

MARSHALL FOR PRESIDENT

Boom Launched Shortly After Election Continues to Gain Impetus And Country Takes Notice.

IS SPOKEN OF IN WASHINGTON

Three names are mentioned at Washington and three only, for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1912. There is a surprising unanimity of belief among the party leaders in congress that the next Democratic nominee for president will be one of three men—Judson Harmon, governor-elect of Ohio; Thomas R. Marshall, governor-elect of Indiana, or John A. Johnson, governor of Minnesota.

There are more inquiries about Mr. Marshall than about either of the other presidential potentialities. This arises, in part, from the fact that he has not been as prominent a performer on the political stage as either Harmon or Johnson, a fact which is not at all likely to redound to his disadvantage.

The Indiana Democratic representatives are called upon nearly every day to tell what manner of man Mr. Marshall is and they are giving him some top-notch advertising. Representatives Lincoln Dixon, the dean of the Indiana Democratic delegation and the chairman of the campaign committee of the Democratic congressional committee, is the man to whom inquirers generally go to be enlightened about Mr. Marshall.

"At least twenty-five Democratic members of congress," said Mr. Dixon, "have come to me since congress opened and have asked me about Mr. Marshall and particularly whether he is a suitable man to be nominated for president in 1912. I have assured all of them that he is thoroughly qualified and extremely popular and that he would make an ideal nominee. The Democratic congressmen are preparing for a new alignment and there is a strong tendency to look to Indiana to furnish the candidate in 1912."

Of the loyalty of the Indiana Democratic congressional delegation to Mr. Marshall there can be no question. The Democratic representatives from the Hoosier state are nurturing his boom carefully and are seeing that he gets off on the right foot so far as preliminary advertising will do the work.—Washington Special.

TEACHERS UNPAID IN CLAY

VanBuren Township Did Not Figure Right and Made Short Levy Last Year.

Owing to the failure of the Advisory Board of Van Buren township to make a tax levy sufficient to pay the salaries of the teachers of that township, Trustee Robert Wilson is now behind in his payment to the teachers, and they may be without any Christmas money as a result.

As a trustee receives his money for the tuition fund semi-annually, the teachers will be compelled to wait until next month before they can receive their money which is now past due them, but the payment of back salaries out of current funds will make another shortage in the tuition fund for the spring term and will probably result in the term of school being shortened considerably.

There has always been considerable agitation in Van Buren township over the length of the school term as the farmers have demanded a shorter school year while the trustee has been trying to give the pupils of that township as much school as possible.—Brazil Democrat.

KILL THE COUCH AND CURE THE LUNGS
WITH Dr. King's New Discovery FOR COUCHS & COLDs. PRICE 50c & \$1.00. Trial Bottles Free AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

What Makes a Bank Strong

Is Capital, Surplus and Management.

We have \$100,000.00 capital; we have \$100,000.00 surplus, and our directors have shown by the wisdom with which they have conducted their private businesses that they are capable of handling the people's money. It is well to bear in mind that a bank is no stronger than its managers, and deposit your money where you can get it when called for.

THE CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK

OBITUARY

Alexander Lewis.

Alexander Lewis, son of John and Margaret Lewis, was born October 19, 1848, and died December 7, 1908, aged 60 years, 1 month and 18 days. He was afflicted in his later years of dropsy, his last illness lasting nine months.

He was married to Mary E. Mearle on October 15, 1877. To this union were born eight children—seven boys and one girl. Three boys have preceded him to the grave, two dying in infancy, aged 1 and 6 years, and Herbert L., who departed this life in July, 1904, at the age of seventeen years. Those children surviving him are, Mrs. Effie Parker, Luther, Walter, Floris and Lura. With these there are six grandchildren, two brothers, and a host of other relatives and friends to mourn his demise.

He enlisted in the Civil War, was not in active service and was honorably discharged at Cloverdale, Ind. It is sad to part with those who are most near and dear to us; with the father, mother, brother or sister, but we must abide with the will of God for "He doeth all things well." Again it is sad to see the happy home-circle broken, but death respects neither age nor youth. He is the grim reaper beneath whose sickle all must fall soon or late.

