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of New York.

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—Commissioner Middle Dist.—  
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## ANOTHER QUESTION FOR MARSHALL.

Here is a question for Marshall to answer.

"Would you in event of election do away with the system of non-partisan boards in control of the public institutions of the state?"

Let us look at the past. Not long ago Dr. S. E. Smith, of the Eastern Insane Hospital said in speaking of the past and the present of the institutions of Indiana: "The problem of the administration of these great charities proved a difficult one. In all of them partisan politics took a hand, often both hands, and not infrequently an entire institution. The appointing power of the organizations was lodged here, now there. Sometimes it was with the governor, again with the legislature, or still again with a committee of state officers depending almost invariably upon questions of party ascendancy or expediency. This appointing power was complete and included every functionary from director to scullery maid. A board of visitors was not always considered desirable or necessary."

In his profession no one stands higher than Dr. S. E. Smith of East-haven, and as he is a democrat, his words on this subject have not the slightest tincture of republican partiality.

Every one remembers the scandals which were common when the partisan boards were in force. The responsibility for many of the contracts which swindled the state, the graft in connection with the food and clothing, the incompetency of the officials was

directly traced to one man in particular, Thomas Taggart.

He was in control of democracy in the state then, as he is today.

It was proved at the time of the scandals that the institutions of the state had been prolific sources of income to the democratic spoilsman.

It is a glorious part of the record of the republican party in this state that it not only did away with graft, but by the legislation of 1895 and 1897, made the government of these institutions non-partisan or bi-partisan which assured the state a square deal.

The speech of Marshall at Bethany Park in August of this year when he as a candidate for the governorship said: "To the victor belongs the spoils," is significant.

Thomas Taggart is furnishing the support for Marshall. It not the question pertinent in the face of Tom Taggart's past record and Marshall's utterance about the spoils? Why is Marshall not so keen about the salary "trimmings," and why is he so pronounced in his views about the "spoils." The word "spoils in politics means 'graft' and 'rake off.' Marshall said a few days ago that he wanted to be elected so that he could pay his election debts. Is there any connection between the spoils and that statement?

It will be fatal to the welfare of the public institutions of the state if the democratic legislature and the democratic governor (which Mr. Taggart is trying to have elected for his own ends) repeals the laws which protect the poor, the insane, the prisoners and the orphans of the state.

Whether the spoils which Marshall so confidently urges are directly used for ring, or his party, or for himself, the public institutions of this state are now free from all such spoils and must be kept so in the future.

Marshall has no need to answer the question at the top of this column, unless he wants to keep up his policy of denial and assertion; of saying one thing at one time, and another at another time; or unless he wants to evade, to equivocate, and to crawl as he has on every other question in the past.

On one thing alone has Marshall been direct and to the point.

"I am a democrat and the democratic party believes that to the victor belongs the spoils."

If you vote for Marshall, you vote for corruption, graft, rake off, fat job and all the other "spoils."

If you must do it, do it in remembrance of Taggart. Let partisan politics "take a hand, two hands, or a whole state institution" and you have the "spoils system" and Tom Taggart in full control.

Perhaps Mr. Marshall will answer.

### HOME RULE.

The brewers are not inactive in this campaign. Before long the citizens of Richmond will see on the bill boards large posters in all the glory of red and black ink stating:

County Local Option Means Prohibition with all its evil effects.

Any thinking man will realize that county local option does not mean prohibition. The difference is this: Prohibition means that the laws of the state forbid the selling of liquor whether the majority of the inhabitants want it or not. County local option means that the people of a county shall decide the matter for themselves. The man who can not distinguish the difference is blind to the facts or has not read the law.

A very similar law to the county local option is in effect in Maryland. The citizens of Baltimore are for the most part in favor of liquor selling—they have all the saloons they want. The people in Howard county a few miles north have had trouble with negroes who insisted on getting drunk and then committing heinous crimes. These people wanted a way to stop the deleterious effect of the saloons and in the borders of Howard county there are no saloons.

What is the effect? The people of the two localities have exactly what they desire. Is that prohibition?

The man who says that the will of the majority is not right, is a little short of an anarchist in this country which is built up on the theory that the will of the majority should rule. Is there any reason worthy of the name why the people of one county should not have the right to have or to do away with saloons as they choose?

The action of the brewers in saying that "County local option is prohibition" simply shows that the law is effective. They are afraid that a majority of the people do not favor the saloon as a factor in politics.

Whether the law will be used to shut out the saloon is a different thing from prohibition legislation.

County local option is a thing to work both ways. Prohibition works one way only. It leaves no choice to the people. County local option is the only effective, and the only just means of letting the people have saloons, or no saloons as they may see fit.

Raymond, the special political writer

of the Chicago Tribune said only a short time ago, that the reason why Indiana was an uncertain factor in politics was because Indiana above all were intelligent and logical.

