



Market Reports.

Prices Paid by Logan Merchants, June 10th, 1907.

Apples.....	\$2 00	Potatoes.....	65c
Butter.....	14c	Eggs.....	14c
Chickens.....	9c	Dressed.....	12c
Broilers.....	15c		
Wheat.....	90c	Cor'n.....	60c
Oats.....	50c	Timothy.....	17.00
Straw.....	8.00	Mixed H.....	16.00
Hogs.....	52c	Dressed.....	7c
Steers.....	42c	Cows.....	32c
Heifers.....	42c	Bulls.....	34c
Calves.....	54c	Lambs.....	64c

GENERAL MARKETS

Cincinnati — Wheat, 1.02; Corn, 57c; Oats, 49c; Rye, 73c; Hogs, 6c; Steers, 5c; Sheep, 54c; Lambs, 74c.

New York — Wheat, 1.01; Corn, 62c; Oats, 50c.

Chicago — Wheat, 96c; Corn, 58c; Oats, 44c; Steers, 54c; Cows, 5c; Heifers, 5c; Sheep, 6c; Lambs, 74c; Calves, 5c; Hogs, 64c.

Animal Industry.

A careful review of the report of the Chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry shows that the government is giving a large number of jobs to men who have graduated from agriculture colleges and who do not like to work for a living. Socialism seems to be an accomplished fact with a large number of people who happen to have a pull.

Make Good Cheese.

The export cheese of Canada last year was nearly ten times that of the United States, or \$241,000,000. A few years ago the United States was far ahead, but our cheese makers got to putting up skim milk cheese, and it did not go. This country is just beginning to get back its trade. It does not pay the ordinary individual to be dishonest.

Make Home Pleasant.

Make the home attractive to the boys and girls and they will stay there. Remember that young people have not the same desires and the pleasures that older have. The boys and girls like company and want good times. You did when you were young and they do now. Try to look at things from their standpoint at least part of the time, and they will be more apt to look at them from your point of view now and then.

WANTED—To buy a good home of 5 or 10 acres, convenient to Logan, suitable for poultry. Must be cheap, and fairly good house. Address C. D. Nider, Moxahala, Ohio. 530-3.

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We positively guarantee Rubberkote Roof and Iron Paint to last six years. In any case where it fails to do this we agree to supply, free of charge, sufficient paint to keep surface in good condition for the stated length of time.



Manufactured only by The Pioneer Manufacturing Co., CLEVELAND, O. U. S. A.

For Sale by I. N. STIERS, Logan, Ohio F. E. COMSTOCK, Rockbridge, O.

Will Cure Consumption.

A. A. Herren, Finch, Ark., writes: "Foley's Honey and Tar is the best preparation for coughs, colds and lung trouble. I know that it has cured consumption in the first stages." You never heard of any one using Foley's Honey and Tar not being satisfied. Bort & Co.

Cow Consumer.

A cow of 1,000 pounds weight will eat 100 pounds of hay a day. Sixty pounds of these goes to keep the cow in flesh and the other forty goes to meat or to milk. If the pasture will not allow her that much food every day, she should have enough of some other food to make good the loss. You need not expect a cow to give up any of her share of the feed to make mild for you.

Consider Advice.

We often see farm paper editors advising their readers to raise more horses, because the price of horses is high. The intentions of these editors are probably all right, but before advising people to raise horses we ought to consider well. Always, just about the time prices are highest everybody goes into the business, and in a few years everybody has horses to sell, and nobody wants to buy horses. Then, if people could remember who got them to raise horses, somebody would get cussed. The best way for the individual to do is to buy and raise horses when everybody wants to sell and to sell horses when everybody wants to buy. It is the same way with other stock. When farmers are all organized they will be able to tell when there is likely to be a shortage of any kind of stock, and they will provide against it.

Diseased Cattle.

