

County Couriers

# THE GREENVILLE JOURNAL.

"EXCELSIOR."

VOL. 76—Established 1832.

GREENVILLE, OHIO, THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1908.

No. 36

## Another Richmond in the Field.

BY LEO.

The reader of English history will remember that on Bosworth field there was a desperate battle fought between the forces under King Richard III and those under Henry of Richmond of the house of Lancaster. Richard lost the battle. Having lost his horse he cries

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse  
I thing there be six Richmonds in the field;  
Five have I slain today instead of a horse!  
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse."

Ere long Richmond tells his fellows;

"The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead."

From this comes the saying "There is another Richmond in the field."

Some democrats are using that phrase today in allusion to the governor of Minnesota, who has entered the field in a fight for the nomination at Denver. He seems to be a good man for the place; but it is hardly probable that W. J. Bryan will fail of the nomination. It looks to us that Johnson would make the better chief magistrate if elected, for he talks so little as compared with Bryan. Great talkers are oftentimes poor doers.

But in spite of this, the democrats will choose the "peerless" for their leader once more, perhaps several times more. He is in his prime as yet. We are quite sure that the republicans would prefer Bryan for a leader of the democratic host before any other man, because his record is so replete in political blunders. He can be so easily assailed. Johnson is a man not much known to the country, and what is known of him is favorable to him. His record is clean.

For nearly twelve years Bryan has been in the front doing valiant fighting for what he esteemed right for the country, and every battle has been against him. Of course he thought himself right every time; but the country thought otherwise. And if he be given the leadership in this year of 1908 his fate is almost sure to be another defeat. He can stand it.

And yet the democrats can hardly do better than nominate W. J. Bryan. And can hardly blame them for it. Bryan can have a larger vote than any other in the party. His popularity is a phenomenon. Almost any other man would be considered unavailable after two defeats; but Bryan seems to suffer nothing by defeat.

Henry Clay was a candidate quite often, and although a genial, warm-hearted, and eloquent speaker, he never reached the presidency. This may be the fate of the "peerless." He may be nominated again and again; but he is not a "Richmond" to win the crown; but a "Richard" to lose the battle.

We notice that Bryan criticises those states that send delegates to the Denver convention instructed. And yet, if memory serves us aright, he himself was nominated at Chicago in 1896 by delegates not instructed to vote for him. It was "the cross of gold" speech made by himself before the convention which in-



**Rapid changes of temperature are hard on the toughest constitution.**

The conductor passing from the heated inside of a trolley car to the icy temperature of the platform—the canvasser spending an hour or so in a heated building and then walking against a biting wind—know the difficulty of avoiding cold.

**Scott's Emulsion strengthens the body so that it can better withstand the danger of cold from changes of temperature.**

**It will help you to avoid taking cold.**

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

spired the nomination of Bryan. Is Bryan afraid that some other man at Denver may turn the trick on him?

Turning to the republican side we certainly see that "There be six Richmonds in the field."

The state favorite sons are numerous, and of suitable equipment for the presidency. One of them will be the "Richmond" to win the battle, and that as it seems now will be the Ohio man—William Howard Taft. He is not only the favorite son of Ohio; but the favorite candidate of many other states. We look for his nomination on the first ballot, and if not then, soon after. Who will say that the man is not worthy of the honor?

### A Cure for Misery.

"I have found a cure for the misery malaria poison produces," says R. M. James, of Louellen, S. C. "It's called Electric Bitters, and comes in 50 cent bottles. It breaks up a case of chills or a bilious attack in almost no time; and it puts yellow jaundice clean out of commission." This great tonic medicine and blood purifier gives quick relief in all stomach, liver and kidney complaints and the misery of lame back. Sold under guarantee at Wm. Kipp's Sons' drug store.

### Ninevah.

We have been having it pretty wet here the last two or three weeks.

John Allread has moved north of Gettysburg.

