

OUR CONSTANT AIM IS TO SELL THE BEST GOODS
... IN THE MARKET ...

Teas!

Fastidious tea lovers are no longer compelled to pay the high prices that once prevailed. Modern methods of cultivation have improved the quality and lowered the price. Teas of the most tempting order—Formosa Oolong, Moyane Gunpowder, or Imperial, Fancy Young Hyson. Five very superior grades at \$1, 80c, 60c, 50c and 40c per pound.

Try us for teas, we know we can please you.

JOHN F. McCARTHY

MAIN
AND
S. TON.

BEE HIVE GROCERY

PHOES
180

Strawberry Shortcake

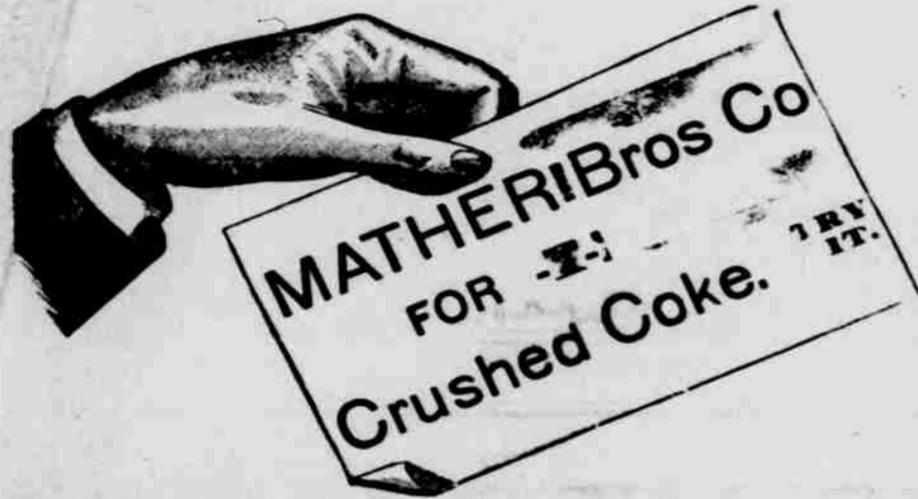
Made of our fancy canned strawberries almost as good as fresh. Per can, 15 cents.

For Pies . . .

GALLON CANS	Green Gage Plums	30c
	Peeled Peaches	40c
	Fancy Apricots	35c
3 lb yellow peeled peaches, per can		15c

IF YOU GET IT AT
THE NEW HIVE,
IT'S GOOD.

W. E. HASTINGS



DR. C. M. HAMILTON,

10 N. 10th Street,
O. P. Westcott Hotel,
Richmond, Ind.

DENTIST

BOTH PHONES.

SMITH & SHERMAN

WE HAVE A FEW GOOD BAR-
GAINS IN COATS.

24 Jackets for \$7.50 each, regular \$12.50.
Black and castor.

12 Short Jackets, castor or black, \$4.75 each;
regular \$8.00 coat.

9 three-quarter length Coat in tan or castor, velvet
trimmed, \$10 each; regular \$18.

8 black three-quarter length Coats, some storm and
some velvet collars, \$10 each; reg. \$15 coat.

10 long Newmarkets, all we have left, black and cas-
tor, one garnet, \$12.75 each. These are our
\$20 and \$25 coats.

You can't afford to miss these bargains.

Smith & Sherman

712 Main Street.

E. B. Grosvenor, M. D. 24 North
Eleventh St.

A COLLEGE ROW

Fort Wayne Medical School
Stirred By a Bit of Dis-
sension.

SOPHOMORES PROTEST

They Lodge a Complaint Against
One of the Lecturers and Say
They Want Their Money's Worth.Charge of Incompetence On the Part
of Dr. McBeth to Be Inves-
tigated.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Jan. 28.—There

is trouble in the Fort Wayne School of Medicine. The members of the sophomore class have filed a petition with the trustees asking for the resignation of Dr. O. V. McBeth, lecturer on materia medica, on the ground that he is incompetent and that they are not getting their money's worth. Dr. McBeth is the city oculistologist, who was appointed by Mayor Berghoff in recognition of his change to Bryan's support shortly before the election of 1900. The doctor was fresh from service in the Philippines, and his charges against the administration of affairs there caused a local sensation at the time. He is son-in-law of Dr. C. B. Stemen, a leading surgeon, who is a staunch Republican. The trustees have promised to take up the case and investigate.

