

## Calling on Corinne.

The square-shouldered young man who had been sitting in a brown study for fifteen minutes lifted himself up straight in the big chair and sighed as one who gives up a problem.

"In spite of all," he said, "I can't help but admire her colossal nerve!" "From which appealing remark," said the young man with the large and humorous mouth from across the reading table, "I take it that you yearn to pour out your grief upon my manly bosom. Proceed."

"Of course," went on the first one with laborious alacrity, "it isn't anything serious. It isn't as though I was desperately gone and all that you know. I'd like to see the girl I'd lose sleep over. Only a fellow hates to think he's been done or that a girl thinks he's easy, don't you know?"

"I should say so," agreed the other young man. "Once let 'em think they have the upper hand and it's all off. Keep 'em in their proper place, I say."

"What do you know about it?" growled the other. "I'd like to see any one try to keep Corinne in her proper place—he'd have his hands full. You know her, don't you? Isn't she great? Now, I've been calling on her so often for the last six months that the very pavement in front of their house says 'How-de-do?' when I step on it. Corinne certainly is entertaining and I have jolly good times and she didn't seem to mind my coming three times a week. In fact, she seemed to like it. That's all I blame her for—she hadn't liked it there was no need for her to act as though she did."

She knew I was coming last night, for I had promised to bring a book she wanted to see. Imagine my surprise when the maid met me at the door with the announcement that Corinne was out. No, she didn't know when she'd be back and she didn't know where she'd go. Well, it was my last chance to see her before she left for the South, so after a minute I stepped in anyhow. I said I'd sit down and wait.

"Well, I went into the reception room. The maid looked worried and hung around a little as though she wasn't acquainted with me and feared I might be a burglar, but before she had time to do anything the bell rang again. I had settled myself comfortably and was preparing to pass the time away till Corinne appeared. I wasn't paying much attention to what went on out in the hall. But whoever came in left his coat and hat and sauntered on down to the end of the hall into the little den, which is a mighty cozy room. I never did care for the reception room myself, come to think of it. He walked in as though he knew he was expected and said 'Hello, Corinne,' and then I heard her voice. I guess it wouldn't have been cheerfully joyous had she known where I was at that precise minute."

"What did I do? Oh, I just soft-footed it into the hall, collected my overcoat and hat and slunk out of the door. Say, I was mad!" "I don't blame you," sympathized the other young man, whose large and humorous mouth was twitching at the corners.

"I resolved to let her know she couldn't do a thing like that to me and have me take it meekly. I stepped into the nearest drug store, called a messenger boy and sent Corinne a note with instruction to the boy to deliver it into the hands of nobody but the lady of that name. I told her I had started out to call on Phyllis Green, as I had heard she had returned after her trip abroad, but I did not know where the Greens were now located. Would she please send me the address by the boy? I knew that would fetch her, for she always hated Phyllis and besides being furious at calling on her she'd think I'd forgotten my engagement at her home and be mad at that—and I'd prove to my own satisfaction that Corinne had really been at home instead of out."

"Well!" "Oh, the boy came back and gave me a note. It read—oh, here it is in my pocket: 'Dear Mr. Dilbeck: Corinne is not at home this evening and I am sorry that I myself am unable to tell you where Miss Green lives. With sincere regrets, cordially yours, Evelyn Lapham.'

"Evelyn Lapham is Mrs. Lapham, Corinne's mother, you know. And the boy when I held him up swore he'd delivered my note not to an elderly lady, but a young one, with big eyes. Even a messenger boy can be fascinated by Corinne's eyes, it seems. The note had seemed all right on the surface—only in her haste the young woman had not taken time sufficiently to disguise her handwriting. Any one at all clever could tell this was Corinne's writing even though she has made backhand of it. I'm disappointed at her lack of skill—I hate to have a good situation spoiled even for my own benefit."

"I told her not to try backhand," commented the young man with the large mouth, reminiscently. "The first young man choked and glared. 'Say,' he stammered, 'You—then it was you—how dare—'" "Hold on," said the culprit, grinning. "What I did seemed to please Corinne."—Chicago News.

Like and Love. Teacher—Can you tell me the difference between like and love? Small boy—Yes, ma'am. I like my father and mother, but I love pie.—Hans' Hora.

