

WEATHER REPORT.
Partly cloudy, with snow flurries tonight and near Lake Michigan Thursday cold wave.

Greencastle Herald.

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CALL PHONE 65.

VOL. 2, NO. 249. GREENCASTLE, INDIANA, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 15, 1908. PRICE ONE CENT

PLAN FOR DAY CURRENT

CITY FATHERS GRANT FRANCHISE TO PAUL H. WHITE FOR HIGH TENSION LINE THROUGH THE CITY TO INDIANAPOLIS.

MUST BE WORKING IN TWO YEARS

The Company Gets the Rights to the City Streets for Forty Years and Must Have a Working Current within 24 Months.

The City Fathers met in regular session last night at the usual time and place. There was little of importance to come before the council, and the work was done and the council adjourned shortly after eight o'clock. Every one was waiting to hear whom the council had appointed to fill the place made vacant by the resignation of Chas. Zeis, who will undertake the arduous task of piloting the Republican party of the county through the next campaign. His resignation did not materialize, however, and no successor could be appointed.

The usual claims were passed and the usual routine work done.

The only business of importance was the passing of the ordinance giving to Paul H. White the right to use the streets and alleys of the city for the erection of poles and the stringing of wires for electrical purposes. This is the company that owns some six thousand acres of coal lands in Clay and Vigo counties. The company proposes to utilize this coal on the spot by converting it into electricity, and transferring this

electricity at high tension to Indianapolis and towns along the line. The franchise granted gives the company the right to erect the poles and wires and to furnish electricity for both power and lighting purposes. The line must be working within two years or the ordinance becomes void.

The company proposes to establish sub-stations here and to place transformers, and to provide electrical current for power to all users of power in the city. It is the hope of the company to provide this power so cheaply that it will completely supersede all gas and steam engines in the manufacturing plants here. There will be both a day and night current in quality sufficient for all purposes. The company has high hopes of making a success of the venture. The franchise further gives to Paul H. White the right to transfer the powers given him to any company he may organize.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE

Has Elected William H. O'Brien, Formerly a Student of DePauw, Treasurer of the Committee.

William H. O'Brien, of Lawrenceburg, Indiana, well known, very popular, and highly respected, has been elected Treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, to succeed Perry Belmont. Mr. O'Brien was a student of DePauw University, years ago, and his many friends here rejoice because of this merited recognition.

SEEK DePAUW'S PLANS

W. A. Trempe, editor-in-chief, of the "Miami Student" of Miami University, has written the "DePauw" staff in regard to the system used by the management of the paper. He says that the "DePauw" is the snappiest paper he knows of and he is anxious to compare notes. Mr. Trimpe also inquired concerning the Press Club and asked concerning its organization saying that he was very much interested and was looking forward to such an organization in his own school.

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ALLEN BROTHERS

PUTNAM ELECTRIC SUED

General Electric Company Brings Suit against Local Company for Supplies Furnished and Alleged Unpaid for.

DID NOT CONFORM TO WARRANT

Suit was today filed in the Putnam county circuit court by the General Electric Company against the Putnam Electric Company for the sum of \$1,000. The company alleges that this sum remains due and unpaid on the contract price of the machinery furnished by the plaintiffs to the defendants to equip the electric plant in this city. The plaintiff states that seven hundred and fifty dollars remain unpaid and that \$1,000 will only reimburse them for trouble and interest.

The Putnam Electric Company has not yet filed an answer, but it is understood that the defendant company holds that the machinery furnished did not conform to the specifications and that under the terms of the warrant the amount unpaid is rightfully withheld. The case will come up in the February term of court.

A VERY QUIET TOWN

Greencastle Very, Very Good Except for Sneak Thieves and Those Who Grow Profane over the Condition of the Walks.

Greencastle is now a very, very good place. For two weeks the county jail has been empty, and its corridors have failed to echo the footsteps of sinful men. So little has been going on that the police are said to be worried about drawing their salary, feeling that unless something happens they will hardly have earned their reward. Sneak thieves still prowl in the residence parts and hobos call at the jail for shelter, but the first can not be caught and the second are very good—for hobos. There is a decided falling off in the amount of intoxication since the removal of large numbers of the construction gangs at the finishing of the railroad work. When we are left alone we are very well behaved people.

SAM HAMILL A TARGET

Woman Goes Gunning for Him in Chicago But the Reason Not Known.

A special from Chicago gives the following story in regard to Sam Hamill, of Terre Haute, well known in this city: Three shots were fired at Samuel R. Hamill, an attorney of Terre Haute, Ind., by Mrs. Thomas Metcalf in the corridors of the Federal Building here late this afternoon. The reason for the shooting is a mystery and the identity of the persons concerned was kept secret until late tonight, when revelations were made by one of the federal officers who questioned the woman after her arrest. Hamill is one of the attorneys for John R. Walsh, but the identity of Mrs. Metcalf is not, as yet, thoroughly established. The incident occurred outside the courtroom of Judge Anderson, before whom John R. Walsh is on trial on charges of having misappropriated funds of the Chicago National Bank.

ARRANGING TRACK MEET

At the Athletic Board meeting Monday night Manager Eckley of track athletics reported that negotiations had been entered into with James Millikin and Earlham Colleges for outdoor track meets early in the spring. Several other schools have written for field contests with DePauw, but these have been refused in order to arrange for meets with the other two institutions. One of the contests will be on the home grounds, but Manager Eckley has not yet made public which school will appear on McKen Field.

Miss Edyth Kinney will be at the Opera House nightly as a feature of the big vaudeville bill arranged by Manager Blake for this week. No advance in price.

ELOPED.

It is rumored that Guy Riggs and Miss McCamack, of Fox Ridge, boarded the 8:25 Vandalia train yesterday and went to Terre Haute, where they were married. The parents are in search of the young couple, however, no clue to their whereabouts has been found.

PARIS, ILL., BY TROLLEY

The Line Will Be Opened for Business Between Indianapolis and Paris, Ill., Next Week.

The finishing touches are being attended to on the new trolley line between this city and Brazil, and between Terre Haute and Paris, Ill., this week and next week will see a continuous trolley system line open for business between Indianapolis and Paris, Ill. The mileage between the two cities name is about 100 miles, and word is given out by the officials that a first class equipment and fast service will be inaugurated at an early date.

PROHIBITION CONVENTION

Members of the Party to Meet Tomorrow to Nominate County Ticket and Listen to Oratory.

The Putnam County Prohibition Convention will be held Monday, January 20, in Assembly Room of Court house, beginning at 10:30 a. m. for the purpose of nominating a County ticket and electing delegates to the State Convention, May 19 and 20.

Michael J. Fanning of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, the great Irish Orator, will address the Convention. Mr. Fanning is a typical Irishman and probably has made more speeches against the saloon than any man living. He stands today with few equals and certainly no superiors on the temperance platform. Sam Small says: "No man in America is more competent to discuss all phases of the liquor problem intelligently, eloquently and convincingly than Mike Fanning." State Chairman F. W. Lough will also be present. No one can afford to miss the rare treat provided by the State Committee for the people of Putnam County. Mr. Fanning will also speak at night at same place.

FIRE LOSS IS ADJUSTED

J. R. Coleman, state agent for the Ohio Farmer's Insurance Company was here today and adjusted the claim for loss on the Hamrick barn recently burned. Mr. Coleman not only settled the amount due the owners of the burned property but left a check in payment of the same. His home is in Warsaw, Ind.

Harry Vaw, the funniest of all black face comedians, promises to evoke laughter and applause from all in attendance.

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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STOCKHOLDERS' ELECTIONS

TO NAME DIRECTORS FOR INSTITUTIONS FOR THE ENSUING YEAR.

RESULTS OF VOTES AS CAST

By the Stockholders of the Central National Bank, First National Bank and Central Trust Company.

The annual meetings of the stockholders of the Central National Bank, the First National Bank and the Central Trust Company have been held and the directors are as follows:

Central National Bank—Quinton Broadstreet, Bascom O'Hair, E. B. Evans, F. A. Arnold, R. L. O'Hair, S. A. Hays, and J. L. Randel.

Central Trust Company—S. A. Hays, J. L. Randel, R. L. O'Hair, F. A. Arnold, Quinton Broadstreet, E. B. Evans and Bascom O'Hair.

At the First National Bank Election, held on Tuesday Mr. John Robe and Mr. James V. Durham, both of whom had long served on the Board of Directors, were not re-elected, and the recent death of Mr. Isaiah Vermilion made necessary the choice of a third new director. The Board now consists of Alfred Hirt, Lycurgus Stoner, T. T. Moore, A. O. Lockridge, W. L. Denman, Andrew Hirt, J. P. Allee, Isaac Peck and A. J. Hamrick, the three last named being the new directors chosen. The officers of the bank are Alfred Hirt, Pres.; W. L. Denman, Cashier; T. T. Moore, Vice Pres.; Andrew Hirt, Asst. Cashier.

TROUBLE POSSIBLY RESULT

Do Not Put Your Trust in Corsets—They Are Apt to Bust without Previous Notice.

