlings go in cherry time?
They go to Peckham (peck 'em).

Why is a dressmaker not likely to lose her hooks?
Because she has an eye to each of them.

What is invisible blue?
A policeman when you want him.

Why is chloroform like Mendelssohn or Rossini?
Because it is one of the greatest composers of modern times.

The Hour of Need.
George, aged 8, had just become acquainted with Bess, aged 6.
"Do your folks have prayers before breakfast?" asked George.
"No," replied Bess, "we have prayers before we go to bed. We ain't afraid in the daytime."—Harper's Bazar.

Exhausted.
Mother—Tommy, if you're pretending to be an automobile, I wish you'd run over to the store and get me some butter.
Tommy—I'm awful sorry, mother, but I'm all out of gasoline.—Judge.

RHEUMATIC ADVICE

Prominent Doctor's Best Prescription Eases Pain Easily at Home.

"From your druggist get one ounce of Tor's compound (in original sealed package) and one ounce of syrup of Sassafras. Compound. Take these two ingredients home, and put them into a half pint of good whiskey. Shake the bottle and take a tablespoonful before each meal and at bedtime." This is said to be the quickest and best remedy known to the medical profession for rheumatism and backache. Good results come after the first dose. If your druggist does not have Tor's compound in stock he will get it for you in a few hours from his wholesale house. Don't be induced to take a patent medicine instead of this. Insist on having the genuine Tor's compound in the original one-ounce, sealed, yellow package. Hundreds of the worst cases were cured here by this prescription last winter. Published by the Globe Pharmaceutical Laboratories of Chicago.

IDEA ANNOYED OLD GOLDE

He Knew From Experience That College Education by No Means Unfitted Boy for Work.

"Woodrow Wilson naturally believes in a college education for boys and girls alike," said a banker at the Princeton club in New York. "Mr. Wilson, lunching with me here, once said in his quaint way that the old idea about a college education unfitting a lad for work had quite died out. 'We no longer hear,' he declared, 'stories like that of Gobsa Golde.' 'When Gobsa Golde's son Scattergood,' he explained, 'desired to go to Princeton, he said to the old man: 'Father, is it true that boys who go to college are unfit for work afterward?' 'Of course it ain't true!' sported the old man indignantly. 'Why, I've got a Princeton graduate running my freight elevator, two of my best coal heavers are Harvard A. B.'s and a Yale S. B. is my star truck driver.'"

ETERNAL LAW OF CONTRARIES.



"Do you ever give your husband Christmas hints?"
"Of course I do."
"Do you? Why, the least hint makes my husband so mad!"
"Pooh! you don't know the combination. I tell my husband I don't want what I do want, and then I get it."

WHITE PIMPLES ON HEAD

Ransom, Ill.—"The trouble started on our baby when he was only about two weeks old. Started like little white pimples, looked like an old scab of blood and matter. His whole head was covered for a few months, then it went to his ear, shoulders, and his whole body. It seemed to come out thick and sticky on his head, while on the other parts of his body it was more like water coming out of the skin. He would scratch until the eruption would be all covered with blood and gradually spread. The least little stir or rub would cause the sores to bleed, spread and itch. Never had a full night's sleep, restless all night. 'The sores were horrid to look at. It lasted until he was about two and a half years old. Then we saw an eczema advertisement in the paper to use —, but it did no good. Then we used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. We put the Cuticura Ointment on thick at bed time and put a tight hood on so he could not scratch the sores. Then we washed it clean with Cuticura Soap and warm water twice a day, and he was completely cured.' (Signed) Mrs. E. F. Sulzberger, Dec. 30, 1911. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Just Because.
"Why was the beauty doctor so angry with Anna?"
"Because she told him she was coming to him to get a few wrinkles."

Almost Thrown Away.
"The fish I had from yesterday wasn't fit to eat. I was obliged to give it to my servants!"—London Opinion.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES Allen's Foot-Powder, the Antacid powder for tired, aching, swollen, nervous feet. Gives rest and comfort. Makes walking a delight. Sold everywhere. See Don't accept a substitute. For FREE sample address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv.

Many a girl fails to select the right husband because she's afraid of being left.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle at the

It takes a practical fisherman to detect the lie in a fish story.

COULD STAND PLAYFUL DOG

Young Man Considerably Relieved When He Learned the Animal Was Not in Earnest.

"Have you seen papa's new dog, Carlo?" she asked as they sat in the parlor.
"Yes," he replied, uneasily. "I have had the pleasure of meeting the dog."
"Isn't he splendid? He is so affectionate."
"I noticed he was very demonstrative," returned he, as he moved uneasily in his chair.
"He is very playful, too. I never saw a more playful animal in all my life."
"I am so glad to hear you say that."
"Why?"
"Because I was a little afraid that when he bit that piece out of me the other evening he was in earnest. But it he was only in play, of course, it's all right. I can take fun as well as anybody."

THE FLYING AGE.



"How old is De Swift's youngest child?"
"It can't be more than a year old. It's just learning to fly."
She is a smart girl who can transform a yawn into a smile.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

For Backache, Rheumatism, Kidneys and Bladder.

WALKER'S HAIR BALM

Relieves SORE EYES

Defiance Starch

MONEY IN TRAPPING FURSE

W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, MO. 6-1912.

Have You a Disordered Stomach and Liver?