If Indians are deceived by Crawford Fairbanks, who is sending out from his Terre Haute brewery these posters announcing that "County Local Option means Prohibition" it will mean that the estimate of Raymond is out of date.

County local option does not mean prohibition. County local option means Home Rule.

## REFUSES TO ANSWER

Thomas R. Marshall in Speech At Crawfordsville Dodges Questions.

### TEMPERANCE NOT AN ISSUE

Crawfordsville, Ind., Oct. 15.—"Wabash is not in the campaign."

This was Thomas R. Marshall's only reply today to the questions of the Crawfordsville Journal demanding that the Democratic nominee explain how he could, "as a trustee of Wabash College, ask the temperance people of Montgomery County to endorse you and your plans which will keep the college, the city and the county under the blight of the saloons?"

The other question put to Mr. Marshall by the newspaper was:

"How can you ask the parents of these boys, for whose welfare you are in a degree responsible, to support you and your program of leaving the saloons in the Third Ward?"

Mr. Marshall touched upon the temperance question very lightly, declaring temperance is no longer an issue because of the enactment of the county local option law by the special session of the Legislature. This, he declared, was done by Democratic assistance.

## ADMITS THE CHARGE

Pretty Wife of James Baker Says She Lived With Another Man.

### DIVORCE CASE IS HEARD.

New Castle, Ind., Oct. 15.—When James Baker, relief agent, employed on the Richmond Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, testified as to the infidelity of his beautiful wife in a divorce trial here, she followed him on the stand and calmly substantiated every charge made.

She swore that she had lived with a former sweetheart, John Lindamood, of this city at Harbor Springs, Mich., for two weeks, and that she and Lindamood had talked of marriage even before the divorce was instituted. It has since been learned that Baker wanted Lindamood to promise to marry his wife before he consented to begin action for a divorce.

Mrs. Baker made no defense, and asserted that her husband had provided lavishly for her.

"That you, Green? Just give my bag to the driver and return to the village. Here is a five pound note. Pay your bill and go back to London by the first train tomorrow. I stop here some few days."

The astonished servant took the note. Before he could reply his master turned, crossed a room feebly lighted by a dull lamp and passed through a curtained doorway.

Green was staring perplexedly at the more kitchen, his ill favored companion carrying Philip's portmanteau within, when he heard his master's voice again and saw him standing between the partly drawn curtains, with his face quite visible in the dim rays of the lamp.

"Green?"

"Yes, sir."

"Here are my keys. Unlock the bag and take the keys with you. You remember the small portmanteau in my safe at Park lane?"

"Yes, sir."

"Open the safe, get that bag and send it to me tomorrow night by train to the Station hotel, York."

"Tomorrow night, sir?"

"Yes."

The keys were thrown with a rattle on to a broad kitchen table. Evidently Mr. Anson would not brook questions as to his movements, though his few words sounded contradictory. Green got down, unfasted the portmanteau and went back to the dogcart.

"They're queer folk 't' Grange," said the stable boy as they drove way.

"There's a barrow night and a lady as nobody ever sees, an' a doctah, an' a man—him as kem for ye."

"Surely they are well known here?"

"Not a bit of it. Only bin here about a week. 't' doctah chep's very chirpy, but you uther is a rum 'un."

Green was certainly puzzled very greatly by the unexpected developments of the last few minutes, but he was discreet and well trained.

He liked his young master and would do anything to serve his interests. Moreover, the ways of millionaires were not the ways of other men. All he could do was to hear and obey.

He slept none the less soundly because his master chose voluntarily to bury himself, even for a little while, in such a weirdly tumble-down old mansion as the Grange House.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Can't I have a light?" said Philip, with head screwed round to ascertain if the doctor were following him.

Some sense, whether of sight or hearing he knew not, warned him of movement near at hand, an impalpable effort, a physical tension as of a man laboring under extreme but repressed excitement.

He paid little heed to it. All the surroundings in this weird dwelling were so greatly at variance with his anticipations that he partly expected to find further surprises.

Dr. Williams did not answer. Philip advanced a halting foot, a hesitating hand groping for a door.

Instantly a stout rope fell over his shoulders, a noose was tightly drawn, and he was jerked violently to the

# The KING of DIAMONDS.

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

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"Can't I have a light?" he asked, partly turning toward the room he had just quitted.

In the neglected garden at the landward front of the Grange House the horse stood patiently on three legs, ruminating no doubt on the steepness of hills and the excellence of pastures.

Nearly an hour passed thus in solemn quietude. Then a boy on a bicycle, red faced with exertion, pedaled manfully up the hill and through the gate.

"I hope he's here," he thought. "It's a long way to come for nothing."

Around his waist was a strap with a pouch bearing the king's monogram. He ran up the door and gave a couple of thunderous knocks, the privileged rattat of a telegraph messenger.

There was a long delay. Then a heavy step approached, and a man opened the door—a big, heavy faced man, with eyes that stared dreadfully and a nose damaged in life's transit.

