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Clothing Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

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THE MODEL.

Interesting Reading!

To the woman who at this season of the year finds herself in need of a New Gown, any discussion pertaining to the art of Dress proves interesting reading.

We are not writing Fashion Articles, but hope to submit to your inspection the handsomest line of Dress Fabrics it has ever been our pleasure to show.

High Novelties, Boucles, Silk and Wool Mixtures, Bourettes, Cheviots, Scotch Plaids, etc.—a wilderness of designs, a symphony in color. Our prices will interest you, too.

Will you see them?

We mail samples.

L. S. AYRES & CO.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

P. S.—We place on sale next week a big lot of Ladies, Men's and Children's Fall and Winter Underwear at a Great Reduction in Prices. This is a chance to save money.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria

None but first class help is employed. A. A. Pierce's Blacksmith Shop, corner Green and Market streets. All kind of shoes made to order.

For all kinds of reliable Insurance see A. Miller & Co., 112 W. Main St.

WANTED—An agent in every section to canvass; \$4.00 to \$5.00 a day made, sells at sight; also a man to sell Staple Goods to dealers, best bid line \$75.00 a month. Salary or large Commission made; experience unnecessary. Clifton Soap & Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. \$1 yr.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Nye & Booe.

THE AD. SIGN PAINTER

ONE OF THEM RELATES CHAPTERS FROM HIS EXPERIENCE.

How He Managed to Advertise on the Walls of Fort Sumter—When the Bess Objected—Let a Farmer Blow His Steam Off—The Obliging Steamboatman.

The experience of a sign painter at Fort Sumter makes a diverting story:

"You see, I got a ducky to take me over from Charleston in one of those little boats that they sail down there closer to the wind than anything I ever saw before. The fort was unoccupied except by an old soldier, who showed me all over the place. 'Have a drink, corporal?' said I to him after awhile. 'No objections,' said he, and we walked and talked a little further. 'Pretty lonesome here, eh, sergeant?' 'Very, indeed,' answered the old duck, warming to me as I briefed him a grade higher every two or three minutes.

"Ah," said I, 'it's a tough old biz, the army, ain't it, lieutenant?' 'Faith, and it is, upon me life,' said he.

"Well, I brought my flask out again and pressed it upon him. 'Now, look here, captain,' said I, 'you don't mind me painting a sign around the old fort, do you?' 'Not a bit, my son. Paint as much as ye please,' he answered quite willingly, and away I went to work, finishing the lettering before sundown.

"That little business nearly got me into trouble, and I left Charleston in a hurry. Nearly as bad was the time I was painting on a beehive. I was walking along the railway track with my pots and brushes and saw the hive, which was in A1 position, bound to be seen by everybody in the trains. I stole up to it and slathered on the paint, taking care not to make much noise. Buzz-z-z! One little fellow came to look at me, then another, then another and then a score or more all at once. They didn't seem to object—in fact, seemed to admire the richness of the coloring—but in slinging my leg over the top of the hive I upset my can of turpentine, and not one bee in the crowd would listen to a word of reason. I was laid up for a week or two after that, but I can't be quiet long. It ain't in me to be still. I'm an out and out Yankee, and it warms my heart to be off with the paints, and it ain't in me to be quiet now."

He added this with a complacent and pregnant glance at his massive watch chain and jeweled sleeve buttons, which indicated no little prosperity.

"When anybody gets his back up at me, I just let him blow his steam off, and then I talk to him," he continued. "Down in Maryland one day I was painting a fence, and a fellow working in a field near by hollered out: 'Hi! Git away from that yar fence!' I let on not to hear him. 'You git now!' the old man shouted once more, but I dabbed and dabbed away as industriously as ever. 'You won't, won't yer?' said he, and then he came for me with a pitchfork in his hands. Folks in Maryland are generally pretty much in earnest when they are mad, but I didn't move an inch. He'd have lifted me like a piece of toast if I had, and instead of a toast it would have been a roast for me.

