

FARMS FOR SALE

100 acres, 8 room house, wood house, smoke house, one barn, 40x60, with sheds, one barn, 30x40, low corn cribs, drove well, wind-pump, two good orchards, well ditched and fenced on pike, two and one-half miles from Van Wert.

Only a Romance

By Luella Wait Copyright, 1936, by M. M. Cunningham

Miss Gussie Robertson had ridden out from the summer camp under the shadows of the Spanish peaks, Colorado, to do some sketching. A party of New York and Boston people were doing the camping out act in great shape.

It was 10 o'clock when Miss Gussie fastened her pony to a wild plum tree at the head of a gulch two miles from camp and made her way down it and alongside a braving creek until she was on her feet in massive ruggedness. Then she found a comfortable seat on a rock and began to sketch the grim wall and the half dozen trees whose roots had found a foothold thereon.

While Miss Gussie was hitching her broncho to the plum tree and descending the gorge a man about thirty years old, neither good nor bad looking, but possessed of a fighting jaw, was routed out of his camp on the mountain trail above her ten miles away.

The girl sprang from the rock and bent over the bodies in the creek. The horse was dead, but the rider lived. In a moment she had dragged him out of the creek, and as he came to be stared at her in stupid surprise.

"Did I come over the cliff there?" "You did," was the answer, "and your horse lies dead in the creek. Those trees broke your fall."

"Much obliged to the trees. Did the sheriff's party keep on down the trail?" "So the sheriff was after you?" she queried as she stepped back a pace.

"Yes, but give me a chance to tell my side of the story. I had a claim up on the mountain, and a bound of a man jumped it. I tried to shoot him out. That's the game in these parts, and there's nothing criminal about it. Don't be afraid of me. You belong to some camping out party, I suppose?"

"Yes, and I will ride back and get help for you." "Don't do it. If you'll help me a bit I can get along here all right. Help me over against the wall. Thanks. Now, then, I want a blanket and some food, and I shall depend on you. You have the soul of an artist and therefore plenty of romance. We will stop at a romance. It will be an incident for you to think of, and it will save me making long explanations to the sheriff. Shall it be as I say or will you leave me to make a dinner for the first bear that comes along? Don't take too much trouble, and keep thinking what a romantic incident it is. No love, no matrimony—just romance!"

There was something in the reckless nature of the man that appealed to Miss Gussie. She doubted that he had told her the truth about himself, but she was temporarily helpless, and she sympathized with him. She gave him her noontide lunch and rode away to camp, returning with a blanket and further provisions. She suggested the camp again, but the man made light of his shaking up and declared he was doing very well. Give him three or four days and he would be ready to go his way.

When the girl left the gorge on this occasion it was understood that she was not to return next day, but early next morning she stole a bottle of liniment from the medicine chest, bribed the cook to put up a luncheon for two and rode away for further sketching. She found the stranger stiff and lame, but more talkative than the day before. On this occasion she saw more romance in the affair. He was a fairly good looking man. He was a victim of justice. He had passed through a great peril. He was what she had always hungered to behold—a hero.

"I—I don't remember," prevaricated the girl as a red flush crossed her face. "I think I did, and I will stick to my promise. It was to be romance and nothing beyond. No love, no matrimony—just romance. I might make an exception in your case, however."

"Please don't. That is—what are you doing with my saddle?" "Removing it to make room for mine. There we have it. You see, I have got to borrow your horse. That will also be included in the romance."

"But I object. It is not my horse." "Sorry, my dear girl, but I can't get away without him, and if I should be taken our little romance would be spoiled. For all your kindness I thank you, and should we meet again under different circumstances?"

Miss Gussie grabbed at the horse, but the bad man was too quick for her. He raised his hat and smiled as he rode away, and she sat down on a stone and cried. She was still crying when the sheriff and four men came galloping up and plunged down into the gorge. They were back in five minutes, and the official asked:

"Young woman, have you seen anything of a man around here this morning?" "He rode off on my horse half an hour ago," replied the girl. "So he lived through it?" "But the men had no right to jump his claim when he was ill," said Miss Gussie in a spirited way.

