

THE RICHMOND PALLADIUM AND SUN-TELEGRAM.

Published and owned by the PALLADIUM PRINTING CO., issued 7 days each week, evenings and Sunday morning. Office—Corner North 9th and A streets. Home Phone 1121. Bell 21. RICHMOND, INDIANA.

Rudolph G. Leeds—Managing Editor. Charles M. Morgan—Business Manager. O. Owen Kuhn—News Editor.

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In Richmond \$5.00 per year (in advance) or 10c per week. MAIL SUBSCRIPTIONS. One year, in advance, \$5.00. Six months, in advance, \$2.60. One month, in advance, .45.

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Entered at Richmond, Indiana, post-office as second class mail matter.

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of Ohio.

—For Vice-President—
JAMES S. SHERMAN
of New York.

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THE WAVE OF PROHIBITION.

There is no denying the fact that a wave of prohibition has swept the country from North to South and from East to West. We are not disposed to take the result as the work either of the prohibition party, nor yet, of its rival the Anti-Saloon league. In many cases both parties or rather organizations have not been the means of what legislation has been accomplished, but have unfortunately unwittingly failed in what they might have accomplished by gentler methods, than they employed.

We regard the prohibition wave in the south to be what its authors intended it to be—the protection of the white woman and the bettering of the condition of the negro and poor white. We regard the wave in the north as the result of the fight against the vicious element which frequents the low saloon. We see in it the elimination of the "ward healer" and the dislike of the better class of citizens to have the liquor element enter into the politics through the side door on Sunday. We dare say that what the majority of the voters wanted, was not the total demolition of the business, but a means of bettering conditions, in which freedom had been abused by the saloon interests. There is many a man who will drink now and then who has voted for prohibition to rout the dive and low resort which has been fostered by the "interests." And who does not recall the fact that the very men who fought the low gin mill in the south which was frequented by the lowest and most depraved of the blacks and whites, were accustomed to keep a decanter on the sideboard in the interest of hospitality?

The liquor traffic has none to blame but itself and the vicious element that

it catered to. We now see signs of improvement among the brewing and distilling interests. They have begun a reform of their own. If they had begun sooner they might have saved themselves some little hardship. It is not only hard on them, but on the sane and temperate man who occasionally likes an innocuous glass of beer; but the weaker element must be defended against itself and if the saloon will not do it the community must.

In this state we are glad to see that the republican party has allied itself on the right side. The side which gives a chance for the wholesomeness of local conditions while not destroying the privileges of those who can take care of themselves. The party has accomplished much in the past and it now stands committed to the two things which will eliminate the vicious element: i. e. the high license and the county option. These two things we believe will do more to help the state to a sane position on the subject than will prohibition. The democratic party is so hopelessly entangled with the Taggart-Fairbanks-Lieber combination that any effort toward a wholesome condition of affairs is impossible. The better element, then, which wants elimination of the dive and the low saloon must vote the republican ticket wherever they can find a man who represents the republican party on this question fearlessly and who has shown in his past record that he is both competent and sincere.

A REPUBLICAN CONGRESS.

While all this presidential talk is going on, let us not forget the importance of a republican congress. If Taft is elected he will need a republican house to carry out the program as enunciated in the platform and in his speech of notification. If, as seems impossible, one W. J. B. is elected it will be all the more important to have an overwhelming majority in the house to aid the senate in keeping wild and disastrous policies in check. Let us be prepared for any contingency. Let us not avoid looking any result squarely in the face.

Any man who wants business destroyed by passionate and emotional legislation against corporations because they are corporations, whether they be peaceable corporations minding their own business, or trusts fully violating the statute on technicalities—must vote the democratic ticket. But the man who contends that the present system must be amended, so that the evils be reduced to a minimum must vote the republican ticket to insure a healthy continuation of business. More than that the tariff we are all agreed with Taft must be amended, but it is by far better to amend than to swing to the extreme of free trade as announced in the Denver document. If the democrats are to abide by their folly if they get a chance, we shall soon see the red hard times, and not the passing flurry of too much frenzied finance. We shall see the hard times in which there will be no work for men because of the strangulation of business by the wild men who would play with ideas rather than laboring with realities.

