

WEATHER REPORT.  
Generally fair tonight and  
Thursday except snow north por-  
tion tonight; slightly colder.

# Greencastle Herald.

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

VOL 2 . NO. 243.

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 8 1908.

PRICE ONE CENT

## TRIED TO ESCAPE HERE

Two Indianapolis Boys Who Claim They Were Kidnapped in Indianapolis Are Arrested in Brazil—Al-legal Abductor Also in Law's Toils.

## WERE LOCKED IN BOX CAR

Two lads from Indianapolis Thomas Robinson, aged 13 and Melvin Warren Nolan also 13 were liberated from a box car at the Vandalia depot at a late hour last night and were taken in by the police and are being held until the local officers can secure word from the boy's parents. Joe Martiner, aged 18 whom the boys claimed induced them to get into the box car is also under arrest and may be held for kidnaping. The boys said that they tried to get out of the car at Greencastle but Martiner would not allow them to even open the door of the car in which they were imprisoned.

Both of the boys are very intelligent and they are being kindly cared

for by Chief McMillan at headquarters. It is quite probable their parents will come for them today.

Martiner denies the charge of the boys. He said they got into the car at Indianapolis of their own free will, being anxious to accompany him on his trip over the country. He says he made no attempt whatever to detain the boys at any time. Robinson gave his address as 553 Holley avenue and Nolan as 554 Chase street, both of Indianapolis.

This afternoon Chief McMillan received a telegram from the father of the Robinson boy, stating that he will come after him this afternoon. Nothing has been heard from the parents of the Nolan boy. The boys stated this afternoon that they were picking up coal in the yards at Indianapolis, when Martiner asked them to get in the car with him. When they refused he picked them up and threw them into the car, closing the door and keeping guard over them. They were let out of the car here and going to the plant of the Indiana Paving Brick Plant, where they were found and a message was sent to the police headquarters, when an officer went after them. Martiner was found on the street and arrested.—Brazil Times.

## TO ELECT A TREASURER

Commercial Club Will Meet Tonight at 7:30 O'Clock at the Office of Dr. G. W. Bence—To Choose Successor to the Late D. L. Anderson.

## THE OFFICERS TO HOLD OVER

There will be a meeting of the Commercial club at the office of Dr. G. W. Bence tonight at which a treasurer will be elected to succeed the late D. L. Anderson. The meeting tonight will be the regular yearly meeting. It is probable that the old officers, Dr. G. W. Bence, Pres. and E. L. Harris, Sec., will continue to serve as the club officers for the ensuing year. This leaves only the treasurer to be chosen. Other yearly business of the club will be transacted at tonight's meeting. The meeting will be at 7:30 o'clock.

## THEY LIKE THE NORTH WIND

Local Ice Men Whistle for a Breeze from the North That Will Chill the Foaming Waters of Big Walnut into Crystal.

The cold wind from the northwest that cleared the square of pedestrians, and caused the man who had to be out to dig for his heaviest overcoat, was welcome to some people of Greencastle besides the coal dealers. The local ice men have been watching the thermometer with anxious eyes, and to them it looked as if the mercury had become fixed in the tube just around the freezing point. With the coming of the north wind today, however, the mercury broke loose and started for the zero mark, and ice men wear the beginning of a smile. It is not a sure-enough smile yet, because the silver column is still well above the zero mark, but it is growing shorter, and there is hope.

While most of the ice used in Greencastle for domestic purposes is made here of distilled water, yet it is always desirable to get natural ice for the coarser kinds of cold storage work and ice cream making. It is cheaper and just as good for such uses. Hence the smile at the lowering thermometer.

The funeral services of Mrs. Mary S. Woodall, who died this morning, at her home on south Illinois street of apoplexy, will be conducted tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock. Rev. Skelton will be in charge of the religious service. Interment in Forest Hill cemetery. The deceased came here, with her husband, two years ago from Warren township, and was at the time of her death 62 years of age.

## Two Days Fun IN ONE NIGHT

Meharry Hall  
Monday, Jan. 13

## SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS

Program of Institute to Be Held at Fillmore Christian Church on January the 19th.

There will be a Sunday School Teachers' Institute held at the Christian church in Fillmore on January 19, beginning at 1 o'clock p. m. The following is the program for the occasion:

- 1:00 Song Service and Prayer.
- 1:20 Welcome Address, Elisha Cowgill.
- 1:40 Sunday School Lesson, I. C. Grooms.
- 2:00 Music.
- 2:10 Teachers Training Class, Mrs. Chas. Pickett.
- 2:30 Work and Workers of Sabbath School, Prof. H. G. Woody.
- 2:50 Music.
- 3:10 Primary Work, Miss Martha Ridpath.
- The Teacher, A. O. Lockridge.
- 3:30 General Discussion of all Subjects.
- 3:50 Music.
- Dismission.
- O. L. JONES, Pres.
- MINNIE BOWEN, Sec.

## EVANGELISTIC SERVICES

Special meetings are now being held at the Baptist church by Rev. D. R. Landis, one of the state Evangelists supported by the Baptist State Convention. Tonight he will begin a series of six sermons treating of things fundamental in redemption. The subject tonight will be, "God's Purpose Toward Men." I Tim., 2:4: "Who would have men saved."

I. God's purpose. It is not a whim, but a divine purpose. That purpose issues in a tragic event. That event is the deliverance of his Son to the cross. That transaction brings salvation to all men.

II. Why does God provide a salvation?

1. He seeks to save a race of men. He made this world for that race. It fell, and the world was involved. God's purpose is a new race a new heaven, a new earth.

2. The state of the lost makes it necessary. There is no distinction. All have sinned. All come short of the glory of God. They have lost it. The heavens declare the glory of God. Man, his noblest creation, does not. But redeemed humanity will.

## FOR STATE GUARD HERE

There is a movement on foot in Greencastle to organize a State Guard Military Company. R. Privitt, an interurban employee, is at the head of the movement. Attorney William Sutherland, also, is taking much interest in the movement. Nothing has been definitely arranged yet but probably will be within a few days. Any one interested in the movement should call at the office of Mr. Sutherland and get any information they desire. Formerly there was a company here and the towns people are all anxious that another one be organized to take the place of the defunct organization.

## MASONIC NOTICE.

There will be a meeting of Greencastle Chapter, No. 22, Royal Arch Masons, this evening at 7:00 o'clock for conferring the Royal Arch Degree and important business.

W. H. H. CULLEN, Sec.

## TO START GLOVE FACTORY

Local Men Will Make Overalls, Jumper Jackets and Cheap Gloves Building Now Occupied by the Model Laundry to Be Utilized for Industry.

## PLANS ARE NOW FORMULATING

Greencastle will have an overall, and glove factory within a few months. An organization of local men will, in all probability, establish such a business. The first step toward the perfecting of plans was taken last week when Charles Broadstreet purchased from Dr. W. W. Tucker the building now occupied by the Model Steam Laundry. Mr. Broadstreet also purchased at the same time the building in which he now has his store. This formerly was owned by Elijah Grantham.

