

## SHERIFF'S SALE ON DECREE.

Cause 7349.

By virtue of a certified copy of a Decree to me directed, from the Clerk's office of the Jasper Circuit Court, in a cause wherein Alie W. Payne is plaintiff and Joseph F. Grouns, Julia E. Grouns, his wife, John Faissler and Mrs. Faissler, his wife, are defendants, requiring me to make the sum of three hundred and one dollars, (\$301.00), with interest on said decree and costs, I will expose at public sale to the highest bidder, on

SATURDAY, THE 5th DAY OF DECEMBER, 1908,

between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 4 o'clock P. M. of said day, at the door of the Court House of said Jasper County, Indiana, the rents and profits for a term not exceeding seven years, of the following described Real Estate, to-wit:

The southeast quarter (1/4) of the northwest quarter (1/4) of section twenty-four (24), township twenty-eight (28) north, range six (6) west, in Jasper County, Indiana.

If such rents and profits will not sell for a sufficient sum to satisfy said decree, interest and costs, I will at the same time and place expose at public sale the fee simple of said real estate, or so much thereof as may be sufficient to discharge said decree, interest and costs.

Said sale will be made without any relief whatever from valuation or appraisement laws.

JOHN O'CONNOR,  
Sheriff of Jasper County,  
A. H. Hopkins,  
Attorney for Plaintiff. n.13-20 27

## Farm Loans.

Any amount. Our rates are lowest. Terms most liberal. Loans closed promptly. No appraisers required. No extra charges and no "red tape."

Give us your application and save time and money.

IRWIN &amp; IRWIN,

Odd Fellows' Building.  
Rensselaer, Ind.

HOW TO TREAT A SPRAIN.  
Sprains, swellings and lameness are promptly relieved by Chamberlain's Liniment. This liniment reduces inflammation and soreness so that a sprain may be cured in about one-third the time required by the usual treatment. 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by B. F. Fendig.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?  
In case of a burn or scald what would you do to relieve the pain? Such injuries are liable to occur in any family and everyone should be prepared for them. Chamberlain's Salve applied on a soft cloth will relieve the pain almost instantly, and unless the injury is a very severe one, will cause the parts to heal without leaving a scar. For sale by B. F. Fendig.

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup not only heals irritation and allays inflammation, thereby stopping the cough, but it moves the bowels gently and in that way drives the cold from the system. Contains no opiates. It is pleasant to take, and children especially like the taste, so nearly like maple sugar. Sold by all druggists.

## PUBLIC SALE.

Having decided to return to Indianapolis, I will sell at public auction at my farm, 3 miles south of Kinsman, 1 mile east of the Gant school house, and 10 miles north and 1 1/2 miles east of Rensselaer, on

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19.  
The following described property:

## 5 HEAD OF HORSES

1 bay driving mare, 10 years old, with foal to the Tom Davis horse; 1 sorrel mare, 12 years old, supposed to be in foal to same horse; 1 black team, gelding and mare, aged 8 and 15 respectively; 1 iron grey gelding, 3 years old.

## 5 HEAD OF CATTLE

4 milk cows, 2 will calf in February, 1 in July and 1 next month, 1 last April heifer calf.

## 13 HEAD OF HOGS

Two gows, 10 shoats, weighing about 100 pounds, 1 six months old Jersey Duroc boar, supposed to be full blooded.

## FARMING IMPLEMENTS

Two breaking plows, 2 riding cultivators, corn planter with 80 rods of wire, mowing machine, hay rake, seed sower, 2 small plows, one double, other single shovel, 1 spike tooth harrow, iron frame, 1 good farm wagon, 1 survey, 1 delivery wagon, 1 buggy, hay ladders, 2 sets double chain harness, 1 set double buggy harness, 1 set single harness, 1 Sure Hatch 150 egg incubator and brooder only used twice, 300 bushels of corn in crib, and other articles not here mentioned.

## HOUSEHOLD GOODS

Combination folding bed with secretary, wardrobe and drawers in it, a very handy piece of furniture; 2 bed room suites, 1 cooking range, 1 cream separator, 1 Boss washing machine, churn, etc.

