



Women are Like Flowers.

Healthy and strong they blossom and bloom. Sickly, they wither and die. Every woman ought to look well and feel well. It's her right and duty, but she might as well try to put out a fire with oil as to be healthy and attractive with disease corroding the organs that make her a woman. Upon their health depends her health. If there is inflammation or weakening drains or suffering at the monthly period, attend to it at once. Don't delay. You're one step nearer the grave every day you put it off. Women can stand a great deal, but they cannot live forever with disease dragging at the most delicate and vital organs in their body. You may have been deceived in so-called cures. We don't see how you could help it—there is so much worthless stuff on the market. But you won't be disappointed in Bradfield's Female Regulator. We believe it is the one medicine on earth for womanly ills. There is as much difference between it and other so-called remedies as there is between right and wrong. Bradfield's Female Regulator soothes the pain, stops the drains, promotes regularity, strengthens, purifies and cleanses. It does all this quickly and easily and naturally. It's for women alone to decide whether they will be healthy or sick. Bradfield's Regulator lies at hand. \$1 per bottle at drug stores.

Send for our free booklet.
THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

A Rabelais Hoax.

Rabelais, being out of money, once tricked the police into taking him from Marseilles to Paris on a charge of treason. He made up some packages of brick dust and labeled them "Poison for the royal family." The officers took Rabelais 700 miles, only to be told at the end of their journey that it was April 1 and the affair was a hoax. Of course, as Rabelais was the privileged wit of the royal family, he was forgiven.

Mad What She Wanted.

Papa—There, there! You needn't kiss me any more. Tell me what you want. Out with it.

Daughter—I don't want anything. I want to give you something.

Papa—You do? What?

Daughter—A cot-in-law. Jack asked me to speak to you about it.—Philadelphia.

Not Peculiar.

Tess—I see a notice in the paper of the wedding of Mrs. Nubridge.

Jess—Yes; I know her very well.

Tess—Do you? What was her maiden name?

Jess—I suppose her maiden name was to get married.—Philadelphia Press.

He Backed Off His Leg.

Caught in a bear trap on the banks of the Athabasca, near Milford, Me., John McLeod, a lumber scaler, was obliged to take out his jackknife and cut off his leg. The trap was too heavy to move and was sprung in such a way that he could not reach over and release it. He was far from any human being, and the only way out of it seemed to be to cut off the leg.

That was done easily, because the leg upon which he operated was of wood. But when he stumped back to camp it made him mad to hear the jeers of the French-Canadian cook of the lumber crew.

"Why you no take off you whole wood leg, ah? You get out um trap and no spile you wood leg, ah?"

Such a way out of his difficulty had not occurred to McLeod before.

Skill In Throwing Off Mail Bags.

The busiest clerk in any crew or car is the one who is detailed to receive and throw off the sacks and pouches. To lift a heavy mail sack and throw it from a car moving at the rate of a mile a minute is a matter of good target shooting. "Looks easy enough," commented one of the veteran clerks at the letter case, "and it does seem as if a man should be able to hit a station platform without much difficulty, but you see that station is passed and gone in about one second. Then, the suction of a train running at this speed is something terrific, and until the knack of throwing a pouch is learned a man is liable to feed the wheels with a few letters."—Saturday Evening Post.

Origin of the Word Sterling.

The origin of the word "sterling" is very curious. Among the early mints of coin in northern Europe were the dwellers of eastern Germany. They were so skillful in their calling that numbers of them were invited to England to manufacture the metal money of the kingdom. The strangers were known as "esterlings." After a time the word became "sterling," and in this abbreviated form it has come to imply what is genuine in money, plate or character.

Quits.

He—You women have such a ridiculous habit of screaming "Oh!" on every occasion.

She—And you men have such a ridiculous habit of saying "I!" on every occasion.—Indianapolis Press.

Other Allurements.

Mr. Goodman—Why don't you take the pledge, my good fellow?

Jagsby—Because there are too many other things to take.—Denver Times.

The worst mosquito infested neighborhood in the world is the coast of Borneo. The streams of that region are at certain seasons unaviable because of the clouds of mosquitoes.

PREPARING TO DEPART

Withdrawal of Troops From Peking Now Under Discussion.