Do you start the day feeling that the whole world is against you? You cannot hope to "make good" under these circumstances. Nobody can. You must have a clear brain and every organ in perfect trim to do justice to yourself.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

Will Bring Quick Relief

Dr. R. V. Pierce found years ago that a glyceric extract of Golden Seal and Oregon grape roots, queen's root and bloodroot with black cherry bark, would aid in the assimilation of the food in the stomach, correct liver ills and in nature's own way enrich the blood, tone the entire system and consequently help in the restoration of perfect health. Many who have used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery testify that they have been restored to health when suffering from stomach and liver ills. Let this famous old medicine start today to lead you to health and strength.

Now—if you prefer—you can obtain Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription Tablets of your druggist at \$1 per box, also in 50c size or send 50 one-cent stamps to R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, for a trial box.

You can learn all about hygiene, anatomy, medicine, etc., from the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, a newly revised, up-to-date edition of which is now offered, in cloth covers, post-paid, for 51 cents in one-cent stamps, to cover cost of wrapping and mailing only. Address, Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

Don't be poisoned by sluggish bowels. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar coated, tiny granules.

The Best Physicians Gave Him Up

"I was attacked with a severe nervous disease, which was considered a disordered stomach and liver," writes Dr. J. M. D. of Washburn, Tenn. "Doctors here and all my friends thought I would die and the best physicians were sent for. I was advised to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and derived much benefit from same. My case had run so long and became so chronic, that nothing would effect a permanent cure, but Dr. Pierce's medicine has done much for me, and I highly recommend it. I heartily advise its use as a curing tonic and furnish advice to all people to take Dr. Pierce's medicine before their disease have run so long that there is no chance to be cured."

GOT LEFT IN THE RUSH.

"Ruth is engaged to be married the coming winter."
"The mischief she is! I intended to propose to that girl myself when I got time."
His Childish Wish.
Here is an excerpt from Paul West's "Just Boy" Letters, which reads like a clipping from the "Little Johnny" papers by Ambrose Bierce in the early volumes of the Argonaut: "I sat my father why ministers move so much and he said he guessed they were forced to on account of three sons. I wish my father was a minister."—San Francisco Argonaut.

5 PER CENT SOLUTION

OF THIS COMPOUND WILL Kill Germs of Distemper, Pink Eye, Epizootic, Cerebral Fever and Influenza, under the microscope.

Given on the Horse's Tongue, it unites with the fluids of the alimentary canal, throws into the blood stream through the glands and capillaries Germs of Disease. Absolutely safe and sure for Broad Mare, Baby Cows and all others. Do not depend on any other disinfectant. Give it to brood mares in time of distemper. Booklet, "Distemper, Croup, Croup and Infection." Free. Specimens and Samples sent on application. Spohn Medical Co., Bacteriologists, GOSHEN, IND.

Stops Backache

Sloan's Liniment is a splendid remedy for backache, stiff joints, rheumatism, neuralgia and sciatica. You don't need to rub it in—just laid on lightly it gives comfort and ease at once.

Best for Pain and Stiffness
Mr. GEO. BUCHANAN, of Welch, Okla., writes:—"I have used your Liniment for the past ten years for pain in back and stiffness and find it the best Liniment I ever tried. I recommend it to anyone for pains of any kind."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

is good for sprains, strains, bruises, cramp or soreness of the muscles, and all affections of the throat and chest.

Got Entire Relief
R. D. BURGOYNE, of Mayville, Ky., RR. 1, Box 5, writes:—"I had severe pains between my shoulders; I got a bottle of your Liniment and had entire relief at the fifth application."

Relieved Severe Pain in Shoulders
Mr. J. UNDERWOOD, of 2000 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes:—"I am a piano polisher by occupation, and since last September have suffered with severe pain in both shoulders. I could not rest night or day. One of my friends told me about your Liniment. Three applications completely cured me and I will never be without it."

Price 50c., 50c., and \$1.00 at All Dealers.

Send for Sloan's free book on horses.

Address
Dr. Earl S. Sloan,
Boston, Mass.

Death Lurks In A Weak Heart

If Yours is fluttering or weak, use "REVIVINE." Made by Van Vleet-Manfield Drug Co., Memphis, Tenn. Price \$1.00

LOCAL NEWS ITEMS

Wallace Stokes' public sale on February 5. J. T. Grider was in Mattoon three days this week. Miss Mary Huber is visiting in Arthur this week.

H. S. Lilly of Windsor was in Sullivan last Saturday. Mrs. F. E. Pifer entertained the F. I. C. club Monday afternoon.

Mrs. L. B. Scroggins visited relatives in St. Paulsk, this week. Mrs. J. W. Byrom visited relatives in Kirksville Monday night and Tuesday.

Mrs. W. A. Haydon and daughter, Mrs. Ray Fleming, visited in Decatur, Tuesday. Mrs. Ida Watson, of Decatur, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. McClure.

Mrs. Jessie Scott returned to her home in Urbana, Saturday, after a visit with Sullivan relatives. The Daugherty Brothers were in Monticello, Monday, looking at fine horses with a view of purchasing.

Miss Eura Bohn returned Friday of last week from an extended visit with her parents in Harrisburg, Ark. Mrs. Carl Thomason visited in Shelbyville this week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Stairwalt.

Silver & Burns cried the Harry Weaver sale near by the Smyser church in Whitley township, Tuesday. FOR SALE—full blood Bourbon Red turkeys, cheap for raisers.

