

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 everything 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.

FUN MAKING

and health making are included in the making of HIRES Rootbeer. The preparation of this great temperance drink is an event of importance in a million well regulated homes.

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 CINCER TONIC

Weak Lung Troubles, Debility, distressing stomach and female ailments, and is noted for its effect upon all other ailments. Every mother and invalid should have it.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Restores and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Revives Palsied or Thinning Hair. Gives a soft and healthy color. Cures scalp diseases and hair falling. See the full description at Druggists.

HINDER CORNS

The only cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Makes walking easy. Sold at Druggists.

YOU can make big money NOW

by selling our wares. \$5 to \$25. Largest stock in America. All makes and models. Write for catalogue. D. P. BROWN-LEWIS Cycle Co., Chicago, Ill.

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

Lost—Small purse containing \$5.00 and some small change. Finder return to this office. 187-2t

Washington Township Convention.

Program of the Washington township Sunday school convention to be held at Christian church Man'a ta Sunday May 30, 1897. MORNING SESSION 9:30

Song, Congregation. Devotional exercises, Miss Hamrick. Song, Hamrick. Reading minutes of last convention. Sunday school lesson, J. R. Finley. Song, Croy's creek. Talk by our county president, A. O. Lockridge.

Recitation, Lizzie Donald. Paper, Fena Gardner. Dinner. Everybody bring baskets.

AFTERNOON SESSION, 1:30

Song, Reelsville. Recitation, Minnie Stroube. Paper, Pearl Bence. Recitation, Leta Purcell. Song, Hamrick. Recitation, Mary Funigan. Talk, Rev. E. E. Wright. Recitation, Ora Landes. Diet, Florence and Grace Cromwell. Concert recitation, Hamrick. Recitation, Grace Cromwell. Song. Adjournment.

W. B. DONALD, Pres.

G. A. PLUMMER, Sec.

Everybody Says So.

Cascarets (Candy Cathartics), the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently 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.

172-26t

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 cured 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.

172-26t

New easy running bicycles for rent at Marquis' Music store. 1t

Now

Is the time when you should take a Spring Medicine to purify your blood, give you good appetite, sound sleep, steady nerves and perfect digestion. That scrofulous taint, that skin trouble, that liver difficulty, that bilious tendency, that tired feeling, are all cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Give this medicine a fair trial and you will realize its positive merit. It is not what we say, but what the people who are cured say, which proves that

Take

all cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Give this medicine a fair trial and you will realize its positive merit. It is not what we say, but what the people who are cured say, which proves that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best Spring Medicine. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

DAILY BANNER TIMES

M. J. BECKETT, Publisher. HARRY M. SMITH, Managing Editor.

Telephones: 62

COUNTING ROOM: 62

EDITORIAL ROOM: 95

DON'T THINK

of leaving the city, even for a short time, without ordering the Daily BANNER TIMES to follow you. It costs you but 10 cents a week as it does here at home, and the address will be changed as often as you desire.

(Personal and society notes are solicited and will be inserted if writer's name and address is attached, not to be inserted, but as evidence of good faith. None but truthful items are desired.)

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year in advance, \$5.00
Six months, 2.50
Three months, 1.25
One month, .25
Per week by Carrier, .10

When delivery is made by carrier, all subscription accounts are to be paid to them as they call and receipt for same.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We publish, and are glad to get the same, when they are news, brief notices of deaths, births and marriages, but we charge for extended obituaries, lodge and society resolutions and cards of thanks, and will publish none such unless payment or satisfactory arrangement therefor is made in advance.

Published every afternoon except Sunday at the BANNER TIMES office, corner Vine and Franklin streets.

Changes for display advertisements must be handed in by 10 o'clock a.m. each day. Reading advertisements will be received each day up to 1 o'clock p.m.

Where delivery is irregular please report same promptly at publication office.

Specimen copies mailed free on application.

ADVERTISING RATES:

DISPLAY.

Per inch, first insertion, 25c.
" " each subsequent insertion, 15c.
" " per month, \$1.00

Guaranteed position charged 35 per cent to 100 per cent extra. Position not guaranteed for advertisements of less than five inches. No discount for time or space; live per cent allowed when payment accompanies order.

READING NOTICES.

Brevier type, per line 5 c. One line paragraphs charged as occupying two lines space. The following rates will be allowed only when cash accompanies order.

25 lines, 4 cents per line
100 " 15 " " "
250 " 35 " " "
500 " 75 " " "

Address all communications to THE DAILY BANNER TIMES, Greencastle, Ind.

THE BANNER TIMES acknowledges the receipt of the April issue of The Shooting Star, published by the Jenkins children at Stanford University, California. The eight pages are full of original matter, drawings and children's stories.

THE Bryanites are constantly talking about the increase of free silver sentiment in the country and saying that the result of last November would be reversed if there were a national election held now. Of course everybody knows that sort of talk to be mere bluff and bluster. If proof was needed, it is furnished by the fact that the democratic leader of the House, Bailey, of Texas, and other prominent democrats have gone into the first congressional district of Missouri to speak and work for the election of a democratic successor to the late Representative R. P. Giles. The silver sentiment is growing so fast in the silver state of Missouri, that stump speakers of National prominence are needed to make

sure that the republicans do not carry a district that last November elected a silver democrat. Facts like this are more convincing than loud talk, just as a man is always judged to a larger extent by his actions than by his words.

Coates College.

Coates college at Terre Haute has through its trustees made an assignment S. M. Reynolds. The Terre Haute Gazette says the assignment is due to hard times and concerning the assets of the institution adds:

The property assigned to Mr. Reynolds consists of two pieces of land at Greencastle valued at about \$3,000; a claim on the Coates estate as residuary legatee, the amount and value of which is unknown; the personal property of the college and a list of unpaid subscriptions of the face value of \$17,682.50. The ground on which the college is situated was conveyed to W. R. McKeen in December 1896, in satisfaction of his mortgage for \$40,000. The trustees have tried in vain to sell the Greencastle realty for anything like its value and were equally unsuccessful in collecting subscriptions which, if paid, would have freed the college from debt.

Charges Against Cisco.

A number of our citizens who were acquainted with the principals and witnesses in the Gray and Gaynor trial will remember Capt. Cisco, of Jeffersonville, and the following dispatch in today's Journal will be of interest:

JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind., May 24.—

A sensation was caused here today by the filing of a suit for \$3,000 damages against Sergeant William Cisco, of the local police force, charging him with assault on Mrs. Alma Dietrich, at the home of her sister in law. Elmer Dietrich, her husband, has also filed charges against Cisco before the board of police commissioners. The will be heard tomorrow. Until a month ago Cisco was chief of police and has made a good record. When republican commissioners were appointed by Governor Mount he was reduced in rank on account of his politics. He does not deny visiting the room of Mrs. Dietrich at night, but claims he was invited. The matter is the talk of the town.

Just try a box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

Shake into your shoes.

Allen's Foot-Paste, a powder for the feet, it cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Paste makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Cline, Le Roy, N. Y. 18-1t.

Good Citizens League.

The "Good Citizens League" will meet at the G. A. R. hall, over Burke's grocery store, on Wednesday evening May 26 at 7:30 p. m., instead of on Tuesday evening. Everybody, both from the township and city, are earnestly requested to attend.

By order of Com.

