

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

I will be a candidate for the nomination for Judge of the 30th Judicial Circuit, on the Republican ticket at the primary election, to be held on May 4, 1920. EMMET M. LARUE.

FOR JUDGE OF CIRCUIT COURT.

To the Republican Voters of Jasper and Newton Counties: I will be a candidate for the nomination for Judge of the Circuit Court on the Republican ticket, at the primary election to be held on May 4, 1920, and will appreciate your votes and your influence. Sincerely, GEORGE A. WILLIAMS.

Rensselaer, Indiana, March 11, 1920.

To the People of Jasper and Newton Counties: Notice is hereby given that I will be a candidate for the office of Judge of the Thirtieth Judicial District, subject to the preference of the Republican voters to be expressed at the Primary to be held May 4, 1920. Thanking you for your support, I am Sincerely, JOHN A. DUNLAP.

To the Republican Voters of Jasper and Newton Counties: I will be a candidate for the office of Judge of the Thirtieth Judicial Circuit on the Republican ticket, subject to the decision of the voters at the primary election to be held May 4, 1920. Respectfully yours, MOSES LEOPOLD.

I ask the support of the voters of Jasper and Newton counties, for the nomination on May 4, 1920, for Judge of the Thirtieth Judicial Circuit, on the Republican ticket, for the office of Judge of the Thirtieth Judicial Circuit.

ABRAHAM HALLECK.

FOR COUNTY RECORDER.

To the Republican Voter of Jasper County: I wish to announce my candidacy for the nomination for Recorder of Jasper county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primary election to be held May 4, 1920. Sincerely, WARREN E. POOLE.

FOR SHERIFF.

To Voters of Jasper County: I desire to announce that I will be a candidate for the nomination for sheriff of Jasper county subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries on May 4.

TRUE D. WOODWORTH.

PUBLIC SALE OF HOUSEHOLD GOODS

I will sell my household goods at public auction at my home, formerly the William P. Baker residence, in Rensselaer at 2:30 p. m. on Saturday, April 3, 1920:

Large bookcase, library table, mantle clock, desk, couch, Favorite base burner, long mirror, good sewing machine, sideboard, hall tree, set of dining chairs, Crown piano and bench, plush upholstered parlor set, walnut bed room suite, golden oak bedroom suite, two old style bureaus, three mattresses, five large velvet rugs, child's crib, refrigerator, kitchen cabinet, new Cole blast range, Detroit vapor gasoline stove, two ovens, kitchen table, cooking utensils, dishes, folding cart, electric iron, electric vacuum cleaner, electric nickel stove, laundry stove, washing machine, boiler and tubs, fruit jars, four Gates half-soled tires and other accessories. Many other articles too numerous to mention, are for sale.

TERMS: A credit of six months will be given on all sums of over \$10 if paid when due, if not paid when due notes to draw eight percent interest from date. Sums of \$10 and under cash.

MRS. J. J. EDDY.

W. A. McCurtain, Auctioneer.

WINGATE WINS NATL TITLE FROM CRAWFORDSVILLE

Wingate and Crawfordsville high schools, both located in Putnam county, Indiana, fought it out for the national high school title at Chicago Monday night, the former winning 22 to 15. Chicago University defeated Pennsylvania in the first of a three-game series for the national collegiate title 28 to 24.

NOTICE TO OLD PAPER CUSTOMERS

I will buy your old newspapers, magazines and scrap paper, paying the highest market price, but in order to handle it the paper should be securely tied in bundles or sacks. Phone me and I will call for it. Phone 577.

SAM KARNOWSKY.

All who have not paid their French League due please do so as soon as possible.

MRS. FRED PHILLIPS, Treas.

We are glad to learn that the former Emperor Charles is not financially embarrassed. This is one European source from which we need not expect a touch—Denver Rocky Mountain News.

Job printing at the Republican

TARZAN AND THE Jewels of Opar

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Author of "Tarzan of the Apes" "Son of Tarzan"

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Hiding in the jungle after his capture, Tarzan, son of a brood of monkeys, is captured by Achmet Zek, Arab slave raider, who spares his life and proposes to him a scheme to kidnap Jane, wife of Tarzan (Lord Greystoke) and sell her into slavery. Werper accepts.

