

Richmond Palladium

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This month will be made cheerful by the smiling faces of candidates.

State Auditor Hart proposes to make it hot for the fake oil companies that are doing business in this state.

The Dayton & Western traction line will probably be the first of the coming lines to get into Richmond.

Congressmen have felt the pulse of their constituents and will now return to the national legislative halls ready to proceed with the real business of the session.

Soap manufacturers report that 1901 was the most prosperous year for them in the history of the trade. The growth of Republicanism increases the use and sale of soap.

The highwayman who tackled Eugene Hector in Chicago did not know the latter was a Richmond production. The highwayman is dead and Hector is the hero of the hour.

What this January will bring us in the way of weather no man can forecast. January is a somewhat erratic month. The lowest January temperature recorded in this latitude was 25 below zero, January 5, 1884. The highest temperature was 70 above, January 11, 1890.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Prepared by Nathan S. Lamar, abstractor of titles and notary public, office at court house.

Dickinson Trust Co., administrator, to William Campbell, lot 530 in Elizabeth Starr's addition to Richmond; \$2,451.

Lewis C. Wilson et al. to George W. Murray, lot 3 in block 2 in original plat of Dublin; \$550.

Leander A. Teagle to John G. Davidson, part of lot 8 in Charles H. Goble's fifth addition to Richmond; \$1,500.

John Kinsinger to Joseph Harlan, part of north east quarter of section 9, township 16, range 12, containing 46 acres; \$2,900.

Harvey Davis to William H. Brown, the east half of northwest quarter of section 18, township 17, range 13, containing 70 acres; \$2,800.

Nathan D. Wolford, executor, to Pleasant McAdams, part of lot 22 in Economy; \$375.

Phillip N. Replogel to Martha Atkinson, part northwest quarter of section 33, township 18, range 13; \$1,700.

Margaret Rentfrow to Daniel and Sarah Goons, his wife, part of fractional section 27, township 16, range 14, containing 46 acres; \$450.

Clark Benson to Emma R. Woolman, part of lot 36 in original plat of Fountain City; \$800.

Emil Minck, sr., to Sophia Minck, lots 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, in Earlham Heights, in northwest quarter of section 6, township 13, range 1 west; \$1,600.

Almetta B. Harris quit claim to Charles Bond, E. Ella Jounson and Emma Bond, part of the southeast quarter of section 31, township 14, range 1 west; \$300.

Addie Pike to Trinville Crowell, lot 58 in Haynes addition to Richmond; \$1,300.

William Kromer et al. to Frederick Brown, lot 637 in Elizabeth Starr's addition to Richmond; \$2,000.

Louis M. Emmons to Wella W. Stark, part of lots 1 and 2 in Charles W. Starr's addition to Richmond; \$1.

Mary E. and Nellie E. Fetta to John F. Wilcox, lots 2 and 3 in Central avenue addition to Richmond; \$85.

Olive H. Scantland et al. to Blanche Manning, part of the southeast quarter of section 5, township 17, range 13 east; \$1,500.

Remarkable Cure of Croup - A Little Boy's Life Saved.

I have a few words to say regarding Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It saved my little boy's life and I feel that I cannot praise it enough. I bought a bottle of it from A. E. Steere of Goodwin, S. D., and when I got home with the poor baby coughing hardly breathe. I gave the medicine as directed every ten minutes until he "threw up" and then I thought sure he was going to choke to death. He had to pull the phlegm out of his mouth in great long strings. I am positive that if I had not got that bottle of cough medicine, my boy would not be on earth today. - JOEL DEMONT, Inwood, Iowa. For sale by A. G. Luken & Co. and W. A. Sudhoff, druggists.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE OPERA.

Seats have started off with a whirl for the Cecilia Shay opera company to such extent that it is already remarked that "You'll have to hurry if you want to see Cecilia." All of which is quite commendable, and indicates that Richmond's love of music is not all founded on hear-say. If Richmond were to let such an organization as this appear before anything but a packed house it would not be at all to the credit of Richmond. The fact that it is going to be crowded, as shown by the plat at the Westcott, is evidence that we know a good thing musically and are going to hear it. The rush for seats from the country about us is also large. Centerville, Cambridge City, even Muncie and Marion have sent in for seats and lots of them. So we advise those in Richmond who have not already attended to it, not to put off the selection of seats too long. The Cincinnati papers are full of portraits of the company and the Commercial Tribune says of them: "Cincinnati has reason to feel proud of Miss Rose Cecilia Shay, who, this season, has scored such a notable success at the head of her own English Grand Opera company. Miss Shay is a graduate of the Cincinnati college of music. After completing her musical studies in this city she went abroad, where she placed herself under some of the great masters. Her season so far has been of the nature of a triumphal tour, for everywhere the most fulsome praise has been lavished on her for her remarkable voice as well as her histrionic ability in bringing out the possibilities in such characters as 'Carmen,' 'Marguerite,' 'Santuzza,' and character of 'Santuzza,' in Mascagni's 'Cavalleria Rusticana.' Miss Shay will appear in Carmen here.

