

WEATHER REPORT.
Rain or snow tonight and Saturday; warmer tonight, colder Saturday.

Greencastle Herald.

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

VOL. 2, NO. 245.

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA, FRIDAY, JAN. 10, 1908.

PRICE ONE CENT

LOCKRIDGE CATTLE IS SOLD

EASTERN FIRM BUYS FATTENED STOCK OF PUTNAM COUNTY FEEDER—ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SEVEN HEAD, AVERAGE 1550 POUNDS BRING \$6.00 A HUNDRED.

WILL BE SHIPPED TO-MORROW

Consignment Consists of 11 Car Loads—Chicago Men Here This Morning to Close the Deal Which Was Made Through the Clay Robinson Commission Firm of Chicago.

Alec Lockridge, one of the best known cattle men in the country, today sold his fattened cattle to the United Dressed Beef Co., of New York. The lot consists of 167 head of Putnam county cattle, mostly shorthorns. The stock sold for \$6 a hundred pounds. The cattle will average 1550 pounds.

J. A. Frazier, representing the Clay, Robinson & Co., commission firm of Chicago, through which firm

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Dry Cleaning and Pressing Shop
OVER JONES' DRUG STORE
Stone & Grogan
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1 1/2 Price

Women's Coats to Move

The warm weather is responsible for these reductions on all cloth and caracal coats. Come to the great HALF-PRICE sale Saturday or Monday.

\$ 8.50 Coats.....	now \$4.25	\$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 ".....	" 9.25	\$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			
\$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

Growing Better Every Day.

INTEREST SHOWN BY VOTE

Greencastle Democrats Give Evidence of Importance of Primary Election by Voting Early and in Large Numbers.

A QUIET DAY AT THE POLLS

The weather man, conscious of the importance of the event, made the day for holding the Democratic primary election a beautiful one. The result of the combination of pleasant weather with the close and warm contest between the several candidates for county offices, was a large vote, mostly in early. The Polls opened at six o'clock this morning, and the business of registering the votes began almost immediately.

By noon the contest was well along. At 1 o'clock 221 of the 385 who were expected to cast ballots in the city had placed them in the box. The township did almost as well 116 of the possible 210 or 212 had deposited their ballots by 1 o'clock.

All was quiet about the election both all day. This does not mean that there was no enthusiasm or interest, for there was plenty of both, and excitement, both of candidates and voters was at fever heat. There was, however, no unnecessary noise, and little crowding. Some few remained near the scene of action most of the day. Most came, voted and went about their everyday business, conscious that they had done all they could for their favorite candidate, and willing to rest the matter with the majority of the Democratic voters.

Reports from other townships indicate that there is much interest and a heavy vote all over the county. The belief was still universal this afternoon that the race would not be decided till the last vote was cast. A few votes will probably settle the matter for some one candidate.

WILL BE A HARD TRIP

The first game of the basketball season to be played at Hanover tomorrow afternoon will be a severe try-out for the men and the locals are by no means assured of a victory. Coach Brown regards the trip itself as strenuous as any that could be taken and the long ride with a cross-country drive of five miles means that the team will enter play stiff and in no shape for the hard game that is expected. Ten men will make the trip, eight players with Coach Brown and manager Joe Larimore, and all concerned will be satisfied with a victory at any score.

The absence of Grady from yesterday's practice on account of illness is of much consequence as he will be unable to play the entire game, although he will likely make the trip. The coach put Hodges in his place as he is fast, experienced and good at getting down the floor.

The work for today will be light and the men may be excused entirely in order to have them rested thoroughly after a hard week's work. There is but the one game to be played and the squad will return Saturday night.

REVIVAL MEETINGS

There was an increased attendance and a good interest at the Baptist church last night. The topic tonight is: "How the Lost Are Saved." Rom., 6:23: "The free gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

I. Two propositions. Men are not lost because they are bad, nor saved because they are good. A man is not a sinner because he sins. He sins because he is a sinner. God treats men for what they are.

II. Salvation is not an attainment. It is a bestowment. It is not what men do, but what they permit God to do in them, and with them.

III. It is given in Christ. Eternal life is another name for salvation. Jesus is the author, or cause of salvation. It is Christ's achievement. Whosoever believeth in that achievement may in Him have eternal life. The ship Adam goes down with all on board. The ship Christ saves all who get into it. It is the ship that saves, not the character of the passenger.

Try a Herald Want Ad.

Two Days Fun IN ONE NIGHT

Meharry Hall
Monday, Jan. 13

REPUBLICANS IN SESSION

Delegates to the Congressional Convention, Which Will Be Held Here Next Tuesday, Are Selected—Instructed for Dan Chapin, the Rockville Man.

JIM WATSON "HAPPENS" IN TOWN

Delegation from Greencastle township to the Fifth District Congressional Convention, which will meet here next Tuesday, were selected by the Republicans this afternoon at a meeting at the Fire Department. The delegates chosen are: James McD. Hays, Chris Stoner and C. C. Connelly. The alternates are: William Graham, Bob Hamrick and Frank Hargrave.

The occasion of the meeting next Tuesday is the election of a district chairman. There is only one candidate for the office. He is Dan Chapin of Rockville, the present chairman. The local delegates will vote for Mr. Chapin and as there probably will be no other candidate the election will be unanimous.

"It just happened" so Mr. Watson says, that Jim Watson, one of the several candidates for nomination for Governor on the Republican ticket, happened in town today and was present at the meeting this afternoon. Mr. Watson is working hard for the nomination and lost no time in shaking hands with the Republican leaders here today. Mr. Watson, however, "just happened in."

SACKETT'S GROCERY.

Just received a fresh shipment of California celery, Spanish onions very fine, lettuce, Cranberries, parsnips, sweet potatoes and apples. Also have a good supply of fresh country sausage, butter, eggs and dressed chickens.

Dainty Eatables

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

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PROF. NAYLOR IS HONORED

Local University Man Is Voted to Membership in the American Physical Society—Has Been Unusually Successful Since Coming Here in 1891.

ONLY NOTED MEN ARE ADMITTED

One of the most notable honors that has come to any of the members of the DePauw faculty this year has been received by Professor J. P. Naylor, head of the Department of Physics, when he was elected to membership in the American Physical Society at a meeting held in Chicago, December 30.

Only the most eminent instructors are voted into the society for there are but fifty professors throughout the United States who have been admitted to membership. Most of these are from the larger institutions and this makes the honor all the more remarkable, coming to Professor Naylor as it did. The membership came unsolicited and Professor Naylor did nothing to force himself before the society. He was nominated by Professor A. B. Porter, formerly of the Armour Institute of Chicago, who in writing him says: "I have felt that the Physical Society was not quite complete without you as a member for I have long admired the work that you are doing at DePauw and Professor Meritt of Cornell tells me that the men that you have turned out show very clearly the excellent training that they have received."

Professor Naylor has been unusually successful in his work and is exceedingly thorough in his instruction. Since he took charge of the department here in 1891 he has built up one of the strongest courses in the curriculum of the university. He was for two years instructor in Physics in the Indianapolis high school, and for three years assistant at Indiana University.

He has written numerous articles for scientific magazines is a member of the Indiana Academy of Sciences, member of the State Scientific Teacher's Association and of the American Association for Advancement of Science.

WILL DO NORMAL WORK

Indiana University Planning to Run a Summer Training School Which Will Satisfy the Requirements of the New Educational Law.

