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VOLUME XLVII — BELLEFONTAINE, LOGAN COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1901. — NUMBER 101.

DID YOU?

You never had your house and goods all burned up.
Neither did your father, grandfather or great-grandfather.
Your house never burned up.
You never had a "fire."
If you did you are the exception. And you had a chance to "try it again." And yet you always insure your house and goods, and you act wisely.

DON'T YOU?

You have to die. Your father, grandfather and all your ancestors have died or are going to die sure, and you, will die.
And yet you put off taking out a policy on your life when death is sure.
Why do you put it off?
Don't put it off any longer.

WON'T YOU?

Make as much provision for your family against your death, as you do for your present against loss of property in your lifetime.
The Union Central Ten and Twenty Endowment Policies are fine investments returnable to you if you live the term, and sure providers for your family in case of death
Buy a policy of

C. D. CAMPBELL.

General Agent Union Central.

KELLER & DOWELL

SUCCESSORS TO ARMSTRON , KELLER & CO.

Dealer in

Grain Seeds

Wool, Salt,

CEMENTS

CALCINED PLASTER

and all the best grades of

SOFT and HARD Coal.

PHONE 51.

Warehouse and Office.

320 West Columbus Ave., Bellefontaine.
August 25, 1896

BUTCHERING TIME

We can supply you with

Enterprise Meat Grinders,
Enterprise Lard Presses,
Butcher Knives,
Meat Saws,
Clevers, etc

—ALSO—

The Atkins Tuttle Tooth Cross Saws.
The Jersey Pattern Axes.

—AT—

Old Hardware Stand.

Osburn & Churchill

Frank R. Griffin,

DENTIST.

Special Attention Given to Operations on the Natural Teeth and the Care of Children's Teeth.

Office Room 20 Lawrence Blog

BELLEFONTAINE, O.

Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of **Swamp-Root** is soon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling all about it, including many of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper.

Home of Swamp-Root.

1869. 1900

COLTON BROS.

MILLERS,

We Began Making

PEERLESS FLOUR

In Bellefontaine in 1869. We are still making it.

It is the Kind of Flour

THAT MAKES GOOD BREAD,

The Kind of Bread You Like.

All Grocers Sell It,
Bakers Use It,
Bread Makers Like It.

It is the Standard of Excellence.

We always want to Buy Wheat.
We always Want to Sell Mill Feed.

Auctioneer

H. P. Runyon is having great success in crying sales, and is prepared to answer all call on short notice.
Rates given on application.
Address me at Degraff or leave orders at REPUBLICAN Office, Bellefontaine.
February 5. 899-tf. H. P. RUNYON

AM NOW AT THE OAK

AND HAVE A FIRST-CLASS

Restaurant

Curtis Old Stand.

Tom J. Hellings.

d c. 12, 1899.

Don't Borrow Money.

Don't ever borrow money unless the case is imperative and you can see your way out, or you are certain you can make by borrowing.
If you want to borrow money, the Union Central Loan is the cheapest and most satisfactory. Write or call on

C. D. CAMPELL, Gen'l Agt.,

BELLEFONTAINE, O.
Feb. 8, 1901-tf.

School Examiners' Meetings.

The Logan County Board of School Examiners will hold meetings for the examination of the teachers on the first Saturday of each month except January and July, in Educational Hall, Bellefontaine, O., morning session 9 to 12, afternoon 1 to 4.
Questions in Theory will be based in part on Scott's "Organic Education" and Ohio School Laws. Questions in History on Spark's "Expansion of the American People" and those in Geography on Howe's "The Study of the Sky," and those in Reading on Bates' "The Study of Literature and King Lear." Boxwell examinations will be held on the third Saturday of March and April.

S. L. SMITH, Clerk.

October 18, 1901.

Legal Notice.

