

WEATHER REPORT.
Fair tonight probably followed
by increasing cloudiness Fri-
day; rising temperature.

Greencastle Herald.

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

VOL. 2, NO. 244.

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA, THURSDAY, JAN. 9, 1908.

PRICE ONE CENT

ALL READY FOR PRIMARY

Democrats of Putnam County Will
Chose Their Candidates Tomorrow
—Close Races Are Expected and
Much Interest Is Being Manifest-
ed.

TWO POLLS AT COURT HOUSE

Tomorrow is the day.
By 6 o'clock Friday night the fate
of the several men who are striving
to gain the nomination for Demo-
cratic office in Putnam county will
be decided.
Seven nominations will be made.
They are for Representative, Treas-
urer, Sheriff, Surveyor, Coroner,
Commissioner Second District and
Commissioner Third District. Two
of the races will be "walk-aways,"
as Alec Lane, candidate for Surveyor
and George E. Raines, candidate for
Commissioner of the Second District
have no opponents. In every one of
the other races, however, hot con-
tests are promised. The ticket to be
voted upon tomorrow follows:

**DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY ELEC-
TION.**
For Representative.
Daniel C. Brackney.
Theodore Crawley.
David B. Hostetter.
For Treasurer.
James H. Hurst.
Jasper N. Miller.
Henry H. Runyan.
For Sheriff.
Theodore Boes.
Powell S. Brazier.
Edward H. Eitelborg.
Frank M. Stroube.
For Surveyor.
Alec A. Lane.
For Coroner.
Dr. Reverdy J. Gillespie.
Edmund B. Lynch.
For Commissioner 2nd District
George E. Raines.
For Commissioner 3rd District
Alcany Farmer.
James E. Houck.
William M. Moser.

David J. Skelton.
Besides the general primary there
will be primaries in several of the
townships at which candidates for
Assessors and Trustees will be cho-
sen. The townships in which these
primaries will be held are:
Jackson,
Franklin,
Clinton,
Madison,
Floyd,
Marion,
Washington,
Cloverdale,
Millcreek.
The several polls will be opened
at 6 o'clock tomorrow morning and
will remain open until 6 in the even-
ing. In Greencastle township there
will be only two polls. Both will be
in the court house. One will be for
the township outside of Greencastle
and the other for the city. The city
voting place will be in the assessor's
office and the township voting place
in the little room on the first floor
used as a gentlemen's waiting room.
Returns of the primary will be an-
nounced in the Assembly room at
the court house tomorrow night.
Today was a busy time for the
candidates and all the lobbies of the
court house was crowded with men
talking politics. The general opin-
ion is that every race will be a close
one and that no candidate will "win
in a walk."
Official vote cast at the Putnam
county Democratic primary election,
Jan. 12 1906 is as follows:
Jackson tp.250
Franklin tp.357
Russell tp.97
Clinton tp.137
Monroe tp.178
Floyd tp.103
Marion tp.234
Greencastle tp.585
Madison tp.152
Washington tp.232
Warren tp.75
Jefferson tp.143
Cloverdale tp.285
Mill Creek tp.65
Total1893
Sale bills of any kind printed on
short notice at the Star and Demo-
crat office.

JACKSON STATE CHAIRMAN

Greenfield Man Wins after Hotly Con-
tested Fight in Indianapolis Yes-
terday—Took Forty-One Ballots
to Decide Who Should Lead Party
Fight During the Campaign.

A FIGHT AGAINST TOM TAGGART

U. S. ("Stokes") Jackson of
Greenfield was chosen chairman of
the Indiana-Democratic state com-
mittee at the Grand Hotel at 8 o'clock
last night after forty-one bal-
lots had been taken. The selection
of a chairman finished one of the
hottest political campaigns for pre-
liminary organization in the history
of any party in Indiana.
The election of "Stokes" Jackson
was looked upon by the crowd of
Democrats gathered in the city to
assist in the election of a chairman
as another victory for what is known
as the Taggart element of the Demo-
cratic party.

National Chairman Taggart de-
clared that the election of Jackson was
a victory for him.

"The fact is," he said, "Mr. Jack-
son is not my name. However, I am
well satisfied with his selection, just
the same as I would be if any other
good Democrat had been elected."

The contest waged fiercely all day.
It started at 11 o'clock yesterday
morning, when the first ballot was
taken. On the first ballot Mr. Jack-
son received six votes, just one short
of enough to elect him. Only one
ballot was taken before noon.
When the first ballot of the after-
noon was counted Mr. Jackson had
only five votes, Michael E. Foley of
the Ninth District having deserted
him. Mr. Foley returned later, how-
ever, as the Jackson men said he
would. They said he was only "flir-
ting" when he broke away a while
and cast his vote for Richard K. Er-
win, who for a time ran Mr. Jackson
a close race.

The men who stood by Jackson at
the last and helped elect him were
T. D. Scales of the First District;
Mark Storen of the Third; George
Pleasant of the Fourth; Peter Foley
of the Fifth; John Osborn of the
Sixth; Bernard Korbly of the Seven-
th and M. E. Foley of the Ninth Dis-
trict.

This gave Jackson seven votes and
elected him after the hottest political
fight he had ever gone through.
Mark Storen of the Third District
made Jackson's election possible at
the last moment—at a time when
the committeemen were growing
weary of the skirmishing and spar-
ring for winning points. All day
long Storen had stuck to his can-
didate, Adam Heimberger, of New
Albany. When Mr. Storen arrived in
the city Tuesday night he declared
to his friends: "I am for Adam
Heimberger from the first to the last
and until he sees fit to release me."
Mr. Storen kept his word and Mr.
Heimberger did not see fit to re-
lease him until nearly 8 o'clock last
night, when the situation had be-
come so strenuous that the wisest
politicians were beginning to wonder
how it was all going to end.

During the afternoon, through the
smoke of battle anxious ones had
eyes on Adam Heimberger. "When
is he going to release his man and
relieve the situation," they all asked.
At one time late yesterday after-
noon it looked as if Heimberger
would not have to "release his man."
On the fortieth ballot Heimberger
received six votes. It only required
one more vote to elect him. Heim-
berger wondered if he would get it.
His friends knew that he would not.
It was simply a rush on the part of
the anti-Taggart crowd to put off a
little longer Jackson's victory.

After the fortieth ballot the com-
mittee took an adjournment until
7:30 o'clock. For the next hour and
a half all the diplomacy of the con-
testing factors was brought to bear
in the interests of their favorite can-
didates.

A few minutes before the commit-
tee sat in its final session Jackson
and Heimberger had a short confer-
ence above stairs. None of the wise
ones knew what the conference was
about, but they believed that it
meant the beginning of the end.
They were right, for within thirty
minutes Jackson was elected chair-
man of the committee. He was elected
by the vote of Heimberger's man.
A little later it was announced to the
crowd that Adam Heimberger had
been chosen as the vice chairman

Two Days Fun IN ONE NIGHT

Meharry
Hall
Monday, Jan. 13

and that his election was unanimous.

