

THE DAILY NEWS.

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1890.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

All advertisements to get in the first edition of THE NEWS, which consists of 600 copies and reaches every town within a distance of forty miles, must be in by 11 a. m.

PRASE OF THE W. C. T. U. convention comes with little grace from THE NEWS contemporaries. One is the open advocate of the all-night and Sunday saloon and refuses to insist upon the suppression of gambling. The other is subsidized by the liquor interests by receiving their patronage in the publication of their applications for license.

THE NEWS desires to call the attention of the Misinformed to the interviews with Terre Haute business men. They were not asked for their political opinions, simply for a statement of advances and whether or not they were the result of the McKinley tariff bill. The statements are from Democrats and Republicans and contain the plain, cold facts regarding the increase in the cost of articles under the new tariff measure. THE NEWS purposes to give a few illustrations of the condition of prices under the new tariff law so that the public may become better informed on the subject. Many have casually perused the measure which was passed by Congress yet did not consider the effect on prices. Many effects are manifesting themselves and the public should be informed of them.

SPEECHMAKING from persons of prominence is decidedly American. Persons of prominence are everywhere called upon to say something to the people. In foreign countries receptions consist principally of cheering and the people are satisfied simply with some sign of recognition. But in America it is expected that whenever honor is shown to an illustrious son of the country it is his imperative duty to address those who have extended courtesies to him. Especially is this true of the president. On his recent trip, President Harrison made many addresses, a short talk at almost every point where the train stopped. The speeches were happy and timely. They were in the proper tenor and only added to the already famous powers of the president as a public orator. Mr. Harrison acquitted himself well.

THE Morning Misinformed attempts to prove by an advertisement that prices have not advanced by reason of the McKinley tariff bill. THE NEWS begs leave to submit the advertisement of John Wanamaker, proprietor of a Philadelphia department store and postmaster general under President Benjamin Harrison. The advertisement reads:

PHILADELPHIA, Tuesday, Sept. 30, 1890.—TINWARE is advancing in cost, and very soon the manufacturers will have their way and you and we will have to pay very much more.

In view of this state of things we made, some time since a large purchase of kitchen tinware at what was a low price then, and would be far lower now in the face of the two advances in tinware prices. This lot goes on sale to-day at prices that will not be seen again for a long time to come.

Another Philadelphia firm, Granville B. Gaines & Co., advertises as follows:

Every kind of cloth, wool and cotton has advanced. Linens have taken a great leap. Velvets and plushes have risen enormously. Hosiery, underwear, shawls—nearly every kind of dry goods—have been touched by this new instrument and money.

The Kleemann Dry Goods company, of this city, advertised last week in THE NEWS as follows:

TAKE ADVANTAGE.

Owing to the recent passage of the McKinley bill (tariff bill) the price of all plush in the piece will be advanced ten per cent. This means a garment from \$2 to \$3 higher. We have prepared for this by buying in the largest plush stock in the city.

These are only a few of the advertisements that have been appearing in papers here and elsewhere throughout the country. Prices have advanced and the weak and miserable attempt of the Misinformed to make it appear that they have not, on account of the new tariff bill, is ridiculous. It is another illustration of the extent to which the Misinformed will stoop to misrepresentation for political purposes. John Wanamaker's "ad" says tinware has advanced, and John is one of the pillars of the administration.

The Carriage Builders.

CHICAGO, October 13.—The second day's session of the eighteenth annual convention of the Carriage Builders' National Association, opened this morning in Calvary Armory, John Scott, of Boston, presiding. The programme for the day includes the consideration of a paper upon petroleum as fuel, technical education, workmen's prices, roads and exhibitions. The Northeast and West are not very largely represented in the convention, most of the six hundred delegates coming from the East.

The Farmers' Alliance.

TOPEKA, Kas., October 13.—The great state rally of the Farmers' Alliance opened here to-day and will continue until to-morrow evening. It is expected that fully fifty thousand alliance people will be here during the two days. Prominent among the delegates is Colonel Livingston, the alliance candidate for Congress

In the Atlanta, Ga., district. Colonel L. L. Polk, of North Carolina, the national lecturer of the Farmers' Alliance, and who has been on a campaign through Virginia and adjacent states, will also take part in the proceedings.

INDEPENDENT RAILROAD MEN.

