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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Royce Farrar disgraces himself at West Point, deserts the school and leads a wandering life, sinking lower and lower, marries his employer's daughter, and then commits a forgery. II.—Colonel Farrar, father of Royce, is killed in battle with the Indians.

CHAPTER III.

All this was but part and parcel of the story of the old Wyoming fort. Long years had it served as refuge and resting place for the emigrants in the days before the Union Pacific was built, when the overland stage route followed the Platte to the Sweetwater and then past the Devil's Gate and Independence Rock, old landmarks of the Mormons, and on to the backbone of the continent, where the mountain streams, springing from rocky beds not long pistol shot apart, flowed rippling away, the one to the Missouri and the Gulf of Mexico, the other to the Colorado and that of California. Frayne was but a huge stockade in the early days of the civil war, but the government found it important from a strategic point of view even after the railway spanned the Rockies and the emigrant and the settler no longer trudged the weary trail that, bordering the Sioux country, became speedily a road of fire and blood second only in its terrors to the Smoky Hill route through "bleeding Kansas."

Once it was the boast of the Dakotas, as it has been for generations of their enemies, the Absarakas, or Crows, that they had never shed the blood of a white man. Settlers of the old days used to tell how the Sioux had followed them for long, long marches, not to murder and pillage, but to restore to them items lost along the trail or animals strayed from their little herds. But there came an end to all this when, resisting an unjust demand, the Sioux being fired upon, retaliated. From the day of the Grattan massacre beyond old Laramie there had been no real peace with the lords of the northwest. They are quiet only when subdued by force. They have broken the crust of their environment time and again and burst forth in the seething flame of a volcano that is ever bubbling and boiling beneath the feet of the frontiersman to this day.

And so Frayne was maintained as a military post for years, first as a stockade, then as a subpost of supplies, garrisoned by four companies of infantry and four of cavalry, the former to hold the fort, the latter to scour the neighboring country. Then, as time wore on and other posts were built farther up in the Big Horn, Frayne's garrison dwindled, but there stood upon its commanding bluff the low rows of wooden barracks, the parallel rows of double sets of broad piazzas where dwelt the officers, the long, low, low riveted walls of the corrals and cavalry stables on the flat below. Here, oddly enough, the Twelfth had spent a lively year or two before it went to Arizona. Here it learned the Sioux country and the Sioux so well that when, a few years back, the ghost dance craze swept over the plains and mountains like the plague, the old regiment was hurried from its sunny stations in the south and mustered once again, four troops at least, within the very walls that long before had echoed to its trumpets. Here we found them in the midst of the Christmas preparations that were turned so suddenly into summons to the field, and here again, three years later still, headquarters and six troops now, the proud old regiment is still at Frayne, and Fenton, "vice Farrar, killed in action with hostile Indians," holds the command.

A good soldier is Fenton, a brave fellow, a trifle rough at times, like the simple plains bred dragoon he is, but a gentleman, with a gentle heart in his breast for all the stern exterior. Women said of him that all he needed to make him perfect was polish, and all he needed to give him polish was a wife, for at 54 the grizzled colonel was a bachelor. But Fenton had had his romance in early youth. He had loved with all his big heart, so said tradition, a New York belle and beauty whom he knew in his cadet days, and who, so rumor said, preferred another, whom she married before the war, and many a garrison belle had since set her cap for Fenton and found him faithful to his early love. But, though the ladies often speculated as to the identity of the woman who had held the colonel's heart in bondage all these years and blocked the way for all successors, no one of their number had ever heard her name or ever knew the truth. One officer there was in the Twelfth who, like Fenton himself, was a confirmed bachelor and who was said to be possessed of the whole story, but there was no use asking Malcolm Leale to tell anybody's secrets, and when Fenton came to Frayne, promoted to the command so recently held by a man they all loved and honored, it was patent to everybody that he felt sorely, as though he were an usurper. Fenton was many long miles away with another battalion of the Twelfth the day of the tragic battle on the Mini Pasa, and it was long months thereafter before he appeared at regimental headquarters, and then he brought with him as his housekeeper his maiden sister Lucrécia, and in Lucrécia Fenton—the dreamiest, drowsiest, kindest, quaintest middle aged prattler that ever lived, moved and had her being in the army—the ladies of the

Twelfth found so much to make merry over that they well nigh forgot and forgave the unflattering indifference to feminine fascinations of her brother, the colonel.