When seen this morning Mr. Broadstreet admitted that a company of men, who they are, he stated would not be made public for some time—were figuring on starting an overall and glove factory. The men's gloves which retail at 15 cents and over, overalls and jumper jackets.

The entire second floor of both of the buildings will be utilized by the factory. What the first floor of the building will be used for has not yet been made public. J. O. Graham, proprietor of the Model Laundry has been notified to vacate the room he occupies as soon as possible.

## ADDITIONAL LOCAL

F. M. Lyon was in Reelsville yesterday.

Francis Moran is still slowly improving. Hiram Callender spent today in Indianapolis.

Dr. Luther Hirt, of Brazil, is here visiting his father.

Miss Anna O'Brien is visiting friends in Chicago.

Harve Crouch was in Indianapolis on business today.

O. N. Houck, of Hamricks, is here today on business.

Francis Moore, of Rushville, is pledged Phi Delta Theta.

Edwin Thomas, of New Albany, is pledged Phi Delta Theta.

James Vermillion was in Indianapolis on business yesterday.

Albert Highert returned last night from a trip to Indianapolis.

Mrs. Frances Ch ek is here from Ollney, Ills. to visit her sister.

John Shannon is here for a visit of several days with his family.

Dr. and Mrs. Hirt, of Brazil, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hirt today.

R. P. Carpenter has returned from Sullivan, where he has been on business.

Miss Anna O'Brien has returned

from a week's visit with relatives at Hammond, Ind.

Mrs. J. T. Randel and daughter, Naoma, have returned from a visit in Indianapolis, Ind.

Marshall Reeves has vacated his room on Popular street and is furnishing a cozy cottage on south Indiana street.

Kappa Alpha Theta Alumni club will meet Saturday with Mrs. Ferd Lucas. Miss Pearl O'Hair will have the paper.

Albert Bowman and Roscoe Daggy will leave in a few days for Seattle, Wash. to visit Maynard Daggy and family.

Two electric cars and one engine are running full force today on traction line and the work is still progressing nicely.

J. Hollahan, of Indianapolis, was in the city this morning. Mr. Hollahan is a representative of Griffith's Wholesale Millinery House at Indianapolis.

The Literary Class will meet tonight at the regular hour, 7 o'clock, in the lecture room of the library. The subject of the lecture will be Charles Lamb.

Hays, of Lebanon, master of mechanics on the North Western Division of Traction Line, and Clark, of Indianapolis, master of mechanics on this division were in the city today.

Dr. Tucker was called to the home of Otho Chadd, four miles east of the city, this afternoon to wait upon his little child, who drank coal-oil, while its mother was kindling the fire. The child still remains in a critical condition.

## A SURPRISE PARTY.

Last night guests to the number of twenty-five gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wells, northwest of the city, to enjoy a surprise party on Willis and John Wells. The surprise was successful in every respect and after a few hours of games and sociability, dainty refreshments of two courses were served.

The guests departed at a late hour voting the hostess an ideal entertainer.

## GOATS FOR EX-PRESIDENT

Dr. G. W. Bence Sells Ten Angoras to Walter L. Miller Who Will Send Them to Argentine Republic—All Ten to Go to the Herds of Notables.

## WILL BE SHIPPED FEBRUARY 1

Walter L. Miller, of Peru, Ind., was here the first of the week and closed a deal with Dr. G. W. Bence by which ten Angora goats from the herd of the doctor will go to Argentine Republic. Mr. Miller is an exporter of fine stock and has purchased goats from Dr. Bence before.

The goats purchased this time go to Buenos Ayres. They will be shipped February 1. Mr. Miller already has sold the stock. Several of the goats will go to the Ex-president of Argentine Republic and the others to a son-in-law of Manuel Quintana, now president of the Republic.

## REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Dean S. Milligan to Joseph A. Doyel, land in Russell township, \$3,000.

Harry H. Talbott et al Ascar W. Ellis, lots in Greencastle, \$400.

Sophronia E. Starr to Frank Donner, pt. lot Greencastle, \$1.

## New Circulating Library

Containing the latest books of Fiction and all new books of Fiction as they are issued.

I want your membership.

S. C. Sayers  
Phone 388

## 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 Alsbaugh

The obligation will be on our part.

## HORSESHOEING

## S. W. ERWIN'S SHOP

Plain Shoes-\$1.00 Toed Shoes-\$1.20

We have a good man to help. Call and see us.

Best of Service for all who Patronize Us.

Shop Located Opposite Dan Kelley's Coal yards.

## Thirty-two Years

Of Steady Growth Has Made

## ALLEN'S STORE

Very well known. We have never 'Cried Wolf' when there was no wolf. When we advertise CLEARANCE SALE, That's what we mean. Every day from the second of January, our store has been filled with buyers, and that the prices are satisfactory is proven by the fact that people are taking of the goods freely.

Our department of LADIES' OUT WEAR has already been a great branch of our business. Carrying as we do, a large stock, We find it very necessary to entirely close out the stock every season, taking whatever less is best in order to actually accomplish this end.

The beautiful weather has been against us, but in your favor.

## 1-2 OFF

On best garments means a great gain for you, and the better the garment you buy, the greater the gain for you.

The styles are the very best that have been made this season. Elegant Cloth, Caraculis and Velvets. Handsomest trimmings and best of linings. To see them is to be satisfied and buy.

\$37.50 for \$18.75, gain \$18.75  
\$35.00 for \$17.50, gain \$17.50  
\$30.00 for \$15.00, gain \$15.00  
\$25.00 for \$12.50, gain \$12.50  
\$20.00 for \$10.00, gain \$10.00  
\$15.00 for \$ 7.50, gain \$ 7.50  
\$12.00 for \$ 6.00, gain \$ 6.00  
\$10.00 for \$ 5.00, gain \$ 5.00  
\$ 8.00 for \$ 4.00, gain \$ 4.00

Allen Brothers

## Dainty Eatables

Easy lunch and quick meal helps can be found at our store suitable for any occasion and for any taste.

## ZEIS & CO.

Phone 67

## 60 Per Cent Off

## Cloaks

The greatest bargains ever offered in Cloaks in Greencastle now are to be had at this store. Think of it, 60 per cent off. All handsome this year's garments. We must reduce our stock; that's the reason.

\$10.00 Cloaks at \$4.00.  
\$12.50 Cloaks at \$5.00.  
\$18.00 Cloaks at \$7.20

VERMILION'S



Arllington, Mr. William  
Boyd, Dow  
Baker, Mr. A. J.  
Draper, Mrs. E. A.  
Holland, Mr. Ira  
McElroy, Mr. George  
Scott, Mr. James R. B.  
VanPelt, Mr. Stanley F.  
Yopp, Mrs. Rose

In calling for the same please say  
advertised" and give date of list.

J. G. DUNBAR, P. M.

---

**WITHDRAWS HIS CANDIDACY.**

Walter Campbell, of Floyd town-  
ship, announces that he has with-  
drawn 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.



## E. B. LYNCH

House Furnisher and  
Funeral Director

GREENCASTLE, IND.

