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GENERAL DIRECTORY.

County Officials.

Judges of the Circuit Court—James A. Pearce, Chief Judge; Edwin H Brown and William R Martin, Associates Terms—jury, 1st Monday in April and October; non-jury, 2d Monday in January, 4th Monday in June.

Clerk of the Circuit Court—Thomas L. Day.

County Commissioners—Wesley Jarrell, Pres.; James B. Wright, Franklin P. Medford.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—John E. Dawson, Chief Judge; J. Olan Clark, Wm. H. Deen, Associates.

School Commissioners—Thomas W. Jones, President; Henry C. Fisher and Albert W. Sisk.

School Examiner and Secretary—W. S. Crouse.

Register of Wills—Robert J. Jump.

States Attorney—T. Alan Goldsborough.

Sheriff—Wm T. Hignutt, of E.

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Castings for South Bend and Oliver Plows.

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We sell the famous "CRESCO" Corset at 98c. It gives entire satisfaction to the wearer, as it insures perfect figure, grace and comfort, while the disconnection at the waist adapts the corset to the form and prevents the possibility of breaking at sides. We also carry F. C. Corsets; Extension Hip Girdle; Straight Front Girdles at 50c; also he little Satin Girdles for the young Misses. A good serviceable corset for 25 cents.



Waist Goods

We have just received a nice line of Waist and Summer Goods in Cotton Voiles and Cotton Voilards @ 12½c. Sinens for Suits @ 20c. Canton Cloth @ 12½c. Organdies in all shades @ 10c India Linen and Persian Lawn from 10c to 25c per yard. Ginghams from 8c to 10c, and a line of 5c Lawns in pretty patterns.

Shirts and Collars.



Fancy Shirts 50c each. Working Man's Shirt 25c. Boys' Shirts 25c. Cuffs at 25 cents per pair.

Latest Style Collars in all sizes in Linen at 12½c Also Celuloid and Rubber Collars at 10c each.

Notions.



Ladies Wrappers in all sizes in Percale and Lawns @ 75c and 98c. Also Sun Bonnets @ 20c. Handkerchiefs for Ladies and Men from 5c to 25c. Ribbons in different widths and colors. Latest styles in Fancy Stock Collars at 10c, 15c, 25c 50c.

A full line of Hosiery for Men, Ladies and Children, in Plain, Fancy and Lace; also White in long and Short for Little Folks.

Overalls & Jumpers.

A full line of Men's and Boy's Overalls best Hickory Stripe, plain and with aprons, @ 45c a pair; cannot be bought elsewhere or less than a half-dollar. Jumpers that are made for wear.

Shoes



Men's Patent Leathers in Blucher or side button @ $3 00.

Vici Kid @ $2.50.

Good working shoes from $1 up

LADIES SHOES, popular prices

For ease and comfort, our Old Ladies Shoes cannot be beat at $1.25.

Babies shoes in all sizes and prices.

MEAT AND FISH ALWAYS ON HAND FROM TEN CENTS A POUND UP.

A COUPE COMPLICATION

By BELLE MANIATES

(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

IN the tender dusk of an evening in the early spring, Vivian Warne called informally upon her friend, Mrs. Allen. They chatted for a few moments and then Vivian resisted all urging to remain longer, pleading an order of menu cards to be delivered to Mrs. Van Altern, who lived on the other side of the city.

When she came out into the soft darkness she found the unstirred air full of a vapory mist so deadly to plumed millinery. She went back into the house, which was one in a block of stone fronts, to telephone for a carriage. Mrs. Allen regretted the absence of her coachman, but Vivian was accustomed to livery accommodations. Presently young Ned Allen came in and brought the information that the carriage was waiting at the door.

Vivian made a second exit, but when she went out to the curb the driver remained in his seat.

"Awful lot of agony for a cabby," she thought, as she opened the door of the coupe, "I wonder if he thinks I have a footman!"

"Drive to 1215 Fifty-fourth street," she commanded.

