

## WEATHER REPORT.

Fair tonight and Tuesday;  
warmer tonight.

VOL. 2, NO. 241.

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA, MONDAY, JAN. 6, 1908.

ALL THE NEWS, ALL THE  
TIME FOR JUST 1 CENT A  
DAY—THAT'S THE HERALD  
CALL PHONE 65.

## CENTRAL BANK FILES SUIT

Asks that the County Treasurer Ed. McG. Walls Be Enjoined from Forcing the Collection of Near \$1200 in Taxes from the Stockholders in the Institution.

## VALUATION OF STOCK TOO HIGH

Suit was filed in the Putnam circuit court this afternoon in which F. A. Arnold, representing the stockholders of the Central National Bank, asks that County Treasurer Ed. McG. Walls be enjoined from forcing the collection of near \$1200 taxes on the stock. The complaint alleges that the stock was illegally assessed at too high a figure by the State Board of Tax Commissioners.

The stockholders allege that the stock was assessed by the County Board of Review at \$140.50 a share. This the stockholders allege was a fair valuation of the stock. It is further alleged, however, that the County Auditor through some action of the State Board of Tax Commissioners, caused the valuation of the stock to be raised to \$192 a share and the tax duplicate was made out on this basis. The stockholders paid tax on the stock as valued at \$140.50 but refuse to pay the tax on the \$192 valuation. They ask the court to restrain the treasurer from forcing payment. The amount involved is near \$1200.

## IT WAS A VERY GOOD DAY

People of Putnam County in the Vicinity of Greencastle Are Growing Beter if the Police Court Is a Criterion.

If the business done in the police court is any indication of existing conditions, then the people of Putnam county, at least that part of it that is near unto the confines of Greencastle, are getting better morally. There was no business again in the mayor's court this morning. It indicates that with the removal of the construction camps the most objectionable part of our population has also disappeared. Taxes will be lower, if business is not so good, now that the camps are gone. No arrests were made Sunday and things were very dull in police circles this morning as well as in the mayor's court.

## HIS SKULL WAS FRACTURED

A laborer working on the Big Four reservoir near Lena was struck on the head with a falling scatting Saturday and his skull fractured. It was not known that he was seriously hurt till today, when Dr. McGaughy was summoned and the man sent to the hospital at Terre Haute.

## DIVORCE SUIT FILED

Raymond Thompson today filed suit for divorce from Fannie Thompson on the ground of desertion. He alleges that they were married in 1905 and lived together till July 1907. That the defendant then left the plaintiff and has refused to return to him. There are other charges of unfaithfulness to the marriage vow. Plaintiff asks for absolute divorce. There are no children.

## ATTENTION G. A. R.

On Monday evening, Jan 6, '08, at 7 o'clock there will be a joint installation of officers chosen for the year, and also of the W. R. C.

Department Commander, William A. Ketcham, will be present as the guest of the Post.

## The People's Transfer Co.

Solicits your patronage on the basis of prompt service and courteous treatment. Will get you to your train on time. Phone 149. Leave orders at Palace Restaurant.

Will Alspaugh

The obligation will be on our part.

## SECOND TERM BEGINS WELL

Matriculation at the University Is Being Rushed Today, and the Early Return of the Students Shows Unusual Enthusiasm.

## THE COLLEGE IS CROWDED TODAY

Matriculation began in earnest at the university this morning. There had been some preliminary skirmishing on Friday and Saturday. Today the students appeared in regiments and brigades. They thronged all the rooms where matriculation was going on, overflowed into the halls and corridors and out upon the streets in jolly, laughing groups.

The early return of so many students gives indication of unusual enthusiasm, and points to an excellent half year's work ahead. There is a good demand for rooming places, which would seem to show that there are a number of new students in town, but as yet the registrar can give no definite statement as to the number. The "flurry" and the cry of hard times has not hurt DePauw, and all connected with the institution are looking forward to one of the best years in the history of the college.

## Notice of Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between Albert Higert and Fred Williams, under the firm name of Higert & Williams doing business in the City of Greencastle at 119 Franklin street, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business will be continued by Fred Williams at the place of business heretofore occupied by the old firm. Said Williams is hereby authorized to settle all liabilities and collect all outstanding indebtedness due said firm. All persons knowing themselves indebted, please call and settle.

Witness our hands this the 6th day of January 1908.

A. R. HIGERT,  
FRED WILLIAMS

## MARRIAGE LICENSES

Ralph Sears and Julia L. Reed.

## PROGRAM FOR THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

Sunday, Jan 5. Sermons in the churches.

Monday, 7:30 p. m. Presbyterian Church.

Subject, "Things Unseen and Eternal" 2 Cor. 4: 17, 18; leader, Dr. J. S. Hoagland.

Tuesday.

"The Triumphs of Faith" I John 5: 4, Heb. 11: 27, Rom. 8: 37; leader, Dr. S. B. Town.

Wednesday.

Lowest St. M. E. Church.

"The Church Made Truly Glorious" Eph. 3: 20, 21, Rev. 2: 7; leader, Dr. D. Vandyke.

Thursday.

College Avenue Church.

"Missions Home and Foreign" Acts 10: 34, 35, Matt. 28: 19; leader, Rev. C. W. Cauble.

Friday.

Christian Church.

"Intemperance the Master Social Curse" Hab. 2: 15, Prov. 23: 20, I Cor. 6: 10; leader, Rev. J. F. O'Haver.

Sunday.

Sermons in all the Churches.

A cordial invitation is extended to all the people to unite in the week-day services and to attend one of the churches on the Holy Sabbath.

J. S. HOAGLAND,  
D. VANDYKE,  
J. F. O'HAVER,  
C. W. CAUBLE

## COMMISSIONERS MEET

County Fathers in Session for the Passing of Claims and for General Business of the County.

The County Commissioners were in session today, Albert Gardner sitting with the board for the first time. Little was done beyond passing upon claims that in due course came before the commissioners. The J. J. Best et al road in Washington and Madison townships came up and was continued. Washington township has reached the debt limit established by law, and no more roads can be built there till some of the existing indebtedness is removed.

The Van C. McCullough et al road in Washington township which was inspected by Commissioners McCammack and Rains last Friday was excepted. A small amount of work is yet to be done before the full contract price is paid.

The Commissioners were notified that a scholarship to Purdue University was to be filled from this country, and the board appointed Harry Ragan to the place. This gives him a free course at the university.

