

UNCLE ELI'S FABLES.

A Pleasant Remedy in Small Doses by a Wise Old Man.

MAGPIE AND THE TRAVELERS.

Story of a Foolish Fox—The Peasant and the King—The Fox and the Woodman, Who Cut Off Poor Reynard's Tail.

[Copyright, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.] One day as two travelers were resting in the shade of a tree on the highway a magpie alighted on a branch over their heads.

"What a beautiful bird!" exclaimed one.

"What brilliant plumage!" added the other.

"Did you ever see such handsome eyes in a bird?"

"And note the intelligence!"

"The bird must be wise and cunning."

"And have a voice of purest melody."

"If we could only coax her to sing, we should both be charmed."

"Beautiful bird," pleaded the other, "give us a few notes of song to remember thee by as we travel our weary way."

"The magpie had determined not to open her mouth, but the flattery proved too much for her, and she piped up and chattered away.

"It's a blame old horse fiddle!" shouted one of the travelers.

"It beats sawing through a nail!" added the other. And with sticks and stones they drove the bird far away in humiliation.

Moral.—What could we pass for if we only knew enough to keep our mouths shut!

The Fox and the Woodman.

The woodman was passing through the forest with an ax on his shoulder in search of timber, when he came across the fox, who had been caught by the tail in a trap set by a hunter.

"Hello, but how came you in this fix?" asked the man of the ax as he came to a halt.

"Oh, it's a joke on the part of the hunter," replied the fox, who felt mightily ashamed of the fix he was in and wanted to make light of it.

"But you are caught by the tail." "As you see."

"And you can't get away."

"Oh, I'm in no great hurry. I was intending to slip over to Farmer Stob-

bins this afternoon for a goose, but if I don't get her until evening it will be all the same. You might, if you would be so kind, just spring the trap open, but don't put yourself out."

"I won't. It's a pretty hard job to pry the jaws of the trap open, while with my sharp ax—"

"And with a blow he cut off Reynard's tail and left him bobbed forever."

Moral.—This is a world in which we must help one another.

The Fox That Argued.

The Wolf went to the Fox one day and said:

"See here, Reynard, I have had a dispute with the Panther, and as neither of us would give in there is ill feeling."

"What was the row about?" asked the Fox.

"Why, he claimed that the tobacco trust by keeping prices up prevented thousands of women from chewing plug tobacco. I contended that the high prices took just that much more money from husbands who would otherwise hand it over for stockings and handkerchiefs. Don't you think the Panther a fool?"

"I think you both are."

"Like enough, but I'd like the question settled one way or another. You can see through a hole in a grindstone, and I wish you'd go to the Panther with me and decide the matter."

"Oh, anything to oblige. I was going over to Uncle Reuben's and spot off a new henhouse he has been building, but I can do that later on."

The two soon found themselves in the presence of the Panther, and the Wolf explained why they had come. He also added that he could not recede from his argument.

"As to that, neither can I," replied the Panther, "but just now I prefer a new argument—viz, is ox tail soup in a can better than fox meat on foot?"

The Fox made a bolt for it, but he had not gone five rods when he was pulled down and devoured.

Moral.—Men who argue and lose their tempers may be fools, but he who

comes between them to decide the matter is a bigger one.

The Peasant and the King.

The King was riding out with his suit to view the country and see if crab apples were ripe and the thistle crop good when a Peasant fell on his knees before him and said:

"O thou ruler of the sun, moon and stars, I have a great favor to ask."

"Shoot 'er off," replied the King, who had just raised another thousand dollars on a chattel mortgage and was feeling in good spirits.

"It is this, O King. Thou seest that a creek runs across my land. It is always running the same way, and I have got tired of it. The seasons change and men change, but that blamed creek never changes. All things on earth have to obey the royal command. I pray thee to command the creek to run uphill for a few days."

"Always willing to oblige a good subject," replied the King, and thereupon he stretched forth his arm and in a loud voice commanded:

"O creek, it is the royal command that thou shouldst run uphill for a change. This running downhill all the time is too dead easy."

"But it does not obey thee," said the Peasant after watching for a moment.

"Oh, but it does, it is now running uphill!"

"But to my eyes it has made no change, O ruler."

"Then you must be nearsighted. Let me see. Of course you are, and as tickling the feet is good for weak eyes I shall order that you receive twenty strokes of the bastinado."

