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VOLUME XLVIII.

BELLEFONTAINE, LOGAN COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1902.

NUMBER 97.

**KELLER & DOWELL**  
Sole Agents for  
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**SOFT and HARD Coal.**

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**CHOICE LAND IN THE CITY FOR SALE**

**Twenty acres of land in First Ward, and four Houses and Lots.**

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**HOW ABOUT YOUR Christmas Shopping**

Christmas bells will soon ring merrily. It is about time to select your gifts. We are showing a fine selection of Plain Gold Rings, Fancy Gold Rings, Diamond Rings, Opal Gold Rings, etc. A fine display of Watches, Chains, Bracelets, Cuff Buttons, Necklaces and Lockets, Silver Ware and Cut Glass. You will find these all of the best quality. Call and inspect.

**Davis Bros., Jewelers.**

**NICE NEW RUGS MADE**

**Out of . . . Old Carpets**

In answer to numerous inquiries from our many friends, we are pleased to announce that we have our New Rug Machinery and are prepared to convert old carpets into new rugs with neatness and dispatch. Our machines are of the latest and best designs and enable us to turn out the highest grade of work, and we solicit the patronage of the public.

**The Bellefontaine Matress & Upholstering Co.**

**AM NOW AT THE OAK AND HAVE A FIRST-CLASS Restaurant**

**Tom J. Hellings.**

**LIVERY & FEED STABLE**

**Good Teams, Modern Vehicles.**

**MONEY TO LOAN**

**At Lowest Interest Ever Offered**

**4 1/2 Per Centum Per Annum.**

**A. Jay Miller, Emptre Block.**

**Administrator's Notice.**

**Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as administrator of the estate of John W. Outland, late of Logan county, Ohio, deceased.**

**Nov. 21, 1902.**

**ROOSEVELT Fires Straight at the Mark.**

**He Will Not Bar a Capable Worthy Man Because of Color.**

Washington, Nov. 27.—The President has sent the following communication to a prominent citizen of Charleston, S. C.:

(Personal.)  
"WHITE HOUSE,  
"WASHINGTON, Nov. 26, 1902.  
"My Dear Sir—I am in receipt of your letter of Nov. 10, and of one from Mr. \_\_\_\_\_, under date of Nov. 11, in reference to the appointment of Dr. Crum as collector of the port of Charleston.

"In your letter you make certain specific charges against Dr. Crum, tending to show his unfitness in several respects for the office sought. These charges are entitled to the utmost consideration from me, and I shall go over them carefully before taking any action. After making these charges you add, as a further reason for opposition to him, that he is a colored man, and, after reciting the misdeeds that followed carpet-bag rule and negro domination in South Carolina, you say that 'We have sworn never again to submit to the rule of the African, and such an appointment as that of Dr. Crum to any such office forces us to protest unambiguously against this insult to the white blood; and you add that you understood me to say that I would never favor a negro on such a community as yours.

"Without any regard as to what my decision may be on the merits of this particular applicant for this particular place, I feel that I ought to let you know clearly my attitude on the far broader question raised by you and Mr. \_\_\_\_\_: as an attitude from which I have not varied during my term of office. Faithfully yours,  
"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

This, pale cheeks, soreness of the chest, falling lungs, loss of flesh emaciated and flabby muscles—all conditions that indicate lack of vitality, lack of nerve force, lack of healthy blood, are remedied by Hagee's Cordial of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, a thin, delicate fluid, without grease, that is digested at once and perfectly assimilated. It gives relish for more food and vigor to the whole system.

**DIRECT STEAMSHIP SERVICE TO MANILA.**

**The Pacific Steamship Lines Inaugurate Direct Sailings From San Francisco.**

**No Longer Necessary to Reach the Philippines via Hong Kong.**

The Chicago & North-Western Railway announces that in connection with the daily trans-continental train service, via that line from Chicago to San Francisco, the steamship lines from the port have inaugurated, direct sailings from San Francisco to Manila, additional to the service via Nagasaki and Hong Kong. Some of the finest steamships in the Pacific are being used on this new direct service. As an indication of the rapid development of American interests in the far east, this fact will be of moment to all American Shippers via this direct route will leave San Francisco every month until further notice, and the sailing time to Manila will be about 28 days.