By shipping to this country live stock from other countries we run all sorts of risks of getting here the contagious diseases that destroy so much stock in the countries. It's a question whether we gain or lose by importing. We get some good stock, but we also get diseases to go with the stock. It has been the same way with fruits and grain. We have all sorts of grain and fruit, but we also have pests from everywhere. The twenty-second report of the Bureau of Animal Industry, Department of Agriculture, says that is either rinderpest or foot-and-mouth disease were allowed to spread in this country, they would cause a loss of three hundred million to five hundred million dollars during the first two years, and might prevent the recovery of the cattle industry for an indefinite period. The report suggests the need of quarantine stations. It would be better to prohibit the introduction of stock from any country where these diseases prevail.

Report of the Condition of Crops and Live Stock.

The following report represents the average condition of the crops and live stock named, as estimated from the returns received from the regular township crop correspondents of the Department, June 1.

Wheat—Prospect compared with an average, 77 per cent.

Winter Barley—Prospect compared with an average, 81 per cent.

Spring Barley—Prospect compared with an average, 81 per cent.

Rye—Prospect compared with an average, 86 per cent.

Oats—Prospect compared with an average, 81 per cent.

Clover—Prospect compared with an average, 66 per cent.

Timothy—Prospect compared with an average, 81 per cent.

Timothy—Damaged by grub worm, 2 per cent.

Alfalfa—Area sown compared with last year, 98 per cent.

Hogs—To be fed for summer markets, 61 per cent.

Hogs—Condition compared with an average, 95 per cent.

Spring Pigs—Number saved compared with an average, 87 per cent.

Sheep—Condition compared with an average, 95 per cent.

Lambs—Number saved compared with an average, 91 per cent.

Wheat prospects have slightly increased during the past month, the present prospect for the state as a whole being estimated at 77 per cent, compared with an average against 74 per cent reported one month ago. The prospect over the state varies greatly in the different counties, and while in many sections wheat is thriving, with promise of a fair to good harvest, in the following counties; Allen, Anglaize, Darke, Logan, Mercer, Miami, Ottawa, Putnam, Shelby and Van Wert, the prospect is most discouraging, the percentage estimates for these ranging from 47 per cent. in Miami county to as low as 15 per cent. in Anglaize county. Of the balance of the seventy-eight counties, eighteen report wheat prospects at 90 per cent. or better; thirty-four estimate the prospect between 80 and 90 per cent; eighteen report the prospect between 70 and 80 per cent; while eight counties estimate the prospect from 60 to 70 per cent.

A large area of oats has been sown, but as seeding was unusually late, and weather conditions since then have not been favorable to its growth, the plant is making only a fair showing. Its present condition is estimated at 81 per cent, compared with an average. Corn planting has been retarded by the cold, wet weather, and there yet remains a large area to be planted. In many fields where planted in usual season the grain has rotted in the ground, necessitating replanting.

Frosts during the past month have seriously damaged clover, and the prospect for a good hay crop is very good. The present prospect is estimated at 66 per cent, compared with an average. Timothy is making a much better showing, the average prospect being estimated at 81 per cent.

The number of hogs being fed for summer markets shows a marked increase over last year. Their condition is excellent.

Small fruits and garden truck were seriously damaged during the past month by heavy frosts.

Rough Feeds.

Rough feeds, including pasture, are usually so plentiful that frequently we feed them without any idea as to what and how much will produce the desired results. Such rough feed is wasted in careless feeding. The cow will eat the best of her manure first and if given too much will pick the most desirable morsels, leaving what might be called passably good, which too frequently is treated as waste and thrown underfoot. No more hay should be given an animal than it will eat clean. This refers to first class quality, however, as we could not expect a cow to eat up clean a poor quality of hay.

Poultry Products and Wheat.

The values of poultry products now reach an annual figure of half a billion dollars or more, or an amount about equal to the value of the wheat crop. The price of eggs has been high and growing higher for several years, because consumers have wanted more eggs than have been produced. The exports are not worth mentioning. Apparently there is no limit to the consumption of fresh eggs at a moderate price.—G. K. Holmes.

Indiana Harvest Potatoes.

Out in Nebraska the potato industry has grown rapidly. Much of the work of harvesting is done by the Indians. These people come with tents and teams in a little band of a dozen or more and locate along the highway in the potato growing districts. They hire out to pick up potatoes for \$1.50 per day and board themselves. They are not excited at this kind of work. They go about from farm to farm until the potato season is over, when they return to their reservations.—Kimball's Daily Farmer.

