

LYNCHBURG.

May 18, 1914.

The Memorial Services will be held in the Lutheran church next Sunday at 2 o'clock. Rev. Martin will make the address.

W. A. West and family motored to Cuba Sunday afternoon. Mrs. West's mother, Mrs. Bates, who had been visiting her daughter for a few days, returned home with them.

Duna McAdow transacted business in Springfield, Tuesday.

Miss Anna Booseveld, of Cincinnati, attended the commencement exercises and visited home folks a few days last week.

Miss Hilda Goddard spent two days of last week with Mrs. Anna Fields, of Cincinnati.

Wendel Perry has accepted a position with the Cincinnati Post. After visiting friends a few days at Delaware, he will take up his work in Cincinnati.

Miss Nettie Pulse entertained Miss Russell, of Taylorsville, over Sunday.

Emmett Paris and three friends, of Cincinnati, were entertained at the home of Mrs. Naomi Paris, Sunday.

O. W. Roush is home for his summer vacation.

Birch Reams and wife are visiting relatives at Madisonville.

Ed DeLaney and wife were with relatives at Fayetteville, Sunday.

David Archer and wife spent Sunday at Danville.

Mrs. Milton McClean and daughter, Marin, of Covington, Ky., were guests of Mrs. Wm. Cleveland the latter part of the week.

Marian DeLaney was with her sister, at Oxford, Thursday and Friday.

Miss Marlie VanWinkle is spending this week with Mrs. Wm. Patterson, of Blanchester.

Ed Srofe and wife entertained 75 of their friends last Saturday evening in honor of their 20th wedding anniversary. The evening will long be remembered by all present.

Rev. and Mrs. Dresch were in Cincinnati Thursday.

John Huffner and wife, of St. Martins, spent the latter part of the week with Bunn Archer and family.

Mrs. John Carroll, of St. Louis, was the guest of Mrs. Isma Troth and Mrs. Geo. Linton part of last week.

J. A. McAdow and Mrs. Mary DeLaney spent Monday with relatives at Pricetown.

The dedication of the Christian Church will take place May 31. There will be all day services, conducted by Rev. Snizely.

The past week was a very strenuous one for our public schools and its interests. The final examinations, then the class play on Wednesday night, which was well rendered and appreciated by a packed house. Commencement exercises on Thursday night at the M. E. church. Ralph Price and his expert musicians of Greenfield, furnished the music and if possible were even more popular than when here before. The address by Sylvester A. Long, of Dayton, was pronounced the best that we have ever had at a commencement. He spoke of the subject, "The Golden Key," and for an hour held the undivided attention and interest of his audience. Madelen Montgomery received the scholarship to Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware and Jessie Murphy to Wilmington College. The class numbered ten. They wore the High School cap and gown of gray.

On Friday night the Alumni Banquet was held in the High School Auditorium. The number present was larger than usual and a very delightful program was rendered. All in all this has been a very successful and profitable school year from Primary grade to Senior Class. The corps of teachers has been faithful to duty and all teachers have been re-elected for the ensuing year.

EAST DANVILLE.

May 18, 1914.

Mrs. America Robinson is spending this week with her son and wife.

Mrs. Curt Roler and daughter, of Washington C. H., spent Saturday night and Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Amos Hawk.

Mrs. Leon Hopkins, of Georgetown, is spending a few days with relatives here.

Miss Leslie Bishir took dinner with Miss Mattie Fouch Sunday.

Misses Erma and Retta Huggins, of Buford, are spending a few days with relatives here.

A. B. Stockwell and wife visited relatives in Martinsville Sunday.

Mrs. Sarah Fouch, of Blanchester, is spending this week with her son, John.

David Archer and wife, of Lynchburg, spent Sunday with John Fouch and wife.

Miss Anna Kibler is spending a few days with Wm. Bishir and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hawk attended church at Pricetown Sunday night.

George Mann, Chester Cochran and Carl Stockwell attended church at Union Sunday night.

END OF ELKWOOD

By FRANK FILSON.

Mary Seaton set down her full pail and stared over the distant hills.

She had lived all her five and twenty years in the little, sordid settlement in the plains. Ever since childhood she had longed to cross the mountains which seemed to shut her in and press on her until they became intolerable.

She knew that beyond them no man had set foot, except the wandering traders and trappers of the northwest. There lay freedom. Perhaps it was from her half-Indian mother that she inherited this love of freedom. Her father, the hard-working old Scotch farmer, had lived in the village for 20 years. He was satisfied with his lot. He never wanted to go further—nor Joe, either, Joe who, at her father's insistence, had wrung from her and unwilling "yes" to his suit a month before.