A training school with pupils and all appurtenances of a school room will be a part of the University next summer. Children from all over the city whose parents are willing and anxious for them to make summer school work are to be taught by embryo teachers for twelve weeks. Whether the training school will be at the University or in one of the city school buildings has not been decided.

The establishing of a training school for teachers here is the result of a law of the late legislature which requires every teacher in the public schools to be a graduate of a commissioned high school, to pass an examination on the branches and to have twelve weeks work in a professional training school or where actual teaching practice is given. Since a great many University students teach, it is found necessary to put in the training school. In high school work plans are on foot to do some training. At present six or eight University students are doing some work in the teaching line in English at the high school. Later on history and other subjects, a system of training for high school teachers, will be installed.—Bloomington Telephone.

NO SIGNALS FOR THEM

Railroad Commission Decides the Roachdale Ordinance Compelling Railroad to Furnish Watchman Is Not Valid.

The town of Roachdale may need signals at its railroad crossing, but it can not get the signals under an ordinance which has been adopted by the Town Board. This has been decided by the Indiana State Railroad Commission. The commission does not go into the question of

necessity for a signal system; it merely decides that the ordinance is not drawn according to law. The ordinance provides a penalty of \$100 for each violation of the ordinance, and, according to law, a town board can not provide a greater penalty than \$10 for violation of an ordinance.

Several weeks ago the Town Board passed the ordinance ordering that a watchman be kept at the crossing. The Monon Railroad Company appealed the case to the commission, giving among other grounds the argument that the ordinance was not according to law. It was on this ground only that the commission decided against the Town Board. Union B. Hunt, chairman of the commission, went to Roachdale Saturday to inspect the crossing and make an investigation. He reported yesterday and the commission overruled the ordinance. It is not known whether the Roachdale Town Board will attempt to pass another ordinance. Commissioner Hunt would not discuss the question of the necessity for a watchman at the crossing. Indianapolis News.

LIGHT FROM TRACTION CO.

Brazil Is Now Supplied with Electric Fluid from the Wires of the Terre Haute, Indianapolis and Eastern Traction Co.

Brazil is now getting its electric lighting from the high tension wires of the traction company. The circuit was connected with the new sub-station yesterday, and the results are said to be excellent. The company furnishes a high voltage, the lights are bright, and there is little danger of the lights being shut off by accidents, as the company has provided in a most efficient manner for such an emergency. The traction company is furnishing electricity for several towns along its lines.

A NEW M. D. ORGANIZATION

Local Physicians Begin Post-graduate Course of Study as Outlined by the American Medical Association—Will take four years to complete.

THE FIRST MEETING LAST NIGHT

Local physicians have organized a society which will meet every two weeks to take up a course of post graduate work. The first meeting of the club was last night in the office of Dr. E. Hawkins.

The object of the organization is to take up a course of post-graduate work which is outlined by the American Medical Association. It will take four years to complete the work. Meetings will be held every two weeks in one of the several offices in town.

At the meeting last night three papers were read. One was by Dr. Jerome King. His subject was, "Tumors." Dr. W. M. McGaughey and Dr. Charles Sudranski also read papers. The former had as his subject, "issues" and the latter, "Nerve and Muscular Tissues."

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Containing the latest books of Fiction and all new books of Fiction as they are issued.

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Plain Shoes—\$1.00 Toed Shoes—\$1.20

We have a good man to help. Call and see us.

Best of Service for all who Patronize Us.

Shop Located Opposite Dan Kelley's Coal yards.

Half Price

Furs Furs Furs

When you can buy furs at fifty per cent. off of their retail value—less than cost price—it is full time to buy. That's economy. We lose, you win. Every muff in the store has been sold but there still remains some neck furs, which are bargains.

Furs

Were \$1.00—now 50c.
Were \$1.50—now 75c.
Were \$2.00—now \$1.00
Were \$2.50—now \$1.25
Were \$4.00—now \$2.00
Were \$5.00—now \$2.50
Were \$6.00—now \$3.00
Were \$10.00—now \$5.00
Were \$12.00—now \$6.00
Were \$12.50—now \$6.25

Did you ever have such an opportunity before? We want you to receive the benefit of our loss. There are only a few of these left so it will behoove you to come at once.

VERMILION'S

The Greencastle Herald

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F. C. TILDEN

C. J. ARNOLD

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PUBLIC DUTY.

Many times on the entrance into great world battles the soldiers of the armies have been electrified and made enthusiastic by the display of the motto, "This day our country expects every man to do his duty." The same is true today. At the close of the primary balloting it will be well if every Democrat feels that he has done his duty to his county and his party. We are confident that this is so. The race has been close. It has not been a choice between good and bad, or between better and poorer. The voter has had choice of the best. We feel sure he has voted for the best interests of the party as he has seen those interests, without malice and without partiality. The voters have voted according to their opinions of political and economic expediency. These opinions were honest, though widely different. No candidate, no matter what the result, need feel that the party has been against him. Personality has been

eliminated from the voting. Next time or at other times defeated candidates will win. The party and the voters honor them, are proud of them. Its only regret is that there are not places for all. It has been a fair fight and its result is confidence and sure Democratic victory.

THE AVERAGE REPUBLICAN.

The average Republican finds himself, on the eve of the presidential campaign, in a very peculiar position. With very definite ideas of what he wants in both man and policy, he finds himself helplessly watching the manipulation of the party by the machine forces. He sees the policy of Roosevelt, which he believes to be the correct policy, pushed aside by those who are behind the Fairbanks boom and the Foraker boom. He watches, with anger and growing disloyalty to the party, the attempts to thrust Taft and Hughes into the background, and the fight, backed with all the available money of wall street, that is being made upon governmental control of corporations as voted by Roosevelt. Everywhere is heard the declaration that the Democratic ideas, now used by a Republican president, must continue, and if it is necessary, the Republicans will vote for Bryan or Johnson to secure this result. Only the unthinking of the party, and the party leaders, always opposed to the wishes of the people, are satisfied with things as they are in the Republican party. And even Roosevelt is fighting Hughes, and the square deal, at least for the people, is forgotten.

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.

You get results when you advertise in the Herald.

15c CAB 15c

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

Price 15c

Phone 50 H. W. GILL

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Sanitary Plumber and Heating Engineer

Shop Moved to 209 W. Washington St.

Phone 288

All Work Guaranteed.

Enlarging Your Business



If you are in business and you want to make more money you will read every word we have to say. Are you spending your money for advertising in haphazard fashion as if intended for charity, or do you advertise for direct results?

Did you ever stop to think how your advertising can be made a source of profit to you, and how its value can be measured in dollars and cents. If you have not, you are throwing money away.

Advertising is a modern business necessity, but must be conducted on business principles. If you are not satisfied with your advertising you should set aside a certain amount of money to be spent

annually, and then carefully note the effect it has in increasing your volume of business; whether a 10, 20 or 30 per cent increase. If you watch this gain from year to year you will become intensely interested in your advertising, and how you can make it enlarge your business.

If you try this method we believe you will not want to let a single issue of this paper go to press without something from your store.

We will be pleased to have you call on us, and we will take pleasure in explaining our annual contract for so many inches, and how it can be used in whatever amount that seems necessary to you.

If you can sell goods over the counter we can also show you why this paper will best serve your interests when you want to reach the people of this community.

INDIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

The Whirlwind and the Thunder Objects of Curious Theories.

The Dakotas believe that there is a close relation between the whirlwind and the fluttering wings of a moth. The cocoon is regarded as the mysterious object from which a power similar to that of the whirlwind emanates, as attested by the emergence from it of the moth.

