

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

Teas!

Pastidious 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 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. 10th.

BEE HIVE GROCERY

Strawberry Shortcake

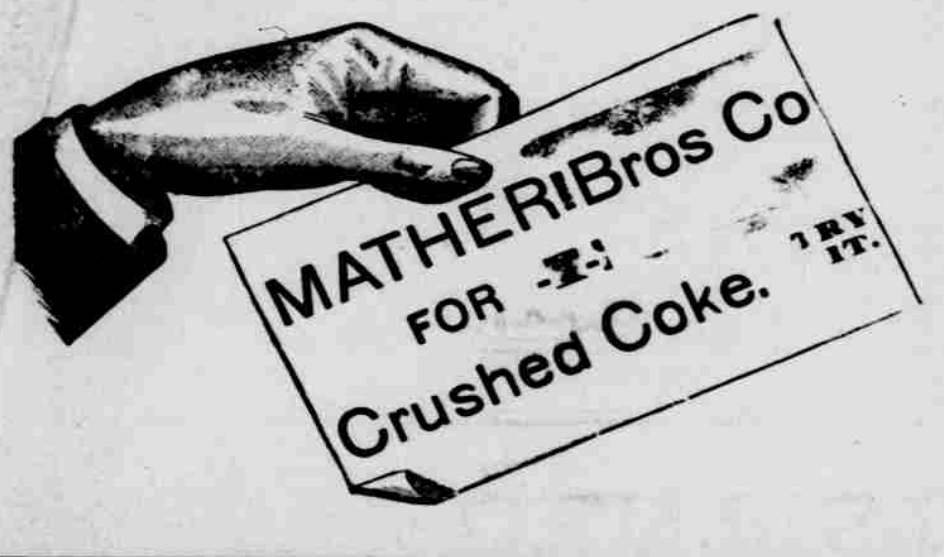
Made of our fancy canned strawberries almost as good as fresh. Per can, 15 cents.

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 BEE HIVE, IT'S GOOD.

W. E. HASTINGS



MATHER BROS CO
FOR **Crushed Coke.**

DR. C. M. HAMILTON,

10 N. 10th Street,
Opp. Westcott Hotel,
Richmond, Ind.

DENTIST

BOTH PHONES.

SMITH & SHERMAN

WE HAVE A FEW GOOD BARGAINS 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 castor, 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.

DO YOU WANT A 50 PIECE DINNER SET FREE?

You can easily secure one by using our Soap and Perfumes. To introduce our goods, we give free to every purchaser of a box of Soap or a bottle of Perfume, a beautiful lamp nearly identical in design to many other valuable articles. To the agent who sells in boxes of Soap or bottles of Perfume we give a 50 PIECE DINNER SET, full size, hand-drawn, decorated and gold lined. We also give Lane Curdles, Rockers, Grandstands, Sewing Machines, Bed Room Sets, Dining Room Chairs, Washes, Sporting Goods, and in fact any article you may select. We give Goods, and in fact any article you may select. We give Goods, and in fact any article you may select. We give Goods, and in fact any article you may select.

HALYON SOAP CO., Cor. Second and Locust Streets, ST. LOUIS, MO.

A COLLEGE ROW

Fort Wayne Medical School Stirred By a Bit of Dissension.

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 Investigated.

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 bacteriologist, 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 a 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.

BRUTAL ASSAULT

Pendleton Man Robbed and Left to 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-conscious 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.

Fatal Game of Cards.

Marion, Ind., Jan. 28.—Elmer O'Brien, a glassworker, and William Tomlin quarreled over a game of cards in Hartman & Cumming's saloon, and Tomlin used his knife; one thrust in the abdomen and will possibly prove fatal. O'Brien is unmarried and is of a quarrelsome disposition when intoxicated. Tomlin is a veteran of the civil war, and a business man of this city.

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 tired of life.

Will Ask No Questions.

Bedford, Ind., Jan. 28.—Three well known women in early evening were stopped by footpads and despoiled of money and jewelry, and burglars entered Judge Martin's home and stole jewelry valued at \$500. Judge Martin offers \$100 for the return of an opal ring, with no questions asked.

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 Sturfer, 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.

LUKE DOLLIVER'S TEMPTATION...

By ANNIE H. DONNELL

Copyright, 1901, by Annie H. Donnell.

No one had held an umbrella over her for so long! She glanced up in amazement, bordering on fright. It was so tall.

"You're such a little mite of a woman, an' it's rainin' pitchforks!" the man said cheerily.

"I didn't have any umbrella handy," she said shyly. The last word was appended to shield her poverty, but her cotton gloves and shiny seams jacket gave it the lie.

"Umbrellas are slippery things, wet or dry," said the man encouragingly. "When you want 'em, they ain't there!"

It was a wind driven rain, and he lowered the umbrella on her side to ward off the great slanting drops. She felt a novel sensation of being sheltered, and a sob rose in her throat. Once she slipped, and he caught her arm. She had slipped so many times before, but no one had tried to save her. That was why she straightened her slender figure to its utmost and swung along beside him importantly. She thought passersby must look at her with respect.

