

Is it possible to reforest Indiana? Tocsin bank of which he is one of the board. The election of officers and such other business along the present running of the institution was talked over, and a more general understanding of things made known. The Tocsin bank had its origin but three years ago, but from the very beginning started off with a flourishing business, owing to the excellent management of the bank and the solid basis on which it was doing business, and today they are enjoying a patronage beyond the expectations of all.

The board of directors of the Old Adams County bank held their monthly meeting in the directors' room of the bank Wednesday evening and such business attended to that has come up since their last meeting. It was an interesting one and much business was attended to.

The board of review will complete its forty days' session tomorrow, and today was putting on the "finishing touches." They are looking up recent taxpayers who "forgot" about the first of March, and are adding to the lists a few more names. Tomorrow they will list the city dog taxpayers. The reserve can be reached by going over the Pennsylvania line to Henryville or over the Indianapolis and Louisville traction line. Take limited cars to Henryville. Local cars will let you off at the reserve.

The reservation hack will meet all trains and guides will be furnished who will show you around over the reserve, consisting of two thousand acres. Some prominent people have been invited and are expected to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. James Artman, Miss Ruby Artman and Mr. Owen Baker left today for Bluffton, where they will visit with relatives until tomorrow, when Mr. and Mrs. Artman and Mr. Baker will leave for Mankato, Minnesota, to make their home, provided they find the country agreeable. Mr. Artman has been engaged in the picture business for three years and is now entering upon a very promising fourth year's work. During this time he has been manager of the Decatur Photo company, and his business has taken him from town to town, the first class work which he puts out, establishing for him a good record in many towns in many states. Finding the outlook good in Minnesota, he has decided to go there, and will no doubt meet with the same success that he has here. Mr. Baker, who is a Bluffton young man, is with his in his business. Mr. Artman is a son of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Artman of this city, and was married last winter to Miss Martha Tribble, a prominent Bluffton young lady. Their friends wish them success in their new home.

Fremont, Mich., July 10, '11.

Wilson A. Lee, Decatur, Ind.:

Dear Sir:—I received your letter stating that you could not be present at the surprise held Sunday, on your brother, Harvey, and the same was read to those present, and thinking you might be anxious to learn concerning the good time that was had there, thought I would write and tell you about it. There were about thirty Hoosiers, who met in a grove about one-half mile south of his home and when the time arrived made a march on his home. He was just about ready to start for church, and to say the surprise was complete one is putting it as facts. The crowd remained there until late in the evening, when all left for their homes, all enjoying a good, pleasant time. The best of the program for the writer was the excellent dinner, although the solos sung by Mrs. Lee were very interesting; also the other amusements. One of the things which brought back remembrances was a fine, large cake, made by his sister, Effie, finely lettered with these words, "Harvey Lee, '39." We were sorry you could not be with us. Harvey's prospects are good for a crop of apples, and also for all crops on his farm, and we think he is enjoying his Michigan home.

As to the Hoosiers there, all enjoyed the day, and all seem to enjoy their prospects here, for all have good crops and as to all kinds of fruit there could be no better, the worst trouble being to get help to take care of what we have here. The peach thinning is the big job now. All available help is secured and good wages paid. I am not half done thinning yet, but doing all we can, and hope to get through this week. We have the greatest crop of peaches this year we have had for many years. We had our wheat in shock on the third, and haying is about all through. The weather has been fine for all kinds of work, but now a little dry, as we have not had rain for a week. We have had very hot weather—I think as hot as I ever saw it in Indiana. One case of fatal sunstroke, one mile from my farm, occurred last Thursday, and the weather is nearly as hot yet. We all hope for some relief soon.

I will close as I think I have said enough for this time.

Yours truly,
H. HARRUFF.

Charles S. Niblick was at Tocsin today and while there attended the annual meeting of stockholders of the present.

SHAVING IN ITALY.

The Barber Must Have Used a Cross-cut Saw on This Victim.

Italy may be the land of the sea, but it is not the home of the shave.