Dr. Whistler explains in Discovery that the whirlwind meant by the Dakotas is the harmless little whirl one sees upon the plains every clear day. The long, slender column betraying its presence makes a profound impression upon the Indian.

In the whirlwind somehow and somewhere resides the power to produce confusion of mind. Thus it was natural that its aid should have been invoked by the warriors on going into battle, for to be as intangible, invisible and destructive as the wind was their one great desire. When a man loses his presence of mind he is said to have been overcome by the whirlwind.

A cocoon of a moth taken with a portion of the twig upon which it was found and wrapped in an eagle plume or down is regarded as a perpetual prayer to the power of the whirlwind. This prayer is not only symbolized by the genuine cocoon worn upon the person, but also by its image in stuffed buckskin or by its sketched or painted representation.

The Blackfeet see a relation between the moth and sleep and appeal to it when they desire to have dreams, for with them power is always conferred in a dream. In the case of unrequited love the whirlwind is invoked. It is believed that it can confuse the mind of a girl to such a degree that she cannot resist the pleadings of the enamored suitor.

Some of the Dakotas believe that the bear controls the power of the whirlwind and that a prayer must be addressed to the animal for the assistance of the whirlwind. Sometimes a person will receive power from the bear in a dream or vision and thus come to have the aid of the whirlwind because of the conceived relation between the two. Finally the power of the whirlwind is also supposed to be associated with the buffalo and the spider web.

A deity of equal importance among the Indians of the plains is the thunder, which usually is associated with military exploits. While the Dakotas generally regard the thunder as a bird, usually symbolized by the eagle, they sometimes speak of it as a horse, a man or a dog.

The horse has always appealed to them as a creature of mysterious origin and in many cases is assumed to have been given by the thunder. In any event there is an association in their minds between the power of a warhorse and the thunder.

The thunder is often represented by a sign or wavy line, usually in red. But Dr. Whistler says that this symbol really represents the power of the phenomenon in the abstract, because the Indian lacks the conception of a force in nature, so that the symbol is also a general sign for the presence of mysterious supernatural power.

Whistles made from the leg and wing bones of eagles are employed by the Dakotas to symbolize the cry of the eagle as a representative of the thunder bird. In battle or sometimes in stress of great trial they are sounded to summon the aid of the power of the thunder. As a rule, a sign line is scratched down the sides of these whistles.

The yellow winged woodpecker is looked upon as an associate of the thunder bird, because when a storm is approaching it utters a shrill cry not unlike the sound of the whistle and is believed to be speaking to the thunder.

The spider is spoken of as a friend of the thunder, and it is the general belief that the thunder will never harm it, so that it is itself a protection against thunder. The observed fact that a spider manufactures a web and that this web is not destroyed by arrows or bullets, since they pass through it, leaving only a hole, is cited as the basis for the conception that the spider has power to protect people from harm.

Stonewall Jackson's Order.

A Virginia veteran told how Stonewall Jackson used bullets of cotton in the ramparts that he threw up in defense of New Orleans, and it was naturally a matter of indifference to him whose cotton he employed. Some of it happened to belong to a rich merchant. The merchant followed his bullets with doglike devotion. He could not bear to tear himself away from them. He was standing over them when Jackson happened to draw near, and, running up to the chief, he said: "Monsieur, it is damage for your men to take my cotton. All property is sacred and must be protected." "But," said Jackson, "are you sure this is your cotton?" "Oh, sure, most sure," said the merchant. "I know the marks all of them. Et puis, alors, this cotton, sir, must be defended." Jackson turned to a private and told him to fetch a musket at once. The musket being brought, the general laid it in the merchant's arms and said with a grim smile: "My friend, you are the most proper person I know of to defend your own property. Stay here, then, and do so. Stir at your peril."

Snake Poison.

The poison of a snake, taken internally, isn't much worse than a dram of bad whiskey composed of wood alcohol and fusel oil. It doesn't enter into the circulation unless it comes in contact with a sore or wound. If your friend is bitten don't be afraid to suck the wound—unless your lips are bleeding.

On the Wings Of Pegasus.

By MARTHA COBB SANFORD.

Copyright, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

"A foine day fr a canter, miss," commented genial Mike as Marcia, one hand on his shoulder, the other on the pommel, sprang lightly into the saddle.

"Heavenly!" agreed the girl, but the wistful expression in her eyes belied her glee.

"Wud ye be goin' alone?" queried Mike, skillfully adjusting the folds of her riding skirt.

"It looks that way," laughed Marcia, "unless I meet Lochivar on the highway."

"I was only thinkin', Pegasus is pretty frisky the day, owin' to shandin' so long in the stable. He's loikely to run wild ye, Miss Marcia. But av course if Misher Lock—pardon, miss, I fgit the rist av 'is name—is goin' to meet ye—"

Marcia interrupted him with a merry laugh.

"Oh, Pegasus and I will get along all right. How his coat shines! No one ever took such good care of him as you do, Mike. He'd win the blue ribbon at any horse show."

Mike grinned appreciatively and tipped his cap.

"Now don't ye be doin' any jumpin', Miss Marcia," he cautioned, as Marcia, her proud chin held high, gave Pegasus a smart kick with her silver tipped crop and trotted off along the smoothly raked drive.

"Phwat r-rud wud ye be takin', Miss Marcia?" called the admiring groom after her.

"The Tanglewood road, I guess," Marcia answered back over her shoulder.

There really was no guesswork about it. Since a certain memorable day nearly a month ago no other road had held for Marcia any charm—and yet for three long weeks she had persistently taken another direction.

Now, as she turned toward the highway that led into the old winding road, her thoughts galloped ahead of her horse's hoofs, and already in imagination she had brought Pegasus to a halt at the edge of the wood and was watching, spellbound, a man and horse take jump after jump over the meadow wall.

How she longed to try it herself! Pegasus vaulted beautifully, she knew. She had seen him take the bars many a time when out at pasture. But she would never attempt it. That was the condition, in fact, by which Pegasus was her very own possession.

Then she remembered with a thrill how Pegasus had suddenly started and before she could control him had followed the lead of the other rider and bounded with the grace of a greyhound over the meadow wall. The unexpectedness of it had quite taken her breath away. But, oh, was there ever any sensation so exquisite?

Before she could recover from her surprise the unknown rider had galloped up beside her and, dispensing with even an apology for his lack of conventionality, exclaimed: "A magnificent performance! Please accept my compliments."

And she, conscious of the rising color in her cheeks, had answered smilingly.

"The praise belongs all to Pegasus. I didn't know he was going to do it."

"How incredulous the man had looked!"

"You mean?" he asked, doubting his senses.

"That I never took a jump before. My horse followed your lead. I was never more astonished in all my life."

"In that case allow me to pay my compliments over again," the man had then said, looking at her with undisguised admiration. "Pegasus has a wonderfully clever rider."

And then—Marcia blushed to recall it—she had spent the rest of that glorious morning in taking vainglorious lessons from an unknown riding master. And if further truth be told she had let the accident of one day—late after that programme of the next—out after that discretion had come to the rescue, and romance was forced to beat a reluctant but absolute retreat. In other words, every day for three long monotonous weeks Marcia had resolutely avoided the vicinity of Tanglewood road.

But today she had closed her ears to the prosaic arguments of prudence and literally given rein to her fancy. The air was as crisp and the sky as blue as on that other day. Her heart thumped with excitement.

