

Nelson Sparks, of Chicago, is a guest at the home of Mrs. James W. Smith.

John L. Penn, of Greenfield, visited relatives here, Saturday.

Walter Worley, of Bainbridge, was a business visitor here Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mullenix spent Sunday with relatives near Folsom.

Mrs. P. B. Zink and daughter, Miss Helen, spent Saturday in Cincinnati.

Miss Harriett Oonk, of Cincinnati, was here from Thursday until Monday.

Mrs. Lyman Beecher and Miss Anna Steele spent Saturday in Cincinnati.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Babbitt Thursday.

The Esoteric Club will meet this afternoon with Miss Faith Glenn.

The Missionary Round Table will meet with Mrs. A. H. Beam next Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. McClure and Dr. and Mrs. C. F. Faris spent Sunday in Cincinnati.

Charles Fairley, of Leesburg, has purchased a Studebaker six of Ervin & Drago.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rose have as their guest, Mrs. W. W. Kier, of Mowrystown.

Miss Mae Cline, who has been visiting friends here, returned to her home in Dayton, Tuesday.

Mrs. Ed Colvin, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Carl Brown, in Cincinnati, has returned home.

Miss Ruby Holt, who has been visiting her uncle, Don McConaughy, at Dodsonville, returned home Sunday.

Miss Nannie Wright, of College Corner was the guest of her sister, Mrs. George Cooper, Saturday and Sunday.

Frank Van Pelt, of Omaha, Neb., is the guest of his mother, Mrs. H. N. Frost, and brother, S. P. Van Pelt.

Mrs. O. N. Garrett had as her guest last week, Mrs. George Habecolte, of Cincinnati.

Rev. B. F. Smith, who has been visiting relatives in Pittsburg and Washington, Pa., has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Worth Gossett, who have been visiting their children near Pricetown, returned home Sunday.

Mrs. George W. GHI, of Columbus, has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. J. Pugsley, the past week.

Little Miss Barbara Mitchell, of Cleveland, is visiting her grandparents, Col. and Mrs. L. B. Boyd.

Miss Miriam Dent, of Savannah, Ga., arrived here Tuesday for a visit with Col. and Mrs. L. B. Boyd.

Charles D. Johnson, of Greenfield, was the guest of his aunt, Mrs. H. C. Dawson, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Calvert went to Dayton Wednesday to visit relatives for a few days.

Miss Myra Johnson will go to Monterey Saturday, where she will visit Miss Elsa Johnson.

Ovid Lowe, John Squier and Aaron Spargur, of Greenfield, spent Sunday with friends here.

Sixteen members of the D. A. R. went to Greenfield Wednesday and were entertained by Mrs. J. B. Elliott.

Walter Hilliard and N. E. Chaney have purchased new Studebaker sixes of Ervin & Drago.

The Hillsboro Band, went to Cincinnati Friday and played in the Home Rule parade given that night.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Jeans and Mrs. M. L. Gregg have as their guest, Mrs. Sarah J. Spafford, of Portland, Ore.

Mrs. Mary McKee, of Columbus, has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Pearl Insley, the past week.

Miss Mary Ramsey, of East Monroe, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Anderson, the past week.

Mrs. L. S. Wight visited Judge and Mrs. D. D. Woodmansee, in Cincinnati, the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ervin and Mrs. C. D. Wright were the guests of relatives in Columbus a few days last week.

Mrs. Anna Telfair, of Pittsburg, Pa., was the guest of Mrs. W. R. Smith, the first of the week.

Conger Roads, of Cleveland, was the guest of his father, Noah Roads, the past week.

Mrs. Howard West and daughter have returned to their home in Middletown, after a visit with Mrs. West's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Berryman.

R. H. Ridgeway and family had as their guests last week, D. H. Ridgeway and daughter, Mrs. Leaverton, of Greenfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred R. Mullens, of Parsons, Kan., have been visiting Mrs. Mullens' mother, Mrs. Jennie Rogers, since Thursday.

Harry Gorman, of Lexington, Ky., visited his mother, Mrs. Anne Gorman, a few days the first of the week.

NEWS-HERALD and Cincinnati-Commercial Tribune both one year for \$3.00. A real bargain. adv.

Santa Claus at Stabler's received another shipment of Sleds, Wagons and Toys this week for the "kiddies." adv.

Mrs. Ida Bector, of Xenia, arrived here Saturday for a short visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James G. Lyle.

Mrs. Minnie Larkin and daughter, Miss Mae, will leave Saturday for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Engbers, at Wooster.