A strange mishap is reported to us as recently happening to one of Greencastle's young matrons. Fortunately it did not occur at an afternoon tea, or a bridge party, or a literary club meeting, or at prayer meeting, or at church. It happened within the confines of her own home and environs by her own loved ones.

Some time previous she had bought corsets that were warranted to add grace and beauty to the form, give absolute ease and comfort to the wearer, stand all and every strain put upon the garment and neither rip, ravel or rust.

These qualities guaranteed gave the young matron implicit confidence and no thought of serious defect in the corset entered her mind until the evening now under notice came along. At this time, having just left the table after eating a very hearty meal, there came a tickling in the throat, supplemented by a tickling in the nose, and these ticklings brought about a violent sneeze accompanied by a robust cough, but the noise of the combined sneeze and cough was utterly eclipsed and drowned by the explosion of the corset, resultant from said combination of sneeze and cough. It cracked like a pistol and the ripping and tearing after the explosion made a noise akin to a circular saw striking a hard knot in a white oak log.

For a half minute succeeding the catastrophe there was the silence of a country graveyard at midnight, then there came a smiling cackle followed by a roar of laughter from the husband should add years to his life, and the better half wore an expression of chagrined astonishment that no pen or brush artist will ever have sufficient talent to successfully depict.

PLANS COMPLETED

Dr. Town is Getting Bids on New Library Building.

The plans and specifications for the new university library are completed and are now in the hands of the contractors for bids. Field Secretary, Dr. S. B. Town of the university, when interviewed last evening regarding the matter said, that everything was progressing nicely and that the bids on the construction of the new building would soon be coming in.

INSTALLATION OF OFFICERS.

Bee Hive Rebecca Lodge No. 106 had installation of officers Monday evening. Mrs. C. H. Mielke was installing officer and the following officers were installed for the ensuing year:

Mrs. Martha Flisk, N. G. Mrs. Clara Cook, V. G. Nellie Warner, Sec. Mary Hoffman, Treas.

Miss Bertha Eitelborg was initiated into the order after which refreshments were served and a social time enjoyed by all the remainder of the evening.

SCHOOL TEACHERS' EXAMINATION

Qualifications Necessary before It Is Possible to Take This Examination Under the New Law.

Date
Name
Address
Have you ever taught school? Where How long?
If you have never taught please answer the following questions:
Are you a commissioned High School graduate? Where When
Are you an accredited High School graduate Where? When?
Have you had a full twelve weeks Normal Training in: Educational Psychology? In Observation and Study in Training School? In Modern Methods of Instruction? In School Organization and Administration? In what school was the above Normal work taken? When?
Have you your passing grades signed by the President of the school?
If the above questions are not answered in the affirmative you are barred from taking the teacher's examination both in the High School and also in the grades.

BANKS NEARLY FULL NOW

Movement to Organize a Militia Company in Greencastle Meeting with Success.

The movement to organize a military company in Greencastle is meeting with success. Already 46 men have signified their intention of joining the company. Fifty men will be enough to make organization possible under the law organizing the state guard. So it will be seen that it is only a matter of a few days till the number will be complete. Those who are interested are making the fact known to W. M. Sutherland at his office on the west side of the square, and Mr. Sutherland stated to a Herald reporter that each day brings new names, and the roll is almost complete.

AFTER THE DENTISTS' GOLD

Dr. Overstreet Victim of Thieves in the Dental Line.

The thief who visited Dr. Hamilton's dental office also made a business call on Dr. W. G. Overstreet the same day and nipped a portion of his dental supply of gold. Some one who was "next" to the dental business undoubtedly looted these offices.

BEN LUKENS IS ARRESTED

Charged with Swindling Operations in Selling Logs He Could Not Deliver Because He Did Not Own Them.

SHERIFF CLAY MADE THE ARREST

Ben Lukens, formerly of this city, is in trouble and in the clutches of the law, at Indianapolis. The story was told by the Star is as follows: For selling logs by the hundreds when it appears he only had logs by the tens Benjamin Lukens of Greencastle was Monday placed under arrest by Sheriff Joseph Clay on an indictment for false pretense, returned by the December grand jury. Sheriff Clay had to go to Greencastle after Lukens. The prisoner at once gave \$1,500 bond. The indictment by the grand jury was returned upon the representations made by the Talge Mahogany Company in the persons of Samuel Talge and Jesse Stone. It appears that on Oct. 2 Lukens sold the Talge Mahogany Company 40,000 feet of veneer lumber which he had near Shoals, Ind., and 10,000 more near Greencastle, and received \$1,500 as an advance payment. Later developments convinced the Talge Mahogany Company that he had not enough logs at the places named to fill the order by one-tenth.

THE OFFICERS ELECTED

By the Boards of Directors of the Central National Bank and Central Trust Co.

Meetings of the newly elected Boards of Directors of the Central National Bank and the Central Trust Co. were held Tuesday night to elect the officers for the ensuing year, with the following results: Central National Bank—R. L. O'Hair, President; F. A. Arnold, Vice President; J. L. Randel, Cashier.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

F. M. Layne to James S. McCamack, lot in Cloverdale, \$125. James T. Raines and wife to Presley O. Collier, Trustee, land in Jefferson township, \$5,330.

At the Opera House all this week connection with Motion Pictures and Illustrated Songs.

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Will Alsbaugh
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The Central Trust Company

The Greencastle Herald

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F. C. TILDEN C. J. ARNOLD

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SOME STATEMENTS.

It has been stated, and with authority, supposedly, that the Republicans were all for temperance, and that Dr. Hongland, in speaking well of Mr. Hostetter, the Democratic nominee for representative had unwisely overlooked the claims and the qualities of the as yet unknown man to be nominated. Leaving out of the question that it is remarkable that a single man should know who will be nominated before the nominations take place, a rather striking admission of machine rule, there is yet to be considered the Republican attitude toward the matter in general. Let us look locally. We have a man on the police force who has been charged with many sins, not the least being intoxication while on duty. The Republican members of the council who appointed him, sanction his conduct, and refuse to investigate—all but one member. Officer Grimes, charged with intoxication at the very time he is supposed to be enforcing the laws against such conduct, continues, without investigation, to hold his place. The one Republican member, so the story goes, who voted against freeing him from investigation, has since had trouble with several Republicans who, seemingly, believe in such actions. We do not say that Mr. Grimes is guilty, but we do say that such a charge is grave, that a failure to investigate it shows lack of conviction on the temperance question, and marks the position of some local Republicans.

REPUBLICAN CONDITIONS.

The Honorable T. T. Moore, in discussing public questions before the Republican convention on Tuesday, declared that the Republican party had done the best possible for the people "under the conditions." That is exactly the point to which attention ought to be called. The Republican party is responsible for the conditions. It was the Republican party and a Republican tariff that made possible the trusts of the present day, against which a Republican president, his hands tied by a Republican senate, fights in vain. It has been Republican friendship for Wall street, from the time of Grant till the time of Cortelyou that has made much of its iniquity possible. It was the malfeasance of Republican officials that made possible the land-fraud scandals, and made necessary the prosecutions which now, owing to "conditions" are so futile. These conditions are the fruit of Republican theories. Now they struggle vainly against

the walls they themselves have built, and plead that they can do no more "under the conditions." It is these conditions against which we protest. They must be put aside. We must see the end of trust and fraud. We must have a sane tariff. We demand protection for the people. None of these things the Republicans can give us, for the "conditions" their rule has fostered has placed in seats of power the heads of the corporations and trusts they seek to control. Should the Republican party destroy the trusts it would also destroy itself, for it is led and financed by trust men, from Aldrich and Depew and Fairbanks down the line to Foraker and Platt. It is a weak cry, this cry of conditions, when we remember that the Republicans have made them.

A NEW CHORAL CLUB

A new thing among the students is the lately organized Choral Club, composed of the members of the University Glee Club with selected singers from among the ladies of the Music School. At a meeting held Friday afternoon in West College, the following officers were elected: President, Mr. Newbanks; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Frank Lucas; Director, Professor vonKleinsmid. The purpose of the organization is the study and preparation of good material for use at Church and College affairs.

GUM ARABIC.

The Two Classes, Amberlike and Bleached, and Their Uses.

Gum arabic, which forms one of the more important minor exports of Egypt, is really the sap from a special kind of tree which grows from three to five yards in height, whose forests of which are found in the Kordofan province and also near Gedid, in the White Nile province. The natives are free to collect the gum. The season during which the trees yield their sap runs from December to May. Prior to gathering the crop the natives prepare the trees by slightly cutting the bark in numerous places. The sap then exudes, solidifies in the shape of large and small lumps and is afterward gathered by hand, such gathering being done before the rainy season commences.

There are two main classes of gum—amberlike and bleached. In the latter the gum is merely exposed to the strong action of the sun—generally in Omdurman—while in the former it is allowed to retain its natural amber color. The confectionery trade is perhaps the principal purchaser of gum arabic, though a very large number of other industries—chemical works, printing and dyeing mills, letter press printers and so on—are interested in this product of Sudan.—Chicago News.

PAYING THE PENALTY.