## AT WAR IN BLOOMINGTON

Citizens Oppose Increase of Telephone Rates and Order Phones Taken Out of Houses and Business Offices.

The warfare against the Bloomington Home Telephone company because of the raise of rates goes merrily on. Probably 800 of the phone users have signed the petition and announced that in case the company does not go back to the old rates, they will discontinue the service says the Bloomington Telephone.

The petitions were not presented to Manager Fred Shoemaker yesterday as was intended, but they will be today likely. Just who will present the petitions is not known as the movement can hardly be said to have any recognized head. Mr. Shoemaker will send the petition through the proper channels and it will probably be several days before the company's action will be known.

The petitions will be forwarded to John C. Montieth, secretary of the company as soon as he can be located.

Then it will be an unknown quantity. Those who know him say that in all probability he will stick to the raised rates through thick and thin. If he does there will be a mass meeting and further steps by the petitioners.

Albert Smith, of Roachdale, transacted business in the city today.

Edgar Heaney, of New Maysville, has joined the navy for the term of four years and left today. Mr. Heaney was formerly a resident of the city.

Engraved cards—script  
at the Herald office. One hundred cards and a plate for \$1.50.

## FARMERS, FEED THE BIRDS

State Game Warden Will Pay for the Grain Given the Quail by Persons Who Would Protect Them from the Cold and Storm.

## GAME BIRD IS VERY TENDER

In most sections of the country, except in the Southern States, the season when it is legal to shoot quails is now closed. In most localities it has been a favorable season for sportsmen; birds have been plentiful, the weather has been good for field shooting and those who have been able to get away from business for a few days or longer have been rewarded handsomely for their efforts—not alone in securing good bags, but also in observing the capital manner in which their faithful pointer or setter did his work. These men also have been benefited otherwise. They have enjoyed an outing, filled their systems with fresh, pure ozone and stimulated the organs of their systems to healthful action. These things are worth much to most men, more than most men realize, and all who have been afield this fall should rejoice to know that they have thus been favored.

Up to the present time the winter has been mild and "Bob" and his family have had no trouble to find plenty of food and good shelter; but we should not expect that mild, pleasant weather is to continue long, but that storms will come that will cover up the natural food of the birds, and that the temperature will drop to zero and remain there days, if not weeks, at a time.

What, then, is the duty of every true sportsman, every lover of little Bob and the remnant of his family which have escaped the deadly aim of his gun? It is to at once go forth, locate the bevy of birds that are left and provide shelter for them where they may find protection from the elements when the storms and chilling blasts do come. This is not all. He should be ready and as soon as the storm makes its appearance go to these shelters and distribute grain in ample quantities, and every few days until the storm subsides and the temperature moderates, repeat the operation, and thus save hundreds of birds which will surely perish if not protected and fed.

The work of providing shelter for the birds should not be left until the heavy snow comes, for then it may be too late. Do it now, and let the little fellows learn where they can find protection when it is needed; and to make it a little more attractive is not a bad idea, or labor lost, to at once distribute a little grain in the vicinity of these places of refuge to accustom the birds to going there even before the weather becomes severe.

Thousands of dollars are spent for restocking a locality with birds after they are all gone, when less than one-tenth the amount would accomplish the same purpose if the matter of protecting and feeding the birds was attended to at the proper time.

Now is the time for action, and we appeal to every man who enjoys a day's shooting on quails to at once bestir himself and do what he can to preserve the birds which are now left. Do not put the matter off until tomorrow or next week, for then it may be too late. Act at once and thus be assured of plenty of birds next season.

The State Game Commissioner, Z. T. Sweeney, will pay a reasonable amount for grain thus distributed by farmers. Keep an account of the amount of grain thus used and send statement to him O. K. by some county or state officer. His address is Columbus, Indiana.

## GREENCASTLE A DRY TOWN

The Big Four Constructs Reservoir and Wells and no Longer Make Greencastle a Watering Station on the New Road.

The Big Four railroad has decided to make Greencastle a dry town, at least so far as watering their engines is concerned. Just west of Sleepy Hollow, and east of Lena they are constructing an enormous reservoir, to hold millions of gallons. At this place the track crosses a valley nearly a half mile in width. The road bed had been made solid, and will act as a dam across the

valley. This will be allowed to fill with water, and will be the basis for a pumping station.

East of town the company is sinking wells near Delmar, and will establish a pumping station there. Greencastle will then be placed on the dry list, and the reservoir and Delmar will furnish the drinks for the thirsty engines.

## THE BANK CASE IS DECIDED

Judge Rawley Today Passed Upon the Russellville Bank against the County Commissioners.

## BANK IS MADE A DEPOSITORY

Judge Rawley was in town this afternoon, and rendered a decision in the Russellville Bank case. The Judge holds that the bond was good, and has ordered that the bank be made a depository to the amount of \$20,000.

The bond of \$25,000 originally presented to the board of Commissioners is thus 25 per cent. in excess of the maximum amount of the deposits asked for.

The commissioners are pleased with the decision, as they were at no time opposed to the Russellville Bank, but could not, with their understanding of the law, make it a depository. It is now up to the treasurer to provide a way to get the funds to the bank.

## SEARS-REED

Yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock occurred the marriage of Miss Julia Reed to Mr. Ralph Sears, at the bride's home in Racoon. Rev. Hargrave of the M. E. church performed the ceremony in the presence of eighty witnesses.

The bride looked beautiful in a cream colored Lansdown gown while the groom wore the conventional black.

Immediately after the ceremony the guests were served a delicious two course luncheon. The bride and groom were the recipients of many beautiful presents. Mr. and Mrs. Sears came to the city today, where they will make their home on Madison street.

Both are well known in the city and their many friends extend to them their heartiest congratulations.

The Fire Department was called to the home of John Riley, on the corner of Hanna and Indiana streets, Saturday night at 8 o'clock. The sot was burning in the flue.

## Sunday Papers

All customers getting Sunday papers please pay the boy when he delivers your paper. I sell the papers to the boy and he sells them to you. Sunday papers for sale at my store and at Badger & Green's.

S. C. Sayers  
Phone 388

## Making a Hit

That the Saving Department of this Company has made a hit with the people of Greencastle and Putnam County is shown by the daily increase of new accounts. The reason is that depositors appreciate the income derived in the way of interest, we pay 3 per cent which we credit to your account January and July of each year.

We are also in the Real-Estate and Insurance business. List your property for sale or rent with us.

