

"LOYALTY"

BY WILLIE MUDFORD.

"And Evangeline, kneeling beside him, kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom."

"How is he to-day, nurse?"

"There has been no change. Once in the night there seemed an improvement, but it was only momentary, and he has remained just as you see him now. Perhaps I was mistaken even then."

She spoke with the calm, matter-of-fact preclusiveness of her calling, and watched in respectful silence while the doctor made his wonted examination. Standing at the foot of the bed, in her plain gray dress and professional cap and apron, she looked a strong, self-reliant figure, capable of the patient fulfillment of burdensome duties, and of emergency. Her face was pale, and appeared paler still for the deep rings under the eyes that told of a night's vigil; and, though trained for years to unobtrusive contemplation of suffering and sorrow, its features were all too finely moulded and sympathetic to wholly conceal a nature instinctively gentle and tender. The doctor put his watch back into his pocket and slowly buttoned his coat as he looked at the unconscious figure in the bed.

"The change may come at any moment," he said, "and when it does there will be nothing for us to do. He cannot possibly live through the day; he may die in the next five minutes. I will stay here a little; I am not busy this morning, and"—he scanned her keenly and noted the weariness her eyes could not conceal—"you had better rest in the arm-chair. You look a bit fatigued. Did you get any sleep last night?"

"No," she answered, simply; moving to the chair he wheeled forward for her. She failed to add that she had taken no rest and scarce any food since Wednesday afternoon, though it was then Friday. He would have scolded her for want of care for herself, and her secret was inevitably dear to her. The doctor drew the blinds to shut out the morning sunlight—there was little need for light now. Moving noiselessly about the room he amused himself examining the books and odds and ends that littered the room, glancing from time to time towards the bed where his dying patient breathed slowly and heavily. He even wondered about the blueness of the man whose existence had only come to his ken when he was called by the laundress a couple of days back. It was then too late to discover much, for the patient had lain all night insensible by the heavy brass fender, with a fractured skull; and precious hours—wherein it might have been possible to raise the depressed bone, remove the blood clots and relieve the pressure on the brain—had passed without a consultation. The woman of about thirty years of age, who had been in the laundry for some time, was now sitting in the arm-chair, her head resting on her hand, her eyes closed, her face pale and weary.

were by the bedside. Together they watched and waited till the brief agony was stilled.

"I will send up the laundress," the doctor said, "and then you had better go home; it is no use stopping here. I know his solicitors, and will write to them that they may communicate with his relations, if he has any. They can see me about any arrangements they want to make."

She nodded without speaking, and he left with a cheery "Good-by," telling her to be certain that the door was locked ere she left. As he went downstairs he said to himself she was working too hard and needed a change, and made a mental note to send her with his next patient ordered to the seaside. She remained at the foot of the bed till the heavy approach of the laundress roused her, and she went shuddering to the chair, where she sat shivering her face, while the woman laid out the body after the decent fashion of our people. When they had gone she looked the door. Then she pressed her hands over her eyes and trembled slightly, recalling still and sorrowing for some minutes. Presently she went gently to the bed and, uncovering the face, began to smooth the hair from the forehead, speaking in a low murmur.

"Harry dear," she whispered, "the world could not divide us at the last, though it is so big. We are together, you and I, as we used to be in the beginning. Do you mind, now that you know that I am with you? You are not angry, dear, because after all these years God has let me see you again, and call you by your name, and—oh, yes—"

She bent to kiss him, but shook her head sadly instead, and knelt by his side.

"Let me talk to you just as if it were the same again, as if nothing had happened, and we were boy and girl once more. I won't say anything about her to make you angry. I won't remember it and you must forget too. Can you forget, I wonder? Do you forget now? You forget me while you were alive; are you forgetting her now you are dead?"

The tears gathered in her eyes and she sobbed softly. She looked into the white face and said quickly:

"But I won't ask you to forget, Harry. I won't ask it; it isn't mine to ask. It was all a mistake, dear, and we have both suffered; perhaps she has suffered too. It was hard you were not happy; you were so good and loved so much. We have both loved much, have we not? Where have you been all these years? I wonder if you ever thought of me as I have thought of you, and remembered the old days. If you had met me I wonder if you would have taken me in your arms and kissed me as you did in the meadows at Langley. I would have loved you, Harry, as I did then; you know I would. We were never apart, I would have loved you just as I loved you then."

HOW TO KILL SQUIRRELS.

New Method of exterminating the Pest Discovered by a Spokane Man.

A. T. Church, of Spokane, has discovered a sure way of exterminating the arch enemy of the Washington farmer—the ground squirrel.

Mr. Church's method of extermination, says the Tribune of that city, comes under three important discoveries which he has made by a close observation of the ground squirrel's habits.

1. He has discovered that a squirrel won't dig out of a hole if any obstruction is in the way, so he won't have to dig through solid ground.

2. A squirrel will not dig into a hole if it is obstructed so as to make his entrance difficult.

3. A squirrel will not traverse any extent of territory if he is not sure that there are plenty of holes in which he can hide if he is pursued.

In the vicinity of Mr. Church's place he has filled all the squirrel holes with briar bushes, and for a distance of ten rods the squirrels have entirely disappeared. If briar bushes are not handy, Mr. Church says a wall of paper will answer the purpose just as well. Mr. Church has examined the results of killing squirrels with powder, sulphur and other materials now in use in the surrounding country. He is firmly convinced that, while the weapons used will kill the squirrels, they will be just as bad or worse than the coming summer, because a human is already in readiness for them. If the holes are stopped up the squirrels do not seem to thrive and spread over the country. "The experiment, moreover, will cost nothing, and I advise the farmers to try it," said Mr. Church.

WHAT WE DO WITH OUR FEET.

A Feminine Critic Who Took Delight in Observing Men's Feet.

What do men do with their feet and legs at dinner? Same thing they do at breakfast and luncheon—wind them about the limbs of their chair and back on by their toes.

She sat in a well-known Broadway restaurant the other evening, says the New York World, and amused herself, after she had appeased her hunger, by watching the men's pedal extremities. Some who had feet of generous length caught the heels of their boots on the lower front rung of the chair, and hung their feet up, as it were, while they dined.

Two men with short legs and feet to match actually kept on tiptoe through the meal. A few wreathed their legs around those of the table.

One laid his left foot flat on the floor sideways, and stood the right one upon it, changing base from time to time.

Several holstered their boots on the chair rung, which brought their knees so high their owners had to sit on the toes to avoid striking the table from the knees. A few, however, kept their feet flat on the floor.

SPECIFIC FOR SCROFULA.

"Since childhood, I have been afflicted with scrofulous boils and sores, which caused me terrible suffering. Physicians were unable to help me, and I only grew worse under their care. At length, I began to take

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Sarsaparilla, and very soon grew better. After using half a dozen bottles I was completely cured, so that I have not had a boil or pimple on any part of my body for the last twelve years. I can cordially recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the very best blood-purifier in existence."—G. T. REINHART, Myersville, Texas.

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