John Routzong's, Hige Swabb's and W. G. Ludy's were guests of H. E. Weaver's on Sunday.

Mr. Fast and family, who resided on F. Reichard's farm, moved to near Troy Saturday.

Mrs. Milton Unger has diphtheria, but is not very serious at present.

Ruth Bailey, wife and child, of Latty, are guests at Peter Unger's at present.

G. W. Ludy and family called on his folks near here Sunday.

W. D. Unger's were guests of Levi Unger's Sunday.

Mar. 16. GAIL.

### Rank Foolishness.

"When attacked by a cough or a cold, or when your throat is sore, it is rank foolishness to take any other medicine than Dr. King's New Discovery," says C. O. Eldridge, of Empire, Ga. "I have used New Discovery seven years and I know it is the best remedy on earth for coughs and colds, croup, and all throat and lung troubles. My children are subject to croup, but New Discovery quickly cures every attack." Known the world over as the King of throat and lung remedies. Sold under guarantee at Wm. Kipp's Sons' drug store, 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

## WASHINGTON LETTER.

The arrival of the Atlantic fleet at Magdalena Bay, Southern California, without accident and four days ahead of schedule time is the occasion of the utmost gratification to the President and the naval authorities in Washington. This is the longest cruise so large a fleet ever undertook in the world's history and its satisfactory completion is properly the occasion of gratification. Admiral Evans has sent an official report to the Navy Department and the President has caused to be sent a telegram of congratulation to the brave Admiral who, in spite of great physical afflictions, has so ably commanded the great fleet on its long voyage. Incidentally, the forecasters of evil who were so certain the fleet would come to grief in Magellan Straits will have to think up some other dire ending for the flower of the navy.

The submarine boat scandal in the House is assuming unfortunate proportions. Not only has Representative Lilley made a startling statement of the improper influence exerted by the submarine boat company, but Representative Hobson, formerly Lieutenant of the Navy, has testified that when he first came to Congress a representative of the company, who had been his classmate at Annapolis, called him up over the telephone, after first writing him several letters to which he paid no attention, and assured him he would, if desired, secure Hobson's appointment by Speaker Cannon on the committee on Naval Affairs. Mr. Hobson told him he did not desire submarine boat influence and secured the appointment without assistance on the recommendation of the Democratic leader, Mr. Williams. The committee which Mr. Cannon has appointed to investigate this affair does not seem to be too anxious to develop the facts, but with a few more witnesses like Hobson they will come out whether or no.

Senator Carter is also endeavoring to secure an investigation in the Senate of the so-called Bieber land scandal, whereby one Sidney Bieber, the special protege and friend of Speaker Cannon, secured legislation calculated to secure to Bieber title to about twenty acres of land on the river front in this city, along that section of the Anacostia River on which Congress has already expended \$300,000 for improvements and on which it is planned to spend probably \$3,000,000 altogether.

Had it not been for the suspicion aroused in the mind of Secretary Taft by this legislation, Bieber's title would now be irrevocable, but Mr. Taft managed to delay action and Mr. Carter laid bare the facts in the Senate which immediately led that body to pass a repealing act. What

the action of the House will be cannot yet be foretold, although there is obvious effort to hush the whole matter up, while Bieber is relying on the fact that the Pennsylvania railway called the facts to the attention of Mr. Carter to becloud the issue. He is trying to make it appear that Mr. Carter is acting in the interest of the railway, an effort which is little likely to prove successful. Bieber is a local politician of some fame and has recently been engaged in trying to capture the District delegates for Mr. Cannon. A few years ago, through the kind offices of Mr. Cannon, Bieber was given a life pension of \$90 a month.