3t

Pure Sure

CLEVELAND'S SUPERIOR BAKING POWDER

PURITY STRENGTH PERFECTION

TRADE MARK

NEW LABEL

The best that money can buy

DePauw University.

This Column Records the Best News in College Circles.

The Crawfordsville Journal says: The I. U. Student devotes a column and a half in their last issue trying to square themselves for their actions in that game and to throw the blame onto us. Their consciences seem to be in pain. Their extreme selfishness in wanting to monopolize the stealing is pitiful in the extreme. In an editorial they state that Wabash will not play the return game. The only thing, however, which will keep them here, would be rain and a telegram from the I. U. management. I. U. lacks the instinct of true sportsmanship to be able to lose with good grace.

The last meeting of the S. L. Bowman Lyceum was held in Florence hall Monday evening. The following officers were installed: W. C. Botkin, president; J. M. Larimore, vice president; E. H. Sapp, secretary; J. E. Gray, sergeant at arms. The literary program consisted of an essay on the "Crisis in India, and the Church's opportunity," by Rev. Sapp; "What is the most important question before the church in polity, government and discipline" brought out a number of speeches among which were the "Woman Question" by Rev. Ranier; The missionary question by Rev. Fraley; Prof. Ditto spoke on the toast "The Priscillian Society." Mrs. Harkness spoke for the members of this society. The president elect forshadowed the policy of the coming meetings. Other speeches were made and the impromptu part was one of the most enjoyable. Revs. Ranier, Bean, Want and Mr. and Mrs. Fraley extended parting words. Rev. Amir of Persia, and Paul M. C. Liu of China, contributed to the program. Music was rendered by the male and the mixed quartettes. Lack of space prevents further detail of the meeting which was one of the most enjoyable reunions of the year in Florence hall. A number of members of the Lyceum go out this year to the field of active work after commencement and they will ever remember last night's joyous meeting.

James G. Gerard of Bruceville, is the guest of Miss Schwin.

Miss Kern gave the freshman German class the hardest "ex" of the season today. No lives are reported as lost.

Invitations are out for the reception and banquet of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity on June 8, 1897.

Miss Virginia Foster and Mr. Oscar Dix of Terre Haute have been the guests of Miss Florence and Mr. Gideon Dial for a few days.

Thete Nu Epsilon made her initial appearance in chapel today. DePauw extends her welcome to the new fraternity.

The Jaw Bone drive is postponed until Thursday evening.

A party of boys and girls will picnic at Fern tomorrow afternoon.

Dr. Stephenson's class Constitutional History is having a series of papers on the evolution of English institutions this week.

The base ball team is preparing for its victorious trip through Ohio. Here's luck to the boys.

Phi Gamma Delta in accordance with her time honored custom gave the annual drive yesterday in entertainment of lady friends. The party started early in the morning driving to Milgrove. The day was spent with boating, target shooting and amateur photography. All unite in declaring it one of the most enjoyable events of this college year.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

Why He Quit—The Sick Blackboard—It Pays to Be Good—Story of the Split Wafers—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 quietly They sleep in Autumn's golden haze. The gay leaves, twinkling in the breeze, Still to the forest branches cling; They lie like blossoms on the trees— The brightest blossoms of the spring.

Flowers linger in each sheltered nook, And still the cheerful song of birds, And murmur of the bee and brook, Through all the quiet groves are heard.

And bell of kins, that, sauntering, browse, And squirrel chirping as he hides Where, gorgeously, with crimson loughs, The creeper clothes the oak's gray sides.

How mild the light in all the skies! How balmy the south wind blows! The smile of God around us lies, His rest is in his deep repose.

These whispers of the flowing air, These waters that in music fall, These sounds of peaceful life declare The Love that keeps and hushes all.

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, 'quire, 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 misshapen, 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 Blackboard.

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

"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 installment 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 gluten, 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-

ter he was, a lady entered who had been appointed one of a committee to obtain subscriptions towards building an orphan asylum. One public-spirited man had given the land, and now they wished to raise two hundred thousand dollars, if possible, for the buildings and necessary endowments. Mr. Sturdevant said he had already been consulted on the subject.

"Yes," thought I, "and I guess that's all it will amount to!"

But he took the paper and wrote his name; and then he said:

"I will give five thousand dollars."

I could scarcely believe my ears.

At that moment the merchant arose to a stature of grandeur before me, and in my heart I blessed him; for even then I knew that the lesson of the split wafers, with its sequel, was to be the initial of my future success.—Ledger.

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 ant's nest. In a few hours there was not a vestige of flesh on the bones. The sun soon did the rest."

"It Pays."

The following instructive story is from the Gatling Gun. Several years ago a young man in the interior of Iowa wanted to go into business. He had money to pay for part of the goods needed and wanted to buy as many more on short time. The wholesale man he wished to buy of had the reputation of being a difficult man to deal with. He visited him and laid the matter before him. "Well," said he, "I shall have to consider that before giving you an answer, but let me offer you a drink," pointing to a side-board filled with the choicest selection of wines and other liquors kept in his private office. "No, thank you," said the young man, "I never drink liquors of any kind." The gentleman frowned and urged him to taste some especially nice wine. The young man replied: "I dislike very much to offend you, sir, but I have promised my mother never under any circumstances to touch wine, have never broken my word to her, and cannot now." "Young man," said the merchant, turning and embracing him to his great astonishment, "you can have all the goods you wish, and need pay no money down if it is not convenient." It pays.

A Merry Evening Game.

One of the merriest of merry evening games goes by the name of "Mummies." All the boys and girls, excepting four or five, leave the room. Two of those remaining act as dressers. They place the others in chairs and put over the head of each a tall newspaper cap, with holes cut in it through which the eyes may be seen. Cover the dresses of the three mummies with sheets, so that they will not reveal the owner. Now call in the other boys and girls and set them to trying to find out who each of the mummies is by peeping through the eyeholes. This causes great laughter and fun. After the party is all agreed as to who is who remove the papers and see how many mistakes have been made. This game is almost as much fun for grown people as it is for children.

That Altered the Case.

Of the late French Senator Renaud, the Kölnische Zeitung tells the following anecdote:

When Renaud first came as senator to Paris from his home in the Pyrenees, he engaged a room at a hotel and paid a month's rent—one hundred and fifty francs—in advance. The proprietor asked him if he would have a receipt.

"It is not necessary," replied Renaud, "God has witnessed the payment."

"Do you believe in God?" sneered the host.

"Most assuredly," replied Renaud; "don't you?"

"Not I, monsieur."

"Ah," said the senator, "in that case please make me out a receipt."—Sel.

An Anti-Female Land.

From one spot in the Grecian Archipelago woman is absolutely excluded. It is said that as far back as history reaches it has been forbidden ground to all females. This bachelors' Arcadia is situated on a bold plateau between the old peninsula of Acte and the mainland. Here, in the midst of cultivated fields and extensive woodlands, dwells a monastic confederation of Greek Christians, with twenty-three convents, and numbering more than 7,000 souls. A few soldiers guard the border of this anti-female land, and no woman is allowed to cross the frontier,

TO FOUND A NEGRO CITY.

