

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.

Nathaniel G. Leeds—Managing Editor.
Charles M. Morgan—Business Manager.
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Entered at Richmond, Indiana, post-office as second class mail matter.

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of Ohio.

—For Vice-President—
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of New York.

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—Commissioner Western Dist.—
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—Wayne Township.

—Trustee—
JAMES H. HOWARTH.

—Assessor—
CHARLES E. POTTER.

AN UNCHANGED SITUATION.

It is urged by democrats and others that now that county local option is passed that fact disposes of the necessity for the election of a republican state ticket. The facts are as unchanged as ever. In state politics it may be urged that the man is more important than his politics—but in regard to this there is the questioned changed?

Mr. Marshall has been as fickle, vacillating and evasive as can well be imagined possible. In a "wet" community he expressed sentiments which would win applause—in a "dry" community he appeared as favorable to local option. When the candidate was asked what he would do, if elected, in regard to county local option, he evaded that with sweet phrases carefully calculated to give no information.

Such pertinent as, "I will sign any constitutional bill which the legislature may in its wisdom see fit to pass," and "I will sign no bill whether it is presented by my own party or not until I have read it," may be masterpieces of slick evasion and emasculated political art. But—

Can any one, no matter how they stand in regard to the option question find in these contradictory and weak-kneed utterances any sign of timber for the chief executive of the state of Indiana? It may be true as we have heard men say that "O, well, the governor doesn't count for much anyway in ordinary routine. It doesn't make much difference who is elected." We believe, however, that extraordinary occasions do arise in which it is vital important to have a man at the head of things who does not hesitate to see which way the wind is blowing.

who does not say one thing in Terre Haute, and something else some where else. We can not see how a governor who is willing to sign "any constitutional bill" is particularly desirable. The most that is said for Marshall amounts simply to the statements (which may be true) that he would not interfere with the legislature at all. But is it not conceivable that conditions might arise when it would be for the best interests of the state and its citizens for the governor to act as a check on the legislature? The framers of the constitution of the United States and the framers of the constitution of this state surely intended, when they gave veto power into the hands of the chief executives, for them to use it intelligently and not to have Mr. Marshall's statesmanlike distrust of his own judgment!

Mr. Watson on the other hand, has had harsh things also said about him. It is said that although he was always on hand to vote right on things in congress, that he worked against all the measures in secret. These same had the power to kill in committee that he wanted to!

Now one of these statements is false. It will be apparent that either Jim Watson had the power to kill bills in committee or he had not. If Mr. Watson was truly opposed to every measure and he had the power to kill bills which his critics give him credit for, why did any bills escape this monster?

We think that the average citizen will believe in his heart that some of these things are true and some are false which are said of Mr. Watson by his enemies. No man in public life today is free from such attacks by disgruntled men. We are inclined to believe that Watson's record compares favorably with the average man in congress and that he was and is no monster.

The arenas of state and national politics are widely separate—the issues are entirely different. A man may conscientiously have a difference of opinion on national subjects which are intricate and many sided. We cannot believe that a man's views on national questions matter much in state government. The main point is, "Is the man sincere?"

If there is one thing which can be said of "Jim" Watson, his position in this campaign has been open and above board in every time and place and under every situation. That of Marshall has not been so.

Watson was criticised for going to Indianapolis and urging votes in favor of county local option! Ye God's is there anything that "Jim" Watson cannot do without his being accused of duplicity! If Mr. Watson had stayed away, then these same personal enemies would have called Watson insincere by the same token. Watson has had but one position and he has stuck to it like a man—Marshall has had as many positions as he had speeches and has backed down from every side.

If Marshall and Watson are the issues, we prefer the man who takes one position and keeps it no matter what it costs.

We would point out that Marshall has not acted squarely and Watson has been open and consistent. The latter has much the better of it.

FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS.

Considers It Her Duty to Tell.

