

WEATHER REPORT.

Fair tonight and Tuesday; moderate temperature.

VOL. 2. NO. 253.

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA. MONDAY, JAN. 20, 1908.

PRICE ONE CENT

NO THROUGH SERVICE YET

ALTHOUGH IT WAS RUMORED THAT INTERURBAN TRAINS WOULD BE RUN FROM GREENCASTLE WEST TO TERRE HAUTE TODAY, THE CARS ARE NOT RUNNING.

TRACK WORK NOT COMPLETED

Two Miles of the Right of Way Has Yet to Be Ballasted Before the Company Can Begin Running Regular Cars—End of This Week Will Finish Work.

Although it was rumored last week that Interurban service west from Greencastle would begin this morning, the cars failed to go any further west than the station here. The reason is that two miles of the track between here and Brazil still has to be ballasted before the regular service can begin.

A special car carrying officers of the company was run to Brazil Saturday. The trip was uneventful. It was demonstrated, however, that regular cars could not be run until the track work was finished. The two miles of track which is not completed yet was gone over on a slow speed Saturday. It is said that the track

THE GENTS' Dry Cleaning and Pressing Shop

OVER JONES' DRUG STORE
Stoner & Grogan
Phone 305 PROPS.

work will be completed by the end of this week and that regular cars will be put on next Monday.

THE UNIVERSITY SERMON

The beautiful weather united with the fact that Dr. Hughes was to preach filled McHarry Hall yesterday afternoon. It was the regular university sermon, being the third Sunday of the month. Dr. Hughes took for his theme, "The Upper Realm of Prayer." His discourse, as is always the case, was thoughtful, pointed, and full of things worthy the consideration of any listener. The thought was dressed in the usual clear, simple and forceful style of this well known speaker.

One of the most enjoyable parts of the afternoon service was singing of a special chorus of young ladies from the music school. They sang two selections, both of which were greatly appreciated by the entire audience.

PLEASANT SOCIAL

On Tuesday evening a number of young people were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Blaydes living near North Salem. The social was given in honor of Miss Myrtle Blue, of this city, and also to remind Mr. Blaydes of his thirty-second birthday. The beginning of the evening was spent in music, after which games, was the order of the evening, then refreshments of candy and apples were served and games continued until a late hour, when the young people departed with smiling faces and leaving the assurance of a pleasant evening.

MASONIC NOTICE.

There will be called meeting of Temple Lodge No. 47, F. & A. M., on Tuesday, January 21, at 7 o'clock. Work in the Fellow Craft degree. All Master Masons are cordially invited to attend. J. M. King, W. M.

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EXPECT MUCH OF NEW LINE

Interurban Officials Plan to Place Brazil and Greencastle on Same Footing—Run Ends There Instead Of Terre Haute.

55¢ THE ROUND TRIP TO BRAZIL

The schedule for the new interurban line has been fixed and while the fare from this city to Terre Haute has been increased 5 cents an additional 10 cents has been added to the fare from Terre Haute to Harmony. This arrangement makes Brazil a terminus which will be thoroughly appreciated by our citizens, for it was thought by many that the fare from Harmony to Terre Haute would be the same as from this city to Terre Haute as it is at present.

Furthermore it is claimed that the old track going into Harmony will be torn up and a waiting room built on the new line which goes through the farm of George W. Riddell, some distance north of Harmony, which means that those residing at Harmony will have to pay increased fare and also walk some distance to get to the station.

The service will be inaugurated about the 25th of this month at which time cars will be run through from Indianapolis to Terre Haute that are much larger and more convenient to ride in than the ones now in use. The new cars will be provided with all the comforts found in a Pullman railroad car.

The fare between this city and Greencastle will be 55 cents for the round trip. This will give the students at Greencastle and the residents of the city an opportunity to come to this city to attend the theatre and get back in good time. The fact that as good performances will be given here as many that show at Indianapolis means that with the advantage of the street cars that the patronage from Greencastle will be considerable. The fare to Indianapolis from this city will be \$1 one way or \$1.90 for the round trip.—Brazil Democrat.

WILL OPEN BIDS WEDNESDAY

College Authorities Who Have in Charge the Construction of the New Library Will Meet Contractors.

