

## News of Surrounding Towns

### CAMBRIDGE CITY, IND.

Cambridge City, Ind., Aug. 9.—J. I. Case of Rushville, was a Cambridge City visitor Friday.

Sam Weffler, of Greenville, O., visited this place the latter part of the week.

Miss Alma McQuarter and Mrs. Gertrude James of Connersville, spent Saturday with Mrs. John Herbst.

Mrs. Frank Ohmit visited friends in Milton Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen Forrester and daughter, Mary Irene, have gone to Cincinnati to visit Mr. Forrester's parents.

Frank Hindman of Indianapolis and his sister, Mrs. Laura Riche, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Nugent of Milton, Friday.

Miss Pearl Custer has returned to her home in Knightstown after a visit with Miss Carlyle Diffenderfer.

Lee Ault was a Richmond visitor Saturday.

Mrs. Joseph Cole of Connersville, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Ellis Filly.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Shuler visited Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Doney, Saturday, enroute from Hamilton, O., to Indianapolis.

Miss Hazel Gibbs who has been here the guest of Miss Lena Luddington, has returned to her home in Muncie.

Mrs. J. T. Reese has returned from Connersville, where she attended the funeral of J. I. Little.

Cambridge City will be given a chance to see Milton's historical ability at the Hurst opera house, the evening of the tenth, when "Don't Tell My Wife" will be presented.

Miss Mary Dillon and Miss Mayme Metts returned from a visit with friends in Milwaukee and Chicago.

Miss Blanche Boyd, Miss Helen Garvin were Dublin visitors Saturday.

Miss Lucille Petro returned Saturday evening from a visit with relatives in Greenfield.

Clifford Mathews of Spiceland was a Cambridge City visitor Saturday evening.

Mrs. Mac Beeson of Baltimore, and Mrs. Elmer Beeson of Indianapolis, returned to Indianapolis, Sunday evening, after a visit with relatives in this place.

Miss Blanche Bird went to Anderson today for a two weeks' visit with friends.

Mrs. Lola Converse and daughter, Muriel, are spending a few days with friends in Hartford City.

Will Mathews and C. M. Glinther of Hagerstown were in this place, Sunday morning.

Miss Irene Russell left Sunday morning for Topeka, Kan.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Morris returned Saturday evening from an extended western trip.

### MILTON, IND.

Milton, Ind., Aug. 9.—Miss Louise Mueller of Indianapolis, enroute home from a trip to Niagara spent over yesterday with her father and sister, Charles and Kate Mueller.

Miss Catherine Snyder visited friends at Connersville, Saturday.

Mrs. Elizabeth Atkinson and son, Earl Atkinson, spent yesterday with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Atkinson at Richmond.

Miss Minnie Werking who is suffering from an abscess on the back of her neck is thought to be some better.

Mrs. George E. Tucker of Eureka, Kansas, who is visiting Messrs. and Mesdames Elwood Beeson and R. P. Lindsay, is now at Beechwood farm with Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bragg were host and hostess yesterday for Mr. and Mrs. Second, Miss Elizabeth Second and Miss Edna Brown of Indianapolis.

The Misses B. M. Kern, Mary and Sarah Roberts spent yesterday very pleasantly with Mr. and Mrs. John Hiser and Mrs. Lou Kimmel at Muncie.

Miss Lela Gracy of Covington, Ky., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Murphy and other friends south of town.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cartwright and family will leave Milton tomorrow to make their home at Muncie.

Mr. Cartwright is timber contractor for Armstrong, Perrine & Co., at Fort Wayne and they have ordered him to move to Muncie.

Miss Nora Murphy left Saturday for Terre Haute to visit friends about a week or ten days.

Mrs. Peter Shumaker was a Cambridge City visitor yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wallace entertained Mr. and Mrs. Will Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Wallace and son of Wabash, at supper Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Wallace and son, and also Mrs. R. W. Warren were entertained with Mr. and Mrs. Ray Thornburg of near Bentonville, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Crismond and mother, Mrs. Himeburg of Logansport are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bragg and family.

Mrs. Christian Ekber and guests Mrs. Snyder and daughter from Iowa spent yesterday with Mrs. Reers and daughters at Richmond.

Mrs. Joe Decker and daughter, Miss Louise were Richmond visitors and shoppers Saturday.

The Ladies Aid society of the Friends church will quit a quilt for Mrs. Mack Beeson before her return home to Baltimore.

The Misses Nora, Rae and Alma Wagner were at Mrs. Charles Hale's, east of town, Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Landwer of New Castle, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wolfgang yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jones of Muncie were guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Jones yesterday.