The Way Beckmann Begged Frankel's Pardon Before Witnesses.

One day Beckmann, the comic actor, was induced to take off a well known newspaper editor, Frankel by name, in one of the characters he was representing in Berlin. He performed his task so cleverly that at the close the audience broke out into loud calls for Frankel. The Journalist brought an action, and Beckmann was condemned to go to the house of the insulted party and there beg his pardon in the presence of witnesses. At the hour appointed Frankel sat in the circle of his family, together with a number of relations and friends who had been convened for the occasion, waiting the arrival of the delinquent. He tarried long, and half an hour had passed in weary suspense when at last the door opened, and Beckmann put his head in and asked:

"Does Mr. Meter live here?"

"Oh, no," answered Frankel. "He lives next door."

"Ah, then, I beg your pardon," said the actor and hastily withdrew, having thus acquitted himself of the imposed penance, to the great annoyance of Frankel and the intense amusement of the assembled witnesses.—London Tit-Bits.

A Long Swim.

A tramp has beaten all known records by swimming twenty-seven miles in thirty minutes. He did not mean to do it. He merely tried to steal a ride from St. Louis to Chicago on the rear of a locomotive tender. When the train started he fell over backward through the open manhole into the water tank. The noise of the train drowned his cries for help, and he was obliged to swim until the first stop was reached at Alton. When taken out he was nearly dead, but the engineer was so unfeeling as to call his attention to the fact that the water was only four feet deep, and he might have stood up. The conductor, also unfeeling, asked him for his ticket, but the tramp said he had not come by rail, but by water.—Youth's Companion.

Strange Bequests.

In his will Stephen Swahn of the parish of St. Olave, Southwark, gave to John Abbott and Mary, his wife, sixpence each "to buy for each of them a halter for fear the sheriff's should not be provided," and John Aylett Stow left the sum of 5 guineas for the purchase of the picture of a viper biting the hand of his rescuer to be presented to an eminent K. C. as a reminder of "his ingratitude and insolence."—Grand Magazine.

COSTLY DRUGS.

Some Rare and Peculiar Substances Used in Medicine.

A writer in Wissen fuer Alle throws some interesting light on rare and peculiar drugs. Saffron, he points out, would strike an ordinary observer as decidedly expensive at \$13 a pound (to change marks into our coinage) until told that it is composed of the central portions only of the flowers of crocuses, 70,000 of which it takes to make a pound. Attar of roses sells at \$112 odd per pound, and it takes 10,000 pounds, or nearly five tons of roses, to obtain one pound of the oil.

Acetone, extracted from the root of monkshood, is said to be the very strongest poison extant, the dose being one six-hundredth of a grain. It is sold at the rate of \$108 per ounce.

Turning from the vegetable to the animal world in search of rare drugs, the writer refers to the musk of the Asiatic deer, which at \$24 to \$30 an ounce must be a prize to the wily hunter. In some of the tropical seas a floating, sweet smelling mass of ambergris is met with worth at present \$30 per ounce, or \$480 per pound in the market. The ambergris is said to be the diseased biliary product of the whale.

Another peculiar product in use as a drug is a solution of the pure venom of the rattlesnake, given occasionally in malignant scarlet fever.

THE "COUP DE JARNAC."

A French Adage and the Incident Upon Which It Rests.

The "coup de Jarnac" has become a French proverb, and it serves to distinguish a stroke as decisive as unforeseen which intervenes for the settlement of any affair. The adage rests upon an incident in the life of Gul Chabot, Seigneur de Jarnac, a noble of the court of Francis I. The lie passed between him and Le Chatelgnerale, the dauphin's favorite, King Francis, however, forbade the duel. At the suggestion of Henry II, the old quarrel was revived, and the overdue duel was fought on the plain of St. Germain with all the formality of the ancient judicial combats and in the presence of the whole court. Jarnac was weaker and less agile than his adversary, who was one of the noted swordsmen of the time, but he had taken lessons from an Italian bravo. In the duel Jarnac waited for an opening and then dealt La Chatelgnerale a heavy and unexpected stroke which hamstrung him. This was in 1447. Ten years later Jarnac was a captain in the defense of St. Quentin. Eventually he met his fate in a duel. But the "coup de Jarnac" is historic in the annals of sword play.—Argonaut.

Monkeys and Parrots.

A lung specialist was talking about a famous scientist who had contracted consumption from a lot of consumptive monkeys that he had been experimenting upon.

"This should be a lesson and a warning to us all," he said, "for nothing is more dangerous to the lungs' health than to have a monkey about the house. Practically all monkeys have consumption in this climate, and it is just as easy to take consumption from a monkey as from a man or woman. It is the same with parrots. They, too, have consumption, and they, too, are most apt to give the disease to those who pet them. As for me, rather than live in the same house with a pet monkey or a pet parrot I would take a cot in the hopeless ward of some consumptives' hospital."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Wedding Day Reminder.

William James, the famous psychologist of Harvard, said at a dinner in Boston:

"An odor often brings back memories that we had thought buried forever. As we regard some strange landscape it often seems to us that we have been just here before. The oddest, the most momentous associations oftentimes attach themselves to the most trifling things.

"Thus at a Thanksgiving dinner that I once attended the hostess said to a sour faced man on my left: 'May I help you to some of the boiled rice, Mr. Smith?' 'Rice? No, thank you—no rice for me,' Smith answered vehemently. 'It is associated with the worst mistake of my life.'"

Costs of Office.

On the day after his election the chief magistrate of a certain town in the Midlands who enjoys the reputation of being rather "near" in money matters was asked for a subscription to the local football club.

"I really can't do it," he replied. "Just look at the outlay I've already been put to through accepting office!" And he produced a small ledger inscribed on the cover "Mayorality Expenses." On the top line of the first inside page was the entry, "Dress suit, £2."—Reynolds' Newspaper.

An Exception.

The Philosopher—Tell me what a person reads and I can tell you what he is. The Dyspeptic—Not always. There's my wife, for instance. She's always reading a cookery book. The Philosopher (confidently)—Well? The Dyspeptic—But she's no cook!

A Humane Woman.

The Cabman—Gimme your bag, lady, and I'll put it on top of the cab. Mrs. Oatenke (as she gets in)—No; that poor horse of yours has got enough to pull. I'll carry it on my lap.—London Tit-Bits.

Do not measure your enjoyment by the amount of money spent in producing it.

When Like Cures Like.

By TROY ALLISON.

Copyright, 1907, by P. C. Eastment.

Minna Reed almost ran down the steps from the house bearing the sign "Mme. Voirsi, Clairvoyant." The lady's communications had upset all her preconceived plans and ideas. Her mother had always opposed her trying anything of the kind, but when she saw the sign an overwhelming desire to inquire into things unknown had beset her. The rest of the party had gone down to the beach, and after staying in her room at the summer hotel for an hour with a headache she had slipped out to buy a fascinating kimono she had seen in a Japanese store the day before. The clairvoyant's sign had caught her eye, and for a whole hour she had sat in the darkened, stuffy little room with her nerves all at strained attention.

She went back to her room and, walking straight to the dresser, looked regretfully at the picture of a frank boyish face surrounded by a little plain gold frame.

"I never would have thought it," she whispered. "I thought you were the truest, noblest thing on earth. And she said the man with black eyes, now one of my circle of acquaintances, was deceitful to the core and that if I did not separate his path from mine he would prove the blighting sorrow of my life. Jimmy, dear, it seems impossible to believe you could bring sorrow into any one's life, but it must have been you she meant, for you are the only man of my acquaintance who has black eyes." And, being only nineteen and believing she had come face to face with the big sorrow of her life, she threw herself across the bed and sobbed because she felt that she must immediately take steps to separate Jimmy Kent's path from hers—Jimmy, who had lent her his red ball to play with the very first day she went to kindergarten.

James Kent, unconscious of the heavy cloud of suspicion hovering over him, came from his ocean swim and lay idly on the sand, hoping Minna would get over her headache and walk down to the beach. Finally, sunburned and glowing, he went back to the hotel and found her on the veranda, gazing listlessly at the sea.

"Is it as bad as all that, little girl? You are the most forlorn looking specimen I ever saw," he said as he sat on the porch rail and eyed her commiseratingly.

Minna, seeing the sympathy in his eyes, wished fervently that they were any other color than black.

"What on earth made you have black eyes, Jimmy? I dislike them so!" she said petulantly.

Jimmy opened the offending orbs very wide in his surprise.

"By Jove, you are a queer one, Minna! You told me yesterday down on the beach that I had the most beautiful eyes you ever saw. Positively made me blush to know I was so beautiful. 'Fraid to sleep in them last night lest I should spoil 'em. And now—Minna, you haven't met any fellow with gray eyes, have you?" he asked suspiciously.

"No, I haven't," indignantly, "but black eyes are treacherous—and I never could trust them."

Whether they were treacherous or not was left an open question, but they certainly proved persuasive, and finally Jimmy was in possession of the whole story.