Mrs. Edgard Bundy, Bruce, Ill. Phone 3 on 4, Bruce line. Ivan Underwood has accepted a position as pharmacist in a drug store in Clinton. He will begin next Monday.

Miss Grace Grider has returned from a month's visit with her aunt, Mrs. D. A. Sommers and family, living in Indianapolis. The high school basket-ball team played with Shelbyville Friday night.

Ed Dinkin and family spent this week in Bloomington. Miss Dot Poland visited Miss Nell Leathers of Strasburg last week.

Newton Conn of the Lovington Reporter, visited friends in Sullivan Sunday. Quality is sometimes more important than quantity, even in the matter of local news.

Elijah Chisenhall, of Decatur, visited S. T. Fleming and family of Sullivan this week. FOR RENT—A good house and two lots on South Main street, No. 297.

Mrs. Jacob Lovins, of near Windsor, spent Thursday and Friday with Mrs. Sarah Dawdy in Sullivan. Mrs. B. F. Pedro and Mrs. W. M. Fleming attended the Bethany W. C. T. U. meeting, Friday afternoon.

Loer—A jeweled fraternity pin, with name on back. Finder please leave at O. J. Ganger's office. 4-2 For your drug store wants go to McPheeters' East Side Drug Store.

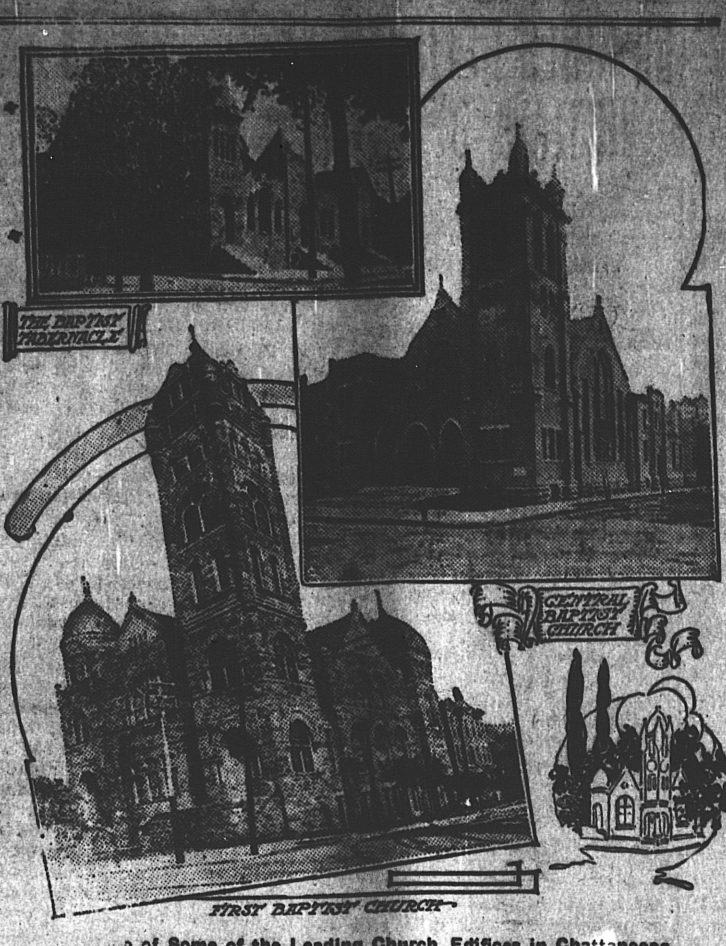
The eighteenth annual meeting of the Illinois Live Stock Breeders' Association will be held in Springfield February 4th, 5th and 6th. Workmen are busy at work on the room at the northwest corner of the square getting it in readiness for the Merchants and Farmers State Bank.

WANTED—Reliable, energetic man to sell lubricating oils, greases and paints in Moultrie and adjacent counties. Salary or commission. STETSON OIL CO., Cleveland, O.

One of our local contemporaries that "always prints it first" (?) is evidently a firm believer in the saying that "He That Bloweth Not His Own Horn, the Same Shall Not Be Blown."

Ray Jenkins and sister, Miss Freda, opened the book store in Ulrich's old stand, first door east of the postoffice, Saturday of last week. They will move to the room first door east of Meeker's confectionery at once.

T. H. Scott went to Mattoon, Thursday afternoon, to meet W. H. Smyser and wife who were accompanying the remains of the former's mother from Washington. By taking the party around by Tuscola, they got to Sullivan at 7:15 p. m. Thursday, several hours earlier than expected.



Group of Some of the Leading Church Edifices in Chattanooga.

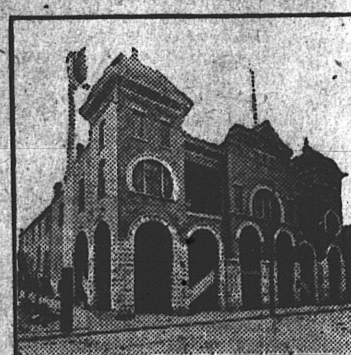
BAPTIST LAYMEN

WILL HOLD GREAT CONVENTION IN CHATTANOOGA, FEBRUARY 4, 5 AND 6, 1913.

Representatives of 2,500,000 Southern Baptists to Hold First Great Mission Convention in South.