"Faster, Pegasus, faster," she urged, touching the horse's shining flanks with her crop. "We're almost there."

When the edge of the wood was reached she drew rein and with eager, shining eyes looked out expectantly over the brown meadows. There was no one in sight. Well, she would have one jump anyway.

Pegasus was as keen for the sport as Marcia herself. He took the wall handsomely—not only once, but again and again. Then, a gate of bars further down in the wall catching Marcia's attention, she decided to put her horse at that. It was lighter than the wall and would be glorious to fly over.

Just as Pegasus sprang for the leap the sound of hoofs galloping hard behind her caused Marcia to look back. She recognized Mike on her father's saddle horse, and the next moment, bow she never knew, found herself buried high over Pegasus' head.

As luck would have it, she landed on a heap of dead leaves blown by the

wind against the flank of the will and so was only badly stunned. When at length she recovered consciousness some one was kneeling beside her and bathing her forehead with cold water.

"Don't tell father, Mike," she pleaded faintly, her eyes still closed.

"No, miss."

Then again after a few minutes silence:

"Am I badly hurt, Mike?"

"Not the ghost of a scratch, Miss Marcia. I couldn't have picked out a better place fr ye to land myself—a pile av soft leaves and a shtrame of water-r close by. Faith an' it's lock was ridin' wid ye the day, Miss Marcia."

"But how did you happen to follow me, Mike?"

"I was afraid ye might not be matin' that Misher Lock—pardon me fr fr-gittin' his name ag'in—after all. Did Pegasus run wild ye, miss? How came ye to be jumpin'?"

A faint color stole into the girl's cheeks.

"But I can jump, Mike. You should see me," she said in a tone full of pride in spite of its faintness.

"I have many's the toime," was Mike's unexpected reply.

Marcia's eyes opened wide. She raised herself on one arm and stared at him.

"Why, you're not Mike at all! I must be dreaming. You're—"

"Lochivar, dear," he answered, smiling upon her lovingly and taking her gently into his arms.

And then, while her head rested on his shoulder, the unknown knight explained to his lady of the saddle how he came to be Mike and Lochivar and Kendall Lee, Esq., architect by profession, all rolled into one. It was partly her fault of course, for she had dismissed him heartlessly from her service, and he had had to get back into it by hook or by crook.

"It's used up pretty nearly all my fall vacation, this groom of my lady's stable business," he concluded humorously. "Still I haven't neglected my profession entirely, for I've spent all my leisure moments, dearest, planning a dream of a little house for two."

He purred and waited for Marcia to speak, but never a word said Marcia. She didn't even raise her eyes to look at him, but then she did not lift her head from his shoulder, either.

So Kendall kissed her.

At that Marcia sat bolt upright.

"Tell me, sweetheart," he urged, holding her so close that she couldn't escape if she would, "you do forgive me, don't you, and you do love me and you will be my bonnie bride?"

"What a lot of questions to be answered at once!" exclaimed Marcia, willfully dodging them all.

"But it takes only one little word to answer them all," urged Kendall, and before he could kiss her again Marcia had spoken it.

A plaintive whinny from Pegasus broke the silence at length, and the lovers came back to earth with a start. "Which roller do you think you'll like playing better, Mike," asked Marcia mischievously, "groom or bridegroom?" And down Tanglewood road they galloped, laughing merrily.

The Peasant Water Doctor.

At Volpach, a little place near Munster, Germany, one of the notable figures has been for several years the water doctor, a peasant named Josef Garthaus. His "practice" is so great, says a Frankfurt paper, that he will see patients on three days in the week only. The "doctor" was recently summoned before the tax officers, to whom he had never made a statement as to his income. Even before that body he would make no statement and paid the tax on the authorities' estimate of 14,000 marks income a year. "And this man," says the report, "practices at the very gates of Munster, where there are sixty physicians in good standing and where a medical faculty is being organized. The surprise becomes greater when it is known that the 'doctor' never charges more than 50 pfennigs for a consultation. How many thousands of people must seek his help? At the low estimate of the tax board Garthaus must be consulted by 28,000 a year."

An Arabian Barber.

The usual Arab instrument for shaving, declares Mr. M. W. Hilton-Simpson, the author of "Algers and Beyond," is the ordinary sheath knife, on which the Arab gets a very fine edge. He adds that when in camp in the Haouassa country he has seen a man kill and skin a sheep and be shaved with the same knife in less than half an hour.

"The barbers in the market place at Biskra are certainly a most rough and ready lot, and the sight of one of them shaving a head is not easily forgotten. One day I saw a camel driver go up to one of them with a head of hair quite as long and thick as an ordinary well-groomed Englishman's. He took a seat upon a rickety chair, and the barber, having moistened the hair with water, proceeded to shave him as bald as a coot with an old European razor without making the very slightest cut upon his skin. No soap was used, and the operation took only about three minutes."

Easy.

Weggie—I say, old chappie, the papah says there will be a lot of meteors this month. How do these astronomer Johnnies know that?

Willie—Deah me, how dense you are! They look in the almanac.—Cleveland Leader.

Often the Case.

Little Clarence (who has an inquiring mind)—Pa, what is the rest of the old saying about the wages of sin? "The wages of sin is"—what, pa?

Mr. Callipers—Well, upon occasion, my son, it's alimony.—Puck.

OPERA HOUSE

One week of great pleasure, commencing Monday Night, January 6, 1908

Edward Doyle's Orpheum Stock Co., to be in Greencastle. This popular price show comes to us this season equipped with special scenery and high-priced vaudeville acts, which are equaled by few and excelled by none.

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

Thursday. College Avenue Church. "Missions Home and Foreign" Acts 10: 24, 25, Matt. 28: 19; leader, Rev. C. W. Cawley.

Friday. Christian Church. "Intemperance the Master Social Curse" Hab. 2: 15, Prov. 23: 20, I Cor. 6: 10; leader, Rev. J. P. 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'HAVER, C. W. CAWLEY.