Ervin Evans, who is attending Ohio State University, spent Saturday and Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Evans.

That part of the story of the Million Dollar Mystery which will be shown at the Orpheum tonight appears in this issue of THE NEWS-HERALD.

Mrs. J. D. Garrett and son, who have been visiting Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Beam, returned to their home in Indianapolis, Ind., Saturday.

Miss May Cummings has had as her guests since Monday Mrs. William Black, of Cleveland, and Mrs. William Joyce, of Columbus.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Cusick, of McKeesport, Pa., who have been visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Bunn, have returned home.

Miss Mae Ayres, who has been visiting her sister, Miss Harriett Ayres, returned to her home in Springfield, Ill., Tuesday.

Ralph Sams, who is attending Miami University at Oxford, was the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. N. Sams from Friday until Tuesday.

Dr. and Mrs. Maurice Hoyt and son returned Monday from an extended visit with relatives at Mt. Gilead Williamsport and Columbus.

Mrs. Charles Hoyt, of Chillicothe, arrived here Monday for a several weeks visit with Dr. and Mrs. William Hoyt and Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Boulware.

The hunting dogs of Harry McCoppin, of Millwood, took first, second and third prizes at the Dog Show at Darlington, Pa., last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brown, of Hamilton, returned home Monday, after a short visit with the latter's mother, Mrs. Gertrude Winegardner.

Mrs. Howard Furman and baby, of Marsland, Neb., are here for a month's visit with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Roads.

Mrs. Mary E. Bell, of Marshall, has been granted a pension of \$12 a month, her name appearing in the list announced by the Department of the Interior Saturday.

Dr. H. V. A. Spargur, of Cincinnati, and Mrs. H. H. McKeehan, of Cleveland, were the guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Spargur, a few days the latter part of last week.

Dr. H. M. Brown returned Saturday from a trip to Indianapolis, Ind., and Humrick, Ill. At Indianapolis he examined the books of the American Shropshire Breeders Association and visited his brother at Humrick.

Mr. and Mrs. John Caniff and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bayless attended the funeral of Mrs. Elizabeth Carson, at Leesburg, Tuesday. Mrs. Carson was the grandmother of Mrs. Caniff and Mrs. Bayless.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Rogers and daughter, Miss Ellen, who conduct the summer hotel at Mineral Springs, have returned here to spend the winter. Mr. Rogers states that the past season was very good.

Miss Edna Rotgeb, who was the director of the home talent play, "Captain of Plymouth", and Rense Holden, who took the part of Miles Standish last Saturday. Miss Rotgeb went to Franklin, and Mr. Holden to Liberty, Ind.

Mrs. Lyman Beecher and Miss Lucille Huggins went to Greenfield Monday to visit Mr. and Mrs. Neal P. Waddell. Mrs. Waddell gave a reception in their honor Monday afternoon. The following Hillsboro ladies attended: Mesdames C. E. Bell, W. W. Glenn, J. C. Larkin, J. C. Spargur and R. A. Haynes and Misses Margaret Patton, Anna Steele, Nina Glenn, Ruth Dawson, Edith Smith, Cora Bell and Alice Hane.

A ship loaded with Christmas gifts for the children of Europe will sail from New York City on Nov. 10. People of Hillsboro who desire to send gifts to the children of Europe should leave their gifts at the Wells-Fargo Express Co. office as this company will carry the packages to New York City free. In war ridden Europe Christmas will be a sad time for the children and it is hoped that this ship load from America will make light the hearts of some of the little ones.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE
By KENNETH HARRIS.

Admitting, that Stefferson is dead, for the fact is altogether beyond dispute, there is not the least doubt that he was an out-and-out scoundrel when living. There was not a wet eye at his funeral. It was about the most arid affair within the officiating clergyman's recollection. The widow's pocket handkerchief was black bordered, but it was certainly not moist, and it would have been a wonder if it had been. She had been afflicted with Stefferson for 11 years. He, the late un-lamented, had not enjoyed the best of reputations when Mrs. Stefferson married him. She was warned how it would be. She might have forgotten it, but all her friends told her so. They knew that the kind of son Stefferson had shown himself to be would not make the best kind of husband. The unfaithful son had proved to be a faithless husband. Marriage, so far from curbing his appetite for strong liquors, seemed to have removed any slight restraint he might have felt. He was relieved of the necessity of working for a living because Mrs. Stefferson had money. Luckily, it was tied up in such a way that she was unable to touch the principal. It was nearly two years after that Mrs. Stefferson had altogether discarded her mourning. The rest had done her good. She was getting comfortably stout and had regained quite a little of her youthful good looks. She was sitting in her prettily furnished little parlor attired in a particularly becoming house gown. A large Angora cat was purring in her lap, occasionally turning a lazy yellow eye up at the cheerfully trilling canary. The piano was open and there was music on the rack. A vase on a bookcase held some vivid La France roses and on the sill of the sunny bay window there were embroidery materials and a box of bonbons. Mrs. Stefferson laid down her novel when her visitor was announced and got up, to the profound disgust of the cat. The visitor was an elderly, gray-haired woman, with a decided chin. Mrs. Stefferson embraced her quite affectionately and asked her to take off her things. "No, thank you, my dear," said the elderly woman. "I've only a very few minutes to stay. No; no tea, thank you. My, but it's pleasant in here! It looks a little different from—