12 and 14 North Jackson St.

Telephones 89 and 108

## WILLIAMS & DUNCAN

Sanitary Plumbing

Hot Water, Steam and Gas Fitting,  
Electric Wiring and Fixtures

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

Phone 650,

No. 10 N. Indiana St.

## COAL COAL COAL

We are located on Ben Lucans old  
lumber yard grounds where we will  
handle all kinds of COAL.

(Near Vandalia Station)

We are ready to make you prices on  
Block, Anthracite, Nut, Slack  
or any kind or quality

We are in business to sell you any  
kind of Coal that you may desire and  
we can guarantee you the prices.  
Give us a call or let us know your  
wants.

**F. B. Hillis Coal Co.**

OSCAR WILLIAMS, Manager  
F. B. HILLIS F. SHOPLAUGH

### INTERURBAN TIME TABLE.

Lvs Greencastle	Lvs Indianapolis.
6:00 am	6:00 am
7:00 am	7:00 am
8:00 am	8:00 am
9:00 am	9:00 am
10:00 am	10:00 am
11:00 am	11:00 am
12:00 m	12:00 m
1:00 pm	1:00 pm
2:00 pm	2:00 pm
3:00 pm	3:00 pm
4:00 pm	4:00 pm
5:00 pm	5:00 pm
6:00 pm	6:00 pm
7:00 pm	7:00 pm
8:00 pm	8:00 pm
9:00 pm	9:00 pm
11:00 pm	11:30 pm

RUPERT BARTLEY, Agent.

### MONON ROUTE.

Time Card in effect July 22, 1904	North Bound	South Bound
1:30 am	8:15 am	
9:30 am	8:25 am	
12:30 pm	2:30 pm	
6:52 pm	6:20 pm	

All trains run daily.  
J. A. MICHAEL, Agent

## W. H. MILLER

Tinner and Practical  
Furnace Man

Agt. Peek Williamson Underfeed  
Furnaces.  
All classes of Tin and Sheet Iron  
Work.

Walnut Street, opposite Com-  
mercial Hotel

## PURE ICE

We are prepared to serve our pa-  
trons with a good quality of manu-  
factured ice every day.

CALL PHONE 257

**GARDNER BROS.**

COME EARLY

While our line of Holiday Gift  
Books, Children's Books, Miscellane-  
ous Books, and Booklets is complete.

We are prepared to please you.

J. K. LANGDON & CO.

You get results when  
you advertise in the Her-  
ald.

## My Revenge.

(Original.)

I remember my mother as always  
weeping. Why she did so I could never  
guess, and she would never tell me.  
We lived in a cottage which had once  
stood on a corner of the Gessner es-  
tate. I believe when we went there a  
deed for the house and lot was given  
to my mother. We drew a very small  
income, which was paid us by the  
agent for the Gessner property. Our  
name was Cowles.

My mother was the daughter of an  
English gentleman who came to Amer-  
ica impoverished and left her at his  
death without a penny. When she  
was eighteen Charles Gessner fell in  
love with her, but his father forbade  
his marriage with the penniless Agnes  
Cowles. Charles went to the civil war  
and was killed. Six months after his  
death I was born. Our cottage and the  
income were at this time settled on  
my mother by old Gessner. Before I  
was old enough to remember them the  
Gessners had gone to the city to live.  
Charles Gessner's younger brother,  
Henry, was the only living child. When  
Charles Gessner was two years old an  
aunt had left him most of what there  
was in the Gessner estate, but after-  
ward was persuaded to alter the will  
to read "to his oldest son." This  
property Henry Gessner was now en-  
joying.

My mother on the last day of her life  
gave me the key to a box which, she  
said, contained a secret she had pledg-  
ed herself not to reveal and which  
would now descend to me. When I  
opened the box and came upon the  
revelation I found there, I was filled  
with but one idea—revenge. As soon  
as I could get away, taking the name  
Walworth, I went to the city and was  
lucky in securing a situation and in  
making friends, who introduced me  
into the best society. This I wished in  
order to gain access to the Gessners.

One of the most attractive young  
girls just "out" of the season of my en-  
try into society was Lucia Gessner, Hen-  
ry's only child. Through her I re-  
solved to revenge my mother. She was  
not only at an age when conquest is  
easy, but she seemed to be drawn to  
me from the first. Before spring came  
she consented that I should go to her  
father to ask for her hand, but as-  
sured me the case was hopeless.

The next day I asked for Lucia and  
was refused. It took me six months  
to induce her to consent to a clandestine  
marriage, but I had a devil's  
tongue in my head and never for a  
moment lost sight of my mother's  
wrong. Soon after our marriage, with-  
out a word of warning to any human  
being, I disappeared. I sailed for  
Europe.

Thus far I had been so blinded by  
the spirit of vengeance that I had no  
thought for anything else. A revolution  
came the first night out on the ocean.  
I was sitting on deck when, casting  
my eyes up at the stars, they seemed  
to say, "Villain!" A sudden realization  
of what I had done rushed upon me,  
and I was overcome with remorse,  
shame and beyond all the thought that  
I loved my wife and had made a bar-  
rier between her and me that would  
never be passed. The days that re-  
mained to the end of my journey, the  
days I spent on the return trip, were  
not days to me, but months.

As soon as I reached home I sent  
word to my wife to be ready to re-  
ceive me in secret and late at night  
was introduced to her chamber. I was  
appalled at her appearance. Throwing  
myself at her feet, "Pardon me," I said,  
"then you are free to condemn me as  
I deserve to be condemned." And still  
on my knees, with my head bared, I  
told her of my mother's wrong—how a  
woman's life had been made one of  
suffering when it might have been  
made happy, then confessed my plot,  
ending with the discovery that had  
come to me so suddenly that my wife's  
love was, after all, far stronger than  
a revenge that I had conceived to be a  
sacred duty.

During the hysterical scene that fol-  
lowed I found but one source of com-  
fort. My wife clung to me as if I had  
not treated her despicably and when I  
offered her her freedom only cried,  
"No, no, no!"  
The next day I made the best ex-  
planation I could invent to my friends  
as to my singular vanishment and one  
evening soon after stood in Henry  
Gessner's private study and confessed  
that I was married to his daughter.  
"Who are you?" he asked as soon as  
he could master his voice.  
"From my birth I have been called  
Charles Cowles, but I am Charles Gess-  
ner, your brother's son and your neph-  
ew. My wife is my cousin."

I threw on a table beside which he  
sat a certificate of my mother's mar-  
riage with his brother and an agree-  
ment she had made with his father  
soon after her husband's death to keep  
the marriage a secret and remain un-  
der her maiden name on condition of  
a home and an income. She had chosen  
between starvation for her and her  
babe and disgrace.

If my uncle had been pale before, he  
was paler now.  
"You are the rightful heir to this  
property," he said.  
"I shall never claim it. Use it as  
long as you live, and at your death it  
will go to your daughter."

He looked at me steadily for a long  
while, then suddenly put out his hand.  
"It was my father's sin," he said. "I  
was in complete ignorance of it. I for-  
give you the pain you have caused my  
daughter."