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

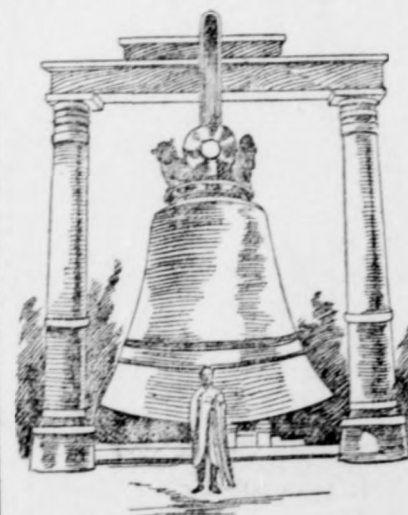
One of the most novel negro colonization schemes yet sprung has originated right here in Atlanta. The person at the head of it is no other than the well-known barber, politician and military captain, Moses Bentley, says the Atlanta Constitution. Bentley has his plans well under way and he will not take 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 stricken 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 miasma has 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-heat 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 reswung, 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 BELL AS IT HANGS.

a distributing girder on the top of it, and the main girder rests on two large iron columns, 25 feet high, which rest on concrete foundations. The bell swings, with its lower rim about three feet from the ground. The weight is about 68 tons, the circumference at the base being 51½, and at the top 26 feet. It averages over a foot in thickness. The bell itself is over 12 feet high, and the shackle, which was intended for logs of timber, about 12 feet. The pin in the shackle has a diameter of 16 inches. The bell was cast about the beginning of the century by King Bodawpaya as an accompaniment to the huge brick pagoda which he never finished.

Savagery.

Civilization is doing all it can to get the savage out of men, to refine and beautify human nature, and to make the body of a man a worthier tenement for the divine spirit that created it.—Rev. Walter Calley.

SCHOFIELD'S WORK.

SECRETS CONCERNING THE FRENCH IN MEXICO.

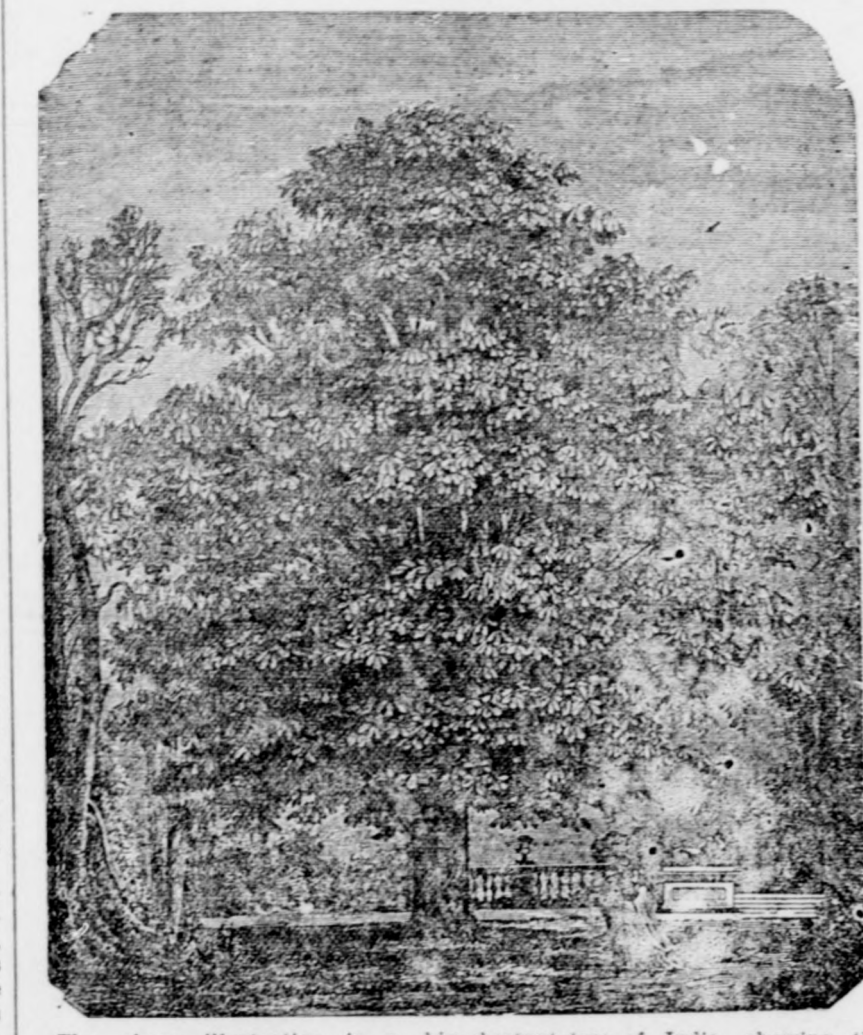
The American Commander Sent to France to Induce Napoleon to Withdraw His Troops Supporting Maximilian.



GENERAL JOHN M. Schofield contributes 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 state 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 commend 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 hence correspondence across the ocean was necessarily slow. The expected dispatch—viz., that from the French

A CHESTNUT TREE OF INDIA.



The above illustration is a big chestnut tree of India, showing the form in which it naturally grows, when untouched by the pruning knife. It throws itself into the form of an ovoid. Sometimes it is nearly in the shape of

foreign office to their minister at Washington, dated Oct. 18, 1865, and communicated to Mr. Seward on the 29th of the same month—was no more satisfactory, though in better tone, than those which had preceded. In effect it demanded a recognition by the United States of the government of Maximilian in Mexico as a condition precedent to the recall of the French army.

The time had evidently arrived when Napoleon must be informed in language which could not be misunderstood what was the real sentiment of the government and people of the United States on the Mexican question. It was difficult, perhaps impossible, to express that sentiment in official diplomatic language that an emperor could afford to receive from a friendly power. It was therefore desirable that the disagreeable information be conveyed to Napoleon in a way which would command his full credence, and which he yet need not regard as offensive. Mr. Seward's explanation and instructions on this subject, were summed up in the words: "I want you to get your legs under Napoleon's mahogany, and tell him that he must get out of Mexico."

Exclamatory.

Miss Mobile—"Well, Martha, how is your husband now?" Martha—"Po'ly, miss, po'ly. He's got that exclamatory rheumatism." Miss Mobile—"You mean inflammatory rheumatism, Martha." Martha (with solemn conviction)—"That's it, mum, that's it! He don't do nothing but holler."—Northern Christian Advocate.

GIRLS PLAN TRADES.

Energetic Young Women Devise Ways for Increasing Their Incomes.

There are three girls in town who have an idea of doing something for a living, says a writer in Harper's Bazar. It is a perfect craze now among young women—or make incomes for themselves, rather—to go to work, and what a blessed thing it is when they are capable of so doing. These girls have realized for a long time the necessity of some place where one could send a skirt to be freshly bound in a short space of time. So they are thinking seriously of starting a "skirt binding association, limited." Their plan is to take a room and commence by themselves doing the work. They propose to send out cards to all their friends announcing that any skirt sent to them will be cleaned, brushed, refaced and rebound for the small sum of \$1 and returned the same day. For instance, if you send your skirt to them at 9 o'clock in the morning, soiled, braid worn out and in a generally disreputable condition, you may have it back again in time for the afternoon. What a boon it will be if they are able to carry out their intentions! Of course, as is always the case in such ventures, a certain amount of capital is necessary, and the girls do not want to run any great risks, not being sure of success. Even if they start with no workwoman to help them they must pay a month's rent in advance and employ a girl to fetch and carry for them. They need encouragement, and every one who knows them hopes they will get it. Still another girl is going into trade, or hopes to, rather. She lives in the country, not many miles from town, and she is trying to induce her father to invest in an incubator for her, and her great desire is to raise spring chickens for private sale. She is working to get orders now from her circle of acquaintances, and if she manages to get enough to warrant a start perhaps she may be able to induce her father to buy an incubator for her. She wants orders from families to supply them twice a week, so all her friends must be very fond of chicken or else she will not succeed. But who does not like really good spring chickens, if they are more than skin and bone? Incubator chickens are sad little things.

