

## City Dray and Baggage Line

We are prepared to do your work promptly and with special care. Give us a trial.

J. EDGAR RIPPEY  
PHONE 118

## FRESH, CLEAN MEATS

Await you at our market at all times. You will find the juiciest cuts and the tenderest pieces here. We also handle smoked and dried meats and a general line of canned meats.

KLINK BROS. MEAT MARKET

This is a good time to think of an Athanor Furnace that will heat all parts of your home.

The ground will be hard so you will need a No. 11 James Oliver to do your plowing.

Remember the quality of the Goodyear Bicycle and Automobile Tires. They are all weather tread.

We have some good things in Aluminum Ware and the prices will please you.

Hoosier Paint for the Fall painting. Now is the best time of all the year for painting. The wood is dry and the days are warm for drying.

E. E. Strieby

## Coffees and Teas

Nearly everyone uses coffee and tea. Those beverages are stimulants that receive a lot of blame that they are not entitled to. Coffee or tea used in moderation hurts no one—providing you use brands that have had the proper treating.

We have long made a specialty of good coffee and tea and we are familiar with the majority of brands. From these brands we have picked what we consider the best and when you buy either of these articles at our store you may feel assured that you are getting as good, if not better, value for the money than anywhere else in town.

TRY PHONING TO 82

## SEIDER & BURGENER

B & O. Time Table.  
EAST WEST

No. 16—12:44 p. m. No. 17—6:19 a. m.  
No. 8—2:05 p. m. No. 15—4:40 a. m.  
No. 18—7:35 p. m. No. 11—2:20 p. m.  
No. 6—8:45 p. m. No. 7—1:15 p. m.  
No. 14 due at 1:05. No. 10 due at 1:00  
and No. 12, due at 9:15.

Teeth filled, crowned and extracted absolutely without pain. Dr. Cunningham, Goshen.

Store your household goods at Beckmans.

## STOP THIEF!

Novelized From the Great Play of the Same Name by George C. Jenkins and Carlyle Moore

Copyright, 1913, by the H. K. Fly Company

"No, no! You won't do!" Then to Nell, who had been standing in the background waiting to take her cue from her lover, whatever it might be, Jamison put the question, "Where's Mr. Carr?"

"He's out, sir." "Out, out!" raved Jamison. "Then, get some one—any one, so long as it's a member of the family. Tell them Mr. Jamison is here."

"They're all out, sir," she assured him.

"All out? This is a very urgent matter. Where did they go?"

There was a knocking outside the door of the room in which Doogan had locked Mr. Carr and his daughters, with James Cluney. Jamison turned swiftly and, with dark suspicion, pointed at the door and inquired sharply:

"What's that? What's that knocking?"

Out came William Carr. "Hello, Jamison! I thought I heard your voice!"

"What's the matter with you? Why were you locked in that room?" roared Jamison. But before Mr. Carr could speak Jamison turned to Nell: "What did you mean by telling me he was out?"

Doogan went up to Mr. Carr and in an injured tone said, "I tried to keep him out."

"What's the matter?" barked Jamison. "Anything wrong?"

"No," replied Carr. "What do you want?"

"What do I want? I want to give you the good news. I put through the deal I told you of. I've come to redeem the notes. See here!"

Mr. Jamison took from a pocket a package of bank notes, the sight of which made Jack Doogan's fingers titch, and flipped them apart, showing that most of them were yellow backs.

"This is money—real money, Carr," went on Douglas Jamison in his usual loud, boasting fashion. "I've brought it here to pay you. I've got the exact amount right here. Now I want those Steel stock certificates at once."

"You want those Steel stock certificates?" said Mr. Carr doubtfully. "What stock do you mean?"

"The stock I gave you as security, of course. Hurry, please, Carr. I've no time to lose."

"Mother, here's good news. Mr. Jamison is here to redeem his notes. Come in!"

It was here that Mr. Douglas Jamison was guilty of a very foolish act, in that he slipped the package of banknotes into an outer pocket of his overcoat.

No sooner had Jamison's hand left his pocket than Nell's hand was in it.

Jack Doogan was the only person who saw the move and then the girl held out the bundle of notes to him. He passed the money to his own pocket and was on his way to the door leading to the back stairs, when Cluney strolled into the room and called to him:

"Wait a minute, Doogan!"

"All right, Cluney."

"I'll get the certificates for you right away, Jamison," said Mr. Carr as he dropped on one knee in front of the safe and began to work the combination.

"He's after the steel stock certificates," mumbled Cluney to Doogan. "I haven't got them."

"You haven't? Why, what did you do with them?" was Doogan's reproachful question.

"Dr. Willoughby has them in his pocket."

William Carr opened the safe, and after a loud shriek of dismay, stared stupidly into its empty interior, as he feebly muttered:

"Gone! They're all gone!"

"Here, this is all rubbish!" bawled Jamison. "I want those stocks, and I want them now. I must have them."

A piercing scream from Mrs. Carr, who was poking about in the safe, made everybody jump.

"The sunburst! The diamond sunburst! It is gone too!"

"And the bonds—the International Steel bonds! They're gone! Everything's gone!" wailed Mr. Carr. "The safe has been robbed."