"Jump his claim! Do you know who the fellow is?" "I'm not exactly, but he was very nice. He had to take my horse to get away from you."

"Tell her talking. That fellow is Bob Hill, the most notorious highway robber in four states. You must have nursed him up and helped him to ramoose, and I don't know but what I shall have to hold you as accessory."

That evening it was bright moonlight, and Miss Gussie was sitting well away from the camp watching the last rays of twilight fade into night. By and by young Mr. Caswell came over and took her hand and said: "My dear Gussie, the fourth occasion has arrived. I know I am not fit to lick up your tracks in the dust, but—"

"You can consider that we are engaged," said the girl as she thought how mean it was of the stranger not to have made her at least a tiny proposal before he gobbled her horse and rode away—just enough of a proposal to enable her to brag about it among the other incidents of camping out.

The case dragged and dragged. One witness contradicted today what another had said yesterday. And tomorrow came three who told yet a different story. There were writing experts and medical experts and legal experts on the stand, besides a perfect cloud of plain people.

At last the whole tedious business drew near to the close and Mr. Johnson made the address for his client. He made a magnificent speech, reasonable and well considered, but at the end of it he caught up the child who was one of the contestants in the case and held him up to the jury, tangled curls, blue eyes, frightened, flushed face and all.

"And if you gentlemen do not give my client justice," said Mr. Johnson, "I call here and now upon the God of the widow and the fatherless to give this innocent child his rights in the estate of his acknowledged father."

WHEN DELMAS WON

How the California Attorney Upset One Jury. HIS LOGIC BIT LIKE VITRIOL.

Winifred Black* Tells How Harry Thaw's Chief Counsel Won in a Celebrated Will Case—Dramatic Incident at Trial's End.

Delphin M. Delmas of California, chief counsel for Harry K. Thaw, is the man upon whom it is said Thaw depends most to save his life. He looks almost as much like the great Napoleon today as he did some fifteen crowded years ago, the first time I saw him in California, writes Winifred Black in the New York American.

The first time I ever looked at Mr. Delmas I saw him over the heads of a courtroom full of women and trial hangers on. He was the attorney on one side of one of the most celebrated will cases ever tried in a state famous for its will cases.

A rich man had died somewhere up in the north of the state and, dying, left behind him some sacks of jingling gold somewhere outside of the lid of his coffin. A woman, the wife of his dead brother, arose and claimed half of the estate on the ground that the dead millionaire was the father of her child and that he had made a will in favor of that child and of her.

The widow of the millionaire denied the claim of the woman who boldly announced herself to be the dead man's light of love, and the two women went to court and tore each other to pieces in the full gaze of the curious and not always applauding public.

Both women were handsome, both were clever and both were at that interesting age when the past casts a glamour of romance over the plainest face and where the future is not yet close enough to be terrifying. The widow of the dead millionaire was tall, slender, pale, calm and Madonna-faced. The light of love was tall, buxom, rosy and had a pair of eyes full of the joy of living. All San Francisco fought at the door of that courtroom for entrance to the trial.

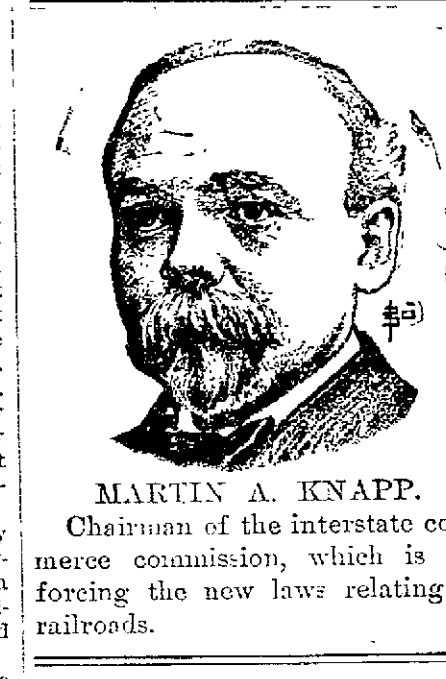
The light of love was represented by a man named Johnson. He was a lawyer, known to the whole coast as a man of amazing eloquence. Mr. Delmas represented the Madonna-faced widow.