Session in St. Paul—Their Principles Explained.

ST. PAUL, October 15.—Delegates representing the independent political association of railroad employees are arriving here to attend a secret convention which is expected to open this afternoon. The states to be represented are Illinois, Ohio, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, North and South Dakota, Indiana and Nebraska. The objects for which the organization is striving are: the Australian ballot, reservation of public lands to actual settlers, popular election of president and United States Senators, prohibition of child labor and of alien or prison contract labor, uniform text books in public schools, enforcement of the law against private detective and other armed agencies, repeal of the co-employees act, appointment of railroad commissioners from the mercantile farmers' and employees' interests, and prohibition of Sunday labor. The association is particularly strong in Illinois, having a membership of 8,000 in Chicago alone, divided into twenty-six clubs.

An Extra Session Talked of.

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 15.—With the return of the President from his western trip, the rumors of an extra session of Congress are renewed. From a source which is generally regarded as high authority it is learned this morning that it is almost certain that the President will issue his proclamation convening a special session for either November 10th or 17th. It is known that a large majority of the Cabinet is in favor of this course, mainly in order that the Senate may be afforded an opportunity of taking action on the federal election bill. Besides this measure the bankruptcy bill, the shipping bill, the labor bill, and all pending in the Senate. The bill to relieve the Supreme court is still in the hands of the conference committee loaded down with amendments. More important than all, however, is the apportionment bill, which redistributes the numbers of members for each state to agree with the results of the last census. This measure has simply been introduced and has not yet been even referred to a committee. It is thought that its consideration in the house alone will occupy twenty-six weeks.

Emancipation Celebration.

RICHMOND, Va., October 15.—The colored people of this state are holding a celebration here to-day in commemoration of the issue of the proclamation of emancipation. To-morrow there will be a conference of delegates from nearly every county in Virginia, together with leading colored men from many other states for the purpose of making plans for an annual celebration by the colored race of America of this event in its history. It is proposed to bring together relatives and friends who were sold during the days of slavery and have never been able to get trace of each other since that time. It is also proposed to establish a national museum of old costumes and wearing apparel used in the days of slavery, together with spinning wheels, old cards that were used for carding cotton or wool and other relics.

A Most Excellent Move.

NEW YORK, October 15.—The grand lodge of the Independent order of Odd Fellows has instituted an innovation, which might be considered to advantage by secret societies throughout the country, in deciding upon the appointment of an official reporter for the purpose of furnishing the press, morning and afternoon, with the reports of the business transacted, for publication. The difficulty which is now experienced in securing information of business of public interest transacted by the supreme bodies of a majority of the secret orders is well known, and it is thought that the step of the Odd Fellows' grand lodge will furnish a useful hint that will be followed by other orders throughout the country.

Military Men Meeting.

ST. LOUIS, October 15.—Prominent military men from all parts of the country are gathering at the Lindell hotel to-day, for the purpose of attending the annual meeting of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion. The sessions, which, as usual, will be conducted with the strictest secrecy opened this afternoon. Ex-President Hayes, the commander in chief, will preside.

His Faith Failed.

"I remember a negro in the southern states some years ago," said the old soldier as he rested his worn frame in a chair at the Monongahela house. "He was an old man, and when tired sunning himself on a log in the laneway he was accustomed to retire to the shade and doze. He had a class of twenty or so little boys to whom he used to give Bible lessons, generally on Sunday afternoon.

"It was his practice to give out on one Sunday the lessons to be prepared for the next. The old fellow was a little blind and a good bit deaf, and this fact induced the young fellows to put up a joke on him. In the old boy's absence they glued two pages of the Bible together, and on the following Sunday set expectant of how their little game would work. The old tutor put on his 'specs,' and giving a sympathetic glance at his class opened Noah's ark, and began to read.

"He spelled out the lesson to the end of the page—and Noah took with him into the ark one of every kind, and so on, and one wife, and turning over continued, 'she was 143 cubits long and 50 wide, built entirely of cyprus wood and pitched inside and out.'

"Foh de Lawd's sake! What a woman!" exclaimed the old soldier, glancing wonderingly over the book at his grinning class. He paused and pondered over the wonderful dimensions of Noah's wife for many minutes, and then said: "Boys, we mustn't doubt anything the book says, but take it as the other passage furdur on, which says, 'We are fearfully and wonderfully made.'"