Jane Rutter, residing at Atlanta, Cass county, Texas, will take notice that on the 2nd day of December, 1901, Abial L. Wright filed his petition in the Common Pleas Court of Logan county, Ohio, in case No. 8579, against the above named Jane Rutter, praying for judgment for the sum of one hundred ($100.00) dollars the amount due, as agent for said Jane Rutter, for the sale of lot No. 719 in the city of Bellefontaine, Logan county, Ohio, and said plaintiff is required to answer on or before the 1st day of February, A. D. 1902, or judgment may be taken against her.

HOWENSTINE & HUSTON,
Attorneys for Abial L. Wright.

Dec. 3, 1901.

[Copyright, 1901, by E. L. Sabin.]

WHAT SHALL WE DO FOR THE BRAVE YOUNG TREE
DRAGGED IN ITS PRIME FROM THE FRAGRANT WOOD—
DRAGGED FROM ITS DWELLING WIDE AND FREE
AND NOW IN A NARROW CHAMBER STOOD?
WHAT SHALL WE GIVE IN THE PLACE OF ALL
THE MANY THINGS THAT IT KNEW SO WELL—
THE SUN, THE BUDS AND THE THRUSH'S CALL?
LISTEN, OH, PEOPLE, AND I WILL TELL:

LIGHT ITS BRANCHES WITH MIRTH AND JOY,
CROWD IT WITH LAUGHTER, LIMB TO LIMB.
BESIDE THE SMILE OF A HAPPY BOY
THE SUNNIEST SUMMER DAY IS DIM.
HANG IT HEAVY WITH PEACE AND LOVE,
KISSES AND WELCOME AND CAROLS GAY,
TILL FROM BASE TO FEATHERY CREST ABOVE
IT OFFERS THE FRUITS OF THE WONDROUS DAY.

NOW, IS A THRUSH'S NOTE AS CLEAR,
AS SWEET AND TENDER AND GLORIFIED
AS THE VOICE OF THE CHILDREN, FAR AND NEAR,
SINGING THE PRAISES OF CHRISTMASTIDE?
AH, GALLANT PINE, WE MAY TRY IN VAIN
TO GIVE YOU BACK TO YOUR HAUNTS, 'TIS TRUE;
BUT, VALLEY OR HILLTOP, PEAK OR PLAIN,
NEVER A TREE SO BLEST AS YOU!

EDWIN L. SABIN.

WHY SANTA DIDN'T COME

A Christmas Story For Good Little Girls and Boys.

BY HOWARD EARL.

[Copyright, 1901, by Hamilton Musk.]

EVERY child who reads this story doubtless remembers the time, not long ago, when Santa Claus apparently forgot to put in his or her stocking the toys that had been especially asked for, when, in short, it really looked in the morning as though Santa Claus had actually failed to come at all. Now, the fact is that Santa did not come, and, though the news of his failure was suppressed at the time, I am at last able to reveal the secret.

One day shortly before that Christmas Santa Claus was feeling very blue because Prancer and Dancer were getting old, and Blitzen was so much "off his feed" that it was very doubtful whether the reindeer team could start on its great annual present delivery run on Christmas eve. Santa knew that millions of children would be very much disappointed if he did not visit their homes. He had received such a lot of letters and telephone messages from good little girls and boys asking for drums and dolls and bicycles and all sorts of toys that a big tear or two rolled down his bearded cheek as he thought of the sad looks the children would wear should he fail to come. Suddenly Santa's face brightened.

"Say!" he shouted. "What's the matter with my trying one of those new naughtymobiles? They never get old and stiff in the joints like Prancer and Dancer and are never 'off their feed' like poor Blitzen. The reindeerless age has come, and I must be strictly up to date. I'll order a naughtymobile this very day."

When the beautiful machine came, Santa was as tickled as a little boy with a new red wagon.

