

# RENSSELAER REPUBLICAN

DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.

The Friday Issue is the Regular Weekly Edition.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.  
Daily, by C. P. 10 cents a week.  
By Mail, \$3.75 a year.  
Semi-Weekly, in advance, Year \$1.50.

HEALEY & CLARK, Publishers.

Tuesday, April 12, 1910.

## REPUBLICAN TICKETS.

### CONGRESSIONAL TICKET.

For Representative, Tenth Congressional District—  
**EDGAR D. CRUMACKER.**

### STATE TICKET.

Secretary of State—  
**OTIS E. GULLEY.**

Auditor of State—  
**JOHN REED.**

Clerk of Supreme Court—  
**EDWARD V. FITZPATRICK.**

State Geologist—  
**W. S. BLATCHLEY.**

State Statistician—  
**J. L. PEETZ.**

Judge of Supreme Court—2nd district—  
**OSCAR MONTGOMERY.**

Judge of Supreme Court—3rd district—  
**ROBERT M. MILLER.**

Judges Appellate Court—1st district—  
**WARD H. WATSON.**

Chancellor—  
**DANIEL W. COMSTOCK.**

Joseph M. Rabb.

Harold E. Tuthill.

Treasurer of State—  
**JONCE MONYMAN.**

Attorney-General—  
**FINLEY P. MOUNT.**

Superintendent of Public Instruction—  
**SAMUEL C. PERKELL.**

### COUNTY TICKET.

For County Clerk—  
**JUDSON H. PERKINS.**

For County Auditor—  
**J. P. HAMMOND.**

For County Treasurer—  
**F. F. FELL.**

For County Sheriff—  
**L. P. SHIRER.**

For County Surveyor—  
**W. L. LAMSON OSBORNE.**

For County Assessor—  
**JOHN Q. LEWIS.**

For County Coroner—  
**W. J. WRIGHT.**

For County Commissioner—1st district—  
**JOHN P. PETTET.**

For County Commissioner—2nd district—  
**ROBERT S. DRAKE.**

For County Commissioner—1st district—  
**T. COOPER.**

For County Councilman—2nd district—  
**NATHAN ELDREDGE.**

For County Councilman—3rd district—  
**FRANK BABCOCK.**

For County Councilman—at-Large—  
**CHARLES W. PORTER.**

For County Councilman—at-Large—  
**F. E. LEWIS.**

### LIBRARY NOTES.

Raniona, by Helen Hunt Jackson. An Indian romance of southern California; a strong plea for justice to the Indian.

Tess of the D'Urbervilles, by Thomas Hardy.

### Some Good Children's Books.

Jack and Jill, by Louisa M. Alcott. A story of the busy and happy days of a boy and girl recovering from the results of an accident.

The Big Brother, by G. C. Eggleston. A story of Indian fighting during the war of 1812.

Three Colonial Boys, by E. T. Tomlinson.

Three Young Continentals, by E. T. Tomlinson.

Two Young Patriots, by E. T. Tomlinson.

The Little Lame Prince, by Mrs. D. M. Craik.

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, by Lewis Carroll. A fairy tale which draws on modern science and all sorts of modern ideas for its materials, and finds its most characteristic expression in droll irrelevance and the fantastic distortion of familiar things. Though written for children, the wit, the fanciful humor, and the subtlety of many of its comic undermeanings, can be appreciated fully only by educated adults.

Undine, by La Motte Fouque. The story of a water fairy. One of the best specimens of pure romance in literature.

Stories of Norse Heroes told by the Norsemen, by E. M. W. Buxton. These twenty-five stories furnish in excellent literary form, a simple retelling of the Norse eddas.

Deputy Auditor of White County After Money Overpaid on Ditch.

Barney Vogle, deputy auditor of White county, and Attorney Bushnell, of Monticello, were in Rensselaer Monday morning and took back home with them a draft for \$2,643.39 which had been paid by that county in the Joseph Nessius ditch more than it should have paid. The ditch was a joint one between White and Jasper counties and the former county kept paying all the bills that were sent in until it had paid out the sum which should have been paid by Jasper county. But they had no thought of making us a present and as soon as they found it out they were "hot foot" to get it back, which of course, they did.

A new world's record for a two-passenger flight in an aeroplane was established in France yesterday by Daniel Kineal, when with another passenger, he sailed a biplane 102 miles in two hours and twenty minutes.

### CLEANINGS AND GOSSIP.

Time was when the telegraph operator who could send four or five words a minute was considered a wonder.

