

# THE DAILY BANNER TIMES

VOL. IV. PRICE THREE CENTS

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA, TUESDAY, MAY 25, 1897.

TEN CENTS PER WEEK. NO. 188

## REMOVAL SALE.

Within the next Three Weeks I shall move my Stock of Hardware from Greencastle.

In the mean time I will offer you greatly reduced prices on everythin' in Stock.

## SPECIAL

Low prices on Cook Stoves and Ranges

## REDUCED

Prices on Gasoline Stoves.

## DEEP CUT

On Heating Stoves—Great Bargains. Those owing me accounts will please call and settle with Cash or by Note. I propose to square up my business in Greencastle.

## JOHN W. EARP.

## Gold Stamping.

HAVE YOUR NAME STAMPED ON YOUR POCKET BOOK BEFORE YOU LOSE IT.

## PRICES REASONABLE

THE

## Beckett Book Bindery, BANNER TIMES.

### Three Great Conventions.

The Young Peoples Society of Christian Endeavor meets at San Francisco, Cal., July 7th-12th.

National Educational Association at Milwaukee, Wis., July 6th-9th.

Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks at Minneapolis, Minn., July 6th-9th.

These are all National conventions, and delegates and others interested should bear in mind that the best route to each convention city from Chicago is via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway. Two trains daily via Omaha to San Francisco; seven through trains daily via four different routes Chicago to Minneapolis; six daily trains Chicago to Milwaukee. Choice of routes to California, going via Omaha or Kansas City, returning via St. Paul and Minneapolis. Through trains vestibuled and electric lighted. All trains run on Absolute Block System. Low excursion rates to each convention. Ticket agents everywhere sell tickets over the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway or address Robt. C. Jones, Traveling Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, 40 Carew Building, Cincinnati, O.

Hires Rootbeer is full of good health. Invigorating, appetizing, satisfying. Put some up to-day and have it ready to put down whenever you're thirsty.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

PARKER'S CINER TONIC is the only sure Cure for Lung Troubles, Debility, disordered stomach and intestines, and all other diseases. It is a safe, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, non-stimulating and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

Try the "Perfect" Baking Powder at J. T. Allen's. 172-261

Real Estate Transfers.

H. S. Renick to Geo. E. Blake lots in Greencastle \$1.

"The Common People."

As Abraham Lincoln called them, do not care to argue about their ailments. What they want is a medicine that will cure them. The simple, honest statement, "I know that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures me," is the best argument in favor of this medicine, and that is what many thousands voluntarily say.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache, 25c.

No Patent Medicine Mystery about Cleveland's baking powder. Everything used in it is printed on the label. This information no other manufacturers give.

Delicious baking is done with the "Perfect" Baking Powder. Try it at J. W. Moore's. 172-261

New easy running bicycles for rent at Marquis' Music store. It

Ladies! Lovely baking is done with the "Perfect" Baking Powder only 25c. Ib. at Hamilton's. 172-261

Lost—Small purse containing \$5.00 and some small change. Finder return to this office. 187-261

Wright's Celery Tea regulates the Liver and kidneys, cures constipation and sick headache. 25c at all druggists.

You can make big money now by selling our wheels. \$5 to \$25. Largest stock in America. All makes and models. Write for catalogues. D. P. BROWN-LEWIS Cycle Co., Chicago, Ill.

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## FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

## SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

Why He Quit—The Sick Boothblack—It Pays to Be Good—Story of the Split Waters—Ants That Were Useful—Other Sketches.

From a Poem Entitled "A Day in Autumn."

NE rambles through the woods with me, Thou dear companion of my days.— These mighty woods! how quiet! The sleep in Autumn's golden haze.

Ants That Were Useful.

In old countries ants make very little trouble, further than getting into the cake-box or the sugar barrel. But in the tropics they are often an absolute pest. They march in great armies and destroy everything in their way. And yet even these ants have their uses. An Australian explorer says in regard to them:

"In justice to the ants, I am bound, however, to admit that I have found them useful in more ways than one. For instance, I bought an opossum-skin rug from a native. I soon became painfully aware of the fact that it literally swarmed with fleas and other vermin. In vain did I exhaust my stock of pepper. Even turpentine seemed to have no effect beyond increasing the reckless activity of these irritating settlers.