## The Central Trust Company

## W. A. BEEMER

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This is good Cloak Weather—

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ALLEN BROTHERS

## The Greencastle Herald

Published every evening except Sunday by the Star and Democrat Publishing Company at 17 and 18 South Jackson Street, Greencastle, Ind.

F. C. TILDEN C. J. ARNOLD

Terms of Subscription  
One Year, strictly in advance, \$3.00. By Carrier in City per week 6 cents. Advertising rates upon application.

The weekly Star-Democrat—the official county paper—sent to any address in the United States for \$1.00 a year.

Entered as second class mail matter at the Greencastle, Indiana, Post-office.

## REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

The riot conditions in Muncie, in the west and in several sections of the east make two or three facts plain and worthy of consideration. We are reaping the whirlwind of which the seeds were sown last summer in the uncurbed utterance of labor leaders and agitators through the labor organs. When the Haywood trial was going on, it will be remembered that the labor papers indulged in the rankest anarchical statements. Debbs even stated that if Haywood was convicted the laborers of the country would rise and take the government out of the hands of the aristocrats, as he called those in power. From a hundred other men in a half hundred other papers were published like declarations.

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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. Eiteljorg, 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 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—

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

## For Representative—

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 Democratic Primary. Alcany 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 primary.

tions. From a thousand agitators upon the stump came stronger utterances. None of the speakers were silenced. None of the papers were censored. Political ambitions not yet satisfied has made cowards of those who should guard the public safety. Now we are reaping the results of this talk and this inaction. All over the country thousands of foreigners, not many years here, with old-world hatred of government ingrained, have been fired to opposition to our own government by these papers and these addresses. Every where men, and foreigners, but of brutal instincts, have learned that a crowd gives liberty to brutalism, and that punishment seldom follows.

And so we have the riot, the blood, the fire, the dangerous streets, the suspended business of the present time. It is time we took notice of these things, lest the present whirlwind become a cyclone and mobs rule the land.

## A Costly Autograph.

At a charitable sale in Paris once Baron Rothschild stopped at a stall conducted by Gyp, and the fair litterateur addressed him with the usual request to buy something.

"What am I to buy?" said the baron. "You have nothing at all suitable for me. But I have an idea. I should like to have your autograph. Sell me that."

Taking a sheet of paper, the lady wrote upon it, "Received from Baron Rothschild the sum of 1,000 francs for the benefit of charity. Gyp."

Baron Rothschild read it, thanked her, and handing her a note for the amount named, went away delighted with the lady's ingenuity.

## The Daughter Balked.

"I thought," said old Groucherly, "that I could save money by refusing to give my consent to my daughter's marriage with young Huggins, but it's no go."

"What's the trouble?" queried the friend of the family.

"She declines to elope," explained the old man, with a large, open faced sigh.—Chicago News.

Walter Campbell, of Floyd township, announces that he has withdrawn his candidacy for the office of Trustee of Floyd township. We are sorry to make this announcement, but do so at Mr. Campbell's request.

## BRILLIANT BAIT.

## Gaudy Lures by Which Salmon and Trout Are Fooled.

No one except a fisherman or a fly dresser has the faintest conception of the enormous variety of materials used in the manufacture of flies, especially salmon flies.

Trout flies are made to resemble various real insects, but salmon flies have no likeness to anything that inhabits earth, air or water, and to this day no one knows why the king of fish is fool enough to snatch at the gaudy lures which are cast across the pools above his head.

Take such a well known salmon fly as the "silver doctor." The feathers of five different birds are used to build it—namely, those of the Indian crow, the blue jay, the pheasant, the turkey and the pintail duck. Silver wire, yellow floss silk, sky blue hackle and scarlet wool are also necessary for the tying of this fly.

There is hardly any brilliantly plumaged bird known whose feathers are not in demand for fly tying. Jungle fowl, blue chattering, scarlet ibis, bastard swan, macaw, peacock, mallard, Indian roller, teal, wood duck, grouse, eagle and dorcine are only a few of those whose feathers are stowed away in the drawers of any fishing tackle manufacturer.

You will also find gold and silver wire, gold and silver tinsel, silk of every color under the sun, chenille of many different hues, worsted, mohair and fur of a number of different animals.

There is an artificial gray gnat used for trout fishing which is made partly of mouse whiskers and is in consequence one of the most expensive trout flies which you can purchase.

Gaudy flies for salmon fishing are no new invention. Writing two and a half centuries ago, Richard Franck says:

"Remember always to carry your dubbing bag about with you, wherein ought to be silk of all sorts, thread, thrums, moccado ends and cruels of all sizes and varieties of color, diversified and stained wool, with dogs' and bears' hair, besides twisted fine threads of gold and silver, with feathers from"—And goes on with a long list of birds of brilliant plumage.

But even for the noble salmon there are many other baits used besides the fly. The most deadly is without doubt salmon roe, the use of which is prohibited in almost every part of the civilized world. The "gardener's fancy"—in other words, the common worm—is a first class salmon bait, and so is prawn boiled to a delicate pink hue. On most good rivers these baits are of course illegal.

Some believe in anointing their baits with various strong smelling oils or ungents. The above mentioned Richard Franck did so. He advocates putting the worms into a *Lignum Vitae* box which has first been anointed with "the chymical oil of bay, sulphur, Barbados tar, ivy or cornu cervi." Poor worms! One wonders how long they survived in such a horrible mixture.

Trout will take a very wide variety of bait. A grasshopper is most killing, and so is a blue bottle set on a small hook and used with a blow line.

The rough fisher knows the virtue of boiled wheat. The softened grains are taken with eagerness by these fish, while perch will go vigorously for a clump of flour and water dough. A perch has been taken by an angler who had run short of bait with the eye of a previous capture stuck upon the point of a hook.

Thames fishermen will tell you the virtues of cheese paste as a bait for chub, and these rather shy fish can also be taken with a very ripe cherry in which a hook is artfully concealed.

Almost all fish have cannibal propensities, so that the young of their own species prove an irresistible bait for the older and larger members. This is specially true of trout, and many an angler has known of cases where a small fish hooked has been seized before it could be brought to land by a larger one of the same variety.—Fly.

## Deaf Elephants.

Solitary elephants, not necessarily "rogues," may be met with in all jungle country frequented by elephants, declares Harry Storey, the author of "Hunting and Shooting in Ceylon." A "solitary," he says, is rather fond of taking up its residence in the neighborhood of a village and helping itself contentedly to the villagers' produce.

