

HARP OF IRELAND.
BY KIL COWLAND.
Oh! could we hear those tones again
O'er Erin's hazy hills and moor,
Methinks I'd find the harp of old
And lift the land from shadows.
Hark! listen now that rippling swell
From castle, rock and river:
'Tis echoed back from fuchsia-bell—
Our Ireland's harp a-linger.

It floats above the mountain pass,
That music of the ages;
The shamrock gleams and the grass,
Soft roses hide their pointing lips.
The birds have ceased their singing,
And near the land sail silent ships,
For the harp of Ireland's ringing.

It comes again, and yet once more,
Where seagulls fan the dim light;
It lingers on the wave-washed shore,
Then wanders up the starlight.
And bells in tune for vesper choir
Have caught that music only.
For it died away like an olden rhyme
And left the midnight lonely.
ANDERSON, S. C.

A VERDICT MYSTERY

Tracing a Dark Crime.

BY ALEXANDER ROBINSON, M. D.

CHAPTER I.

Rat-Tat-Tat.
I am a doctor, and usually a light sleeper, but on this night I must have overcome myself, for, having failed to arouse me by jerking the office bell, the party outside had resorted to this violent means of pounding upon the door.

Springing up, and now fully awake, I hastily slipped on my clothes.

In the meantime, the party outside had given another series of scientific raps on the inoffensive panels of my door.

"Be easy, there; I am coming," I called, tugging at a refractory boot.

Finally equipped, I struck for the door and opened it, having first turned up the flame of the night lamp, which had been left burning behind a screen.

A man stood on the steps.

He was muffled up from the chill night air so that his face was hardly visible.

"Doctor, want you?"

I bent forward to gain a better view of his countenance.

"What you, Mr. Ketcham?"

He nodded his head.

This man, Abner Ketcham, was one of the shrewdest detectives in the whole city of New York.

His name was a household word.

Under many an alias the detective had figured in the most important cases of the times.

I knew him because we had had some little business a month or so before, when I was fresh from my foreign travel and researches into the mysteries of the materia medica of the ancient Egyptians.

At that time I had been enabled to do Mr. Ketcham a great favor, and he had taken a fancy to my little book on the subject.

Possibly this might account for his calling me up at 3 o'clock in the morning, as I had learned it was.

"Allow me a minute to put on my hat and coat, sir, and I am with you."

"Bring your cane, and also every known antidote for poison," he said.

I did as he requested.

We were soon outside, and for the first time I noticed that a carriage stood near the curb.

"In with you, Doctor. Back again, driver, and don't spare horse-flesh."

I began to be interested.

The words of the detective together with certain other things that could be taken into consideration, seemed to foreshadow some event beyond the ordinary.

We started off at a round pace.

Though bursting with curiosity, I would not say a word, knowing Mr. Ketcham too well for that.

At last he spoke.

"I have a case for you, Doctor, that will try your skill."

"You're welcome to it, sir."

"Have you ever met Dr. Seabury?"

"I have seen him and heard much of him, but have no personal acquaintance."

He had mentioned the name of a physician noted for his knowledge in the field of toxicology.

There never yet had been any case in the way of poisons, present or ancient, which submitted to him, could not be readily solved.

Mr. Ketcham said no more.

I was left to take it for granted that I was to be a co-laborer with the great Doctor Seabury upon some intricate case.

The thought flattered me.

Though I had never had any personal acquaintance with the old gentleman, I was following in his footsteps, having made toxicology or the science of poisons in their relation to the human body my life study.

He must have heard of me, then, and needing assistance on some point on which he was not positive, had sent for me.

I could see Mr. Ketcham's eyes upon my face every little while.

No doubt he wondered why I refrained from asking questions; but I had read my man before, and knew that the easiest way to his rugged silence and self-possession was to talk.

Hence, I determined to be surprised at nothing, no matter what might happen.

The rattle and bang caused by such rapid progress over the stony streets was far from being conducive to comfort, even if one were inclined to talk.

