

WEATHER REPORT.
Partly cloudy tonight and Saturday with snow near Lake Michigan. Warmer tonight.

Greencastle Herald.

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

VOL. 2. NO. 251.

GREENCASLE, INDIANA. FRIDAY, JAN. 17, 1908.

PRICE ONE CENT

HONES FOR HIGH HONOR

THOMAS T. MOORE WAS AIMING AT POLITICAL PREFERENCE WHEN HE MADE THAT SPEECH.

TO CONGRESS HE WOULD HIKE

If the Nomination Can Be Secured and the Necessary Votes Garnered at the November Election.

It develops, if reports given currency by the manipulators of Republican politics in about this neck of the woods are to be given credence, that Thomas T. Moore, who "has represented five counties in the Indiana State Senate while holding that office for one term," is a real, sure-enough aspirant for the nomination for Congress from this District.

This is as it should be. Mr. Moore's speech at the recent District Convention held in this city, was a masterpiece of spell binding "under the conditions." He presented favorably all and every thing possible "under the conditions," for Republicanism.

and his efforts for the G. O. P. merit and should receive consideration.

Sad it is for Mr. Moore's congressional ambition, that he hails from a county that is overwhelmingly right in politics and gives a rousing Democratic majority. Sadder it is for Mr. Moore's congressional ambition, that there is a faction, strong and strenuous, which invariably attempts to knife him when he shows up as a seeker for political preferment.

Just how things will pan out politically for Mr. Moore is misty and indefinable just now, but we can assure him of our earnest desire that he secure the coveted nomination as recognition of the appreciation of the esteem in which he is held by the faction of Putnam Republicans who accord him loyal support.

FIRE AT BELNAP.

The Fire Department was called, at the early hour of one o'clock this morning to the Belnap hotel. The soot had caught on fire and the flames were rolling from the flue when the Fire Department arrived but in a short time the flames were extinguished and practically no damage was done.

Why not buy your stationery of us at pound rates and save money. All the fine papers in stock. Star and Democrat Publishing Co.

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When deposited with us. We will pay you 3 per cent on Saving Accounts, compounded January and July, which yields you a dividend with absolutely no chance of loss. We will act as Administrator, Trustee, Receiver, Executor, Guardian or Agent.

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We will insure your property in the county or city, in the largest and strongest companies in the world; will sell you a farm or a home and make you a liberal loan, on long time, at a low rate of interest, to assist you in paying for it. List your property for sale with us.

The Central Trust Company

Days of Golden Opportunity for Cloak Buyers

For the first time in our cloak selling experience—we are selling the very latest and best style cloaks for half the regular price. Ordinarily this sort of a price is only made after the season is over and then on the tag end of the cloaks.

1/2
Price

Buy now—just when you need them most—

Cloaks for little folks
Cloaks for school girls
Cloaks for women

New, fresh garments—every one of which are this season's best style and purchase.

Cloaks for the little folks are \$3.00 to \$6.00. Pay us half and take your choice.

Cloaks for school girls are \$4.50 to \$10.00. Pay us half and take your choice.

Cloaks for women are \$8.00 to \$35.00. Pay us half and take your choice.

But Come Soon

ALLEN BROS.

HE WAS A BOLD DETECTIVE

But He Shadowed the Wrong Man and Stirred Up Much Trouble without Any Results so Far as Can Be Seen.

HAILED FROM INDIANAPOLIS

A man, claiming to be a detective from the metropolis of Indianapolis came to town last night and gave an excellent illustration of amateur detective work. His stunt might well be the subject for a dime novel. The detective was looking for a man by the name of James Baker, accused of wife desertion. He arrived in town in the evening, and hunted up officer Grimes. Together they began the round of the boarding houses. They called at the Sims Hotel and found there a man by the name of Baker, which at once aroused all the detective's latent suspicion. He was told by the proprietor of the hotel that the description did not fit, but this made no difference.

The man was called upon and questioned. By this time Mrs. Sims had become suspicious of the self-styled detective, and ordered him to show his credentials, or get out of the house. He at once left, in company with Officer Grimes. A little later Mrs. Sims heard a noise in the hall and discovered later that the detective had returned, slipped into the house, gone to Baker's room, and insisted on spending the night with him, that the prisoner might not escape. He left the house early this morning.

Officer Grimes this morning called up Indianapolis and attempted to find the standing of the queer detective, but was unsuccessful. Baker, the man made uncomfortable by the intrusion, has been at the hotel only a few days. His description does not, it is said, tally closely with that of the man wanted.

FISHER WILL ADDRESS CLUB

The regular time for the meeting of the Press Club is next Monday evening but owing to conflicting dates the meeting is postponed until Monday the 27th. This will be an important session as there are some business questions to decide and petitions for membership to be considered.

It is also intended to have Ferd Fisher of the Indianapolis Star down for the evening and he will address the club on the new course of journalism which is now under fair way. The occasion will be made a guest affair and an interesting time is expected.

ARE PREPARING STATISTICS

Recorders Office Asked to Furnish the State Bureau of Statistics Certain Facts Relative to Real Estate in Putnam County.

The recorder's office is very much rushed these days preparing statistics for the State Bureau of Statistics. The office is asked to furnish to the bureau the number of deeds recorded during the year and the value of each. Also an estimate of the real estate in the county and the number of mortgages filed against it, together with the value of these mortgages. Also a list of the mortgages against real estate in Greencastle, and a list of the mortgages satisfied during the year.

This entails a considerable extra work on the office force, and they receive no remuneration for it at all. The statistics thus obtained are of great value to the state tax board and to other state officials.

LIGHTBODY IN

Will Probably be in Chicago Olympic Team.

Added laurels are coming to the old DePauw track star, James D. Lightbody, if reports are true and he is likely to be seen in next year's Olympic event at London. He has already Olympic records from St. Louis and Athens and the good chance he has of wearing Chicago colors for a third big contest brings him an exceptional honor. Lightbody's recent visit in Greencastle will be recalled by the many students who met him on his return to his old school.