Anticipating an epoch-making period of three days, praying for success in so great an undertaking, happy with the outlook, Baptist laymen all over the south, representing a brotherhood of 2,500,000 in one of the most favored sections under the sun, are preparing to move on to Chattanooga, Tenn., for the great convention to be held in that city February 4, 5 and 6, 1913.

Chattanooga stands ready to welcome the visitors and the denomination is expectant. From all over the territory embraced by the Southern Baptist convention the hosts will journey to the East Tennessee metropolis, to be present on the dates mentioned in order that they may join in what bids fair to be not only the greatest religious gathering of the winter, but



City Auditorium in Chattanooga, Tenn., one of the greatest in history. The promoters of the plans for the convention anticipate an attendance of 2,000 laymen and 1,000 ministers and they see no reason, realizing the strength of the Southern Baptist constituency, why there should not be 3,000 delegates present in all, to join in so great an occasion.

Chattanooga Baptists pursued an aggressive policy to secure this convention, which will be the first of its kind ever held by Southern Baptists. No efforts were spared in the campaign to secure it. Not only the Baptists but also representatives of other Christian bodies, as well as civic officials, joined in the effort.

The president of the Southern Baptist laymen's movement is Dr. J. Harry Tyler, of Baltimore, Md., and the secretary is Dr. J. T. Henderson, of Bristol, Tennessee-Virginia. Both of these gentlemen visited Chattanooga and other contesting cities, and at Chattanooga, the place finally selected, they were guests of the Baptist pastors' conference, while they were looked out after by the wide-awake manager of the Hotel Patton, one of the largest in the south, Houston R. Harper, a Baptist, who was active in the campaign for the securing of the convention for Chattanooga.

then there began an active campaign throughout the south to organize the lay forces and impress upon them the importance of the convention and what it will mean to the denomination.

An ideal location for a Convention. No better place than Chattanooga could have been chosen for the convention. When the Presbyterian laymen held their convention in that city last winter there was general gratification expressed that Chattanooga had been chosen.

A systematic canvass of the whole south is being made. Interest is now at a high pitch. Dr. Henderson, during the convention season among the states, visited practically all the state conventions of the south and was assured of hearty co-operation on the part of those with whom he came into contact.

The fact that the convention will be the first of its kind ever held by the Baptists gives importance to it. Keen interest is manifested as to the outcome. Delegates Are Organizing. In many southern centers the laymen have organized and the pastors have pledged their hearty co-operation toward securing large delegations to go to Chattanooga.

When Chattanooga entertained the Southern Methodist laymen, success was the result, and as soon as it was announced that the Southern Baptist laymen anticipated holding a similar convention there, immediately the hearts and the pocketbooks of public-spirited citizens were opened and the word, "Come" was passed out.

It is vital to the success of the convention that Baptists all over the south do their part toward creating an ever-increasing interest that will culminate in a large attendance. All pastors and active laymen are urged to lay upon the hearts of their associates in church life the importance of the convention.

Gen. Ballington Booth, the well-known head of the Volunteers of America, while in Chattanooga recently, expressed it as his opinion that the Baptists were the most progressive denomination in America today. That spirit will be put to the test. Will it stand? OBJECT OF CONVENTION The object of the convention is to educate and inspire Baptist laymen for longer service in God's Kingdom. No collections. A registration fee of \$1.00 will be charged all delegates and should be sent at once that reservations can be made.

FREE

I will give FREE until cured, my profession services to all calling to see me my next trip to Sullivan, at THE EDEN HOUSE, SULLIVAN, ILL. Wednesday, Feb. 12 One Day Only and Return Every 28 Days Hours 9 A. M. to 8 P. M.



I Say to Weak Men

NERVOUSNESS, WEAKNESS, FAILING POWER. Nervousness, Weakness, Loss of Vitality, Bad Dreams, Drain on the System, Poor Memory, Loss of Energy and Ambition, Wornout Feeling, Tired, Headache, Back-ache, Stomach, Excitement, Melancholy, Easily Excited, Restless at Night, are some of the symptoms that destroy manhood.

Obstruction, Difficult, Painful Passage, Discharge, Straining, Pain in Back, Bladder, Stomach, Enlarged Glands, Nervousness, Burning, Swelling, Uric Acid, Brick Dust Sediment or Strong Smell. I can stop these symptoms right away and they will not come back, because the cause is removed.

It is a snotty, bumpy, twisted, wormy, like condition of veins, more often on left side, hanging lower. Symptoms—Aching or Pain in Groin or Back, Nervousness, Weakness, Loss of Vitality, Lack of Power, Ambition, and Ability. WOMEN Diseases of women treated by perfected scientific methods. A positive guarantee given to cure all Diseases of the Rectum, such as Piles, Fistula, Hemorrhoids, Ulcer, Constipation and Diarrhoea, without pain or knife.

DR. MULLINS HAS TREATED AND CURED MANY THOUSANDS OF CASES IN THE YEARS OF HIS EXTENSIVE PRACTICE. I CURE THE CASES I UNDERSTAND AND RETURN A FEW FROM THE INCURABLE. THIS IS THE SECRET OF MY MARVELOUS SUCCESS YEAR AFTER YEAR.

I treat Catarrh and stop all Discharges of every nature, no matter what the cause. Successfully treats Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, Stomach, Lungs, Heart, Bowel, Blood, Skin and Nervous Diseases. If impossible to call write for information and future dates to J. M. MULLINS, M. D., 20 South State St., Chicago Ill.

LEGAL NOTICES

Sheriff's Sale.

