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 voiced 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. jn

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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. Wissler explains in Discovery that the whirlwind meant by the Dakota 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 swain.

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 zigzag or wavy line, usually in red. But Dr. Wissler 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 symboline 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 zigzag 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 bales 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 bales 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 pois, 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 a bad whisky 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 f'r 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 gayety.

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

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

"I was only thinkin', Pegasus is pretty fr-risky the day, owin' to shtandin' so long in the shtall. He's lolkely to run wid ye, Miss Marcia. But av coorse if Misther Lock—pardon, miss, I f'git 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 flick 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 pleasure. But she had promised her father that 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 vaulting lessons from an unknown riding master. And if further truth be told she had let the accident of one day [illegible] the programme of the next. [illegible] 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 farther down in the wall catching Marcia's attention, she decided to put her horse at that. It was higher 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, how she never knew, found herself hurled high over Pegasus' head.

As luck would have it, she landed on a heap of dead leaves blown by the winds against the bank of the wall 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 betther place f'r ye to land myself—a pile av soft leaves and a shtrame of water-r close by. Faith an' it's luck 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 Misther Lock—pardon me f'r f'rgittin' his name ag'in—afther all. Did Pegasus run wid 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"—

"Lochinvar, 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 Lochinvar 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 paused 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 role 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 Volbeck, 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 "Algiers and Beyond," is the ordinary sheath knife, on which the Arab gets a very fine edge. He adds that when in camp in the Haouamed 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 chapple, 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

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Monday Night, January 6, 1908

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This popular price show comes to us this season equipped with special scenery and high-priced vaudal acts, which are equaled by few and excelled by none.

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On Monday night two ladies, or lady and gent, will be admitted on one paid 30 cent ticket.

Change of program and new plays each night.

Grand Matinee for children Saturday afternoon

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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. Vandyke.

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'HAVER,
C. W. CAUBLE.

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

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You are reading this one. That should convince you that advertising in these columns is a profitable proposition; that it will bring business to your store. The fact that the other fellow advertises is probably the reason he is getting more business than is falling to you. Would it not be well to give the other fellow a chance

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321	Engine House
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52	Seminary and Arlington
62	Washington and Durham
72	Washington and Locust
212	Seminary and Locust
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43	Main and Ohio
53	College Ave and Demotte Alley
63	Locust and Sycamore

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