

but it is sure, and assuming good conduct for twenty-six years, his position is a life one.

In the provinces the pay of policemen is lower than in London, yet here it is low enough, one would think. For the first year it is six shillings a week and it rises annually until, for what is called a constable of the first-class, it reaches one pound, fifteen shillings, and two pence per week, or about nine dollars. A police sergeant receives ten dollars, and officers of higher rank a little more.

Wholly out of proportion to the small pay of policemen are the salaries of judges in this country. The lord chief justice gets an annual stipend which almost equals that of President McKinley; in other words, \$40,000. Most of the other judges get not less than \$2,000 a year, and the London magistrates, of whom there are twenty-five, range in salary from about \$700 to \$2,000.

UNPAID MAGISTRATES.

On the other hand, it is a striking fact that, outside of a few magistrates in cities and large towns, those who fill the magistratorial office in England do so with no pecuniary recompense whatever. The theory is that they are well enough paid in the honor of sitting in the court, and in the satisfaction of lending it for a time over their unfortunate fellow-creatures. These gentlemen are commonly spoken of as "the great unpaid." They are appointed for life or during good behavior by the lord chancellor. Most of them are men of wealth and leisure and many of them men of title. Earl Russell was a justice of the peace until a few days ago, but the powers that be have concluded that from now on the services of that unfortunate nobleman—quite as much sinned against as sinning, everybody here thinks—can be dispensed with.

The way in which justice, or what is not justice, is dealt out to petty offenders by these great unpaid is one of the most vulnerable points in the whole judicial system of England. Certainly it is the one that meets the most criticism. It used to be a proverb that these country magistrates were better judges of wine than of law, and that their sentences in the morning were regulated, as to the degree of severity involved, the severity or lightness of the attack of gout they had suffered the night before. But times have changed, and so have men, even Englishmen, who so little like change, including even the country "squire of England, who is usually the country magistrate, and usually, too, very set in his ways and thoughts. There was a movement some time ago to have the condition that only men of property were eligible as justices of the peace, and it was partially successful. In a few instances, as vacancies occurred, workmen were put on the bench. But the trouble is that workmen are obliged to use their time in making a living; the mere honor of being a justice of the peace doesn't make the pot boil nor turnish anything to eat in the pot. That is one trouble, and another might be that working men might be just as much inclined to favor their own class as men of property are to favor the class to which they belong. In which case strict justice would be as far off as ever.

ONE WEAK SPOT.

Extended and careful observation of the unpaid magistracy of England has convinced me that excepting in one direction they can be pretty well relied upon for fairness and even kindness. They are a fine type of the modern Englishman, not given so much as of old to the display of the luxury of gaudy toys, but well intentioned, well informed and, like the higher classes generally in this country, deeply sensible that high position no more affords privileges than it imposes responsibility and in particular the responsibility of guarding and helping the classes who are lower down. But with all their good intentions these great handed magistrates, being only human, fall at one point. Wee betide the poor wretch who is guilty of breaking into their same preserves. They easily condone trifling offenses against the peace, and where property is involved, especially if it be the kind of property that conduces to sport, let the poor culprit look out. For the privilege of knocking a man down and kicking him you may have to pay not more perhaps than two and sixpence, but for picking up a few partridge eggs or bagging a rabbit in the dark of the morning you are very likely to be sent to jail. Such is human nature, and the fact that it is clothed in ermine doesn't seem to alter it a bit.

This reminds me that even the English policemen would be found to have their faults if you should judge them by the strict letter of the law. In appearance they are admirable pictures of British brawn, of fitness, of dignity, of straight-forwardness and of lots of other British traits. In directing the tides of London traffic they act with the precision of machines, and they do all with such an air of blended imperturbance and kindness that there is rarely any friction between the officers and the drivers of vehicles. In settling disputes between cabmen and their fares they are extremely useful, and from the Solomonian decisions of these perambulating judges there is hardly ever any appeal. In their ability to direct stragglers to places of interest and to lead a line of processionary feet there they are a map of London and a baby pathfinder rolled into one, while the help they give people at dangerous street crossings ought to earn for them in the course of a year as many live-saving medals as they could conveniently carry. But when it comes to a conviction of a man of law against drunkenness and disorderly conduct on the streets, the London policeman surely falls short.

