Railroad Time Card

Hocking Valley

COLUMBUS, TOLEDO, ATHENS, PARKERSBURG, WASHINGTON, BALTIMORE, PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK.

UNION STATION TIME CARD.

NORTH BOUND.

No. 31	7:00 am
*No. 33	10:25 am
*No. 35	4:20 pm
*No. 37	10:50 pm
*No. 39	6:10 pm

SOUTH BOUND.

*No. 30	5:50 am
*No. 38	7:20 am
*No. 32	10:25 am
No. 34	1:36 pm
*No. 36	7:15 pm

*Daily.

No. 38 starts from Marion.

No. 39 stops at Marion.

No. 39 will leave Columbus 6 pm on Sundays.

Effective Sunday, December 10, 1905.

C. E. SARGENT, Agent.

ERIE RAILROAD

UNION DEPOT.

*No. 10, Chautauqua Ex	12:20 am
*No. 8, New York Ex	5:32 am
*No. 4, Vestibule Limited	6:33 pm
No. 16, Accommodation	12:40 pm
*No. 32 arrives	10:00 am

C. & E. DIVISION.

*No. 9, Chicago Express	12:20 am
*No. 3, Vestibuled Limited	10:34 am
*No. 21	7:00 am
*No. 13	3:30 pm
*No. 7, Pacific Express	11:10 pm

SOUTH AND CINCINNATI

*No. 9, Cincinnati Express	[illegible]:00 am
*No. 3, Vestibuled Limited	10:39 am
*No. 13	3:30 pm
No. 57, Monday only	4:00 pm

*Daily, s Daily except Sunday.

--Daily except Monday.

13 daily accommodation 9:50 a.m., between Kent and Marion.

L. E. Nebergall, Ticket Agent.

C. L. Enos, Trav. Pass. Agent.

Marion, Ohio.

Phones, Home 216, Bell 177.

New York Central Lines

[BIG FOUR ROUTE]

WEST BOUND.

No. 15	5:55 am
No. 19	9:52 am
No. 29	2:00 pm
No. 5	4:40 pm
No. 43	7:30 pm
Local	11:45 am

EAST BOUND.

No. 36	10:48 am
No. 46	12:17 pm
No. 10	5:27 pm
No. 16	7:25 pm
No. 20	11:14 pm
Local	3:30 pm

All trains daily except locals and Nos. 5 and 10.

Effect June 28, 1906.

I CAN SELL

Your Real Estate or Business

No Matter Where Located.

Properties and Business of all kinds sold quickly for cash in all parts of the United States. Don't wait. Write today describing what you have to sell and give cash price on same.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY

any kind of Business or Real Estate anywhere at any price write me your requirements. I can save you time and money.

DAVID P. TAFF,
THE LAND MAN.
415 Kansas Avenue
TOPEKA, KANSAS

HOLIDAY RATES

THE

Hocking Valley Ry.

will sell round trip tickets to all points in Central Passenger Association Territory at 2 cents per mile in each direction. Dates of sales Dec. 22-23-24-25-29-30-31st 1906 and January 1st 1907. Return limit January 2nd 1907.

REMEMBER

We move and store your goods and do all kinds of transfer work. Phone 155.

PEOPLES TRANSFER CO

One More Tragedy At Giveadam Gulch

Story of the Man Who Came Up From Wolf Creek to Commit Murder.

Copyright by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

IT is with deepest sorrow that we chronicle a tragedy that occurred in this town of Giveadam Gulch on Wednesday last.

At that date we had planted in our private editorial graveyard eighteen victims, and we were hugging the hope that we had reached the end.

In each and every one of the eighteen cases we had been obliged to shoot first to save our own life and had been honorably acquitted by a coroner's jury.

In each and every case also we paid all funeral expenses and rode at the head of the funeral procession in the carriage with the minister.

Each of the eighteen mounds has its own marble headstone. We could have

"DO YOU WANT TO BE PLANTED IN YOUR OWN GRAVEYARD?"

substituted wood and thereby saved a considerable sum of money, but we did not stop at expense to procure the silent sleepers the best that could be turned out. Aside from the names, dates, etc., most of the stones bear such sayings as, "Gone up higher," "He sleeps well," and "Our loss is his gain."

The plants, bushes and trees we have placed in the inclosure give it the appearance of a public park, and, as a matter of fact, it is so used by our citizens. We have often sat there as the summer sun went to rest and reflected on the unstability of life, and as our eyes dwelt on mound after mound we have wondered how it was with the sleepers in the great beyond.

We are not a holy terror.

We are not a bad man with two guns.

