

...BARGAINS...

Harness, Buggies, Wagons, Implements

Farm Tools of All Kinds
Hurst Clover Brand Hog and Pig Meal
A Properly Balanced Ration

HURST & CO.

A GOOD PLACE TO BUY EVERYTHING

MR. FARMER

The Mid-West Utilitor Tractors
have arrived.

A great many have already seen
them and have signified their desire
to see them operate in the field.

The weather permitting, I will hold
a field demonstration some time next
week. Watch my addrs for the time
and the place.

Whether interested as a prospective
buyer or not come and bring your
frnds. All are welcome.

Price \$380.00 f.o.b. Indianapolis

E. R. HARRIS

DEALER FOR THE MID
WEST UTILITOR

SPECIAL GARDEN LAWN TOOL

Hurst Lawn Mower	\$6.35 up
Garden Spades	\$1.50
Garden Hoes50
Iron Garden Rakes55
Bowed Steel Rakes	\$1.00
Steel Garden Trowels10
Hurst Garden Hose .50 Ft length half inch size	\$6.25
Hurst Garden Hose 50 Ft length Three Fourth inch size	\$7.25
Sprinkling can90
Hurst Hand Garden Plow For Cultivating	\$3.40
Garden Wheel Barrows	\$4.35

HURST & CO.

Greencastle's Big Department Store
A Good Place to Buy Everything

GLAD SHE TOOK FRIEND'S ADVICE

MRS. MESSICK HAS NEW STRENGTH LIFE AND ENERGY SINCE
TAKING TANLAC.

"I just cannot say enough in praise
of Tanlac for the way it has given
me new life, strength and energy,"
was the statement made a few days
ago by Mrs. George Messick of Dallas
City, Ill., when she called at Henry's
Drug Store in Burlington, Iowa.

"When I began taking Tanlac I
had practically lost my appetite and I
suffered so bad from stomach trouble
that the little I did eat disagreed with
me," continued Mrs. Messick. "I was
lossing weight constantly and I was so
run down generally that it looked
like I had lost all the strength and
ambition I had ever had."

"I started taking Tanlac on the
advice of a friend and now after fin-
ishing four bottles I am feeling just
like a new woman, I have a fine ap-
petite and can eat anything I want with-
out suffering any bad effects at all.
My nerves don't give me anymore
trouble and I can sleep sound all night
long. I have gained eight pounds and
I just feel so fine and strong that I
know I am going to enjoy the Christ-
mas holidays more than I have in
years."

"My husband has just bought three
bottles of Tanlac and has started tak-
ing it and says he wants an appetite
like mine so that he can eat as much
as I do and not have to suffer for it.
I am certainly grateful to Tanlac and
without a doubt, I consider it the best
medicine ever made."

TANLAC is sold in Greencastle by
R. P. Mullins, druggist and A. R. York
Cloverdale, Geo. Fox, Reelsville. Adv-

A TIMELY GIFT.

By EVELYN LEE.

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Now, then, David, tomorrow is your
birthday, and I have a present for
you that I may as well give you now."

"Not neckties, or a sport shirt, or a
stickpin?" inquired David Woolson
suspiciously.

"Not likely, seeing that you make
knotted strings of the ties in a week,
never would wear anything but calico
shirts and lost the pin I gave you
the second day. No, David, I'm going
to give you a watch."

"Why! you gave me one once."

"I did, on the anniversary of our
silver wedding, and you let it drop on
the floor and put it out of commission."

"No use burdening a man with jew-
elry who is too busy with farming to
pay attention to fai-lais!" pronounced
David.

"Well, a watch is something that
every man should carry."

"I declare! It makes a fellow feel
sort of dressed up to carry a watch,
eh, Martha? And you're a dear, whole-
souled woman to think that much of a
hard-headed, clumsy old fellow like
myself!"

David delivered a resounding smack
squarely on Martha's lips, and she
fluttered and flushed like some school-
girl. She had to scold mildly and in-
struct in detail to get the watch placed
in the right pocket and the chain bar
in the correct button-hole.

Martha smiled an extra welcome
when, on the stroke of six, David came
into the house from the field, rather
boyishly compared his watch with the
kitchen clock, and announced:

"You've had a good time-keeper
made of the old wreck of a watch,
Martha. It's right to the minute."

Arthur Moore called that evening.
He was keeping company with the eld-
est daughter, Hazel, and was a gen-
eral favorite with the family. The
smaller children had considerable fun
repeatedly asking father what time it
was, while Hazel declared the watch
must be fast when her father ob-
served that it was ten o'clock, which
was the usual hour of departure of
her lover.

It was two days later when David
walked over to Brownsville on some
business. The distance was only five
miles, and he did not care about spar-
ing a horse from harvest work. It was
at Brownsville that young Moore lived
with his stepfather, Hugh Griscom.
Those two had not been very con-
genial, and Arthur had told Hazel that
the sooner they were married, the bet-
ter pleased he would be, as Griscom
had grown into a gruff, unsociable com-
panion. It seemed that the latter was
a second husband of Arthur's mother,
who had left quite an estate. The
stepfather was to have a life income
from the property, but after his death
it was to revert to Arthur.

It was about three miles from
Brownsville that David paused on the
path lining the river, to gaze in aston-
ishment at two persons conversing ani-
matedly under some trees. One was a
handsome young woman David had never
seen before. The other was Arthur
Moore.

The woman seemed under a strain
of intense emotion. Her gestures were
animated and her familiar manner
with Arthur aroused a deep suspicion
in David's mind. As she clung plead-
ingly to his arm David's face dark-
ened. Why was this prospective son-
in-law meeting a woman clandestinely?
She acted as though she was pleading
with Arthur as only a woman stirred
by love or some kindred emotion was
likely to do.

For over half an hour David watched
the pair. He resolved to seek an ex-
planation of the apparently recreant
love. Finally the twain parted. The
woman went away weeping. Arthur
came up the river path, his face serious
and troubled. He acted startled as
David sternly confronted him.

"I have been here some time," spoke
David. "What does this mean, your
meeting a woman secretly?"

"If I tell you in confidence will you
regard it as a pledged secret?" in-
quired Arthur.

"Yes."

"Very well; I came to meet that
woman, the deserted wife of a close
friend, to see if I cannot bring about
a reconciliation."

"Oh! by the way, what is the time?"

Half-jocularly inquired Arthur as he
turned where their paths parted.

"Half-past four," reported David.

"Coming over tonight?"

"Oh, surely!"

Arthur Moore did not go to the
Woolson home that night. Before dusk
a telephone message announced to the
startled David that Arthur had been
arrested, charged with the murder of
his stepfather at three o'clock that
afternoon—the motive the possession
of his mother's estate.

At the hour stated a servant had
heard a shot. She rushed to the liv-
ing room of the house, to find Hugh
Griscom lying dead on the floor, shot
through the heart. She observed a
scurrying figure in the garden resem-
bling in build the stepson.

Back to Brownsville sped David. It

took only a few moments to convince

the marshal that his evidence would

absolutely clear Arthur Moore.

An empty, rifled drawer in a cabinet
where Griscom kept his money indi-
cated that some common burglar had

committed the crime.

So Martha's birthday present had

been an innocent man; at least had

saved him from serious trials and trib-

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