

## A Special Invitation

To you to come to the Trade Palace to see the beautiful new Fall Goods. The latest effects in Wool Dress Goods and Trimmings. Lovely Millinery and handsome Fall Capes and Coats and Furs. Our Dress Goods and Trimmings are a most superb collection of all the new weaves and novel effects the Eastern markets afford. They are strikingly beautiful.

OUR

## MILLINERY DEPARTMENT

Knows no competition in Style, Price or Variety. We have this season bought lavishly of the new things shown in New York, and the department is replete with lovely Fall Goods and the latest and most artistic creations in Millinery.

### Our Fall Capes

#### And Coats in Furs

and Cloth, for Misses, Children and Ladies, are the things. Variety the largest and prices the lowest in the city, and we can confidently say of our new Fall Stock, after having spent three weeks among the best Eastern manufacturers, that we have the right goods at the right prices and we ask everyone to come and see

**M'CLURE & GRAHAM.**

## THE "MODEL" SHOE STORE

While in the city fair week make our store your headquarters. You are always welcome.

We have the Finest Line of

## Boots and Shoes

In the city. Everything new and up to date.

### "THE MODEL"

125 N. Washington St. Arms' Old Stand.

## Montgomery County News

### DARLINGTON.

Fannie Booher is quite sick at present.

Ira Booher still has one nice new cottage to rent.

Darlington has a telephone line from Crawfordsville.

Tell Cook moved on Kirkpatrick's farm this week.

Morel's Booher was at Crawfordsville Wednesday on business.

Miss Mate Lewis, of Chicago, is visiting A. H. Bower and family.

Al Wood is completing his new residence east of town this week.

Mrs. J. W. Jackman is visiting home folks at Bringhurst for two weeks.

Uncle John Hulett is in California, where he will remain for some time.

Trade is very quiet at present, but we merchants have a better time coming.

Miss Ella McNichol made a flying trip to Lebanon this week on business.

W. B. Linch has bought Finch Bros' saw mill. Work still goes on with a hurrah.

The government still has the Vandalia people to deliver the mail to the post office.

See Ira Booher & Son if you want robes and blankets. They are in the push for low prices.

Mrs. Brassfield was buried at Crawfordsville last Monday. She died Saturday near this place.

W. H. Booher, the postmaster, who has been laid up for six weeks, is able to go to the office on crutches.

Joe Marshall, of Hooperston, Ill., is home this week shaking hands and having a good time with the boys.

The grocery firm of Guntle & Guntle now reads Guntle & Hiatt, Uncle Johnny closing out to Ira Hiatt.

Winston Craig and Ossey Chambers both have typhoid fever. They have been very bad, but are improving some now.

Cox & McClure is still drilling on Wm. Black's well. Bill says he is getting tired of carrying all his water from the tavern.

O. E. Kelley, of Hillsboro, will preach at the Christian church Saturday night and Sunday. All are invited to come and hear him.

Ira Booher has two of his new houses plastered and another one framed and ready to raise. All three will be completed in three weeks.

Roe Miller was telephoned for from Linden last Wednesday morning to bring his hounds, and he went as fast as a liver team could take him.

E. B. Booher will have a public sale on Oct. 22. He will then move to Cerro Gordo, Ill., and go in partnership with Milt Mickels in the hardware business.

It is said that we are to have a wedding soon and Darlington will have one dress maker less, and the old folks will have a preacher connected to the family.

John Kirkpatrick moved to Frankfort last Tuesday. We were sorry to lose Mr. Kirkpatrick, as his family is one of the best, but our loss is Frankfort's gain.

Isaac Lerrick went to Maxinkuckee last week to fish and got a fine lot of bass. Ike said he went on purpose for them. The report is that he bought them.

George Sebold, who has had typhoid fever so long, is out hustling for trade in the hardware business, but goes off lame like an old rooster with his toes frozen.

Tom Kelsey gave his company comrades a big dinner last Tuesday. Tom and his wife know just how to entertain old friends and make them feel at home. Seventy took dinner.

aniel Booher went to Crawfordsville last Monday afternoon and did what business he had to do and then walked home before the evening train. Aniel says he would rather walk home than loaf in Crawfordsville.

Our new school house is progressing very slowly. We think they could not have found a set of men that would have come half way up with the ones who have laid the brick work for drunkenness. If sober men had been employed the house might have been completed and ready for school or in a short time, but as it is we will not have school here December if that soon.

**Daudet.**

M. Daudet, the eminent French author, was for a long time an usher in a second rate school on a pittance which scarcely sufficed to keep body and soul together.

After a time he grew sick of this hard and unremunerative kind of work, and then made his way to Paris, where he arrived with only a capital of two shillings and a bundle of poems.

He was fortunate enough to find a publisher for the latter almost at once, and it was not very long before he obtained journalistic employment, which kept him going until he found novel writing sufficiently lucrative to provide him with a living.

Now he can command almost any price he likes to ask for his books and articles, and must be a very wealthy man.—Paris Letter.