We were not born at the headwaters of Fighting creek.

On the contrary, we are a humble looking cess of humble spirit, asking nothing so much as to be let alone to do our humble work on earth as best we can.

We have taken to our heels rather than shoot. We have taken a cold bluff when other men would have pulled a gun.

In no one instance since we were out of knee pants have we thirsted for human life.

Reports to the effect that we are a savage and on the shoot are base canards, having their foundation in the jealous hearts of contemporaries.

We must be crowded to the wall before we shoot, and then we shoot as gently as we can. After being acquitted by the coroner we sit down and feel real bad for several hours.

Two weeks ago we received a postal card from some one at Wolf Creek who signed himself "Deliverer" to the effect that he was coming on here to remove us from this world of turmoil and trouble. We threw the card into the basket with a dozen others and gave it no further thought, but on Wednesday, as we sat in our sanctum writing an editorial on the political situation in the far west, an individual whose name has been ascertained to be Henry White entered the room, drew two guns and, seating himself opposite us, announced:

"Mr. Helliso, I have come to shoot you!"

"Isn't it rather sudden?" we asked in reply.

"I gave you notice two weeks ago. Besides, all good things happen suddenly."

"Are you following out any particular idea?"

"No. I propose to remove you on general principles. You have become the 'It' of Arizona, and no one else can get a show. Do you want to be planted in your own graveyard?"

"Would it be too much trouble?"

"Not at all. Are you a praying man?"

"Not to any great extent, but under the circumstances"—

"Go ahead. I will give you five minutes. After that time has expired, being this is my busy day, you will be sent over the great divide without further notice."

We indulged in the hope for a moment that Mr. White was loco, but a look into his eyes proved that he was not only in his right mind, but very earnest in wanting to carry out his little plan. Our guns were lying near us, but if we had put out a hand he would have fired. For a long three minutes we thought of home and mother. We thought of this gulch being left without anybody to run it. We thought how tickled the editor of the Lone Jack Banner would be when he heard of our death. We thought how our esteemed contemporary in town would chuckle and claim the credit of the shooting. We thought of our Kicker and its 3,000,000 circulation and wondered if another man could be found to hold it up.

We thought of heaven and wondered if we would be let in. We wondered, supposing we did get in, if we should be welcomed by a band of angels and how long before we should grow wings and be able to fly around. We were getting quite sentimental over the situation when the foreman of the composing room came bursting in for more copy, and this made a diversion. Mr. White turned his gaze from us for three seconds only, but it was enough. We reached for a gun, and as he drew down on us we fired.

We would have avoided it if we could. Had Mr. White asked for an apology or given us a chance to run he would be alive today. He had our back to the wall and meant to take our life.

It consoles us somewhat to remember that Mr. White did not suffer any. Some men might have shot him so that he would have been on the suffering and dying list for several days, but we are quite certain that he felt no pain after the first second. When he was lifted up the smile he had worn in life was still on his face, and his parted lips seemed about to tell us that time was up.

The coroner was at once sent for and proceeded to impanel a jury. All the facts were at hand. Mr. White had told several people on the street of his philanthropic intentions, and our foreman was a witness of his efforts. The verdict of justifiable homicide was reached in ten minutes. Then we sent for the undertaker and ordered him to spare no expense, and the gravedigger was told not to do any skimping.

As near as we have been able to ascertain, Mr. White has no relatives in the west, and there will be no one to claim his effects, consisting of 50 cents in cash and two guns. He had been hanging around Wolf creek for a month or so, seeming to have something on his mind, but nobody can tell where he came from beyond there. He was a man of middle age, with an intelligent face and likely fairly educated, and had he turned his attention to killing off the heads of trusts he would undoubtedly have been a success. We cannot say whether his idea of removing us was original with him or not. He appeared to know that we were the editor of the Kicker, mayor of Giveadam Gulch, deputy United States marshal, state fish commissioner, state forester, colonel of militia, foreman of the fire department, postmaster and a candidate for the next presidency, and perhaps he thought we were playing the hog and there would be nothing left for him.

Be that as it may, Mr. White has been gathered to his fathers in first class shape. He was buried on Friday in a casket that cost $75, and we paid as much more for the carriages in the funeral procession. His grave is in one of the prettiest corners of the yard, and, while it is too late in the season now to do more than erect a headstone with a lamb on top, when the spring comes again the trailing arbutus will be made to trail over the sods which cover him. Requiescat in pace (which means may he sleep in peace for a thousand years and never once wake up and try to figure out why he didn't plant us instead).

M. QUAD.

A Safe Bet.