Above we present a pretty picture of Miss Jackson, who plays at the Artists' Recital at Pethian temple Saturday evening. By the way, has it occurred to you that here is an



LEONORA JACKSON

artist you ought to hear? To not hear her would be a misfortune to a musician.

LAST NIGHT.

The presentation of the Casino Girl at the Gennett last evening was an altogether happy event. The company were not encouraged by the presence of as large an audience as would be desirable from the box office level, but were fully awake to the importance of pleasing what they did have. The performance was received with great enthusiasm. The fact that the piece has had no showing in this country outside of the largest cities made this an event of more than general importance here. Mr. Smith, the librettist, has furnished many books of comical that have been liked by amusement-seekers in this country, and this is as good as anything he has done. The idea is unique—the prima donna tired of the foot light, goes to Egypt and at Cairo becomes a milliner; her New York sweetheart follows her. The police in Cairo are in pursuit of a clever rogue, Ben Muley, who manages to get the lover arrested. Pelsener Pasha who has secured his office because he introduced beer to the Khedive, is the judge before whom the trial takes place, and his ideas of law are in keeping with the curiosities of the situations in the play. The actors who were most pleasing were Frank Bernard as the Pasha, Ben Grinnell as the rogue, Clara Palmer, who was prima donna for Francis Wilson, had the name poet and was a favorite with the audience. Misses Nellie McNaughton, Hattie Arnold and Carrie Reynolds also pleased everybody. The music by Englander is jingly and appropriate to the book. Really it was one of the shows we wish could be seen here again this season.

Lester & Co. is the firm name of the amusement firm which produces the Russo Siberian play, "For Her Sake," a melodramatic creation said to embody many original features. The piece tells the story of a Russian nobleman whose love for a serf girl engenders a series of plots of the intensely dramatic quality which these Siberian plays afford. The "heavy" in the play is a member of the czar's secret police and at the same time a nihilist. The play will be seen at the Gennett theatre next Saturday matinee and night.

BILLY WEST.
 Friends and admirers here of Billy West, the minstrel, will regret to learn that he is lying at the point of death at Chicago from cancer of the stomach. Surgical operations have failed and he must die.

Cards.

The candidates cards this campaign are so full of information as to be valuable. Almost every card is backed with something—one with the vote of the county for President clear back to the dark ages; another with the primaries for several years; another the list of officers since 1840. If they could all be gathered up and bound they would supply all the political information that would be needed for several years to come. It seems to be a new scheme, tends to make the cards preserved.

The total vote of the city in 1900 was 10,756, of which Wm. McKinley received 6,736.

At the primary in 1898 Alex. Reid led the ticket by 3,130 majority; in 1900 Al. Spekenbier led with 3,040 majority.

The auditors of the county have been: Francis King, 1840-46; Thos. Adams, B. J. L. Martin, Sylvester Johnson, E. M. Parker, C. S. DuHadway, T. W. O. Braffett, Finley Newlin, John M. Lantz, Alonzo Marshall, A. S. Reid.

A Good Recommendation.

"I have noticed that the sale on Chamberlain's Stomach & Liver Tablets is almost invariably to those who have once used them," says Mr. J. H. Weber, a prominent druggist of Cascade, Iowa. What better recommendation could any medicine have than for people to call for it when again in need of such a remedy? Try them when you feel dull after eating, when you have a bad taste in your mouth, feel bilious, have no appetite or when troubled with constipation, and you are certain to be delighted with the prompt relief which they afford. For sale by A. G. Luken & Co. and W. H. Sudhoff.

Marriage license was issued today to Walter A. Bass and Viola W. Goe, Richmond.

"Mis' Brennan's Kid"

By Cecely Allen

Copyright, 1901, by A. S. Richardson.

The entire neighborhood had long since decided that Mrs. Brennan's youngest hopeful would close his earthly career through the unwelcome attentions of the proverbial hanger-on. Maggie Brennan, aged fifteen, was a popular employee at Johnson's cigar factory. Young Dan was a district messenger boy, and even little Jennie earned odd pennies by caring for the neighbors' children when the latter were called away to christenings, funerals and weddings.

But from the day that the "Kid" at the tender age of nine months, had fallen from the fire escape to the area way, striking three clotheslines en route, and had sat up, howling vigorously, but unhurt, his young life had been marked by a succession of stirring and nerve distracting events.