Peking, April 30.—The generals of the powers held a conference yesterday to consider the question of the withdrawal of troops and decided to address a note to the ministers informing them that when the ministers are able to announce the lump sum demanded as indemnity, and the Chinese have agreed to the principles of payment, arrangements will be possible for withdrawal. The other matters discussed were the handing over of the administration of Peking to native officials and the plan for the command of legation guards as to whether this command should be centered in one officer or each detachment should be independent. Regarding the government of Peking, it was decided to allow the Chinese gradually to assume more control until the civil government was entirely in their hands, the military only exercising passive supervision.

The Germans were virtually caught in a trap near the Ku Kwan pass. A detachment of 80 had 45 casualties, while the Chinese losses are said to have been nominal. The German expedition is returning, leaving the country greatly disaffected, owing to the hardships inflicted upon the population. Altogether the expedition appears to have produced a very bad effect. The current Chinese gossip is that the Germans were driven back with heavy losses, and it is implicitly believed by the bulk of the people.

FIVE BURNED TO DEATH

An Entire Family Perished in an Incendiary Blaze at Houston.

Houston, Tex., April 29.—In a fire which destroyed a livery stable and three residences at an early hour Sunday morning five persons were burned to death, Job Copping, a florist, his wife and three children. A negro has been arrested on the charge of having started the fire to get revenge on his employer for having discharged him. In the ruins were found the bodies of the victims, among them being an infant who had been born to Mrs. Copping during the progress of the fire. Its body was found with its mother's. Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Hopper jumped from the burning building and both were badly injured, perhaps fatally. The fire started in a livery stable over which several families lived. The building was a mere shell, and was a mass of flames when the firemen arrived. A crippled widow, Mrs. Thompson, escaped from the building and says she saw the Copping family run back into their room from the hallway, and that was the last seen of them alive.

We Will Receive Contributions.

Washington, April 30.—In connection with an organized effort in New York to contribute funds for the famine sufferers in China, Mr. Wu is receiving inquiries from persons outside of New York as to where subscriptions can be sent. He is ready to accept any such donations and will give proper receipts for the same. His belief is that much of the suffering exists in the interior, particularly in Shan Si province, from famine and drought and from the paralysis of all industries owing to the recent disorders.

Clothing Trust the Next.

Chicago, April 29.—Chicago manufacturers of clothing representing an aggregate capital of from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000 met yesterday and decided to form an association which will combine with similar bodies throughout the United States. The step was taken as the result of a visit of Eastern delegates, who for years have been trying to effect a combination of all the large manufacturing houses in the business.

Fatal Row At a Dance.

Gilman, Ills., April 29.—At a country dance three miles south of Gilman Saturday night the three Morris brothers, Walter, James and Philip, from this city, were shot. Walter died, the other two will recover, though James was seriously wounded. The shooting followed a fight between the brothers and three or four other guests at the dance. George Morrison did the shooting. He gave himself up to the sheriff and claims he fired in self-defense.

A Ghastly Scene.

Clayton, N. M., April 27.—Thomas E. Ketchum, alias Black Jack, the notorious outlaw who has terrorized the people of the Southwest for the past 15 years, was hanged here yesterday afternoon for train robbery, and his head was severed from the body by the rope as if by a guillotine. The headless trunk pitched forward toward the spectators, and blood spattered upon those nearest the scaffold.

Two Miners Killed.

Springfield, Ills., April 30.—William Becker and his son Frank were instantly killed yesterday in the Clear Lake Coal company's mine north of here. A shot fired in a room contiguous to the one in which they were demolished the frail partition between the rooms, and the falling debris killed them instantly. A widow and two small children are left penniless by William Becker's death.

Didn't Cost Him Anything.

Havana, Ills., April 28.—C. E. Fitzgerald, a cigarmaker, went into the hardware store of Harpman & Son here yesterday and asked to be shown revolvers. He loaded one, placed it to his head and fired. He died in a few minutes.

ENGLAND'S FIRST SHIP.

Great Harry Was the Country's Premier Fighting Machine.

Of the first ship, properly speaking, of the British navy, known as the Great Harry, the following particulars are given in an old number of the *Mechanist's Magazine*, dated Oct. 25, 1823:

The Great Harry was built by King Henry VII at a cost of £14,000, and was burned at Woolwich, through accident, in 1553.