He made no response, but held his gaze strictly "front" with the fixedness of a Tommy Atkins on parade.

"Stephens & Co. are getting too swell for me," she reflected, as she seated herself and slammed the door. "What lovely appointments for a livery! I hope they haven't increased their rates along with their style."

She leaned luxuriously back in the corner of the coupe and dreamed of the time when the golden days of fame should waft her from an artist in embryo to a painter of portraits. She was called to reality by the halting of the carriage. Supposing she had reached her destination she opened the door and discovered that she was in an entirely different part of the city and that the coupe had stopped in front of the Atheneum club.

"I didn't suppose Stephens & Co. ever made one coupe answer for two calls," she reflected, as she closed the door, "but I don't mind having a longer ride."

In a moment a man came out of the club and stood where the light fell full upon his handsome face. Vivian uttered a little exclamation of dismay and sank farther into her corner. A year ago she had been engaged to Carton Leigh. They had first met at a house party and afterwards she had visited a friend who lived in his city. There had been some sort of a misunderstanding and he had declared that she alone was entirely to blame and must make the first advances toward reconciliation. Of course no self-respecting woman would do that, and she had therefore returned the ring that had once gleamed upon her third finger and had devoted herself to studio life and many a backward glance tinged with regret, but fortified by a steadfast resolve to never make any overture. She had heard recently from their mutual friend that he was to make this city his home, but she did not know that he had arrived.

She was seized with apprehension. Was he going to get in this coupe? She would not speak until he did. He opened the door and started to get in. She had turned her face away from him, but she felt his start of surprise.

Then she heard him say, in his well-bred, modulated tones:

"I beg your pardon!"

There! He had spoken first, and with a little air of triumph she faced him, the light in front of the club shining full upon her face as it had on his a moment before.

"You! Vivian!" he said, in a voice that thrilled old memories and feelings. In an instant he was seated beside her, the door had slammed shut and they were away.

"This is too good to be true," he said, joyfully.

"I ordered a carriage from the livery," she said, stiffly, "and they evidently thought it would answer for your order, too."

"Oh, that was the way of it," he said. "Well, I am glad of the mistake, but, are you in much of a hurry? If not, I am going to ask a favor of you. It is very important that I see a man on business who leaves the central depot at 7:30, and there is just time to make it."

"Oh, certainly," she answered, coldly. "It makes no difference."

"It makes no difference, you mean, whether you ride one block or a hundred. Are you as indifferent as that, Vivian?"

She made no response. Presently he broke the silence.

"Did you know that I was living here, in this city, now, Vivian?"

"No; why did you move here?"

"Well, you know my father has more to say about the business than I, and when he decided to move here I could not tell him that it would be very distasteful to Vivian Warne. I was afraid it would not be a business-like consideration to him."

She resented his sarcasm, and he interrupted another silence:

"I have been here a week, Vivian, and have walked the thoroughfares for a glimpse of you."

They had reached the depot now and he stepped from the coupe, saying he would be back directly. She was conscious, even while she fought against it, of a little feeling of gladness that he was going to return in her carriage instead of ordering another. She leaned forward and watched him as he walked away, so straight and stalwart. His voice and presence had all their own characteristics, and, yes, she must admit it—she loved him! And he had spoken first and was very conciliatory. He came back in a few moments, said something she did not hear to the driver, and was once more by her side.

"I am afraid I did not accomplish much in a business way," he said, in tones boyishly buoyant. "I was so distracted lest you, the carriage and driver should vanish while I was away."

He chatted on for a few moments. Suddenly looking out of the window Vivian noticed that they were driving neither in the direction of his club nor her destination.

"This driver is so stupid!" she exclaimed. "He must have forgotten the address I gave him."

"Probably he didn't understand it," he suggested. "I find he doesn't understand a word of English. He speaks in German."

"Oh, then won't you tell him that I want to go to 1215 Fifty-fourth street?