Even his good natured Irish mother had begun to regard him as hopeless, and his one friend was pretty Miss Harris, whose pink and blue shirt waists and daintily embroidered skirt decorated the Brennan clothes horse each ironing day. Meta Harris always declared that the "Kid" was particularly intelligent and some day would perform a great deed.

On this afternoon the "Kid" having reached the age of three and having acquired sufficient wisdom to snatch a stick of licorice from a weaker and meekly pliant in the gutter, had wandered far from home.

An overdose of licorice on this hot, sultry day had affected the "Kid" as nothing had ever done before. He yearned for the narrow, dim court and the towering tenement, to say nothing of a drink and his mother's restful bosom. But all around him was mud the Nick, yellow mud of a newly opened street, and beyond disgustingly new cottages painted in aesthetic tints and surrounded by gardens laid out in geometrical flower and lawn patterns—that is, all were thus laid out save one. It was overgrown with weeds, which had choked out the flowers planted there early in the spring.

A young man in a natty flannel suit had paused at the gate and was surveying with a clouded brow the scene of desolation. It hardly seemed possible that just four months previous he and she had planted those flowers, coming up each evening to water them, pick out the weeds and put finishing touches within doors.

The parlor furniture had been put in place. Even some of the shining tinware had found its way to the small pantry when the quarrel came. He had done his best to smooth over the difficulty, but finally one afternoon he had walked over to the little cottage, which represented his savings of two hard years, closed and barred the windows and doors and with a heavy heart had walked out through the small gate. Never again had he been near the burial ground of his high hopes until this evening. Vaguely he had felt lately that something ought to be done with the place.

The frown deepened as he turned away and marched resolutely down the street. He would see a real estate man at once and offer the place at any sacrifice. Then he'd try his luck in South America. The papers all said there were great openings down there for clever fellows from the States.

"Mamma! Ma!" Jack Griswold stopped communing with the disagreeable past and stared down upon a bedraggled, forlorn bit of humanity.

"Hello, old chap! Are you black or white?"

The "old chap" resented the familiar address, fell to weeping lustily and rolled desolately in the soft mud. "Oh, I say," exclaimed Jack, bending over the little fellow, "you mustn't do that! You'll be a sight. Guess you're lost."

Griswold glanced helplessly at the neat cottages and then at the child of the slums. How ever did the youngster get way out here? And his sobs were actually pitiful. Jack thought of a policeman, but such officials were seldom needed in this quiet neighborhood.

Finally pity overcame discretion, and Jack grasped a small hand and led the runaway toward the cottage over which he had but lately been gloating in misery. He unlocked the door and led the culprit to the kitchen, turned on the water and awkwardly washed the astonished denizen of Diggle's court.

"There! When I get a few layers of dirt off I'll take you to the nearest police station, and they can locate your ma. But I'll be hanged if I'd drag such a connecting link as you were through the streets."

A fresh handkerchief was sacrificed on the altar of cleanliness, and then Griswold started toward the door with his unexpected charge. But here another surprise was in store for him. The skies were overcast, and lightning was playing along the horizon. There was nothing to do but wait till the storm passed by.

Griswold sank into a rocker in the tiny parlor, and "Mis' Brennan's Kid" clambered familiarly upon his knee. The afternoon was sultry, the little head sank lower and lower on Griswold's immaculate flannel suit, and soon a soft, even breathing filled the quiet room.

Happy days when he and she had played and furnished the cottage.

A sudden dash of vivid lightning and a shrill feminine shriek.

"Oh, Mrs. Brennan, if only I had a key we could get in here! And porches and trees are so dangerous!" Jack rose to his feet, the sleeping child still clasped in his arms. There was no mistaking that voice. For an instant he hesitated, then threw open the door.

Two women crouched in the portal. One was middle aged and haggard, her sleeves rolled up to her elbow and her apron tossed over her head. The other was young and dainty and fair to look upon, even in her fearful fright. They rose and faced the sudden vision in the doorway.

The older woman gave a scream, half of anger, half of joy.

"It's me Kid! Where did ye find him?" Then, without waiting for reply, she jerked the sleeping child from Griswold's arms and fell to weeping and scolding over him in true Irish fashion.

Ten minutes later the storm died down as suddenly as it had risen, and Mrs. Brennan and her "Kid" duly provided with car fare, were wending their way toward the nearest trolley line.

The younger woman still stood at the window, staring out upon the weeds which hung heavily with moisture. She tapped her fingers mechanically on the window pane.

"I had gone over to Mrs. Brennan's for a shirt waist I needed," she remarked suddenly, as if she felt that an explanation was obligatory. "And she was nearly crazy about the 'Kid.' I felt so sorry for her, and we kept walking and walking, and every one had seen the little boy, they said, and we followed the trail till we got here—"

She turned suddenly and faced Griswold, who was regarding her anxiously. The contrast between his grave, pleading face and his generally demoralized attire was ludicrous. The departing "Kid" had left as mementos of his short stay liberal stains of licorice and mud on Griswold's soft flannel suit. One grimy hand had evidently found a resting place on Jack's smooth shaven cheek.