Though King Henry, as well as other princes, hired many ships, exclusive of those which the different seaports were obliged to furnish, he seems thus to have been the first king who thought of avoiding this inconvenience by raising such a force as might be at all times sufficient for the service of the state. Historians tell us that he caused his navy, which had been neglected in the preceding reign, to be put in a condition to protect the British coasts against all foreign invasions, and that in the midst of profound peace he always kept up a fleet ready to act.

In August, 1512, the Regent, a ship of 1,000 tons, which was at that time the largest vessel in the British navy, was burned, and to replace it the Great Harry, or, as it was also known, the Henry Grace de Dieu, was built in 1515.

The vessel, of about 1,000 tons burden, was manned by 349 soldiers, 301 marines and 50 gunners. She had four masts and portholes on both decks and in other parts.

Before the time of her construction the cannon were placed above deck and on the prow and poop. One Decharge, a French builder at Brest, is said to have invented portholes.

In a list of the British navy, as it stood on Jan. 5, 1548, the Great Harry is said to have carried 19 brass and 103 iron pieces of ordnance.

The name of the ship is supposed to have been changed in the reign of Edward VI to Edward, which, on Aug. 26, 1552, was reported to be still "in good case to serve," and was ordered "to be grounded and calked once a year to keep it tight."—*Cassell's Magazine*.

BILLIARD CUES.

How They Are Made—America Furnishes the Best.

"Most billiard cues," said a New York manufacturer the other day, "are made in two pieces—the cue proper and the handle. The cue is made generally of maple, and the butt, which is wedge shaped, is inserted into a handle of rosewood, snakewood, ebony, mahogany, walnut or some other fancy dark wood, which is cut to dovetail with the long part.

"The maple wood used in making the handles is sawed into suitable lengths and seasoned. The logs are then split into pieces from which the handles are made. These pieces are called bolts. The bolts are sawed approximately to the shape of the handle to be finally made, and in this shape they are handle blocks. The handle block is turned to the shape of the handle in a lathe, and when the butt has been fitted it is finished and polished.

"The finest and best cues are fitted to the handle or butt by means of a double wedge. At the top of the cue is a ferrule of ivory, of horn or bone, in which the leather tip is fitted. While the ivory ferrule is the most expensive, of course it is less durable than the horn or bone ferrules, which are less liable to crack. The extra workmanship on cues is put in on the butts, some of which are elaborately inlaid and carved in beautiful patterns.

"There are a number of billiard players who will not permit another person to use their cues, and for the use of these particular players cues are turned out from which the tips may be unscrewed, leaving the cue with unfinished points and useless.

"American billiard cues are the lightest, strongest and neatest made anywhere in the world. They are made in all weights and lengths and rank in price from 30 cents to \$25 and more each, according to the quality and finish of the article.—*Washington Star*.

The Lesson He Wanted.

In his autobiography, "Up From Slavery," Booker T. Washington tells an amusing anecdote of an old colored man who during the days of slavery wanted to learn how to play on the guitar. In his desire to take guitar lessons he applied to one of his young masters to teach him. But the young man, not having much faith in the ability of the slave to master the guitar at his age, sought to discourage him by telling him: "Uncle Jake, I will give you guitar lessons. But, Jake, I will have to charge you \$3 for the first lesson, \$2 for the second lesson and \$1 for the third lesson. But I will charge you only 25 cents for the last lesson."

Uncle Jake answered: "All right, boss, I hires you on dem terms. But, boss, I wants yer to be sure an give me dat las' lesson first."

A Startler.

A gentleman whose hearing is defective is the owner of a dog that is the terror of the neighborhood in which he lives.

The other day he was accosted by a friend, who said:

"Good morning, Mr. H. Your wife made a very pleasant call on us last evening."

"I'm very sorry," came the startling reply. "I'll see that it don't occur again, for I'm going to chain her up in future."—*London Telegraph*.

Why She Wore It.

He (to the young widow)—Why do you wear such a heavy veil? I thought that you had an objection to ostentatious mourning.

She—Oh, it is only to hide my smiles.—*New York Sun*.

POWER OF IMAGINATION.

A Druggist's Story of How It Worked in One Case.

"The power of imagination," said a New York druggist, "is past comprehension. Not long since a domestic in the employ of a prominent family came into the store in great haste with a prescription which called for two grains of morphine in two ounces of aqua pura—that is, distilled water—the accompanying direction reading, 'A teaspoonful every hour until the pain is allayed.' The patient for whom it was intended was the head of the family, who was suffering from a severe attack of nervous neuralgia.