Pittsburg Dispatch.

Grant's Old War Horse.

The horse that Gen. Grant used throughout his army experience is still alive and not far from St. Louis. The general made a present of the horse to Judge Long, an old friend of his and a gentleman well known in St. Louis. He kept the horse for a long time, and when he began to get old and feeble he sent him to the old Sappington farm, not far from the city.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A SAFE DEPOSIT.

By REV. E. EVERETT HALE, D. D.

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CHAPTER VII.

It happened that that was the evening for the meeting of the Chautauquan circle to which Edith belonged. The girl had rather tired of gay society after the first two winters that followed her "coming out." She had danced quite well, she had received a good deal of attention, she had tasted that cup pretty thoroughly, and then, without being cynical at all about it, she thought she had drunk about as much of it as she wanted. On the other hand, some new friends of hers had engaged in the Chautauquan course of reading; she was sitting with them one evening when some reading aloud went on, and found herself interested in the solid and practical work which they had engaged in. She thought rightly that she had time to make up some book work, and had sent to the library to connect herself with the circle and had become one of the most diligent of the readers.

This accident determined her now in the choice of her adviser. She had meant today to make some afternoon visits. But the day was hot and the air sultry, and she made this an excuse for sending James with his carriage back to the stable. She would go to Vincent chapel in the evening. And to Vincent chapel she went. It was the last meeting of the circle before the summer recess.

She had been chosen secretary and recorder of the Gill circle at the meeting in April, and her record was carefully prepared. It was the year for English history, and they had set apart the subject—always interesting to young people—of Mary Stuart for their evening discussion. That happened which is apt to happen, that all the women were very hard on poor Mary, while all the men defended her. As there were more women than men the men had to stand well to their guns.

"I understand the president very well," said Edith firmly. "I meant to do justice to his argument before. But it seems to me to mean this—that because this woman was pretty she is to be excused for being wicked, and that because she was a woman it is to be expected that she will act like a fool."

They all laughed heartily at this, and the president hastened to say that this was not the center of his position; that Mary certainly had been very badly educated, etc., etc., and that Bothwell had, etc., etc., and that John Knox had, etc., etc., and so on, and so on, as may be imagined.

"Still, I cannot see that this changes my opinion on the question whether she did right or wrong."

This was the unfinishing reply of the stern Edith. "It shows why she did wrong, but it does not show that she did right—unless the president means that when a woman dresses her hair in a becoming way, and invents a new head-dress, she may do as she chooses."

After this it may be imagined that the president and Edith were very good friends through the rest of that evening, and the reader will not be surprised that in the simple and admirable code of Tamworth and of that circle Edith asked him, as they ate their ice cream together, if he would do her the favor to walk home with her. She had not liked to fix a time for the carriage, she said. He gladly agreed to do so, as any young man in Tamworth would have been glad to do.

So soon as they were well in the street, away from light, Edith, who had studied out the whole conversation in advance, said to him: "I have a question of conscience on which I want the advice of a man—a business man. My father is away for six weeks. I find there is a mistake about my money, and I have overdrawn at the bank on my private account. Now it happens that I have received \$100 by accident—I know not from whom. It is lying in my desk unused. Should you think I might use that, as if it were lent to me, and repay it when my father comes home?"

The president heard her through, waited a moment and then said: "I believe at law you might. I doubt if you could be sued for doing it. But it is not a nice thing to do. If it had been your money I would not be in doubt yourself."

"Thank you," said Edith. "You feel just as I do." But he did not let her go on. "You see," he said, "your unknown correspondent might appear to-morrow morning, and you would want to have her money ready for her. You would do much better to borrow yourself at your bank or of some friend."

"I have so many friends," said Edith, more bitterly than she meant, "that I cannot select, and I am afraid my father would be wretchedly annoyed if he knew I was in this scrape, though really it is from no fault of mine. I cannot well borrow at the bank without saying that he has been careless or making people think so. It gives a certain publicity to the mistake he made when he thought that for six weeks I could—paddle my own canoe."

"I do not think there is such publicity as you fear. You see," said he good naturedly, "the bank people would be only too glad to lend your father's daughter anything. It can be most easily arranged. How much do you want?"