My Hair is Extra Long

Feed your hair; nourish it; give it something to live on. Then it will stop falling, and will grow long and heavy. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only hair-food you can buy. For 60 years it has been doing just what we claim it will do. It will not disappoint you.

My hair used to be very short. But after using Ayer's Hair Vigor a short time, it began to grow, and now it is fourteen inches long. This comes a splendid result, considering almost without any hair. Mrs. J. S. Fiske, Colorado Springs, Colo.

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"The Princess Elopes"

By Harold MacGrath

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(Continued from Last Week)

"Did I ever show you this?"—taking out a locket which was attached to one end of a watch chain. He passed the trinket to me.

"What is it?" I asked, turning it over and over.

"It's the one slender link that connects me with my babyhood. It was around my neck when Scharfenstein picked me up. Open it and look at the face inside."

I did so. A woman's face peered up at me. It might have been beautiful but for the troubled eyes and the drooping lips. It was German in type, evidently of high breeding, possessing the subtle lines which distinguish the face of the noble from the peasant's. From the woman's face I glanced at Max's. The eyes were something alike.

"Who do you think it is?" I asked, when I had studied the face sufficiently to satisfy my curiosity.

"I've a sneaking idea that it may be my mother. Scharfenstein found me toddling about in a railroad station, and that locket was the only thing about me that might be used in the matter of identification. You will observe that there is no lettering, not even the jeweler's usual carat mark to qualify the gold. I recall nothing; life with me dates from the wide plains and grazing cattle. I was born either in Germany or Austria. That's all I know. And to tell you the honest truth, boy, it's the reason I've placed my woman ideal so high. So long as I place her over my head I'm not foolish enough to weaken into thinking I can have her. What woman wants a man without a name?"

"You poor old Dutchman, you! You can buy a genealogy with your income. And a woman nowadays marries the man, the man, it's only horses, dogs and cattle that we buy for their pedigrees. Come; you ought to have a strawberry mark on your arm," I suggested lightly; for there were times when Max brooded over the mystery which enveloped his birth.

In reply he rolled up his sleeve and bared a mighty arm. Where the vaccination scar usually is I saw a red patch, like a burn. I leaned over and examined it. It was a four-pointed scar, with a perfect circle around it. Somehow, it seemed to me that this was not the first time I had seen this peculiar mark. I did not recollect ever seeing it on Max's arm. Where had I seen it, then?

"It looks like a burn," I ventured to suggest.

"It is. I wish I knew what it signifies. Scharfenstein said that it was positively fresh when he found me. He said I cried a good deal and kept telling him that I was Max. Maybe I'm an anarchist and don't know it," with half a smile.

"It's a curious scar. Hang me, but I've seen the device somewhere before."

"You have?"—eagerly. "Where, where?"

"I don't know; possibly I saw it on your arm in the old days."

He sank back in his chair. Silence, during which the smoke thickened and the pup whined softly in his sleep. Out upon the night the cathedral bell boomed the third hour of morning.

"If you don't mind, Artie," said Max, yawning, "I'll turn in. I've been traveling for the past fortnight."

"Take a ride on Dandy in the morning. He'll hold your weight nicely. Can't go with you, as I've a lame ankle."

"I'll be in the saddle at dawn. All I need is a couple of hours between sheets."

As I prodded my pillow into a comfortable wad under my cheek I wondered where I had seen that particular brand. It was a brand, I knew that I had seen it somewhere, but my memory danced away when I endeavored to halter it. Soon I fell asleep, dreaming of somebody who wasn't Max Scharfenstein, by a long shot.



"Is He Dead?" She Asked.

pleasure in forcing you? But you leave me no other method."

"I am a young girl, and he is an old man."

"That is immaterial. Besides, the fact has gone abroad. It is now irrevocable."

"I promise to go out and ask the first man I see to marry me!" she declared.

"Pray heaven, it may be Doppelkinn!" said the duke drolly.

"Oh, do not doubt that I have the courage and the recklessness. I would not care if he were young, but the prince is old enough to be my father."