"For that I shall never forgive my-  
self."  
By a mutual arrangement the Gess-  
ner property that belonged to me was  
settled on my wife and her heirs.

LESTER DILLON.

## NATURE'S MYSTERIES.

And the Little That Man Really  
Knows About Them.

I seized the opportunity some little  
while ago on finding myself sitting  
next to a great physicist of asking him  
a series of fumbling questions on the  
subject of modern theories of matter.  
For an hour I stumbled like a child,  
supported by a strong hand, in a dim  
and unfamiliar world, among the mys-  
terious essences of things. I should  
like to try to reproduce it here, but I  
have no doubt I should reproduce it all  
wrong. Still, it was deeply inspiring  
to look out into chaos, to hear the rush  
and motion of atoms moving in vast  
vortices, to learn that inside the hard-  
est and most impenetrable of sub-  
stances there was probably a feverish  
intensity of inner motion. I do not  
know that I acquired any precise  
knowledge, but I drank deep draughts  
of wonder and awe.

The great man, with his amused and  
weary smile, was infinitely gentle and  
left me, I will say, far more conscious  
of the beauty and the holiness of  
knowledge. I said something to him  
about the sense of power that such  
knowledge must give. "Ah," he said,  
"much of what I have told you is not  
proved; it is only suspected. We are  
very much in the dark about these  
things yet. Probably if a physicist of  
a hundred years hence could overhear  
me he would be amazed to think that  
a sensible man could make such puer-  
ile statements. Power—no, it is not  
that! It rather makes one realize one's  
feebleness in being so uncertain  
about things that are absolutely cer-  
tain and precise in themselves, if we  
could but see the truth. It is much  
more like the apostle who said: 'Lord,  
I believe. Help thou my unbelief.' The  
thing one wonders at is the courage of  
the men who dare to think they know."  
—Putnam's.

## POWER OF WEALTH.

Money, Says a Physician, Is Able to  
Purchase Even Life.

The aged millionaire sighed.  
"I'd give all my money," he said, "if  
I could buy twenty-five more years of  
life."

"But your money has already  
bought you that," said the physician  
coldly.

"What rot are you talking now?"  
the millionaire asked peevishly.

"No rot at all, for it is a fact, a  
dreadful fact," said the physician,  
"that the rich live, on the average,  
twenty-five years longer than the  
poor. Born rich, you are assured of a  
quarter century more life than would  
be your allotment were you born poor.  
Wealth buys you all that. And yet  
they say that there is nothing in mon-  
ey. Why, man, money buys life."

"How do you mean?" said the mil-  
lionaire. "This sounds rather like  
nonsense to me."

"Oh, wealth protects one from so  
many ills. Rich babies nearly always  
live, but poor ones die of a hundred  
complaints induced by poverty. Poor  
babies die off shockingly. And so with  
boys and girls, with men and women—  
if they are rich. They live healthily  
and therefore long, while if they are  
poor they live unhealthily, and dis-  
ease, accident, contagion, privation—  
all sorts of preventable things—carry  
them off."

"Yes, money buys life, and reliable  
statistics show that if two children are  
born today, one rich and the other  
poor, the rich one will outlive the other  
by the tidy margin of twenty-five  
years."—Philadelphia Record.

## The Origin of "Parson."

"Parson" is from the Latin "per-  
sona," a person, and the parson is the  
persona ecclesiastic, or representative, of  
the church. The forms parson and  
person bear the same relation to each  
other as clerk and clerk. From being  
pronounced parson the word has come  
to be so written. Blackstone in his  
"Commentaries" says:

"He is called 'parson' (persona) be-  
cause by his person the church, which  
is an invisible body, is represented,  
and he is himself a body corporate in  
order to protect and defend the rights  
of the church which he represents."  
"To parse a sentence" is to resolve it  
into its grammatical parts, and the  
verb is declared to have arisen from  
the interrogation "Parse?"—that is,  
"Que pars orationis?" (What part of  
speech?) used by schoolmasters.

## Too Broad a Hint.

"You've got a fellow in there that  
won't wait on me again, not much,"  
said an irate customer, as he emerged  
from the dining room and slapped his  
money down on the pay desk. "I'm  
not stingy," continued the customer,  
"and don't mind giving tips, but when  
a waiter hangs round till a fellow has  
nearly finished eating and whistles 'Do  
not forget me,' I think it is about time  
something was done."—London Mail.

## All He Said.

Officer—How is this, Murphy? Ser-  
geant complains that you called him  
names. Private Murphy—Pazes, sur,  
I never called him any names at all.  
All I said was, "Sergeant," says I,  
"some of us ought to be in a menag-  
erie."—London Tit-Bits.

## Inevitable.

"So Nelson is dead. What killed  
him?"  
"You know he had one foot in the  
grave?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, some one pulled his leg."—  
Harper's Weekly.

We are accustomed to see men de-  
ride what they do not understand and  
snarl at the good and beautiful be-  
cause it lies beyond their sympathy.—  
Goethe.

## AN AFFAIR ON THE BOSPORUS.

(Original.)

Mahdesian was a kavass in the ser-  
vice of the sultan of Turkey. He was  
assigned to the American legation and  
more especially to the secretary, Rob-  
ert Babcock, appointed by one of the  
first presidents of the United States.  
At that time the kavass was held ac-  
countable for the safety of the man he  
attended, and if any accident happen-  
ed to his charge the kavass, whether in  
fault or not, forfeited his life.

Mahdesian's position was no sine-  
cure. Babcock had been a captain of  
rangers in the American Revolution  
and was only happy when in danger.  
The kavass, who found difficulty in get-  
ting his master's name, was advised by  
the secretary to call him Bob. This  
the servant did, much to the surprise  
and wonder of those who heard him.

One day Babcock was walking on a  
street in Constantinople when a pal-  
quin passed him in which was a Turk-  
ish lady, who, as the American gazed  
upon her, removed the covering to her  
face and gave him a very sweet smile.  
"Mahdesian," said Babcock to the  
kavass, who was walking behind him,  
"there's an adventure. A lady does me  
an honor. If I do not follow her up  
I will be a poltroon and a coward."  
"O most excellent and exalted Bob,"  
protested the servant, "that lady is  
from the harem of the sultan. I recog-  
nized her the moment she lifted her  
veil."

"You don't mean it!" declared the  
secretary, considerably staggered.

One evening a few days later Bab-  
cock set out from the legation to take  
a walk. Mahdesian, who handed him  
his hat and cane, proposed to accom-  
pany him, but Babcock demurred.

Babcock was disporting his hand-  
some figure on the street, got up in a  
claret colored coat, knee breeches, with  
white silk stockings, and glistening  
shoe buckles, when he was approached  
by a man, who said in broken English,  
"If you wish to meet a lady, follow  
me."

