

SCHEDULES			
Effective March 20, 1904			
EAST AND SOUTH			
	AM	PM	PM
	No. 2	No. 4	No. 6
	Daily	Daily	Sa only
Lv Richmond	9:05	3:35	8:15
Lv Cottage Grove	9:17	4:27	9:00
Ar Cincinnati	12:15	6:40	11:15
NORTH AND WEST			
	AM	PM	PM
	No. 1	No. 3	No. 5
	Daily	Daily	Sa only
Lv Cincinnati	7:45	4:00	7:00
Ar Richmond	10:45	7:00	
NORTH AND WEST			
	AM	PM	PM
	No. 1	No. 3	No. 5
	Daily	Daily	Sa only
Lv Richmond	10:45	7:00	
Ar Muncie	12:25	8:37	
Ar Marion	1:37pm	9:30	
Ar Peru	2:50pm	11:00	
Ar North Judson	5:19pm		
For rates or information regarding connections inquire of			
C. A. BLAIR, City Ticket Agent.			

2 TRAINS 2

Every Day

Moncie, Marion, Peru
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C. C. & L
Leave Richmond
Daily, 10:45 a.m.—7:00 p.m.
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CORNER LOT
On Street Car Line
In Boulevard
Addition
AT A
BARGAIN
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TIME TABLE.	
On Sundays Cars Leave One Trip Later.	
First car leaves Richmond for Indianapolis at 5 a. m.	
First car leaves Dublin for Richmond at 5 a. m.	
Every car for Indianapolis leaves Richmond on the odd hour, from 6:00 a. m. to 7:00 p. m.	
First car leaves Indianapolis for Richmond at 7:00 a. m. and every other hour thereafter until 5:00 p. m.	
Hourly service from Richmond to Dublin and intermediate points, from 5:00 a. m. to 11:00 p. m.	
Subject to change without notice.	
RATE OF FARE.	
Richmond to Graves	\$.05
to Centerville	\$.10
to Jackson Park	\$.15
to Washington Rd.	\$.15
to Germantown	\$.20
to Cambridge City	\$.25
to Dublin	\$.30
to Indianapolis	1.05

Motel Rates St. Louis World's Fair.
For copy of World's Fair official pamphlet, naming Hotel accommodations and rates during Universal Exposition of 1904, address E. A. Ford, General Passenger Agent Pennsylvania-Vandalia Lines, Pittsburg, Pa.

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Returning, arrive in Richmond—
Daily, 10:45 a.m.
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For any information call on
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The rain won't wash it off.

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Pennsylvania Lines

TIME TABLE

CINCINNATI AND CHICAGO DIV.			
In Effect 2 p. m., Feb. 16, 1904.			
WESTWARD		DEPART	
11:10 am	Rich and Logan Ac Ex	6:45 am	
12:30 pm	Chicago Mail and Ex	11:15 am	
4:45 pm	Cin and Mack Ex		
7:25 pm	Cin and Logan Ex	5:00 pm	
10:50 pm	Cin and Rich Ac Ex		
11:00 pm	Cin and Mack Mail and Ex	11:15 pm	
EASTWARD		ARRIVE	
4:05 am	Chi and Cin Mail and Ex	4:15 am	
	Mack and Cin Mail and Ex	5:15 am	
9:45 am	Rich and Cin Ac Ex	7:00 am	
	Logan and Cin Ac Ex	10:10 am	
3:55 pm	Mack and Cin Ex	3:45 pm	
5:40 pm	Fast South Ex and Mail	4:00 pm	
	Logan and Rich Ac		

COLUMBUS AND INDIANAPOLIS DIV.

In Effect 9 a. m., Nov. 29.			
WESTWARD		DEPART	
4:45 am	N Y and St L Mail	4:50 am	
	St L Fast Ex	4:55 am	
10:25 am	St L Fast Mail and Ex	10:30 am	
9:15 pm	Col and Ind Ac Ex	1:25 pm	
	N Y and St L Mail and Ex	10:10 pm	
EASTWARD		ARRIVE	
5:25 am	St L and N Y Mail and Ex	5:30 am	
9:45 am	Ind and Col Ac Mail and Ex	9:50 am	
9:50 am	St L and N Y Fast	10:00 am	
3:45 pm	Ind and Col Ac Ex	3:50 pm	
4:50 pm	Penna Special (M & I)	5:00 pm	
7:20 pm	St L and N Y Mail and Ex	7:30 pm	
8:40 pm	St L and N Y Limited Ex		

DAYTON AND XENIA DIV.