"Minna Reed, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Do I look like a blighting sorrow?" mimicking her forlorn tone. "I might be mistaken for a prize fighter," exhibiting his muscular arm with pride, "but I'm blamed if I'd know how to start out in the blighting sorrow-business."

Minna, anxious to believe, still looked dubious.

"If your eyes only weren't black!" she sighed.

"Now, look here, my child. I'd get a special act of congress to change them to suit you if I could. You know I've done everything to please you all my life. Why will you believe that utter rot? Did she tell you anything tangible that you absolutely know was true?" Jimmy was in training for a lawyer and wanted to contest all evidence in the case.

"She told me my name and age," triumphantly.

"Didn't you have to write it on a piece of paper first?" suspiciously.

"Yes, but she didn't see it—honestly she didn't. I folded it tightly and put it on the table, and she sat and toyed with it while she talked."

"The mischief she didn't see it!" growled Jimmy. "Anything else?"

"She said I had an Aunt Mary in the spirit land that was trying to guide me," hesitatingly.

"See there! You never had an Aunt Mary in your life! It's all plain humbug." Jimmy spoke with the satisfaction of one willing to leave his case in the hands of an intelligent jury.

"No, I never had, but mamma had, and the clairvoyant said aunts and great-aunts were all the same in the spirit world."

Jimmy positively groaned with disgust.

"She might safely hit on an Aunt Mary. Nearly everybody living has an aunt or great-aunt or great-great-great-aunt Mary. But she had no business fooling with my eyes."

He sat sulkily silent, then grumbled with a thought that made him wonder if he would not some day bear to the realms of the metaphysical the same relation that Edison bears to things physical.

"Young woman, I would not take a

hopeless verdict upon my eyes from any one oculist. Neither will I have them condemned by any one clairvoyant. I demand a consultation. If I get the party together, will you go to another clairvoyant this evening?" he demanded.

"I would be so glad to find that the first one was mistaken," she said fervently.

It was a very busy evening for Mr. Kent. Finally he found a seersucker sufficiently good natured and pliable to fill his requirements.

"Remember, you are to entirely free her mind from the idea. I'll send her in third. You couldn't fail to know her anyway. She's the prettiest one in the bunch. It's cheap at \$10, and if she gets over her fear of black eyes, by Jove, I'll send you another tenner tomorrow." And Mme. Ardetta, enthusiastic under the powerful stimulus, promised to do her best.

That night when the moon cast a long path of light over the waves a couple sat far down the beach in a spot removed from the crowd.

"She told me my name without my writing it!" Minna said in awed tones. "She is simply wonderful! Said for me never to have any confidence in fakes that made me write questions and fold them on a table; that they had blank papers folded just like them, and when they were toying with the ones I wrote that they would substitute the blank one and leave it on the table and take mine in their hand under the edge of the table and read it. That's exactly what that first woman must have done. I've lost faith in her entirely, and, Jimmy, boy, she said that the only person I need avoid and be suspicious of was a blond man with a Vandyke beard."

Young Mr. Kent stroked his beardless chin. "Thank heaven I haven't a blond Vandyke," he said piously. "Did she tell you anything about—er—me?" he asked cautiously.

"Not exactly, but she said that my real affinity was—a man I had known since childhood."

"Now, that," said Mr. Kent, with great gratification, "suits me exactly. I'd rather be called an affinity any day than a blighting sorrow." He joyfully possessed himself of the girl's hands, and she had evidently lost all fear of treachery.

Afterward, with her head resting comfortably against his tweed shoulder, she spoke musingly. "She said that the greatest trial of her life was that there were so many fakes that brought discredit upon her glorious profession."

"Never your mind, little girl; I'm not so easily imposed upon, and you'll have me with you all through life to help pick out the real article," and the treacherous Mr. Kent lifted her face until he could look adoringly into it.

The moon, as if by special contract, came from under a cloud at just the right moment, and she saw his expression.

"Jimmy, I don't believe any one else ever had such wonderfully honest eyes," she said happily.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Coleridge's Defense of the Songster as Not a Melancholy Bird.

The traditional view of the nightingale's song is supremely given in the familiar lyric by Richard Barnefield. Here the poet finds the forlorn bird, with "her breast up-till a thorn," earnestly pouring forth her melodious sorrow. Milton in his juvenile sonnet apostrophizes the ineffable singer as giving forth notes that portend success in love, and when he comes to describe sober pleasures in "Il Penseroso" he appropriately finds the same strains "most musical, most melancholy." Against this Coleridge enters a vigorous protest in "The Nightingale; a Conversation Poem," characteristically advancing in the following passage a general truth and a specific criticism:

A melancholy bird? Oh, idle thought! In nature there is nothing melancholy. But some night wandering man whose heart was pierced

With the remembrance of a grievous wrong

Or slow distemper or neglected love (And so, poor wretch, filled all things with himself

And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale

Of his own sorrow), he, and such as he, First named these notes a melancholy strain.

Annotating this, the poet further illustrates his philosophic acuteness and takes the opportunity of expressing his loyalty to his eminent poetical predecessor. "This passage in Milton," the note runs, "possesses an excellence far superior to that of mere description. It is spoken in the character of the melancholy man and has therefore a dramatic propriety. The author makes this remark to rescue himself from the charge of having alluded with levity to a line in Milton, a charge that which none could be more painful to him except perhaps that of having ridiculed his Bible."

In a letter to Christopher North, Wordsworth refers to the "false notions" regarding the nightingale's song and expresses his belief that Coleridge's poem, with its theory that "in nature there is nothing melancholy," will in all likelihood "contribute greatly to rectify these." In his own poem "Enterprise" he touches on the same point and alludes to the nightingale as "the sweet bird, misnamed the melancholy." It is hardly necessary to add that Kents in his great ode "To a Nightingale" rises to exquisite rapture over the happiness manifested in the singing of the "light winged droid of the trees."—London Notes and Queries.

What We Had to Learn.

Pater—My wife's learning the piano, my daughter's learning the violin and my son's learning the banjo. Sater—And you are learning nothing? Pater—Oh, yes; I'm learning to bear it.

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1:00 pm	1:00 pm
2:00 pm	2:00 pm
3:00 pm	3:00 pm
4:00 pm	4:00 pm
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THE PRISONS IN CHINA

Fearful State of the Criminals
Confined In Them.

ALL PRISONERS FETTERED.

Some From Cruelty Become In Appearance as Wild as Beasts of the Forest. Punishment, For Purposes of Extortion, That Kills Many.

The first thing which impresses the European visitor to the Chinese prison is the absolutely filthy character of the structure itself. If one gets permission to visit the prison in Canton, and shoals of globe trotters do wend their way thither after they have seen the execution ground, it will be found to be a ramshackle building of no pretense whatsoever.

The question will be asked, "By what means are the prisoners held in safety if the structures in which they are incarcerated are so filthy and insecure?" The answer, says the East of Asia Magazine, is brief. Without exception the prisoners are fettered. Many have chains on the legs only. These are the less dangerous and have been guilty of the less important crimes. Others, in addition, have fetters on the arms, which make it impossible for them to escape.

Lastly, a few prisoners were not only manacled on the ankles, but wore a chain around their necks, at the dangling end of which was attached a block of granite. The prisoner would walk from place to place within the courtyard, but ere he could move beyond the length of his chain he must stop and lift the stone and, carrying it in his shackled arms, drop it again where he wished to stop.

In addition to the chains worn by day, all the male prisoners are further shackled at night. By means of two heavy beams, in which holes have been made for the ankles of the prisoners, a rude but effective method is discovered for detaining the prisoners in absolute security.

The prisoners, who during the day have been loitering in the courtyard, are in the evening driven into the wards and made to lie side by side on a raised platform. The upper of the two beams is then raised, and each man is compelled to place his ankle in the hole made to receive it, whereupon the upper beam is replaced, and the prisoners are held by the feet in these rude stocks. There is no possibility of escape. They are allowed bunks for pillows, and in this uncomfortable position they pass the hours.

In addition to this, however, special cruelties are perpetrated on certain prisoners who, for some reason or other, are exempted from capital punishment. Prisoners there are whose appearance becomes as wild as the beasts of the forest; who, with heavy canes on their shoulders, are incarcerated in a filthy dungeon for the term of their natural lives. I have seen them moving to and fro like caged hyenas in their dens at a menagerie. Their appearance is revolting.

Night and day, as far as I remember, both asleep and awake, this heavy burden rested on their shoulders, though how it was possible to sleep therein I was unable to understand. On the other hand, in a prison I visited a few weeks ago I was informed that the canes were removed at nights that the prisoners might sleep. A crowd in the prison quadrangle, with their unshaven heads, their unwashed faces, their clanking fetters, their hopeless looks, their diseased bodies and their bebruted souls, can never be forgotten.

But, although under the recognized system of punishment Chinese prisoners must live a life which to us of the west would be unbearable, it would not be so to them if they were fairly treated and were saved from the excruciations and barbarities to which they are exposed at the hands of their rapacious keepers.

When a prisoner first goes into the wards the warders claim his clothes and his money, and he is left with the barest rags to cover his nakedness. He is robbed of all his cash, as a matter of course. Those who are condemned are compelled, under a threat of the whip, to write begging letters to their relatives requesting them to forward money.