University officials who have in charge the construction of the new library building will soon know the possibilities as regards the cost of the structure. The bids from the several contractors will be opened on Wednesday. Already it is known that the bids will be much less than they would have been even four months ago. One contractor, it is understood, believes that the building can be put up for twenty per cent. less than would have been possible half a year back. The price of lumber, and especially of cement has fallen rapidly lately, and from this and the talk of contractors the officials look for a very reasonable bid.

TO FIX CONVENTION DATE

Charley Zeis, chairman of the Putnam County Republican Central Committee, was in Terre Haute today to attend a meeting of the Fifth District Central Committee. The occasion of the meeting is to select a place and date for holding the Congressional Convention. Brazil is fighting for this convention and probably will receive the plum.

UNDERTAKER TO MOVE BUSINESS

Dr. R. J. Gillespie, coroner-elect, has rented the Grubb Building, formerly occupied by C. A. Sims & Co., opposite the Herald office and soon will move his undertaking establishment into that room. His establishment is now in the small building in the rear of the Commercial Hotel.

TO EXHIBIT PUTNAM POULTRY

Henry O'Hair and Joe Collins, two of Putnam County's poultry men, sent several cages of Barred Plymouth Rocks and Buff Cochins to Danville by express today. The birds will be exhibited at the poultry show now being held in Danville.

Hurry!

To Langdon's Book Store

And Get The Few Good Seats Left For

The Glee Club Concert

MEHARRY HALL
7:30 p. m., WEDNESDAY

January 22d

"It's the event of the Season."

DEATH OF WM. ADAMS

The body of William Adams, who died Friday January 17, at Carson, Ind., were brought here this morning via Big Four for interment in Forest Hill Cemetery. The deceased was a husband of Mrs. Mary Adams, who was brought here some two weeks ago for burial.

Mr. Adams was eighty years old at the time of his death and had been in failing health for sometime.

Short services were held at Carson this morning by Rev. Raunds, of the U. B. Church after which the funeral party consisting of undertaker William Siner, Rev. Raunds, Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Wehr, Mr. and Mrs. John Woods, John and Will Adams, Misses Cynthia and Laura Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kennedy, Miss Thomas Freemont Miller, William Jones, James Brook, Melvina Hendricks, Frank Petty, Robert Wells and David Michael, accompanied the body here for interment.

The deceased leaves besides a number of relatives and friends to mourn their loss, nine children, one brother and one half-brother.

MEN WANTED

Between 18 and 35 years of age for the Indiana National Guard. For full particulars apply at Wm. Sutherlin's Law Office, Opera Blk., Greencastle, Ind.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Kate Heber et al. to Mathew C. Furney, land in Washington tp., \$1,200.

Jesse E. Cline et al. to Alva J. Cox, land in Jefferson tp., \$2,500.

Virginia Tilley, to Nettie Hodshire, part lot in Greencastle, \$1.

ZEIS & CO.

PROHIBITION CONVENTION DEPAUW WINS AT BASKET BALL

THE AUTO TIRE SUCTION

Members of the Party Meet to Nominate Candidates for the Various Offices of the County And to Select State Delegates.

MICHAEL J. FANNING SPEAKS

A considerable number of those who believe in absolute prohibition and all that it stands for met today to nominate candidates for the various county offices and to select delegates to the state convention. The members met this morning for organization, and Rev. A. T. Riley, secretary of the county central committee was made chairman. A sort of love feast was held, a number of persons stating the reasons for their prohibition faith. Some excellent short speeches were made.

Delegates to the state convention were chosen as follows: H. G. Macey, Ruben Masten, John F. Alfrey, Glenn Mankin, Lester Miller, William Masten, W. A. Craver, and Perry Wright.

A committee was appointed to suggest nominations for the county offices the committee to report at the afternoon session. The convention then adjourned for the morning.

At 1:30 o'clock all the members of the party were in their places. The report of the committee of nominations was read and the nominations ratified. The candidates selected were:

For Representative, Richard Raaf. For Treasurer, A. C. Lockridge. For Sheriff, Ruben Masten. For Commissioner, 2nd District, Douglas Randolph. For Commissioner, 3d District, James W. Scott.