Elephants in Ceylon have in general acquired a contempt for the presence of the ordinary villager and will walk through a fence as soon as look at it and help themselves to growing crops in spite of the watchers' presence, shouts or even firing of guns. A good deal of this indifference is due to the fact that there are many deaf elephants to be found all over the country, more than people imagine, and such animals are quite indifferent to any amount of noise. Let an elephant, however, once become aware that he is being hunted, and he becomes as wary and alert as possible.

I once heard of an elephant that was making havoc among the cattlemen in the great swamp of Diuvala and had been "proclaimed" for destruction. I made a forced march by night in faint moonlight, in course of which I walked right into an elephant in a dark, swampy hollow, and I don't know which of us was the more startled, I or the elephant. Anyhow he made record time for the jungle, and I sat down to let my nerves recover a bit. Undoubtedly that was a deaf elephant.

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 primary.

## Quite Popular.

Mrs. A.—And are your neighbors fond of you? Mrs. B.—Very. Just think, when I told them we wanted to move, but could afford to, they offered to pay all our moving expenses—London Scraps.

## Hart's Genius.

By COLIN S. COLLINS.

Copyright, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

of smoke, which cleared to disclose a woman garbed in white.

Hart started forward in his seat, then fell back again. It was the girl of across the way. Now a changing robe of white fell in graceful folds from her shoulders, and her masses of golden hair were left unbound. She looked out at the audience with inscrutable eyes and raised the violin to her chin.

She played the same selections that he had heard in his office, and when at last the curtain fell and a whirl announced the commencement of the motion pictures Hart sought out the manager, whom he knew slightly.

"No mashing there," declared the manager, with a laugh, when Hart begged for an introduction. "Her father is with her all the time."

"I want to meet them both," explained Hart. "The playing is wonderful. I have never heard the like."

Something in his earnestness carried his point, and presently he was behind the scenes shaking hands with a bent and withered little man who nervously paced the stage while he waited for his daughter. Hart was introduced as an interviewer, and at his suggestion the party, including the manager, adjourned to a restaurant, where they could chat in greater freedom.

To his surprise, the girl (now known to be Mona Munth) seemed to avoid talk of music, turning helplessly to her father as Hart repeatedly brought the conversation around to that topic. A girl who could play so beautifully should be able to talk well upon her beloved art.

The supper was but the first of many. Hart could make himself very entertaining when he so wished, and the old man seemed to find in him a kindred spirit.

The end of their engagement was drawing near before Hart found the courage to speak of his love. Mona grew white as he told her how her music had enslaved his heart, and Herman Munth, walking behind, hurried up as she turned gaspingly to call him. For a moment he listened; then he turned to Hart.

"Is it that you love her or her music?" he demanded.

"Both," was the prompt response. "It was the music that first attracted me."

"And without the music?"

"Without it?" Hart was puzzled.

"We had to do it," explained the old man. "I could not make much eaching and me, old and worn, they would not have on the concert stage. So I conceived the idea that in vaudeville a beautifull girl would be accepted where I would be turned away. Very well! It is I who play, not Mona. She does but imitate my bowing, while I, behind a screen, make the music. You saw her practice—how to bow so they would not know. She is tone deaf. She cannot play a note."

"And to think," cried Hart as he reached out his hand for hers, "that I thought it was her music all the time. Now I know that it is she and not the music!"

## Sharp Retorts.

A man who was offering gratuitous information at a country fair was disparaging the show of cattle.

"Call these here prize cattle?" he scuriously said. "Why, they ain't nothing to what our folks raised. You may not think it, but my father raised the biggest calf of any man round our parts."

"I can very well believe it," observed a bystander, surveying him from head to foot.

It is not every one who enjoys a joke at his own expense. The judge who pointed with his cane and exclaimed, "There is a great rogue at the end of my cane," was intensely enraged when the man looked hard at him and asked coolly:

"At which end, your honor?"

A friend of Curran's was bragging of his attachment to the jury system and said:

"With trial by jury I have lived and by the blessing of God with trial by jury I will die."

"Oh," said Curran in much amazement, "then you've made up your mind to be hanged, Dick?" —London Times.

## Salt.

In connection with the name salt a curious fact is to be noted. Salt was generally regarded as a compound resulting from the union of hydrochloric (or, as it used to be called, muriatic) acid and soda, and hence the generic term of salt was applied to all substances produced by the combination of a base with an acid.

Sir Humphry Davy, however, showed that during their action on each other both the acid and the alkali underwent decomposition and that, while water is formed by the union of the oxygen of the alkali and the hydrogen of the acid, the sodium of the former combines with the chlorine of the latter to form chloride of sodium, and this term is the scientific designation of salt, which, paradoxical as it may seem, is not a salt. At one time nearly the whole of the salt used as food and for industrial purposes was obtained from the sea, and in many countries where the climate is dry and warm and which have a convenient seaboard a great quantity of salt is still obtained.

The salts were easy, smoking was permitted, and Hart found himself comfortably bored until the next to the last number was announced.

"This is great; something new," explained his companion, and Hart gazed curiously the black void of the musical offerings of vaudeville.

The seats were easy, smoking was permitted, and Hart found himself comfortably bored until the next to the last number was announced.

"Short—Got behind with your rent, eh? What is it owing to?"

"Short—Why, my landlord, of course." —Chicago News.

## The Future.

Teacher—What is the future of "I love," Lulu?

Chicago Child—"I divorce." —Bohemian.

## London.

## OPERA HOUSE

One week of great pleasure, commencing Monday Night, January 6, 1908

Edward Doyle's Orpheum Stock Co., to be in Greencastle

This popular price show comes to us this season equipped with special scenery and high-priced vaude acts, which are equalled by few and excelled by none.

Everyone knows Doyle's Orpheum Stock Company—they are the favorites of Greencastle; and this season is larger and better equipped than ever. Satisfaction is guaranteed and if you are not pleased come to the box office at the end of the first act, get your money and retire.

## E. B. LYNCH

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Democratic Candidates Agree That  
No Votes Shall Be Purchased at  
the Primary Election to be Held  
Next Friday—Everything to be  
Open.

## REGARDING MARKING OF BALLOTS

All the Democrats who are out for nomination for county office at the primary election to be held next Friday met Saturday with county chairman and arranged details for the election. Each candidate was assessed for his share of the expense of the election. The following resolutions were passed:

"We the Candidates of Putnam County, Indiana to be voted for at the Democratic primary election in said County and State on January 10, 1908 agree to stand by the following resolutions passed at the Democratic mass meeting, Dec. 21, 1907.

