

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

Greencastle Herald.

VOL 2 . NO. 243.

GREENCastle, INDIANA, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 8 1908.

PRICE ONE CENT

TRIED TO ESCAPE HERE

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.

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 Vandala 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 kidnapping. 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

PILES CURED

"Mine was a bad case, both down and bleeding, having passed as much as a half-pint of blood at a time. After years of suffering, your remarkable Remedy has stopped the bleeding entirely, and I am rapidly recovering. I heartily recommend it!"

E. PENNOCK, Liberty Centre, O.



Complete Master of Fissures, Fistulas, Bladder, Bleeding, Itching, Ulcerated, Internal and External Piles. Unquestioned successful results are guaranteed. Purchase direct if not satisfactory. It's safe, simple, neat, clean and easy to use. Price \$1.00. C. H. HOYT & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

FOR SALE BY THE

Owl Drug Store and
Red Cross Drug Store

DEATH OF MRS. MARY WOODALL

The death of Mrs. Mary F. Woodall, aged 62 years, wife of J. T. Woodall, occurred at her home on 608 Illinois street this morning at 3 o'clock. Apoplexy was the cause of her death. Beside her husband, Mrs. Woodall leaves five sons to mourn her death. They are Everett Woodall of Arcola, Ills., Frank Woodall of Hinesboro, Ills., James Woodall of Fillmore and John and Robt. Woodall of this city. The funeral will be at Locust Street church tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock. Services will be conducted by the Rev. Martin. Burial will be in Forest Hill cemetery.

No patent taken out of Pure Gold sold at O. L. Jones Co. Feed store. 34-42

WE ARE READY

To insure your property in the City or Country against fire, lightning and cyclone. We represent some of the oldest and strongest Companies in America.

We are also in the real-estate business and if you will list your property with us at a reasonable price, we will try and find you a buyer for it.

If you want to buy a home in town or a farm in the country, we will furnish you a part of the money to pay for it, provided you make the purchase through our agency. We will make your bond which will relieve the embarrassment of asking your friends to sign for you. Come in and see us.

The Central Trust Company

Thiry-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, Caraculs and Velvets. Handsomest trimmings and best of linings. To see them is to be satisfied and buy.

Allen Brothers

\$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

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 clubs 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, L. 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 Sutherlin, 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. Sutherlin 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 Vermilion was in Indianapolis on business yesterday.

Albert Hight returned last night from a trip to Indianapolis.

Mrs. Frances Chik is here from Olney, 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

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 Oscar 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 Alspaugh

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.

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

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

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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.

THE WHITECAP VERDICT.

That a jury of Indiana men, under the guidance of the department of state has found two men guilty of whitecaping, is matter for general congratulation. It is part of the spirit of the mob that has been rising over our country, and which we must stop. Whitecaping has flourished because of intimidation and cowardice. Prosecutors have failed and juries have hesitated to convict through fear, either on the part of the prosecutor and jury themselves, or on the part of the witnesses summoned to testify for the state. There was something particularly awe inspiring in the idea of being dragged from bed at midnight to be tortured by masked men who spoke no word. And so offence has followed.

15c CAB 15c

Phone No. 50 for Rubber-tired Cab for train or city ride.

Price 15c

Phone 50 H. W. GILL

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

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

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

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

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

For Commissioner, Third District— I am a candidate for commissioner of the Third District, subject to the 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.

For Assessor—

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

For Trustee Floyd Township—

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

For Treasurer—

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

For Treasurer—

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

For Commissioner, Third District—

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

For Coroner—

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

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A STRANGE SENTENCE.

Punishment For Murder That Was More Cruel Than Death.

In 1801 a man died in the Catskills who had been condemned by one of the strangest sentences on record. Ralph Sutherland was born in 1791 and lived in a stone house near Leeds. He was a man of violent temper and morose disposition, shunned by his neighbors and generally disliked. Not being able to get an American servant, he imported a Scotchwoman, and, according to the usages of the times, virtually held her in bondage until her passage money had been refunded.

Unable to endure any longer the raging temper of her master, the girl ran away. Immediately upon discovering her absence the man set off in an angry chase upon his horse and soon overtook her. The poor woman never reached the house alive, and Sutherland was indicted and arrested to die upon the scaffold.