I write this for publication with the hope that it will influence others who suffer as I did to try the great Root Juice remedy. The wonderful medicine has done so much good for me that I feel it my duty to tell it. For years I spent a life of misery, thanks to the great discovery I am now free from every ache and pain. I, like many others, was skeptical when the papers first told of the way many hundreds of cures Root Juice was making, but after seeing several people that were using it, I concluded to try it, although I felt that every organ of my body was almost worn out. My liver was torpid, my kidneys were weak and my stomach was in a horrible condition. At times it felt like it was full of rocks. A great deal of gas formed and I had weak spells frequently and I was badly constipated. My appetite was very poor and even in hot weather my hands and feet were cold. I was using some kind of medicine most of the time without much benefit. After taking the Juice a few days I began to improve. I have used four bottles and am feeling better than I have for twenty years and I believe the remedy has permanently cured me—Mrs. J. A. Colbert, R. R. No. 7, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

The great remedy has done worlds of good here in Richmond, as any one can learn by calling at A. G. Luken's drug store. Root Juice is sold for \$1 a bottle or three for \$2.50. "Uze-It" Pain Oil 25 cents. The Oil is a needed assistant in rheumatism and kidney troubles when there is pain, soreness or inflammation.

ATTENDING CONGRESS.

Dr. Charles S. Bond and son George have gone to Washington, D. C., where they are attending the sessions of the International Congress on Tuberculosis now being held in that city.

The KING of DIAMONDS.

By Louis Tracy.

Author of "Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," Etc.

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THIS time it was a policeman. For an instant their eyes met in mutual astonishment. Then the policeman came so close that his helmet rested against a pane of glass. He grinned affably and cried:

"Here! I want to speak to you." Intuitively grasping the essential fact that his best policy was one of ready acquiescence, Philip sprang toward the door and unlocked it. He stood on the step. The constable approached.

"I hope I didn't startle you," he began, "but I just looked in on the off chance—"

"I am very glad indeed to see you," interrupted the boy. "I am leaving here tomorrow. Just now, while I was packing some of my belongings, a very nasty looking man came and peeped in at me in the same way as you did."

He backed into the house. The policeman half followed him, his quick glance noting the open portmanteau and its array of old clothes.

"Just now?" he questioned. "Do you mean some time since?"

"No, no. Not half a minute—a few seconds ago."

"But where can he be? He hasn't left the mews or I must have seen him. I crossed the road, and no one came out in so short a time."

"Well, he is somewhere in the place. He had a horrid appearance—a man with a broken nose. He made me jump. I can assure you."

"A man with a broken nose! By Jove! I'm looking for a party of that description. A rank wrong 'un. Robbery with violence and a few other little things. What sort of a man was he? You saw his face only, I suppose?"

The constable stepped back into the paved court. A rapid twist of his hand sent a vivid beam of light dancing over ruined tenements, disheveled doorways and shattered windows.

"A tall man," said Philip, "taller than you, for I could see his chin over the string of the curtain. He had a big face, with eyes that stuck out boldly—"

"It's Jocky right enough!" cried the constable. "Now, where can he have got to? He's an ugly customer to tackle single handed." He added beneath his breath:

"Won't you wait a bit until I get some help?" said Philip anxiously.

The man appeared to debate the point. The nearest comrade was an acting sergeant, newly promoted. If he were summoned, the odds of a smart capture would be his by right of seniority.

"No," answered the constable stubbornly. "If he is here, I will handle him myself."

Again his lamp swept the small area of the mews and revealed no living object. He quickly unfastened his belt, took off his greatcoat and readjusted belt and lamp again.

"Now I'm ready for him," he grinned. "Put my coat inside, boy, and stand at the door yourself with the candle in your hand. If you see anything, yell out to me."

Philip obeyed. These preparations for a deadly struggle appealed to his very soul, for his healthy minded boy of fifteen has generally ceased to be a highwayman or a pirate in imagination and aims rather at planting the union jack on a glacial bristling with hostile cannon.

The policeman, feeling for the loose strap of his truncheon, commenced a careful survey of the mews. He had not gone five yards when there was a loud crash of broken glass. The building at the other end of the yard possessed a couple of windows facing into another inclosure at the back. Obviously the broken nosed Jocky, unseen himself, had observed the constable's movements.

Realizing that discovery was imminent, he was effecting a strategic movement to the rear.

The policeman instantly abandoned his cautious tactics. He ran toward the door of the house whence the sound came. It resisted somewhat, but yielded to his shoulder. He disappeared inside. Philip, after closing his own door, also ran to the new center of interest, shielding the candle with one hand lest it should blow out.

Quick as he was, he missed the first phase of a Homeric combat. The violent Jocky, foiled by an unnoticed iron bar in his attempt to escape, turned like a madman on the policeman. There was no sort of parley between them. Cursing the luck that had revealed his hiding place, the man, an ex-convict, with the frame of a giant, sprang at his pursuer suddenly from an inner room.

