

THE NEWS-HERALD

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In Memory of Col. Geo. W. Barrere

The following sketch of the life of Col. George W. Barrere was read at his funeral:

George W., son of John Mills and Margaret Morrow Barrere, was born on a farm near New Market, Highland county, Ohio, on Nov. 19, 1831, died at his home in Hillsboro, Ohio, on Dec. 21, 1913, aged 82 years, 1 month and 2 days. He was one of a family of 14 children and was the last member of the family to pass away.

His grandfather, George W. Barrere, was one of the pioneer settlers of this county, emigrating from Kentucky and settling at New Market in 1802. He was one of the prominent men of his day, serving several terms in the senate and house of the Ohio legislature and being for years one of the associate judges of the court of Common Pleas of Highland county.

John M. Barrere, Col. Barrere's father, was one of the able and active men of his time and for eleven years was postmaster of Hillsboro.

The boyhood life of Col. Barrere was similar to that of other boys of those pioneer days. He received his education in the common schools and finished at the Hillsboro Academy under the instruction of Prof. Isaac Sams. When a young man he came to Hillsboro to live, clerking for a time in the store of the late James W. Patterson and later being employed in the bank of which his uncle, Benjamin Barrere, was president.

Shortly after the outbreak of the great Civil War he enlisted in Co. A 60th O. V. I., and was chosen 1st Lieutenant of his company. He was with his regiment in all of its engagements and was mustered out with it after 13 months of service. He later enlisted in the 169th O. V. I. and was Lieutenant-colonel of the regiment. The war record of Col. Barrere's family is truly great. His father was Adjutant of the 60th O. V. I. and lost an arm at the battle of Harper's Ferry. Col. Barrere and four of his brothers were in the service and three of his brothers gave up their lives for their country. His brother, William, was lost as he was returning from a Southern prison when the Sultana blew up; his brother, Thomas, passed away in Andersonville prison and his brother, Bebee, died in a hospital in Kentucky.

Col. Barrere was married to Mary J. Brown on January 23, 1861. To this union two sons were born, one of whom, Elgar, of Circleville, survives him. After a few years of a happy married life, he was bereft of his companion.

On Dec. 22, 1870 he was married to Armida J. Brown. To this union four children were born three of whom, George W., Mary J., and Granville, all of Hillsboro, together with his wife, survive him.

In the early 70's Col. Barrere was appointed deputy postmaster of Hillsboro by his father and served in this capacity for eleven years. In 1883 shortly after going out of the postoffice he purchased an interest in the Highland News, now the News-Herald. From that time until his death he was one of the owners of this paper and until a few years ago was active in its management and even until the last kept in touch with its affairs and aided with his advice and counsel.

Col. Barrere was one of the landmarks of Hillsboro. For over sixty years he had been prominently identified with all of its activities, in business, socially, in the church and Masonic Order.

And here it is fitting to mention his connection with the Masonic Order, which he loved so well. His grandfather, George W. Barrere, was the first master of Highland Lodge, which was organized in 1817. His father was a master of this lodge and Col. Barrere was also one of its masters, serving in this capacity several terms. How faithful he was to his order, how dearly he loved it and how well he was beloved by its members and what he meant to it, all of its members bear eloquent testimony. He had filled every office in all of the different bodies and the weather was never too bad for him to attend its meetings. Often the writer has heard it said that Col. Barrere was the best posted Mason in Ohio.

Often Col. Barrere was spoken of as one of the pillars of the Hillsboro Methodist Church, and he was appropriately named, but it is needless to enumerate the many instances of his fidelity to duty, as fidelity, justice and kindness marked every act of his long, useful and active life.

There is only one who knew the many beauties and the nobility of his character better than the writer and now words fail me as I attempt to bear my testimony. I never knew him to lose his temper or speak a harsh word under any circumstances. I never heard an oath or foul word or impure thought pass his lips. Being good he could always see good in others and he never said unkind things of anyone. If he could not speak well of anyone he said nothing. Although quiet and reserved in manner, he was a man of strong convictions and held firmly to his views and consistently worked to carry them out. Upon every moral question you knew where to find him. He was always on the right side. As one who knew him intimately said, "I have known Col. Barrere for forty-six years and in all of that time he was always on the right side of every question."