"At last, in despair, I threw my rug down on an ant hill. In less than half an hour every flea and objectionable parasite was eaten, but the rug was full of ants. I therefore hung it on a mimosa bush, and as soon as the ants found they were suspended they hastened to leave the rug and descended by the bush as best they could."

"Again, I had killed a snake in Tasmania and wished to clean and bleach the skeleton, which I intended to have mounted as a necklace. I left the body near an ants' nest. In a few hours there was not a vestige of flesh on the bones. The sun soon did the rest."

Why He Quit.

A professional gentleman, who was accustomed to take his morning glass, stepped into a saloon, and going up to the bar called for whisky. A seedy individual stepped up to him and said: "I say, 'squire, can't you ask an unfortunate fellow to join you?"

He was annoyed by the man's familiarity, and roughly told him:

"I am not in the habit of drinking with tramps."

The tramp replied:

"You need not be so cranky and high minded, my friend. I venture to say that I am of just as good a family as you are, have just as good an education, and before I took to drink was just as respectable as you are. What is more, I always knew how to act the gentleman. Take my word for it, you stick to John Barleycorn and he will bring you to just the same place I am."

Struck with his words, the gentleman set down his glass and turned to look at him. His eyes were bloodshot, his face bloated, his boots mismatched, his clothing filthy. "Then was it drinking that made you like this?"

"Yes, it was, and it will bring you to the same if you stick to it."

Picking up his untouched glass, he poured the contents upon the floor and said:

"Then it's time I quit," and left the saloon never to enter it again.—Classmate.

The Sick Boothblack.

The rich men who build hospitals are not the only benevolent ones. The New York shoebblack of whom Dr. Talmage tells this story, showed a spirit of sweet unselfishness:

"A reporter sat down on one of the city hall benches and whistled to one of the shiners. The boy came up to his work provokingly slow, and had just begun, when a larger boy shoved him aside, and began the work, and the reporter reproved him as being a bully, and the boy replied: "Oh, that's all right. I am going to do it for 'im. You see he's been sick in the hospital more'n a month; so us boys turn in and give 'im a lift."

"Do all the boys help him?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, sir; when they ain't got no job themselves and Jim gets one, they turn in and help 'im; for he ain't strong yet, you see."

"How much percentage does he give you?" asked the reporter.

"The boy replied: 'I don't keep none of it. I ain't no such sneak as that. All the boys give up what they get on his job. I'd like to catch any feller sneaking on a sick boy, I would.'

"The reporter gave him a twenty-five cent piece, and said, 'You keep ten cents for yourself, and give the rest to Jim.'

"Can't do it, sir; it's his customer. Here, Jim!"

The Split Wafers.

A man who now stands high in the mercantile community related to me the following little incident of his early life: "At the age of sixteen I entered the store of Silas Sturdevant as a clerk. One day shortly after my installation into the office, I was employed in sealing and superscribing a lot of business circulars—several hundred of them. That was long before the day of glutin, and I used small red wafers for securing the missives. While I was thus busy Mr. Sturdevant came into the counting room; and when I observed that he was watching me I worked the best I could, hoping to get a word of approbation. By and by he spoke to me.

"Young man, don't you think half a wafer would secure one of those circulars just as well as a whole one?"

I looked up, probably exhibiting as much disgust as surprise.

"If you split your wafers," he added, "you will accomplish all you desire and at the same time make a saving of just one-half."

He turned away, and while I was thinking what a mean old wafer-split-

## TO FOUND A NEGRO CITY.

Colored Man's Scheme to Rehabilitate a Georgia Boom Town.