What!

Reserved Seat Sale
For the

DePauw Glee Club Concert

Opens next Monday, at 2:00 o'clock, at Langdon's Book Store. Entertainment on WEDNESDAY, JAN. 22d In McHarry Hall, at 7:30 o'clock p. m.

"It's the event of the Season."

MONDAY IS THE DAY SET

For Running the First Through Car on Trolley Line from Terre Haute to Indianapolis.

Monday morning has been set for the first trip over the new interurban line from Terre Haute to Indianapolis. One of the large cars used on the Paris line will be brought through this city from Terre Haute Monday morning and run through to Indianapolis.

The special car will carry officials of the traction company from Terre Haute to inspect the new line. Everything is in readiness to turn the electric current on the new line and only the completion of the ballasting and the finishing of the construction of the telephone line remains to be done. The ballasting gangs are now working between Harmony and Englefield and it is believed that they will finish up by or before Monday.

No time has yet been set by the company for putting a regular schedule in effect but announcement to this effect is expected at any time now as the road is practically completed.

DID NOT GET DAMAGES

Bought Liquor, Sustained Injuries, Sued and Lost.

The Brazil Democrat tells the story of a peculiar law suit as follows:

After deliberating for less than twenty minutes the jury in the damage suit of Henry Fagin against Thos. Johnson returned a verdict for the defendant in the Circuit court last evening.

Fagin bought suit against Thomas Johnson, a former saloonkeeper and druggist of Saline City who is now conducting a grocery store at that place, for \$2,000 for the loss of a leg. Fagin claimed that he bought some "nerve tonic" from Johnson while the latter was running a drug store at Saline City and that he got so drunk on the "tonic" that he fell out of his wagon on attempting to drive home and his leg was caught in a wheel and so badly mangled that it had to be amputated. Witnesses testified that the "nerve tonic" was a bluish liquid and must have been almost pure alcohol. Several witnesses testified to having got drunk on the tonic which they purchased at Johnson's drug store.

It took the jury but a few minutes to come to the conclusion that Fagin had himself to blame for the loss of his leg and that he was not entitled to recover damages from Johnson.

MRS. BLANCHARD ENTERTAINS

Mrs. Blanchard gave a very pleasant informal affair yesterday afternoon in honor of Mrs. H. B. Gough and Mrs. William Seaman. The wives of the faculty members were present. A dainty two course luncheon was served to the guests. Red carnations were used in the decoration scheme. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Post assisted Mrs. Blanchard in entertaining.

CONTRACTORS SEE SITE

A Firm That Is Preparing to Bid on the New University Library Building in Town to Look over the Grounds.

BIDS WILL BE OPENED IN WEEK

W. H. Sedvert, General Contractor, from Indianapolis was in the city today examining the grounds upon which the University Library is to be built preparatory to submitting a bid on construction. The plans have been made out in duplicate by architect Bohlen, and given out to several contracting firms. The bids are to be submitted and opened some time next week. Mr. Sedvert wished to see the site upon which the building was to be erected before bidding. He also looked up the distance from railroad stations, and gathered much other information.

If the bids are satisfactory when opened the construction of the building will soon be begun.

INDIANA CORN GROWERS

Hold Annual Meeting and Hear How to Raise the Golden Grain, Many from Putnam.

The Indiana State Corn Growers' Association held its annual meeting yesterday in connection with the "farmers' short course school," in session this week at Purdue University. Dr. J. T. W. Duvel of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, C. E. Thorne, director of the Experimental Station of Ohio, and

Prof. O. D. Conner of the University of Illinois delivered the principal addresses. In the afternoon officers were elected as follows: President, T. A. Coleman of Rushville; vice president, J. C. Burris of Cloverdale; secretary and treasurer, G. I. Christie of West Lafayette.

In the report of the resolution committee it was strongly urged that a course in poultry husbandry be established at Purdue. The last session of the meeting was held at night when Prof. J. S. Haines of Noblesville and H. W. Henry and Prof. E. G. Bunnell of Laporte spoke of the Boys' Corn Clubs in their respective counties.

SUIT ON NOTE.

The first National Bank, today, through its attorney, T. T. Moore, filed suit against P. O. Collier, now of Terre Haute, in which they seek to recover three hundred dollars on a note. The suit is set for the February term of the circuit court.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Vernon Howard Rogers and Bess McCray.
Charles Reeves and Lillie Day.

New Circulating Library

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

I want your membership.

S. C. Sayers
Phone 388

GO TO CRAWFORDSVILLE

Members of Greencastle Tribe of Ben Hur Do Initiation Work at the Home of the Order.

GRAND HOME-COMING OF TRIBES

Crawfordsville was the Meca of the tribes of Ben Hur last night when all the local tribes within a radius of forty miles gathered at the birth place of the order. There were forty-three from Greencastle attended the grand on initiation. Of the forty-three seven were candidates for initiation. From the remainder of the Greencastle visitors was picked the team which initiated two hundred and seven candidates.

The initiation took place in the Crawfordsville opera house. At the time for opening the exercises there was not a vacant seat in the large auditorium. The work of the Greencastle team was excellent. It is the same team which recently initiated more than a hundred candidates in Indianapolis. After the initiatory rites were over a company of twenty girls, all members of the order gave a fancy drill, which was much appreciated by all present.

The united tribe then adjourned to the hall of the Crawfordsville tribe, where refreshments were served, and where dancing was the order of the evening till time of home going. The locals reached Greencastle on the south bound Monon, after a most pleasant evening.

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We knew we were offering unusual values, but scarcely appreciated how unusual until customers began to express their surprised satisfaction.

One testimonial after another more strongly confirms that present values in undermuslins are the best that you have ever seen or will again see this season.

Your attention is called particularly to a few of the following:

NIGHT GOWNS

For durability and pretty simplicity there's a lot of gowns made of good substantial muslin, with daintily tucked yokes and neat ruffle edgings, some with square yokes, high necks and long sleeves, simply trimmed, all made generously full, priced at 75c and \$1.00.

