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The Home Loan & Real Estate Co.,  
PHONE 82

## A Simple Method.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.]

I am a judge on the bench.

One morning when I was disposing of a number of cases, any one of which would make a refined and tender heart bleed, I saw a young couple, evidently still in their teens, come into the court room. Both looked sullen, and the girl wife especially wretched. Both were poorly clad, a consequence, I judged, of difficulties between them.

The young husband gave every evidence of being able to make a living for himself and his wife except for some especial obstacle. The wife had a sweet face and was very pretty. While sitting on the seat of judgment, sending hardened criminals to their punishment, I kept my eye on this couple. Experience told me that one had come to make some complaint of the other's treatment; but, familiar as I was with real guilt, I knew that it did not belong to either. When I had disposed of the bulk of my cases I called the couple before me and without inviting either to state the difficulty between them I stated the difficulty between them.

"How long have you two been married?"

"Just one year today," replied the girl sadly.

"And this is the anniversary of your wedding day. You come here with what you consider a trouble. Do you know that you have no trouble?"

There was no reply to this. Both stood mutely belying my statement by the misery of their appearance and the expression on their faces.

"How old are you?" I asked the husband.

"Nineteen," of the girl.

"Seventeen."

What should I do with this boy and girl to turn their antagonism into forgiveness and affection? Suddenly it came to me as an inspiration from heaven.

"Sit down there, side by side, and think pleasant things of each other. Mind, you are not to think anything disagreeable. If such things come into your heads, drive them out at once and begin again on something affectionate."

They did as I bade them while I proceeded with the remaining cases to come before me. I still had my eye on them and found them an interesting study. The husband sat for awhile with a lowering brow, but he was evidently trying to do my bidding, and after awhile I noticed that it had relaxed. The wife apparently found it easier to think pleasantly of him, and presently I saw her steal a glance at him. It was anxious, pleading, loving. His hand was on the seat and partly covered by her skirts. Her disappearance from view, and I knew that it rested on his. I waited a moment to see if he would withdraw his, and when he did not I knew that the case was won.

A pleasant feeling came over my hardened judicial heart, and looking from this comparatively innocent pair to creatures into whom only divinity could inject a mite of the good, I wished that I might be endowed with such divine power. I sent one who had inherited sin and had lived since birth in its environment to jail, another to the workhouse, a third I dismissed with a warning. Men and women, even children, I disposed of mercilessly. Then when I had attended to all I called the young couple before me.

"This is the anniversary of your wedding," I said. "You remember how happy you were on that day. You remember," to the husband, "how pretty she looked. Well, she is as pretty today, only senseless bickerings have kept you from work, and she is not so well dressed. And you," to the wife, "don't bother him about unimportant things, not important him, but dust trouble of him every day as you dust your rooms. It is the wife's part. Now go and celebrate your first wedding anniversary."

They turned away, but I noticed that there was something on the man's mind. The wife came back and whispered to me:

"He has nothing to celebrate with."

I put my hand in my pocket and drew forth some bills. "This is for the supper," I said, "and this for the theater tickets. Have a good time and don't ever come here again on such an errand."

As they left me the man had an abashed look, while his young wife's face was wreathed in smiles. As I looked at them I felt the justice in my charge to the girl that it was her part to ward trouble from her husband. Whatever he felt he had no ability to show; what she felt was as plain as the sun in heaven.

The case, though different from the thousands that came before me and refreshing as it was, had passed out of my mind when one day on taking my seat for my day's work I saw on my desk a cheap glass vase containing a bunch of ordinary flowers. Before it rested a card on which was written: "From the garden of our happy home. Second wedding anniversary of John and Mary Hilton."

Having no remembrance of John and Mary Hilton, I gazed at the plebian gift puzzled. Looking up, I saw at the farther end of the courtroom a girl waving a handkerchief and smiling. Her face was familiar, and I knew she was bent on attracting my attention. Then it came over me that she was one of the couple I had by my simple expedient saved from a marital separation and its consequent miseries.

Once year I find flowers on my desk, and once a year I am buoyed to endure the melancholy work which Providence has assigned me.

EDMOND COMPTON.

## FREDERICK AND VOLTAIRE.

Stormy Relations of the Miserly King and the Lavish Author.

The world knows plenty about the elements of strength in the characters of great men, but less about their weaknesses. Here is a story that shows the other side of the natures of Frederick the Great and Voltaire.

Frederick the Great had a leaning toward literature. He wrote poems, plays and booklets that, in his opinion, possessed rare merit. So it seemed fitting to him that great literary men should fraternize, and he sent an invitation to Voltaire to be his guest. Accompanying the invitation was a sum of money to defray the great Frenchman's traveling expenses to the Prussian capital.

Let it be explained at this point that Frederick was extremely penurious and that Voltaire was not only extravagant, but had many of the characteristics of what we would now call a grafter. It should also be understood that Frederick despised grafting, and Voltaire abhorred misers.

