

## THE HERALD

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 F. C. TILDEN ..... C. J. ARNOLD  
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## FEAR BROKEN PROMISES.

The Manufacturers Association and other stand-pat men who have been voting for and supporting the Republican party on the strength of its tariff declaration in its Chicago platform, are now trembling with a great fear. This fear is that the platform, in the words of the Springfield Republican, "was made to get in on, not to act on." In other words the signs of the times seem to show that the Republican party, from Taft down, is about to forget the Chicago platform, the men who aided with the sinews of war and the standpatters, and will go in for tariff revision downward. The president of the Manufacturers Association believes this. He declares that it would be exceedingly tricky and deceitful for the Republican party to now repudiate its Chicago plank which all manufacturers understood to be a bid for the support of the high tariff men. The Democrats honestly stood, he declares, for tariff reduction on a revenue basis. The Republicans pretended to stand for just the opposite. To now make their pledges of no effect and to adopt, even in modified form, as a result of the canvass and analysis of the election returns, the position of the Democratic party is to act dishonestly. It is to make both sides distrustful of the party and the party leaders. Taft has attempted, throughout his campaign to be all things to all men. Now he must choose, and it appears that he is to choose that which is contrary to the platform declaration of his party.

Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors allays itching at once, acts as a poultice gives instant relief. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared for Piles and itching of the private parts. Sold by all druggists, Mail 50c and \$1.00, Williams' Mfg. prop. Cleveland, O. 49

## Making Good.

There is no way of making lasting friends like "Making Good;" and Doctor Pierce's medicines well exemplify this, and their friends, after more than two decades of popularity, are numbered by the hundreds of thousands. They have "made good" and they have not made drunkards.

A good, honest, square-deal medicine of known composition is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It still enjoys an immense sale, while the preparations that have come into prominence in the earlier period of its popularity have "gone by the board" and are never more heard of. There must be some reason for this long-time popularity and that is to be found in its superior merits. When once given a fair trial for weak stomach, or for liver and blood affections, its superior curative qualities are soon manifest, hence it has survived and grown in popular favor, while scores of less meritorious articles have suddenly flashed into favor for a brief period and then been soon forgotten.

For a torpid liver with its attendant indigestion, dyspepsia, headache, perhaps dizziness, foul breath, nasty coated tongue, with bitter taste, loss of appetite, with distress after eating, nervousness and debility, nothing is so good as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is an honest, square-deal medicine with all its ingredients printed on bottle-wrapper—no secret, no hocus-pocus humbug, therefore don't accept a substitute that the dealer may possibly make a little bigger profit. Insist on your right to have what you call for.

Don't buy Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription expecting it to prove a "cure-all." It is only advised for woman's special ailments. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Less advertised than some preparations sold for like purposes, its sterling curative virtues still maintain its position in the front ranks, where it stood over two decades ago. As an invigorating tonic and strengthening nervine it is unequalled. It won't satisfy those who want "booze," for there is not a drop of alcohol in it.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, the original Little Liver Pills, although the first pill of their kind in the market, still lead, and when once tried are ever afterwards in favor. Easy to take as candy—one to three a dose. Much imitated but never equaled.

## Ballot for United States Senator

I am a ..... and I am in favor of  
 (State your politics)

for the Senate of the United States.

## Spider Cures.

In China spiders are highly esteemed in the treatment of croup. You get from an old wall the webs of seven black spiders—two of which must have the owners sitting in the middle—and pound them up in a mortar with a little powdered alum. The resulting mixture must then be set on fire, and the ashes, when squirted into the throat of the patient by means of a bamboo tube, are said to effect a certain and immediate cure.

Black spiders are evidently full of medicinal virtue, for they are largely employed in the treatment of ague as well. In Somersetshire, if one is afflicted with the unpleasant ailment, the way to get well is to shut up a large black spider in a box and leave it there till it dies. At the moment of its demise the ague should disappear. In Sussex the treatment is more heroic; the patient must swallow the spider.