## TERMS OF SALE

Sums of \$10 and under cash in hand, sums over \$10 a credit of 10 months will be given without interest if paid when due, and having interest at rate of 8 per cent if not paid at maturity. 6 per cent off for cash on sums over \$10.

GEORGE FATE.

Fred Phillips, Auct.  
C. G. Spitzer, Clerk.

Hot lunch on the ground.

## MONON ROUTE

Chicago Indianapolis Louisville Cincinnati, and the South, Louisville and French Lick Springs.

## RENSSELAER TIME TABLE

In Effect Feb. 25, 1908.

## SOUTH BOUND.

No. 5—Louisville Mail . . . 10:55 a.m.  
No. 33—Indianapolis Mail . . . 2:01 p.m.  
No. 39—Milk accommodation 5:40 p.m.  
No. 3—Louisville Ex . . . 11:05 p.m.  
No. 31—Fast Mail . . . . . 4:49 a.m.

## NORTH BOUND.

No. 4—Mail . . . . . 4:30 a.m.  
No. 40—Milk accommodation 7:31 a.m.  
No. 32—Fast Mail . . . . . 9:55 a.m.  
No. 6—Mail and Ex . . . . . 3:18 p.m.  
No. 30—Cin. to Chi. Mail 6:36 p.m.  
No. 38—Cin. to Chicago . . . . . 2:57 p.m.  
Daily except Sunday.

“Sunday only.

“Generally debilitated for years. Had sick headaches, lacked ambition, was worn-out and all run-down. Burdock Blood Bitters made me a well woman.” Mrs. Chas. Fretz, Middletown, Conn.

FULL CONFIDENCE



The trading season ending—a new one beginning, I have known it for years

That, “We mean right for our customers” and That, “We do almost the right thing always.”

Thousands of people in 100 counties, our patrons, in this and adjoining states know us and believe in us.

The proof of the above assertions is the increase of business of this year—14 carloads of buggies, an average sale of 50 horses per week for a year—harness, wagons, trades and other things in proportion—25 years continuous sale days at Judyville. WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY—means a record of unbroken good intentions and promotion of public confidence.

We have favors in our line for every man who intends to do right—no complaint of bad treatment can ever be heard in the crowds always found at Judyville every Wednesday and Friday—how they howl at a distance from Judyville would make good stuff for a comic weekly.

JUDY, Judyville, Indiana.

Nov. 6 to 7 14

FREE

10c Package Conkey's Laying Tonic and 25c Poultry Book. Bring “Adv.” to A. F. LONG.

Tell us about your Poultry Diseases. We have the Remedies and Guarantee Cure.

A. F. LONG, Agent.

## THE COWBOY REVENGED

A very formal report to the commissioner of Indian affairs at Washington tells in a few colorless words how an Apache who murdered a cowboy in New Mexico was meted out punishment by his own race. This is the story, but not in the language of the report:

## I.—HUNGER

Death broods over the Mescalero reservation. The coyotes, slender, famished, slink hopelessly through the chapparal to the tepee of Da-Ga-In-Ka, and just as hopelessly slink away again. There are no fresh bones behind the wigwam. It has been many sleeps since Da-Ga-In-Ka has tasted meat; not since the last beef killing, with its wanton waste and great feasting, at the agency.

Therefore Da-Ga-In-Ka's woman cowers as she puts before him the jar of cornmeal porridge. The stomach of a warrior craves flesh. And who is Da-Ga-In-Ka, that he should eat the food of women and children and of the craven white man who humbles himself at labor like a squaw? Yet he must endure the close-fisted bounty of the paleface, for now the Apaches are almost civilised and live on the land the white man has allotted them.

Bah! The Great Spirit feeds the eagle. He will feed Da-Ga-In-Ka.

## II.—THE COWBOY

At the ranch the superintendent goes over his tally of the “beef critters” again. Yes, three are missing. The white man counts even the grains of corn and demeans himself to labor like a squaw. He has none of the trappings of a noble race.

