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DOUGLAS H. SMITH,
Managing Editor.

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sired.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1899.

This season of the year is a little too
cool for ice cream and soda water and
not quite cold enough for oysters and
mince pie.

What's the matter with the pension
office? Perhaps nothing is the matter
and that is why we do not hear any-
thing about it.

Pierre, Dakota, is beginning to rival
Indianapolis as a celebrator. It has been
in a continual state of celebration for sev-
eral weeks and if it does not sober up
pretty soon there will be danger of de-
lirium tremens.

Chicago's big horse show has come to
an end, and next week the fat stock show
will begin. The horse exhibition was
liberally patronized by the best society
but the hog in its native state is not ad-
mitted into the most exclusive circles.
And yet if it were not for this plebeian
animal where would you find Chicago's
best society and exclusive circles?

The marriage market is lively, the
returns beginning to come in from the
summer resorts. If it were not for the
propinquity and the opportunity afforded
by these annual outings the young men
and maidens would never find time to
become acquainted. Since the men have
taken to club life and the various sport-
ing amusements, and the girls have gone
wild over a higher culture and decorative
art, love making has been sent to the
back-ground, and Cupid finds his occupa-
tion gone.

New York does not allow any city to
get ahead of her in the way of resolutions
and petitions. Several times a year she
resolves to erect a monument to some-
body or something and now she hopes to
secure the World's Fair through a peti-
tion to Congress. There is just the dif-
ference between New York and Chicago
that there is between a man who has
made his fortune and the one who is try-
ing to make it. The former feels no
necessity for any special energy on his
part, while the latter puts forth every
effort and neglects no opportunity to im-
prove his condition. New York has no
need of an advertisement or special at-
tractions to bring in visitors. Chicago
is fighting for prestige and is willing to
pay a big price for what she wants.

An amusing incident is related of the
peculiar laws of France. The W. C. T.
U. was represented at the World's Fair
by Josephine R. Nichols, of Indiana,
who had charge of a department. The
first thing she did was to deposit all of
her money, quite a considerable sum, in
one of the banks of Paris. After she got
comfortably settled she went to the bank
and told them to give her a book so that
she could check out her money when she
wanted it. "Is madame married?"
asked the cashier. "Yes, I have a hus-
band in the United States," said Mrs.
Nichols. "Have you his permission to
draw out this money?" "Why, you did
not require me to have it to deposit the
money." "No, but you cannot get a dol-
lar of it without his written permission."
Mrs. Nichols then told them that this
law might do very well for French
women but that American women
wouldn't stand it, that she had had her
own bank account all her life and she
did not intend to write for her husband's
permission and she would have that
money or she would take the matter into
the courts. The cashier told her they
would call a meeting of the board of di-
rectors and see what could be done.
The meeting took place and she was notified
that as she was so far from home if she
would sign her name J. R. Nichols she
might draw her money. She replied that
she had never signed her name in that
way and she wouldn't begin now. The
directors then held another consultation
and the end of it all was that she was
given her bank book and drew her
money in the name of Josephine R.
Nichols, the board requesting that she
should not mention it, which goes to
show that the American woman abroad
knows how to take care of herself and
can teach foreign men a lesson when it
is necessary.

For Himself.

It is high time the colored man took
up the cudgels for the assertion of his
right himself. There will never be any
Garrisons or Phillipses to fight his
fight. It is not desirable that
Liberty is a boon that
comes to a people
who do

is to give a race a chance to be free. The
colored man in the United States has
passed the period of tutelage. He must
define and assert his strength—make
himself felt—if he expects to win equal
rights and privilege as a man.—Judge
Tourgee.

An Expensive Scheme.

"The project to build an international
railway down through Central America,
the Isthmus of Panama and the west
coast of South America is purely Quix-
otic," said Governor Hovey this morn-
ing. "If it were feasible it would be a
grand thing certainly, but people who
talk so glowingly of the matter have little
conception of the magnitude of such an
undertaking as that would be. It would
mean the construction of a railway
through the heart of one of the loftiest
and wildest mountain chains in the
world; not merely across the range, but
many hundreds of miles in the same di-
rection in which the mountains trend.
The entire wealth of all the Americas
would hardly suffice to build the road."