One of the most novel negro colonization schemes yet sprung has originated right here in Atlanta. The person at the head of it is no other than the well-known barber, politician and military captain, Moses Bentley, says the Atlanta Constitution. Bentley has his plans well under way and he will not take his emigrants to any faraway place in Africa or Liberia, but will settle them in Georgia and will do so at a small cost to those who follow. Bentley's scheme is unique in the fact that he will found a city exclusively for the negro. He is to have the entire government conducted by the people of his own race—a negro mayor and negro councilmen, negro policemen and, in fact, as there are to be no white people living within the city limits, every officeholder will be a negro. Then the laws are to be the work of negro mental labor. The scheme of Bentley's is doubly interesting, as he contemplates resurrecting an old "Deserted Village," re-establishing the city which once flourished nearly 100 years ago and which has literally been wiped off the face of the map. This was Sunbury, the city which was located on the Sunbury river, at its mouth, in Liberty county, and on the seacoast. In the year 1800 Sunbury was a south Georgia "boom town" and it quickly sprung into popularity, all the wealthy planters of that section going there and building beautiful homes. In 1820 Sunbury had some 10,000 or 15,000 inhabitants and was considered a model city. Ships came into its harbor and it was regarded as a commercial center of no mean proportions. But suddenly Sunbury began to decline. It was sickly on account of malaria and the people fled from the city as if a plague had struck the place. In a few years the spot was almost deserted. And now only three or four huts mark the spot where once it flourished. Bentley is to build his model negro city on the site of old Sunbury. He has ascertained that while the white people cannot stand the malaria of that district the negroes have no ill effects upon negroes. The land is rich and can be bought cheap. It can be made a shipping point for the products of the country for many miles around. Bentley has recorded all these points. "Yes," he said, "I have my plans well under way. I have written to the parties owning the land where old Sunbury was once located and I expect to hear from them in a few days. This is no wildcat scheme. I mean business and I already see the money in sight for the preliminary work. I have had this in my mind for several years. I wish to show the world what the negro of the south can do toward self government. I want to say right here that we will have no worthless negroes in our new city. They have got to be industrious and of good character. I expect to have a city of 5,000 people in a few years from now."

## A MONSTER BELL.

It's the Biggest in the World That Is in Ringing Order.

On the principle that a living dog is better than a dead lion, a bell that is whole should be better than one that is cracked, even though the latter be the bigger of the two. For some time past there has been a sort of dead-head between the two biggest bells in the world, the one at the cathedral in Moscow, and the other at the unfinished pagoda of Mengoon, a little north of Mandalay. If the former was the bigger of the two, it was cracked, and therefore useless as a bell, while the latter, though whole, had dragged its supports down till it rested on the ground, and would not emit any sound. Now, however, it has been resung, and can claim attention as the biggest bell, in working order, in the world.

In 1896 the Burmese community decided to have the bell raised, and employed the Irrawaddy Flotilla company, limited, to do the work. The work has been successfully accomplished. The bell hangs on a large steel girder, with

the stalks attained to a height of fifty or sixty feet. They are of a variety which usually grows to about seventy feet in India. In Orange county there is one clump of bamboos, said to be only ten years old, in which the stalks have attained to the height of sixty-five feet, the stalks averaging thirteen inches in circumference. There are eighty stalks in the clump. This particular clump is of a variety from Bengal, where the wood is used for building purposes and for light spar vessels.

## Some Belated Snow Stories.

So heavy were the snow drifts in

Sargent county, S. D., that it is said a farmer of Harlem township added

thirty-five feet of tubing to his well-

pipe in order to raise water above the

snow. A hotel proprietor, Z. O. Pat-

ten, had to build a barbed wire fence

around the roof of his barn to keep

away stray stock, a horse having one

day crashed through the roof while

walking over what appeared to be a

snow-covered hill. Sidney Mullen

claims to have dug three feet into

a drift to get at the top of his wind-

mill.

## Gladstone as a Linguist.

Gladstone, Justin McCarthy writes

had a profound sympathy with Italy—

like the passion which Byron had for

Greece. He loved the language

literature, the country, and the people

He spoke Italian with marvelous

fluency and accuracy. An eminent

Italian told me once that Gladstone

when speaking Italian, fell quite natu-

rally into the very movement and ges-

tures of an Italian. If Gladstone, he

had only been born in Italy, he would

have been a genius.

## Fortunes of British Artists.

The greatest fortune ever made by

British artist in the exercise of his

profession was that of Sir Edw-

ard Lanseur, who died in 1873. His

fortune amounted to £160,000, and the

contents of his studio were sold at

an auction, shortly after his death, for

an additional £60,000, or £70,000.

Edwin Armitage, R. A., who died

year or so ago, was still wealthier,

his fortune of £18,000 was not de-

rived from the sale of his pictures. He

had large private means, and his pro-

fessional income was comparative-

ly small. Mr. Edwin Long, who died

1881, left £4,000, and Sir Joseph

Boehm, the sculptor, £47,276. Ano-

ther rich sculptor was Sir Francis Chantre

who bequeathed £100,000 to the Roy-

al Academy for the purchase of mod-

ern works of art. Turner left £14,000.

Of those living, Sir Edwin Burn-

es is supposed to earn a larger in-

come than any other British artist.