Resolved: that it is the sense of the Democratic party of Putnam county that no money shall be used for the purpose of purchasing votes or other illegal purpose at the primary election to be held January 10, 1908."

David B. Hostetter,  
Daniel C. Brackney,  
Theo. Crawley,  
Jasper N. Miller,  
James H. Hurst,  
H. H. Runyan,  
F. M. Stroube,  
Theodore H. Boes,  
Edward H. Elteljorg,  
Powell S. Brasler,  
R. J. Gillespie,  
E. B. Lynch,  
A. Farmer,  
David J. Skelton,  
G. W. Raines,  
W. M. Moser,  
James E. Houck,  
Alec A. Lane.

The candidates also passed a resolution ordering that any voter who required the preparation of his ballot by the election clerks, should have such service performed in the presence of the entire election board, and also that any candidate not having a representative on the election board shall have the right to have a personal representative present while the count of ballots is going on.

## NOTICE OF DEMOCRAT PRIMARY

Notice is hereby given to the Democratic voters of Putnam county that there will be a primary election held in the different townships of said county on Friday the 10th day of January, 1908 to nominate a candidate for each of the following offices, to-wit: Representative, Treasurer, Sheriff, Coroner, Surveyor, Commissioner 2nd District, and Commissioner for 3rd District. Wm. B. VESTAL, Chairman. JAS. P. HUGHES, Sec.

## PURE ICE

Manufactured ICE

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## GARDNER BROS.

COME EARLY

While our line of Holiday Gift Books, Children's Books, Miscellaneous Books, and Booklets is complete. We are prepared to please you.

J. K. LANGDON &amp; CO.

You get results when you advertise in the Herald.

A new barrel of sour kraut just arrived at Broadstreet's grocery—Try some.

## THE TOSS OF A COIN.

Mathematics of the Turning of Heads or Tails.

## CHANCE AND THEORY CLASH.

If Heads Turn Ten Times In Sequence, Theory Says the Odds Are Against Another Head, Yet Chance Says the Odds on the Next Toss Are Even.

A famous mathematician, Professor Karl Pearson, once spent the greater part of his vacation deliberately tossing a shilling and making careful notes of how it fell. He spun the shilling 25,000 times, and a pupil of his, working separately, spun a penny 8,200 times and also tested the drawing of 9,000 tickets from bags.

It may seem strange that a learned professor should put himself to such an amount of trouble to demonstrate what every schoolboy who had ever tossed a coin already knew. Yet, as a matter of fact, few really do grasp the laws which govern such an apparently straightforward matter as the tossing of a coin. In the words of the arithmetician, the theory of "runs"—that is, heads turning up repeatedly or tails turning up repeatedly—is precisely as follows:

The chance of a head is one-half; of two heads following, is one-half multiplied by one-half—that is, one-quarter; of three heads in succession, one-half multiplied by one-half multiplied by one-half—that is, one-eighth. Now, what do you suppose is the chance of a run of eleven heads? It is safe to say that not many persons, however accustomed to tossing coins, have reasoned this out. The fact is that one "run" of eleven heads is on the average only to be expected in 2,048 sets of coin tossing.

Although the man in the street may not have reckoned this, he is always quite positive that if, say, a coin has fallen ten times head upward he is safe to start backing tails. He puts his money on tails turning up because, he says, it stands to sense that the run of heads can't continue. But does it? At the eleventh toss the head of the coin is just as big as it ever was. What mysterious influence can a past event, the tossing of ten heads, have on a future one which has no link with them—namely, the tossing of the coin the eleventh time? Surely each toss is an event by itself, as Sir Hiram Maxim said of a game at roulette at Monte Carlo:

"It is a pure, unadulterated question of chance, and it is not influenced in the least by anything which has ever taken place before or that ever will take place in the future."

A nasty piece of plain speaking this for the cranks who had published schemes for "breaking the bank" and whose plans depended entirely on the theory that if one game ended in a win for "red" the chances against it ending "red" a second time were less, a third time less still, and so on.

This of course would be a sound enough argument provided that you regard some dozens of games of roulette or tosses of a coin all as one continuous event. It is quite safe, for instance, to offer beforehand big odds against a coin turning up heads ten times running. But in practice the public house loafer does not do this. What he does is to bet on each separate toss by itself, thus defeating his own aims. The odds against a coin turning up heads eleven times are as has been shown, something like 2,000 to 1. But suppose you only start betting at the tenth toss. What are the odds against the eleventh toss again being a head?

The odds, so far from being 2,000 to 1, are actually 1 to 1! To use an Irishism, the odds are even—that is to say, if you split up the eleven tosses into eleven separate events to be bet on separately your bets should be "even money" all the time, however often heads turn up running. But if you view the eleven tosses as one combined event and you offer a preliminary bet against the whole eleven results being heads you will have to give gigantic odds.

All this goes to prove the absolute uncertainty of gambling. The greatest mathematicians of the day cannot be certain how a coin will fall, so that the man of merely average abilities who stakes anything important on the toss of a coin is allowing that part of his fortune to pass entirely outside his control.—Pearson's Weekly.

South Africa's Locusts. Millions and millions of locusts settle, and millions and millions continue flying to settle farther on. They have been settling in myriads for a hundred miles and more, and yet enough are left flying to hide the sun. On the ground nothing can be seen but locusts. So thickly do they pack that not a square inch of earth or grass is visible. As you walk through them a narrow wake is left for a few seconds in your track where they have flown out of your way, and as they rise in thousands before your feet the noise of their wings is like an electric power station.—Grand Magazine.

Putting it Mildly. The flooding of a Yorkshire mine had a tragic result, and a miner was depressed to break the news to a poor woman whose husband had been drowned.

"Does Widow Jones live here?" "No," was the indignant lady's reply. "You're a har!" he said.—London Tatler.

Never tell your resolution beforehand.—Selden.

## A FOOL QUESTION.

Asked in a Railway Station, It Won a Caustic Reply.

He stood at the ticket window slowly unrolling an old fashioned leather bag, while a dozen men stood behind him, driven to madness by the shouting of the gamblers calling their trains. After he got about a yard and a half of bag unrolled he suddenly stopped and said to the ticket clerk:

"Is that clock right?" "No, sir."

"Tain't?" shouted the startled passenger, stooping down and making a sudden clutch at a lean and hungry carpetbag. "Tain't right? Well, what 'n the name o' common sense do ye have it stuck up there for, then?"

"To fool people," calmly replied the clerk. "That's what we're here for—to fool people and misdirect them."