The barbers there are generally recruited from the ranks of the butchers or the medical students. They must be able to stand the sight of blood. In the early days of medicine physicians called in barbers to do their bleeding for them.

In Italy a physician now does his own bleeding—if he visits a barber shop first.

Everything is done in an orderly manner in the Latin kingdom. The man who yearns to open a tonsorial parlor appears before the municipality to request his license. No influence is required. He does not have to have a pull. No, he cultivates that later.

"Are you qualified?" demand the city fathers.

"Signor," responds the applicant reproachfully, "does not my father own a horse, and have I not curried it every Sunday? Besides, I have worked in the stockyards."

"Bene," reply the license givers. "You are indeed suited in every way. Here are your shaving papers. Go forth and scrape acquaintance with the strangers within our gates, but cut only distant acquaintances. To cut your friends is bad form and bad for 'em."

Then, if the happy neophyte has the tin he opens up a dissecting parlor. The tin is necessary for razor blades.

One Italian traveler was heard to remark: "I now believe that the martyr St. Luke was skinned alive. I know the man who skinned him. He shaved me this morning." Twelve good men and true looked at his face and then gave their verdict. He was a truthful man.

When a customer enters an Italian barber shop he is escorted politely to an operating chair. The back of the chair is stationary, but the headrest lets down to a remarkable degree. The result is that while the applicant's hips and knees are bent to an angle of ninety degrees his neck stretches so that his head makes an acute angle with his back, his chin pointing directly at the ceiling. It requires long practice for stout gentlemen to become comfortable in this position.

Then the operator dips his brush in ice water and brushes it lightly across the soap. He then, with a playful air, dampens his customer's beard as if to say, "This is really unnecessary, but I yield to the prejudices of a stranger." No, he never rubs the soap in—he might produce a lather. Then comes the major operation. Afterward the face is washed with a shaving brush full of cold water, and then the powder is applied; no, not talcum powder—powdered alum.

When the damages have thus been temporarily repaired the victim raises his head—if he is still able—and has a coat of brilliant applied to his hair. He then totters home and, after his wife has fainted at sight of him, resolves to raise a mustache, sideburns, galways and a full beard. The barber, meanwhile having washed up the gore, seats himself in front of his shop and smiles benignly on the passerby. No, Italy is not the land of the shave, although it may be the home of the sea.—*New York Sun*.

His Advice Not Wanted.
"My dear," says the doctor to his wife, who is cuddling their new boy, "you should not feed the baby oftener than every three hours, you should not take it up every time it cries, it should sleep practically all the time, it should not be shown to every one who calls, your mother and father should not be permitted to handle it, you should not chuck it under the chin that way, it should sleep in a room without heat and with the windows wide open, its clothing should be simple—none of those lacy, embroidered things—and—"

"Humph!" interrupts his wife. "You go and tell that stuff to people that pay you \$5 a visit. I don't want any of your old advice about this baby!"—*Life*.

The Big Wind in Ireland.
The night of the big wind in Ireland was Jan. 6 and 7, 1839. It seems to have served for some seventy years as the era point of no little chronology. The gale was by no means confined to Ireland. A score of persons died in Liverpool in the crash of buildings, and the force of the wind was felt through Cheshire, Warwick and Stafford, in Limerick, Galway and Athlone more than 200 houses were blown down and as many more were burned. In 1808 Dublin was swept by a gale quite as great and half the trees in the Phoenix park were put down.—*New York Sun*.

She Loved Him.
This was after the quarrel. "I can never forgive you," he cried. "Last night you said I was a lobster."

"But you know," she replied, and her tone was conciliatory—"you know how dearly I love lobsters."

With a glad cry he folded her to his breast.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Abuse.

Abuse is not so dangerous when there is no vehicle of wit or delicacy, no subtle conveyance. The difference between coarse and refined abuse is as the difference between being bruised by a club and wounded by a poisoned arrow.—*Johnson*.

