

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 Editorial and Business Management of this Paper Guarantee this generous Proposition.

—THE—

Vandalia LINE.

NORTH BOUND.—DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY
No. 6, St. Joe accommodation, 8:37 a. m.
No. 8, South Bend accommodation, 6:19 p. m.
SOUTH BOUND.—DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.
Terre Haute Mail, 9:21 a. m.
Terre Haute Mail, 4:10 p. m.
Good connection 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.

MONON ROUTE

LOUISVILLE NEW ALBANY & CHICAGO R. R.

TO CHICAGO, MICHIGAN CITY
And the North.
LOUISVILLE AND THE SOUTH.

The Only Line to the Famous
Health Resorts,

WEST BADEN

—AND—

French : Lick : Springs.

"The Carlsbad of America."

COMPLETE PULLMAN SERVICE.

Time Card in Effect September 13, '96.

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 3, 1:40 a. m.
No. 5, 1:15 p. m.
Local Freight, 8:45 a. m.
NORTH BOUND.
No. 4, 2:45 a. m.
No. 6, 1:15 a. m.
Local Freight, 3:25 p. m.

L. H. Clark, Agt., Crawfordsville.

Big Four Route.

TRAIN AT CRAWFORDSVILLE.

BIG FOUR.

EAST. WEST.
8:17 a. m. Daily except Sunday, 6:30 p. m.
4:59 p. m. Daily, 12:37 a. m.
1:49 a. m. Daily, 8:55 a. m.
1:15 p. m. Daily except Sunday, 1:15 p. m.

W. B. PATTERSON, Agent.

WANTED—Faithful men or women to travel for respectable established house in Indiana. Salary \$750 and expenses. Position permanent. Reference, Enclose self addressed stamped envelope. The National Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

WE HAVE

Seven farms for sale, from 2 to 160 acres.
Two splendid pieces of property in Englewood.
Fifteen Houses and Lots in the city from \$500 to \$4,000.
Houses to rent.

Money to Loan!

Will write Life, Accident and Fire Insurance.

Cumberland & Kelly.

No. 107 South Green St.

Photographed from life. REVIVE RESTORES VITALITY.
Made a Well Man 15th Day.

GREAT 30th Day.
BUNCH REMEDY
is a great result in 30 days. It is a
most valuable medicine, and often
will regain their lost limb, and
recover their youthful vigor by use
of it. It quickly and surely restores Nerve
Vitality, and is a great blessing to
all. William McMurtry, Washington
is of softhouse or cassia and indigo
bits one for study business or narrative
uses by starting at the seat or disease
and not to stop until the blood begins
to purify, allowing to purify the
fire of youth. It is made of these
remedies. Insist on having REVIVE,
or a package, or six for \$5.00, with a
guarantee to cure or return
any one free. Address
EDICINE CO., 271 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO, IL
For sale by Nye & Bone.

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 over-work 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 schoolmen's on the lakes, and there were only a few passengers on board the steam boat. 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 radish" 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 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 snuffing 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 awoke.

"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. Heavens! 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 persons 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 Crower."

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 clarion," 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.

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 company.

They carefully inspected the tubes which carry the fumes 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 he spoke impartially to them all. "The driver turned to the tall girl and said, 'The other passenger let go of the window and queer breath.'

"I don't know who's won," said the short girl, "but one of them is dead."

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