

WAYNETOWN.

Wm. Fruits and wife are visiting in Kansas.

Everyone enjoyed Labor Day in Crawfordsville.

Mrs. Richard Hays, of Peru, is visiting relatives and friends here.

Miss Florence Thompson returned from a two weeks' visit in Yountsville Tuesday.

Mrs. Edward Kelly is in Indianapolis buying a new stock of fall millinery goods.

Mrs. Martha Murry and son, of North Henderson, Ill., are visiting relatives here.

Misses Lola and Grace Firestone, of Fowler, have returned home after a month's visit here.

Miss Daisy Ewell has returned to her home in Indianapolis after a two weeks' visit here.

Wm. Doss will erect a new blacksmith shop in the near future. It will be modern in every respect.

Messrs. Wm. Parker and S. S. Gray, victims of hay fever, have sought relief by a visit to Lake Petosky.

Mr. Iller, of St. Louis is here visiting his family, who have spent the summer at the American House.

Mrs. Dick Reed and daughter, of Ellsworth, Ill., are visiting the former's parents, Thomas Fields and wife.

The Nelson reunion held Wednesday near Union Chapel, was quite a success, a large number being present.

Miss Lena Simms and Elpha Parker have returned from a week's stay in the wholesale millinery house in Indianapolis.

It seems as if we have a naughty robber in our own little city who pays a weekly visit to some of our people, of course the gentleman is a welcome guest.

All of our people are looking forward with pleasure to the great and only fair next week, our town will indeed be well represented by a large crowd each day.

The Maxwell reunion was quite a success, many out of town guests were present, among whom were Mrs. Sarah Haden, of Fort Wayne, Jerome Biddle and wife, of Benton county, Joab Tracy and wife, of Ill. and Rev. Chas. Bonnell and wife, of Stockwell.

NEW ROSS.

Gossip reports two weddings soon. Walter Bratton came home from Modoc, Ind., Saturday.

James Baker shipped seven head of horses to New York last Friday.

Harry Jesse has gone to Minnesota and is working in a railway station.

Homer Dale and wife, of Lebanon, spent Tuesday with Ambrose Evans.

Quite a number attended the Labor Day exercises at Crawfordsville Monday.

The M. E. Sunday school presented their teacher, Wm. Peterson, with a bible.

Sunday was Rev. L. E. Murray's regular appointment at the Christian church.

Mike Bruch and Thomas Bronaugh attended the G. A. R. encampment at Philadelphia.

Charles Hurt went to Indianapolis Monday where he has a position as telegraph operator.

George Ronk has returned from Michigan last week where he has been for his health.

Debbie Scott attended the millinery opening at Indianapolis and returned home Sunday.

Frank Hurt left on Monday for Sumpter, Ore., where his brother has secured him a position.

James Patterson, who had his back broken two years ago, came to town Friday for the first time.

Walter Ronk is now on his way to Salt Lake City, Utah, where he has a position as telegraph operator.

James Baker sold his black match team on Tuesday to George W. Smith, of Williamsport, for three hundred dollars, and a pair of draft mares to John E. Briggs, of West Lebanon for \$275.

The town board met in regular session Monday night. Bills were allowed to the amount of \$25.63. The general tax was cut down just half, and the balance in the treasury amounted to \$119.98.

Mrs. John Petticord was reminded of her birthday Saturday, by a large number of her friends and relatives coming in with well filled baskets. A fine dinner was served, the tables not being cleared till late in the afternoon. The guests departed at a late hour after having wished her many more happy birthdays.

TO STUDY ARCTIC CURRENTS

Fifty Casks to Be Set Adrift Near Herald Island This Spring.

An important experiment is about to be made to determine the course taken by arctic currents. By direction of the navy department the Geographical society of Philadelphia is permitted to place on the cruiser Bear, which will sail from San Francisco in April for the arctic waters, a number of casks to be set adrift near Herald island for the purpose of learning the drift they may take. Valuable hydrographic information relative to the arctic seas and currents is expected to be obtained through this means.

The project is the outcome of a plan proposed by Admiral Melville before the society, by which he suggested that his theory regarding arctic currents might be demonstrated by a number of drift casks. It is the admiral's belief, based on the drift of the Jeannette as well as other drifts of explorers, that the place to put a ship bound for the north pole is through Bering strait and then to push the ship into the pack as far as possible to the northward and westward. Though it would not necessarily drift across the pole, he believes that in all probability a ship, float or cask would come out by way of Spitzbergen. He further submitted a detailed plan for the experiment.