"Now, it so happened that the family physician who had written the prescription was behind the counter when the messenger arrived, having dropped in, as was his wont, on the way to his office. While I was putting up the prescription we chatted and laughed and joked and passed the time of day as only professional men are capable of doing. I filled the bottle, corked it carefully and labeled it properly, and when the retreating form of the domestic had disappeared out of the store door returned to my companionable physician visitor. As I did so I saw to my amazement the two grains of morphine reposing upon the prescription scales.

"'Doctor,' I ejaculated, 'I've given that girl nothing but distilled water. The morphine is here; look at it. What shall I do?'

"'Do?' he replied, with admirable sang froid. 'Do? Why, nothing at all. I'll wager you that the aqua pura will work as well without the opiate as with it.'

"'Agreed,' said I. And do you know," concluded the pharmacist, "the doctor was right, and the patient with the nervous neuralgia—an exceptionally intelligent and college bred man—was sleeping as peacefully as a babe after the second dose of the 'mixture.' Faith is everything where medicine is concerned."—*Exchange*.

STALKED BY VULTURES.

While a Man Was Trailing a Buck the Birds Followed the Man.

I met with a curious and not altogether pleasant experience, writes an Anglo-Indian correspondent who has done a good deal of large and small game shooting in India, when I was one day stalking a black buck. Between me and my quarry lay a large flat field of black cotton soil bordered by a very low, straggling and thinly growing hedge of small babul trees. My only way to get a shot was to cross this, keeping the bushiest tree between me and the buck, who had not much to browse on and was therefore seldom motionless. I proceeded to do the hundred yards on the flat of my stomach. This on loose, hard baked black cotton soil was no joke. I pushed my rifle on ahead; then, wriggling past it until the muzzle was near my knee, I would pass it on in front again, and so on.

Progress was slow, and I was so absorbed that I failed to observe shadows crossing and recrossing my path and circling round until I had gone some 50 yards. Then the whirling of wings attracted my ears, and almost at the same moment a vulture landed on the ground not 20 yards away. I looked up. The air was alive with these repulsive looking birds. Then it flashed across me that I was being stalked! Doubtless these birds were attracted by my extraordinary method of procedure and mistook me for a wounded or dying man making a final effort to reach some shady spot. This was especially possible, as the experience occurred in a famine district where deaths by the wayside were not infrequent. By looking up I had evidently shown myself to the buck, for he was now off at full tilt. I therefore took pot shot at the vulture at 20 yards, but did not allow for the sighting sufficiently and missed him. The thought of being waited for by a flock of vultures while very much alive and well was, to say the least, uncanny.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Burden Bearers of the East.

In the east the camel today, as in the days of Solomon, is the principal beast of burden in peace and in war. Across the pitiless desert he strides, his great pack nodding as he swings along. Down the old, old trail that winds through the hills of Lebanon, blinking, they come in pairs, bringing cedars to the sea. But the most remarkable of all freighters is the eastern hamal, the human burden bearer. All or nearly all the freight of Constantinople is handled by the hamal. He wears on his back a regular pack saddle, thin at the top, where it rests on his shoulders, and thick at the bottom, where it ends at his hips. A broad band circles his forehead, and when he leans forward the saddle presents a flat, level surface.—*Munsey's Magazine*.

Cheap.

Lover—You are getting prettier every day.

Sweet Girl—Just now I am living on brown bread and water to improve my complexion.

"How long can you keep that up?"

"Oh, indefinitely."

"Then let's get married."—*Exchange*.

Comparing Notes.

Mrs. Slowboy—My husband's so lazy that if it wasn't for me I don't believe he would get up in time to go to bed.

Mrs. Rounder—My husband's different. He scarcely goes to bed in time to get up.—*Chicago News*.

Bombay is an immense city, with land and sea shipping equal to the best. It has large commerce and trade and manufacturing interests. Its buildings are said to be the finest in India.

When Lot's wife was turned to salt, he probably started to look for a fresh one.—*Kansas City Star*.

FRIGHTENED HIS WIFE.

Forty Cents Almost the Cause of a Catastrophe.