"Are the silver deposits in the Andes
as rich as the stories make them, do you
think, Governor Hovey?"

"They are undoubtedly very rich. The
mines of Potosi have yielded enormous
quantities of silver. Now, however, they
are worked so deep that they are not so
profitable, and some of them are flooded
with water. At one time I was traveling
in Chili and stopped at a Hacienda,
where the proprietor was the owner of
rich silver mines. Lying about the yard
were great blocks of pure silver. They
looked like chunks of lead and no atten-
tion was paid to them. It seemed strange
to Northern eyes, and sounds like a tale
from the Arabian Nights."

"But was there no danger of the silver
being stolen?"

"No; the blocks were too heavy to be
carried away."

His Dressing for Fall.

For the street under a toque the back
hair must be in a flat coil, pinned close
to the head.

With the high English walking hat the
Gretchen braids that cover the back of
the head solidly are the correct thing.

With large hats the Catogan braid or
loop looks best. Sometimes the loop has
two braids, and again it has but one.

The bangs should be wide and round
and short enough to show the eyebrows
clearly. Light haired girls can wear
heavier bangs than their brunette sisters,
and the latter should wear a thin, wavy
fringe slightly pointed.

For children the hair is cropped
closely, or if half way long is gathered
together at the neck and tied with a bow
of ribbon. The bang must be short and
cut deep and wide. Little girls with
long hair wear it waved flowing and cov-
ering the ears, English fashion.

For evening the hair is simply twisted
in a low coil that reaches over the
dress collar, and a rose or spray of mail-
fers fern is caught low at one side.
When the Catogan braid is chosen for
evening, the front hair is waved and
combed up and a slender jeweled aigrette
or trio of Marabout tips holds it in place.

He Got the Pear.

Coming down from Yonkers the other
day, I happened to share a seat with a
man who had a basket of Duches pears at
his feet. On the other side of the
aisle were a seven-year-old boy and his
mother. The boy suddenly discovered
the pears, and then I saw him coolly
size the man up to see how one of them
could be transferred from the basket to
his hand. He knew it wouldn't do to
offer money, and he hadn't the impu-
dence to ask for one outright. By and
by he got the idea, and he half turned to
his mother and said, loud enough to be
heard ten feet away:

"Yes, the gentleman's nose is red, but
so is papa's, and we know that papa
never drank a drop of whisky in his life."

The man with the pears smiled grate-
fully, and the largest pear in the basket
was handed across the aisle.—Indianap-
olis Sun.

A Motion to "Squash."

Col. M., commonwealth attorney
for county, had unbounded influence
over the presiding justice of the county
court under the old system. He, a
young lawyer, had been retained to de-
fend a prisoner, and discovering what he
conceived to be a fatal defect in the in-
dictment, submitted a motion to squash.
He was proceeding to sustain his point
as best he could when the pre-
siding justice, a fat old fellow, settled
himself in his chair and fell asleep. The
argument proceeded, and at its close "the
squire" roused up, and, rubbing his eyes,
said: "Squash 'er."

Col. M. was on his feet in a mo-
ment, and inquired, with much asperity,
"Do I understand this court as sustaining
the motion to squash my indictment?"
"Oh! No, Kurnel," said the squire. "I
squashes the motion to squash."

Mrs. Stanton's Flesh.

Mrs. Stanton finds herself greatly in-
convenienced in her advancing years by
a superabundance of flesh. She however
makes this the subject of humorous com-
ment in a characteristic paragraph which
we quote from a private letter describing
Miss Anthony's visit to her, she says:
"Though the 'Napoleon' of our move-
ment was seventy in February, she
skips around as lightly as a girl of six-
teen, while I roll around like a Dutch
Brig. Oh! that this too solid flesh would
melt, but it will not—like poor Jane, in
"Patience,"

"I fear there still will be
in twenty years too much for me."