There are wealthier painters, such as

Mr. Val Prince, but their fortunes are

derived from private sources. The

late Sir John Mil-

lais at one period exceeded £20,000 a

year.

## CHOFIELD'S WORK.

## SECRETS CONCERNING THE FRENCH IN MEXICO.

The American Commander Sent to France to Induce Napoleon to Withdraw His Troops Supporting Maximilian.

GENERAL JOHN M. Schofield, contributed to the Century a chapter of secret history relative to the withdrawal of French troops from Mexico. General Schofield was first asked to take command of Mexican troops to fight the

French, but afterwards was given a pacific mission. Gen. Schofield says: On

August 23, 1865, the secretary of war sent a letter to the secretary of state accrediting me as an officer of the army, in which capacity, and unofficially, I was to be understood by the public as visiting Europe. A copy of

this letter, inclosed in one from the state department, was sent to Mr. Bigelow, United States minister at Paris; and similar letters were sent to several other United States ministers in Europe. But time passed until Nov.

4, and thus more than two months elapsed before the secretary of state was ready for me to start for Europe. Mr. Seward then gave me a confidential letter, dated Nov. 4, 1865, addressed to Mr. Bigelow, and a letter of credit on the Barings, and requested me to proceed on my mission.

In the letter to Mr. Bigelow he said: "Gen. Schofield proceeds to Paris. He is, I believe, fully informed of the feelings and sentiments, not only of this government, but of the American people."

I command him to your confidence," etc. Mr. Seward explained to me several things during this period of delay that correspondence then going on with the French government rendered it advisable that my visit be delayed until he should receive expected

answers from that government. The

Atlantic cable did not then exist, and

correspondence across the ocean was necessarily slow. The expected

dispatch—viz., that from the French

will be to put an end to the business of pelagic sealing."

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## THE PILOT'S DAUGHTER.

By ELMORE ELLIOTT.

"Many a yarn will ne'er be told,  
And many a line ne'er be unravelled,  
Many a lunch will go for naught,  
Or to the fish that go uncaught."



**T**HE Mermaid" trilled most gayly, and cast a roguish glance at her companion. The time was nine or thereabouts of a bright forenoon; the scene was the quarter-deck of the tug Nestor, with Tybee Lighthouse gleaming in the sunlight some miles beyond.

"Many a yarn will ne'er be told, And many a line ne'er be unravelled, Many a lunch will go for naught, Or to the fish that go uncaught."

"You fellows have had good luck on this trip," nodded the captain, reflectively, "findin' the Banks so easy. Yes," pursued the captain, "young Trowbridge is a neat 'un on findin' the Bank—or anything else he's after, for that matter." The old sailor's throat swelled out in an alarming manner, and though his face was as immovable as that of the sphinx, and not a sound escaped him, Landers would have sworn he was laughing.

The captain found fish on two of the three hooks. He looked critically at the bait on the third hook.

"Kitty Watson strung that bait, I'll bet my hat! Now, didn't she? I could tell one of her baits in Chinny."

"Yes, she strung it," admitted Landers, smiling in spite of himself. "She must have a reputation for catching fish."

"Well, she have," declared the captain, "and they ain't allus black fish, either. Ha! ha! ho! ho!" The captain roared and guffawed most uncontrollably at his joke, and gave Landers's shoulder a blow that would have laid out a porpoise. The old tar's suppressed humor of the evening had plainly reached the danger point, and this joke was the safety valve that saved him. "But a joke's a joke, young man," added the captain familiarly, after he had recovered, "and that ain't saying that Kitty's a croquette."

"I should hope not," observed Landers, leaning busily over his line to hide a smile. "She certainly doesn't look like one."

"That she ain't, young man," continued the captain, reassuringly. "Never think it. But where's the gal gone, anyway?" asked he, affecting to peer with concern toward the forecastle.

"I'll give this old fool all the line he wants," smiled Fred to himself. "He's having more fun out of it than any of the rest of us. I don't know," he answered aloud, with a twinkle in his eye, "but I think she's gone after another bait."

"The on'y kind o' bait she'll find in the wheel-hus is live bait!" and exploded again.

"What luck, Fred?" said Kitty, who had stolen up behind him.

"Pretty fair. Fifteen so far. If you just bait those hooks in that irresistible manner of yours, we shall have more."