Perhaps, after all, this remedy may not be so disagreeable as it appears, for a German lady who was in the habit of picking out spiders from their webs as she walked through the woods and eating them after first depriving them of their legs declared that they were very nice indeed and tasted like nuts.—London Chronicle.

## Asked Too Much.

In R. F. Johnson's book, "From Peking to Mandalay," the author tells the story of a poor Chinese scholar noted for his piety, who heard the voice of an invisible being who spoke to him thus: "Your piety has found favor in the sight of heaven. Ask now for what you most long to possess, for I am the messenger of the gods, and they have sworn to grant your heart's desire." "I ask," said the poor scholar, "for the coarsest clothes and food, just enough for my daily wants, and I beg that I may have freedom to wander at my will over mountain and fell and woodland stream, free from all worldly cares, till my life's end. That is all I ask." Hardly had he spoken than the sky seemed to be filled with the laughter of myriads of unearthly voices. "All you ask," cried the messenger of the gods, "know you not that what you demanded is the highest happiness of the beings that dwell in heaven? Ask for wealth or rank or what earthly happiness you will, but not for you are the holiest joys of the gods."

## The Ungrateful Cuckoo.

To hear the cuckoo's cheery note you might think he had the clearest conscience in the world. He can have neither memory nor moral sense or he would not carry it off so gaily. We say nothing of the "raptors," who are a race apart, but the most despicable of birds, as a rule, are guilty of nothing worse than peccadilloes. The jackdaw will steal for the mere fun of the thing, for he can make no possible use of plate or jewelry, and sometimes under temptation may make a snatch at a pheasant chick. Sparrows are, of course, notorious thieves, but they rank no higher in crime than the sneaking pickpockets. But the cuckoo, so to speak, is a murderer from his cradle. He violates the sanctity of a hospitable hearth. His first victims are his own foster brothers, and before he tries his wings on the first flight he is imbued in fraternal blood, like any Amurath or Bazarjet.—London Saturday Review.

## Which Foot Walks Faster?

You may think this a very silly question to ask, but it isn't. It is a simple, demonstrable fact, which you can prove to your own satisfaction in a very few minutes. If you will take a pavement that is clear, so that there will be no interference, and walk briskly in the center, you will find that before you have gone fifty yards you have veered very much to one side. You must not make any effort, of course, to keep in the center, but if you will think of something and endeavor to walk naturally you cannot keep a direct line. The explanation of this lies in the propensity of one foot to walk faster than the other, or one leg takes a longer stride than the other, causing one to walk to one side. You can try an experiment in this way by placing two sticks about eight feet apart, then stand off about sixty feet, blindfold yourself and endeavor to walk between them. You will find it almost impossible.

## Seven Years of Proof.

"I have had seven years of proof that Dr. King's New Discovery is the best medicine to take for coughs and colds and for every diseased condition of throat, chest or lungs," says W. X. Henry, of Panama, Mo. The world has had thirty-eight years of proof that Dr. King's New Discovery is the best remedy for coughs and colds, lagrippe, asthma, hay fever, bronchitis, hemorrhage of the lungs, and the early stages of consumption. Its timely use always prevents the development of pneumonia. Sold under guarantee at the Owl Drug Store 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

## A CYCLONE OF FLAME

Fires in Bamboo Forests Are the Fiercest Known.

## SWEEP ON A MILE A MINUTE.

Like the Roar, the Roll and the Rattle of a Great Battle is the Noise of the Exploding Stalks That Sometimes Shoot High into the Air.

When the forests are afire, when the smoke makes dusk at noon and reddens the harvest moon a thousand miles away, there is the measure of a conflagration. When the prairies burn, as they used to before farms had crept in upon the endless miles of grass, there was a fire which ran like mad and left behind it a blackened trail of death. If one could combine the speed of the prairie fire with the tumult of the blazing forest, that would be a fire indeed.