He was so anxious to take a spin in his big new reindeerless toy delivery wagon that he did not wait for the automobile teacher to come and show him how it worked. Leaping in, he turned the power on suddenly, and the machine gave such a jump forward that poor fat Santa bounced up in the air like a rubber ball and then nearly bounced off into the snow when he came down on the seat again. He bit his tongue terribly, too, and you know how that hurts, but he had no time to think of it because the machine was zipping toward the north pole like the lightning express going down grade. Dozens of explorers are anxious to make dashes for the pole, but as it is very icy and very hard none of them would care to run into it with an automobile going a mile a minute. Santa Claus felt exactly the same way about it, and, giving the steering gear a quick twist, he just missed finding the pole by about two inches and dashed straight for his big toy factory at the same terrific speed.

"Heavens! I wish somebody'd move that building out of the way, and move it mighty quick!" he thought, clinching his teeth and giving the steering red another jerk. "If I ever hit that toy factory, there won't be even a pink elephant left for the children to smash, and there won't be any Santa Claus left, either! Whoa! Haw! Gee!"

The automobile swerved sharply to the left on two wheels, ran over a polar bear that didn't turn out quick enough and then made a bee line for the big barn and yard where the reindeer were kept. When they saw the strange thing coming, the reindeer snorted in surprise and began pawing the snow. Blitzen, who was rather ugly because he had the stomach ache, jumped the fence, lowered his head and charged straight toward the machine, which doubled him up like a jackknife and sent him flying over the barn as easily as a boy would bat a rubber ball. Poor Blitzen! He never knew what struck him. As for the other reindeer, they kicked up their heels, broke down the fence and ran for dear life just as Santa and the automobile, or, to be more exact, the automobile and Santa, tore the barn doors from their hinges, roared through the barn like a cyclone and then started straight for the south pole, 12,430 statute miles away, as if they were wanted there, and wanted badly.

"Hi, hi! Head us off, somebody; head us off!" yelled Santa Claus.

He tugged frantically at the steering gear and tried to shut off the power, but all his efforts were in vain.

Zip! Bang! Bumpty-bump, bumpty-bump! Zip! Whir-r-r-r!

"Stop us! Whoa! Back! Steady, boy; steady! Naughtymobile? I should say so—the very naughtiest that ever got loose!" poor Santa Claus cried.

Zip! Bumpty-bump! Whir-r-r-r! On and on they sped. Santa Claus was powerless, or had too much power, and the machine never stopped until it reached the south pole. This took a lot of time, and, as Santa, of course, had to walk back those 12,430 statute miles, he didn't reach his toy shop and the north pole and the dear old reliable reindeer until about the middle of February, all of which explains why he and the reindeer failed to make their usual toy delivery trip on that particular Christmas you remember when you did not get all the things you had asked him for.

OLD SANTA IN HIS MOODS.

They Keep Him Busy.

Santa Claus—Get a move on you, boys. There's 1,400 Joneses in the city directory, and we've got to visit every one of them to-night!

No Questions Asked.

Santa Claus (as he starts out on Christmas eve to fill stockings)—Well, there's one good thing about this Santa Claus business—a feller kin stay out one night in the year without gettin' a jawin' from the old woman next mornin'.

GIVING ON CHRISTMAS

By Cecilia Rose.

[Copyright, 1901, by W. L. Vail.]

ALTHOUGH the giving of presents, like other customs of Christmastide, may be traced to heathen sources, yet the beautiful tribute of the wise men from the east to the infant in the manger may be taken as a symbol of appropriate ceremonies for the celebration of the birth of Christ. Pagan kings and princes, their satraps and subjects, did indeed give presents, often in connection with great feasts, with various ends in view, but it is clear from the records handed down that the gifts were not always bribes nor tribute to physical power. Moral worth and beauty were often honored by the bestowal of rare treasures or some symbol of riches.

The story of the visit of the wise men to Bethlehem as told in the gospel of Matthew carries with it evidence that the strangers were not on a self seeking errand. The narrative reads:

Now, when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that was born king of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the east and have come to worship him.

When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled and all Jerusalem with him, and when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together he demanded of them where Christ should be born, and they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judea, for thus it is written by the prophet, And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judea, for out of thee shall come a governor that shall rule my people Israel. Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared, and he sent them to Bethlehem and said, Go and search diligently for the young child, and when ye have found him bring me word again that I may come and worship him also. When they had heard the king they departed, and, lo, the star which they saw in the east went before them till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy, and when they were come into the house they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down and worshiped him, and when they had opened their treasures they presented unto him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh.