If the unfortunate man hesitates to accede to this demand, the warders, assisted by some of the oldest prisoners—for it appears that inmates of more than twenty years' residence have accorded them certain privileges—take the man in hand during the night. The hands of the prisoners are fastened by a rope, and the other end of the rope is then passed through a ring which brings from the roof of the ward.

The warders then hoist the unhappy wretch, who is left hanging in midair by the hands. Should he attempt to cry out his mouth and throat are filled with ashes. When the breath has almost left his body and he is choking he is lowered, and under the terror of renewal of this torture he is eager to promise almost anything.

Many die under this ordeal. But as it is assumed among the mandarins that mortality must be high and as no official probing is ever dreamed of a general statement as to natural death is sufficient.

The Cashless Engagement.
"I hope you won't insist upon a long engagement, dearest," he said tenderly. "No, sweetheart, I won't. You have not money enough to make one enjoyable," she answered practically.—Life.

The charity that hastens to proclaim its good deeds ceases to be charity and is only pride and ostentation.—Hutton.

CHESS CLOCKS.

There Are Specially Constructed Ones Used In the Game.

Hourglasses, or sandglasses, were formerly used for the purpose of measuring time at chess matches, but now specially constructed clocks are in general use for this purpose. These clocks consist of two clocks mounted on a common base, which moves on a pivot, the two clocks therefore being on the arms of a sort of seesaw. The beam or base, is so constructed that when one clock is elevated it stands perfectly perpendicular, while the depressed clock lies over at an angle, but as the mechanism of each clock is so constructed that it only moves when the clock is perfectly perpendicular it follows that when the upright clock is going the depressed clock is at rest.

Another and more modern variety has the two clocks fixed on the same level, but with a small brass arm reaching from the top of one to the top of the other. This arm acts on a pivot and can be brought down into actual contact with one clock at a time by a touch of the finger. When it is thus in contact by an ingenious device the clock is stopped and the desired result is attained. The working of the clock during a match is simplicity itself. At the commencement of the match the hands of each clock point to 12. Then at the call of "time to commence play" the clock of the first player is started; then as soon as he makes his first move he steps his own clock either by depressing it or by touching the arm referred to, the same motion starting his opponent's clock. So it goes on during the entire course of the game, each move being marked by the stopping of one clock and the starting of the other.

COUNTERFEIT BILLS.

The Check Letter Test on United States Currency.

The United States government prints its currency and numbers its bills in a series of four, so that every piece of paper money turned out bears one of the check letters—A, B, C, D. One of these letters is always found in two places on a United States bill, in the upper left hand corner and in the lower right hand corner. The placing of the letter on the bill is not determined by the number of the bill. The rule is to divide the last two figures on the note by four. Should the remainder be one, the check letter must be A; should it be two, the check letter is B; three, the check letter is C, and nothing, the letter D.

For example, I have before me a five dollar certificate. Its number is 818873730. The terminal number is 30. Divide by four. The result is seven with two over. The check letter is B. Here is a yellow back gold certificate with twenty-three as its terminal number. Divide this by four, and we have five with three over. C is the check letter.

Should this rule of four fail to work on any United States currency note you may bet all you have that the money is bad. Some counterfeit bills are right to their check letters, but a great many are not so. If the rule of four works. The bill may be still bad, but if it doesn't it is surely bad. This rule applies only to United States currency and not to national bank notes.—Minneapolis Journal.

Spain's Buried Wealth.

The Carthaginians and the Tyrians regarded Spain as El Dorado. It is but a poor country today, but potential wealth lies in its rock bound hills, just as in the days of the ancients. When these acquisitive mariners, the Phoenicians, first set foot in the country they exchanged their commodities, says Aristotle, "for such immense quantities of silver that their ships could neither contain nor sustain the load, though they used it for ballast and made their anchors and other implements of silver." So rich in silver was the country then that the people are said to have made their commonest domestic utensils of "the metal and even their mangers. The Romans found that their greedy forerunners had sadly diminished the precious store, yet enough was left to satisfy not a few proconsuls.

The Truthful Woman.

It is no exaggeration to say that a more or less truthful woman is looked upon with grave suspicion. What is more, nobody believes her. If she quite truthfully pronounces her age to be twenty-nine everybody at once says then she must be at least thirty-five, while if she should ever be cajoled in to admitting the number of proposals she had in her youth it will only confirm the popular impression that she had been very lucky to catch a husband at all.—London Ladies' Field.

Force of Habit.

Redd—I see that man Finn has got an automobile.
Greene—And it was quite amusing to see him the first week he had it.

"How so?"
"Why, every time he'd blow his horn he'd stop and look around. He used to peddle fish, you know?"—Yonkers Statesman.

In Automobiledom.

Scientist—Light travels at the rate of about 187,000 miles a second. Chauffeur—Gee, that's goin' some! Auto Enthusiast (slightly deaf)—Pardon me, sir. But what make machine was it you just mentioned?—Bohemian.

Her Cleverness.

She—Mary Graham is certainly a very clever woman, yet she has little to say. He—That's where her cleverness comes in. She leads a man to believe that she thinks he is worth listening to.—Pick Me-Up.

LEE AND MCCLELLAN.

An Incident of the First Meeting of the Two Soldiers.

The first meeting between General George B. McClellan and General Robert E. Lee happened in Mexico during the war with that country. McClellan was a lieutenant of engineers, and Lee was a major on the staff of General Winfield Scott.

One day McClellan was walking across a field when he saw General Scott and his staff approaching on horseback. As they drew near Major Lee reined up his horse and asked the lieutenant if he did not know that he was disobeying orders. His tone was sharp and angry. McClellan answered that he was not aware of any disobedience and asked for an explanation. Lee replied that all officers had been told to remain in their quarters, awaiting orders, and asked for the lieutenant's name.

McClellan gave his name and said that no order of that kind had reached him. But Lee in a peremptory tone ordered him to go to his quarters and remain there. Then he rode off and rejoined General Scott and the staff, who had not stopped. McClellan went to his quarters, as he had been directed to do, but was quite indignant at the way in which Lee had treated him, for he had not knowingly committed a breach of discipline.

He had just finished telling his brother officers the incident when he was informed that an officer was outside the tent asking for him. On going out he was much surprised to see Major Lee, who saluted him with respect.

"Lieutenant McClellan," the major said, "I am afraid that I was not courteous in my manner to you a little while ago, and I have called to apologize."

"I assured him that it was all right," said General McClellan in telling the story, "and he rode off after making a low bow, leaving me in admiration of a superior officer who so promptly and generously repaired an error."—Chicago News.

AN AERIAL HORROR.

The Very Dreadful Thing That Stroh-schneider Did.

A group of aeronauts were talking aeronautics.

"Did you ever hear of Stroh-schneider?" said a German. "He did a dreadful thing once. I'll tell you about it." "Stroh-schneider appeared in a certain village and advertised that he would take the landlord of the village inn up with him on a trapeze hanging from the car of his balloon.

"Though the landlord's wife made a kick and the authorities, upholding her, forbade the man to accompany Stroh-schneider, the landlord sat in state on the trapeze beside the famous aeronaut when the ascension began.

"But those nearest to him noticed that he was paler than a ghost and that his arm was thrown around Stroh-schneider's neck as if in terror. And, noting these things, the people nodded ominously to one another.

"Up and up went the balloon, and now a murmur of horror arose among the multitude. The aeronaut and the landlord were quarreling; they were fighting. High up there in the clouds, perched on the swaying trapeze, they struggled, thumped, kicked.

"Suddenly the aeronaut, in a mad burst of rage, seized the landlord by the throat, thrust him backward and flung him into space. Down the poor fellow dropped like a stone, turning over and over. He alighted on his head.

"The people, mad with horror and rage, rushed to the spot. And there, to their amazement, stood the landlord, laughing heartily. The figure that had fallen was a manikin dressed up in his clothes.

"And this," the speaker concluded, "is the only practical joke that has ever been played from a balloon."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Perils of Crinolines.

The dangers of the historic crinoline are illustrated by a story told by Lady Dorothy Nevill in her "Reminiscences." Going too near the fireplace, her voluminous skirt caught fire, and in an instant she was in a blaze. There were no men present, and the women could not help her, because if they had gone near enough to be of use their own skirts would have been ignited. Fortunately Lady Dorothy had sufficient presence of mind to roll herself in the hearth rug and thus subdue the flames.

A Judge of Land.

Proud Father—Welcome back to the old farm, my boy. So you got through college all right? Farmer's Son—Yes, father. Proud Father—Ye know, I told ye to study up chemistry and things, so you'd know best what to do with different kinds of land. What do you think of that flat meadow there, for instance? Farmer's Son—Cuckey, what a place for a ball game!—Kansas City Independent.

Pity the Poor Wolf.

"Why is it," asked the fox, "that you always look so gaunt?"
"Oh," replied the wolf, "it's all due to the business I'm in. I always have to keep away from the door until there's nothing left in the house to eat."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The New Yorker.