Moral.—It is a good plan to ask for what you want, but you will sometimes get too much of it.

The Farmer, the Coon and the Possum.

The Farmer having spoken of the Opossum in the presence of the Coon as the Possum, the Coon at once picked him up and said that if he intended to go to the legislature he ought to be more careful in his pronunciation.

"It's Possum, I tell ye," insisted the Farmer.

"It's Opossum, and I can show it to you in the books."

"What's the 'O' on there for?"

"I don't know. You'll find an 'O' on O'Reilly and O'Grady, just the same."

"Well, damn me, but I won't give up till I haf to," said the Farmer. "You might as well put an 'O' before Smith as before Possum."

"But you'll have to give up, for I'm going to fetch the Opossum. When he tells you that he's an Opossum instead of a Possum mebbe you'll believe it."

The Coon went away and found the Opossum and told him what was up, and a few minutes later both stood before the Farmer.

"Now, here he is," said the Coon, "and you can ask him whether he's a Possum or an Opossum."

"I won't give in even to him!" replied the Farmer.

"I'll just cut off his tail with this 'ere corn cutter and make a wildcat of him, and then both of us will be satisfied."

Moral.—There is always a way out of every difficulty.

Really Not Surprising.

"My goodness," exclaimed Mrs. Kinder, "I don't know anything more surprising than the way our gas bills run up!"

"Oh, that's not so surprising," replied her husband, "when you consider how many thousand feet they have."—Philadelphia Press.

A Married Man.

Klucker—Did he make a good perforation?

Bocker—Fine! He said, "When you go in the voting booth may Dame Freedom sharpen your pencil with the razor of justice."—Harper's Weekly.

Another Department.

Mrs. Whitegoods (after a bargain day rush)—Oh, I believe my arm is broken!

Floorwalker—Hospital on the thirty-second floor, madam. Step right into the elevator—Puck.

Repairs.

Reid—Does it cost you much to run your automobile?

Greene—Well, it seems to cost me more when it won't run.—Yonkers Statesman.

Not Always.

"It is always the right thing to throw light on evil doings."

"Even when a burglar does it with his dark lantern?"—Baltimore American.

Mistaken.

"Dear me, how gratifying to see a little boy in such a hurry for school!"

"Aw, g'wan! Don't yer hear de fire engines?"—New York World.

Innocence Betrayed.

Screebler's writings were often rejected. But since he has taken a wife, he's had more of his stories accepted than ever before in his life.

"Is not that he writes any better. No. The reason I'm sorry to state. He's stories—believed to the letter. He tells her when coming home late.

—George Birdseye in Judge.



MARION FAMILY THEATER.

The offering at the Marion Family theater for Thanksgiving week will be an exceptionally strong and interesting bill, headed by the famous "The Four LaDelles," who have an astounding and artistic novelty act, replete with up to date illusions and magic, introducing a whole menagerie of little birds and animals, among which will be seen doves, pigeons, guinea pigs, rabbits and chickens. Something to interest and amuse young and old alike.

Leonard and Lester, singing and talking comedians, have an extremely funny act, introducing new jokes and witticisms and will certainly prove to be favorites during the next week.

The Seymour Sisters, who have been seen here last season, are well known dancers and singers of exceptional ability.

Equillo, equilibrist and hand balancer, is a very talented artist and will certainly prove a great attraction to Marion audiences, during his engagement here next week.

The illustrated song, sung as usual

by the addition of Hines and Remington, the Vaudeville Stars. The supporting company is much larger than last season. The comedy has been reconstructed so as to admit of many more specialties and musical numbers.

Detection as pictured in story books has to thousands of people seemed the most fascinating occupation that a man could engage in and no doubt has led to the determination on the part of many a youthful reader to firmly make up his mind that when he should reach his majority he would choose detection as a profession.

The old detective stories is kept as a favorite book in the corner in many a library. Those have been superseded by Conan Doyle's "Sherlock Holmes" which William Gillette dramatized and made himself a great stage personage.

It has remained for that clever author, Lincoln J. Carter to evolve a detective play in "Too Proud to



RUDOLPH AND ADOLPH Who Will Arrive in the City Monday for a Short Visit with Marion Friends and Relatives.

by Mr. E. Pearl Rowe, will be "Stars and Stripes, Goodbye" and the moving picture "Saved from the Wreck."