Such a combination is effected when the bamboo groves catch fire. The bamboo is but a grass, a grass with the height of a tree, swaying stems reaching 100, even 150, feet in air.

In Cambodia, where the bamboo groves along the rivers cover the space of forests, it is no unusual thing for fires to break out and sweep all before them for many miles. If the summer has been dry the bamboo turns sear and inflammable as any grass.

All that is needed is a spark; then ruin runs red. It is not necessary to rely upon the carelessness of the woodman to start the blaze. The bamboo can kindle itself.

Let two swaying stalks of dry bamboo be set in motion by the breeze, let one rub across the other long enough, and the friction will set the spark, and the long dry leaves will feed the flame. It is known that many fires of the bamboo forests thus originate. Perhaps it was from observing such a sight that primitive man learned the Promethean secret. That theory has been advanced.

As soon as a flame in the bamboos has crept to the level of the tossing tips it spreads like wildfire. The wind carries a sheet of flame along the grove at tremendous speed. Some observers say that such fires have been seen to move forward at the rate of more than a mile a minute. Seen from below, it looks as if the sky had burst into an instant flash of flame.

From such a burst of fire there could be no escape. Fortunately it passes high overhead at the tops of the bamboos. It serves as a warning to the traveler who may be making his way along some one of the water courses by which the forest is intersected. The bamboo itself is almost an obstacle to travel of any sort. It is well known impossible to force a way through it except by the slow and toilsome labor of hewing out a path.

The fire in the great trunks moves more slowly, and if warning be taken it may be possible to sink one's boat and throw up wet herbage and clay against the bank of the stream to provide shelter until the furnace blast has blown by. Such a fire in the bamboo has not only the speed of the prairie fire on its sweep overhead, but it has the same volume of fuel as is found in any forest fire. It combines the two types.

Bamboo forest fires have another quality which is all their own. They bang and rattle with thunderous crashes, as of artillery fire, without cessation.

The stalks of these tree bamboos are frequently more than a foot in diameter. Near the ground the joints are close together; in the younger growth the nodes may be several feet apart. But, long or short as they may be, each joint of the sun dried bamboo is a tightly sealed chamber filled with air. The partitions between the cavities are singularly tough; the outside rind of the stalks is almost pure flint.

When the blast of the flame sweeps onward the air in the stalks upon which it is driven is suddenly heated to a very high temperature. The residuum of moisture which may be in the stems is immediately transformed into steam and at once subjected to superheating, thus becoming a violent explosive. As the hot breath of the flame becomes hotter these joints burst with loud cannon discharges.

Sometimes the force of the explosion near the roots is so great as to shoot the stalk like a javelin high into the air, where it flashes into torchlike flame and is carried by the wind to spread wider disaster. The bursting of the smaller joints is like the roll and rattle of rifles and machine guns. The effect is that of a battle hotly contested.—Washington Post.

## An Aquatic Outfitter.

One day a ship was lying at anchor at Boca Grande when the crew observed a dolphin chasing a flying fish, both coming directly toward the ship. On hearing the vessel the flier arose in the air and passed over the bow just above the foremast. As it did so the dolphin went under the ship and, coming up on the other side, sprang from the water and caught the flying fish on "the fly" just as it was curving gracefully down in its descent to the water.—Punta Gorda Herald.

## Missing Opportunities.

"I have no patience with a man who makes the same mistake twice," said Armes, rather severely, in speaking of an unfortunate friend.

"Neither have I," agreed his wife, "when there are so many other mistakes to make."—Youth's Companion.

He that studieth revenge keepeth his own wounds green.—Bacon.

## DYNAMITE IN THE MAKING.

Workmen Who Are Encircled by Death In Gallons and Tons.

So thoroughly deceptive is dynamite in the making that you are apt to be disappointed on viewing the surface of things. You could more readily fancy thunderbolts leaping and crashing from tender blue skies than that the most fearful forces in creation are hidden under such a peaceful exterior. Nitroglycerin, a cupful of which would distribute you over square miles of landscape, is diligently mixing around you in hundreds and thousands of gallons.