"Great Scott!" said the passenger, hurriedly rolling up his bag. "I've missed my train. I'll report you, I will!"

"Won't do any good. It's the company's orders. They pay a man to go round every morning to mix and muddle up all the clocks, so that not one of them will be right and no two of them alike."

The passenger gasped twice or thrice, but could not say anything. The ticket clerk went on:

"It's the superintendent's idea. He is fond of fun, enjoys a joke, and it does him good to see a man jump about and hear him jaw when he buys a ticket and then finds his train has been gone two hours."

"Which way is this clock wrong?" the passenger asked in despairing accents—"fast or slow?"

"Don't know. That's part of the fun not to let anybody in the building know anything about the right time. All I know is that it's about ninety minutes wrong one way or the other."

With a hollow groan the passenger grabbed his bag and made a rush for the door, upsetting any man who got in his way. In about two minutes he came back, crestfallen and meek, and took his place at the end of the line. When once more he walked up to the window he said, as he named his station and bought his ticket like a same man:

"What made you talk to me like you did?"

"What made you ask questions like a fool?"—San Francisco Chronicle.

## PLEASANT JAILS.

The Way Prisoners in Montenegro Are Treated.

When I paid a visit to the Cetinje jail I found that all the prisoners were out for a walk. For two hours every morning and again for two hours in the afternoon they are allowed to wander about on the green before the prison.

There is nothing, indeed, but their own sense of honor to prevent their going farther afield unless they be murderers, in which case they wear chains. The authorities provide them with housing, of course, and with clothes—not uniform—also with a fire at which to cook their food, and they give them fourpence a day each to buy it. The prisoners eat for themselves. Two of them go to the market every morning to buy provisions for the day. They are not required to work unless they choose, and they are classified not according to the seriousness of their offense, but according to their standard of life and general behavior.

If a man of education and refinement is sent to prison, care is taken to lodge him, so far as possible, in a room where the other occupants belong to his own rank in life. I found on one a beautiful counterpane and a pillow covered with delicate embroidery.

"I wish you to understand," he said, "that I am old enough to know my own mind, and, take warning, I will have no more interference from you."

"You should consider the position in which Jacqueline is placed. Jacqueline, you know, in this household, admired, I admit, by me and beset by you, must walk a chalk line."

"So she has been talking about that chalk line to you, has she? I told her that if she must walk it I am the only man she shall walk it with."

"You mean the only boy. Women don't need to walk chalk lines with boys."

"I'll tell you what I'll do with you," said Alex, glancing at his brother. "I'll fight you over a chalk line."

"Do you suppose I would strike my little brother?"

This was pure bluff, for Tom was but five feet five and slender, while Alex was five feet ten and muscular.

"The reason I proposed to fight you over a line," sneered Alex, "is to give you a chance to get out of the way. You would have the advantage of my not being able to follow you up."

Alex ran off for a piece of chalk, which he found in the billiard room, and, coming back with it, removing the rugs, drew a straight line on the floor; then, taking position, he dared his brother to stand up to him, both fearing to have Jacqueline catch him in so undignified a position as fistfights with her youthful lover and knowing that Alex was the better man. However, after Alex had sneered at him, called him coward and threatened to trounce him anyway if he didn't stand up and fight like a man he concluded to give the boy a chance to work off his wrath. So, taking position on one side of the line, he began to parry the blows that rained from the other. While the two young men were in the thick of the fight the portiere was suddenly drawn back, and their father and Jacqueline stood in the doorway, an amused expression on the face of each.

"Boys," said the father, "stop this nonsense. Jacqueline has told me of the persistence of both of you. She has told you that her position here between two such fiery lovers could only be maintained by her walking a chalk line." Both boys groaned.

"You have insisted on her walking that line with some one, and she has concluded to walk it with me. Cease this ridiculous struggle and give your new mother that is to be a kiss."

Tom went to Jacqueline and, taking her hand, raised it respectfully to his lips. Alex, who was full of emotion and very youthful in his feelings, threw his arms around her.

"White Africans. The Berbers, who, although African, are as white as Europeans, are the oldest white race on record, says an explorer. They are supposed to have come from the south of Europe in ancient days, the Dundee Advertiser says, and, although their language and customs are entirely different from ours and their religion Mohammedan, they are probably closely akin by descent. Blue eyes and fair hair are not at all uncommon among the Berbers, and many of them have rose cheeks and features so like our own that they were dressed in British fashions when they would easily pass as natives of the British Isles.

## Equality.

Uncle—Hello! Dot got a new doll? Little Miss Dot—Hush, uncle; don't speak too loud! She is not one of my own, but belonged to Millie Simpson, who was cruel to her and abandoned her, so I have 'adopted' her, but I don't want her to know, because I mean to make no difference between her and my own dolls.—London TR-Bits.

## What It Was.

These delicate women are so ridiculous!" said Miss Passay. "As for me, I was never afraid to tell what my age was."

"No woman," replied Miss Wise, "ever minds telling what her age was."—London Answers.

## WALKING A CHALK LINE.

[Original.]

Jacqueline was not twenty-two when she was appointed manager of the household of a widower with two sons. Before entering on her duties he said to her:

"It is to be expected that both my boys will fall in love with you. Neither has a cent in the world except what I give him. It behooves you, therefore, if you are to retain your position to walk a chalk line. Do you understand?"

"I do."

Six months later the younger boy, Alex, said to her:

"You are trifling!"

"Trifling with whom?"

"Me."

Jacqueline laughed.

"Yesterday you were very sweet to me; this morning I saw you sitting in the window seat with Tom, and it looked to me as if he were holding your hand."

"I love your brother."

"You confess it?"

"Yes, and I love you, too, Alex. Do we not make one family? Since I came in here as housekeeper, after your mother's death, I have striven to make your home as happy as possible. You and Tom, instead of thwarting me by making love to me, should treat me with proper reserve. You must remember that, living under the same roof with two such susceptible boys, I must walk a chalk line."

"I am willing you should do so provided you walk that line with me."

"With you? And what would you have me do with Tom?"

"Oh, Tom is not as much in love as I am. He'll get over it."

"Come, come, cease this absurdity. I am three years your senior and am just Tom's age. By this silly contest you'll spoil everything."

"Well, if you insist upon walking a chalk line, as you call it, you'll find you'll have to walk it with some one, and I could never bear to see you walk it with any one but me."

"Go away and behave yourself."