James K. Risk of Lafayette, who
for two months made an aggressive
campaign for the chairmanship, did
not figure conspicuously yesterday
so far as the voting was concerned.
However, he cut an active figure in
leading the opposition against Jack-
son. Risk is a member of the com-
mittee from the Tenth district, and
of course had one vote. At no time
did he cast it for Jackson.

BASKETBALL SEASON ON

With the enforcement of stringent
training rules and the first game of
the season but four days off Coach
Brown is buttoning the fifteen men
of the DePauw squad down to the
kind of practice that makes basket-
ball work. The squad will receive a
valuable addition in the person of
Hodges, an old Lafayette star, who
has entered DePauw.

Eight new suits have arrived and
the team will present a different ap-
pearance when they line up for the
game Saturday afternoon from any
other indoor team that has ever rep-
resented the old gold. The pants are
blue with old gold stripes and the
stockings and jersey are solid of
old gold.

The squad for practice as an-
nounced last night by Captain Sheets
who by the way is in splendid shape
for a stringent season in spite of last
term's layoff, is as follows: Forwards
E. J. Crick, Johnson, Sheets, Hodges,
Rohm and Krom; Guards, Hardin,
Hollapeter, Grady, Richards, Mercer,
and Swank; Centers, Pruitt and
Bachelard.

MERCHANTS' ASSOCIATION

A special meeting of the Mer-
chants Association will be held this
evening in the Assembly room of
the Court House 7:30 p. m.

It is earnestly desired that all
members attend. This will be the last
meeting before the state convention
and it is necessary to elect delegates
to same.

Dainty Eatables

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

ZEIS & CO.

Phone 67

A SUCCESSFUL XMAS TRIP

DePauw Glee Club Will Appear in
Meharry Hall January 24. Credit
Due Prof. Kleinsmid.

The DePauw Glee and Concert
Club under the excellent direction
of Professor Rufus Bernhard von-
Kleinsmid returned this week from
a ten days' trip through Southern In-
diana on which eight evening and
three afternoon programs were
pleasingly rendered. In each city
where the club appeared, the people
were unable to express their praise on
the work of the professor's "under-
studies" and efforts to bring all the
bouquets home were of no avail.

Prof. Kleinsmid was very well sat-
isfied with the work of his fourteen
artists who were so enthusiastically
applauded at the various cities. He
regarded the work of his feature
men as rare and was delighted with
the showing made by the members of
the glee club proper.

The success of the several enter-
tainments was due alone to the tire-
less efforts of the talented director
who made friends by the score on
the trip. The remarkable skill of
the popular professor was demon-
strated in every rendition under his
direction. Although he had worked
with the men but a short time he
had them perfectly trained and their
work showed superior coaching.

Prof. Kleinsmid however, is not
done with the club as he intends to
have the men in more perfect shape
for the ensuing engagements. They
will render a special concert in Me-
harry Hall Friday, January 24, and
will also appear at Indianapolis,
Danville and Brazil before starting
on a trip during the spring vacation.
The director hopes to have the club
in perfect condition for these con-
certs.

COFFMAN—BROWN

A beautiful home wedding took
place at the home of Mr. and Mrs.
Ollie Wright, six miles north of
Greencastle, New Year's Eve at
seven o'clock when their daughter,
Ruby Dove Brown was wedded to
Mr. Edgar Earl Coffman, son of Mr.
and Mrs. Melvin Coffman of Mt.
Pleasant.

Fifty of the nearest relatives were
assembled in the north parlor when
the wedding march was played by
Mrs. Sietta Crews, aunt of the bride.
The groom and groom's gent, Mr.
John Huffman, marched in from the
back parlor, while the bride and
bride's maid, Miss Maude O'Hair,
marched in from the south parlor,
meeting in the middle of the room
and proceeding to the altar which
was tastefully decorated.

A beautiful and impressive cere-
mony was performed by Rev. E. W.
Holmes of Greencastle. After the
usual congratulations, delicious re-
freshments were served in the two
front parlors. The back parlor, all
of which were beautifully decorated
with evergreen and pot-plants.

The bride is a well known, talent-
ed and popular young lady, and the
groom is a promising and prosperous
young man.

Many valuable and useful pres-
ents were received, some few of
which were as follows: Silver cake-
basket, knives and forks and sugar
shell; tea-set and napkins; parlor-
lamp; rocking chair; pitcher; towels;
carving-set; water-set; berry-set;
cracker-jar and many other beau-
tiful dishes.

A reception was given to the
young couple the next evening by
the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs.
Melvin Coffman, to which many of
their young friends were invited.

Their many friends join in wish-
ing them a long and happy life and
God's greatest blessings.

HIS ESCAPE MIRACULOUS

B. G. Johnson, a Big Four freight
train brakeman, met with an acci-
dent at the Big Four station early
this morning, which, luckily for him
had a tinge off marvelousness about
it. Why his feet were not cut off is
a mystery.

Jackson slipped and fell, his shoe
catching under the wheels of a mov-
ing train. The whole toe of his shoe
was torn off by the wheels and his
ankle sprained but the skin was not
even broken. Dr. McGaughey cared
for the man's injury and sent him to
Indianapolis to the railroad hospital.

Pure Gold Flour handled by O. L.
Jones & Co. 3142

THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

The union services of the church-
es, which are being held during the
"Week of Prayer" are well attended
and interesting and successful meet-
ings.

The subject of the services last
night was, "The Church Made Truly
Glorious." The short sermon was
given by Dr. D. VanDyke.

To night the service will be held
in the College Avenue church. The
half-hour devotional service will be
conducted by Dr. Hoagland. The ad-
dress will be given by the Rev. C.
W. Cauble of the Christian church.
The pastors extend a cordial invita-
tion to all the people.

COLORED K. OF P. ELECTS

Greencastle Lodge No. 46 K. of P.
has elected the following officers for
the term beginning Jan. 14, 1908.
The installment will be next Tuesday
evening:

Emilio Miles, M. W.
J. Delmer Ernest, C. C.
Herald Townsend, V. C.
Anderson McCoy, M. F.
Jerome Smith, M. E.
Paul Cain, K. of R. & S.
J. Henry Miles, Prelate.
Zachariah Marsh, M. A.
E. B. Rouse, I. G.
Adam Wagner, O. G.
Ben Hayden, Frank Miles, and W.
H. Henning, Trustees.
Chas. W. Herring, representative
to Grand Lodge.

AT THE BAPTIST CHURCH

The topic tonight at the Baptist
church will be: "How the World
Was Lost."

Rom., 5:12: "Sin entered into
the world and death through sin,
and so death passed (through) unto
all men for that all have sinned."

I. The fact. Sin entered in.
How. That is not the most impor-
tant consideration. My watch was
made for a specific purpose. Dirt
entered in. That destroyed it. Sin
entered the world; men ceased to be
and do that for which God created
them.

II. The result. Death through
sin. Sin is an active principle, it
dwells, reigns, destroys. Makes im-
possible God's purpose. Annihilates
all higher ideals, and nobler capac-
ities. "Sin reigns in death."
III. Its comprehensive result.
Death passed through to all men.
That makes all alike—dead. One
dead man is no better than another.