More elaborate gowns of American make, at from \$1.25 up.

WHITE SKIRTS

Cambric petticoats with deep flounces edged with embroidery, prettily tucked—\$1.00.

Cambric petticoats with imitation torchon lace above full flounce—\$1.00 and \$1.25.

Others at \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00.

CORSET COVERS

Fine Nainsook corset covers, with Val. lace and medallions prettily arranged on fronts and lace yokes in back and front—\$1.25.

Corset covers with German Val. lace embroidery and India linen cleverly formed in pointed yoke effect—75c and \$1.00.

Corset covers with embroidery—25c and 50c.

DRAWERS

Drawers of fine soft cambric with rows of embroidery and lace insertion—\$1.00. Muslin drawers with flounce trimmed in imitation torchon insertion and lace at 25c, 50c, 75c.

Vermilion's

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STATE CONDITIONS.

The fact that the state tax levy has been increased this year, in addition to the fact that the assessments over the state have been also largely increased, is remarkable when we remember that we are getting absolutely no value for this increased expense. The utterance of Mr. McCullough, candidate for the nomination for governor on the Democratic ticket, on this subject is worthy of note.

"The reckless extravagance permitted in state affairs is opposed to sound business principles and has imposed unnecessary burdens upon our taxpayers; the late law governing municipal corporations has brought home to us the full appreciation of this fact. I feel that by application of that sound economy which governs the business interests of the state, the costs of administration can be materially reduced. It would be my ardent ambition to see that these safe and sound business principles be applied in this direction. I believe in retrenchment of expenses and the doing away with all unnecessary offices and sinecure positions; this can be accomplished without impairing, in the least, the efficiency of the service rendered. I believe that the taxes paid by the people should be honestly and economically expended and fully accounted for to those furnishing the money."

THAT NINE CENT BREEZE.

There is, every now and then, a bit of ancient history rehearsed in the form of a criticism of the increase of nine cents in the city tax levy under the Democratic administration of some years since. It is well, at this time to ask some questions of the retailers of this history, questions bringing out facts which they have overlooked. If the nine cent increase at that time was wrong, wasteful and unnecessary, why has the Republican administration continued to levy it? Why have they made no use of the increase beyond raising the salaries of the police? Why, if the money is unnecessary, do they not make good our streets, increase the number of our arc-lights, increase the street force that the town may be presentable in summer? The fact is the Republican administration uses all the money of the increased levy, makes no show with it, has fewer lights, worse streets, more inefficient police than at any previous time. Ancient history is strange.

Our strenuous president is evidently becoming too active for some of his erstwhile friends. Report now has it that Cortelyou has resigned his place in the Cabinet, and the reason assigned therefor is the president's too manifest interest in the Taft boom. No one thing President Roosevelt has done has so surprised the country at large, and so broken in upon his popularity as his present attempt to nominate his successor in office. This country has never taken

kindly to inherited office, and there is little real difference between handing it down to a son and handing it down to a cabinet officer and friend. The president's attitude on the question has split the Republican party into factions. Roosevelt has fought Hughes in New York, and has alienated the New York Republicans. He has personally opposed Cortelyou's aspirations, and brought forth a resignation in the cabinet. He has pushed Taft forward, in and out of season, much to the anger and disgust of the Republican friends of other candidates. An outsider can not decide as to the reason for this presidential preference. It can hardly be the belief that Taft, better than any other, will carry out his pet schemes of reform, for Hughes is also a reformer, and a powerful one. It would seem that the president is willing to endanger the chances for Republican success for friendship sake. This is excellent friendship, but poor judgment, poor politics and poor patriotism.

No matter about the coal pile, this weather brings joy to the ice man.

And then no one was really ready to begin gardening, except on paper and in the seclusion of his warm fireside.

GOOD TEAM SUBSTITUTED

In the place of the Franklin five which was to have played here Saturday, Manager Larimore, has secured a splendid substitute in the Indianapolis, one of the strongest of the Indianapolis city teams. The announcement is more than satisfactory to the management for the prospect of a week without a game did not look good with the team in its present unsatisfactory condition. It will be the first home game of the season and a team of the calibre of the Independents will offer a good opportunity.

The game is to be played at 3:30 in the afternoon and with a Danville High School-Prep. game as curtain raiser there should be plenty of amusement. The men were given a rest yesterday but will take light practice this afternoon.

A game with Wabash is not an impossibility according to Manager Larimore and he is doing all in his power to secure a game with them later in the season. The schedule is already a good one, but a contest with the Little Giants would be viewed satisfactorily by the students.

WALNUT VALLEY.

The convention went off quietly and the Democrats elected John W. Stroube for Trustee and Carry Payne for Assessor.

Mrs. Alexander is spending a few days with her daughter.

While Warren Goddard was splitting stove wood on Friday his ax handle struck something and threw the ax over on his left hand almost cutting his front finger off. Dr. Tucker dressed the wound and said he would not be able to work any for some time.

Johnnie and Ross Wells were very much surprised on last Tuesday evening when quite a number of their young friends came in at seven o'clock. The evening was spent in music and singing. At nine o'clock left at a late hour wishing them many more such happy occasions.

Word was received last week that Harvey Tony's sister, Mrs. Bercham was very bad sick.

Miss McCullough and Avis Thomas visited Ruby Wells Tuesday night. Minnie Rea visited Mary Anderson last week.

Miss Edith Erwin and Cleo Rollings visited Mrs. Ruby Dewitt near Somerset Saturday night and Sunday.

OBITUARY.

Catherine Vaughn, daughter of Joseph and Ellen Vaughn, was born Oct. 31, 1825 in Garrard Co., Kentucky and departed this life Jan. 9, 1908 at the age of 82 years 2 months and 9 days. She was of a family of fourteen children, of whom only two survive her—a brother and a sister.

