

## The Greencastle Herald

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F. C. TILDEN C. J. ARNOLD

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### A CHANGE OF HEART.

Bourke Cockran, once a Democrat, the n Republican, and now a very repentant Democrat again, has told the story of his experience in bolting the Democratic party, and what the country has suffered from it. His words are worth repeating, as coming from a man who has the strength of his convictions. He says of the '96 election:

"Rightly or wrongly, it was believed that property interests were at stake and the property class combined to win the election. But out of this alliance grew a tendency, fostered by a protective tariff, to utilize the government for special interests, until within the last ten years the control of this country has virtually passed into the hands of less than a dozen men. . . . Recently we have seen the federal government strain and try its best to curb the activities of those men, its masters, but nothing has resulted but a lot of talking."

The things that have happened since the republican party went into power on March 4, 1897 are the very things from which the Democratic party wanted to save the country. The people were warned, but it has taken a bitter lesson to convince them of the truth. In 1908 there will be an opportunity

to take the government out of the hands of the "less than a dozen men" and restore it to the people through the election of William J. Bryan.

### COTESVILLE.

The Cotesville Band made their debut on Xmas day.  
Mrs. Martha McClure visited her son, Jot, at Indianapolis Sunday.  
Mrs. Cora Masten and daughter, Louise, of Brick chapel, visited relatives and friends here Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Snoddy, of Mooresville, is visiting Dr. Williams and wife.  
Mrs. Mary Webster and daughter, Roxie, have returned to Greencastle, after visiting Tyra Masten and family.

Will Huffman, of Okla., is visiting relatives and friends.

L. E. Robinson, of Montezuma, is visiting Albert Walton.

Milt Sacra, of Minn., is visiting his father William Sacra.

Trade is somewhat slack after the Xmas rush.

Chauncey Knight will move back here from St. Elmo in the near future, when he will go in business with his brother Roscoe Knight.

Some of the candidates, of Putnam county were in town Saturday.

A party of young people watched the Old Year out at the home of Grace Gainbold.

Mr. and Mrs. King and children, of New Augusta, spent Xmas with Mrs. Joe. Warren.

Mr. and Mrs. Gobert, of Oakland, Ills., have been visiting Clyde Gobert and wife.

Mrs. Wade Woods, of Greencastle, was in town Monday.

Ellen Reeds, of Hindsboro, is here for a visit with her brother Jim Reeds.

## FERD LUCAS

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## ANNOUNCEMENT CARDS

**For Trustee of Marion Township—**  
Guy D. Jackson announces that he is a candidate for trustee of Marion township, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

**For Commissioner Second District—**  
George E. Raines, of Marion township, wishes to announce to the Democratic voters of Putnam county that he is a candidate for nomination for the office of commissioner from the second district.

**For County Surveyor—**  
Alec Lane announces that he is a candidate for the office of County Surveyor, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

**For Sheriff—**  
Edward H. Eitelforg, of Clinton township, wishes to announce to the voters of Putnam county that he is a candidate for the nomination for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

**For Sheriff—**  
F. M. Stroube, of Washington township, announces that he is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

**For Road Supervisor—**  
Ray L. Craver, of Floyd Township, announces himself a candidate for Supervisor of the southwest district of Floyd township.

**For Representative—**  
Daniel C. Brackney, of Warren township, announces that he is a candidate for representative, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

**For Coroner—**  
Edmund B. Lynch, of Greencastle township, announces that he is a candidate for the nomination for Coroner of Putnam County. He asks the support of the Democrats in the coming primary.

**For Sheriff—**  
Theodore Boes is a candidate for nomination to the Office of Sheriff of Putnam county at the coming Democratic primary.

**For Commissioner, Third District—**  
W. M. Moser, of Jefferson township, wishes to announce that he is a candidate for commissioner of Putnam county from the Third District.

**For Commissioner, Third District—**  
I am a candidate for commissioner of the Third District, subject to the decision of the Democratic Primary. Alcaney Farmer.

