

WOULD ANNEX CRETE.

Prince George of Greece Tries to Get Aid in Europe.

Prince George of Greece, high commissioner of Crete, is taking advantage of the embassies of the sultan to promote the annexation of Crete to Greece, says the Paris correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald. With this end in view he is about to visit Paris, Berlin, London and St. Petersburg or Livadia.

In addition to promoting a few of his personal aims he will again urge that the Cretan flag should be recognized by Turkey and the subjects of Crete protected when in Turkey like those of any other Christian country. This would be the outward sign of independence, preparatory to a complete severance of the island from the rule of Abdul Hamid.

Similar demands by Prince George have hitherto been discouraged by the four protecting powers as highly imprudent. But as France is keenly irritated over the Constantinian incident it is more than possible that, in addition to other means of exerting pressure upon the sultan, the French government may be inclined to help Crete in her most cherished aspirations.

Should France be so disposed Emperor Nicholas, having just celebrated the Franco-Russian alliance, could scarcely object. With two of the protecting powers consenting the other two, Great Britain and Italy, would find themselves in the embarrassing dilemma of having to agree against their better judgment or of opposing what both would gladly allow could be done without risk of complications.

There is no likelihood that the Balkan states, were Crete annexed by Greece, would rush into a conflict with Turkey to redress the equilibrium in the Balkans or that Turkey would renew her quarrel with Greece. But the sultan is showing an inclination just now to pick quarrels with one great power after another. Austria is the latest to feel his exasperating touch.

Germany alone has escaped, and the impression prevails in Paris that even Emperor William will not use his personal influence over Prince George to dissuade him from pressing to a solution the long pending Cretan problem.

Dewey Was Not Captured.

Asked the other day as to the truth of the story that he had been made a prisoner during the civil war at the time of destruction of the gunboat Mississippi by the Confederates, Admiral Dewey said:

"No, I was not captured when the Mississippi was run aground and burned. About 150 of our men were captured, but the captain and I managed to pull away in a boat down the river and escaped capture. I have seen the statement made several times lately and am glad to say that it is entirely incorrect. I have never been a captive."

Continuous Expositions.

"This exposition business is getting to be a regular continuous performance," said the talkative critic. "Before the Pan-American is over St. Louis is starting in on a Louisiana Purchase exposition, and the state of Washington is talking about a big show about 1906 to celebrate the Lewis and Clark expedition into the far northwest. Likely New Jersey will be heard from next with a proposition for a big fair in 1909 to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of Henry Hudson's discovery of the state and of the New Jersey mosquito."—New York Herald.

Poss Altruism.

"Curse on the day that I neglected to study geometry," cried the honest rustic as he tried to put the new straw hat upon his donkey. "For had I mastered that science I should have found the problem of the ass' ears more simple."

Truly it was but a moment until he discovered that the heels were even a harder problem than the ears.—Baltimore American.



If the teacher could wipe away the blotches from her skin as easily as she does the caricature with its pimply face, she would be a happy woman.

Pimples and eruptions are more than a disfigurement to a woman—they make her sensitive and unhappy. The way to cleanse the skin is to purify the blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery purifies the blood, and removes the clogging accumulations and poisons which corrupt it. When these are removed, pimples, boils, eruptions, sores, and other consequences of impure blood are entirely cured.

For about one year and a half my face was very badly broken out," writes Miss Carrie Adams, of 125 West Main St., Burlington, N. H. "I spent a great deal of money with doctors and for different kinds of medicine, but received no benefit. At last I obtained a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Before I had taken one bottle of this medicine I noticed a change, and after taking three bottles I was entirely cured. I can well recommend Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to any one similarly afflicted."

Accept no substitute for the "Discovery." There is nothing "just as good" for impure blood and skin diseases.

The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, is given away. Send 21 one-cent stamps expense of mailing only, for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for the volume bound in cloth. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

NERVES.