No man ever more faithfully followed St. Paul's injunctions, "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good repute, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think of these things."

On the evening before his death, not realizing how prophetic were the words he sang as his daughter, Mary, at the piano played for him two of his favorite hymns, "Jesus lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly," and "Come thou fount of every blessing," and at the break of dawn the next morning peacefully and quietly his spirit ascended to the Master he had served so long and faithfully. He wrapped the drapery of his couch about him and laid down to pleasant dreams.

Thus ended the life of one who is best described by the expression heard from so many since his death, "He was so good."

CAREYTOWN.

Dec. 22, 1913.

Mrs. Ora Wilson and Chas. Boatman called on Mrs. T. B. Smith, Tuesday evening.

Samuel Engle and wife spent Saturday with their son, Walter.

Ethel Fetro is spending a few days at Chas. Diven's.

Helen Purdy spent Sunday with Olive and Lettie Smith.

Harold Michael and wife entertained several of their friends Saturday evening.

Leona and Madge Chaney spent Saturday night and Sunday with Rose Michael.

T. L. Carey and wife spent Sunday with the latter's parents, S. E. Michael and wife.

Kirby Chaney and family spent Sunday with Loren McCune and family.

C. N. Carey and wife spent Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. Isaac Dunlap.

Carey Priest and wife spent Sunday with the former's parents.

Homer Grove and family spent Sunday at Harry Fenner's.

NEW PETERSBURG.

Dec. 22, 1913.

Miss Mary Carper is very ill.

E. V. Barnes, of Xenia, visited his sister, Mrs. M. F. Garman and other relatives the past week.

There will be a "Poverty Social" held in the Hall New Year's eve. Light refreshments will be served. Everybody invited.

A large crowd attended the oyster supper at the Presbyterian church Saturday night. A good sized sum was added to the Treasury.

Miss Laura Carper is home at the bedside of her sister.

Richard Winegar, wife and children spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents.

Miss Georgia Bell, of Rainsboro, Mrs. Murray Browning, of Dayton, and Edna Wolfe visited Eva Pearce, Saturday night.

Eva Pearce and Edna Wolfe spent Sunday with Ferris Wolfe and family.

MOWRYSTOWN.

Dec. 22, 1913.

Rev. Geo. Hill was called to Clarksville last Friday to officiate at a funeral.

Miss Lillian Lance, of Illinois, is here to see her uncle, Jacob Yochum, who is ill.

Gray Courts and daughter, Marguerite, of Sardinia, were guests of relatives here last Tuesday.

L. P. Druhot was a business visitor in Cincinnati the past week.

Glenn Rossetol, Lloyd Mignery and Miss Laura B. Cornet, students of the Westerville schools, Elmer Hawke, of the O. S. U. of Columbus, and Harley Druhot, of the Oxford schools, are all here for the holidays.

The Daughters of Rebekah entertained the Odd Fellows with an oyster supper on last Friday night at the latter's hall.

L. A. Beuler and family and Miss Nellie Winkle were business visitors in Cincinnati last week.

The third number of the Lecture Course, Ralph Parlette orator of good cheer is announced for Dec. 27, at the Opera House here.

Ray Druhot, Principal of the New Lexington schools came to spend the Christmas vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Druhot.

Miss Daisy Kier, of Hillsboro, is a guest of her parents, Wm. Kier and wife this week.

Warren Martin returned last week from Dayton, Ky., where he visited his brother Glenn Martin.

Married in Cincinnati on Wednesday, Dec. 19, Dr. M. F. Funk, of Mowrystown, and Miss Rena Shumaker, of Hillsboro. Rev. Hill performed the ceremony.

Louis Sauner and wife entertained a company of their friends one evening last week at their home north of town. The guests enjoyed the social conversation and the splendid refreshments. Mrs. Sauner had prepared for the occasion. Those who were invited were: Sherman Underwood and family, Eli Martin and wife, Jas. Haller and wife, Frank Ruble, wife and son, Harry, Edison Haller, Mrs. Rilda Roberts and S. C. Kay and wife, also Herbert Roberts and family and Chas. Bohl teacher of the Taylorsville school.