**For Treasurer—**  
Henry H. Runyan, of Jefferson Township, wishes to announce his candidacy for the nomination for Treasurer of Putnam County, subject to the decision of the Democratic

**For Assessor—**  
J. C. Wilson, of Floyd township, announces that he is a candidate for assessor subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

**For Trustee Floyd Township—**  
O. A. Day announces that he is a candidate for trustee of Floyd township, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

**For Treasurer—**  
Jasper N. Miller, of Monroe township, announces that he is a candidate for the office of Treasurer of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the Democratic Primary.

**For Treasurer—**  
James H. Hurst wishes to announce that he is a candidate for Treasurer of Putnam county subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

**For Commissioner, Third District—**  
David J. Skelton, of Washington township, wishes to announce that he is a candidate for Commissioner of the Third District, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

**For Coroner—**  
Dr. R. J. Gillespie, of Greencastle township, wishes to announce to the voters of Putnam county that he is a candidate for Coroner subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

**For Sheriff—**  
Powell S. Brasler of Greencastle wishes to announce to the Democratic voters of Putnam county that he is a candidate for the nomination for Sheriff of Putnam county.

**For Commissioner Third District—**  
Ed. Houck, of Washington township, wishes to announce to the voters of Putnam county that he is a candidate for county commissioner for the Third District, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

**For Representative—**  
Theodore Crawley announces that he will be a candidate for representative, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

**For Township Trustee—**  
Fred Todd, of Floyd township, announces that he is a candidate for Trustee of the township, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

**For Representative—**  
David B. Hostetter, of Franklin township, will be a candidate for Representative of Putnam county, subject to decision of Democratic primary election.

**For Assessor—**  
James W. Figg, of Floyd township, wishes to announce that he is a candidate for assessor subject to the decision of the Democratic

## Amoret's Crousseau.

By Martha Cobb Sanford.

Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.

Amoret was very excited. It was her first long journey alone, and vast and entrancing as her dreams were of the delights of California she knew she should find even her dreams transcended.

She took off her stylish little hat and handed it to the "portress," as she mentally dubbed her. Then, with a cushion at her head and another at her feet, she settled back with a sense of replete comfort.

But when the sun, with a last wink of his bright cyclopean eye, at length disappeared behind the distant trees Amoret turned her attention aimlessly to the people about her. An uninteresting and prosaic collection was her unspoken verdict save for a very evidently newly married couple who were too silly to be even amusing. What was there, Amoret mused, about a honeymoon that so invariably transformed even the most sensible people into such insufferably sentimental idiots?

"Las" call to dinner!" announced the dining car porter, swinging pompously through the train.

Amoret opened her purse, in which she was carrying her miniature watch. She glanced at the time and then, feminine fashion, began to investigate the varied contents of her pocketbook. Suddenly she started, then, growing very white, leaned back and closed her eyes.

The "serious and dignified" young man across the aisle had been watching her. He guessed what had happened.

How could he help her? Could he ask her to go into dinner with him? Of course not. She'd starve before she'd accept. Well, he might as well dine himself and think over the situation while he did so.

As he rose and walked ahead into the dining car Amoret opened her eyes. She stifled the impulse to jump up and follow him. He was the only person in the car that she liked the looks of. He was a thoroughbred from tip to toe. But there must be some other way out of this awful predicament. She closed her eyes again. All that she could think of was the roll of bills which she had been so long saving for this very trip and which she knew she had that very morning placed in her pocketbook.

When Richard Mason returned from the dining car he found Amoret alone. The rest of the passengers were evidently at dinner. Now was his chance. He had thought up no brilliant lead, to be sure, but the proper words must come if he could get up sufficient nerve to speak. He cleared his throat once, twice, but the silence remained otherwise unbroken.

The train whizzed on. Richard pretended to be reading his paper, but the print might have been Egyptian hieroglyphics. Suddenly he crushed the sheet behind him and turned toward Amoret.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed and, jumping up, caught her in his arms just as she fell forward fainting. He rang the porter's bell furiously.

"Get some water, quick!" he commanded. "And send for the maid! Don't lose a minute!"