In Effect 12:01 p. m., Jan. 24			
WESTWARD		DEPART	
4:57 am	St L Fast Ex	5:00 am	
10:00 am	Springfield and Rich Ac	10:15 am	
10:10 am	St L Fast Mail and Ex	1:25 pm	
10:02 pm	Sprin and Rich Mail and Ex	10:10 pm	
EASTWARD		ARRIVE	
5:30 am	Rich and Sprin Mail and Ex	5:30 am	
	Rich and Xenia Ac Ex	8:15 am	
9:45 am	N Y Fast Mail	9:55 am	
3:45 pm	Penna Special Mail and Ex	4:55 pm	
8:40 pm	St L and N Y Limited Ex	8:49 pm	

GRAND RAPIDS AND INDIANA RY.

In Effect 8 a. m., Feb. 16			
SOUTHWARD		DEPART	
4:35 am	Mack and Cin Mail and Ex	4:40 am	
9:42 am	Pt W and Rich Mail and Ex	9:50 am	
3:40 pm	Mack and Cin Mail and Ex	3:50 pm	
9:45 pm	Sunday Ac		
NORTHWARD		ARRIVE	
	Rich and G R Mail and Ex	5:40 am	
	Cin and Mack Mail and Ex	12:50 pm	
	Cin and Mack Mail and Ex	10:50 pm	

*Daily, 3 Sunday only. All trains, unless otherwise indicated, depart and arrive daily, except Sunday.

TIME TABLE Dayton and Western Traction Co.

In effect January 25, 1904.
Cars leave union station, south 8th St., every hour—6:00, 7:45, and 45 minutes after every hour until 7:45 p. m., 9:00, 9:15 and 11 p. m., for New Westville, Eaton, West Alexandria, Dayton, Xenia, Tippicanoe, Troy, Piqua, Springfield, Urbana, London, Columbus.
Last car to Dayton at 9 p. m., stops only at New Westville, New Hope, Eaton, West Alexandria and way points east, 9:15 and 11 p. m., to West Alexandria only.
New Paris local car leaves at 4:50, 6:20, 8:20, 10:20 a. m., 12:20, 2:20 and 6:20 p. m.
For further information call phone 269.
C. O. BAKER, Agent.

The Girl of the Orchard

By... Howard Fielding

Copyright, 1901, by Charles W. Hooke

(Continued.)

"Are there any shakes over here?" said I, and then as her expression answered me I asked, "What kind?" "Copperheads and"—

"St. Patrick's day in the morning!" I exclaimed, and for the time of most of that utterance I was in the air.

I alighted on a rock near her and, reaching across, took her by the arm.

"You go straight back to the boat," said I, and she had to go, for I led her firmly and did not release her arm until she was fairly aboard the skiff, pleading, protesting, laughing, and her hands full of the most beautiful roses.

"What do you mean," said I, looking sternly down at her, "by going up there



I returned to the boat with my harvest of roses.

into that den of serpents and leaving me down here to burn tobacco while they were killing you? Now, don't venture to stir until I come back."

"There's no danger if you're careful," said she, and then when I was among the roses: "I knew you'd do just like that—thrashing around in the bushes and trying to get bitten. Anybody could have seen how reckless you were."

I was indeed in no mood to exhibit the virtue of prudence. "Be tranquil," said I. "There isn't a snake in the world that can catch me, though another animal might by running at the same rate."

"I don't understand," said she.

"I can run three times as fast from a snake as from anything else that lives," I explained. "That's simple, isn't it? There! Now we have enough."

I returned to the boat with my harvest of roses and added them to hers.

"You don't look as if you'd had a good time," said she.

I wiped some frozen perspiration from my forehead and shivered.

"Lucy Ann," said I, without meaning to be familiar, but merely fervent, "the honest fact is that I am so afraid of snakes that I can scarcely sit down on the ground up there in the field, though I have been assured by everybody from Jimmy Lamolne to the most truthful person I could get hold of that there are no snakes on the place."

"That's so," said she. "There aren't. They're all up there."

And she pointed to the hill.

I rowed slowly back to the landing while my pilot arranged the roses in a manner to display their beauties to the best advantage. It was really a pretty gift for the girl, and I felt under obligations to Miss Witherspoon which there seemed to be no immediate way of discharging. I tried to speak very kindly to her and to say the things that she would like.

As we passed the orchard I observed that the girl had deserted her easel and umbrella, which were where we had previously seen them, she herself having gone up to the lodge. This suggested to me the idea that if I could make sufficient haste I might learn what reception was accorded my gift.

I made the little boat go so fast that Miss Witherspoon cried out that the water would come in over the stern, but I observed that her eyes were very bright with the excitement and that she seemed to like it quite as well as the pretty speeches which I had been laboriously devising. Women are naturally so deceitful that lying to them is like playing the piano to Paderewski. Lucy Ann, though the most truthful of her sex, could have beaten me out of sight at saying the thing that isn't meant, and so she took small pleasure in my inferior performance, but she really did like to see me row a boat.