The modern malady of love is nerves. Love, once a simple madness, now observes the stages of his passionate disease. And is twice sorrowful, because he sees, inch by inch entering, the fatal knife. O health of simple minds, give me your life. And let me, for one midnight, cease to hear the clock forever ticking in my ear. It is not love nor love's despair, this pain That shoots a witless, keener pang across The simple agony of love and loss. Nerves, nerves! Oh, folly of a child who dreams Of heaven and, waking in the darkness, screams!

—Arthur Symonds in Saturday Review.

Priscilla's Peculiarity

"Odd to hear from him again, after all these years! I wonder what made him write directly he reached Southampton!"

Priscilla Baberley glanced inquiringly from the open letter in her hand to the mirror over her dressing room mantelpiece as though her reflection might possibly answer the query.

The wistful melancholy of her expression was due to an illness which had left her almost totally deaf; though the fact was scarcely noticeable, thanks to the knowledge of lip reading she had acquired, and when this means failed she resorted to the use of an ear trumpet, or an ingeniously constructed fan.

"Oh, dear! If only I hadn't been deaf; men have a horror of deaf old maids! But I needn't let him know just at first—he always spoke distinctly and was clean shaven, which means a great deal to me now. I'm sure I can manage it," she resumed meditatively. "I will set him talking of his campaigns."

She crossed the room and touched the bell.

"Catherine," she said to the maid, "Major—I mean Colonel Ewart will be here presently. Send up hot toast with the tea and extra cream."

A moment after the maid held aside the heavy plush portiere and a tall, military looking man, with a flowing gray beard and mustache, filled up the doorway.

"Good gracious—a beard as well!" Miss Baberley murmured, horror-stricken, as she caught up her fan and went to meet him, holding it gracefully to her lips.

"Ah, major—colonel, I mean!" she corrected herself agitatedly—"delighted to see you! It's like your good nature to call so soon. How you have altered! I should scarcely have known you."

"You haven't changed in the least degree," he said gallantly, shaking her hand between both his. "Why, it seems only yesterday that we said 'goodbye' at your sister's garden party."

His tone was gruff, but hearty, and somewhat above the normal pitch, and she managed to catch a word here and there as she watched his lips anxiously, holding the fan to her own.

"Yes—er—I have a little garden here," she rejoined hesitatingly. "But come and sit down. I want to hear all about yourself and your campaigns. Of course I learned a great deal from the papers, but it isn't the same as a personal narrative, so you must just tell me from the very beginning." She seated herself opposite him, her eyes still fixed on his face.

"Really, Celia—I may call you the old name, may I not?—there is nothing to tell, just the usual changes from hill stations to the plains, and vice versa; then the outbreak, which we quelled after some sharp fighting and losing some of our best fellows, and that's all. You don't suppose," he resumed in a lower tone, "that I've come here directly I set foot in the old country, to talk about my campaigns?"

She heard the note of interrogation and dropped her eyes rather disconcertedly, murmuring an unintelligible monosyllable.

"I want to talk something far more interesting," he continued softly—"that concerns you as well as myself. You've no idea what pleasure it is to see you again—and to find that you—that you are not married."

"Really?" she exclaimed after a slight pause, cleverly simulated surprise in her tone.

"Yes, it has always been in my thoughts," he rejoined eagerly, his courage rising. "I should have spoken before I went away, but do you remember remarking once that you never intended to marry unless the man who asked you had something more to his credit than a banking account. That was why I exchanged and went abroad. I did think of writing when I was out there, but until these frontier affairs were quite settled I thought it fairer not to ask you to tie yourself to me, as if I'd been hit it might have been a blow to you. Of course that was taking for granted you cared a little for me." And he concluded smiling rather shamefacedly.

"Indeed!" She smiled also, feigning astonishment.

"Now, confess, Celia, this is not altogether a surprise to you. Even if it is—you do not find it disagreeable?"

