

ARROW COLLARS

The buttonholes are too strong to pull out, wear out, wash out or iron out.

See each—see for size. Arrow Collars—see for size. Arrow Collars—see for size.



WOMEN IN TROUSERS.

Some Whose Work Compels Them to Dispense With Draperies.

The idea of a woman in trousers seems to be the most horrible that the modern civilized mind can conjure up, but there are parts of the world where women wear these garments as a matter of course, and the heavens have not yet fallen. They even contrive to look charming in them, too, as in one of the cantons of Switzerland, where the bifurcated garment is worn on dress occasions as well as for work. Not even at the altar are the trousers discarded. The bride wears white ones, with a white bodice and white flowers in her hair, and many a bride in a court train is less shy and sweet. In spite of their trousers, which are necessitated by the work they do in the fields, these women do not ride astride, but use a sidesaddle just like the woman who is trammelled by skirts.

The trousers of Switzerland are loose, baggy affairs, sometimes almost as cumbersome as skirts, but the peasant maids of the Austrian Tyrol wear short, close fitting small clothes, which cannot impede their movements in any way and which are not particularly becoming. The socks do not meet the trousers and the knee is left bare, like a Highlander's. The upper part of the costume has some feminine touches, and over the trousers is a short drapery, which may be the remains of a skirt. These women work in the fields and stables and are compelled by their life to dispense with superfluous draperies.

French and Belgian fishermen wear trousers. They wade through the water, pushing their nets before them, and the heavy waves would soon sweep them off their feet if they wore skirts.

MOTHERS WHO HAVE DAUGHTERS

Find Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Winchester, Ind.—"Four doctors told me that they could never make me regular, and that I would eventually have dropsy. I would bloat, and suffer from bearing-down pains, cramps and chills, and I could not sleep nights. My mother wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice, and I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking one and one-half bottles of the Compound, I am all right again, and I recommend it to every suffering woman."—Mrs. MAY DEAL, Winchester, Ind.

Hundreds of such letters from girls and mothers expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for them have been received by The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take immediate action to ward off the serious consequences and be restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by its use.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

Appointment Clerk Pindell Explains Census positions

(American News Service)

Washington, D. C., Sept. 16.—Appointment Clerk Pindell of the U. S. Census bureau, states on the subject of the census examination, October 23, that the distinction between the permanent census force and the additional temporary employees provided by the thirteenth census act is quite important and should be remembered. As vacancies occur on the permanent census roll they will be filled, as heretofore, by transfers from elsewhere in the service, or by selections from the existing registers of the civil service commission.

Persons now on the registers of the commission are, therefore, eligible for appointment to vacancies on the permanent census roll, but there is no greater opportunity during the decennial period for such appointments than there has been heretofore. The additional temporary positions, authorized by the thirteenth census act, except those above \$1,200 per annum which will be filled largely by transfers from the permanent census roll, will be given to those persons who pass the test examination on October 23rd. Those now on the registers of the civil service commission, who desire appointment to these additional census places, should take the test examination as their present eligibility avails them nothing in respect to appointments to these positions. The desire of a person is on the civil service register does not prevent him from taking this test examination.

Of the four clerical divisions into which the additional census force are separated, class A comprises those engaged in the operating of card punching and card tabulating machines; class B, those operating typewriters, adding machines, or combined typewriter adding machines; class C, those

wore skirts. Even without them they are obliged to go out in little parties for mutual protection.

In China, where they do most things differently from the rest of the world, the women wear trousers and the men do not. In Turkey, before Paris fashions invaded the harem, trousers were worn by the women, while the cigarette is an indispensable part of their lives.—New York Tribune.

George IV's Hoardings.

One of the most inveterate hoarders on record was George IV. Not only was he averse to destroying books and papers, but he preserved everything that could possibly be kept. When he died all the suits of clothes he had worn for twenty years were discovered and sold by public auction. His executors also found secreted in various desks, drawers and cupboards numerous purses and pocketbooks crammed full of money to the extent, it is said, of £20,000, together with more sentimental treasures in the form of locks of hair from the tresses of forgotten beauties of the court.—London Graphic.

Disappointment.

Head Waiter—What's the matter with that dyspeptic looking old chap over there at the fourth table?

Assistant—He's got a grouch. He was getting all ready to make a kick about that cantaloupe, and he found it was a good one.—Chicago Tribune.

Two Painters.