The Brownsville affair seems finally about to come to a close. The Senate committee on Military Affairs has made its reports. One declares the negroes innocent of the shooting. This was signed by Senator Foraker alone. Another, signed by Messrs. Foraker, Bulkeley, Scott and Hemmer, declares that the guilt of the negroes was not proven, that the bullets could only have been fired from guns issued to the troops of the 25th Infantry, that there was no evidence in support of the claim that the shooting was done by others, etc. The Republican members of the committee have prepared a bill authorizing the President to restore to the army any member of the 25th Infantry who can prove his innocence, this being in accordance with the request made in a special message which the President has sent to the Senate on the subject.

The President has directed the Commissioner of Corporations, Herbert Knox Smith, to make a thorough investigation to ascertain if the federal government can by law prevent stock gambling and the selling of futures in grain and produce, and if so by what means. It is expected that this investigation will take some time, but the President hopes that Mr. Smith will be able to draft a measure the passage of which he can recommend to Congress in his annual message, next December. He is anxious that the work be done most thoroughly so that the bill will stand the test of the courts and may not be so drastic or impracticable as to become a dead letter.

It Does The Business.

Mr. E. E. Chamberlain, of Clinton, Maine, says of Bucklen's Arnica Salve: "It does the business; I have used it for piles and it cured them. Used it for chapped hands and it cured them. Applied it to an old sore and it healed it without leaving a scar behind." 25c at Wm. Kipp's Sons' drug store.

Baker Store.

We are having nice weather now, and the farmers are busy with their plowing.

Eli Teaford had a sale on last Thursday, which was the largest ever held in this vicinity.

O. S. Brodrick gave a fine talk at the teachers' meeting on last Wednesday night.

Levi Blocher's of Union City, Misses Elsie and Blanch Whitney of Covington, Ira Baker of this place, and Omar S. Brodrick of New Madison enjoyed a fine time at John Oda's Sunday.

Miss May Lippy was in Greenville Saturday.

Earl Grosvenor was in Fort Jefferson last Wednesday night.

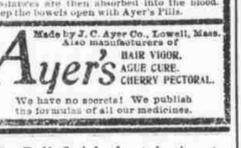
Miss Vesta Daugherty attended Sabbath school at Zion Sunday.

Mr. Ingle of Topsy Corner has moved.

David Wise delivered some of his tobacco on Monday.

## Does Your Heart Beat

Yes, 100,000 times each day. Does it send out good blood or bad blood? You know, for good blood is good health; bad blood, bad health. And you know precisely what to take for bad blood—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Doctors have endorsed it for 60 years.



Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Also manufacturers of  
HAIR VIGOR,  
AGE CURE,  
CHERRY PECTORAL.

We have no secret! We publish the formulae of all our medicines.

E. Boli finished stripping tobacco Tuesday.

The Baker Store school will close next month. Several of the pupils will try the Patterson examination and we hope they will succeed.

SUE.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

### Resolutions of Respect.

Resolutions of respect of the Darke County Horse Thief Detective Association on the death of Ezra Lecklider.

The Darke County Horse Thief Detective Association is again called upon to mourn the death of one of its oldest members.

Ezra Lecklider, for nearly the whole of his life, was a resident of Greenville township and has been a member of this Association for more than forty-five years and during his entire membership has missed but few of the regular meetings of the Association and has always been ready and willing to do his part as a member and assist in the work of the Association.

By his death the Association loses an excellent member, the community a successful and prosperous citizen and his family a kind and indulgent husband and father.

Be it therefore resolved, that this Association extend to the family of the deceased its sincere sympathy and assistance in their bereavement and that as a further mark of respect a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Association and furnished to the family of the deceased.

SYLVESTER RYNEARSON,  
W. D. CRAIG,  
E. FITZGERALD,  
Committee.



CASTORIA.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

We are now ready to show you everything new for spring.

THE PROGRESS,  
Greenville, O.

### Corn Meeting.

The Darke County Corn Improvement Association will meet at the Court House in Greenville on Saturday, March 21, at one o'clock p.m. Everybody interested in corn improvement invited to attend this meeting. We want members from each township in the county. Come and bring along a sample ear of your seed corn and help make this meeting a benefit to all.