They were to be married the following Monday.

"Mary!" called her father sharply. "What are you doing, lass? Dreaming again?"

Mary took in the pail and sat down to the cheerless supper.

The village of Elkwood lay in a valley, just below the new, huge government dam, now nearing completion, wherein all the head waters of Rock river fretted and surged. Soon they would be led out through a score of apertures to carry moisture to the thirsty fields. Mary hated the dam, because it would mean more self-satisfaction to Elkwood. With the new prosperity that it would bring there would be no hope that Joe would ever take her away.

And she hated the prison, of masonry, built at the head of the valley. She hated it because she knew that it held imprisoned men who longed for freedom even as she longed for it.



"The Dam's Burst."

There dwelled all those for whom civilization meant servitude, men whose whole lives had been warfare against this smug, self-satisfied society of the plains.

There was one man—a tall, lithe, dark-haired fellow, whose eyes seemed to her like those of a captive eagle which her father had once possessed. He was a trusty. Sometimes he drove the prison van down the hill, filled with its goods of prison making, to the railroad terminus. She knew that he was one of those untamed souls whose home lay on the other side of the mountains.

After supper Joe came—Joe, with his smooth, sleek face and air of ownership. He had not courted her—he had courted her father's favor, and her father had given her to Joe.

"You'll take Joe, my lass," he said to her. "He's a good farmer and has the best land in Elkwood. You'll take him next month."

Obedience had always been necessary to Mary, because she knew the futility of rebellion. There was no refuge for her. She knew no other place than Elkwood.

She went to bed and in her dreams she was with the eagle-eyed man of the prison. He had saved her from a crashing world, and they two stood alone together upon the crests of the mountains looking northward over the plains.

"This is our home, Mary," he said, and kissed her.

She started from her sleep. That crash had been no dream. It seemed as though the whole universe were rearing into ruin. There was the noise of a hundred avalanches.

She had barely thrust on a few clothes when her father ran screaming to the door.

"Mary! Mary!" he yelled. "The dam's burst. God help us! The water will be here in twenty seconds!"

Mary looked at him in quiet joy. The water! That meant the end of Elkwood, the end of all she feared and hated. It meant death, too, but death could bring no unhappiness.

Suddenly, with the force of a battering-ram, the floods smashed down upon the house, and timber and stone went crashing into a heap of rubble and splinters. The floor yielded, the floods surged and swirled around her. Unconsciousness, black, barren, and all enveloping, took possession of her. Yet her last sensation was one of indifference.

She opened her eyes long afterward. It was daylight; the sun was rising over the plain and touching the tops of the hills with gold. She was lying upon a heap of what had once been

beams and girders, but was now only a heap of wood, caught between two islands of masonry that rose out of the swirling flood. And all around her was water. Not a house was left in Elkwood. The valley had become a river; the stream had forced its way through the weak spots in the masonry and was roaring on its thousand-mile journey toward the sea. And where the prison had been was only a pile of shattered stone.

Suddenly she perceived something that made her heart beat quickly. Upon the other side of the pile of masonry lay the body of the prisoner. He lay there as if dead, his face pallid as snow, his sinewy arms outstretched, while the water rippled round him. Painfully the girl crawled toward him. She bent over him, and as she did so, his eyes opened.

For a moment he stared at her, and then consciousness returned. "The flood!" he muttered. "Where are they?"

"They are all dead," she sobbed, and all at once the sense of desolation came upon her. Her father, tyrannical though he had been, had been all she had ever had. And they two alone survived out of a thousand.

"I was with the wagon," he muttered. "The flood struck me. I knew nothing more."

That was how he had escaped; as for those shut up in the prison, not one had survived the flood. The same fortunate accident that had saved him had saved the girl; the ruins of masonry had held fast and formed a barrier on which the floating debris had accumulated.

All day they cowered there, and by nightfall, when the water was lower, they managed to wade to land. They had found a box of canned meats, and flour, but little damaged by the water. While they ate he told her his story. He had been a trapper; he had been arrested on a charge of burglary, trumped up by a storekeeper with whom he had quarrelled, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. He had served three-fourths of his time.

"Where will you go?" she asked.

"Home," he answered simply, pointing over the mountains. His home lay there; the plains and forests were his, and all the boundless prairies his domain.

He took her by the hand and they fared forth like two children. Each had an infinite faith in the other, for it takes two to make a home, and so there was no need for any formal questioning.