CHAPTER II.—Posing as Jules Freecout, French traveler, Werper is hospitably received by Lord Greystoke and learns his host is in financial straits and has an expedition to the treasure vaults of Opar to procure gold. Werper informs Achmet Zek of the opportunity to seize Lady Greystoke, and follows Tarzan to learn the secret of Opar.

CHAPTER III.

Prophecy and Fulfillment. Then Tarzan turned his attention to the man. He had not slain Numa to save the negro—he had merely done it in revenge upon the lion; but now that he saw the old man lying helpless and dying before him something akin to pity touched his savage heart. He stooped and felt of the witch-doctor's wounds and stanchéd the flow of blood.

"Who are you?" asked the old man in a trembling voice. "I am Tarzan—Tarzan of the Apes," replied the ape-man and not without a greater touch of pride than he would have said, "I am John Clayton, Lord Greystoke."

The witch-doctor shook convulsively and closed his eyes. When he opened them again there was in them a resignation to whatever horrible fate awaited him at the hands of this feared demon of the woods. "Why do you not kill me?" he asked.

"Why should I kill you?" inquired Tarzan. "You have not harmed me, and anyway you are already dying. Numa, the lion, has killed you. I would save you if I could, but that cannot be done. Why did you think I would kill you?"

For a moment the old man was silent. When he spoke it was evidently after some little effort to muster his courage. "I knew you of old," he said, "when you ranged the jungle in the country of Mbonga, the chief. I was already a witch-doctor when you slew Kulonga and the others, and when you robbed our huts and our poison pot. At first I did not remember you; but at last I did—the white-skinned ape that lived with the hairy apes and made life miserable in the village of Mbonga, the chief—the forest god—the Munango-Kewati for whom we set food outside our gates and who came and ate it. Tell me before I die—are you man or devil?"

Tarzan laughed. "I am a man," he said.

The old fellow sighed and shook his head. "You have tried to save me from Numa," he said. "For that I shall reward you. I am a great witch-doctor. Listen to me, white man! I see bad days ahead of you. It is written in my own blood which I have smeared upon my palm. A god greater even than you will rise up and strike you down. Turn back. Munango-Kewati! Turn back before it is too late. Danger lies ahead of you and danger lurks behind; but greater is the danger before. I see—" He paused and drew a long, gasping breath. Then he crumpled into a little, wrinkled heap and died. Tarzan wondered what else he had seen.

It was very late when the ape-man re-entered the boma and lay down among his black warriors. None had seen him go and none saw him return. He thought about the warning of the old witch-doctor before he fell asleep, and he thought of it again after he awoke; but he did not turn back, for he was unafraid, though had he known what lay in store for one he loved most in all the world he would have flown through the trees to his side and allowed the gold of Opar to remain forever hidden in its forgotten storehouse.

Behind him that morning another white man pondered something he had heard during the night and very nearly did he give up his project and turn back upon his trail. It was Werper, who in the still of the night had heard, far away upon the trail ahead of him a sound that had filled his cowardly soul with terror—a sound such as he never before had heard in all his life, nor dreamed that such a frightful thing could emanate from the lungs of a God-created creature. He had heard the victory cry of the bull ape as Tarzan had screamed it forth into the face of Goro, the moon, and he had trembled then and hidden his face, and now in the broad light of a new day he trembled again as he recalled it, and would have turned back from the nameless danger the echo of that frightful sound seemed to portend, had he not stood in even greater fear of Achmet Zek, his master.

And so Tarzan of the Apes forged steadily ahead toward Opar's ruined ramparts and behind him slunk Werper, jackal-like, and only God knew what lay in store for each.

At the edge of the desolate valley

overlooking the golden domes and minarets of Opar, Tarzan halted. By night he would go alone to the treasure vault, reconnoitering, for he had determined that caution should mark his every move upon this expedition.

With the coming of night he set forth, and Werper, who had scaled the cliffs alone behind the ape-man's party, and hidden through the day among the rough boulders of the mountain top, slunk stealthily after him. He saw the giant ape-man swing himself nimbly up the face of the great rock. Werper, clawing fearfully during the perilous ascent, sweating in terror, almost palsied by fear, but spurred on by avarice, followed upward, until at last he stood upon the summit of the rocky hill.