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FURNITURE See the NEW SPRING STYLES. Never have we shown so many beautiful Designs and Styles as now. Come in and see our March Specials. They will interest you. BALLEAT BROS.



MARTIN A. KNAPP. Chairman of the interstate commerce commission, which is enforcing the new laws relating to railroads.

VENEDOCIA EISTEDDFOD.

Program for the Meeting to Be Held on Memorial Day—The Prizes.

The following program has been announced for the Eisteddfod to be held on Memorial Day, at Venedocia, together with the names of the adjudicators and the list of prizes:

- 1. Mixed Chorus, "Awake Aeolian Lyre," Danby. Prize \$20.00. 2. Chorus for Girls under 18 years of age, "How Merrily the Mill Goes Whirling," Prize \$10.00. 3. Children Chorus, under 16 years of age, "Row, Little Boat," Whiting. Prize \$10.00. 4. Public School Chorus, "A Summer March," abt. Prize \$10.00. 5. Mixed Quartette, "Good Night, Good Night, Beloved," by Ciro Pirsutti. Prize \$2.00. 6. Male Quartette, "The Cottage on the Hill," Fearnis. Prize \$2.00. 7. Male Quartette under 12 years of age, "Rest, Comrades, Rest," Fearnis. Prize \$2.00. 8. Ladies' Quartette, "The Suwanee Shore," by Geibel. Prize \$2.00. 9. Trio for Girls under 18 years of age, "Softly Home," abt. Prize \$1.50. 10. Tenor and Bass Duet, "Mina Soldiers," Prize \$1.00. 11. Soprano and Alto Duet, "Good-bye ye Flowrets Fair," Prize \$1.00. 12. Baritone Solo, "Land of Wales," Prize \$1.00. 13. Tenor solo, "The Broken Pinion," Herbert Johnson. Prize \$1.00. 14. Soprano Solo, "My Rosary," by Bishop. Prize \$1.00. 15. Alto Solo, "Tis All I Ask," (Key C) Campbell Tipton. Prize \$1.00. 16. Solo for Girls 13 to 16 years of age, "Daughter of the Senate," (Key E) by An. Madoc. Prize \$1.00. 17. Solo for boys 12 to 16 years of age, "My Wild Irish Rose," Olcott. Prize \$1.00. 18. Solo for Girls 8 to 12 years of age, "Savior, Breathe an Evening Blessing," Prize 75c. 19. Solo for boys 8 to 12 years of age, "The Dear Old Robins," Murray. Prize 75c. 20. Solo for Children under 8 years, "Song of the Winds," a F. G. Prize 50c. 21. Duet for Girls 13 to 16 years of age, "On the Banks of Allan Waters," by Whiting. Prize 50c. 22. Duet for Girls under 13 years, "In His Step," Prize 50c. 23. Duet for Boys under 16 years, "For You and For Me," Prize 50c. 24. Piano Solo, free for all, "Scarface Dance," Chamainade. Prize \$1.00. 25. Piano Solo under 14 years, "Doll's Dream," Oesten. Prize 75c. 26. Baritone Solo, under 21 years, "The Choir Boy," by Armstrong. Prize \$1.00.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

No. 2 on Program, "The Soprano and Alto parts must be sung. No. 3, the 1st and 2nd Soprano and Alto only. No. 4, limited to York and Jennings townships. No two rooms or schools allowed to combine, strictly one school or room, and may be directed by one attending school the present year. Teachers are barred from this contest. Soprano and Alto parts must be sung. Tenor and Bass, optional if attending school.