"You New Yorkers don't seem to know anything about the rest of the country," said the visitor.
"The rest of the country?" echoed the New Yorker. "What's that?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Equality may be all right, but no human power can convert it into a fact.—Balzac.

A Comedy of Errors.

(Original.)

H. Augustus Williams stepped off a train in the suburban town of Q. He had left his office in the city at 4 o'clock p. m., an hour earlier than usual, to go to Q. on business. He had scarcely left the car platform when he heard a child's voice cry out, "Here he is, Aunt Lillian!" And a little boy of five came running toward him and jumped into his arms, exclaiming, "Papa, did you bring me what you promised?"

Nor was this all. A young woman, with a pleasant smile and a trace of surprise on her face, followed the boy, also addressing the astonished Williams in this wise:

"Why, Fred, where did you get that suit of clothes? I never knew you to wear brown before. And why in the world have you shaved off your mustache?" And she gave him a kiss.

"Mother, I'll be mighty glad to see you," chirped the boy. "She's been awful sorry ever since you've been away."

"You have made a mistake," said Mr. Williams, raising his hat to the lady.

"Why, Fred, what can you mean?" "I am certainly not this little boy's papa."

The lady looked troubled. "Oh, Fred," she gasped, "I do hope you haven't got one of those dreadful brain troubles. Don't you remember either of us? This is Tommy, your little boy and I'm your sister Lillian."

There is a great difference in being mistaken for the husband of some middle aged, plain looking woman with a family ready made and receiving a sisterly kiss from a pretty young woman. Mr. Williams looked at the lady admiringly and said:

"What is the name of the gentleman you take me for?"

"Oh, dear, what shall I do?" she moaned. "This will kill Edith. To have such a shock after expecting so much happiness!" And she wrung her hands.

"What's the matter, papa?" said the boy, looking up anxiously.

"Carriage, Mr. Leland?" cried a cabman, driving up to the station and touching his hat.

"Yes, yes!" cried the lady. "We want a carriage at once."

There was absolutely nothing for Williams to do but get in the cab with the young lady and the boy.

"Trunk, sir?" asked the cabman, closing the door.

"Never mind the trunk," said the girl impatiently. "We'll send for it. Drive us home at once. You know where. And get us there as soon as you can."

Mr. Williams resigned himself to his fate, whatever it might be. When the carriage stopped in a few minutes before a residence the young lady asked him to wait a bit. She evidently wished to prepare his "wife" for the blow that was about to fall. Had it not been that he was much struck with his "sister" and longed to taste another of those delightful kisses he would have escaped. As it was, he waited till the lady came out, accompanied by the wife, weeping, and the gardener, who looked ready for business in case he became violent.

"My poor, dear husband!" she moaned. "How could it have happened?"

Putting her arms about him, she led him into the house, the gardener standing ready to help him along in case he resisted. When the patient was got into the hall he stood looking about him and exclaimed:

"Well, I'll be hanged!"

Then he heard the voice of his "sister" at the telephone. "Dr. Swift?" "Yes," Mr. Leland has come home with a loss of memory. Come round at once." "Oh, dear, how unfortunate!"

"Well, come as soon as you can."

Mr. Williams or Mr. Leland, whichever he was, was invited to go up to his wife's room, but not even the presence of the gardener could induce him to do so. He said he would remain in the library till the family should come to their senses. There, reclining on a lounge, he submitted to the endearments of his "sister," but manifested a singular repulsion to being caressed by his wife.

The train by which he had arrived was followed by one thirty minutes later. Ten minutes after his arrival he heard the front door open and a man's voice call:

"Edith! Lillian! Tom! Where are you all?"

Mr. Williams drew a sigh of relief. Doubtless this was the real husband, father and brother. Then he heard a babel of exclamations in the hall, mingled with snatches. "Well, I declare!" "What can it mean?" "Have I two papas?" "Thank heaven, there's been a mistake!" delivered by different persons.

There was a hurried conversation which subsided into whispers, and at last those in the hall filed into the library. Mr. Williams rose and stood, with a sardonic smile on his face. At the head of the party was a man the very image of himself, though dressed differently and wearing a mustache. The two Dromios looked at each other in astonishment.

"My family seem to have made a mistake, sir," said the real Mr. Leland. "I can hardly blame them."

"I am happy to have been mistaken for so handsome a man," replied Mr. Williams, bowing, with his hand on his heart.

The two women stood shrinking, with their arms about each other, looking back and forth between the two men. Finally Mrs. Leland, who had experienced a great relief, smiled. Her sister-in-law was thinking of the endearments she had bestowed upon the man she had claimed for her brother and did not smile. She rushed from the room. ANNE STONE SYKES.

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LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Next Sunday is University Sunday. Dr. Hughes speaks at Linden today.

James Hammond is in Danville today.

Miss Helen Black was in Indianapolis today.

J. Wright transacted business in Quincy today.

James O'Brien, of Roachdale, was in the city today.

Ernest Weis of Terre Haute was in the city yesterday.

Isaac Hammond and wife spent today in Indianapolis.

D. B. Cauthan, of Indianapolis is in the city this week.

Mrs. Blanchard has issued invitations for tomorrow afternoon.

Chas. Fisher, who is sick at the Deke house, is slowly improving.

Judge P. O. Collier, of Terre Haute, visited Greencastle today.

Mrs. Otis Browning, of Roachdale, visited relatives in the city today.

The Woman's Club will meet on Saturday with Mrs. H. B. Longden.

Robert Britton, of Roachdale, was in the city this morning on business.

Alpha Omicron has issued invitations for Saturday from three to five.

Charles Crawley will be with home folks in Putnamville for a few days.

The "sugar birds" were singing in and about Greencastle on Wednesday morning.

The old Maloney room in South Greencastle will be occupied by the Model Laundry by the first of March.

Mr. and Mrs. William Reeves of Indianapolis, are visiting Mrs. Noble Snyder.

J. T. Edwards and Wm. Radford of Roachdale transacted business in the city today.

Mrs. Lena Todd, of Bainbridge, is visiting Mrs. J. T. Darnell a few days this week.

Mrs. Hatfield, who has been visiting here, left last night for her home in Missouri.

Rev. Gulchard, the Presbyterian minister, of Roachdale, was in the city this morning.

Jas. W. Emison, of Vincennes, passed through town Monday, calling on old friends.

J. Harding, of Crawfordsville, was in the city a short time this morning, on business.

Little Wayne Gillen, is visiting his grandfather, Willard Gough, of Roachdale this week.

Grover Gough, of Roachdale, will spend tomorrow night with his sister, Mrs. C. C. Gillen.

J. F. O'Haver was called to Lyons, this morning, by the illness of his father, C. T. O'Haver.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Akers, of Washington, are the guests of Silas Akers, of Warren township.

Miss Mabel Bishop, of the High School, has not met her classes this week on account of illness.

Word has been received that Mrs. Sawyer, now at her daughter's home in Portland, Ore., is not so well.

February, 1908, is to have five Saturdays; this is out of the ordinary for the shortest month of the year.

Miss Freda Hoffman, daughter of George Hoffman, who has been visiting friends at Indianapolis, has returned home.

Riley King, of Roachdale, was in the city this morning en route to Amo and Fillmore, where he transacted business.

Frank Maxwell, of Crawfordsville, called on Mrs. Harry Maxwell this morning and found her condition much improved.

John Minor representing the Sentinel Printing Company was in town yesterday visiting friends in the county and city offices.

The Ben Hurs will meet in their hall tomorrow afternoon, promptly at five o'clock, to make arrangement for their trip to Crawfordsville tomorrow night. The Herald made an error yesterday in stating the meeting yesterday afternoon.

Dan Tompkins was in Terre Haute today.

Mr. Bridges was here from Fillmore today.

No. 20 on Vandalla, run a double header today.

Miss Elizabeth Ames is a victim of the gripe.

John Howell, of Gosport, was in the city today.

Miss Alice Murphy was absent from her work today.

Agnes White, of Terre Haute, was in the city today.

Miss Theo Ranney has gone to Brazil to visit friends.

Mrs. Fred Keller and son, Stanley, of Brazil called on Dr. Bence today.

Mrs. Margaret Phillips of Chicago is visiting her mother, Mrs. H. A. Cosner.

Misses Helen Black and Nona Burkett are spending the day in Indianapolis.

Miss Anna Bishop, of Shelbyville, was in the city today en route to Bloomington.

Miss Emma Keohler, of Center Point was in the city today to take her music lesson.

A late Easter this year—April 19; Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent, is on March 4.

Mrs. William Laughlin and children have returned to their home in Terre Haute, after visiting Mrs. Ben King.

Arthur Porter, of Chicasha, Okla., who was married to Miss Grace Mahoney on Bloomington street during his visit here, has returned.

Carpenters are busy repairing damages in the Donnor block, which were caused by the recent fire.

Elwood Dunlavy, who has been confined to the house for several weeks with typhoid fever, was out yesterday for the first time.

Miss Elmer Baker, of Warsaw, Ind., came today, as the guest of Miss Reed. Miss Baker was formerly a DePauw student.