At length the vehicle drew up close to the curb.

"Here we are, Doctor," said the detective, as he opened the door he had been nervously fingering, and leaped out.

I followed more sedately, as I had a couple of small cases to look after.

Glancing up, I discovered that we were before a house that was peculiar, not only in itself, but because its class is almost obsolete in New York, where every foot of ground is worth a great deal of money.

The house fronted on the street, but it had a side yard, which was, I had no doubt, a garden, although a high wall prevented me from making sure of it.

I could just catch a glimpse of a stable in the rear.

We walked up the steps.

Mr. Ketcham opened the front door in a free and easy manner, as if he were perfectly familiar with its working.

There was not a soul in the hall.

The gas burned dimly.

A glance around showed me that it was the abode of one who certainly possessed wealth, and who had traveled a great deal, for every foot of space seemed to have some valuable ornament, painting or bit of bric-a-brac, such as a man of taste and unlimited means would pick up during years spent abroad.

"Up stairs, Doctor," said the detective.

I followed on.

My foot sank into the softest of Persian carpets upon the stairs. I was puzzling my brain to determine the nature of the peculiar Eastern odor that

seemed to steal so softly upon one's senses, and could imagine myself once more in an Oriental house with a Turkish host.

Mr. Ketcham opened a door and stood there to allow me to enter first.

The chamber was apparently a bedroom, though the curtains and draperies hung around hid the bed and bewildered me at first.

A soft light was diffused through the apartment by a lamp of strange construction, that stood upon a table, the legs of which were made of long elephants' tusks.

Around me were a thousand things marking the tastes of the man who had fitted the room up.

These did not draw my attention now beyond a sweeping glance.

I turned to Mr. Ketcham, who had silently entered the room, closing the door, and stood beside me.

"You are wondering why I brought you here, Doctor?"

"I admit it, sir."

"Before we go any further I wish to say a few words. In my experience you can well understand I have seen some strange things, many of which bordered on the impossible, and yet, Doctor, I can solemnly assure you, that in this room I have come across one, which, all things considered, promises to be the most profound mystery that has ever crossed my path."

I started at his words.

His impressiveness lent a new interest to the affair.

The lamp flickered, as a light draught from an open window struck it.

I took a step in that direction, with the intention of closing the window, but, comprehending my intention, the detective laid a hand on my arm.

"Leave it open, Doctor. I have a reason for such a thing. It affords me a clue to the crime."

"Crime?"

Then some evil deed had been done—murder perhaps?

I set my satchel down, ready for business when the detective chose to act.

He dropped into a chair.

"I examined the remarkable lamp, that certainly had been imported, for its like had never been seen in this country before, and finding out that a touch on a little silver ball was all that was necessary, I soon accomplished his desire."

"Now, please step over to the bed yonder, and quietly draw back the curtain."

His voice was calm, but I could detect an undercurrent of excitement in it—something I had never imagined a man of his iron nerve and inflexible purpose allowed himself to indulge in.

My thoughts were running riot as I advanced toward the tapestries that served as curtains to the bed.

What was about to meet my eyes?

Was there a horrible sight presented behind that screen?

The rich Oriental figure of the tapestry to my excited gaze seemed to become a writhing mass of silver and gold serpents twining about each other, and the rustling of the autumn-tinted leaves outside the open window resolved itself into their hissing.

With an effort of my will I laid hold upon the curtain.

"Draw it back, Doctor," said Mr. Ketcham, quietly.

I did so.

The curtain was hung upon rings that glided along a silver rod attached to the side of the canopy overhead, for the bed, although massive and richly carved, was of an antique pattern.

It was occupied.

Upon the pillow rested the head of an elderly man, with a snow-white beard and a grand face, which seemed stamped with the seal of death.

His eyes were closed, and I felt that I could hear the beating of my heart, while the ticking of the little ornate clock upon the ebony secretary in one corner of the chamber sounded as the pounding of a great hammer.