The growth of the Trans-Pacific trade in the past three or four years has been nothing short of marvelous, both as to freight and as to passenger traffic. Many tourists now travel to Europe via San Francisco instead of taking the Atlantic liners from New York. The Overland Limited via the North-Western and Union Pacific roads across the American continent and new express train service of the most palatial sort known to Europe or the Trans-Siberian road, invite the tourist to try a new journey through the most wonderful scenes the world affords.

The accuracy of the postoffice money order business is showing the fact that during the past two years the employees of the system paid 78,568,708 orders in the amount of over \$602,596,930, and the loss to the department through improper payment was only \$251, and not a penny of this was lost to a patron. It was the loss to the department in making good to patron where wrong payment was made.

A kiss is a peculiar proposition. Of no use to one, yet absolute bliss to two. The small boy gets it for nothing, the young man has to steal it, and the old man has to buy it. The baby's right, the lover's privilege, the hypocrite's mask. To a young girl, faith; to a married woman, hope, and to an old maid, charity.—Baltimore American.

The call for extension of rural free delivery from many parts of the country indicates that the farmers and other people in the country have assured themselves of the benefits of the system.

**CHARGING the ENEMY**

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Old Gib Ezell went swinging and stumping upon his crutches down the street and up the steps of his store. It was the biggest store in town, though not the smartest. Joe Beeman, who had opened up the spring before, just across the street, was running old Gib hard in groceries and hardware and leaving him out of sight when it came to knickknacks or dry goods pure and simple.

A man who half knew looked after old Gib, who across at the sign of his young rival and murmured half to himself, "What a pity!" Another man who knew also looked, listened to the exclamation and answered it, sticking out his chin as he spoke, "Better say, 'What a shame!'"

"Now you've got me," the doctor protested. "I'd risk my professional reputation that fall he got on the sleazy pavement did no worse harm to his shrunken shanks than bark them up pretty generally. There were bruises, of course, and on the shoulder and side as well. I told him he'd be out and about in plenty time for the Christmas trade, but from the first he stood me up, and he'd never make another steady step, or, for a fact, I'm bound to admit, he was right. There's nothing on earth the matter with his legs, nothing at least that I or the other doctors can see. Against that there is the fact that the minute he tries to walk on them he goes down like a man act-double under him as though they hadn't strength to bear up a spider. The trouble must lie in the nerves. If that's what you meant, I agree with you that it's a pity. I thought you had reference to the trick he's played on Joe Beeman."

"What if it?" asked Merton, the third of the group. "You know I've been away six months! Tell me all about it."

"Not much to tell," Dr. Waters said. "You know Florrie Ezell?"

"You know Florrie Ezell?" Merton asked. "Merton broke in recently. 'You don't mean Joe is gone on her like the rest of us? I thought—'"

"You've hit it," the doctor said. "Joe did stand out mighty well against the prevailing infection, but a man never knows what's coming in until it hits him square in the face."

"Lord! To think of Joe, the 'bomb-proof,' we called him," Merton chuckled. "How did it happen? Tell me all about it."

Merton, a newly evolved drummer, had given what he would have called "a comprehensive order." Dr. Waters also chuckled as he answered, nodding his head by way of emphasizing his points. "Well, you see, it's this way: The bomb struck for Joe when he saw Florrie Ezell swinging around a blue tarlatan angel, in a wait with Bob Acton at the Patton's party. Florrie's a pretty girl anyway you see her. That night she was particularly fetching. But that wasn't the thing. I insist that she was the thing. She was soon as the waits was over her foot for Florrie—didn't get a yard away from her all the evening."

"It was a freezing time, as I remember," Lew Bayne interrupted, with a laugh. "Indian summer up to dusk; then a cold rain, that turned to sleet in short order. Say, didn't old Gib get his fall that very night?"

