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EXTRADITION

Treaty Between the United States and Roumania Successfully Negotiated by Minister Francis.

Hard to Find an Arbitration Commissioner Capable of Filling the Late Benjamin Harrison's Shoes.

WASHINGTON, July 19, 1901.

Postmaster General Smith has issued the orders defining, or rather more clearly defining, the nature of publications that can be mailed as second-class matter, which have been contemplated for some time, but will not work the slightest injury to any legitimate publication. They give postmasters full instructions for the careful enforcement of the law, which excludes from the second class those that cannot show a bona fide list of subscribers of more than one-half of their entire circulation—bona fide subscribers to mean subscribers who have paid for the publication and not for some premium offered, and postal officials to have the right to examine books of publishers whenever there is reason for doubt as to their claims. It is confidently believed that a rigid enforcement of these orders will result in making the Post Office Department show a profit, instead of a deficit, for the current fiscal year, besides enabling to better the mail service in many ways.

Hon. C. S. Francis, U. S. Minister to Greece, Roumania and Servia, has again demonstrated that a man who edits a successful newspaper is fitted to fill any position in life—Mr. Francis succeeded his father as editor of the Troy Times, one of the most influential papers in that section of New York, before he entered the diplomatic service. The Department of State has for the past ten or twelve years been trying to negotiate an extradition treaty with Roumania. Mr. Francis took up the task when he first went to Athens, and this week he placed in the hands of Secretary Hay a copy of a thoroughly up-to-date extradition treaty with Roumania, which only needs the ratification of the Senate to become effective. Secretary Hay warmly congratulated Mr. Francis on his success.

Secretary Hitchcock is well pleased with the progress of the preliminary work in the opening of settlement of the Indian lands in Oklahoma, as may be judged from the following quotation from a telegram sent by him to Assistant Commissioner Richards, of the General Land Office, who is in Oklahoma superintending the work: "I congratulate and thank you, and every member of your staff, for the energetic, self-sacrificing, and splendid work you have done, and are doing, and fully appreciate the respectful willingness of the homeseekers to comply with the details of the President's proclamation, the purpose of which was to give every one a fair and equal chance under the law."

The problem of how to keep Mr. James G. Stowe, who has resigned the position of U. S. Consul General, at Cape Town, South Africa, because the salary is not large enough for him to live in that expensive place, in the consular service will probably be solved by accepting his resignation and appointing him vice consul at that place or at any South African port he may prefer. As consul general he cannot under the law accept payment for services from private parties, but as vice consul he can act as resident agent for American exporters, as he has opportunities to do. Mr. Stowe has proven himself to be such a valuable man that Secretary Hay wishes to retain him in the consular service.

The vacancy in the Hague Arbitration Commission caused by the death of ex-President Harrison is not an easy one to fill. In order to maintain the political balance in the American representation on the commission the member must be a Republican and President McKinley wishes him to be a man whose judicial experience and knowledge of international law will compare favorably with the man whose place he will fill, and he must also be a man of national reputation. Several names are being considered by President McKinley and all the members of the Cabinet have been invited to submit others.

According to a story that is being told in Washington, Dan Lambert, new vice president of a railroad, who was Mr. Cleveland's confidential man during both his administrations and a member of the Cabinet in his last, is being groomed by sly "Bill" Whitley as Democratic candidate for governor of New York and possible candidate for President, on a platform made to catch votes, not to announce principles. The strikers among the Democrats would warmly welcome such a game, as "Bill" Whitley has many millions and has a reputation, emphasized by the manner in which he got Cleveland's last nomination, for turning loose liberally to get what he wants.

during the last fiscal year, there was a net increase of 4,305 pensioners during the year. The total number of pensioners at the close of the fiscal year was 997,835. The number of deaths among pensioners is slowly but surely increasing each year. The total for the year just closed was 2,273 greater than for the year previous.

Another Swindle.