Mrs. Henry Schlegel south of town, has been visiting relatives at Shelbyville. Mr. Schlegel joined her there yesterday.

Marven Wallace, who has been making credits at the state university, returned to his father's, Will Wallace, Friday evening. He expects to return to school duties in the west soon.

Miss Mary Vandemark, who has been the guest of Mrs. W. M. Wallace and

family, south of town, returned to Columbus, Ohio, Saturday.

M. E. Hubbell and daughter, Miss Stella Hubbell, visited friends at Connersville Saturday.

Mrs. M. D. Beeson is quite indisposed.

The C. W. B. M. will have an open meeting in honor of their husbands at Mrs. J. L. Manlove's Thursday evening.

The Doddridge chapel choir is having choir practice for the special music at the home coming and Gospel meeting at Doddridge chapel Saturday and Sunday, August 14 and 15.

Miss Rella Hartwell has rented the property recently vacated by Mrs. Will Benninger on North street.

Willis Owens was at New Castle on Saturday. While there he secured employment at good wages and began work there today.

Mr. Denny of the Prudential Insurance company at New Castle, was in town Friday evening to adjust some claims on the company.

Keep in mind the Christian Endeavor social on the lawn at Morton Warren's corner of Central avenue and North street, Saturday.

In the foot race at the Sunday school picnic Friday the Rev. F. A. Scott came off the victor. The run was about 100 yards. The Rev. Mr. Scott won two out of three.

The Pennville school reunion was held at Jackson park.

Mrs. Martha Stover of this place belongs to the association.

Mrs. Will Johnson was a Cambridge City visitor Saturday.

Miss Florence Newman extends her thanks for a beautiful hand embroidered white waist pattern. The gift was from Mrs. C. H. Pinnick and Miss Newman greatly appreciates the favor. The work is done in a shadow embroidery.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Brumfield picnicked with friends from East Germantown and Richmond at Jackson park yesterday. A fine dinner was served and a pleasant time spent by all.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Leverton and family visited relatives at Richmond yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Dorgan and family and Phillip Benninger, Jr., and sons, spent yesterday with Mr. and Mrs. Will Dorgan east of town. Mr. Benninger went from there to Centerville to visit relatives. He is enroute to Springfield, O.

### HAGERSTOWN, IND.

Hagerstown, Ind., August 9.—Miss Edna Addington was the guest of Misses Grace and Kate Kirby, Friday at their home, south of town.

Mrs. Samuel Clugish and son of New Castle came Friday evening to visit her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Weaver and son Derrill were guests over Sunday of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mace. Mrs. Weaver and son will remain for a three weeks' visit.

Mrs. Daniel Rudy of Indianapolis, has been visiting Mrs. Della Rudy for a few days.

Mrs. Ebert Wycoff returned Friday evening from a visit at Spiceland.

John Sells joined his family over Sunday on a visit to Emory Stewart's at Logansport.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hartley and sons Ralph and Blair of Oakkosh, Wis., came Friday evening for a short visit with their parents, J. M. Hartley and wife.

Mrs. Clifford Foutz and Mrs. Chas. Newcomb spent the day Friday with Mrs. Hollace Hoover, south-west of town.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Kidwell have returned from a five weeks' stay at Portland, Oregon, and also at the exposition at Seattle.

Miss Katharine Gohring of Rushville came Saturday for a short visit with her grandfather's, Volney Gohring and Ambrose Dickson.

Among those of the members of the Pocahontas order of this place that attended Maumee Pocahontas Council at Richmond Saturday night were: Mr. and Mrs. James Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Leavell, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Newcomb, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Bagford, Mr. and Mrs. John Hara, Mrs. John Miller, Mrs. John Replogle, Mrs. Frank Lay, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fagan, Mrs. Maggie Replogle, Mrs. Lew Woods, Mrs. Fred Morrison, Mrs. Grafton Stewart, Mrs. Solomon Castor, Mrs. Sara Bingley, Mrs. Fannie Flood, Mrs. Cora French, Mr. and Mrs. John Kiser and Misses Cora Castor and Katherine Gohring.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Conniff entertained at dinner Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Cramer of near Millville, and Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Pressell.

A good poultice that gives relief in many kinds of sudden pain is one well known to our grandmothers, but now little used because few know how to make it. It is made from dried hops.

Put a cupful of the hops in a cup of hot water and let it boil until the water is reduced to half a cup, then stir in enough cornmeal to thicken.