Tarzan was nowhere in sight. For a time Werper hid behind one of the lesser boulders that were scattered over the top of the hill, but, seeing or hearing nothing of the Englishman, he crept from his place of concealment to undertake a systematic search of his surroundings, in the hope that he might discover the location of the treasure in ample time to make his escape before Tarzan returned, for it was the Belgian's desire merely to locate the gold so that, after Tarzan had departed, he might come in safety with his followers and carry away as much as he could transport.

He found the narrow cleft leading downward into the heart of the kopje along well-worn, granite steps. He advanced quite to the dark mouth of the tunnel into which the runway disappeared; but here he halted, fearing to enter, lest he meet Tarzan returning.

The ape-man, far ahead of him, groped his way along the rocky passage, until he came to the ancient wooden door. A moment later he stood within the treasure chamber, where, ages since, long-dead hands had ranged the lofty rows of precious ingots for the rulers of that great continent which now lies submerged beneath the waters of the Atlantic.

There was no evidence that another had discovered the forgotten wealth since last the ape-man had visited its hiding place. Satisfied, Tarzan turned and retraced his steps toward the summit of the kopje. Werper, from the concealment of a jutting granite shoulder, watched him pass up from the shadow of the stairway and advance toward the edge of the hill which faced the rim of the valley where the Waziri awaited the signal of their master.

Then Werper, slipping stealthily from his hiding place, dropped into the somber darkness of the entrance and disappeared.

Tarzan, halting upon the kopje's edge, raised his voice in the thunderous roar of a lion. Twice, at regular intervals, he repeated the call, standing in attentive silence for several minutes after the echoes of the third call had died away. And then, from far across the valley, faintly came an answering roar—once, twice, thrice. Basuli, the Waziri chieftain, had heard and replied.

Tarzan again made his way toward the treasure vault, knowing that in a few hours his blacks would be with him, ready to bear away another fortune in the strangely shaped, golden ingots of Opar. In the meantime he would carry as much of the precious metal to the summit of the kopje as he could.

Six trips he made in the five hours before Basuli reached the kopje, and at the end of that time he had transported 48 ingots to the edge of the great boulder, carrying upon each a load which might well have staggered two ordinary men, yet his giant frame showed no evidence of fatigue as he helped to raise his ebony warriors to the hill top with the rope that had been brought for the purpose.

Six times he had returned to the treasure chamber, and six times Werper, the Belgian, had cowered in the black shadows at the far end of the long vault. Once again came the ape-man, and this time there came with him fifty fighting-men, turned porters for love of the only creature in the world who might command of their fierce and haughty natures such menial service. Fifty-two more ingots passed out of the vaults, making the total of one hundred which Tarzan intended taking away with him.

As the last of the Waziri filed from the chamber, Tarzan turned back for a last glimpse of the fabulous wealth upon which his two inroads had made no appreciable impression. His mind reverted to that first occasion upon which he had entered the treasure vault, coming upon it by chance as he fled from the pits beneath the temple, where he had been hidden by La, the high priestess of the Sun Worshipers.

He recalled the scene within the temple when he had lain stretched upon the sacrificial altar, while La, with high-raised dagger, stood above him, and the rows of priests and priestesses awaited, in the ecstatic hysteria of fanaticism, the first gush of their victim's warm blood, that they might fill their golden goblets and drink to the glory of their Flaming God.

The brutal and bloody interruption by Tma, the mad priest, passed vividly before the ape-man's recollective eye, the flight of the votaries before the insane blood lust of the hideous creature, the brutal attack upon La, and his own part in the grim tragedy when he had battled with the infuriated Oparian and left him dead at the feet of the priestess he would have trusted them.

The sisters said they were kidnapped and taken to the asylum.

He had been forced into a union with one of her grotesque priests? It seemed a hideous fate, indeed, for one so beautiful. With a shake of his head, Tarzan stepped to the flickering candle, extinguished its feeble rays and turned toward the exit.

Behind him the spy waited for him to be gone. He had learned the secret for which he had come, and now he could return at his leisure to his waiting followers, bring them to the treasure vault and carry away all the gold that they could stagger under.

The Waziri had reached the outer end of the tunnel, and were winding upward toward the fresh air and the welcome starlight of the kopje's summit, before Tarzan shook off the detaining hand of reverie and started slowly after them.