"Oh, I want as much as \$300. These are all the subscriptions pa likes me to make—and"

The young man laughed very lightly, as she thought.

"Pardon me," he said. "From your tone I thought you were going to state two hundred and fifty thousand. I wish, Miss Edith, you would let me lend it to you myself. You have been kind enough to ask my advice. Will you be good enough to take it?"

Edith was now taken wholly aback. She had chosen her adviser—as he said. Here was a proposal which would lift her out of the depths. For the instant she felt that if only she had the three bits of paper he spoke of she should be perfectly happy. She could see the two notes of one hundred—and one of fifty—clean, two of them appeared, crisp and clean, and one flabby and dirty, before her mind's eye.

Had better ask the bank people. I will certainly do so. You are very kind, and I shall always be grateful to you for your willingness. But it will be better so."

"I hope you are not offended," said he, somewhat proudly. You seem to be distressed. We are not in a novel. I wanted to be of use. That is all."

"Offended—how could I be offended?" said she. "I asked for information and advice. You have given me both. I shall get out of my troubles now, I see. And I shall thank you for showing me how. Will you not come in? No? Good night, then." And she gave him her hand. "Please do not think I am offended."

It was very queer. If they had only known all would have been well. For this president of the Chautauquan Circle was Antony Blake. As it was they both went home, and for two or three hours neither of them went to sleep. "Ought I have said that? Why did I say that?" In all possible forms till nature and youth asserted themselves, and the provoking conversation was forgotten.

CHAPTER VIII.

Edith rose the next morning with a new resolution. She went to her desk as soon as breakfast was over and wrote this note:

LETTERS LOST.—A parcel of six letters, dated in May, 1888, and tied together with a white ribbon. The finder will be thanked and liberally rewarded if he will send a note to G. R., at the post office.

This advertisement she inserted in The Argus of that day. The hope she had was well enough founded. But, alas! Antony hated the politics of The Argus, which pretended to be an independent paper, and was on any side which the proprietor thought profitable. Antony never looked at any part of The Argus, least of all at the advertisements. So poor Edith's notice might have been published a month and he would have been none the wiser.

On his part, he went to the Waverley bank and asked the cashier if he would lend him \$300. "What collateral?" asked the cashier, who was his old ally and friend. "None," said Antony, "unless you will take stock in the Self Acting Compler corporation, not yet organized. But if you would indorse my note I think the directors would pass it."

"Nonsense," said the cashier. "Bank rules will not permit that. But if you want \$300, old fellow, here it is. Give me a memorandum and pay me when you like. Make it to me. This is not the bank's money; it is mine. You know I am glad to serve you."

Antony thanked him and said, what he meant he would do as much for him gladly. Then he went to the Amicable reading room and wrote to Edith this letter:

ANTONY BLAKE TO EDITH BLAKE.
WEDNESDAY MORNING, July 3.
MY DEAR MISS BLAKE—As I absolutely have these letters in my hand I take the liberty of asking you to use them as you will. There is no reason why you should have the annoyance of addressing the officers of the bank. Please imagine me to be president of the Waverley bank, as well as president of the Chautauquan circle. Very truly yours,
ANTONY BLAKE.

So poor Edith actually saw her way clear to pay all her debts by incurring this one very pleasant debt to this one very gentlemanly man. She asked the servant if the bearer were waiting and was told he had gone.

"Send James to me. I want to send a note down to town."

EDITH LAKE TO ANTONY BLAKE.
DEAR MR. BLAKE—You are most kind. But already I see my way out of my embarrassments, and I return the notes at once. Very truly yours,
EDITH BLAKE.

James found Antony at the St. Clair, where he had been bidden to go. Antony did not quite like the note. It seemed to him a little shorter or more sharp than it need be. Anyway, if he put the note in his pocket and turned it over in his mind all through a long interview which he had with the Rumrills, who had sent for him again.

Then he determined to call on Miss Edith that evening. But lest she should be out he wrote the following letter:

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, July 3.
MY DEAR MISS BLAKE—Lest I did not find you at home I venture to write. For I have at bottom the feeling that you think I have taken a liberty and presumed on the confidence which you gave me so generously last evening.