KEEPING ORDER IN LONDON.

Perhaps he thinks this fault a virtue, and possibly it is a virtue. It may even be part of his instructions and a wise part. If every instance of street disorder led to an arrest of the courts, it is certain, would be kept much better than they are, yet it isn't at all certain that there would be a corresponding decrease of street brawling or of the intoxication that foments it. Of all the institutions of old England the very greatest socially is the public house, and while that is kept in full swing, partitioned more or less by ill classes, what consistency would there be in enforcing the law very strictly against the sad output from this influential plant? When you tolerate one thing that isn't just what it should be common sense compels you to put up with some other things that are not just right.

give you a good chance to save him from arresting you by getting out of his sight as quickly as possible, and wouldn't mind in most cases even if you were too far gone to be able to do that in any way except by crawling. All of which, as I have said, is the six shillings a week and it rises to the social tendencies of Merrie England. Still, it's an infinite pity that womanhood is permitted to degrade herself so much on these London streets.

One evening business kept me for an hour at Ludgate circus. It was just about the time when so many honest young workers of both sexes are emptied from the factories and shops of that neighborhood and take their way homeward across Blackfriars bridge. In that one hour I saw two cases of brawling between men and women and one awful instance of female intoxication. And of course what I saw was equally on view to the hundreds of decent young people who were going home from an honest day's work. The drunken woman was not interfered with by the police. She staggered across the street, and continued staggering until she was out of sight, the only interference being from some street gambler who followed her and peered at her creature for the sake of the fun in the spectacle afforded.

Retiring recently from twenty-four years of service as a London magistrate, Mr. Wyndham Slade said: "The saddest thing that I remark in this country is the great increase of drunkenness among women. Formerly that vice was chiefly confined to the male sex, but now there seem to be more drunken women than drunken men. Whether," he added, "among the lower classes, excessive drinking by women is or is not one form of asserting woman's rights, I cannot say, but the results are deplorable." HENRY TUCKLEY.

"APPLED AUTUMN."

In early October the great apple wave is in motion across and up and down the land. It would be interesting and delightful, if only from some high tower of fancy, to scan the apple map of our great country, and note this "faithfullest fruit of nature," this "bundle of earth's best flavors," traveling in wagon and railroads—north, south, east and west—or crossing the ocean. This red or yellow apple you touch with pleasure to-day, from a well-packed barrel at the shipper's door, in an hour may be on its long voyage to England, Ireland, Germany, France or Russia. In 1876 Joel Denton wrote that "England and the continent of Europe in Pliny's time, but that modern man enjoyed more than two hundred kinds. Now, California alone produces more than 1,200 varieties of fine apples. American exportation of apples, in the five years preceding 1890, amounted to only \$2,533 barrels; in the five years ending 1890 it was 173,321 barrels.

When the little red hawthorn apple is ripe in the hedges, or shines forth from the corner of the old rail fence, man's apple orchard is a picture of beauty; and the apple, as a current item, reigns paramount throughout the land. Now, indeed, has come the apt phrase of Horace, "appled autumn." A country walk, these red and golden days, is a joy to be remembered. All roads lead to the apple orchard in October; lovely apple orchards—beautiful when young, beautiful when old.