Voltaire accepted the invitation—and had an afterthought. Why not take a favorite niece with him? So he wrote to the king that if he would send an extra thousand Louis he would send the girl.

"Sir," replied the king, "I did not ask the young lady to do me the honor of visiting me, and I shall send nothing to pay her expenses."

"The old miser!" said Voltaire to a friend. "He has tubs of money in his treasury, yet will not grant me this wish."

However, Voltaire went to Berlin, but each found that he hated the other too much to make their friendship permanent.

The king once gave Voltaire a pack of poems to revise.

"See," said Voltaire to a German nobleman, "what a quantity of dirty linen Frederick has sent me to wash!"

The king thought his guest was too free with the chocolate and sugar and gave orders that he be put on a restricted daily allowance.

Voltaire retaliated by gathering all the wax candles he could find in the halls and storing them in his trunk.

Soon the royal palace became too hot for him, and he began to pack up.

Then Frederick missed his package of poems. At once he scented a plot. Voltaire intended to take the verses back home with him and palm them off as his own. Lord Macaulay has said that the poems were so bad that he was convinced Voltaire would not for half of Frederick's kingdom have consented to father them. But the king thought differently, being the author of the poems.

So the Prussian monarch had Voltaire thrown into jail at Frankfort and kept him locked up for twelve days.

Sixteen hundred dollars that was found in his pocket was taken away from him. The king in the days of their friendship had given Voltaire a life pension of \$3,200 a year, and the life money that was confiscated was a semiannual installment.

Thus ended their friendship. Scrap Book.

## Spanish Nicknames.

One of the peculiar ways in which Spanish differs from English is in the names the language gives to all people with a certain infirmity or peculiarity. A blind man is referred to as el ciego, a man with but one eye is a tuerto, a pug-nosed man is chato, one who is cross eyed is a bisojo, a cojo is a lame man, and a manco has but one arm. If he is humpbacked, he is a jorobado; if baldheaded, a calvo, and if his hair is very short he is a pelon. The feminine titles for the same classes are the same, with the exception that they end in "a" where the masculine terminates with "o." These short names are used most commonly. In fact, they are applied as nicknames in many cases, and especially among the lower classes persons are addressed or referred to only by these names.

## A Wedding Present.

A widower in Scotland proposed to and was accepted by a widow whose husband had died but a month or two previously.

To celebrate the occasion he asked the widow's daughter what she would like for a present. She wanted nothing, she said, but being pressed to name something she replied:

"But mother died, sir!" sobbed the girl. "I wanted to get her to the bazaar, but she—she died!"

"I am sorry for that. I believe her death leaves you alone in the world?"

"Yes, sir. I'd have brought it sooner only there was the funeral, and I thought it was only just a speech."

"The speech!" exclaimed the senator as he reached her side. "You don't tell me that you have got the speech back?"

"Well, I hoped so."

"But mother said it was and that we shouldn't use a penny of the money and that I'd done very wrong. She said I must get it back and give up the money, and here is the copy."

"The speech!"

"From the garden of our happy home. Second wedding anniversary of John and Mary Hilton."

Having no remembrance of John and Mary Hilton, I gazed at the plebian gift puzzled. Looking up, I saw at the farther end of the courtroom a girl waving a handkerchief and smiling. Her face was familiar, and I knew she was bent on attracting my attention. Then it came over me that she was one of the couple I had by my simple expedient saved from a marital separation and its consequent miseries.

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## Practical.

"Darling, I mean to prove my love for you not by words, but by deeds."

"Oh, George, did you bring the deeds with you?"

"Baltimore American."

Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now and all they expect to have.

## M. QUAD.

## A Senator's Foes.

[Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure.]

The easiest and cheapest way to get rid of an honest man who is in the way of dishonest politicians and grafters is to buy him off.

An old wheel horse called on Senator Hardman in a careless way and talked about the Lieutenant governorship and what would naturally follow.

Lieutenant governors had come to be presidents. The senator nodded his head in the affirmative, but did not rise to the bait. The old wheel horse hinted at the financial obligations the ring would be under if a certain new senator went "straight" and Hardman opened the door and held it open until the other had passed out.

The ring employed a bureau to hunt up Hardman's record, and there was gnashing of teeth when the report came back that all was clear. There was not even the robbery of a henroost in his boyhood days on which to found a charge against him. He had once been engaged to be married, and it was whispered that the girl had learned something against his character and broken the engagement. A detective was sent west to hunt up the female and offer her a thousand dollars to expose the senator, but the officer was too late. She had married a butcher two weeks before he found her, and the husband threw the sly out.

