FARMS FOR SALE

100 acres, 8 room house, wood house, smoke house, one barn, 40x50, with sheds, one barn, 30x50, hog pens, corn cribs, drove well, wind-pump, two good orchards, well ditched and fenced, on pike, two and one-half miles from Van Wert......

160 acres, two good sets of buildings, two miles of Van Wert, well ditched and fenced, on pike, can give possession of one set of buildings April 1st ......

40 acres, 5 room house, good barn and out buildings, good orchard, all black soil, one mile to church and school, one-half mile to pike, seven miles to Van Wert, price...... $ 4,000

40 acres, 6 room house, good barn and out buildings, large orchard, all black soil, seven miles to Van Wert, price.... 4,000

60 acres, 7 room house, good barn and granary, well ditched and fenced, all black soil, price 6,000

80 acres, 6 room house, new barn 36x75, good out buildings, well ditched and fenced, price 6,500

80 acres, 6 room house, barn and granary, good orchard, 10 acres of good timber, 6 oil wells paying $20 per month royalty, free gas for lights and fuel, on pike, one-half mile to school, four miles to market. $2,000 cash, balance 10 years at 5 per cent. Price...... 7,000

100 acres, three miles of Alliance, Ohio, 20 acres fair timber, price...... 4,000

116¾ acres, 7 room house, 2 room summer kitchen and celler, new granary, barn 40x60, sheds 14x40, drove well, wind-pump, on pike, one-half mile to school and church, two mile to market, new 4 room house for tenant, price...... 9,200

60 acres, 5 room house, fair barn, on pike, well fenced and ditched, two and one-half miles from Van Wert, price...... 5,400

6 acres, 8 room house, fair barn, plenty of fruit, on pike, price...... 2,200

175 acres, 9 room house, bank barn 40x80, drove well, windpump, well fenced and ditched, two miles to market, will sell for $85.00 per acre, take $1,000 cash and give five, ten, fifteen or twenty years to pay balance, at six per cent interest.....

142¾ acres, 8 room house, fair barn, well ditched, good soil, three miles to market, six oil wells paying $1.00 per day, royalty. Will sell for $85.00 per acre, take $1,000 cash and give five, ten, fifteen or twenty years to pay balance, at six per cent. interest.....

160 acres, 8 room house, barn 40x80, good out buildings, well ditched and fenced, fifteen acres good timber, price 12,000

56 acres, all black soil, new barn cost $1,000, one-half mile to market, price.. 4,700

40 acres, 5 room house, small barn, all black soil, school just across the road from farm, church one-half mile, three-fourths mile to traction line, four miles to Van Wert, price...... 3,300

80 acres, 4 room house, large barn, one-half mile to school and church, three miles to market, price...... 5,500

5 acres in Van Wert, 9 room house, good barn, plenty of fruit, price 3,000

2 acres, in Van Wert, 4 room house, good barn, plenty of fruit, price...... 1,300

RESIDENCE PROPERTIES.

7 room house, wood house, drove well and cistern, on Grant street, price...... $ 1,200

10 room house, on South avenue, lot and one-half, street improvement, paid price...... 3,000

6 room house, good lot, plenty of fruit, price 650.00

6 room house, well, cistern, wood house, plenty of fruit, price...... 750.00

8 room house, well and cistern, good barn and plenty of fruit, price...... 1,200

7 room house on South Avenue, large lot, price...... 1,700

8 room house, good barn, plenty of fruit, on South Shannon street, price...... 2,500

5 room house, good lot, on Fulton street. price...... 850.00

7 room residence, two lots, summer kitchen and wood house, cellar and good barn, plenty of fruit, on South Tyler street, price...... 2,000

17 room modern house and two lots on North Washington street...... 8,500

7 room house on Third street, good barn, price...... 1,500

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

Meat Market, doing a fine business, in a town of fifteen hundred......

Dry Goods and fine Shoe Store, will sell at invoice ......

Drug Store, doing a fine business, will sell at invoice......

Grocery Store, in Van Wert, one of the leading stores, will sell at invoice ......

Millinery Store, in Van Wert, doing a good business......

Livery Barn, in Van Wert, for sale.......

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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.**

Ask 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. McConnoughey 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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MAKES PINE FLOOR LOOK LIKE HARDWOOD

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IS ALSO A PERFECT FINISH FOR FURNITURE, GLASS, INTERIOR WOODWORK

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Successor to Wilson & Girod

Tile Mill for Sale.

At a bargain if sold soon. Good big sheds, new grinder new kiln, also horse and barn. Situated at Batson, Ohio, along railroad. For further information come and see me or address W. E. Sells, Van Wert, Ohio, R. F. D. No. 3.

The Twice-a-Week Bulletin, per year $1 25

Only a Romance

By Luella Wait

Copyright, 1906, 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. Miss Gussie was the daughter of Colonel Robertson, who was one of the party, and she was an artist of no mean ability. There was but one drawback to her complete happiness. Young Harry Caswell of Boston had imagined for a year past that he was very much in love with her. She didn't have any such feeling for him. She doubted if she ever would have, but she had joined the campers to have time to think it over and had arrived to find him very much in evidence.