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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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4:55 am		5:15 pm
5:55 am		6:15 pm
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you advertise in the Her-
ald.**THE SLEEP OF DEATH**Superstitions of Many Peoples
In Many Lands.**ODD RITES OF THE SIAMESE.**Precautions to Prevent the Spirit of
the Departed From Returning—Fu-
neral Procession of the Shans—Queer
Belief of the Giliaks.When death comes to the head of a
Siamese household the family gather-
ed about the deceased cry out: "Oh,
father, benefactor, why leave us?
What have we done to offend thee?
Why depart alone?"The coffin, covered with gilded pa-
per and decorated with tinsel flowers,
is removed through an opening in the
wall made for the purpose and hurried
three times round the outside of the
house with the cautious hope that the
bewildered ghost may thus lose his
way and be unable to return on any
haunting expedition. It is then cere-
moniously borne upon a barge and
placed on a platform under a dais.
The barge, followed by many little
boats, floats to the temple, where the
cremation is to take place.At a rich man's funeral tents are
erected within the precincts of the
temple for the indulgence of games
and gambling, while wonderful the-
atrical performances introducing mon-
sters and other thrills entertain the
funeral guests.Among the Shans the eldest son of
the deceased leads the funeral pro-
cession, a drawn sword in hand to ward
off evil spirits, while the other rela-
tives dance as they go. Handkerchiefs,
umbrellas and yellow robes, presents
to the priest, give a gala air to the
whole. Arrived at the grave, before
the coffin is interred, the deceased's
wife and children and his brothers'
wives march impressively around the
bier with lighted candles.Unexpectedly we find one of the na-
tive tribes of Australia bearing a very
poetic conception of a spirit world
after death. Souls, they believe, as-
cend to a future place among the stars
by means of a rope. A meteorite is a
falling rope cast aside by a successful
climber, but should it burst with noise
the rope has broken.A tribe in New South Wales has
legends prettily akin. The Pleiades,
they explain, were young women of
unusual beauty who, pursued by lov-
ers, climbed up into the sky by means
of the treetops, while the leader of
the pursuers has become Orion.The Burmese also show poetry of
thought in their belief that the spirit of
man takes the form of a butterfly
which wings its flight whenever he is
asleep, desiring to awaken him sud-
denly "for fear that his butterfly may
not return in time."When a Chin of Burma dies his
body, dressed, fully armed and bol-
stered up in a sitting posture, presides
over the entertainment given in his
honor, relatives and friends drinking,
dancing and singing songs in praise of
the number of heads he has taken,
the number of slaves he has captured
and firing off their guns as they circle
round the poor dead, dumb, dead crea-
ture of their tribute.The Karens of Burma celebrate mar-
riages and funerals together.
The body of the deceased is placed
on a bamboo platform in front of his
recent dwelling. Young men and maid-
ens form separate choruses on either
side of the remains. One by one the
youths sing ardent love to the maiden
of his fancy, who coquettishly slugs
back discouragement until finally won.
When the general courting is accom-
plished the young people withdraw
and the funeral rites proceed.According to the belief of the Giliaks
of Siberia, the soul passes from the
body of the dead master into that of
his dog, who is surprised by all sorts
of dainty food until the guest within
is prayed out, when the poor animal,
equally mystified, is put to death on
his master's grave.But in the glad, free days of primi-
tive savagery many tribes were not
satisfied with so petty an offering as a
dog. They demanded human sacrifice
to grace their graves.Such were the Sakalava of Madagas-
car, and later when forced to modify
their views the poles erected around
their tombs were garishly decorated
with skulls and horns of cattle killed
at their funeral feasts.The sign and symbol of the Malay
Sakal's belief in a life after death is
crudely expressed in the custom of
burying a tobacco box with the body
of a man, a necklace with that of a
woman. But the ignorant fear of the
body's pollution seems highly devel-
oped, and the house of death is burned
down and the site abandoned, even if
it means a lost crop of sugar cane or
tapioca.Lying between the Malay peninsula
and Wales is a long sweep of map and
civilization, but so remarkable a cus-
tom was followed in the latter country
"within the memory of men living to-
day" that we cannot pass it by un-
chronicled.This was the presence of the sin
eater at funerals. Bread, beer and
cheese placed upon the corpse were
consumed by the sin eater, who thus
"appropriated to himself the delin-
quencies symbolized by the vands and
prevented them from destroying the
rest of the dead."—Los Angeles
Times.Highest Elevator Service.
The highest elevator service in the
world is that of Burgenstock, a moun-
tain near the lake of Lucerne, where
tourists are raised 500 feet to the top
of a vertical rock.**FLAGS OF NEW YORK.**National Emblems Under Which the
City Has Been Ruled.The first European visitor to Man-
hattan Island was Henry Hudson, who
in 1609 sailed up the river now bearing
his name. The flag under which he
sailed was that of the Dutch East In-
dia company, which was the flag of
the United Provinces of the Nether-
lands, orange, white and blue arranged
in three equal horizontal stripes, in the
center of the white stripe being the
letters "A. O. C."—Algemeene Oost
Indische compagnie (General East India
company).From the time of the discovery no
visitor came into these waters of
which there is record until 1612, when
Manhattan was settled under the East
India company, which continued in
possession until 1622, when the govern-
ment fell into the hands of the West
India company. The flag of the Dutch
West India company was the same as
that of its predecessor, save that it
bore the letters "G. W. C."—Gooet-
vreed West Indische compagnie (Priv-
ileged West India company).This was the dominant flag till 1664,
when the island was surrendered to the
English, and the union jack (cross-
es of England and Scotland) of Great
Britain supplanted the tricolor of Hol-
land, and the name of New Amster-
dam was changed to New York. The
union jack at present is derived from
the union of the three crosses of St.
George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick
adopted in 1801, when the act of union
with Ireland was passed.In the month of July, 1673, the
Dutch again took possession of the
city, which they occupied until Nov.
10, 1674, when by virtue of a treaty
of peace between England and Hol-
land the union jack again floated over
the city.From this time there was no inter-
ruption in the supremacy of the En-
glish until the year 1783, when the
memorable rule of Leisler, speedily
terminated by his death, occurred. He
was a warm supporter of William and
Mary, and it is possible that while he
held possession of the fort the flag of
William, not then proclaimed king of
England, might have floated over New
York. But there is no record of this.Were it so, however, it could have
been but for a very brief period, and
the English flag waved undisputed un-
til the era of the American Revolution.At the beginning of the Revolution
here, as in New England, the people,
although aggrieved, were loyal, and
upon the same day, June 25, 1775,
New York witnessed the double entry
of George Washington, just elected by
the provincial congress general in
chief of the American forces and on
his way to take command at Cam-
bridge, and Tryon, the English gov-
ernor, who had arrived the day before.
It was about this time that the first
raising of any but the English flag in
New York occurred. Before this, in-
deed, liberty poles had been raised
and cut down again, but now, March
1775, a Union flag, with a red field,
was hoisted in New York upon the
liberty pole on the common, bearing
the inscription, "George Rex and the
liberties of America," and upon the
other side "No popery."The British, under Governor Tryon,
vacated New York in 1775, but there is
no record which gives any positive
date as to the raising of the American
flag here.The city was held by American
troops after this event until Sept. 13,
1776, when Washington retreated to
Harlem and afterward from the island,
and the city was occupied by Sir Hen-
ry Clinton and from that time held by
the British until the close of the war.
They evacuated the city Nov. 25, 1783.
Since then no flag but the stars and
stripes has waved over the city in
token of power and authority.—New
York Sun.**Fame In Certain Quarters.**Edwin Markham was one of the
guests of honor at a reception given by
a wealthy New York woman. During
a conversation she said:"My dear Mr. Markham, I've wanted
for years to meet you and tell you
how I just love that adorable picture
of yours—the one with the man hoe-
ing, you know—and he is taking off
his cap, and that poor wife of his—at
least I suppose it's his wife—bowing
her head, and they both look so tired,
poor things! I have a copy of it in
my own den, and the children have
another in their playroom, and it's—it's
simply exquisite!""The Angelus," I presume you
mean?" replied the poet gravely."Yes," doubtfully, "but we always
call it 'The Hoe Man.'""I am glad you like it, madam," said
Mr. Markham. And he took an early
opportunity of escaping from his slip-
sore but mistaken admirer.—Success
Magazine.**Windmills.**The windmill is not yet superseded
as an engine driven by the power of
"unbought wind." In Holland they
are used for sawing timber, cutting
tobacco, grinding trass and draining
the polders. Holland has 10,000 wind-
mills, each of which is said to drain
310 acres of land, at an average cost
of 1 shilling an acre a year. In Nor-
folk they have been of inestimable
service for works of drainage on the
marsh lands. A fifteen horsepower
windmill erected at Faversham raised
in ten months 21,000,000 gallons of wa-
ter from a depth of 100 feet, saving 100
tons of coal. In the United States
iron skeleton windmills were employed
to pump water for domestic purposes
long before they were applied to ir-
rigation work. Powerful mills have
given farmers living on the plains a
cheap source of power for various
purposes, among other things to in-
troduce town luxuries into their homes.—
Manchester Guardian.**A Legend of Old New York**