Pure Gold Flour is a whole wheat
flour, at O. L. Jones & Co. 31-42

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 coun-
try, 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 embarrass-
ment of asking your friends to sign for you.
Come in and see us.

The Central Trust Company

\$6.00 to \$8.00
Some at \$5.00



Comfort

The lines of The
Stetson Shoe are re-
fined and graceful
in design and do not
deviate from the
natural curves of
comfort.

THE
STETSON
SHOE
THE STETSON SHOE CO. 80, WETMOUTH, MASS.

is not only free from strains and pulls from with-
in, but withstands the wear and tear from with-
out, because it is made from the highest quality
of materials obtainable and constructed with the
utmost perfection of detail. The merest glance
shows it to be The Better Shoe—close inspection
brings out the reasons for its superiority.

Full lines—all styles—all lasts.

For Sale by

SIMPSON HIRT

Allen's Coat Sale

Fair Warning

To All Seeking High Class Merchan-
dise at a Tremendous Sacrifice

Our coat department in the last ten days has been
literally jammed by women who know what it
means when we advertise and who appreciate the
real value and the high character of merchandise
offered them during our Clearance Sales. We say
again, fair warning to those expecting to find their
ideal want—a little later they'll be a thing of the
past and disappointment will be your lot.

Come To-morrow, Come Early

\$ 8.00 Coats	now \$4.00	\$6.00 Children's Coats	now \$3.00
10.00 "	" 5.00	7.00 Children's Coats	now \$3.50
12.50 "	" 6.25	7.50 Children's Coats	now \$3.75
15.00 "	" 7.50	8.00 Children's Coats	now \$4.00
18.00 "	" 9.00	9.00 Children's Coats	now \$4.50
20.00 "	" 10.00	10.00 Children's Coats	now \$5.00
22.50 "	" 11.25		
25.00 "	" 12.50		
30.00 "	" 15.00		
35.00 "	" 17.50		
\$4.00 Children's Coats	now \$2.00		
\$5.00 Children's Coats	now \$2.50		

27 doz. Odd style Napkins,
8 half doz. no linens to match,
at very low prices
to close from 98c to
\$2.75. Worthy your
attention.

Allen Brothers

The Greencastle Herald

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F. C. TILDEN C. J. ARNOLD

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SOMERSET.

Mrs. Alpha Haines, who has been quite ill, is improving.

Mrs. Raymond Nelson has been quite sick at the home of her brother, Earl O'Hair, but is better.

Most of the farmers have their corn gathered, others are taking advantage of the fine weather to have the remainder of their corn shredded.

John Chandler's family driving horse died a few days ago.

J. F. O'Hair and son shipped a car load of fat hogs Tuesday.

Omar Singleton talks of moving back to the farm.

Mrs. Frank Hall and Mrs. Andy Thomas were called to Tipton, Ind. Wednesday of last week to attend the funeral of their brother, Clem

McCray, who had died, after a short illness of double pneumonia.

Ely Soobee, Milligan Young and Ed Arnold are all suffering from rheumatism.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Newgent, of Roachdale, visited at John Wyssong's, the first of last week.

C. K. Hall is having a barn built on his tenant place.

George Phillips and sister, Anna, and aunt, Miss Lola Phillips, of Evansville recently visited the latter's sister, Mrs. John Chandler.

Green Garrett had the misfortune to have his barn, containing a lot of feed and all his farming implements, destroyed by fire, Saturday night week ago. This is quite a loss to Mr. Garrett as he carried no insurance.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Singleton are planning to build a handsome new residence on their farm in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. Wes. Flint are planning to remodel or rebuild their house this spring.

Miss Louise O'Hair is on the sick list.

Chas. Davis and wife and son, Glen, and Mr. VanHook and family were Sunday visitors at Lawrence Ferrands'.

LOCUST GROVE.

May we add another item to our list by saying, "we are all afflicted with bad colds?"

Sunday evening caller at Grandpa McCoy's were Mr. and Mrs. John Clarke and Mr. and Mrs. Forest Clarke.

Ernest Smith and wife spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Will Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. John Clarke Sundayed with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Miller spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Earl Smith.

Mrs. Anna Day is on the sick list.

Saturday evening callers at Walter Wright's were Mr. and Mrs. Ruben Maston and family and Mr. and Mrs. Will Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Owen's spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Williamson.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reeves spent Monday at John McCoy's.

Grandpa McCoy is real poorly at this writing.

A VALID OBJECTION.

Young Sheridan's Ready Wit Saved Him a Birching.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan early evinced a genius for getting something for nothing and, seeing the door of the refectory had inadvertently been left unlocked, peeped in and saw a huge basket of grapes freshly gathered from the orchard.

Stealthily closing the door and approaching the grapes, he thus addressed them: "I publish the ban of marriage between Richard Brinsley Sheridan and these grapes. Is there any one to forbid the ban?" And, having no reply to his query, he proceeded to fill his breadbasket from the other basket with great gusto. But retribution was to follow, for on the class being reassembled the master called upon Richard Brinsley Sheridan to stand forth and joined with his name the ominous name of Walker, who was the dunce of the school and selected from his weight and size to mount the culprit upon his shoulders in order that the master might get a firm surface upon which to use the birch with effect.

Sheridan being duly mounted and appropriately denuded of superfluous raiment, the master thus addressed him: "I publish the ban of marriage between Richard Brinsley Sheridan and this birch. Is there any just cause or impediment why these two parties should not be joined in holy matrimony?"

"Hold!" yelled Sheridan.

"Well?" said the master.

To which Sheridan said, "Why, sir, the parties are not agreed!" This being not only witty, but apt, as being a valid objection in point of law, Sheridan was requested to retire and restore himself to his former habiliments amid the uncontrollable laughter of all concerned, including the head master.—Exchange.

THE LAND OF OPHIR.

Where Was It—In Mashonaland, South Arabia or India?

One of the most interesting and important questions concerning Biblical sites perpetually invites research and persistently evades solution. "Where is the land of Ophir?" Dr. Karl Peters at a public meeting in Berlin declared emphatically that this famous Biblical region is located between the Zambesi and Limpopo rivers. He told his German audience how he has discovered many shafts of ancient gold mines, 500 temples, fortifications and other ruins of Phoenician origin. Dr. Peters affirms that coins unearthed in Mashonaland belong undoubtedly to the time of King Solomon. His opinion is that no other part of Africa could have exported the ivory, silver and precious stones which are recorded in the Bible as coming from Ophir.

Against this theory, founded as it undoubtedly is on very plausible evidence, Bible students are still likely to maintain, on the testimony of Genesis x, 29, that Ophir was a section of South Arabia. Here down to the time of Ezekiel the Phoenicians still landed to procure gold and gems with which those famous sailors and merchants of the ancient world traded in many countries distant from their Syrian shores.