Jan. 9, 1844 she was married to Ambrose Bourne, who departed this life March 16, 1902. To this union was born eleven children: Lucy Martha Jane, Mary Elizabeth, Julia Alice, Cora Emma, Samuel Smith, Nancy and William Ambrose who survive; Ellen Josephine, Harriett Corinne and Ada May dying in infancy.

She united with New Providence Baptist church in 1852.

Angels have taken her out of our care, Dark is her room and empty her chair. She has gone to that home so beautiful and fair Rest, dear one, rest, thy troubles are o'er.

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

TWO CHEERFUL LIARS.

A Queer Cherry Tree and a Back Action Cannon Ball.

Mr. Finlayson, town clerk of Stirling in the latter part of the seventeenth century, was noted for the marvelous in conversation. He was on a visit to the Earl of Monteth and Alrth in his castle of Taba, on the loch of Monteth, and was about taking leave when he was asked by the earl whether he had seen the sailing cherry tree.

"No," said Finlayson. "What sort of a thing is it?" "It is," replied the earl, "a tree that has grown out of a goose's mouth from a stone the bird had swallowed and which she bears about with her in voyages round the loch. It is just at present in full fruit of the most exquisite flavor. Now, Finlayson," he added, "can you, with all your powers of memory and fancy, match the story of the cherry tree?"

"Perhaps I can," said Finlayson, clearing his throat, adding, "When Oliver Cromwell was at Aith one of the cannon sent a ball to Stirling and lodged it in the mouth of a trumpet which one of the troops in the castle was in the act of sounding."

"Was the trumpeter killed?" said the earl.

"No, my lord," said Finlayson. "He blew the ball back and killed the artilleryman who had fired it!"—Pearson's Weekly.

ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY.

The Greatest Literary Treasure That the World Has Lost.

Perhaps the largest and most valuable of literary treasures the world has lost was the Alexandrian library. This collection, the most remarkable of the ancient world, is said to have contained in its most flourishing period 400,000 or, according to others, 700,000 manuscripts. Its royal founder collected from all nations their choicest compositions. We are told that one of his successors went so far as to refuse to supply the Athenians with wheat until they had given him the original manuscripts of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. When Julius Caesar laid siege to the city the greater portion of this library was destroyed by fire. It was later replaced by the collection presented to Queen Cleopatra by Mark Antony. But it was not destined to endure long. When the Emperor Theodosius the Great in 391 A. D. ordered the destruction of all heathen temples within the Roman empire, the Christians, led by the Archbishop Theophilus, did not spare that of Jupiter, in which were kept the literary treasures. From this general destruction about 4,000 manuscripts escaped, only to be burned in 640 by Saracens under the Caliph Omar.—Argonaut.

A Pretty Fast Clock.

He was standing in front of the circular elevator indicator in one of the office buildings, watch in hand. It was the morning after, and I suppose that he had forgotten to concern himself with the frivolous detail of winding his timepiece the previous evening. His equilibrium was far from stable and his eyes, unsteadily following the indicator hand, blinked with efforts at comprehension as he tried to set his watch.

"Dilectus clock (hic)—very 'musing (hic)—very fast pace we live (hic) these days (hic)—pretty fast for my old timer (hic)—dilectus—can't seem to catch it (hic)—whoa!—there you are—gone again (hic). Pshaw!—dilectus clock."

I left him still trying to get his watch into conformity with the speed-indicator.—Boston Traveler.

How a Flea Jumps.

It is said that a flea leaps 200 times its height, and while it usually does land on its feet, it often falls, especially when it falls on a perfectly smooth surface, where the claws can get only a slight hold. A flea has six legs, whose great length and bulk make them so heavy that they must be a great help in keeping their owner right side up when it makes one of those gigantic jumps, and when it lands upside down or in some other way its ability to kick is so great that not more than one wriggle is needed to set things right. A flea's wings are mere scales and of no use. But small and worthless as they are, they tell the entomologist something about the proper classification of the insect. To the flea itself they have no value.—St. Nicholas.

Polishing Small Articles.

It is said that a small polish may be obtained after nickel plating on small steel articles, such as screws, by tumbling them with leather and dry rouge. The articles are placed in a tumbling barrel with leather scraps. Some dry rouge is put into the barrel along with the screws and leather and the whole tumbled for some time. The rouge coats the surface of the leather and causes it to act like a polishing wheel. Canvas scraps may be used in place of leather.

Politeness.

Lady (to Irish gardener, who "obliges" by the day)—Well, Dan, and what do I owe you for today? Dan—Sure, ma'am, I'd sooner be taking the half crown you'd be offering me than the 2 shillings I'd be asking of you.—Punch.

Birds and Feathers.

Mistress—Mary, have you any rooted objections to using a feather duster? This room looks as if you had. Maid—Yes, mum, I have. I belong to the Audubon society.—Harper's Weekly.

It is easier to suppress the first desire than it is to satisfy all that follow it.—Franklin.

THE "MARSEILLAISE."

It Was Written by Rouget de Lisle in One Brief Hour.

On April 25, 1792, Rouget de Lisle, the military engineer, who had assumed the aristocratic prefix to become an officer, was a guest at a banquet given by Baron Dietrich, first mayor of Strassburg.

Patriotic excitement was at its height. "Marchons!" "Aux armes, citoyens!" were phrases on every lip. But as the champagne went round the ladies grew weary and pleaded for another topic. Patriotic songs? A hymn for the army of the Rhine? Something better than the jingling "Ca ira!" The host first suggested a public competition and a prize. Then he turned to Rouget de Lisle and asked him to "compose a noble song for the French people."

Rouget de Lisle tried to excuse himself. Again the champagne passed round, and just as the party broke up a fellow officer about to quit Strassburg next day begged De Lisle for a copy of his forthcoming song.

"I make the promise on behalf of your comrade," Dietrich replied.