"You are not obliged to call him husband." The duke possessed a sparkle to-night which was unusual in him. Perhaps he had won some of the state moneys which he had paid out to his ministers that day. "Let us not waste any time," he added.

"I shall not waste any,"—ominously.

"Order your gown from Vienna, or Paris, or from wherever you will. Don't haggle over the price; let it be a good one; I'm willing to go deep for it."

"You loved my aunt once,"—a broken note in her voice.

"I love her still,"—not unkindly; "but I must have peace in the house. Observe what you have so far accomplished in the matter of creating turmoil." The duke took up a paper.

"My shirt,"—contentuously.

"Let us call them your transgressions. Listen. You have ridden a horse as a man rides it; you have ridden bicycles in public streets; you have stolen away to a masked ball; you have visited heaven knows whom; you have bribed sentries to let you in when you were out late; you have thrust aside the laws as if they meant nothing; you have trifled with the state papers and caused the body politic to break up a meeting as a consequence of the laughter."

The girl, as she recollected this day to which he referred, laughed long and joyously. He waited patiently till she had done, and he is not sure that his mood did not twist under his beard.

"Foreign education is the cause of all this," he said finally. "Those cursed French and English schools have ruined you. And I was fool enough to send you to them. This is the end."

"Or the beginning,"—rebelliously.

"Doppelkinn is mild and kind."

"Mild and kind! One would think that you were marrying me to a horse! Well, I shall not enter the cathedral."

"How will you avoid it?"—calmly.

"I shall find a way; wait and see." She was determined.

"I shall wait." Then, with a sudden softening, for he loved the girl after his fashion: "I am growing old, my child. If I should die, what would become of you? I have no son; your Uncle Franz, who is but a year or two younger than I am, would reign, and he would not tolerate your madcap ways. You must marry at once. I love you in spite of your willfulness. But you have shown yourself incapable of loving. Doppelkinn is wealthy. You shall marry him."

"I will run away, uncle,"—decidedly.

"I have notified the frontiers,"—tranquilly. "From now on you will be watched. It is the inevitable, my child, and even I have to bow to that."

She touched the paper in her bosom, but paused.

"Moreover, I have decided," went on the duke, "to send the Honorable Betty Moore back to England."

"Betty?"

"Yes. She is a charming young person, but she is altogether too sympathetic. She abets you in all you do. Her English independence does not conform with my ideas. After the wedding I shall notify her father."

"Everything, everything! My friends, my liberty, the right God gives to every woman—to love whom she will! And you, my uncle, rob me of these things! What if I should tell you that

marriage with me is now impossible?"—her lips growing thin.

"I should not be very much surprised."

"Please look at this, then, and you will understand why I can not marry Doppelkinn." She thrust the bogus certificate into his hands.

The duke read it carefully, not a muscle in his face disturbed. Finally he looked up with a terrifying smile.

"Poor, foolish child! What a terrible thing this might have turned out to be!"

"What do you mean?"

"Mean? Do you suppose anything like this could take place without my hearing of it? And such a dishonest, unscrupulous rascal! Some day I shall thank the American consul personally for his part in the affair. I was waiting to see when you would produce this. You virtually placed your honor and reputation, which I know to be above reproach, into the keeping of a man who would sell his soul for a thousand crowns."

The girl felt her knees give way, and she sat down. Tears slowly welled up in her eyes and overflowed, blurring everything.

The duke got up and went over to his desk, rummaging among the papers. He returned to the girl with a letter.

"Read that, and learn the treachery of the man you trusted."

The letter was written by Steinbock. In it he disclosed all. It was a venomous, insulting letter. The girl crushed it in her hand.

"Is he dead?" she asked, all the bitterness in her heart surging to her lips.

"To Barscheit,"—briefly. "Now, what shall I do with this?"—tapping the bogus certificate.

"Give it to me," said the girl wearily. She ripped it into halves, into quarters, into infinitesimal squares, and tossed them into the waste-basket. "I am the unhappiest girl in the world."