Everywhere the autumnal landscape tells of the apple tree. The associated corn is cut and gathered into tall, brown wigwags; yellowed pumpkins lie in heaps along the roadside; Michaelmas daisies and golden-rod are knee high around the farm reaper and the rake, resting idle under the apple trees. Under the apple trees, too, are the beehives and the brown cider press; while against the farmhouse are huge barrels, on their sides—some with tall amber bottles turned upside down in their bung-holes. On every side, too, is seen the apple, yet on the trees, or in beautiful heaps under the trees; in barrels waiting to be loaded, or in open wagon loads, bedded in straw, and ready to be taken to market on its plough eats an apple as he rests; and the man hacking brush is eating an apple, too. Apples are drying on scaffolds high in the air; or on boards stretched across barrels. On the porch of that old house—under a beautiful old fan-light—a country girl is peeling apples from an old wooden chopping block. Apple trees turn the garden with us, and accompany us half way down the hill; and at the half-way house, on the river or road, where the horse trough is an old skiff mounted on stanchions, and where a front window is propped up by a long yellow gourd, apple wagons are still wending to town.

In town the motorman is eating an apple, and tosses one to a comrade on a passing car. Every little school girl carries a big apple in her hand; every school boy along the way is eating his apple, and has a significant bulge in his trouser's pocket. One boy breaks the unwritten law by eating his apple with a knife; and another boy, passing a blue-coated fireman, hands him an apple without stopping, no word being uttered on either side. At the commission houses, groceries and the old market houses apple barrels are stacked high—empty barrels and full barrels—and barrels are being headed up. Wagons are discharging apples in bulk; and wagons are "loading up" apples in barrels. These apple centers are flocked around by children; they stop going to and coming from school. The sight is pleasant, but the apple man tells you that by gift and free appropriation, the school children cost him about two barrels of apples per day. Even after dark the apple is the apple is pervasive. Applesauce or baked apples grace the evening meal. Pomona we have always with us. Before bedtime somebody asks for an apple and, as you step out to note the sky before retiring, loaded apple wagons are still creaking along the street, to meet the early market in Louisville—beyond the bridges.

The chronicle of apples is as curious and interesting as the chronicle of man. Twenty-five years ago John Burroughs wrote of a European laborer who made his dinner of sliced apples and bread; and to-day we read of an English "itinerary gentleman," the "picture of health," whose sole meal of the day, in the afternoon, is composed mainly of apples. A well-balanced small boy is on record who cried for more baked apples at a "company tea," while every one else at the board was engaged with ice cream and cake. In Chicago, a South Water-street market buys dried apple-cores and skins at 1 cent a pound; and in Wolburn, Del., a granite monument, seven feet high, has been erected by the Rumford Historical Society to honor the Baldwin apple. So firm, so alive, so energetic and inspiring is the flesh of the apple that it is difficult to credit it as an Oriental, a native of Asiatic Turkey and Persia, "where small wild forests are still to be found." In America this imported treasure first grew to perfection in the North, but Southern fruit growers, since 1838, by making special study of the kinds of apple adapted to various Southern districts, have produced apples in size, beauty and quality equal to any on the continent. Some of these apples have curious, interesting and poetical names: "Early Joe," "Waltz," "Uncle Sam's Best," "Ox-eye," "Never-fall," "Green Cheese," "Roman Knight," "Rambo" (also "bread-and-cheese apple"), "Aunt Peggie," "Golden Gate," "Accidental," "Yellow Bough" (also "Sweet Bough" and "Sweet Harvest"), "Nick-a-Jack" and "Bachelor," "Red Horse," "Red Gloria Mundt" etc. The "Nick-a-Jack," a North Carolina apple, is thirty-six synonyms.

Seventy years ago apples by flat-boat loads went from Southern Indiana down the river to New Orleans; generally potatoes formed part of the cargo, and if the flat-

boatman did not get started early in the fall he would get "frozen up" on the way, and lose his produce. Farmers along the river have counted as many as forty flat-boats in one day, paddling along down to New Orleans. After selling their apples and potatoes, the flat-boatmen, nine times out of ten, would shoulder their guns, and "foot it" back to their homes. Steamboats were few, and the trips far between; they were always crowded with passengers and the chances for regular meals were very uncertain.