BY VIRTUE OF AN EXECUTION issued out of the clerk's office of the circuit court of Moultrie county, and state of Illinois, and to me directed, whereby I am commanded to make the amount of a certain judgment recently obtained against Robert Kirkendoll in favor of H. H. Gladville out of the lands, tenements, goods and chattels of the said Robert Kirkendoll, I have levied on the following property, to-wit:

All the undivided interest of the within named Robert Kirkendoll in and to the following described real estate, to-wit: All of the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section thirty-six (36), except six acres off the south side east of the Wabash Railroad right of way, and also except that part lying south of the Okaw river lying west of the Wabash Railroad right of way, also the west half of the south half of the northeast quarter of the northwest quarter, and also all that part of the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter lying east of the Wabash Railroad right of way, all the land being in section thirty-six (36), all in township thirteen (13), north, range five (5), east of the 3rd P. M. also that portion of southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section thirty-six (36), township thirteen (13), north, range five (5), east of the 3rd P. M., that lies north of the Okaw river, the same being one and one-third acres off of the northeast corner of said tract; also the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter of section thirty-six (36); and the south six (6) acres of the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section thirty-six (36), lying east of the Wabash Railroad Company's right of way, all in section thirty-six (36), township thirteen (13), north, range five (5) east of the 3rd P. M., in the county of Moultrie and state of Illinois.

Therefore, according to said command, I shall expose for sale, at public auction, all the right, title and interest of the above named Robert Kirkendoll in and to the above described property on the 24th day of February, 1913, at ten o'clock a. m., at the west door of the court house in the city of Sullivan, Moultrie county, Illinois.

Dated at Sullivan this 21st day of January, 1913 W. M. FLEMING Sheriff of Moultrie County.

Sheriff's Sale.

By Virtue of an Execution issued out of the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Moultrie County, and State of Illinois, and to me directed, whereby I am commanded to make the amount of a certain judgment recently obtained against John Kirkendoll in favor of David Condon out of the lands, tenements, goods and chattels of the said John Kirkendoll, I have levied on the following property to-wit: All the undivided interest of the within named John Kirkendoll in and to the follow-

Distinctive Resorts for Winter Outings

NEW ORLEANS. A city of unusual charm and of great interest to the visitor. Send for illustrated booklet, "New Orleans for the Tourist." MARDI GRAS. At New Orleans, February 4, 1913. The famous annual event of the Crescent City. Brilliant, spectacular features described in illustrated folder, "Mardi Gras." Ask for copy.

FLORIDA. Via the "Central Route to Florida and Cuba." Solid fast through train, the "Seminole Limited" from Chicago to Jacksonville. Corresponding service from St. Louis. Connects at Jacksonville with trains for all Florida points and steamship connections for Havana, Cuba. Send for booklet describing the interesting points, "Florida, En Route."

HAVANA, CUBA. Choice of routes via New Orleans or Florida. Cuba folder mailed on request.

PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICA. Illinois Central to New Orleans and semi-weekly steamships of the United Fruit Co. to Colon, Panama and Central American ports. The Hamburg American line will operate two cruises to Jamaica, Panama and Havana, leaving New Orleans Jan. 23 and Feb. 10, 1913. The "Tourist's Panama, Costa Rica, Guatemala" illustrated booklet, sent on application.

VICKSBURG, MISS. Contains Vicksburg National Military Park, commemorating siege and defense of the city. An interesting place to visit en route to New Orleans. Send for handsomely illustrated book entitled "Vicksburg for the Tourist" and Defense of Vicksburg.

HOT SPRINGS, ARK. Quickest time from Chicago via the "Hot Springs Limited." Daily, electric lighted through train carrying drawing room sleeping car and chair car to Hot Springs. Dining car service. Send for illustrated literature describing Hot Springs.

TEXAS. Via New Orleans or St. Louis. Through daily sleeping car from Chicago to Dallas, Waco, Austin and San Antonio with connection for Ft. Worth via St. Louis and M. K. & T. Ry. Through daily sleeping car from Chicago to Beaumont, Houston and San Antonio via New Orleans and Southern Pacific Sunset Route.

CALIFORNIA. Through tourist sleeping car to California every Monday from Chicago via New Orleans and the Southern Pacific. The low altitude route. Send for copy of California folder.

All of the above quickly and directly reached via through trains and train service of the ILLINOIS CENTRAL. Literature Mentioned, Free for the Asking. Tickets, reservations, train time, and specific fares from your station may be had of your local ticket agent. H. J. FIELDS, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

SEEDS. Fresh, Reliable, Pure Guaranteed to Please. Every Gardener and Farmer should test the superior merits of our Northern Grown Seeds. SPECIAL OFFER FOR 10 CENTS. We will send postpaid our FAMOUS COLLECTION.