"To Mrs. Van Altern's?" he asked.

"How did you know?"

"I am invited there to dinner tomorrow night. She is a friend of our family."

"I am going to take the place cards to her now."

"And are you going to the dinner?" he asked, joyfully.

"Yes, but where is the driver going?"

"Well," he said, laughing, "don't blame him. The fact is I told him to drive anywhere. Vivian," in a change of tone, "I have not been happy this year. Have you?"

"No!" she half whispered.

"See here, dearest, it was a stupid quarrel—quarrels generally are. Let's rub it off the slate and,—Vivian, do you love me?"

It was an hour later when Mrs. Van Altern received her cards and a call from her two friends. At dinner the next night Vivian found herself most excellently assigned at the table—Carton at her right hand and an extremely deaf man at her left. When the conversation generally became quite animated Vivian could not forbear the little arrow:

"After all," she said, looking roguishly at him, "I had my own way, and that is most precious to a woman."

"How did you have your own way?"

"Why, you said you would never make up unless I made the first advances. And I didn't. I never would!"

"Is that so?" he laughed tauntingly. "Well, Miss Vivian Warne, let me tell you that you are certainly mistaken. You certainly did make the first advance, and a most decided one."

"I don't know what you mean," she said, indignantly. "You spoke first!"

"Yes, I spoke first, but not until you had acted in such a way as to justify me in so doing."

"You are mistaken," she said, with rising anger.

"Don't get angry, Vivian—not until I tell you something that I am going to on the way home to-night."

When Vivian left Mrs. Van Altern's with Carton for an escort a coupe was in waiting at the door and she recognized the driver as the same they had had on the previous evening.

"Have you engaged this driver for the season?" she asked, laughingly, when they were seated within.

"Yes," he replied, slipping his arm about her. "I brought him with me from home. He is a faithful fellow and a careful driver."

"What!" she cried. "This is not—"

"My private carriage," he answered. "Yours if you want it!"

"But I don't understand," she said, perplexedly. "I telephoned from Mrs. Allen's for a carriage and this was the one that came."

"No," he explained. "My father and I live next door to Mrs. Allen's, and I sent the man up home from the city to bring father to the club. I am not very proficient in speaking the German language, and I presume the man simply understood that he was to call at the house and then come for me. He was perfectly satisfied when you got in, and I don't blame him, but poor father had to take an electric car. So, you see, after appropriating my carriage and calling for me at the club, I thought—"

"Oh, Carton," she said, "don't! I'll throw up both hands, but I am glad it happened and it was awfully sweet in you not to tell me last night."

WONDERFUL SPRING WATER.

Healing Properties Perform Astounding Cure, as Will Be Seen by This Tale.

Speaker Cannon anticipated the point of a joke which Senator Depew was contributing at a recent dinner, and the victim, in good nature, threatened retaliation, relates the New York Times.

"I will give you a chance," observed the speaker, accepting the spirit of the jest. "Perhaps you have heard how the curative properties of the hot springs in Arkansas were discovered?"

"I will guess it before you finish," challenged the senator.

"That is just what I thought at the time I heard the story," nodded Mr. Cannon. "I obtained it from a native of the district. It seems that the advance guard of civilization in the Arkansas wilderness was a trapper, with the usual dog. One day a bear gave chase to the dog and the fugitive lost his tail. In his flight the dog chanced to dash through a pool of hot water formed by an adjacent spring and—"

"My cue!" laughed Senator Depew, interrupting. "The next day a new tail grew on the dog and the springs were discovered."

"No," replied the speaker, solemnly. "The owner of the dog killed it by poor aim while shooting at the bear. The dog's tail dropped from the jaws of the bear into the spring—"

"A dog grew on the tail," suggested Mr. Depew.

"You win," admitted the speaker.

A Doubtful Complaint.

He—You are just as sweet as you can be.

She—I don't think that much of a compliment. You see, it all depends upon how sweet you suppose I am capable of being.—Town Topics.