FRANK PLESSINGER, Sec'y.  
E. M. BEUCHLEY, Pres.

New Spring Imperial Hats now ready. \$3 buys one.  
35w2 THE PROGRESS.

## By the Short Cut

By MATIE BARNES.

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Sparville was grateful to Henry Griswold. Not since the engagement of McMahon's minstrels two months before had the town had so much to talk about.

Nine years ago Hank Griswold had gone to the city in his Sunday pepper and salt suit, with cowhide boots and cloth cap to complete his costume. Now he had returned Henry Griswold, and to the splendor of well-tailored clothes he added the magnificence of a fur lined coat and shoes and hat equally glossy.

Sparville was astonished to see fur coats, but with the fur outside, while Henry showed only the cloth. Patent leather shoes, too, every day in the week were registered with awe not unmixed with envy.

Even more interesting was the evident interest Griswold displayed in Nellie Morrison. They had been sweethearts in the old school days and had kept up a correspondence, a fact disseminated by the postmaster, but it was home with the intention of cutting out Ben Pierce, who escorted Nell home from church Sunday evenings and otherwise gave evidence of ultimate serious intentions.

Public sentiment was largely in favor of Ben. Had Sparville been so frivolously minded as to indulge in betting the odds would have been about three to one in his favor, for Henry had seemed to lose interest in skating and coasting and other winter sports in which Sparville delighted.

He visited the pond and the coasting hill, but merely as a spectator, and at such times Nell, fully conscious that the exercise brought a stronger glow to her cheeks and an added sparkle to her eyes, was most inclined to begeth him.

Griswold ascribed her treatment to a desire to display her powers of co-



quetry, but when, near the close of the second week, he made formal proposal of marriage and was refused he stared at her in dismay.

"It's this way," explained Nell judiciously, seeing his bewilderment. "I like you, Harry, but you are so different now. When you were a boy there was no one who could beat you in a skating race, and you used to go down Beeman's hill faster than any of the others. Now you're afraid to coast."

"I'm not afraid," denied Griswold. "I don't want to; that's all. I have found other amusements."

Nell smiled and changed the subject, and Griswold went home feeling miserable. He loved Nell, and this refusal was a blow to his heart and his pride.

It was Ben who tugged Nell's sled up Beeman's hill the following afternoon and found Griswold gloomily regarding the coasters. The bill swung in a rough half circle down the steep declivity. Usually the roadway was beaten into a glare of ice by the coasters, for it was the only good coasting place in the neighborhood.

From the brow of the hill the entire road could be observed. All summer Henry Beeman had been cutting the thick growth of pines which had covered the hillside, and now only a broad expanse of glistening snow crust dotted with the pine stumps remained.

It was a pretty spectacle, and Griswold enjoyed it in spite of the evident favor with which Nell regarded Ben, who accompanied her in her dashes downhill and the walk back again, with Nell walking by his side. Nominally Nell's sled was her sister's, and Ben's was supposed to be the property of his little cousin, but those two youngsters had little use of their possessions.

The sun was dipping toward the hills on the other side of the valley and most of the coasters had gone home when Nell settled herself for her last ride. Ben had stopped to tie his shoe laces, and Nell looked over her shoulder.

"Who catches may keep," she called as the sled gathered momentum. Ben sprang to his feet and ran for his sled, throwing himself upon it and starting off at a terrific pace.

Griswold gave one glance at the flying figure far ahead. He knew that Ben's sled was not as good as Nell's and that he would not catch her until she reached the bottom of the incline. There was just one chance for himself, and, throwing off his coat, he caught up the pointer that Jimmie Sweeney had just brought up to the top of the hill.

At the foot of the field was a place where two lengths of the fence had fallen in, and there were two or three similar breaks where he stood. It was the work of an instant to step through one of these and throw himself face downward upon the sled.

