

# A Devil-Bird Hunt

By FREDERICK A. OBER.

Author of "The Silver King," "Life on a Coral Reef," etc.

It took place in the West Indies, that hunt for the mysterious devil-bird, and carried me, as its archeologist carried the greatest and best of our race, up to a high mountain. And it was at the very beginning of the rainy season, about the time the annual hurricanes were due, when the clouds were laden with moisture that was readily precipitated into rains against the mountain top, and the dense, tropical vegetation was dripping with water.

The Morne au Diabolo, the Devil's mountain, is the central peak of a chain constituting the vertebral column of that beautiful island, Dominica. This island lies in about latitude 16 north, and so is well within the tropics, where, however, its altitude in the interior gives it a range of climate possessed by but few countries on earth. The bald and barren peak of the Devil's mountain rises to a height of more than four thousand feet, and its scattered and rugged sides are clothed with a vegetation comprising the most glorious forms of both the temperate and tropical flora. Along the coast, where the volcano's feet are plunged into the water of the Caribbean sea, a garment brodered with palms, bananas, bamboo and tree ferns extends from the shore well up the giant's shoulders; though his throat and chest are covered with the trees of the "high wood," magnificent cedar and gum trees, which, as the head is reached, give place to smaller forms, and the ground is concealed beneath creeping ferns and tangled grasses.

Two Carib boys had guided me to the upper verge of the "high woods," where, beneath the broad arched celas and the golden crowned mountain palms, we had pitched our camp. They had constructed a thatched hut, or lean-to, on a gentle slope open to the south, and within it, on a bed of plantain leaves, I slept at night and dozed at midday. Between dawn and noon we were engaged in hunting the great parrot of Dominica, the rarest of its kind, which lives secluded in the mountain forests. Now and then a big, wild pigeon, called the "Ramier," perched on the topmost limbs of a gum tree, and by a shot at long range, I would secure a bird for our dinner; which, varied by, or accompanied with, the delicious mountain crabs and cray fish secured in the forest, constituted our repasts. Now and then the boys would go off on a nocturnal frog hunt, and early in the morning return with a sack full of "crapauds," the legs of which were a welcome addition to our fare, broiled to a turn over a fragrant fire of cedar wood, and served with a dash of rum.

Returning one morning at break from a very successful search for the wren, I was crapped, they woke me, as I lay on my couch of leaves, and said they were of very important to communicate. I groined back that I hoped it was important enough to warrant their waking me at such an hour, when everybody in civilized lands was taking a beauty sleep, and the older of the two boys, named Meyong, shook his head sadly, and said: "You no want gift 'Diablotin' partant? You no want gift debil-bird? Now the 'Diablotin,' or 'the Devil,' was one of the desiderata in ornithology, to procure which I would readily have spent a month in search; and the cunning Carib knew it well. He had found for me the haunts of the Imperial Parrot, so that I was able to send the first skin to the United States that our museums ever had, and he was now anxious to add another feather to his cap and procure the long-lost, mysterious Devil-Bird. The last specimen ever seen here was obtained quite fifty years ago, and even that was not preserved as a museum subject, so that ornithologists were still at sea as to its very existence. Was there ever such a bird living as the "Diablotin," and if so, where did it exist?

These questions had never been answered satisfactorily, and still the cloud of mystery enveloped the Devil bird and its haunts. Its discovery was claimed by the Pere Dr Tertre, who came from France to the West Indies about 1640, and stayed here some ten years. He left glowing descriptions of its qualities as a "table bird" that one of his successors, who was also engaged in converting Indians (and incidentally in finding out a "bonne bouche" now and then for the epure), the good Father Labat, entered enthusiastically upon a hunt.

In his famous book on the West Indies he describes one of his excursions, which took place in 1684. Three hundred years have waxed and waned since then, but it is with a warming of the blood that one reads his vivid account of the tollsome trip he and his "chasseurs" took to the top of the Guadeloupe volcano, where they obtained fifteen Devil birds, which they killed, skinned and cooked on the spot.

They camped within the crater brim of the extinct volcano, some thousand feet above the sea, where Father Labat's hunters built a hut, which they lined with grasses to protect him from the cold. They shivered all night, not only from the cold, but some of the black hunters through fear, as their rest was broken by the fearful shrieks of the "diablos" as they flew to and fro between their holes and the open sea, where they made their forays for fish.