"I'm coming to that, if you'll wait," the doctor ran on. "I tell you that was a sleet to remember. Joe, of course, then a cold rain, that turned to sleet in short order. Say, didn't old Gib get his fall that very night?"

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**HE—SHE AND THE IMP**

By A. C. ROWSEY

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He went to breakfast fully prepared and determined to speak about it. When half through the meal, he was promised with himself—he would just hint.

Yet the evening came. With it his laundry and the landlady, and the hint was not yet given.

Mrs. Halstead was the landlady, or "the mother of two, the relict of three," as the cheerful idiot in the hall-room epithetized her. "He was only a counter jumper," the landlady scornfully remarked before she fired him.

Mrs. Halstead had watched the old man all day. In her mind he had been construed and reconstructed into a possible fourth in the "also ran" class, whereby she should change her name—and later wear crepe. For three months at one time she had sutterings around the heart because of an air of embarrassment about him when he looked at her. Finally he told her about some time that had invaded his closet. In her eyes it was evidently only a hasty excuse when his courage failed him.

"The old chump," as she called him, had recently assumed mourning and remained in his room all day. These two things urged Mrs. Halstead to encourage him to speak his mind, arguing quite accurately that some one had died and he had inherited.

So she plumped herself in a chair after laying the laundry on the bed. Grimly she waited.

Mr. Peters was rejoiced at her lingering.

The lean old man paced the floor, favoring her at every turn with a look of indecision.

"Mrs. Halstead," he began hesitatingly—he seemed to be talking to the roses on the carpet—"I have been wanting to speak to you about—"

"Was there ever such an old fool!" she said to herself under cover of her apron—her face had a habit of perspiring under mental pressure. "About?" she queried in her smooth tone. Her supplemental toilet was finished.

"Yes, about—"

"Well, I guess another time will do, Mrs. Halstead." He sat down, trembling.

In the glare that she threw at the back of his bald head the orange blossoms were drooping, drooping and glooming.

"Now, Mr. Peters," she coaxed, "hadn't you better get it off your mind once and for all? I know'd you wanted to say something—oh, the cog was forty-five years and 150 pounds—and—"

"I love children—always have—er—good ones. Now that I feel financially able to care for one, I want to indulge myself. It has been the dream of my life. I never had a hobby, like other men, except this. Then he turned to her. "I prefer a boy, not too old—two or three years, I trust, would be old enough; also, while I think of it, I will pay you for any trouble he may cause you." Mr. Peters drew forth his wallet. His face was full of a tremulous excitement.

Mrs. Halstead mentally heard a dull thud as the bottom fell out of her hopes. But she did not show it when the old man placed a bill and a newspaper clipping in her palm and dismissed her with "Please get him to-morrow, poor little chap! I suppose they feed them on bread and water. He must be hungry." For, if the truth be known, the old man had in his early youth been an item of public expense owing to the bibulous habits of his male progenitor.

A fortune hope presented itself to her. "Why, Mr. Peters, why don't you get married and—"

his daughter is just as good a woman as ever was made."

"About Joe, now?" Merton queried. Dr. Waters frowned.

"Joe courted Florrie with such a rush that in a week they were engaged. Then he went right in to old Gib and had it out with him—told him all about himself and his business, in and out, up and down—but the substance of it was he wanted Florrie for his wife, and would do whatever old Gib said if only he could get her. And then the old crocodile pretended to cry; said Florrie was all he had to live for; he hoped Joe would press him for an answer then, nor, indeed, talk of an engagement until he was either dead or himself again. You know how soft-hearted old Joe is, and how he hangs on to his word once he passes it. Of course he promised, never mistaking the old wretch was playing him. So there you are! Florrie's worrying and losing color because Joe only speaks when they pass by, but they don't go to the house. Joe's about desperate, and old Gib is fattening and getting ten years younger—on spite and crutches. What the end is to be nobody can guess."

