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

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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

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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 & BURGNER

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
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A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$2 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office—26 F St., Washington, D. C.

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 9:18.

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, 1915, 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," 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 twitch and flip 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 bank notes 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 strode 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 those 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! We shall see!"

He made 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."

Jamison 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, speaking, found that it was empty and

now was hardly feeling in all his other pockets for the package of bank notes, while his eyes widened and his big face turned a yellowish white.

"Great Scott!" he shrieked. "I've lost my money! My money's gone!"

All was excitement.

"Strange!" commented Mr. Carr. "Very strange!" assented Jack Doogan, shaking his head gravely.

"Some one has stolen my money," yelled Jamison.

He shook his fist at everybody in turn as he shouted:

"I've been robbed. This is a trick. But mark you—all of you. By all that's holy I'll be revenged. I'll move heaven and earth to recover this money and find that stock. Do you know what I am going to do?"

He was at the door again and held it half open as he asked this question with a snarl that showed all his teeth, while his eyes rolled in savage frenzy.

"No. What are you going to do?" inquired Jack Doogan, who was the only self possessed personage in the room.

"I'm going to put you all in jail!" screamed Jamison as he stormed out of the house.

No one spoke. He had effectually terrorized everybody except Jack Doogan, and even that redoubtable soldier of fortune looked perplexed. It was he who at last remarked:

"He's a crazy nut, isn't he?"

"But what are we going to do?" cried his wife pitiously. "He's dangerous! Put us all in jail! Think of it!"

"Wait, listen!" said Cluney. "Mr. Doogan's from headquarters. He can get rid of the police all right. Can't you, Doogan?"

"Now, listen to me," said Doogan impressively. "You know I am not an ordinary detective. No. I'm one of the chief's private men. Now, if the police should get here before I leave don't tell them I'm a detective, whatever you do."

"Why not?" asked Carr.

"Why not?" repeated Doogan. "Why, don't you see? They'd wonder why I was here. They'd know then that the house had been robbed. They'd send the report to headquarters. The newspapers would get the story and disgrace the family. Don't you see?"

"That's a good idea," endorsed Cluney.

"A great idea!" added Carr.

CHAPTER XII.
A Foiled Getaway.

DOOGAN made the best of his way to the closet in the rear hall, where the suit case, with the plunder in it, still reposed behind the brooms and brushes.

"I'll just stay in here till there's a chance to beat it," he decided. "The getaway is all there is to this job now."

Mr. Carr was meanwhile doing his best to cheer up his wife.

"William, our honor is at stake," she said. "We must either find Mr. Jamison's certificates or make up his loss if it costs us every dollar we possess."

"I'm willing, mother. I'll do it."

"Well, then, do as Mr. Jamison says. Make out an inventory of everything we own while I go and hunt for that stock. And I'll find it if it's in the house," she added.

"Inventory?" muttered William Carr when he was alone. "Now they'll find out that I am in business difficulties and that I have even mortgaged my home. Oh, dear!"

The distressed old gentleman trotted after his wife, and Jack Doogan, who had been watching him from the closet, came out, suit case in hand, intending to get away. Just as he was going to sneak out of the library he came face to face with Dr. Willoughby coming in.

"Where are you going?" demanded Willoughby.

"I was just—"

"Oh, you were going to leave us in the lurch, were you?" said the doctor. "No, you don't! You're going to stay right here till this mystery is cleared up. You promised to stick and see this thing through. Got your suit case, too, eh? No, you don't! Give me that."

"Durned fool!" muttered Doogan. Then, as Nell came in, he said to her hastily, "Say, Nell, you follow him and plant it the minute he lays it down," adding to himself as Nell darted after Dr. Willoughby: "I must be getting nutty. I let that boob take the satchel right out of my hand."

Dr. Willoughby came back minus the suit case and, going up to Doogan, said hurriedly: "Now, you watch here at the door. I want to see if this safe is open, so that I can get the stock back where it belongs. Now, don't go away until I get back, will you?" begged Willoughby as he hurried away.

"No, I won't go away!" cried Doogan, and to himself, "I'll break all speed records, that's all."

He stopped, with a queer grin, as he muttered:

"Gee! What do you think of me? Blessed if I wasn't forgetting the suit case! I'm a blessed thief, I am! Ah, here's Nell! She's a little bit of all right; that's what she is!"

"Here it is, Jack!" said Nell exultantly as she held out the suit case to him. "I grabbed it the minute he laid it down."

"Did you get the money in the closet—the \$4,000 under the rug?"

"Yes, I've got it and the sable furs and sealskins in the steamer trunk."

"Good kid! Now I'll go."

Jack Doogan went to the door communicating with the front hall and, as he opened it, bumped into that famous detective, Lieutenant Joseph Thompson.

"Well, here I am," announced the detective.

"Here he is," said Jack Doogan, addressing no one in particular. "Well,

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, "You 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 mentally. "It's—yes—it's—"

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



"Well, here I am!" announced Detective Thompson.

ed out: "Yes, you're right. It's collective robbery."

"Yes, of course. Robbery! Have you got any evidence?"

"Evidence? Sure! This suit case is full of evidence."