We found Jimmy Lamolne at the landing, and I was very glad to see him, for I disliked the idea of asking Miss Witherspoon to take the roses. As for Jimmy, I rejoice to speak well of him in any way, and it is the solid truth that he delighted to be serviceable. I wrote a hasty note on my card to this effect:

"To the keeper of the harbor light, from the poor sailor who struck the under reef."

Jimmy took the bouquet, and we watched him till he squeezed his slender body through the hedge fence into the orchard.

"As for the pilot's fee"—said Miss Witherspoon. "But that doesn't mat-

Whereupon I solemnly took from my coat pocket the largest and finest rose of all and put it into her hand. It was a great coup, carefully meditated.

"I never thought you'd remember it," said Lucy Ann, staring at the rose.

"I'll press it in the family Bible. The dictionary isn't good enough for it."

"Now," said I, "will you come out with me again just for a few minutes?" She would have demurred, but I insisted:

"I don't want to be alone out there. If the girl doesn't wear my poses when she comes down through the orchard again I shall be tempted to jump into the lake."

"Of course she'll wear them," said Lucy Ann. "Any girl would do that much."

"Then come and behold my joy." She consented with reluctance, and we rowed out far enough into the lake to command a view of the orchard. We could see the lodge, but not distinctly because of the abundance of foliage. The girl was sitting on the veranda, but Jimmy was not visible. He must have done his errand and gone on toward the house.

"She's arranging them now," said Lucy Ann. "Evidently I did not fix them well enough to suit her."

I assured my young friend that her work with the roses had been of the highest order of excellence, but she still seemed to be hurt. For my own part, I was flattered and absurdly pleased that the girl should take so much pains with my gift. I should not have known what she was doing except for Lucy Ann's suggestion, for we were a long way off, and the girl sat by a table with her back turned toward us; but after a very long time, as it seemed to me, she arose, holding the bouquet against her gown as if to try the effect. Then she picked up something from the floor of the veranda, tossed it through the window and, unfolding her indispensable parasol, she came slowly down through the orchard.

We had fleeting glimpses of her among the trees, and it was not until she had covered more than half the distance that she came fully into view. The flowers were fastened at her belt.

"How white they look!" said I. "The color scarcely shows at all at this distance."

Lucy Ann did not reply. She was sitting up very straight, and her gray eyes were wide open. At last she began to shake her head slowly, and a queer little smile played round her mouth while her forehead was frowning.

"Yes," she said, "they do look a trifle pale."

The girl had reached the spot where the easel stood, and we had a better view of the blossoms than when she had been more directly approaching us. I glanced hastily at Lucy Ann.

"Those are not my roses," said I.

"They're not roses at all," she rejoined. "They're pond lilies."

"Pond lilies!" I exclaimed. "Where should she get pond lilies?"

"There are a few already at the upper end of the lake," said she.

"But do you suppose she's been up there alone?"

"Somebody has," answered she. "That's certain."

I took up the oars and pulled toward the shore with the stroke of a tired fisherman who has been out in the rain

all day. Lucy Ann sat in the stern and tried to look sympathetic, but she failed. When the boat touched the beach, I did not immediately arise. I leaned forward upon the oars.

"Did you see her toss anything in through the window?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Lucy Ann in the husky voice appropriate to a delicate subject.

"Might have been a bean bag by the way she threw it, eh?"

"I didn't particularly notice," said Lucy Ann.

"You're a great girl," said I, extending my hand to assist her to rise.

"Don't say anything about this foolishness."

"Oh, no," said she. "I won't tell a single soul."

She gained the shore with my assistance and waited while I made the painter fast.

"Where is your rose?" I asked, turning toward her.

She put up her hand hastily to her throat.

"I fastened it there," said she. "It must be in the boat."

But it wasn't. Lucy Ann expressed appropriate sorrow, but she did not spend much time looking for the rose.

As we climbed the steep bank Jimmy Lamolne suddenly appeared at the top of it. His face wore that gravely pleased look which was habitual with him and always slightly accentuated when he had performed a task, for Jimmy had the satisfaction of believing that whatever he did was better done than it could have been by another.

"Where were you this afternoon?" asked Lucy Ann.

"Out on the lake," answered the boy. "I went out with Mr. Derringer and Mr. Trask."

"What to do?"