At the trial he tried to prove that his horse had taken fright, ran away, pitched him out of the saddle and dashed the girl to death upon the rocks, but the jury did not accept the defense, and Sutherland was sentenced to die upon the scaffold.

Then came the plea of the insufficiency of circumstantial evidence and the efforts of influential relatives. These so worked upon the court that the judge delayed the sentence of death until the prisoner should be ninety-nine years old.

Hank Flagler joined his guests at the window to watch the passing of the cortège. First came the band, shivering in their gaudy uniforms, which they would not hide beneath their overcoats. Then followed the Niagara Hose company and the Grantville Hook and Ladder. The long, light trick of the latter was striped of its ladders, and in their place was a platform, on which rested a flag draped casket. Behind this were two closed carriages and then a long string of vehicles of all descriptions.

"As matters are now I cannot make the same money here in ten or fifteen years, but I can support you comfortably. You can give away your fortune to charities if you want. I can make enough for two. Shall I go or stay?"

"Is there any question?" asked Betty.

"Four years is a long time, Vance, but I can wait that long to see you escape being called a fortune hunter. Was there need to ask?"

"They represent four years that can never be replaced," reminded Bevan.

"There are excellent probabilities that I may come back home, as Greysen did. If it were my only opportunity I should not hesitate, but I have a chance here. It is for you to say."

For a moment the girl hesitated. All her life she had been taught to despise the title of fortune hunter. She loved Bevan too well to wish that title might be applied to him, even though she knew that under no circumstances would he consent to avail himself of a penny of her money. It was a question between pride and love, and in a country town the opinion of others counts for much.

Bevan, reading her answer in her eyes, turned to go. For an instant she remained silent; then the glance fell upon the draped picture of Greysen on the wall, and with a little cry she stepped forward. Bevan turned to catch her in his arms.

"I don't care what people say," sobbed Betty. "Four years is too long, dear."

On the street without the fire companies were returning from the cemetery, and the band headed the procession playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Betty raised her head from Bevan's shoulder with a little smile.

"You will never leave me behind, will you, dear?" she whispered.

Bevan bent his head to kiss the rosy mouth. "Till death do us part," he quoted reverently.

"Of course the family is in the first

black. I rode in that heark the night

I got married. Lem Spriggs he says

there's been enough varnish on that

old black to pay for a new one, and I

guess he's right. Old man Harkness

had it when he set up in business as a

black back in 1875. Every other year

they slap on some more varnish, and it

looks as good as new again."

Flagler rattled on with bits of information as the various carriages passed. The first heavy fall of snow was upon the ground, and a few sleighs were in the long procession. Bevan heard a little of the running comment. The mention of Betty Harvey had roused a chain of thought. He had run up from the city to argue with her and had found the whole town upset by the arrival of Fred Greysen's body. Betty was busy comforting her friend, Bessie Brewster, and would not even see him.

There was small hope that he would be able to get speech with her, but he decided to wait until after the funeral. He wanted to make one last appeal.

The two had met at the shore during

the summer. Betty had given her love

to the clean young engineer, but when

he had asked that they might be mar-

ried soon she had shaken her head.

Stumblingly she had explained her

reasons for refusal. She was an heiress,

and in the little town in which she

lived she feared that the people

might despise her suitor as a fortune

hunter.

Ever since she had come into the

money at the death of her father her

friends had warned her against the

wiles of the fortune hunters. She did

not for an instant believe that Bevan

cared for her money, but she was too

prudish to let him know that she

had made his "pile," but on his way

home the fever had taken him.

From Manila the journey had been made in a metallic casket.

"I got her a cream puff," he said.

"Well, you know, Harry," said his

mother, "that won't keep fresh for a

week."

"That's what I thought after I

bought it, mother," replied Harry

calmly, "and so I ate it."—Ladies'

Home Journal.

How Fast He Could Go.

A breeder and trainer of race horses who is known almost as well in England as he is here recently sold a horse to an Englishman. The Englishman before paying for the horse quibled a bit about the price and then said:

"You know, I'd like to see the horse

first just to see how fast he can go."

"Never mind about that," said the trainer. "He can't go any faster than I can tell it."—New York Sun.

Family Secret.