Many erudite writers have attempted to identify Sofala, on the east coast of Africa, with Ophir, while yet others have located it in India. One of the most learned essays written on the subject is from the pen of Professor Hommel, who argued that the ancient land of gold was Arabia Felix.—Homiletic Review.

A Man to Be Envied.

"Do you know," remarked a visitor to a Broadway hotel, "I'm always inclined to envy the clerk in a hotel like this. He is always well groomed and smiling, has a wider acquaintance among the wealthy or well to do than I can ever hope to have and is always so aggressively at peace with the world and himself; also he wears more of a diamond scarf-pin or ring which is certainly beyond me. It's a pretty comfortable berth."

Several hours later the hotel clerk reached for his coat and hat. As he left the office he turned to a comrade: "Say, Ned, can you let me have \$10 till the first? Rent due at home tomorrow, and I'm shy. Doctor's bills hit me pretty hard this month, and I don't want to lie awake tonight if I can help it."—New York Globe.

Her Poor Memory.

A woman who belonged to an ancient but penniless family married a rich plebeian, but she never forgot the misalliance nor allowed any one else to do so. One day, attended by a servant, she went into a store and gave an order.

"And where shall I send it, madam?" said the shopkeeper.

"Jean," said the woman, turning to her servant, "tell the man your master's name. I never can remember it."

The Average Man.

"Fa, what's an average man?" "One who has a sneaking suspicion that he has qualities which make him superior to anybody else."—Chicago Tribune.

Would Get Copyright Fee.

"What can I do for you, sir?" "Well, you see, parson, there's a girl with me that I'd like to get copyrighted in my own name."—New York Press.

To Catch the Train.

A physician says early rising is an error. More frequently it is a necessity.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Receiving a new truth is adding a new sense.—Liebig.

IN LITTLE SPRINGS CANYON

By Addison Howard Gibson.

Copyrighted, 1907, by M. M. Cunninghamham.

As the pony picked its way up the wild, rock bordered canyon Ivy Norris took in great breaths of the ozone of the Arizona foothills.

"This is living!" she cried, throwing out her arms. "The folks back home would not know me. These three months spent in this wonderful climate have made me strong and young again. And this weather! Back in New Hampshire they are having snow, while out here it is golden sunshine all day long. My heart is full of the day—Thanksgiving! When I write back home that I spent my Thanksgiving out in the foothills all alone the folks won't believe me. They'll simply say I'm learning western ways fast—to manufacture some big ones to boom the country."

The last of August Ivy Norris, pale, thin and thirty, had arrived from the east to teach the Lone Mesa school. The cowboys on Mr. Tower's ranch, where she boarded and lodged, treated the coming of the cultivated little woman as a great joke. Her short skirts, the boots and the handsome little revolver and cartridge belt furnished them material for comment for weeks. Even Warde Hughes, the foreman, was amused at her first attempts to mount and ride Pilot, the gentlest pony on the ranch, but he equally enjoyed the pluck with which she persisted in learning to ride and the use of the little revolver that looked so comically dangerous in her small white hand.

On this Thanksgiving morning the handsome foreman had reined in his cow pony behind a thicket of mesquite trees and was watching faithful old Pilot carefully bear his fair rider up the trail of Little Springs canyon. All at once he became aware of the fact that a few months had wrought a great transformation in the school-teacher of Lone Mesa. The thin form had rounded out into graceful curves, the pale face had become plump and rosy, and her awkwardness in the saddle had given place to an easy manner that could no longer be ascribed to a novice.

"She's like a girl of twenty," he so eloquently. "By Jove, she's the neat—"



HE WATCHED IVY NORRIS COME UP THE RUGGED TRAIL.

est edition of her species that ever struck these foothills. I wonder if she knows where she is going. She's a good ten miles from the ranch house now and still going on. Well, she's a pretty interesting stray, and I'm going to see that she doesn't get entirely lost."

With this thought Warde Hughes entered another trail, then cautiously made a detour, coming back to the canyon just above Little Springs. Still concealed back of some manzanita bushes, he watched Ivy Norris come on up the rugged trail. She was singing a stanza of an old school song that he remembered, and the notes floated up to him on the warm November air sweet and clear as an angel's song. Suddenly she ceased, and she glanced quickly up the slope. Then, catching up her revolver, she sent a shot whizzing off into the chaparral. A tawny form dropped out of sight down the ravine.

"Ah," exclaimed the foreman admiringly, "she made Mr. Coyote hit the dirt as well as a soldier could have done it."

Guiding the pony to the springs, Ivy dismounted. While Pilot drank in long, satisfying quaffs from one of the little springs the young woman looked about her, noting the steep granite walls that surrounded her, the deep azure of the sky and the golden glow of the sunshine enveloping everything like a loving mother keeping a winter's chill at bay. Then she saw Warde Hughes approaching from an opposite direction.

"May I join you, Miss Norris?" he asked.

"Certainly, Mr. Hughes," she answered. "It is noon, isn't it?" giving an odd little squint at the sun as if she were already enough of a plainswoman to estimate the time by its elevation.

"It is about 12:30," said Hughes, with the old timer's accuracy.

"Then it is time for my lunch, and

I'm as hungry as that wretched coyote I shot at. It is Thanksgiving day, Mr. Hughes. I have beef sandwiches, olives, cheese, crackers and some fig wafers in my saddlebags. With New England hospitality I ask you to help me eat them."

"While it is not the custom of us cattlemen to take a lunch at noon," he returned, looking into the bright eyes of the little woman before him, "I am glad to break the custom on this occasion by accepting your invitation."

Under a live oak they spread the paper napkins which Ivy had brought and arranged the lunch upon them. Hughes soon caught the happy spirit of his companion, and, throwing his mask of conscious restraint aside, he talked and laughed with her with the pleasure of a boy.

"The spring must furnish us tea," she said, handing Hughes her pretty silver folding cup. He quickly filled it from the spring near by. Then he passed the cup to her. "I did not think of having company," she said apologetically, touching the rim daintily with her pretty lips. "I wish I had another."

"I'm glad you haven't," protested Hughes heartily. "I like this one best," taking the cup from her hands and drinking.

For a minute Ivy made no reply. Then she looked at the man sitting opposite her as if in doubt of his meaning. The next instant she smiled frankly and said:

"Well, I think I do too."

The half serious simplicity of her speech amused Hughes, and, throwing back his head, he laughed in real enjoyment.

"I'm sure we'll get on all right," he said, still laughing.

Hughes declared there never was such a lunch. The greatest Thanksgiving feast in the land was nothing compared with this. The cold, pure water which they sipped in such good comradeship from the one cup he was sure outweighed the nectar of all the gods.

All too soon it was finished, and they sat back under the live oak silent, but happy. Suddenly Ivy realized it was midafternoon and she had twelve miles to ride back to the ranch. Tomorrow there would be school and the old routine of duties. Today held sunshine, laughter, joy; the next would be filled with the daily grind and hard tasks. Watching her from under the wide rim of his hat, Warde Hughes saw the weary expression begin to settle over Ivy Norris' face, and he understood.

