

An Alabama woman who was the thirteenth child and born on the one of his fine prize winning Berkshire hogs to Craig, Nebraska, Carl recently at the age of 105. She just returned from his trip through the west, where he was showing his hogs at the different fairs and came home with many prizes and a successful tour.

Misses Lizzie Knapp, Lena Miller, Lena Harding, Bertha Knapp, Ella and Emma Mutchler, Emma Rapport, Carrie Franke, Ella and Anna Bacher, Sunday drove to the home of Miss Emma Kukelhahn, three and one-half miles north of this city, the afternoon being spent in playing games and other amusements, for which a fine supper was served. At a late hour all departed, leaving Miss Emma a fine entertainer.

The First National, Hon. J. A. M. Adams bank at Portland, is still making a phenomenal record, its resources at the close of business September 30 being \$354,104.78. This bank is but eighteen months old, beginning April 11, 1904, with a capital of \$50,000. The growth beats anything on record and demonstrates that Portland and Jay county has money to burn, and also that Mr. Adair is not only a prince of good fellows, but a banker that gets the business.

The little town of Zanesville over in Allen county, suffered a \$10,000 fire Saturday night, and for a while threatened to wipe out the town. The blaze started in a gasoline tank at the rear of the Knight Bros. store, spread to the warehouses, barn, poultry house and a wagon shop, totally destroying all. Luckily the store, which by the way, is the largest in Allen county, outside of Fort Wayne, was not damaged, it being saved by the efforts of the volunteer bucket brigade who did great work. Gallogly & Haefling of this city carried considerable of the insurance.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Adams county branch of the National Rural Letter Carriers' association was held in the post office building Saturday evening with a good attendance of members. Much business of importance to the local branch was transacted, which included the election of officers for the ensuing year. The following officers were elected: President, Mel Butler, Decatur; vice president, Otto Franz, Berne; secretary and treasurer, Harvey O. Davis, Pleasant Mills; assistant secretary, J. Sutton, Geneva. It was voted to hold the next regular meeting which will be January 6, at this place.

Invitations to the number of one hundred and seventy-five will be sent out tomorrow, announcing the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Closs, which will occur Wednesday October 18, 1905, at the St. Mary's church, at eight o'clock. A reception follows at twelve o'clock at the old Closs homestead, at number twenty-six, north Third street. Mr. and Mrs. Closs are among the pioneers of Decatur, and were married fifty years ago this month. While both the bride and groom are feeble, they are thankful for the many years they have enjoyed each other's companionship. The services will be appropriate and the day should be a happy one for hosts and guests. The daughter, Miss Mary Closs, is arranging the details and not a single thing will be left undone to complete the happy occasion.

The potato crop will not be a failure in Indiana, as was announced some time ago. Reports received by Statistician Joseph Stubbs from 600 townships indicate that the yield will be about eighty-five bushels per acre instead of fifty, making the crop for the state in the neighborhood of five million bushels. This estimate is about twice the yield of last year. Counties which yielded them about 100 bushels are reporting a yield of about 300 bushels. This is particularly true of Pleasant township in Porter county, and Perry township in Vanderburgh county, both reporting a yield of 300 bushels to the acre. One noticeable feature is the decrease in the potato crop [in the last ten years, the acreage for the present year being about two-thirds of that in 1886, the years intervening showing a gradual decrease. This is accounted for by the fact that there is a steady increase in the acreage of corn, the best paying of any crop raised in the state of Indiana.

ANIMAL ANIMUS.

Ways In Which Wild Brutes Show Their Contempt For Mankind.

"Wild animals have a great many ways of showing their contempt for humankind," said an artist who has made a specialty of modelling animals.

"Every one has an idea that elephants become tame and even fond of people, but this is altogether wrong. They are easily trained, but are never tamed. They are docile just so long as the keeper has his goad in his hand or the memory of a burning endures. I had proof of this one day while modelling one of the elephants in a big animal show. I was sitting in his stall, with my modelling stand, not knowing on certain days he was given an extra allowance of chain. Suddenly he lunged his trunk around with such force that it smashed the stand to bits and sent me a dozen feet outside the stall.

"He never forgot his failure to finish me, and soon afterward he expressed his dislike in a more vulgar if less dangerous manner. As I worked I heard him make a loud sucking noise, but suspected nothing. At last when he had his mouth quite full of saliva he blew it toward me.

"This is not only a trick of elephants, but of other animals as well, as I have learned to my sorrow. Camels have the same habit, and while working near a camel one day I was treated to a shower of finely chewed cud."

This sculptor and other artists agree that the cat animals have a different mode of attack. There seems less of spite and more of real hate in their method. Sculptors usually place their modelling stands as close to the bars as possible. This same one was once working close to a tiger's cage, with the beast inside lying very quiet, apparently asleep. Without even raising his eyeballs the big cat struck between the bars with his heavy forepaw, splintering the stand and sending the clay in wads on the floor. The artist, warned by a sixth sense developed by those who are much about animals, had jumped back just in time to escape.—New York Herald.