"Bessie, that's what I called to see you about. I heard something today that shocked me more than I can tell you. I didn't believe it, and I won't believe it, until you tell me it's true. Bessie, dear, you're not going to get married again, are you?"

Mrs. Stefferson smiled, blushed and nodded.

The visitor gasped. "But not—not Mr. Crawley? Oh, Bessie, I hope you are not going to do anything so foolish as that."

Mrs. Stefferson colored again, but this time with indignation. "I think I am the best judge of whether it is foolish or not," she said. "I don't consider that it will be foolish at all. I expect to be perfectly happy and if I'm happy I don't think it is anybody else's business."

"But you can't possibly know what you are doing," persisted the elderly woman. "Bessie, you know that I am a friend of yours and I wouldn't have you anything but happy. You may not think it's my business, but I feel it is my duty to tell you that Mr. Crawley is a bad, bad man."

"Oh, not at heart."

"At heart and all through. My dear, do you know his habits? Do you know his character? Neither could be worse. It's my plain duty to tell you that, and if you have the least doubt of it I can prove it to you."

"I'm not going to listen to you," said Mrs. Stefferson. "You don't know him as I do. Nobody does. I've heard all those tales about him, and I don't say that he has been perfect, but what he needs, and always has needed, is a good woman's influence."

"Pah!" exclaimed the visitor. "Bessie, you must be a fool. Is it possible that after all the misery you experienced in your first marriage you can still delude yourself with that idea? Did your influence help Stefferson?"

Mrs. Stefferson sighed. "You forget, my dear, that he died," she said gently. "Do you know, I often think that if he had lived I might have made him see his faults and repent of them. Who knows but he might have become a thoroughly good man?"

Altogether an extraordinary case.

Real Pain.

The most ghastly superstition has often its base in a ludicrous fact. It is like the case of Jones. "Jones," said a man, "tells me that his wooden leg pained him horribly last night."

"Nonsense!" was the reply. "How could his wooden leg pain him?" "His wife," explained the man, "hit him over the head with it!"



SELECTING A MODEL
By F. A. USSING.

The novelist sat at his desk writing when his wife suddenly laid her hand on his shoulder. He looked up at her. "What is the matter, dear?"

"Oh, it is my family again. Uncle Hans Peter's feelings have been hurt by your last short story."

"His feelings have been hurt? I do not quite understand."

"Well, you remember that the name of the villain in it is Hans Peter."

"And then?"

"That has been enough to hurt him dreadfully."

"I don't quite understand yet. Is Uncle Hans Peter then such a disgusting person as the type I describe?"

"No, not at all. But recently you wrote another story in which one of the persons was a certain merchant whom you called Theobald Olanson, though you knew that Cousin Theobald—"

"Good Lord, I had quite forgotten that you had a cousin Theobald. I never thought of it when I wrote the story, but my merchant was a hypocrite and a swindler and not the least bit like your cousin."

"Of course not, but one incident chains itself to another. You remember the story you wrote about the illegitimate child? Agnes thought that was a slap in her face."

"Once more I don't follow you."

"You cannot have forgotten that her first baby was born eight months after her wedding."

"Now you must forgive me, dear. I never for a moment thought of counting the months. I took the baby's birth as a most natural event."

The novelist's wife kissed him tenderly.

"You will promise me never to use my relatives as models?"

"Models, darling. I never use models. People think so in their own silly minds. But I promise I shall be very careful not to hurt the feelings of either Uncle Hans or Cousin Theobald or Sister Agnes. I hope there are no usurers in your family."

"No."

"Good. Besides these three, my novel tells of a certain paper manufacturer, who is a most disgusting hypocrite, who is in love with the usurer's beautiful daughter and whom the usurer favors because of his wealth. Then comes the conflict and the young man wins."