Left an orphan after finishing school, his loneliness had driven him west. Here temperate habits and sterling principles had won him success. Now a woman, loving the freedom of his hills as he loved it, had entered his life. Suddenly he beheld a vision—a vision of liberty for both. Immediately he felt an intuition that the loneliness of both was at an end. The new life of sunshine, the sunshine of a wonderful love, was glowing for them. He yearned to tell her, to lift the shadows from the patient face, but the moment of realization was too blissful for speech.

"Come," he said at last, springing up to meet the new life and claim it for them. Gently he took her hand and lifted her to her feet. Then, looking into her beautiful eyes, he said eagerly, "Little woman, I want you to let me make every day of your life a Thanksgiving like today."

A soft flush stole into her face, but she did not leave the strong arms which held her.

Proper Treatment For Burns.

In case of burns death may be due, first, to asphyxia; second, to shock, and, third, to septicaemia.

The medical man seldom gets to the case in time to treat the first condition, the second is essentially a general condition, while the whole success in preventing the third depends upon the immediate local treatment. It is therefore the last condition which must be considered here. Among the public it is a generally accepted idea that the thing to do in the case of a burn is to dust flour over it or to cover it with oil, and, indeed, even in some comparatively late text books on surgery a mixture known as "Carron oil" is advocated.

The use of such applications cannot be too strongly deprecated, and, indeed, if the lay mind could be taught that the best thing to put on a burn before the doctor is called is a hot compress, which should contain some boracic acid if there is any in the house, it is probable that the majority of deaths due to septicaemia after burns would be prevented.

For the whole aim and object of the local treatment is to prevent sepsis. Flour and olive oil may be soothing and may allay the pain, but there is no antiseptic property in them; rather they are excellent culture media for bacteria.—London Hospital.

Why He Remembered.

The Lawyer (cross examining)—Now, what did you say your first name was? The Witness (cautiously)—Waal, I was baptized John Henry.

The Lawyer—You were, were you? How do you know you were?

The Witness—Waal, I was there, you know.

The Lawyer—Huh! How do you know you were?

The Witness—Why, I couldn't have been baptized otherwise. And, besides, I think I can remember it quite well.

The Lawyer—Ho, you do, do you?

The Witness—Waal—er—yes.

The Lawyer (deeply sarcastic)—Kindly explain to the court and jury, my friend with the phenomenal memory, how an infant in arms came to remember that ceremony so well, will you?

The Witness—Waal—er—you see, I wasn't baptized until I was eighteen years old.

Trick Roller Skating

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

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PROGRAM FOR THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

Sunday, Jan. 5.
Sermons in the churches.

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

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

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

Wednesday.
Louvain St. M. E. Church.
"The Church Made Truly Glorious" Eph. 3: 20, 21, Rev. 2: 7; leader, Dr. D. Vandyeke.

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

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

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

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

A Cure for Misery.

"I have found a cure for the misery malaria poison produces," says R. M. James, of Louellen, S. C. "It's called Electric Bitters, and comes in 50 cent bottles. It breaks up a case of chills or a bilious attack in almost no time; and it puts yellow jaundice clean out of commission." This great tonic, medicine and blood purifier gives quick relief in all stomach, liver and kidney complaints and the misery of lame back. Sold under guarantee at the Owl Drug Store, in

TOWNSHIP PRIMARIES.

The Democrats of the following townships will nominate candidates for township trustee and assessor on the same day that the county primary will be held, Jan. 10, 1908.

Jackson,
Franklin,
Clinton,
Madison,
Floyd,
Marion,
Washington,
Cloverdale,
Millicreek.

WITHDRAWS HIS CANDIDACY.

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

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LOCATION OF FIRE ALARM BOXES.

For Fire Department Call Phone No. 41.

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61	Walnut and Madison
321	Engine House
32	Hanna and Crowa
42	Bloomington and Anderson
52	Seminary and Arlington
62	Washington and Durham
72	Washington and Locust
212	Seminary and Locust
23	Howard and Crowa
43	Main and Ohio
53	College Ave and Demotte Alley
63	Locust and Sycamore

1—2—1, Fire Out.

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Sale bills of any kind printed on short notice at the Star and Democrat office.

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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. Eiteljorg, of Clinton township, wishes to announce to the voters of Putnam county that he is a candidate for the nomination for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

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

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

For Sheriff—
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

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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

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North Bound	
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ald.

An Incident of the Divorce Club.

(Original.)

The organization of the Divorce club was looked upon with amusement by those who had not tried matrimony and those who were happily married, but was very popular with divorcees. Its object was ostensibly to enable the members to compare notes, so that if any of them should happen to marry again they might benefit by each other's experiences. The real object was to find other mates.

Alexander Smithson became a member after the club had grown to be very large. It is questionable if Mr. Smithson joined for the purpose of finding a wife. He had loved the woman from whom he had been divorced and by whom he had had children. The cause of their separation was incompatibility. He became a member rather from curiosity and because he had been urged to join by his sister, Mrs. Chisholm, a lovely woman.

Mrs. Chisholm—her brother having been duly elected—told him that there was a member of the club to whom she was desirous of presenting him, a woman who, like himself, had made an unfortunate marriage and who might make the rest of his life happy. Smithson expressed a willingness to meet the lady, but his sister, whose matrimonial experiences had developed certain theories of her own, told him that it would be better he should make certain investigations before putting himself under an influence which would surely (if it existed) warp his judgment. She volunteered to furnish him with letters vouching for the good character, amiability and such other attributes of the lady in question as a good wife should possess. The vouchers were not to be signed, but Mrs. Chisholm knew every one of the writers to be capable and reliable witnesses. The lady they vouched for was to present a list of the faults of her divorced husband that led to her separation from him. Mrs. Chisholm proposed to furnish similar papers to the lady in question concerning her brother.

In due time Mr. Smithson received the testimonials and found them eminently satisfactory. Then one evening his sister sent for him and handed him a list of the shortcomings of the man who had been divorced from her friend. Smithson glanced them over and found them prefixed with a list of the man's good qualities. He was generous, honorable, an affectionate husband and father. Per contra, he never appreciated the home trials which beset his wife. He did not control his temper, never gave his wife a word of praise and if when she was harassed with domestic cares she was a bit cross and failed to meet him cheerfully on his return from business he would snarl at her, thus beginning a quarrel.

Mr. Smithson read the statement, pondered on it for some time, then said: "Winnie, I'm thinking that some of these faults are more or less common with all men, and considering the good qualities laid down the lady must have been hasty in throwing the man over."

"Do you mean that a man may give way to them and make a woman happy?"

"Well, I dare say I have given way to them myself at times."

"My friend tells me that any man she takes for a second husband must be free from these faults especially."

"Then I fear she will not want me, for I am not free from them, though I dare say were I to try matrimony again I would profit by this experience. Now I come to think of it, a good many of my quarrels with Alice began through some such cause as those mentioned among this man's faults."

The interview ended by Mr. Smithson giving his sister a letter to the lady she had picked out for him confessing that he regarded her husband's faults as human, that in some degree he possessed them himself and that in case of a second marriage he would exercise the greatest self-restraint possible to avoid falling into them.

