

H. J. HANES LEAVES OFFICE WITH AN ENVIABLE RECORD

For the First Time in Many Years, Affairs Were Strictly Up to the Minute, When Successor Assumed Full Charge

DEPUTY PAYS PRETTY COMPLIMENT TO METHODS

Says Hanes Established a Precedent for Thoroughness That Will Make It Hard for Future Officials to Emulate.

Demas S. Coe began his duties as auditor of Wayne county today. Mr. Coe was given an absolutely clean slate in the office by retiring auditor H. J. Hanes.

It should be said for Mr. Hanes that for the first instance in many years at the time for a change in officials, he had the affairs of the office strictly up to the minute, as he had at all previous times. He made a final settlement with the county treasurer last evening, paying over the fees due from the auditor. When after working "overtime" for several days and nights, Mr. Coe was ready to succeed to the office, he found every book and record balanced and approved by the county commissioners, every paper in its proper place, and even the minutest detail attended to by Mr. Hanes or those under his direction.

During the eight years Mr. Hanes was in the office—four years as deputy to ex-auditor Alexander S. Reid, he has made scores of friends by his courteous treatment of every caller at the office, and by his thorough knowledge of the affairs of his post.

Deputy auditor Charles Newlin, who served under Mr. Hanes and who will continue in the office with Mr. Coe, states that the affairs of the auditor are in more nearly perfect condition than at any time within his recollection. He says there has not been a single item overlooked by Mr. Hanes, and every detail has been properly handled. Mr. Newlin further says Mr. Hanes has established a precedent in office by his untiring and thorough application to duty that will require a special effort on the part of future officials to emulate.

Mr. Hanes has no settled plans for the future. He will remain in Richmond for a few weeks and then will take a pleasure trip through the West. Further than that he is undecided, in view of his excellent record as auditor, however, it is believed that he will not be permitted to remain idle long.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Quickly made friendships are quickly ended.

Life's most desirable pleasures cost the least.

Sorrow of life enable us to appreciate the joys thereof.

It's easy to talk philosophically if you are not personally interested.

Instead of trying to beat his record the average man should try to forget it.

Most of the things we learn from experience come under the head of compulsory education.

It has been observed that the average man is never so happy as when he is posing as a critic.

Don't forget that the brownstone front usually depends on a homely brick rear for support.

If sympathy could be converted into cash, it's doubtful that it would be worth so much of it wasted.—Chicago News.

One Book Authors.

Robert Burton, the author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," may claim this honor: His book has stood the test of time as few books have. Professor Saintsbury writes that "all fit readers of English literature have loved him." Lamb praises "the fantastic great old man" and, indeed, borrowed from him many a choice phrase. Among other remarkable "one book authors" may be mentioned Sir Thomas Malory, whose famous collection of Arthurian romances is one of the imperishable treasures of the English tongue; Richard Hooker, whose "Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity" is still a standard book on the constitution of the Church of England; and Gilbert White, whose immortal "Natural History of Selborne" is still read with pleasure and profit.

A German View of Our Diet.

Die Woche of Berlin tells its readers "what Americans eat," taking as a type the average New York business man. Hot cakes, quick lunch dishes, pie, wasser, rabbit, ice cream, grape fruit, oyster cocktails, pork and beans and many other purely American dishes and ice water are referred to as indignation promoters. "All this," says the writer, "the American eats with relish. They are the dishes of the city and of the country. He balks at only four things—frankfurter sausages, sauerkraut, buttermilk and Limburger cheese. These he calls 'Dutch foods.'"

To Send Flowers by Mail.

Take a long potato and bore a hole through it lengthwise for a holder and shave the outside down with a sharp knife until it can be easily handled. When ready to send the flowers, place their stems in the potato and wrap around this a piece of wet sheet cotton. Over this wrap a sheet of tin foil, carefully covering every part of the holder. The moisture cannot penetrate the paper and will be retained for a long time.—Suburban Life.

NATURE TREATMENT RECOMMENDED BY EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH OF AUSTRIA.



Latest photo of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, who has kept excellent health for twenty years by nature treatment. Except for the recent catarrhal ailment, he has not been sick a day in that time. Plenty of out-door exercise is his prescription.

INTEREST IN THE STATE CORN SHOW

Will Be Held at Purdue in Two Weeks and Trophies Will Be Awarded.

INSTRUCTION TO BE GIVEN.

Premium lists for the State Corn Show to be held at Purdue University, January 12-18, are being distributed and much interest is being manifested in this movement by the corn men of the state. The trophies which are on exhibition at Purdue, are attracting much attention and will surely inspire a spirited competition. These are to be held by the winners for one year and the name of the winner will be inscribed on the cup.

OFFICERS AND SADDLES.