The death records of the railroads have been lessened by the compulsory adoption of safety devices and systems.

English trawlers claims that they got much better results when they use a net which has been dyed a dark brown.

Whalebone used to cost 35 cents a pound 50 years ago, but now it is worth about \$5 a pound. A single whale may yield 3,000 pounds.

India is a big country, but many will be surprised to know that quite 200,000,000 of her people are dependent on the soil for their existence.

Concrete acquires compactness and resistant powers when brought in contact with water until it attains its maximum qualities, which it holds indefinitely.

Neptune, which has been considered he outside of the solar system, is now thought to have a rival in a planet which is still farther away from us. The theory of its existence is gained through the irregularities of Neptune's orbit.

The making of tin plate originated in Bohemia, hammered iron plates having been coated with tin there in 1600. Tin plate making was introduced into England in 1665 and into France in 1714. Tin plate was first made in Pittsburgh in 1872.

The Erie canal was begun in 1817 and finished in 1825, at a cost of \$7,200,000. The canal is now 70 feet wide at the surface and 56 feet at the bottom, with an average depth of seven feet. There are 57 double locks in it and 15 single ones, while the canal is 363 miles long.

There are twenty battleships in our navy, the Iowa, Indiana, Massachusetts, Oregon, Kearsarge, Kentucky, Illinois, Alabama, Wisconsin, Maine, Missouri, Ohio, Virginia, Nebraska, Georgia, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Louisiana, Vermont, Kansas, Minnesota, Mississippi, Idaho, New Hampshire, South Carolina, Michigan, Delaware and North Dakota.

A big commission house is experimenting with telegrams instead of letters, and says the members can tend to business correspondence best with short messages, as it takes less time to dictate them than letters, which have to be more or less formal and legible. Some of the out-of-town customers get mixed and feel slighted at the sharp letters. Again, farmer and town merchants pay more attention to short telegrams than to long letters.—New York Press.

Football is a game whose origin goes back to the Danish invasion of England. In the year 982 the citizens of Chester captured a Dane, and after leading him kicking his head about the city for sport which proved so attractive that it was repeated whenever he was to be more or less formal and legible. Some of the out-of-town customers get mixed and feel slighted at the sharp letters. Again, farmer and town merchants pay more attention to short telegrams than to long letters.—New York Press.

Gregson drew his last penny from the bank. He had \$200 left in the world, beside his worthless homestead. It was too little to take them east, even.

"We'll fight him while we are alive," said his wife. "Do you remember what that traveling surveyor said two years ago, that there might be an underground stream? Sink a well, dear."

"By God, I will!" cried Gregson. It cost all that he had to run down to rock level and board the sides against the sand. And, when this was done, there was no water.

"Gregson, I'll give you seventy-five for your house, to use for lumber," said Bascom. "Come, I'll make it a couple of hundred, so that you can get away. Don't be a fool, man. Think of your wife. You've got to go; a mouse couldn't earn a living here. Or, I'll sell you five lots in the company's land, fifty down and five a month."

And Gregson flung back his defiance at him and still remained.

Now they had only food for a week remaining. They scooped up water for drinking out of the wet sand with difficulty. And even that failed them.

"We've got to go," said Gregson at last. "But we'll leave them nothing. Let us fill in the well, at any rate, before we leave."

For three days they worked incessantly, shoveling sand from the bed of the stream and filling up the well. On the fourth day Gregson tripped in the excavation and sat up with a cry, holding his foot. He had stubbed it against a boulder. His wife ran up to him. She saw his face freeze suddenly; saw his features distorted, heard the laugh of a madman come from his throat. He pointed into the sand. Round him lay boulders, each of them veined with jagged stripes of a dull yellow, sparkling in the sunlight.

"What is it?" cried his wife, fearfully.

"Gold," answered Gregson solemnly. "It means that we've found the lost mine, my dear."—Harold Carter.

### A Pedestrian.

"What is a pedestrian, papa?" asked a juvenile whose parent had just begun to run his motor.

"A pedestrian, my son," said the irritable papa, "is a person who gets in the way of motor cars to annoy the poor chauffeurs."

### THE TREASURE OF THE STREAM.

The two men faced one another outside the stone offices of the Land Co.; the one stout, overdressed, flushed with prosperity; the other, hat in hand, as one who pleads.

"My good man, you're wasting my time," said the president of the company affably. He could afford to be affable. "I can't help it if you've no water on your farm. Take my price two hundred and fifty—and it isn't worth the fifty alone—or stay here and rot."

