

# MONARCH GROCERY

The best place to buy your  
Xmas Candies, Nuts,  
Fruits and other

## GOOD THINGS

Special prices to Teachers  
and Sunday Schools.

### THE MONARCH GROCERY

The Largest and Best Groc-  
ery in the city.

PHONE 68.

### SILLERY GETS THE VERDICT KERN SENTIMENT STRONG

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

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

### WRANGLE ALL NIGHT OVER \$5 MANY NEW PAPERS ARE QUOTED

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.

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE  
NO. 65,476  
RED CROSS  
ORIGINAL ANTIPLIOSTIC  
EMPLASTICO OR  
DENVER MUD  
CATAPLASMA KAOLINI, U. S. P.

For the relief of Inflammation of every character,  
sprains, Bile Thems, Pneumonia, Fevers, Always  
keep the Red Cross Brand Dresser Mud, Accept No  
Substitutes. Sold by

BADGER & COOK

### NEW RETAIL LUMBER YARDS and PLANING MILL

North College Avenue,  
South of the Railroad Tracks

We can furnish your house patterns  
COMPLETE, including DOORS, SASH,  
and GLASS. We have an EXPERT ES-  
TIMATOR and DRAUGHTSMAN in our  
employ, who will DRAW UP YOUR  
PLANS FREE OF CHARGE.

We also handle the famous LAWRENCE  
PAINTS and FLINTOID ready PRE-  
PAIRED ROOFING.  
LET US FIGURE WITH YOU.  
You do not have to cross the tracks to  
reach our yards.

C. H. BARNABY

### Finding Is Keeping.

By MARTHA McCULLOCH  
WILLIAMS.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated  
Literary Press.

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,"  
Macilise 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 Macilise  
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. Evid-  
ently 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.

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  
but you're just the same as a prison!  
I can't do anything I want to do, be-  
cause I'm going some day to be mis-  
tress of Willow Wand. But that isn't  
the very worst—I must marry some-  
body 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 spoilt.

"They fight so, Meg," Lisabeth ran  
on, more than ever plaintively—"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 Lisab-  
eth'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 Leet's hill, which  
was more than half a mass of clay  
bedded round bowlders. 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 in who lacked all those  
things. Halfway down the hill upon  
a small gravelly bench there was an  
overturned buggy with a man half sit-  
ting, half lying beside it, casting rues-  
ful 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 oppo-  
site the stranger, leaned a little to-  
ward 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 re-  
torted, pointing to his forehead,  
bleeding from a long gash, then on to a  
foot lying helpless in front of him.

A smallish 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 in-  
stantly. Therefore the stranger was a  
drummer.

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