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BRUTAL ASSAULT

Pendleton Man Robbed and Left
His Fate On Tracks.

Pendleton, Ind., Jan. 28.—Wesley Reddick was assaulted and robbed by Fred Parker and Charles Boone. They were drinking together in a saloon, and when Reddick started home Boone and Parker accompanied him, having seen him change a \$10 bill. Reddick's way lay along the Big Four tracks, and near a lumber yard his companions attacked him. Reddick put up a brave fight, but was knocked down by a blow on the head. Though partly conscious, he permitted his money to be taken, after which he heard one of his assailants remark: "Let's finish him; he knows us." The robbers then dragged their half-unconscious victim to the tracks, but before a train arrived he revived sufficiently to drag himself to safety. He later gave information upon which his assailants were arrested and are now in jail.

Wheeler Gives Up.

Michigan City, Ind., Jan. 28.—Willis B. Wheeler, convicted of the murder of his son-in-law and awaiting the death penalty on the 8th of February, has almost abandoned hope of an appeal to the supreme court. Wheeler's adult children have practically given up effort to save his neck, but he has received a letter from a daughter saying that she would claim his body. Wheeler is taciturn, illiterate and of melancholy disposition. He is still confined in the hospital, but will soon be removed to the death chamber.

Didn't See the Train.

Muncie, Ind., Jan. 28.—William McClellan, 62 years old, a switchlight tender for the Big Four and watchman at the plant of the Barbour Asphalt company, stepped in front of the west-bound Big Four train yesterday and was instantly killed. A cap was pulled down over his eyes, preventing hearing of the approaching train.

A Despondent Girl.

Florence, Ind., Jan. 28.—Miss Edith Dean Langsdale, daughter of Dr. J. M. W. Langsdale of this place, but making her home with an aunt at Cincinnati, committed suicide by swallowing carbolic acid. She left a note saying that she was despondent and that she was rather mystified.

It's a gag from Weber and Fields,"

replied Goodwin, spurring for time.

"I never heard it. How does it go?"

"Why, Weber says to Fields Watts-Dunton?" Field replies, "You say it not right. Don't say Watts-Dunton. Say it so, Watts-Ditten!"

Dewey Chucked.

Senator Dewey was treading very cautiously on the icy pavement as a stout party sailed around the corner and struck a sliding track.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Dr. Dewey, who feared that the man had broken a leg and was very much relieved to discover that he had not. "It is very fortunate that you did not fall with your legs under you."

"I should not have fallen had they been under me," retorted the unfortunate acridly.

And Dr. Dewey went chuckling on his way with a fresh one in his collection.—Washington Star.

Four of a Kind.

South Bend, Ind., Jan. 28.—The death of Walter H. Deardorff, alone in his room at the hotel, develops that his father, mother and brother died under similar conditions.

Carbolic Acid Route.

Elkhart, Ind., Jan. 28.—Frank Stuffer, jealous, in debt and despondent, committed suicide with carbolic acid, leaving a wife and three small children.

Fatal Fight.

Carrollton, Ind., Jan. 28.—Jerome Way is dead of injuries received in a fight and Andrew Sullivan is under arrest.

NEW SHORT STORIES

Apologies Were in Order.

Vernon H. Brown, who has many corporate interests and is a agent for the Cunard Steamship company, manager of Liverpool, is not only an American but a Yankee. Many have, however, assumed because of his relations to the Cunard line that he was born "across the herring pond." One such belief was promptly corrected. Mr. Brown was before a congressional committee at Washington which had a question of investigation before it. A member of the committee, who spoke with a decided German accent, remarked to him, "I suppose that you foreigners sometimes in a different light?" "I'm a friend," interrupted Mr. Brown. "I don't know how long you have been in this country, but I was born in the shadow of Bunker Hill and first saw any part of Europe when I was twenty-eight years old." Apologies were in order, and they were tendered and accepted.—New York Times.

More the Age of Romance.

Mayor Patrick J. Ryan of Elizabeth, N. J., recently elected to that office in that ancient city, sat in his office on Broad street the day before election. A dark skinned, sleek looking young man was ushered in. Disposing himself in a comfortable chair, he spread out his hands and in a soft voice, with a decided accent, began:

"Meester Ryan, you be the next

mayor of Eleez'." You canna be beet."

There was a pause, during which the caller observed the ceiling contemplatively, and Mr. Ryan observed him with an indulgent smile. The strange young man continued:

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