One wet block and half of another they traversed before either spoke again. Then it was the man.

"I'd ought to introduce myself, I guess," he said awkwardly. "I'm Luke Dolliver."

"I'm Faith Pettie," was the response. "Faith. That's a nice soundin' name," he murmured.

Faith looked shyly.

"I've always thought it dreadfully old fashioned, but I didn't mind because it was grandmother's name."

"Then you've got folks, eh? Why, I shouldn't know how that felt."

"I did have, I haven't any now. There aren't any left."

The catch in her low voice seemed to trouble Luke. He changed the topic.

"What'd you say your last name was, eh?"

"Pettie—Faith Pettie," she answered. He was looking down kindly into her small, pale, but rather sweet face.

"H'm! I reckon they forgot to put the 'r' in it."

"What 'r'?" Her puzzled innocence made him laugh in a big, healthy way. Faith laughed, too, involuntarily. They were passing a long row of tenements that toed the pavement in dreamy succession. Faith stopped before one midway in the row.

"This ain't your home, is it?" the big man asked, eying the structure with evident disfavor.

"No; it's where I stop," Faith answered quietly, conscious that she blushed under his frank gaze. It was a graceless house, and she wished that her room was in front, so he could see the pot of red geraniums and the white curtain which helped out some.

At the front door they both stopped, and Faith looked up at him shyly.

"I'm ever so much obliged, Mr.—Mr."

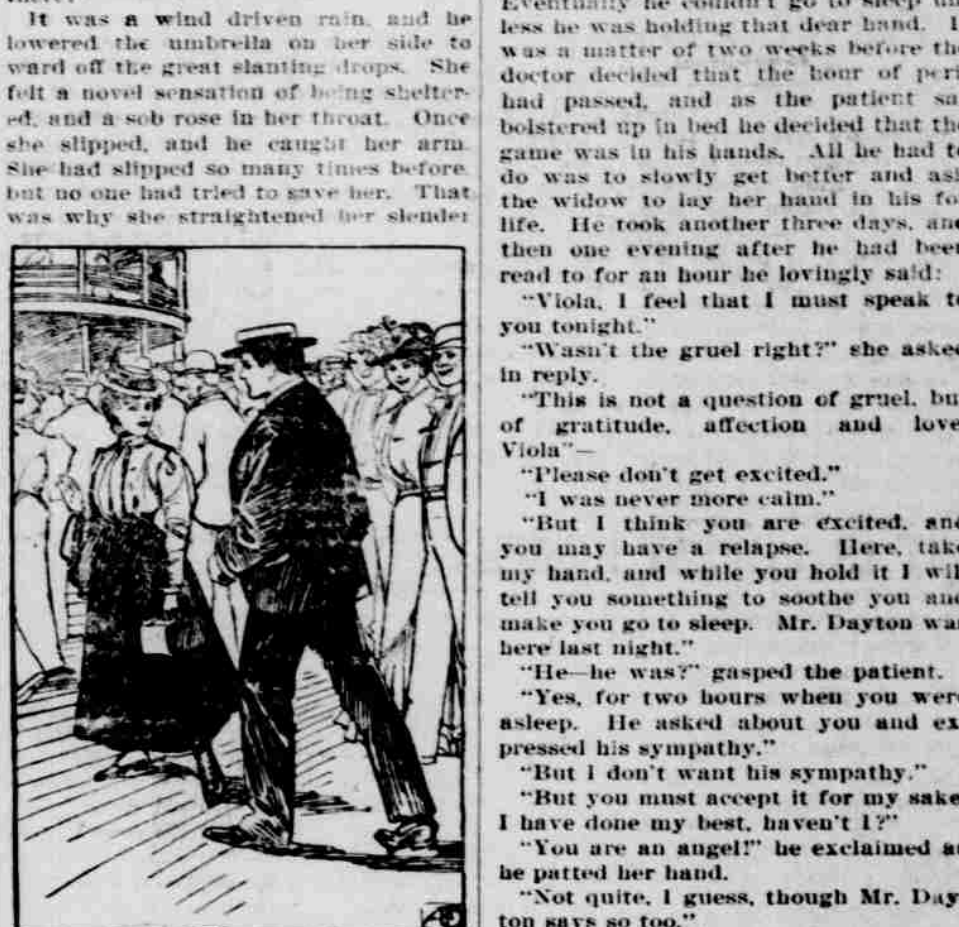
"Dolliver, Dolliver; but you just say 'Luke.' I work down at Weymouth's factory. Everybody calls me Luke."

He held the umbrella above her carefully till she mounted the steps and stood in the slit of a doorway. Then he closed it promptly.

"Well, I declare if it ain't stopped rainin'!" he cried. "Now, when did that happen?"

