

Gave Arm to Get Sympathy.

Frenchman Burned Sores on Self In Order to Attract Attention and Suffered Much From His Act—Considered the Most Remarkable Case of Simulated Disease Known.

A remarkable story was related at the Academy of Medicine in Paris by Dr. Dieulafoy—the case of a man who, from a morbid desire to attract attention and sympathy, willfully allowed the amputation of an arm for the sake of curing an imaginary disease.

The subject enjoyed excellent health, was intelligent, well bred, and was employed in a government office, where he enjoyed an excellent reputation. When his misfortunes first began he was the center of friendly solicitude.

physician studied the case thoroughly, but was forced to reject one hypothesis after another until one day in the course of his examination Dieulafoy noticed that the sores were similar to those made by potash burns.

He plied the patient with questions and accused him of causing the sores himself. The patient met the accusation at first with indignant denials, but finally confessed that under the sway of an impulse too strong for his will to overcome he made all the sores himself with potash and that the same



HE PLYED THE PATIENT WITH QUESTIONS.

That was a few years ago, and at that time there suddenly appeared on his left arm a number of raw sores.

The man consulted several physicians, and their diagnoses were almost always different and their treatment invariably unsuccessful.

The sores were so persistent and rendered the poor fellow so unhappy that a surgeon finally suggested that he have the arm amputated. He consented, and the operation was performed.

The patient sought consultation with Dr. Dieulafoy, one of the most celebrated practitioners in France. The

impulse forced him to submit to the amputation.

Dr. Dieulafoy said this was one of the most remarkable cases of simulated disease he had ever noted. Many faked diseases for the sake of the pleasure it gave them—morphinomaniacs, alcoholics and the like—he said. In the present case, however, no pleasure was attendant upon the simulated disease.

The patient suffered terribly from the wounds and stood the suffering heroically. The successive treatments he was forced to undergo were costly and tedious, as well as painful.

Says "Whales" Chased Him.

But Electrician Grossman's Monsters Were Porpoises and They Were Merely Having Some Fun.

"Darn fishing, anyway," said Henry Grossman of Huntington, N. Y., when he got home the other night and told of his experience.

Pursued by whales that turned out to be porpoises while fishing, spilled from his boat by his overzealous desire to put the Atlantic between himself and the "whales," marooned upon a rock with the tide rising—such were the unpleasant experiences of Grossman. Now he says he will catch all his fish over the counter at the market.

Grossman is an electrician. What he doesn't know about fishing is a great deal, but he was willing to learn until recently. Having heard that even inexperienced fishermen could catch blackfish weighing from two to eight pounds off Target rock, in Huntington bay, he rowed four miles to the grounds before daylight. At 4 a. m. the other day he had his anchor overboard and a fat clam on his hook. He fished patiently for half an hour and had just been nearly yanked overboard by a

tremendous bite when there was a violent commotion in the water near by, and he saw a dozen shining, smooth backs rise and then disappear as a school of what he took to be whales swam straight for his dinky little boat.

Dropping the line and permitting the blackfish to go, Grossman hauled his anchor up, sprang to the oars and started for shore, a quarter of a mile distant. The "whales" again appeared, much nearer to the boat, and Grossman rowed with such fervor that his boat ran violently on a rock, and he was thrown overboard.

He managed to scramble on to the rock, where he tremblingly awaited the onslaught of the whales. However, they did not attack, and a real danger faced him in the rising tide. The whales sported about a bit and then struck off toward Connecticut. But the tide kept right on rising. Grossman was in great danger when a real fisherman happened along, captured his boat and towed it to him.

Ring Worth \$150 in Bass.

Editor William H. Bartels Catches the Most Valuable Fish Ever Taken From Delavan Lake.

William H. Bartels, 343 Warren avenue, Chicago, editor of a daily trade paper, caught a black bass in Delavan lake a few days ago weighing four pounds and worth \$150.

This is not a "fish story." It's true. The bass had a big solitary diamond ring in its stomach.

Mr. Bartels rowed to his favorite fishing ground on the shores of a wooded bay at the northern end of the lake early in the morning. He angled for hours with fine success. When he was preparing to haul in his anchor and start for the hotel he got a bite that set his reel singing merrily. For a half hour he played the fish and at last when he had tired it out landed it neatly with his dipnet. The fish was what a Delavan Walton would have called a beauty. It made twenty-two bass taken by Mr. Bartels in his morn-

ing's catch. This incidentally was the season's record string.

When he returned to the boatman Mr. Bartels tossed the fish to Boatman King with instructions to clean them. As the boatman cut open the big bass a glittering object fell out upon the ground. Keating picked it up to see what it was. He was astonished to find a diamond ring.

