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## A Tragedy.

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

In a public park in Rio de Janeiro a lady handsomely dressed walked alone. The fact of her being unattended caused those who saw her to wonder, for it is not usual for one of the higher class to be out alone. When she deliberately took a seat at one end of a bench, at the other end of which sat a man, the surprise was even greater, for she appeared to be a lady. She had been sitting but a few minutes when two gentlemen walked by.

"Gentlemen," she said, "this man who is sitting near me has insulted me. May I ask you to get his address that my natural protector may demand satisfaction?"

The two men stopped, lifted their hats and offered their services. The accused man denied that he had offended the lady. She begged one of the others to call upon her at her hotel. He did so, sending up his card, bearing the name of Roger Stone, Denver, Colo. "I am fortunate," she said, "in not only finding a countryman to assist me in this affair, but one from the chivalrous west. I am traveling with my twin brother. He is not with me this evening, but will be in later. Will you be the bearer for him of a challenge under the code for tomorrow morning?"

Mr. Stone's surprise at this singular proceeding was even greater than before. He asked the name of the man for whom he was to bear the challenge and was told that it was Harrison—Frank Harrison. He endeavored to learn something of the manner in which the lady had been ill treated, but she appeared to be so averse to going over the disagreeable details that he did not press the matter. What added to the mystery was that the man who had offended the lady was also an American named Mathews.

The next morning the two parties met on the ground chosen. Mr. Harrison, who was the image of his sister and looked equally feminine, was attended by Mr. Stone, the other principal's second being a Brazilian. His opponent protested against the proceeding, for which he said he was unable to account. He disclaimed any intention of interfering with Miss Harrison, and if he had unwittingly done so he would apologize. The lady's defender refused to accept an apology, and preparations were made for the encounter, which was to be fought with pistols.

When the two principals were placed face to face at thirty paces interval and the signal was about to be given to fire Harrison made a signal for delay. Then, addressing his opponent, he said:

"Jim Mathews, you don't know me, for you have never seen me before. I am not Frank Harrison. I am Eugenia Phillips, widow of the man you ruined and drove to suicide three months after our marriage. I have followed you all the way from Virginia City for the express purpose of killing you. I found you yesterday and took measures for this meeting."

A deathly pallor spread itself over the face of the man addressed. His enemy nodded to the man who was to give the signal. He hesitated. The woman raised her pistol, and her adversary followed her act. A white handkerchief fluttered to the ground. The man's hand trembled; the woman's was steady as a rock. Two shots rang out, and the man fell with a bullet in his heart.



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La Stagione di Liete Notizie

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The woman stood for a few moments looking at him who had blighted her life and on whom she had taken revenge, then sank in a swoon.

The finishing of this tragedy, occupying as it did but a minute or two, did not give the seconds any time to prevent it. Indeed, they were paralyzed with surprise. When the woman fell her second ran forward, took her up and bore her to the carriage in which she had come onto the ground. He took her to her hotel and called for a doctor, for she was hysterical.

Meanwhile Mr. Stone busied himself to prevent the affair from getting out, and by pledging the few persons involved to secrecy and bribing the police he succeeded. Had it not been for the burial of the slain man the bribe would not have been necessary.

As soon as the lady was able to travel she sailed for the United States, and on the same steamer was her second in the duel.

From the time of that episode Roger Stone was a changed man. The tragedy at which he had assisted the wrecking of a woman's life, affected him materially. It is not easy for a man to witness a woman's sufferings without being strongly drawn to her. On reaching the United States Stone and the widow both sought the west, where they lived. Stone visited Mrs. Phillips frequently and in time begged her to permit him to devote the rest of his life to her. Though grateful for his sympathy and the service he had rendered her, she told him that it would not be right for one whose nerves had been shattered to burden one who seemed to have a pleasant career before him. Besides, she had a life on her conscience. To this latter statement he said that if he had had time to gain a correct understanding of the case the life would have been on his conscience instead of hers, but it would not have been a heavy load to bear. By dint of persuasion he finally gained his point. And now the tragedy is in the dim distance, and its keen edge has been worn away.

### Negative Suggestion.

Legend tells of a Hindu fakir who seemed to have a working knowledge of practical psychology and made himself rich selling plain wicker baskets in the streets of Calcutta.