The society took up the subject and pushed it rapidly, and now all preparations have been completed for the launching of the casks. Henry G. Bryant, the president of the society, has by his efforts, energy and interest in the preparatory work so identified himself with this project that it is now scientifically known as the "Melville-Bryant drift cask." Captain Kantz of the navy represented the society at San Francisco and attended to the shipment of the casks, placing 35 on whaling vessels and 15 on the Bear. Each cask has a separate number, for means of identification. The casks are conical shaped floats, securely made. Each contains a wooden incased tube or bottle, tightly corked, in which are directions for the finder. The directions are printed on specially prepared paper, indestructible by salt water. These directions, or forms, have spaces to insert the name of the finder, vessel, latitude, longitude, number of cask and other necessary data. The following instructions are given:

"The finder will please send this paper to the nearest United States consul at his home port or forward it direct to the Geographical society, Philadelphia, United States of America."

The directions are printed in four languages, to insure, so far as possible, their being understood and complied with. If the casks are successfully launched, as, barring accident, they will be, it will probably be four years or more before they may be looked for between the Spitzbergen and Greenland coasts. Scientists generally and students of the arctic are taking keen interest in the experiment.—New York Sun.

KIPLING'S FATHER HERE.

Novelist's Parent Talks on "The White Man's Burden."

If Rudyard Kipling lives to be about 65 years old, grows a beard and accumulates about 100 pounds more of avoidupois, he will probably look very much like an old gentleman who arrived at New York the other day on the White Star steamer Majestic.

The old gentleman is J. L. Kipling, the father of the distinguished novelist. Mr. Kipling was anxious on the voyage across, as he did not know in what condition he would find his son, but at quarantine a telegram was given to him reassuring him.

Mr. Kipling lived many years in India. He said with much earnestness:

"I live in a little country village now, but I want to say that we, the plain people of England, are watching with the most intense interest, even more than you are perhaps, every move that the United States is making in the Philippines. We understand what it means, and we know that if the surplus of American products is directed toward the far east it will be better for us. We want the United States to hold the colonies and open them up to the business of the world."

From the steamer Mr. Kipling went to the home of Lockwood D. de Forest, at 7 East Tenth street, and at 8:30 o'clock went up to the Hotel Grenoble, where he saw his son for half an hour. The doctors did not think a longer visit advisable.—New York World.

Queer Accident to a Hunter.

Near Atchison, Kan., the other day Ed Jackson was out hunting. As he walked along he stepped into a hole and fell into the mud. The muzzle of his double barreled hammerless gun was plunged into the mud also, and both barrels exploded. As the mud had plugged the barrels the gun burst, and Jackson was struck over the eye with a piece of flying steel, receiving quite a cut, but nothing serious. A man by the name of Teachout was with Jackson, and the pair proceeded in the semidarkness to the house of a bridge tender. As soon as the light was reached Teachout saw Jackson's bloody face, and the sight made him fall over in a dead faint. Everybody went to working on Teachout and left poor Jackson all covered with blood and mud until his tender hearted companion had returned to consciousness.—Kansas City Journal.

A Curious Postal System.

In certain parts of Sweden, where the most absolute confidence is reposed in the honesty of the people, a very informal postal system is in vogue. As the mail steamer reaches a landing place a man goes ashore with the letters, which he places in an unlocked box on the pier. Then the passerby who expects a letter opens the box, turns over the letters and selects his own, unquestioned by any one.

An Interesting Letter From a South Dakota Volunteer.

At Sioux Falls letters received from members of the First South Dakota during the last few days are unusually interesting. Among them is a letter from Otis Robinson, in which he gives an account of his experience as a sharpshooter and tells of the precautions taken to prevent the assassination of General Otis.

"I went on outpost yesterday morning," he writes, "and we had a pretty warm time all day and night and this morning. Each company got orders to have one sharpshooter on each outpost, and so I was appointed to act in that capacity while I was on duty out there. I hunted around all the forenoon before I found where the insurgent sharpshooters were stationed, and then I began to blaze away. I found an old well, and I could just stand in the bottom, and my head and shoulders would come above the rim. With 200 rounds of smokeless cartridge I made it uncomfortable for them. The insurgents had all of our men located, but they couldn't see me."

"After I got the range—it was 950 yards—I commenced to watch for them, and every time I could see one of the black 'niggers' pull up to shoot at our men on the left I would drive loose at him. The consequence was that they soon changed their positions. They kept out of sight of the other men, but exposed to me. I dropped 30 grains of lead at a time among them."