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BIRTHPLACE OF INDIVIDUALITY

Men Become Self-Reliant by Relying on Themselves—Gain Clear Opinions.

Many great qualities come to their best in a life of comparative isolation. A big tree, an oak or elm, standing out in an open field has a toughness of fiber, a spread of boughs and roundness of shape that is never seen in a tree that stands in the woods. So people get individuality by being much alone. They become self-reliant by relying on themselves. They gain clear opinions by thinking things over, and thinking them out to their necessary conclusions. They acquire inflexibility of purpose by facing obstacles and conquering them. The pioneers of our country and the fathers of the republic were such men. The projectors of great undertakings carried through triumphantly have acquired their power in this way. The country is the natural nursery of such qualities. People are wanted on the farms to raise corn and grow stock for the markets; but they are wanted there far more for the training of manhood and womanhood in moral worth, in religious sensibility, in all the traits of a strong, upright personality. In the future as never heretofore our cities with their multiplying wealth and lavish luxury are likely to need the country for that steady renewal of their better life which shall keep them from relaxing into sensuality and sinking into decay.

Extraordinary Football Feat.

B. P. Walker has a theory that persons who know nothing about football should not attempt to describe the game. He writes: "A late novel by a Kansas author depicts a football game in which the hero is the shining star. The score stands 5 to 0 in favor of the hero. Suddenly the quarter back of the opposing team skirts the end and eludes the whole hero bunch. He tears down the field like a flash and is left in two yards of the hero's goal. Just then the hero comes to life and shakes off the tacklers and makes a few mighty bounds. The last bound is so fierce that he lands out in front of the flying quarter back and crushes him to the ground only a yard from the goal. That, brethren, is some running, even for a hero. Just why the tacklers of the offensive team were tackling the players on the defensive team the author does not state."—Kansas City Star.

Without Hamlet.

"So this is home-coming week in Hodgeville?"

"Yes, but the only man who ever succeeded in putting this town on the map won't be here."

"Unavoidably detained?"

"Yes; he's in the penitentiary."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Author's Cellars.

"I hear you have bought a house out at Swamphurst," remarked the friend of the author. "Have you a good cellar?"

"Fine," replied the author. "They tell me it's one of the six best cellars."

BORROWING A BOOK

By NELLIE SCHOFIELD.

"What is that interesting looking book there on your dresser?" asked Marjory, as she watched her friend Dorothy do her hair in the latest fashion.

"That is the new novel, 'Untold.' You have heard of it, haven't you?"

"Have I heard of it? Well, I should say so. I have been dying to read it and I'm going to take it home with me now."

"No, you are not!" declared Dorothy. "I have three more chapters to read and my family haven't even seen the book."

"I don't care; I am going to take it anyway. Bob has told so much about it and he is coming over tomorrow evening. I must be able to discuss it with him intelligently. Let me see, today is Monday. I'll bring it back on Thursday."

"But why don't you buy a copy if you are so anxious to read it?"

"What! Spend my money for a popular novel when I can borrow it from my dearest friend? Why, that would be extravagant."

"But I have explained to you that your dearest friend has not yet finished the book and her family hasn't even seen it. Isn't the owner entitled to the first perusal?"

"Don't argue the subject, dear," ordered Marjory, sweetly. "You know you won't refuse me, especially now that I have told you Bob is coming tomorrow evening."

"I suppose I'll have to lend it to you," sighed Dorothy. "You always get your own way. Please understand, Marjory, that I insist upon having 'Untold' back by Thursday at the latest."

"I promise," laughed Marjory, kissing her friend. Then she hurried away with the book under her arm.

The following Thursday afternoon Marjory asked her mother: "Have you seen a brown book called 'Untold' anywhere? It was on my desk this morning when I went to my French lesson, and it isn't there now."

"Yes, dear," replied Mrs. Morton. "Your Aunt Martha was here after you left and she borrowed it. She said she



"But I've Lost It."

has been trying to get it from the library for the longest time. I really couldn't refuse her."

"Well, I like her style!" exclaimed Marjory. "I'll have to go right over there and get it. I don't see why people have to borrow books anyway."

Entering her aunt's house, Marjory said: "I came for 'Untold.' It doesn't belong to me and I promised to return it to the owner today. Mother shouldn't have let you take it."

"I'm dreadfully sorry," replied her aunt, "but the book isn't here. On the way home from your house I met Lizzie Gibbons. She told me her brother was confined to the house with a sprained foot and hadn't a thing to read. As I didn't know you had grown so particular all of a sudden, I let 'Untold' to her. She will return it inside of a week, I'm sure."