"I will hand this letter to my friend," said Mrs. Chisholm, "and now please give me for a catalogue of Alice's faults that you require must be especially wanting in your second wife."

"I have made such a catalogue," said Smithson, "and have revised it. One by one I have stricken out her faults as simply a natural irritation till most of them have been erased, and since I have considered this paper you have handed me I fancy I may as well strike out what remains."

"If you feel that way, why not make it up with Alice?"

"Oh, it's too late for that." And, with a sigh, he intimated that he wished that contingency dropped.

The negotiations went on, a better understanding developing between the two club members as to what would be expected of each. Mr. Smithson thought that all this should take place after instead of before, but his sister insisted on the contrary. Finally when a solemn promise had been exacted of the man that he would not trouble a second wife with her first husband's faults and she had made a similar promise on her part a meeting was arranged to take place at Mr. Chisholm's residence.

When Smithson entered the room where he was to meet a possible wife, there stood the woman from whom he had been divorced, each of his two children holding one of her hands. The children advanced, and each, taking one of his own hands, led him to their mother.

And here ends the story.

EVAN D. SPOONER.

STAGE FRIGHT.

Actors Have Been Known to Die From the Malady.

Perhaps the most terrible malady which can attack the actor in the course of his performance in the peculiar disease known as stage fright. Through its evil effects strong men and women have been known to faint, break down and do many other queer things, and there are even on record several cases of people who have died through this horrible seizure.

Some years ago a young novice who was to appear for the first time arrived at the theater very white and shaky. Brandy being given him, he appeared slightly better, but no sooner had he set his foot on the stage than he clapped his hand to his heart, with a low cry, and fell down dead. The overwhelming sensation induced by stage fright had attacked his heart, and his theatrical career ended thus even at its beginning.

Quite as ghastly was the case of the young amateur actress who, strangely enough, had never experienced stage fright when playing with her fellow amateurs, but who was seized with the attack on making her first professional appearance. She went through the scene aided by the prompter, her eyes glazed, her hands rigid, and when the exit came it proved her exit from life's stage as well as the mimic boards, for she staggered to her dressing room and fell into a comatose state, from which she never recovered.

Perhaps, however, the most peculiar instance of all was that of the veteran performer who had gone through thirty years of stage work without experiencing this malady. One night, however, he confided to a fellow player that a quite unaccountable nervousness had suddenly taken hold of him and that he did not think he could ever act again.

His comrade laughed at the notion and urged him to go on, as usual, but his astonishment may well be conceived when the poor old player went on the stage and, after making several vain efforts to speak, fell back and expired. The doctor who made the post-mortem examination stated that death was due to failure of the heart's action, evidently induced by the presence of an attack of stage fright.—Pearson's Weekly.

TYBURN TREE.

Lord Ferrers' Tragic Journey to the Famous Old Gallows.

Park lane was Tyburn lane, and it seems as if the gallows—described in an old document as movable—at one time stood at its east corner. It was there the ferocious Lord Ferrers was hung in 1760 for murdering his servant. Horace Walpole's words paint the picture well: "He shamed heroes. He bore the solemnity of a pompous and tedious procession of above two hours from the Tower to Tyburn with as much tranquillity as if he were only going to his own burial, not to his own execution." And when one of the dragons of the procession was thrown from his horse Lord Ferrers expressed much concern and said, "I hope there will be no death today but mine."

On went the procession, with a mob about it sufficient to make its progress slow and laborious. Small wonder that the age of Thackeray, with Thackeray's help, set up its scaffolds within four high walls. Asking for drink, Lord Ferrers was refused, for, said the sheriff, late regulations enjoined him not to let prisoners drink while passing from the place of imprisonment to that of execution, great indecencies having been committed in the hour of execution. "And though," said he, "my lord, I might think myself excusable in overlooking this order out of regard to your lordship's rank, yet there is another reason, which, I am sure, will weigh with you—your lordship is sensible of the greatness of the crowd; we must draw up at some tavern; the confusion would be so great that it would delay the expedition which your lordship seems so much to desire." But decency—so often paraded by those who outrage it—ended with the murderer's death. "The executioners fought for the rope, and the one who lost it cried—the greatest tragedy, to his thinking, of the day!"—London Sketch.

When to Lift Your Hat.

In answer to the question, "Please tell when and where are, or is, the correct time for a gentleman to lift or remove his hat," we reply: Without consulting authorities of etiquette, in fact giving it to you offhand, so to speak, we should say at the following times and on the following occasions, respectively, the hat should be lifted or removed as circumstances indicate: When mopping the brow, when taking a bath, when eating, when going to bed, when taking up a collection, when having the hair trimmed, when being shampooed, when standing on the head.—Wichita (Kan.) Beacon.

A Curious Anomaly.

Until a few years ago the Philippine Islanders held their Sunday on the day which was Monday to the inhabitants of the neighboring island of Borneo. This curious anomaly arose from the historic fact that the Philippines were discovered by Spanish voyagers coming from the east round Cape Horn, while Borneo was discovered by Portuguese coming from the west, and sailors lose or gain a day according to their direction in crossing the Pacific.

His Title.

"Papa," said little James, "what do they call a man who writes comic operas—a composer?"

"No, my son," the old man answered; "he is usually called a plagiarist."—Los Angeles Times.

The GHOST of THE ROUNDHOUSE.

[Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.]

The conductor and engineer of a train may not even be acquaintances, and yet all goes well. The conductor may take out three or four different engineers in a week, and yet no trouble arises. It is different when you come to the cab. The engineer must have his own fireman.

For three years Engineer Stimpson and Fireman Davis had occupied a cab together on the run of the mountain division. At Butler the engineer had a family and home, and the fireman boarded with him. They were not related in any way, and yet the two looked so much alike that railroad men nicknamed them the twins. In every two men thrown together one is the stronger. In this case it was the engineer. He intuitively led the way in all things, and his fireman followed. Brothers could not have been greater chums. Davis might have had an engine in front of a freight train after a couple of years, as he had thoroughly mastered the mechanism of the steam monster, but he would not take it. He preferred the subordinate position for two reasons. First, it kept him beside his friend, and second, Stimpson had whispered to him one day:

"Jim, don't try it. You haven't got the nerve. If a pinch came you'd lose your head and bring about some awful disaster. I'm not saying that you wouldn't stand up to your work in a row with any man, but keep clear of the throttle. I've watched you, and I tell you that a dark night, a heavy train and a down grade makes you tremble like a girl, while I poke my head out of the window and whistle defiance to danger."

"That's it. I can't get over being scared," replied Jim. "When it's thirty-five an hour and a moonlight night, I can whistle, too, but the darkness and the speed to make up lost time take it all out of me. When we were six minutes behind in making the siding at Grand Bluff the other night and found the express booming down upon us, I prayed to God and jumped the cab. You haven't said a word to me about it, and I'm hoping you never will. It was the fear, Tom—such fear as I never have outside the cab and the fear that I never can control. Keep me on with you. I want no engine for myself."