"Yes!" no, sah," responded the porter and vanished with something akin to the speed and grace of a hurly cat amble.

Meanwhile Richard laid the girl gently down on the seat and got a flask of brandy from his valise. When the porter returned with the water and with the excited maid bringing up the rear Amoret had begun to show signs of consciousness.

"Here, Sarah," ordered Richard (why Sarah he couldn't have told for the life of him), "you take care of her while I go and get some soup. She ought to have gone in to dinner sooner, but—but she didn't."

Amoret did not refuse the soup. Indeed, she didn't think to question where it came from. She even allowed Sarah to coax her into eating a little chicken and afterward to superintend the making up of her berth.

"I'll make it all right with you in the morning," Amoret assured her. "You shan't lose!" She stopped short, the whole miserable predicament suddenly flashing over her again. But Sarah had not noticed the interruption.

"Yo' husband's already done dat, honey."

The curtains were shut tight, and Sarah had gone before Amoret could get up courage to attempt an explanation.

"How is she now?" inquired Richard anxiously.

"Oh, she's jes' good as new, sah! You'll tak' dese lit' spells mo' calmly when you've been ma'ied mo' continually lak'." And, with a friendly smile, Sarah left the young man staring blankly after her.

Here was a situation!

In the morning the porter's "first call to breakfast" rang cheerfully through the car. Amoret heard and tried to forget as she went on with her spiritless process of dressing.

Richard heard and realized that he must take the bull by the horns. In other words, he must brace himself to speak to the young lady in distress and offer her assistance.

In the course of half an hour Amoret appeared. She glanced up and down the car, evidently looking for some one. Suddenly seeing Richard, to his utter astonishment she came straight toward him.

"I am Miss Blanchard," she said

without a suspicion of coquetry, for this was a purely business transaction. "I am going to take advantage of your kindness to me last night and ask another favor."

"I am pleased to be of the slightest service," responded Richard, with fitting solemnity.

"You see, I—I—" Amoret stopped short in confusion. She had thought it would be so easy!

"Yes, I know all about it," Richard filled in assuringly. "Suppose we go in to breakfast together and talk it over there."

"How do you know all about it?" inquired Amoret in astonishment.

"I'll tell you while we're at breakfast. We'll have to go right in. They're sounding the last call."

"Well, if you think—" But that's as far as Amoret got in her hesitation, for Richard had started determinedly ahead, and there was nothing for her to do but to follow—that is, unless she wanted to risk a second fainting spell.

At breakfast Richard launched the brilliant scheme of telegraphing back to her folks for more money. Why, it would reach her before she got to the end of the journey.

Here was a complication that Amoret hadn't counted on. Telegraph for more money! Where on earth did he think it would come from?

"Well, you see I live alone with my aunt, who is quite an old lady," she explained, "and it would just worry her to death to get a telegram anyway, let alone a telegram saying that I'd lost my money. She didn't want me to take the journey alone in the first place, and I—"

"Of course we won't telegraph then," broke in Richard brusquely. "You just let me back you till you get to San Diego. By the way, who are your friends there? Maybe I know them."

"Oh, another aunt, sister of the one I live with, and her husband, Mr. Manchester."

"Daniel Manchester, the lawyer?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"Very well, though I've never met his family."

"Isn't that providential?" sighed Amoret. "Then that makes it all right for me to ask a favor of you, doesn't it?"

"Yes, of course. At least it's all right anyway. And, say, we'll keep on taking our meals together, won't we? Do say yes."

Amoret lowered her eyes, bit her lip to keep back the laughter that was ready to bubble over and then glanced up at Richard mischievously.

"I suppose I may as well," she admitted, laughing softly. "You see, Sarah thinks"—he knew what Sarah thought, but he was determined she should say the words—"well, Sarah thinks you're my husband!"

"Sarah may be something of a propheticess," Richard ventured and then held his breath, surprised at his own daring.

And that's exactly what Sarah proved to be, for two months later Dick and Amoret were taking their honeymoon trip from San Diego back to Boston.