The policeman had a second's warning. It was something, but not enough to give him an advantage. He got his truncheon out, but simultaneously his assailant was on him with a ferocity of a catamount. They closed in bone breaking endeavor, and before they were locked together for ten fearful seconds the officer of the law bitterly regretted the professional pride which sent him single handed into this unequal strife.

For he was physically outclassed, and he knew it, and there is no more unerring knowledge can come to a man in such a supreme moment. Nevertheless he was a brave man, and he fought with all the resolution that is born of the consciousness of justice and moral right. But Providence is on the side of big battalions, and Jocky was taller, heavier, very much more active. Moreover, liberty is as potent an incentive as law any day, and law was being steadily throttled when the pale gleam of Philip's candle lit up the confines of the ruinous hovel about which the two men stamped and tumbled and wrestled.

At the precise moment of the boy's entrance the policeman's knees yielded, and he fell, with his remorseless antagonist uppermost. Philip, gazing at them wild-eyed, almost fell, too, for his

left foot rolled on the constable's staff. Being fashioned of the stuff which founds empires—on the principle that instant action is worth a century of diplomacy—he picked up the truncheon and brought it down on Jocky's hard skull with such emphasis that the convict emitted a queer sort of cough and collapsed limply on top of his conquered adversary.

Then the boy was horrified. The two lay so still that he imagined both were dead. It is one thing to help the law, but quite another to kill a man. He did not want to be a murderer as well as a millionaire, not knowing then the qualities which go to form these varieties of genus homo are strangely alike.

He gazed at them as in a trance, but relief came when he heard them breathing stertorously. At last, after a pause that apparently endured unnumbered minutes, the constable weakly rolled himself free from the bulky form of his would be slayer and sat up.

He inflated his lungs vigorously. Then he managed to gasp:

"Thank you! You've saved my life!" He pressed his ribs with both hands and gingerly felt his throat. He stood up. His lamp was still alight, but a quantity of oil had run over his tunic and trousers.

"By Jove, boy, you are a brick," he said, and his voice was under control again.

Philip answered not a word. His eyes were glued on the prostrate form of Jocky. The policeman understood his fear and laughed.

"Don't you worry about him. He'll do a stretch all right. I would have given him a harder one than that if I got a swing at him."

His words were quickly justified. The fallen man growled unintelligibly and moved. With a rapidity born of much practice the officer handcuffed him. There must have been some sense of familiarity in the touch of the steel bracelets, for the recipient of this delicate attention stirred uneasily.

"You knocked him silly," grinned the policeman, "but he will get his wits back in a minute or two. Can you bring him a drink of water? It won't do me any harm either."

Philip hurried away to comply with this request. His mind was relieved now and with the backward swing of the metal pendulum came the reflection that the least aid of his connection with the case the better.

He filled a small tin cup at the scullery tap and ran with it to the scene of the capture. The constable was gently shaking his prize and addressing him by name.

"Jocky! Jocky! Mason! Pull yourself together. This way for the Old Bailey!"

"If you please," said Philip, "I would be very greatly obliged were my name not mentioned at all with reference to this affair."

The policeman, whose senses were normal again, was instantly impressed by the boy's grand manner. His accent was that of the men of the University mission. And how many boys of his age would have struck so straight and truly at a critical moment?

"Well, don't you see, that will be rather difficult," was the answer. "It was you who told me where he was, and the man himself knows that without somebody's help I could not have arrested him. There is no need to mince matters. I have you to thank for not being laid here stiff."

Philip said no more. To press his request implied a powerful motive. The stars in their courses must have conspired that day to supply him with excitement.

Mason eagerly gulped the water held to his lips. Then he tried to raise his right hand to his head. Ah! He understood. A flood of oaths began to meander thickly from his mouth.

"That's better," said the constable encouragingly. "Now, up you get! It's no use, Jocky. I won't let you kick me. You must either go quietly or I will drag you to the street over the stones, and that will hurt."

The man glared dully at his captor. With the apathy of his class, he knew when he was beaten and became submissive in demeanor. Philip, holding his candle aloft, marveled at his own temerity in hitting this giant, oxlike in size and strength.

Mason wobbled his head and craned his neck awkwardly.

"Oo gee me that crack on the nut?" he asked.

"The roof dropped," was the jocular reply.