"I looked as mild and innocent as I could, shaped out the letters and held my head back now and then as if to study the effect. 'Don't you like it?' said I as he got up to me. Well, he met me with some high seasoned expostulations; but, as I told you, I never interfere with a man when he's blowing off steam; it isn't safe. The pitchfork did not look salubrious, but I held to my work, and as I was finishing it he began to cool off and at the same time to take an interest in the sign. 'Got a family?' said I. 'Yes,' said he. 'Young uns, too, maybe.' 'Yes,' said he again. 'Well, now,' said I, 'ain't you ashamed of yourself to let your temper get the better of you in this way? Think of the bad effect on your children. But I'll paint it out.' 'No, leave it on, stranger; I like it,' he answered, and we went over to the house together, which proves that when a man's blowing off it's best not to sit on the safety valve.

"I went up the Mississippi with old Captain Leathers in the Natchez, with her smokestacks painted crimson to signify that they would be burned red hot before she would be passed, and at the first landing I set to work on all the rocks. The old captain was immensely tickled with the idea. 'Look at the darned Yank!' he cried to the passengers. 'How long before you start, cap?' shouted I. 'We'll wait till you get through,' he answered, and he did the same thing at every other landing. But the newspapers have made such an outcry against the desecration of nature, as they call it, that a law forbidding it has been passed in some of the states, and, on the whole, rock painting is discouraged by our patrons, who think it spoils the sale of their articles."—Chicago Times-Herald.

STUMP SCHOOL HOUSE.

George Wert's children are getting better.

Mrs. Arnie Stump was calling on Mrs. Hannak McCormick Monday.

Rev. Brown, of Yountsville, preached at the U. B. church Thursday night.

Miss Flora Harwood is through working for Mr. Tucker and has gone home.

Nye Harwood got the prize at Sunday school last Sunday for having the best lessons.

Wm. Grubbs and wife went to the soldiers' dinner at Jack McCormack's Thursday and report a good time and a fine dinner.

We took another member in our lodge last Thursday night. The new member is Miss Ida Vayles, and there are several more we would like to see come in.

KIRKPATRICK.

Several cases of typhoid fever.

Lloyd Handlin is very low with the fever.

Mr. and Mrs. Carrico are going south for the winter.

Edgar Harney sent off and got 200 sheep to feed out.

Aaron Miller and son are going to Jasper county Monday.

Albert Nye is on the sick list.

Martin Cunningham is working on the railroad in the place of Albert Nye.

Joe Carrico and Lura Kinnick were quietly married last week.

Billy Cave resigned from his office in Illinois on account of his health.

Mr. Crull is buying several calves to fatten.

John McBee's mother-in-law is very low with cancer of the stomach and liver.

WINGATE.

Several farmers are having the straw baled.

S. C. Brown is running a huckster wagon.

Nice weather for farmers to do their fall work.

Some sickness in this vicinity, but no one seriously so.

Our elevator man is now engaging new corn at 20c.

Most of the people will get their coal from near Veedersburg.

Several went to the St. Louis fair from this place this week.

Some of our neighbors are preparing to commence shucking corn.

Steve Ross has bought eight acres of land, for which he paid \$50 per acre.

Ora Evans has left the county. We could spare some more just like him.

We have one man in our town that goes like a horse nickering when he laughs.

Nelson Harper is very poorly with heart trouble and is not expected to live. Age 87 years.

Mr. Lain, of Crawfordsville, has just finished laying some elegant concrete walks in Daniel Carter's yard.

Our Methodist preacher is not well pleased with the situation of things. We think he is a little hard to please.

We have a street in this place that is nicknamed Wall street. It was knocked out last Saturday night in the convention that was held to nominate officers.

There were six councilmen, three democrats and three republicans elected; a democrat treasurer and clerk, and if the marshal has any politics we do not know it.