The next day at dawn, however, they made reprisals upon the haunts and helpless Devil-Birds, to such an extent that the father himself caught seventeen, and his four negroes a total of 153. Most of these were killed at once and saved for use on the plantations below, but each one of the pillars skinned and ate two birds before leaving the crater. One would hardly expect the Diablotin to be a desirable adjunct of the table, for it belongs to the oleaginous family of birds comprising the petrels, the most commonly known of which are the "Mother Cary's Chickens," and which are about as palatable as an oiled rag. In fact, the human and canine hunters of the bird were able to detect their hiding places by the rank odor that emanated from them. It is strictly a night bird, spending its daytime in burrows in the marly clefts of the mountains, where each pair burrows out an underground gallery from six to ten feet in length, terminating in a commodious chamber, where the birds snugly nestled, after the manner of all other members of the petrel family, the procellariidae. The hunters used to insert fish hooks at the ends of bamboo poles and the Diablotins would seize them and be pulled out fluttering and shrieking.

Every night at dusk the birds would sail forth from their dens, and fly far out to sea in search of food, returning at just before dawn with fish, which they would regurgitate to their young in the nest. They have often been seen on moonlight nights, not only flying past belated fishermen at sea, whom they startled by their unearthly shrieks, but playing about the mouths of their burrows, and sometimes crossing the paths of negro laborers at sunrise going to their work. As to the bird itself, Pere Labat describes it as uncommonly ugly in appearance, from which fact, and not from any inherent evil traits, it was called by the French the "Diablotin," or Little Devil. It was about the size of a domestic duck, and web-footed, with a bull head, a crooked bill like a hawk's, and large blinking eyes, like an owl's. It fed on fish, flying in great flocks to the sea at night, and in its flight shrieked shrilly, and booted like an owl.

Being used as fish-hooks to catch the birds, the hunters had another way, which was to stop up some of the holes leading to their underground chamber, and which all communicated, and then place empty sacks over the others. As the birds started out on their nocturnal foraging expedition, finding some of the holes closed, they would make their exit by those covered by the sacks, and thus great numbers of them were caught.

Such was the bird, and what has been quoted was about all that was known of it for more than three hundred years. In the process of time there was introduced into the island a small mammal called the "manteau," a species of opossum, which, possessing all the fowl-stealing instincts of its name, found access to the mountain burrows, and as its burrows were easily entered, the wily opossum seems to have had things about his own way until the last one of the devoted birds was killed and eaten. This is supposed to have been the manner of its taking off, for it is now doubtless a "rara avis," if not actually exterminated.

Mr. Gosse, who wrote a charming book on the birds of Jamaica many years ago, says: "In the Blue mountains of this island, high up toward their summits, is a curious, burrowing bird, which is called the 'Blue Mountain Duck.' It is described as having webbed feet and a hooked parrot bill. But he never saw it, and it was not until 1870, or just twenty years ago, that a specimen was obtained, at or near the government cinchona plantation in the Blue mountains. This bird was named the 'Pterodroma Caribbaea.' The specimen is about a foot in length, with a wing expanse of nearly three feet, its general color a dark sooty brown, with a dusky white patch on the rump, which is conspicuous only when the wings are spread. Nothing has been seen of the devil bird of late years, and it is thought to have been exterminated by the mongoose, which some ill-fated philanthropist imported from India and introduced into Jamaica some years ago, and which has devoured every wild bird and beast in the island not larger than itself.

The last persistent search for the Diablotin of which I am cognizant took place in 1880, and was led by Colonel H. W. Fellen, of Barbadoes, who wrote of it under the title of "The Deserted Domicile of the Diablotin in Dominica." He had two old devil-bird hunters with him, as well as some trained dogs; yet he climbed the Morne au Diabolo and went over the ancient burrowing ground without avail. The last one was found, he says, about seven years before he was there, and between the negro and the mongoose it has been cleaned out entirely.

"There can be little doubt," he writes, "that the Diablotin, the French proles of Guadeloupe and Dominica, is identical with the 'Capped Petrel' of the naturalists." . . . Only six specimens are known to exist. "Paris has three, obtained by L'Herminier in Guadeloupe (where, however, Mr. Ober failed to rediscover the bird), and there are two in the United States, one found on the coast of Florida, and the other shot in Long Island." And this is about all that is known of the Diablotin, or devil-bird, of Dominica, and the West Indies.