Apply very hot between thin muslin cloths. Poultices when needed at night can be made on an alcohol lamp with a tin cup on top. A new poultice can be heated in this while the old one is cooling on the patient. It saves many trips to the kitchen.

### A Laundry Hint.

Did you ever try leaving elderdown baby blankets or wrappers out of doors on the grass in a driving rain? Turn from time to time until it gets clean without getting lumpy.

### A Permanent Thing.

"You have stated," said the badgering lawyer to a witness, "that you were born in 1886. Now you say you were born in 1887. That's an incriminating discrepancy, though perhaps you may be able to explain it."

"Certainly I can explain it," retorted the witness. "There's no incongruity there. I was born in 1886 and just stayed born. Why, I'm born yet."

### Youth's Companion.

Mrs. Schlegel south of town, has been visiting relatives at Shelbyville. Mr. Schlegel joined her there yesterday.

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### CHAPTER IV. THE PIERSONS.

A familiar face—A hospitable roof—The Pierson family and others—The Enterprise market and \$10 a week—Miss Hilary Cox—Cape—From the sidewalk—The company of successful adventures—The Great Strauses.

"HELLO! Here you be! Ain't I glad I found you this soon," and Ed's brown eyes were looking into mine. His seemed to me just then about the best face in the world. "Seems though I was bound to be chasing some one in this city," he shouted, grabbing me by the arm. "But I've found all of 'em now."

He had missed me at the police station by a few minutes, and I had left no address. After looking up and down a few streets near by, Ed had thought of lying in wait for me on the lake front, feeling that unless some extraordinary good luck had happened to me I should bring up at that popular resort. He had not seen the little incident when the detective grabbed me in the great store, for just that moment his attention had been attracted to a girl at one of the counters, who had called him by name. The girl, who was selling perfumes and tooth washes, turned out to be his cousin Lou, his Aunt Pierson's youngest daughter. After the surprise of their meeting Ed had looked for me, and the floorwalker told them of my misfortune. Then the cousin had made Ed go home with her. Mrs. Pierson, it seems, took in boarders in her three story and basement house on West Van Buren street. She and the two girls had given Ed a warm welcome, and for the first time in many days he had had the luxury of a bed, which had caused him to oversleep and miss me at the station.

All this I learned as we walked westward toward Ed's new home. At first I was a little shy about putting another burden on the boy's relations, but my friend would not hear of letting me go. When Ed tucked his arm under mine and hauled me along with country heartiness, saying I could share his bed and he had a job in view for us both, I felt as though the sun had begun to shine all over again that day. Through all the accidents of many years I have never forgotten that kindness, and my heart warmed to him as he stepped to think how Ed grabbed my arm and pulled me along with him off those city streets.

So it happened at dinner time that night I found myself in the basement dining room and made my first bow to some people who were to be near me for a number of years—one or two of them for life. I can remember just how they all looked sitting about the table, which was covered with a mussed red tablecloth and lit by a big, smelly oil lamp. Pa Pierson sat at the head of the table, an untidy, gray haired old man, who gave away his hair in every line of his body. He had made some money in his country store back in Michigan, but the ambition to try his luck in the city had ruined him. He had gone broke once for work, but he spent most of his time in the basement dining room, warming himself at the stove and reading the boarders' papers.

The girls and the boy, Dick, paid him even less respect than they did their mother. They were all the kind of children that don't tolerate much incompetence in their parents. Dick was a putty faced, black haired cub, who scrubbed blackboards and chewed gum in a board of trade man's office. Neither he nor his two sisters, who were also working downtown, contributed much to the house, and except that now and then Grace, the older one, would help clean up the dishes in a shamed way or bring the food on the table when the meal was extra late or she wanted to go out for the evening, not one of the three ever raised a finger to help with the work. The whole place, from kitchen to garret, fell on poor old Ma Pierson, and the boarders were kinder to her than her own children. Lank and stooping, shortsighted, with a faded, tired smile, she came and went between the kitchen and dining room, cooking the food and serving it, washing the dishes, scrubbing the floors and making the beds. I never saw her sit down to the table with us except one Christmas day, when she was too sick to cook. She took her fate like an Indian and died on the steps of her treadmill.

There were two other regular boarders besides myself and Ed—a married woman. The latter, Miss Hilary Cox, was cashier in the New Enterprise, prize market, not far from the house. She was rather short and stout, with thick ropes of brown hair that she piled on her head in a solid mass to make her look tall. She had bright little eyes, and her rosy face showed that she had been long in the city.