Here is another way the farmer gets the worst of it from the smooth gentleman who always gets the money the quickest way. The game is being worked in the original sucker State, Illinois, and is explained as follows: About forty farmers in Fulton county have been caught in a new fangled scheme recently, by which they must pay about \$68 each. Some time ago agents called on them, showing a new sort of refrigerator. A bucketful of water twice a day would, it is said, keep milk and butter much better than it could be kept by the ordinary method, and that this company could pay about twice the prevailing price for this product. All they asked was that the farmers take the refrigerators on thirty days trial. There was to be no expense whatever. Then after trial the farmers could buy if satisfied. In case they were not the machine would be taken back. In the meantime the company would take their butter at twenty-five cents a pound. The farmers signed what purported to be this agreement, but a few days later they received a notice that a note for \$68 was at the bank awaiting payment. The bankers, of course, were innocent purchasers so it is probable the notes will have to be paid.

Married.

Sunday's Cincinnati Enquirer says: "One of the most interesting weddings of the week was that of Major Eldad C. Camp, a millionaire mine owner, who is reputed to be the wealthiest citizen of Knoxville, Tenn. The bride, Mrs. Nannie V. Laferty, has been making her home with her daughter, Mrs. H. Clay Renner, at whose home the marriage took place. Rev. W. A. Robinson, of Trinity M. E. Church, performed the ceremony. The bride wore an elegant gown of lavender mousseline over white silk, spangles and paillettes trimming the sleeves and corsage. Major Camp, the groom, is President of the Coal Creek Coal and Coke Company of Tennessee, and is a prominent attorney, and has figured extensively in politics, having served under President U. S. Grant as District Attorney. The newly married couple left Friday night for Boise City, Iowa, where Major Camp will attend the National Mining Congress. Next month he will attend the meeting of the National Bar Association at Denver, Colo., and then after a tour of the Pacific Coast will return to his beautiful home, Graystone, in the suburbs of Knoxville, Tenn., where they will permanently reside. Among the guests were General and Mrs. Barnard, of Washington, D. C., Rev. and Mrs. D. H. McKinney, Mr. and Mrs. John Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Dale, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Maddox, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Shaw and others." The bride was formerly Miss Nannie Fetters, of this place, afterwards Mrs. Samuel Lyle.

Another flagrant instance of Democratic mismanagement is the condition of the Court House lawn at Hillsboro. Instead of its being kept in nice shape, everybody is allowed to trample on it, and lounge on it to the great disgust of everybody who has occasion to visit the Court House. An unsightly band stand (?) disfigures it and is usually the resort of leisurely gentlemen whose chief occupation, apparently is to see who can expectorate tobacco juice the farthest. It is a pity that this naturally pretty piece of ground should be so desecrated.—Greenfield Republican.

The Republican is only "half right." The "keep-off-the-grass signs have long been a dead letter. This is somebody's fault, perhaps, and possibly nobody's. The general tendency in the management of public parks in large cities of late years has been to allow the greatest of freedom, on the assumption that as they belong to the public the public has a right to use them. The band stand is by no means mighty, to be sure, but its presence is desired by nine thousand and ninety-nine of every one thousand people who live near enough to come to town to hear the open air concerts. It is only a temporary affair and the excuse for its presence is the greatest good to the greatest number. As for the loafers that infest it, the Republican's remarks are all too true. The Democratic party of Highland has enough sense to answer for without being accused of something for which it is not to blame. It will go down in defeat this fall for many good and sufficient reasons, but the band stand in the court house park will not be one of them. As for the loafers who use it as a rendezvous they should have the attention of the police.

Assassins G. A. R.

The John M. Barrere Post No. 305 G. A. R. will hold its next regular meeting, Friday night July 26, and also the last Friday night of each month. The office is last week's NEWS-HERALD with a view to regular meetings with you.

Geo. B. Gammeter, Commander.

ODD HAPPENINGS.