ing described real estate, to-wit. All of the Southeast quarter of the Northwest Quarter of Section Thirty-six (36), except six acres off of the south side east of the Wabash Railroad right of way, and also except that part lying south of the Okaw river lying west of the Wabash Railroad right of way, also the west half of the south half of the northeast quarter of the northwest quarter, and also all that part of the Northwest quarter of the Northwest quarter lying east of the Wabash Railroad right of way, all the land being in section thirty-six (36), all in township thirteen (13), North Range Five (5), East of the 3rd P. M., also that portion of the south west quarter of the northwest quarter of section thirty-six (36), township thirteen (13), north, range five (5), east of the 3rd Principal Meridian that lies north of the Okaw river, the same being one and one-third acres off of the northeast corner of said tract, also the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter of section thirty-six (36), and the south six (6) acres of the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section thirty-six (36), lying east of the Wabash Railroad Company's right of way, all in section thirty-six (36), township thirteen (13), north, range five (5), east of the 3rd P. M., in the county of Moultrie and state of Illinois. Therefore, according to said command, I shall expose for sale, at public auction, all the right, title and interest of the above named John Kirkendoll in and to the above described property, on the 24th day of February, 1913, at ten o'clock a. m., at the west door of the court house in the city of Sullivan, Moultrie county, Illinois. Dated at Sullivan this 21st day of January, 1913. W. M. FLEMING Sheriff of Moultrie county.

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS. TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS &c. Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HARRISON PATENT OFFICE, 319 Broadway, New York. Patent taken through Mann & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American. A handsomely illustrated weekly. Terms: 3 cents a copy. Single copies 1 cent. Yearly, \$3.00 in advance. MUNN & Co. 311 Broadway, New York. Branch Office, 45 P St., Washington, D. C.

VARIOUS TYPES OF TOMATOES DEMANDED BY THE CITY MARKET



Trophy Tomatoes—Two Types of Packings.

By W. J. LLOYD and I. S. BROOKS, University of Illinois.

Formerly, only two brands of tomatoes were recognized on the Chicago market—the market which determines the classification of most Illinois tomatoes in so far as they are classified at all. These were known as "Acme" and "Trophy." All large, smooth, purple or pink tomatoes were classed as "Acme," while all the bright red or scarlet sorts were classed as "Trophy."

However, the recent introduction of certain extra early, rough-fruited varieties of purple color has somewhat confused the original classification, for some shippers are inclined to brand these rough tomatoes as "Acme" on account of their color. The produce dealers, however, do not recognize this classification and are beginning to quote these rough, purple sorts by their variety names.

MATTERS OF MUCH INTEREST TO THE GROWERS OF FRUIT AND VEGETABLES



Apples That Won First Prize for Best Collection, Ten Varieties, at Annual Meeting of Illinois State Horticultural Society.

In its annual meeting at the Agricultural college the Illinois State Horticultural society resolved to take a more active part in the world of affairs. The society favors the advertising of the fact that Illinois is a great apple state and as one of the means of accomplishing this end it plans an exhibit at the annual land show in Chicago in 1912.

First prize for best collection of ten varieties in state was granted to L. R. Emry of Canton, Ill. First prize for best collection of vegetables was granted to A. T. Keithley, Dixon, Ill. First prize for best sprayed orchard, 20 acres, was given to W. R. Boverhill, Tiskliwa, Ill.

NEWS OF ILLINOIS

ITEMS OF GENERAL STATE INTEREST FRESH FROM THE TELEGRAPH.

FIRE VISITS MULBERRY GROVE

Early Morning Blaze Causes Damage to Six Business Places—Savage & Son, General Merchandise, Suffer Loss of \$5,000.

Mulberry Grove.—This place suffered a severe loss by an early morning fire. The losses follow: Savage & Son, general merchandise, \$5,000, insurance, \$3,800; T. E. Davis, building, \$3,000, insurance, \$2,000; E. W. West, hotel building, \$3,000, insurance, \$2,200; First National bank, \$500, fully covered; James Walker, household goods, no insurance; Dickens and Demoulin, \$250, insurance, \$150.

Quincy.—Nearly fifty witnesses have been summoned to testify before the grand jury, which started to investigate the charges of murder against Ray Pfanschmidt, twenty years old, who is accused of having murdered his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pfanschmidt; his sister, Blanche, and Miss Emma Kaempfen, a school teacher who stayed at the Pfanschmidt home. The murder occurred September 30, seven miles from Quincy, and the home was burned the following night. The victims were found with their skulls crushed.

Aurora.—Henry Rockwell Baker, favorite nephew of the late John W. Gates, who left him \$250,000 on condition that he finish his college course, is near death at his winter home near Colorado Springs. It is learned here, Baker went west for his health last summer, accompanied by his fiancée, Miss Nina Carlson. He would not make the trip unless she accompanied him and they were married after they reached Colorado. Mrs. John W. Gates, realizing that the boy would probably never be able to go to school, settled \$250,000 upon him in lieu of her husband's bequest.

Salem.—Saul Martin, who last summer killed his brother-in-law, Curt Phelps, in Romine township, Marion county, and escaped, was captured by Sheriff Vursell and three deputies at his home near the scene of the shooting. Martin was indicted for murder at the September term of court.

Cairo.—Another meningitis death at Gale was reported, bringing the total to date up to 12. The two latest victims have been children. Dr. Crawford of the state board of health and County Commissioner E. J. Gilbert went to Gale to establish a special hospital in which all meningitis patients are to be treated.

Sterling.—Warren Sanders pleaded guilty to the murder of his mother-in-law, Mrs. George Griffith. Sanders shot his wife to death and then killed Mrs. Griffith with the same weapon at Ashton on August 18. The women were returning home from Chicago and got off a train where Sanders met them and opened fire.