That is why we must have a republican congress. To hold in check the follies of democracy if such should be our misfortune, and to carry out the needed "clinching" of the policies already inaugurated by the party. The republicans must not think we are battering up the Tin Woodman and knocking the stuffing out of the Strawman—we are facing a dangerous adversary. The more dangerous because of its specious imitation of the real republican doctrines under fraudulent double meaning words—vote catching devices to entrap the unwary. Nor must the voter think that anything is sure till after the battle is over. True, we have a majority in the house at present of fifty-nine, which looks formidable, but a shift of thirty would give to the opposition a majority. There are districts in the states of Missouri, Illinois, Maryland, Kentucky, West Virginia, New Jersey, Massachusetts and in the state of Indiana which are not only doubtful but in many cases doubtful because of republican factions in local politics. What the republicans need to do is to put aside petty quarrels in such a crisis and to elect republican congressmen. We want a majority which will carry out the legislation in the right way and which will give us needed reform and not destruction.

OLIVER PERRY MORTON.

Eighty-three years ago, that is, on the fourth of August, 1823, there was born in the county of Wayne near Richmond, a boy who lived to be the greatest of the "War Governors," an able man during the time of the reconstruction, who did the country eminent service in the senate at the time of the panic of 1873. He was on the electoral commission which straightened out the Tilden-Hayes contested election. Moreover had he not been afflicted with terrible infirmities there is every reason to believe he would have been president.

The country owes him a debt of gratitude second to none except Lin-

coln for his services in the preservation of the union. Morton did what no other man of his day could have done—kept Indiana (and with it Kentucky) in the union. It is a well known fact that had Indiana seceded the union cause would have been desperate. The wedge between the East and West would have rendered the task doubly hard. Thus the country which was saved, owes it to Oliver P. Morton that his name and deeds be perpetuated.

What then shall we of Indiana and especially of Wayne county do in honor to his memory?

It is a day which should become a local holiday—at least let us pause occasionally to remember our greatest man.

GILLILAN IN ELKHART.

A Richmond man writes from Elkhart, Ind., where a Chautauqua is going on, that Strickland Gillilan, formerly of this town and city editor of the Richmond Palladium, has achieved wonderful success in his work. At Elkhart he spoke to over two thousand people for two hours—during which time he received loud bursts of applause and laughter together with spell bound attention. This was followed by wild applause. Gillilan has improved tremendously in his work and now stands at the very tip top of the Chautauqua field. Too often a man is "without honor in his own country," but we are confident that Gillilan will have a large and enthusiastic audience in Richmond where he is tremendously popular.

One-Third of Your Life.

That much of your time is spent in bed. Impure soaps that make your sheets and bedclothes sour must have a bad effect upon your health. Use a pure, sanitary soap next wash day. Easy Task soap is white. Its soft, creamy lather imports a freshness to your linens like the purity of spring.

CARRIER IS BITTEN

Harry E. Young Attacked by a Vicious Dog on North J Street.

POSTMASTER ISSUES ORDER

Harry E. Young sub carrier who has been carrying mail in Riverdale, was severely bitten by a dog on North J street yesterday. The bite is on the calf of his leg. It is believed that the dog is only a vicious one and not mad.

For this reason Postmaster Speckler has notified all the carriers that wherever they see a vicious dog that they need not deliver the mail and that the owners of the dogs will have to come to the general delivery window to get their mail or else keep their dogs tied up during the month of August.

NO ACTION TAKEN IN BANKOWSKI CASE

He Will Be Given Chance to Redeem Himself.

Chief Bailey states that there has been no disposition of the case of Valentine Bankowski, the Pole, who was recently arrested for mistreating the members of his family. It is probable that no action will be brought against the foreigner and that he will be given a chance to redeem himself. A Kellner, a member of the local Polish colony, states that but few of the Poles have any sympathy with Bankowski and he says the statement made by Bankowski that he only made seven cents a day in his native country is not true. Kellner says Bankowski owned a grocery there and made good money.

MANY TO ATTEND FAIR.

There are many Richmond people who expect to attend the Middletown, O. fair that is to be held this year. Reports from there state that the fair this year will be the largest ever offered. The program of races is varied and the exhibitions are fine. Thursday will be the crowning day.

MASONIC CALENDAR.

Monday, August 3rd—Stated convocation, Richmond Commandery, No. 8, K. T.

Wednesday, August 5th—Called meeting Webb Lodge, No. 24, F. & A. M., Fellowcraft degree.