"I'll bait them, but I don't believe you'll catch any more. Don't you see how low those black clouds hang, and fast they move? We ought to be making for shore."

"I wouldn't mind a blow a bit," Landers observed.

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," replied Kitty.

"Even if the angel is a sailor-girl, eh?" smiled Fred, turning the quotation to Kitty's confusion. "Well, if you're afraid, you'd better run and report your weather observations to Captain Hutchins—or Trowbridge."

She had already turned away, but quickly at the intonation of his last word, looking at him with mild reproach.

Her warning was unnecessary, for almost immediately the captain's stentorian voice rang out from the hurricane deck, "Haul in your lines, and haul 'em quick!" Before the lines were fairly in, the tug was headed for Port Royal.

Before a mile had been run, Kitty's predictions were verified. The storm burst with all the fury of a Gulf Stream squall.

The prudent captain had gathered the excursionists into the cabin before the storm broke. It was gloomy outside, but positively dark in the poorly-lighted cabin. From a dark corner Landers looked for Kitty, but in vain. "She's probably hurt at what I said," he muttered discontentedly.

At the end of an hour, peering through a little side-light, Fred saw that they were skirting the shore, and were evidently returning to Savannah by the "inland course." This was a course lying between the mainland and the long chain of low islands known as the Sea Islands. Still Kitty did not appear. Landers began to grow uneasy. Then he thought of the little light in the front of the cabin commanding the pilot-house. She could hardly have been there all this time, but he would look, anyway. To his surprise he saw her bat and light cape lying on the seat, and as nearly as he could make out through the lights streaming with water Kitty herself was standing at the wheel.

"Her dare-devil love for adventure!" thought he. He paused for a moment to watch her graceful figure bending to the hard work; and, despite his frame of mind, a gentle light beamed from his eyes. He was about to slip unobserved back to the cabin, when Kitty caught sight of him.

"Now fish to your heart's content," she commanded. "I don't care much about it, but I'll take a run around to see if there isn't some other poor helpless creature that needs me."

Fred watched his lines in silence, until old Captain Hutchins hove alongside. The captain had been rolling around the deck all the morning, with the most curious winks and chuckles and facial contortions. The sunny-haired Kitty had appeared to be perfectly oblivious of the captain's inexplicable behavior, perhaps because he was an old friend of her father's, and she understood his little peculiarities. Not so with Landers. He had watched the captain, and he more than half suspected that the little real-life drama which he and Trowbridge and Kitty were playing, and had been playing for the last three months, was an open secret with the captain.

"Oh, Fred! come in," she cried, almost eagerly. "I've been waiting for you a long time."

"No, thank you," he answered, with a cold smile; "it's a little too wet in there for me."

Kitty looked at him in a startled manner, as though unable to believe her ears, and in an instant her bright smile had vanished.

"It is nice and dry for me," she replied, with bitter sarcasm.

"Why do you expose yourself to such a storm?" he asked, harshly.

"Just for the pure love of it," she returned, with a hard laugh.

"Or from the pure love of Mr. Trowbridge!" he added, scornfully.

He turned away before she could answer, and ran square into the arms of the captain.

"What does it mean, captain, for that girl to be playing with the wheel in a storm like this?" he demanded, angrily.

For a second the captain looked at him in dumb amazement.

"Playin'!" thundered the captain, and he poured out words with Gatling-gun rapidity. "It means that she's the only man aboard that knows the inland course! It means that she's saved this old hulk, or mighty near it! It means that she's a genuine heroine, and a blamed sight too good for any man on this tug!" The captain looked daggers.

"Where's—where's Trowbridge?" faltered Landers, bewildered.

"Below. Dead," came the laconical reply.

"Dead!"

"Yes; or mighty nigh it," said the captain, in softer tones. "Lightnin'. The first clap."

For a moment Landers stood motionless, regardless of the beating rain. Then he crept back to the pilot-house and dropped on to the seat behind the brave little skipper, in the depths of contrition.

"Kitty!" he spoke at last.

"What is it?" Her voice was clear and low.

"Don't you want something warmer over you?"

Her face twitched nervously, and he saw that she could not speak.

"Kitty, my girl, I cannot be happy until I have your forgiveness for my cruel words a moment ago. I did not understand the circumstances."

"O, Fred! you were not jealous of little Trowbridge!" she cried softly, smiling through tears of happiness.