For a short space of time I gazed almost in stupefaction at the face of the dead.

Then, breaking from the spell that had come upon me, I started back with a low cry.

Mr. Ketcham sat there by the table, his hand toying with a paper cutter in the form of a dagger, and his eyes fixed, not on me, but upon a certain spot upon the ceiling.

"This was a favorite attitude of his, and he assumed it generally when cross-questioning a man."

Then, again, he had a way of bringing those keen orbs of his suddenly to bear upon the face of the party opposite him, and at such times they seemed to gaze into the very soul, as though he strove to read one's thoughts.

Controlling myself as well as I was able under the peculiar circumstances of the case, I walked toward the table and quietly sat down in a chair that seemed to invite me.

"Doctor, you are surprised?" he said, at last, coolly, as he turned his head and looked at me with a smile.

I might have detected the soft impeachment, but of what avail?

Mr. Ketcham said I might it. I am both surprised and mystified.

"You are no worse off than myself. Remember what I told you. There is a strange marvel here that will require much hard work to solve it."

"Will you throw some light upon the subject—why am I brought here?"

"All in good time, Doctor. You have seen the old gentleman who lies yonder?"

With a motion of the thumb toward the bed.

"I have."

"Do you recognize him?"

"Certainly."

"Beyond all reason or doubt?"

"It is Dr. Seabury himself."

Mr. Ketcham rubbed his hands and smiled.

CHAPTER II.

In the daily pursuit of his business the old detective saw so much of death that he was not apt to be deeply impressed in the presence of the grim monster.

I soon discovered this fact.

"When you mentioned the name of the old Doctor, I thought you were taking me to have a consultation with him."

A dry chuckle was the only answer.

"If he is dead, I do not see what good a doctor would be. A detective might prove of more assistance to you, sir."

His eyes were searching the figures of the paper on the ceiling.

"That is where you mistake, Doctor. I never in my life saw a detective, and I am in a case, but more than once I have been well assisted by a lawyer or a doctor. In the present instance you have made a mistake which I hasten to correct. I did not call you in to consult with the old physician, nor even to administer an antidote, as you may have thought from my asking you to fetch along your case, for even at that moment I knew, beyond all shadow of doubt, that the renowned old Dr. Seabury was a dead man."

"Pardon me, then, Mr. Ketcham, but what in the deuce did you call me in for?"

"A doctor is powerless after death comes."

"Powerless to save, perhaps, but not to aid the stern arm of legal vengeance."

His impressive words sounded like the striking of a gong.

There was something bad of this, I had believed it a natural death, or, at the worst, suicide. His words suggested a deeper vein.

"Mr. Ketcham, am I to infer that a crime has been committed here?"

"You are to look for evidences of murder," I sprang to my feet.

"Before I do so, you must tell me what you know of this strange thing, for I cannot work in the dark."

"I do not mean you shall, Doctor. There are a few little things which you may not care to hear, but the main part of the story shall be yours. Sit down again. There is time enough for work."

I settled myself in the easy chair, and prepared to listen.

The old detective was a good storyteller. His voice was low and impressive, and he brought out the strong points in his line with an emphasis that forced them upon my consideration.

"I have known Dr. Seabury for some six months. He came to my office one day, and made my personal acquaintance. Before that time I had made use of him in his professional capacity on several occasions, and had come to respect him highly."

"On the occasion of his visit to me, he gave me to understand that he had an enemy of whom he was in mortal fear, a party who had followed him from India to England, seeking his life, and lost track of him there."

"Of late the old Doctor had been warned in some way that the enemy had discovered the fact of his being in New York, and not a day passed without his being in fear of a visit from this party, who had sworn that oceans should not stand in the way when vengeance for some real or fancied wrong was to be wrought."

I worried Dr. Seabury so that he could not sleep nights.

"At his suggestion I had a private telegraph wire run from his house to my den, where some one was to be always on hand to answer a call."