"There, now," said the would be author, "you've heard the first four chapters of my novel. Can you tell how the story's coming out?"

"Well," replied Crittick, "I can tell how it isn't coming out."

"Er—how do you mean?"

"In book form."—Houston Post.

No Use Advertising For It.

Griggs—Dropped into the courthouse this morning and lost my overcoat there, confound the luck.

Briggs—That's nothing. Last week I lost a suit there.—Boston Transcript.

A Poor Resort.

"Why is Freshers always boasting that he has lost money on the market?"

"It's the only way he can ever get anybody to believe that he ever had any."—Detroit Free Press.

Left Alone.

Beggar—I've lost all my kinfolks.
Lady—You poor man! All dead?
Beggar—Naw; rich.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Modest Burglar.

The burglar is a modest man,
He's never seen by day.
And if accosted late at night
He tries to steal away.

Whene'er he has to make a call
He never makes a fuss;
He keeps as quiet as he can
So's not to trouble us.

He is so modest, if you'd say,
"Why, you are Burglar Jim!"
He'd say, with evident distress,
"No, mister; I ain't him!"
—R. R. Kirk in Lippincott's Magazine.

SECRETARY JAMES R. GARFIELD.

The man who will succeed Ethan Allen Hitchcock as secretary of the interior is the second son of the late President Garfield. James Rudolph Garfield is forty-one years old, a native of Hiram, O., where his father in early manhood was president of a college. He practiced law in Cleveland until his appointment as a member of the United States civil service commission. In 1903 he became commissioner of corporations. His report on the matter of railroad rebates first brought him into national notice. Mr. Garfield married Miss Helen Newell of Chicago.

A Poem For Today

ICONOCLAST

By Jeannette I. Helm

I KNOW not which of you I hate the more—
The idol false which blinded me
Or you, whose clumsy hand so rudely tore
The veil from my divinity.

Was I not happier far when kneeling there
Before that self made god of mine
Than when you swept the flowered altar bare
And left me with an empty shrine?

What though my idol's feet were wholly clay—
Might not my faith have turned them gold,
As when the pallid east by full flushed day
Is changed to glories manifold?

Yea; hate is mine, but chiefly for this last—
That of the whole world it was you
Yourself who played the stern iconoclast,
Yet are the fallen idol too!

A Poem For Today

WHAT IS GOOD?

By John Boyle O'Reilly

WHAT is the real good?
I asked in musing mood.
Order, said the law court;
Knowledge, said the school;
Truth, said the wise man;
Pleasure, said the fool;
Love, said the maiden;
Beauty, said the page;
Home, said the sage;
Fame, said the soldier;
Equity, the seer.
Spake my heart full sadly,
"The answer is not here."
This within my bosom,
Softly, this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret—
Kindness is the word."

QUAINT PICTURE OF BLANCHE WALSH.

Here is a quaint picture of Blanche Walsh, the actress, who recently surprised her friends by her marriage at New Orleans to W. H. Travers, leading man in her company. Her first husband was Alfred Hickman. Miss Walsh is one of the few successful actresses born and reared in the city of New York. Most of them come from smaller places. She grew up in the metropolis and lived for some years in the warden's suit at the Tombs prison, her father being the warden. She made her debut in 1889, at the age of sixteen, in "Twelfth Night." She is now touring the south in "The Kreutzer Sonata."

BABY'S VOICE

Is the joy of the household, for without it no happiness can be complete. How sweet the picture of mother and babe! Angels smile at and commend the thoughts and aspirations of the mother bending over the cradle. The ordeal through which the expectant mother must pass, however, is so full of danger and suffering that she looks forward to the hour when she shall feel the exquisite thrill of motherhood with indescribable dread and fear. Every woman should know that the danger, pain and horror of childbirth can be entirely avoided by the use of **Mother's Friend**, a scientific liniment for external use only, which toughens and renders pliable all the parts, and assists nature in its sublime work. By its aid thousands of women have passed this great crisis in perfect safety and without pain.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

Sold at $1.00 per bottle by druggists. Our book of priceless value to all women sent free. Address BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

JAMES BRYCE.

The Noted British Statesman and Man of Letters.

The Right Hon. James Bryce, who is soon to succeed Sir Henry Mortimer Durand as ambassador to the United States, is one of the most eminent of British statesmen and men of letters and is perhaps best known in this country as the author of "The American Commonwealth." In the reading of this work Americans themselves have learned a good deal about their own republic. He is a Liberal in politics and is a member of the present government, occupying the post of chief secretary for Ireland.