A female lobbyist tried to throw her charms about the senator, and a pitfall was nicely arranged, but he gilded over it and escaped. It was at length realized that the battle must be fought out knee to knee, and the ring girded up its toils for the combat. Hardman was bearing up facts and statistics for a telling speech against rings and grafters. He worked quietly, but faithfully, and he finally gathered such a mass of evidence in favor of the stand that he had taken from the first that his enemies became alarmed and desperate.

When the senator's notes were at last completed he put them in the form of a speech, and the copy was given to a female typist to be transposed into print. There was no fear of trickery for that. It did not seem to Hardman that a young woman who was seeking to support a widowed mother could prove recreant to her trust. Nevertheless in the last two hours the manuscript was left with her she sold him out for money and turned everything over to the enemy. The ring shouted in glee. He was balked. The statistics that had been dug up out of the past would never see daylight. The senator's facts and figures and denunciations had vanished into thin air. The speech that was to be the effort of his life would remain undelivered. He had promised much, but he would be unable to deliver the goods and his downfall would follow.

Hardman could not go over the ground again. The ring had made that impossible. Without his statistics his speech would not amount to more than general denunciation. No trust or corporation cared for that. They had been denounced for years and years, and yet their dividends were growing all the time. A few hundred dollars had bought the honesty of a trusted girl and drawn the sting of an honest senator, and the ring spoke of it as an interposition of Providence.

Three days more and had all gone well the senator would have been ready to open his batteries. He sat in his room of an evening with his head on his hand and knew that he was a beaten and vanquished man. He had promised much, and he could do nothing.

At the end of his term the people would want him no longer. As he sat thus in his bitterness the door opened, and a girl stood before him. He had to look at her twice before he recognized her. He did not upbraid her. There was no scowl on his face as he regarded her and waited for her to speak.

"They lied to me," she finally said.

"Yes?"

"Mother was ill, and we were in other trouble, and I—I didn't think a speech amounted to so very much that is, I thought you could easily make up another."

"Yes? Two or three hundred dollars seemed a great sum to you. If men sell their honesty, why shouldn't women?"

"But mother died, sir!" sobbed the girl. "I wanted to get her to the bazaar, but she—she died!"

"I am sorry for that. I believe her death leaves you alone in the world?"

"Yes, sir. I'd have brought it sooner only there was the funeral, and I thought it was only just a speech."

"The speech!"

"From the garden of our happy home. Second wedding anniversary of John and Mary Hilton."

Witness the clerk of said Court this 9th day of November, 1908.

JAMES L. HAMILTON,  
Clerk Putnam Circuit Court

## Notice and Sale of Real Estate.

The undersigned executor of the will of Polly Curtis, deceased, hereby gives notice that by virtue of an order of the Putnam Circuit Court, he will, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., on the 29th day of December, 1908, at the late residence of said deceased in Mill Creek Township, Putnam County, Indiana, offer at public sale, all the interest of said deceased in and to the following described real estate, to-wit:

The southeast quarter of the southwest quarter and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section eighteen (18) township thirteen (13) north, in range two (2) west, containing seventy-six (76) acres.

Also the following described real estate, to-wit: Commencing at a point 1 1/2 rods south of the center of the west half of section seventeen (17), township thirteen (13) north of range two (2) west, thence west 8 3/5 rods, thence north 7 rods, 2 feet and 1 inch to the place of beginning, thence west 6 1/2 rods, thence north 12 1/2 rods, thence east 6 1/2 rods, thence south 12 1/2 rods to the place of beginning, containing one-half (1/2) acre, more or less. All of the above described real estate being situated in Putnam County, Indiana.

Said sale will be made subject to the approval of said Court, for not less than two-thirds of the full appraised value of said real estate and upon the following terms and conditions: At least one-third of the purchase price cash in hand, the balance in two equal installments, payable in not to exceed six and nine months, bearing 6 per cent interest from date of sale, waiving relief and providing attorney's fees secured by mortgage on the real estate sold.

Commissioner's Land Sale.

The undersigned commissioner, by order of the Putnam Circuit Court, made and entered in a cause therein pending, entitled R. Benton Johnston administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Emily Johnston, deceased, vs. R. Benton Johnston et al. and numbered upon the dockets thereof as No. 3652, hereby gives notice that at the south court house door of Putnam County, at the City of Greencastle, Indiana, on Wednesday, the 30th day of December, 1908, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, he will offer for sale at Public Auction, at not less than two-thirds of the full appraised value thereof, the following described real estate situated in Putnam County, Indiana, to-wit:

The northeast quarter of the south east quarter of section seventeen (17), township sixteen (16), north, range three (3) west, containing forty (40) acres, more or less.

Terms of sale: One-third in cash; the remainder in equal payments at six and nine months from date of sale, with notes at six per cent interest, waiving valuation and appraisement laws, and secured by a mortgage upon the real estate sold. The purchaser may pay all the purchase price down in cash at his option.

EDMOND B. LYNCH,  
414 — Commissioner, Greencastle, Ind.

## Notice of Final Settlement of Estate.