"This was not the first time such a lucky windfall had come to me, and a man is a fool when he refuses to cater to the whims of a rich man."

"Some months went by without any alarm, and I began to look on the thing as a self job."

"To-night, at ten minutes past two I was aroused from a light slumber by the alarm."

"It had come at last."

"Luckily I had thrown myself on a sofa in the den without more than kicking my feet in one minute."

"I was out on the street and running for all I was worth in this direction."

"I made good time, and in not more than ten minutes reached the house."

"The Doctor had shown me how to open the door, and I entered quietly."

"All was as still as a graveyard, and to me terribly suggestive."

"The gas jet in the lower hall was allowed to burn low all night, so I easily found my way up stairs."

"This door, which I used in entering, was locked on the inside."

"I listened, but could not hear even the slightest sound."

"The Doctor had shown me a means of entering his office and study adjoining this room, by way of a closet in an old lumber room next to it."

"When I entered here that window was open as you see it, the lamp flickered and flickered in the draught, and the old physician lay there—dead."

"At first I thought the light might have felt the pangs of approaching dissolution, and, lacking the power to cry out, had pressed the knob in the wall beyond the bed there, which sounded the alarm in my den."

"A minute's examination convinced me that such was the case, for, as his other hand, tightly pressed, he held this old little flask—a miniature phial."

He handed it to me.

It was made of crystal, and contained a few grains of powder.

I drew out the stopper and smelled of the contents, feeling rather than seeing the eyes of Mr. Ketcham upon me.

"You recognize the scent, Doctor?" he asked, somewhat eagerly for him.

"I do, emphatically."

"It is an odor which, once caught, can never be mistaken. Am I right?"

"Perfectly so, Mr. Ketcham."

"What is it that crystal phial contains?"

"I am almost ready to swear a few grains of a most singular and deadly poison found in the desert part of Egypt—a poison that has baffled the knowledge of the world to tell the origin of or find an antidote for. Dr. Seabury himself offered me means of determining its origin, which is lost in mystery."

"I thought so. Just such a poison, then, as a man might take if he desired to baffle the skill of the best physicians."

"I shrugged my shoulders."

"It is certain death."

"Do not touch the bed again and bend over the dead man. See if you can detect this odor about his lips."

I did so, and reported in the affirmative.

Dr. Seabury had undoubtedly taken this most fatal of poisons with suicidal intent.

As this fact became apparent to me, I began to feel master of the situation. All that Mr. Ketcham had said now dwindled into insignificance before the report of my superior wisdom.

For the moment I was puffed up with a sense of my importance. Mr. Ketcham did not glance at me, but I knew he was well aware of my condition.

Afterward, looking back, I wondered how it was he did not literally jab a knife into the balloon of self-importance I had inflated, and allowed it to collapse.

I was indebted to him for letting me down easy.

"Doctor, how about this poison; does it leave any traces behind?" he asked.

"That is the peculiar part of it, Mr. Ketcham. It assimilates with the blood, and passes at once into the system; while it kills the action of the heart in ten seconds to a minute, it was impossible for me to learn physician to state positively that the man had not died from a natural cause—disease of the heart."

The old detective gave a whistle.

"A most dangerous dust to fall into the hands of an unscrupulous man."

"He would be inclined to a modern Borgia, undoubtedly."

"Still the odor seems to linger, Doctor."

"It will for some time; but it would not be recognized by any physician who had not received a special training in this line of his business."

"I presume, Doctor, on the face of this matter, you are disposed to call it a suicide?"

"Undoubtedly, sir."

"And would return home with that conviction?"

"If you are done with me."

"I might get on without your assistance from this point on, but for several reasons, which I will not state, I prefer that you remain with me."

"As you will, sir."

"To begin with, Doctor, how about this poison—I have known those that clogged the action of the heart to discolor the skin upon the left chest, as the returning blood failed to find an outlet from the pumping ventricle of the heart."

"I have never heard of that being the case with this poison, sir."

"It would surprise you then to find that such was the case?"