HOW TO SAVE THE SEALS.

Suggestion That Females Be Branded So as to Spoil Their Hides.

Prof. David Starr Jordan, of Stanford university, has returned from Washington, D. C., where he has been for the last three weeks attending to matters connected with the fur seal investigation. Prof. Jordan went to Washington to see that the Bering sea fur seal investigation was properly carried over from one administration to the other, says the San Francisco Chronicle. He was the United States commissioner in the investigation made last summer at the seal islands, and he is interested in seeing carried out his recommendation for the protection of the seal herd. He was accompanied on his trip by the secretary of the commission, George A. Clark, who is also secretary of Stanford university. When asked about it Dr. Jordan said that steps would be taken by the new administration looking to a final settlement of the fur seal question on the basis of the investigation made last summer. He said: "Great Britain sent to the fur seal islands a commission of her own, which, in connection with the American commission, has thoroughly investigated the condition of the seal herd. This commission agreed in all matters of fact with the findings of the American commission. Their report, however, has not yet been published. The only possible settlement of the fur seal question lies in the total prohibition of pelagic sealing. Great Britain will, therefore, doubtless be asked to unite with the United States in some equitable arrangement whereby killing of females at sea can be done away with. It is believed that Great Britain will not refuse to unite with us in taking steps to preserve the fur seals. However, in case she should refuse to make any fair arrangement, the United States will be prepared to take the matter in its own hands and protect its own interests by aggressive measures. Steps will immediately be taken to brand the female seals in such a way as to destroy the value of their skins and also to protect the males by herding them in the salt lagoon on St. Paul Island during the sealing season. Practical experiments made last summer have demonstrated the feasibility of these two measures, and their effect will be to put an end to the business of pelagic sealing."

Bamboo Grows in Florida.

Experiments in Florida and Louisiana have shown that bamboo will grow in those states almost as well as in the hotter countries. Around Fort Myers there are bamboos that have 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 Related 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. Patlen, 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 thirteen feet into a drift to get at the top of his windmill.

Tortured an Old Woman.

Two white men and a negro tortured Mrs. Anna Beaman, aged 75, of Decatur, Ill., into giving up \$700, a few nights since. They threatened burning and offered all manner of indignities during the four hours the burglars were in the house.

Fatal Polecat's Bite.

Loga Duffy, 16 years of age, of St. Croix, Ind., is at death's door with no chance of recovery, caused by a polecat's bite. His body is twice normal size.—Ex.

JUST FOR WOMEN.

The furnace fire is being snubbed gradually.

The magnolia trees look like giant snowballs.

No one ever thinks your pen quite good enough for them.

Robin's egg blue stationery is being used in preference to violet, so long popular.

The most casual church-goer made yesterday remarkable by strict attention to religious duties.

Your umbrella may seem a burden in the morning, but it is frequently a joyous friend before night.

It seems as though borrowing had reached the limit when a neighbor comes after your sewing machine.

A skirt that bags well and a shirt waist made by a tailor combine correctly, according to the summer girl's notion.

A woman who goes about with her hair in curl papers has no reason for wondering why her husband wants a divorce.

There is one thing certain, the bird of paradise plume has not yet reached a price that will permit of its getting common.

One feels a sense of utter helplessness one only has to lose their bicycle pedals going down hill and discover when too late that the brake won't work. What happens next cannot be recorded in a few brief lines.—Philadelphia Times.

MYSTERY OF GENIUS.

SURELY JOHANNA AMBROSINI OF PRUSSIA IS ONE.

For Years She Never Saw a Newspaper—A Slave to the Most Objectionable Farm Drudgery—She Becomes a Poet at 40—Emperor Pleased.



FORTY years ago, in a tiny village of Northern Prussia, lived a little girl named Johanna Ambrosini. So poor were her parents that the child's cradle was rocked by the waterfall, by a curious native device of a wheel attached to the rocker, while the mother toiled on the slope, carrying soil to the naked rocks. Johanna mended her father's nets in winter, oiled his great boots so that he could stand in the icy water to fish, dug the potatoes, cut the scanty wheat, gathered pine needles to fill the beds, sheared the sheep, and spun until her hands were bleeding. At sixteen she went out to service in others' fields, and at twenty married a poor peasant lad who had loved her from childhood. Until very recently she regularly swung the flail on the threshing floor, mowed the hay with a scythe, and bound the sheaves in time of harvest. For twelve years after her marriage, so stern was her poverty, she never saw a newspaper or a book, the things which above all else she craved. Uncomplainingly, however, she endured her hard lot, and from the darkness rose—a poet. A special messenger was lately sent by the Empress of Germany to find this unknown writer of newspaper verses which had so moved her. He travelled in the dead of winter toward the Russian border, where at



JOHANNA AMBROSINI

last, in a house of a forlorn village, he found the genius all Germany today seeks to honor. A woman of forty, bent and worn to sixty, the narrator tells us, lay outside the cover of a poor bed, the fever of pneumonia a pencil and some margins of newspaper, a paper bought through incredible sacrifices—the Christmas candle, the last fish taken from the river, the last drop of milk from the cow. She was at once surrounded by comforts and brought back from death, though not removed from the home of her sufferings and triumphs.

Gladstone as a Linguist.

Gladstone, Justin McCarthy writes, had a profound sympathy with Italy—a strong passion for Italy—very much like the passion which Byron had for Greece. He loved the language of 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, felt quite naturally into the very movement and gestures of an Italian. If Gladstone, said, were to address the representative chamber in Rome, every one present would take him for an Italian—only it was possible that the Tuscan might think he was a Roman, and that the Roman would set him down as a Tuscan. Whenever he needed rest he almost always sought it under the skies of Italy. Gladstone spoke French with perfect fluency, but with a very marked accent. Indeed, his speeches in the house of commons were always delivered with an accent which told unmistakably of the "North Country." From his forbears he got the tones of Scotland; and then Lancashire has a distinct accent all to herself. I have a strong impression that some at least of the influence of Gladstone's finest speeches in the house of commons would have been a little marred if they had been delivered in the common place accent of West End London society.

Fortunes of British Artists.

The greatest fortune ever made by a British artist in the exercise of his profession was that of Sir Edwin Landseer, who died in 1873. His personality amounted to £160,000, and the contents of his studio were sold at auction, shortly after his death, for an additional £60,000, of £70,000. Mr. Edwin Landseer, R. A., who died in 1870, or so ago, was still wealthier, his fortune of £318,000 was not derived from the sale of his pictures. He had large private means, and his professional income was comparatively small. Mr. Edwin Long, who died in 1891, left £74,000, and Sir Joseph Boehm, the sculptor, £47,276. Another rich sculptor was Sir Francis Chantrel, who bequeathed £100,000 to the Royal Academy for the purchase of modern works of art. Turner left £140,000 of those living, Sir Edwin Landseer is supposed to earn a larger income than any other British artist. There are wealthier painters, such as Mr. Val Prinsep, but their fortunes are derived from private sources. The income earned by the late Sir John Millais at one period exceeded £20,000 a year.