"Yes, Kitty, I was mad jealous; but I am not now," and then he took her face between his hands and kissed it.

She blushed, but could only exclaim reprovingly, "Fred, dear, you're violating the Rules and Regulations for Pilots."

"I can't help it," he answered gayly.

"Ahem!" The irrepressible captain's head was thrust in the door just as Fred sprang to the other side of the wheel. "Just thought I'd look in to see if everything was running smoothly. I see that it is. Trowbridge's better."

With a gurgling in his throat and a most alarming shaking of his head, the captain rolled down the slippery midships. Kitty looked at Fred; he looked at her, and both laughed aloud.

The last vestige of the storm was gone, but the night was dark and chilly. The excursionists for the most part kept the cabin. A few of the braver spirits sat outside. Among these were Kitty and Fred, for reasons of their own. Their camp-stools were very close together, and they were talking very low. Kitty's trim little figure was entirely smothered under Captain Hutchins's stormcoat. In spite of its weight she shivered. Then Fred's arm stole around the trembling form; he drew her close and tight to his side; her head fell unresistingly upon his shoulder, and a slight sob might have been heard in the stillness. He took her ten cold little fingers in his one big, warm hand.

"Will she who so fearlessly did her duty to-day accept a place in the wheel-house of my domestic ship?"

"As a green hand—yes," came the answer, softly.

"Until you learn the Rules and Regulations—"

"Which shall be?"

"Love one another," said the deeper voice.

The tolling of the bell-buoy marking the inner bar floated tremulously, mournfully across the darkened waters; but two hearts, at least, aboard the Nestor would not be depressed.

On the morning of the 20th of June, the last day of the month, the tug Nestor was fairly in, the tug was headed for Port Royal.

Before a mile had been run, Kitty's predictions were verified. The storm burst with all the fury of a Gulf Stream squall.

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"Now fish to your heart's content," she commanded. "I don't care much about it, but I'll take a run around to see if there isn't some other poor helpless creature that needs me."

Fred watched his lines in silence, until old Captain Hutchins hove alongside.

The captain had been rolling around the deck all the morning, with the most curious winks and chuckles and facial contortions.

The sunny-haired Kitty had appeared to be perfectly oblivious of the captain's inexplicable behavior, perhaps because he was an old friend of her father's, and she understood his little peculiarities. Not so with Landers. He had watched the captain, and he more than half suspected that the little real-life drama which he and Trowbridge and Kitty were playing, and had been playing for the last three months, was an open secret with the captain.

"I am not so sure I could do as well as that," she replied, with heightened color, for Fred's conversations of late had shown a decided "drift." "A household in a storm is harder to manage than a ship—I'm told," she suggested, doubtfully.

"It all depends on your crew," he answered, watching her keenly.

"I suppose so," she said, glancing at him with a timidity that was unusual.

Landers returned a glance in which there was certainly more than a passing tenderness.

"We are near the Banks," said Kitty, in an altered tone, rising. A moment later the gong sounded.

"We are evidently there," replied Landers, "but how you knew it is more than I can tell."

"How I knew it is more than I can tell, too," she retorted, briskly. "I just knew it."

"There used to be a buoy here," she ran on, baiting hooks with cut fish in a business-like manner, "but these fishermen, who think that God made blackfish for them exclusively, cut it loose."

She deftly dropped a line overboard, and after running it cut ten or twelve fathoms, she cried, confidently, as the line slackened, "We're there!" and fastened it to the railing. Then she quickly baited and ran out two other lines, fastening them to the railing.

"Now fish to your heart's content," she commanded. "I don't care much about it, but I'll take a run around to see if there isn't some other poor helpless creature that needs me."

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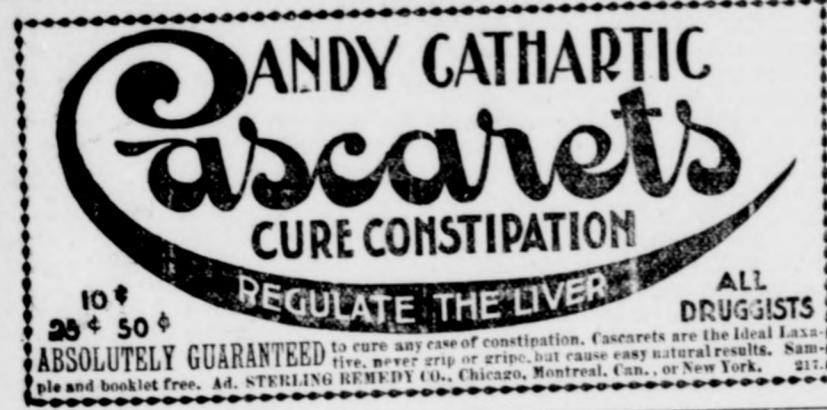
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No. 4 Chicago Mail ..... 1:13 a.m.

