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PHONE 68.

Finding Is Keeping.

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-
WILLIAMS.

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Literary Press.

Lisabeth climbed into the runabout and sent Meg down the road at a clipping pace. There was a certain likeness betwixt the girl and the mare. Both showed blood; both were hand-some in unusual fashion. Lisabeth was a Spanish blond, and her face was vivid as an autumn flower. Thus Meg's copper red coat and flaxen mane and tail brought her beautifully into the picture.

"I don't see why mammy and the colonel never will pull together," Lisabeth complained to Meg when they were safe in the big road. Meg was her only confidant, her nearest comrade.

"If only they ever did agree I might give up to them," Lisabeth went on plaintively. "Since they won't I have to stand up for my own way. They'd hate each other forever if they thought I was partial."

The big road swept in a long curve halfway round the plantation. Lisabeth caught glimpses of the white house, with tall red chimneys, nestling among the trees, all along throughout the first mile.

Several times she smiled at the house; once she shook her fist, saying, with a frown: "Oh, you look good, but you're just the same as a prison! I can't do anything I want to do, because I'm going some day to be mistress of Willow Wand. But that isn't the very worst—I must marry somebody fit to be master there—if ever they find such a paragon. I won't do it! I won't! I won't! I'll run away with a drummer man or even a gypsy—if I like him."

Lisabeth was nineteen, vital to her finger tips, an only child and, truth to say, rather badly spoiled.

"They fight so, Meg," Lisabeth ran on, more than ever plaintive—"my mammy and the colonel. He gets up first. By breakfast time he has thought of a brand new reason why I ought to marry that Kinross thing." (Type can never express the curl here of Lisabeth's lips.) "And he fires it at mammy as she gives him his coffee—and spoils her appetite always—and makes her cry sometimes. But she gets even. Long before dinner's ready she's ready with something good and better in Hump Dillard. Oh, Lord! Fancy living with a body named Hump! I hear myself saying, 'Humpy, dear,' or 'My Humpy sugar lump!' I have my opinion of folks who would go and name a boy child Humphreys—don't care if the name has been in the family forty thousand years."

She fell silent a little while. The road ran on down Lee's hill, which was more than half a mass of clay bedded round boulders. One could drive over it safe enough if only one knew how; also if one's horse were clear footed and true pulling.

Evidently a passenger had essayed coming up it who lacked all those things. Halfway down the hill upon a small gravelly bench there was an overturned buggy with a man half sitting, half lying beside it, casting rueful glances alternately at the vehicle and the horse, whose head barely showed above the depths of a roadside gully.

The horse whickered appealingly to Meg, who answered with the least faint whinny. Lisabeth stopped opposite the stranger, leaned a little toward him, saying in her father's most judicial tone: "Um! Can't you pick yourself up after your spill?"

"Certainly I can. I'm doing this all for a lark, of course!" the stranger retorted, pointing to his forehead, bleeding from a long gash, then on to a foot lying helpless in front of him. A small brass bound trunk a little beyond explained his plight. In the spill it had somehow fallen upon his ankle, breaking a bone. It was a sample trunk, Lisabeth decided instantly. Therefore the stranger was a drummer.

It served him right for trying to go cross country without a driver and with only a single horse, but that was no more than a fleeting thought. She was giggling so inside as she thought what the colonel would say to him.

The colonel hated the whole race of drummers, albeit he admitted they had their uses. Notwithstanding he would not refuse succor to this special drummer. Lisabeth chuckled inly as she got out and approached him, saying: "I'm real sorry you're hurt. At first I thought you were only—"

"Drunk," the stranger supplemented as she passed, coloring deeply. She nodded. "But I'll spare you apologies. Instead I'm going to take you home with me," she said.

"Sure I'll go?" the stranger asked. Lisabeth gave him a severe glance as she answered: "You needn't unless you want to. Just tell me who you are, who you travel for and where you're going, and I can send word to them right away. The Higleys down yonder," pointing down the hill, "have two telephones."

"Thank you, but I'd rather go with you. My name is MacLise. As for the rest, it doesn't matter," the stranger said, trying to rise and falling back, white to the lips. Lisabeth caught his arm, saying severely:

"Be still, you, while I halloo up Babe and Billy—the Higley boys, you know—to make a bee saddle and tote you to my runabout and take care of your plunder."

"I see," MacLise said, his eyes dancing in spite of his pain. "Don't you

think you'd better let me go home with them? I always did like to ride on a bee saddle."