"Can old Gib be shamming?" Merton asked. Dr. Waters shook his head. "I thought so at first," he said. "But if he is it beats anything in the books. There's certainly nothing wrong with his legs, except that they're a bit flabby. It's equally as certain he can't walk on them. I think sometimes he has hypnotized himself. If he was just deceit and what I call cunningness, I would have been able before this to take him off his guard."

"Well, I can at least go over and console with Joe," Merton said, stepping across the street. "And maybe sympathy will be worth an order," he called back over his shoulder as he struck the store steps.

Although it was late March, it was still nipping cold. A red fire roared in the stove burner inside old Gib's store. Old Gib himself sat close beside it, his eye ranging all the miscellaneous merchandise which crowded shelves and floor. His three clerks had been on the jump all morning, but toward noon there came a lull. He was about to send two of them off to dinner when the door opened wide, and Merton came through, with Joe Beeman in his wake and Dr. Waters and Lew Bayne marching solemnly behind. Joe's face was white, his eyes brilliant, his figure tense in every line. Indeed, he looked desperate, and his voice rang hard as he said, stopping short three feet away:

"Mr. Ezell, I have come to ask you, here in the presence of these witnesses, to release me from my promise. You know well how it was given—with a total misapprehension of the truth."

"You mean you want to take my daughter, as well as my trade, and leave me, a cripple, to starve?" old Gib roared.

Joe set his teeth. "I mean nothing of the sort," he said. "Give me your daughter, and our home shall be yours. I will serve and care for you as I would for my own father."

"You won't get the chance," old Gib sneered. Joe half turned to his friends and whispered tersely: "Go away! Quick!"

"Going to murder me, hey?" old Gib snifed.

Joe stood very straight. The others had slunk toward the door, with the awed clerks huddling after. They heard Joe shout:

"It is not murder! I shall give my life to free Florrie from your intolerable tyranny!"

Then they saw him fling wide the store door and dash into it what seemed like several pounds of gunpowder.

Old Gib saw it too. With one wild, whooping yell he leaped from his chair, regardless of crutches, of everything but flight, rushed madly for the door, darted through it and did not pause until he came panting and trembling to his own gate. As he clung there the others overtook him, as breathless as himself, between running and laughing.

Dr. Waters made a low bow. "If I had thought three pounds of black sand would be so effectual, I would have had you well long ago," he said.

Merton dragged Joe forward. "If you want to kick anybody, kick me," he said to old Gib. "I put this lad," putting Joe's shoulder, "up to playing you that trick."

"Humph! I knew he didn't have the brains for it himself," old Gib snorted. But, though he had found his legs, he was none the less old Gib. The fact was proved by his letting Joe and Florrie marry almost out of hand and presenting them with both his store and his blessing.

Keep Him as a Sharper.  
Lord Brampton, when he was Mr. Justice Hawkins, when on circuit, finding a long summer evening drag on his hands, took a turn in the lanes, and, staying at a rural inn for a cup of tea, his ears were assailed by the charmed sound of the falling anemone.

With a lively eagerness he inquired of the landlord if there was an alley on the premises. By way of answer the landlord conducted him thither. The goodly company assembled eyed the newcomer with greedy eyes, thinking they would lead him on to an advantageous game.

The learned judge at once acceded to their invitation, in the course of a very short time relieving every gentleman in the place of his spare shillings.

Then the landlord thought it time to intervene and, touching his forehead on the back, said:

"Look here, my fine friend, we have had your sort here before, and if you don't want to shake hands with the police you'd better get out of this!"

His forehead went—London Standard.

of him, on another chair, was the youngster, Robbie, crying.

"What is the matter with him—now?" the old man asked himself wearily. The child yelled. The foster father claved his ears with his wrinkled hands and hoped, in a despairing fashion, that Mrs. Halstead would come to the rescue. Then he drew a her look of disapproval at the mess around the child. Toys of every description—pictures and picture books, his watch, fancy bottle stoppers, about everything not nailed—was there. Still the imp cried: "Mamma! Mamma! Robbie wants mamma!"