My hunt for it was more successful in books than in the locality where it was anciently searched, for my boys and myself scoured in vain for a specimen, and though we discovered its burrows, they were filled with leaves and stones and bore evidence of long disuse. If my opinion were asked, I should say that the Diablotin, or devil-bird, has gone to join the Great Auk and the Dodo-er, in other words, is now extinct.

## SUBURBAN SOCIETY NEWS.

### Brightwood.

John H. Sangston has moved to Saginaw, Mich.

Miss Tomlinson, of Terre Haute, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Stokes.

Mrs. Follenwider is lying seriously ill at her home on North Station street.

Mrs. Fred Newhart has returned home from her visit to friends in Windfall.

Mr. Harris, who has been visiting his daughter in Lafayette, has returned home.

Mr. Fort, who has been visiting Mrs. Roesch, has returned to her home in Fortville.

The "Rag Time" Clink Club was entertained by Miss Vinitte Porter Thursday night.

Mrs. Rogers, of Lawrence, was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. White, during the past week.

Miss Eva Lingie, who is teaching school in Germantown, was the guest of her parents last week.

Mr. Frank Pratt, of Bellefontaine, has returned to his home after a lengthy visit with his brother.

The Pentecostal meetings which are being held in the old schoolhouse are being well attended every evening.

Mr. Henry Wessle was in Vernon last week attending to business connected with his new property in that place.

Mr. John Skinner left for Cincinnati Tuesday to accept a position with the Big Four Railroad Company at that place.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Congregational Church gave a military entertainment in the Brightwood Hall Wednesday night.

The marriage of Miss Nora Mesall and Mr. John Mesall occurred Wednesday morning at St. Francis Church. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Victor Brucker.

A large crowd was present Tuesday evening at the R. Y. M. C. A. to hear Prof. Gray, of Rose Polytechnic Institute, deliver his lecture on "The Development of the Steamship."

Mr. William Schoobridge, who has arrived in this country from his late military service in South Africa, has stopped off at Perth Amboy, Pa., to stay some time with a brother.

### Haughville.

Charles Metzger left Tuesday to visit relatives in the northern part of Ohio.

Mrs. Wehrey entertained at dinner Wednesday a number of ladies from the city.

The Daughters of Rebekah will give an entertainment at the Town Hall Thursday night.

Miss Mary King entertained the Epworth League of the King-avenue Church at her home Wednesday night with a Valentine social.

At their meeting Tuesday evening the Daughters of Rebekah initiated four new

## THE JOURNAL'S POETS.

### Dream of a Wish Fulfilled.

She found it in the attic laid away—  
A faintly fragrant, lacy valentine;  
Inside were rosy little Cupids say,  
And rhymes of love and dove, and mine and thine.

She gazed on it with tender, smiling eyes,  
Then fell to dreaming o'er it, woman-wise.  
"O valentine," she mused, "dear, dusty thing,  
Well I remember when you came to me;  
No misative welcome could postman bring;  
I held you by my lips, and yours could see.

There was no name; I looked you through and through,  
But O my glad heart knew! My glad heart knew!  
Joy beckoned to her from the happy past,  
Her girlhood days looked backward with a smile.

"O youth!" she cried, "you were too sweet to last,  
I would I could return and bide awhile;  
The years sometimes are stern, and I would fain  
Put them aside and be a girl again."

A girl again—dream-magic made her so;  
Gone was her middle-age's sharp regret,  
She trod the primrose paths of long ago,  
And wondered why she was not happy yet.

Her strong, grave husband walked not by her side,  
The years she saw and sighed, "Youth then is sweet,  
But O how limited and incomplete!"

A longing for her children filled her heart—  
Her children, vanished with her later years,  
What joy and peace could their soft touch impart!

And they—O who would kiss away their tears?  
The songs of youth change with each speeding year;  
The chord of mother-love vibrates of aye,  
Sobbing she knelt her down in deep distress.

"I do not care for girlhood any more,  
I ask no longer for my happiness, I care,  
I want the wifely aims and joys in store;  
I want the rapture of small arms embrace,  
The sympathy upon a care-laden face."

She rated her head; the attic had grown gray;  
She heard young, eager voices call for her,  
She laid the faded valentine away,  
A blur, fading, through her glad tears grateful.