"Dear me—how strange!" she exclaimed hesitatingly, after a slight pause, still keeping her eyes fixed on his face, while she bit the tip of her fan nervously.

She broke the silence at last with a little regretful sigh.

"Is that all? It is most interesting." "Ah, Celia," he sighed, "you are just as tantalizing and stand-offish as ever—but I like you all the better for it." And he leaned forward with an admiring glance at the fair face and shapely head, crowned with neat dark brown curls.

"Yes, may people have told me this same," she replied complacently, catching the end of his sentence, and noting the appreciative glance, she concluded

that he alluded to the modern style of hairdressing she had adopted.

"But you needn't be stand-offish with an old—er—admirer," he added quietly and reproachfully.

"I—I beg your pardon—what did you say?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing," he responded hastily, fearing he had been too precipitate. "What a charming room this is!"

"Now you must have some tea," she said, after rather an awkward pause, laying down her fan, and moving to the table. "Being an old maid I'm rather fussy, so you must not talk while I'm making it—it distracts my attention," she added with a forced little laugh.

He watched her with growing pleasure as her hands busied with the cups, the lamp rays touching the gold in her hair.

"It's like old times, watching you make tea, Celia. I wish it would be my privilege always."

"I told you not to talk," she said with playful severity.

"But I must. Don't be so tantalizing, dearest. I'm not to touch tea till I've had your answer, till you've promised, in fact—" his voice dropped to an earnest whisper, and he crossed the room to her side, "to be my wife."

She glanced at him bewildered.

"Er—er—in fact, of course, scarcely in theory," she said vaguely.

"Celia," he exclaimed, "what on earth do you mean?"

A dead silence followed. She saw by his face that something was wrong, and her agitation increased when he commenced to pace restlessly about the room, muttering to himself in an undertone:

"Ever since I've been abroad I've lived and worked in the hope of one day winning you, but now it seems as though—"

She looked up puzzled. "What did you say?" she asked desperately. "I did not quite catch it, but it is your own fault. I told you not to talk while I made tea—two lumps of sugar, isn't it? You see, I've remembered the correct number—and half the cream—just you were always terribly greedy, colonel! There!" She handed him the cup and caught up her fan. "Now you must begin all over again. I don't think you've lost the spice of humor."

And she flashed a nervous little smile over the top of the fan.

"Celia," he said slowly, raising his voice till it rang through the room, "this is not a time for joking."

The anger in his tone and his hurt expression frightened and bewildered her; with a gesture of despair she turned away.

"If only it hadn't been for the mustache!" she murmured, half audibly. "Mustache!" he exclaimed eagerly, hopefulness staring into his tone. "Is that your only objection? How I wish I had known before I came! But I'll have it off directly."

He was standing beside her again, and now he rested his hand on her shoulder; but she shrank from his touch and turned away, half crying and wringing her hands.

"I thought I could have managed, but I shall have to tell. I can't go on like this," she sobbed.

"Tell me what? That there is some one else?"

He turned abruptly away, and flung himself in the armchair, burying his face in his hands.

"Just my luck," he said brokenly. "But it's hard after all this time, and now when it seemed all plain sailing to hear that—that I have a rival. But," reproachfully, "you needn't have kept me so long in suspense, Celia."

A moment's silence followed. Then she left her seat and walked to the fireplace and stood looking down at him, toying nervously with her fan.

"I can't hear what you say," she said at last desperately, flinging the fan from her. "I should have told you—I am deaf, but I couldn't bear to use my ear trumpet just at first, because I thought you would regret having come. I know men have a horror of deaf old maids."

She laughed hysterically as she produced the trumpet from the little bag at her side and adjusted it.

"It was just my silly pride," she continued quickly, "and I thought I could manage with my fan. You see, it has this tube in the center, which carries the sound through my lips—and then—I understand lip reading—if it hadn't been that your mustache conceals yours!"

"Is that all?" he interrupted eagerly, starting up and placing his hands on her shoulder. "There isn't anybody else?"