"Very much, indeed."

"Perhaps another thing would astonish you considerably. Listen to me, Doctor. When Dr. Seabury snatched up that crystal phial and swallowed a small part of the contents, his horrified eyes rested upon the face of the party he had so long feared, and who had followed him about over most of the world."

His voice was calm, his words impressive.

They struck me forcibly, and I looked at Mr. Ketcham with a start.

"Are you sure of that, sir?"

"I am in possession of facts which warrant me in saying, beyond all shadow of doubt, that some agile party climbed up the vines clinging to the side of the wall of the house, and crept in at the window."

"When the old Doctor saw them, the scare caused him to swallow the poison, which he kept near him for the purpose, and then striking the electric bell in the wall, summoned me to avenge if too late to save."

"Avenge! Why, sir, you say he died by his own hand. Then how could you avenge such a work? The deed is beyond your reach, even did the law allow it."

"It all depends whether the poison had time to kill him. Please be so kind as to look for the dark traces above his heart, of which I spoke."

I jumped to my feet, feeling that there was a party who had followed him from India to England, seeking his life, and lost track of him there.

A minute later I gave vent to a low cry that told of amazement.

I had made a discovery.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Ketcham did not leave his chair. His positive gaze was fastened upon the ceiling, as though those mystic lines and writhing serpents held him enthralled.

I had found the old Doctor's night-dress opened at the throat, and when I bared his left chest, according to directions, I made the discovery that brought forth the low cry from my lips.

"Ah, Doctor, is it as I mentioned?" asked the detective, calmly.

"No, sir."

"Still you seem to be much perturbed over something."

"I have come upon a fact that, I fancy, must have been known to you, sir."

"Indeed; what is that?"

"I see upon the white garment, just over his heart, what appears to be a drop of blood, hardly dry."

"Exactly closer, Doctor."

"Great heaven! Sir, the garment has been punctured by some small weapon, not much thicker than a darning needle."

Still he was unmoved.

His eyes persisted in remaining glued upon the fantastic figure above.

"It stands to reason, Doctor, according to my idea, that any weapon to have punctured the linen and drawn blood must have entered the flesh."

I bent my head lower to examine.

Not satisfied, I went over to my case, and, taking a probe, proceeded to investigate more fully.

The case was certainly becoming more intensely interesting as we proceeded, and I could now confess that there was, indeed, more about it than had appeared on the surface.

I vividly remembered what this old and veteran detective had declared with regard to the mystery—that it gave promise of proving the most remarkable one that had ever crossed his path.

In two minutes I had arrived at a certain conclusion.

"It is as I suspected, sir."

"Ah! Doctor, tell me what you have discovered."

"There is a small but deep puncture of a peculiar nature just at this point."

"From your observations, what would you imagine had caused the wound?"

"I have seen a dagger, called by the Malays a creese, that would be apt to make such a wound."

He smiled broadly at my words, and I knew I had come to some thought of his.

"Doctor, you build better than you know that time. Do you know whether the weapon went into the heart?"

"Of course only a post-mortem examination could prove that, but I have no reason to doubt it."

"Then why did not the blood gush out?"

"The strange weapon was immediately withdrawn, and the lips of the wound closing, the blood flowed inwardly."

"My conclusion exactly, Doctor. Now, I wish to put a question which will require a moment's thought on your part to answer. Are you ready?"

"Proceed, Mr. Ketcham."

"According to your professional knowledge, keeping all the facts of the case before your mind, is there any positive way of learning this important point, viz.,—and his quick eyes were glued upon my face—"had the deadly poison time to work before that Malay creese was buried momentarily in his heart?"

"This was a technical problem, but I had already solved it to my own satisfaction."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Barked Him Off.

Wild beasts are easily alarmed by the unexpected. The Italian's organ monkey that saved itself from the bulldog by taking off its cap, evidently seemed to the startled brute a creature that could pull off its own head. A stranger instance is related by an African hunter who had been trapping for the animal collectors of Hamburg. He was out one afternoon with some of the natives, preparing a bait in a rocky ravine.