"Do you know, dear," announced Amoret, "you are exactly what I thought you'd be under similar circumstances the very first night I saw you."

"What do you mean, Amoret? Are you admitting that you loved me at first sight?"

Amoret's little nose tilted up scornfully.

"Don't flatter yourself. You may not have noticed, but there were a bride and groom in the car acting perfectly silly. And as I looked at you I thought that, serious and dignified as you were, you'd probably be just as silly if you were married, and you are, Dick. Everybody's watching you."

Richard went off into a spasm of mirth.

"Amoret," he said suddenly, "I've got the greatest idea. You remember that money you lost?" Amoret shrugged her shoulders. Why shouldn't she remember it? "Suppose we send it as a wedding fee to Sarah. She's the one who really married us, you know."

"How can we when I lost it?" queried Amoret, teasing him.

"Oh, you know what I mean, sweetheart!"

Amoret didn't answer. Instead she turned her head away. Richard watched her curiously, waiting an explanation.

Suddenly she faced him, looking at him in a half frightened, half mischievous way through her blushes.

"I didn't lose the money after all, Dick. I found it the very next day in another part of my pocketbook. It was after we had breakfast together, and I—I didn't tell you. So there was really no reason, you see, for our getting married at all, dearest, except—except that I spent the money on my trousseau."

**The Making of India Ink.**  
The manufacture of so called India ink has remained a jealously guarded trade secret for centuries. The name of the article itself is a misnomer, for the center of its production is situated in the Chinese province Anhui. The raw material is lampblack obtained by the burning of a mixture of oil of sesame with varnish and hog's lard. The slower the combustion the better and more precious is the product! The lampblack is mixed with a certain amount of glue. The dough thus formed is then beaten with steel hammers on wooden anvils, and two laborers working together at this task can finish about forty pounds of the dough per day. A small addition of Japanese camphor and musk gives it its peculiar smell. While still plant the mixture is shaped in wooden forms and dried during fair weather. In order to be perfect each cake must be exposed to the air for twenty days. Thirty or thirty-two of the ordinary sticks weigh a pound, and the price in China varies, according to the quality, from 50 cents to \$35 per pound.

### Appreciated the Beautiful.

That it is not always well to put on one's dowdiest garments when one goes to visit the poor is the moral of a story told in an English magazine recently. There were two philanthropists, according to the tale, one a professional and the other an amateur. The professional had arranged to take the amateur to a gathering of slum dwellers in the east end of London. At the appointed hour the amateur, who happens to be a duchess and a great beauty, appeared at the house of her friend, a dazzling apparition in court dress, tiara and jewels. "Oh, my dear," gasped the professional, falling helplessly into the nearest chair, "don't you know that we are going to one of the lowest and most squalid slums? I can't promise that you will bring any of that back with you." But the beauty only laughed. "That's all right," she said. "I quite understand you. But poor people love beautiful things. Their children especially are captivated with fine dresses and feathers. Just wait and you will see!" And the professional did see. Those poor, half starved, half naked slum dwellers had eyes for no one but the dazzling young beauty who had done them the infinite honor of coming to see them in her most beautiful frock and jewels.

**Not Much News.**  
In the summer of 1903 an exploring expedition set out from Cook Inlet, Alaska, in an attempt to climb Mount McKinley, the highest peak on the American continent. They went in with a pack of canyuses through a hundred miles of tundra and then struggled for weeks over glaciers and through terrible hardships, to emerge at last on the Chulitna river, down which they rafted to civilization, as represented by Cook Inlet.

As they came in, worn, ragged, almost dead from exposure and hunger, a tall old man strolled upshore with four white men's dogs, says Robert Dunn in "The Shameless Diary of an Explorer." They asked him the news of the world.

"Waal, yer know the pope's dead," he drawled, "and the cardinals held a sort of convention and elected a new pope."

"Roosevelt he's agreed to complain to the czar of Rooshia about them massacred Jews, and some one's killed that Queen Dragon of Servia trying to jump her claim to the throne. And Rooshia's going to fight the Japs. The ain't much happened this summer."