David wrote in the Psalms, possibly referring to Solomon as the type of Christ: "The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents; the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts." The reason for the tributes to Solomon is given in Kings, where it is stated, "And all the earth sought Solomon to hear his wisdom, which God had put in his heart, and they brought every man his present, vessels of silver and vessels of gold and garments and armor and spices, horses and mules, a rate, year by year."

In another place David speaks of gifts as a tribute to majesty. He says: "Vow and pay unto the Lord your God. Let all that be roundabout him bring presents unto him that ought to be feared."

The pagan festivals which were believed by some to have suggested the Christmas celebration consisted of feasts and the giving of presents. To celebrate the nuptials of Esther King Ahasuerus "made a great feast unto all his provinces and gave gifts according to the state of the king." Gifts of that nature could only bear the meaning of generous token of good feeling and good will.

Long before the Christian era the Greeks celebrated a festival in midwinter when presents were distributed to the children in the name of the household gods.

Whether the ceremonial gift be costly or plain it bears with it a meaning which has no relation to its value, and the gifts of the rich cannot have deeper significance than the gifts of the poor. Emerson said: "Rings and other jewels are not gifts, but the apologies for gifts. The only gift is a part of thyself."

Repelling Fire With a Drum.

A fire of a strange nature appeared in Wales in 1693. According to the most intelligible account concerning it now in existence, it came up from the sea near Harlech. At several places near that place and all over Merionethshire it did much damage, burning hay, houses, barns, etc. A person writing of it said: "The grass over which it moves kills all manner of cattle that feed upon it. But what is most remarkable is that any great noise, such as the beating of a drum or sounding a horn, effectually repels it from any house."

A German Legend.

The Germans have a legend of Frederick Barbarossa that he is not dead, but in an enchanted sleep, sitting with his knights at a marble table in the cavern of Kyffhausen, in the Harz mountains. His long red beard has grown during this long enchantment and, covering the table, descends to the floor, and he sits thus waiting the moment that will set him free. There he has been kept for long centuries; there he must stay for ages.

MY POOR XMAS PHILOSOPHER

By Seaton Lord.

[Copyright, 1901, by G. L. Kilmer.]

SULKILY deploring the poverty which compelled me to come to work on Christmas day, I entered the office of The Daily Dozer and went to my desk.

"Christmas enjoyment is only for the wealthy," mused I.

"Jenkins," said the city editor, "here's five dollars a lady sent us to give a poor old chap up on Tenth street. You see, she wants to know it reached him and doesn't want to register a letter, for he must not know who sends it. So run up with it and get a receipt for it that we may send her."

I was soon on Tenth street. The number sought was a tumble down old rookery, and the children snowballing each other in the street stopped long enough to tell me that old Mr. Jones lived on the top floor.

"Come in!" piped a cheery, shrill voice as I knocked on his door. I did. Seated by the window, nightcap on head and spectacles on nose, sat a bright eyed, gray haired, much wrinkled old fellow, clean shaven and very tall and stooped. "Merry Christmas!" he piped as soon as he saw me and grinned affably, displaying a few large teeth that were still white.

I stammered forth the conventional answer. I could do no more than stammer it, for such a salutation in such a place quite staggered me. The rickety bed, the unlighted stove, the broken loaf of bread on the bare little table, the absence of carpet, the two chairs, told the story of deepest poverty at a glance. I hastily gave him the money and took his receipt.

"Sit down on that other chair and gladden my Christmas," said he. "This gift of money is nothing to your company. I deserve it," he added a little pettishly. "I have gladdened others' Christmas today."

"You have?" I was impolite enough to say in my bewilderment.

"The birds," said he, pointing out the window to where a few sparrows on the fire escape were pecking at a piece of his loaf.