Alex went away and instead of "behaving himself" went straight to Tom. They had been loving brothers until the appearance of Jacqueline, since when they had been growing in enmity. The two were spoiling for a fight. Tom opened fire.

"You have been spoiling with Jacqueline."

"Suppose I have. What's that to you?"

"Oh, nothing. If Jacqueline cares for the attention of a mere boy scarcely out of his teens."

"Huh, you are not so old as she yourself!"

"I am but ten days her junior. Her birthday comes on the 14th, mine on the 24th. Besides, I am past twenty-one and a man. You are still a boy."

Alex could not brook his brother's superior manner. Alex's age, or, rather, his youth, was a sore point with him, and Tom's holding it up before him was like shaking a red rag before a mad bull.

"I wish you to understand," he said, "that I am old enough to know my own mind, and, take warning, I will have no more interference from you."

"You should consider the position in which Jacqueline is placed. Jacqueline, you know, in this household, admired, I admit, by me and beset by you, must walk a chalk line."

"She has been talking about that chalk line to you, has she? I told

## LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

## What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Mrs. J. R. Weaver arrived today.

Mrs. Mary Mathias is a sufferer from grippe.

Mrs. W. W. Jones is spending the day in Indianapolis.

Mrs. A. B. Phillips is convalescent, after a week's illness.

Miss Lucile Marshall arrived from Terre Haute last night.

E. H. Welch was transacting business in Bainbridge, today.

John DeMotte has gone to Ohio Wesleyan to attend college.

Mrs. Stephenson led the work at the Art Class this afternoon.

Dr. John is expected home tomorrow from a western lecture trip.

Harry Hoagland and Joe Ratcliff visited friends in Fillmore Sunday.

Fred Rogers, of Bainbridge, transacted business in the city this morning.

Miss Agnes Sturm has returned from her vacation in Silverwood, Ind.

Harvey Monett, of Bainbridge, spent last night with friends in the city.

Dr. Stephenson is in Indianapolis to attend the Morse Stephens lectures.

Mrs. S. A. Hayes is still confined to the house with a severe attack of grippe.

The Penelope Club will meet with Miss Nellie Leutke on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. M. Hopwood, of Clayton, spent Sunday with her aunt, Mrs. Beckwith.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Goldberg went to Cincinnati yesterday, near which place occurred the death of Mr. Goldberg's father, who has been ill for some time.

Miss Ethel Carr, of Terre Haute, is the guest of Miss Edith Harlan. Lorena Lovett has returned to Indianapolis after visiting her mother, Mrs. Katherine Lovett, during the holidays.

Misses Ethel and Laura Phelps have returned to their home in Whitesville, after visiting relatives near Bedford.

Rudolph Strenns, of Indianapolis, was here yesterday the guest of Miss Grace Hoagland.

J. O. Powell, who spent a part of his vacation in Terre Haute, has returned to the city.

Wm. Glidewell returned to Middletown last night to oversee the completion of roads.

This entire week is to be observed as a week of Prayer among the churches of the city.

After spending two weeks in Greencastle, Miss Lenni Burner returned to Brazil today.

Charles Brown has returned to his home in Wallace, Ind., after visiting William Gulley, near the city.

A. P. Burnside went to Fountain Co., near Covington, this morning to look after the interest of his farm.

Miss Corinne Pulliam, who has been spending vacation with her aunt at Danville, Ills., returned today.

Miss Daisy Strother, who has been visiting relatives in Carbon, was in the city today en route to her home in Spencer.

Rev. G. C. Thompson, pastor of the Baptist church at Clinton Falls, was in the city this morning en route to Chicago.

Word was received here of the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robbins, of Bolivia, South American. Mrs. Robbins was Miss Bertha Wood, a member of the Class of 1904.

Attorney Hughes attended court in Brazil today.

Dr. and Mrs. O. F. Overstreet entertain at dinner tonight.

Audrey Keffer is here from Kansas for a two weeks visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Keffer. The Veronica Club will meet with Mrs. Lee Reeves next Wednesday afternoon. There will be an election of officers.

Mrs. Susie E. Burnside has returned to her home in Abingdon, Ills., after a visit with her nephew, A. P. Burnside.

The First Baptist church revival meetings will continue throughout the week with the Rev. Landis in charge. Any one wishing to assist in the choir will be welcomed.

Harry Shakesford, a Sigma Chi reached town yesterday very sick. He is now at the Sigma Chi house under the care of Dr. Hutcheson.

Enoch Proctor will leave next Saturday for Los Angeles, California where he will spend the remainder of the winter. Mr. Proctor is a resident of Monroe township.

Over the Tea Cups will meet Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. E. H. Hughes on east Seminary street. The book to be discussed is "Nancy Star" by Elinor Macartney Lane. The discussion will be led by Mrs. Mary Mathias.

At the County Institute meeting held in Madison township last Saturday Township Trustee Charles W. King was presented with a hand-some gold watch and chain by the teachers of the township. Cleve Thomas made the presentation. Mr. King made a very happy response.

The W. C. T. U. will meet Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in the County Superintendents office on the first floor of the court house. The paper will be by Mrs. U. V. O'Daniels on "How to Give." Miss Leona Webb will read a report of the recent Temperance convention held in Indianapolis.

Harry Hayes was in Ladoga last night.

Mrs. L. F. Hurt and daughter have returned to their home in Indianapolis after visiting Mrs. E. B. Lynch.

Miss Grace Dye, of Columbus, was in the city today en route to Terre Haute, where she will enter the State Normal.

Mrs. Ella Myers and William Peal were among those from the city, who attended the Reed-Sears wedding yesterday afternoon.

Today was a great rush of the students returning from their vacation, and preparing to resume their work in the university.

Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Coffman entertained a number of their friends at their home Wednesday evening, January 1, 7:30 o'clock. In honor of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Coffman. The home was tastefully decorated with room was decorated with pink and palms and furs. The dining room was decorated with pink and white carnations with white crepe paper attached to the four corners of the table and from there to the upper corners of the room.

Mr. and Mrs. Coffman led the way to the dining room where a two course Supper was served after Supper Congratulations were offered and a general good time was had by all. After a late hour the guests departed wishing the bride and groom a long and happy life.

## OUR WANT COLUMN

For Rent—Furnished and unfurnished rooms for rent. All modern conveniences. Terms reasonable. It will pay you to investigate. Also small house for rent \$7 per month. Near public square. Phone 457 or call at 9 west Pop-

lar.