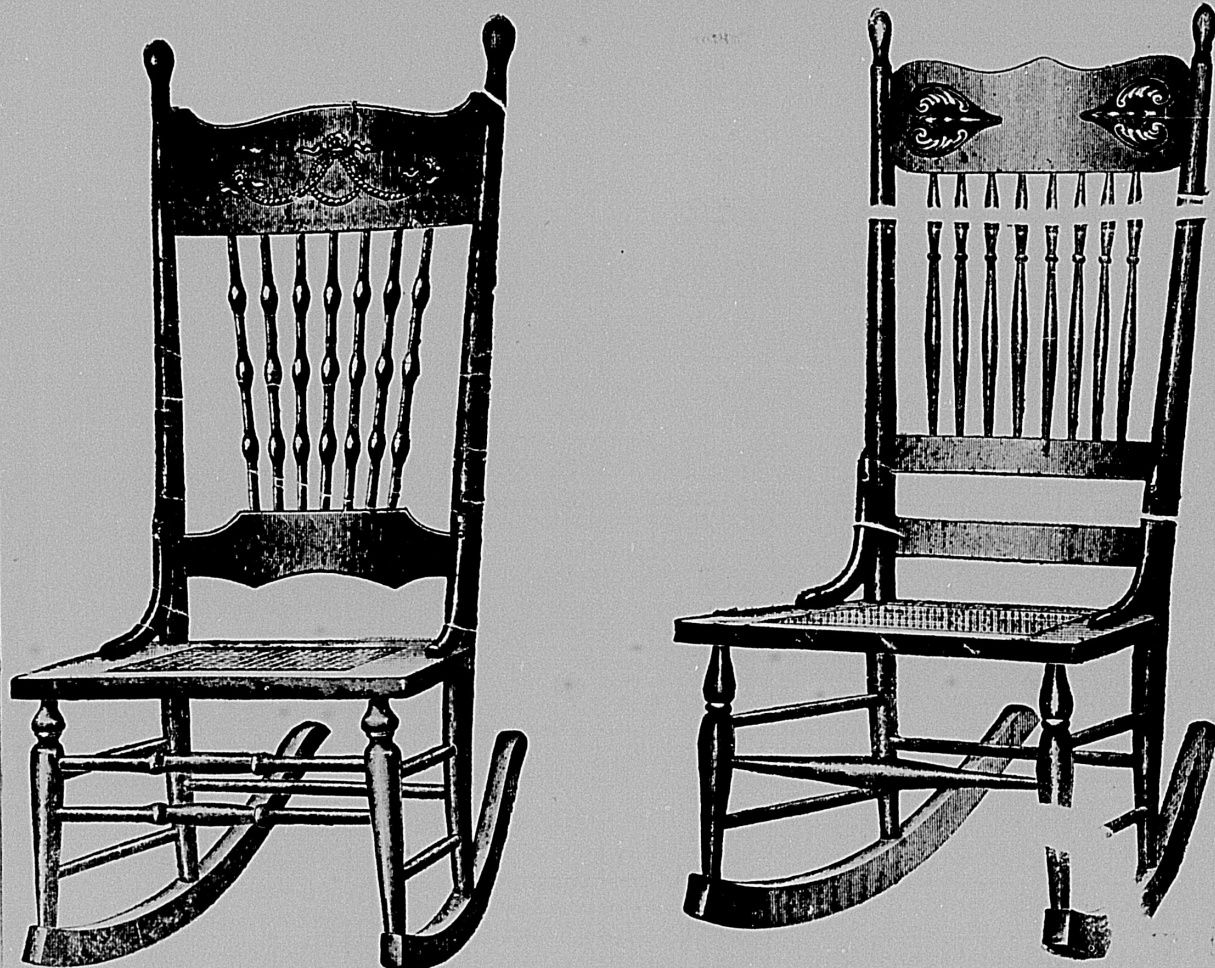
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