

THE COMBINATION THAT WINS QUALITY! HONESTY! PRICES!

Many mighty enterprises have been built with but one of these great principals as their foundation. The success of the Underselling Store is due to the combination of the three. **HONEST QUALITY, ABSOLUTE HONESTY, LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES,**—and when one considers the tremendous quantities of merchandise it takes to supply the demands of the Underselling Store we can well afford to sell the very best at the lowest prices and this we do. What the Underselling Store has saved many of its customers cannot be estimated and friends do you suppose your case will be an exception? Not likely.

Men's Boys' and Children's Clothing.

Children's Suits \$2.00 and \$1.59 to \$1.39—98c
Boys' Suits \$4.00 and \$3.00 for \$2.98—\$1.98
Boys' Suits, 6 to 17 years, \$5.00 value for \$3.67
Men's Suits \$20.00, \$18.00, \$15.00, \$13.50 \$10.00 and \$8.00 values for \$12.95, \$11.95, \$10.48, \$9.95, \$8.48, \$4.98 and \$3.98
Men's Overcoats, \$18.00, \$15.00, \$12.00, \$9.00 values for \$10.48, \$9.95, \$8.95, \$5.98.

Men's and Boys' Shoes.

Men's Good Work Shoes, special \$1.98, \$2.09, \$2.48
Men's High top Shoes \$2.98 special
Men's Fine Gun Metal Dress Shoes, Button or Lace \$3.00 and \$4.00 Values for \$1.98 and \$2.98
Full line of Boys' and Girl's High Top Shoes at special low prices.
Boys' and Girl's School Shoes .93c, to \$1.79

Men's and Boys' Gum Boots.

Men's and Boys' Gum Boots \$2.98 and \$2.59
Full line of Artics for Ladies, Men, Children.

Ladies' Skirts.

Ladies' Skirts from \$1.29 to \$3.98

Ladies' Suits.

Ladies' Suits, all wool materials \$7.48 to \$16.50

Ladies' Coats.

Ladies Coats in Broadcloth, Plush, Ural Lamb \$3.98 to \$12.95

Children's Coats.

Children's Coats \$1.39 to \$4.98

Hats

Hats .98c to \$3.98

Caps and Hoods

Children's Caps .23c to 98c
Auto Hoods .43c

Raincoats.

Ladies' and Children's Raincoats \$2.98 and \$2.69

Blankets and Comforts.

Blankets .98c to \$3.69
Comforts .98c to \$2.48

The Underselling Store

WE SELL IT FOR LESS

FOR SALE—Corn in shock or husked in field. See John D. VanWinkle, No. 11. Bell Phone. adv.

Rev. John Howard will leave this morning for a trip to North Carolina. From there he will go to Florida and return through Mississippi.

"How is the new man?"
"Oh, he works some. He has to work some, in order to be able to quit when the whistle blows."—Houston Post.

"The streets of New York are a blaze of glory—a veritable riot," explained the American. "Why, there's one electric sign with 100,000 lights in it!"

"Doesn't that make it rather conspicuous, old top?" asked the British friend.—Harper's Weekly.

Wife—Any fashions in that paper, Jack?

Jack—Yes; but they're no use to you, dear. It's yesterday's paper.—The Music Trades

PLEASANT HILL.

Nov. 2, 1914.

Miss Florence Prine spent Monday night with her cousin, Miss Hazlett Fetter, near Dunn's Chapel.

The neighbors of W. E. Nofstger and family are sorry to hear that they will move to their new home soon.

Mrs. George Griffith and Mrs. Will Johnson went to Cincinnati Saturday to visit friends. Mrs. Johnson returned home Monday afternoon but Mrs. Griffith will remain for a week's visit.

Starling Lemon and wife and son, Herbert, spent Sunday with C. E. Robbins and family.

Miss Pearl Prine spent Friday night in Hillsboro with her cousin, Helen Whisler.

Charles Simbro and family were entertained Sunday by Wm. Matthew and family.