Babcock at once surmised that this  
meant an invitation from the lady he  
had met and admired and, with the  
recklessness natural to him, followed  
the Turk. He was conducted to the  
bank of the Bosphorus. Out in the  
stream, across which he remembered  
Leander had swum to his Hero, a United  
States man-of-war lying the Amer-  
ican flag was lying at anchor. Pres-  
ently the conductor stopped at a wall  
inclosing a garden at the rear of a  
dwelling. At a knock the door was  
opened from within, and the man  
pushed Babcock through. Sitting on a  
bench was a lady, who rose, lifting her  
veil the while her pretty face was cov-  
ered with blushes and smiles. Babcock  
stepped forward, seized her hand and  
kissed it. The lady, the same he had  
met before, informed him that she was  
a wife of the sultan, one of hundreds  
who had the name of wife without the  
reality. She had arranged this meet-  
ing at the dwelling of a friend on  
whom she could rely implicitly.

They had spent a happy hour togeth-  
er when suddenly half a dozen men  
came over the wall—the door was lock-  
ed—and made them prisoners. At first  
they thought they had been betrayed  
to the sultan's bodyguard, but the  
leader of the men told them that they  
would be held for ransom. The rob-  
bers knew well that one was connect-  
ed with the United States embassy  
while the other was of the imperial  
harem, and they demanded an enor-  
mous sum to keep the secret and let  
them go their way.

Now, this was a very unpleasant pre-  
dicament—unpleasant for Babcock, for  
he was without fortune and unable to  
produce the ransom; unpleasant for the  
Turkish lady, who was in like financial  
condition, and unpleasant for the ab-  
sent Mahdesian, who was responsible  
for his charge. Indeed, if there was  
no means of a settlement forthcoming  
all were sure to lose their lives. Bab-  
cock, who had been caught many a  
time by British soldiers in various  
traps without being held, was now  
really frightened, not for himself, but  
for the lady. He cursed his foolhardi-  
ness and especially regretted not per-  
mitting Mahdesian to come with him.  
If Babcock never returned to the leg-  
ation the kavass would lose his head.  
If Babcock found no means of escape  
both he and the lady would be mur-  
dered.

Babcock kept the robbers waiting as  
long as possible, hoping for some solu-  
tion. It was growing dark when he  
had entered the garden, and when the  
hour of midnight was approaching he  
had come to no conclusion. Suddenly,  
when he was meditating sending a  
message to the American minister,  
which was a last resort and a hopeless  
solution, a head appeared above the  
wall—the head of Mahdesian. He  
whistled, and immediately a dozen sail-  
or caps appeared on the wall, and in  
another moment twelve American jack-  
ies, with drawn cutlasses, dropped in-  
to the garden.

Well, the robbers were left bound  
and gagged, and Babcock, the lady and  
Mahdesian were put in a cutter and  
rowed aboard the man-of-war. As  
soon as they had arrived Mahdesian  
explained as follows:

"O most mighty Bob, knowing that  
if you got into difficulty I would lose  
my head, I followed you, saw the rob-  
bers attack you and informed the cap-  
tain of this ship, who sent the men to  
save you."

There was nothing to do but for Bab-  
cock, the Turkish lady and the kavass  
to remain concealed on the ship, and  
when she sailed the next morning they  
sailed with her and were transferred  
at Naples to a vessel bound for the  
United States. Meanwhile Babcock  
married the Turkish lady.

MONTGOMERY MOORE.

## Banner Skating Rink

Open each Afternoon and Night

SKATING HOURS: Afternoon, 2:00 to 5:00; nights, 7:30 to 10:00

ADMISSION: Gentlemen 10c; Ladies free.

Skates 15 cents.

ERNEST WRIGHT

FRED GLORE

## Can You Beat It?

ALL the News, ALL the Time, for

1 Cent a Day

Telephone the HERALD office and  
have the paper delivered at your door.

PHONE 65

## A Tender Steak

Makes the most delicious meal in  
the world, and the place to get it is

Haspel's Meat Market

"Our Meat Market" has a well estab-  
lished and enviable reputation for  
cleanliness, the good quality  
of its meat and for  
square dealings.

Northwest Corner Public Square

## FERD LUCAS

DEALER IN

Real Estate, Insurance  
and Coal

No. 21 S. Ind. St., Greencastle, Ind.  
Phone 255.

## NOTICE OF DEMOCRAT PRIMAR

Notice is hereby given to the  
Democratic voters of Putnam coun-  
ty that there will be a primary elec-  
tion 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, Treas-  
urer, Sheriff, Coroner, Surveyor,  
Commissioner 2nd District, and  
Commissioner for 3rd District.

Wm. B. VESTAL,  
Chairman.

JAS. P. HUGHES, Sec.

## STOPPED THE YELPING.

Rostand's Peasant Who Had Great  
Power Over Animals.

"When Edmond Rostand had com-  
pleted his beautiful villa at Bayonne,  
he was on the verge of a nervous  
breakdown because of his inability to  
sleep," says a Paris paper. "The rest-  
fulness of the place, however, and the  
charming surroundings worked won-  
ders, and after a few days had passed  
the weary writer was able to sleep,  
and his friends looked for his speedy  
return to good health. But a dog  
blocked the progress of the cure. One  
night the dog began to bark, and in a  
short time dogs in all directions an-  
swered, and the concert kept up until  
day broke. All efforts to locate the  
mischief making animal failed. Every  
night at the same time the barking be-  
gan, and no one could suggest a rem-  
edy. One day one of the servants told  
about a ne'er-do-well in a nearby vil-  
lage who had great power over dumb  
animals—possibly he might help. He  
was called, a large reward was prom-  
ised, and the barking ceased. A few  
weeks after the reward had been col-  
lected Rostand was again disturbed  
by the dogs under the leadership of  
the same unknown barker. The peasant  
was again called, and Rostand said,  
'You must be well acquainted  
with the ways of animals to have  
such power over them.' The man  
beamed under the influence of the diplo-  
matic flattery and proudly showed  
how he could imitate the whistling of  
birds and the noises made by animals  
in woods, barn or poultry yard. 'And  
how about dogs?' said Rostand. Then  
the man began to bark, and immedi-  
ately the voice of the arch disturber  
was recognized. 'That's enough,' said  
Rostand. 'Here is a twenty franc piece.  
If we should hear the dogs bark again,  
the police will be called.' The peasant  
saw that he had fallen into a trap, the  
dogs were heard no more, and that,  
says the writer, 'is my dog story with-  
out a dog.'"

## Warden's Home-Made BREAD

## New England Bakery

EAST SIDE SQUARE  
Greencastle, Ind.  
Phone 333

## Greencastle ICE

Made in Greencastle by  
Greencastle men.

## Rate to Families 25c

per Hundred Pounds

TELEPHONE 136

## Crystal Ice Co.

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots  
and Shoes, Groceries  
Hard and Soft Coal  
**RILEY & CO.**  
Phone 51. 715 S. Main.

## Ship Your Freight

By

**T. H. I. & E. Trac. Line**  
Express service at Freight  
rates to all points touched by  
Tractioun Line in Indiana and  
Ohio. Inquire of Local Agent.