Jefferson Davis and a Joke He Did Not Appreciate.

When Jefferson Davis was secretary of war he ordered all his generals to learn to ride horseback. No finer horseman than Jefferson Davis ever lived. He won the love and hand of Zach Taylor's daughter by his distinguished presence in the saddle, as well as by his intrepidity at the cannon's mouth. When secretary of war he noticed that only a few officers in the service were capable horsemen and issued an order something like this:

"A liberal reward will be paid to any officer or private in the army who will offer a satisfactory device for keeping our soldiers from falling out of their saddles. Communications to the secretary of war will be regarded as confidential."

Captain George Horatio Derby, one of the leading army engineers of his day, used to write humorous and witty stories over the pen name of John Phoenix. He received a copy of Secretary Davis' order while improving the harbor of San Diego, Cal. and immediately forwarded the most intricate and accurate designs of his plan for keeping officers and men in the saddle. To the seat of each officer's "pants" he attached a bull ring, and another bull ring was attached to the saddle. The two bull rings were to be lashed together when the officer mounted his steed. "If that doesn't hold, nothing will," wrote Phoenix to the secretary. Davis was furious when he got this proposition and immediately ordered that Captain Derby should be court-martialed for "official levity." The secretary felt that the army had been disgraced and wanted Derby severely punished. One of his intimates hastened to him. "Jeff," he whispered, "if you order a court martial for this little pleasantry of John Phoenix, one of the salt of the earth and immensely popular in the army, you will be made a laughing stock. People will ridicule you and your office. Just laugh it off." Davis took his advice.—New York Press.

Throw away pills and strong cathartics which are violent in action and always have on hand the Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, the guaranteed cure for constipation and all diseases arising from stomach trouble.

MESMER'S METHODS.

He Influenced Patients by Suggestion, but Did Real Power.

Mesmer published in 1773 his account of the marvelous cures effected by what he was pleased to term animal magnetism. When in 1778 he came to Paris he came with a well developed sense of the value of advertising. The campaign he inaugurated was of a character to disgust the conservative and thoughtful, but to take a sensation loving populace by storm. Most extravagant tales of cures he had accomplished in Berlin, Vienna and elsewhere were noised abroad. Through a convert he challenged the physicians of Paris to enter into a contest with him, they to treat twelve patients by the orthodox methods, he to treat twelve by his. Of course this challenge was rejected, and equally of course its rejection was interpreted by the thoughtless as an acknowledgment of the superiority of Mesmer's treatment. His rooms were thronged. His purse waxed constantly heavier.

The treatment he gave was such as to appeal vividly to the imagination of the patient—in a word, to increase his suggestibility. Suggestion, indeed, was its root element, although Mesmer failed or pretended to fail to recognize this and taught that its efficacy depended upon the influence of a mysterious fluid. In a room dimly lighted and hung with mirrors the patients were seated about a circular vat of considerable size covered with a lid and containing various chemicals. A long cord connected the patients with one another, while in the lid of the vat were several holes, through each of which passed an iron rod bent in such a way that its point could be applied to any part of a patient's body. The patients were requested not to speak, the only sound in the room being strains of soft music. When expectancy was at its flood Mesmer would enter clad in the robe of a magician and carrying an iron wand. At one patient he would stroke gently with his wand. Soon some would burst into laughter, others into tears, while still others would fall into convulsions, finally passing into a lethargic state, out of which, it is claimed, they emerged cured or on the highroad to a cure. Occasionally the treatment was given outdoors, a tree being "magnetized" and the patient collapsing in a swoon so soon as he approached it.—Appleton's Magazine.

NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS.

We desire to thank our many friends and patrons for their very liberal patronage during the past year. Our business has increased very satisfactorily and we appreciate the large trade extended to us. Wish you all a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

A. KUTCHE, The Greek Candy Store.

Correspondents of London papers, writing of the return to various countries of so many thousands of laborers from America, give different reasons for the emigration. The Pall Mall Gazette, in a dispatch from Buda Pesth says: "The great majority of these returned emigrants asserted their ability to obtain a better livelihood in Hungary than in America. Now comes the news that two other batches of emigrants are expected, one of the vessels bringing no fewer than 1,200 home to the land, while the second brings 1,000 to Hungary. From America all this unskilled labor is so wanted that it can be taught. Nevertheless, there still remain some 1,500,000 Hungarians in America, and the exodus from Hungary is as large as ever. Hungary needs badly agricultural labor."

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\$25.00 Hart, Schaffner & Marx Suits and Overcoats \$20.00

\$10.00 Clothcraft Suits and Overcoats \$8.00

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MARK TWAIN'S STOGIES.

The Effect They Produced on the After Dinner Festivities.