THE PILOT'S DAUGHTER.

By ELMORE ELLIOTT.

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



"The Mermaid," or the Pilot's daughter, as she was called by most people, or Kitty Watson, by formal name, swung on her heel and smiled vivaciously upon the young man balancing on a camp-stool. "You don't believe it, Fred?"

Frederick Landers smiled calmly at her predictions. Since the tug had left the wharf the two had spent most of their time together. Most, but not all. The pilot-house of a vessel has a fatal fascination for young women. And though young Trowbridge, the pilot, had been attending strictly to business all the morning, and had kept a more persevering lookout ahead than the fair weather seemed to render necessary, Kitty had made several visits to the pilot-house. However, for the last twenty minutes Kitty had devoted her entire attention to Landers.

"I suppose you have sailed these waters many times, Kitty," he remarked.

"Hundreds of times. After mama died, papa always took me with him when I was not in school, and he did not expect to be out all night; and, in spite of all his precautions, I have slept many a night under a tarpaulin, and slept soundly, too."

"While 'papa' watched!"

"Yes; but in the morning I'd steer while he slept, if the wind was light."

"These small hands couldn't do much in a storm, I fancy, even now," ventured Fred, gallantly.

Kitty flushed at the compliment, but protested, archly. "Never judge the strength of a woman's hand, sir, until you have felt the weight of it. And I have steered in a storm. When the boom broke papa's arm, I steered thirty miles in a driving wind."

"I can hardly believe it. But doubtless some day you will just as skillfully steer some happy man's household."

"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 out 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 likewise.

"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 her 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.

"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 China."

"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 incontinently 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, assuringly. "Never think it. But where's the gal gone, anyway?" asked he, affecting to peer with concern toward the fore-castle.

"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 more bait."

"The only 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'll 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 swung 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 hat 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.

"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.—Outing.

The Sand-Laden Missouri.

Mr. Frank H. Spearman writes in St. Nicholas of the freaks of the Missouri River, his article being entitled "A Shifting Boundary." Mr. Spearman says:

You must know that the real business of the Missouri is to carry the mountain waters east and south into the Gulf of Mexico. But in bounding from side to side of its valley through the tedious centuries, it has twisted and turned so many times that no doubt its head is confused. Carrying the quantity of mud it does, you would hardly expect it to be clear-headed. There is actually so much sand in the water that the fish all have sore eyes; some are totally blind—the saddest-looking creatures you ever caught. A really fastidious trout or bass dropped into the Missouri would hang himself in despair—on a fish-hook.

Had a Remarkable Career.

John Parshall, an army veteran, died at his home in Indianapolis on St. Patrick's Day at the age of sixty-five years. He was a driver of an ammunition wagon in the Alexander expedition sent to Salt Lake City to force Brigham Young to vacate his office in favor of the successor appointed by President Buchanan, and helped to burst in a gate that kept the besieging party out of the capital. He was also one of the six men who buried Wilkes Booth.—New York Sun

GENERAL SPORTING.

VARIOUS NOTES OF EVENTS PAST AND COMING.

Chairman Mott Made a Representative of the International Cyclists' Association—A New Racing Cycle—Other Notes of Sports and Pastimes.



HAIRMAN Albert Mott, of the racing board of the L. A. W., announced the other day that he has been appointed by President Potter as the L. A. W. representative of the International Cyclists' Association. The annual meeting of the association will be held at Glasgow, Scotland, next July, in connection with the world's championship races. A reporter was advised by President Potter the other day that it was uncertain whether Chairman Mott will go abroad to the international meeting. This indecision adds to the uncertainty of the plans of the American association in relation to a foreign team. In talking over the question Mr. Potter practically admits that the League will not assume the entire expense of sending over a foreign team. He says that the cost per man for such a trip will be at least \$500, and he feels that the association would act injudiciously in spending a large amount of money on such a venture. Mr. Potter, however, makes no recommendation for the L. A. W. to invite the co-operation of the manufacturers for the purpose.

rules and conditions, and on different grounds, and made an average of 906 per cent. At Atlanta, Ga., he won second average, with over 90 per cent. In 1896 he attended nearly all the prominent tournaments, and his record was always at the top. At Indianapolis in 1896 he shot an exhibition match with R. O. Heikes, and broke 99 out of 100 Blue Rocks at unknown angles. Mr. Trimble is quite a young man, but shoots with cool nerve and good judgment. His position at the trap is an easy one, and he fires with a quick, regular time, and appears to center each target. He is surely a trap shot of great promise.

Michael's Influence.

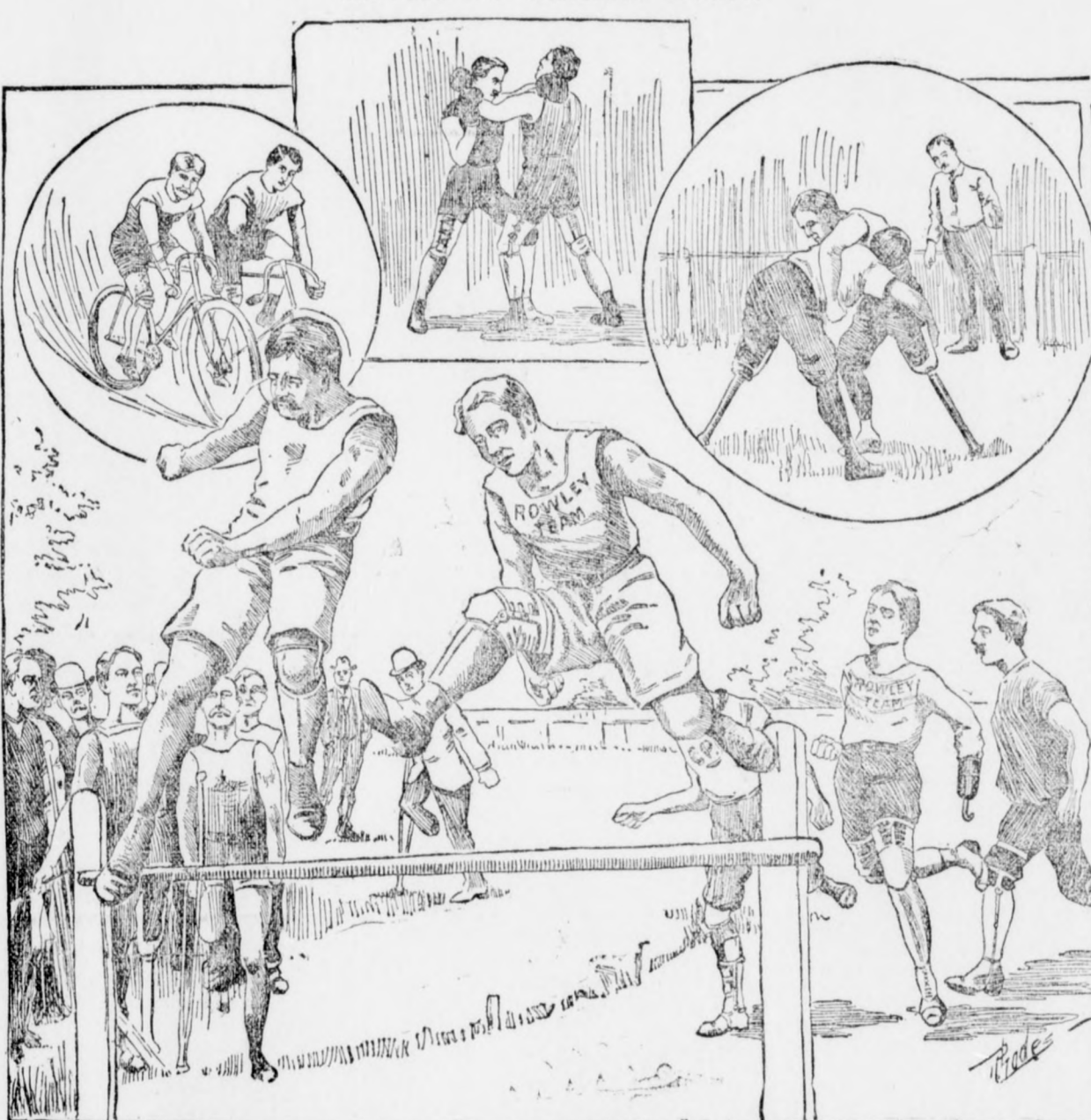
American racing men are of the opinion that if Jimmy Michael sticks to his determination to race in this country this year it will result in the increase of interest in long-distance riding. When Michael contested at Manhattan Beach last year intense interest was manifested in his twenty-five-mile race. International contests lend additional interest to racing, and while America has boasted of some remarkably good riders at long distances, little care has been taken to promote such contests. An English rider in describing Michael says: "This man is presumably the youngest of the professional cyclists on the track. He was born at Cwmavon about twenty years ago. He is only 5 feet 3½ inches tall. When in condition he weighs 130 pounds. Yet, though so small and slight in appearance, as regards muscle he is a veritable marvel. No task appears to be too difficult for him. He was only twelve years old when he began riding. He rapidly worked his way back to scratch, and in 1893 he had proved successful against