**Bill Nye and Paul M. Potter.**

It will be pleasant to learn that Mr. Potter's next venture is to be in collaboration with Bill Nye. They are busy at work on a comedy, which, with Mr. Potter's cultured talent for dramatic construction and his experience in stage literature, Nye's crude and inexhaustible humor, his wit and philosophical turn, ought to be a great go.—Chicago News.

**Sufficient Cause.**

"I hear Mrs. Youngwife has doubts of her husband's sanity."

"For what reason?"

"He told her she was a better cook than his mother."—Detroit Free Press.

**Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.**

Your horse will be shod at reasonable

figures and with the utmost care, if you take it to J. A. Pierce, corner Green and Market streets.

**Ambitions.**

"My hair," remarked the bald-headed man as he rubbed his bare poll in a reminiscent way, "was the most ambitious thing about me."

"Ah!" responded his companion questioningly.

"Yes, it always came out on top."—Detroit Free Press.

### Gold Nuggets.

The structure of gold nuggets was the subject of a paper recently read before the New South Wales Royal Society by Professor Liverbridge. Among other facts stated was the peculiarity of such nuggets, on being cut through or sliced and polished and then etched by chlorine water, of exhibiting a well marked crystalline structure closely resembling the figures shown by most metallic meteorites. On heating such nuggets in a Bunsen burner blebs or blisters form on both the polished and unpolished surfaces, and on still more strongly heating these in some cases burst with sharp reports, and pieces of gold are projected with considerable violence. As no explosions have been observed on dissolving or eating away the crusts of these blisters by chlorine water it is thought that the blebs may probably be due to the evaporation of some liquid or solid substance. Further, in slicing some nuggets, scattered granules of quartz were met with inside, although quite invisible outside. At first it was supposed that such explosions might be due to the quartz, but the gas in some instances continued to issue from the burst bleb—where the aperture formed was small—and forced the Bunsen flame out into lateral, just as if urged by a blowpipe.

### The Samoan Mascot.

In time of war it is the tapo's duty to lead on to combat the warriors of her village, and she is often in the thick of the skirmishing, but should she be wounded or killed it is a pure accident, as the Samoans have the greatest horror of hurting a woman in any way, and would not even injure their enemy's tapo. There is a story told of how, during the war which was carried on in Upolu for a considerable time, five or six years ago, two armies had met and were drawn up, blazing into each other's lines, when a native woman appeared with a cow she wished to place in safety. The entire firing was immediately suspended on both sides till she and her charge had crossed the lines and were completely out of harm's way.

The women could rely so thoroughly on the gallantry of their countrymen that they had no fear during the fighting, and would take food to their husbands and brothers at any time, and pass through the ranks of the warriors of the belligerent army with perfect impunity; as long as the daylight lasted and they could be easily seen they were quite safe.—"In Stevenson's Samoa," Marie Fraser.

### Engraving on Glass.

A most ingeniously contrived machine for engraving on glass, insuring the rapid and economic production of decorative work in that line, as also in metal manufactures of every variety, is described in The English Mechanic. Among the merits claimed for this device is the fact of there being no limit to the number of objects that may be operated upon simultaneously, with a perfect uniformity of workmanship, and further, the facility with which this machine, being of 12 multiplying power, can be operated upon and replaced with fresh objects, is another important characteristic, and three different patterns may be produced in one hour on a single machine. The construction of this apparatus fulfills the desideratum of great simplicity, it would appear; that is, the globes, or whatever is to be engraved, are fixed on platforms in two upright cylindrical forms, these platforms being raised or lowered as desired by means of a handle, and the engraving needles are applied or let off by a touch of the treadle—the pattern to be followed resting on a board at the back.

### Where Franklin Flew His Kite.

Colonel Enoch Taylor of this city, speaking of the researches of the savants into the vagaries of lightning, remarked that probably there were few people who ever gave a thought when they crossed Spring Garden street in the vicinity of Thirteenth street that they were walking over the spot where Benjamin Franklin flew his kite. Yet such is the fact. A diagonal line from the southeast corner of what is now known as Thirteenth street to Spring Garden will about cover the space in which "Poor Richard" drew lightning from the clouds. It was a bare field then, with a few farms and country houses scattered around. Bostonians fondly imagine that it was on Boston Common Franklin conducted his experiments. That's a mistake. It was in the Quaker City and on the spot referred to.—Philadelphia Times.

### Daudet.

M. Daudet, the eminent French author, was for a long time an usher in a second rate school on a pittance which scarcely sufficed to keep body and soul together. After a time he grew sick of this hard and unremunerative kind of work, and then made his way to Paris, where he arrived with only a capital of two shillings and a bundle of poems. He was fortunate enough to find a publisher for the latter almost at once, and it was not very long before he obtained journalistic employment, which kept him going until he found novel writing sufficiently lucrative to provide him with a living.

Now he can command almost any price he likes to ask for his books and articles, and must be a very wealthy man.—Paris Letter.