Frank Willison and wife and John Welty spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Sarah Richards, near Hillsboro.

A. S. Welty, of Point Victory spent Wednesday with Charles Simbro and family.

Misses Lora and Vora Vance, of Harrisburg, spent Sunday afternoon with Grace and Opal Matthews.

Chris Rockel and wife, of Hillsboro, spent Wednesday with H. G. Powell and wife.

Mrs. Wilson Chaney spent Sunday afternoon with the Misses Olla, Ada and Fronia Johnson.

"Which bullet do you consider the deadliest?"
"The one that hits."—New Haven Register.

Fifty thousand knives are turned out daily by the Sheffield (England) cutlery workshops.

Portable houses that can be carried in an automobile and set up in a short time in any convenient camping place have been invented in France.

PAIN AND SORROW

By MILDRED CAROLINE GOODRIDGE.

"I can't go through with it!" groaned a haggard, desperate-faced man on one side of a garden wall. "Oh, you beautiful world!" lapsed a child in an invalid chair on the other side of the wall.

The man was Robert Dale, a city merchant. He sat in the shade of a tree near the ruins of some burned-down residence. Despair was in his heart, his eyes were full of the misery of a tortured spirit.

"There are only two ways," he muttered, darkly. "There is bankruptcy, but that reads disgrace, and I could not bear it. The other is—this!" He drew from his pocket a loaded revolver and gazed at it fixedly. He had come out to this secluded spot in a quiet village to end it all with a pistol shot. A proud man, a crushed man, the last ditch seemed reached, and he set his lips grimly.

The little child was Flora Easton, a sweet-faced, angel-eyed girl of ten. The chair was drawn up close to a rustic table. Upon this were writing materials. As she took up a pencil, one could see from the slow, weak and erratic movements of her hand that she had only an imperfect control over its muscles.

Poor child! Young as she was, Flora had known both pain and sorrow. She had seen her loving parents broken hearted over the sudden death of that other flower of the family, her sister, for whom now her little mourners clad in black, the crickets sliding through the grass, each evening piped a solemn mass. Then Flora, too, had been stricken. On the rare golden threshold of joyous girlhood she had been deprived of the use of feet and hands.

A patient father, a loving mother had brought to her aid all that money or medical skill could effect. It was the grand heroic spirit of the little one herself, however, that had won half the battle.

"Fine!" was little Flora's accustomed cheery reply when asked how she was getting along. "Never say die!" she had even taught the pet parrot to cry out. In the fervor of the optimism she had adopted as the



The Last Ditch Seemed Reached.

creed and sustenance of her health-broken life she shed sunshine everywhere.

And daily, first with the movement of a single finger, each hour gaining some ground, she groped her way back to her old activity.

On this especial morning her brave little heart thrilled, as for the first time she found that she could use her hand to write a word. Hitherto even the effort to produce a single letter had been a hard task. Her eyes sparkled, her soul seemed to burst its bonds as a new strength infused her pulses and nerves.

"Oh, papa, mamma!" she cried in a wild fervor of excited delight, as almost breathless with joy and surprise she completed a whole sentence on the sheet of paper before her.

Her parents came rushing anxiously from the house at the unusual cry. "What is it—are you ill, Flora?" quavered her mother.

"Oh, no!" dissented the agitated little one. "Just think of it—I am getting well, sure, papa! For see—I have written a whole sentence!"

And then little Flora uttered a cry of direful dismay. A great breath of wind had come along. It caught up the loose sheets of paper, it scattered them in every direction—high in the air, over among the sweet blooming lilacs, even to the street, in front of the grounds, and over the garden wall.

Father and mother worked ardently to collect the scattered sheets. Search as they would, however, they could not find the one upon which Flora had written.

"And it was the first real sentence I have written since—since I was sick!" mourned Flora. "Why, think of it! plain as day and without tiring my hand at all, I printed out 'Never Say Die!'"

"Well, my dear," said her father, "very soon you will be able to write whole pages," and then his heart

overflowed with hope at this indication that the little sufferer was on the road to recovery.