(Original)

In the olden time when New York
was New Amsterdam there was a fort
where the new and beautiful customs
house now stands. On a little street
not far east of the fort lived Diedrich
Ten Broek—Broek is the Dutch for
britches—a dyer, whose daughter An-
neke was one of the belles of the town.
In those days in New Amsterdam every
merchant lived over his store, and
those who practiced a trade had their
shops in the yard. The lower story of
Ten Broek's house was wide enough to
take in his vats without discommoding
the family.One night when there was a fire on
what is now Broad street, where the
bulls and bears daily devour the lambs
in the stock market, Anneke saw a
young man of her acquaintance, Wouter
Bleeker, in the line of those passing
buckets, suddenly dart to the burning
building, shin up a water spout and
rescue a child. The young girl was
filled with admiration of the swain,
and under her encouragement he later
paid his court to her. Unfortunately
for the lovers, Ten Broek frowned up-
on the connection, which is not sur-
prising since young Bleeker had no
place to put a bride.Nevertheless Anneke could not be
prevailed upon to give up Wouter, and
he continued his visits at the house,
while Ten Broek's choler continued to
rise, like the mercury climbing a ther-
mometer. One evening—it was past 9
o'clock and every Dutchman was in
bed—the angry father went into the
kitchen, where the lovers were sitting
hand in hand within the spacious fire-
place, and exploded his wrath in the
face of the suitor. Wouter arose and
backed out through an open door that
led into the dyeing room, Ten Broek
following and shaking his fist in the
youth's face. Since Wouter was mov-
ing in a contrary direction to his line of
vision, he could see nothing behind
him. Suddenly his heels caught upon a
vat, and he went backward into the
dye.When he emerged not only his
clothes, but every square inch of his
body, was as red as the Indians from
whom the island of Manhattan had
been purchased. Ten Broek surveyed
him, shrugged his shoulders, with an
"Ugh!" and, turning his back, left him.
The newly dyed man ran home and,
standing under the pump, relieved
enough water to wash off the dye had
it not been of the best and cling to
him like a new skin.The poor boy arose the next morn-
ing to survey himself in a glass and
saw that he was hopelessly crimson.
He went to a chemist and begged him
to try to do something to remove his
color. The chemist gave him a bath
in which were certain drugs; but, alas,
when the bath emerged his crimson
skin had turned violet.Wouter went home in despair. There
he found a note from Anneke ap-
pointing a meeting on the bank of the Hud-
son river for that very evening. Wouter
would gladly have stayed away, but
feared his future happiness might de-
pend upon the meeting. The hour was
just after sunset. Anneke was waiting.
When Wouter stepped up to her and
she saw his violet hue she burst into
an uncontrolled fit of laughter. Wouter,
incensed, turned on his heel and
left her to laugh if she liked till the
sounds reached the Jersey shore.The next morning the unfortunate
youth went again to the chemist and
besought him to make another trial.
The chemist consented, but this time
Wouter came out the hue of the grass
in the Bowling green. Howling with
disappointment, he ran home, and who
should he see sitting on the stoop but
Anneke."Go away!" he cried, covering his
face."Dear Wouter," she said, "I have
come to crave your forgiveness for
laughing at you."Wouter, reassured, advanced, at the
same time uncovering his face. As
soon as Anneke saw his green visage
she again burst into a fit of laughter.
Wouter rushed past her and up to his
room, where he locked himself in, and
nothing could induce him to come
forth till Anneke had gone away.The chemist told Wouter that he
hoped at last to find some chemical
substance that would act upon the dye,
changing it to skin color. Wouter gave
him another trial and came out a bright
orange. Soon after this Anneke met
her lover walking between the fort and
the junction of the Hudson and East
rivers. She was hurrying to him to
sue for pardon for her apparent want
of sympathy. The afternoon sun struck
his orange countenance, and again she
failed for laughter.After this Wouter gave up trying to
find anything to change his color and
determined to try to wear it away.
Taking a boat, he pulled down through
the bays till he came to what is now
called Coney Island. There he strip-
ped and rolled and scraped himself in
the sand every day for seven weeks,
living on berries he found on the main-
land and sleeping under his boat turned
over on the beach. Day by day, week
by week, his skin wore away, to be
succeeded by one of a natural color.When he had scraped away the old
skin and a new one had formed, he
went back to New Amsterdam. It was
the middle of the afternoon, and he
appeared upon the Bowling green.
One of the first persons he met was
Anneke. She approached him with a
smile, this time of contrition, and con-
gratulated him upon his recovering his
natural color. But, although she made
continued attempt to conciliate him,
she failed signally. Wouter never re-
newed his offer for her hand and even-
tually married a daughter of Petrus
Van Schoonevan, a dealer in furs.

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PHONE 65

A PRIVATE'S HEROISM.Carried Water to Wounded Soldiers in
the Face of Death.It is one of the anomalies of war
that, although it stirs the savage na-
ture of mankind, it also calls out the
highest qualities of courage, unselfish-
ness and devotion. Many a deed of
martial heroism is done in the name of
mercy rather than of the god of bat-
tle. No description of a fierce charge,
says the Youth's Companion, records
more determined valor than does the
story of Richard Kirkland as told by
General Kershaw.Kershaw was a private who served
in the South Carolina volunteers dur-
ing the civil war. After the bloody
battle of Fredericksburg his brigade
occupied the road near the field. One
hundred and fifty yards beyond the
field lay the Federal troops, and be-
tween the ground was covered by the
dead and dying. All day long the air
was rent with the cries and groans of
the wounded and the pitiful calls
"Water! Water!"In the afternoon as General Kershaw
sat in the upper room of his head-
quarters overlooking the field Kirkland
asked permission to speak to him."General," said the young man, "I
can't stand it."

"Stand what, sergeant?"

"All night and all day I've heard
those poor people crying for water. I
came to ask permission to give them
a drink.""Kirkland," responded the general,
"don't you know that if you ever step
over that wall you'll get a bullet in
your head?"

"I know it, but I am willing to try."

The general considered a moment.
"I ought not to allow you to run such
a risk," he said, "but I cannot refuse
your request. Trusting God will pro-
tect you, you may go."The sergeant's eyes lighted with
pleasure."Thank you, sir!" he said heartily
and ran down the stairs. When he
reached the bottom of the flight he
hesitated, turned and ran up again."General, can I show the white
handkerchief?"The general slowly shook his head.
"No, Kirkland, you can't do that."
"All right! I'll take the chance,"
and he was off again.From the windows of the house the
officers watched him run across the
road and climb the wall. He made
his way quickly to the nearest suffer-
er, raised the poor fellow's head on
his arm and gave him a long drink
of cool water.From one he went to another until
his purpose was so plain in the eyes
of the Federals that all danger was
over.From all parts of the field came the
piteous appeals; again and again Kirk-
land had to return for water, and he
spent an hour and a half in minister-
ing to the needs of the wounded.Then he rejoined his company unhurt.
At Chickamauga Kirkland fell. His
example was one which dignified all
humanity.**Misleading Names.**Perhaps the most misleading name
on the map is that of Tierra del Fuego,
the "Land of Fire." The name would
imply that it was a land of volcanoes
in constant activity. The fact is, how-
ever, that it contains no volcanoes and
is a country of perpetual wet and cold.
It got its name from the fact that it
was sighted by Magellan at night in
consequence of a large fire having
been ignited by the natives on shore.
The same discoverer happened to have
very fine weather after he had round-
ed the Horn and so gave the name
"Pacific" to a part of the ocean which
is exceptionally subject to storms.Again, Boothia Felix, a peninsula in
arctic America, in which the magnetic
pole is located, is anything but "hap-
py" or "pleasant," as its name would
imply. It was named after Sir Felix
Booth, who provided funds for the ex-
pedition which discovered it. In another
sense the name of America is whol-
ly misleading, since it is derived from
that of Amerigo Vespucci, who did
not discover the new world.**Warden's
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BREAD**New England
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LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Harry A. Bond is transacting business in Toledo.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Moore were in Indianapolis yesterday.

