

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. 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.

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.

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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 sailor coat is on deck. Nothing keeps her below."

"Girl in sailor 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 sailor 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 sailor 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 sailor 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.

Somewhat 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

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