

COURTS DEAL T. TAGGART HARD BLOW

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 6.—Tom Taggart's gambling interests at French Lick suffered two severe blows today. One came in a decision of the supreme court, the other from the appellate court. The appellate court denied the petition of the French Lick and West Baden hotel companies for a rehearing on that court's decision that an action can be maintained against the companies to forfeit their charter because of alleged gambling in connection with the hotels. Judge Buskirk of Orange county, had thrown the attorney general's cases, attempting to forfeit the charters out of court. The decision means that immediate trial may be had.

The supreme court overruled the decision of Judge Buskirk in quashing ten indictments against men alleged to have visited gambling houses in French Lick Springs. Buskirk had held that the place of gambling had not been properly described and that the indictments were insufficient. The supreme court held the indictments sufficient.

Don't Say Cologne.
She sprinkled eau de cologne liberally in the bath of pink marble. "It is this perfume," she said, "which makes us think that the town of Cologne must be scented. Johann Maria Farina invented 200 years ago in Cologne a perfume made of the oils of neroli, citron, bergamot, orange and rosemary. He called the perfume after his city, eau de Cologne—water of Cologne. By the same token, had he been a Londoner, he'd have called it eau de London. In that case the illustrate would now think London a scented city, and instead of saying correctly, 'Put a few drops of perfume on my handkerchief,' they would say, 'Put a few drops of London on it.' In fact, it is a very vulgar and silly error to call all perfumes cologne. You might as well call them Chicago or Denver."—New York Press.

No Satisfaction.
The Editor—Eh, what's wrong?
The Correspondent—in that letter of mine that you printed this morning several gross errors were permitted to appear. Look at this. I wrote "Nobody has any desire to impeach the rugged quality of Mr. Skinnerhorn's honesty," and you turned "honesty" into "hosiery." Look at it!

"I see it. And, what's more, I see nothing wrong about it. Anything else?"

"Yes, here's another. This is what I wrote: 'Mr. Skinnerhorn's ripe experience and his respect for honor must not be forgotten.' And you speak here of his 'ripe' experience and his respect for Homer!"

"Yes, that's so. And they're both highly commendable virtues. Good morning, sir!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Hurry Fad.
"Mr. Cleveland," said a Princeton lecturer, "had little sympathy with the rush and hurry that the American business man so complacently affects—no sympathy with train and boat dictation, with the lunch table telephone, the letter phonograph and the other bluffs."

"Don't rush so," Mr. Cleveland once said to me. "Lightning might do a great deal more if it wasn't always in such an awful hurry."—Washington Star.

The More Notable.
Which would you call more notable, *se prima donna's* debut or her farewell?

"Her farewell. Wouldn't you?"

"Don't know that I would. She can make but one debut."

One Thing Left.
Elderly Uncle—Spent your entire patrimony, have you, Archibald? Gone through everything? Scapgegrave Nephew—Yes, uncle; everything but the bankruptcy court.—Chicago Tribune.

A woman may not be logical when she undertakes to argue, but if she is only pretty enough that doesn't make any earthly difference.—Somerville Journal.

Another Suspicious One.
It struck him just after he gave his order to have a duplicate made of a key that it would be a bad thing to give his address too. Even though the locksmith might be and probably was perfectly honest, there might be some one in the shop who wasn't and who might take advantage of knowing his address to burglarious ends.

So he told the locksmith when he was asked for the address, "Never mind; I'll come back for it."

The keymaker looked at him and said: "I suppose you're one of the suspicious ones. We get them all the time in the trade. There are lots of folks who won't give us their addresses."—New York Sun.

Mr. Finnegan—So me darter Maggie proposed to ye and ye have accepted her? Young Cassidy—No, no, Mr. Finnegan. I proposed to you daughter's sifter, and she has accepted me. Finnegan—Tush, tush, me by the same thing, only ye don't know it.—Kansas City Independent.

FIGHTS FOR NEW YORK GOVERNORSHIP.



CLARENCE J. SHEARN.

Shearn is the Independence party candidate for governor of New York. He was chosen through the recommendation of W. R. Hearst to whom Shearn stands close.

COMMERCIAL CLUB

WILL GIVE AID

Resolution Favoring Bringing New Factory Here.

The board of directors of the Commercial Club met last evening to hear a report of representatives of the South Side Improvement Association on the Rahn-Carpenter factory proposition. The board approved the new contract, and guaranteed the association its co-operation. The following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the Board of Directors of the Commercial Club heartily approves of the effort of the South Side Improvement Association to obtain the location of the Rahn-Carpenter factory in Richmond and wish them every success.

Joe Jefferson Found Out.

The late Joseph Jefferson once received a cable dispatch from his son Thomas, who was in London, asking his father to remit him £100.

The father was doubtful, and so it was wired back, "What do you want it for?"

Back came the answer, "For Tom." This so tickled the old man that the money was forthcoming.

The Drummer and the Dukes.