"That's papa's picture," explained the little girl to the caller who was looking at a framed photograph on the piano. "You wouldn't know it unless I told you 'cause it's got a smile on the face."—Chicago Tribune.

Dodging the Water.

Constable—Come along. You've got to have a bath. Tramp—A bath! What wily water? Constable—Yes, of course. Tramp—Couldn't you manage it with your own vacuum cleaners?—Loudon Tit-Bits.

It is the common wonder of all men how among so many million of faces there should be none alike.—Brownie.

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.

Betty's Decision.

By LULU JOHNSON.

Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

Mournfully the somber melody of the dead march from "Saul" came through the double sashed windows of the Eagle House. The music gained in mournfulness what it lacked in impressiveness, for Dan Hicks' struggles with the unfamiliar clarinet added a wailing note not intended by the composer. Not one of the members of the Grantville Corpset band was a skilled musician.

Vance Bevan moved over to the window to watch the passing of the cortège.

First came the band, shivering in their gaudy uniforms, which they would not hide beneath their overcoats.

Then followed the Niagara Hose company and the Grantville Hook and Ladder. The long, light trick of the latter was striped of its ladders, and in their place was a platform, on which rested a flag draped casket.

Behind this were two closed carriages and then a long string of vehicles of all descriptions.

Hank Flagler joined his guests at the window to watch the passing of the cortège.

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Behind this

E. B. LYNCH

House Furnisher and
Funeral Director

GREENCASTLE, IND.

12 and 14 North Jackson St.

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Sanitary Plumbing
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ALL WORK GUARANTEED
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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. SHOPTAUGH

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 12, 1908	
North Bound	South Bound
1:23 am	2:12 pm
9:22 am	8:35 am
12:33 pm	2:30 pm
5:52 pm	5:20 pm

All trains run daily.

J. A. MICHAEL, Agent.

W. H. MILLER

Tinner and Practical
Furnace Man

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

Walnut Street, opposite Com-
mercial Hotel

PURE Manufactured ICE

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

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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 & CO.

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

The amazement of the shopper
proved to be the very thing she was
looking for.

My Revenge.

NATURE'S MYSTERIES.

And the Little That Man Really
Knows About Them.

[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 estate. 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 America 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' 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 afterward was persuaded to alter the will to read "to his oldest son." This property Henry Gessner was now enjoying.

My mother on the last day of her life gave me the key to a box which, she said, contained a secret she had pledged 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" the season of my entry into society was Lucia Gessner, Henry's only child. Through her I resolved 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 assured me the case was hopeless.

The next day I asked for Lucia.

"Nay, sire," stammered the soldier, gazing at the bloodied horse and its trappings. "It is too magnificent and grand for me, a common soldier."

"Take it!" commanded Napoleon. "There is nothing too grand and magnificent for a soldier of France."

The soldier mounted and rode away on his perilous business, ready and willing, and Napoleon's words, repeated through the ranks and columns of his army, gave to his tired troops fresh inspiration and energy. "Nothing too grand and magnificent for a soldier of France!" they said, and the thought that they were worthy of the best inspired them to the mighty deeds which followed.

WIFELY ORDERS.

Two Men Obeyed Them, but the Third
Man Balked.

"Three men sat rather late at the club one night," said the man who is responsible for the story. "As they were separating they discussed a little nervously the receptions that awaited them at their wives' hands and agreed that he who didn't do what his wife told him on getting home should have to treat the others to a turkey dinner. The first man after reaching his house stumbled about the dark bedroom till he kicked the cat. The cat squalled, and the man's wife, raising her head from the pillow, moaned, 'Well, go on; kill the poor cat and have done with it.' The man frowned and muttered to himself, 'It is a case of kill the cat or pay for the dinner.' So he killed the cat.

"The second man on his arrival could not find any matches. As he looked for some in the drawing room he bumped against the piano, and his wife complained, 'Why don't you break the piano, careless?' Determined not to lose his bet, the man got a hatchet, and the sound of crashing blows soon filled the house.

"The third man, getting home, stumbled on the way upstairs. His wife screamed angrily, 'Go on, fall downstairs and break your neck, do!' 'Not me,' said the third man after a moment's thought. 'I'll pay for the turkey dinner!'"—Chicago News.