Local theatre goers will be eager to judge Mr. Carter's correctness of theme and story when "Too Proud to Beg" is given at the Grand Thursday afternoon and evening, Nov. 28.

It is said that Mr. Carter has introduced a love interest into his drama which is an engrossing one. Especial attention is called to the fact that every bit of scenery for the production is carried by the company intact, requiring a special baggage car for its transportation. The cast, which is a capable one artistically is also strong numerically numbering twenty people, including the clever Follis children who do a neat specialty aside from their clever reading roles.

The sixth season of Mason and Adolph promises to be more successful if possible than their first, although last season's receipts were far more than anticipated by either the stars or their managers. And it is doubtful if any similar attraction scored a greater artistic success or closed the season with a larger profit than Mason and Adolph. Managers of theaters were unanimous in requesting return engagements and in every city where the company has appeared this season, the receipts are in excess of those played to last season, while the stars received the heartiest kind of a welcome. The supporting company is larger this season than last and contains Hines and Remington, the Vaudeville stars.

At the Grand Monday night Nov. 25.

It is with pleasure that the local theatre goers are reminded of the return of Lincoln J. Carter's successful drama, "Too Proud to Beg" to be given at the Grand Thanksgiving afternoon and evening.

The story is simple and straightforward and above all, is remarkably clever aside from its

wit, pathos and thrilling situation and climax.

The Ohio Stage Society is an organization now in process of formation by Miss Elsie Janis (Beerbower) formerly of this city. The idea grew out of a box party given by several members of the Ohio Society at the Knickerbocker theatre, New York a few nights ago, when the little star of "The Hoyden" and her mother were after-theatre guests of their townsmen. Some one spoke of the large number of Ohioans who have taken up stage work in one connection or another, and Miss Janis declared they ought to band together. The result of the talk which followed is that Miss Janis is now locating all the Buckeye actors, managers and stage players she can find, and is going to invite them to come together and establish an Ohio Stage Society, which shall meet once a month and discuss the theatre and the home state and entertain and be entertained by one another. It is expected a meeting will be held next month after "The Hoyden" which has been so successful at the Knickerbocker, moves down to Wallack's to complete its run.

Charles and Daniel Frohman were born in Sandusky, and other Ohioans who have won distinction in stage pursuits are Paul Kester, Pauline Hall, William Barrows, Fayella West, Virginia Earl, Frederick Thompson, Emory Caras, Elita Procator Oils, Amelia Bingham, H. C. Blaney, Marguerite Clarke, Lillian Coleman, Charles Bigelow, Tricket Frizanza, Edith Meyer, Lida McMillan, John R. Rogers, Edna Aug, Helen Hale, Gretchen Dale, Otis Harlan, Walter Jones and W. G. Stewart.

LEGAL NOTICE.

No. 11826. Annora Cranmer, Plaintiff, vs. Harry Cranmer et al. Defendants, in the Court of Common Pleas of Marion county, Ohio.

The said Harry Cranmer, whose place of residence is unknown, will take notice that said Annora Cranmer, on the 11th day of November, A. D., 1907, filed her certain petition in the Court of Common Pleas of Marion county, Ohio, against him and the other defendants therein named; which said petition sets forth, that she recovered a judgment against him the said Harry Cranmer on the 21st day of October, A. D., 1907, by the consideration of said Court of Common Pleas of said County of Marion, Ohio, at the October term thereof in the sum of (\$800.00) eight hundred dollars and the costs of the action in the sum of \$. That said judgment and costs is a lien on the following real estate situate in Big Island Township, County of Marion, and State of Ohio, to wit—an undivided one-half interest in the said premises bounded and described as follows to-wit:

Commencing on the northwest corner of section (8) eight, Tp. (5) five, Range (14) fourteen, south and running south (130) one hundred and thirty rods to the corner of Wm. Woods' land; thence east (80) eighty rods; thence north (130) one hundred and thirty rods to the corner of said land; thence west (80) eighty rods to the place of beginning, containing (65) sixty-five acres.

Also the following described tract of land: Situate in the same township, county and state, being the west half of the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter of Sec. (8) eight, Tp. (5) five, Range (14) fourteen east, containing (20) acres.

That the other defendants claim to have some interest or lien on the above described premises.