—Woman's Tribune.

Hard on Hoosier Eloquence.

The correspondent traveling with the
Pan-American party says that the
distinguished guests entered Indianap-
olis yesterday, within each belfry a large-
tongued bell was rung. And had the
correspondent listened, he might have
added to his report that, as the addresses
were delivered, within the vest of each
Pan-American a chestnut bell was rung.
—Chicago Journal.

The Mean, Hatelful Thing.

"I've been thinking," said Jenkin's
mother-in-law, who is something of a
gossip, "that it is woman's duty to fit
herself for the same struggle in life that
men undertake. I've determined to ap-
ply to your father's bank for a place."

"Yes," said Jenkin, "ask him to let you
be teller."—Merchant Traveler.

Another Broken Engagement.

Miss Effie Ance just engaged—What
do you think Edwin said last night?
That if he had to choose either me or a
million dollars, he wouldn't even look at
the million.

Miss May Tour (still waiting)—Dear
loyal fellow! I suppose he didn't like to
risk the temptation.—Time.

A Joke.

The city of Pierre has gone to cele-
brating again as hard as it can over the
President's proclamation. If Pierre
doesn't get a setback of some sort pretty
soon it will tickle itself to death.—Chi-
cago News.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

I never gossip, as you know,
For I am all day working.
So can't mind my neighbor's ways
Without, like Miss Deane, being
Told that I'm just every thing around,
There goes that Miss McVerly;
She lies abed till nearly noon,
But I'm bright and early;
I pay my bills when they come due;
I couldn't stand such dunning
As that proud Mrs. Style gets
For all her clothes and stung.
I do not see how folks can let
Their children act so awful
As do those folks across the way.
They do say I'm a mean body
For my left-hand neighbor here
The way my wife started
From her first husband parted,
And that she took the second one
"Fore the divorce was started.
That's Mrs. Brown that's coming round
The corner; do just watch her now.
I don't believe you ever saw
A dress that's such a bore now.
That pretty girl, why, that's Miss Jilt,
The biggest first that's going.
She got come up with, though, at last,
And says what she's been sowing.
She's awful pale, you see, I've heard
That she was to be married
And had her things all ready, too,
But her dear bridegroom tarried.
What's going? Oh, why, I've come
The wife of our new pastor.
Don't go, and we will have some fun;
She tells more tales, and faster,
Than any woman that you know.
You must go? Well, good day, dear.
So glad you found me quite alone,
I was so afraid she'd stay here.
—Aristine Anderson, in Detroit Free Press.

A LIVELY TUSSELE.

Pursued and Attacked by Wild
Dogs on the Plains.

The sufferings which the pitiless
rigors of winter bring to cattle on the
exposed ranges of the West are little
understood by persons who do not go
among them. I have myself seen enough
of such suffering to touch the most cal-
lous heart. Even as I write, a report
informs me that cattle are dying by
hundreds in Montana from the com-
bined effects of cold, hunger and thirst.
When the ice-dust of the blizzard
whizzes before the blast of the north
wind; when the feeding-grounds are
covered with crusts of snow, and the
streams and water-holes are locked in
ice, then the cattle drift over the shel-
terless expanses in a hopeless, pitiable
way. The stronger ones among them
weather the storms; the weaker sum-
mer whittens flocks of bones here and there
tell the tale of their last fight with the
biting elements.

The winter losses among cattle on the
range sometimes aggregate one-half of
the whole number. But it costs little
to raise cattle, when no attention is paid
to feeding and sheltering them, and the
cattlemen, as an offset to their losses,
estimate in their favor the amount of
expense saved by the omission of food
and shelter, harden their hearts, and
continue in the same old way. It does
no good to talk to these men about the
cruelty and folly of their methods with
cattle. They tell you that it can not be
helped, and their cowboys say the same
thing. Their argument is the argument
of greed. No man has a moral right to
own or control more cattle than he can
care for properly.

