

Consumption

AND ITS CURE
TO THE EDITOR:—I have an absolute remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been already permanently cured. So proof-positive am I of its power that I consider it my duty to send two bottles free to those of your readers who have Consumption, Throat, Bronchial or Lung Trouble, if they will write me their express and postoffice address. Sincerely,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 183 Pearl St., New York.
The Editor and Business Manager of this Paper guarantee this generous Proposition.

THE Vandalia LINE.

NORTH BOUND.—DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.
No. 6, St. Joe accommodation.....8:15 a. m.
No. 8, South Bend accommodation.....8:19 p. m.
SOUTH BOUND.—DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.
Terre Haute Mail.....8:21 a. m.
Terre Haute Mail.....8:41 p. m.
Good connector made at Terre Haute for South and South-west. Trains run through St. Joseph, Mich., making good connection with C. & W. M. for Michigan points.

J. C. HUTCHINSON, Agent.

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TO CHICAGO, MICHIGAN CITY
And the North.

LOUISVILLE AND THE SOUTH.

The Only Line to the Famous

Health Resorts,

WEST BADEN

—AND—

French : Link : Springs.

"The Carlsbad of America."

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No. 3.....1:40 a. m.
No. 5.....1:15 p. m.
Local Freight.....8:45 a. m.

NORTH BOUND.

No. 4.....2:15 a. m.
No. 6.....1:15 a. m.
Local Freight.....3:25 p. m.

L. H. Clark, Agt., Crawfordsville.

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BIG FOUR.

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4:59 p. m. Daily.....12:37 a. m.
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1:15 p. m. Daily (except Sunday).....1:15 p. m.

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160 acres.

Two splendid pieces of property
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Houses for rent.

Money to Loan!

Will write Life, Accident and Fire
Insurance.

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RESTORES VITALITY.

Made a Well Man of Me.

GREAT 30th Day.

ENCH REMEDY

as the above results in 3 days. It is

and quickly. Cures with all others. It

will regain their lost manhood and

recover their youthful vigor. It is

D. It quickly and surely restores Nervous

Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions,

and all other ailments. It is a

of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion

its one for study, business or marriage

by starting at the root of disease. It

nervous tonic and blood builder. It

the pink glow to pale cheeks and

of youth. It is made of pure

can be carried in vest pocket. By mail

package, or six for \$5.00, with a

written guarantee to cure or return

money. Circular free. Address

EDICINE CO., 271 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

For sale by Nye & Howe.

MY BURGLAR.

When I went to bed that night my hair was as black as it used to be. When the day dawned it was light. So you may see how badly I was frightened.

I was paying the penalty for overwork at the time by taking a health trip, and I carried along \$475 to pay it with. I also took a fish pole and a northwesterly direction for the Michigan woods.

When I was leaving Detroit on the steamer I wrapped up \$400 in a rubber band and stowed them away in the inside pocket of my vest, and I soon acquired the habit of touching myself every time I thought of it to see whether my cash balanced, or, to speak more accurately, to see whether I still had the bulge on my vest.

As soon as I found this nervous habit fastening itself upon me I was sorry that I had not always carried large sums of money and got used to the sensation, but it was too late for vain regrets, and I determined to make the best of it. But I decided that I would always in the future have plenty of money.

It was a little too early in the season for the summer run of schoolma'ams on the lakes, and there were only a few passengers on board the steamer. These were made up mostly of commercial travelers and a fair assortment of those dusty-booted, slouch-hatted, shoddy-clad men who travel on trains and boats everywhere without any apparent reason or object. There was one lady on board.

There was also another passenger—a red-headed man with a sinister eye and a smell of horse about him so pronounced that the lady passenger asked for "the rascal" at dinner, thinking to avoid hurting his feelings by saying horse radish in his presence.

If I had not been carrying a wad of money into a lonely country I should have paid little attention to this ill-favored person; but I was carrying a wad of money, and I suspected that he knew of it. For the life of me I could not help pressing that wad with my fingers every time I met him or heard his voice or smelt horse. I was certain that he noticed this involuntary action and that he knew the reason of it, and I came to believe that he was on the boat because I was and that he would get off when I did.

He did get off when I did, at 11 o'clock at night on the lonely dock in the town of Gravelton, and no one left the boat there but us two. I saw him disappear in the darkness and I took my seat in the hotel bus.

The Gravelton hotel was one of those large, cheaply built houses which one will find in all the lumbering towns of the west where land is cheap and pine is cheap and regular boarders are cheap and numerous, but my room was clean enough and reasonably secure. The window had no fastenings, but the sash had swelled and the casement held it in a grip which all my strength could not loosen. The door was provided with a bolt and lock, and the transom was too narrow to admit the body of a man. I felt pretty secure, but I was made nervous by the fact that the curtain failed to cover the lower part of the window. I was morally certain that my ugly fellow traveler stood outside in the darkness, watching me with hungry eyes.