Decatur.—Following the robbery of two business houses in Wapella, in which over forty pairs of shoes were taken from the store of Middleton & Burke, Decatur officers have arrested Thomas Murphy, Frank Stookey and S. L. Martin, all of this city, and they are being held to answer to the theft. The trio were arrested at a second-hand store when they arrived for the purpose of disposing of their loot, which they were carrying in gunny sacks. The arrest followed information furnished the authorities that the men had arranged for the sale of a number of pairs of shoes that were to arrive in Springfield.

Amboy.—Farmers are complaining about the immense colony of crows that has settled in their vicinity. The fields are black with them. Palestine grove, near Amboy, is a favorite retreat and they are to be found there by thousands, settling into the trees at sunset like a swarm of bees entering a hive. As the bounty on crows has been withdrawn, no effort has been made to kill the black-feathered visitors.

Carmi.—Because he believed his mind had become unbalanced because of excessive use of coffee and cigarettes, Harry Courtner, a young painter of this city, made application in the county court for a sanity examination. He was adjudged insane and sent to the state asylum for feeble-minded at Anna. Courtner said he feared that he would kill some one while mentally irresponsible. He said he used from twenty-five to forty cigarettes daily and often drank as many as twenty cups of coffee each twenty-four hours.

Elgin.—Mrs. Mary Phillips, weight 162 pounds, wants to go to the inauguration of President Wilson via parcel post. Mrs. Phillips wrote Postmaster Hemmens for the rate for transportation of a woman of her size. She told reporters later that she wanted principally to find out what kind of answer the postmaster would send.

Champaign.—Champaign rejected the commission form of government for the second time by a vote of 874 to 773. The "wet" were actively opposed to the proposed change.

WIFE OF SICKLES' FDE COMES TO AID

MRS. LONGSTREET SAYS SHE WILL APPEAL TO FORMER CONFEDERATES.

AGED FIGHTER IS ARRESTED

Bond Obtained by Counsel Saves from Jail on Shortage Charge—Wife Awaits Foreclosure to Buy General's Home.

New York.—Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, Gettysburg veteran, charged by the state of New York with a shortage of \$23,000, was arrested at his home by a sheriff of the county of New York. He did not have to go to jail because his counsel had been given time to arrange beforehand for \$30,000 bond.

Apparently Gen. Sickles, who told the sheriff who arrested him that he is 92 years old, was prepared for the Ludlow street jail. When the officers entered his home they found the old warrior sitting in front of a desk upon which was laid his time-stained major general's uniform and sword and by his hand was a telegram from Mrs. Helen D. Longstreet, the widow of Lieut. Gen. Longstreet of the Confederate army, who, in civil war times, had ordered his men to fire upon the fighters under Sickles. This telegram promised that there would be raised among the veterans who had followed Gen. Lee the money that the general owes the state.

Refuses to See Wife and Son. Hardly had the formalities of the arrest been completed and the diminutive sheriff walked down the steps of the old Fifth avenue home, than the general's wife and son, Stanton, confronted the negro servant, and demanded an audience with the noted old warrior. The keeper of the outer portals disappeared into the gloomy halls of the big house. Presently he was back again with the word that the general would not see his wife and son. The two swung upon their heels and went back to their hotel.

Sheriff Hurburger sent out a letter, asking aid for the aged veteran. The letter was addressed to J. P. Morgan, John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie and the 459 members of the sheriff's panel, composed of wealthy New Yorkers.

Wife Could Qualify. Albert Stanton Sickles said, after being refused an audience with the general:

"My mother could qualify for the bond demanded if she so desired, but she will not do so. The whole affair will be straightened out very soon—in much less than three weeks. When the claim of the Bowery bank against the general's Fifth avenue properties is foreclosed in a week or so my mother will need only to bid the amount of that claim to become the owner."

The sheriff said he thought the case would be speedily brought to trial at Albany.

Omaha Hotel Fire Routs 200

Omaha, Neb.—The lives of 200 guests of the Paxton hotel, the leading hostelry of Omaha, were imperiled by a fire which originated in the buffet of the building, filling the entire hotel with smoke and causing a panic among the guests.

Miss Stallo to Wed Prince.

Paris.—It is now announced that the marriage of Prince Michel Murat, the 6-foot-2 scion of a house that for years occupied the throne of Naples, and Miss Helen MacDonald Stallo, daughter of Edmund K. Stallo of Cincinnati, will take place on Feb. 6.

Suffrage Bill Withdrawn.

London.—Votes for women in Great Britain, so far as this parliament is concerned, "died a-borning" when Premier Asquith arose in the house of commons and announced that the government formally withdrew the franchise reform bill.

Must Read Wilson Book.

Boston, Mass.—Since the election of Woodrow Wilson to the presidency of the United States the faculty at Harvard has named his works as "Congressional Government" as obligatory reading matter in the governmental course.

Demands Wage Inquiry.

Washington.—Investigation of the economic conditions that produced the New York garment workers' strike was demanded of the house in a resolution introduced by Representative Victor L. Berger, Socialist.

Wellesley Bars the Turkey Trot.

Wellesley, Mass.—To prevent the turkey trot and the bunny hug, the faculty of Wellesley college has ordered that "no girl shall allow any young man to hold her closer to him than three inches."

Wedemeyer Memorial Held.

Ann Arbor, Mich.—Memorial services for the late Congressman W. W. Wedemeyer of Michigan, who jumped to his death from a steamship en route from Panama to New York, were held here.

California Congressman Dies.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Sylvester Clark Smith of Bakersfield, member of congress from the eighth California district, died at Los Angeles, after a long illness. He was born near Mount Pleasant, Ia., Aug. 24, 1858.