Mrs. Bert Schardt, of Brazil, is the guest of Mrs. John Ireland this week.

Leroy Eaker, who was quite sick the first of the week is much improved.

Clyde Jamison, who was severely burned some time ago is rapidly improving.

Mrs. Emma Rupp, of Ladoga, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Gilmore today.

M. L. Darnall, who has been on an extended visit in the West has returned to the city.

The feed and trailer vines of the traction line are in readiness between Brazil and this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Shover, of Cheltenham, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Ben Williams on Central avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Hilden will move into their new home on east Anderson street in the near future.

Miss Mildred E. Stecher has returned to her home in Cheltenham after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bond.

Miss Myrtle Bagstad will return to her home in Buhbridge tomorrow to remain with her folks until Monday.

Joe Collins and Henry Ware, of Buhbridge, were in the city this morning on route to Gosport, to attend the poultry show.

Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Britton, Mrs. Dr. O'Brien, and Dr. O'Brien's sister, all of Fillmore, attended the play "Driven from the Altar" last night.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Baman, of Frankfort, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wernke and Mrs. Katie Moore. Mr. Baman was formerly a resident of this city.

Manager Blake has arranged to have the election returns announced at the opera house tonight between acts. The audience will have pleasure and politics at the same time.

James Spork, Jr., who has been in charge of camp No. 14 on Vandallia, came here yesterday to take charge of this section of the Vandallia, which was managed by Ezra Smythe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Barnard, Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. James Nelson, Dr. and Mrs. G. F. Overstreet and Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Arnold went to Indianapolis today to see "The Square Man" at English's theatre.

Frank Hunter returned to Cleveland this morning.

John Richard and Ray Gable, of Roschdale were in the city last night.

Tom Sheets, of Brazil, was in the city this morning on route to Indianapolis.

J. J. Rogers, of Pendleton, Ind., transacted business in the city yesterday.

L. M. Messer, who is suffering from a carbuncle on his neck, is slowly improving.

Mrs. Henry Crawford, of Greencastle, is visiting Sam Farnum and family.

Foot Rager of Frankfort, who is visiting in the city, made a business trip to Bloomington today.

Miss Grace Galtier will visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Galtier, of Roschdale, over Sunday.

The Emory Club met this afternoon at the home of Mrs. Robert Hancock on north Jackson street.

Oliver King, of Zions, Ill., who is visiting relatives in the city this week, transacted business in the city today.

Ward McCannack was called to Belle Union this morning by the serious illness of his grandfather, Mrs. Bama.

E. H. Williamson and Thomas Williamson were in Indianapolis yesterday preparing for the funeral services of their brother, John.

Elmer Young was in the city yesterday afternoon en route to his home in Roschdale. Elmer went to his parents in Texas about three weeks ago.

Fordman, who have been employed in the section of the road, are leaving their leave. Eight left the city this morning via Big Four for their old home in Austria.

The Century Club will meet with Mrs. F. A. Bays on next Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. The paper will be by Mrs. E. E. Little on the subject, "Children, the Gentia."

The Putnam County Medical Society held its meeting last evening with Dr. Hawkins. Dr. Kipp led the discussion of "Tumors" which was moderated upon by the various physicians present. The meeting proved to be interesting and beneficial.

Ward has been received here of the death of a former resident of the city, Dr. John A. Cunningham, a brother-in-law of Thomas and E. H. Williamson of this city. Mr. Cunningham has been in Davenport, Iowa with his daughter, Mrs. Carrie Danwick, for about two years. The funeral will be held in Indianapolis, where his daughter, Miss Ada resides.

Walter Eden is in school again this term.

Mrs. J. L. Banded is in Greencastle today.

Mrs. Fella T. McWhirter is visiting in town.

Mr. Joel Brookshire and son are visiting in Ladoga.

E. P. Carpenter was in Sullivan the first of the week.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Rogers is quite ill.

Charles Cannel, of Greencastle, is in the city on business.

C. H. Milled connected business in Indianapolis yesterday.

Mrs. Paul Smith, of Boston, is visiting their sisters here.

O. H. Harshbarger, of Roschdale, is visiting friends in the city.

Charles O. Buis has returned from a business trip in Spencer.

Miss Lella Jones has returned from short visit in Indianapolis.

James Wickham was in Indianapolis on business this afternoon.

Warren Newport was here today on his way home from Indianapolis.

Dr. J. L. McElroy, of Burlington, is visiting relatives here and at Roschdale.

A niece of Mrs. A. T. Welch is staying with her and attending school.

Dr. J. P. D. John speaks at the "Big Meeting" in Indianapolis next Sunday.

Carl Stephenson is at home from Ill., where he spent the vacation with relatives.

Thomas McGraw, a Mason, Conductor, is at work again after a few days vacation.

Mrs. Columbus Allen has returned to her home in Roschdale, after a short visit here.

Mrs. Lou Darnall and son have returned to their home in Pence after a short visit here.

Other Charles's little child, who was in a serious condition from striking out of his recovered.

Miss Katie Crawford and Beale McDonald have returned to Greencastle after a short visit here.

Mr. Wm. Standler, of Fillmore, is still in Fletcher's Sanitarium in Indianapolis with no improvement in his condition. Mr. Standler is well known in the city.

Ward has been received from Mr. C. S. Brown in Chicago that the condition of his son, Henry, who is critically ill, is somewhat improved. Henry was operated upon in Chicago hospital recently and has been in a very critical condition.

Dr. Foyker was called, near one o'clock this afternoon, to the home of Warren Goddard, three miles west of the city, who received a severe wound on his left hand while cutting wood. The cut extends across the middle and fore fingers and partly through the hand to the bone. It will be necessary to remove a part of the bone.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Herbert, of Greencastle, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Cooper of Putnamville, Mr. and Mrs. John Wright of Manhattan, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Woodall of Avon, Ill., Mr. and Mrs. James Woodall of Fillmore, Frank Woodall of Hillsboro, Ill., Robert and Henry Woodall of Putnamville, and Rose Moser of Manhattan were here yesterday attending the funeral of Mrs. Mary Woodall.

Four Romanians, all from Alsop, Romania, who said they wanted to be "like the Americans," went to the County Clerk's office yesterday afternoon and took out the first papers necessary for naturalization. The men came here to work on the railroad construction work and fear that they are employed at the A. & C. Stone company quarries. They gave their names as Pete Danah, Nick Omand, Willie Stern and Nick Burton. Each can speak English fairly well and each can write as well as a fairly legible manner.

Miss Sarah O'Hair is ill.

Sophia Vesper, of Brazil, was in the city today.

Ernest Vermillion, of Mt. Vernon, was in the city yesterday.

Miss Pauline Carter, of Ladoga, is visiting Miss Florence Parker.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Davis, of Connersville is visiting Mr. and Mrs. William Thompson.