One night at the Hartford Monday Evening club meeting George, our colored butler, came to me when the supper was nearly over, and I noticed that he was pale. Normally his complexion was a clear black and very handsome, but now it had modified to old amber. He said:

"Mr. Clemens, what are we going to do? There is not a cigar in the house but those old Wheeling long nines. They kill at thirty yards. It is too late to telephone—we couldn't get any cigars out from town—what can we do? Ain't it best to say nothing and let on that we didn't think?"

"No," I said, "that would not be honest. Fetch out the long nines," which he did.

I had just come across those "long nines" a few days or a week before. I hadn't seen a long nine for years. When I was a cub pilot on the Mississippi in the late fifties I had had a great affection for them, because they were not only to my mind—perfect, but you could get a basketful of them for a cent—or a dime. They didn't use cents out there in those days. So when I saw them advertised in Hartford I sent for a thousand at once. They came out to me in badly battered and disreputable looking old square pasteboard boxes, 200 in a box. George brought a box, which was carved in on all sides, looking the worst it could, and began to pass them around. The conversation had been brilliantly animated up to that moment, but now a frost fell upon the company—that is to say, not all of a sudden, but the frost fell upon each man as he took up a cigar and held it poised in the air—and there, in the middle, his sentence broke off. That kind of thing went on all around the table until when George had completed his crime the whole place was full of a thick solemnity and silence.

Those men began to light the cigars. Rev. Dr. Parker was the first man to light. He took three or four heroic whiffs, then gave it up. He got up with the remark that he had to go to the bedside of a sick parishioner. He started out. Rev. Dr. Burton was the next man. He took only one whiff and followed Parker. He furnished a pretext, and you could see by the sound of his voice that he didn't think much of the pretext and was vexed with Parker for getting in ahead with a flimsy alibi. Rev. Mr. Twitchell followed and said he had to go now because he must take the midnight train for Boston. Boston was

the first place that occurred to him, I suppose.

It was only a quarter to 11 when they began to distribute pretexts. At ten minutes to 11 all those people were out of the house. When nobody was left but George and me, I was cheerful. I had no compunctions of conscience, no griefs of any kind. But George was beyond speech because he held the honor and credit of the family above his own, and he was ashamed that this smirch had been put upon it. I told him to go to bed and try to sleep it off. I went to bed myself. At breakfast in the morning when George was passing a cup of coffee I saw it tremble in his hand. I knew by that sign that there was something on his mind. He brought the cup to me and asked impressively:

"Mr. Clemens, how far is it from the front door to the upper gate?"

I said, "It is a hundred and twenty-five steps."

He said, "Mr. Clemens, you can start at the front door, and you can go plumb to the upper gate and tread on one of them cigars every time."

It wasn't true in detail, but in essentials it was.—Mark Twain's Autobiography in North American Review.

Peculiar Vienna Custom.

The Viennese take their pleasures as regularly as they do their meals, but they do not neglect business or keep late hours. One thing, perhaps, which helps to keep the young Viennese of moderate means and economical mind regular in his evening hours is the fact that he must pay to get into his own rooms after 10 o'clock. Vienna is one vast system of apartment houses, and a house master is in charge of each one. At 10 o'clock he locks the front door, and any one desiring to get in after that hour must pay for admittance, and the old resident has no more right to a key than the ephemeral lodger.—London Graphic.

Birds' Wages.

In the garden there are a thousand small offenders that he who tills the soil for pleasure would willingly forgive. If it be granted that the thrush and the blackbird steal a certain amount of fruit, still their presence is so beautiful and their song so sweet that what they take may gladly be accorded as wages.—Country Life.

Practical Training.

"Deduction is the thing," declared the law student. "For instance, yonder in our yard is a pile of ashes. That is evidence that we have had fires this winter."

"And, by the way, John," broke in his father, "you might go out and sift that evidence."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

LARSH IN NAVAL WIRELESS SERVICE

Is Connected With the Service At Key West, Florida, an Important Station.

Everett Larsh, a former well known Wayne county young man and now connected with the naval wireless service with headquarters at Key West, Florida, in the city enjoying a furlough, Larsh is a nephew of Lade Larsh, a well known politician. Larsh kept in wireless communication with Admiral Evans' battle fleet, until the big ships got out of the radius of his transmission.

Discussing a certain bankrupt a Chicago stock exchange member said: "It is no wonder the poor fellow went under. When it became necessary for him to borrow the securities he offered were worthless. This fact was pointed out to him and he produced other bundles of securities less valuable, if possible than the first lot. He was somewhat like a waiter I heard about the other day. This waiter was summoned merely by a guest. 'Look here, waiter,' the guest grumbled, 'these oysters that you have brought me are bad.' 'I know that sir,' answered the waiter, 'but we have given you three more than you ordered to make up for it.'"



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