The novelist wrote his famous book, "The Usurer's Daughter," which created such a sensation in the literary world. The magazine rights were sold to the "Copenhagen Magazine."

When he received his check from the editor of the magazine he presented his wife with a diamond ring and took her to the Royal theater in the evening.

Two months later the book came out, and the next day a distant relative of the author's wife called to see her. She received him very coldly, having always disliked him most cordially, but he did not seem to notice it. He walked straight up to her and threw a copy of the Copenhagen Magazine on the table in front of her.

"Is your husband in?" he asked.

"No, he is not," she replied.

"He is a scoundrel," he hissed. "In this story he calls me a usurer. There is not the slightest doubt that he means me. As if I were not entitled to charge a miserable 2 per cent a month on the security I get. I don't see that it is any of his business, and I hope you will please tell him so. Good-by."

While the young couple were at the breakfast table the bell rang out sharply. It was the father-in-law of the novelist, the well-known minister of a fashionable church, a stout, smooth-shaven man with gold-rimmed spectacles.

"You miserable hound," he hissed, and his eyes shot fire.

"What is the matter?"

The reverend gentleman threw a copy of the book on the table.

"A gentleman does not use models for the person in his books, you rascal. You write here that I am a hypocrite who goes to church in the morning and spend my evenings with girls of the streets in private rooms of night restaurants. You cannot deny it. You mean me."

The novelist stared at the angry man, dumfounded.

The minister went on:

"What you write is true enough, very true indeed, but it is the duty of a minister of the church to study vice in order to be able to denounce it from the pulpit, and that is what I have been doing. How could I speak of immorality unless I had studied it close by and gathered experience? But words fall me to express what I think of your conduct, sir."

He rushed out of the room.

In the evening a letter came from Cousin Theobald, who wrote:

"Tomorrow I shall sue your husband for once more making use of my name in his novels and insinuating that my father-in-law is a usurer, when as a matter of fact, he has never charged more than 14 per cent interest on the few loans he has ever made."

Here the novelist threw up his hands in despair and vowed that he would go abroad with his wife for a year while writing his next novel.

Gentle Sarcasm.

She—Well, perhaps I am inclined to be hasty in my speech, dear. I shall try in future to weigh my words.

He—Yes, do, and don't give such generous measures.

Iron Clad Special

On Saturday, November 7,

We will put on sale a big lot of \$1.00 and \$1.25 Sweater Coats for Men and Boys at

SPECIAL 79 Cents

This is a rare opportunity for you to buy a good Sweater at a very small cost. Positively a great bargain and for one day only.

THE IRON CLAD

The athlete of ancient Greece trained on new cheese, dried figs, grain, milk and warm water.

New Bulk Dates first of the season adv GONARD'S GROCERY.

He—I gave a poor man \$1 yesterday and told him to come around and let me know how he was getting on.

She—That was good of you; like casting your bread upon the waters.

He—Yes, something like that. Anyway, he came back this morning "soaked."—Boston Transcript.

About Storm Buggies.

Did you ever ride in a rattling storm buggy? If you did you probably said to yourself "I would not give thirty cents for this buggy." Nothing is more exasperating than a rattling storm buggy.

Ours don't rattle and it is the only one on the market that does not. See us before you buy. Price \$95.00

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THE MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY

Episode No. 10—"SHANGHAIED"—Tonight.

Don't miss a number. This one might contain the connecting link. You can't afford to miss it.

FRIDAY NIGHT, NOVEMBER 6,

Little Mary Pickford—"Simple Charity"—Biograph Reissue.

European War News—Hearst—Selig No. 56. Grand Army Encampment.

Matinee—SATURDAY, NOV. 7.—Night

The program for today is the best that money can buy. One that is sure to please everybody.

Four Big Reels 5 and 10c. Four Big Reels

A particular show for particular people. Carefully selected subjects from the Licensed Program of features. Conceded by all to be the best pictures made in America. Stick to the show that sticks to you.

QUALITY COUNTS

The longer we run a Hardware Store the more convinced we become that the "price" does not cut as much figure as "quality."

We sold during the month of October \$1,600.00 worth of high grade stoves, consisting of 13 South Bend Malleables, 22 Florence Heating Stoves, besides our High grade Clermonts.

Nothing is too good for the people of Highland County.

After our successful stove demonstrations, we feel that we should show our appreciation of the good judgment of our customers in buying so freely, knowing they will never have cause to regret it.

We expect to have a bigger sale next fall.

A satisfied customer is our best advertisement.

J. G. BELL