BITS FROM THE WRITERS.

The simple life does not need lentils or cellular clothing. It needs those rarer things, gratitude and humility.—G. K. Chesterton.

She wore far too much rouge last night and not quite enough clothes. That is always a sign of despair in a woman.—"Sebastian Melmoth."

Keep your head on your shoulders. It's bound to rest on some one else's occasionally. Still, keep it mostly on your own.—"A Pagan's Love," by Constance Clyde.

If you feel that you've really got to tell a secret, go somewhere where it's dark an' you'll be alone. Then keep your mouth shut.—"The Middle Wall," by Edward Marshall.

Not that marriage is so beautiful, but it is necessary a girl should find that out for herself, so that she can turn her mind peacefully to other things.—"A Pagan's Love," by Constance Clyde.

The Guest and the Waitress.

A dainty stranger wafted into the dining room of a hotel in Smith Centre the other day and as the chair was held back for him pulled out his handkerchief and dusted the seat carefully. Pulling up his trousers, he seated himself, wiped the knife, fork and spoon with a napkin, worried a few crumbs of the table and heaved a sigh of relief. Without hesitation the girl who stepped forward to take his order deftly wiped the stranger's mouth, which had been drawn into a pucker of dissatisfaction at the imaginary untidiness abounding, and planted a kiss thereon that was plainly heard in all parts of the room. The dainty stranger when he recovered ordered merrily, ate hurriedly and left quickly.—Kansas City Journal.

Demeanor.

Says a writer in the London Chronicle: "A vulgarism—one which like 'aggravate' for 'irritate,' has come into use by way of the kitchen stairs—is 'demeanor,' with a sense of derogation or abasement. It is to be seen in many a paper and even many a book and heard in many a speech. It is the second syllable that has misled the popular understanding, but the noun 'demeanor' should have saved the educated from their blunder with the verb. When the cook refuses to 'demean herself' she is excusable, because 'demeanor' is not in her vocabulary."

The Feast of Nature.

"The Feast of Nature" was a grand French revolutionary holiday, held Aug. 10, 1793. A plaster image of nature was erected in the Place de la Bastille, and the chief members of the convention, the public committees and all public functionaries knelt in adoration, after which came the firing of salutes, dancing and general public rejoicings. The holiday celebrated the finished constitution of the republic.

A Collection of Idiots.

"I want to ask for the hand of your daughter in marriage," said the young man.

"You're an idiot," said the irate father.

"I know it. But I didn't suppose you'd object to another one in the family!"—Youngers Statesman.

Both Annoying.

"Two things make my wife awful mad."

"What are they?"

"To get ready for company that don't come and to have company come when she isn't ready!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Soporific.

The Author—Are you unfamiliar with my book? The Friend—I have a nodding acquaintance with it.—Life.

Swells of Ancient Egypt.

From what has come down to us, written, painted or chiseled, the Egyptian lord must have been a great swell. The details of the twelfth dynasty best show Egyptian elegance at its best. The lord has a male housekeeper, his mate d'ho, called "superintendent of the provision house." There was a "superintendent of the baking house," and the mixer of drinks had the title of "scribe of the sideboard." Perhaps he was a butler and regulated the supply of wines from the cellar. There were gardeners, porters and handcraft men, all busy in attending to the master. "A preparer of sweets" must have been a confectioner. The Egyptian when he was no longer mortal had hopes of being well fed in the hereafter, as he believed he would be nourished in his particular heaven with abundant goose and beef. Offerings to gods show the variety of the Egyptian menu, and in one are included ten kinds of cooked meat, five kinds of birds or game, sixteen varieties of bread and cake, six assorted wines, four brews of beers, eleven sorts of fruits and an endless number of sweet things.

THE VOICE THAT LIES.

Court Stenographers, It Is Said, Can Always Detect It.

"Any shorthand reporter who has been doing court reporting for a long time can tell almost infallibly by his sense of hearing whether a witness is telling the truth," said an old court stenographer the other day. "It comes from experience combined with abnormal development of the sense of hearing which all first rate court and parliamentary stenographers possess. The stenographer's ears become as sensitive to the slightest inflections and intonations of the human voice as a phonograph roller. There's a certain tremulous quaver in the tone of a man or woman who's lying in court that the stenographer catches when the shrewdest judges, lawyers or jurors quite fail to catch it.

"When he's got his head bent over his notebook he feels the jarring false note in the voice of the liar every time, no matter how plausible and convincing the testimony in itself may sound. So frequently have I tested this idea in the past fifteen years or so that I have come to accept it as certain when that almost indistinguishable false tremolo is absent from the tone of a witness' voice that the witness is telling the truth.

"A few years ago I reported the trial of a young chap who was accused of having sand clubbed a jeweler in his store and of looting the establishment. The young fellow was good looking, intelligent, with a face as frank as an eight day clock and an easy, candid, winning manner.