Meta Harris stopped laughing and exclaimed: "Oh, to think you'd be so good to that miserable 'Kid.' You've made me feel so—so mean and insignificant." Her face was very sober now. "Do you think, Jack, you could forgive me, and—"

"Bless that 'Kid!'" exclaimed Jack as they walked home in the twilight. Meta had resolutely refused to board a trolley car in consideration of Jack's soiled raiment. "When we get settled, the little chap can play up here every Saturday."

"Yes," mused Meta. "I always said that boy would do something worth while."

California Humming Bird.

The nest is about the size of half the shell of a common duck's egg and is made of plant down and cobwebs, with a slight outside garniture of moss, being a much less compact and interesting structure than that of the eastern ruby throat. It is placed on a twig of a cork elm, a little too high to be looked into from the piazza, and in all probability is kept in its precarious position for the twig upon which it rests is no thicker than an ordinary lead pencil—by a glutinous substance collected by the bird from the honey bearing flowers which it visits in securing food.

The little occupant—a somewhat smaller bird than the female ruby throat—allows herself to be observed from the distance of four or five feet, though her attitude is one of great alertness, and any sudden movement on the part of her observer will immediately send her off. There is something in the position of the eye, so far up in the head, in the long and very slightly curved bill and in the short up-dipped tail as she sits rather high in her tiny nest that is suggestive of a pygmy woodcock—Independent.

Walnut Grain.

In order to imitate walnut grain rub down the article to be stained without oil, then charge a sponge with potassium permanganate and squeeze it out again until nearly dry. With this dab the wood, using something to protect the hands while doing it to prevent their being dyed brown. Next saturate with alkanna root oil and polish lightly. Follow with another dabbing with a well squeezed out sponge previously saturated with a filtered solution of best bismark brown in spirit. When this has dried for a short time, continue the polishing, sprinkling on a little pumice stone and dabbing where necessary with the sponges, as explained above. The process will produce a handsome graining.

Why Eyes Are Light and Dark.

An interesting point is the cause of the different shades of color we see in the eyes. On a certain membrane in the interior are numerous cells called "pigment" cells. When these are present in very great numbers, they produce that deep black color of some eyes and in proportion to their numbers decrease also the depth of color till finally a light blue is reached. In certain eyes these pigment cells do not exist at all, being wanting, indeed, all through the system, hair and skin. A person of this description is called an albino, and among animals we find a parallel in the case of the white rabbit.—Chambers' Journal.

Gentle, Yet Severe.

"My ancestors," said Willie Washington, "moved in the very best society."

"I don't doubt it," answered Miss Cayenne a little wearily. "But the best society doesn't necessarily make the best company."—Washington Star.

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GENNETT THEATRE.

MURRAY & SWISHER, Managers and Lessees.

SAURDAY, JAN. 4.

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 D. E. Lester & Co.'s Powerful Russian Melodrama.

FOR HER SAKE

A play of intense interest. Stupendous scenic production. Cast of unequalled excellence.

Thrilling Climaxes! Startling Effects!
 Prices—Matinee, children 10c, adults 25c. Evening, lower floor, 35, 50 and 75c; balcony, 35 and 50c; gallery 25c.

Sale seats at Westcott Pharmacy.

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MURRAY & SWISHER, Lessees and Managers

MONDAY JAN. 6

Subscription Engagement

Rose Cecilia Shay
 English Grand Opera Co.

NEARLY 100 PEOPLE.
 Sale open to subscribers at the Westcott Pharmacy, Friday morning, Jan. 3. Subscribers can vote for opera from Carmen, Faust, Trovatore, Martha or Faglicci and Cavalleria Rusticana.

Large Chorus, Grand Orchestra, Double Cast Principals.

Scenery and complete equipment.
 Largest and strongest English Grand Opera Co. in the United States.
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Is your mouth in a perfect, healthy condition? If not, it is your duty to have it attended to at once. There is nothing that mars the beauty and injures the health as much as ugly, decayed teeth. Our painless method of filling, extracting and crowning teeth have given us the lead and should make you one of our patients.

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 Good Set of Teeth on rubber - \$5.00
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Run on Savings Bank Stopped.

Cleveland, O., Jan. 3.—The run on the Dime Savings and Banking company started yesterday and caused the embarrassment of the Everett-Moore syndicate was checked today by the bank taking advantage of the provision that sixty days notice of withdrawal must be given the directors. They state that the assets are more than sufficient to pay all liabilities and leave the stock intact.

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Get a box of Prices' delicious chocolates.