The peculiar virtue of the baskets, he explained to the buyers, lay in the fact that if one filled his basket with ordinary pebbles, placed himself in a receptive attitude of mind and stirred them with a stick for an hour, each and every pebble would be transmitted into a nugget of gold—provided the stirrer did not think of a hippopotamus while stirring.

The baskets were sold, but the idea of a hippopotamus was so firmly fixed in the minds of all the purchasers that not one of them ever had legitimate grounds on which to demand his money back.

### Colloquialisms.

One of the most common surprises in reading is to come across in old books what we have been accustomed to taking for modern colloquialisms. We have just struck this: "Why, then, do you walk as if you had swallowed a rod?" Where? In Epictetus. The modern form is likely to be a poker, but we had always looked upon the whole image as essentially American. It is in reading the Elizabethans that this experience is most frequent, although one is likely to have it in reading any classic. The best colloquialisms are likely to be the oldest.—Harper's Weekly.

## A Christmas Box

By EUNICE FLAKE

Jack Hollingsworth was to have been his uncle's heir until Jack married Julia Trevor without saying anything about it to the old man except to invite him to the wedding. After that it was understood that St. Luke's hospital would get the bulk of the property and Jack would have to get on a best he could. Since he had been brought up to expect a fortune, this was not a pleasant outlook.

A couple of months before the third Christmas after the marriage and a short time after their baby was born Jack and his wife were sitting together brooding over their poverty—for Jack was not a success as a worker—and lamenting that Jack had not at least mentioned the fact to his uncle that he was about to take a wife and asked the old man's approval. Mrs. Hollingsworth said she didn't blame the old man a bit. Jack admitted that he didn't blame him either.

"Let's send him a Christmas present," said Julia. "It may bring about a change."

"Where are we to get the money to pay for it?" suggested her husband. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make a batch of those lead top cookies I know so well how to make and send them to him in a box with a note saying I made them."

"Put in your photograph," said Jack. "That's a good idea. I'll put in the one taken with the baby."

This plan was not so bad, since Mr. Silas Henderson, Jack's uncle, believed in women who were practical and was very fond of children. Indeed, it was the sad spot in his life that his wife, now dead, had not borne him a son to bring up to manage his business and inherit his property.

Unfortunately for Julia's scheme, not long before Christmas Silas Henderson received a Black Hand letter demanding \$5,000. He paid no attention to the demand except to hand it over to the police. On Christmas eve Jack, at Julia's suggestion, to save expense, as soon as it was dark took the box of cookies to his uncle's house, put it down, rang the bell and slipped away. The summons was answered by the butler, who took up the box and carried it to his master, telling him how he had found it.

Mr. Henderson took it up, looked at the address—written by Julia—and, suddenly remembering his Black Hand letter, dropped it like a hot coal.

"Thomas, telephone for the police!" he cried to the butler.

The order was obeyed, and in a few minutes a patrol wagon dashed up to the house. A sergeant and a couple of men entered and asked what was the matter. The sergeant when informed of the receipt of a suspicious package sent the men back to the station and proceeded to examine what no one doubted was an infernal machine.

The first thing the sergeant did was to unloose the bit of narrow ribbon that Julia had used in tying it up and put it in his pocket as a possible clue. The next thing was to unwrap the paper about the box and hold it up to the light in hopes of seeing some mark on it by which to find the culprit. A box in which a set of child's slippers had been kept next appeared.

"A sliding cover," remarked the

sergeant sententiously. "We must find some way to remove the lid without drawing it out, for this is doubtless intended to produce friction and light an inflammable. Have you anything to bore with?"

A large sized gimlet was produced, and the sergeant bored a hole in the side of the box, drew out the gimlet and looked at a substance that adhered to it.

"Dynamite!" said the sergeant. He put the gimlet to his nose, then to his tongue.

"Doesn't taste like dynamite. It's more like cake. I fancy, Mr. Henderson, you have made a mistake. This may be a Christmas box."

He bravely pulled out the cover, removed some paper and took up a card on which was written:

A merry Christmas to Uncle Silas from the Hollingsworth family.