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



## LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Miss Lily Day spent today in Indianapolis.

F. M. Lyon transacted business in Reelsville yesterday.

D. B. Hostetter, of Roachdale, was in the city today.

Mrs. Emma Bastin, of Belle Union, is the guest of Dr. Bastin.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Donner were in Indianapolis today.

Mrs. Sinclair and Mrs. Hunter, of Fillmore, were in the city yesterday.

J. A. Rutte was in the city yesterday en route to his home in Cloverdale.

Charles Pickett has resigned his position at the People's Transfer Company.

Dr. Hutchison was called to see Leroy Eader last night, who is quite sick.

Miss Anna Steinback, of Danville, was the guest of Mrs. Andrew Crump last night.

Miss Jennie Grady, who has returned to Chicago after a visit with her mother and sister.

E. A. Connor, who was injured sometime ago by an automobile, is able to walk with crutches.

Miss Grace Ford has returned from her home in Bainbridge to resume her work at the Enterprise.

Mr. R. Jackson has again taken possession of the Star Restaurant. Mr. Jackson formerly owned same.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Miller, who are transacting business in Muncie, will visit relatives in Indianapolis on their return home.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lee Trainor, Jan. 4, a son.

E. M. Denny transacted business in Bainbridge today.

A. Higert transacted business in Indianapolis yesterday.

Miss Bertha Hillis, of Limesdale, spent yesterday in the city.

Mrs. W. A. Carrington, of Putnamville was in the city yesterday.

H. C. Buff was in the city this morning en route to Crawfordsville.

Albert Bowers has returned from Racoon, where he has been visiting relatives.

Mrs. J. B. Nelson and Mrs. O. F. Overstreet spent the day in Crawfordsville.

C. C. Cunningham and sister, Miss Sarah, are visiting relatives in Indianapolis.

Miss Nona Burkett has returned home, after a week's visit with Miss Ruth Owen, of Amo.

Mrs. Margaret Collins and daughter, Anna, of Cloverdale were guests of Rev. Dalby yesterday.

Mrs. Philip Gaines and daughter, Mrs. T. J. Baughman, of Bainbridge, were in the city shopping today.

Mrs. Ralph Lane, of Cloverdale, spent yesterday with Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Connor, on the corner of Hanna and Locust streets.

W. B. Stoner, who was transacting business for the Home Insurance Company in the city Monday, visited Phil Psi brothers.

Mrs. Charles Daggy will leave next week for an extended visit with her daughter, Mrs. William Klatte, of Milwaukee, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Arnold left today at noon for Chicago where they will visit Mr. and Mrs. George Carrington for a few days.

The Salvation man made his usual semi-annual visit to the city today gathered up the money which is placed in the fund boxes.

Miss McCully, of Reelsville, attended the surprise party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wells, northwest of the city, last night.

Miss Bonnie M. Hurst, of South Indiana street, entertained nine of her girl friends last evening in honor of her 14th birthday. Light refreshments were served.

Dr. J. P. D. John, who has been on an extended lecture trip in the West, was in the city a short time yesterday afternoon. He is now filling engagements in the East.

The following members of the Putnam Co. Lodge No. 45 will pay the Roachdale Lodge a visit tonight: D. A. Perigrin, C. H. Meikel, A. P. Felter, R. H. Meikel, A. P. Felter, R. Pierce and H. M. Gordan.

Mrs. Nancy Matson, who has been visiting her son, Oscar, at Brick Chapel and friends in this city, has returned to her home in Cloverdale. E. A. McCoy, of Cloverdale, transacted business in the city yesterday.

Word has been received here of the death of Dr. J. N. Talbot, who died at his home in Crawfordsville, last Sunday evening at 8:30 of pneumonia and heart trouble. Dr. Talbot has many friends in this city.

Dr. and Mrs. Overstreet entertained last night at dinner at their home on East Seminary street. Those present were Dr. and Mrs. Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore, Mr. and Mrs. Donner, Dr. and Mrs. Seaman and Mr. and Mrs. Tilden.

The remains of Mrs. W. W. Adams, who died at her home in Carbon, Ind. last Monday were brought here this morning for burial at Forest Hill cemetery. A number of friends and relatives accompanied the body here for burial.

Pure Gold Flour is a whole wheat flour, at O. L. Jones & Co. 3t-42

DEPAUW UNIVERSITY NOTES.

Y. M. C. A. will meet at six thirty this evening.

The girl's gymnasium classes meet today as usual.

Guy Ellwell of Kaw, Oklahoma is in school here this term.

Chas. Anderson, of Marion, is now attending school here.

The Chapel devotions were led this morning by Dr. S. V. Towne.

The regular Y. W. C. A. meeting held at four thirty this afternoon. Herbert Walker, of Anderson, Indiana, will not return to school this term.

The men's gymnasium classes will resume work as usual on Monday, January 13.

The next number on the lecture course will be rendered Monday evening. The entertainers are Elias Day and wife, impersonators. Eugene Laurant, magician, who was scheduled to be here on December 11, but was unable to fulfill his engagement will not appear here this season. Instead the managers will good number for a later date.

Pure Gold Flour handled by O. L. Jones & Co. 3t-42

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 Poplar.

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

## The END OF THE JAYHAWKERS.

(Original.)

During the civil war a celebrated Kansas jayhawker named Bugbee rode at the head of a band of outlaws, leaving a desolated track behind him. Among his other crimes was the murder of the Hamblin family on their farm near Marysville. Mary Hamblin, aged twenty, was engaged to Elliot Frost, a soldier in the Union army. Frost was discharged at the end of the war and went home to Kansas to find only the grave of the girl he had expected to welcome him. Standing there by the heaped earth, now covered with waving grass, he swore that he would not rest till he had killed Bugbee.

Bugbee, finding that Kansas was becoming too law abiding for further operations, crossed the line and went into Colorado. He took with him seven or eight of his jayhawkers with a view to operating on the different stage lines in the region about Denver.

Frost went to Denver and heard at once that the Bugbee gang was the terror of every road leading out of that town, but it was impossible to locate them. At one time they would operate on the route southward to Pike's peak and the next day would be heard of on the road leading southward into Indian Territory. Then within a week a robbery would be committed on the south fork of the Platte, and Bugbee would turn out to have led the robbers. No vigilance committee could locate them.

Frost, who had been a cavalryman during the war, secured a horse and started for the last place the Bugbee gang had left their visiting cards. The country is an unbroken plain, and the young man could ride where he pleased, but so could the road agents, and it was more difficult to head them off than if they had had to travel only by the roads.

After a month's chase Frost tracked the gang to a point within the entrance of the canyon directly west and about twenty miles from Denver.

Frost rode into Golden City one evening, fifteen miles west of Denver, and while eating his supper heard a miner who had come down from Empire tell of meeting a prospecting party of eight men in camp five miles up the canyon who had asked him when the Denver coach would pass up, they wishing to take passage up to the mines. Frost, putting this with information he already had, was sure the prospectors were the Bugbee gang and that they would rob the next coach that passed up. Since the coach would not pass the point where the miner had met them till the next afternoon about 2 o'clock, there was time to lay a trap.