I set down these statements as an in-
troduction to the following story:

As is well known by people of Wyom-
ing, there are bands of wild dogs in
certain parts of that Territory, notably
in the region about Lander. Many
tales have been told to explain how
these animals happen to be there. The
dogs are mongrels, with, perhaps, a
strain of wolf blood, and to the fierce
vivacity of the bull-dog, they unite the
strength of the mastiff and
scent and tenacity of the bloodhound.

The winter of 1888—shut down sud-
denly in the Wyoming mountains; but
the grass was good, and as the sides of
the hills and the high wind-swept divides
were mostly clear of snow, the cattle-
men cared little, at first, for the cold
weather and the blocked canyons. All
of the cattle and most of the range were
turned out upon the ranges more than
a month before the coming of winter,
and it was believed by the owners that
their stock would be able to go through
the winter without suffering more than
the usual losses in an ordinary season.

On some of the ranches a few cowboys
were still kept, but it was rather because
they were trustworthy men whose services
the cattlemen wished to secure for the next
season than that they were really needed
during the winter. Thus at one ranch,
known as the "Double Dagger" from its
cattle brand, which resembled somewhat
the character of three men were retained
that winter—the foreman and two cow-
boys.

After the first winter storm the weather
moderated somewhat, and the "Double
Dagger" spent much of their time in
hunting the black-tail deer, which had
descended from the highlands in ad-
vance of the storm, and were to be found
in herds in the protected and low-lying
draws, and among the scrubby thickets.
Occasionally the hunters came upon a
band of elk, and then the hunting as-
sumed a wilder and grander character,
for the elk is a very monarch among
game animals.

In the draws they also found many of
their cattle, and cattle from other
ranges, which browsed on the scrub and
fed on the grass where it had been ex-
posed by the trampling of their feet.

As the winter advanced, game be-
came less abundant. The weather also
became so intensely cold that even en-
thusiastic hunters preferred shelter to
the exposure they had to face in chasing
game. Thus shut indoors, and deprived
in a large measure of amusement, the
three ranchmen naturally began to pine
for news and for communication with
the outer world.

It was forty miles across a rough and
broken country to the nearest post-office,
and the intervening ravines and canyons
were piled with snow; but there were a
pair of Norwegian skis or snow-shoes,
in the ranch-house, and the inmates de-
cided that a trip to the post-office should
be made on these at least once a month.

As soon as this plan was determined on,
the men began to practice with the
skis, and each of the three were able to
travel well on them. The foreman,
whose name was Tom Adair, became the
most expert in their use.

strip of wood extremely long, very thin,
narrow, grooved, and turned up sharply
at the toes.

The foreman undertook to make the
journey to the post-office. He started on
a bright morning, with clear frosty air.
The weather continued favorable until
after he had begun his return trip. Then
the wind shifted into the northwest, and
began to blow hard, pulverizing the
fallen snow, and driving it forward like
powdered glass; but as there were no
signs of a snow-storm, and Adair felt
the wind at his back, he thought it best
to continue on his way, and swept for-
ward on the skis at a good gait.

When within a mile of the ranch-
house, he came upon a bunch of spiri-
tless cattle which were walking slowly
down before the gale, their heads droop-
ing, their hair filled with the ice-dust,
and their entire appearance showing the
effects of cold and exhaustion. Al-
though he had beheld such sights hun-
dreds of times, Adair was touched by
their forlorn and starving condition.
All at once the cattle wheeled about,
tossed their heads to windward, and
then, with low moans, hurried on in a
weak and unsteady run. At the same
time the distant baying of dogs came to
the foreman's ears. He had heard much
of the wild dogs which had recently in-
vaded that part of the Territory, but he
had never seen any of them.

Again that mournful howl came down
the wind, and Adair, shielding his strain-
ing eyes from the scudding snow-dust,
caught sight of a half-dozen dark, brute
forms wallowing through the deep drifts
on the trail of the frightened cattle.