The man was a long, lean, thin faced chap somewhat older than I was. His name was Jaffrey Slocum. He was studying law and doing stenographic work in a law office in the city. When I first looked at him I thought that he would push his way over most of the rocks in the road, and he did. Slocum was a mighty silent man, but little passed before his eyes without his knowing what it meant. I learned later that he came from a good Maine family and had been to college in the east. And he had it much on his mind to do several things with his life, the first of which was to buy back the old home in Portland and put his folks there where they belonged. Old Slocum we called him. For his slow, draggy ways he had pounds of pressure on the gauge. He and I have fought through some big fights since then, and there's no man I had as soon have beside me in a scrap as that thin faced, scrawny necked old chip of Maine granite.

When Ed introduced me at the table, Grace made a place beside her, and her sister Lou hospitably shoved over a plate of stew. Then Lou smiled at me and opened fire.

"We read all about you in the papers this morning," Pa Pierson cackled. "Say, Lou, I don't call that polite."

Grace protested in an affected tone. "Don't mind me," I called out. "I guess I'm a public character anyway."

"What did the lady say when she found she was wrong?" Lou went on. "I should think she'd want to die, doing a mean thing like that."

"Did she give you any little souvenir of the occasion?" Dick inquired.

"If they are real nice folks, I should think they'd try to make it up some way," Grace added.

"But what we want to know first," Slocum drawled graciously, "is, did you take the purse and, if so, where did you put it?"

"Why, Mr. Slocum!" Miss Cox sputtered, not catching the joke. "What a

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as he dropped the coin into his pocket. After I had paid the judge I strolled down to the south side, into the new residence district, with some idea of seeing where the young lady lived who had first had me arrested and then wanted to reform me. When I came to the number she had written in the memorandum book there was a place of craps on the door. It gave me a shock. I hung around for awhile, not caring to disturb the people inside and yet hoping to find out that it was not the young lady who had died. Finally I came away, having made up my mind somehow that it was the young lady and feeling sorry that she was gone. That night I opened the memorandum book she had given me and began a sort of diary in a cramped, abbreviated hand. The first items read as follows:

Sept. 30.—Giv. this book by young la. who tho't I stole her purse. She hopes I will keep the right one.

Oct. 1.—Got job in East—mark, 147 W. Van St. 30. Is this the right road? Oct. 2.—Went to address young lad. name, found craps on the door. Had it the old man.

From time to time since then I have taken out the little black memorandum book and made other entries of those happenings in my life that seemed to me especially important, sometimes a mere list of figures or names, writing them in very small. It lies here before me now, and out of these bare notes—keywords, as it were—there rise before me many facts, the deeds of twenty-five years.

When I got back to the Piersons for dinner, Miss Cox was curious to know what I had done with my first day off.

"I bet he's been to see that girl who had him arrested," Lou suggested mischievously. "And from the way he looks I guess she told him she hadn't much use for a butcher boy."

Pa Pierson laughed. He was a great admirer of his daughter's wit.

"I don't think he's that much of a fool to waste his time tramping about after her," Hilary Cox snapped back.

"Well, I did look up the house," I admitted and added, "But the folks weren't at home."

After supper we sat out on the steps, and Hilary asked me what kind of a place the young woman lived in. I told her about the craps on the door, and she looked at me disbelievingly.

"Why didn't you ask?" she demanded.

"I didn't care to know if it was so perhaps."

"I don't see as you have any particular reason to care one way or the other," she retorted. And she went off for that evening somewhere with Ed. For the want of anything better to do I borrowed a book from the law student, who was studying in his room, and thus by way of an accident began a habit of reading and talking over books with Slocum.

So I was soon fitted into my hole in the city. In that neighborhood there must have been many hundreds of places like Ma Pierson's boarding house. The checkerboard of prairie streets cut up the houses like marble cake—all the same, three story and mansard roof, yellow brick, with long lines of dirty, soft stone steps stretching from the wooden sidewalks to the second stories. And the group of us there in the little basement dining room, noisy with the rattle of the street cars and dirty with the smoke of factory chimneys in the rear, was a good deal like the others in the other houses—strugglers on the outside of prosperity, trying hard to climb up somewhere in the bread and butter order of life and to hold on tight to what we had got. No one, I suppose, ever came to Chicago—at least in those days—without a hope in his pocket of landing at the head of the game some time.

Hilary Cox smiled at me again the next day, and we were as good friends as ever. As I have said, the energetic cashier of the Enterprise market had taken me in hand and was forming me to be a business man. She was a smart little woman and had lots of good principles besides. She believed in religion on Sundays, as she believed in business on week days. So on the Sabbath morning we would leave Ed and Lou and Dick Pierson yawning