"But you never tried it with a game leg—at least I reckon not," Lisabeth retorted. "Anyway, you can't go to Ma Higley's. I found you in the road, and finding is keeping."

"Clearly there's no more to be said," MacLise answered, shutting his teeth on a groan.

He had only a simple fracture, the doctor said, but somehow he made a very slow recovery. The colonel had sworn over him for exactly half an hour—silently, of course. Humanity and hospitality both forbade anything else. Then he had fallen victim to the charm of a personality singularly frank and winning. As for mammy, she had succumbed instantly.

Lisabeth was not permitted to do more than say "Good morning" through the door so long as MacLise kept his room, but when he came down to sit on the piazza or hobble up and down the garden she followed him like a fascinated child.

He had such tales to tell her. Evidently he had been all over the world. He was thirty, not handsome, but well made and supremely well bred in spite of his vocation. The Mertons each and several deplored the vocation tacitly.

He had not fretted in the least over his accident. Instead, after sending off a couple of brief letters, he had said: "Now everything is fixed. I have only to enjoy myself getting well." All his solicitude had been for the brass bound trunk. He had beside it a suit case crumpled of proper clothes. Moreover, his wallet was so fat, his fees and tips so generous, it was clear he had no anxiety about money.

In his first fortnight at Willow Wand all the family had confided to him their plans and grievances. Set speech was hardly necessary. He had sensed so much before it came. After seeing the Kinross thing and the long descended Hump Dillard his judgment veered shamelessly to Lisabeth's side.

"But you need a man of your own to fight for," he explained to her judicially. "Somebody—anybody almost—to oppose to these two. You insist that you can do better than take either. You've got to show mammy and the colonel, even if they don't come from Missouri. Don't you know anybody you could idealize into a hero?"

Lisabeth shook her head, murmuring: "I don't know him, but I know of him. He's so aggravating he won't come home. I wonder if you ever met him—M-M-Murray. He's been globe trotting ever since he left college. I made up my mind to marry him—nobody else—two years ago, when I went all over his house, not because it's so fine, but for the name—Goodheart. I love that. And I'm sure I'd love him too. But how can I when he keeps away all the time?"

"It might be harder still if you saw him. No, I've never met him, but I've heard a lot about him—not much to his good," MacLise said, scowling oddly. "If he's the only rival you can scare up I see nothing for it but to propose myself. You found me, you know, and said finding was keeping."

"And I meant it—right then," Lisabeth said joyously. "Even if you are a drummer I believe it will be great fun to go along with you. I might even drum for things myself."

"That's a bargain," MacLise said, holding her tight, but not kissing her. "I'm afraid, though, you won't stick to it when you know I'm a rank, rank impostor—not a bit of a drummer. You don't even know my right name."

"I don't care—I know you," Lisabeth cried, clinging closer. Then he kissed her twice, saying, with the least shake in his voice: "Thank God! Sweetheart, I never before was so proud of myself. But the name is a pretty decent one. I'm asking you formally to be Mrs. Marmaduke MacLise Murray. I was going home with my family papers in that trunk when it lamed me and gave me something very much more precious. Now, what do you think mammy and the colonel will say?"

"It doesn't matter. I say 'Yes,'" Lisabeth whispered. "Still, I believe they won't make much fuss about it."

Vocation and Avocation.

The word "vocation" is derived from the Latin *voco*, I call; *vocatus*, calling. "Avocation" is derived from *avoco*, I call away or divert; *avocatus*, calling away or diverting. A man's calling or vocation is that for which he has prepared himself, for which he is fitted or for which he has received a call, as we say especially in regard to a religious vocation. But when a man is called away—*avocatus*—from his regular employment and engages in a diversion or recreation of any kind the word *avocation* applies to such diversion or calling away. The recreation may be of a very serious nature, as some profound study or arduous work, but it is not his vocation. The schoolboy has no vocation. He is fitting himself for one. But he may have many avocations. Gladstone's vocation was statesmanship; among his avocations were the study of the classics, making translations and sometimes chopping down trees.—London M. A. P.

A Small Girl's Philosophy.

The small daughter of the house was sent to bed early the other evening as punishment for some act contrary to rules and regulations. After she had been tucked in bed for some time and was supposedly asleep the youngster called her father and told him she wished he would go ahead and spank her and have it over with instead of sending her off in that way.

"This lying in bed never's going to make me any better," she said, "and a good spanking would. Besides, it makes me so mad I can't sleep, and so what's the use of it?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

We Invite Comparison

To the following sworn statement of the

Central National Bank

To the comptroller of currency at the close of business Nov. 27, 1908, with that of other banks in this locality.