For Coroner, Dr. C. C. Collins.

For Surveyor, Glenn E. Mankin.

While waiting for the speaker of the day, Mr. Fanning, of Philadelphia, Mr. Manuel was called upon for a speech. He touched the quick of the matter when he declared that he was a prohibitionist because prohibition was right. That he said, was all the speech that was necessary.

At 2 o'clock Mr. Fanning arrived from Indianapolis by the interurban, and addressed the meeting. He was a clever speaker of the conversational oratory type, and held the attention of his audience throughout the address. He declared he was for party prohibition because it put government behind the law. Non-partisan temperance made enough laws, but it failed to put the government behind them, and they were not enforced. With national prohibition we would be able to enforce the law, and that is what is now needed.

There was no change in the organization of party in the county. Rudy Burkett remains chairman of the county committee, and Rev. A. T. Riley secretary. It was voted to leave the township organization to each township.

MERCHANTS TO TERRE HAUTE

Several From Greencastle Will Attend the Indiana Retail Dealers Association Meeting This Week—John Cannon, Ed. Lynch and John Sutherlin Delegates.

Several of the local merchants will go to Terre Haute tomorrow to attend the Indiana Retail Merchants Association Convention to be held there this week. The local merchants association will send three delegates. They are Ed. Lynch, John Cannon and J. W. Sutherlin. Several others from here also will go to attend the convention, however. Meetings will be held Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

Alfred Barnes, a carpenter, was taken to the county house this afternoon. Mr. Barnes has been ill for several weeks. He lived in the room above the Keifer restaurant on the north side of the square. His little son was his only companion and sole means of support. Mr. Barnes was taken in the county house in a carriage and will be cared for there until he regains his health. The boy is employed by Mr. Keifer.

There will be services each night this week at the A. M. E. Church beginning promptly at 7:30. A special meeting Wednesday night for the young people. Everyone is welcome.

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

Is Ruinous to Gravel and Macadam Roads Necessitating Much Repair And Expense.

ROADS ARE THE PRIDE OF STATE

That the automobile is among the most destructive agencies with the builders of the roads of gravel and macadam roads in Indiana have to contend, was brought out in discussion before the Indiana Engineering society, an association composed of civil electrical and mechanical engineers of the state, which began its twenty-eighth annual convention at the Commercial club in Indianapolis Thursday.

The gravel pikes, which are a source of pride throughout the state, must give place to the crushed stone road and even this, it was declared, must be treated, with asphalt or coal tar in its upper course successfully to stand the action of the automobile wheel.

INDEPENDENTS: Forward—Gregory, Thomas; Center—DeWess, (Capt.); Guard—Hancock; Erle, Brown, Referee; Dee, Umpire; Halves 20 and 15 minutes.

INVITATIONS RECEIVED

Invitations have been received from Mr. and Mrs. William Campbell Hall, of Brazil, formerly of this city, for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Sallie Jackson Hall, and Paul Frederick Steketee, of Grand Rapids, Mich., to take place Tuesday, January 28, at their home, 521 North Meridian street, Brazil. The at-home announcement is 164 North Lafayette Street, Grand Rapids, Mich., after April 1.

NEW TIME CARD

The new time card on the Big Four has been received with a few changes in regard to time of trains. Following is the time given.

No. 46—3:36 a. m. east bound.
No. 16—1:32 p. m. east bound.
No. 18—5:05 p. m. east bound.
No. 24—2:03 a. m. east bound.
No. 11—12:54 p. m. west bound.
No. 3—5:04 p. m. west bound.
No. 43—1:25 a. m. west bound.

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

A feature of the basketball game with Northwestern University January 31, will be an inter-sorority relay race. The rivalry between the fair co-eds has become so intense that they have decided to settle the dispute by an appeal to arms. All the organizations have agreed that the ones winning honors on the track will be entitled to the supremacy of the school. Teams will be chosen at once and regular training started for the great event.

Lest some of the students become unduly excited it might be well to add that the girls themselves do not intend to undergo the exertion of pacing around the gymnasium track, but will choose certain brave knights who will wear their colors. The girls will merely be on hand to cheer their defenders to deeds of greater valor. The winning sorority will be given a handsome pillow.