Before Mrs. Browley was married she scoffed at the misguided girls and women who kept personal accounts. Her argument was that if you know how much money you had and it was all gone what was the use of piling on the anguish by having your folly and extravagance in black and white to stare you in the face, especially as you had no more money at the end of the month than you had without an account book?

But since she has been running a house she has achieved not one but nearly a dozen account books. There is one devoted to the grocery man, another to the butcher, personal accounts take a third, and so on till she spends nearly all her glad young life balancing sums. It is a matter of pride with her that they shall come out even, and so there was woe last month when 40 cents refused to be accounted for. She and Mr. Browley had a grave and lengthy discussion over the missing 40. Each accused the other of frivolling the sum away and neglecting to enter it on the proper book. "Sundries," Mr. Browley insisted strenuously he was not guilty. Mrs. Browley looked pained and urged him to confess. He left for down town vowing vengeance. It was late that afternoon when Mrs. Browley was entertaining a roomful of aristocratic callers that a telegraph boy appeared. The maid brought in the fatal yellow envelope, and at once the bride knew her husband had been fatally injured and was sending for her. Some one revived her with smelling salts, a lady in purple velvet fanned her with a hastily snatched lamp shade, and a third visitor with more presence of mind than the rest opened the telegram. The message read: "Honest, now, what did you do with that 40 cents?"—*Chicago News*.

The Breton Peasant.

If there is a country where the tradition of hatred of "the Englishman" as a hereditary enemy still holds it is in Catholic Brittany. In the eyes of the Breton peasants and fishermen the Englishman is the enemy with whom they have fought battles and will fight them again.

That is to say, the Englishman stands for the typical sailor of a man-of-war or torpedo boat, whom they will fight when the time comes for the attack, but no one thinks of him as a man. The enemy is a unit of war, something outside ordinary life, a being in uniform whom it is glorious to kill. He is "the enemy"—something which will do great mischief to France if one does not take care, something which must be much more terrible and dangerous than they can imagine, since all the men of France lose the best years of their youth in learning to kill this eventual adversary.

If ever the peasants come clearly to realize that the only use of war is to kill people like themselves; if ever each soldier becomes capable of imagining what the shock of two armies is and by what complicated series of lies and intrigues peoples are brought to the point of killing each other, the work of peace congresses will be wonderfully simplified.—*Contemporary Review*.

Reading as a Cure.

The practice of reading aloud at regular intervals is of great benefit to any one affected with a chest complaint. In all cases of lung trouble it is important to indulge in those exercises by which the chest is in part filled or emptied of air, and reading aloud; singing and whistling are three of those exercises.

There are many who cannot sing, and we do not expect the fair sex to whistle, but reading aloud can be practiced by all. Care must be taken not to overdo it, of course, and the body should be in such a position as to allow the chest to have free play.

Reading aloud, if we pay attention to what we are doing, will not only be beneficial from the standpoint of health, but will also have the effect of making us better speakers by teaching us proper modulations of the voice and by increasing our knowledge.

This is where it has the advantage over whistling and singing.

Altogether Different.

Suitor—I have come to ask you for your daughter's hand.

Father—Well, the fact is we are pretty crowded here as it is, and I—

Suitor—Oh, I intend to take her away from home if I marry her!

Father—Oh, well, in that case— But you did give me an awful start, my boy.—*Boston Transcript*.

Legal Advertising

APPOINTMENT OF EXECUTOR.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned of the board of commissioners of said city of Decatur, Indiana, and all others whom it may concern:

EDWARD X. BRINGER, Executor.

April 19, 1901.

APPLICATION FOR LIQUOR LICENSE.

To the citizens of the second ward of the city of Decatur, Indiana, and all others whom it may concern:

Notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned, a male inhabitant over the age of twenty-one years, and a resident of said city and state, will, at the June term, 1901, of the board of commissioners of said city, and state, apply for a license to sell, and give away for the purpose of gain, spirituous, vinous and malt liquor in less quantity than one quart at a time with the privilege of allowing the same to be drunk where sold. I will also desire to sell cigars and tobacco and operate one pool table.

The precise location of the premises on which I desire to sell, barter or give away said liquors with the privilege of allowing the same to be drunk thereon, is the ground floor of the two-story brick building on lot No. 12, 12 1/2 feet in length and thirty-two feet wide. Said room where said liquors are to be sold, drank and given away is twenty-four feet wide by seventy (70) feet long and is part of said lot No. 12, 12 1/2 feet in length and is designated on the recorded plat of said city of Decatur, Indiana.