I want simply to say that you are unjust to me if you think so. I know that from the standard of the novel writers of fifty years ago my proposal was not to be heard of. But I think the standard of America is higher and better. I hope the standard of Tamworth is higher and better.

I think men and women meet each other with mutual respect and confidence. It is not vain that we go to the same schools, work in the same causes, study in the same circles, and in a word live in the same life.

If you and I were "Henry and Emma" or "Paul and Virginia" or "Silly and Billy" or "Fergus and Evelyn" or any other absurd people in a novel of course you would not wish to have me help you in any sensible way, and I should never think of proposing to. But seeing we are plain Tamworth people, members of the same church and officers in the same circle, I see no harm in what I have done, and I will not say I do. Truly yours,
ANTONY BLAKE.

When Edith came home late from a long drive which she had taken in the country this note was waiting for her. She read it more than half through with approval of the young man's pluck and pride. But when she came to "Fergus and Evelyn" the words seemed to stand out of the paper.

Or was she crazy herself? Did she see words which were not there?

Or were there ever two other people in love with each other with those two names?

She read the note through and then went to her father's den. She looked in the Telephone Directory, and then asked for 297.

"Hello!"

"Does Mr. Antony Blake live in the St. Clair?"

"Ask Mr. Antony Blake if he can come to No. 90 Central street."

In ten minutes Mr. Antony Blake was there, though it was half-past 10 at night.

"Mr. Blake, pardon me for troubling you, but who are Fergus and Evelyn?"

"I am sure I do not know. I wish I did," he said ruefully.

Poor Edith! She could have dropped on the floor for her disappointment.

"What did you mean then, Mr. Blake, when you said Silly and Billy, Evelyn and Fergus?"

She had read the words forty times while he was coming.

The letters were not mine. I put them away."

"Where did you put them? Where are they now?"

"Where? They are in my safe at the Amicable. I wish I knew where they ought to be."

And Edith was herself again. "Mr. Blake, I think it is for me to turn over to you some property of yours I have here. Indeed, I did not steal it. But are not these Chautauquan bonds yours, and this hundred dollars, perhaps, too?" And she handed him the well known parcel.

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Lane's absence in England was prolonged, and it was September before he returned. Edith met him at the Tamworth station with the carriage to bring him home.

"I have so much to tell you, papa, and I do not know how to begin."

"It is clear that it is good news," said he; "you look so well. And you are a good woman of business—that has appeared all through from your letters."

"That you will have to judge of, papa." At that moment as they crossed the station her father saw Antony Blake, pressed his hand warmly and asked him to come and see them, which Antony said he would gladly do.

"That young man," said Mr. Lane as they entered the carriage, "is one of the most successful young men in this state. Whyncliffe has been talking to me about him half the time as we came on from New York. Why, Edith, he has an invention which will save thousands of lives and must be used on every railroad. He has established a new machine shop here to make his couplings, and Whyncliffe and all of them are crazy about him."

"But, Edith, he is no stranger to you; you used to know him. He is the same man who was in your reading club."

"Yes, papa—and, papa, he has asked me to marry him, and I have told him I would ask you. But really, papa, he is the best man in the world, and I shall never marry any one else."

This was what Edith made her revelation. It was not until the wedding day, however, that she told her father that the new machine shop was built with the proceeds of the sales of her governments and C. B. and Q's.

THE END.

A Mother's Grief.

"You know, Fanny, I picked out old Squawbees as a safe husband for my daughter and invited him to dinner almost daily for a month. Knowing that he was something of a gourmand, I engaged an expensive cook—a real cordon bleue—and at the end of thirty days do you know what happened?"

"No."

"Why, he married the cook!"—Judge.

Misjudged.

CHOICE GROCERIES

The Wicked Newsboy—Look, Jimmy, git on ter de little angel!

Dear Little Cedric—Say, pard, if you'll throw a lot of mud on my sister's dress I'll give you a cent, see—Mumsey's Weekly.

Cholly's Mistake.

"Why, daughter mine," said the old man coming into the parlor were Alice and young Cholly Pasthead were sitting. "I've come to see you. It's a long time since I held you last." And he took her on his knee and embraced her, while young Cholly looked on, wishing he would get out so that he could have his turn.

"It's a long time since I held you," continued the old man fondly, "and you're getting to be quite plump. I declare, you're a good awful now!"