YOUR MONEY GROWS

When deposited with us. We will pay you 3 per cent on Savings 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.

Real Estate and Insurance

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

A Snap In Cotton Blankets

Here is a bargain for you. We have a lot of grey striped cotton blankets—regular \$1.65 values—which we have put on sale at \$1.10. See them in the window. They cannot last long at this price so you must come at once to be sure of securing one.

VERMILION'S

on the Best Cloaks we have shown this season.

There's a big lot of Cloaks from which to select, many of the handsomest garments we had this season are still here, and you can have them for a fraction of their former price.

Little Folks Cloaks worth \$3.00 to \$6.00. Pay us half price for them.

School Girl's Cloaks worth \$4.00 to \$10.00. \$2.00 to \$5.00 will buy them.

Ladies' Cloaks worth \$8.00 to \$35.00. Pay us from \$4.00 to \$17.50, and wear a New Cloak for less than wholesale cost.

ALLEN BROTHERS

The Greencastle Herald

Published every evening except Sunday by the Star and Democrat Publishing Company at 17 and 18 South Jackson Street, Greencastle, Ind.

F. C. TILDEN C. J. ARNOLD

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THE JOHNSON BOOM.

The first really important boom that has swept over the country in opposition to Bryan for the nomination for president is that of Governor Johnson of Minnesota. Almost before people were aware the boom had attained large proportions and was in full movement. He is, without doubt, the candidate of the anti-Bryan Democrats. On the other hand, it is claimed, the Bryan men can, by close examination, find no flaw in him. He stands for many of the things that Bryan stands for. He is for the people first, last, and all the time, so it is said. He also has the rare power of keeping the confidence of the great corporation managers, and such men as J. J. Hill are enthusiastic about him, not, possibly, as a president, but as a man and a governor. He is said to have the confidence of the entire northwest, and those who do not love Bryan are foretelling that he can carry those Republican states than will not be touched by Bryan enthusiasm. Much of this is doubtless talk, but it is known that Johnson is either a strong man, or has been playing into the hands of the enemy and keeping it wonderfully well hidden. He was elected as a Democrat with a Republican legislature against him, but seems to have so charmed the Republicans as to secure from them any legislation he desires. He has been in favor of the two-cent fare and other, for the northwest, radical legislation against corporations, and yet Hill and other men declare that he means to give a square deal and that they can trust his honesty. Such are the peculiarities and characteristics of the man that Democrats are asked to look at carefully as a possible candidate. He is certainly an interesting man from this point of view.

EAST AGAINST WEST.

In spite of the fact that America and England are doing their best to make it appear that there is no trouble in the East, and in spite of the fact that the Japanese Government is making strenuous efforts to convince us that there is only friendship for us in the oriental mind, nevertheless it happens now and then that we get a glimpse of things startling. The situation reminds us of that between America and Spain just before the blowing up of the Maine. The government of Spain continually assured us of good feeling, but the Spanish soldiers in Cuba blew up our ship and started the war. So while governments toast each other we get, now and again, a glimpse of foreboding.

Wanted the "Grocery Seats."

Leigh Lynch while he lived was a happy man. In the first place, he was the husband of lovely and gentle Anna Teresa Berger, the belle of the bell ringers in her girlhood; secondly, he had the years long friendship and intimate companionship of Eugene Field; thirdly, he was the father of a family of children in whom was centered his unselfish hope. He used to carry his business cares and pleasures home, where he was always sure of ready and generous sympathy. For several years he was treasurer of the Union Square theater in New York. One evening at dinner, in the presence of his little daughter, Marie, he mentioned to Mrs. Lynch that the gross receipts of the week had risen to an unprecedented height. The next day Marie asked to be taken to the matinee.

"All right, dumpling," assented the fond father. "What seats would you like?"

"Well, papa," she replied, "I'd like to have them grocery seats you told us about."—Detroit Free Press.

Posters in Paris.

French law gives the authorities of every village and commune complete control over posters. "No one," writes our consul general, "is permitted in France to deface streets and public places with crude, ostentatious announcements of his business or other subject. Billboards are infrequent in Paris and are generally built permanently into a wall, where they are taxed according to their superficial area. When a building is in construction and board screens are erected to shield the public from dust and other annoyance such temporary screen will soon be covered with posters of amusements and other business, but each poster so displayed has been previously submitted to the authorities, a license obtained, and each sheet bears the canceled revenue stamp, according to its size."