The lands—irrigated lands, they called them, with fine irony—had been first settled by miners, who had come there attracted by marvelous stories of a lost gold mine. They had laboriously scraped the thin illuvium from the banks of the stream and then departed. Afterward the settlers came. Homesteads sprang up beside the stream which made all the land fertile for seven miles on either side of it. But they were outwitted by capitalists from the east. John Bascom had seen, with the eye of an expert, the marvelous possibilities of the dry soil two miles eastward, where once the river had been, before the courses of the stream changed. He had acquired rights on the hillside and begun to build the great dam which was to divert the river into its ancient bed and irrigate thousands of acres now nothing but a sandy desert.

Meanwhile the settlers, finding their water supply gradually diminishing, had one by one sold out to the Land Co., till only Gregson and his wife remained. It was not Bascom's intention to divert the entire stream. He calculated, by leaving the end of the dam open, he could divide the flow, and thus acquire possession of two tracts of fertile soil, one along either tributary. But first he must frighten Gregson away. Thus it was that, as the dam drew to completion, the river shrank daily until it was nothing but a rivulet.

"God help us, Mary, we'll have to go," Gregson muttered, staring out over his parched acres. "Ten years—a homestead built and prosperity fading us—and now—"

It had been worth twelve thousand the preceding year. Now the desert had crept in, and where the broad river had been a man could wade across. The stream had been diverted and the Land Co. was growing rich.

"Well, Gregson are you ready to move?" asked Bascom pleasantly the following week, as he rode by.

"Curse you, no," Gregson cried to him. "I'll rot first. You'll never get this place—never."

"Wait till next month," said Bascom pleasantly.

Well, there was nothing but to complete the dam and shut off the entire stream. It would cost a cool thousand to tear down the masonry again, but Gregson's farm was worth 12 times that—would be worth forty thousand when properly divided up into settler's lots. So, in due course of time, Gregson and his wife were left high and dry upon the face of the desert.

Gregson drew his last penny from the bank. He had \$200 left in the world, beside his worthless homestead. It was too little to take them east, even.

"We'll fight him while we are alive," said his wife. "Do you remember what that traveling surveyor said two years ago, that there might be an underground stream? Sink a well."

"By God, I will!" cried Gregson.

It cost all that he had to run down to rock level and board the sides against the sand. And, when this was done, there was no water.

"Gregson, I'll give you seventy-five for your house, to use for lumber," said Bascom. "Come, I'll make it a couple of hundred, so that you can get away. Don't be a fool, man. Think of your wife. You've got to go; a mouse couldn't earn a living here. Or, I'll sell you five lots in the company's land, fifty down and five a month."

And Gregson flung back his defiance at him and still remained.

Now they had only food for a week remaining. They scooped up water for drinking out of the wet sand with difficulty. And even that failed them.

"We've got to go," said Gregson at last. "But we'll leave them nothing. Let us fill in the well, at any rate, before we leave."

For three days they worked incessantly, shoveling sand from the bed of the stream and filling up the well. On the fourth day Gregson tripped in the excavation and sat up with a cry, holding his foot. He had stubbed it against a boulder. His wife ran up to him. She saw his face freeze suddenly; saw his features distorted, heard the laugh of a madman come from his throat. He pointed into the sand. Round him lay boulders, each of them veined with jagged stripes of a dull yellow, sparkling in the sunlight.