"That so? I think I'd better take it."

Thompson reached for the suit case, but Doogan drew it away, as he objected hastily, "No, I think you'd better not." Then to Nell: "What do you think?"

"I think you'd better keep it, sir."

"Yes, I think she's right," agreed Doogan, looking at Thompson knowingly. "You see, if you take it the thieves can't get it—no evidence! If you leave it here the thieves will get it and there's the evidence. You understand?"

"I got you," answered the detective. "Now, don't disappoint us again," begged Doogan with his hand on the detective's shoulder. "Be here at 9 o'clock sharp."

"I got you," was Thompson's reply. "Have you got the right time?" asked Doogan.

Thompson put his hand to his fob pocket, but drew it away again with a muttered oath and growled:

"Some 'dip' grabbed my watch last night. It was worth \$600 too. I'll get it back soon, because I know the crook who took it quite well. In the meanwhile I can depend for the time on clocks in—"

"Cafes—saloons! Yes, I know," grinned Doogan.

No sooner was Lieutenant Joseph Thompson well away than Jack Doogan picked up the suit case and prepared to get out of the house with his booty. He might have done it, too, only that, just as he was at the door, William Carr came moaning into the room, with a paper pad in his hand, on which he was writing the names of various articles about him. In fact he was making out the inventory which had been suggested by Douglas Jamison.

"Wish some one would choke that old man!" muttered Jack Doogan. "He's always in the way."

Before William Carr had observed him Doogan had thrown the suit case under the table and seated himself with his pad in his hand, as if he were busily going over the list of valuable articles he had compiled in the presence of the family not long before.

William Carr sat down at the table with his pad, while on the other side Doogan watched him furtively as he pretended to examine his list.

When Mr. Carr took two \$500 dollar bills from his pocket and inspected them on the table, almost under Doogan's nose, the strain was so terrific that the young man could not help stretching out his fingers toward the money.

"What are you doing with that money?"

"Why? It's mine."

Jack Doogan took his list from his pocket and made a great show of scanning it.

(To be continued.)

—The Weyenberg Work Shoe for men is sold by A. W. Strieby & Son.

J. W. ROTHENBERGER

: Undertaker :

SYRACUSE, : : IND.

Non-resident Notice.

State of Indiana, ss.
Kosciusko County, ss.

In the Kosciusko Circuit Court, September term, 1914.

Aaron A. Rasor, Receiver vs. The Wawasee Inn Co.

Petition No. 2081. To sell at Receiver's Sale.

Now comes the Plaintiff, by Leonard, Rose & Zollars, and L. W. Royce, his attorneys and file his petition herein, together with an affidavit of a competent person that the hereinafter named defendant, Lydia P. Bither, William Bither, and The Chicago Saving Bank & Trust Company, are not residents of the State of Indiana; that said action is for an order of the court authorizing sale of real and personal property and vacating an order heretofore made, and that said non-resident defendants are necessary parties thereto.

Notice is therefore hereby given said defendant, last named, that unless they be and appear on the First day of the next term of the Kosciusko Circuit Court, being the 7th day of December, 1914, to be held on the First Monday of December A. D., 1914, at the Court House in Warsaw, in said County and State, and answer or demur to said complaint, the same will be heard and determined in their absence.

Witness whereof, I hereunto set my hand and affix the seal of said Court, at the office of the Clerk thereof, in the City of Warsaw, Indiana, this 1st day of October, A. D., 1914.

Conrad D. Longenecker, Clerk.
By A. A. Rasor, Deputy.

For Sale

—Thirty-acre farm near Lake Wawasee. Good buildings.

Five acres one mile from town on public highway. Will sell at a bargain on easy payments.

S. L. Ketting

For Sale

—One four-year old sorrel driver. Safe for ladies.

One four-year old draft horse.

One coming two-year old colt.

S. C. Lepper.

Notice

Commencing Sept. 1, 1914, all collections of the Syracuse Power & Light Co. will be made at the Company's office above the Post Office, from the 1st to the 10th of the month. Office hours from 8:00 A. M. to 12:00 A. M., from 1:00 P. M. to 5:00 P. M., evenings from 6:00 P. M. to 8:30 P. M. Regular office hours from 8:00 A. M. to 5:00 P. M.

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MARTHA MASTER

Eat Here

It will always be our aim to serve you with fresh, clean, wholesome food, at prices as low as we can make them. Call and try our hot soup, our substantial sandwiches, and our fresh pies.

Cakes Baked To Order

THE HOME RESTAURANT

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

GIVING BABY A BATH

in a handsome, warm bath-room is the event of the day. If you have the baby we'll supply the bath-room and heat. And you ought to have such a room, baby or no baby. It will not cost too much if you have us do the plumbing. We'll put in the tub, toilet and heater for much less than you probably imagine.

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Syracuse

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We pay 3 per cent Int-rest on Certificates of Deposit

The Winona Interurban Ry. Co.

Effective Sunday Sept. 13, 14. Time of arrival and departure of trains at Milford Junction, Ind.

SOUTH

7:11 a.m. 6:03 a.m.

7:57 " 8:00 "