## When Spraying is Practiced

Two classes of enemies attack fruit trees and plants, viz: insects and fungus diseases. The application of suitable sprays, usually liquid, to the tree or plant for the purpose of preventing or destroying these constitutes spraying.

We spray to destroy insects and to prevent fungus diseases. Spraying is no longer an experiment. It is an established fact that intelligent and persistent spraying always pays. The effects of spraying are cumulative. The effects of spraying last year and this year may result in an increased yield next year. An instructive bulletin issued by the Wisconsin Horticultural Society, has the following to say regarding spraying: "The insects affecting fruit may be divided for convenience into two classes, which are distinguished by their mode of feeding, viz: eating or chewing insects and sucking insects."

Eating insects consume the affected tissues, commonly the leaves, and thereby hinder the functions of the plant. The common example is the potato "bug" or beetle. Insects of this class are destroyed by poisoning their food. Sucking insects do not consume the external tissues of the plant, but feed only on the sap. In order to accomplish this the insect thrusts its proboscis through the juices in the same way as a mosquito sucks blood. As these insects do not consume the tissue of the leaf or branch, poisons are of no avail. We must therefore attack the insects. This is done by covering them with some substance which will penetrate their bodies, or with substance which closes their breathing pores. To repeat:



Barrel and Cart Spraying Outfit.

(1) Biting or chewing insects are destroyed by placing poison on the parts on which the insects feed.

(2) Sucking insects are destroyed only by attacking the insects and not the class poisons are of no avail. Apple scab, brown rot of plums and peaches, potato rot, blight, rust and other destructive plant diseases are commonly ascribed to weather conditions. Indirectly this is often true, but neither rain nor drought nor any other atmospheric condition is ever directly the cause of plant diseases.

Rainy weather does not directly cause plum rot, but provides conditions favorable to the development of the fungus, and probably unfavorable conditions for the development of the plum and its ability to resist the invasion of the disease.

Fungi (plant diseases) are propagated by spores, minute bodies which may float in the air and are usually too small to be discerned singly without using a compound microscope. These spores alight on leaf or fruit and under favorable conditions of heat and moisture germinate, giving rise to threadlike projections which penetrate the plant's tissues.

The main fact to be borne in mind is this: The spores which may be present in innumerable numbers may be destroyed or their germination prevented by the application of certain substances known as fungicides, while existing as spores on the outside of plants, but after these have penetrated the tissue of leaf, stem or root, spraying is of no avail. In other words, spraying for plant diseases must be wholly for prevention.

**Making Bordeaux Mixture.** The following formula for Bordeaux Mixture is used as a preventive of fungus diseases, as potato blight, apple scab, etc. Various formulas are quoted, but the following is now accepted as safe and reliable: Copper sulfate, 5 lbs; Fresh lime, 5 lbs; Water, 50 gals.

Either arsenate of lead or Paris green may be safely combined with Bordeaux Mixture. In fact, in all orchard spraying operations it has come to be a common practice to add either Paris green or arsenate of lead to Bordeaux at every application. By this means biting insects and fungi are controlled at a single operation. No other fact is more important than this in spraying.

Arsenate of lead is a poison for biting insects and is less liable to injure foliage than Paris green. It remains longer in suspension. It adheres better to foliage. It may be used for any purpose for which Paris green is employed in liquid sprays. The formula is: Arsenate of lead, 2 to 3 lbs; Water 50 gals.

A market squab raiser can not feed as high as the fancier, but he must feed good, wholesome grain avoiding that which has been damaged in any way.

## The Slave of the Steel God

THE rows of slender chimneys, piercing the blackened roofs of the stupendous shacks known as "the work," vomited their dense masses of sulphurous smoke into the already poisoned atmosphere, and steam pipes spouted viciously here and there below; half a dozen cupolas flared with red and violet against the darkest drift or faded in a pale glow as a reckless wind puffed the settling clouds away.

Inside the works a thousand or more pairs of hands grappled lever, bar, shovel handle, hammer, rammer or cable as the mighty muscles behind them strained and relaxed unceasingly to a multitudinous clangor of metal on metal and the creak and scream and whirr of wheels and pulleys.