It is making itself in big iron retorts, cascading down leaden gutters and merrily tumbling in minute Niagara into immense vats, where the deliquescent yellow peril pursues its journey powderedward. Out of one receptacle it fares furiously through special lead coils, driven only by cooling blasts of air, and is drawn off like draft ale and piped on to the next perfecting stage. Gaze with the nitroglycerin expert into one of those big cauldrons. The interior is brilliantly illuminated by electricity, the only illuminating agency permitted in or about the danger houses.

Around you are other houses at uniform distances apart and connected by a series of narrow gauge tracks wherein workmen are railroaded nitroglycerin from here and pulp cotton from there to be compounded into dynamite and blasting gelatin. Greatest care is taken in rolling the product from house to house. As soon as a loaded car is ready to pass out of the nitroglycerin house, for instance, a semaphore signals from an adjoining station, to which the consignment is carefully hurried.

Around you are long storehouses packed with pulp in tons of innocent whiteness. Presently this pulp will assume a tan color under the nitrating process, and then, suddenly becoming carbonite, red cross, hercules, Judson and giant powder, forcite or what you order, it develops the queer virtues of dynamite—dynamite or blasting gelatin in which more natural forces are condensed to the cubic inch than exist anywhere else in creation. Death, curbed and sleeping, crouches in its gallions and tons. Annihilation threatens at every turn in the form of potential pulverizing forces. But the man and the mercury are there also, alert, responsive, reliable.—Leslie's Weekly.

## LIBRARY SLOW POKES.

Time Killing Methods of Officials In Continental Europe.

"Americans who grumble about having to wait a long time for books when applying to a public library," said a Boston literary woman, "should try to work or study in a foreign library, particularly in Germany."

"The typical continental librarian takes no account of time. The reader, worker or student must turn in his or her application for books at least a day in advance. The men who search for the books applied for are aged, tottering creatures who have been shuffling around the dusty piles of books for years, and the word hurry is not in their vocabulary."

"The most priceless books and manuscripts are kept in places which are perfect fire traps, and disorder predominates in every department. When you speak about the impossible methods employed the librarians tell you that they are too poor to introduce any modern indexes or catalogues. This is to some extent so, but as a matter of fact they would not change if they had all the money in the world at their disposal."

"They do not wish to encourage the common people to use books. The learned are among the aristocracy, and the spread of the knowledge which is hidden in those wonderful literary museums is far from the purpose of the men at the head of Europe's libraries."

"There may be some delay in our libraries, but our people in the lower walks of life are certainly ahead of the common people of the old world in the matter of getting books when they want them, and generally free of charge."—New York Telegram.

## The Town to Be Born In.

In the German town of Klingenberg, near Aschaffenburg, Bavaria, in addition to having no rates to pay for the upkeep of the town, those actually born in the parish receive from the municipality a sum of £12 15s. a year. This sum, if invested regularly at, say, 3 per cent, would entitle the owner to receive about £1,500 at the age of sixty—a very handsome old age pension. Were it not necessary that the inhabitants should prove birth in the parish before becoming entitled to this payment the popularity of Klingenberg as a place of residence would doubtless be enormous.—Westminster Gazette.

## For Bargain Day.

"She's no lady!"

"Why, I always thought her most refined."

"On the surface, yes. But what do you think of a woman who wears her little boy's football shoes to the bargain sales and spikes every one who gets in her way?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## After Him.

"It's hard to lose your friends," remarked the man who was down and out.

"Hard?" snorted the man who was on the high tide of prosperity. "It's impossible."—Philadelphia Record.

## The Prompter.

"I suppose that inspiration prompts many of your jokes."

"A few," admitted the press humorist. "Desperation, however, prompts the most."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## A Question of Honor.