Rouget de Lisle reached his lodging close by, but not to sleep. His violin lay on the table. Taking it up, he struck a few chords. Soon a melody seemed to grow under his fingers. No sooner had he put down the notes than he dashed off the words.

Thus having in a brief hour secured for himself an undying name he threw himself upon his bed and slumbered heavily.—Reader Magazine.

STAMMERING.

Caused More Often by Habit Than by Defective Vocal Organs.

"Stammering is often more the result of habit than from any defect of the vocal organs," says an authority. "It is generally, if not always, caused by a spasm of the larynx, resulting from nervous contraction of the organs, thus refusing to permit a proper flow of the air current producing tone. People rarely or never stammer when singing, for then the attention is divided between words and music, the nervousness is momentarily forgotten and the passage of the air current through the larynx is continuous and unobstructed."

"Stammering very often is the result of imitation, sometimes intentional, sometimes unconscious, and the affliction is much more general than might be supposed. In one comparatively small section of the city there are thirty-five stammerers, and every one of them is able to demonstrate to his own satisfaction not only that he does not stammer very badly, but that some other person he knows stammers a great deal worse than himself. Every stammerer is intensely sensitive about his infirmity, rarely forgives and never does forget any allusion to it which in his mind savors of ridicule."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Comedy in a Back Street.

About 10 o'clock one morning two men met and began threatening and calling each other names. One finally called the other a liar, and the two men were about to grapple when a woman opened the door and said, "Gentlemen, are you about to fight?" "We are," they answered together.

Then have the kindness to wait a moment," she continued. "My husband has been sick for weeks and is now just able to sit up. He is very downhearted this morning, and if you'll only wait till I can draw him in to the window I know he'll be very grateful to both of you."

She disappeared into the house, and after one look into each other's face the men smiled, shook hands and departed together.—London Telegraph.

An Up Stroke.

Sometimes lightning strikes up instead of down, if we are to believe a story told many years ago of a party of men standing on the porch of a church far up on the side of a lofty mountain in Styria. They were looking down into the valley below, where a great electrical storm was raging, and, with the sun shining upon them at their altitude, were enrapt by the strange sensation. Suddenly a bolt came up from the valley and killed seven of the party.—Circle.

Going and Coming.

"What's that noise?" asked the visitor in the apartment house. "Probably some one in the dentist's room on the floor below getting a tooth out," said his host.

"But it seems to come from the floor above." "Ah! Then it's probably the Popleys' baby getting a tooth in."—Philadelphia Press.

The Tramp's Excuse.

Benevolent Man (who has given a tramp some work)—You're working slowly, my man. Tramp—I'm trying to spin it out. Who knows when I shall get any more?—Meggendorfer Blatter.

The Soft Answer.

"Father, do all angels have wings?" "No, my son, your mother has none." And then she said sweetly that he might go to the club if he wouldn't stay late.—Atlanta Constitution.

Modest.

"Did he ask her father for her hand in marriage?" "No. He needed \$10, and he didn't want to ask for too much at once."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He Had Hopes.

Young lady (owner of great estates)—As far as the eye can reach, all the land belongs to me. Admirer (respectfully)—I hope you are not shortsighted. —Stray Stories.

STEPHEN GIRARD.

The Eccentric Millionaire Was a Man of Many Moods.

To get a subscription from Stephen Girard, founder of Girard college in Philadelphia, was not an easy matter. It required tact and the right introduction, and many failed, while few succeeded. It is told by the author of "The French Blood in America" that Samuel Coates, a genial Quaker, was one of the few men who knew how to approach the eccentric millionaire.

He was a manager of the Pennsylvania hospital and called on Girard for the purpose of raising money for the support of that institution.

"Well, how much do you want, Coates?" asked Girard in his usual brusque tones.

"Just what three pleases to give, Stephen," replied the Quaker. Girard wrote out a check for \$2,000 and, handing it to Mr. Coates, was surprised to see that gentleman pocket it without looking at the amount.

"What! You don't look to see how much I give you?" cried Girard incredulously.

"Beggars must not be choosers, Stephen," replied the Quaker.

"Give me back my check, and I will change it," said Girard after a moment's pause.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, three knows, Stephen," mildly replied the Quaker. Without another word Girard sat down and wrote him out a second check for \$5,000.

His farm on the outskirts of Philadelphia was one of the best in the country, and while living in town he often drove out before breakfast to see that all was going well. He was very exacting with his hired hands and never trusted the management of his farm to any one else, but ran it himself, as he did all his affairs. Arriving one morning a little earlier than usual, he was greatly annoyed at not finding his man at work on a fence that he was building. The man's wife, noticing Girard approaching the house, hurriedly awoke her husband and sent him to his duties by way of the back door. After visiting the house Girard returned to the fence and, seeing the man at his post, reprimanded him for being late.

"I'd been here, sir, but went back for a spade," said the workman.

"No, you hadn't. I went and put my hand in your bed and found it warm," replied Girard, and he discharged the man on the spot.

CONVERSATION DON'TS.

Don't say "You was," but "You were."

Don't say "He don't," but "He doesn't."

Don't say "Not as I know," but "Not that I know."

Don't say "He is older than me," but "He is older than I."

Don't say "Between you and I," but "Between you and me."

Don't say "She is some better," but "She is somewhat better."

Don't say "This is the finest of any," but "This is finer than any."

Don't say "Where are you stopping?" but "Where are you staying?"

Don't say "I dislike her worse than ever," but "I dislike her more than ever."

Don't say "I was raised in New England," but "I was reared in New England."

Don't say "I rarely ever go anywhere," but "I rarely if ever go anywhere."

Don't say "Either of the three will do," but "Any of the three will do."—St. Louis Republic.

The Careful Scot.