**Murdered by a Statue.**  
The death of Kenith, the half mythical king of Scotland, was one of the most curious and remarkable in history, if it may be called a historical fact. It seems that Kenith had slain Cruthlathus, a son, and Malcolm Duffus, the king and brother of Fennella. She, to be revenged, caused Wiltsu, the most ingenious artist of the time, to fashion a statue filled with automatic springs and levers. Finished and set up this brazen image was an admirable work of art. In its right hand Wiltsu placed a power and in the left an apple of pure gold finely set with diamonds and other precious stones. To touch this apple was to court death. It was so arranged that any one guilty of such vandalism would be immediately riddled with arrows shot from loopholes in the statue's body. Kenith was invited to see the wonder and, kinglike (and just as Fennella hoped), tried to pluck the imitation fruit. He was instantly riddled with poisoned arrows, dying where he fell.

**Still Ahead.**  
A congressman says he was riding in a smoking car on a little one track road and in the seat in front of him sat a jewelry drummer. He was one of those wide awake, never-let-any-one-get-the-better-of-him style of men. Presently the train stopped to take on water, and the conductor neglected to send back a flagman. A limited express, running at a rate of ten miles an hour, came along and bumped the rear end of the first train. The drummer was lifted from his seat and pitched head first against the seat ahead. His silk hat was jammed clear down over his ears. He picked himself up and settled back in his seat. No bones had been broken. Then he pulled off his hat, drew a long breath and, straightening up, said: "Hully gee! Well, they didn't get by us anyway!"

**Got His Wish.**  
At the height of their nightly quarrel the other day Mrs. Blank choked a sob and said reproachfully:

"I was reading one of your old letters today, James, and you said in it that you would rather live in endless torment with me than in bliss by yourself."

"Well, I got my wish," Blank growled.

**The Dolphin Violin.**  
The Dolphin violin was so named on account of the beauty of the wood, the back of the instrument resembling the color of a dolphin. It was made by Stradivarius in 1714, and it is considered the most beautiful violin in the world. It is owned by an Englishman and is valued at £5,000.—Musical Home Journal.

**Well Occupied in Either Case.**  
It is beautiful to see a young girl start out with the avowed intention of devoting her life to teaching school, and yet few people blame her seriously when she quits to get married.—Tombstone Epitaph.

**A Hypocrite.**  
Teacher (after explaining the character of the Pharisee)—And now what do we mean by a "hypocrite?" Pupil—Please, miss, a man wot says he is wot he isn't, but he ain't.—Punch.

## Choice Holiday Groceries

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**PLEASANTGARDEN.**

Born Dec. the 20th to Ross Hutchinson and wife, a son.

C. A. Sears and wife, of Indianapolis, and Clarence Sears, of Ludlow Falls, Ohio, spent Christmas with home folks.

The Cromwell family spent Christmas with Miss Rella Cromwell at Pleasantgarden.

The schools resume work again after a week's vacation.

Thomas Miller and wife, of Greencastle, and Mrs. Bud Roberts and son spent Sunday with Levi Sears and wife.

Cora Sears spent Sunday with Willie Aker.

Goldie McCormack and her best fellow spent Christmas in Terre Haute.

There was a large crowd at the Christmas entertainment.

J. F. Gillespie is having his barn cleaned out and repaired. Is getting it ready to rent.

There is a protracted meeting going on at the M. E. church. The attendance is small owing to the inclemency of the weather.

One more Saturday for the candidates in town and they will be thinned down to one in a hill.

Oscar McCollough and wife spent Christmas with his father and mother.

Homer Walden is helping Ode Polum built a house on his farm east of Pleasantgarden.

Mella Primican, of Greencastle, and Mary Primican, of Brazil spent Christmas with home folks.

Miss Laura and Nellie Bolin, of Greencastle, spent Christmas with home folks.

Ode Polum and wife spent Sunday with his father and mother, of Manhattan.

**Rank Foolishness.**

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

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