"I had a close call the other day. I went to climb up in a tree that didn't have leaves on to get a crack at some 'niggers,' and I had just got my glasses fixed when they espied me. Biff! Bang! Two little Mauser bullets went whistling past my head. I came down—never stopped to argue the question. I crawled up in another tree that was full of leaves. I had just found the place where the fellows that had shot at me were located, when Company B's outpost let fly and scared them away."

"I had just started my letter last night, when the first lieutenant gave me four men and told me to go and sleep under the trees on the river front about 50 yards from the palace. Squads sleep all around the grounds for fear the natives may attempt to assassinate General Otis, and we are always ready for an emergency."—Special St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

NO MUSIC IN "DIXIE."

Theodore Thomas Given a Laurel Wreath For Not Playing It.

For the inability of his band to play "Dixie," the popular southern air, Conductor Theodore Thomas was the other night presented with an immense laurel wreath by Captain Joseph F. Burke, a prominent Confederate veteran.

When the great orchestra came to Atlanta recently, the representative of one of the daily papers interviewed Mr. Thomas and asked him if his organization could play "Dixie." Mr. Thomas replied that his time had been spent in training his men to play only the cream of classical music and that they did not pander to the street music element. The other night at the close of the series Captain Burke presented Mr. Thomas with the wreath, saying:

"Some uncultured persons have thought there was music in 'Dixie.' The musicians of Atlanta have always known different, and they wish to thank you for enlightening them and the general public. Take this bit of laurel and wear it as a testimonial of your noble efforts to show the masses what true music is."

The affair has caused considerable surprise in veteran circles, and nowhere more than in the set of Captain Burke. At the same time the musicians of Atlanta approve his action, and say the time has come to drop patriotic idiocy for true melody.—Special Washington Post.

The Man Behind the Plow.

There's a lot to say about the man behind the gun, and folks has praised him highly for the noble work he done.

He won a lot of laurel for the land where men are few.

It was him that sent the Spaniards kickin' back across the sea,

But he's had his day of glory, had his little spree, and now

There's another to be mentioned—he's the man behind the plow.

A battleship's a wonder, and an army's mighty grand,

And warrin's a perfession only heroes understand.

There's somethin' sort of thrillin' in a flag that's wavin' high,

And it makes you want to holler when the boys go marchin' by,

But when the shoutin's over and the fightin's done somehow

We find we're still dependin' on the man behind the plow.

They sing about the glories of the man behind the gun,

And the books are full of stories of the wonders he has done.

The world has been made over by the fearless ones who fight;

Lands that used to be in darkness they have opened to the light.

When God's children smar, the soldier has to settle up the row,

And folks haven't time fer thinkin' of the man behind the plow.

In all the pomp and splendor of an army on parade,

And all through the awful darkness that the smoke of battle's made;

In the halls where jewels glitter and where shontin men debate,

In the palaces where rulers deal out honors to the great,

There is not a single person who'd be doing business now

Or have medals if it wasn't fer the man behind the plow.

We're a-buildin mighty cities, and we're gainin' lofty heights;

We're a-winnin' lots of glory, and we're settin' things to rights;

We're a-showin' all creation how the world's affairs should run.

Future men'll gaze in wonder at the things that we have done,

And they'll overlook the feller, just the same as we do now,

Who's the whole concern's foundation—that's the man behind the plow.

—S. E. Kiser in Chicago News.

A GREAT WEEK!

FOR CRAWFORDSVILLE.

Next week will be a splendid opportunity to pay a visit to the best town in the state. The best fair in Indiana will be better this year than ever before. There will be more and better attractions, faster horses, fatter hogs, larger cattle, bigger pumpkins, more double-jointed peanuts, red lemonade and prettier girls than have ever been gathered together in the state.

There will be plenty of amusement in the evenings, also, with band concerts and a good attraction every evening at Music Hall at popular prices. Last but not least will be the

Grand Opening of the Big Store

.. COMMENCING ..

Tuesday Evening, Sept. 12

And continuing all week except on Wednesday evening and Thursday, store will be closed from 6 o'clock Wednesday evening until 6 o'clock Thursday evening on account of Yom Kippur, fast day. The opening is an event everyone has been waiting for and we are sure no one will be disappointed with our work and efforts to give the people of Montgomery and adjoining counties not only the largest and finest, but the best and most up-to-date Dry Goods store in the state. We invite you all to inspect it, and see what we have labored so hard and earnestly for during the past year.

THE BIG STORE

Louis Bischof,

127-129 East Main St.

Crawfordsville, Indiana.