Tom and Jim had been pals for nearly four years, when there came an accident that killed the engineer and so injured the fireman that he lost an arm. The engineer was buried and forgotten by all but a few, and the cripple was given a place in the railroad roundhouse as night watchman. He had held the place only a single month when strange reports began to be circulated. He had seen the ghost of his dead engineer in the cab of his old engine as she stood over the clinder pit. He saw again and again and whispered the news with white lips, and then he was called to the office of the master mechanic, and the official asked him in a blunt, unfeeling way:

"Jim, do you think I put you down in the roundhouse to make a fool of yourself?"

"No, sir."

"Then don't see Tom Stimpson's ghost again. If you do, I shall think you have taken to drink."

"And nothing but water ever passes my lips."

"But this ghost business is all nonsense. I am surprised that a sensible man like you would tell such a yarn."

"Mr. White," said Jim, as he moved a step nearer and dropped his voice to a whisper, "the ghost comes two or three times a week and sits in the cab of old 990 and looks at me, and that's God's truth, but from now on I'll say nothing about it. Why shouldn't it come? Tom was the best friend a man ever had."

It was a month after his interview with his boss that the ghost came earlier than usual one night. It was a night of darkness and storm—a night to try the nerves of every engineer due to go out or come in. The watchman had gone his rounds, and old 990 was hissing over the clinder pit after a long run when the ghost appeared in the cab and said:

"Jim, it's a bad night outside."

"It is that, Tom," was the reply.

"I told you once that I doubted your nerve. Perhaps I was wrong."

"No, pard. You hit the truth."

"I wouldn't do you wrong for the world, Jim. I want to see you at the throttle and outside on such a night as this. That will test your nerve. It may be that the accident has made a change. Take her out and see."

"And why not?" asked the watchman of himself. "The old feeling has gone, and perhaps it won't come back. If it don't I could run an engine with the arm that's left me. Thanked, Tom—I'll try it."

He climbed into the cab and, managed to shovel enough coal into the fire box to run the steam up again. Then he turned the table and threw open the doors and switched the engine on to the main track. It was a howling night or he would have been seen and stopped. As it was he turned the switch back, climbed into the cab and opened the throttle and sped away.

Ten miles down the road, with the 990 going at a speed of a mile a minute and the one armed man in the cab shouting for joy because the fright had left him forever, there was a head-on collision with a freight train and three men were killed.

"So there was a ghost in the roundhouse?" mused the master mechanic as he looked down upon the mangled form of the dead watchman when it was brought home. "Yes, there was a ghost there, but it was his own and led him to his death." M. QUAD.

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NOTICE OF DEMOCRAT PRIMARY

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

Wm. B. VESTAL,

Chairman.

JAS. P. HUGHES, Sec.

A Higher Health Level.

"I have reached a higher health level since I began using Dr. King's New Life Pills," writes Jacob Springer, of West Franklin, Maine. "They keep my stomach, liver and bowels working just right." If these pills disappoint you on trial, money will be returned at The Owl Drug Store. 25c. Jn.

CARPENTERSVILLE.

Virgil Bridges visited his son, W.

F. Bridges, at Terre Haute last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Walls and

Carl Walls spent last Wednesday

night at Wm. Ballenger's.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Eggers spent

last Thursday night with Mr. and

Mrs. Maurice Sutherland.

The wedding of Otto Perkins and

Lulu Eggers was the occasion of

another chavari Thursday night.

Earle Hall and sister, Zenie, visited

relatives near Bainbridge the

first of the week.

Miss Nellie Smith, of Crawfords-

ville, spent Sunday with Miss Nina

Dawson.

J. L. Witt and family and Mrs.

Grace Hines and son spent Sunday

at T. H. Young's.

Miss Hattie Mann is visiting her

sister, Pearl, at Avoca.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Shuee visited at

Thos. Bridges Sunday.

It Does The Business.

Mr. E. E. Chamberlain, of Clinton, Maine, says of Bucklen's Arnica Salve. "It does the business; I have used it for piles and it cured them. Used it for chapped hands and it cured them. Applied it to an old sore and it healed it without leaving a scar behind." 25c at The Owl Drug Store. Jn

No patent taken out of Pure Gold

sold at O. L. Jones Co. Feed store.

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Warden's**Home-Made****BREAD****New England****Bakery****EAST SIDE SQUARE****Greencastle****ICE****Rate to Families 25c****per Hundred Pounds****Crystal Ice Co.****Dry Goods, Notions, Boots****and Shoes, Groceries****Hard and Soft Coal****SHIP YOUR FREIGHT****T. H. I. & E. Trac. Line****Express service at Freight****rates to all points touched by****Tractiou 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

Harvey Monett, of Bainbridge, was in the city today.

P. C. Hill made a business trip to Cloverdale this morning.

Miss Grace Oakley was the guest of Mrs. Wm. Gildewell last night.

Miss Eva Wright is visiting friends and relatives in the city this week.

James Branson, of Roachdale, transacted business in the city this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Gillen, of Roachdale, are here the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Gillen.

The Boston Club will meet with Miss Gilding, Friday evening promptly at 7:30 o'clock.

The Smeria Club will meet with Mrs. Robert Hamrick at her home on north Jackson street on Friday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. McWhirter, of Indianapolis, are here packing some household goods on south Indiana street for shipment to their home in Indianapolis.

J. T. Edwards, Robert Britton, Otis Browning, T. D. Brookshire, and Talbot Sutherland were among those from Roachdale who spent the day in the city.

The limited car was run on trial yesterday afternoon on the traction line. The car was in charge of Joe Wyatt, formerly of this city, with Guy Dearth, as motorman. It is of the newest type and modern improvement.

William Gildewell has returned home from Medaryville.

A. E. Crawley transacted business in Indianapolis yesterday.

J. L. Hamilton transacted business in Danville the first of the week.

R. K. Severns, of Indianapolis, visited Dr. Trueblood's family yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Carter, of Bainbridge, was in the city this morning.

Mrs. Mary Day has returned from a visit with her mother, Mrs. Beckelheimer, of Roachdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Yant and daughter, Alice, of Brazil called on Dr. Bence this morning.

Mrs. A. H. Lockridge has as her guest this week her sister, Mrs. Dr. Passfield, of Springfield, Ill.

The "Oracles" will meet at their hall this evening at 7:15. Important business will be transacted.

The union "Week of Prayer" service tonight at 7:30 o'clock will be held in the College Avenue church.

Mrs. Amanda Webster, who has been in Carbon for the past three weeks, spent today in the city while en route to her home in Ladoga.

An Italian laborer on the Vandallia, by the name of Peter John, was struck by a Vandallia switch engine yesterday morning while working on the tracks near Brazil. His collar bone was fractured and also received several bruises on the body.

A. E. Harris of the Central Trust Co., is home from Covington where he went to attend the trial of an ex-treasurer of the county. Mr. Harris was a witness in the case. The ex-treasurer was charged with a shortage of several thousand dollars. The result of his trial was that he proved that instead of being short in his accounts the county owed him several hundred dollars. Mr. Harris was a witness for the defence.