In the spring twilights which followed, these two workers met, at first as if by chance and then as if by mutual attraction. They loitered on their way home from work, and the girl grew less lonely, while the man came to count on throwing aside his troubles for the short time they walked together. Moreover, he became ambitious to make her smile in return. The rare occasions when he suggested that they pass beyond the tenement and sit on the benches in the promenade and watch the sunset on the water Faith marked as red letter days on her calendar.

It did not occur to honest, big Luke Dolliver that danger lurked in these quiet moments. The mite of a woman who sat beside him looked happy—he liked to make her quiet face brighter. Nor did it occur to Faith that she loved him—she was simply content when he graduated his great pace to hers or talked quietly to her on the promenade. She told him frankly of her early country life, the death of the folks and her efforts to earn her livelihood in the great city, but Luke Dolliver never spoke of his past. Her life,



about the case, he had only to be quiet and charge it in the bill. Thus the news went forth that Lawyer Braxton had a bad attack of inflammatory rheumatism and that as he couldn't be moved for weeks Mrs. Mason would be his nurse. A few people spoke of the trouble it would give her, but most of them said it was a romantic incident that must lead to a happy marriage.

Inflammatory rheumatism is a bad thing. A doctor should call on a patient once a day at least, and if he calls twice nothing can be said except it is his praise. In this case the doctor didn't hesitate to call. He spoke of the danger to the heart, and he changed medicines, gave directions to the widow about diet and selected a male assistant. The lawyer's scheme worked—that is, the widow spoke words of sympathy and hope, smoothed his fevered brow and with her own hands prepared the gruels and drinks. The patient was duly grateful, and he got hold of the soothing hand as often and held on to it as long as he could. Eventually he couldn't go to sleep unless he was holding that dear hand. It was a matter of two weeks before the doctor decided that the hour of peril had passed, and as the patient sat bolstered up in bed he decided that the game was in his hands. All he had to do was to slowly get better and ask the widow to lay her hand in his for life. He took another three days, and then one evening after he had been read to for an hour he lovingly said: "Viola, I feel that I must speak to you tonight."

"Wasn't the gruel right?" she asked in reply.

"This is not a question of gruel, but of gratitude, affection and love Viola."

"Please don't get excited."

"I was never more calm."

"But I think you are excited, and you may have a relapse. Here, take my hand, and while you hold it I will tell you something to soothe you and make you go to sleep. Mr. Dayton was here last night."

"He—he was?" gasped the patient.

"Yes, for two hours when you were asleep. He asked about you and expressed his sympathy."

"But I don't want his sympathy."

"But you must accept it for my sake I have done my best, haven't I?"

"You are an angel!" he exclaimed as he patted her hand.

"Not quite, I guess, though Mr. Dayton says so too."

"But what business has he got talking such bosh to you?"

"Can you hear some good news and not get excited over it?"

"Try me."

"Sure it won't send the rheumatism to your heart? I don't want you to die you know. Mr. Dayton is going to ask you to be his best man."

"B-best what?" stammered the sick man as his hair began to curl.

"Why, his best man at our wedding. He proposed last night, and I accepted him, and we are to be married in about six weeks."

That night at midnight the rheumatic lawyer arose and dressed and left the house, and the next day it was said that he had gone to the springs for his ailment.

Water in the Bible.

The question of water goes back much further than we stop to think. For example, we are told in the book of Joshua that when Caleb's daughter Achsah was given to General Othniel in consideration of his capture of the city of Debir, and the matter of her dowry was being discussed, she said to her father: "Thou hast given me a south land. Give me also springs of water."

She understood that the tract sloping southward toward the deserts of Arabia was mountainous, swept by hot winds and deficient in rain supply. So she wanted besides a piece of land well watered and fertile that it might be profitably cultivated.

Caleb was so well pleased with the victory won for him by Othniel that he could deny the bride nothing. "And he gave her," the record adds, "the upper springs and the nether springs," more than she had asked, as fathers are apt to do with daughters whom they rear and love only to lose when the inevitable bridegroom comes.

It Struck One.

A windblow of a barrister was noted for a peculiarity in speaking. He never spoke without using over and over again the words, "It strikes one." There came a time when the habit passed from him, and this in how it came about: Rising to speak for his client, he said, "Mind, it strikes one in reviewing the evidence."

"Stop!" said his lordship. "If it strikes one that is the hour for luncheon, and the court must adjourn."

And the court instantly adjourned.—London Tit-Bits.

Headaches.

The causes of headache are many. Some grave headaches are due to cerebral disease—meningitis, tumor, abscess, softening of the brain. In these cases there will be other symptoms pointing to the cause. Other causes are overfullness of the blood vessels, caused by the condition of the heart; a plethoric condition of the body; and mental excitations. Such cases are marked by a flushed face, glittering eyes, a beating in the ears and giddiness on stooping.

Swimming.

Swimming is a tonic and bracing exercise. It assists in the development of the muscular system and exerts a favorable influence on the bodily functions, such as digestion, nutrition, respiration, circulation and innervation. It is excellent in getting the body in what sporting men call "condition." Aside from the physical advantages, swimming gives moral courage.