When Fenton came, the Farrars, widowed mother and devoted daughter, had been gone some weeks. The shock of her husband's death had well nigh shaken Mrs. Farrar's reason, and for months her condition was indeed deplorable. The next summer the Farrars spent at West Point. It was Will's first class camp, and Will was cadet captain of the color company, and a capital young officer despite a boyish face and manner, and then Jack Ormsby, who never before had "taken much stock in West Point"—the battalion looked so small beside the Seventh, and the band was such a miserable little affair after Cappa and his superb array—Jack not only concluded that he must go up there every few days to pick up points on guard and sentry duty and things of that kind, but Jack decided that Kitty, his precious sister, might as well go, too, and spend a fortnight, and she did, under the wing of a matron from Gotham with daughters of her own, and Kitty Ormsby, only 16 and as full of vivacity, grace, sprightliness and winning ways as a girl could be, pretty as a peach and brimming over with fun, coquetry and sweetness combined, played havoc in the corps of cadets, and—could anything have been more fortunate?—the victim most helplessly, hopelessly, utterly gone was Cadet Captain Will Farrar. To the consternation of the widowed mother she saw her handsome soldier boy led day after day more deeply into the meshes—led like a slave or like the piggy in the nursery rhyme, with the ring in the end of his nose—by this bewitching, imperious, fascinating little creature, and there was absolutely no help for it. Anywhere else almost she could have whisked her boy under her wing and borne him away beyond range, but not at West Point. She had to learn the lesson so many mothers learn with such bewilderment, often with such ill grace, that the boy was no longer hers to do with as she would, but Uncle Sam's, and Uncle Sam unfeelingly said, "Stick to your camp duty with its drills and parades, roll calls, practical engineering, pontooning and spooning in stolen half hours, no matter what the consequence."

Mrs. Farrar couldn't carry Will away and couldn't order Kitty. About all she saw of her boy was drilling with the battalion at a distance or dancing with Miss Ormsby close at hand, and, on the principle that misery loves company, she soon was comforted by a fellow sufferer, for just in proportion as the mother's heart was troubled by the sight of her boy's infatuation for this pretty child, so was Jack Ormsby made miserable by seeing the attentions lavished by officers and cadets alike on Ellis Farrar.

And yet the little blind dog was doing Jack far better work than he dared to dream. The mother longed for Will, and no one else could quite take his place. The lover longed for Ellis, and what earthly chance has a "cit" lover at West Point, even though he be as well and a sergeant in the Seventh? It resulted that in the hours when the mother and Jack had to sit and look on they were brought constantly together, and then in these hours of companionship Mrs. Farrar began to see more and more how manful, honest, self reliant was the gallant fellow who had fought by her husband's side. Little by little she learned to lean upon him, appeal to him, defer to him and to see in him, after all, a man in whom she could perhaps confide even so precious a trust as her daughter's heart, and that summer at West Point won the mother even if it did not win the lady of his love.

All that winter Ellis had continued her course at school, but was to come out in May, and during the long months from September she was comforted in the comfort her mother found in the companion that had been chosen for her, a gentle, refined and evidently well bred woman, who came upon the recommendation of their rector, and who was introduced as Mrs. Dauntton—Helen Dauntton, a woman with a sad history, as the grave old pastor frankly told them, but through no fault or foible of her own. She had been married, but her husband was unworthy of her, had deserted her some years before, leaving her to struggle for herself. Dr. Morgan vouched for her integrity, and that was enough.