In a week the episode of the missing sheet of paper was forgotten. Little Flora, indeed, improved. Day by day she grew stronger. Always was she cheerful, happy, with a bright essence of sunshine that permeated the life of the whole village. Many a burdened heart revived at a sight of the patient, loving little creature, who saw only love and helpfulness as her rare mission of life.

Click!—the man who sat on the other side of that fateful garden wall had been too absorbed in his misery to heed the sounds about him. He got ready the deadly weapon. Then it dropped suddenly from his nerveless fingers. There had come floating down like a dove of peace, like a heavenly messenger, a sheet of paper. It fell directly in his lap. With awed staring eyes Robert Dale read the rude, scrawling words:

"Never say die!" A quick revulsion of feeling passed over him. Whence had the message come? No one was in sight. What but Providence could have directed this strange occurrence at the most critical moment of his life! He burst into tears, he dropped to his knees and a new strength and impulse came into his life.

Two years later little Flora and her parents attended a meeting at the town hall of the village. It had been announced some time previous that Robert Dale, a wealthy city merchant, had purchased the grounds beyond the garden wall. A meeting had been called where he was to publicly donate the land and \$50,000 to build an orphan asylum.

Mr. Dale arose and made the formal tender of his beneficence to the town. Then his face grew grave and solemn, as he stated that he wished to tell why he had been impelled to his philanthropic action. He recited his experience the day when that strange message had come to him. He told how, banishing his cowardly fears, he had gone back to the city nerved to combat his business difficulties and had turned the tide of disaster to one of prosperity.

Then he took from a treasured corner in his pocketbook a folded piece of paper and passed it around among the audience, the precious sheet of paper bearing the words:

"Never say die!" The little scrap of paper passed among two rows of seats. As it came to Mr. Easton little Flora uttered a quick cry:

"Oh, papa, it's my writing. Don't you remember that day in the garden?"

The story spread like wildfire, and soon Robert Dale learned of it. To him the sweet little child whose simple action had saved him from going down a wreck, was as an angel of mercy, sent to guide him in the darkest hour of his career.

Not only for him, but for others who had felt the gentle, hopeful influence of little Flora, the rare perfume of her loving soul seemed to diffuse hope and happiness everywhere.

As Robert Dale left the Easton home the following day the lofty flight of a bird appeared to symbolize the purified aspirations of his better nature. The lark was flying straight into the face of the glowing sun, its wild, glorious note echoing like a call to life, to duty. Then it was lost to view, but in the fervor of his grateful nature, to Robert Dale it seemed as though the lark was singing at heaven's gate! (Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

COULD TAKE OUT THE KNOT

Boy Scout Had Done His Daily Good Turn and Reminder Was No Longer Necessary.

The man with a shiny new motor car stood beside it with a perplexed look on his face. His hat and hair, and apparently his temper, were slightly ruffled.

"Can I help you in any way?" It was a boy scout who spoke, and not a large one at that, but he looked eager and he spoke confidently.

"Do you know anything about that thing?" asked the man, shoving his foot out at the car.

"I have a motor car merit badge," said the scout, with quiet assurance.

"Well, if you can make it go you are a good one," snorted the owner.

Together they went at the problem and in a few minutes the scout had discovered the trouble and the engine purred again as sweetly as ever.

"I certainly am obliged to you, sonny," said the owner as he fished a half dollar out of his pocket.

"Oh, no, I can't take anything for doing that," the boy explained, "that was my daily good turn."

"Well, it certainly was a good turn, but I wish you would accept something for doing it. Jump in and I will take you wherever you want to go."

"Thank you, but I was just going across the street there."

"You are bound not to let me do you a good turn, aren't you?" laughed the man, "but I will get the start of you yet. Your tie has a knot in the end of it."

"Oh, yes, now I can take it out," the scout replied. "You see, every morning I tie a knot in it to remind me to do a good turn that day, and when I have done it I take the knot out. That is what the manual tells us to do."