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No. 44 Local Freight ..... 11:40 a.m.

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 2 Southern Mail ..... 2:40 a.m.

No. 5 " Express ..... 2:17 p.m.

No. 3 Local Freight ..... 12:17 p.m.

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FOR THE WEST.

No. 7 Daily ..... 12:26 a.m. for St. Louis.

No. 15 Daily ..... 8:30 a.m. for St. Louis.

No. 20 Daily ..... 2:20 a.m. for St. Louis.

No. 41 Daily ..... 1:40 p.m. for St. Louis.

No. 8 Ex. Sun. ..... 5:17 p.m. for Terre Haute

No. 11 Daily ..... 8:56 p.m. for St. Louis.

FOR THE EAST.

No. 6 Daily ..... 4:30 a.m. for Indianapolis.

No. 4 Daily Ex Sun 8:34 a.m. "

No. 12 Daily ..... 12:15 Noon "

No. 20 Daily ..... 1:40 p.m. "

No. 8 Daily ..... 3:13 p.m. "

No. 2 Daily ..... 6:15 p.m. "

PEORIA DIVISION

No. 1 Terre Haute ..... 7:05 a.m. for Peoria.

No. 15 Ex Sun ..... 8:35 p.m. for Decatur.

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J. S. DOWLING, Agent.

Greencastle, Ind.

Gen'l Pass. Agt. St. Louis, Mo.

## BIG FOUR.

In effect Nov. 1, 1896.

GOING EAST.

No. 36 to Cin., N. Y. & Boston ..... 8:50 a.m.

No. 4 Indianapolis-Pitts. ..... 9:10 a.m.

No. 5 " Michigan ..... 10:49 p.m.

No. 3 Cin., N. Y. & Boston ..... 1:21 p.m.

GOING WEST.

No. 35 St. L. Night Limited ..... 12:35 a.m.

No. 6 St. L. Acc'm ..... 8:48 a.m.

No. 11 St. L. Day Limited ..... 12:44 p.m.

No. 57 Mattoon Limited ..... 5:31 p.m.

\* Daily + Daily Racine Sunday.

No. 2, connects at Indianapolis, Ind. No. 4 connects with Michigan and Boston. No. 6 connects with L. E. & W. and with trains for Peoria and Chicago. No. 18, connects at Beloit, Milwaukee for Toledo and Detroit. No. 36, at Indianapolis for Sandusky, Ohio. F. P. Huestis, Agent.

Connections: No. 4 at Indianapolis with Big Four trains for Cincinnati, Cleveland, Benton Harbor, Chicago and Columbus, Ohio.

No. 5 " Mattoon Acc'm" at Paris with Paris south.

No. 8 at Indianapolis with train to Greencastle.

No. 9 at Paris for Cairo at Kansas with P. D. & E. north and south, at Mattoon with P. D. & E. north and west and with I. C. north.

No. 11 at Paris with trains north, at Pana with B. & O. S. W. northwest and I. C. north and south, at Litchfield for Carrollton and Jacksonville, at St. Louis diverging roads.

No. 18 "Kneickerbocker" at Indianapolis for Cincinnati and runs through New York and Boston.

No. 35 at Mattoon with I. C. south, P. D. & E. southeast, at St. Louis with diverging roads.

No. 36 carries sleepers for Cincinnati, New York and Boston, runs to Cincinnati and connects at Greensburg for Louis-

ville.

WHEN it confuses the eye to read this type, at 11 in the evening, the face, you had better go to Dr. G. W. Bence and have your eyes fitted with a pair of spectacles.



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## Wanted—An Idea

Who can think of something patentable? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth.

John WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Agents, Washington, D. C., will offer you a free examination of two hundred inventions wanted.

## A GOOD INVESTMENT.

Many of Prof. and Mrs. Longden's friends are worried over their failure to receive notice of the arrival of the steamer on which the latter sailed. It left New York on the 5th of this month

A temperature of 40 degrees this morning is what caused our citizens to grumble about the weather being out of sorts. Eight degrees from ice is rather an uncalculated for temperature, however, for the last week in May.