"Anybody else, where?" she asked, bewildered.

"I mean any one you care more for than me—whom you intend marrying?" "N—no—" she faltered, the color rushing into her cheeks—"but what an odd question."

"Not at all," he answered delightedly. "Can't you guess, Celia, what I have been asking you, or—" and his eyes twinkled merrily—"shall I begin all over again?"

But it was scarcely necessary, for though she blushed still deeper she did not now resist when he took her hands in his.—Mainly About People.

England's Early Coins.

When England was being made into a mince-meat and blocks of real estate by the Saxons and Danes, silver and brass were in use as currency, but the Normans subsequently installed the aristocratic metal and left the democratic brass to take care of itself. Gold was first coined by Henry III, and copper made into British coin in 1672. Tin was used for coinage in 1680, and the national farthing was made of this Cambrian product, with a stud of copper set in the center. In 1690 and 1691 tin halfpence were issued in considerable quantities. The only pure gold coins issued in English history were those of Henry III.

HAFINA SOAP

is made from pure vegetable oils and being medicated destroys all disease germs, keeps the pores open and makes the skin soft and velvety. Cures pimples, blotches, etc. Unexcelled for the bath, nursery, 25c. cakes at drug shops. Never fails to restore gray or faded hair to its youthful color.

As Users of Telephones.

Of thirty principal cities in the United States San Francisco uses the telephone most liberally, says the Philadelphia Times. It has one to every sixteen population. This city has been the slowest to avail itself of this convenience, its ratio being ninety-six persons each instrument. Chicago is next Philadelphia in turning a deaf ear to arguments for its wider introduction. The rate there is one to sixty, or in Tipton county, Ill., a farmers service has been formed by most of the telephone, and the idea is spreading. At 7 o'clock each evening the subscribers take down their receivers and, from the central station, listen to a statement of the weather conditions, market rates and the general news of the day, and then time given for asking questions and for conversation.

Marr'd Girl's Mother by Mistake.

Your Benjamin Gerofsky applied to Justice Blanchard in New York for an annulment of his marriage to Bertha Gerofsky. The marriage took place when Gerofsky was only seventeen years old. Mrs. Gerofsky at the time was a widow thirty-eight years old and has a daughter about half that age. Gerofsky said he had desired to marry the daughter, but was married to the mother by mistake.

Cleaning Light Fur.

On who says she has tried it recommends naphtha for cleaning light fur. She says: Pour naphtha over the fur, thenuff and pat the article until the oil has been worked out, and when this is done press the naphtha out by drawing the hand firmly over the fur. The shake and hang in the air to dry. Be careful of fire.

Professional Shoppers.

Professional shoppers are employed by a certain large firm of London drapers to test the abilities of shop assistants. This firm owns over thirty large shops and employs nearly 1,000 assistants. To find out whether every customer is politely served a number of lady customers are employed to call at the various shops. They are told to give as much trouble as possible and sometimes to leave without making a purchase after looking at nearly everything in the shop. Should the unfortunate assistant's temper not be equal to the strain, or should a single word be said that might offend, a report will be made to the head-quarters and lead to the dismissal of the sorely tried hand of silks and ribbons.

Silence You Can See.

There is no such thing as silence in this world. It is an impossibility. That is partly the reason why science has enabled us to see it.

The explanation of the paradox is this: Silence, as we understand it, simply means that there are sounds too delicate or too loud for the ear to register. In other words, when we can't hear anything we call that condition "silence." But wherever you are there are sounds around you. Even in the deepest mine the air vibrates and makes a sound. An instrument has been invented that will catch these sounds and permit of the vibrations being represented pictorially on a screen, and in that way you may see silence and properly understand what it means.

By comparing the pictures of noises with those of that condition of things known as silence we gain an idea of the difference between a noisy night, for instance, and one when "absolute silence reigns," as the novelist puts it. It is rather surprising to find so much disturbance at the time when everything appears to be perfectly quiet.—Pearson's Weekly.