Yell! Yell! Yell!

The little spinster dressmaker who lived in the hall room passed the door just as Robbie achieved a brilliant chef d'oeuvre of yells. She skipped by in a scared manner, hurriedly inserted the key in her door and vanished. Peters and she had never exchanged a word, although he had occupied his room ten years and she had been in hers a year before. He was prejudiced against her in those early days because she ran a sewing machine and he hated the noise. The cause had ceased to exist, but the prejudice still clung to him, although he never protested against her. She on her part had grown to regard him as a gruff old ogre—past whose door she always hastened.

This afternoon he actually yearned for her or Mrs. Halstead or any woman to soothe the youngster. He sat there wondering if she knew anything about children. He hesitated. Robbie began to take in air for another outburst. Peters darted into the hall and knocked timidly at her door.

A few minutes later the child was sobbing on her breast, pouring out his tale of woe in indistinguishable syllables, while the distracted Peters walked the floor, eyeing the imp apprehensively. Miss Robinson held the child tenderly, absorbed in her office. The foster father was utterly out of the picture. The little woman loved children dearly.

Mr. Peters read the letter and heaved a sigh of relief. It was from his niece and contained an invitation to make his home with her. He had never seen his niece until she came to the estate introduced her at a meeting of the heirs.

Mrs. Halstead came in person to make his bed. The signs displayed at the breakfast table had actually made her blush and the boarders stare. Such looks! Such smiles! Such feet!

"Mrs. Halstead," he began briskly. Her portly form was bent with tucking in the clothes. "I am thinking of making a change in my life—a great change." He paused for encouragement.

"Yes," sweetly.

"Now—you see—Robbie and this woman next door—Miss Robinson—she—I supposed women have—hem—great ways with children." Warclouds gathered on the widow's face. "And I?"

"Not Miss Robinson?" exclaimed the landlady.

"Bless me, yes!" He looked at her in astonishment.

"Well, I declare!" Out of the door she floozed, with blood in her eye.

"Now, what is the matter with her?" he asked himself, rubbing his glasses and peering down the hall. "What strange creatures women are!"

He had intended telling her that from the way Robbie took to the spinster it seemed best to provide female care for him in the person of his niece.

"Papa," called Robbie. The old man started. The boy had kicked the covers from his cot. Mr. Peters looked gravely down at him.

The boy grinned back, tossed his bare fat legs and chuckled.

"You—you little imp," commented Peters, with a smile. "Do you know?"

His niece went out of the room with her nose held high in air. He shook his fist with latent rage at her vanishing form. The idea! Send the boy back because, forsooth, she didn't like children!

The muffled sound of sob came to his ears from Miss Robinson's room. He felt the hush of "the great idea."

"I—Mrs. Halstead—ordered me to move!" the spinster explained tearfully when she answered his knock. "It—seems so like—like home."

Then he managed to get out of the great idea. She? Oh—well—for love—of the boy—yes.

As Exhorter's Little Blunder.

"Public speakers often make curious mistakes," said an observant man, "and I have had occasion to note some rather singular things in this respect. Some time ago I attended a religious meeting in an out of the way section of the country, and the very first thing the speaker said put me to thinking. He was a short, stocky fellow, with a rasping voice, and was as solemn looking as if he had been going to the guillotine. Here is the first thing he had to say: 'I want to say a few words before saying what I want to say.' I could not refrain from laughing at the bad break of the fellow, and all the good things he said after that had no effect on me. It was wasted ammunition, so far as I was concerned. This speaker's blunder was a little mistake that sometimes do for a man. Really I believe the exhorter was as much put out by the blunder as I was amused, for his talk was not as smooth as it might have been."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Doubtless.

Voice (in the house)—Bessie, what is keeping you out there on the porch so long?

Bessie—I am looking for the comet, mamma, by knobs.

Voice—You'll take your death of cold, Bessie—Not at all, mamma. I'm all well wrapped.—Chicago Tribune.