Dr. E. W. Fisk will spend Sunday in Columbus, O., and on Thursday, June 3, will deliver the Baccalaureate to the graduating class of Glendale Female college, Cincinnati, after which he goes to central Ohio to marry a couple in high life.

The argument in the Young will case began at 10:30 this morning in Putnam circuit court, Attorney Crane opening for the prosecution. He was followed by Attorney Harney for the defense. The argument is limited to four hours on each side. A. B. Anderson will close for the prosecution.

Fred Weik last evening found a carrier pigeon in his yard. A large number of these birds have been flying about from different cities near here and it is thought this bird is one that lost his way. The bird bore the number '1897' and its identity may be established from this number. The bird is a blue one and is evidently young.

The marriage of Miss Adelaide Rogers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Rogers of this city, and Mr. Daniel Calkins, of Tacoma, Wash., formerly of this city, will take place at Salem, Ore., where Miss Rogers is visiting. June 9, Mr. Calkins is a son of the late W. H. Calkins, who was the Republican candidate for governor of Indiana against Isaac P. Gray.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Shares of stock are \$200.00, dues 50 cents per week on each share.

Now is the time to subscribe. Call on or Address.

## GEO. E. BLAKE, Greencastle, Ind.

## Local and Personal.

## What is Going on in Society, Local and General News.

Leon Morrison is here from Indianapolis.

Mrs. Lillie Allen is in Indianapolis on business.

E. Marquis, Jr., went to Indianapolis this morning.

J. L. Randal went to Indianapolis this morning.

Chas. Kelley was in Indianapolis today on business.

C. E. Pickens, of Cloverdale, was in the city this morning.

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Y. Ami, lecture on Persian Pictures. Free.

W. P. Ledbetter left this morning for Kentucky.

E. C. L. Bartow was in Spencerville this afternoon.

Rev. Chas. Jackson is here from New Richmond.

Dr. Jerome Fling went to Indianopolis this morning.

Frank and John Welch are in Baltimore on business.

Dr. J. H. Hollingsworth went to Brazil this afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cross returned from Lebanon today.

Mrs. Patrick, of Coatesville, is visiting her son Sherman.

New stanchions are being put under the Vandalia water tank.

Dr. John left at noon today for Wisconsin on a lecturing tour.

Mrs. J. M. Belnap and Mrs. W. G. Overstreet spent the day in Indianapolis.

Mrs. Bettie Batton and son, of Louisville, arrived today to visit Mrs. H. S. Renick.

Henry Bridges the genial porter of the Palace barber shop is confined to his home as the result of overwork.

Rev. W. K. Weaver left this morning for Winona to attend the class banquet of the Western Theological seminary of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mrs. A. J. Biddle, of Mebodia, Tex., Mrs. F. L. Sheeks, of Sherman, Tex., and Mrs. Mollie Biddle, of Brazil, have returned home after visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sutherlin.

M. K. Keeny, B. Brane and A. B. Anderson, of Crawfordsville, G. M. Rose, H. C. Barnes, N. G. Kesler and A. S. Byrd of Ladoga, came over yesterday afternoon to attend court.

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Miss Landers, of Indianapolis, who has been the guest of Miss Ellen Joslin, returned home this afternoon.

Dr. Chas. Brown and wife, of Plymouth, are visiting Dr. Brown's mother near Brick Chapel.

The following local observations

as taken daily by Guy Wilson who is in charge of the official weather instruments located on the roof of the West College building:

Maximum temperature yesterday ..... 58.0

Minimum ..... 39.9

Temperature today, 7 a.m. ..... 46.0

noon ..... 70.0

Rain fall, melted snow (inches) ..... 0.00

The noon temperature is taken daily by the BANNER TIMES.

## Jack Frost.

Frost was lurking around in this vicinity last night and it touched the bottoms rather heavily in places. Farmers arriving in the city say it was to be seen on roofs and in the low lands at day break. It is thought that frost is not injured to any great extent. In town a little frost was noticeable but it was not heavy enough to cause fear.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe. 10c.

## The Weather.

The indications for this vicinity for the coming thirty-six hours are as follows as received by L. S. Repick & Co. from the official weather bureau at Chicago.