"It is this that has made you happy today in spite of"—

"It is one of the things. That was my Christmas giving. It was all I could give until you came, but now I am under the necessity of seeking human objects for my bounty. The alms share of this is too big for the birds."

"Can you find any poorer than yourself?" I inquired.

"Yes, even in the palaces," he said solemnly. Rising and leaning on the long stick which he had kept beside him, he thus went on:

"I began my celebration of Christmas yesterday afternoon by going to the free library and reading Dickens' 'Christmas Carol.' For years I have read it on Christmas eve—that is, to fill myself with the true Christmas spirit of charity, love, peace and good will. It always succeeds. Has any millionaire in this great city begun more wisely?

"Having finished my reading, I walked through the crisp, frosty air to the boulevard to enjoy the sleighing. It was very fine. Time was when I used to sit in one of those vehicles and go skimming over the snow. I lost half the sport. I could not see the cutters skim by, the rosy cheeks of the riders, and I ran risk of a spill. I could hear no bells but those on my own team, but, ah, standing on the roadside—how different!

"The skating on the lake next interested me, and I enjoyed it greatly. Home to tea next, with a keen appetite. Had I a full larder and that appetite I would eat enough to be sluggish, and then I should not go out again. But a slice of bread, an onion and a cup of black tea—no gluttony in that, yet enough.

"I went out to do my Christmas shopping. Oh, I saw everything—all the riches of the earth displayed in windows. Remember that the great delight in most of them is in looking at them, and that if they are personal ornaments you cannot very well see them after you put them on. I feasted my eyes fully from the outside of the windows. It was the best Christmas shopping I ever did, and I have done much shopping in my time, I can tell you.

"Midnight mass—grand, celestial! No, sir; not a Catholic, but I do not let that fact stand between me and epicurean enjoyment.

"I slept the sleep of the contented man, sir, dreaming of the beautiful, bright skies and green fields and pleasant waters of summer that are all mine, sir, as much as a king's.

"See my Yule log!" He pointed to a piece of cannel coal beside the stove. "I will light that by and by. I will roast a little joint of meat over it and make me a little wassail—bowl of cider with a roast apple in it—and when my pipe is lit and the street lamp shines on the ceiling I will recite for myself some of the old miracle plays of Christmas or sing an olden carol"—

"Pardon me," said I, starting up. I must go. You tempt me to share your feast and lose my position. I must go. I wish I knew how to be as happy as you."

"Be content," said the strange old man.

[Copyright, 1901, by Willis B. Hawkins.]

Her Christmas is not like the rest,
Which last a single day
Or possibly a week at best
And then are put away
To be forgotten for a year,
Until good will toward men
Comes round, as fashions reappear,
And is in style again.

All time is grandma's Christmas time,
All seasons hers to hear
The echo of a Yuletide chime
Of voices ever dear,
Of voices hushed to all but her
As through a mist of tears
She sees child faces as they were
In long departed years.

Now, dreaming o'er her needle's flight,
She croons a song of joy
And weaves a thread of heaven's light
Into some Christmas toy.
Now softly up the attic stair
Alone she creeps away
And o'er the Christmas treasures there
Lives in another day.

Yet, though mid shadows of the past
Fond memories may grope,
She stands in the effulgence cast
By never dimming hope,
And, peering through the gathering night,
She views the narrow way
That bridges over to the bright
Eternal Christmas day.

All time is grandma's Christmas time,
All seasons hers to hear
The thrilling of a chord sublime
Of voices coming near,
As in her simple faith she waits
The coming of the morn
When past the open pearly gates
She'll greet the Lowly Born.

No Longer a Bottle Baby.

Santa Claus (thrusting his head through the door)—Sorry for you, kid, but it's the only present I have left.

BAD FEET THE RULE

A CHIROPODIST TALKS ABOUT HIS WORK AND HIS PATIENTS.

He Says He Saves More People From Acute Misery Than Most Physicians—A Twist In the Walk That Does Damage to the Feet.