Highbrow (boastfully)—I get 20 cents a word for my stuff. I'm a word painter. Lowbrow (scornfully)—That's nothing. I get \$2 a word for mine. I'm a sign painter.—Exchange.

Indelible Ink Tree.

An indelible ink tree, known to botanists as *Semecarpus anacardium*, is chiefly found in India, but grows also in North Australia and the West Indies. Its nut supplies the natural marking fluid. When dried for commerce the nut is heart-shaped and nearly black and contains a black viscid juice. For marking linen or cotton this juice is mixed with quicklime. It can be made into marking ink by treating the nut with a mixture of alcohol and sulphuric ether and is also used for black varnish.

Didn't Want to Before.

"So Mrs. Jenkins is dead?"

"I hadn't heard of it. How did you know?"

"I didn't hear positively, but I overheard Jenkins say in a street car that he intended to dispute her will."—Baltimore American.

engaged in manuscript tabulation and other clerical work; class D, the sub-clerical workers. The entrance salary for classes A, B and C, will be \$900 per annum, subject to possible promotion to at least \$900 a year. The minimum of \$900 per year will also apply to employees paid on the piece-price basis. Class D will be: messengers, \$840; assistant messengers, \$720; messenger boys, \$480; watchmen, \$240; laborers, \$720 and charwomen, \$720. All original appointments for these classes will be made from the eligible registers furnished by test examination. These will be five in number. The first will carry the names of all persons 18 years of age or over who pass the examination. The second will list those on the first register, who have had previous experience in operating card-punching, card tabulating or card sorting machines in census work. The placing of a person's name on this register will not affect his eligibility on the first, third and fourth registers. The third register will contain the names of all those on the first register who make an average of 70 on the test in typewriter tabulation. Persons who pass this test will, by so doing, improve their chances of appointment. Nor does entry on this affect the eligibility on the first, second or fourth register. The fourth register will comprise the names of all the male eligibles on the first register who have expressed a willingness to accept employment in sub-clerical class D. Entry on this register will not affect eligibility on the first, second or third registers. The fifth register will be for the boys of 16 and less than 18 years of age who pass the examination and become eligible for appointment as messenger boys. Only one kind of examination will be given all applicants.

HIS STORY DOUBTED

Authorities Are Not Inclined to Believe Marshall Was Held Up.

WOULD HAVE USED PISTOL.

Local authorities are inclined to believe that Robert Schools, the nineteen year old colored boy who was severely beaten by Harry Marshall of New Paris, did not attempt to hold up Marshall, as the latter charges. Marshall, it is said, bears no particular good will toward Afro-Americans, and it is understood knocked a member of this race off a New Paris inter-urban car at Tenth and Main streets last winter.

The authorities say that if Schools had attempted to hold up Marshall, they would give him credit for having enough sense to secure a gun and not attempt the wild west stunt with a razor. It is the belief of the authorities that Marshall prompted the assault and the negro retaliated to his discomfiture.

The Immensity of Space. A photographic plate exposed to the heavens in a large telescope for any considerable length of time shows nothing but a continuous blur of light, indicating that the photographic eye sees beyond the reach of human vision such a multitude of stars that every part of space is filled. One may gain some inkling of the immensity of space by supposing the photographic plate exposed upon the remotest star it now records and looking out still farther to find the heavens still crowded with millions and millions of stars, each possibly having its own planets.

VERY NECESSARY.

Nearly every paper or magazine one reads contains articles on what food, clothes and so forth are most attractive to men. The most important question is not how to get a husband, but how to keep one. Men admire attractive and overwork makes women homely and unattractive. Do not overdo yourself but buy rub-a-lac. And get your washing done in a jiffy. Certainly your grocery sells it. Ask him for a package and try it.

Piles And Purgatory

Begin With the Same Letter and There Are Other Resemblances.

Suffer? Oh, no! "Suffer" don't express it, but there is the PYRAMID PILE CURE. It is a Cure that comes to stay and gives one a fresh grip on things.

IT PROMISES TO CURE. And keeps its word. Even to the last letter. It is made that way. This is why. And it is not expensive—within the easy reach of every one. Only 50 cents a box at your druggist, and a box goes a long way.

YOURS IS THE WORST kind and of long standing? Already tried everything you ever heard of? Discouraged? Well rather. But the PYRAMID PILE CURE was made for just such cases. Yours is not a bit worse than hundreds of other cases that the Pyramid Pile Cure has cured.

SKETCHY? NO FAITH? No wonder. But listen. We are so sure that our remedy will cure you that we will send you a Free Treatment. This will begin to show you what enough of it will do and then you can go to your drug store and get as much as you need. It won't be more than a box or so.

DON'T PUT OFF getting rid of this terrible trouble. Of itself it is hard enough to endure, but it leads to things worse. In truth it badly disarranges the entire lower bowel tract; creates ulcers, abscesses and a series of evils any one of which can easily prove fatal.

DON'T PUT OFF. sending for the free trial package. We send this to show how great our faith is in this cure. If we did not believe in it, we would not make this offer. Today is the best day you will ever have to send for it. Do your writing plainly, so there will be no mistake. Fill out coupon; it won't take a minute's time and mail it to us.

FREE PACKAGE COUPON.

Fill out the blank lines below with your name and address, cut out coupon and mail to the PYRAMID DRUG COMPANY, 216 Pyramid Bldg., Marshall, Mich. A trial package of the great Pyramid Pile Cure will then be sent you at once by mail, FREE, in plain wrapper.

Name

Street

City and State

JUDGES ARE NAMED

Mrs. Elmer Eggemeyer, Mrs. John Shroyer and Mrs. W. N. Trueblood are the judges who will make the awards at the flower show, to be held at the Garfield building tomorrow. The exhibit will be open to the public at 2 o'clock and announcement of the awards of the judges made at this time. The exhibit is composed of flowers raised by the pupils of the public schools during the summer vacation and many fine displays will be shown. The show is an annual affair, given under the auspices of the Aftermath society.

Watering Streets in China.

The watering of the streets in China is still a very primitive business. The water is first drawn up in baskets from wells by means of a rope and pulley. This sounds somewhat ridiculous, but the baskets are very close-fitting and when wet form thoroughly serviceable vessels, possessing the valuable quality of lightness. The water is next carried in wooden tubs and distributed by men armed with basket ladles attached to long wooden handles, with which they splash "spoonfuls" of fluid over the dusty street. This crude machinery is all the more astonishing when one reflects that the Chinaman is extremely clever in a mechanical way. He is, however, inherently conservative and sticks to old methods on principle, even though common sense tells him they are absurd.—Wide World Magazine.

The Rolling Stone.

A rolling stone gathers no moss, but it gets so smooth that nobody has anything on it.—Puck.

\$5.00 Less \$4.25 = \$0.75

That is an easy problem for any school boy. It represents what you can save now by buying

Pocahontas Coal

In buying don't forget that Pocahontas coal differs in quality, or you may lose what you save in price.

C. C. B. and Flat Top

Mines produce the best quality of Pocahontas coal. We handle these two grades and have bought

25 Cars at Old Price

Which we will sell while they last at old price. Don't delay placing your order, for we must follow the

Advance at Mines

which has already taken effect, so that when this shipment is exhausted it will be the last this season.

At \$4.25 per Ton

This advance is not only true of Pocahontas Coal but the mines have already notified dealers of the

Advance in all Coals

A few more simple calculations will remind you of the importance of placing your order promptly.

10 Times 75 cts. = \$7.50

That is what you can save now in buying ten tons. Isn't that worth saving? You must say yes to that.

\$5.00 Less \$5.00 = 0.00

That is what you save by waiting to buy coal later. Therefore, take our advice and place order now at

Mather Brothers Co.

AUSTRALIAN DINGOS.

Treacherous and Destructive Animals That Can Feign Death.

There are some who believe, though the evidence seems against them, that certain of the wild dogs, like the Australian dingo—"yellow dog dingo," always hungry, dusty in the sun"—are reversions to the wild state of a race once tame, just as the pariah dogs of various countries have traveled half the road toward becoming wild animals again.

As one sees the dingo here in the gardens it looks not merely like a domesticated dog, but like a dog of a distinctly engaging and amiable kind. The dingo's character belies its gentle looks. "Quarrelsome, sly and treacherous," an Australian naturalist has called it. So sly is it that, according to Mr. Beddard in "The Cambridge Natural History," it feigns death "with such persistence that an individual has been known to be partly stayed before moving" and so treacherous that in the days when dingoes were more commonly kept as pets by the colonists, than as a result of bitter experience, is the case today it was no unusual thing for the dog which had been brought up with every tenderness from puppyhood to turn suddenly on its master or mistress, or what was more frequent, when left in temporary charge of an empty house to seize the opportunity to raid the sheepfold or the poultry runs.

On such occasions it "ravens" even

as the wolf, snatching first to satisfy its hunger, but in the unextinguishable fury of a brute instinct, so that, given time enough, it will not leave one fowl or one sheep alive. That it does not need much time, moreover, is shown by the statement of Thomas Ward that "one dingo in the course of a few hours has been known to destroy several score of sheep." For its fighting ability the same authority declares it to be a match for most domestic dogs of double its size.

When wild it hunts in packs, which are said sometimes to include as many as a hundred individuals, though from six to a dozen is the common number, and the only Australian animal which it is uncertain if the pack can ever pull down (in spite of Mr. Kipling's "old man" kangaroo.—London Times.

Lost in Obscurity. "Ain't you almost afraid to be so sharp and caustic about people?" "I used to be," answered the press humorist, "but now I have come to the conclusion that nobody reads my stuff."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

WILL LEAVE PURDUE

Prof. Wilbur A. Cochel of Purdue University who conducted the live stock department of the Sixth district Corn School at Centerville last winter, and who made many local friends, has resigned to accept a similar position with Pennsylvania State university. He will have charge of both the college and experimental work.

If you want to live long and die happy, and have a good time while you are at it, use Victor Bread.

MANICURE SETS

25c, 50c and \$1.00—See Them

Fountain Pens, Immense Line Washable Toilets.

CONKEY DRUG CO., Cor. 9th and Main Sts.

"If It's Filled at Conkey's, It's Right."

The Word Unspoken

By Heloise, Countess D'Alemcourt.



He had been invited and had expected to stay with the Corcorans through the Fall and early Winter, but after scarce two weeks, this sunny September morn found him packing up.

Three trunks and as many valises yawned on chairs and lounges, half of them intended for his little travelling library and instruments. For he was going back to India to stay for at least a decade. As he was about to depart an armful of small volumes, printed on onion skin paper, a door opened and the lady of the manor walked in.

Surprise made him drop the books in a heap. After a word or two of welcome his eyes sought the floor. Naturally so, for the sun stood behind Irma, emphasizing the golden sheen of her fair hair and the light of her greenish-blue eyes.

"I did knock, Hubert, indeed I knocked twice," she said half apologetically.

"I beg your pardon, Irma, I was so absorbed sorting my library and then, honest, I did not expect you here."

Irma let herself drop in an armchair further away from the row of windows. It was quite dark in her corner. "To tell the truth—like yourself," she added with a smile, "I did not knock very hard. No use alarming the whole house, you know."

She rose and took two little steps toward Hubert. "Ah, what is the use of trying to keep anything from you? Hubert, I sneaked up here unbeknown to anybody."

"Woman can't get along without little secrets," she said, "or a big secret for many."

Hubert motioned her to be seated and drew up a chair.

"My best friend's wife has no little secrets, dare have no little secrets. As to a big secret—it is out of the question."

"And my husband's best friend has assumed a tone not at all suited to the occasion," cried Irma breathlessly. "Understand me well, Hubert, I did not come to bandy words with you, I sought this interview to unburden my soul. Oh, let me tell you once, just once, what I feel, what I think, what I want, what stops, my pulses; hear me for the first and, in all probability, the last time."

And as Hubert, half frightened, half indignant, attempted to get up she laid a restraining hand on his knee. "Listen," she whispered. "You are about to leave me. No, I am not holding you back even though our separation is to last ten years."

"When you return your blood will run cold—I will be without beauty, youth. Believe me, there is nothing in heaven or on earth that ages a woman so fast and so surely as what I will have to put up with. Ten years—after ten years it will matter little whether or not there are witnesses when we meet face to face."

"It matters not even to-day," interrupted the man faintly.

"That is an untruth, and you know it. I want no witness here, neither do you. Be honest, Hubert."

"You lied to me because you desire to remain an honest man."

"Paradoxes, Irma."

"Not quite. Because you are the soul of honesty, you allow your tongue, but that only to prevaricate."

"And yours to talk like a magician in a fairy play. I confess I cannot follow you."

"You say this with a smile—Ah, Hubert, your meriment is a sham even as your words are misleading and your heart as false as mine does. As a matter of fact, your position is not a whit better than my own. There is but one alternative for both of us; either to lie or deceive."

"And the truth, Irma; the truth?"

"If you spoke the truth, man—behold the deceiver, a trusting husband's and friend's deceiver! You do not want to be that—hence you lie; lie even to me. Ah, these white lies, the gentleman's refuge, a poor correction for a bleeding heart."

"Irma, my conscience pronounces me innocent."

"And I, Hubert, am unworthy to be your judge, the accessory has no right on the bench."

"Then there are two guilty ones?"

"Or two innocent ones! It's fate," she continued, looking into his eyes. "Our mutual love was born as we first caught sight of each other. Don't deny it, dear, for I can read your heart despite the curia of conventionalities it is swathed in. Because I know you so well, I speak as I do. If I were not for that, my position would be humiliating."

"You are not the woman to do anything unadvised, Irma."

"And you not the man to esteem me less because I, the wife of another, take upon myself to say that I love you, Hubert; love you from the bottom of my heart, and that I will think of you with love and longing until death terminates my earthly miseries."

"Irma!"

"You leave behind an unhappy woman, yet one unspokeably happy."

"Don't cry, dear, believe me, I will never forget you."

"I know you won't; you couldn't if you wanted to, for our love is of the kind that endures as long as there is breath in the body. Thus it is writ in the book of fate. Why, then, fly from me?"

"I want to do the honest thing, Irma—at the same time, I am no coward."

"Yes, you are; but it is better so. If I made bold to fall upon your neck, though, and beg and pray: 'Do not leave me, remain; do not forsake Irma, perhaps, perhaps—I am not sure—there might be a chance for your staying. But I shall not so demean myself. The barriers of honor and duty that render you stone, I too, salute them. Neither of us has talent for dishonor.'"

"Yet if I tell," said Hubert darkly, "mine would be the greater crime. Than your husband, there is no man living to whom I am more indebted. He practically paid for my education. My career, my fame in the literary and scientific world, all are of a making."

"He is a generous man."

"It was not for me, as well as friendship. My financial obligations to him are nearly discharged by this time, but the unsearchable love he bore me I can never repay."

"Yes, yes, he is goodness and generosity personified. I honored him, I almost loved him when you came into my life and turned peace and tranquility into chaos."

"By my soul, Irma, I had no idea of estranging you from your husband."

"Yet you alone are to blame. As for me, I might have continued happy, because not unhappy, but the look you gave me at our initial meeting sufficed for an eternity of mischief. Perhaps you did not know it, but the flame that sprang up in your eyes touched and encircled my heart, snared my senses, so full was it of the joy of the conqueror, the realization of hope, and longing. He has found what he searched for all through life, I said to myself, Hubert, even if we had never exchanged another word after the first 'how do you do,' henceforth my life would have run on different lines, there would have been a radical transformation of its purpose."

Hubert attempted to remonstrate, but Irma cut short his "sophistries."

"Do not seek to impress me with commonplaces in which you have no faith yourself," she said bluntly. "You are a coward, and so am I. I say the things I do say, not because I want to, but because I obey impulses beyond my control. Something new in a woman's life, in my life, has happened. It is there, whether proclaimed or denied, it matters not. Turn your head away, if you will, Hubert, stuff cotton into your mouth, into your ears, it has come to stay. There is no hope for you, nor for me."

"Even if all be lost, as you say, Irma, both of us, I trust, are firmly resolved."

"Resolutions—if you ever had the slightest regard for logic, do not brag of resolu-

tions. What if I would put them to a test, open wide my arms—Ah, fear not, it is but a figure of speech. And pray, do not argue. There is nothing to argue about except that it would be insanely stupid for us to separate and that it would be just as idiotic to remain together. Ours is a hopeless case."

"Not absolutely, Irma, since we can still choose between self-sacrifice and sacrificing another, the innocent sufferer. You are too true a woman, I am not enough of a dastard, to be in doubt where the path of duty and honor lies."

Silence ensued, a long, momentous pause.

Then Irma: "You are right, Hubert, stolen happiness is not for such as you and I, knowing, as we do, that happiness to the full means self-oblivion. If I turned thief, yet I could never forget the guilty part I played. Fare thee well, Hubert, luck will attend thee, for thou knowest that I love thee. Be this thy talisman."

Another pause.

"Hubert, tell me in return that thy love is for me."

No answer.

"If you do not love me, say the damning word, Hubert."

No answer.

"Hubert, take this rose, I warmed it in my bosom as I do my love. Take it and when it is worn, think of me, for I shall be with you, not last much longer than this rose."

A formal handshake.

They never saw each other more.