The deceased united with the Baptist church at Union Valley in February, 1895. Since that time he has been active among those who are seen in the army of Christ. We have known him long, as a good neighbor, a kind friend and always ready to lend a helping hand. On his 60th birthday, by his special request, a number of friends and neighbors gathered at his home and held a prayer meeting. Although he was hardly able to sit up, we cannot forget the glad look that came over his face as he listened to the word of God.

The life of Alexander Lewis is before us; he has dropped by the wayside after a long life. Like all humanity, his life has not been faultless, or all sunshine, but full of hardships and trials. The evidence he gave in his last days of his trust in God leads us to believe all is well with his soul and he is at rest with his Saviour in that beautiful land where all is peace and joy and gladness.

We miss you dear father. From your familiar place, We do not hear your footsteps. Nor see your cheerful face.

We miss you at the table. We feel your presence there, And O, what sorrows pierce our hearts.

To see your vacant chair.

Our home is sad without you, father. How desolate every heart! O, could we hear your voice again What joy it would impart.

Again we hope to meet you, father. When life's short journey's o'er, O yes, we hope to meet you then On Heaven's eternal shore.

Andrew B. Taylor.

Andrew B. Taylor was born in Putnam County, near Greencastle, Indiana, January 16, 1889, and departed this life December 16, 1908, aged nineteen years and eleven months. About four years ago the premonitory symptoms of tuberculosis developed and notwithstanding everything that medical skill and a loving mother's sleepless care and untiring devotion could do, the disease was only retarded in its approach to the fatal termination. The call came at the time mentioned, and found Andrew ready and waiting and watching for the summons.

Andrew possessed those qualities in a high degree which go to make a noble character. He was intelligent, unselfish, had a strong sense of right and wrong, with courage undaunted. Truly you could say of him, he had the courage of his convictions. He possessed business qualities far beyond his years. Add to these elements of character, kindness and a tact for meeting whatever came to him in the most manly and wise way.

And having these qualities which fitted him for a useful life, a heart full of love for his widowed mother, his sister and his younger brother. Yet when God laid His finger on him he bowed to His will in a way unusual for one so young, but with the same manly way that has characterized his life, he bowed to His will and prepared to meet his Master "face to face." He studied his Bible as hearing the Master saying study the Scriptures for in them ye think ye have eternal life. It was Andrew's delightful experience to have a full assurance of acceptance with God and of that peace "which passeth understanding." He trusted with confidence which enabled him not only to bow submissively but joyfully to the Divine call.

Practical in every way, he brought his religion to bear on his every day life. Through great suffering not a word of complaint escaped his lips. He said, "It is wrong to complain." His physician said to him, "After twenty-two years of practice, I never witnessed so brave and beautiful a death." This might have been applied to his whole life.

Only nineteen years old, but his work will follow him for so long as his name is remembered will be regarded as an example by his young friends.

POWER OF WATER.

Under Certain Conditions It Is Practically Irresistible.

When a man goes in swimming at the seashore and slaps the water forcibly with his hand or takes a back dive from a pier and lands squarely on his back he realizes that the unstable liquid offers not a little resistance. Yet, says a writer in the New York Tribune, it would surprise almost anybody to see what water will do under certain conditions.

A stream from a fireman's hose will knock a man down. The jet from a hose is used in placed mining in the west cuts away a large piece of land in a day, toys with great boulders as if they were pebbles and would shoot a man over the country as though he were a projectile from a cannon.

There is a story of an eastern blacksmith who went west and made a bet that he could knock a hole through the jet of one of these nozzles with a stedite hammer. He lifted his arms, swung the sledge and came down on the ten inch stream with a force that would have dented an anvil. But the jet, never penetrated, whisked the massive hammer out of the blacksmith's hands and tossed it several hundred feet away into the debris of gold bearing gravel beneath a crumbling cliff. After this the blacksmith left iron when he spoke of hard substances.

There is also a power plant near Durango, Colo., where a United States cavalryman one day thought he had an easy job in cutting a two inch stream with his sword. He made a valiant attack. The result was that his sword was shivered in two and his wrist broken.

A little thinner jet of water descending 1,600 feet to a manufactory at Granada, Spain, and traveling at the moderate speed of 100 yards a second fractures the best blades of Toledo.