"Philip Anson, Esq.," said the boy briskly, producing a buff colored envelope.

The man seemed to swallow something.

"Yes; he's here. Is that for him?"

"Yes, sir. Any reply?"

The man took the telegram, closed the door, and the boy heard his retreating footsteps. After some minutes he returned.

"It's too late to reply tonight, isn't it?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir. It com'd after hours, but they'd paid 't' portage 't' Lunnon so 't' postmistress said ye'd mebbe like to hev it at yance. I've ridden all 't' way frae Scarsdale."

Late that evening, when the protracted gloaming of the north was fast yielding to the shadows of a cloudy night, the big man from the Grange House drove to Scarsdale. He pulled up at the Fox and Hounds public house. He wanted Mr. Green.

Anson's valet came.

"Your master says you are to bring his portmanteau to the Grange House tonight. He intends remaining there. You must get the landlady to sit up until you return. It will take you an hour and a half to drive both ways."

Green was ready in five minutes. He learned that a stable boy must crouch at their feet to bring the dogcart back. It was the property of the Fox and Hounds proprietor.

Very unwillingly the horse swung off again toward the moor. There was little conversation. The driver was taciturn, the Londoner somewhat scared by the dark loneliness.

At the Grange House they were met by Philip Anson. He stood in the open doorway. He held a handkerchief to his lips and spoke in a husky voice, the voice of one under the stress of great agitation.

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The astonished servant took the note. Before he could reply his master turned, crossed a room feebly lighted by a dull lamp and passed through a curtained doorway.

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Instantly a stout rope fell over his shoulders, a noose was tightly drawn, and he was jerked violently to the

where deeds of bloodshed were concerned. While Mason obeyed his instructions he pressed his hands over his eyes.

"Bring some brandy, white liver. Do you want me to do everything?"

This gruff order awoke Grenier to trembling action. He went to a cupboard and procured a bottle. Mason, having placed Anson in a chair and steadied his head against the wall, seized half a tumbler of the neat spirit and drank it with gusto.

The other, gradually recovering his self control, was satisfied with a less potential draft.

"It will be dark soon," growled Mason. "We must undress him first, you said."

"Yes, if his clothes are not blood stained."

"Rot! He must go into the water naked in any case. The idea is your own."

"Ah, I forgot. It will soon be all right. Besides, I knew I should be upset, so I have everything written down here—all fully thought out. There can be no mistake made then."

He produced a little notebook and opened it with uncertain fingers. He glanced at a closely written page. The words danced before his vision, but he persevered.

"Yes. His coat first, then his boots; clothes or linen stained with blood to be burned, after cutting off all buttons. Now I'm ready. I will not funk any more."

His temperament linked the artistic and criminal faculties in sinister combination, and he soon recovered his dominance in a guilty partnership. It must have been the instinct of the pickpocket that led him to appropriate Philip's silver watch, with its quaint shoelace attachment, before he touched any other article.

"Queer thing," he commented. "A rich man might afford a better time-keeper, but there's no accounting for tastes."

Mason, satiated and stupefied, obeyed his instructions like a ministering ghou. They undressed Philip wholly, and Grenier, rapidly donning himself of his boots and outer clothing, donned these portions of the victim's attire.

Then the paint tubes and the other accessories of an actor's makeup were produced. Grenier, facing a mirror placed on a table close to Philip, began to remodel his own plastic features in close similitude to those of the unconscious man. He was greatly assisted by the fact that in general contour they were not strikingly different.

Philip's face was of a fine classical type. Grenier, whose nose, mouth and chin were regular and pleasing, found the greatest difficulty in controlling the shifty, ferretlike expression of his eyes. Again, Philip had no mustache. The only costume he really liked to wear was his yachting uniform, and here he conformed to the standard of the navy. The shaven lip, of course, was helpful to his imitator. All that was needed was an artistic eye for the chief effect, combined with a skilled use of his materials. And herein Grenier was an adept.

But the light was growing very uncertain.

"A lamp," he said querulously, for time sped and he had much to do—"bring a lamp quickly!"

Mason went toward the front kitchen. Grenier did not care about being left alone face to face with the pallid and naked form in the chair, but he set his teeth and repressed the tendency to rush after his confederate.

The latter in returning halted an instant.

"Hello!" he cried. "Here's his hat."

After placing the lamp on the table beside the mirror he went back to the passage.

Grenier was so busy with the making up process that he did not notice what his companion was doing. His bent form shrouded the light, and Mason placed the hat carefully on a chair. He chanced to hold it by an uninjured part of the rim and never thought of examining it.

(Continued.)

No Competition.

There's not a manufactured article in existence that is without competition—except one—Easy Task soap. It is white and pure and sweet and makes everything it touches the same. Use it for woodwork, windows, kitchen or laundry and you'll never use any other. Try two five cent cakes; if you're dissatisfied the Hewitt Bros. Soap Co., Dayton, O., will return your money.

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