RECIPE

- 1. For men, open to all ages, "Lincoln's Gettysburg Address," Prize \$1.00. 2. For Ladies, open to all ages, "Modern Can," Prize \$1.00. 3. For young men between 15 and 21 years of age, "Jonathan and John," Prize \$1.00. 4. For young women between 15 and 21 years of age, "I Cannot Turn the Key and the Boy Out-side," Prize \$1.00. 5. For Boys between 10 and 15 years of age, "Mother's Room," Prize 75c and 50c. 6. For Girls between 10 and 15 years of age, "Oh With Your Hat as the Flag Goes By," Prizes 75c and 50c. 7. For Boys under 10 years of age, "Give the Youngsters a Chance," Prizes 75c and 50c. 8. For Girls under 10 years of age, "That Harbinger of Spring," Prizes 75c and 50c. 9. For Children under 7 years of age, "The Little Angel," Prizes 50c and 25c. Oration, "The American Flag," open to a representative of any District school, not to exceed five minutes. Prize \$3.00 and \$2.00.

A NEW RULE.

After a careful and extended consideration of the subject, entirely from a financial standpoint, involving the best interests of The Bulletin on the plane of justice between the publisher and the patron, this paper has decided to charge a small price for all obituary, memorial and card of thanks notices appearing in these columns hereafter. This charge is made, not from choice, but because this paper, in common with all others, must meet a condition—over which it has no control.

When the prevailing rate of subscription to The Twice-a-Week Bulletin was adopted, and the price reduced from One Dollar and Fifty Cents a year to One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents a year, conditions in the field of production of all kinds warranted the change. The price was then a just one to all concerned. But conditions have changed. Then there was little sale for land and the price of farm products was at a low ebb. The same was true of printing paper, labor, family supplies, etc. Everything used in the production of a paper, however, has advanced in price since the subscription rate was adopted. Printing paper has advanced fifty per cent, all other kinds of papers, inks and all other supplies thirty to fifty per cent. The same is true of labor, while the cost of living has doubled. In addition to all this, the demands of the public are greater than ever before. More labor must be devoted to the reading columns of the paper, entailing another and a heavy expense.

PROGRAM

Of Teachers' Institute to be Held at High School Hall, Van Wert, March 9th, 1907. MORNING, 9.30. Music Institute. Detentional, Rev. M. M. Fieley. Music Institute. Round Table: "Shall the Schools of Van Wert County Use Simplified Spelling? Discussion opened by Supt. Heidelberg, Middle Point." "What are Country Teachers Doing With Literature in Their Schools?" Discussion opened by G. L. Smith, Ohio City. "Is the Teacher's Contract Equally Binding on the Teacher and Board of Education?" Discussion opened by Supt. Shamp, Delphos. Vocal Solo, Harry Letter. Address, The Economic Geography of Ohio, Prof. J. E. Hagerly, O. S. U. Columbus, Van Wert, Ohio, Gramer.

AFTERNOON, 1.30. Music High School Orchestra. Address, "Township Supervision," S. A. Maclin, Van Wert. Music High School Orchestra. Address, How shall the English work in the Grades be Made a Preparation for High School English? Mrs. Inez Baldwin, Delphos. Address, "The School as a Social Institution," Prof. Hazerty.

COMMENT.

Henry Watterson writes from Europe that "Spain has a kind of constitution, a kind of congress and a kind of king. They have had a half dozen constitutions for the last hundred years and stuck to none of them." Mr. Watterson need not have proceeded further to show why Spain has had troubles constantly. For this reason we should be more jealous of our constitution and emphatically sit down upon any and every effort to encroach upon the sacred rights given to the individual states and the common people by the constitution. We would need half dozen, double-action constitutions to run this government the way this Washington bureau wants to run it.

School News.