A commercial traveler got into the same railway carriage with the Duke of Northumberland and the Duke of Argyll and conversed with them freely, not knowing who they were. The Duke of Northumberland got out at Alnwick, where a handsome equipage was in waiting. The traveler said with surprise, "I'll bet you that's some big nob we've been talking to." "It is the Duke of Northumberland," said Argyll. The traveler stared after the equipage in amazement. "By gums!" he said at last. "Who'd have thought that a duke would have talked to two little knobs like us?"

Magicians and Jugglers

were found among the Indians by the Jesuit missionaries as early as 1613, and they were common among all the Algonquin tribes, and Charlevoix mentions them among the Iroquois in 1635. The Spaniards met them in Mexico and South America.

How Can I Cure Him of Being Superstitious?

"Tell him it's bad luck."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

FATHER'S BLOOD SAVES LIFE OF HIS BABY.



Nathan Goldberg, his wife and daughter of New York City. Mr. Goldberg recently saved the life of his baby by allowing blood from his own veins to be transferred to those of the child.

GOVERNOR HANLY ISSUES CHALLENGE

Gives Thos. R. Marshall Ten Days to Reply to People of the State.

CONCERN'S OPTION APPEAL.

WANTS TO KNOW WHAT DEMOCRAT WOULD DO IF ELECTED IF REPEAL SHOULD BE PRESENTED FOR HIS SIGNATURE.

Crawfordsville, Ind., Oct. 6.—Governor Hanly, addressing a large audience in Music Hall here last night, issued a challenge to Thomas R. Marshall, Democratic nominee for governor, and gave him ten days in which to reply to the people of the state.

The governor read a bill he prepared for repeal of the county local option law. Explaining his challenge, Governor Hanly Said:

"It is due to you that Marshall should explain his position now. If you permit him to wait until after the election his explanation may come too late. I have hit upon a plan by which I can afford him an opportunity to see a bill in which the people of Indiana will be profoundly interested. I want him to read it, and then I want him to take ten days to consider it. At the end of the ten days I want him to say as an honest man, worthy of the suffrages of a free people, will he sign it or will he veto it? It is such a brief bill that he ought to be able to make up his mind in less than ten days.

"I want him to say," continued the governor, with increasing warmth, "what he would do with that particular bill if it should pass the legislature and come to his desk for action. Would he sign it or would he veto it? Let him say yes or no. Let him no longer hide behind the subterfuge of a coward."

The governor scored the Lieber-Fairbanks' brewer lobby unfriendly. He declared that Albert Lieber, a well-known Indianapolis brewer, called years ago and served notice on him that if the Moore temperance law was enacted he would see that a legislature was elected that would repeal it. Lieber and his forces, tried to defeat county local option, but failed.

LANCASTER WINS IN HORSE SHOW

Gets Blue Ribbon for His Work Team—L. King Second.

After the large number of entries in the work team class, open to all, this afternoon first prize was awarded to the splendid team exhibited by Chat Lancaster, south of this city. Second prize was won by Luther C. King. These were the only awards made up to 3 o'clock this afternoon.

The Doctor's Joy.

Doctor Doane was demonstrator at a clinic which had under advisement a patient suffering with a carbuncle of unusual proportions. In a burst of scientific rapture the demonstrator delivered something in the following vein:

"Perfect specimen! Perfect specimen! They are bones of the octopus, and their abundance is a convincing proof of the octopus in those rock strewn waters of France."—Boston Post.

Didn't Mind Suspense.

"Oh, really, Mr. Hotspur, this is so sudden!" exclaimed the shy young creature who had been expecting it for three months. "I couldn't possibly answer you tonight. You must give me time to consider."

"All right," said the young man gaily, "just so you let me know right now what the answer will be after you have thought the matter over."—Ex-Change.

How Can I Cure Him of Being Superstitious?

"Tell him it's bad luck."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Benton and Calhoun.

A short time after Calhoun's death, a friend said to Benton, "I suppose Colonel you won't pursue Calhoun beyond the grave?" to which he replied:

"No, sir. When God Almighty lays His hand upon a man, sir, I take mine off."

Never Again.

One day a learned judge was listening to a case that had been appealed from one of the lower courts. The young lawyer who appeared for the appellant was long and tedious; he brought in all the elementary textbooks and quoted the fundamental legal propositions.

At length the judge thought it was time to make an effort to close the argument.

"Can we not assume," he said suavely, "that the court itself knows a little about the law?"

"That's the very mistake I made in the other court," answered the lawyer, "and I don't want to let it defeat me twice."

There is no medicine so rare and at the same time so pleasant to take as Dr. Caldeira's Syrup Pepino, the positive cure for all diseases arising from stomach trouble. The price is very reasonable—\$1.00 and \$1.50.

Mrs. E. Barthol, Jr., of Glen Cove, Long Island and is being sued for divorce by her husband, who names Rev. Benjamin D. Denham, former pastor in Glen Cove.

HAS BROKEN NECK: ATTENDING FESTIVAL.

Four Hundred Husky Longshoremen to Load One Ship.