There was nothing at Golden City except a hostelry, but a fresh horse was obtained, and Frost put spurs for Denver. There were several ex-soldiers of the civil war in Denver, one of them, Striker, who had served with Frost. The two made up a party consisting of young veterans and three other picked men, six in all, and, taking with them certain apparel they intended to use, rode out in the early morning to Golden City.

At noon the Denver coach came along, and the passengers alighted for dinner. When they were about to re-enter the coach Frost asked them to remain awhile at the tavern, since he had a party of friends with him who wished to take a short ride. The passengers, consisting of both men and women, demurred, but the riding party were well armed, and they stepped aboard, each with his baggage, a bundle done up in brown paper.

As soon as they were out of sight from the tavern a halt was made, the driver informed that they expected the coach to be robbed, and four of the men, opening their bundles, put on women's attire. Then the coach was driven on. Frost, dressed as a woman, sat next the door, a Derringer pistol in each hand. Striker sat next the other door with two revolvers concealed under the folds of the dress he wore. All had their arms in some way concealed.

They had gone about four miles and were ascending a rise when they heard the word "Halt!" followed by "Throw up your hands!" The coach came to a dead stop, and two masked men opened the door, ordering the passengers to alight. Supposing Frost to be a woman, each robber took hold of an arm to help him. His arms were crossed over his chest under his cloak. Suddenly there was a double report, and the two robbers fell dead.

Scarcely had Frost begun his exit from the coach when a woman emerged

from the other door, followed in rapid succession by two other women and two men, all of whom opened fire on six men who were standing unconcerned in the road, some with their hands in their pockets, others with folded arms. Four of them were shot down before they could draw their weapons, and two others while they were delivering their fire, which on account of their surprise was not effective.

Of the two Frost had killed with his Derringers one was Bugbee. The sight of him lying cold in death, Frost's knowledge that he had killed him, seemed in a measure to wash away a brooding that had been with him ever since he had made his resolution while standing beside Mary Hamblin's grave. He looked up and, seeing his women dressed men dancing around the fallen robbers, for the first time in months smiled.

The ambushers re-entered the coach and drove back to the tavern. When it was learned that they had not only saved the passengers from being robbed, but had exterminated the Bugbee gang, they were feted as heroes and invited to partake of the best in the house.

O. NORMAN EDDY.

## EASY HOSPITALITY.

Food Abundance in Virginia in the Seventeenth Century.

Few countries of the world have possessed so abundant and varied a supply of food as Virginia during the seventeenth century. This partly explains, writes P. A. Bruce in "Social Life in Virginia in the Seventeenth Century," the hospitable disposition of the people even in those early times. The herds of cattle, which ran almost wild, afforded an inexhaustible supply of milk, butter, cheese, veal and beef. Deer were shot in such numbers that people cared little for venison. So abundant were chickens that they were not included in the inventories of personal estates. No planter was so badly off that he could not have a fowl on his table at dinner.

Vast flocks of wild ducks and geese frequented the rivers and bays and were looked on as the least expensive portion of the food which the Virginians had to procure. Fish of the most delicate and nourishing varieties were caught with hook or net. Oysters and shellfish could be scraped up by the bushel from the bottom of the nearest inlet or tidal stream.

Apples, peaches, plums and figs grew in abundance. Not only were grapes cultivated, but excellent varieties grew wild through the forest. Such an abundance of wild strawberries could be gathered that no attempt was made to raise the domestic berry.

The watermelon flourished, and in hominy, the roasting ear and corn pone the Virginians possessed articles of food of great excellence, which were entirely unknown to the people of the old world. There was produced on every plantation an extraordinary quantity of walnuts, chestnuts, hazelnuts and hickory nuts. Honey was obtainable in abundance, both from domestic bees and from hollow trees in the forest.

Bad Night For the Show.

Plotting an unknown show through a starving territory is no cinch, but I have thought out a good idea. In anticipation of each engagement I am going to call out the reserves and when they are out they will be invited in. That will help all the house.

You have heard of the various excuses for light business—"because the night is so dark," etc. This is a hot one.

"Young man," said the local manager to the agent on his first tour, "why do you bring your troupe here on a Saturday night? Don't you know you won't do any trade?"

"What's the difference between Saturday night and any other night?" asked the agent.

"Because everybody's getting shaved,"—New York World.

For Winter Use.

A lady farmer planted a garden. She was very proud of her prospective peas, but when her husband asked if they were ripe she said, "Oh, they haven't come up yet!"

"Haven't come up yet? Why, the season's nearly over!"

"Yes," she said, "but I planted canned peas. I think they come up a little late."—New York Times.

A Keen Observer.

"Who was that fool you bowed to?"

"My husband."

"Oh, I—er—I—humbly apologize. I—"

"Never mind. I'm not angry. But what a keen observer you are!"—London Scraps.

## Like Unto Caesar.

By J. LUDLUM LEE.

Copyright, 1907, by N. E. Daley.

The giant steamship tossed and pitched. The decks were wet with spray from the angry waves, and you could count the passengers on deck on one hand. Two husky men lurched against each other as they turned the corner, both muffled to their ears, puffing vigorously at their pipes to produce a welcome speck of warmth.

"Beg pardon—didn't see you in this rotten fog," said the younger of the two.

"Rotten don't describe it, sir. It's—well, I'll be hanged! My pipe went out in that collision, I guess. Got a match?"

"Sure I have! But what good is it out here? A torch wouldn't stay lighted in this wind. Come inside a minute and light her up."

They were back on deck in a moment and, as so often happens on board ship, in that time seemed to have made friends. Arm in arm this time they braved the wind and weather. The older man was talking.

"I suppose you think a man of my age ought to be in his cabin a night like this. But, you see, my wife is sick in one bunk and my daughter down and out in another. Guess you and I are about the only ones to venture out, aren't we?"

"Guess we are, sir, unless, of course, the girl with the sickle coat is on deck. Nothing keeps her below."

"Girl in sickle coat. Who's she?" demanded the elderly man, his attention somewhat aroused.

"Well, I don't know. She is the usual mystery found aboard a boat of this character. Captain says she's a titled woman from the continent going over to see the States. Whoever she is, she's a stunner, old man. Here she is now," he whispered as the figure of a woman passed them.

The old gentleman turned, but too late to see anything save the outline of a woman, clad in a long sable coat, which enveloped her from head to heels.

"Looks pretty good in the dark, young man. I'll take a better peek in the daylight, and in the meantime I guess I'll go below and look after my sick. Good night, sir."

"Good night," said the younger man, as he left his newly made friend at the companionway.

Eaton Hollis, representing an English syndicate and bound for New York, was not ready to turn in. He had no one below to look after and fell into a long, steady stride around the deck. He puffed at his pipe and wondered what the girl in the sickle coat was doing. He didn't want to appear officious, but he could not help wondering, and as he walked he kept his eyes well open for the fur clad figure. He did not have to look long, for she passed him very soon. Try as he would he could find no plausible excuse for speaking to this evidently self-reliant young woman of title, so on he strode.