THE BANKS OF CANADA

The closing of the year 1912 has brought out the usual bank statements accompanied by the addresses of the Presidents and General Managers of these institutions. Their reading is interesting as they show in a striking manner the prosperity of the country, and deal with economic matters in a first hand way. Those who know anything of Canadian banking methods know the stability of these institutions, and the high character of the men who are placed in charge. In discussing the land situation the President of the Union Bank of Canada, whose branches are to be found in all parts of the Canadian West, said:

"A good deal has been said about speculation in land. The increase in land values has added enormously to the assets of Western business, and has to some extent formed a basis for extended credit, but this is not felt to be a drawback when the value is real and convertible. We consider that a business standing which is strengthened and enhanced by property holdings is entitled to a reasonable enlargement of credit for legitimate business operations."

It will thus be seen that the banks recognize the certain rise in the value of farm lands in Western Canada. When the facts are known of the wonderful producing qualities of farm lands in the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, it is simple to understand the liberal stand taken by the banks.

Living not far from Lashburn, Sask., is a farmer named Clarke who in 1912 secured a crop of Marquis Wheat, yielding 76 bushels per acre. This is spoken of as a record yield, and this is doubtless true, but several cases have been brought to notice where yields almost as large have been produced, and in different parts of the country. During the past year there have been reported many yields of from 85 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre. Oats, too, were a successful crop, and so was the barley crop. Wheat that would yield 40 bushels per acre, would bring on the market 70c (a fair figure) per bushel, a gross return of \$28.00 per acre. Allow \$12.00 per acre (an outside figure) there would be a balance of \$16.00 per acre net profit. This figure should satisfy anyone having land that cost less than \$100.00 per acre. Very much less return than this proves satisfactory to those holding lands in Iowa and Illinois worth from \$250 to \$300 per acre.

The latest Government returns give an approximate estimate of four hundred thousand of an immigration to Canada during 1912. Of this number 200,000 will be from the United States. Most of these are of the farming class and it is not difficult to understand why farming lands in Canada will advance from ten to twenty per cent. within the next twelve months. Therefore investment in Western Canadian lands is not looked upon as being in the speculative class. Those fortunate enough to secure free homesteads in Canada will acquire in the intrinsic value of the land alone the best possible start for a splendid future. Advertisement.

The Kind. "What would you recommend as the fish diet for sailors?" "Roof, of course."

Dr. Pierce's Peppets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe. Adv.

When fools are glad wise men are sad.

Advertisement for Castoria, featuring a bottle image and text: 900 DROPS, ALCOHOL-3 PER CENT Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS CHILDREN, Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral NOT NARCOTIC, A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

LIFE'S STRUGGLE WITH ILLNESS

Mrs. Stewart Tells How She Suffered from 16 to 45 years old—How Finally Cured.

Euphemis, Ohio.—"Because of total ignorance of how to care for myself when verging into womanhood, and from taking cold when going to school, I suffered from a displacement, and each month I had severe pains and nausea which always meant a lay-off from work for two to four days from the time I was 16 years old."

"I went to Kansas to live with my mother and while there a doctor told me of the Finkham remedies but I did not use them then as my faith in patent medicines was limited. After my sister died I came home to Ohio to live and that has been my home for the last 18 years."

"The Change of Life came when I was 47 years old and about this time I saw my physical condition plainly described in one of your advertisements. Then I began using Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound and I cannot tell you or any one else the relief it gave me in the first three months. It put me right where I need not lay off every month and during the last 18 years I have not paid out two dollars to a doctor, and have been blessed with excellent health for two months of my age and I can thank Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound for it."

"Since the Change of Life is over I have been a maternity nurse and being wholly self-supporting I cannot over estimate the value of good health. I have now earned a comfortable little home just by sewing and nursing since I was 62 years old. I have recommended the Compound to many with good results, as it is excellent to take before and after childbirth."—Miss BYRANE ADELIA STEWART, Euphemis, Ohio.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Finkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Four letters will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Away with itching eczema torments!

RESINOL clears skin humors right away. You can't imagine the comfort the first use of it brings.

No matter how long you have been tortured and disfigured by itching, burning, raw or scaly skin diseases, just put a little of that soothing RESINOL on the sores and the suffering stops right there! Healing begins that very minute, and your skin gets well so quickly you feel ashamed of the money you threw away on useless, foolish treatments.

Prove It yourself, FREE

We send samples of Resinol with directions, free. Write today to Dept. 16K, Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore. All druggists and general stores sell Resinol, 50c. (Large size \$1.00.) Also Resinol Soap, 25 cents.

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS

If you feel "out of sorts"—"run down" or "not the same," suffer from kidney, bladder, nervous diseases, chronic weakness, dizziness, skin eruptions, etc., write for my FREE book. It is the most instructive medical book ever written. It tells all about these diseases and the remedies to cure them. Write to Dr. French Hemeny "F. H. H. P. O. N." No. 1, No. 1, No. 1, and you can decide for yourself. It is the remedy for your ailment. Don't wait a cent. It's absolutely FREE. No "follow-up" circulars. Dr. L. C. French, 100, Hawthorne St., Boston, Mass.



DEFIANCE STARCH—If you use this starch only, it saves you money and "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.

Large advertisement for Castoria, featuring the text: CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. F. Fletcher In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA

