

## News of Surrounding Towns

## HAGERSTOWN, IND.

Hagerstown, Ind., July 27.—Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Smith and Mrs. Elizabeth Fox of Greensfork visited Sunday at the home of Henry Repligle and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Harter and son of Cambridge City spent Sunday here.

Mrs. Isaac Pitts has returned from a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Thos. Jones near Cincinnati.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Rummel and children, Goldie and Raymond, and Mr. and Mrs. John Davis have returned from a week's camping party at Feeders' dam.

Mrs. Joseph Wismar has returned from a visit with relatives at Greensburg. Her father, George Jutting, accompanied her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Adams of New Castle called on friends here Sunday afternoon.

Miss Oma Stottemeyer returned to Richmond, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Sells and daughter Thelma, and Mr. and Mrs. Hollace Hoover spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Lew Gohring at Rushville.

Dr. and Mrs. E. H. Thurston and Ben. Jewitt attended the Spiritualist meeting at Chesterfield Saturday.

Mrs. Minnie Hovelmeier attended the Kamp-Thomas reunion at Richmond, Sunday.

The eighth annual picnic of the teachers, trustees and others will be held at the public school grounds on Wednesday, August 10th.

Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Rinehart have christened their baby, Margaret Irene.

Miss Effie Wolford of Richmond and Mrs. Margaret Ulrich spent Tuesday with Mrs. Phoebe Rinehart.

Mrs. Waldo Coryell and baby daughter of Richmond are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes Stewart.

Miss Jessie Kerr of Union City, who is studying this term at Earlham, was the guest over Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. George Fouts and other relatives.

Mrs. Ed Raife has been quite sick.

Misses Dorothy and Beon Rinehart of Indianapolis are visiting with their grand-parents, Dave Rinehart and wife east of town.

Freemont Moore, the son of Ed Moore, fell from a tree Tuesday, splintering a bone in the elbow of his right arm.

Mrs. Ras Ledbetter was called to Kansas City by the serious illness of her son of typhoid fever.

Russell Northcott has been ill with the malaria fever.

A dinner was given Sunday at the home of Henry Johnsonbaugh in honor of the 86th birthday of Mrs. Margaret Ulrich. Those present were Miss Effie Wolford of Richmond, Mrs. Phoebe Rinehart and son, Mahlon, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Hoover, Mr. and Mrs. George Ulrich, Miss Sadie Shaffer, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Brown and daughter Ruth, Mr. and Mrs. Cicerio Oier and son, Virgil, Mrs. Anna Bowers, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Holder, Chas. Miller and two sons, Stewart Smith, Gladys Breneman, Gladys, Hazel, Fred and Howard Holder, Harrison Johnsonbaugh and children and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Johnsonbaugh.

## MILTON, IND.

Milton, Ind., July 27.—Miss Nellie Jones visited at Richmond yesterday. Mrs. Carl Mora and son joined her husband, Prof. Mora at Cincinnati where they will spend a few days before he leaves for Florida.

Mrs. Charles Ferris spent Monday at her sister-in-law, Mrs. Barbara Ferris', west of town.

Earl Atkinson, who has just returned from New York where the theatrical company, of which he is a member, closed their year's work, has engaged with the company for the coming season. He will take an important character in the play "At the Mercy of Tiberius." Mr. Atkinson's company was in most of the leading cities of the United States last year. They went from the eastern coast to the western coast and made leading towns in the north and south.

Mrs. Jennie Summers was greeting friends at Cambridge City yesterday.

Miss Hattie Iror entertained Madam Frank Iror of Indianapolis, Beckwith of Wyoming, O., and Walton of Liberty yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kelsey of southwest of town, were greeting friends here yesterday, and trading.

Mesdames Ed Wilson and Olive Wallace visited in Richmond yesterday.

Mrs. Allie Trine of east of town visited relatives here today.

Raymond Lowery is suffering from a fractured rib, also the muscles and ligaments are torn loose. Raymond clerks in a grocery at Cambridge City.

## BAD BLOOD.

is the cause of nine tenths of the ills which the human body is afflicted. The symptoms of which range from the dreaded contagious blood poison to the minute eruption on the skin. They include rheumatism, catarrh, scrofula, eczema, erysipelas, pimples, boils, ulcers, running sores, inflamed eyes, and enlarged glands, down to sick headache and a muddle or yellow complexion. The prescription of Dr. Simpson, (the noted blood Specialist of Richmond, Ind.) known as Dr. A. B. Simpson's Vegetable Compound, is the most powerful alterative, or blood purifier, ever known. Its reputation was firmly established a few years ago, by curing apparently hopeless cases, was certified by county and city officials, and widely noted by the press; since which thousands have been relieved by its use.

Good blood invariably means vigorous health, and appetite, good digestion, strength, and a clear, healthful complexion. This is assured to all who try this remedy; its remedial effects are apparent with the first few doses.

Dr. Simpson's Vegetable Compound

is purely vegetable, and is harmless as it is effective. It is put up in convenient form at one dollar per bottle and is sold at all drug stores.

He attempted to hang a full stock of bananas up on a nail above him. The stalk was heavy and straining to hang them he felt the rib fracture. He is quite a sufferer and unable to work.

Park Hess is spending a few days with his uncle, Ellsworth Filby and family near Centerville.

Mrs. and Mesdames Alonso Springer of Wabash, W. E. Williams, Mrs. Charles Davis and son Olin, were at dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Will Wallace south of town yesterday.

Mrs. Mary Kennedy of Cincinnati is visiting her mother, Mrs. Coyne, Sr. Mrs. Kennedy's son, the Rev. Father Frank Kennedy, of Springfield, O., came yesterday to spend his vacation with his mother and grandmother.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Wallace, who visited her sister, Mrs. D. H. Warren and family left yesterday for their home with Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Warren. Mrs. D. H. Warren accompanied them home.

The ladies of the Woman's Cemetery association kindly ask anyone who may have thoughtlessly pulled the blossoms from the flower beds at cemetery to do so again. The flowers are planted there to ornament the grounds.

## NEW PARIS, OHIO.

New Paris, O., July 27.—Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Wicker of Pennville are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Davis this week.

Misses Cora Hawley and Marie Peele, Edward Weyman of Middle-town and Earl Richards were Sunday evening guests of Dr. and Mrs. Carl Beam of Eldorado.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Horner of Gettysburg and Mr. and Mrs. Dershem of Greenville were entertained Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. Silas Horner.

Mr. Elwin Horner visited at New Madison Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Mary Porterfield had for her Sunday guests Miss Gladys Miller, Miss Margaret Horner, Miss Auline Colby, Shirley Watt, Miss Mary Hawley and Miss Fanny Penland.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Whitley entertained on Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Bice Mr. and Mrs. Tom Porterfield and Mr. Chas. Whitley of New Madison.

Mr. and Mrs. Harter of Greenville spent Sunday with their daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Cross.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Shurte of Greenville visited relatives here Sunday.

Ruby McWhinney and Mabel Call have returned home from their six weeks normal course at Oxford.

Miss Edna Richards of Whitewater was a Sunday visitor of Miss Fio Richards.

Miss Edith Miller returned to Washington, D. C., Sunday, after a three weeks vacation with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Moon of Tippecanoe City are here visiting her parents this week.

Miss Pearl Barr who has been visiting relatives at St. Louis, Mo., for several weeks returned home the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Young who have been in Indianapolis for some time have returned home. Mr. Young underwent an operation while there and is much improved since his return.

Mrs. Wagle of Richmond, Ind., spent Monday with Mrs. A. T. Barber.

Several of Mrs. Mary Brawley's neighbors and friends gathered in and reminded her of her birthday Monday. She soon realized what it all meant and made her guests very welcome. She received many presents and a nice time was enjoyed by all.

## SOWING HIS WILD OATS.

Nights of Wasteful Debauchery That Were Him Out.

"Yes, I'm dissipating too much," said the red faced rustic as he rubbed his head despondently.

"Dissipating?" gasped his friend.

"That's the word I used. You've heard that expression about 'burning life's candle at both ends?' Well, that's my case exactly. To tell the truth, I have been having too gay a time. Last night I went down to the Blue Moon and drank a soda. Then some traveling man offered me a cigar. Of course I had to take it."

"Oh, I'm sick of hearing about Bob," she burst in. Father never loses a chance to tell me that he is the finest fellow in the world, and mother says that she loves him like her own son; but he never will be, in spite of what they say," declared Rye.

I maintained a discreet silence, chily because I differed from her, and it did not seem quite a propitious moment in which to say so.

"Of course," she submitted with sarcasm, "we all know that Bob is rich."

"And we all know," I added, "that what is far better—he has a heart of gold."

"I don't believe in betting," she announced, throwing away the last petal of a decapitated flower. "But I should like to have a little one with you—that I never marry Bob."

"Delighted," said I. "Will you have gloves or chocolates?"

"Gloves—six pairs, and my size is small fives."

She seemed confident of winning.

"And if you lose?" I asked.

She laughed again—very confidently.

## "A Question of Inches."

By RUBY H. AYRES.

She lived next door to me. A hedge of briar rose was the sole barrier between our respective gardens. Sometimes, when the hedge was not too thick, we held conversation across it, and her face was the fairest rose of all as it smiled at me between the leaves; but more often than not she would come into my garden and sit beside my chair and talk to me, for I am a cripple, though, as this story is not mine, I will not weary you with a recital of the accident which chained me to my chair.

I grew fond of the little girl next door.

No, there are no conclusions to be jumped at. I am fifty, and my hair is grey; and she is one-and-twenty.

It was one morning in early June when I saw the glimmer of her frock through the rose hedge, and heard the click of the gate. I had been expecting her, seeing that shortly before I had seen poor Bob Hillyer's dejected shoulders pass my gate and vanish down the sunny road.

He had been "refused" for the second time as I had known he would be but experience has taught me the uselessness of arguing with a man in love.

She came up my garden path with a frown on her pretty face.

"He's been and done it again," she said with exasperation.

I looked at her critically; she looked rather disturbed, but certainly not angry.

"The man is a fool," I said quietly. She looked startled and not particularly pleased.

"For proposing to me?" she asked.

"Of course—" said I.

"Why?" Rye tried to look dignified—it was a failure.

"Because he might have known beforehand that you would refuse him," I said evenly.

"I have told him ever so many times that I don't want to be married," she assured me eagerly.

"Quite so," I admitted. "But that isn't the reason."

She flushed up.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"I mean," I said, "that if you told Bob Hillyer the truth you would say I am not going to marry you because you are too short, and too quiet, and too much everything I don't admire in a man."

"In fact," I added serenely, "it's merely a question of inches. But looks are not everything."

"I never said they were," she replied.

"But you think so," said I, expecting instant annihilation. "And that's why I am going to tell you that Hillyer's little finger is worth more than the handsome six feet something that goes by the name of Geoffrey Wyburn."

Another silence, then Rye laughed, not very naturally. "Are you jealous of him, too?" she asked.

"Isn't it rather an insult to accuse people of being jealous of a tailor's dummy?" I asked.

Rye grew scarlet, there were tears of vexation in her eyes.

"He's the handsomest man in the country," she declared. "And you know he is."

"My dear, I never denied it," said I.

"But you could put his brain on a three penny piece, and he hasn't the heart of a mouse. It isn't always the biggest men who have the biggest hearts—and Bob Hillyer."

Another silence, then Rye burst in. Father never loses a chance to tell me that he is the finest fellow in the world, and mother says that she loves him like her own son; but he never will be, in spite of what they say," declared Rye.

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## Decide Yourself

The Opportunity is Here, Backed by Richmond Testimony.

Don't take our word for it.

Don't depend on a stranger's statement.

Read Richmond endorsement.

Read the statements of Richmond citizens.

And decide for yourself.

Here is one case of it:

John Morris, 43½ Main Street, Richmond, Ind., says: "For several years I suffered from backache, the attacks often being so severe that I could hardly straighten. The kidney secretions were at times profuse while again scanty, plainly showing that my kidneys were disordered. I finally decided to try a kidney remedy and began using Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at A. G. Lukens & Co.'s Drug Store. They helped me after other preparations had failed. At that time I told of my experience in a public statement and now I gladly confirm all I then said. I have had only one occasion to use Doan's Kidney Pills since my first trial of them and I am glad to say that the results were as satisfactory as before."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

What's the rush?" asked a friend.

"Oh, I've got to hurry down to the office or I won't get there in time to go out for lunch