Mrs. James Dean  
Muncie, Ind.

## After Paralysis

Death Was Expected, But Hood's Sarsaparilla Cured.

The testimonials published in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla are not purchased. They are written, voluntarily, gladly and gratefully. For instance, read this:

"I think it a duty to send this statement of the benefits I have received from Hood's Sarsaparilla. I had a severe stroke of paralysis and lay three weeks without eating or speaking. The doctor said I would die. After three weeks a friend gave me a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and when I had taken seven doses I began to get better. When I had taken eleven

bottles I was able to do my work, and am as well today as can be expected. I am glad to give Hood's Sarsaparilla praise; I cannot recommend it too highly."—Mrs. J. DEAN, Box 658, Muncie, Indiana.

**Hood's Pills** are purely vegetable.

Samuel J. Tilden's Umbrella.

Abram S. Hewitt, who was a great friend of Samuel J. Tilden, one day brought into his office an old cotton umbrella, with a broken rib or two and a few holes. It could not have cost over 50 cents. He placed it in the accustomed corner, beside a fine \$10 silk umbrella belonging to J. L. Haigh, his partner. When starting home in the afternoon he walked off with Haigh's umbrella, leaving his own, which Haigh had to use, as it was raining hard. On opening the old cotton affair Haigh noticed a piece of white tape sewed on the inside near the top, and on going to a light read, "Samuel J. Tilden, Gramercy park, New York." The next day he returned it to the same corner and said to Mr. Hewitt, "This is Mr. Tilden's umbrella you forgot last night." "Oh, yes," said Hewitt, rising and going after it, "I am very glad to get it back. Mr. Tilden is extremely careful about his umbrella." "But where is my silk one that you took away last night?" Haigh asked. "Oh, I don't know anything about that," was the reply, and that was all the satisfaction that Haigh ever got.—New York Press.

**The Nervy Barber.**

I struck a nervy barber down in southern California once. You know they have earthquakes down there so often that they don't mind a terrestrial shake up any more than we do a thunderstorm. But for strangers the sensation of having the earth do a sand jig under you is far from pleasant. It makes you lose confidence in the stability of things.

I was sitting in a barber's chair one day when the windows began to rattle and the floor to heave like the deck of a ship. The barber was a dago of some kind, but he had nerve. I started to jump and run, but he held my head down firmly and said:

"Seet pairfictly still, senior, or I might have to meesfortune to cut you."

And, ding me, if he didn't keep right along shaving, with the shanty shaver like a cradle, and he never even scratched me. But it scared me so my beard hasn't grown well since.—Washington Post.

### Sunshine and Disease.

It is rather surprising to be told that sunshine is not always a promoter of health, and that London fog may be a blessing in disguise. In experiments by De Renzi guinea pigs inoculated with tuberculosis died after 24 to 89 days when kept in glass boxes in the sun, but survived only 20 to 41 days in opaque wooden boxes. This makes it evident that sunshine is a material aid in combating consumption. In a later investigation by Dr. Masella, however, guinea pigs were inoculated with cholera and typhoid bacilli respectively, when it was found that previous exposure to sunshine increased the susceptibility to both diseases, while exposure to sunshine after infection so accelerated the progress of the malady that death occurred in 3 to 5 hours instead of 15 to 24 hours. That this was not due to increase of temperature was proved by cooling the boxes in sunshine by a circulation of water.—London Letter.

### Outdoor Work Preferred.

Some years ago a young Irishman was hunting for work among the farmers of a western town at harvest time.

He made his application to a benevolent looking farmer, who was attracted by the young man's frank, merry face, but was not really in need of extra help.

"Can you cradle?" he asked, after a moment's hesitation.

"Crade, is it?" repeated the young Irishman in bewilderment. "That Oi can, sorr, bein the owdlest av 11 chil- dern, but," he added persuasively, "couldn't yez give me a job out av dheres, sorr?"—Yonh's Companion.

### Ambitions.

"My hair," remarked the bald-headed man as he rubbed his bare poll in a reminiscent way, "was the most ambitious thing about me."

"Ah!" responded his companion questioningly.

"Yes, it always came out on top."—Detroit Free Press.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

## Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

NOTICE TO HEIRS, CREDITORS, ETC.

In the matter of the Estate of John Payne, deceased. In the Montgomery Circuit Court, September term, 1895.

Notice is hereby given that William T. Glenn, as Administrator of the Estate of John Payne, deceased, has presented and filed his account, and vouchers in final account, and that the same will come up for examination and action of said Circuit Court on the 13th day of October, 1895, at which time all creditors, or legatees of said estate are required to do so. The Court and vouchers should not be approved, and the heirs or distributees of said estate are also required to be present.

WILLIAM T. GLENN, Administrator.

Dated this 1st day of October, 1895.

WILLIAM T. GLENN, Administrator.

Dated this 1st day of October, 1895.

WILLIAM T. GLENN, Administrator.