A Merchant's Memory.

Among the characteristics which made for the success of Mr. A. T. Stewart, the great New York merchant, says Richard Lathers in his "Reminiscences," was an extraordinary memory for the details of his vast business.

One day as Mr. and Mrs. Lathers were leaving the store Mr. Stewart accosted them at the door.

"I hope, Mrs. Lathers, you have found what you want," he said.

"No, Mr. Stewart," she replied. "I want a very plain Brussels carpet for a small library, a light color with a small blue figure. You have a great variety, but nothing just like that."

"I am quite sure we have that exact description," he said, and, turning to a clerk, added: "Go to the third floor and get out from the last invoice of carpets No. 2206. I think the style and pattern will just suit Mrs. Lathers."

To the amazement of the shopper it proved to be the very thing she was looking for.

AN AFFAIR ON THE BOSPORUS.

[Original]

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 mysterious 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 hardest and most impenetrable of substances there was probably a feverish intensity of inner motion. I do not know that I acquired any precise knowledge, but I drank deep drafts of wonder and awe.

The great man, with his amused and weary smile, was finally 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 puerile statements. Power—no, it is not that! It rather makes one realize one's feebleness in being so uncertain about things that are absolutely certain 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."

One day Babcock was walking on a street in Constantinople when a palanquin passed him in which was a Turkish 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."

"Most excellent and exalted Bob," protested the servant, "that lady is from the harem of the sultan. I recognized her the moment she lifted her veil."

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

One evening a few days later Babcock set out from the legation to take a walk. Mahdesian, who handed him his hat and cane, proposed to accompany 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 flying the American flag was lying at anchor. Presently 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 covered 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 meeting at the dwelling of a friend on whom she could rely implicitly.

They had spent a happy hour together when suddenly half a dozen men came over the wall—the door was locked—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 robbers knew well that one was connected with the United States embassy while the other was of the imperial harem, and they demanded an enormous sum to keep the secret and let them go their way.

Now this was a very unpleasant predicament—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 absent Mahdesian, who was responsible for his charge. Indeed, if there was no means of a settlement forthcoming all were sure to lose their lives. Babcock, 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 foolhardiness and especially regretted not permitting Mahdesian to come with him.

"How do you mean?" said the millionaire. "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 disease, 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 "persona," a person, and the person is the persona ecclesiae, or representative, of the church. The forms person and person bear the same relation to each other as Clark and Clark. From being pronounced person the word has come to be so written. Blackstone in his "Commentaries" says:

"He is called 'parson' (persona) because 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 "Pars?"—that is, "Quae pars orationis?" (What part of speech?) used by schoolmasters.

To 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 'Don't forget me.' I think it is about time something was done!"—London Mail.

All He Said.

Officer—How is this, Murphy? Sergeant complains that you called him names. Private Murphy—Plaze, sir, never called him on names at all. All I said was, "Sergeant," says I, "some of us ought to be in a menagerie!"—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 deride what they do not understand and snarl at the good and beautiful because it lies beyond their sympathy.—Goethe.

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

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ALL the News, ALL the Time, for

1 Cent a Day

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

LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Miss Lily Day spent today in Indianapolis. Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lee Trainor, Jan. 4, a son.

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. Hutcheson 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.

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.

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 Raccoon, 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 Hanana and Locust streets.

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

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. 342

DePAUW UNIVERSITY NOTES.

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

The girl's gymnasium classes meet today as usual.

Guy Elwell 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 will be held at four thirty this afternoon. Herbert Walker, of Anderson, Indiana, will not return to school this term.

The men's gymnasium classes will 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 Lautain, 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 give number for a later date.

Pure Gold Flour handled by O. L. Jones & Co. 342

OUR WANT COLUMN

For Rent—Furnished and unfurnished rooms for rent. All modern conveniences. Terms reasonable. 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 printer's trade. Apply at this office.

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A lady farmer planted a garden. She was very proud of her prospective peans, 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 can-

peas. I think they come up a lit-

tle 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

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"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? Glad, but she'd make a good show place for some of those newly rich Americans!" he murmured as he passed on with the cigar in his mouth.

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"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."

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.

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 southeastward 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 hotel, 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 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.

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"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 shawed up—New York World."

For Winter Use.

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

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