This was Cholly's chance to show his smartness by keeping still. But he didn't. He had to blurt out:

"Yes, it is, though!"

The old man was seen down the street the next morning pricing buildings.—Lawrence American.

After the Comparison of Notes.

Miss Tablette—The wretch! And so he has been proposing to both of us?

Miss Brenton—It seems so.

Miss Tablette—I wish we could think of some horrible way to punish him.

Miss Brenton—Have you?

Miss Tablette—What is it?

Miss Brenton—You marry him, dear.—Judge.

Very Much So.

Miss Bashleyn—I never see any more of your verses in The Publishers' Magazine, professor.

Professor (whose recent contributions have suffered uninterrupted rejection). No. The fact is I find the products of my pen quite out of place in that publication. —Yewwine's News.

The Usual Thing.

Travers—Can I get off for two hours, sir, to buy a hat?

Head of Firm—Two hours? For gracious sake! what do you want so much time for?

Travers—Half an hour to buy the hat and the rest to establish my credit.—Clothier and Furnisher.

A Large Total.

"How many airs can your band play now?" asked Staggars of a member of a new brass band.

"The band can play fourteen, but the drum major can put on twice as many more," was the reply.—New York Sun.

A Different Matter.

Freddie (at the table)—Oh, mamma! Are you going to give all that ice cream to Mabel?

Mamma—No, my dear; this is for you. Freddie—My goodness! mamma, what a little bit!—Journal of Education.

Greater Than a Boon.

"You are very proud of yourself, I think, chappie."

"Yes, I consider myself a boon to mankind."

"Greater than a boon, chappie—say a baboon."—New York Herald.

Deserving of a Medal.

Blossom—I wonder if any one ever got ahead of Jay Gould?

Blossom—By Jove, I did this very day!

Blossom—What in?

Blossom—A barber shop.—Epoch.

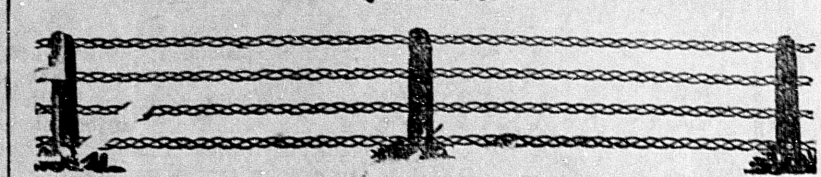
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"BRAIDED BARBLESS SPRING STEEL RAIL FENCING." Gives entire satisfaction for Field, Law, Poultry, Garden and Ornamental Residences. Smooth, Very Strong, Elastic, Beautiful, Economical and Everlasting! So great is the strength of these wires that no barbs are needed, they are practically "Fence Rails!" Their irresistible strength and elasticity afford protection without risk of injury, often death, where barbed wire is used! 2,000 lbs. pull will not break one of these "Braided Rails!" 3,300 to 3,500 pounds breaks the strongest barbed wire. People in both town and country can build a fence as much fence as 100 pounds of barbed wire. People in both town and country can build a fence for less than the cost of the work alone on an old fashioned rail, board or stone fence. A safe fence in other kind of wire to frighten you by saying "it was do to tie to" because he may only wish he had the "Braided Wire" to sell. Come straight to "Headquarters" and investigate for yourself. It will pay you.

"Fence" in introducing Commercial Fertilizers to make poor soil rich and rich soil better. Quit investing in gold, gas well, board of trade or lottery schemes and try 25, 50, 100 or 200 pounds of "Bone Meal" or "Bone Phosphate" on your farms, gardens, flowers, lawns, and parks and find that "bone" gold lies about you deep than gold mines. You can double and triple your present crops on one-half the ground you have been working by using 200 or 300 lbs. of good fertilizer to the acre. They are doing it elsewhere. Why can't we do it around here? too! Try it. You will not get richified this time. You will want more of this kind of "steel."

M'FERRIN BROS., Terre Haute, Ind., 15 South 2d St., West side of New Court House.

Also dealers in Mitchell Wagons, Buggies, Carts, Deering Junior All Steel Binders and Mowers, Plows, Avery Cultivators, Solid Comfort Sulkeys, Duplex Feed Mills, Bucket Pumps, Rubber Engines and Threshers, Farm, Garden and Ornamental Picket Fencing.