Mr. Bryce was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1838 and is the son of the late James Bryce, a Scotchman, who was distinguished as a scholar and honored with the degree of LL. D. The present chief secretary was educated at the Glasgow high school and University of Glasgow and at Trinity college, Oxford. As a young man he practiced as a barrister. He has been a member of

JAMES BRYCE.

parliament from Aberdeen, Scotland, since 1885 and has been the incumbent of important cabinet offices under several governments. The offices he has held, the books he has written, the degrees he has received and the number of learned societies in which he has membership make a long list. During his career in parliament he has been active with tongue and pen in advocating the extension of rural government throughout the United Kingdom and in forwarding the interests of Ireland. He was one of the strongest upholders of Gladstone both in his home rule policy and in other features of the political programme of the Grand Old Man. He has done much work in the cause of elementary education in Great Britain and in improving the condition of Christians in the far east. His best known works are his "American Commonwealth" and his "Holy Roman Empire," the latter being a book of exceptional historical value and literary charm. Like some other noted British statesmen, Mr. Bryce is a devotee of mountain climbing and has been president of the Alpine club.

Great Card.

There was a mighty crash, and the great touring car of the leading lady collided with the humble milk cart. Amid the shower of white liquid the press agent jumped out on the sidewalk and began to write furiously.

"It is too bad," sobbed the leading lady as she gazed ruefully on the ruin of her thousand dollar gown.

"Cheer up, madam," said the press agent. "The accident is worth at least $10,000."

"Ten thousand? What have you written?"

"Why, I have written this: 'Mme. Flasher took her milk bath on Main street today.'"—Detroit Tribune.

Going Him One Better.

Chatty Old Gentleman (as they pass the asylum)—We get an excellent view of the asylum from the railway.

Escaped Lunatic—Ah, but you ought to see the railway from the asylum!—Sketch.

Exceptional Etiquette.

When out walking with a lady, care should be taken not to step on her shadow.

If afflicted with hay fever, refrain from sneezing while talking with a grass widow. Some grass widows are very sensitive.

The proper mode of heading a letter is "Dear Sir." Never write "Dr. Sir" unless the man owes you money.

In eating pie care should be exercised not to click the knife on the teeth. This sound is very annoying to sensitive persons.—Boston Transcript.

Moorish Pretender's Revenge.

During the recent carnival festivities at Melilla a native interpreter figured in the procession as the pretender to the throne of Morocco. The impersonation was distinctly burlesque, and the interpreter amused the crowd considerably. A few days later, when the man went outside the walls of the city to visit a friend, he was seized and carried off to the pretender's camp. There he was tried, condemned and executed by being blown from the mouth of a cannon.

LIVER

Failure of the liver to filter bile from the blood, where it is poison, and pass it into the intestines, where it aids digestion and keeps the bowels regular, gives rise to biliousness, headache, indigestion and constipation and also leads to diseases of the kidneys, because it throws all the work of blood filtering on the

KIDNEYS

By their direct and combined action on the liver and kidneys Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills positively and thoroughly cure all diseases of those filtering organs.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

For sale in Marion, Ohio, by Flock's Drug Store.

ORCHERADE

DRINK THE NEW ORCHERADE

A Delicious Blending of Fruit Juices

PURE REFRESHING INVIGORATING WHOLESOME

Manufactured by Star Bottling Works

PILES

"I have suffered with piles for thirty-six years. One year ago last April I began taking Cascarets for constipation. In the course of a week I noticed the piles began to disappear and at the end of six weeks they did not trouble me at all. Cascarets have done wonders for me. I am entirely cured and feel like a new man." George Kryder, Napoleon, O.

Best For The Bowels

Cascarets

CANDY CATHARTIC

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe, 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped CCC. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N.Y. 503

ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

MADAME DEAN'S FRENCH FEMALE PILLS.

A Safe, Certain Relief for Suppressed Menstruation. NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL. Safe! Sure! Speedy! Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded. Sent prepaid for $1.00 per box. Will send them on trial, to be paid for when relieved. Samples Free. If your druggist does not have them send your orders to the UNITED MEDICAL CO., BOX 74, LANCASTER, PA.

Sold in Marion by D. T. Maloney & Son.

CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents Contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.

MEN AND WOMEN. Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles $2.75. Circular sent on request.

LADIES

—Dr. LaFrance's—

Compound Gives Positive Relief

Safe, Quick, Reliable Regulator

Superior to other remedies sold at high prices. Cure guaranteed. Successfully used by over 200,000 Women. Price, 25 Cents, druggists or by mail. Testimonials and booklet free. Dr. LaFrance, Philadelphia, Pa.