"Pond lilies," said Jimmy laconically. Lucy Ann did not pursue the subject. I turned a glance of suspicion upon

Jimmy, but it was obviously unjust. He might have juggled with my errand had I been alone, but not when the commission had been accepted in the presence of Miss Witherspoon, whose schoolmasterly manner seemed to hold him in strict discipline. Moreover, he was not in the least troubled by my look.

"I took 'em up," said he. "She told me that she was much obliged."

I removed my hat in acknowledgment of the lady's message, and then we walked silently up to the house.

At my door I found Derringer knocking.

"Where were you after lunch?" he asked. "Trask and I wanted you to go out on the lake. We got some pond lilies. Come up and I'll show you mine."

"Are they all there?" I asked.

"All?" he echoed. "Why, of course. All that I got. Trask has some."

"How about Jimmy?"

"He didn't want any. What are you driving at?"

"Somebody's been sending lilies to the girl."

Derringer exhibited great surprise. "You don't mean it!" he exclaimed.

CHAPTER X.
A CLEW IN THE DUST.

THERE was no fire on the shore that evening.

Considering the fate of my roses, it may seem strange that I should have taken the pains to ascertain whether the siren's light was rekindled upon the rocks. I decided not to do so. It was my intention to sit by my window and smoke black cigars in the dark. While enjoying the first of them it came into my mind that a fire on the shore should send up a glow visible from the house. So I began to stare at the sky above the tops of the apple trees and to hold rapidly alternating opinions as to whether I could or could not see a light.

This was distracting. It seemed wiser, upon the whole, to go down to the lake and set the question at rest. I felt like a big schoolboy who has had his ears boxed by his pretty teacher, and this sensation was accompanied by constantly recurring surprise that I should have it. What did it matter? No one knew except Lucy Ann, and she had certainly behaved very well about it. She did not strike me as the sort of girl who would spread the story.

It couldn't be on her account that I cared. Why not own up to it like a man? It was because the girl knew it and had done it to me. If only she had worn no flowers that would not have hurt me, but that she should have worn some other fellow's—probably Trask's. But why should Trask send flowers to her? How many girls did the fellow want at one time? He seemed devoted to Miss Jones in his own peculiar, misanthropic fashion, and poor, little Lucy Ann was clearly in love with him. I began to foresee that Trask and I would have an unpleasant interview some day.

I was thinking of this as I pushed off the boat, and the result was that I forgot to hang on to her. She slid off the bold beach and went skimming out over the lake with the force of the impetus that I had unconsciously given, so I had to go out in another boat and tow her back. And after all this trouble there was no fire on the rocks.

I waited till 9 o'clock and then gave it up, but not before warbling a little ballad in case the girl should be sitting on the rocks in the dark. She was not, and I felt as foolish as one does who has talked a few minutes to a person that left the room unperceived before he began.

Altogether it was very strange. The girl was nothing to me. Try as I might, I could not think of her as Sibyl. Neither could I regard her as a stranger. It was beyond doubt the most peculiar puzzle that I had ever encountered. The mind is a slave to such a problem; it rivets the attention. If I had not known who the girl was I could have dismissed the subject, but

I knew that I did know, and it seemed that I must surely speak the name, that I should wake up some morning and find it proceeding audibly from my lips.

When I returned from the vain cruise, there were heavy clouds in the sky, and I thought it might rain, but within a few minutes they rolled apart, and the night seemed to grow suddenly warm. I felt strangely uneasy and strolled out to the road to see whether the patrol was on duty.

The faithful three were there, and they welcomed me cordially to the ranks. They seemed to be engaged in extolling the Witherspoon ménage.

"I wish I had Mrs. Witherspoon's executive ability," said Derringer. "This place runs on greased wheels. The machinery is so noiseless that it is hard to believe that there is any."

"However," said Scovel, "there is. There are a lot of servants on this place, and they all work hard, though Mrs. Witherspoon would discharge one of them who dared to look tired. She knows how to make a place restful. Cast your eye on poor little Lucy Ann."

I observed that Trask, who had been sitting on the fence, got down. There was no reason why he shouldn't, if he felt like it, and yet I saw something worth noting in his manner.

"Miss Witherspoon helps her aunt," said he, "and you wouldn't wish her to do otherwise."

"I would," said Derringer. "I'd like to see her a thousand miles from that kitchen. In my opinion, it's a polite fiction that she doesn't do anything but make the cake. I observe that she spends most of her time there, and I wish she had something better to do."

"There can't be anything better than housekeeping," said Trask. "It is the work of the best women on earth, the women who keep the world wholesome enough to live in, the wives and mothers."

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed Scovel. "The misanthrope speaks up nobly. I didn't suppose you thought that the world was wholesome enough to live in."

"I don't do anything to make it so," said Trask. "Neither do you, for that matter. But, as to Miss Witherspoon, she is not