Mismatched.
"How on earth did they happen to get married?"
"I'm sure I can't imagine. She reads (been while he browses in the pages of a sporting extra."

Peoples' Column

FOR SALE.

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

FOR SALE—116 acre farm on pike near New Market. For particulars inquire at this office. adv. 1f

HOUSE FOR RENT—Inquire of O. S. Lemon. adv. (3t)

FOR SALE—Two business houses located in Hillsboro. They are both well rented and the price asked is low.—Ben C. Strain, Hillsboro, Ohio. (4f)

FOR SALE—Farm, 151 acres on pike tile drained, 2 dwellings, 3 barns, well watered, well fenced. James Gotherman, Hillsboro, R. 12. adv. (11-5)

FOR RENT—Five room bungalow. Inquire of Chas. Carroll. adv.

FOR SALE—Second hand heating stove. W. R. LUKEN. adv.

FOR RENT—House of six rooms, Apply to Bell phone 161. adv.

FOR SALE—A sow and pigs. Pigs old enough to wean. Inquire of Charles R. Young west of Hillsboro.

Potatoes

We have a car load of choice Round White well Matured Ohio grown potatoes.

Price 65c per bu.

Order now for your winter use.

H. A. KENT & CO.

GOLAR.

November 2, 1914.

Milt. McConaughy and wife, of near Marsinal, visited Starley Post and wife last Sunday.

Mrs. Jesse Mason and daughter, Miss Ada, visited King Stanforth and family one day last week.

Walker Hughey, of Springfield, was a visitor here last Thursday.

Mrs. Carrie Post visited relatives at Carmel one day last week.

Mrs. Tillie Nace and Guy Easter visited relatives at Lynchburg Sunday.

R. O. Elliott, spent Sunday with John Sanders and family.

Mrs. D. R. Stanforth, spent one day last week with Mrs. Joe Stanforth.

J. D. Post spent Sunday with D. H. Elliott and family.

W. H. Mullenix and wife, of Hillsboro, visited relatives at Bunker Hill Sunday night.

Miss Ruth Miller spent Sunday with Starley Post and wife.

R. O. Elliott is erecting a new barn.

Marion Post is employed to work for King Stanforth.

Charley Rhoads and family visited Robert Rhoads and family Sunday.

Elmer Vance and wife, of Hillsboro, spent Sunday with relatives here.

Extracts From Uncle Josh.

Samantha, ain't feelin' very well ter day. She and I did answerl washin' ther ether day, (I carried ther water. Has an arful cold. I got some of them NYALS COLD TABLETS, an' durned ef they didn't help her by next mornin'. I tel yer ther are some remedies ther er NYALS REMEDIES.

Cy Weatherbygot in bad again ther ether night, overto, Poke Holler (you know ther aint got no lights), Ein inter a tree and derved near killed himself. Cant see fer the life of me what Cy was doin out after night nohow. Wall he is improving Sal his wife sent upter MILLER'S DRUG STORE and got a bottle of that er Nyals Liniment. Durned ef et didn't work wanders.

Wal that is al ther news I must mosey along upter MILLERS and see about some NYALS FACE CREAM fer Samantha. adv.

Notice.

All members of Lafayette Lodge No. 25 are requested to be present at their hall on Monday night Nov. 9, 1914. There will be work in the 1st degree. SECRETARY.

The ants in South America have been known to construct a tunnel three miles in length.

In the last 25 years the population of Germany increased from 48,000,000 to 66,000,000.

Bell's Opera House THURSDAY, November 5.

The Funniest Cartoon Show of them all.
The Czars of the Comics,

OSCAR and ADOLPH
WITH HARRIS and WINTERS

SEE DIANA-DILLPICKLES

And the Big Family of Newspaper Comics.

This is positively the same Company that plays Columbus, Dayton, Cincinnati, Toledo and all the large cities.

Prices 25c, 50c, 75c.

Seats on sale Tuesday, November 3.