largest athletic association west of Chicago, has withdrawn from the Amateur Athletic union, and its action will be followed by a resignation of the State university, Stanford, Reliance, and Fresno Athletic clubs. The grounds for the Olympic withdrawal are alleged unfair treatment in the Olympic-butte football controversy, and that they, with two thousand members, have no more votes than a little club of fifty members. The club will attempt to form an independent state athletic association."—Hugh Kirkcaldy, the professional and ex-champion golfer, died at St. Andrew's, Scotland, the other day, aged twenty-nine years. He came of a well-known golfing family, and was the youngest of three brothers. His greatest performance was accomplished in 1891, in the open championship at St. Andrews, when he carried off the Blue Riband of the Green at 166 strokes for the two rounds, establishing a record for the championship tournament over St. Andrew's links. He left a widow and one child.—A crowd numbering nearly thirty-eight thousand assembled at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, London, England, the other afternoon to witness the playing of the annual international football match between the picked team representing England and Scotland. The ground was wet, soggy and heavy from rain, a condition which favored the heavy Scottish forwards, and, after a stubbornly disputed game, the visitors proved victorious by a score of two goals to one, this being the Scots' thirteenth victory.

New Racing Cycle.

A novel racing machine is being turned out by an American maker, and

CRIPPLES AT ATHLETIC SPORTS.



ARMLESS AND LEGLESS CHAMPIONS OF THE WORLD TO MEET IN TOURNAMENT CONTESTS AT CHICAGO IN JUNE.

A Prominent Trap Shot.

Among the prominent trap shooters in this county is Ralph Trimble, of Covington, Ky. He is a traveling representative of the Dupont and Hazard Powder companies, with headquarters in Cincinnati, Ohio. He first came into prominence at the Du Pont tournament given by Mr. R. S. Waddell at Cincinnati in May, 1895, and had been shooting at the trap but a few months previous to that time. He defeated a number of expert shots and averaged 925 per cent for three days. At Knoxville, Tenn., he was one of the larger winners among 150 contestants. At Cleveland, Ohio, he was third high man. In July, 1895, he won the Kentucky state championship with a score of 47 out of 50 targets. At Crawfordsville, Ind., he made a run of 154 straight Blue Rocks, shooting under reversed angle rule. At Peoria, Ill.; Kankakee, Ill.; Warsaw,

the majority of the Welsh champions, and had secured over \$500 worth of prizes. From that year he has attained a leading position in racing. In long distance he is without a peer. In riding in England and France he has met with wonderful success, and it is the general impression that he will revolutionize the long-distance record and competition events in America this year."

General Sporting Notes.

George Wallis of Oxford and Adam B. Keen of Rising Sun, Md., shot at twenty-five live birds each for a purse of \$25 and the championship of the Rising Sun club recently, Wallis winning by a score of 21 to 19.—Carr B. Neel, the western lawn tennis champion, has resigned from the Kenwood Tennis club of Chicago, and will play this year only to defend his title. He and his brother won the national doubles championship at Newport, R. I., last season.—The Boston terrier Squanto was sold last week by Dr. W. G. Kendall to a prominent Philadelphia lawyer for \$2,000, stated to be the highest price ever paid for a dog of American breeding. Squanto is about a year and a half old, and has won several prizes at bench shows.—Gribble defeated Crawley in the finals for the amateur tennis championship of England.—The New York Athletic club offers mileage medals this season to all riders who cover over two thousand miles. For records of 2,000 miles bronze medals will be awarded; 3,000 miles, silver medals; 5,000 miles and over, gold medals. Life, resident, non-resident and junior members are eligible to compete. These special prizes are offered by Dr. Seneca D. Powell. The committee stipulates that competitors must be entered in the register at the club or main house at least once a month, with data of member's ride.—A dispatch from San Francisco, Cal., says: "The Olympic club, the



RALPH TRIMBLE.

Ind., and several other places he won first average at targets, the shooting lasting three days. His average at these places was over 90 per cent. During the year of 1895 he shot at 12,000 targets thrown under all kinds of

HIS CLOCK OF FLOWERS.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER WILL HAVE A LARGE FLORAL TIMEPIECE.

It is for the Standard Oil Magnate's Country Seat—Plants Whose Blossoms Open and Close Regularly at Certain Hours to be Used—A Novelty in This Country.

John D. Rockefeller, the multi-millionaire Standard Oil magnate, is to have, it is reported, an extraordinary floral novelty on the grounds of his country seat on the Hudson, near Tarrytown. This wonder talked of is to be a clock, made entirely of growing flowers, and it will tell the time of the day with much accuracy.

The floral clock is the suggestion of Mrs. Rockefeller, with whom botany is more than a mere fad, for she has for many years been an earnest student of horticulture, and is an authority on plants. It is said that before she was married to Mr. Rockefeller, and while that gentleman was yet a bookkeeper, she was a teacher of botany.

There has never been a floral clock planted in this country, but the Baroness Burdett-Coutts had one and so did the Duke of Westminster, and they were a source of pleasure to the owners and their guests. The one that is expected will be seen upon the American Rhine will be of home design and the flowers used will be for the most part those that grow wild about Tarrytown.

There are sixty-seven varieties of flowers that have certain hours for opening and closing their petals. Away back in a misty age flowers were the timepieces of the poor, who had no other way of telling the time. The white lily, now as then, opens at 7 a. m. and closes at 5 p. m., and in the country districts is called the "day lily."

