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You need not worry. So long as the coffee is pure and suits your taste, that's enough. The delicate flavor and aroma so much desired by all is found in our

**COMBINATION 30c.  
JAVA AND MOCHA 38c.**

Such a large per cent. of the persons who have tried these coffees have been pleased. "We know you'll like them."

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**BEE HIVE GROCERY**

**NEW YORK CABBAGE**  
Extra solid, as fine as you ever saw. Per lb. 2c-100 lbs. \$1.50.

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We ship them direct—they are genuine. Per peck 30c.

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Extra fancy head, large grains, none broken. Per lb. 10c; 3 lbs. 25c.

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BEST QUALITY,  
LOWEST PRICE.**

Direct from the MINES.

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Do Estate Oak Stoves hold fire longer than any other stove? Ask

**O. W. SCHULTZ**

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Now that the fall season is coming it will be necessary to rid the house of some of its old, worn out furniture and replacing them with new, up-to-date furniture.

**YOU NEED A DESK?**

Old letters and bills all over the house—no place to put 'em—the right desk only a few dollars.

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**DAINTY, DINING DESIGNS**

We have them in profusion.

**GILBERT T. DUNHAM,**  
The Leading Furniture Dealer.  
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10 N. 10th Street,  
Opp. Westcott Hotel,  
Richmond, Ind.

**DENTIST**

BOTH PHONES.

# HERE'S A COOL NE

**Express Messenger Chiles  
Stands Off a Party  
Train Robbers.**

**WAS TOO MUCH FOREM**

The Dynamite They Cast Into His Car Held No Terrors For the Plucky Messenger.

Daring Attempt to Hold Southern Pacific Express Prevented By Nerve.

Portland, Ore., Oct. 24.—The 4th bound overland express train on the Southern Pacific was held up by masked men yesterday 15 miles north of Eugene. The robbers blew open the express car with dynamite but secured no booty, having been driven off by the express messenger. The booty secured was one registered mail pouch. Two men boarded the train at Cottage Grove and a short distance this side, near Saginaw, put off the dynamite and made the express car and made the messenger go ahead a short distance. Their first act was to blow open the door of the express car, which they did with dynamite, tearing the door to pieces and badly damaging the car.

Express Messenger C. R. Chiles was in the car and had made up his mind to stay there. The robbers ordered the messenger out of the car, but he determinedly refused to come, and held a position where he could easily bring down any person who should enter through the opening in the side of the dynamite.

"Come out of there, or we will blow you and the car all to hell," commanded the robbers.

Then the messengers compelled the engineer to throw into the car a stick of dynamite with a lighted fuse. The messenger grabbed it, put out the fire in the fuse, and threw out the stick.

They next tried to enter the car by compelling the engineer, who was in the hands of the robbers, to crawl through the door, the robbers hoping to gain admittance by using him as a protector, but Chiles used his shotgun to good advantage and kept up a good fire directly over the engineers head knowing well the robbers would not attempt to follow him into the car. Finally the robbers turned their attention to getting away with what little they could from the mail car. They obtained the registered mail and then one of them, taking the engineer on board the engine, which they cut loose from the train, and ran to within half a mile of Eugene, where he left the engine and started toward the Willamette river, in a northerly direction. The passengers were not molested.

**Italian Brigands.**

Rome, Oct. 24.—Seven brigands held up a diligence that was proceeding to Sassari, in Sardinia, with a registered mail bag. Shots were exchanged and two carabinieri, who were escorting the diligence, were wounded, while a lady passenger was killed. The robbers looted the diligence but in the scuffle the postal clerk escaped with the registered letters.

**Murder and Robbery.**

Odessa, Oct. 24.—An armed band boarded a train near Batoum, murdered three officials and looted the passengers of valuables.

**Regulated the "Regulators"**

Bristol, Tenn., Oct. 24.—News has been received from Dickinson county, Va., of how a father and son drove back about 50 "regulators," who had warned the man of their visit. Having laid in a stock of ammunition, he and his son stationed themselves in the garret of the house and when the "regulators" opened fire they returned it with deadly aim. Arrington and Roberts, two members of the party, were instantly killed. The regulators fled, leaving their dead behind. The names of the attacked man and his son have not yet been learned.

**Singular Fatality**

Muncie, Ind., Oct. 24.—Adm. Deems, a policeman, fell three feet from a step ladder at his home and died an hour later. Death was from paralysis of the pneumo gastric nerve.

**Filled Him With Buckshot.**

Sardina, Ind., Oct. 24.—Frank Smith fired two loads of buckshot into James Neville. It is alleged that Smith caught Neville in company with Mrs. Smith. Neville will die.