Mrs. M. O. Payne, of Rockville, has been visiting her father, A. K. Barnes. Mr. Barnes is slightly improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Girton have returned to their home on Terra Haute, after a visit with A. D. Hutchinson.

From Personal Experience.

Uncle Eli felt he knew the metropolitan pretty well. Had he not been there three times in four years? And when he had ridden on the elevated, so when he brought him down with him on the fourth trip he naturally assumed the role of guide.

She marvelled at everything until they sat down for lunch. They had gone into the Hotel Astor for that meal, but all its other marvels seemed lost on the visiting country ladies as she looked open eyed at the crowds that filled not only the corridors, but the restaurants. Scarcely had they found seats when the announced took refreshments.

"Eli," said she in a sage whisper, "I can't see here and not possibly. I just must go downstairs and help poor Misses later with the coffee and dishes."—Columbian.

What They Wanted.

"See fellows don't know exactly what you want," said a politician to a committee that called on him. "You would use of a schoolteacher via once and a numerous class of people on his hands."

"That portion of the school who accompanied this miniature rebellion sent a committee to cure their presence in the name of the rest."

"But the principal would have to work with them. He simply locked them in his room and went down to party with the rank and file."

"Well," said he, "and what is it you want?"

"We want the same as the other boys speak."

"What's that?"

"We don't know!"—Business Magazine.

Engraved cards—empty.

—at the Herald office. One hundred cards and a plate for \$2.50.

The People's Transfer Co.

Solicits your patronage on the basis of prompt service and courteous treatment. Will get you to your train on time. Phone 149. Leave orders at Palace Restaurant.

Will Alsbaugh

The obligation will be on our part.

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

They are marvels in the roller skating world and well worth seeing.

Admission 25c Skates Free to All

New Moving Pictures AT OPERA HOUSE

Commencing Monday Night, January 13th

2000 feet Film each night—the best ever seen in the city.

Stereoscopic Dissolving Views—they are fine. GOOD MUSIC.

Miss Freda Hoffman Musical Director. Miss Gertrude Taylor Vocalist.

Admission 10c; Children 5c

DR. MILES' ANTI-PAIN PILLS

FOR Headache

FOR NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, PAIN IN CHEST, DISTRESS IN STOMACH, SLEEPLESSNESS



TAKE ONE of the Little Tablets AND THE PAIN IS GONE.

If you have Headache Try One

They Relieve Pain Quickly, leaving no bad After-effects

25 Doses 25 Cents Never Sold in Bulk

DATES AND FIGS.

Frugal Fare of the Desert Wanderers of the East.

While journeying across the desert Mrs. A. Goodrich-Foster, author of "A Syrian Saddle," met a lonely traveler bound for Meade. On learning that the caravan was bound for the same place he asked permission to join them. Incidentally he furnished an illustration of the difference between necessities and luxuries.

We were very grateful, says the writer, for coffee and an excellent lunch of sausage, ported meat and jam, with white bread, brought from Jerusalem. We ate our fill with some sense of guilt, as the traveler predicted his lunch of dates and figs.

Dates and figs, he informed us, was the natural food of desert wanderers, soothing to the body, stimulating to the mind. The wheat, the best wheat, all the abundance of civilization, was mere necessities.

Was it not that such as this—and he waved a pair of sensitive hands over his meagre baggage—which had enabled him to reply to the inquiry of a passenger as to how many hours a day he could ride in the desert? "Twenty-four, your majesty, since a day does not contain twenty-five."

Was it not on a diet of figs and dates that he had ridden thirty hours without dismounting? Was it your meat, your wine, your drink, your comfort, your sound and wholesome when necessity obliged him to refrain from abstinence for twenty-one days?

At this point he carefully counted his date stones, observed that there were yet due to his appetite and finished his frugal luncheon.

ONLY A TRAMP.

Raising the Curtain For a Moment in One of Life's Tragedies.

A recent incident which holds in its simple outlines the possibility of just tragedy is described in the New York Times. It is another illustration of how careless the world is of the individual and how thick is the veil which one may wrap about his personality. Not long ago a laborer employed by the Erie railroad in Jersey City was run over by a train and laid his leg out.

A policeman happened for an ambulance. The injured man lay on a grass patch, apparently bleeding to death. Just then a typical railroad tramp in dirty rags summoned him. He tapped a policeman's elbow.

"May I ask what's the matter, officer?" he inquired.

"Man bleeding to death," replied the policeman.

"Would you mind if I looked it him?" asked the tramp. "I might be of service."

"Go ahead," responded the officer.

Bending low over the wounded laborer, the tramp asked for water to wash his hands and then began to crowd for clean handkerchiefs. With a half dozen dirty, ragged rags he made a tourniquet and stopped the flow of blood.

"Are you a doctor?" some one asked as the man slipped away through the crowd.

"I used to be," he replied as he hurried off.

Patriotism Is the Making.

Patriotism in New York is conspicuous. They have a flag drill in the schools in which the children of every race and clime, as the hymn book says, are taught to salute the sun and stripes and give "their best hands and their hearts to their country." And in some of the 14 downtown schools you may see children from homes German, Italian, Syrian, Scandinavian, Jewish, Hungarian, Chinese, Armenian, Greek and heaven knows how many other nationalities all joining in this picturesque ceremony. It gives one a real sense of the variety of material which is put into this crucible we call a city and which in another generation or two will be simply American.—Boston Transcript.

Talking Through the Nose.

So called "talking through the nose" is not talking through the nose at all, but rather failure to do so—that is, instead of letting the tongue find its usual cavity, to be re-directed there by striking against the walls of the cavity, which act as sounding boards for the tone confined within that cavity. We shut off the cavity and reduce the tone its natural reinforcement. It takes on as a result a thin, unpleasant quality which we call nasal, although it is thin and unpleasant because it lacks true nasal resonance. The only remedy lies in causing a short of the cavity.—Katherine Jewel Events in Harper's Bazar.

Frog's Narrow Escape.

A correspondent writes: "My son, aged ten and a half years, was working in the garden when a spider about two feet long glided past him. A good old with a stone about the size of a cricket ball broke the spider's spine, while a sharp edge of the granite cut open the belly, thereby rendering it freedom a frog, which hopped off to its prison underground."—Madras Mail.

Speaking.

"Did you think Miss Jenkins was speaking eyes?"

"I'm sure I didn't know," replied the young lady. "If she had, her mouth wouldn't give them a chance to be heard."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Young Lady.

From a morning paper: "Steve went out to look after young lady, age about eighteen." We do not know much about the subject, but is that pretty lady young for a baby?—London Globe.

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Mr. Frank Woods led the Y. M. C. A. meeting last evening. He gave an interesting talk on one of the essentials of preparing for Christian work, that of keeping in close touch with God.

Old Gold Day was a success from a financial standpoint as well as in all other ways. According to the report which has been submitted to the Treasurer of the Athletic Board, the President of the Student Council, the gate receipts amounted to more than \$120. The net proceeds were \$7.35, which was paid into the treasury of the Athletic Board. According to the contract the Board shall pay from its treasury any deduction resulting from the expenses of that day, and the proceeds, if any remain after paying expenses, shall be deposited to the credit of the Board.

Dennis Grady is confined to his room at the Phi Delta house by illness.

The "Deutsche Bund" will meet at the Alpha Chi Omega house this evening.

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Wm. Bateman, who had a mild form of smallpox, writes that he is again at work.

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