In one or a thousand and more shacks that were not stupendous save in their grime and bare ugliness, the blinds were down in that room facing the main avenue of cinders.

It was Late Spinney's shack, "Late" is, of course, the familiar abbreviation of Lafayette, who, it will be remembered, risked his life and spent his money in the cause of American freedom.

Somebody in the Spinney family must have admired him at the time the christening took place—if there was a christening.

A few hours before, Late Spinney had been one of the thousand or more toilers in the works. He had started in at one end of a line of furnaces, asked to the waist, raking, stirring and feeding their searing fires until he reached the other end, and then back again. Twelve hours of it at a shift, and if you don't like the job, why this is a free country and you know what you can do.

The blinds were down, but Mr. Spinney was not dead. Far from it. He was only 36 years old and, far accidents, good for another 10 years of it. His eye was closed and his mouth was open and from that mouth proceeded a rhythmic snore, broken at regular intervals by a choke and a gasp.

In the adjoining kitchen, Mrs. Spinney busied herself at the stove, tried to restrain the activity of four children in semi-clean dresses and ribbons and looked a good deal at the clock.

As the noon whistle blew Mrs. Spinney pushed the coffee pot to the back of the stove, took an odoriferous herring from the oven, looked at the clock again and sighed.

"I hate to wake him," she said, "I don't think we ought to wake him at that."

Four shrill voices were raised in protest. "Well, then, hush your racket," said the mother. She put bread on the table with the herring and surveyed the food disparagingly. "Hunkies' grub it is," she grumbled. "But it might be worse easy enough. Now, if I can turn my back for a minute without you mixing up your duds, I'll go wake him up."

It was no easy matter to wake him. He muttered and swore, half arose and rolled back again, and would have slept but for his wife's persistence. At last he lurched half his bulk from the bed, sat up, and nodded drowsily at his shoes.

"Come," said his wife sharply, but with a pitying look. "The lunch is all put up, and your bifurks is ready and the children is crazy to be a-goin'."

"To the park," snapped the woman. "Don't you know? Wake up now!" Presently he came clumping into the kitchen, a tall, ungainly figure, with a scarred face and an empty eye socket, his shoulders bowed and his hair grizzled by the stress of his 36 years. Without a word, he seated himself at the table and devoured the food wolfishly. Then he turned his one eye on his family in a not unkindly regard.

"Well, you all ready?" he asked. There was a chorus of assent and he smiled horribly, for, owing to the exigencies of the steel business, he couldn't smile any other way.

"We're all a-waiting on you," said his wife. "Hurry, now, and get ready."

He hurried and soon he was at the head of a small procession that straggled along the cinder path toward the car line. A neat patch was over the empty eye-socket and he was in his black best, with a celluloid collar torturing his sinewy neck.

It would take too long to tell the events of the street car ride that took the Spinnneys from the gloom and oppression of "the works" into the sunlight and air of the park. There were events, as when the conductor tried to charge full fare for Evelyn, and when Late Junior nearly fell out of the window in his eagerness to observe an asphalt gang. In fact, the trip itself was an event, and a big event.

But the point is that they got to the park, that it was possible for a man to work a 12-hour night-shift and yet have time to take his family on a little excursion, before returning to work. We have seen that Late Spinney slept, and that he ate. Now he was passing spare time loafing around on the grass with his pipe in his mouth and the debris of a lunch scattered about him. He might, if he had chosen, have spent the same time studying, improving his stupid mind and qualifying himself for a higher position.

## A Useful Hint

To remove mildew from linen or cotton, soap the spots, then cover them with a little scraped or powdered chalk and leave the article to bleach in the sun, dampening it as it dries. After some hours' exposure wash the article in the usual manner with soap and water, then the marks will probably disappear. If they are still visible a repetition of the process described will be necessary.

## A Near-Puff Paste Entree

Make patties of the paste and fill them with a mixture of turkey and tongue, or chicken and ham, all cooked of course, and pour over them a rich cream sauce flavored with dried mushrooms and filled with chopped hard cooked eggs. The sauce should be seasoned with salt, paprika and dash of nutmeg.