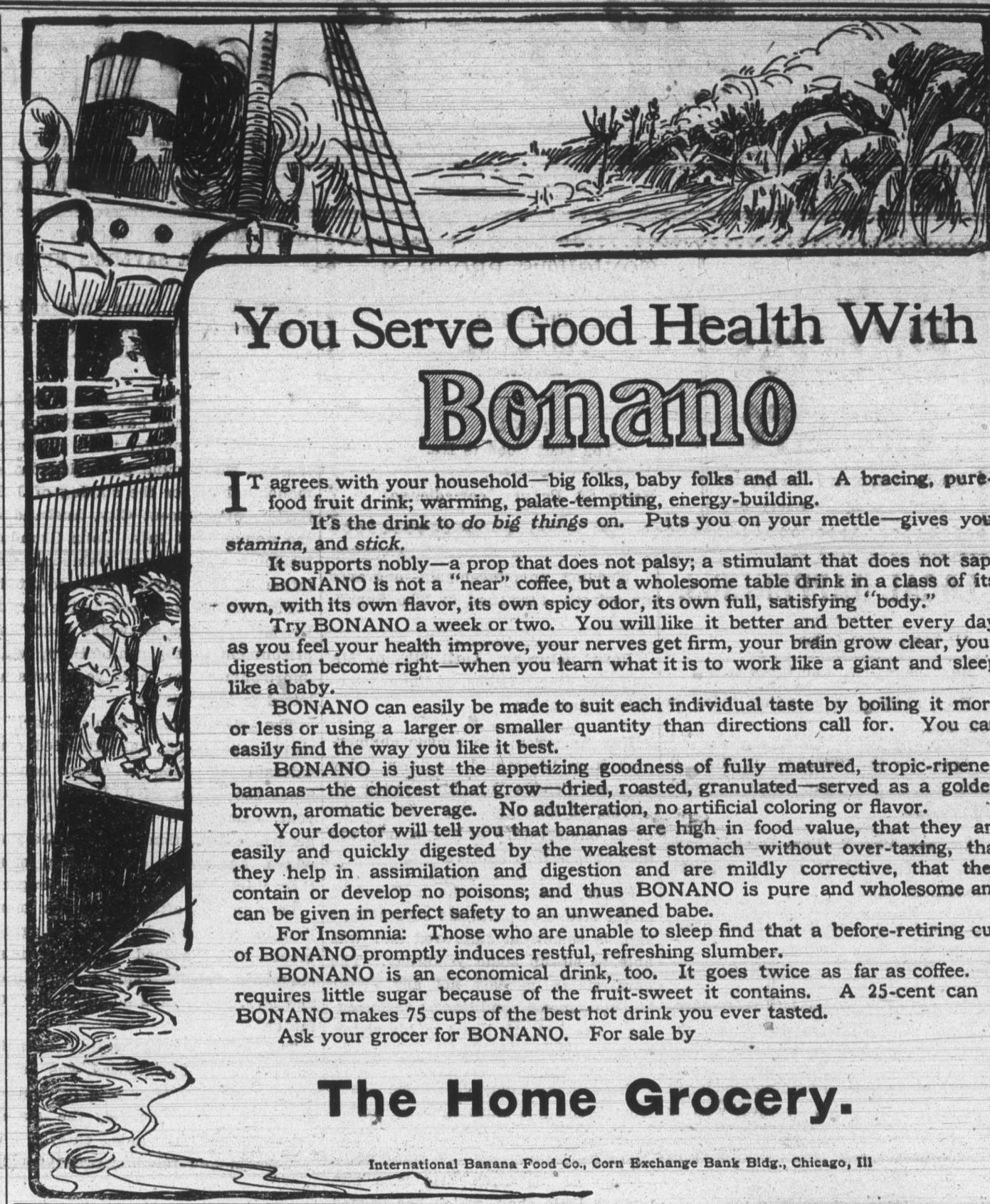
"What is it?" cried his wife, fearfully.

"Gold," answered Gregson solemnly. "It means that we've found the lost mine, my dear."—Harold Carter.

### A Pedestrian.

"What is a pedestrian, papa?" asked a juvenile whose parent had just begun to run his motor.

"A pedestrian, my son," said the irritable papa, "is a person who gets in the way of motor cars to annoy the poor chauffeurs."



## You Serve Good Health With Bonano

IT agrees with your household—big folks, baby folks and all. A bracing, pure food fruit drink; warming, palate-tempering, energy-building.

It's the drink to do big things on. Puts you on your mettle—gives you stamina, and stick.

It supports nobly—a prop that does not palp; a stimulant that does not sap.

**BONANO** is not a "near" coffee, but a wholesome table drink in a class of its own, with its own flavor, its own spicy odor, its own full, satisfying "body."

Try **BONANO** a week or two. You will like it better and better every day as you feel your health improve, your nerves get firm, your brain grow clear, your digestion become right—when you learn what it is to work like a giant and sleep like a baby.

**BONANO** can easily be made to suit each individual taste by boiling it more or less or using a larger or smaller quantity than directions call for. You can easily find the way you like it best.

**BONANO** is just the appetizing goodness of fully matured, tropic-ripened bananas—the choicest that grow—dried, roasted, granulated—served as a golden brown, aromatic beverage. No adulteration, no artificial coloring or flavor.

Your doctor will tell you that bananas are high in food value, that they are easily and quickly digested by the weakest stomach without over-taxing, that they help in assimilation and digestion and are mildly corrective, that they contain or develop no poisons; and thus **BONANO** is pure and wholesome and can be given in perfect safety to an unweaned babe.

For Insomnia: Those who are unable to sleep find that a before-retiring cup of **BONANO** promptly induces restful, refreshing slumber.