All hers again, the loves, the joys, the cares—  
With happy heart she hurried down the stairs.  
Marion, Ind. —Ethel Bowman.

### West Indianapolis.

Miss Nellie Taylor is in Rushville, visiting relatives.

Dr. Byers, of Trafalgar, was the guest of S. Trosky Tuesday.

Mrs. C. Wilson, of Lafayette, is the guest of Mrs. L. Sobel.

Rev. Father Weber will arrive home from Puerto Rico Feb. 25.

Mrs. Fagan left last week to visit relatives in Cambridge City.

Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Gillespie will entertain the Social Club March 2.

Mrs. and Mrs. Russell are visiting Mrs. Russell's mother in Kirkland.

Mr. Thomas and Mrs. Went to Martinsville yesterday to visit friends.

Miss Laura Modell, of Oliver avenue, is visiting friends in Cambridge City.

The Baptist Aid Society met last week with Mrs. Shetler at her home.

The revival services at the Friends' Church were brought to a close last week.

Mr. William Runyon, of Newport, Ark., is visiting his mother, Mrs. Runyon.

Mrs. Milender and daughter, of Glenwood, are the guests of Mrs. Falkenberg.

Mr. and Mrs. Penn Spray were the guests of Mr. William Wheeler and wife last week.

Mrs. Clinton Smith, who has returned from relatives in Franklin, has returned home.

Camp No. 1, Daughters of America, gave a "spider web" social at Druids' Hall last night.

Miss Jessie Brothers, of Greencastle, is spending a few weeks with her cousin, Miss Wessing.

Miss Belle Kirk, of Bond, Ind., is visiting her sister, Mrs. B. Prosser, on West Ray street.

William Shortridge and sister, Mrs. Anna Miller, of Lafayette, are visiting Mrs. Bilkenstar.

The Misses Mae and Lynette Mitchell gave a Valentine party at their home Wednesday night.

Miss Hulda Fountain, who has been visiting relatives in Morristown and Greenfield, has returned home.

Miss Pearl Brooking, of Shelbyville, is visiting her mother, Mr. and Mrs. Vert, on Nordyke avenue.

Mr. William Parker, of the Williamsburg High School, is visiting his parents on North Station street.

A surprise party was tendered to Miss Myrtle Stewart by a number of her friends Thursday night.

The Patriotic League of Americans will give a Martha Washington entertainment at Wulfs' Hall March 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tremor entertained friends at a Valentine social at a Valentine social Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Irving Bartholomew and son were the guests of Dr. Gaddes and wife during the early part of the week.

Master William Harvey entertained about twenty-five of his friends with a Valentine party Wednesday night.

A gospel temperance meeting will be held this evening at the Wulfs' Hall under the auspices of the Palmer W. C. T. U.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Whicker, Mr. and Mrs. B. Whicker and Mrs. Wells, of Westfield, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. Whicker.

The Epworth League of Trinity Church gave a Valentine social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Knight Wednesday evening.

Miss Mollie Brown, of Ellettsville, is in Peoria, Ill., Friday evening, and will make an extensive visit with Mr. and Mrs. Hoss.

Mrs. Morrison Beaver, of Rushville, and Mrs. Van Buren, of Ellettsville, were the guests of Mrs. J. W. McGrew last week.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Pilgrim Congregational Church met Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. Light on West Ray street.

Mrs. Fanny Ayers and a party of friends attended the fifth anniversary of the anniversary of Dr. C. A. Robinson at Greenfield last Monday.

Mr. Cary Patton, of Milroy, who has been visiting friends in Ellettsville, is stopped over in this place last week to visit relatives.

Miss Maude Benson and Miss Tilford will entertain their Sunday school classes with a Martha Washington social, at the home of Miss Benson, Tuesday evening.

The Ladies of the Trinity Aid Society gave a surprise party at the home of Mrs. Trotter at her home, on River avenue, Tuesday evening. About fifty guests were present.

The Rev. George E. Coyle, of Irvington, will preach at both the morning and evening services at the Pilgrim Congregational Church. His subject for the morning service will be "Heaven."

The W. C. T. U. met last week with Mrs. Lockman, on Holly avenue. Mrs. Corneil, county evangelist, and Mrs. Ellen D. Oakes, recording secretary of the Moral Union, were present and delivered short addresses before the union.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Miller celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary at their home Wednesday night. There were present four generations, and the old couple were the recipients of many presents in gold appropriate to the occasion.