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Sergeant Brady and his squad of men had been out from Fort Thomas for four days, cutting and placing telegraph poles, when they were fired on by the Sioux. There was a treaty of peace between the white man and the red, but it had been felt for three months past that the latter were getting ready to break it. The sergeant had gone out without instructions what to do in case he was attacked. When he found that he was menaced he did what a veteran captain would have done. He called in his men, scattered for two miles along the line, and threw up defenses and prepared to stand off the Indians until a courier could get through to the fort and return with instructions.

Unfortunately for Sergeant Brady, the regimental adjutant "had it in" for the grizzled old veteran, who had put in twenty years on the frontier and knew all the tricks of the red men. Three or four things had occurred to prove that the adjutant was after the sergeant's stripes, and for weeks the latter had walked the chalk line to defeat the former's plans. When the courier dodged the gathering warriors and reached the fort and reported the commandant was for directing the squad to come in at once, but it was the adjutant who said:

"Sergeant Brady simply reports seeing signs and being fired on. It is some of the young bucks giving him a scare. He's got rattled over nothing. We have no reports of outbreaks."

"He has shown his bravery a score of times, but perhaps he has made too much of this occasion," nuzzed the commandant. "I will order him to hold his position for three days and then report again. I will also caution him not to provoke hostilities."

It was a tight squeak for the courier to return to the little command. The Indians were creeping up on all sides and boasting that there should be a wipe-out. Already there had come a demand for surrender, and hostile bullets had come singing over the defenses. The sergeant read his orders and then assembled his men, read them aloud and said:

"It's the hand of the adjutant, me boys, and it makes no difference to him that the rest of you have got to go down with me. It's rattled I am, is it, after being at the front in a score of shindies with the red devils? We are not to provoke hostilities with 200 copper faced heathen waiting for our scalps!"

Seventy or eighty Indians who had crept as near as they could find cover rose up at a signal and rushed the breastwork of brush and limbs and boulders. The seven concentrated their fire on the rush and broke it. Twenty redskins lay dead when the living retreated.

"Take a long breath and do a little smiling, me boys," said the sergeant as he turned over and sat up. "That's a thing we might brag about at the post if any of us were to get there. We are going to get value received, but don't forget what the end is to be. If there were twenty of us and we had two guns apiece it would still be the same. Rafferty, what place in the old country is responsible for that mug of yours?"

"The city of Dublin, as far as I can remember," was the reply.

"I've been there myself and can't say too much in honor of the town. If you've an old mother back there you might do a bit of praying before our friends make another move. O'Grady, did you bring that red hair of yours all the way across the big water?"

"Indeed, sarge, but I did. It was colored for me in the county of Tipperary."

"The Indian who gets your scalp leak will be mighty proud of the same. O'Mears, are you thinking of that sweetheart of yours back there in New York city?"

"That's what I am, Sergeant Brady. I'm thinking how much more decent it would have been of me to catch the smallpox and die within sound of her wailing."

"Well, laugh and smile over it just the same. McGraw, I'm thinking I see a wetness about your eyes. Have ye been rubbing at them with some fine cut tobacco?"

"Not at all, sarge, but curse the man who held us here to be wiped out!"

"It don't need no vote to see that we all think alike on that, but it's no time for tears. We've been put on our honor, and we are going to die with smiles on our faces. Whist, but they have bullets to spare around us!"

The Indians had completely encircled the little band, and for half an hour they poured in such a rain of bullets that every spot within the defenses was searched. Rafferty and O'Grady were killed and Sullivan and O'Mears desperately wounded before it ceased.

"Four from seven leaves three," said the sergeant as he rose to his knees and looked around. "The next move is to die smiling, me boys. They'll come with whoops and yells and be over the breastwork in a jiffy. Down we'll go under the crush, but some day the boys back at the post will learn that we did our best. Get ready—they're coming!"

"Dead—all of them!" said a captain as he looked over the defenses two days later. "Who was it that called it a false alarm? Who said that Sergeant Brady was losing his nerve?"

"See there, sir!" said one of the men as he pointed to the sergeant.