## Unappreciative.

"Carlyle was a great thinker. You can't turn to a single page without finding some gem of thought. Here, for instance, he says that there is strength in cheerfulness."

## How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Old Papers at the Republican.

## Railway Time Cards.

PENNYSYLVANIA	
East-bound	
No. 6 Daily	2:54 a.m.
No. 18 "	5:12 a.m.
No. 36 " except Sunday	8:51 a.m.
No. 16 "	10:25 a.m.
No. 4 "	8:00 p.m.
No. 38 "	8:49 p.m.
No. 34 "	10:15 p.m.
West-bound	
No. 25 Daily	5:04 a.m.
No. 19 Milk Train	6:30 a.m.
No. 37 " except Sunday	9:07 a.m.
No. 39 Daily except Sunday	1:46 p.m.
No. 21 Daily	1:54 p.m.
No. 19 "	8:02 p.m.
No. 9 "	8:20 p.m.
No. 11 no baggage	10:27 p.m.

## VANDALIA

South Bound	
No. 41 Daily except Sunday	5:41 a.m.
No. 43 " "	11:04 a.m.
No. 45 " "	5:30 p.m.
No. 47 Sunday Only	9:07 a.m.
No. 49 " "	4:47 p.m.
No. 59 Sunday only	7:14 p.m.
North Bound	
No. 46 Daily	8:32 a.m.
No. 42 Daily	11:57 a.m.
No. 44 Daily except Sunday	6:50 p.m.
No. 58 Sunday Only	7:50 p.m.

## LAKE ERIE

South-bound	
No. 21 Daily except Sunday	5:50 a.m.
No. 23 " "	10:45 a.m.
No. 25 Daily except Sunday	5:08 p.m.
No. 27 Sunday only	8:50 a.m.
No. 29 " "	7:26 p.m.
North-bound	
20 Daily except Sunday	11:16 a.m.
No. 22 " "	10:11 a.m.
No. 24 " "	10:11 a.m.
No. 26 Sunday only	10:11 a.m.

## INDIANA UNION TRACTION COMPANY

Time Table Effective Jan. 1st, 1911

Leave	Arrive
Logansport	Indianapolis
5:00 a.m.	7:55 a.m.
5:40 a.m.	9:15 a.m.
6:55 a.m.	9:55 a.m.
9:00 a.m.	11:55 a.m.
9:40 a.m.	1:15 p.m.
10:55 a.m.	1:55 p.m.
1:00 p.m.	3:55 p.m.
1:40 p.m.	5:15 p.m.
3:40 p.m.	7:15 p.m.
5:00 p.m.	7:55 p.m.
5:40 "	9:15 p.m.
7:15 p.m.	10:15 p.m.
9:00 p.m.	11:55 p.m.

## Leave Indianapolis

5:00 a.m.	7:50 a.m.
5:40 a.m.	9:10 a.m.
7:00 a.m.	10:00 a.m.
9:00 a.m.	11:50 a.m.
9:40 a.m.	1:10 p.m.
11:40 a.m.	3:10 p.m.
1:00 p.m.	3:50 p.m.
1:40 p.m.	5:10 p.m.
3:00 p.m.	6:00 p.m.
3:40 p.m.	7:10 p.m.
5:00 p.m.	7:50 p.m.
5:40 p.m.	9:10 p.m.
7:00 p.m.	10:00 p.m.
9:00 p.m.	11:50 p.m.

## Arrive Logansport

5:00 a.m.	7:50 a.m.
5:40 a.m.	9:10 a.m.
7:00 a.m.	10:00 a.m.
9:00 a.m.	11:50 a.m.
9:40 a.m.	1:10 p.m.
11:40 a.m.	3:10 p.m.
1:00 p.m.	3:50 p.m.
1:40 p.m.	5:10 p.m.
3:00 p.m.	6:00 p.m.
3:40 p.m.	7:10 p.m.
5:00 p.m.	7:50 p.m.
5:40 p.m.	9:10 p.m.
7:00 p.m.	10:00 p.m.
9:00 p.m.	11:50 p.m.

## Indicates limited trains.

Tickets sold and baggage checked through to all points in Indiana and Ohio reached by Electric Railway Lines. For further information address Traffic Dept. I. U. T. Co. Anderson, Indiana.