"By heavens, Carr, I'll make you stand my losses. I will, sir, if I have to sell you out of house and home. The law will force you to protect me. Why don't you call in the police? Is it—"

"Wait a moment, Mr. Jamison," begged Cluney, going up to him and laying a hand on his arm. "We don't want to call in the police because—because it isn't necessary. I know exactly where these stocks are."

"Where are they then?" vociferated Jamison. "Where—"

"Hush, hush! I don't know where they are now. But if you'll wait ten minutes—"

"Ten minutes? Oh, I see! What is this—a brace game? You're trying to hold me here until the market is closed. I believe you're all in a pool. You're holding out my stocks to affect the market. But we shall see! If we have a mad rush for the door."

"What are you going to do?" shouted Cluney.

"Have you all arrested?" Jamison howled back. "You're all criminally liable."

"Wait, Jamison; wait!" called out Mr. Carr. "Don't be hasty. If I'm

responsible my property will protect you."

Doogan stopped, and a cruelly hard smile spread over his face.

"Very well," he said. "We'll see. Make out an accurate list of everything you own, and when I return I'll look it over and see if it's enough to insure my profits on this stock deal."

And again he made for the door.

He had brought out his wallet while speaking, found that it was empty and

now you're here, what do you want?"

"What do I want? Why, you told me to be back in an hour, didn't you?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Doogan nervously.

"You're on the dot all right. I hope you ain't dotty. Ha, ha! But we were wrong about the time, weren't we?"

turning to Nell.

"Yes. We made a mistake about the time," replied Nell.

"They won't be here till 9 tonight."

"That's so. Nine tonight," said Doogan, nodding and smiling at the detective, as if to convey, "See what a mess you've made of it!"

"Who won't be here till 9 tonight?" growled the detective.

"The two you want to capture," replied Nell.

"This will be a great feather in your cap if you pull it off," Jack Doogan assured him. "You'll have Burns backed off the map."

"Who's Burns?" snapped Thompson.

"Quit your stalling. Why don't you tell me what the case is?"

"It's a case of amalgamation. You know what that is, don't you?"

"Sure!" answered Thompson, staggering.

"It's—es—it's—"

Jack Doogan gave him a slap on the back that made him cough as he helped him.

"Who's Burns?"

"Quit your stalling. Why don't you tell me what the case is?"

"It's a case of amalgamation. You know what that is, don't you?"

"Sure!" answered Thompson, staggering.

"It's—es—it's—"

Jack Doogan gave him a slap on the back that made him cough as he helped him.

"Who's Burns?"

"Quit your stalling. Why don't you tell me what the case is?"

"It's a case of amalgamation. You know what that is, don't you?"

"Sure!" answered Thompson, staggering.

"It's—es—it's—"

Jack Doogan gave him a slap on the back that made him cough as he helped him.

"Who's Burns?"

"Quit your stalling. Why don't you tell me what the case is?"

"It's a case of amalgamation. You know what that is, don't you?"

"Sure!" answered Thompson, staggering.

"It's—es—it's—"

Jack Doogan gave him a slap on the back that made him cough as he helped him.

"Who's Burns?"

"Quit your stalling. Why don't you tell me what the case is?"

"It's a case of amalgamation. You know what that is, don't you?"

"Sure!" answered Thompson, staggering.

"It's—es—it's—"

Jack Doogan gave him a slap on the back that made him cough as he helped him.

"Who's Burns?"

"Quit your stalling. Why don't you tell me what the case is?"

"It's a case of amalgamation. You know what that is, don't you?"

"Sure!" answered Thompson, staggering.

"It's—es—it's—"

Jack Doogan gave him a slap on the back that made him cough as he helped him.

"Who's Burns?"

"Quit your stalling. Why don't you tell me what the case is?"

"It's a case of amalgamation. You know what that is, don't you?"

"Sure!" answered Thompson, staggering.

"It's—es—it's—"

Jack Doogan gave him a slap on the back that made him cough as he helped him.

"Who's Burns?"

"Quit your stalling. Why don't you tell me what the case is?"

"It's a case of amalgamation. You know what that is, don't you?"

"Sure!" answered Thompson, staggering.

"It's—es—it's—"

Jack Doogan gave him a slap on the back that made him cough as he helped him.

"Who's Burns?"

"Quit your stalling. Why don't you tell me what the case is?"

"It's a case of amalgamation. You know what that is, don't you?"

"Sure!" answered Thompson, staggering.

"It's—es—it's—"

Jack Doogan gave him a slap on the back that made him cough as he helped him.

"Who's Burns?"

"Quit your stalling. Why don't you tell me what the case is?"

"It's a case of amalgamation. You know what that is, don't you?"

"Sure!" answered Thompson, staggering.

"It's—es—it's—"

Jack Doogan gave him a slap on the back that made him cough as he helped him.

"Who's Burns?"

"Quit your stalling. Why don't you tell me what the case is?"

"It's a case of amalgamation. You know what that is, don't you?"

"Sure!" answered Thompson, staggering.

"It's—es—it's—"

Jack Doogan gave him a slap on the back that made him cough as he helped him.

"Who's Burns?"

"Quit your stalling. Why don't you tell me what the case is?"

"It's a case of amalgamation. You know what that is, don't you?"

&lt;p