Beneath the card was a photograph of what looked to Mr. Henderson like a Madonna and child. Lifting another paper, a dozen round cakes with pink icing on the top were displayed. Mr. Henderson gave one to the sergeant and ate one himself. It was delicious. "Thomas," said the receiver of the box, "call up my nephew, John Hollingsworth, on the phone and ask him if he and his family will dine with me tomorrow."

Thomas obeyed the order, and the next day the Hollingsworth family, including Silas Henderson Hollingsworth, aged two years, the child sitting in a high chair on his great-uncle's right, dined with Silas Henderson.

That was the first Christmas in many years that Silas Henderson had anyone to dine with him on Christmas day. A fine dinner was provided, such as the Hollingsworths had not partaken of since their marriage. Mrs. Hollingsworth made herself especially agreeable, and little Billy was regarded by his great-uncle with delight.

"After all," said the old man, "blood is thicker than water. You, Jack, and you, Julia, and Billy will make my life much happier in the future, and it all came from a mess of cookies."

The next day Mr. Henderson changed his will in favor of his grandnephew, leaving the estate in trust to the boy's father.

### How Much Iron Can We Make?

Iron furnaces of this country, including all in blast or idle, could, according to the Iron Age, "apparently produce about 40,000,000 tons if they remained in blast a year." This would be 9,000,000 tons above the maximum calendar year output. The Iron Age doubts, however, if all the furnaces could stay in blast a full year, and suggests a trifle over 28,000,000 tons as maximum capacity.

### Very Annoying.

"I can't bear these men novelists," declared one lady.

"Why not?" the other inquired. "They calmly tell you that the heroine wore a gown which fascinated a duke and not a word as to what it was made of or how it was trimmed."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Untrue.

"Your leading lady is not true to life."

"What's the matter?" "In the first act she receives a telegram, and you have her open it without fear or trembling."—Detroit Free Press.

Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure there is one less rascal in the world.—Carlyle.



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## Questions that a Good Citizen Should Know.

- D. Have you read the Constitution of the United States? R. Yes.
- D. What form of Government is this? R. Republic.
- D. What is the Constitution of the United States? R. It is the fundamental law of this country.
- D. Who makes the laws of the United States? R. The Congress.
- D. What does Congress consist of? R. Senate and House of Representatives.
- D. Who is the chief executive of the United States? R. President.
- D. How long is the President of the United States elected? R. 4 years.
- D. Who takes the place of the President in case he dies? R. The Vice President.
- D. What is his name? R. Thomas R. Marshall.
- D. By whom is the President of the United States elected? R. By the electors.
- D. By whom are the electors elected? R. By the people.
- D. Who makes the laws for the state of Pennsylvania? R. The Legislature.
- D. What does the Legislature consist of? R. Senate and Assembly.
- D. How many State in the union? R. 48.
- D. When was the Declaration of Independence signed? R. July 4, 1776.
- D. By whom was it written? R. Thomas Jefferson
- D. Which is the capital of the United States? R. Washington.
- D. Which is the capital of the state of Pennsylvania? R. Harrisburg
- D. How many Senators has each state in the United States Senate? R. Two.
- D. By whom are they elected? R. By the people.
- D. For how long? R. 6 years.
- D. How many representatives are there? R. 435. According to the population one to every 211,000, (the ratio fixed by Congress after each decennial census.)
- D. For how long are they elected? R. 2 years.
- D. How many electoral votes has the state of Pennsylvania? R. 38.
- D. Who is the chief executive of the state of Pennsylvania? R. The Governor.
- D. For how long is he elected? R. 4 years.
- D. Who is the Governor? R. Brumbaugh.
- D. Do you believe in organized government? R. Yes.
- D. Are you opposed to organized government? R. No.
- D. Are you an anarchist? R. No.
- D. What is an anarchist? R. A person who does not believe in organized government.
- D. Are you a bigamist or polygamist? R. No.
- D. What is a bigamist or polygamist? R. One who believes in having more than one wife.
- D. Do you belong to any secret Society who teaches to disbelieve in organized government? R. No.
- D. Have you ever violated any laws of the United States? R. No.
- D. Who makes the ordinances for the City? R. The board of Aldermen.
- D. Do you intend to remain permanently in the U. S.? R. Yes.

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