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 brawling creek until the wall on her right rose up a full hundred 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. It was a quiet, solemn place, even with the brawling of the creek in her ears, and the girl worked for an hour, forgetful almost of where she was. Then there came a sudden and startling interruption.

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. Five men, all mounted, came upon him as he was saddling up and called upon him to surrender. He yelled back in defiance, and, taking cover, he stood them off for half an hour, wounding two and being himself grazed by a bullet. Then, as the survivors began to work around to his rear, the man mounted his broncho and fled down the trail at full speed. The three unwounded men pursued him, firing whenever the curving trail brought him into sight. The girl in the gorge heard the shooting and shouting, but could not locate the sounds. In her alarm she rose to her feet and was looking up and down, seeking to make out the situation, when a man and horse came over the top of the cliff above her and crashed into a tree fifty feet down. Thence they deflected into the top of a second tree, thirty feet lower, and as she gazed with wide open eyes the two bodies brought up in the creek almost at her feet. She heard the shouts of men and the clatter of horses' hoofs above, but both soon passed out of hearing.

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 he stared at her in stupid surprise. Sitting up after a moment, he dreamily asked:

"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 hound 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'll 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 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 he was temporarily helpless, and she sympathized with him. She gave him her noonday 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 injustice. He had passed through a great peril. He was what she had always hungered to behold—a hero.

Miss Gussie lingered for an hour and then left the things she had brought, taking her departure to reappear next day and the next and the next. In brief, her visits were made daily for the next seven days, and each day she saw that her bad man was making an improvement. On the last day she found him waiting at the plum trees. He had furbished himself up as best he could and looked more presentable. His lameness was about gone, and the saddle from his horse was on the ground beside him.

"My dear young lady," he began, "it goes without saying that my gratitude is unbounded. Did I [illegible] to make you a proposal [illegible]"

"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 feller is?"

"N-not exactly, but he was very nice. He had to take my horse to get away from you."

"Hear her talking. That feller is Bob Hill, the most notorious highway robber in four states. You must have nursed him up and helped him to vamoose, 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.

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 YOKE 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 cut that the sleeves and body appear to be in one, and the sloping shoulder line is unbroken. The collar and chemisette of this frock are of embroidered batiste of a cream tint trimmed in real valenciennes, a narrow central plait being bordered on each side by fine lace edged plaitings of batiste.

Stiff linen collars are embroidered with a tiny flower 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.

—Illustrated Bits.

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 o' 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 o' 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 o' 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.

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."

Some of the jurors cried, some of them sneered and one of them laughed aloud, but every one of them was moved out of the lethargy into which the long weeks of tiresome litigation had thrown them.

Mr. Delmas rose, on the heels of a fit of hysteria which threatened to convulse the entire courtroom. He spoke as calmly as if he were ordering his breakfast. His straight featured and handsome face was as bereaved of any trace of emotion as is the carven face of an angel on an ancient and forgotten tomb. The stinging logic of his argument bit like vitriol into every mind that marked and understood him. He tore the evidence with which Mr. Johnson had fortified his client's case to pieces, bit by bit, shred by shred and atom by atom. He did it with a cold irony that was somehow overwhelmingly convincing.

"This won't do," whispered a listening lawyer to me. "This will never do. Delmas' logic is all right, but Johnson has got the jury into hysterics. He'll get the case unless some one throws a bucket of cold water into that jury box before the judge delivers his charge."

When the evidence had been absolutely swept out of the case as a floor is swept before the energetic broom of a conscientious housemaid, Mr. Delmas turned suddenly to the convinced but unwon jury. He leaned forward and fixed the attorney for the other side with his piercing black eyes and said, with a sudden access of fury:

"To what God does my learned friend, Mr. Johnson, appeal for justice in this case? To the God who thundered from Sinai, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery?'"

The jury caught its breath. The bucket of cold water had done its work, and Mr. Delmas' client walked out of the courtroom a triumphant woman.

I wonder if in the handling of that case there was anything like a prophecy as to what Delmas, the man from California, will do when he rises to snatch Harry Thaw from the electric chair.

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 'old a blanket for you." "What was the joke?" the hearer asked. "Why," the Englishman replied, "we had no blanket at all."

Willful Waste of Tea.

"We are a most wasteful and extravagant nation," said the highly cultured college girl as she sprinkled damp tea leaves over the [illegible] preparing to sweep it. "This is what we do with our tea leaves. They [illegible] throw them away. In England many of the well to do [illegible] dry the tea leaves and send them to the [illegible] to [illegible] them to [illegible] people in the neighborhood."—New York Press.

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.

BALYEAT 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," Whiting. 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 Pinsutti. Prize $2.00.

Male Quartette, "The Cottage on the Hill," Fearis. Prize $2.00.