By the time Ellis was to return to her mother's roof Helen Dauntton was so thoroughly established there, so necessary to her mother, so devoted to her in every way, that for the first time in her life, even while glad to mark the steps of improvement in the beloved invalid's health and appearance, Ellis Farrar felt the pang of jealousy.

And this was Will's graduation summer, and they had a lovely time at the seashore. Kitty was there, and Kitty was an accepted fact—and more so now. Will would be content nowhere without her and would have married her then and there but for his mother's gentle admonition and Kitty's positive refusal. She had been reared from girlhood by a doting aunt, had been petted and spoiled at home and at school and yet had not a little fond of shrewd good sense in her bewilderingly pretty head. She wouldn't wear an engagement ring, wouldn't consent to call it an engagement.

ment. She owned, under pressure, that she meant to marry Will some day, but not in any hurry, and therefore, but for one thing, the mother's gentle heart would have been content.

And that one thing was that Will had applied for and would bear of no other regiment in all the army than that at the head of which his father had died, the Twelfth cavalry, and no one could understand, and Mrs. Farrar couldn't explain, how it was, why it was that that of all others was the one she had vainly hoped he would not choose. He was wild with joy and enthusiasm when at last the order came, and, with beaming eyes and ringing voice, he read aloud: "Twelfth regiment of cavalry, Cadet Will Duncan Farrar, to be second lieutenant, vice Watson, promoted, Troop C." Leale's troop, Queen Mother; blessed old Malcolm Leale. What more could I ask or you ask? What captain in all the line can match him? And Kitty's uncle in command of the regiment and post! Just think of it, madre, dear, and you'll all come out, and we'll have grand Christmas times at Frayne, and we'll hang father's picture over the mantel and father's sword. I'll wire Leale this very minute and write my respects to Fenton. What's he like anyway, mother? I can't remember him at all, nor can Kitty."

But Mrs. Farrar could not tell. It was years, too, since she had seen him, "but he was always a faithful friend of your father, Will, and he wrote me a beautiful, beautiful letter when we came away."

And so, late in September, the boy lieutenant left his mother's arms and, followed by her prayers and tears and blessings, was borne away westward to revisit scenes that were once familiar as the old barracks walls at West Point. Then it required long days of travel over rough mountain roads to reach the railway far south of the Medicine Bow. Now the swift express train landed him at the station of the frontier town that



"Haven't save us if it isn't really Mather Will!"

had grown up on the site of the prairie dog village he and his pony had often "stampeded" in the old days. Here at the station, come to meet the son of their old commander, ignoring the fact that the newcomer was but the plebe lieutenant of the Twelfth, were the ruddy faced old colonel and Will's own troop leader, Captain Leale, both heartily, cordially bidding him welcome and commenting not a little on his stalwart build and trying hard not to refer to the very downy mustache that adorned his boyish lip. And other and younger officers were there to welcome the lad to his new station, and huge was Will's comfort when he caught sight of Sergeant Stein, the veteran standard bearer of the regiment, and that superbly punctilious old soldier straightened up like a Norway pine and saluted with rigid precision and hoped the lieutenant was well and his lady mother and Miss Farrar. "There's nothing," thought Will, "like the discipline of the old regiment, after all," as the orderly came to ask for the checks for the lieutenant's baggage, and all went well until the luckless moment when the colonel and Leale, with some of the elders, turned aside to look at a batch of recruits sent by the same train, and Farrar, chatting with some of his fellow youngsters, was stowing his bags in the waiting ambulance, and there in the driver Will recognized Saddle Donavan's freckle faced Mickey, with whom he had had many a hunt for rabbits in the old, old days, and then an unctuous, caressing Irish voice fairly blubbered out, "Haven't save us if it isn't really Mather Will!" and there, corporal's chevrons on his bravery arms, was old Terry Rorke, looking wild to embrace him, and even as Will, half ashamed of his own shyness, was shaking hands with this faithful old retainer of his father's household in years gone by, the squad of recruits came marching past.