Steering with both hands and feet, Griswold shot down the steep declivity. It was several years since he had been on a sled, but it all came back to him, and with a skill that was the talk of the hill for the remainder of the season he steered his flying sled in and out between the stumps, striking the bark here and dashing a trunk there just as a fractured skull seemed imminent.

It took but a few seconds to accomplish the journey, but to Griswold it seemed years before he shot through the opening of the fence and with a last terrific effort swung himself into the road.

Just ahead were the smart gray jacket and slaney little hat that he was pursuing, and as he shot past he caught the runner of Nell's sled.

"Who catches may keep," he quoted as he steered the two sleds into the softer snow beside the road to permit Ben to pass them.

"How did you do it?" demanded Nell wonderingly.

"Did you think it was Ben?" he countered. The girl shook her head. "I wanted to see if you would make an effort," she explained shyly. "All the way down I heard Ben shouting, and I was afraid that he was alone."

"He was," explained Griswold. "I came the short way."

Nell looked at the runner marks where Griswold had come through the break in the fence and then at the stump dotted hill.

"You came straight down?" she gasped.

"It was the only way," he said quietly. "Ben already had a lead on the road, and I knew that I should have to take the short cut in order to beat him."

Nell looked him over sternly. The thin leather of his shoes was cut and torn, and here and there was a rent in his clothing where he had struck a tree. The gloves hung in shreds from the scratched hands, and his necktie waved under his left ear.

"You go back and get your coat," she commanded, "and then we'll go home and tell mother and Harry. I'm awfully glad that you win," she added as he turned away to obey the command. "I didn't think you would, but I never dreamed you would come the short way. No one has dared before."

"No one else had you at the end of the slide," he explained, with a happy laugh, as she slipped her hand in his and they started up the hill after his coat.

Breaking It Gently.

A man who had literary aspirations, but lacked the literary instinct, once wrote a story and took it to the editor of a magazine. "I want you to read it over carefully," he said. "It's intended for a satire, and, if I do say it myself, I think it's pretty clever."

The editor took the manuscript and began to read it. A page or two sufficed to show him its utter hopelessness for purposes of publication, but he hesitated to crush a budding author and proceeded to temporize.

"Why, Mr.—er—Simmons," he said, "your story has some qualities, of course, and—er—"

"It's better as you get into it," interrupted the author complacently. "It's like some of Thackeray's stories."

"Ah, yes, Mr. Simmons; you do remind me somewhat of Thackeray?" "Do!" inquired the editor.

"Yes," rejoined the editor, handing him the manuscript. "You have a nose just like his."—Youth's Companion.

Proper Form of Asseveration.

A teacher in the Garfield school was teaching a primary class the beginnings of arithmetic.

"Now, I have one pencil in my right hand and one in my left," she said. "How many pencils have I? Heien, you may answer."

"Two," piped a small voice.

"Then one and one make two, do they?"

"Sure!"

The teacher frowned at the disrespectful answer.

"That's hardly what you should have said," she said. "Will some one in the class tell Heien what her answer should have been?"

There was a moment of hesitation. Then one brown fist shot confidently into the air.

"Ah, James, you may tell Heien what she should have said!"

"Sure, Mike!" shouted Jimmy in a tone of triumph.—Kansas City Star.

Blessings of the Blind.

The calamity of the blind is immense, irreparable. But it does not take away our share of the things that count—service, friendship, humor, imagination, wisdom. It is the secret lamer will that controls one's fate. We are capable of willing to be good, of loving and being loved, of thinking to the end that we may be wiser. We possess these spirit-born forces equally with all God's children. Therefore we, too, see the lightnings and hear the thunders of Sins. We, too, march through the wilderness and the solitary place that shall be glad for us, and as we pass God maketh the desert to blossom like the rose. We, too, go into the promised land to possess the treasures of the spirit, the unseen permanence of life and nature.—Helen Keller in Century.