Apples, at that time, were limited in variety, but are still quoted as prima good apples. The old favorites were the "Rambo," "Hoop," "Jeniton," "Romantic," "Priest's Red," "Ship Apple" and "Milam." Peaches then received much attention. A few trees grew in the fence corners on farms, and the fruit was only for home use or was given away. A few farmers had small orchards, but for peach brandy still. Peas, too, were considered unimportant, only a few seedling peas being known to the farmers. Ninety-five cents per barrel was a big price for apples. Apple butter, in that period before factory-made preserves and jams, was a prime favorite in the markets, and was, moreover, put on the hills of Floyd county, apple butter was made by the barrel and shipped away—an almost incredible achievement to those who know how much work and laborious stirring goes to the making of one six-gallon kettle of apple butter. When enlightened fruit culture was just dawning one Iowa farmer cut down forty acres of very good apple under the impression that the fruit had "run out." His neighbor, with a similar orchard of the same age, had a superb crop, merely because he had protected and stimulated the fruit by spraying the trees twice with "insect killer."

Down in Kentucky, in slaves times, the general election was held in August, and this marked a gala day financially for the colored people. They made sweet cider from the piteous "horse apple," and this, with good home-made gingerbread, was carried around and sold at every hotel, boarding house and general meeting place. In the peaceful Kentucky politician of those earlier days.

Now, among market apples, the Ben Davis holds the field. It is red, round and a sure apple to raise; when there are no other apples there is always the Ben Davis. The Ben Davis appears under various other titles, such as "New York," "Victoria," "Victoria Red," "Kentucky Pippin," "Baltimore Red," "Carolina Red," "Streak" and "Funkhouser." EMMA CARLETON, New Albany, Ind., Oct. 5.

M'KINLEY MOURNERS.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 13.) One of the churches represented in it. All it could do was to consider, discuss and advise, and the latter function it has exercised so sparingly that really its recommendations are almost nil. But its educational efforts have been very great indeed. For this World's Conference of Methodists, Methodism everywhere will undoubtedly be a greater power for good. Undoubtedly, too, have the deliberations of this great gathering advanced the cause of Methodist union. Yet in none of these directions will the chief satisfaction be found. That must be looked for rather in the opportunity it afforded, greatly enhanced by the pall of mourning that fell over it, for representatives of the two great English speaking nations to show to each other how much they are agreed in heart and aim, and how desirable it is that with increasing wisdom as the years go by, they should side by side and harmonize differences by always saying, "We be brethren."

As to the effect of the conference upon Methodists themselves, it will surely have helped them not a little by the enormous figures it put out relative to their growth and present numerical strength. These statistics were gathered with great care by a special committee. Dr. H. K. Carroll and Bishop Arnett were the American enumerators, and there were two from Great Britain. From the findings of this committee we learn in the western section there are 42,064 traveling preachers, 45,844 local preachers, and members to the number 6,437,300, with church property valued at something more than a hundred and eighty million dollars. For the eastern section the showing is much smaller in some things, viz., 6,276 ministers, 58,413 lay preachers, 1,231,848 members, and church property estimated to be worth twenty-four million pounds.

Not content to tell us that their total membership for the west is 7,699,285, these ambitious followers of John Wesley, who seem at any rate, whatever their other shortcomings, not to have neglected the scriptural command to increase and multiply, calmly proceed to estimate the probable number of their adherents. It is claimed that in America there are at the rate of three and a half adherents for every member, and that in the British Isles, Great Britain and the colonies is four adherents for every member. There were many in the conference who thought the basis of comparison in both countries was too high, and some thought it a sign of denominational vanity that the number of adherents should be taken into account at all. "We know," they said, "how many members we have, but can only give an opinion as to the number of our adherents who are not members; so why not let that question rest?" But these irrepressible Methodists didn't let it rest, and the final figures put out by the conference for the Methodist of all the world are: Members, 7,699,285, and adherents, who are not members, 24,869,421. HENRY TUCKLEY.