The prayer of said petition is, that said defendants and claimants be compelled to set up their respective claims, if any, they have in said property, or be forever barred, and that the court will adjust their priorities with that of this plaintiff, and among the defendants, and that the said real estate be decreed to be sold as upon execution, and the proceeds applied on said claims according to the priorities of the liens thereof as the same may be settled by said Court.

That unless the said Harry Cranmer files his answer or demurrer on or before the 28th day of December A. D., 1907, the said petition may be taken as true and the said prayer be granted by the court.

ANNORA CRANMER, By her Attorneys, DeGolley & DeGolley.

Dated November 15, 1907. 11-16-07

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COULDN'T TAKE HINT

ENCOURAGEMENT WAS WASTED ON MR. BANGS.

She Went as Far as She Could, But Evidently He Was a Novice in the Art—Chilly Evening for Both.

"Isn't it a beautiful night!" she murmured.

"Grand!" he murmured back.

She looked up at the moon and immediately her face was flooded with such a witching light that his heart moved within him and thumped so hard that he nearly fell off the step.

"Beautiful!" she murmured again.

His lips moved, but he made no sound and all at once it occurred to him that it would be joy unspeakable to hold her little hand in his and sit in silence so. At the same moment she began to sing, tremolo, softly, with an infinite expression, looking at him meanwhile from the corners of her eyes as she sat there on the step beside him, beating time with that same hand aforesaid.

"Tell me—do you love me?"

"Do you love me sweetly, gently, as of old?"

"Tell me—do you love me?"

"For that's the sweetest—"

"Are you chilly, Miss Twiggs?" he unexpectedly broke in, carrying out a clever idea that had just popped in his mind like corn pops on a red-hot stove.

"Chilly?" she asked. "No; why?"

"Er—I was only wondering," said he.

"Do you know," she said, "I love the night. O, I just love it! Daytime is often so horrid—with its mantle of velvet—and the stars—twinkling up there so high—and never telling—what they see—and the moon—"

"I am," he gulped.

"Are what?" she asked in wonder.

"Are what, Mr. Bangs?"

"Chilly," he said.

With a half-resentful gesture she moved a bit so that he could sit a little closer. There was an open space of six inches between them and, swallowing hard, he covered about half an inch of this.

"Will you have half of my shawl?" she asked.

"No, really. It's awfully long. Look!"

She held it up for his inspection and he nervously took one end of it. This he muffled around his hands and, greatly daring, he moved another half an inch nearer.

"Why, Mr. Bangs?" she chided him in gentle encouragement.

Mistaking her tone he promptly sat away again and looked so forlorn that she felt a sorrowful pity for him, and said:

"Listen! Why do you sit 'way over there?"

"It's—it's more comfortable," he stammered.

She reached her hand over.

"Listen," said she, and paused as though her thought had for the moment escaped her.

Whereupon Mr. Bangs drew a great breath and seized her hand.

"Why, Mr. Bangs!" she murmured.

He dropped her hand with a guilty start, and for the next few minutes each looked straight ahead and neither spoke a word.

"Brrrrr!" he exclaimed at last, taking his courage in both hands for a last desperate effort.

She kept on looking straight ahead.

"I'm chilly yet," he ventured.

"Perhaps," she breathed, "if you only had a footwarmer—"

Tuberculosis in Pennsylvania.

The fact that fully 100,000 persons in Pennsylvania are suffering from tuberculosis has led to important action on the part of that state. The last legislature appropriated \$600,000 for the establishment of free sanitariums. One of these is already located in the Mont Alto forest reservation in Franklin county. It is expected that eventually 500 patients will be accommodated there, and an equal number in a second sanitarium to be established by Dr. Samuel C. Dixon, health commissioner, in the western part of the state. It is further proposed to establish 150 dispensaries throughout the state in spots where tuberculosis is prevalent. This will mean houses of refuge for persons in the incipient stages of the disease, where measures will be taken to stamp out the malady before it has rendered its victims unfit for work.

The Syrian Cigarette Lighter.

For lighting their cigarettes the native population of Turkey uses a kind of fusee manufactured in Syria in Austria. It consists of brown paper impregnated with saltpetre, each strip of which is perforated so that it may be torn easily into small slips, and is provided with a match head. About \$20,000 worth is imported each year.

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