RESOURCES

Loans	\$426,832.57
U. S. Bonds to secure Circulation	100,000.00
County and City Bonds	104,855.50
Banking House	10,000.00
Redemption Fund	5,000.00
CASH RESOURCES:	
U. S. Bonds	\$ 53,680.00
Cash in other Banks	158,576.89
Cash in Vault	71,947.54
Total Cash Resources	284,204.43
Total	\$930,892.50

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$100,000.00
Surplus	100,000.00
Undivided Profits	6,753.18
Circulation	100,000.00
Deposits	624,139.32
Total	\$930,892.50

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R. L. O'Hair, Pres. J. L. Randel, Cash.

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No Substitutes Sold

In choosing a drug store, for everything, and price counts for nothing—where health and safety are concerned. We adhere strictly to the principle that quality is all that counts in medicine.

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The Brakeman's Joke.

"Run over a cow this morning up above Coffeyville," said the brakeman to a reporter.

"How did it happen?" asked the reporter.

"She was drinking out of a creek under a bridge," shouted the brakeman as he swung on to the last car and went grinning out of town.—Kansas City Times.

Brute!

Jimson—Where's your wife? Haven't seen her often lately. Weed—Oh, I sent her away on a little vacation. Jimson—So? Where'd she go? Weed—To the Thousand Isles. Jimson—Stay long? Weed—Yes. I told her to take a week to each island.—Judge.

A Saving Grace.

Florence—I can't understand why Ethel married Mr. Gunson. He is old enough to be her father. Lawrence—Yes, but he is rich enough to be her husband.—Exchange.

Medicine That is Medicine.

"I have suffered a good deal with malaria and stomach complaints, but I have now found a remedy that keeps me well, and that remedy is Electric Bitters; a medicine that is medicine for stomach and liver troubles, and for run down conditions," says W. C. Kiestler, of Halliday, Ark. Electric Bitters purify and enrich the blood, tone up the nerves, and impart vigor and energy to the weak. Your money will be refunded if it fails to help you. 50c at the Owl drug store.

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SILLERY GETS THE VERDICT KERN SENTIMENT STRONG

Jury Awards the Plaintiff Damages Of \$145 in the Case Against the City for Allowing Defective Sidewalks.

WRANGLE ALL NIGHT OVER \$5

Thursday the jury in the case of John W. Sillery against the City of Greencastle returned a verdict for the plaintiff. In this case the plaintiff asked damages of the city because of a fall which occurred on the sidewalk on the east side of the square. The plaintiff alleged that the fall was due to defects in the sidewalk, and brought suit for \$5,000 damages.

The city alleged that there was contributory negligence in this, that the plaintiff knew that the walk was defective, that it was slippery with rain and sleet, and that the plaintiff went over the walk with undue haste knowing its condition.

The case went to the jury at 5 o'clock Wednesday. By 9 o'clock last night the jury had reached the decision to find for the plaintiff, but wrangled the rest of the night over \$5. A verdict was finally reached giving damages of \$145.



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BADGER & COOK

Pamphlet Just Issued by Managers Of the Kern Boom for United States Senator Shows the Attitude Of the Democrats of the State.

MANY NEW PAPERS ARE QUOTED

A pamphlet has just been issued dealing with the candidacy of John W. Kern of Indianapolis for the Senate of the United States. The pamphlet announces first the candidacy of Mr. Kern and then purports to show the sentiment of the state in regard to his candidacy. This sentiment is shown by quotations from many of the Democratic papers of the state, seventy-one of which papers speak in flattering terms of the Indianapolis candidate. There are also statements from several counties where the Democrats in mass meeting have declared for Kern.

The pamphlet will be sent out over the state at once.

WOULD BE GAME WARDEN

Robert Stokes, of Vermillion County, Seeks Signers for His Petition in The Fifth District.

Robert Stokes of Vermillion County, was in Greencastle today seeking signers to his petition to Governor Marshall. Mr. Stokes seeks to be appointed game warden in the place of the Rev. Sweeney, of Columbus. Mr. Stokes has no opposition in the fifth district, and the signatures were easily secured here Monday. He returned to Newport that afternoon.

Pineules for the Kidneys are little golden globules which act directly on the kidneys. A trial will convince you of quick results for Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago and tired wornout feeling. 30 days' trial \$1.00. They purify the blood. For sale by Badger & Cook.

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