A patron of the Dover school has sent to this office for publication a notice which, under the United States postal laws, is classed as lottery business. The law excludes from the mails all newspapers containing such announcements, therefore, the notice is not printed in The Bulletin. This paper gladly extends to the churches and public schools free use of its columns for announcements of services and all exercises, and regrets that it can not in this instance, owing to the exactions of the postal laws, favor the Dover school with publication of the notice mentioned.

Wanted—Tobacco Strippers. Can earn good wages. Apply at The District-Winner Co., Tobacco Steamery, East Main Street.

MODISTIC MATTERS.

Shirt Waist Shoulders Broad—Useful Spring Frock.

Broad shoulders characterize the first of the spring shirt waists. The smartest design for a linen shirt waist is made with three deep plaits on each shoulder back and front. At the back the plaits taper toward the waist. The regular shirt waist sleeve is used, finished with a straight cuff. The stitched



SEPARATE YOKED WAIST—5570.

plaits and broad shoulder line give this shirt waist an air of newness. The neck is finished with a band, and an embroidered linen collar of the stiff kind is worn.

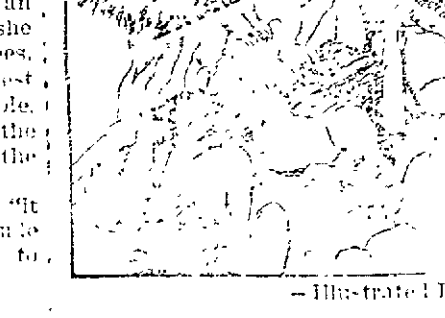
The lingerie waist will be much in vogue; still there will be a great demand for tailor-made linen waists. A practical and pretty dress for spring is of smoke gray voile trimmed with the same shade of taffeta intricately embroidered, with soutache. With the blouse and skirt goes a short jacket of taffeta almost entirely covered with braiding and so on that the sleeves and hem appear to be in one, and the sloping collar line is unbroken. The collar and chemise of this frock are of embroidered batiste of a cream that trimmed in real valenciennes, a narrow central plait being bordered on each side by fine lace edged platings of batiste.

Stiff linen collars are embroidered with a tiny dower in black and other shades besides the omnipresent Scotch plaid.

The waist that can be worn over a separate yoke is one of the latest developments of fashion. The model illustrated is well adapted for washable materials, wool and silk. The cuffs are adjustable, so that the sleeves can be long or short at will.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

A Prehistoric Proposal.



An Englishman's Joke.

An Englishman once told of a great joke he played on a friend. He was coming along the street with some companions, and he discovered his friend's house on fire, with his friend in the third story window shouting for help. "Jump!" he cried. "Jump! We'll hold a blanket for you." "What was the joke?" the hearer asked. "Why," the Englishman replied, "we had no blanket at all!"

Willful Waste of Yes.

"We are a most wasteful and extravagant nation," said the highly cultured college girl as she sprinkled damp tea leaves over the breakfast table. "It is a waste of what we are given with our tea leaves. They are not there to be thrown away. In the old days, when the well-to-do people of the law courts used to come to court in their robes, they would come to court in their robes, and they would come to court in their robes."

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are quickly and permanently cured by ZEMO. The first application will stop the itching and demonstrate to you the wonderful curative and healing properties of ZEMO.

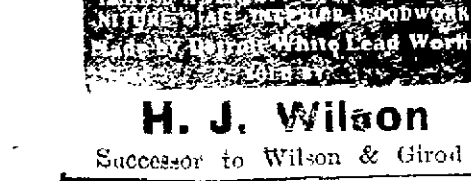
Let your druggist, he will tell you ZEMO easily surpasses anything in the world today for the cure of every form of skin and scalp disease. ZEMO is an honest medicine, and always cures. Get a bottle today of your druggist, or write to us.

H. D. McConoughy of the H. W. Castor & Sons Advertising Co., of St. Louis, says: "Zemo cured me of a severe case of itching eczema after all other remedies failed. I believe Zemo to be an honest medicine, and will gladly answer all inquiries."

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The Twice-a-Week Bulletin, price per copy \$1.25.