Scal head is an ezema of the scalp—very severe sometimes, but it can be cured. Doan's Ointment, quick and permanent in its results. At any drug store, 50 cents.

Low Rate to Cincinnati via C. R. & M.

The C. R. & M. has made a reduced rate to Cincinnati on account of the Carriage Builders' National association. Tickets will be sold at one fare for the round trip, \$1.95. Selling dates October 23d and 24th, good returning not later than October 25th.

C. A. BLAIR, City Ticket Agent.

Cures croup, sore throat, pulmonary troubles.—Monarch over pain of every sort. Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil.

In the district court of the United States for the district of Indiana.

In the matter of George A. Small, Rush Stanley, Small & Stanley, bankrupts. To the creditors of George A. Small and Rush Stanley, composing the firm of Small & Stanley, of Ellettsville, in the county of Wayne and district of Indiana, a bankrupt.

Notice is hereby given that on the 23d day of October A. D. 1901, the said Small & Stanley was duly adjudicated a bankrupt and that the first meeting of the creditors will be held at the court house in the city of Richmond, Ind., on the 4th day of Nov. A. D. 1901, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, at which time said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

IF YOU WANT

The Big 4 Knickerbocker Special to Buffalo, Boston and New York; Take the C. R. & M. via Muncie.

The C. R. & M. train leaves Richmond at 5:45 p. m. every day except Sunday, makes close connection with the magnificent Big 4 Knickerbocker special from St. Louis to New York. This train has in addition to Buffet sleeping cars, library and smoking cars and dining cars. Train reaches Buffalo at 6:15 a. m. after a night's ride and lands passengers at Grand Central station, New York City, 42nd Street and 4th Avenue at 6 p. m., 23 hours from Richmond. Passengers for New York and other eastern cities can secure a stop-over at Buffalo for the Pan-American Exposition on payment of one dollar extra at Buffalo.

For further information apply to C. A. BLAIR, City Ticket Agent, Telephone 44. 27-tf

Working Night and Day.

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. These pills change weakness into strength, listlessness to energy, brain-fag to mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c per box. Sold by A. G. Luken & Co., druggists.

TO BUFFALO BY BOAT.

Steamer Trip via Cleveland in Connection With Akron Route Through Service.

In addition to the through time and through car service to Buffalo over the Akron Route, the trip to the Pan-American Exposition may be made via Cleveland and steamer by taking trains running over the C., A. & C. link of the Akron Route to Cleveland, where they connect with the boat line. Tickets to Buffalo and return via Cleveland over the C., A. & C. may be obtained giving the purchaser the option of boat or rail between Cleveland and Buffalo. For particulars apply to C. W. ELMER, Pass. and Ticket Agent, Richmond, Ind.

Notice to the Public.

On and after October 1, 1901, street car tickets will not be sold by conductors and motemen, but may be had during business hours at Ross' drug store, near eighth and Main streets, at the present rate of six for 25 cents.

RICHMOND STREET AND INTERURBAN RAILROAD CO. 23-tf

FALL CARNIVAL EXCURSIONS

To Indianapolis via Pennsylvania Lines.

Low fares to Indianapolis will be in effect via Pennsylvania Lines for the Fall Carnival. For information about rates, dates on which tickets will be sold, and time of trains, apply to Local Agents of the Pennsylvania Lines.

Tot Causes Night Alarm.

"One night my brother's baby was taken with croup," writes Mrs. J. C. Snider, of Crittenden, Ky., "it seemed it would strangle before we could get a doctor, so we gave it Dr. King's New Discovery, which gave quick relief and permanently cured it. We always keep it in the house to protect our children from croup and whooping cough. It cured me of chronic bronchial trouble that no other remedy would relieve." Infallible for coughs, colds, throat and lung troubles. 50c and \$1. Trial bottles free at A. G. Luken & Co.'s drug store.

Stepped Into Live Coals.