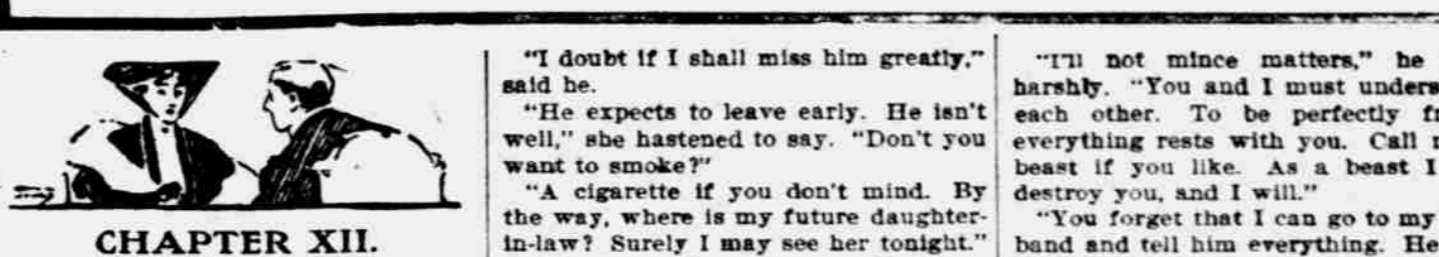
Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed it is swollen, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness caused by Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

J. C. HENNEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Jane Cable

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CHAPTER XII.

FOLLOWING close upon Mrs. Cable's visit to his office in the afternoon, Bansemer presented himself at her home in the evening, urbane, courtly, but characteristically aggressive. Her action in bearding him in his den was not surprising, even though it might have been considered unusual. He had been well aware for some time that she was sore uneasy and that it was only a question of time when she would make the expected advances. Since the announcement of Jane's engagement Bansemer had been punctiliously considerate. And yet underneath his faultless exterior Mrs. Cable felt that she could recognize the deadly poise of other intentions. She lived in fear that they would spring upon her as if from the dark and that she would be powerless to combat them. Something stronger than words or even intuition told her that James Bansemer was not to be turned aside by sentiment.

Driven at last to the point where she felt that she must know his intentions, she boldly ventured into his consultation room, a trembling but determined creature whose flesh quivered with chill despite the furs that foiled the wintry winds. Elias Droom passed her into the private room, with a polite grin that set her teeth on edge. She left the building fifteen minutes later, nursing a wild but forlorn hope that James Bansemer meant no evil after all. Without hesitation she told him plainly that she came to learn the precise nature of his attitude toward herself and the girl. Bansemer's resentment appeared too real to have been simulated. He was almost harsh in his response to the inference. In the end, however, he was a little less than tender in his efforts to convince her that she had cruelly misjudged him. She went away with a chill in her heart dislodged, but not dissolved. When he asked if she and Mr. Cable would be at home that night for a game of cards she felt obliged to urge him to come. It was not until she was in the carriage below that she remembered that David Cable was to attend a big banquet at the Auditorium that night and that Jane would be at the theater with friends.

Bansemer smiled serenely as he escorted her to the door. "We will not permit anything to happen which might bring misery to the two beings so dear to us," he assured her at parting. Shortly after 8 he entered the Cable home. He had gone to Chicago avenue beforehand to send a telegram east. From the corner of Clark street he walked across town toward the lake, facing the bitter gale with poor grace. In Washington place he passed two men going from their cab into the Union club. He did not look at him, nor did he see that they turned and stared after him as he buffeted his way across Dearborn avenue. One of the men was Bobby Rigby, the other Denis Harbert of New York.

"It's the same Bansemer," said Harbert as they entered the club. "I'd know him in a million."

At the Cable's a servant on opening the door announced that Mr. Cable was not at home.

"Is Mrs. Cable at home?" asked Mr. Bansemer, making no effort to find his cardcase.

"Yes, sir," responded the servant after a moment's hesitation. Bansemer passed through the vestibule.

"Say Mr. Bansemer, if you please," he removed his coat and was standing comfortably in front of the blazing logs in the library when she came down.

"I thought the night was too dreadful for any one to venture out unless," she was saying as she gave him her hand. "A night indoors and alone is a thousandfold more dreadful than one outdoors in quest of good company," interrupted Bansemer. He drew up chairs in front of the fireplace and stood by waiting for her to be seated.

"I had forgotten that Mr. Cable was to attend a banquet at the Auditorium," she explained nervously, confident, however, that he felt she had not forgotten.

"To be sure," he said. "This is the night of the banquet. I was not invited."

"I tried to telephone to ask you to come tomorrow night. The storm has played havoc with the wires. It is impossible to get connection with any one." A servant appeared in the doorway.

"You are wanted at the telephone, Mrs. Cable. Shall I say you will come?"

Flushing to the roots of her hair, the mistress of the house excused herself and left the room. Bansemer leaned back in his chair and smiled. She returned a few minutes later with a fluttering apology.

"What a terrible night it must be for those poor linemen," she said. "I remember what it meant to be a railroad lineman in the west years ago. The blizzards out there are a great deal more severe than those we have here, Mr. Bansemer. Just think of the poor fellows who are repairing the lines to-night. Doesn't it seem heartless?"