The third man from the front, heavily bearded, with a bloated, ill groomed face and restlessly glancing eyes, gave a quick, furtive look at the new lieutenant as he passed, then stumbled and plunged forward against his file leader. The squad was thrown into momentary disarray. The sergeant, angered at the mishap at such a time, strode quickly up to the offender and savagely muttered, "Keep your eyes to the front, Grace, and you won't be stumbling up decent men's backs." And the little detachment went briskly on.

"I thought I'd seen that man before," said Leale an instant later, "and now I know it, and I know where."

CHAPTER IV.

The winter came on early at old Fort Frayne. Even as early as mid-October the ice was forming in the shallow pools along the Platte, and that eccentric stream itself had dwindled away in volume until it seemed but the ghost of its former self. Raging and unforgiving in June, swollen by the melting snows of the Colorado peaks and the torrent from the Medicine Bow, it spent its strength in the arid heat of a long, dry

summer and when autumn came was mild as a mill stream as far as the eye could reach and fordable in a dozen places within rifle shot of the post. Many a time did old Fenton wish it wasn't. Frayne's reservation was big and generous; but, unluckily, it never extended across the river. Squatters, smugglers and sharpers could not intrude upon its guarded limits along the southern shore, and the nearest grocery—that inevitable accompaniment of the westward march of civilization—was a long two miles away down the right bank, but only a pistol shot across the stream.

In his day Farrar had waged war against the rumsellers on the north shore and won, because then there were only soldiers and settlers and no lawyers—outside the guardhouse—within 90 miles of the post. But with the tide of civilization came more settlers, and a cattle town, and lawyers in abundance, and with their coming the question at issue became no longer that of abstract right or wrong, but how a jury would decide it, and a frontier jury always decides in favor of the squatter and against the soldier. Fenton strove to take pattern after Farrar and very nearly succeeded in landing himself in jail, as the outraged venter went down to Laramie, hired lawyers there, swore out warrants of assault and appealed to his countrymen. The fact that no less than four of the Twelfth within six months had died with their boots on, victims of the ready knives or revolvers of the squatters across the stream, had no bearing in the eyes of the law. Fenton had warned the divekeeper a dozen times to no purpose, but when finally Sergeant Hannifin was set upon and murdered there one fine April evening within easy range, and almost within hearing of his comrades at Frayne, Fenton broke loose and said impetuous things, which reached the ears of his men, who went and did things equally impetuous, to the demolition of the "shack" and the destruction of its stock of spirits and gambling paraphernalia, and it was proved to the satisfaction of the jury that Fenton did not interpose to stop the row until it had burned itself and the "shack" inside out. The people rallied to the support of the saloon keeper—he, at least, was a man and a brother, a voter, and when he couldn't lie out of it, a taxpayer. The officers at Frayne, on the other hand, in the opinion of the citizens of that section of Wyoming, were none of the four, and Bunko Jim's new resort across the Platte was a big improvement in point of size, though not in stock or sanctity, over its predecessor. Jim ran a ferryboat for the benefit of customers from the fort. It was forbidden to land on the reservation, but did so, nevertheless, when the sentry on the bluff couldn't see, and sometimes, it must be owned, when he could.

The boat was used when the water was high, the fords when it was low, and the ice when it was frozen, and it was a curious thing in winter to see how quickly the new fallen snow would be seamed with paths leading by devious routes from the barracks to the shore and then across the icebound pools straight to Bunko Jim's. Bowling, as became the soldier of the republic, to the supremacy of the civil law, Fenton swallowed the lesson, though he didn't like the whisky, but Jim had his full share of customers from the fort, and the greatest of these, it soon transpired, was the big recruit speedily known throughout the command as Tough Tom Grace.