Gossiping with the undertaker, the veterinary surgeon, the barber, the barkeeper and other familiars, who call him "Doc," the chiropodist was in an instructive mood. He could not quite understand how it could be that the really good and able men of his calling were not ranked higher in the social scale.

"Now, I save more people from acute misery than most physicians," he said. "My work is often just as dangerous as that of the surgeon, for there is the same peril of gangrene, that awful shadow that looms up wherever the knife touches the body. The surgeon has an advantage over me. When he has made a wound there is no danger of the patient putting next to it goods too often highly colored with very poisonous dyes. This my patient is apt to do in drawing on his sock. My position is really one of great responsibility, but there are not many who treat me with any marked respect.

"It would surprise you to know how many people have bad feet. If my observations are correct, and I don't see why the average I give should not be right, 95 per cent of the people in New York have one form or another of foot trouble. I cut away more than twice my own weight in callous every year.

"Of course the trouble comes from the shoe, and there seems to be no remedy, for the made to order shoe is only, as a rule, no better than the one manufactured by wholesale. The nearest approach to a remedy for trouble that is rarely cured, but can be greatly relieved, is to wash the feet every night and every morning. They act as one of the main sewers of the body and should be constantly washed. Then do not wear a loose shoe or a tight one. The snug shoe is the best.

"Another and a very important point is that the socks should exactly fit the feet, and, if one can afford them, they should be wool of different weights for the different seasons.

"Scarcely a man whose toes I am whittling fails to ask me why any man, careful as he is, should be pestered with corns. In wet weather or just before a change in the weather he is brought to the verge of nervous prostration. He is irritable and even suffers fever. His business is interfered with in the daytime, and at night his rest is disturbed by aching feet.

"I tell him the exact truth, and that is that the vast majority of his fellows suffer as he does and that those exempt have their feet regularly attended to. It is just as necessary as it is for people to be regular with their meals or in their visits to the dentist. The reason for this is in great part the city pavements. It is the same with men as with horses.

"Very few men walk properly. They twist on the sole of the foot, making an extra strain and wear at one spot. Nature tries to remedy this by forming a protection of hard skin, but she overdoes this, because she is hampered in the operation by the shoe. This twisting is absolutely due to what any physician will tell you is true. One limb in nine out of ten cases is a fraction shorter than the other. Then, too, few men with their eyes closed can walk in a straight line. With their eyes open they steer with their feet. It is this difference in strength or length of the legs and the necessary steering that makes the twist, and the twist makes the corn.

"Talk about your Bertillon measurements. It would be better to record the twist and character of walk. No two men walk just exactly the same, and the twist of the foot is absolutely different in all men.

"With such good fellows as you for companions I ought not to talk about my social station. I treat not less than 200 patients a week, and they average 50 cents apiece, so my income is something over $4,500 a year after I have deducted expenses. I own my own home, but the wife and daughters do not like the chiropodist's sign and the great gold foot at the front door."
—New York Times.

Snakes in the Church.

This snake lived in the church of G.'s first parish in Australia. Its hole was visible to the congregation, and it used to show its head to them at service time (during the sermon probably) and make them nervous. So it was sought to entice it to its destruction with saucers of milk. The parson used to lay the bait over night and go to look for results in the morning. Always the saucer was found empty, but for a long time the snake was not found. At last he saw it coiled asleep upon the white cloth laid over the chancel carpet, where the sun from the east window poured warmly down upon it. So he hewed it in pieces before the altar, as Samuel hewed Agag.—Empire Review.

An Old Time Elopement.

In the London Times reprints of a hundred years ago appears this romance: "Married—On Tuesday, the 15th inst., at Bottesfield, Lincolnshire, John Kirk, an occasional preacher in the Methodist connection, to Susanna Seaton of Burringham, mantua maker. The patient bride had kept company near two years with a blacksmith of the same place and was actually published with him in the church the very Sunday preceding her marriage, but for the reasons best known to herself eloped next day with the preacher; so true is it that we know not what a day may bring forth."