"Dorothy will be furious!" declared Marjory. "I wish people wouldn't be so generous with other people's books, even if they are my aunts. I'll have to go straight over there and get it."

Upon reaching the Gibbons home and demanding the book from Miss Lizzie, Marjory was told: "I'm really ashamed, dear, but I've lost it. After I left your aunt I went down town and when I got home I discovered that I had dropped the book. You will find it in the lost and found department of the car barn, or else in one of the three stores I visited. I'll give you their names. I am sorry I am unable to look for the book, but I can't leave my sick brother."

After trying unsuccessfully from place to place according to the list provided for her Marjory returned home.

"Dorothy telephoned while you were out," said her mother. "She asked me to tell you that a young man had brought 'Untold' to her. He found it in a street car and discovered her name on an address on the fly leaf. Being a friend of hers, he returned it personally. She hadn't seen him for a year. She said he is coming again soon and he is so nice that she is delighted to renew the acquaintance. She said that henceforth you can borrow and lose all her books."

"No, mother," sighed Marjory. "I'm glad Dorothy has found an old friend, but after this I'll take wise Mr. Shakespeare's advice and neither a borrower nor a lender be."—Chicago Daily News.

SINKING SPRING.

May 18, 1914.

Mrs. Loyd Butler and son, Kenneth, spent Wednesday with Wm. Butler and wife, near Idaho.

Several young people from here took the Patterson Boxwell examination, at Hillsboro, Saturday.

Mrs. Kelly has returned home after visiting her parents in Cincinnati.

Noah Williams and wife, of Iowa, visited O. C. Wickerham and wife last week.

Bessie Garman, of Willow Grove, spent Saturday evening with Mabel Butler.

Glen Tener, of Hillsboro, spent Saturday and Sunday with his parents. He was accompanied home by Robert Roberts, of Hillsboro.

Ernest Tolle, of Marshall, spent Sunday with home folks.

Rev. Van B. Wright preached at the Nace Corner school house, last Sunday.

Harley Nace, of Pikeeton, was the guest of relatives here Sunday.

A surprise birthday party was given at the home of Rev. Kelly and wife, Thursday evening in honor of Miss Cora Low.

Wm. Rhoads was a business visitor at Waverly Wednesday and Thursday.

I. E. Chapman and wife visited relatives at Dayton part of last week.

Mrs. John N. Gall and daughter, Mrs. T. H. McClure, were business visitors at Hillsboro, Saturday.

Mrs. Rose Robey spent Friday night with Mrs. John Tolle, at Naceville.

Misses Leata and Goldie Tolle took supper with Bessie Porter, Saturday evening.

A Decoration Day program will be given at the M. E. church, May 30, at 2 p. m., after which the ladies will serve ice cream at the City Hall. All are invited to attend.

Misses Jane and Grace Havens, of Fort Hill, spent Sunday with their sister, Miss Elva Cartwright.

Mrs. Blanche Jackson and children, of Locust Grove, and Mrs. Rose Collins of Bowersville, were guests of their sister, Mrs. O. C. Eyer, Sunday.

Mrs. Arta Cartwright, of Fort Hill, spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. V. L. Rhoads.

Mr. and Mrs. Blair and son, of Peebles, were guests of Mrs. Blair's brother, O. C. Wickerham, Sunday.

THE LURE OF MAGIC.

Why One Man Just Had to Rub Eibows With a Conjurer.

Ambition takes men very differently. One would enter parliament and one would have a play accepted at the court; one would reach the north pole, and one would live at Chiselsburt, while a fifth would be happy if only he had a motorcar. Speaking for myself, my ambition has always been to have a conjurer perform under my own roof, and it has just happened. I obtained him from the stores.

I have never been so near magic before. Like all great men when one comes closely in touch with them, he was quite human, quite like ourselves; so much so indeed that in addition to his fee he wanted his cab fare both ways. It is very human to want things both ways.

I have been wondering how long it would take me to learn to be a conjurer and if it is not too late to begin. \* \* \* I don't want to be a finished conjurer. I merely want to do three tricks with reasonable dexterity. Of course if one can do three tricks one can do thirty, but it is three, and three only. I have in mind—first, I want to borrow a watch and put it in a pestle and mortar and grind it to powder and then fire a pistol at a loaf of bread and find the watch whole again in the midst of the crumbs; second, I want to borrow a tall hat and throw in flour and break eggs into it and stir it all up and hold it over a spirit lamp for a second and then produce a beautiful warm cake; third, I want to find hens' eggs in old men's beards and little girls' hair.