I did not feel sleepy enough to go to bed, neither did I find it particularly cheerful to sit in the one little wooden chair which the room afforded, and gaze at the cheap wall paper covering the pine partition, or the "skied" picture of a flaming red, long tailed bird of paradise with his head set backward on his neck. My books were in my trunk and there was nothing at hand to read except an old newspaper which was doing duty as a cover to the washstand.

Glancing at this paper I saw that the



THERE WAS A BURGLAR IN MY ROOM.

page exposed to view was made up of "syndicate" matter and that the prominent article was by a startling coincidence the story of an adventure with a burglar. I began reading it.

The narrator told how he found himself in a strange room seeking for a safe place to bestow his money for the night; how he determined to place it between the leaves of a dictionary, and wishing to remember the exact place he thought he would open the book at the word money, but behold, when he opened it the first word that he saw was murder.

Here the narrative was broken by a soap dish, which adhered firmly to the paper in spite of my careful efforts to remove it, and I read no further.

I arose and shook myself. "Pshaw!" I said, "what a fool I am. He's probably just an ordinary hostler come up here to work, or perhaps to see his old mother. No doubt he's as honest as I am. I wonder what word he would have found if he'd opened the dictionary at Cash." I soliloquized, and out of mere idle curiosity I took from my

handbag the nearest approach I had to a dictionary—a little paper covered book of synonyms, and opened it at C. Clutch—grasp—lay-hold-on—catch—seize.

This was the last line that met my gaze. I laughed, threw the book on the table and began to undress.

"If any one enters my room tonight," I thought, as I folded up my vest and placed it under the pillow, "I'll clutch him, grasp him, lay hold on him, catch him, seize him, and yell for help."

When I went to sleep I dreamt that I was wading up a trout stream fishing for black bass with a wad of money for bait and that as fast as I caught fish I was robbed of them by a red-headed horse.

From the number of fish I had caught I judge that I must have slept two or three hours; then I found myself suddenly awake, listening intently, and anxiously sniffing the air. I was certain of two things. Some one was moving in the room, and I smelled horse.

It is easy to write of this thing now in a spirit of levity, but I had no such feeling as I lay there straining my eyes to no purpose in the inky darkness, but hearing that fellow move about the room boldly, without caution as though it mattered nothing to him whether I slept or awakened.

"If I move," I thought, "he is ready with his knife or club to silence me forever."

I did not know whether or not he had already taken the vest from under my pillow and I did not care just then to investigate. I moved not a muscle, but when the first tumult of sudden fright had subsided I tried to think—to reason.

"I am here for my health," I thought. "Now won't it be healthier to lie still and let him take my money than to move a finger and let him take my life—what little I have? How did he get in here? Ah, of course! the window. I couldn't budge it, but he is muscular. I should have thought of that."

What was the man doing? The sounds he made were exactly such as a man makes in dressing. Heaven! would he exchange clothes with me, leaving his horsey old suit in the room? He was at the washstand pouring out water—washing his hands. My fright was giving way to anger at the cool impudence of the man. Doubtless he had on my clothes now, including the vest, with the wad of bills in the inside pocket. Coward that I was to lie there and let him take my property.

I hesitated no longer, but sprang from the bed and with the cry of "Help!" rushed with resistless fury slam bang against the partition over where I thought the man stood.

Some one tried to open my door, then, knocked on it for admittance. Backing toward it so as to guard myself from an attack by the burglar, I found the bolt and lock and threw the door open. A flood of light filled the room; the window was closed and the only person present were myself and my visitor—a gentleman fully dressed, with a lighted lamp in his hand and a trout basket slung over his shoulder.

"There was a burglar in my room," I began. "I couldn't see the scoundrel, but I heard him washing his hands and putting on my—"

I stopped, for I saw my clothes hanging where I had left them.

"I think you must have heard me washing and dressing," said the gentleman, "and I must ask you to pardon me for disturbing you. I should have remembered that the walls between these rooms are very thin."

That is my burglar story. I might devise a better ending for it if my imaginative powers were equally distributed, but they seem mostly to center in my olfactory nerves. I could have sworn that I smelled horse.

C. H. AUGUR.

The "King Cock Crowing."

Among the ancient customs of England which have long since sunk into disuse was a very absurd one, and which, however ridiculous, was continued so late as the reign of George I. During the season of Lent an officer, called the "King's cock crower," crowed the hour every night within the precincts of the palace, instead of proclaiming it in the ordinary manner. On the first Ash Wednesday after the accession of the House of Hanover, as the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II., was sitting down to supper, this officer suddenly entered the apartment and proclaimed, in a voice resembling "the cock's shrill claxon," that it was past ten o'clock. Taken thus by surprise, and very imperfectly acquainted with the English language, the Prince mistook the crow for an insult, and rose instantly to resent the affront; nor was it without the utmost difficulty that his interpreter could make him understand the nature of the custom and assure him that a compliment was intended according to the court etiquette of the times. From that period, however, the custom has been discontinued.