Of Interest Clipped From the Columns of Valuable Exchanges.

How the City of Denver Came by its Name—Freaks of the Electric Fluid—Bad Batavia Boys.

DOG TALK.

That animals have a means of communicating their wishes we have no doubts. We were told a story not long since in proof. On a large farm were kept three dogs, one old and two young. The old animal was the house dog and well he kept up his reputation, being toothless he could scare all the pigs and chickens from trespassing and not hurt them. A neighbor called one day, and his dog, a young, saucy and inquisitive brute was in and over everything. The old dog called him to order and got a good chawing for his pains. He was not satisfied, but moosed to the barn a full quarter of a mile away, where the youngsters keep bachelors' hall. He soon returned and with him the pups. They came a fighting and soon had the self-important cur stretched and it took the family's assistance to liberate him, so he could make a break for home. The old dog all this time looking on and pounding the ground with his tail. After the cause of trouble was removed they held a sort of animal confab and the youngsters went back to the barn.—Decatur correspondent Ripley Bee.

HOW DENVER WAS NAMED.

A few days before reaching home we killed a fine buck, some wild turkeys and a buffalo calf. This suggested the propriety of giving our friends a game supper upon arriving at LeCompton. Among our invited guests was Governor James W. Denver. The governor was tardy in making his appearance, and as he was to preside at the supper, we were killing time in selecting a name for our city, but as heretofore we failed to agree, much to the disgust of some of us. Finally the door opened and there, in all his physical and mental magnificence, stood the governor. We all arose from our seats as he uncovered and greeted him most heartily, for we all loved the grand old man. Intuitively the sight and occasion suggested to me Denver as a fitting name for our city. The motion was made and a vote taken which received unanimous support. Thus was the city of Denver named and any other claim as to date of location, name and first survey of the land is pure fiction. The governor responded to our compliment in his happy and sterling way, lauding our enterprise and courage and predicting that the LeCompton association had builded better than they knew; that we had taken the initiatory step toward laying the foundation of a city of vast extent and of commercial benefit to our country at large.—Wilmington Democrat.

SAW THE FIREWORKS.

Just as the last downpour of rain had ceased Thursday night about 11 o'clock, a fearful bolt of lightning crashed into the house of George Marsh, which is located near Electric park. The lightning struck the north side of the house near the comb of the roof, passed down the studing, tearing them into splinters and knocking the weather boarding and plastering off completely. Mr. Marsh's daughter and a daughter of John Miller, were sleeping in a bed next to the north wall, and were completely covered up with the falling plastering and splinters. Mr. Marsh and wife were sleeping in an adjoining room, but were uninjured. The two girls were badly shocked, but soon recovered. The plastering on the floor was so hot that it burned the bare feet of the family who lost no time in jumping out of bed. Fortunately the building did not take fire from the bolt, and the family was saved an additional horror. The electrical display was wonderful and will long be remembered by Mr. Marsh and family.—Welleston Sentinel.

BOYS AND APRICOTS.

A Batavia citizen who has a fine apricot tree in his front yard bearing this season for the first time, looked proudly at the ripening fruit one morning last week, denying himself the pleasure of picking as much as one of the tempting beauties, in order to allow further opportunity for the fruit to mature. When he returned from his business at noon, not a half dozen specimens of the fruit were left on the tree, the ground beneath it was strewn with leaves, stones, clubs and green fruit and the citizen sat down on his stoop and said things. He thought at first that a vagrant cyclone had passed through the tree, but it seems that only some innocent boys from another part of the town had visited the place, while the good wife was doing her marketing, and filled their hungry little stomachs and indulged their desire for the fruit. And the citizen, though

a lover of children in the main, did not repeat to himself the text, "suffer little children to come unto me," but paraphrased it somewhat by saying, "if those children come this way again, they will suffer for it." It is not related that one of the boys was stricken with the colic for his wickedness.—Clermont Courier.