The dogs were reported to be very
daring and vicious, and he scarcely
knew what to do. They had not seen
him, and he stood gazing at them, hesi-
tating, until they were almost upon the
cattle. Then, as one of the cows turned,
with fiery eyes and tossing horns, to
give the pursuers battle, he threw off
his fears and rushed to her aid.

As he advanced, he drew his revolver.
But before he could get near enough to
use it, the foremost dog flew at the cow
with such ferocity that with a savage
leap the cow threw him sprawling. But
the others rushed in, like so many hun-
gry wolves, attacking her on all sides at
once. One of them was tearing at her
shoulders and another had fastened its
teeth in her throat, when Adair opened
fire. His first shots were intended to
frighten them, as it was almost impos-
sible to shoot directly at them without
hitting the cow. But seeing that she
was doomed, and that the dogs paid no
heed to the reports, he shot to kill and
main them, regardless of the conse-
quences. Fortunately one of the dogs, re-
tching a dog lifeless, and another was
killed by a second shot, and the others
ended her life.

PRICERS.

Adair had been slightly injured in a
turn on Adair's mind, and a fury.
The other cattle were now some dis-
tance away, hurrying as fast as their
weak legs could carry them. Seeing this,
and not being sure that the other dogs
might not also take it into their ugly
heads to attack him as soon as they had
slightly appeased their hunger, Adair
fired a shot at the one which was ad-
vancing upon him, and then turned in
flight. With a blood-curdling howl, the
animal darted after him. The others,
answering a howl, left their steaming
banquet and joined in the pursuit, their
fangs showing cruelty and their jaws
dripping with the warm life-blood of the
slain cow.

Adair felt certain that he could out-
strip them on the skis, and made a grand
burst of speed. But in leaping a chasm
one of the skis snapped short off, leaving
him, so it seemed, at the mercy of the
ferce brutes. He viewed the broken ski
with a low cry of horror. Just behind
him was a wind-swept rock, its top and
sides almost bare of snow. If he could
gain that he might kill or beat back the
dogs. Otherwise his life was not worth
a minute's purchase.

He whipped out his knife and severed
the straps that held the skis to his feet.
Then, turning, he fired two or three
shots at the dog, and scrambled away
through the snow for the rock. None of
the shots took effect, but the rattling
balls caused the animals to leap aside,
thus checking them for a moment, and
he made such good use of the time thus
gained that he had reached the rock and
clambered to its top, just as they ar-
rived at its base. To his dismay he
quickly discovered that they could climb
almost as well as he could. The fierce
creatures, with their eyes aflame and
their jaws flocked with bloody foam, be-
gan to crawl up the precipitous slope.

The wind tore at and howled about
the exposed rock, driving the ice-dust
before it in such blinding clouds that he
could scarcely see. Into this stinging
ice-dust he was compelled to turn his
face to meet and repulse the dogs. With
benumbed and trembling fingers he
ejected the shells and slipped fresh
cartridges into his revolver. Before he
could complete the reloading of the pis-
tol one of the strongest of the dogs was
almost upon him.

Turning partially on his back—he was
in a reclining position—Adair dealt the
dog a heavy kick that sent it tumbling
down among its fellows, knocking two
of them sprawling into the snow at the
base of the rock. But in its fall it sunk
its teeth into his heavy boot, ripping it
open, and he could see and feel the
warm blood from his torn foot gush
through the rent.

Not in the least discouraged or fright-
ened, the dogs leaped again up the
slope. Again he kicked at them, firing
his pistol at the same time, and one of
the maddened animals fell dying. But
the sight of its death struggles served
only to increase the ferocity of the other
dogs, and they returned to the attack
with such determined energy that it is
doubtful if he could have again beaten
them off.

But at that moment an encouraging
shout came to Adair's ears; and the cow-
boys of the ranch, who had been attract-
ed and guided by his shots, hurried out
of the snow-scud, their revolvers in their
hands, and sent a shower of balls into
the band of snarling and struggling
brutes that killed two more of them.
The remaining two, badly wounded,
darted away with loud yelps, all the
fight taken out of them, and were seen
no more.