“Jim, go out and try to round up them three steers. Like as not they're on the Mescalero.”

Frolic this for Jim McLane, cow-puncher. Hurriedly gathering up a sack of rations from the mess shack he swings himself on his game little Pinto and tears away over the sand and the sage brush. An impetuous, wholesome young fellow is Jim, the most lighthearted of the lot. His bandana neckcloth flutters jauntily as he rides.

Over on the edge of the Mescalero he meets Indians. The greetings exchanged are friendly. Steers? Yes, away over that way; saw them not far from Da-Ga-In-Ka's tepee. “Thanks. Have a cigarette.” Friendly fellows, these Apaches. Nearly civilized.

## III.—FRESH BLOOD

Da-Ga-In-Ka's squaw shakes him by the shoulders. The brave grunts drowsily; he is so gorged with meat. She has seen something again, and this time it is a horseman. He has dismounted near the carcass of a steer which has been quartered. Near by are the ashes of Da-Ga-In-Ka's campfire. Look, he is angry. He will complain to the agent. The agent will cast Da-Ga-In-Ka in the prison of the white man—Da-Ga-In-Ka, a proud sovereign of the arid plains.

## IV.—BIG GAME

They find Jim McLane lifeless near the quartered steer, which is to say, near Da-Ga-In-Ka's deserted tepee. The other Apaches are aghast. For the tribe is civilized—nearly. The white man's brows are black, and the blue in his eyes snap like flint. “We want Da-Ga-In-Ka,” the agent says.

Time was when this meant war paint. But the Apaches are getting civilized by degrees. The Mescalero has been defiled with savagery, and the white man who doles out the beef so daily.

Away! Find Da-Ga-In-Ka!

V.—ON THE BRINK OF REFUGE

To the Apache braves the trail of Da-Ga-In-Ka across the desert is as plain as a post road. Ever on.

Far ahead beyond the purple haze of distance toil the fugitive and his squaw. He is strong; he has eaten. He is stout of heart. The squaw is fresh, too. The ponies are weary. They have not eaten so much.

The little group enters the mountains. These are the Sacramento mountains. It is well. From the mountains Da-Ga-In-Ka can almost see the Rio Grande. Mexico is his goal.

## VI.—THE LAST STAND

Here is a cavalcade coming up the pass. So close? It is the pursuit. Da-Ga-In-Ka sees they are Apaches. The fire of his forefathers is in the fugitive. He faces them with his cherished old Winchester in hand.

“Come back to the Mescalero,” shouts the leader.

“Brothers, go your way. I will go mine.” This is the sullen answer.

The column moves again, forward. The hunted savage gazes at his brethren fixedly. Then, with the suppleness of a snake, he slips from his blanket, drops to his knees and puts the cool butt of his rifle to his swarthy cheek. He sings the war song of the Apaches.

Behind him crouches his squaw trembling. This is because she is a woman, and fears the white man who can turn the redskin against his kind.

The Winchester begins barking merrily, and a shower of ejected shells rattles to the ground. Back from the trail comes the echo of the war song, and a volley that tears a cloud of splinters off the crag.

It is soon over. Jim McLane is avenged, and a wrinkled, ugly squaw is wailing over her dead. Da-Ga-In-Ka is literally riddled with bullets.

They say the Mescalero Apaches are becoming civilized.

## BULLET STRUCK LINCOLN.

Hitherto Unpublished Story of President Under Fire at Ft. Stevens.

To all but a few—certainly not more than a score, perhaps not more than a dozen—it is news that Abraham Lincoln was hit by a bullet fired by a Confederate soldier in battle. The histories do not record it, nor the biographies. Those who saw the occurrence thought little of it at the time, so pressing was the work they had in hand and the president is not known even afterward to have mentioned the incident.