SAME HERE.

This is the time of year to visit Batavia. Never before was the town so beautiful as now—never before such wealth of shade, such beauty of lawns, such prodigality of flowers, such smooth pavements, clean, hard roadways over which the giant trees intermingle their branches, forming arcades of verdure from which the sun is barred, the daylight tempered and the rain checkmated. Then the conveniences of light and water, of communication with all parts of the county by telephone, of fine stores, shops and bazars where the most exacting taste can be accommodated, of homelike, modern churches and learned pastors, of pretty homes, of grand hills, of murmuring streams, of the abundant fruits of the earth, in short of every good thing. Visitors always welcome. The town is beautiful in all seasons, but the most beautiful just now because of its freshness and newness, but it will also be superb of October. Better come now and in October too.—Batavia Courier.

THE MISER'S ALTERNATIVE.

If the rich do not want their wills torn to pieces and their wishes disregarded as to the distribution of their wealth, they should make themselves better loved and better respected by their fellowmen, and avoid this evil of the courts, by commencing to give away their property while yet alive and while they can receive personally the gratitude of their beneficiaries. There isn't any virtue or generosity in surrendering wealth after you are dead anyway. The meanest miser on earth does that well.—Xenia Gazette.

PECULIAR PARAPHRASE.

Mr. Marion Lawrence in his talk before the S. S. Convention at Columbus, gives an interesting picture of the cow boys accompanied by the following humorous Cow Boy Paraphrase of the Good Samaritan: "One day a feller was goin' down from Jerusalem in the Jerico canon. A couple of chaps jumped on 'im, and when they had almost killed him, took 'is wad and run away. Purty soon a doctor cum and looked at him and sed 'It's none o' my medicine, an' an' went away and ridin' 'im. Then a cow boy cum along, ridin' a bronco. He got down by the feller an' took 'is wipe an' brushed away the dirt an' blood from 'is face. Then he took him up and put him on his bronco an' took 'im ter the roadhouse an' sed to the man, 'Look 'ere, you take care o' this fellar for me. Give ever'thin' he wants. Here's my wad, and if you need any more, w'en I cum back from the ranch I'll give it ter yer.'" Mr. Lawrence concluded this most interesting and instructive address with a description of the Mormon Sunday school and reciting some very amusing verses, the creed of the Mormon Sunday school pupil.—Scioto Gazette.

"EGGS"—TRAORDINARY.

A short time ago a game hen belonging to John S. Reese was killed by dogs after she had been setting for some time. Mr. Reese is an expert with bees and knowing the temperature of a hive to be about one hundred degrees, he concluded to use the hive as an incubator and finish the work of the dead hen. In due time every egg hatched; after shutting off the bees from the top section of the hive, it is now used as a brooder for the orphan fowls, and the chicks are thriving in their strange brooder. The bees don't like the arrangement, but a wire screen gives the chicks room for exercise and keeps the bees away.—Peebles News.

"Butchery!"

But the worst butchery of the job was the slaying of one Robert M. Ditty, from the wilds of Highland, the discoverer of Bob Hough, the bosom friend of Ulrich Sloan and the political guide of Col. Kilbourne. He was thrown down the political elevator and so disgraced that the papers could not make a decent word out of the remains. It is said Colonel K. wanted Ditty for Secretary. In this desire he had Ditty's cordial support. But the Brice men and the Lents contingent and the Bryan men with their free silver axes are camped on Ditty's trail, and he only got nine votes. Lew Bernard, who has always loved Ditty as a brother, wept copious tears into four glasses of beer as he explained how bad he felt.

Ditty says he will yet be elected Secretary. He will probably climb by the fire escape unless it is removed.—Wednesday's Enquirer.

The water in the stand pipe became so low Tuesday that from 3 to 11 p. m. the supply was shut off from all consumers. It is said that there is no danger of a shortage hereafter. Illegal wastefulness has undoubtedly had much to do with the shortage and it wouldn't require much detective work to locate the guilty parties.