Adair was nearly exhausted, and was
so faint from loss of blood that the cow-
boys were compelled to carry him to the
ranch-house, which was a difficult and
laborious feat, under the circumstances.
It was found that an artery had been
severed in Adair's foot, and the foot was
so badly hurt that for months he
could not walk upon it. He
did not return from the

his injury until the following summer.
—John H. Whitson, in Youth's Com-
panion.

REMARKABLE EATERS.

The Healthy Appetite of a Couple of Maine
Youngsters.

In a Maine company recently the con-
versation turned to gastronomical feats
and achievements in the art of stuffing.
When the young lady who had eaten six
bananas at one sitting, and the young
man who had boasted of having topped
off a dinner with a whole mince pie had
told their stories, a demure maiden mod-
estly related an incident in the history
of her family that completely discour-
aged all her rivals.

"One Fourth of July," said she, "my
brother and a friend wished to make an
excursion up river, and as they proposed
to start very early in the morning and
be gone all day, my mother prepared a
large basket of food for them the
night before. In the bottom of the
basket she placed a thick stratum
of delectable articles to represent
supper; on this she placed another layer
for their dinner, and at the top of the
basket, where it would be first accessi-
ble, she put a hearty breakfast. Being
well acquainted with the capacity of the
boys, she made an unusually large al-
lowance for each of the three meals.

"Well, the boys set out for their ex-
cursion at four o'clock in the morning.
Their boat had not gone far up the river
when the rain began to come down.
They went ashore to wait awhile and
ate their breakfast. The rain was still
falling when they had finished this
share of their supplies, and so they im-
mediately ate the next layer—their
dinner. Still they were hungry and
still it was raining. They had nothing
else to do but to devour the remaining
contents of the basket, and so they
jumped in their boat and came back
home—and took breakfast with the rest
of us."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

WANTED.

WANTED—Agents for Prudential Life In-
surance Company. Apply to F. S. HOE,
F. L. H. Superintendent, 669 Wabash Avenue,
Room 4.

WANTED—If you want to save your money
take shares in the Indiana Savings, Loan
and Building Association. Shares can be taken
at any time. No back dues. You can deposit
from \$1 to \$100 per month. Office 652 Wabash
Avenue. B. F. HAVENS, Sec'y.

WANTED—Second-hand goods, clothing, etc.
bought and sold. Bargains always on
hand. J. E. GREEN, 326 and 328 Ohio street.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—TRADE OR RENT—Nice house
South part, will sell low for cash, or would
trade for modern style cottage or two in desir-
able locality. If interested, please call on
J. C. FISCHER, rooms, No. 302 North Fifth
Avenue. Enquire on premises.

FOR SALE—Dr. Finnerberg's infallible remedy
for chronic rheumatism, diseases of the
kidneys and sciatica, at Geo. Koehler's grocery,
615 South Fourth street.

FOR SALE—Old papers at 50c per hundred,
suitable for housecleaning purposes. In-
quire at Daily News office.

NOTICE.

MUST BE SOLD.

We have the following shop-work and trade
in Pianos and Organs in good order which must
be sold to make room for new stock.

UPRIGHT PIANOS.
HAINES BROS.—Piano—Ebonized, slight-
ly shop-work. Regular price \$400, spe-
cial net price \$325.00
J. & C. FISCHER—Piano—Ebonized, good
condition. Regular price \$275, special
net price \$225.00
D. H. BALDWIN & CO.—Piano—Ebonized,
good condition. Regular price \$295,
special net price \$215.00
COTTAGE PIANO—Ebonized, good order.
Regular price \$245, special net price \$195.00
COTTAGE PIANO—Ebonized, good condi-
tion, trade in. Special net price \$155.00

SQUARE PIANOS.

VALLEY 6EM—Piano, good condition. \$175.00
A. D. GALE & CO.—Piano—Good order. \$145.00
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