"I looked the young chap over before the trial began, and I decided that the accusation against him was outrageous. When the witnesses testified that they'd seen him coming out of the store I strained my ears to catch the false intonation in their tones, but it wasn't there.

"When the defense opened the young man was permitted to go on the stand in his own behalf. I was astonished to find that his voice had the lying quaver in it right from the beginning of his statement.

"His words vastly impressed the jury and as vastly chagrined the prosecution. He undertook to prove an alibi for himself.

"In corroboration of this a married sister testified that her brother had been at her apartment from 3 o'clock in the afternoon until 10 o'clock at night, taking dinner with her and keeping her company in the absence of her husband. Well, she was lying too. She had that telltale false ring in her voice that convinced me of it despite her fine, frank face and her obvious respectability.

"The court adjourned for luncheon at the end of her testimony. I took luncheon with the attorney for the prosecution.

"Well, what do you think of this case?" he asked me when we sat down. "I guess we don't land him, eh?"

"He's guilty," I replied briefly. "He was lying, and so was his sister."

"The attorney for the prosecution looked me over out of the slits of his eyes, but I didn't say any more.

"When the court reconvened he asked for an adjournment until next day, and the judge granted it.

"On the following morning he had in court the janitor of the apartment house in which the prisoner's sister lived. The janitor testified that the prisoner's sister had not been in her flat from noon until late at night on the day of the sand clubbing.

"While the janitor was on the stand a detective walked into the courtroom with the loot from the jewelry shop. He had found it in a satchel in the prisoner's sister's apartment that morning.

"That settled the case, of course. The prisoner's sister broke down and confessed that she had been endeavoring to shield her brother."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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Plans to Get Rich

are often frustrated by sudden break-down due to dyspepsia or constipation. Brace up and take Dr. King's New Life Pills. They take out the materials which are clogging your energies and give you a new start. Cures headache and dizziness too. At Blackburn & Christen drug store; 25c., guaranteed.

CHURCH ALES.

An Old English Custom of Raising Money For Church Use.

A curious light is thrown on ancient church bazaars and charity balls by certain records kept in some of the churches in England. For instance, in the records of Yateley church, which date from 1543, are frequent references to "church ales," the object of which was to get money for church expenses.

The feast was organized by the church wardens, "who provided a good spread at so much a head, and credited the profits to the church expenditure." It first appears as the "church ale," then as the "king's ale," later as "our banquet at Whitsuntide." It was probably held in the church and went on until 1643, the year after the civil war broke out, when probably the Puritans put an end to such festivities. It was popular evidently.

One enterprising churchwarden has left on record all the good things which were prepared for the Crondall "church ale" in the year 1587. They had a band, brewed a quantity of ale, and made a profit of \$42. As money was then worth nearly ten times as much as now, the "church ale" may be said to have brought in about \$400, which was just 100 per cent on the outlay. The band was hired for four days.

New Cure For Cancer.

All surface cancers are now known to be curable, by Bucklen's Arnica Salve Jas. Walters, Va., writes: "I had a cancer on my lip for years, that seemed incurable, till Bucklen's Arnica Salve healed it and now it is perfectly well." Guaranteed cure for cuts and burns. 25c. at Blackburn & Christen drug store.

APPOINTMENT OF ADMINISTRATOR.

The catamaran, made of a hollowed log, shares the popularity of the Mas-sa-boat with the fishermen of Madras. The rickety looking contrivance can weather any storm in the skillful native hands, and letters are sent by this means to ships in the offing when other communication with the shore is impossible. The catamaran requires steering with a paddle through the racing surf, and, though the boatman may be frequently dashed out of the rude skiff by the violence of the waves, he leaps into his frail bark again with the efficiency of long practice, and the catamaran, flying over the crest of the great billows which threaten instant destruction, accomplishes the perilous voyage in safety.

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CHICAGO.

APPLICATION FOR LIQUOR LICENSE.

The undersigned, Joseph Knapke, a male inhabitant of the city of Decatur, Indiana, and over the age of 21 years, a person in the habit of becoming intoxicated, hereby apply to the Board of Commissioners of the Second Ward, in the city of Decatur, Indiana, and to the citizens and voters of Washington township, Adams county, Indiana, that he will apply to the Board of Commissioners of Adams county, state of Indiana, at their next regular meeting, for a license to sell, excise, spirituous, vinous, malt and all other intoxicating liquors, in less quantities than a quart at a time, with the privilege of allowing the same to be drunk on the premises where sold. My place of business wherein said liquors are to be sold and drunk is situated in a room on the following described real estate to-wit:

On a lot 20 feet south of the northwest corner of 11th and Main, running thence east parallel with the north line of said lot 132 feet, thence south 21 1/2 feet, thence west 132 feet, thence north 21 1/2 feet to the place of beginning