The design for Mr. Rockefeller's clock, it is said, has just been completed by an Ohio landscape gardener, who has selected the common yellow dandelion to represent the hands. These flowers open at 5.30 a. m. and close at about 8.30 p. m., and the hands will point to the arrangement of flowers representing those figures. For other parts of the queer timepiece the gardener has suggested a large number of the many from which a selection may be made, and Mrs. Rockefeller will decide which these shall be. The yellow goat's beard will be used for one. It grows in the meadows everywhere, and in the poor districts of Scotland the schools which cannot have clocks are dismissed by it.

For the 2 p. m. flower the hawkweed has been suggested as the best, as it closes at that hour to the minute. Then the snow thistle, all common to the meadow, closes its little white flower at exactly 1 p. m. The best 11 a. m. plant is from the pasture and is called the sow thistle. It opens at 5 a. m. and begins to close at 11, but is not completely closed before noon.

The water lily and several other members of the lily family are celebrated for the exactness with which they open and close each day, and there are a number of flowers common to the every-day sight that may be made to do duty in the construction of the novelty that is to contribute to the pleasure of Mr. Rockefeller and his friends.

From a distance the clock will have the appearance of a flower bed, but no one will on close inspection mistake it for anything other than what it is. That those not familiar with the habits of the flowers may anticipate the pretty timekeepers in their duty an oilcloth book, written in indelible ink, will probably be placed alongside the clock, so that those who watch may inform themselves.—New York World.

Pestiferous Buffalo Gnats.

John W. Rusk, of Bellport, N. C., writes to the New York Sun regarding the buffalo gnat:

"I think that, as a native of North Carolina would say, the entomologists have not 'met up' with the gnat in question; possibly it is not distributed over a large area of the country. I met the gnats several years ago in Arkansas, on the bottom lands of the St. Francis River, and think they were the greatest day pest I ever saw. In shape they resemble a buffalo somewhat; hence the name. They do not bite or sting their victims. They have a disagreeable habit of flying from the ground and striking one in the face. But the chief trouble is that they crawl into the mouth, nostrils and the ears and deposit their eggs, which hatch in a very short time. The larvae eat away the membranes, causing death to large numbers of stock of all kinds, and of many game animals."

"The planters on the St. Francis set old logs afire in the woods for smoke to protect stock, which will eagerly rush to the smudge and stand in it to get rid of the pest."

"On one occasion I was kindling a fire to keep off gnats, when a large buck deer came rushing to the smoke and stood in it, not heeding my presence. In a few minutes a flock of wild turkeys and also four or five wild hogs came for protection. It is not uncommon sight to see a mule before the plow, trudging along with a bucket containing a smudge hanging from its neck. The mule will keep its nose over the smoke as much as possible. The gnat cannot stand smoke."

An Unintentional Insult.

A London exquisite—in America he would be called a dude—had gone into a West End restaurant, and was far from pleased with the way in which his order was filled.

"Do you call that a veal cutlet?" he demanded of the waiter. "Why, such a cutlet as that is an insult to every self-respecting calf in the British Empire."

The waiter hung his head for a moment, but recovered himself, and said, in a tone of respectful apology: "I really didn't intend to insult you, sir."—Spare Moments.



the pedals. We cannot, however, see the advantage to be gained from these innovations.

McCoy Made Money.

"Kid" McCoy comes back to us some thousands of dollars richer than when he went away, having made \$10,000 by defeating Bill Doherty at Johannesburg, and afterwards added considerably to his "pile" by backing Goddard to defeat "Denver" Ed Smith. He sports a gold watch charm studded with a couple of South African diamonds, a present from F. E. Filis, of Filis' circus, where he knocked out three Australian middleweights in one night. He aspires to the heavyweight championship of the world, but does not intend to challenge for the title until the lapse of a couple of years. Just now he is seeking a match with Dan Creedon. McCoy also carries a gold stop watch that was presented to him in London by Dick Burge as a token of friendship.

The New England member of the L. A. W. racing board, G. W. Donnee, of Boston, has come out openly in opposition to road racing.

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LOUISVILLE,

TIME CARD FEB. 1897.

NORTH BOUND.

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

No. 6, Express, 12:17 p.m.

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

SOUTH BOUND.

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

No. 6, Express, 2:17 p.m.

No. 43, Local Freight, 12:17 p.m.

Daily, + Daily except Sunday.

J. A. MICHAEL, Agent.

VANDALIA LINE.

Trains leave Greencastle, Ind. in effect May 16, 1897.

FOR THE WEST.

No. 7, Daily, 12:30 a.m., for St. Louis.

No. 10, Daily, 8:34 a.m., for St. Louis.

No. 8, Daily, 9:30 a.m., for St. Louis.

No. 21, Daily, 1:40 p.m., for St. Louis.

No. 9, Ex. Sun., 5:17 p.m., for Terre Haute.

No. 11, Daily, 8:06 p.m., for St. Louis.

FOR THE EAST.

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

No. 6, Daily, 8:34 a.m., for St. Louis.

No. 12, Daily, 9:30 a.m., for St. Louis.

No. 20, Daily, 1:40 p.m., for St. Louis.

No. 8, Daily, 3:13 p.m., for St. Louis.

No. 2, Daily, 6:15 p.m., for St. Louis.

PEORIA DIVISION

Leave Terre Haute, 7:40 a.m., for Peoria.

No. 1, Ex. Sun., 3:35 p.m., for Decatur.

For complete time card, give all train and station, and full information as to rates, through cars, etc., address

J. S. BOWLING, Agent, Greencastle, Ind.

A. F. FARR, Asst. St. Louis Mo.

BIG FOUR.

In effect Nov. 1, 1896.

GOING EAST.

No. 36, to Cin., N. Y. & Boston, 2:50 a.m.

No. 4, Indianapolis Flyer, 9:10 a.m.

No. 6, Indianapolis Express, 4:00 p.m.

No. 3, Cin., N. Y. & Boston, 1:31 p.m.

GOING WEST.

No. 35, St. L. Night Limited, 12:32 a.m.

No. 7, St. L. Acc'd., 8:45 a.m.

No. 11, St. L. Day Limited, 12:34 p.m.

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

Daily + Daily except Sunday.

No. 3, connects at Indianapolis for Cincinnati and Michigan division. No. 4, connects with L. & N. Y. & with trains for Peoria and Chicago.

No. 18, connects at Bellefontaine for Toledo and Detroit. No. 36, at Bellefontaine for Sandusky.

F. P. HUBERT, Agent.

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

No. 5 "Mattoon Acc'd." at Paris with main south.

No. 8 at Indianapolis with train to Greensburg.

No. 9 at Paris for Cairo at Kansas with P. D. & E. north and south, at Mattoon with P. D. & E. north and south, at Carrollton and Jacksonville, at St. Louis diverging roads.

No. 18 "Knickerbocker" 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 Louisville.

WHEN it comes to the eye to read this type set in this size, the face, you had better go to Dr. G. W. Bence and see your eyes fitted with a pair of spectacles.



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The Bon Ton.

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Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1.50 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

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If an agent of the Government should call to sell you a bond of \$1,000, agreeing that you may pay for same in weekly payments of \$2.50 and guaranteeing to pay you six per cent interest per annum on each weekly payment free from taxes would you accept the offer. The Farmers and Citizens Building and Loan Association makes a better offer; it will sell you five shares of stock on payments of \$2.50 per week and at maturity of the stock will pay you

One Thousand Dollars.

which would be better than 9 per cent interest per annum on the investment. This Association was organized April 24, 1884 and is now 13 years old, and has paid out during that time \$490,211.12.