"Not it. I 'ad yer dahn, sailor. I was on yer afore ye could use yer stick. Ye was fairly bested until somebody abted me wiv a welt on the skylight."

"Never mind, Jocky. It'll hurt you to think just now. Come on."

But the ex-convict became sensible of the unwonted light in the deserted house and slowly turned his head until his glance rested on Philip.

"Why," he roared, with an imprecation, "that's the bloomin' kid 'oo found the di-mon-ds. I seed 'im a-coun'tin' 'em. White stones, the paper said, an' bits of iron, too. A trunk full of 'em. 'E as one in 'is pocket as big as an egg."

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1896.

(Seal.) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 15c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Money-Making Ways of Using Want Ads

To Get a Position

Glance at the picture. It brings to mind the instance of many a successful man's life. You may be a young man or woman who has just come to the city—from the country, from college, from another city—or you may already live here. You have heard or known of the tramp, tramp, the cold, discouraging words of employers "We don't want anybody now," and the like. If you want a job and want it at once insert a little "Situation Wanted" ad on our Classified page or run over our "Help Wanted" ads. Employers read the former and use the latter. You get in touch with those who want help. Not necessary to go to expensive employment agencies. Your small Want Ad will cost but a few cents. Surely worth while to test. Note examples.



EXAMPLES

SITUATION WANTED—AS SALESMAN BY YOUNG man, college educated, with 4 years experience as salesman in the East. References of a high character. Desires position with high grade wholesale house. Address O G 34, this office.

BOOKKEEPER WANTED BY LARGE MANU facturing house. Must have thorough experience and furnish the best of references. Good salary for a steady worker. Married man preferred. Address H H 32, this office.

For quick, sure ACTION either in getting an employe, a position, buying or selling, trading or exchanging, investing—no matter so it's a WANT—read or USE the Classified page of this paper. A Newspaper is not kept—it is read and studied AT ONCE. For IMMEDIATE results—make no mistake. USE and READ from day to day the different classifications on our Want Ad Page.

(Copyright 1903, by George Matthew Adams)

INTEREST TAKEN IN NORDICA CONCERT

Big Event at the Coliseum, February 3.

Musicians of Richmond have taken particular interest in the announcement that Madame Nordica will appear in this city on the night of February 3, as it will be her first appearance in this city. It is now predicted that the Coliseum will be crowded on the night she, with her corps of singers appear here.

Will Interest Many

Every person should know that good health is impossible if the kidneys are deranged. Foley's Kidney Remedy will cure kidney and bladder disease in every form, and will build up and strengthen these organs so they will perform their functions properly. No danger of Bright's disease or diabetes if Foley's Kidney Remedy is taken in time. A. G. Luken & Co.

NOW A SAILOR.

Paul Crawford of Milton is in Honolulu.

Milton, Ind., Sept. 29.—Paul Crawford, son of Dan Crawford of this town who two years ago left to visit his brother Warren in California is in Honolulu Hawaii. He is now a member of the United States navy, having enlisted while on his visit. He has written his parents saying he is having a fine time, and is in love with the navy.

SPARK CAUSES HEAVY LOSS

Barn of Joseph Holder of Near Hagerstown, Burned.

Hagerstown, Ind., Sept. 29.—A spark from a can of ashes was responsible for the burning of the barn owned by Joseph Holder north of Hagerstown, Sunday. Nothing was saved from the structure and the loss will amount to several hundred dollars. There was no insurance.

Mr. Holder can account for the fire in no other way than through the spark theory. A can of live coals having been set down close to the barn while a brisk wind was blowing.

When Trifles become Troubles

If any person suspects that their kidneys are deranged they should take Foley's Kidney Remedy at once and not risk having Bright's disease or diabetes. Delay gives the disease a stronger foothold and you should not delay taking Foley's Kidney Remedy. A. G. Luken & Co.

SARAH ELIZABETH: Those muffins you liked so well were made from Gold Medal Flour. LEE.

NOMINATE SNYDER.

Named for Trustee by Democrats of Clay Township.

Greensfork, Ind., Sept. 29.—The democrat voters of Clay township held a convention and organized a Democratic club, following the nomination of William Snyder for trustee, and Daniel Doyle for assessor.

No Secrets
Ask your doctor if he approves of this prescription for thin blood, impure blood. Accept his answer without question.

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The most nourishing of all wheat foods.

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