## HAIR WHITE AS SNOW

Restored to Natural Color with **WYETH'S SAGE AND SULPHUR HAIR REMEDY** ALMOST A MIRACLE

My hair was as white as snow when I commenced using Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy. One bottle restored my hair to its natural dark brown color. As I am now 70 years old, I consider the result most remarkable. It is an agreeable and refreshing hair dressing, keeping the hair soft and glossy, without being in the least greasy or sticky.

W.M. WESTLAKE, 210 West Main Street, Rochester, N. Y.



Why hesitate when WYETH'S SAGE AND SULPHUR HAIR REMEDY is daily producing just such results?

After years of study and analysis of the hair, we have been able to produce an ideal Hair Tonic and Restorer, which contains an actual constituent of hair, combined with ingredients of recognized merit for treatment of hair and scalp diseases. It makes and keeps the scalp clean and healthy, gives life, strength and lustre to the hair, and

## Restores Gray Hair to Natural Color

No matter how long and thick your hair is, WYETH'S SAGE AND SULPHUR HAIR REMEDY will make it longer and thicker. It will remove every trace of dandruff in a few days, stop falling in one week, and start a new growth in from one to three months.

Guaranteed to be as Represented or Money Refunded

50c. AND \$1.00 A BOTTLE AT ALL DRUGGISTS

If Your Druggist Does Not Keep It Send 50c. in Stamps and We Will Send You a Large Bottle, Express Prepaid

Wyeth Chemical Company, 74 CORTLANDT STREET, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

FREE A 25c Cake of Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Toilet Soap Free to anyone who will send us this advertisement with 10c in stamps to cover cost of wrapping and mailing the soap.

Fred Wenzler, Special Agent. Plymouth Ind.

## Little Helps

Here Are Some Hints That Are Valuable to the Housewife.

My little boy always screamed and kicked when I gave him his bath, and let other mothers who have similar trouble try my plan. Throw into the water a handful of corks and in his effort to catch the "fish" the child will forget that he is being washed and the bath will be over without any trouble.

## To Keep Furs.

Every housewife knows what a great worry furs and woolen garments are during the summer months, when moths are so ready to destroy any within reach.

Take a five gallon crock and after sunning and brushing the furs place them in the crock, then cover with a heavy piece of wrapping paper which is glued fast to the crock, making it absolutely air tight and there are no cracks or crevices for moths to enter. This can be kept in a dry cellar all summer, or if you have no cellar or clothes press get a large tin lid to fit the crock and make a cover of creosote and use for a corner seat in any room, and save all worry over moths for the summer.

## Mothproof.

In packing away furs for the summer, and to avert danger from moth, air the furs on a cloudy day. Do not hang them out in the sunshine.

If soiled, sprinkle with cornmeal and rub with a cloth the way the fur runs. Shake well, place them in large paper flour bags.

The tightly and hang them in a closet or put them away in a chest and you will never be troubled with moths. No need to pack away with the odorous camphor, moth balls, or tar paper. Experience has proven that the above method is the only safe and satisfactory method of preserving one's furs.

## Cleaning Sewing Machine.

To clean your sewing machine go over it with a piece of old velvet that has been sprinkled with olive oil and vinegar. Will also clean and polish mirrors, and makes the finest furniture polish. Good all around cleaner.

## A Peek Into His Pocket.

would show the box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve that E. S. Loper, a carpenter, of Marilla, N. Y. always carries. "I have never had a cut, wound, bruise, or sore it would not soon heal," he writes. Greatest healer of burns, boils, scalds, chapped hands and lips, fever-sores, skin-eruptions, eczema, corns and piles. 25c. at Fred Wenzler's.



Why hesitate when WYETH'S SAGE AND SULPHUR HAIR REMEDY is daily producing just such results?

After years of study and analysis of the hair, we have been able to produce an ideal Hair Tonic and Restorer, which contains an actual constituent of hair, combined with ingredients of recognized merit for treatment of hair and scalp diseases. It makes and keeps the scalp clean and healthy, gives life, strength and lustre to the hair, and

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Fred Wenzler, Special Agent. Plymouth Ind.

## BUSINESS CARDS

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Money to loan on Farms a specialty

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