Joining the regiment at the end of September, it was less than a month before he was as well known as a favorably known as the sergeant major. There is more than one way of being conspicuous in the military service, and Grace had chosen the worst. Even the recruits who came with him from the depot, the last lot to be shipped from that once crowded garner of "food for powder," could tell nothing of his antecedents, though they were full of gossamer details of his doings since enlistment. He was an expert at cards and billiards, said they—for they had found it out to their sorrow—and a demon when aroused by drink. Twice in drunken rage he had assaulted comparatively inoffensive men, and only the prompt and forcible intervention of comrades had prevented murder on the spot, while the traditional habit of the soldier of telling no tales had saved him from richly merited punishment. Within the month of his arrival Grace had made giant strides to notoriety. He was a powerful fellow, with fine command of language and an education far superior to that of the general run of noncommissioned officers, and it was among the younger set of these he first achieved a certain standing. Professing to hold himself above the private soldier, proving himself an excellent rider and an expert in drill with carbine or saber, he nevertheless declared it was his first enlistment and gave it to be understood that a difficulty with the sheriff, who sought to arrest him, had been the means of bringing him to the temporary refuge of the ranks.

For the first few weeks, too, he drank but little, and wearing his uniform with the ease and grace of one long accustomed to the buttons, and being erect and athletic in build, he presented a very creditable appearance. The bloated, bloodshot look he wore on his arrival, the result of much surreptitious whisky en route, passed somewhat away, and it was only when one studied his face that the traces of intemperance, added to the sullen brows and shifting, restless eyes, banished the claim to good looks that were at first accorded him. From the first, however, the old sergeants and such veterans among the corporals as Terry Rorke looked askance at Trooper Grace. "Another guard-house lawyer," said the first sergeant of Leale's troop, as he disgustedly received the adjutant's notification of Grace's assignment. "Another wan of thin jailbirds like Mr. American Blood, the newspaper pet," said Rorke, in high disdain. "We'll have a circus with him, too, as they had in the Elevator, or I'm a Jew. Where have I seen that sweet mug of his before?" he

added reflectively, as he watched the newcomer surlily scrubbing at his kit, and the newcomer, glancing sideways at the Irish corporal, seemed to read his thoughts, although too far away to hear his muttered words. It was plain to every man in C troop that there was apt to be no love lost between Terence Rorke and "Tommy the Tough."

And there was another still who wore the simple dress of a private soldier, whose eyes, black, piercing and full of expression, were constantly following that new recruit, and that was the Sioux Indian, Crow Knife, a youth barely 18 years of age. He had been a boy scout before the days of the ghost dance craze. A valued and trusted ally of the white soldiers, he had borne dispatches up to the very moment when Kill Eagle's mad brain ultimatum drove his band into revolt and launched them on the warpath.

With them went Crow Knife's father and mother, and the boy rode wildly in pursuit. He was with them, striving to induce his mother to abandon the village, when the warriors made their descent on the ranches of the Dry Fork, and later, when Farrar's fierce attack burst upon them like a thunderbolt through the snowclonds. Seizing his mother in his arms, the boy had shielded and saved her when Leale's vengeful men rushed upon the nearest Indians, when unquestionably, yet unavoidably, some squaws received their death wounds in the furious fight that followed Farrar's assassination. Recognized and rescued by his former friends, Crow Knife went back to Frayne when the brief but bloody campaign was ended and then was sent to the Indian school at Carlisle. Returning in the course of three years, he had been enlisted in what was left of the Indian troop of the Twelfth, and was one of the few of his tribe who really made a success of soldiering. By the autumn of this eventful year Crow Knife's comrades were rapidly being discharged and returning to their blankets and lodge life at the reservation or hanging about the squalid cattle town across the river. Crow Knife, sticking to his cavalry duty and showing no looked for devotion to his officers, was regarded by the Twelfth as an exceptional case and was made much of accordingly.