Down on the wharf the rush was at its height. Under the sputtering bluish arc lights, amid endless clang and rumble, the produce of America came in. From the prairies, the mines and the mills, from the forests, the cotton plantations, tobacco fields, orchards and vineyards, from the oil fields and meat packing houses, from the grimy factories, large and small, ponderous engines of steel, harvesters, reapers, automobiles, bars of silver and yellow bricks of gold, bales of cotton and wool and hides and tobacco, meats, barrels of flour and boxes of fruit, hogsheads of oil and casks of wine—tens of thousands of things and machines to make things—piled up on the wharf by the acre. And still all night the teams clattered in and the tugs puffed up with the barges, and from hundreds of miles away the trains were rushing hither, bringing more boxes and barrels and bags to be packed in at the last moment.

In gangs at every hatchway the 400 men were trundling, heaving, straining, a rough crowd, cursing and joking at the hoarse shouts of the foremen, while from the darkness outside heavy black rope nets dropped down to gather gigantic handfuls of cargo, swing them back up to the deck of the ship and then down into her hold. So all through the night and right up to the hour of sailing the rush went on, for the great ocean liner's work is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars a month. And the ship must sail on time.—Everybody's.

HUNTING WILD HORSES.

How Brumbies in New South Wales Are Trapped and Broken.

Hunting "brumbies," as the wild horses are called there, is a favorite sport in New South Wales. Districts like the Clarence and Stephens and Manning river watersheds are still the home of numerous droves of brumbies, and hunting them is declared to be a very exhilarating pastime. The first step taken is to stake out a corral and make all secure except a narrow entrance, which can subsequently be gated. On either side of the entrance and projecting from it funnelwise a "booby fence" is prepared.

To the simple minded brumby it presumably looks like a stockade, and pieces of fluttering cotton make it look impregnable. When this is ready, the young bloods, well mounted, gallop out and round up the wild horses, driving them with shouts and much loud snapping of stock whips toward the mouth of the funnel.

In a group of brumbies there is always a leader, and when once the hunters have got the leader heading for the corral they are pretty certain of the rest of the drove. The fluttering cotton rags of the sham fence are sufficient to deter the brumbies from breaking through the flimsy barriers, and in less time than it takes to tell the wild horses are safely corralled and the big gate shut on them.

Then they are left for four and twenty hours without food and water to reflect on the situation, and after that they can be broken in without much difficulty.—London Standard.

FUNERAL HELD LAST SUNDAY

Last Rites Over Daniel Bradway at Stranghn, Ind.

STRATHAUN, IND., Oct. 6.—The funeral of Daniel Bradway, who died at Paris, Ill., took place Sunday afternoon from the Christian church, Rev. Hoechlin officiated. The burial was in the cemetery at Lewisburg.

Young Bradway was taken serious sick several weeks ago at Paris, Ill., and all medical aid failed to relieve the patient. He is survived by his aged father, two brothers, Franz, of Indianapolis, and Owen, of Columbus, and a sister, Mrs. William Barnes, of New Castle.

Social Distinctions.

At noon time when the twenty odd men employed on the excavations for a new building stopped work for lunch one man who had been interested in their progress noticed that they separated into little groups. Upon inquiry he found that the reason for this clannishness was a class distinction as rigidly observed as in society itself. Driver fraternized with driver, engineer with engineer, shoveler with shoveler.

"You fellows don't seem to be very good mixers," the man remarked.

"No," said the operator of a steam drill; "we don't mix while on a job, at any rate. Somehow each fellow naturally falls in with other men in his own line. We get along better that way."—New York Press.

When President James Polk was on his deathbed he received the rite of baptism at the hands of a Methodist clergyman.

PREACHER BREAKS UP A HOME.

UP A HOME.

Pleasant For the Lender.

"There," said Dubley, adding up the column of figures, "a total of \$652. I guess that's all. Oh, no; there's \$30 I forgot! Gee! I wish somebody would lend me \$652. Can you do it, old man?"

"What for?" demanded Markley. "Why, I want to get out of debt."—Philadelphia Press.

A Holdup.

De Roads—Mister, I found the dog your wife is advertising' a reward up \$5 fer. Mr. Jaw—You did, eh? De Roads—Yes, and if you don't git mine \$10 I'll take it back to her. See?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Made His Mark.

"Well, young Dr. Slicer has made his mark already; hasn't he?"

"Yes; did it on his first case."

"Great Scott! What did he do?"

"Vaccinated him!"

Hunting in Sumatra.

In Sumatra anybody may hunt as much as he pleases, the only condition being that a portion of the game must be given to the chief on whose territory it is killed. Elephants, rhinoceros, tigers, apes, lions and bears are among the game animals. The Sumatrans themselves have given up killing elephants with lances and knives. They now use firearms.—London Standard.

Kodol For Indigestion.

Relieves sour stomach, palpitation of the heart. Dissolve what you eat.

HOW TEAMS SIZE UP

Reports of Football Conditions at Many Big Colleges.

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