Harry Sauner and wife were business visitors in Cincinnati last Tuesday.

The Presbyterian S. S. Classes enjoyed their Christmas entertainment last Sunday morning.

Mrs. Ray Campbell, who has been a guest of relatives here the past week returned to her home in Cincinnati last Monday.

Mrs. Jennie Young and children have returned from a visit to relatives at Ash Ridge.

Clarence Gray moved his family to a farm in the Dixie neighborhood. The farm he vacated will be managed by Mr. and Mrs. Louderback, formerly of Sardinia.

KNOWN AS "BIDDY" M'REIL

By MAURICE SMILEY.

About the only reason for calling him "Biddy" was that he was such a "mother boy," as most of the folks in the neighborhood called him.

Not that they looked down on him for being so devoted to his mother. That is, those whose opinion really amounted to anything. Of course some of the light-heads made fun of a man of twenty-five still "tied to his mother's apron strings," as they rang the changes on the old cheap witticism. Tom didn't care for that.

Perhaps, however, he really did care after Millie Lee took the district school. He didn't want her to make fun of him.

After Tom's father had worn himself out on the old place and had been gathered to his fathers, Tom's two brothers and sisters had "married off" one by one. But he stayed on, wringing by unremitting industry a scanty living from the rocky soil.

If Tom had ever given any thought to setting up a home of his own, he had resolutely banished it.

"It's a shame, Tom," said his mother, wisely, "that you should be tied down here on this old place to an old woman, when you ought to be setting up a home of your own."

"All right, then," he replied, with a smile, "I'll bundle you off to the poor-house and strike out for the city."

Then he caught his mother up in his arms and said, tenderly:

"Never you mind, mother, I'm not worrying about it and why need you?"

But all the same Tom did a good deal of worrying. For one thing, Millie Lee, while she seemed to like him more than any of the other young men in the neighborhood, was yet a little too fond, apparently, of Bud Brighton to preserve Tom's entire peace of mind.

Then there was the matter of that black streak down in the pasture. Tom hardly dared to hope that there was coal down there. Secretly he was sinking a rude shaft, though he told his mother he was only digging a well to increase the supply of water for the stock.

Then came the day when he "struck it." He could hardly realize all that it meant when his drill bit the hard, black substance which proved to be an excellent quality of coal.

When he went home that night two surprises awaited him. His mother was seriously ill and Millie Lee was waiting on her.

For reasons of his own, he did not say anything about finding coal in paying quantities. He would stake his chance with Millie on the merits of the case and if she cared for him at all, she would accept a hard-working, poor man.

He watched her as she prepared the evening meal and a sudden resolve took possession of him.

"It looks awful homelike to see you around the old place, Millie," he said. "I've got something on my mind that I have had there for a long time."

She paused in the act of taking the biscuits from the oven and possibly the heat from the stove made her face flush.

"I know I ain't good enough for you," he went on, bluntly. "I haven't had any education. I've just been taking care of mother ever since I was a boy and I ain't had the chance that lots of young men have had. You know what the old place is. There ain't much to be made out of it. It wouldn't support three people very well, specially when one of 'em has been used to better things."

Millie was nervously setting the table by this time. She nodded as he paused, but neither of them noticed the disheveled figure peering in the doorway, the eyes wild with fever.

"I don't mind telling you, Tom, that I would marry you if it was not for your mother. There isn't enough for us all. You will have to do something about her."

Perhaps she put the test badly, for Tom thought she really meant that he must give up his mother and let her shift for herself. The thought cut him like a knife and he stared out into the night too pained to say anything for a time.

"I can't do that, Millie," he said slowly. "I can't leave my old mother—not even for you. I didn't think you was that kind. I thought you was different."

Before she could explain Tom had passed into the bedroom, to give a cry of alarm a moment later and rush out into the darkness.

He found her wandering aimlessly along the road to the town, babbling incoherently in her delirium about "getting out of the way."

Strong and tender arms bore her back to her home and beside the bed where Tom was kneeling Millie Lee put her hands on his shoulder and said:

"I didn't mean it the way you thought, dear. I was only trying you. I only meant—that I—"

"That you love me too much to be a burden to me?" asked Tom in a whisper of fierce joy as his mother dropped off into a calm sleep.