HENRY KRANTZ, Applicant.

APPLICATION FOR LIQUOR LICENSE.

To the citizens of the Second Ward city of Decatur, Adams county, Indiana. Notice is hereby given that I, Lewis Nichols, a male inhabitant of said state, over the age of twenty-one years, and a person not in the habit of becoming intoxicated, will make application to the board of county commissioners at their next regular session in June, 1901, for a license to sell spirituous, vinous and malt liquors in less quantities than a quart at a time, to be drunk where sold, in and at the city of Decatur, Indiana, at the southwest corner of said lot, running thence east 132 feet, thence north 19 feet, thence west 132 feet, thence south 19 feet to place of beginning. Said room being the ground floor room 30 feet by 40 feet wide, having a front and rear opening.

LEWIS NICHOLS, Applicant.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received at Mackey, Indiana, till the hour of one o'clock p. m.

Friday, May 24, 1901.

for the erection and completion of a brick school house in Preble township, district No. 6, which is situated one mile north of Mackey, according to the plans and specifications which are on file at the office of Mann & Christon, architects, Decatur, Indiana.

The right is reserved to reject any and all bids.

G. W. RUPRIGHT.

Township trustee Preble township, Adams county, Indiana, postoffice Ossian, rural route No. 1.

Dated April 26, 1901.

NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENTS

The state of Indiana, county of Adams, ss.

In the Adams circuit court, April term, 1901.

Eugene Lindsey

vs.

Amos T. Dailey, et al. Complaint to quiet title.

It appearing from affidavit filed in the above entitled cause, that Amos T. Dailey, Eliza Dailey, Eliza Dailey, James Lambert, — Lambert, wife of James Lambert, whose true christian name is to the plaintiff unknown; George E. Bolus, E. J. Gard, whose true christian name is to the plaintiff unknown; Fanny O'Brien, Owen O'Brien, Joseph R. Jackson, — Jackson, wife of Joseph R. Jackson, Mary O'Brien, whose true christian name is to the plaintiff unknown; and the above named defendants are non residents of this state of Indiana.

Notice is therefore hereby given the said Amos T. Dailey, Eliza Dailey, James Lambert, — Lambert, wife of James Lambert, whose true christian name is to the plaintiff unknown; George E. Bolus, E. J. Gard, whose true christian name is to the plaintiff unknown; Fanny O'Brien, Owen O'Brien, Joseph R. Jackson, — Jackson, wife of Joseph R. Jackson, Mary O'Brien, whose true christian name is to the plaintiff unknown; that they be and appear before the honorable judge of the Adams circuit court on the 15th day of June, 1901, the same being the 15th day of the month of June, 1901, to answer to the complaint, to be heard and determined in their absence.

Witness my name and the seal of said court hereto affixed, this 24th day of April, 1901.

ELMER JOHNSON, Clerk.

7-3 By James P. Haefling, Deputy.

Merryman & Schirmeyer, Atty's for Plaintiff.

NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENTS

The state of Indiana, county of Adams, ss.

In the Adams circuit court, April term, 1901.

Harmen Thomas.

Hannah Frederica Thomas

vs.

Frederick Thomas et al.

No. 6241.

Petition for partition to quiet title.

It appearing from affidavit filed in the above entitled cause, that Frederick Thomas, Henry Frank, Zachariah P. Gard, — Gard, wife of Zachariah P. Gard, whose christian name is to the plaintiff unknown; Henry S. Dickerson, Elizabeth Dickerson, Ewing McMakin, Mary McMakin, David W. McMakin, Ann McMakin, John McMakin and Lidia McMakin, the above named defendants are non residents of the state of Indiana.

Notice is therefore hereby given the said Frederick Thomas, Henry Frank, Zachariah P. Gard, — Gard, wife of Zachariah P. Gard, whose christian name is to the plaintiff unknown; Henry S. Dickerson, Elizabeth Dickerson, Ewing McMakin, Mary McMakin, David W. McMakin, Ann McMakin, John McMakin and Lidia McMakin, that they be and appear before the honorable judge of the Adams circuit court on the 15th day of June, 1901, the same being the 15th day of the month of June, 1901, to answer to the petition, to be heard and determined in their absence