TECUMSEH.

Modestly Mentions the Controversy Between Sampson and the Rest of the Civilized World.

And Then Tells of the Time When "Put Me Off At Buffalo" First Appeared in Black and White.

There appears to be three people in America who do not know that Admiral Sampson has been trying to steal the glory that rightly belongs to another. These people are Sampson himself, Crownshield and "Fighting Bob" Evans, whose ability to shoot off his mouth has earned him his thrilling dime-novel sobriquet. Of course there would be four of them if Macclay could be counted, but really he appears to be too small to count. When a historian has to work as a day laborer in order to make a living it is prima facie evidence that he isn't much of a historian. He is the jaw-bone whose lack of sense has finally knocked Sampson over the ropes, for unless all the rest of the American public are asses it is a certainty that Sampson, Evans, Crownshield and Macclay are.

Just by way of reminiscence, it reminded me, don't you know! The NEWS-HERALD received a few days ago a mess of type-written "copy" containing authentic official information concerning the plans of the management of a new "show" yclept "Put Me Off At Buffalo." The mere fact that Frank Ayres has the "show" booked to appear here early in the season entitles it to some consideration at the hands of the "dramatic editor," and having once been young at any time be ready to smooth the thorny road of the press agent.

Of course Delcher & Hennessy will bring a good "show." They always do. This will entitle the press agent to all that's coming to him, and if what hereinafter fellows advertises it a little more—well, he's always entitled to all he gets anyway.

But speaking about "Put Me Off At Buffalo," your humble servant is probably the first man who ever put the notes thereof on paper. I do not refer to the bank notes it has since made and kept circulating. Since we're started, I can remember when "the Dillon Brothers" young, pale and poor but good, bright, ambitious boys, got through from Cortland, N. Y. to Chicago to join a minstrel company that was opening the season there in the fall of 1885. It will not hurt them now, since they have houses and lots to throw at the birds, to incidentally mention that when it was learned that silk hats and Prince Albert coats were required for "the parade" the Dillon Brothers "frisked" all the pawn-shops in the Windy City and turned up resplendant in the regulation uniform. After a joint outlay of about seven dollars.

But, speaking about put me off and so forth:

While I was in Chicago in the winter of '93-'4 the Dillon boys came through the village with "a troupe." By a strange co-incidence they stopped at the Revere House where yours truly was one of the star boarders. In the meantime the Dillons had made quite an enviable reputation as the writers of comic songs, particularly parodies. Both were good natural musicians, but neither at that time had delved further into the technicalities of the science than to be able to play an indifferent second trombone in a band. The mere fact that they can now get two or three hundred per week—cuts little figure in this story, yet, 'tis true. One night, while we were discussing old times over a glass of lemonade "Hank" (its "Harry" now) remarked that he had the idea for a comic song and asked if I would put it on paper for him. We went to a piano in one of the Revere House parlors and while he "hummed" the melody of "Put Me Off At Buffalo" I found the notes on the piano and transcribed them upon paper. At the time I little supposed the song would in a few years be known all over the world and sung in various languages—but it has. It is now acknowledged by those in a position to know that that song has really done more to advertise the City of Buffalo to the world than all others agencies combined.

And if this booms the show at the "opry house" and helps Frank Ayres and Delcher & Hennessy and their press agent it isn't because of any fairy stories told by any of them or by Yours truly, TECUMSEH.

Major and Mrs. J. T. Yates have returned from a delightful visit of ten days to relatives and friends in Carmel, Marshall and Hillsboro, Highland county, Ohio. On their return they stopped for a while in Cincinnati, where they enjoyed each real genuine hospitality as Virginia could not surpass. Major and Mrs. Yates were much impressed with the fertility of

the soil, the large acreage of growing corn, the already harvested wheat crop, yielding about twenty bushels to the acre, the beautiful fields of hay, the fine cattle roaming over the bluegrass pastures, and last but not least, the elegant roads that have contributed no little to make that country so desirable as a place of residence.—Lynchburg, (Va.) News.