Lost—Knight Templars Charm, Thursday night—Between home and lodge hall. Finder kindly return to Dr. E. G. Fry, and receive reward.

Boy Wanted—Boy wanted to learn the printers trade. Apply at this office.

## A CASE OF IDENTITY.

(Original)

One day during the reign of Louis XIV., king of France, a young man appeared at court and announced himself as Octave, Count de Terrenne, who had been missing for several years. He had been serving with the army in foreign parts and when the war was over did not return with the rest. He was a handsome fellow, very pleasing in manners and speech and had no difficulty in establishing his identity at court. This was sufficient to cause him to be accepted by every one else. He explained his absence by saying that he had been in the military service of the King of England incognito.

The count was brave, generous and excelled in all manly sports. He cared little for learning, which he had been partial to before his disappearance, but accounted for this on the ground that he had entered the ranks as a common soldier and had campaigned and messaged with soldiers so long that it was a wonder he remembered how to act like a gentleman.

Among the ladies of the court was Mlle. Louison de Pomperon, twenty years of age, who was fond of listening to the adventures of the young count. Indeed, she was so captivated with his personnel, his courage, his audacity, that she fell desperately in love with him. Her affection was returned, and by permission of the king they were betrothed.

The affection of this young girl seemed to have a depressing effect on the count. At any rate, from the time of his betrothal he was never seen to smile. The gallantry he had shown for other women ceased, and, although many of them were so unprincipled as to try to win him away from his Louison, they made no impression on him whatever.

One day there was a review of troops, at which the king, attended by his court, acted as reviewing officer. Octave and Louison were seated on a balcony at the palace, behind the king. As one of the regiments marched past a soldier in the ranks looked up at the count and, grinning, shouted: "Hello, Comrade Devereaux!"

The incident might have passed without any serious results had not Mme. de Volsien, a woman who had received a trinket she had sent the count from Louison, noticed it and saw in it a means of revenge. Instead of letting it pass she talked about it so incessantly, intimating that here was proof that the count was an impostor, that the king was finally constrained to order an investigation.

Louison was thunderstruck when her lover confessed to her that he was the son of a country gentleman who had enlisted in the army and had risen to a commission. He had served in the same army with the real count and had often been mistaken for him. Then they had become friends, and he had once in battle saved the count's life. They were together when the count was mortally wounded, and the dying man had suggested to his comrade to go to France and claim his estates, furnishing him with documentary evidence that he was what he pretended to be. "And now," continued Octave, "I can no longer be your lover, and I no longer care what becomes of me. I shall confess and go to the galleys."

"No," said Louison, "you shall do such thing. You have accepted what was offered you, involving a deception for which I forgive you. You have been true to me, and this has created an enemy but for whom the soldier's words might have passed without inquiry. I love you too well to give you up, and if I did not I would not permit you to fall at the hands of that woman. I will take the evidence the count gave you, go to the king and convince him that you are what you represent yourself to be. If I succeed, my fortune is sufficient for us both, and you shall resign your title on the ground that I would not have you hold it under suspicion."

Mlle. de Pomperon took the proofs of her lover's identity with the Count de St. Lucien to the king, who was so well satisfied that he directed that the matter be dropped, but Mme. de Volsien persisted, and at last the count, or, rather, Emile Devereaux, called for an investigation. The man who had bailed him and a dozen others testified that they had served in the ranks with Devereaux and under him after his promotion. They knew that the count had been killed, and some of them had assisted at the burial, but the count had given Devereaux one proof that could not be gainsaid. He had shown Devereaux a red spot on his neck that had been with him from youth and counseled him to have it duplicate tattooed on his own neck. This, with the documentary evidence the count had given him, proved conclusive.

During all this trouble Louison went about apparently with perfect confidence that her lover was what he pretended to be and that he would prove it. He had no sooner been acquitted than she went to the king and told him of the injury Mme. de Volsien had sought to accomplish and her reason for doing so. The result was that Mme. de Volsien was banished from the court.

As soon as all this was accomplished Devereaux and Mlle. de Pomperon were married and immediately after retired to her estates, he resigning his title and surrendering the estates he had held to the real count's heirs, his wife giving it out as by her request, since she was too proud to enjoy estates under a suspicion that her husband held them wrongfully.

Devereaux outlived his wife, and after his death a confession was found among his papers.

EMMALINE C. BURKE

## TO-MORROW

## Cream Puffs

## Home Made Doughnuts

## Hot Biscuits

## French Rolls

## Parker House Rolls

## Home Made Pies

## ZEIS &amp; CO.

Phone 67

25 Per Cent Reduction

VERMILION'S

25 Per Cent Reduction

## Great January Sale

We mean to make this the greatest sale this store has ever had. Every department will be included, nothing will escape the cut prices. Viewed from a point of "greatest bargain", this store's sales out-do all others.

## DOMESTICS:

## No such others as these elsewhere

12½c Ginghams, sale price.....	9½c
12½c Muslins " "	9½c
10c Muslin " "	7½c
12½c Percales " "	9½c
75c Table Linen " "	57c
1.00 " " "	75c
1.25 " " "	94c

## DRESS GOODS

\$1.25 .....	94c
1.00 .....	75c
.75 .....	57c
.60 .....	45c

## 60 per cent

\$10.00 Cloaks, sale price.....

12.50 " "

18.00 " "

## 50 per cent

\$12.50 Furs, sale price.....

10.00 " "

8.50 " "

5.00 " "

## CLOAKS

## 60 per cent

\$4.00

5.00

7.20

## FURS

## 50 per cent

\$6.25

5.00

4.25

2.50

## \$.25 Underwear, sale price.....

.50 " "

1.00 " "

## UNDERWEAR

19c

38c

75c

## Greatest Stocks and Greatest Savings Ever Offered

Now for the event that all women have been waiting for—the January sale of muslin underwear. Hundreds of the daintiest garments at prices that are unequalled for the qualities. And quality is the key-note of this sale. Every garment you'll find of fine even thread fabrics, well made without the least skimping and the styles most refined. The muslins, cambrics and nainsooks are soft and of good quality—not the starched and stiffened kinds which are used in cheaper grades of underwear; the laces and embroideries are carefully selected with regard to quality.

25c corset covers.....	19c
50c corset covers.....	38c
\$1.00 shirts.....	75c
\$1.50 shirts.....	\$1.12½
and all higher priced ones cut in proportion.	
\$1.00 night robes.....	75c
\$1.50 night robes.....	\$1.12½
\$2.00 night robes.....	\$1.50

## Choice R