**Another Carnegie Offer.**

Elwood, Ind., Oct. 24.—Andrew Carnegie will give Elwood \$2,000 for a library if the city will give \$2,500 a year to maintain it. It is believed the council will accept.

**Found In Michigan.**

Goshen, Ind., Oct. 24.—Robert Hale, suspected to be implicated in the murder of Mrs. Hass, has been found at Waterford, Mich. He says he is innocent of the crime.

**Run Down By Train.**

Mitchell, Ind., Oct. 24.—Mrs. Phoebe Roach, 78 years old, was run down by a train and instantly killed near Elron.

**NO MORE DELAY**

**Mattox Murder Trial Now In Progress After Postponement.**

Terre Haute, Ind., Oct. 24.—The failure of two important witnesses for the state to appear in the Mattox murder trial when it was begun did not cause a postponement, as it had several times before. A jury was impaneled without difficulty and Prosecuting Attorney Beal made the opening statement.

It is understood that the defense will endeavor to prove that after Mattox and Britton and their wives had been at the Mattox home at Alum Cave in good fellowship for some hours, Britton mistook something Mattox said to him and became enraged and threw a rock at Mattox, and that Mattox then used his knife. It is also understood that the defense will introduce testimony to prove that the arm cut was not necessarily fatal and that had there been prompt surgical aid he would not have died.

**Crushed By Falling Car.**

Indianapolis, Oct. 24.—John White, tire repairer at the Big Four shops, Brightwood, was instantly killed yesterday afternoon. He was under a car which was supported by jacks. One of the jacks slipped and the car fell on him.

**An Epidemic of Murder.**

Selma, Ala., Oct. 24.—A mania for murdering each other seems to have broken out among the negroes who live in the counties surrounding Selma, where in the last two weeks there have not been less than 20 negroes killed by other negroes. Three were reported yesterday, one being near Brown's station, where a negro man met his paramour in the cottonfield. He pulled out a knife and stabbed her through the heart. The other two occurred on south side where a negro man got into a row with a negro preacher at a protracted meeting and called the preacher out of the church. When on the outside they both pulled their pistols and when the guns were empty both lay on the ground mortally wounded. They died in a few hours.

**Rains May Rout Them**

Constantinople, Oct. 24.—Cold rains are falling in the district where the brigands, who abducted Miss Ellen Stone, the American missionary, are concealed and a prolonged stay in the mountains is believed to be almost impossible, even for the brigands. Hence, it is considered likely that they will hasten to release the captive as soon as they can secure the ransom, and then disperse to their homes. No word has come from the missionaries, though W. W. Peet, treasurer of the mission here, to whom they would communicate, is still hopeful. Mr. Peet is not expecting news until he is asked to forward the gold, which it is estimated will weigh between 300 and 400 pounds.

## DAILY MARKET REPORT

Prevailing Prices For Grain, Provisions and Livestock on Oct. 23.

**Indianapolis Grain and Livestock.**

Wheat—Wagon, 70c; No. 2 red, steady, 71c.  
Corn—Steady; No. 2 mixed, 57½¢.  
Oats—Firm; No. 2 mixed, 53½¢.  
Cattle—Steady at \$2.75 to \$3.00.  
Hogs—Steady at \$4.75 to \$5.00.  
Lamb—Steady at \$1.50 to \$1.75.

**Chicago Grain and Provisions.**

	Opened.	Closed.
Wheat—		
Dec.	70½	70½
May	70½	70½
Corn—		
Oct.	57½	57½
Dec.	57½	57½
May	57½	57½
Oats—		
Oct.	35	35
Dec.	35	35
May	35	35
Lard—		
Oct.	13.82	13.82
Jan.	14.07	14.07
May	15.02	15.12
Ribs—		
Oct.	9.05	9.02
Jan.	8.87	8.82
May	8.87	8.87
Cattle—		
Oct.	7.95	7.95
Jan.	7.80	7.85
May	7.90	8.05

Closing cash market—Wheat, 70c; corn, 55½¢; oats, 55¢; pork, \$13.82; lard, \$9.02; ribs, \$7.95.

**Louisville Grain and Livestock.**

Wheat—No. 2 red and longberry, 71c.  
Corn—No. 2 white, 62c; No. 2 mixed, 61c.  
Oats—No. 2 mixed, 58c; No. 2 white, 40c.  
Cattle—Dull at \$2.25 to \$2.50.  
Hogs—Steady at \$4.50 to \$5.00.  
Lamb—Dull at \$1.25 to \$1.50.

**Cincinnati Grain and Livestock.**

Wheat—Firm; No. 2 red, 74½¢.  
Corn—Steady; No. 2 mixed, 60c.  
Oats—Steady; No. 2 mixed, 58½¢.  
Hogs—Active at \$4.75 to \$5.25.  
Sheep—Dull at \$2.25 to \$2.50.  
Lamb—Dull at \$2.00 to \$2.50.