H. C. Elliott, of Salem, was in the city today.

Fred Rice, of Roachdale, was in the city this afternoon.

Miss Emma Koehler, of Brazil, was in the city this morning to take her music lesson.

James Bymaster and Wilbur Miller were transacting business in the city this afternoon.

Mrs. J. G. Phillis, of Bedford, spent a few hours with Miss Julia Drury today. Mrs. Phipps graduated from the university with the class of '96.

Fourteen foreigners came into the city this morning from Brazil and left on No. 20 on the Vandallia for Philadelphia. They have been working on the Vandallia near Brazil.

Misses Bessie McDonald and Kate Crawford, both of Crawfordsville, have left the city after attending the Calumet dance. Miss Bessie returned home and Miss Kate will visit in Indianapolis before her return.

In the four weeks intervening before the State contest February 6 Mr. Jewett will be trained by Prof. Gough. Having received two firsts, and a tie for first in the December contest on delivery, DePauw's representative will be in the best of trim when he appears in Indianapolis.

***** DEPAUW UNIVERSITY NOTES *****

Charles Loyd is visiting college friends.

Claude Overman of Marion is pledged Beta.

Clyde Martin, '05, is the guest of Beta brothers.

"Doe" Anderson has registered for this term's work.

Miss Lillian Barret is again enrolled for college work.

Miss Bernice Church will not be back for the mid-term.

Curtis Matthews visited Sigma Nu brothers over Sunday.

Miss Osa Walker has re-entered school for the mid-term.

Miss Cleo Ferguson will not be in school during this term.

Guy Richard Kinsley has been in Lafayette for a day or two.

Miss Cora Gauger will remain out of school until the spring term.

Miss May Lambert of Anderson is here for the middle term's work.

Fred Pyke, '06, is in Greencastle visiting home folks and college friends.

Walter Eden, has returned to school, having been out during the fall term.

Clyde Ryan of Winchester, has been the guest of his cousin, Miss Bernice Caldwell.

Allen Blackridge came in last evening, being detained at home on account of illness.

Bruce Collier of Cloverdale has entered school to be with his sister, Miss Grace Collier.

Miss Helen Lathrop will not be in school this term on account of the ill health of her mother.

Edwin Thomas of New Albany and Frances Moore of Rushville, are wearing Phi Delta colors.

Arthur Shittick, '06, who is teaching in South Dakota, visited Phi Gamma brothers during the holidays.

Arthur Cornell of Pawpaw, Ill., is back in school. Mr. Cornell has been in the Government Forestry Service on a California reserve.

Miss Hazel McCoy and Mabel Allen were initiated into Alpha Omicron Pi Monday night. A six o'clock dinner was given in their honor.

Mrs. Barnes, the mother of Prof. Barnes, died at her home in Newburg, N. Y., on December 22. Mrs. Barnes had not been well for some time, but not seriously ill, until a short time before her death. Prof. Barnes was able to be with his mother during her sickness.

Rank Foolishness.

"When attacked by a cough or a cold, or when your throat is sore, it is rank foolishness to take any other medicine than Dr. King's New Discovery," says C. O. Eldridge, of Empire, Ga. "I have used New Discovery seven years and I know it is the best remedy on earth for coughs and colds, croup, and all throat and lung troubles. My children are subject to croup, but New Discovery quickly cures every attack." Known the world over as the King of throat and lung remedies. Sold under guarantee at The Owl Drug Store. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

HAS MADE BIG IMPROVEMENT

The winning oration in the State contest, "New Crusade for Democracy," to be delivered by DePauw's representative, Chester Jewett, is in the hands of the printer for final publication. Mr. Jewett returned shortly after Christmas to work on his oration with Prof. Gough. Many corrections, and additions were made to the speech as delivered in the local contest, and there is no doubt that it will receive three firsts from the judges on delivery.

Mr. Jewett made a reputation as an orator in High School. His first appearance on the Old Gold platform was last spring in the Peace contest, coming next to Paul Smith, the winner of the Interstate in the local contest. In his course in Forensics last year under Prof. Brumbaugh, he was conceded to be one of the best in an unusually able class of speakers.

In the four weeks intervening before the State contest February 6 Mr. Jewett will be trained by Prof. Gough. Having received two firsts, and a tie for first in the December contest on delivery, DePauw's representative will be in the best of trim when he appears in Indianapolis.

Kansas, visited relatives here last week. Mr. Ratcliff went to Monon to join his wife, who is caring for her brother, George Harvey.

Mrs. J. C. Williams assisted her daughter, Mrs. Burnside, to move from Russellville to Waveland last week.

Mabel Cooper left on Tuesday for DePauw, where she will continue her work in music.

Miss Okie Witt spent Tuesday night with Flora Hennon at Louis McGaugheys.

CATCHING AN ALBATROSS.

The Bird Enjoys the Sport and is Landed Uninjured.

With the birds settling by the dozen it is easy enough to capture specimens for examination without causing injury or pain. Any sharply barbed hook is altogether superfluous. The albatrosses absolutely enjoy the excitement, and the sport obtained is not without a novel interest.

A small metal frame should be made in the shape of a hollow triangle attached to 100 yards of stout line and kept afloat by a good sized piece of cork. The sides of the metal frame are then covered with bits of fat pork, the hard skin of which is securely bound thereto. The bait is thrown astern, and the line is slowly paid out.

Presently a great albatross swoops through the air, impelled by curiosity to investigate the nature of the floating pork. It settles before the dainty morsel of food; numbers of birds follow suit, each one made bold by competition, and then the sport begins.

At this moment additional line must be given in order to compensate for the progressing of the ship, thus enabling a bird to seize the desired food. With a sudden rush the supreme effort is made. Once or twice the attempt proves ineffectual; but, rendered bold by greediness, a final grab finds the curved bill securely wedged inside the apex of the triangle, as the fierce tugs on the line quickly indicate.

Steadily the haul is made, hand over hand, until a helpless albatross is bodily lifted on to the poop in an absolutely unimpaired condition. A slackened line enables the bird to escape, and if scattered wits permitted such an effort sudden flight would obtain release. The other birds invariably commence to attack a wounded comrade, a steady pull being required, even if the line does cut your hands, to save it from its friends. Once safely on deck the mandibles are tied together, for otherwise the bird throws up an oily fluid, a disagreeable habit possessed by all the tribe.

Subject to this precaution it may wander gravely around to survey the new horizon of life. The large eyes gaze with a truly pathetic confidence expressive of anything but fear.

It is a strange spectacle to witness the inquisitive bird solemnly waddle to and fro among the equally inquisitive human beings around. True, it objects slightly to the process of measurement, pecking sharply by way of protest, but a gentle box on the ear soon induces submission as the dimensions are rapidly noted, the albatross meanwhile reposing affectionately in the arms of the second officer.

The specimen happens to be a small one, but the wing expansion from tip to tip is less than ten feet, the extreme length of body is three feet six inches and the formidable bill measures upward of four inches.—Cornhill Magazine.