While enjoying a pleasant smoke in a railway carriage a Scotchman was asked by his fellow passenger, a Welshman, if he could oblige him with a match and after some consideration reluctantly complied with the modest request. Placing the match upon the window ledge, the Welshman produced an empty pipe, and, gripping it between his teeth, gazed mournfully at his companion. This having no effect, he made an ostentatious and fruitless tour of his pockets. "Dear, dear, how unlucky I am!" he exclaimed at length. "I've left my tobacco at home." "Verra unfortunate," agreed the Scotchman, and, stretching out a hand for the match, he added with evident relief, "An' now ye'll no require this 'restie'!"—Glasgow Times.

Americans Greatest of Travelers.

Americans are rightfully called the greatest travelers in the world. They all seem imbued with the spirit of Columbus, and when we think of that venturesome across strange waters in search of he knew not what we can scarcely associate him with any other country as a native than ours. It is a noticeable fact that in every resort of prominence in England and on the continent there are to be seen among the tourists during the season at least two Americans to every one representative of any other country, and in the African cities Americans are even more in predominance over travelers of other nationalities.—Leslie's Weekly.

Reassuring.

"Now, be careful how you drive, cabby, and go slowly over the stones, for I hate to be shaken. And, mind you, pull up at the right house and look out for those dreadful railway vans."

"Never fear, sir; I'll do my best. And which 'ospital would you wish to be taken to, sir, in case of an accident?"—London Tit-Bits.

Indefinable Perfection.

Since the beginning of time the human brain has never succeeded in defining with the necessary exactitude what really constitutes a perfect woman.—Outlook.

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52	Bloomington and Anderson
62	Seminary and Arlington
72	Washington and Locust
212	Seminary and Locust
23	Howard and Crow
43	Main and Ohio
53	College Ave and Demotte Alley
63	Locust and Sycamore

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11:00 am	11:00 am
12:00 m	12:00 m
1:00 pm	1:00 pm
2:00 pm	2:00 pm
3:00 pm	3:00 pm
4:00 pm	4:00 pm
5:00 pm	5:00 pm
6:00 pm	6:00 pm
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CURIOUS CAIRO.The Water Sellers, Coffee Makers and
Fakirs of the Streets.

The most numerous and also the most interesting of street figures in Cairo are the water sellers, some of whom go about with hideous looking goatskins filled with Nile water. Others carry more inviting looking, reddish clay jars, decorated with brass bands, and these jars often have a piece of ice at their mouth and a sprig of mint protruding on either side of the carrier with the goatskin calls out his mission, but the other with the jar carries in his left hand two brass saucers, which he clicks together with a sort of musical jingle. The water in either case is not filtered, but is taken straight from the Nile, and the purchasers are all natives, who pay a fraction of a penny for all they are able to drink.

The street sellers of coffee are everywhere, squatting about on the pavements in the most unexpected places. Their outfits comprise merely a kettle of charcoal, a small copper coffee pot with a long handle, two or three small bowls of china and a supply of coffee and sugar. It takes one only a few minutes to brew a fresh cup, and as Turkish coffee goes that brewed by the street seller is not really bad.

The ever present conjurer is worth stopping to watch, although the tricks are in most part generally on the order of conjurers' tricks in other countries. The most interesting part of their paraphernalia is their sign, which is a small live rabbit. The moment the performance begins the little animal rolls over, to all appearances dead, but when some ten minutes later all of the tricks have been done, some of which are admittedly more or less puzzling, up jumps the little rabbit as chipper and gay as ever. It is claimed that the ego of the rabbit leaves the body for the express purpose of assisting the conjurer, and one for a moment is inclined to give credence to this while watching the performance and after having seen the rabbit go into its trance, Harriet Quimby in Leslie's Weekly.

ORIGINAL GOTHAM.The Scheme by Which Its Inhabitants
Fooled King John.

This name Gotham, was first applied to the city of Manhattan in a book of humorous sketches called "Salmagundi," written about 1807 by Washington Irving in collaboration with his brother Peter and the poet Paulding.

It was evidently intended to suggest that the people of New York made undue pretensions to wisdom, and that there were both satire and wit in the suggestion is shown by the story of the original Gothamites. Gotham was a parish in Nottinghamshire, England. The old story tells how King John wished to pass through the parish, but the people there, fancying that the passage of the king over a route made it a public road, decided to prevent the transit by all pretending to be crazy. Therefore when the king and his party arrived they found every one of the inhabitants employed in some peculiarly foolish task. Thus a group were joining hands around a thorn bush to keep a cuckoo from getting away, some were trying to drown an eel, others dipping water with a sieve, and so on. When the king saw these performances, he swore at the people for a pack of idiots and, turning, departed with all his retinue, says the Housekeeper. The Gothamites were delighted with the success of their scheme for turning aside the king, regarding it as superlatively clever.

After this Gotham came to have the reputation of being a sort of headquarters for conceited fools. In the time of Henry VII, a book entitled "The Merry Tales of the Mad Men of Gotham" was published. Among these was the story of the "Three Wise Men of Gotham," one of whose exploits was to go to sea in a bowl.

"A Tempest in a Teapot"

The expression "a tempest in a teapot" is one of great antiquity. Its first historic appearance is in the "De Legibus" of Cicero, who quotes it as a common saying. "Gratidius raised a tempest in a ladle, as the saying is." The French form, "Une tempeste dans une verre d'eau" (a tempest in a glass of water), was first applied to the disturbances in the Geneva republic near the end of the seventeenth century. In England the word "teapot" was substituted for the sake of alliteration. It is said to have been popularized by Lord North, who employed it to characterize the outbreak of the American colonists against the tax on tea.—Boston Post.

His Slim Chance.

"You can answer me one more question perhaps, Slim Bute," said Archie, mortified at her refusal. "Is there any other man?"

"There is every other man, sir," she responded, with flashing eyes. "You would be absolutely the last, Mr. Featherfoot."

As there appeared to be no further business before the house, Archie hastily adjourned without form.—Chicago Tribune.

Her Bread.

"Mean thing!" exclaimed Mrs. New-lid. "It's just brutal of you to call it this stuff." You said you'd be glad if I baked my own bread."

"Yes, dear," replied the great brute, "but I didn't say I wanted you to bake mine."—Philadelphia Press.