The Ladies Aid Society of the First Christian Church met with Mrs. Waldron Wednesday afternoon and elected the following officers: President, Mrs. Wilson; vice president, Mrs. Waldron; secretary, Mrs. Gray; treasurer, Mrs. Balk.

The S. N. E. Club will entertain their husbands at a Martha Washington supper Tuesday evening. The ladies will be dressed in gowns appropriate to the time of Martha Washington. After the dinner the evening will be spent in music and recitations.

At the celebration of the silver wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Knight, which took place last Saturday evening, the following out-of-town persons were present: Mr. and Mrs. Bluts and Mr. and Mrs. Huckleberry, of Zionsville, and Mrs. Young, of Cloverdale.

### A Cruel Girl.

Chicago Times-Herald.

"I suppose," he said as they undulated around the hall, "if she knew I was here, she'd be very angry if she saw I was here. She's a very kind girl and thinks it is a terrible sin to know."

"Oh, my mind," the girl said. "She wouldn't know you were dancing even if she saw you."

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She found it in the attic laid away—  
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Then fell to dreaming o'er it, woman-wise.  
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I held you by my lips, and yours could see.

There was no name; I looked you through and through,  
But O my glad heart knew! My glad heart knew!  
Joy beckoned to her from the happy past,  
Her girlhood days looked backward with a smile.

"O youth!" she cried, "you were too sweet to last,  
I would I could return and bide awhile;  
The years sometimes are stern, and I would fain  
Put them aside and be a girl again."

A girl again—dream-magic made her so;  
Gone was her middle-age's sharp regret,  
She trod the primrose paths of long ago,  
And wondered why she was not happy yet.

Her strong, grave husband walked not by her side,  
The years she saw and sighed, "Youth then is sweet,  
But O how limited and incomplete!"

A longing for her children filled her heart—  
Her children, vanished with her later years,  
What joy and peace could their soft touch impart!

And they—O who would kiss away their tears?  
The songs of youth change with each speeding year;  
The chord of mother-love vibrates of aye,  
Sobbing she knelt her down in deep distress.

"I do not care for girlhood any more,  
I ask no longer for my happiness, I care,  
I want the wifely aims and joys in store;  
I want the rapture of small arms embrace,  
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A blur, fading, through her glad tears grateful.

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With happy heart she hurried down the stairs.  
Marion, Ind. —Ethel Bowman.

### Afterward.

I reach out empty arms to her and cry,  
I who was quick so little while ago,  
I who was "God-speed" and drowsed and marked the  
side's outflow,  
Delaying yet a moment life's griefed sigh  
Of last farewell, while waiting angels  
The crossed path showed light like floods  
of snow  
Crystallized with tears. And then—my love be-  
low,  
And I, and I, on jammed ways. Yes, I,  
So lately spirit, flesh confined, but now,  
Still spirit, clothed in angel shinningness,  
And sobbing back to my accustomed place  
Soft words she can't hear where she doth  
Her soul to earth, her dream that her stress  
Of grief is mirrored in my hidden face.

II.  
And what if men could traverse that strange sea  
Of "God-speed" and drowsed and marked the  
side's outflow,  
Dim aisles and misty miles that interlace  
The hushed worlds of the dead and, of their free  
 Accord, one lit of heaven's harmony  
Harp back to you us unto peace! What grace,  
What beauty would our days show forth—the  
pace  
For fame or wealth or place slackened that we  
Might meet the muted melody half way?  
God know! For safety, for joys hang wet,  
And nerveless hands faint on fore-bowed eyes  
Lest one come singing from elsewhere with  
play  
Of words we cannot comprehend, and give  
A touch fall on us as in ribbed wire,  
Indianapolis, Feb. 18, 1900.—Ollah Top.