SCOTT HOLMES

Falls Cheerfully into the Procession and Sends a "V" to the Band.

Probably every reader of the NEWS-HERALD is aware that the "Prosecutor Holmes" so frequently referred to, pictured and quoted by the Cincinnati dailies is a Hillsboro product, but a great many of them do not know that one of Scott's neglected accomplishments is—or was—the manipulation of that most ancient and honorably of instruments, the trombone. This explains the reference to the "old wind jammers" in the following letter, which was accompanied by a check for \$5 for the Hillsboro Military Band:

I can never be otherwise than interested in anything which concerns and interests Hillsboro. It is always a matter of pride, of credit and of advertisement to a town to have a good Military Band, and I want to add the enclosed amount of "encouragement" toward the fund being raised. Of course, in the opinion of some of we "old wind jammers," no recent aggregation can ever hope to rival the artistic merits and musical triumphs of the old 13th Regiment Band. What a responsive chord Riley's "I want to hear the old band play" always strikes in my heart! I wanted to send this up in time to spend it at your feté—buying cream for a lot of little folks this hot weather. I see I'm too late for that now, but the band gets the "encouragement" anyhow and there you are.

Sincerely,
SCOTT HOLMES.

The amount has gone into the treasury of the band, every member of which hopes that the generous contributor may live to occupy a seat away-up—and the supreme bench would not be too good for him.

CUPID OR CUPIDITY?

One of These Displaces Political Ambition in DeVaney's Case.

George DeVaney, the only man born in Bainbridge who has ever made public his ambition to sit in the presidential chair, has, for a time at least, given up his chase for that office, and it would seem from the latest reports from George that he has been devoting his entire time and talent in a search for a wife.

For several years DeVaney was located at Paint P. O., from where he conducted his campaign for the presidency on a platform peculiarly his own, but he left there some time ago, and now he has bobbed up at Lyndon, this county, where he has again gotten into public notice by a bold, but unsuccessful scheme to wed the widow of the late Dudley O. Diggs.

Mrs. Diggs was left an estate of about \$60,000 by her late husband, and in some manner not explained by the reports, DeVaney became acquainted with her, since which time he has been a persistent suitor for her hand, and incidentally, the management of that sixty thousand. He succeeded in ingratiating himself into the good graces of the wealthy widow, but she would not consent to become his wife, and finding that his personal fascinations did not suffice to win her, he finally had recourse to other methods.

Mrs. Diggs has been very prominent in church work for years, and a few days ago DeVaney came to her with the startling intelligence that the church people had caused him to be arrested at Cincinnati for undue intimacy with her, and the only way to avoid a big scandal would be to marry him. Naturally, she was badly frightened, and finally promised to go to Chillicothe and get married. Tuesday she went with him, but at the last moment decided to consult a lawyer.

It was very soon found that the story of the arrest was an intention of DeVaney's and that no proceedings had been against either of them.

Still he insisted that the marriage take place, but the widow positively refused and it finally became necessary for the attorney consulted to threaten DeVaney with arrest before he would abandon his efforts to possess the widow's hand and disburse her fortune.

DeVaney was born in Bainbridge, being the son of George Washington DeVaney who, like the son, was an eccentric individual. The father was a blacksmith and cooper and had a shop at the corner of Main and Mountain streets, on the site now occupied by J. W. Steadman's blacksmith shop. The family left here many years ago but about six years ago George came back to this vicinity from Arkansas, since which time he has succeeded in gaining considerable notoriety by his canvass for the presidency. There is considerable speculation as to what form he will put his next bid for notoriety in.—Bainbridge Graphic-Observer.