MAY EXTEND SWITCH.

Work has begun on the extension of the switch of the G. R. & I. railroad from the Niblick & Company's grain elevator, south across Monroe street to a point west of the main railroad track. Some trouble, however, in crossing the street has stopped operations.

The future is purchased by the present.—*Johnson*.

Doesn't Feed Them

Slimm—Our landlady says she likes to see her boarders have good appetites.

Smart—Well, some women are naturally cruel.—*Boston Transcript*.

The future is purchased by the present.—*Johnson*.

What They Said.

"They say she is going to be married."

"For four things," said the grass widow then.

Said her best friend, "It's true, but I wonder

Whatever that man sees in her."

"He's after her money, I'll bet you."

Said one, "For he hasn't a dime."

"She's going to be married?" an old maid exclaimed.

"My goodness, it's just about time!"

—*Detroit Free Press*.

MINIMUM OF CEREMONY.

A Little Sermon on the Best Way to Be Married.

"Limit of the marriageable age?

You ask me," said Major Brace.

"What is the limit of the age at which people ought to be allowed to marry?

Why, what a question!

"There is no limit. Any age be-

tween twenty-one and a hundred is a good enough age for a man, provided

there is nothing else to hinder and

provided he has the means of sup-

port and can find a lady whose in-

clinations match his and whose com-

panionship he believes will promote

his contentment.

"But, of course, there is always

room for the use of judgment in mar-

rying, and the older one grows the

more judgment there is room for, both

in the selection of one's accomplice

and in the method of doing it.

"And what is your notion of the

minimum of ceremony, major?"

"Oh, well, that's according to taste.

Most ladies, of whatever age or pre-

vious experience, prefer to be married

in a church and by a minister, but if

it was my own case—being now past

sixty, as I am—and if the lady's feel-

ings and preferences were exactly har-

monious with mine, we would have

the most modest marriage I could

manage—by a justice of the peace, I

guess, behind a tree. And then a paid

notice in the paper and a new will,

and that would be all, and we could

go right on as though nothing had

happened!"—*Life*.

Perfect Peace.

The shivering carolers had just selected a pitch beneath a lamp in a dark street when a small boy emerged from a house opposite and beckoned merrily to their leader.

"Mother says you're to sing something loud," he whispered. "That bit about 'Peace on earth' will do fine! She don't want no others. Just you go on hollering 'Peace on earth.'"

For ten minutes the willing minstrels yelled their loudest. Then a little woman, armed with a copper sauce-

pan, appeared upon the scene.

"Thanks!" she said, handing the collec-

tor threepence. "That 'Peace on

earth' is done it beautiful! My old

man went to fetch the turkey he won

in a raffle tonight, an' comin' 'ome

made one or two calls and lost it, so

I've just been a-teachin' 'im to be more

careful, an' I didn't want none of the

neighbors to interfere when 'e 'oldered

out!"—*Peasant's Weekly*.

WILL TREAT RABIES.

The state board of health will treat

all persons appealing to it for aid un-

der the new law providing for treat-

ment for indigent persons afflicted with

rabies, in the pathological labora-

tory maintained by the board, on the

third floor of the state house, accord-

ing to a decision just reached. Ar-

rangements have been made with an

eastern concern for the delivery of

serum used in treating such cases.

Assistant Secretary King of the board,

said the patients could be treated

there as well as in any of the sani-

tariums, and that the board would

thus have the added advantage of hav-

ing all the data collected in the study

of cases. Later the state board ex-

pects to arrange with physicians to

give treatment.

GRAND MUSIC RECITAL.

Will be Given Next Monday by Mrs.

C. J. Lutz' Pupils.

One of the biggest events in the

musical circle of Decatur this season

will be the recital to be given Mon-

day evening, July 17th, at the Presby-

terian church by the pupils of Mrs.

C. J. Lutz.

Her class is a large one,

and her pupils range from the far ad-

vanced to the beginners.

Not all will take part in the program,

which will be a lengthy one, but one which