Tricks with cards and money and so forth I don't mind about, because I would always rather see them done than do them, there is such fascination in the clean, swift movement of the conjurer with cards, his perfect mastery of his fingers, the supple beauty of his hands. And tricks with machinery I would gladly forego.

My conjurer's most popular trick was, of course, that which calls upon the co-operation of a rabbit. I wrote to him in advance to insist on this. No man who at a children's party produces a live rabbit, particularly when it is very small and kicking and also black and white, is making a mistake. No matter what has gone before, this apparition will seal his popularity. The end crowns the work (as I could say in Latin if I liked).

It was not only to the children that this trick was welcome, but to an elderly literary friend of mine with whom I have collaborated more than once and into whose life I hoped to get a little brightness by inducing him to bring the tall hat which the wizard should borrow. The thought filled him with excitement. It was bringing radiance indeed into his life to know that this old hat, which had done nothing more romantic than keep his head warm all these years, was to be used for magical purposes and have a real rabbit extracted from it.—From "Character and Comedy," by E. V. Lucas.

Peoples' Column

FOR SALE.

Farm and Town property always for sale. Money loaned on Real Estate. WADE TURNER, Merchants Bank Bldg.

D. Leadbetter, real estate, fire insurance and pensions. Office 134 S. High street.

STRAYED OR STOLEN—May 3, Brown Water Spaniel. Liberal reward if returned to 326 West Main street. adv

FOR SALE—1 Bed Room Set, 1 Rocker, 1 Parlor Sofa, 2 Dining Room Chairs, 1 Cot, 1 Marble Top Table, 1 Book Case, 1 Ladies Desk, 1 Sewing Machine.—Mrs. W. H. Walker, 338 W. Walnut St. adv



EYE SYMPTOMS

Do you have headaches? Do your eyes water? Do they ache? Does print run together? Do things become dim or swim? Are your Eyes inflamed? Do your eyes tire after reading awhile.

ADVICE FREE

Dr. C. F. Faris, THE EYESIGHT SPECIALIST

Office 1 door East of Economy store. Main Street, Hillsboro, O.

MARSHALL.

May 18, 1914.

Rev. B. E. Wright spent Monday and Tuesday with home folks.

A temperance meeting conducted by Rev. Kerr, will be held at the Presbyterian church, May 24, at 10:30 a. m. C. C. Muhlbach will deliver an address on the anti-saloon league and Mrs. E. J. Patterson, County President of the W. C. T. U., will be present. Music by Marshall Union. Everyone cordially invited.

John Bobb and family spent Saturday night and Sunday with John Stethem and family.

J. R. Head and wife, Frank McCoppin, W. W. Moore and wife, of Bainbridge, W. V. Watts, of Waverly, Judge Watts and wife, Joe Watts and wife and John McMullen, wife and son, Ed of Hillsboro, and Mrs. Norman Overman and son, Robert, of Overman, and Judge Hughes and wife spent Sunday with Robert Watts and wife.

Fred Watts and family, of Highland, spent Sunday with Mrs. R. L. Watts and family.

Wilfred Hunter spent Sunday with Earl Main.

Grace Boyd took supper with James Creed and family Saturday evening.

James Creed opened his Ice Cream Parlor Saturday evening.

Blanche Hunter and Mary Bell spent Sunday afternoon with Elva Spruance.

Miss Lena Spruance and brothers, Herbert and Paul, spent Saturday night and Sunday with Ruth Spruance.

Harley Suiters and family spent Sunday with the former's mother.

Don Main and family spent Sunday with Burch Miller and family.

Ray Boyd and daughter, Grace spent Sunday afternoon with A. W. Lucas and family.

Rev. Shriver filled his regular appointment at the M. E. church Sunday.

Miss Nellie Stethem, who has been teaching school at New London, returned home Saturday.

Notice of Appointment.

Estate of Elisha Beavers, deceased. Jos. A. Beavers and Carey Beavers have been appointed and qualified as executors of the estate of Elisha Beavers, late of Highland County, Ohio, deceased.

Dated this 14th day of May A. D. 1914. J. B. WOLFE, Probate Judge of said County.

Wisconsin's new law protecting frogs in their breeding season is believed to be the first of its kind in the world.

It doesn't make a light weight any heavier to put on airs.

It is surprising how helpless some self-reliant people are when they come face to face with some insignificant trouble.