"It does, indeed. And yet I dare say you've been scolding them bitterly all evening. One seldom thinks it worth while to be merciful when the telephone refuses to obey. It's only a true philanthropist who can forgive the telephone. However, I am grateful to the blizzard and happy. Fair weather would have deprived me of pleasure."

"I am sorry Mr. Cable is not at home," she said calmly.

"I doubt if I shall miss him greatly," said he.

"He expects to leave early. He isn't well," she hastened to say. "Don't you want to smoke?"

"A cigarette if you don't mind. By the way, where is my future daughter-in-law? Surely I may see her tonight."

"She is at the theater—with Fernmore. Graydon is one of the party. Didn't you know?" she asked suddenly.

"I do remember it now. He left the apartment quite early. Then I have Fernmore to thank—for we are alone."

He leaned forward in his chair and flicked the cigarette ashes into the fire, his black eyes looking into hers with unmistakable intensity.

"You assured me today that you would be fair," she said, with strange calmness, meeting his gaze unflinchingly.

"I am fair. What more can you ask?" with a light laugh.

"Why did you say today that I had nothing to fear from you?" she demanded.

"You have nothing to fear. Why should you fear me? For twenty years your face has not been out of my memory. Why should I seek to hurt you, then? Why should I not rejoice in the tie that binds our interests—our lives, for that matter? Come, I ask if I am not fair?"

Her face became pale, her heart cold. She understood. The mask was off. He veiled his threat in the simplest words possible. The purpose looked through with greedy disdain for grace.

"I can offer no more than I offered today," she said.

"Do you suppose I would accept money in payment for my son's peace of mind?" declared Bansemer, with finely assumed scorn. "You offered me \$10,000. You will never know how that hurt me, coming from you. Money? What is money to me in an affair like this? I care more for one tender touch of your fingers than all the money in the world! You and you alone can mold every impulse in me. For half my life I have been hated. No one has given me a grain of love. I must have it. For years you have not been out of my mind—I have not been out of yours."

"Stop!" she cried angrily. "You have no right to say such things to me. You have been in my mind all these years, but oh, how I have hated you!"

Like a flash his manner changed. He had her in his power, and it was not in his nature to permit his subjects to dictate to him. Craft and coercion always had been his ally. Craft could not win a woman's heart, but coercion might crush it into submission.

It was not like James Bansemer to play a waiting game after it had been fairly started.

"Now listen to me," he said distinctly. "You cannot afford to talk like that. You cannot afford to make an enemy of me. I mean what I say."

"What would you do?" she cried. "You have promised that nothing shall happen to mar the lives of our children. You have given me your pledge. Is it worthless? Is it?"

"I wouldn't speak so loud if I were you," said he slowly. "The walls have ears. You have much to lose if ears other than those in the wall should hear what could be said. It would mean disaster. I know at least that you do not love David Cable."

"What! I—I worship my husband!" she cried, her eyes flashing, her bosom heaving. "I love him better than anything else in all the world. How dare you say that to me!"

"Control yourself," he cautioned calmly. "Permit me to say you love the position he has given you. You love the pedestal on which you stand so insecurely. You would rather hear his curse than to see the hand of social ostracism raised against you. Wait! A word from me and not only David Cable, but the whole world would turn against you."

"I have committed no crime," she flared back at him. "I have deceived my husband, but I have not dishonored him. Tell the world everything, if you will."

"It would be a ludicrous tale," he said, with an evil laugh. "The world, which is wicked, might forget the fact that Jane is not David's daughter, but David would not forget that she is yours."

"What do you mean?" starting from her chair. "She is not my child. You know she isn't. You know the entire story. You?"

"I only know that you brought her to me and that I did you a service. Don't ask me to be brutal and say more. She sank back and glared at him like a helpless, wounded thing, the full force of his threat rushing in upon her.

"You—you couldn't do that," she whispered tremulously. "I could, but I don't see why I should," he said, leaning closer to her shrinking figure.

"You know it isn't true," faintly. "I only know that I am trying to save you from calamity."

"Oh, what a beast you are!" she cried, springing to her feet. "Go! I defy you! Do and say what you will! Only go!"

He rose calmly, a satisfied smile on his face. "I shall of course first of all forbid my son to marry the young woman. It will be necessary for me to explain the reason to Mr. Cable. I am sorry to have distressed you. Really I had expected quite a different evening after your invitation. You can't blame me for misunderstanding your motive in asking me to come here when you expected to be utterly alone." His laugh was a sneer.