POPE POBJEDONOSZEFF.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 13.) Threats of assassination are in this mail. I had two this morning. He quickly sorted the letters, picking out three for examination. In these one writer promised to blow up Pobjedonozseff's house unless he did this or that. The second sent (anonymously drawn up death warrant, signed, respectively, of course) Nihilist Committee, Epistle No. 2 suggested that a bomb might be thrown into the carriage of Madame Pobjedonozseff at an early date. When he read this last communication the high procurator bit his lip. He has a young and beautiful wife, a favorite in St. Petersburg society. But in an instant he was himself again, cold, calculating and grim.

Evening Silks

Those of you who attended this past week's special exhibit need hardly be told that this store has surpassed itself in the lavish array of thin and gauzy silks, assembled for evening wear. Among those most strikingly new are:

- Tissue Grenadines in colors at \$18 to \$19 a dress length.
- Yveson remaine Gauze in plain white at \$1 a yard.
- Lace in cream white, with appliques of satin and velvet.
- Square Mesh Net with large lace medallions and further embellishment of velvet.
- A white embroidered gauze pattern at \$7.50.
- Plain white Grenadine in heavy mesh, at \$1.00 a yard.

About Taffeta

You are generally warned that taffetas are unreliable for wear—some endure, others do not. That is true and yet some manufacturers are so successful in making a good wearing taffeta, that we do not hesitate to recommend their output. We judge future wear by past experience.

One grade Black Taffeta we have sold for five years, with always satisfactory results. We trust it to wear, so may you. It is bright, clear black, priced.....\$7.50. Our 55 Colored Taffetas have almost invariably worn well. They are just as good this season and yet the new prices.....\$9.00. Black Taffetas in 38-inch width—single linings, we call them, come in three qualities, \$1.50, \$1.25 and.....\$1.00. Guaranteed Peau de Soies of fine finish, rich black, are \$1.25 and.....\$1.00.

Wool Suits

For Little Fellows Two special bargains for boys of two to four years, kilt dresses and Russian blouse suits of all-wool serges and flannels—just about half price.

Flannel and serge kilts, some with jackets, others belted, trimmed with buttons and braid.....\$2.98. Reduced from \$4.50, \$5.25 and \$6. All-wool Russian suits, in blue, brown, green or red, some with sailor collars and white kid belts, almost all with embroidered vest effects. Suits which sold at \$3.75 and \$4.50, checked now.....\$3.30.

Imported Challies

38 Cents a Yard Fifteen styles from which to select. Good styles for Kimona, Galsas, waists and children's frocks. They are strictly all wool, good fast colors and fine. Just such as are usually sold at 50c and 55c. Special, 38c.

Melrose SUTING

90c kind at 75c This fashionable dress material is 42 inches wide, and may be had in red, gray, castor, tan, brown, cadet, marine, navy, garnet or wine color; always 90c a yard until now; reduced, 75c.

PLENTY OF RED AND YELLOW BUNTING, GUARANTEED FAST COLOR

L. S. AYRES & CO.

L. S. AYRES
Indiana's Greatest Distributors of Dry Goods &c

IT'S Carnival Week—a time for rollicking hilarity. And why not? "Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone." Lay dull care aside, "cut out" the worries of daily routine and don the red and yellow. For ourselves that isn't a far step; our business is the very pleasant one of making women beautiful and comfortable, which is one way of making them happy. And happiness is infectious. We are going to keep open shop, of course, but the strenuousness of trade endeavor ends at sundown. And even before our main effort will be toward making shopping easy—liberal displays—plenty of price tickets and the smallest possible prices on them.