7. Male Quartette under 12 years of age, "Rest, Comrades, Rest," Fearis. Prize $2.00.
8. Ladies' Quartette, "The Suwanee Shore," by Geibel. Prize $2.00.
9. Trio for Girls under 18 years of age, "Softly Roam," abt. Prize $1.50.
10. Tenor and Bass Duet, "Mina Soldiers." Prize $1.00.
11. Soprano and Alto Duet, "Goodbye ye Flowrets Fair." Prize $1.00.
12. Baritone Solo, "Land of Wales." Jones. 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 Ap. 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 13 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, "Scarf Dance," Chaminade. 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.

RECITATIONS

1. For men, open to all ages, "Lincoln's Gettysburg Address." Prize $1.00.
2. For Ladies, open to all ages, "Modern Cain." 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 Outside" Prize $1.00.
5. For Boys between 10 and 15 years of age, "Mother's Room Prizes 75c and 25c.
6. For Girls between 10 and 15 years of age, "Off With Your Hat as the Flag Goes By." Prizes 75c and 25c.
7. For Boys under 10 years of age, "Give the Youngsters a Chance." Prizes 75c and 25c.
8. For Girls under 10 years of age, "That Harbinger of Spring." Prizes 75c and 25c.
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.

ESSAYS.

1. Open to all ages, "History of the English Bible." Prize $2.00.
2. For young people under 21 years of age, "Decoration Day." Prize $1.00.
3. For Children under 15 years not attending any High School, "A Brief Summary of the Revolutionary Period in American History." Prize $1.00.

MISCELLANEOUS.

1. Catechism Test. The first 52 questions in the Shorter Catechism on plan of Spelling Bee. Prizes $1.00 and 50c
2. Catechism Test. The first 80 questions in Catechism for Young Children. Prizes 75c and 25c.
3. Penmanship. (1) Under 12 years of age, 23rd Psalm. Prize 50c. (2) Under 21 years of age, 1st Cor. XIII. Prize 75c.
4. Drawing, Front view of the Presbyterian church. Prize $1.00.

ADJUDICATORS.

Music, Prof. William Apmadoc, Chicago, Ill.

Recitations, Rev. William Swedival, Gomer, O.

Essays, No. 1, Rev. J. A. Gordon, D. D., Van Wert, O.

Essays, Nos. 2 and 3, Prof. W. T. Shimp, Delphos, O.

Catechism Tests, Rev. J. A. Gordon, D. D., Van Wert, O.

Penmanship, Prof. J. I. Miller, Delphos, O.

Drawing, W. R. N. Jones, Vaughnsville, O.

PROGRAM

Of Teachers' Institute to be Held at High School Hall, Van Wert, March 9th, 1907.

MORNING, 9.30.

Music, Institute.

Devotional, Rev. M. M. Figley.

Music, Institute.

Round Table:

"Shall the Schools of Van Wert County Use Simplified Spelling?" Discussion opened by Supt. Heidelbaugh, Middle Point.

"What are Country Teachers Doing With Literature in Their Schools?" Discussion opened by G. L. Siniff, Ohio City

"Is the Teacher's Contract Equally Binding on the Teacher and Board of Education?" Discussion opened by Supt. Shimp, Delphos

Vocal Solo, Harry Leiter.

Address, The Economic Geography of Ohio," Prof. J. E. Hagerty O. S. U. Columbus.

Vocal Solo, Milo Cramer

AFTERNOON, 1:30.

Music High School Orchestra.

Address, "Township Supervision, S. A. Macklin, Venedocia.

Music, High School Orchestra

Address, How Shall the English Work in the Grades be Made a Preparation for High School English?" Miss Inez Baldwin, Delphos.

Address, "The School as a Social Institution. Prof Hagerty.

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.

Mayor Dunne's renomination may perhaps give the country a chance to see how thoroughly Chicago is determined upon municipal ownership. His opponent will undoubtedly offer an immediate settlement of the street railway question in accordance with ordinances recently passed by the Chicago Council, making a contract with the traction companies very advantageous to the city. Mayor Dunne will offer further delays until municipal purchase is possible. However, the issue is complicated by Mayor Dunne's outspoken stand for that popular policy, "a wide open town." He seems to count for more support on this than on any other ground.

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—one 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 more, 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.

For the above reasons The Twice-a-Week Bulletin is compelled to have a larger income on the work done from some source, but it will not meet this demand by increasing the subscription price. Some time ago the rates of advertising were advanced and another advance on the rates for a certain class of advertisements has just been made. In addition to these advanced charges, a charge of One-half of One cent a Word will be made for all obituary notices; One Cent a Word for all cards of thanks; and One Cent a Word for all memorial resolutions published for lodges, fraternal societies, etc. These charges apply to the obituaries prepared and published for memorial purposes, after the funeral has occurred.

Death notices, funeral notices, and all notices in this line, will be published free of charge, the same as has always been the custom of the paper. Every kindly office The Bulletin can confer will be extended, free of charge, to the afflicted friends of the departed. But to assist in meeting an increased and increasing demand upon the paper's income, a small charge for obituary, memorial and card of thanks notices will be made hereafter.

The same rule applies to The Daily Bulletin and for the same reasons that it has been adopted for The Twice-a-Week Bulletin.

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 Deisel-Weimmer Co., Tobacco Stemmery, East Main street.