Of course some people will not believe such stories without having seen the thing, and one may think it a proof of the scientific imagination to say that an inch thick jet of water, provided it had sufficient velocity, would ward off bombsells as well as steel plate.

Nevertheless many persons while traveling have seen a brakeman put a small hydraulic jack under one end of a Pullman car and lift twenty tons or so by a few leisurely strokes of the pump handle, and the experience of riding every day in a hydraulic elevator tends to remove doubts of the magic power possessed by water hitched to a machine.

SIMPLE FAITH.

A Burly Burglar's Confidence In an Editor's Business Acumen.

A man who admitted that he came direct from state prison tried to sell to the city editor of a New York newspaper a weird and startling story of a missing will which he declared had been revealed to him by a fellow convict. He was a burly fellow with a prognathous jaw, and he had lost an eye in battle. The mere look of him would frighten a timid citizen into tremors. Mr. White, the expert in criminology, cross examined the man as follows:

"Why were you in Auburn?"

"Highway" (meaning, of course, highway robbery).

"I suppose you were wrongfully convicted."

"Nub; dey had me right."

Such engaging candor made Mr. White feel that the man was truthful, and he was greatly disappointed when strict investigation disclosed the fact that the story of the missing will was all fictitious. The man was disappointed, too, at the failure of his romance, but he went away from the newspaper office in cheerful mood, with some remark about better luck next time.

A week later Mr. White was summoned to the reception room of the newspaper, and there he found his friend, the burly highwayman, his shoulders broader, his single eye fiercer than ever. But his visit was quite friendly, although somewhat tinged with business. He evidently believed he could rely on Mr. White's good faith and business acumen. Fixing Mr. White with his glittering eye, the strong armed one plucked him by the sleeve over to a corner of the room and there in a lond, hearse whisper inquired:

"Say, couldjer do anyting wit' a couple o' watches?"—Harper's Weekly.

Bimini and the Fountain of Youth.
Bimini was a fabulous island firmly believed in by the Indians of the Antilles, though they could give no further clue to its location than that it lay some hundreds of leagues north of Hispaniola. On this island was the famous fountain of youth, giving perpetual health and vigor. It was the search for this fountain that led Ponce de Leon and Hernando de Soto to Florida, on the outskirts of which the island was generally supposed to be situated.

Concerning His Kissing of Her.
Only one person with a mean disposition would have figured out this little preze poem. It runs as follows:

Which do you think is the greatest slur?

DID HE kiss her?

DID HE kiss her?

DID he KISS her?

Or,

DID he kiss HER?—Cleveland News.

The Great Need.

"Miss Dolly, you know the old adage."

"I don't want to hear anything about add-ages," she interrupted. "What we girls want is some subtract-ages."

Woman's Home Companion.

Saving a Fortune.

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When I was at Cinnamon that enterprising town was 120 miles from any railroad and a hard place to get away from. It was a desirable place to leave, since the population was composed of gamblers, cutthroats, dispensers of alcoholic drinks, miners and storekeepers, mentioned in order of importance. The only respectable family in the place was that of George Jones, who kept a general store, and as he was the only man who never sold anything on trust all the money gradually found its way into his coffers. It was like washing gold. The dirt was constantly shaken up among the citizens, the metal sinking to the bottom of Jones' pan.

Every one knew that Jones was gathering a snug sum and that he wished to take it and his children to a respectable place. Every one was waiting for him to make the attempt, relying on the road agents when he did so to relieve him of the funds while on the route and start them again in circulation. Furthermore, the road agents were waiting to carry out this praiseworthy object.

One day a red flag appeared at Jones' store, and it was announced that he would sell the remnant of his stock at auction. He sold on sixty days' credit, letting it be known that when the notes fell due and were collected he proposed to leave Cinnamon with his family and his fortune. There was not a thousand dollars' worth of goods left, and these Jones sold to anybody who wanted anything on his credit plan. Everybody wanted goods so easily obtainable, and Jones in a few hours exchanged the stuff for notes.