New Ribbons Dress Goods

The "Ahs" and "Ohs" of admiration that greet these new ribbons are worthily earned. Take this bordered style, for instance. It is 7 inches wide, of pure crisp silk, the center being a brocade in little dots or diamonds, each edge having an inch depth of Roman colors. Then the Liberty Satin Ribbons, beautifully colored, and the wash ribbons. By the way these latter continue to grow in favor. When one pays 40c to 60c a yard for ribbon there's great satisfaction in knowing it may be washed.

There is one style of taffeta ribbon here that we consider an excellent bargain. Ask for it. All colors, 6 inches wide, and priced but.....\$3.50.

HURRY UP ORDERS FOR TAILORED GOWNS

We have reduced women's tailoring to a system that insures the promptest possible execution of all orders. Six people are immediately employed on every costume, viz., a coat cutter, a skirt cutter, a tailor of coats, another of skirts, and a helper for each. And system means economy. We never turned out such beautiful costumes for so little.

Petticoats THAT COST LITTLE

But that is not the greatest of their virtues; they are stylishly correct in every detail, and of handsome and serviceable material.

Black petticoats of French sateen, made with deep flounces, corded in groups, finished with plaited ruffles.....\$1.95. Luster cloth petticoats, made with deep umbrella flounces, each finished with five narrow ruffles, all colors.....\$2.75. Luster cloth petticoats, each with an accordion-plaited, flounce, edged with narrow ruffle and protected by wide dust ruffle.....\$3.75.

A Perfect Shoe

It's more nearly a reality now than ever before. Queen Quality never sacrifices comfort for beauty and yet what can be more beautiful than a perfect fitting shoe?

In striving for the outlines of nature the most artistic art lines have been attained. Then as to quality, leathers have been improved vastly in the past few years and the best possible is the only sort which finds its way into these famous shoes for women. Make a point of seeing: The Fifth Avenue of enamel calf, with its hand-welted double sole, English shank and custom heel. Either lace or button. The "Tailor Made," a shapely, elegant boot for dressy street wear. The "Society Girl," a perfect dress boot. The "Rugby," of ideal patent kid, a lace boot of decided beauty. These and fifty other styles of Queen Quality are all \$3 a pair.

The Florence Glove

NOW A DOLLAR A PAIR Profits cut at both ends. Formerly the Florence sold at \$1.25 a pair—and was a worth it. But we wanted a better kid glove for a dollar than any we had or any of our neighbors. The Florence people were open to argument. If we would double our order they would discount their price. Their concession wiped out half that 25c and we've clipped the profit to the extent of 12 1/2c more. There couldn't be a greater glove bargain at a dollar.

Florence kids are two-clasp style and come in black, white and all wanted colors. Fitted to your hand—\$1.00 a pair. Dent gloves, with three fasteners, in new fall colorings. Dent's Crown quality, the finest woman's glove made. Dent's mannish street gloves for women. Dent's and Fowles' famous gloves for men.

Special

For small hands, sizes 5 1/2 gloves, in almost any color but white; lace and snap fasteners; \$1.50 and \$2 quality; on sale Monday at—\$1.00 a pair.

Sealskin SACQUES

A full range of sizes in various styles and quantities always hangs in our cases of fur jackets. We can fit you and please you within a few minutes. If you are over-particular we have quite a quantity of raw skins from which you may select each particular bit of fur that is to enter your coat. Made to your measure such garments will cost you from \$25.00 to \$37.50—this latter price for the best possible garment.

SUBURBAN SOCIETY NEWS.