Millie nodded as she put her head where her hands had been.

The Circus He Had Eaten. Little Freddie had just made his first acquaintance with animal crackers. After eating quite an assortment of them Freddie became very thoughtful.

"What makes you so pensive, dear?" asked his mother.

"Oh, I was just thinking what a circus was going on inside of me."

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE

By C. D. DOUGLAS.

Several years ago, after a decade of hard, but remunerative, labor, I found myself in the city of Paris.

I resolved to take a rest while I could, and have a good time. During my three months' stay in the French capital, I met with many adventures, most of them the result of my imperfect acquaintance with the language, and many of them ending in a mutual explanation and a good-humored laugh; but the one I am about to relate was of an entirely different kind.

During my travels I had picked up and preserved a great variety of costumes, and the fancy now seized me to wear them just as the whim should dictate. And so I did. On Monday I would stroll out attired as a Russian, on Tuesday as a Turk, on Wednesday as a Swiss, and so on.

There was one of my costumes that was rather a favorite with me—a showy Spanish dress, richly braided, with a large mantle and sombrero to match. I believe I had appeared in public with this much oftener than with any of the other costumes. A few nights after my interview with the prefect, I was returning to my lodgings in this dress. There had been a great exhibition of fireworks in the Place Vendome, which had continued until 11, and as I walked on slowly, enjoying my cigar, it was half an hour later before I turned into the narrow street on which was my place of abode. The street was unlighted and quite dark and deserted.

Presently three men came rapidly behind me, talking and laughing in a way that at first led me to think they had been taking too much wine. One of them quickened his pace, overtook me, and addressed me in Spanish. I knew a little of the language, and I understood that he was asking me for a light.

I held out my cigar, and at the instant my arms were seized from behind and pinioned with a slip-knot, my throat was compressed by a pair of bony hands, and a thick, padded hood was wrapped closely about my face and head. The thing was done so suddenly and so secretly that I was taken entirely by surprise. I tried to cry out, but found I could not utter a sound. I was lifted off my feet; I heard a shrill whistle, a carriage was driven up, I was thrust into it, some of my capiors following, others mounted the box, and the vehicle was driven away at a rattling pace.

I gave myself up for lost, and was whispering a prayer, when the most astonishing phase of my adventure occurred. The three men simultaneously uttered a Spanish oath, and dropping the points of their weapons, thrust their faces close to mine and peered into it. A torrent of Spanish oaths succeeded the inspection; the hood was thrown over my head again, and my arms and legs were again tied. I was then carried back to the vehicle, and actually returned to Paris as swiftly, as secretly, and as rapidly as I had been taken out of it. My bonds and muffer were once more removed, and I was put down at the very spot where I had been kidnaped, not at all injured in body because of my adventure, but much bewildered in mind. The carriage and its conductors were instantly gone.

After a very sleepless night I repaired to the prefect of police and told him my story. He was much interested by it, and asked me many questions.

"What under heaven does it all mean?" I at length asked.

"Oh, it's very easily understood, Monsieur Masquerader. It may be that you, in your Spanish dress, and with your brown face and well-trimmed beard and mustache, must bear a remarkable resemblance to some real Castilian in Paris. The real Castilian has his enemies; he has eloped with somebody's wife, or shot somebody's brother. His enemies conspire to assassinate him; how, you had nearly found out in a practical way last night! They make a very natural mistake, under the circumstances, and lay hold of Monsieur Masquerading American, instead of Monsieur Castilian. They find out their mistake at the last moment, much to their chagrin, and, instead of cutting you to pieces in the old chateau, they bring you back again, to learn a little wisdom from the adventure. Ah, I must look after these Spaniards—I think I have a clew to them."

The prefect smiled and bowed me out; and my first care was to go to the tailor and order a suit of Parisian garments.

Curtained.

"I wonder," said the boy who was looking at an old photograph, "why grandfather wore those large whiskers." "Possibly," replied Mr. Meekton, "he was willing to do almost anything to conceal our family custom of letting the wives select the husbands' neckties."



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