And all saw that the battle scarred old veteran had died with a smile on his face!

M. QUAD.

## Are Window Panes Broken

This is the time of year that the cool winds begin to tell you of the broken window panes. You should have these fixed at once.

## THE GLASS AND THE PUTTY

For this work are ready for you at this store. We have anticipated your needs and have all the various sizes of window glasses cut and ready for you. Don't delay any longer in attending to this, for winter will soon be here.

## THE OWL DRUG STORE

## CHANGE OF OFFICE

The office of the Transfer Company will be moved from the Palace Restaurant to the Transfer Barn. Phone No. 50. After Sunday all calls should come over phone 50.

## GET YOUR MONEY ON THURSDAY

Our agent can be found in our office in the ALLEN BLOCK, over American Express Company, all day Thursday, prepared to make loans on furniture, pianos, live stock, etc. Features: long time, cheap rates, small payments, liberal discounts. No better time than now to prepare for winter. See our agent Thursday, or mail your application to Room 17 Cit. National Bank Building Brazil, Indiana.

## ALLEN Brazil Loan Co. ALLEN BLOCK

## TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE'S NOTICE

I will be at my office at my residence in Floyd Township, for the transaction of office business, on Wednesday of each week.

LEWIS C. WILSON,  
 Trustee Floyd Township.

## TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE'S NOTICE.

I will attend to the business of my office as Trustee of Jackson township on Friday of each week, at my residence.

G. A. Wilson,  
 Trustee Jackson Township

## TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE'S NOTICE.

I will be found at my residence on Friday of each week, to attend to the business connected with the office of Trustee of Jefferson township, Putnam County, Indiana.

OTHO VERMILION,  
 Trustee Jefferson Township.

## TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE'S NOTICE.

I will be at my office at my residence in Marion township, for the transaction of office business, on Friday of each week, and on Tuesday at Fillmore.

J. B. BUNTON,  
 Trustee Marion Township.

## TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE'S NOTICE.

I will be in my office to transact business at my home on Tuesday and Friday of each week.

J. O. SIGLER,  
 Trustee Clinton Township.

## TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE'S NOTICE.

I will attend to township business at home on Tuesday and Friday of each week.

Chas. W. King,  
 Trustee Madison Township.

## TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE'S NOTICE.

I will attend to the business of my office as trustee of Washington township on Wednesday of each week, at my residence, and at Reelsville on 1st, 3d and 5th Saturdays of each month.

J. D. RADER,  
 Trustee Washington Township.

## TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE'S NOTICE.

I will be at my office, at my home, on Friday of each week, for the transaction of Township business.

R. C. HODGE,  
 Trustee Mill Creek Township.

## Monon Route Excursions.

To Chicago, account International Live Stock Exposition, tickets on sale, November 29, 30, December 1, to 4 inclusive, return limit, December 12. Round trip, \$5.40. Home seekers excursion rates to Northwestern and southern points first and third Tuesdays of each month.

J. A. Michael, Agt.

## Map of Greencastle.

A new map of Greencastle showing Interurban line and station, new Carnegie Library and new Big Four line, printed on good paper at the Herald Office for ten cents.

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In effect Sunday June 14, 1908  
**NORTH BOUND**  
 No. 4 Chicago Express ..... 1:23 pm  
 No. 6 Chicago Mail ..... 12:33 pm  
 No. 10 F. Lick & Laf. Acco. 9:32 am  
 No. 12 Bloom. & Laf. Acco. 4:45 pm  
**SOUTH BOUND**  
 No. 3 Louisville Exp. .... 2:13 pm  
 No. 5 Louisville Exp. .... 2:21 pm  
 No. 9 F. Lick & Acco. .... 5:21 pm  
 No. 11 Bloom. .... 8:03 am  
 All trains run daily  
 J. A. MICHAEL

If you are a sufferer from piles, Manzan Pile Remedy will bring relief with the first application. Guaranteed. Price 50c. Sold by Badger & Green.