"I am sorry," replied the grand duke. "It isn't as if I had forced Doppelkinn on you without first letting you have your choice. You have rejected the princes of a dozen wealthy countries. We are not as the common people; we can not marry where we will. I shall announce that the marriage will take place next week."

"Do not send my friend away," she pleaded, apparently timid.

"I will promise to give the matter thought. Good night."

She turned away without a word and left him. When he roared at her she knew by experience that he was harmless; but this quiet determination meant the exclusion of any further argument. There was no escape unless she ran away. She wept on her pillow that night, not so much at the thought of wedding Doppelkinn as at the fact that Prince Charming had evidently missed the last train and was never coming to wake her up, or, if he did come, it would be when it was too late. How many times had she conjured him up, as she rode in the fresh fairness of the mornings! How many he was and how his voice thrilled her! Her horse was suddenly to run away, he was to rescue her, and then demand her hand in marriage as a fitting reward. Sometimes he had black hair and eyes, but more often he was big and tall, with yellow hair and the bluest eyes in all the world.

CHAPTER VI.

The princess rose at dawn the following day. She routed out Hans, the head groom, and told him to saddle Artemis, the slim-limbed, seal-brown filly which an English nobleman had given her. Ten minutes later she was in the saddle, and the heaviness on her heart seemed to rise and vanish like the opal mists on the bosom of the motionless lake. A pale star blinked at her, and the day, flushed like the cheek of a waking infant, began drowsily to creep over the rolling mountains.

How silent all the city was! Only here and there above the chimneys rose a languid film of smoke. The gates of the park shut behind with a clang, and so for a time she was alone and free. She touched Artemis with a spur, and the filly broke into a canter toward the lake road. The girl's nostrils dilated. Every flower, the thousand resinous saps of the forest, the earth itself, yielded up a cool sweet perfume that was to the mind what a glass of wine is to the blood, exhilaration.

Mottled with pink, and gray, and blue, and gold, the ever-changing hues of the morning, the surface of the lake was as smooth as her mirror and, like it, always reflecting beauty. Fish leaped forth and fell with sounding splash, and the circles would widen and gradually vanish. A blackbird dipped among the silent rushes; a young fox barked importantly; a hawk flashed by. The mist swam hither and thither mysteriously, growing thinner and fainter as the gold of day grew brighter and clearer. Suddenly—in the words of the old tent-maker—the false morning died, and it was day.

I'm afraid that somewhere among the princess's ancestors there was a troubador; for she was something of a poet. Indeed, I have already remarked that she wrote verses. The atmospheric change of the morning turned her mind into sentimental channels. How she envied the peasant woman, who might come and go at will, sleep in the open or in the hut, loving or hating with perfect freedom! Ah, Prince Charming, Prince Charming! where were you? Why did you loiter? Perhaps for her there was no Prince Charming. It might be so. She sighed.

She would never marry Doppelkinn—never. That horrible Steinbock! She was glad, glad that she had struck him, again and again, across his lying eyes and evil mouth. She had believed that she knew the world; it was all

(To be Continued)

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carries all the best makes. He can sell them at the lowest possible price because he has no rent to pay and no wagons on the road. The knockers on Henry Lutz's machines drive custom to him. He is here to stay and guarantees. Take your repairing to him and get it done right.

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Notice to Teachers.

The Board of School Examiners of Hocking County will meet at the School Building in Logan, Ohio, at 8:30 a. m. on the First Saturday of each month for the examination of applicants for Teacher's Elementary Certificates and on the First Saturday of September, December, March and June for the examination of applicants for Teacher's High School and Special Certificates. Examinations for pupils desiring to enter high schools will be held on the Third Saturday of April and the Second Saturday of May.

J. C. STROUGHER, President
D. E. HASKIN, Clerk of May
C. S. WHITE, Vice President

Logan Ohio, February 2, 1907-11

A man who is in perfect health, so he can do an honest day's work when necessary, has much for which he should be thankful. Mr. L. C. Rodgers of Branchton, Pa., writes that he was not only unable to work, but he couldn't stoop over to tie his own shoes. Six bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure made a new man of him. He says, "Success to Foley's Kidney Cure" Bort & Co.