"When a child I burned my foot frightfully," writes W. H. Eads, of Jonesville, Va., "which caused horrible leg sores for 30 years, but Bucklen's Arnica Salve wholly cured me after everything else failed." Infallible for Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Sores, Bruises and Piles. Sold by A. G. Luken & Co. 25c.

PUBLIC NOTICE

We wish to announce to the people of this vicinity that we have secured the Agency for

C. E. Carter's Catarrh Cure

A positive cure for Nasal Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Sore Throat, Inflamed and Swollen Tonsils, All Catarrhal Throat Troubles, Clogged Nostrils, Excessive Nasal Discharges, Hacking Cough, Dry, Choking Feeling. This remedy has been a signal and instantaneous success. It is soothing in its action, and reduces on its first application a sensation of painful relief and benefit, instantly kills the Bacterial Germ, which produces Catarrh of the Head, Nose and Throat, and eventually leads to such serious troubles as Asthma, Consumption, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, and many other diseases too numerous to mention. Can be used by the most delicate persons or children without harmful or nauseous results.

PRICE 50c. AND \$1.00.

The \$1.00 size contains two and one-half times the quantity of the 50c. size.

C. E. CARTER & CO., 717 Jackson St., CHICAGO

Trade supplied by A. G. Luken & Co., wholesale druggists, 628 and 630 Main Street, Richmond, Ind., and Charles L. Magaw, druggist, 201 Ft. Wayne Avenue, Richmond, Ind.

Pennsylvania Lines

TIME TABLE.

In Effect Sunday, Sept. 29, 1901.

Trains run by central standard time.

Cincinnati Line.

Station	Depart	Arrive
Hamilton & Cincinnati	4:45 a.m.	10:55 a.m.
Cincinnati Accommodation	9:30 a.m.	7:00 p.m.
Hamilton & Cincinnati	4:00 p.m.	11:00 p.m.
C. R. & M. Cln. Acc.	4:05 p.m.	10:50 p.m.
Cin. & Mack Mail and Ex.	4:30 a.m.	9:05 p.m.

Indianapolis Line.

Station	Depart	Arrive
New York & St. Louis Mail	5:00 a.m.	5:00 a.m.
St. Louis Limited	4:45 a.m.	8:50 p.m.
Indianapolis Acc.	6:30 a.m.	3:55 p.m.
New York & St. Louis Mail	10:15 a.m.	4:00 p.m.
New York & St. Louis Exp.	1:30 p.m.	10:00 a.m.
St. Louis Limited	4:55 p.m.	7:35 p.m.
New York & St. L. Fast Mail	8:30 a.m.	9:50 p.m.

Chicago Line.

Station	Depart	Arrive
Logansport Acc.	7:05 a.m.	6:00 p.m.
Cincinnati Fast Mail & Exp.	11:00 a.m.	4:35 a.m.
Cincinnati & Logansport Acc.	7:35 p.m.	9:00 a.m.
Cln. & Chicago Night Exp.	11:10 p.m.	3:55 p.m.

Dayton & Xenia Line.

Station	Depart	Arrive
Xenia Sp. Mail & Cln. Acc.	5:10 a.m.	8:00 p.m.
Dayton Xenia & Columbus	10:05 a.m.	10:00 a.m.
Dayton Xenia & New York	10:05 a.m.	10:00 a.m.
Cln. Pitts. & New York	4:55 p.m.	11:05 p.m.
Dayton & Xenia Acc.	8:00 a.m.	8:00 p.m.
New York Limited	8:53 p.m.	4:40 a.m.

Piquette, Urbana & Columbus Ry.

Station	Depart	Arrive
St. Louis & New York Mail	5:15 a.m.	4:54 a.m.
Indianapolis & Cln. Acc.	10:15 a.m.	1:05 p.m.
Pitts. & East Mail & Exp.	7:45 p.m.	3:55 p.m.
St. Louis Limited	4:50 p.m.	4:50 p.m.