Coolly Considered.

"Would you marry a man because he was rich?" asked the romantic girl.

"No," answered Miss Cayenne, "but I might refuse to marry one because he wasn't."—Washington Star.

Not to Be Told.

Wife—John, you've been drinking. Oh, I can tell.

Husband—Well, don't do it, m'dear. Let'sh keep it a family shecret.—Philadelphia Press.

Out in Kansas.

"Gracious, ma, that old yellow hen of ours is a wonder."

"What's she done, pa?"

"Laid an egg as big as a hailstone."—N. Y. Herald.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE
Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

Disease takes no summer vacation.
If you need flesh and strength use
Scott's Emulsion
summer as in winter.
Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

THE EXTREME TEST.



She—Is your brother George always so good-natured?

He—Good-natured? Why, I've seen him laugh as he removed a porus plaster from his chest.—Chicago Journal.

Perhaps 'Twas Better So.

He wrote a letter full of love,
And said to her: "Be mine!"
Then waited daily days and weeks—
Went into a decline.
"False heart, not even to reply!"
Such was her bitter wail,
Till he felt in his pocket one day, and found
The letter he'd forgotten to mail.
—Chicago Journal.

A Novice at the Business.

"I suppose you had a perfectly lovely time at Wexford's house party?"

"No, it was a fizzle. Mrs. Wexford has so little tact. She was always arranging it so that the men would have to pair off with their own wives."—Chicago Record Herald.

Strictly in It.

"You say Mrs. Gossip is in business?"

"Yes."

"I never knew that. What business is it?"

"Her neighbors' generally."—Houston Post.

A Modest Demand.

"So I am to understand," said he, "that you demand equal rights for women?"

"Equal nothing!" she retorted. "I demand superior rights. Women are the superior sex, sir!"—St. Louis Republic.

Dissimilar Views.

"The word 'obey,'" said Mrs. Growells, "should be stricken from the marriage service."

"A better plan," retorted Growells, "would be to substitute the word 'support' therefor."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Fair Proposition.

"My daughter is absolutely too young to marry," snorted old Goldrick.

"Well," replied the dejected suitor, "what would you say to my taking her marriage dowry now and waiting a few years for the girl?"—Tit-Bits.

A Summer Cold.

"Gracious!" he exclaimed, "you look hot."

"So I am," replied the man with the handkerchief; "it's edough to bake eddybody hot to have a cold like this id subber."—Philadelphia Press.

Very Feeble.

"I told Uncle Simon that he was getting too old and feeble to attend to business."

"Did he take it kindly?"

"He threw me out of his office."—Vanity Fair.

Unique.

Author—In my new novel the hero is convicted of crime—

Publisher—Nothing new in that idea—

Author—Ah, but he's guilty!—Judge.

Convenient Ages.

"Happy family, the Smiths."

"Yes; he is decrepitly aged enough for a pensioner; the grown daughters are all 18, and the small children are all under half-fare limit."—Brooklyn Life.

So Changed.

Patience—Peggy used to sing all over the house before she married that man.

Patrice—So she did, dear; but you know he married her to reform her.—Yonkers Statesman.

Knowing a Woman.

"Do you know her?"

"No; I am merely acquainted with her—nobody knows a woman!"—St. Louis Republic.

WEAK HEARTS

are caused by indigestion. If you eat a little too much, or if you are subject to attacks of indigestion, the stomach expands—swells, and puffs up against the heart. This crowds the heart and shortens the breath. Rapid heart beats and heart disease is the final result. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat, takes the strain off the heart, cures indigestion, dyspepsia, sour stomach, and contributes nourishment, strength and health to every organ of the body. Sold by A. L. Duffey, Hillsboro.

If Nervous and Run Down

simply improve your circulation. Remove the waste matter that clogs the blood by taking Ramon's Pills—then tone the nervous system with the Tonic Pellets. All in one box for 25 cts and money back if not satisfied.

C. H. REPPER, Druggist.

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