While Jones was thus giving credit for money credit was due Mrs. Jones for being a very shrewd woman. A week before the falling due of the notes she issued invitations for a "suarry," to which every one in town, including gamblers and road agents, was invited, to celebrate the departure of the Jones family on the day after the said notes fell due. Her husband, generous man, made it known that if any of the debtors found it inconvenient to pay up at maturity the matter would be left open for a reasonable time. These two prepossessions enhanced the popularity of the Jones family, and the cutthroats got their horses and their guns ready to return the family fortune to circulation.

I had clerked for Jones and was ready to do anything in the world for him, but he didn't trust me till the last minute, though he told me to be ready on short notice to go somewhere with him. I was not included in Mrs. Jones' invitations for her "suarry," which surprised me. I had a room opposite the Jones house, and the night the party came off I watched the throng go in and knew by the gradually increasing sounds coming from within that the guests were getting cheerful. By 11 o'clock most of them were drunk, the worst element being laid out on the floor where they had sunk in their exuberance of spirits. I could see through the windows Jones opening champagne, his wife serving entrees and the children carrying the luxuries to the guests. Then I saw Jones himself, drunk as a lord, pledging his guests, while his wife took up the corkscrew, which he was no longer able to wield.

I had been told to remain in my room ready for orders, and at midnight I saw Jones emerge from his house and come across the street, and, walking straight as an infantry sergeant, he headed for me. When he came under my window he called to me softly. I went down, and, taking me through the back door and the yard, he stopped before a two horse team standing on the street beyond. Jones told me to get in and take the reins. I did so, and as we drove off he strapped a brace of pistols around his waist and laid two more at my feet at the bottom of the wagon. On the outskirts of the town we stopped for a minute at a house while Jones lifted into the buggy a box containing \$80,000 in gold.

We had the best team of horses in that region, and they did good service. Of course we didn't know whether we had been betrayed by some one who had got wind of the trick, though Jones had taken no one into his confidence. Anyway every now and then we pulled in and listened for footfalls. Considering what he had at stake, Jones was pretty cool.

On the start I drove pretty fast, but Jones concluded that we had better save the horses as much as possible, and I soon slowed down. We made thirty miles without stopping except for water and another ten before giving the horses a feed. Then we breakfasted ourselves and gave the team a two hours' rest. And so we went on by easier and easier stages till we reached the railroad. Jones boarded a train, and I drove leisurely back to Cinnamon.

I found the town perfectly quiet, but despondent. Jones had got away with all the money there was in it, and the prospect was not attractive. Nobody asked me about where I had been, for everybody knew. Mrs. Jones was the only one interested. She said that none of the agents awoke before 10 o'clock the day after the "suarry," and it was not evident to them before noon that they had been tricked. It was then too late to make chase.

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On the day the notes fell due—none of them were paid—I drove Mrs. Jones and her children to the railroad. At the station I found a letter from Jones asking me to meet him at Frisco and become his partner in business.

HORACE B. GAYLORD.

With Xmas, 1908



But a few days distant, how many of you are mentally struggling with vexing problems of 'What to Give.' You may be one of them; if so

The Bell Can Help You.

Perhaps at no other season of the year is the value of this great good clothes store more universally recognized than the few days preceding the advent of Yuletide when those gifts for men are so much in demand.

Come in and see our great showing.

THE BELL. Greencastle's Best Clothiers.

A THIEF TAKES THE CASH

Would-be Boarded at the Home of Mrs. Harlan on North Jackson Street Leaves With Money From Sideboard.

On Saturday a young man representing himself as a sign painter called at the home of Mrs. Harlan on North Jackson Street and wished to be taken in as a boarder. He was informed that he must pay in advance. He replied that he would have money on Monday, and was allowed to stay.

Sunday he was left alone a short time in the sitting room which opens into the dining room. In a drawer in the sideboard in the dining room Mrs. Harlan kept her purse. She supposed that the would-be boarder saw her place it there, for a short time after she placed it in the drawer the man left. Investigation later showed that the purse had disappeared also. He has not yet been found by the police. Mrs. Harlan lost near \$10.

Christmas and New Year's Holiday Rates.

For the Christmas and New Year's holidays the Monon route will sell tickets at one and one-half fare for the round trip between all stations, also to joints on other lines in Central Passenger Association territory, minimum fare 25 cents.

Tickets on sale December 24 and 25, good returning until December 28, also