Usually.

Newed—Don't you believe marriage broadens a man? Oldwed—Well, I don't know about that; but it usually makes him shorter.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BEWARE OF STRIPES.Animals That Wear Them Are Said to
Be Treacherous.

"Show me a striped wild animal, and I will show you one you want to keep your eye on," said the circus man. "I have had to do with wild animals now for a good many years—I won't tell you how many because I am getting old enough to feel the weight of these time posts—and I have never yet come up with a striped beast that did not show mean traits."

"Sometimes I wonder if this is not the way nature has of marking up the bad fellows so that they may be known, just as we put striped suits on the impossibly bad of the human kind. Take hyenas, for instance. They come under the head of a dog species. How seldom you ever hear of a dog snipping the hand that feeds it! These ugly things are liable to do it any time."

"Zebras are pudgy little horses with stripes that give away their temperament. Every now and then you hear of zebras broken to harness. Well, I have seen a few of these, but they didn't go far before something else was broken besides the zebra's mean nature. They are strong and good looking, but so infernally cussed that there is no doing anything with them."

"Sometimes a lion's mane is marked with uneven black circles. When this is the case, it is wise not to get too familiar. It is the sign of a bad streak somewhere in Leo's makeup, and there is no telling when this strain might turn his strength into savage danger."

"The elephant is good natured and obedient. The camel takes life easily and doesn't seem to worry about anything so long as he is left to munch by himself. A bear with a fur of several shadings is a bad one to take risks with."

"The tapir is a harmless beast and rather affectionate. He can even cry. Big rolling tapers show this when his keeper cuts him out of a meal or goes away for a day or two. The llama is an animal sort that may be properly classed with the spotted animals. Brown and white and black and white in huge splashes lend to the good looks of its curling coat. It has big lamblike eyes and would run from a baby."—Boston Globe.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

There are a good many rabbits playing lion parts.

If you let others do your bragging for you, it isn't so apt to be overdue.

When authority spoils a man, it is also apt to be hard on those over whom it extends.

Careful comparison makes any other heritage look insignificant compared with common sense.

You often hear impolite children criticised. Ever realize that there are a good many impolite grown people?

Some houses are so prim and orderly they remind one of the systematic arrangement of the tombstones in a well kept graveyard.

If you want to know how people speak of you behind your backs, listen to the reckless manner in which they pitch into others.

We admire a patience that doesn't parade it. The hen, for instance, when sitting doesn't look as if it felt that no rooster could ever be such a martyr.—Atchison Globe.

Pocahontas and John Smith.

The pretty story of Smith's rescue from imminent death by Pocahontas when he was in the clutches of her redoubtable father, Powhatan, has been rather blown upon by later historians. It has been shown that Smith in his earlier narrative only mentions the princess incidentally as a child, and it was not until she came afterward to England and Smith wrote an account of her for the edification of the court that he described vividly how she hazarded the beating out of her own brains to save him. By that time the romantic Pocahontas had been metamorphosed into Mistress Rebecca Rolfe, wife of a Virginia settler of standing, and her portrait, with plumed hat, ruff and fan, has been duly handed down in this capacity.—London Times.

Wife Appreciated It.

They have just "blown themselves" for a new bed, an old fashioned, colonial sort of bed, that looks as though it might have been in somebody's family for a hundred years or so, and they think a great deal of it. They have discussed its many merits time and again, but it remained for the young wife to discover one feature of the new bed that had never appealed to the husband.

"There's one thing I like about the bed," said she, "about the sideboard, and the way it's put on."

"What's that?" asked he.

"It's so low I don't believe a man could crawl under it," said she.—Indianapolis News.

The Taps on the Wall.

His mother was superstitious afore 'im and always knew when 'er friends died by hearing three loud taps on the wall. The only mistake she ever made was one night when, arter losing no less than seven friends, she found out it was the man next door hanging pictures at 3 o'clock in the morning. She found it out by 'im hitting 'is thumb nail.—Strand Magazine.

They Didn't Know Paper.

Scholars have wondered why it was that the ancient Roman genius never achieved the art of printing. The secret of the failure lies probably in the fact that the Romans never discovered how to make paper, for recent investigations prove that they had in general used wooden and metal stamps for marking wares, packages, etc.—Pittsburg Post.

A QUEER CALCULATION.The Power That Would Be Required
to Move the Earth.

Statisticians sometimes have queer ideas. One of them amused himself by calculating how much energy, water and coal it would take to move the earth a foot, supposing that it was subjected throughout its mass to a force equivalent to terrestrial gravitation. This is a gratuitous supposition, for in spite of its enormous mass the earth weighs nothing.

Starting with the fact that the earth's mass is about 6,100 million-million tons, our statistician calculates that we should require 70,000,000,000 years for a 10,000 horsepower engine to move our globe a foot. The boiler that should feed this engine would vaporize a quantity of water that would cover the whole face of the globe with a layer 300 feet deep. The vaporization of this water would require 4,000 million-million tons of coal. This coal, carried in cars holding ten tons each and having a total length of thirty feet, would require 400 million-million cars, which would reach 80,000,000 times around the earth. This train, moving at the rate of forty miles an hour, would take more than 5,000,000 years to travel its own length. It would require for storage a shed that would cover 1,000 times the area of Europe.

If we realize that this fantastically huge amount of energy is nothing at all compared with what the earth possesses in virtue of its rotation about its axis, its revolution about the sun and its translation in space with the solar system, of which the earth is but an infinitesimal part of the universe, we may get some idea of the importance of man in the universe and estimate his incommensurable pride at its just value.

A PIQUED BONIFACE.Melihac and a Costly Dish That He
Did Not Eat.

Among the most absentminded of geniuses was the French composer, Melihac. On the occasion of the first presentation of one of his operas Melihac, in evening dress, entered a fashionable restaurant and threw himself down at a table, thinking earnestly about the event of the evening and nothing else.