**Chicago Livestock.**

Cattle—Steady; steers, \$4 to \$5.00; stockers and feeders, \$2.25 to \$2.50.  
Hogs—Strong at \$4.00 to \$5.00.  
Sheep—Steady at \$3.25 to \$3.75.  
Lamb—Steady at \$2.50 to \$3.75.

**New York Livestock.**

Cattle—Slow at \$3.00 to \$3.50.  
Hogs—Quiet at \$4 to \$5.00.  
Sheep—Slow at \$2.50 to \$3.00.  
Lamb—Steady at \$4.25 to \$5.10.

**East Buffalo Livestock.**

Cattle—Steady at \$2.40 to \$3.00.  
Hogs—Firm at \$4.50 to \$5.00.  
Sheep—Dull at \$2.50 to \$3.00.  
Lamb—Dull at \$2.50 to \$3.00.

**Toledo Grain.**

Wheat—Active; cash, 74½¢; Dec., 76½¢.  
Corn—Dull; No. 2 cash, 55¢; Dec., 55½¢.  
Oats—Active; No. 2 cash, 37½¢.

**LATEST QUOTATIONS.**

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 24.—Wheat, 70 Corn, 55½. Oats, 35.  
Toledo, O., Oct. 24.—Wheat, 74½.

**LIFE'S COMPENSATIONS.**

Why should we ever weary of this life?  
Our souls should never weary, not contract;  
Grow stronger and not weaker in the strife;  
Filling each moment with a noble act.  
If we live thus, of vigor all compact,  
Doing our duty to our fellow men  
And striving rather to exalt our race  
Than our poor selves, with narrow hand or pen.  
We shall erect our manly dwelling place  
Which not all ages shall set down again;  
Offering of Time shall then be born each hour,  
Which, as of old, earth's vigils shall guard  
To live forever in youth's perfect flower  
And guide her future children heavenward.  
—James Russell Lowell.

## POOR OLD JIM

BY M. QUAD

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I was running on fast freight as a fireman, and my engineer was a man named Colville. He was ten years my senior and also an old bachelor. Jim was what everybody called a square man. He had lots of sentiment for a plain, uneducated man and a conscience so tender that he wouldn't have knowingly hurt the feelings of an Indian. He was a sort of "daddy" for 200 miles along the line and had the esteem of officials and men alike. The idea that Jim would fall in love at his age would have been laughed to scorn by all who knew him, and yet he not only "went soft" on a girl, but made the mistake that old bachelors often do. She was a girl named Mary Blaine, only half his age and a coquette and a flirt. We figured it out that there was more sympathy than love on his part and that she was marrying him instead of a younger and better looking man because he had several thousand dollars in the bank and would baby her up. They were married on the quiet one day, and for a few weeks old Jim's face carried a look of contentment and things went well in his little home at Pine Hill.



By and by I noticed a change to anxiety, and at times the engineer was preoccupied and absentminded. I never asked Jim or any other man a question, but through the gossip of my landlady I learned that the young wife

was very extravagant in her ways and was given to fits of sulks when reproved. It was also said that she was fond of going to parties and balls and was being generally criticised. Every week for many weeks I heard some new gossip, and while realizing that it must be exaggerated, there was enough truth to make me anxious about my old pard's happiness. I hated to believe the tales, and yet I found many others hinting that the young wife was not playing a straight game with the trusting husband. Such an affair is one of the meanest on earth to meddle with. It is none of your business even if you are a brother, and yet you feel that it is and want to do something. I wouldn't have had old Jim deceived, and yet how could I go to him with the gossip?

By and by a passenger engineer named Frazer came to live at the Hill. He was a man of 28, good looking, good company and free handed. He knew Jim well, and he soon got acquainted with the wife. I threw myself in Frazer's way one day and told him what public gossip said and left it to him whether he shouldn't stop before the home was wrecked. He laughed in contempt. When I became indignant, he became defiant, and the result was a fight in which I battered him up until he was in bed for a week. Old Jim was sure to hear of the row, of course, and the day after it happened he looked at me in a queer way as we took our engine out of the stable. I felt sure he was going to speak about the fight, but he checked himself after a word or two. He had not only been told about the scrap, but what had led up to it as well, and there was only one of two courses for him to take. He must either bid me mind my own business and let him attend to his own domestic affairs or take it for granted that I was acting in a friendly spirit and be put upon his guard for the future. When he remained silent, I knew that he had adopted the latter course.

