

The Greencastle Herald

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F. C. TILDEN C. J. ARNOLD

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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.

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ANNOUNCEMENT CARDS

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

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

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

For Sheriff— Edward H. 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.

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 Coroner—

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

For Representative—

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

For Commissioner Third District—

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

For Sheriff—

Theodore Crawley announces that he will be a candidate for representative, subject to the decision of the 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—

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

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.

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 livery 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 married 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 proud of him to be willing that he should so be classified by others.

Much the same feeling had led Bessie Brewster to refuse to marry Fred Greysen until his fortune should match her own. Greysen had gone to the Philippines, where he believed that a fortune might be acquired quickly. He 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 quibbled 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.

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into the house, he who summoned the doctor, and he was waiting when at last, Bessie having fallen into the merciful oblivion of sleep, Betty stole softly from the room.

"Are you still here?" she asked in surprise as she came up to Vance.

"I must go back to town tonight," he explained. "Before I go I had to see you."

"We have been all over that before," pleaded Betty. "Can't you understand how I feel about it, dear?"

"And does this not change your mind?" he asked. "Look, Betty! I have come to let you decide for me. Already I am making progress in my profession. I am classed as one of the rising young men among the engineers. My reputation has obtained for me an offer from South America. It is to go down there and make the survey for a railroad. It will make me rich in three or four years.

"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?"

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