"What d'ye think of that fellow, Crow?" asked Corporal Rorke one day as he watched the expression in the Indian's face. "Ye don't like him any more than I do. What's the reason?" "There is a saying among my people," was the answer in the slow, measured tones of one who thought in another tongue, "Eyes that cannot meet eyes give hands that strike foul." He then, stabs-in-the-dark is the name we give such as that man."

"D'ye know him, Crow? Did ye never see him?" persisted Terry. "Ever since the day he came the captain has had his eye on him, and so have ye, and so have I. I can't ask the captain, but I can ye. Where have ye seen him before?"

But Crow Knife shook his head. "I cannot remember his face. It is his back I seem to know. My people say that way they see their enemies." And so Rorke could find no satisfactory solution of the ever vexing question. Twice or thrice he accosted Grace and strove to draw him into talk, but the newcomer seemed to shut up like an oyster in the presence of the Irish corporal, a great contrast to the joviality he displayed when soliciting comrades to take a hand at cards. The recruits had hardly any money left. Grace had won what little there was on the way to Frayne, and now he had wormed his way into the gambling set that is apt to be found in every fort—all comers who have money being welcome—and for a few weeks fortune seemed to smile upon the neophyte. He knew, he protested, very little of any game, but played for fellowship and fun. Then he kept sober when others drank, and so won, and then came accusations of foul play and a row, and the barracks game was broken up, only to be resumed at night in the resort across the Platte, and there whisky was plenty, and so were the players, and there Grace began to lapse into intemperance ways, and by the time the long, long nights of December came his reputation as a "tough" was established throughout the garrison. All but three or four of the most dissolute members of the command had cut loose from him entirely, a matter he regretted only because pay day was at hand—the soldiers would then have money in plenty for a few short, feverish hours. The squatters and settlers had none until the soldiers were "strapped" and so Grace and three or four Ishmaelites like unto himself were left to the concentration of brutality to be found in one another's society.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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H. J. BAKER, Plaintiff's Attorney. NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENTS.

The State of Indiana, Vigo County, in the Vigo circuit court, September term, 1896. No. 1334. Mattie Hallett vs. Benjamin F. Hallett. Divorce.

Be it known, that on the 12th day of September, 1896, said plaintiff filed an affidavit in due form, showing that said Benjamin F. Hallett is a non-resident of the state of Indiana.

Said non-resident defendant is hereby notified of the pendency of said action against him, and that the same will stand for trial November 11th, 1896, the same being at the September term of said court in the year 1896. HUGH D. ROUQUET, Clerk.

NOTICE TO HEIRS, CREDITORS, ETC.

In the matter of the estate of John S. Koonce, deceased.

In the Vigo Circuit court, September term, 1896.

Notice is hereby given that Eliza M. Koonce as executrix of the estate of John S. Koonce, deceased, has presented and filed her accounts and vouchers in final settlement of said estate, and that the same will come up for the examination and action of said Circuit court, on the 9th day of November, 1896, at which time all heirs, creditors or legatees of said estate are required to be present in said court and show cause, if any there be, why said account and vouchers should not be approved.

Witness, the clerk and seal of said Vigo Circuit court, at Terre Haute, Indiana, this 8th day of October, 1896. HUGH D. ROUQUET, Clerk.

STREET IMPROVEMENT FINAL ESTIMATE.

Notice is hereby given that the final estimate report of the cost of the improvement of College avenue from east curb line of Third street to west curb line of Fourth street, was on the 6th day of October, 1896, referred to the committee on streets and alleys, and any person desiring to object to the estimate may appear before said committee, on the 31st day of October, 1896, at the office of the city civil engineer in said city, and make objections thereto, which objections will be reported by said committee to the common council of the city of Terre Haute at the next regular meeting of said council after the said committee shall conclude the hearing upon said objections and all persons interested may be heard in reference to such objections before the council.

CHAS. H. GOODWIN, City Clerk.

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