

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.

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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-iloquized. "By Jove, she's the neat-



HE WATCHED IVY NORRIS COME ON 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 mid-afternoon 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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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.

Locust 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, Millcreek.

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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Phone 163

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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

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ANNOUNCEMENT CARDS

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

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

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

For Sheriff—
Edward H. 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. Alcaay 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.