There is no better investment and none gives as universal satisfaction. The poor man's weekly earnings is placed on an equality with the rich man's thousands and he is enabled to make his small savings earn equally as much, securing an investment that is substantial and yielding more than 9 per cent interest.

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. Randel went to Indianapolis this morning.

Chas. Kelley was in Indianapolis today on business.

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

Miss Stella Wischart, of Reno, has been visiting friends in the city.

A petition is being circulated in the Third ward against the granting of a retail liquor license in that part of the city. It is being largely signed.

Come to Locust Street church at 7:30 this evening and hear the Persian, B.

Y. Amir, lecture on Persian Peoples.

Free.

W. P. Ledbetter left this morning for Kentucky.

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

Rev. Chas. Jakes is here from New Richmond.

Dr. Jerome Fling went to Indianapolis 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 Vandavia water tank.

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

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

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

Mrs. Ferrell has returned to her home in Cloverdale after visiting Mrs. Geo. W. Hughes.

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

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

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 Pittsburg, Pa.

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

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.

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 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.

Several drunks were jailed last evening.

Ewing McLean was in Oakalla today.

Mrs. Rea returned to Chicago today. Council meets this evening.

Experience proves the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures all forms of blood diseases, restores the stomach, builds up the nerves.

National League Games.

Brooklyn 6, Cincinnati 4.

Boston 5, Louisville 3.

Cleveland 9, Philadelphia 8.

New York 4, Chicago 1.

Washington 13, St. Louis 7.

Pittsburg-Baltimore, rain.

WESTERN LEAGUE.

Milwaukee 3, Indianapolis 1.

St. Paul 7, Minneapolis 4.

When bilious or constive, eat a Cascarets, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed 10c, 25c.

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Jack Frost.

Frost was lurking around in this vicinity last night and it touched in 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.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 25.

Fair and warmer tonight;

Wednesday partly cloudy and warmer.

GARRIOTT.

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)..... .00
 The noon temperature is taken daily by the BANNER TIMES.

Some Corrections.

To the Editor of the Banner Times.

In a communication from "Ye Oldest Inhabitant" recently published in the BANNER TIMES I find several errors. The first is: Your correspondent says the first church building was situated on the northwest corner of the John Hammond homestead; as a matter of fact the house was located on the southeast corner of said lot. The second error was in stating that the second meeting house was built in the year 1838, when the fact is it was up and in use as early as 1836 or 1837 at the most. "Ye Oldest Inhabitant" in this latter case is correct as to the location but wrong as to date.

ONE OF THE BOYS.

Woman's League.

Wednesday evening, May 26, under the auspices of the Woman's League of College Avenue church, will be given a half-hour's musical entertainment. The program will commence at 7:45 p. m., and the music will be followed by a social hour and refreshments in the church parlors. Every member of the church is invited to come and bring the family. Everything is free, no admission and no collection.

PROGRAM.

Organ Selection—Mrs. H. P. McIntosh.

Abide with me—Lyte—Mr. Paul Burlingame.

Andante Religioso—Frances Thome—Miss Ellen Joslin.

Duet—Yes, He careth for me—Mrs. Hollingsworth, Miss Mabel Hollingsworth.

O, Swallow, Swallow—Piatti—Miss Harriet Joslin. Violin obligato, Miss Ellen Joslin.

The BANNER TIMES telephone news number is 95. Remember it when you have an item. We want the news.

The German Emperor and Empress.

I remembered that when I lived in Berlin, when a child, Sunday was scarcely observed in any way by the Germans. The churches were well nigh empty. You might have imagined yourself in London upon a bank holiday. But the present emperor is a woman of very firm religious principles and William II, however changeable he may be in other matters, is a rock where his pious belief is concerned. It has been the dearest wish of both himself and the empress to introduce the "English Sunday" to the Germans, and it is wonderful, indeed, how they have succeeded. The increase of belief is remarkable; the Berlin churches are now attended by crowds and the clergymen, formerly at a discount in society, are feted as if they were the military. Both emperor and empress always attend divine service in the morning. The preacher is forbidden, it is true, to speak longer than fifteen minutes and the congregation is warned against "staring" at their majesties. After church the royal couple entertain a few intimate friends at luncheon and before bed time the empress imparts some bible knowledge to her children.—The Woman at Home.

The Difference.

She—I can sympathize with you. I was married once myself. He—But you weren't married to a woman.—Tid-Bits.

The BANNER TIMES

For Letter Heads.

Country Local News.

Interesting Items from Principal Points of Putnam County.

BRICK CHAPEL.

Dr. Bigham conducted quarterly meeting services at this place Sunday. Dr. Chas. Brown and wife of Plymouth are visiting his mother Mrs. Martha Brown of this place.

Mrs. James Albion of Neosho, Ill., is visiting her sister-in-law Mrs. Sarah Gardner.

Joe Lloyd's crimson clover field is as popular for the passers by of this region as the W. W. Sells dairy field is for the southern travelers.

Dr. Marion Johnston of Terre Haute visited his brother S. E. part of last week.

A. B. Tolin of Indianapolis stopped over with his brother A. W. Friday on his way home from a trip through some of the western states.

MORTON.

Rev. Leazenby was called to Clay county Monday to preach a funeral.

Sam Fyfe and family took dinner with E. E. Grimes and wife Sunday. They have moved back from Kansas to the old home west of Bainbridge.

Rev. Leazenby delivered the Memorial sermon for the G. A. R. of Portland Mills at Union Chapel last Sunday. The address was a deep masterly sermon showing that he was well posted on his subject.

Miss Grace Ratcliff will lead the Epworth League next Sunday evening everyone cordially invited, especially the young people.

W. T. Grimes is still quite sick.

The new telephone line from here to Greencastle is in good talking order.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall after spending several days with their daughter Mrs. Belle Carver and Mort Marshall, have returned to their home in Otterbein.

Fred and Will Rambo had quite a runaway last week their team broke loose at Morton and ran to near Union Chapel, where they were caught till the boys came up. They got in their buggy and started home but the horses became frightened again and ran away throwing the boys out of the buggy but not hurting them, doing some damage to the buggy.

Charley Cooper and wife visited their mother Mrs. G. H. Cooper Sunday. John Gott and family of near Russellville visited Press Gott Sunday.

CARPENTERSVILLE.

Mrs. B. R. Cline attended Grand Lodge at Indianapolis the past week.

A. H. Pickel and wife were at Greencastle Monday and Thursday of last week.

M. A. Pickel got the postoffice at this place.

Several from here attended the horse show at Roachdale Saturday.

J. A. Pickel and family visited at C. W. Newell's Sunday.

A boy came Saturday to C. L. Hutchens to spend the future with him. Mr. Gilmore of Goshen Lumber Co., took up lumber here Saturday afternoon.

Everybody attended the Soldiers' picnic at Roachdale next Sunday.

Monon Excursion to Chicago.

Saturday night, May 29th, the Monon route will run an excursion to Chicago. Train will leave Greencastle about 9:30 p. m., returning will leave Chicago Sunday night, May 30th, at 11:30 p. m. Fare for the round trip \$2. There will be a league base ball game and many other special attractions in Chicago Sunday May 30th.