I do not know what man or woman my chum took into his confidence, but it was some one who kept him thoroughly posted. He must have reproved, argued and commanded, but the girl wife either openly defied him or slyly deceived him. Frazer was less bold after the row, and for a time it seemed as if harmony and happiness might be restored. It was all a trick, however, on the part of an infatuated, vain minded young wife on the one hand and an unprincipled man of the world on the other, a man who cared not what wreck he left behind him.

terminus one morning when old Jim received a telegram. He opened the telegram with steady hand, read the message without a tremor and then twisted it up and lighted his pipe with it. And yet I came to know that the telegram told him that his wife and Frazer were eloping together and had tickets for the day express bound west. His imperturbability deceived me, and I did not give the message a second thought. A man must have nerves of steel to con a message like that and never blanch. At noon, when we reached Thomasville, we got orders to run to Bascom's and there side track for the express. We could do it with three or four minutes to spare. Bascom's was not even a station, but a siding half a mile long on the prairie, and we must do our own switching. For three miles beyond it was a straight track, and then it went curving and turning among the hills and over a brawling creek. When we had come within a mile of the siding, I looked for Jim to begin to slow up, but he made no move. Half a minute and he even increased the speed, and when I shouted in his ear he waved me back. We passed the siding at a clip of 25 miles an hour and gaining on that every minute, and as I at last grabbed Jim's arm he pulled a revolver from his breast and motioned for me to stand back. The man had not gone crazy, he had not misunderstood his orders, but what was he doing in thus passing the siding? If a run of three or four miles we must meet the express. For a second I thought of attacking him with a poker, but he looked over his shoulder at me with a grim smile and motioned with his head for me to jump. Then it occurred to me that the train had got away from him, and I turned and sprang from the cab. It was soft prairie for the fall, but it seemed to me that I turned over and over 500 times before the breath was finally knocked out of my body. When my senses returned, I heard the hiss of steam and the shrieks and cries of injured men and women, and I had staggered along the track less than a mile when I came upon the frightful wreck. The engines of the express and freight had met head on, and 52 people had been killed and 70 injured in the awful smash. It was the most terrible railroad wreck for a score of years.

I helped to get old Jim's crushed and mutilated body out, and I helped to get out the crushed and mutilated bodies of his wife and Frazer, but it was days before I got at the true facts in the case. Finding himself betrayed, the old man had deliberately brought about the collision that he might have revenge on the guilty pair and be wiped out at the same time. If he thought of the innocent who would suffer as well, he had no pity. He must have hated the whole world as well as those who had directly wronged him. It was an awful thing he did, but he offered his own life with the sacrifice, and somehow I have always felt that, even though he presented such a cool, calm front to me, the fires of insanity must have been blazing in his brain every minute after reading that telegram.

**The American an Octogenarian.**

The average adult American is a statistical octogenarian. If the blood in the veins of all our people, white and black, were pooled and redistributed, each person would have about seven parts white and one part negro blood. The white strain in him, moreover, is by no means purely American. White strains of foreign origin, derived from Germany, Ireland, Scandinavia, Canada, Great Britain and the countries of southern Europe, are collectively more powerful in his composition than is the negro strain.

Thus, going back only one generation, we find him to be a composite, the creation of widely differing bloods and nationalities. The peoples of the earth, from the Congo under the equator to the North cape of Europe, have contributed, either immediately or remotely, to his composition. But with it all we find the Anglo-Saxon strain the dominant one. His political institutions, his laws, his social conditions, and his mental characteristics, his power of initiative and his independence of thought and action are Anglo-Saxon, sharpened and intensified by fresh contact with nature under new and untried conditions.

It is a strange and a gratifying thing to witness, in connection with this mixture of blood, the complete dominance of the Anglo-Saxon strain, and it argues well for its strength and vitality as well as for the welfare of the country which he occupies and governs.—Everybody's Magazine.

**House Ventilation in Bombay.**

Most of the new houses in Bombay have a fine show of windows on the outside, but no corresponding opening to allow a current of air to pass through. The mean annual temperature is 79.13 degrees F., and the mean relative humidity 77 per cent. The mean annual range of temperature is 46.9 degrees, but there are periods during the rains when the diurnal range of temperature does not exceed 2 degrees, and, unless there is wind, ventilation is practically stopped because the outer air and that in the buildings are reduced to nearly one temperature. With the thermometer at 82 to 84 degrees, and the air heavily charged with moisture, the surplus heat of the human body escapes too slowly, and much discomfort ensues. As it is not possible to dry the air in an ordinary house, the usual remedy is to produce a current by means of a punka, and although the influence of this is very local, it has been found that in the worst Bombay weather life is made tolerable in its current. The chief drawback of the punka is the punka walla. He is dirty, unreflexly, especially at night, and his work, counting day and night, costs 24 rupees per month for a single punka.—Collier's.