### Incomplete.

Give me "God-speed" for far outside my joy,  
For joy is but a personal thing to be complete,  
It is so human. You've walked beside—  
The plaid heights I've strained to see afar,  
I'm visiting her, and she's not here,  
Forget the joy that reaches and endures,  
And lifts me from the stream of selfish life,  
Still less I dare to lack your approval's seal  
On that same treasure you. You never knew  
North Star's light, or ever saw me here,  
How even in the trivial things I passed,  
And weighed the pros and cons, debating still  
If you would choose that way, or this, or none.  
Give me "God-speed," if so I could not dare  
Forget the joy that reaches and endures,  
From stress of being loved; and you, outside,  
And far above the fond, dependent throng,  
Oave and demanded nothing. As, perhaps,  
God's gift, shining seraphim on high,  
Cold and sufficient, in our "best way."  
Well, 'tis a trifling favor, is it not?  
The thing I ask? Give me "God-speed"—that's  
all—  
'Twas spoken and forgotten in an hour;  
But you thereby should make my joy your gift,  
And I should keep the gift and my ideal.  
Mt. Washington, Mo. —Olive Sanxay.

### Toward Life's Western Way.

I looked on children joyously at play,  
Deeply delighting in their gait,  
Their youthful, winsome faces full of glee,  
Their tripping feet, their laughter light and gay.  
Sudden a sense of pain so heavy lay  
Upon my soul, I knew not where it could  
Come from, but I knew it was there,  
The merry scene; the truth came bitterly—  
Never again should I know life's sweet May.  
'Twas not because life's skies were wholly gray—  
Beautiful azure spaces there for me;  
But, ah, I never might retrace nor stay  
My step, they cease so soon to be,  
And to go speeding toward life's western way,  
While death shall spare us—that is destiny!  
Irvington, Ind. —Margaret Manning.

### A Difficulty.

"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,"  
The Bible says, also  
Bids to "weep with those that weep!"  
Here's something wrong, I trow.  
For every moment in each day  
There's some soul glad somewhere,  
And with its gladness I'm possessed,  
Forgetting grief and care.  
Then how am I to weep, say you,  
With all who weep, the wide world through?  
Richmond, Ind. —S. W. Gillilan.

### A Kiss.

A moonbeam kissed a dew-drop bright;  
Diffused thro' it her gentle light,  
She lingered but a moment there  
And onward sped with her a care  
Save this sole duty. And who could ask  
More pleasing labor—sweeter task—  
The soothing, brightening of God's tears—  
Sweet endless task—of all years?  
Seymour, Ind. —F. V. Schmitt.

### Test for a Weak Mind.

New York Tribune.

Two men in a cafe yesterday were discussing the recent gift by a noted millionaire of large sums of money to found a chair of psychology in Columbia College.

"What is psychology, anyway?" asked one.

"It's the study of the mind, of the soul," said the other.

"That's the good of that?" asked the skeptic.

"A great deal of use," answered his companion. "I have studied it to some extent myself, and can detect weak-minded men from a strong-minded one by a very simple test. For instance, if I can make you say 'fourteen' against your will, you lack will power. Will you let me try it on you? I believe I can make you say it."

"Make me say 'fourteen' against my will? You can't do it. Fire away!" And this was the way the test worked:

A—How much are six and four?  
B—Ten.

A—How much are eight and three?  
B—Eleven.

A—How much are nine and seven?  
B—Sixteen.

A (triumphantly)—Aha! There, you said it. You're a weak-minded man.

B (indignantly)—Said what?

A—Said that.

B—"That 'fourteen' was the word we chose for the test."

A (coolly)—Well, you've said it now, anyway.

# THE NEW YORK STORE

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## Special Attractions

For to-morrow. Sit down in some quiet place and read this carefully

### A Novelty Dress Goods Sale

Of great importance begins in the morning at 8 o'clock. We have just closed from a jobber his entire line of novelty dress goods in both foreign and domestic weaves, and have put prices on them that will make lively selling in the dress goods section. There are lots of goods that were purchased by the jobber for late fall and early spring trade, and as he wanted to close out his stock we made an offer, good them, and at the following prices on them to you.

AT 49c—3-color, All-wool Novelties, 2-toned effects, brown and black, olive and black and myrtle and black.

AT 49c—Mohair Novelties, in blue and black mixtures, 4 1/2 inches wide and worth \$1.25.

AT 59c—English Mohair Novelties, in blue and black mixtures, 4 1/2 inches wide and worth \$1.25.

AT 59c—41-inch English Boucles, in blue, shot with black and worth \$1.25.

AT 59c—English Suitings in blue, olive, myrtle and brown, and good value at \$1.25.

AT 59c—English Mohair Novelties, 4 1/2 inches wide, worth \$1.25.

AT 59c—52-inch Silk and Wool Novelties, Stripes and mixtures, in beautiful patterns.

—West Aisle.