Brightwood. Mrs. C. Green is visiting friends in Springfield, O. Mrs. M. J. Deven has returned from an extended trip to Texas. Miss Carrie Knox has gone to Eldorado, Ill., to remain indefinitely. Miss Elizabeth Suttell, of Newnan, Ill., is the guest of Mrs. E. Craig. Mrs. A. D. Brown has returned from a short visit to relatives in Fortville. Mr. and Mrs. James Canty have returned from a visit to relatives in Terre Haute. Mrs. B. Reinken has returned from a visit to Mrs. E. Baldwin in Martinsville. Mrs. Samuel Bloom will return this week from a visit to relatives in Bellefontaine, O. Mrs. M. Corven has returned from a short visit to friends and relatives in Union City. Mrs. T. A. O'Dell, who has been visiting relatives in Lafayette, has returned home. Mr. and Mrs. Dersey have returned from a two weeks' visit to Buffalo and Niagara Falls. Mrs. C. Kincaid and daughter Ruby have returned from a visit to relatives in Kentucky. Miss Clara Clark, of Lawrence, who was the guest of Miss Ida Gibson, has returned home. Mrs. William Gray and daughter Mildred, of Peoria, Ill., are guests of Mrs. B. A. Brown. Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Prehm have returned from a visit to friends and relatives in Union City. Mr. William Fowley, of Richmond, is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Fowley. Mrs. J. E. Craig and son Earl have returned from a visit to relatives in McCordsville. Miss J. Wallace, who has been visiting Mrs. Corven, has returned to her home in Union City. Mrs. H. C. Dinkie, of Terre Haute, who was the guest of Mrs. M. White, has returned home. Mr. and Mrs. John Brouse, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Ingle, have returned to Winchester. Mrs. Charles Kappler and family have moved to Cleveland, O., where they will reside permanently. Miss Florence Garner, who has been visiting Miss Pearl White, has returned to her home in Madison, Ill. Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Rose, who have been visiting relatives and friends in Logansport, have returned to their home. Mr. Edward Knight, of Marion, who was the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Anna Murphy, has returned to his home. Mr. Frank Durnell and sisters Sarah and Bessie have returned from a visit to the

Pan-American Exposition and Niagara Falls.

Mrs. Shaw, of Cleveland, is the guest of Mrs. R. Zinken. Mr. Robert Neessman is visiting relatives in Columbus, O. Miss Hill, of Anderson, is the guest of the Misses Martindale. Mr. and Mrs. John Howe have returned home from a visit to relatives in Toledo, O. Mr. and Mrs. Willis Harmon have returned from a visit to friends in Greenwood. Mrs. Effie Johns is in Michigan attending the convention of the Ladies' Missionary Society. Mrs. Van Trice and Mrs. Adams have returned home from a visit to friends in Ellettsville, Ind. Mrs. Michael Stuppy entertained the members of the Ladies' Social Club Wednesday afternoon. The Ladies' Aid Society of the King-avenue M. E. Church met Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. Sophia Hale. The Ladies' Aid Society of the King-avenue M. E. Church will hold a rummage sale the last week in October. Miss Martha Martindale will entertain a few friends informally Wednesday evening in honor of her guest, Miss Hill. Mrs. Dr. Broy and daughter, Maude Oakley, have returned from a visit to friends and relatives in Anderson. The Germania-avenue Baptist Church congregation gave an ice cream social in the church parlors Friday night. Misses Eva and Kathleen Elliott, of Laodicea, who were the guests of Miss Frances Elliott, have returned to their home. Mrs. Jessie Royster, Mrs. Laura Keen, Lydia McCray, Mrs. Munday and Mrs. Feltwell have returned from Franklin, where they attended the Baptist State Convention. The members of the Ladies' Foreign Mission Society of the King-avenue M. E. Church elected the following officers at their last meeting: President, Mrs. D. W. Thibe; vice president, Mrs. Chamberlain; second vice president, Mrs. Sophia Hale; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Bertha Trotter; recording secretary, Mrs. Emma Trotter; treasurer, Mrs. Effie Johns.

Haughville.