The five year old son of Enoch Conard is suffering from a fractured skull as the result of a kick by a horse Saturday evening.

GRIM REAPER.

Death of Aunt Mary Lucas in Her One-Hundred and Second Year.

Superintendent of the City Building James B. Rowe Passes Away.—Sudden Death of Stuart S. Bayless.

"Aunt Mary" Lucas, the oldest resident of Highland county, died at her home near Marshall at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon, aged 101 years, 2 months and 13 days.

Mary Ann Dick (late Lucas) was born on Friday, the 9th day of May, 1800, and was one of a family of 12 children. She had a half brother, (Quinton Dick), who died in the army during the war with Great Britain in 1812 and 13, and another brother (Campbell) who was the first white child born in the present township of Marshall, this county. She was the mother of 12 children, viz: Lucinda, Nancy, William, Hugh, Mary Jane, Elizabeth, Milton, Sarah, Martha, Anna, Mariah and Rachel; six of whom are living and six are dead. She has 51 grand-children, 38 are living and 13 are dead and 90 great-grand-children, of whom at least 9 are dead, and 6 great-great-grand-children all living, making a grand total of 159 descendants, many of whom she has never seen, scattered as they are here and there in the far west. Only two-and-a-half months ago many of these and many of her friends met at her home to celebrate her 101st birthday.

The funeral was held at Dallas Wednesday morning where she sleeps beside the husband that preceded her a quarter of a century ago.

JAMES B. ROWE.

James Byron Rowe was the son of Peter and Sarah Rowe and was born at Greenfield a little over 90 years ago. He leaves a wife and one son, Clyde. The funeral took place from the Methodist Church, of which the deceased was a member, at 10 o'clock Wednesday, conducted by Rev. S. O. Royal. The fire department, city officials, John M. Barrere Post G. A. R. and Highland Commandery Knights Templar attended and escorted the remains to the Hillsboro Cemetery. A more extended sketch of the life of Mr. Rowe will appear next week.

STUART S. BAYLESS.

Stuart S. Bayless died suddenly Sunday evening, supposedly from heart trouble. He had not been seriously ill and had been taking treatment for incipient carbuncles in the neck. He became suddenly ill and died in a short time. He was about 50 years of age and for many years followed railroading. The funeral took place Tuesday, Rev. Hughes, of the United Brethren Church conducting, and the remains were interred at Ambrose Chapel.

WILSON HICKS.

Wilson Hicks, a brother of Mrs. Henry Strain, died at his home near New Market Tuesday.

FOR FRESH AIR.

Cincinnati Children Will be Given an Outing by Hillsboro People.

At the regular meeting of the Sarah L. Richards Altruistic Association last Friday a movement was started by which a number of children from Cincinnati's over-heated condition might be furnished with homes for two weeks in Hillsboro or country homes.

A committee consisting of Mesdames J. H. Richards, Cotton Mather, Archie Hewitt and Miss Dawson has the matter in charge. Persons desiring to help this laudable enterprise, yet unable to personally care for the little strangers, have contributed handsomely.

Others wishing to do likewise may rest assured that this very competent committee will place them only in homes where a judicious care will be exercised. Donations of money and homes are solicited.

None but healthy children will be sent. Sect and denominational lines are not in evidence. This community is under unanceled obligations to Cincinnati's hospitals, and this would be a good opportunity for showing its appreciation.

"Do you hear the children weeping, O, my brothers! See the sorrow comes with years! They are leaning their young heads against their mothers. And they cannot stop their tears. The young lads are bleeding the mothers! The young birds are chirping in the nest. The young fawns are playing with the shadows. The young flowers are blowing toward the west. But the young children, O, my brothers! They are weeping bitterly. They are weeping in the playrooms of the others in the country of the free."

Dr. W. C. Duckwall made a valuable donation in government charts and reports to the High School. These books reflect the interest the doctor holds in public education and will serve a rich source of reference in geology, physiography and topography.