Clyde Pottorff and George Christie are giving dancing lessons and any one wishing to take, see them for further information.

Miss Josephine Lewis, who has been sick with ivy poisoning at her rooms at Mrs. Morris' home, has gone to Indianapolis for treatment.

J. A. Lewman of Roachdale was in the city today. Mr. Lewman is hunting a location for a livery barn, having formerly owned one in Roachdale.

Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Vestal are in Cloverdale this week. Mr. Vestal has the contract for dressing the floors of Mr. E. A. Woods new residence.

Mrs. Bennet, who has been visiting her niece, Miss Draper, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Pottorff, has returned to her home in Robinson, Ill.

The feed wires of the traction line put in from this morning from Brazil Station towards this city last night. The work is progressing nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hillis entertained at luncheon at 12 o'clock on Tuesday. Plates were laid for sixteen. Mrs. Fannie Stevens was the guest of honor.

Word has been received here of the death of Miss Sarah Mullar, who left the city some time ago, for Shannon, Pennsylvania for the benefit of her health.

Mrs. William Kercheval was in the city this afternoon, enroute to her home in New Albany. Mrs. Kercheval has been in Terre Haute for the past fourteen weeks.

Miss Belle Resor's engagement to Mr. Chandler, of Seattle, Wash., has been announced. The wedding will occur in July. Miss Resor was formerly a resident of this city.

The W. H. M. S., of College Avenue church met this afternoon, at 2:30 with Mrs. Wilkinson on south College avenue. The work was in charge of Miss Margaret Gilmore.

Vincennes, Indiana is to be supplied with gas for lighting and cooking at 30 cents per thousand feet. The cost of gas in Greencastle looms up to mammoth proportions when compared with the Vincennes rate.

Word has been received here of the death of Rev. W. F. Black of Chicago, which occurred Sunday morning. Rev. Black was a minister of the Christian church but has been unable to fill the place for several months. He was well known in the neighboring town, having been born in Cloverdale.

MASONIC NOTICE.

There will be a regular meeting of Temple Lodge, No. 47, F. & A. M. on Wednesday evening, Jan. 15, at 7:00 p. m.

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DANGEROUS PIGS.

The Fearless Mexican Peccary Will Fight Man or Beast.

A writer in the St. Louis Republic says that the most vicious and fearless member of the brute creation is the peccary, or wild hog, of Mexico. This animal seems utterly devoid of fear and displays an intelligence in fighting man strangely at variance with its apparently complete lack of mental attributes.

Their ability to scent man is particularly marked. The only thing to do when they get after you is to run away from them as fast as a horse can carry you, and then there is no certainty that they won't catch you. They are nearly as swift as a horse, and their endurance is as great as their viciousness.

A friend of mine encountered a drove of them in a wild part of Mexico a few years ago, and his escape was almost miraculous. He very foolishly shot and wounded a number of them. Then he took refuge in a tree.

The peccaries kept him in the tree all that day and through the night. They circled round the tree, grunting and squealing their delight at the prospect of a feast. He soon exhausted his ammunition and brought down a peccary at each fire, but this had no terrors for the beasts.

Toward morning they began to eat those he had killed, after which they formed in line and trotted off. If they had not had some of their own number to devour they would have guarded that tree until my friend through sheer exhaustion dropped from his perch and allowed them to make a meal of him.

The wildcats and tigers that infest the Mexican wilds flee from the peccaries with instinctive fear, and even rattlesnakes keep out of their path.

LOVE'S TEST.

Where Her Great Help Was Needed Her Heart Was Willing.

"Professor," said the fair co-ed after a pause, "let me ask you if you ever use the phrase 'different than'?"

"Never!" exclaimed the young professor of rhetoric and English literature. "It exasperates me, Miss Pinkie, whenever I see it in print."

"I am glad we have something in common," she rejoined. "Nevertheless, Professor de Purey, I cannot be your wife."

"Mr. Koopong," asked the young woman, with downcast eyes, "now that I happen to think of it, do you ever use the phrase 'different than'?"

"I certainly do not," said the enamored capitalist. "It is not only incorrect, but utterly absurd."

"I am glad to hear you say so. Still, Mr. Koopong, it is useless to urge me. I never can be anything more to you than a friend."

"Let me ask you one question, Mr. Phoodles," she said. "Do you ever use the phrase 'different than'?"

"Why—or—I presume I have used it carelessly sometimes, Miss P-Pinkie," stammered the embarrassed youth. "But now that you have called my attention to it I shall be careful to say 'different from' hereafter."

"Claude," she exclaimed, clasping her hands ecstatically and gazing at him with soulful eyes, "my answer is yes—yes! You poor, dear boy, you need a helpmate, and I'll be the helpmate!"—Chicago Tribune.

Mental Medicine.

A somewhat eccentric physician who recently died would order patients to take walks, say daily, on the left side of the street, returning by the other side; another he would order to arise each morning at a certain hour and eat cheese with ginger beer; another to take supper precisely at midnight and eat only apples, or he would instruct the patient to put just so many grains of salt on the egg he was to eat and part his hair in a different way each day. His object was to get the mind of the patient on something else than symptoms, and this scheme worked well in many cases, especially when the patient was suffering from melancholia.—New York Times.

Muskrat Skin Cure.

"The skin of a muskrat taken and worn next to the chest will cure any case of asthma in the world," said a Louisville man. "I had an uncle who suffered a thousand deaths with asthma and tried everything that could be bought in the way of medicine. Finally one day an old time friend told him of the muskrat skin, and he tried it. In two months he was as well as he had ever been. Just how the skin works about a cure is a mystery, but it will do it!"—Nashville Tennessean.

The Comparison.

Lesec and Lemaigre, who were both as thin as laths, were discussing a mutual friend.

Lesec—I met our friend Durand this morning. He has grown so thin.

Lemaigre—Really? And he was so stout.

Lesec—Yes, it is dreadful. He is thinner than both of us put together now.—Pele Mele.

The Picture Was Good, of Course. Friend (to artist)—Well, were you successful at the salon? Artist—No. They rejected my picture, the wretches! Friend—Why? Artist—How should I know? The oil was bad perhaps.—Nos Loisirs.

Amusement.

First Old Lady—What kind of a time did you have at the funeral? Second Old Lady—Well, I've enjoyed myself more at others.—Life.

If you don't scale the mountain you can't view the plain.—Chinese Proverb

A STRENUOUS RULER.

Daring, Coolness and Bravery of James IV. of Scotland.

One of the interesting characters of history is James IV., king of Scotland from 1473 to 1513. He was athletic, courageous and fond of adventure. In putting down insurrections and improving the criminal administration of the country he was foremost in the ranks and did not shun a hand to hand contest. He married a daughter of Henry VII. of England and made a treaty which secured peace between the two countries. He labored to build up a navy and develop commerce and showed skillful diplomacy in dealing with other nations. He was killed in battle at Flodden, where his army was disastrously defeated by Henry VIII.

Those were strenuous times, when it was necessary for a king to be a fighter and to inspire his obstreperous subjects with some degree of terror. King James used often to go about the country in different disguises, not only because he loved adventure, but because he could thus secure information on the state of the nation at first hand.

It is related of the vigorous Scottish king that once when wandering through the hills during the night he was overtaken by a violent storm and was obliged to take shelter in a cavern near Wemyss, which is one of the most remarkable antiquities of Scotland. Having advanced some way in, the king discovered a number of men and women ready to begin to roast a sheep for supper. From their appearance he suspected that he had fallen into evil company, but as it was then too late he asked hospitality from them till the tempest was over. They granted it and invited the king, who was unknown to them, to sit down and join them at supper. They were a notorious band of robbers and cutthroats, and this fact soon dawned upon James.

As soon as they had finished their supper one of them presented a plate on which two daggers were laid in the form of a St. Andrew's cross, telling the king that this was the dessert they always served to strangers; that he must choose one of the daggers and fight him whom the company selected as his antagonist. The king, realizing that he was to be murdered, instantly seized both daggers, one in each hand, and plunged them into the hearts of the two robbers nearest to him. He then dashed out of the cave and made his escape, returning as soon as possible with a body of soldiers, by whom the whole band was arrested and publicly hanged.—Punxsutawney Spirit.

A BRAHMS ANECDOTE.

The Man Who Spoiled an Evening For the Great Composer.

Among the Brahms anecdotes which are popular in Germany this one was contributed by Frau Luise Pohl. Brahms liked Baden-Baden and took as much pleasure in a winter visit to the place as in the crowded summer time. The residents knew this when they invited him in 1876 to come and direct some of his works. After the concert the friends of the master assembled at Goldenen Kranz by invitation of the oberbürgermeister ganner to "drink a glass of wine." The session lasted long, but gradually the company grew smaller. Presently they had all gone except Brahms and Cornelius Rubner. After awhile even Brahms suggested home, and his young companion eagerly agreed to adjourn the session. On the way home Brahms asked his companion, whose name he had not heard, "By the way, do you know this young director Rubner?"

"Are you interested in him?" he asked by way of answer.