Once again, and, he thought, for the last time, he closed the massive door of the treasure room. In the darkness behind him Werper rose and stretched his cramped muscles. He stretched forth a hand and lovingly caressed a golden ingot on the nearest tier. He raised it from its immemorial resting place and weighed it in his hands. He clutched it to his bosom in an ecstasy of avarice.

Tarzan dreamed of the happy homecoming which lay before him, of dear arms about his neck, and a soft cheek pressed to his; but there rose to dispel that dream the memory of the old witch-doctor and his warning.

And then, in the span of a few brief seconds, the hopes of both these men were shattered. The one forgot even his greed in the panic of terror, the other was plunged into total forgetfulness of the past by a jagged fragment of rock which gashed a deep cut upon his head.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OLD ADAGE IS SLOGAN OF FT. WAYNE WOMAN

WOULD RATHER PAY THE BUTCHER THAN THE DOCTOR, FITS HER CASE WELL.

Fort Wayne, Ind., March 22.—There is an old adage that runs something like this: "I'd rather pay the butcher than the doctor." See how well it fits the case of Mrs. Jenny Ramsey, a Fort Wayne woman of 618 Madison Street. Mrs. Ramsey says that she has but one fault to find with Trutona, the new topic she has been using and that it is this: her appetite is most too good, now.

"Along about the first of July I began having trouble with my stomach," Mrs. Ramsey said. "I commenced having rheumatism pains in my lower limbs. I had just a fair appetite but the food I ate didn't taste right and I didn't seem to be deriving any benefits from my eating. I would usually feel bloated after meals and at times I suffered dizzy spells. Constipation bothered me a great deal. My lower limbs would ache terribly at times.

"I've noticed that I don't feel tired out and draggy since taking Trutona. My appetite is most too good now. My food tastes better than it did and I am getting more good out of it. I haven't had a dizzy spell since first taking Trutona, neither am I bothered with constipation or the former bloated feeling. The pains in my legs are greatly relieved. I'm convinced that Trutona will do just what is claimed for it and I'm glad to recommend it."

Trutona is now being introduced and explained in Rensselaer at the Larsh & Hopkins' drug store.

SPENT TEN YEARS IN ASYLUM THROUGH ERROR

White Plains, N. Y., March 20.—Miss Phoebe Brush, 68, and her sister, Ade, 56, once heiresses to property valued at \$1,000,000 and who have spent the last ten years in the state hospital for the insane at Central Islip, when they should have remained there only ten days, were set free Thursday by Supreme Court Justice Arthur S. Tompkins.

The two women were sent to the asylum early in June, 1910. The original papers were faulty, calling for temporary commitment, and since then no further action had been taken to make the commitment final and binding.

The Misses Brush are reported to be descendants of an old colonial family that settled in Long Island more than a century ago. Their wealth, it is said, has dwindled to about \$30,000. The strange case was brought to court through the interest taken by Mrs. Florence Ferguson, once a nurse at the hospital, in whose care Justice Tompkins entrusted them.

The sisters said they were kidnapped and taken to the asylum.

TEMPERATURE

The following is the temperature for the twenty-four hours ending at 7 a. m. on the date indicated:

March 23 Max. Min. 65 40

ABE MARTIN, (Indianapolis News.)

"If th' peace treaty hadn' come along jest at a time when ever-buddy wuz tryin' to raise money fer a shirt or a quart, public opinion might have saved it," declared Hon. Ex-Editor Cale Fluhart, Friday. You can't throw a party any more without invitin' criticism.

Job printing at the Republican office.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Claude Fulmer et ux to Roy A. Stanton, Mar. 4, 1920, e hf se 8-27-7, \$12,000, Carpenter twp.

Matilda Schrader et baron to Alfred Rasmussen, mar. 8, lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, blk. 5, Dunnville, \$8,000.

John Eyer to Fred Burger, Mar. 3, s hf sw 25-30-6, nw 36-30-6, n hf sw 36-30-6, 320 acres, \$41,600, Fred Burger twp.

Fred Burger to William C. Rose et al Feb. 26, s hf sw 25-30-6, nw 36-30-6, 320 acres, \$46,000, Fred Burger twp.

Christian L. Fritts et ux to Walter Lyngre, Mar. 8, sw sw 23-32-7, e hf se se ne sw se, 200 acres, \$25,000.

Joseph Nessius Jr. et ux to Napoleon Budreau, Mar. 11, w hf nw 33-28-6, 80 acres, \$9,100.