The gold was tarnished, but the diamond had lost none of its brilliancy. It was a stone of the first water. How many years it had wasted its fluter in the fish's stomach will never be known. Whether some visitor to Delavan lake dropped the ring by accident into the water or whether the monster bass snapped it from some dead man's finger is a mystery which may be solved later. Mr. Bartels left the ring at his hotel at the lake, thinking probably his former owner might be able to establish his claim to it.

A Case of Woman Hating.

(Original.)
"I am a philosopher," said Colonel Donovan, "and no man can be that without being a woman hater. A man doesn't get to be a philosopher till he is past middle age. Then he begins to see the shallowness of earthly expectations and enjoyments. It is the same with his views of woman. In youth he looks upon woman—women who, like himself, have not grown old; of the older ones he takes no account—as something so pure and holy that he is unworthy to tie her shoe. But when the day comes for him to associate with those who have turned thirty-five he has no use for them. His mother, his sister, his wife? Oh, they are a part of himself. They are not in the world of romance, but of family affection."

Now, the colonel, despite his hobby—this belief that he really hated the soft sex—was an excellent man. He had been jilted in his youth by a girl who was unworthy of him, and, strange to say, she was to him in his maturity the only saint in the lot. The remarks quoted above were made to the major's wife, who, by the way, was a warm friend and admirer of the colonel, preliminary to asking her to get him a housekeeper. It was a month after a promise to that effect that a woman arrived from the east and was duly installed in the position. Her hair was grizzled gray, her cheeks furrowed, her eyes covered by dark brown goggles, and she was dressed in execrable taste. The colonel thanked the major's wife that Mrs. Yorgany was just the thing. No such unattractive creature could possibly have the assurance to try to snare him, and if she did, were she possessed of magic arts, her looks would defeat her.

Mrs. Yorgany possessed but one attractive feature, a pleasant voice. At first the colonel would give his orders for the day to his housekeeper as he would to the adjutant, and when she asked a question or made a suggestion he found himself soothed by the smooth tones in which she spoke. One evening when the fire in her room wouldn't burn he invited her to sit with her sewing beside the table in his living room. He was very much interested in a book he was reading and wanted some one to talk to about it. He found a willing listener in Mrs. Yorgany. For one hour while he talked she listened attentively, but spoke never a word. The next day the colonel informed the major's wife that his housekeeper might be homely, but she was an excellent conversationalist. After this he invited Mrs. Yorgany to use his sitting room whenever she liked.

The next evening the old lady, being again turned out of her room, was pressed by the colonel to sit by his table. Thinking it best that he should inform her of his opinion of women, he did so and with his usual brusqueness when speaking on that subject. What was his surprise when she replied, "My late husband was a woman hater, and he got all his points from me."

"You, Mrs. Yorgany! You a—"
"Women have all the characteristics natural to their condition. Man's strength causes him to rely upon open methods; woman's weakness tends to duplicity. Then the part nature gave her to perform, the care of children, develops different faculties from those needed by man, who fights the battle for family maintenance."

The colonel put out his hand impulsively. "Shake, madam, shake! By Jove, you're more sense than any woman I ever met or heard of. I want you to make yourself at home in these quarters—in this room—anywhere you like. In future I shall give you no orders, but a carte blanche to run everything to suit yourself."

From that time forward Mrs. Yorgany was indispensable to the colonel. Gradually he became accustomed to her uncouth appearance, and when at the end of the third month of her service she offered her resignation the colonel swore he would put her under arrest and prefer charges against her for deserting her post. When she stuck to her intention he shut himself up for three days, then offered to marry her.

The next day the colonel received a note from the major's wife asking him to call. On his arrival Mrs. Major introduced a middle aged splutter of attractive mien, a lifelong chum of hers, Florence Wood. The colonel stared at Miss Wood with astonishment. She appeared to be a revised edition of Mrs. Yorgany. The goggles were gone; the furrows were gone; everything was gone that was ugly. She stood regarding the colonel with a smile on her lips and her eyes dancing with mischief.

"Colonel," said Mrs. Major, "I had a bet with my husband that I could induce you to marry a—fright within three months. The time is up today, and I have won. I knew my friend Florence Wood possessed the tact and good sense to bring down just such a man as you within the allotted time. I brought her out here, giving her as disagreeable an appearance and name as possible, to capture you. You have swallowed the bait, hook and all."

"But—but Miss Wood is young. The glamour of youth is still there," blurted the astounded colonel.

"I am past middle life," laughed Miss Wood. "I am thirty-six."

"And she had no glamour of youth when she caught you," added Mrs. Major.

The colonel was much cast down when Miss Wood averred that she did it all to please her friend and that it was but a joke. She took her departure the next day, but the colonel, turning over the command to the major, followed her and never gave up until he brought her back as his wife.