"Poor—poor little Jane!" murmured the harassed woman, clasping her hands over her eyes. Then suddenly she cried out, "What a devil you are to barter with your son's happiness!"

By George Barr McCutcheon

Author of "Beverly of Graustark," Etc.

"I'll not mince matters," he said harshly. "You and I must understand each other. To be perfectly frank, everything rests with you. Call me a beast if you like. As a beast I can destroy you, and I will."

"You forget that I can go to my husband and tell him everything. He will hate me, but he will believe me," she said, facing him once more.

"The world will believe me," he scoffed. "Not after I tell the world that you tried to blackmail me; that you have demanded \$50,000."

"But I haven't made such a demand."

"I can swear that you have," she cried triumphantly. He glared at her for a moment, his past coming up from behind with a rush that left him nothing to stand on.

"I am willing to run the risk of scandal if you are, my dear," he said after a moment, his hands clinched behind him. "It will be very costly. You have much to lose."

"I think," she said shrewdly, guessing his weakness even as he saw it, "that we can talk sensibly of the situation from now on. I am not afraid of you."

He looked at her steadily for a moment, reading her thoughts, seeing her trembling heart. Then he said dryly: "I'll do nothing for a week, and then you'll send for me."

The door in the vestibule opened suddenly and some one—aye, more than one—came in from the outside. Mrs. Cable started to her feet and turned toward the library door. Bansemer was standing close by her side.

He turned to move away as David Cable stepped to the door to look in. Cable's coat collar was about his ears, and he was removing his gloves. For a moment he stood motionless, gazing upon the occupants of the room.

Then for the first time there flashed before him the sharp point of steel which was to pierce his brain later on with deadly suspicion and doubt. There was no mistaking the confusion of Mrs. Cable and her visitor. It was manifest that they had not expected him to appear so unexpectedly. He remembered now that on two other occasions he had found Bansemer at his house and alone with Mrs. Cable, but he had not regarded it as extraordinary. But there was a startled look in her eyes tonight, an indecision in her greeting that caused him to knit his brows and lift his hand unconsciously to his temple before speaking.

He heard Bansemer say that he was just going, but that he would stay for a short chat about the banquet. Mrs. Cable turned to stir the fire with the poker, an unusual act on her part he was not slow to observe. The seed was sown.

"I brought Bobby over from the club with me—and a friend, Frances," he said, after asking Bansemer to sit down for awhile. His keen eyes noted that her hand shook as she put the poker back into its place. As he walked into the hall to throw aside his coat Frances Cable turned to Bansemer with a significant look, shaking her head in mute appeal for silence.

Bobby Rigby came into the room, followed by a tall stranger, whom he presented to Mrs. Cable. Bansemer, standing near the library table, caught a glimpse of the stranger's face as he took Mrs. Cable's hand. He started violently, unable at first to believe his eyes. A chill ran through his frame, and his expression changed from wonder to consternation.

"Mr. Bansemer, my friend, Mr. Harbert."

"I have met Mr. Bansemer," said Harbert, with a cold stare straight into the other's eyes. They were on opposite sides of the table.

"In New York," said Bansemer firmly, his eyes unflinching in their return.

He stood motionless, gazing upon the occupants of the room.

He noticed that Harbert's look was unconsciously antagonistic, but that was to be expected. It troubled him, however, to see something like unfriendliness in Rigby's greeting.

Harbert was the man who had fought him to a draw in New York. This keen, aggressive young barrister had driven him into a corner from which he escaped only by honest chance. He knew James Bansemer for what he was. It had not been his fault that the man crawled through a small avenue of technicalities and avoided the punishment that had seemed so certain. He had waged war bitterly against the blackmailer, and he missed complete victory by a hair's breadth.

Feeling the strain of the situation, Rigby talked with earnest volubility. He led the conversation into many lines—the war in the Philippines, the banquet, the play which Jane and Graydon were seeing. The thought of the play brought a shade of despair to his brow—pretty Miss Clegg was in the party with that "mucker," Medford.

James Bansemer had been cold with speculation every instant of the time

had felt that Harbert's condemning gaze had never left him. Apparently intending to do the same, he found himself wondering what Harbert's trip to Chicago signified. Gradually it dawned upon him that his old-time foe was not through with his fighting. The look in Rigby's eyes meant something, after all, and Rigby was Graydon's best friend! Harbert was in Chicago to act—and to act first! This thought shot into the man's brain like burning metal. It set every nerve afire. His Nemesis had already begun his work. Before he left the Cable home that night he would be asking his host and hostess what they knew of one James Bansemer's past.

As Bansemer arose to say good night to the others Harbert's eyes met his with deadly directness.

"Where