Mrs. Van Trice and Mrs. Adams have returned home from a visit to friends in Ellettsville, Ind. Mrs. Michael Stuppy entertained the members of the Ladies' Social Club Wednesday afternoon. The Ladies' Aid Society of the King-avenue M. E. Church met Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. Sophia Hale. The Ladies' Aid Society of the King-avenue M. E. Church will hold a rummage sale the last week in October. Miss Martha Martindale will entertain a few friends informally Wednesday evening in honor of her guest, Miss Hill. Mrs. Dr. Broy and daughter, Maude Oakley, have returned from a visit to friends and relatives in Anderson. The Germania-avenue Baptist Church congregation gave an ice cream social in the church parlors Friday night. Misses Eva and Kathleen Elliott, of Laodicea, who were the guests of Miss Frances Elliott, have returned to their home. Mrs. Jessie Royster, Mrs. Laura Keen, Lydia McCray, Mrs. Munday and Mrs. Feltwell have returned from Franklin, where they attended the Baptist State Convention. The members of the Ladies' Foreign Mission Society of the King-avenue M. E. Church elected the following officers at their last meeting: President, Mrs. D. W. Thibe; vice president, Mrs. Chamberlain; second vice president, Mrs. Sophia Hale; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Bertha Trotter; recording secretary, Mrs. Emma Trotter; treasurer, Mrs. Effie Johns.

Mich., where they have been for the past month.

Mr. and Mrs. Clint Hudson have returned from a visit to their son in Shelbyville. Mrs. Robert Crist entertained the members of the Minerva Club Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. B. F. Hollingsworth has returned from Lebanon, where she visited her parents. Mrs. Bruce Swan will return to-day from a visit to friends and relatives in Flackertown, Ind. Mrs. Samuel Neal and daughter Margaret have returned from a visit to relatives in Cleveland. The ladies of the Baptist Church gave a picnic Wednesday evening at the home of Mrs. Grey. Mrs. Edna Coaler entertained the members of the I. F. F. Club at her home Friday evening. The Rev. N. H. Shepherd has returned from New Augusta, where he conducted a series of meetings. Mrs. Thomas J. Morgan and Mr. and Mrs. John Yarny have returned from a visit to friends in Ohio. Miss Pearl Carr, who has been visiting Miss Bessie Jones, returned last week to her home in Ellettsville. Messrs. A. E. Lee and W. C. Flinn, who were the guests of Mr. J. L. Dixon, have returned to their homes. Mrs. Ella Moorehead, of Robinson, Ill., and Nora Keely, of Washington, D. C., are the guests of Mrs. Mallott. The Ladies' Aid Society of the Home Presbyterian Church will hold a rummage sale the first of November. Messrs. Frank Calvin and Russell Coaler have returned from a visit to Mr. Jesse Moorhead in Columbus, Ind. The North Indianapolis Baptist Social Circle will hold a bazaar and Thanksgiving Market Thanksgiving week. Mr. and Mrs. Munson, who were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Liepzig, have returned to their home in Peru. Mrs. Howard Ackerman was the hostess for the members of the Social Dozen Club and their husbands Friday evening. Mr. and Mrs. George Kneeb, of Tipton, and Mrs. George Kneeb, of Tipton, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jenkins, have returned home. Mr. and Mrs. James L. Canada have returned from a visit to relatives in Terre Haute. Mrs. W. S. How and daughter Lulu have returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Beck in Ellettsville. Mrs. Frank Tremore and son Chester have returned from an extended visit to relatives in Posey county. Mrs. W. H. Wilson, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. A. McKeown, has returned to her home in Dayton, O. Mrs. W. S. How and daughter Lulu have returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Beck in Ellettsville. Mrs. Frank Tremore and son Chester have returned from an extended visit to relatives in Posey county. Mrs. W. H. Wilson, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. A. McKeown, has returned to her home in Dayton, O. Mrs. W. S. How and daughter Lulu have returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Beck in Ellettsville. Mrs. Frank Tremore and son Chester have returned from an extended visit to relatives in Posey county. Mrs. W. H. Wilson, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. A. McKeown, has returned to her home in Dayton, O.

Quite so. Washington Post. "Our acquaintance gradually ripened into love," said Mr. Depeux. How Laura Jane Libbey-like!