"We had built a stout pen of rocks and logs and placed a calf as a bait. The sun was nearly down as we started for camp, and no one had the least suspicion of the presence of danger until a lion which had been crouched beside a bush sprang out and knocked me down."

"In springing upon his prey the lion or tiger strikes as he seizes. The blow of the paw, if it falls on the right spot, disables the victim at once."

"I was so near this fellow that he simply reared, seized me by the shoulder and pulled me down. I was flat on the earth before I realized what had happened."

"I was on my back and he stood with both paws on my waist, facing the natives and growling savagely. The men ran off about three hundred feet and then halted, which was doubtless the reason why I was not carried off at once."

"I can say without conceit that I was fairly cool. The attack had come so suddenly that I had not had time to get rattled. I had been told by an old Boer hunter, that if I ever found myself in such a predicament as this I must appeal to the lion's fears."

"Had I moved my arm to get my pistol the beast would have lowered his head and seized my throat. So long as I lay quiet he reasoned that I was dead, and gave his attention to the natives."

"Suddenly I barked like a dog, followed the bark with a growl, and that beast jumped twenty feet in his surprise. He came down between me and the natives, and I turned enough to see that his tail was down."

"I uttered more barks and growls, but without moving a hand, and the lion, after making a circle around me, suddenly bolted and went off with a scare which would last him a week."

"If you had picked up a stick and discovered it to be a snake you would do just as the lion did. He supposed he had pulled down a man. The man turned into a dog. He could not understand it and it frightened him."—*Cor. San Francisco Journal.*

An Indiana couple were engaged for seventeen years, and three days after the marriage ceremony applied for a divorce. This is marrying at leisure and repenting in haste.

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May 18, 1890. Standard Time

Fort Wayne.....	6:00 am	11:00 am	6:40 pm
Bluffton.....	6:08	11:08	7:41
Montpelier.....	7:00	11:20	8:14
Hartford.....	7:48	12:10 pm	8:33
Muncie.....	8:40	12:50	9:15
Indianapolis.....	10:30	3:50	11:30
Cincinnati.....		5:30	
Louisville.....		7:00	

* Daily NORTH. Ex. Sunday.

Louisville.....	7:30		
Cincinnati.....	11:15		
Indianapolis.....	9:05	1:15 pm	5:30
Bluffton.....	9:15	1:25	5:57
Montpelier.....	10:05	2:15	6:08
Hartford.....	10:38	2:48	6:38
Fort Wayne.....	11:35	3:45	7:40

ONE FARE FOR ROUND TRIP SUNDAYS

Notice to Teachers!

Notice is hereby given that there will be a public examination of teachers at the office of the county superintendent, in Decatur, Indiana, on the last Saturday of each month. Applicants for license must present "the proper trustee's certificate or other evidence of good moral character," and to be successful must pass a good examination in orthography, reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, English grammar, physiology, history of the United States, science of education, and present on the day of examination a review or composition upon one of the following named books: Tale of Two Cities, David Copperfield, Ivanhoe, Heart of Midlothian, Henry Remondet, The Spy, The Scarlet Letter, The Sketch Book, Knickerbocker's New York, The Happy Boy (by Bjornson), Poems of Longfellow, Poems of Bryant, Poems of Whittier, Poems of Lowell, Hawthorne's Marble Faun, and Carlyle's Heroes and Hero Worship, Holmes' Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, McMaster's Life of Franklin, and Charles Bode's Put Yourself in His Place. Said composition shall contain not less than 600 nor more than 1,000 words, shall be in the applicant's own handwriting, and shall be accompanied with a declaration that it is the applicant's original work. Reviews will be graded on grammar, orthography and composition. Examinations will begin promptly at 9:30 a. m. and will be held until 4 p. m. Applicants under seventeen years of age, after August 1890.

J. F. SNOW, Co. Supt.

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