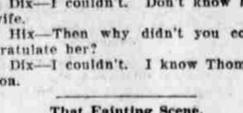
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Too Bad.



That Fainting Scene.



Manager—What do you think of the leading lady's faint scene in the second act?

Critic—Pretty good. My wife does it at home much more naturally, though.

Caught Cold Carrying It.



Dr. Pillsbury—You have a bad cold. Now, my method of treating a cold is to strike at the cause of the trouble.

Mr. Wise—Then Doc, you'll find the baby in the next room.

Museum Muses.



Manager—Where's 'The Bearded Lady'?

Pat Boy—He was arrested yesterday for bigamy.

WHEN ADVERSITY CAME

The gray twilight was falling when Atherton climbed the steps of a certain substantial looking house on the avenue and rang the bell. Yes, the maid assured him, Miss Fenton was in. She would take his card to her at once.

"So you've come at last," she said coming to meet him.

Atherton smiled in enigmatic fashion. He seemed neither embarrassed nor apologetic. The girl was plainly irritated.

"My dear Margaret," said he, "I know I owe you a thousand apologies, but really I couldn't come last evening. The fact is, I had a business appointment."

"A business appointment?" she interrupted, incredulously.

"Exactly," said he. "And to-day I was detained at the office until after 5 o'clock."

"At the office?" she asked, with a puzzled frown.

"At the office," he repeated, smiling imperturbably. "You see I have at last heeded your advice. The old careless life is behind me. I'm a toiler now—a bread winner, if you like."

"In what capacity, pray?" she inquired, the faintest hint of sarcasm showing at the corners of her mouth.

"I'm a humble clerk in an insurance office," he explained. "With-er secured the position for me—'job' he prefers to call it."

"Oh, I see," she said. "You didn't come for your answer last night because you wanted to wait until you were really doing something. Ted, I'm glad you're an idler no longer. I'm proud of you."

He smiled rather lugubriously.

"I must confess I prefer idling," he said.

"But you'll stick it out?" she asked.

"Oh, I shall stick it out, no fear," said he.

"Well, I'll forgive you for not coming last night," said she. "And since you are working—really doing something, however humble it is, the answer you want—"

"Pardon me," he interrupted her. "I can't have an answer. I have no right to one. You will very kindly forget, Margaret, that I have ever asked for one."

"Margaret," he said quietly, "I put the old life behind me because I had to. The failure last Tuesday of Simpson & Co. has put my finances in a tottering condition. There will be something left, it is true, but little, very little. I am a clerk because I have to—because it means bread and butter to me."

She sat for a moment in stunned silence.

"Oh, Ted," she cried at length, "I'm so sorry."

"I don't mind the loss of the money so much," said he slowly, "and after all I don't believe I'm so terribly afraid of work. But the part that hurts lies in the fact that I have lost you. Of course, dear, I know just what you are going to say—that you'll wait for me through eternity, if necessary. But that isn't wise. You must be free, absolutely free—so that when the other fellow comes along, who is just as good as I am and a little better probably, you can listen to him with no disloyalty to me."

"Good-by," he said shortly; and booted for the door.

The girl rose quickly and barred the way. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes shining.

"Ted," she said, "I'm ashamed of you—ashamed and disappointed."

He stood before her silent.

"I thought you cared enough for me to understand me," she said with some heat.

"Cared," he cried. "Good Lord, Margaret, can't you see what this means to me?"

"But you don't understand," she went on; "you're not even trying to. You look at this matter in your one-sided man fashion. You don't ask what it means to me or what I want to do. You say to me 'You are free, and you seem to think that ends it.'"

"It is now you need me, when you have everything to do," she said, "and yet you cast me aside as if I would be a drag."

"Good heavens, no, child!" he said quickly. "But do you suppose I'd let you make such sacrifices for me? Do you suppose I'd let you live in all that poverty means—the narrowness, the obscurity of it—"

"Ted, what are narrowness and obscurity if I have you?" she asked. "I'm not afraid."

Atherton's hands were clinching and unclenching nervously.

"Don't tempt me," he said.

She smiled at him with a word of tenderness in her eyes.

"Would I be such a hindrance?" she asked.

"Child, I'd be a happy sewer digger—with you," he cried, and before he knew it he had caught her in his arms.

"And the funny part of it all is," said she a few minutes later, "I had fully made up my mind that your answer was to be 'no.'—Kansas City Star.

Cry for a Needed Reform.

In every case where the crusade is for the burial of wires which have proved a menace to public safety, the attack upon the danger should continue no matter what the obstacles, for every attempt made to stay the progress of the movement will but serve to increase the determination to bring about the reform and compel obedience to the commands of citizens whose right it is to speak.

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