A waiter brought him a menu. Melihac, a man of very simple tastes in the matter of food, abstractedly indicated with his finger the first dish on the bill that his eye had struck. Now it chanced that this was the most elaborate and costly dish on the bill, and when the waiter went to the kitchen with the order there was in consequence great commotion there. The proprietor himself was summoned, and he and the principal chef devoted themselves to the preparation of the famous dish. One man was sent for this choice ingredient and another for another. Meanwhile Melihac waited, absorbed.

At last the dish was brought with a great flourish, and the proprietor, with a proud smile, stood not far away to observe the result. When it was deposited in front of him Melihac regarded the dish with an expression of melancholy interest.

"Did I order that?" he asked.

"Certainly, M. Melihac."

"Do you like it?"

"Yes—yes, monsieur; but—"

"Then kindly take it away and eat it yourself," ordered Melihac, "and bring me two fried eggs."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Couldn't Quit Gambling.

Driving a cab in the streets of London is a young man who has literally thrown away £80,000. The son of a wealthy family in Yorkshire, he went into the army, but soon became distinguished by his gambling propensities. He ruined himself and had to leave his regiment. Some time ago while living in a garret news was brought to him that he had been left £80,000. There was a condition attached to the legacy—that the money was to be immediately passed to another person, named in the will. If the legatee was ever found gambling. A detective was set to watch the ex-captain and saw him enter a well known club one evening, where he lost the sum of £300, which he had raised on his expectations. He forfeited his £80,000 before he had ever laid hands on it.—London Tit-Bits.

In Coils of a Python.

Mr. Cocklin, walking in thick grass near the Marico river, Bechuanaland, was thrown to the ground by a fourteen foot python, which coiled around his legs and then tried to drag him to a tree near by, so that, by coiling its tail around the trunk, it might proceed to crush him to death.

When within two yards of the tree Mr. Cocklin got a hand free and shot the snake, which was so heavy that it needed three men to lift it.—East London Dispatch.

Hardly.

Miss D.—Angelina, why don't you marry Lieutenant Y?

Miss A.—First, because he has no brains, and he can't ride, dance or play tennis. What could we do with him?

"But he swims beautifully."

"Oh, yes. But one can't keep one's husband in an aquarium, you know."—London Tit-Bits.

The Poor Doctor.

"Say, Weary, here's a doctor dat says de best kind of exercise is walkin' to your work."

"Is dat so, Lumpy? Den I suppose de doctor gets his exercise by visitin' de cemetery on foot."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Where might is master, justice is servant.—German Proverb.

CONSCIENCE FUND STARTED

Telling him that his conscience had been hurting him to a great extent, Samuel Hollopeter a well known member of the junior class yesterday received a letter from an old class mate, whose name he refuses to disclose, who said that within the next few days he will send him six dollars to cover former thefts.

The classmate told the DePauw junior that when they were news-boys together he had robbed him of subscribers and had cheated him in collections. He added that he did not know exactly how much the indebtedness would be but that he was sure it could not be less than six dollars.

Hollopeter would not mention the name of his former classmate, but said that he had recently graduated from one of the leading Indiana colleges and was doing well in business. The DePauw students said that he was greatly surprised to receive the communication and that he never had the least idea that his former classmate was dishonest. Hollopeter added that the six dollars would be the first conscience money he had ever received.

OBITUARY.

Not dead but sleeping—Mary S. Woodall fell asleep in Jesus, Jan. 8, 1908. She was born April 22, 1846, and was the oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Weathers. She was married to John Woodall in 1875. To this union was born five sons, all of whom have grown to manhood.

She united with the United Brethren church in her girlhood and lived a faithful christian life. To know Mrs. Woodall was to love her, for she made it so pleasant and cheerful for every one that it was a pleasure to be with her. She expressed her love for Jesus in all her earthly doing, and by always having a kind word for every one.

How hard it is to look upon her in cold death, but God doeth all things well. She has only gone to a happy home where we may meet her again, where there is no sorrow nor trouble but one eternal rest. She was a kind and loving wife and mother, always ministering to the needs and wants of her family. Alas, the flower has faded and gone to meet those loved ones gone before. We saw her suffer, heard her sighs, with throbbing hearts and weeping eyes.

But now she calmly sleeps at last, All pain, all grief, all suffering past. We loved you; yes, no tongue can tell.

How much we loved you and how well; God loved you too, and he thought best.

To take you home to be at rest. Her last sickness was not of long duration, she was stricken about two o'clock in the morning and passed away about three o'clock. About ten years ago she had a stroke of paralysis and was never very strong afterwards. A second stroke was the cause of her death.

How sad it is to see our dear ones pass away; sad indeed to look upon that vacant chair, but we should all live in such a manner that we shall meet her. We must not feel that she is dead for we are taught that a human soul can never die; she is only waiting for us on the other shining shore, in the city of God where we will never say good-by. It is hard but we must say, "Thy will be done, Oh Lord, not mine."

Though her pure life is ended, her pure humble, patient life will ever linger as a precious memory to inspire us to better living. "God calls our loved ones but we loose not wholly."

What he has given They live on earth in thought and deed as truly As in his Heaven."

She leaves to mourn her loss a husband, five sons, Everett, of Arcola, Ill.; Frank, of Hillsborough, Ill.; James, of Ellmore; John and Robert, of this city, and three sisters besides a host of relatives and friends.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. A. T. Riley at Locust Street Church and the remains were laid to await the Resurrection Morn in Forest Hill cemetery.

A Cousin.**MORTON.**

Alva Phillips continues quite sick with lung trouble.

Our Sunday visitors were Chris Crodian and wife, Geo. K. Lloyd and wife at Frank Bettis'; Eber Illoyd and wife at Sam Lloyd'; Goldie Newgent at G. K. Lloyd'; Warren Newgent and J. B. McCabe at C. L. Clodfelter's.

Lon Cox has moved on Alva Thomas' farm near Brick Chapel.

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.

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