Just amidship he heard a voice—such a voice that today he can shut his eyes and hear it in his dreams—saying:

"Oh, I beg your pardon, but would you help me to open this door? I simply cannot do it."

He sprang to her side in an instant, but the door did not yield so easily.

"Do you want to go in? You know the moon is just coming up, and I think the storm is all over." Hollis had grown bold of a sudden.

"Well, really, I do not want to go in, but you know my maid is dreadfully ill, and it seems cruel to leave her alone," answered the sweet voice.

"Oh, bother the maid! Take my arm and let's see how it goes driving double—you can fight the wind so much better with two abreast," urged Hollis, as he extended his left arm.

She looked up at the strong features and then at the glimmer of the moon breaking through the clouds, hesitated for just a moment, then without a word took the proffered arm, and off they went.

The next morning broke clear and bright, and the girl in sable had changed her raiment to a suit which bespoke the art of England's best tailor. That night her gown was of soft, clinging material which showed her figure to perfection, while the cloak that covered her shoulders was the envy of the women passengers. With every gown were bits of jewelry that seemed to belong to them and to just suit her who wore the gorgeous raiment. Hollis stared as the rest, then shut his eyes and lived over again the walk of the night before, with her frail arm clinging close to his strong one and that sweet, distracting voice chatting in his ear.

He started up as from a reverie as the purser passed him. Hollis offered him a cigar.

"I say, purser, who's the woman over there that nobody speaks to and every woman on the ship envies for her clothes?"

"Oh, that is the Countess of Brienne. Beautiful creature, isn't she? Gad, but she'd make a good show piece for some of those newly rich Americans!" he murmured as he passed on with the cigar in his mouth.

Hollis turned in disgust at the last remark, to be confronted by the "beautiful creature." His attempt at an explanation was cut short by her rippling laugh.

"Oh, don't!" she cried laughingly. "I was tickled to death to hear it. You see I had no idea I was going so well—making such a big hit, as it were. I

am going out for a few turns on deck. Shall it be single or double breasted?" she asked naively.

"Don't you want to change your wraps?" suggested Hollis as he glanced at the beautiful drapery that was about her.

"Oh, no, it doesn't matter," carelessly remarked the countess.

They circled the deck only once, because the crowd was inconveniently large, and soon they were seated side by side in their chairs. The air was chilly, and Hollis offered to go for extra wraps, but just then the maid came up and asked if she would be needed again that night. The countess asked for a coat. The pale faced servant soon returned and heedlessly threw the sable lined wrap over the feet of her mistress. Hollis was dumfounded with this display of extravagance, yet stared in blind adoration at his companion.

"I suppose all men are fools," he ventured to remark.

"Oh, are they?" answered the countess, with a ring of disappointment in her voice. "You see, I am very young and I don't know, but now you are a man of the world, a man of experience, and I suppose you know. I thought some day I might meet a man who was not a fool, and then I should fall in love with him."

"Lucky man," murmured Hollis, but his throat seemed to go dry and his pipe went out. "Do you think I am a fool?"

"Well, really, I don't know you so very well, but I think you're dreadfully stupid. You seem to have so little to say."

Hollis was just going to say something, but he looked at the sable coat and the beautifully gowned figure of the woman within it and he closed his lips firmly.

Thereafter they met at rare intervals—not oftener than Hollis could help, and the day the boat docked in New York he went over to say goodby.

"I wish I could call—just once," he pleaded as she hesitated.

"This is my card, Mr. Hollis, and if you will come—your way," she added as she handed him a neat little envelope with a card inclosed.

"Hollis slipped in into his pocket and once more said goodby to his lady with the silvery voice. How queer that sounded, "if you will come—your way." What had she meant?

The next night Hollis hailed a hansom at the corner of his hotel and gave the driver the address. When they drew up in front of a little apartment house he wondered, but went in. Everything connected with the girl seemed a mystery, so he did not hesitate. The card had read, "Ask for Miss Tonsley." He did so, and the maid said she would be in directly. He glanced about the room. Nothing elegant, yet of exquisite refinement. He looked at the pictures. There she was as a child, here as a young girl, and there again she was standing in flesh and blood in the door with two hands outstretched.

Somehow she seemed more real, more alive than ever before as she held out her hands, and he took them. She was dressed in some simple gown, and they sat on the couch together while he told her of his hopeless love, his longing for her and of his salary of a few thousand a year.

"My darling, I want you, and by heavens, I'll have you, even if you are a countess! Won't you let me try to win you? Oh, if you only knew—if you only knew!"

"I know too well," the sweet voice said. "But I'm not a countess at all. I'm a poor girl, and my name is Tonsley, just Sarah Tonsley. There's nothing royal about that, is there? I am not a countess, and all those fine clothes were not mine. You see, we lost all our money, and I had to do something. Well, I could speak French and knew good clothes, so a big firm sent me over to buy model gowns. I wore them to avoid duty. Of course I sold them some, but the model was just as good to copy, and—oh, please, please don't hold me so tight, dear, she almost sung into his ear.

But he did not seem to hear her. He was saying to himself over and over again:

"Not the Countess of Brienne, but Mrs. Eaton Hollis."

The Poor Sick Boy.

Mark Twain, on a visit to his birthplace—Hannibal, Mo.—told to the school children a true story about a schoolboy.

"This boy," he said, "awoke one morning very ill. His groans alarmed the household. The doctor was sent for and came posthaste.

"Well," said the doctor as he entered the sickroom, "what is the trouble?"

"A pain in my side," said the boy.

"Any pain in the head?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is the right-hand stiff?"

"A little."

"How about the right foot?"

"That's stiff too."

"The doctor winked at the boy's mother.

"Well," he said, "you're pretty sick. But you'll be able to go to school on Monday. Let me see, today is Saturday, and—"

"Is today Saturday?" said the boy in a vexed tone. "I thought it was Friday."

"Half an hour later that boy declared himself healed and got up. Then they packed him off to school, for it was Friday, after all."—Louisville Courier Journal.

A Severe Sense.

Grateful Mother—Oh, are you the noble young man who rescued my daughter from a watery grave?

Noble Young Man (who is truly modest)—Yes, madam, but I assure you I only did it from a sense of duty.

Judge.

## Trick Roller Skating

By Champion Trick Skaters

MR. AND MRS. HARRY GILMAN, champion trick skaters, will be at the Banner Skating Rink for

Monday, January 13, Afternoon and Night Exhibitions

They are marvels in the roller skating world and well worth seeing.

Admission 25c Skates Free to All

## W. A. BEEMER

## Sanitary Plumber and Heating Engineer

Shop Moved to 209 W. Washington St.

Phone 288

All Work Guaranteed.

## DR. MILES' ANTI-PAIN PILLS

## FOR Headache

FOR NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, PAIN IN CHEST, DISTRESS IN STOMACH, SLEEPLESSNESS

TAKE ONE of the Little Tablets AND THE PAIN IS GONE.

If you have Headache Try One

They Relieve Pain Quickly, leaving no bad After-effects

25 Doses 25 Cents Never Sold in Bulk