"Certainly. Adolf Jensen thinks he is not only great, but genial. Don't you know him?"

"I know him very well. He is an arrogant, conceited fellow, who can do nothing and knows nothing." The pleasure of the evening was spoiled by this harsh opinion as to a man whom Brahms had made up his mind to like. The next morning he attended, with some others, a breakfast at Jensen's, where he told the story. He had hardly finished when the door opened and Rubner walked in.

"That's the man who slandered your friend," said Brahms, and when everybody laughed he suspected what was told to him as soon as the first man recovered.

Using the Fire Buckets.

In many business offices fire buckets are placed, filled with water, in readiness for an emergency. It is seldom, says the Scientific American, that instructions for use are pinned near the supply. The wrong way to tackle an incipient fire is (usually) to hurl the whole contents of a bucket on the spot. Most of the water is wasted by this means. A heavy sprinkling is more effective. The water may be splashed on the blaze by hand, but a more useful sprinkler is a long haired white-wash brush. One of these should hang beside every nest of fire buckets.

A Doubtful Assertion.

Browne—They say that drowning men catch at straws.

Towne—Yes, but I doubt it. I've seen a number of men drown, and those of them who had any preference at all seemed in favor of a plank. In fact, I do not now recall ever having been asked for a straw by a gentleman who was drowning.—New York Journal.

Extravagant.

Kind Lady—If I give you this penny what will you do with it? Beggar—Hire a motor cab and show me friend Rigby the town, ma'am.—Illustrated Bits.

Concert man puff a man up, but never props him up.—Ruskin.

Was It a Dream?

(Original.)

This story presents one of those psychological puzzles that some people sneer at as fraudulent, some take great interest in, and to which most people are indifferent.

Michael Keenan, one of the most desperate of burglars, having just been discharged from state prison after serving a ten years' term, was prowling at midnight on the outskirts of a town looking for an opportunity to replenish his exchequer. He surveyed several houses from their back yards to make a selection for burglary when he espied a figure walking in rear of a house that fronted on another street. Keenan laid low and watched. Was the person bent on the same purpose as himself? He soon discovered that the figure was a man and was walking to and fro, keeping an eye on an upper rear window of the house he was behind. Keenan found a loose fence picket and with it stealthily approached the figure. There was a thud, a murdered man, rifled pockets and a body thrown in an open bunker of the house the figure had been watching. Then Keenan went off with a gold watch and chain and a hundred dollars in money.

Not long after the murder Keenan, who was in a distant city, saw it stated in a newspaper that Hugh Gregory, the owner of the house in the bunker of which the body had been found, had been arrested for murder. The article also stated that Gregory was past fifty. The young man was Everett Sturges and a visitor at Gregory's house. The chain of evidence connecting Gregory with the murder was not given. Those sly fellows—the police—were too smart to give anything away before the proper time.

It was this matter of the police that interested Keenan. They had once proved him guilty of a crime he had not committed, and he was curious to know how their ingenuity would work in proving a man guilty of a crime that he (Keenan) had committed. So he laid low, living on the proceeds of the murder and taking no great risks to get more. He was absorbed in what was called the Sturges murder case. Some of the papers sneered at the police, accusing them of endeavoring to find in Gregory a victim in whom to hide their stupidity. When Keenan read this he chuckled. He believed that was their object.

Then came reports of the trial, which the real murderer read eagerly. So convincing were the arguments of the prosecuting attorney that Keenan almost believed himself innocent of the murder and Gregory the guilty one. But when the prisoner's counsel took up the case he could see no possible chance of the prisoner's conviction. One thing puzzled him—all the reports stated that Gregory looked and acted like a guilty man.

The next statement Keenan read filled him with wonder. Gregory had been convicted, and soon after his conviction he had confessed. Sturges had been a suitor for his daughter's hand. Gregory had bitterly opposed him. On the night of the murder Gregory had gone to bed, to awake at midnight with an unexplainable conviction that Sturges was prowling near the house for the purpose of eloping with the girl. Gregory for some time thought he had dreamed that he saw Sturges walking without, but so strong was the conviction that this was really so that he got up, dressed, went downstairs, took a stout cane from the hall, went out, found Sturges and struck him a blow, from which he sank down. He had no remembrance of putting the body in the bunker and supposed Sturges must have dragged himself there and died.

When Keenan read this confession he gave a long low whistle of astonishment. Then he began to wonder if he had not been dreaming himself and Gregory had not, after all, killed Sturges. However, he still had Sturges' watch, which he had not dared to sell or pawn, and it was convincing proof that he was the murderer. He puzzled for weeks what he had better do. He had no idea of giving himself up to save an innocent man, but he hated the police and burned to show up what he considered their inefficiency.

One night Keenan cracked a crib and made a fine haul of ready cash. Then he laid a plan. He bought a second class ticket on a steamer bound for Chile. Just before the steamer sailed he expressed a small package to the judge before whom Gregory was tried and at the same time mailed the judge a letter. In half an hour after doing this he was out on the Atlantic ocean. This is the letter he wrote the judge:

Dere Judge.—The police is a lot o' blokes. I got out from behind the bars wan day, and that nite was lookin' for a crib to crack. I spotted a man watchin'. I killed him and took the swag and dragged him into the bunker. I'm givin' you by express the watch of the man I killed. The man convicted must a been dreamin'. I'm off for furin' parts. Yours, MIKE KEENAN.

The watch was identified as having belonged to Sturges, and Keenan, in name, was traced to the prison from which he had been discharged. Gregory was finally set at liberty, and his family united in trying to convince him he had dreamed that he killed Sturges. This he will not admit, though he concedes that some mental process akin to dreams may have made him think that he had committed murder.

While during the trial Gregory's antagonism to his daughter's wooer came out, it did not come out till after the receipt of Keenan's communication that an arrangement had been made between the lovers to elope on the night of the murder. The girl concealed the fact to shield her father.

SULLIVAN KING.

DEPAUW UNIVERSITY NOTES.

Charlie Loyd was in Indianapolis yesterday.

John DeMotte is pledged Beta at Ohio Wesleyan.

Walter Tally of Terre Haute has been with Phi Psi brothers.

The fencing class meets this afternoon at 1:15 in the gym.

Miss Hazel Ayres of Red Key, is visiting her sister, Blanche, at Florence Hall.

Joseph Ibach of Hammond is in town the guest of his two daughters and Deke brothers.

Wm. Allen Wood of Indianapolis and a member of Phi Gamma Delta was a guest at the chapter house last night.

Dr. S. B. Town filled Dr. Gobin's pulpit on the Shawnee Mound Circuit Sunday on account of the latter's illness.

Professor and Mrs. Gough entertained several members of the debate class at 6 o'clock dinner last evening.

E. B. Millikin of Monrovia, who was in town to attend the Republican convention spent a short time with the Phi Dels.

Registrar Dobell received a telephone message last evening to the effect that J. W. Hodge of Putnamville was quite ill and would be unable to continue his college work this term.

WHEATON.

William Davidson and wife, who have been visiting relatives in these parts, left for their home in California last Monday.

Mrs. Mont Wilson has been on the sick list but is better at this writing. The diphtheria scare is about ended.

Eld. C. L. Arrhart is recovering from a case of lame back.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Field and son, of New Castle, are visiting relatives here.

Mrs. Effie Dodd called on Mrs. L. C. Worrel Thursday afternoon.

Mr. John Dodd has been on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Williams and Mr. M. T. Henry visited S. W. Dadds last Sunday.

Misses Lola and Adele Wilson are staying at their Uncle Henry Wilson's at Roachdale on account of the diphtheria scare.

The basket ball game at Roachdale Thursday night was well attended.

Mr. Joseph West and wife and Lula Ratcliff visited S. W. Dadds last Sunday.

G. A. Wilson and family visited L. S. Worrell Sunday.

B. B. Stringer and family visited his brother, J. R. Stringer, Sunday.

SOUTH WASHINGTON.

Adam Heath of Illinois, who has been visiting relatives here, has returned home.

Charlie and Harry Evans and Jessie and Lewis Senter visited Fay Senter Saturday night.

Rev. William Evans has been assisting in a revival at the William's Chapel.

Have you neglected your kidneys? Have you overworked your nervous system and caused trouble with your kidneys and bladder? Have you pains in loins, side, back, groins and bladder? Have you a flabby appearance of the face, especially under the eyes? Too frequent a desire to pass urine? If so, Williams' Kidney Pills will cure you.—At Druggists, Price 50 cents.—Williams' Manufacturing Company, Cleveland, Ohio. For sale by Badger & Green. 49

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Otto O. Dobbs and Dove L. Adams.

OUR WANT COLUMN.

Lost—Between the Laboratory and Academy buildings this morning a lady's open face gold watch of Betsy Ross make. Finder please return to Miss Verna Burnside and receive reward. 1t

Found—A gold chain from a pair of spectacles on the floor of T. E. Evan's Grocery. Loser call at Herald office.

Piano Tuning—D. B. Cauthran, "The Piano Tuner," will be here this week. Leave orders at J. F. Hill's Music Store.

Lost—Pocket book lost Saturday