Adoption of Rats by a Cat.

According to a French Journal, L'Eleveur, a cat in La Creuse, near Mantes, France, was recently found in the store room of a house, nursing with much tenderness four young rats. When the proprietor, judging it inexpedient to favor this opportunity for the increase of a species that is little loved by agriculturists, seized two of the rats and killed them, the cat came to the aid of the other two and asked mercy for her children by adoption in her characteristic way. The proprietor was touched, and yielding to his more humane emotions, spared the lives of the two remaining intruders, and the cat continued to bring up her progenies.

CLAIMS FOR DAMAGES.

Spanish Government Will Also Demand Money.

Washington, Nov. 1.—An interesting phase of the Cuban matter is the claims made by both governments. Hardly a week passes that the state department does not receive from American property-owners in Cuba claims for property destroyed or injured. These claims have been forwarded to Madrid when it has appeared that there was a basis for them, and already those adjudged in Washington as meritorious aggregate a sum well into the millions.

To offset these claims it is now learned that Spain is treasuring up numerous claims against this government, and it is estimated by one state department official that the Spanish demand will also foot up into the millions. It is based on the filibustering expeditions which have gone from our shores and which have sustained the Cuban revolutionists in their struggle against the home government. It is understood that the Spanish claim is based on no less a precedent than the Alabama incident and the Geneva award, and that the Spanish authorities, from all accounts, expect to be successful.

Postmasters to Be Elected.

Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 1.—The Indiana republican congressmen-elect have decided to refer all applications for postoffice appointments to the patrons of the postoffices, and elections will be held in every city and town of the state after March 4. The congressmen-elect have hit upon this plan to avoid the responsibility of making appointments themselves and will recommend no one who has not received a majority of the votes of the republican patrons of the office to which he aspires. The republican senator to be elected by the coming legislature will dispense the patronage in the four districts which will be represented by democrats.

Hanna Has Glory Enough.

Cleveland, Ohio, Nov. 1.—"I have had all the glory I want out of this campaign, and I am satisfied," said M. A. Hanna Friday while he was busily engaged in going through an enormous accumulation of correspondence. Concerning the national republican headquarters, Mr. Hanna said: "The Chicago headquarters will be closed early next week. The New York headquarters will probably be kept open until we decide about the permanent national headquarters."

Rumor About Gibbons Set at Rest.

Baltimore, Md., Nov. 1.—Archbishop Martinelli, the apostolic delegate, will visit Cardinal Gibbons in a few days. Archbishop Martinelli has announced his intention to celebrate the high pontifical mass upon that occasion and will be the guest of the cardinal. Those who are well posted in church matters say that this would not happen if the cardinal did not stand in high favor at the vatican.

Cleveland Discusses Cuba.

Washington, Nov. 1.—To a senator who called upon him to inquire about the war rumors in regard to Cuba President Cleveland replied that the position of this government was as stated in his last annual message to congress—one of traditional sympathy with a people struggling for autonomy and freedom—but, nevertheless, this government felt its plain duty honestly to fulfill every international obligation.

Steamer Acadia Ashore.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Nov. 16.—The Canadian steamer Acadia, for whose safety serious apprehensions have been felt for several days, lies ashore on the rocks near Michipicoten river, and will be undoubtedly a total loss. The master of the steamer, Captain Clifford, with four of the crew, reached port in a sailboat belonging to the lighthouse department. The rest of the crew are still on the rocks.

FALSE START—ANOTHER RACE.

Feminine Fairness in Which the Cigarette Company Was Winner.

They were two pretty girls and they were evidently in high spirits when they entered an almost empty cigarette the other day. They carefully inspected the tubes which carry the fares along the sides of the vehicle to the box, then each one opened her purse.

"Tell you what," said the tall one, "let's race our nickel down and the one that loses pays for both."

"All right, let's," said the short one. "Got your nickel ready? Go."

"Mine's first," cried the tall one; "five cents, please."

"Why, look!" cried the short one, "we didn't start fair; the box is on your side!"

"Why, so it is," said the tall one; "funny we didn't notice that before. Let's try it over and you stand that much nearer the box."

Again they each put a nickel in and they dropped into the box simultaneously.

"Who has won, I'd like to know?" said the tall girl. By this time the driver, as well as one other passenger, was interested, and spoke impartially to them all. The driver turned suddenly to the passenger and the other passenger looked out of the window and queerly at her.

"I don't know," said the tall one, "but one of us won."

"Now," said the short one, "paid 10

cents, and the other paid 5

cents, and the other paid 5

cents, and the other paid 5

cents, and the other paid 5

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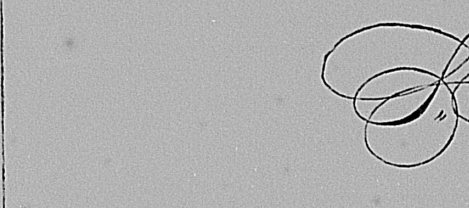
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