On the morning of July 12, 1864, a young Lieutenant Colonel of the Sixty-fifth New York Volunteers, standing just outside Ft. Stevens, one of the series of forts that completely surrounded and guarded Washington, saw President Lincoln walk fearlessly among his soldiers discussing the conditions and circumstances of the then impending attack upon the city by Lieutenant General Early and his confederate forces while a battle raged outside the breastworks.

Watching with the curiosity of a soldier who had seen his president but twice before the colonel was alarmed when he saw him hit by a bullet which had sped through the air from the camp of the enemy. The young officer was William P. Roome, who was adjutant general and chief of staff of Major General Upton. Colonel Roome now lives at 114 West Eighty-sixth street.

Colonel Roome's story is as follows:

“In July, 1864, Early, with orders from Lee, started from Lynchburg, went down the Shenandoah Valley, fought battle at Harper's Ferry, and also on the Monocacy River, and was to make a demonstration against Washington. It was thought that if he could arrive with his force and find the forts above the city not fully occupied (as they were not), it would result in a great Northern scare, a strengthening of the Confederacy, and possibly even greater results. He arrived in front of Washington, opposite Ft. Stevens, on July 11, in the afternoon. In order that they might be fully prepared to take action, they decided to rest the men that night, and make the demonstration the following day. Their movements were all known to Grant.

“The Sixth Corps of the army of the Potomac was detached from that army in front of Petersburg and sent out to thwart any demonstration that might be made by Early. One division of the Sixth Corps was left in Baltimore, because the demonstration was intended to be against that city and Philadelphia as well. The other two divisions arrived in Washington in detachments on steamers from the 10th to the 12th. The first and second divisions were immediately sent to Ft. Stevens, which was about four miles from the White House.

“The First Division, to which I belonged, remained in reserve in the vicinity of the fort; the other was sent out in front. The country stretching away from the fort to the north was first a gentle decline, then a little plane for some way, with hills in the distance. Every detail of the movement of the two divisions—ours and one of Early's—could be seen plainly from the fort, while the participants themselves could see only what was occurring in their immediate front.

“There was thus unrolled a panorama—a battle in progress. In the distance a house was set afire by the artillery, and formed a prominent feature of the picture.

“The engagement was sufficiently far from the fort to make a bullet that came to it practically harmless. One illustration was interesting, as showing the degree of danger in our position, and also the comparative effect of the emotions of curiosity and fear in women. A large tree which had been felled very close to where I stood lay in a horizontal position to the works, and behind it two women, apparently mother and daughter, had taken refuge. They would look with open-mouthed interest at the movement of the troops when a bullet went through the air and a bullet hit the tree trunk, only to rise, inch by inch, as the fear of the bullets passed and curiously became supreme.

“At about that time President Lincoln arrived. He was accompanied, I think, by at least two members of the cabinet, though I did not know them. They halted but a few yards from my position, at the side of the road that led from the fort. From where the president stood he could see the panorama I have described.

“Neither argument nor experience will ever shake the American's confidence in his noble destiny. On all other questions uncertainty is possible. It is not possible to discuss America's supremacy. In arms as in arts the United States is unrivaled. It alone has been permitted to combine material with moral progress. It alone has solved the intricate problems of life and politics.

“It has the biggest houses, the best Government, and the purest law that the world has ever known. Perfect freedom is its exclusive privilege, as skyscrapers and elevated railways are its exclusive possessions. Its universities surpass the universities of the Old World in the proper understanding of theology. In brief, to use its own phrase America is ‘It,’ the sole home of the good and great.”

“Young as I was, I remember distinctly the interest I took in watching that noble countenance, and wondering what thoughts were passing through his mind as he saw men falling and saw what never had been revealed to him before, the actual conflict of troops in battle.

“Undoubtedly the president at that time stood in a position of danger, as one of those bullets might have been fatal with a slightly additional force. If one had struck him in the eye it would easily have proved fatal.”

A lot of men who have abounding faith in themselves never get energy enough to muster up the work that ought to go with it.

The man who watches the clock most is usually the man who complains loudest about the size of his pay envelope.

## THE CHILD MIND

Results of an Investigation into Infant Mental Processes.