When you go away or have visitors call 65 and let people know it.

ing feeling on the part of the Indian and Japanese people that is not reassuring. The latest is the attack of Count Okuma upon the English, following, as it does a still more vigorous attack upon the United States. Okuma declares that Japan must help India and the Philippines free themselves from the control of the West. It looks like a big contract for Japan, but the possibilities are that she is expecting four hundred millions of China to lend a helping hand in the matter. Whatever the idea, the indications are the mind of the Japanese masses is in a state to make trouble.

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 fleshy appearance of the face, especially under the eyes? Too frequent a desire to pass urine? If so, William's Kidney Pills will cure you.—at Druggists, Price 50 cents.—Williams' Manufacturing Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

For sale by Badger & Green. 49

The Wife of the Cat.

Nasr-ed-din, the Persian shah, was an intensely superstitious man and believed that his luck lay in his beautiful black Persian cat, which was a remarkably handsome cat in a land where cats are nearly all handsome. The shah never allowed the black cat to be away from him, and it was given in charge of one of his wives, Amin Aslasi, who was styled "the wife of the cat."

When the shah went on his long shooting expeditions, the Persian cat was put into a decorated basket and carried by a special attendant directly behind his master. Unluckily one day an accident occurred, and the black cat came to an untimely end. The shah was in despair at the loss of his luck bringer, but the clever "wife of the cat" exerted her influence and brought her nephew under the shah's notice. The lad was sharp enough to make the most of an accident (planned by his aunt) and save the shah's life, and the monarch was so pleased that he gave the boy the name of "the cherisher of the sovereign" and installed the new luck bringer.

Pipes and the Lips.

The constant habit of smoking pipes has a perceptible effect upon the face. The pressure of the lips to hold the pipe in position increases the curvature of the lips round the stem, and the muscles become more rigid here than in other parts. Thus the lips at a certain point become stronger, and the pipe is unconsciously held in the same habitual position. After long continuation of the habit small circular wrinkles form parallel with the curvature of the lips around the stem. These are crossed by finer lines caused by the pressure of the lips to retain the stem in position. In the case of old men who have smoked a pipe for years the effect upon the lips is very marked, not only altering the form of the lips, but of the one entire side of the face, causing the wrinkles that are the result of age to deepen and instead of following the natural course of facial wrinkles to change their course so as to radiate from the part of the mouth where the pipe is habitually carried.

"Are you sure?" demanded Mrs. Gracie wistfully. "If you are, we will not have the gas turned on again."

"There are electric lights in the new home," he reminded. "You will forget these nights of Egyptian darkness, and the next time we move we shall not order the current turned off until we are safely out of the house."

"To think that at the last moment, with all packed and ready to move, this strike should have come up!" said Mrs. Gracie, with a groan. "Are you positive, Bert, that the painter you have engaged will not be won over by the strikers?"

"Never more certain of anything in my life," was the laughing response. "The painter is not less a person than your accomplished son. I stopped in and ordered the paint sent over this morning. Tomorrow I shall go and wield the brush, so you must wake and call me early. I must put in a full day."

Bert passed on to his own room, lighting his way with matches, and his mother heaved a sigh of relief. For eight days they had virtually camped in the apartment they had given up, waiting for their new quarters to be finished. The packers had done their work, the man had come to cut off the gas and the moving vans were backed up to the door when a telephone message came to the effect that, owing to a strike of the painters, the new rooms were not yet ready for occupancy. From day to day the landlord had promised that something would be done at once, but now a full week had passed, and hope had commenced to fail until Bert decided to do the work himself.

He made an early start, and at 8 o'clock found him in a suit of jeans applying the paint with as skillful a brush as though painting were his regular occupation. He worked rapidly and well and the rooms had begun to assume a habitable aspect when he heard the hall door open and close and looked up, expecting to see the landlord.

Instead he faced about to encounter the gaze of a pair of brown eyes which seemed to pierce his paint stained jacket and give him an oddly queer sensation about the heart. The possessor of the eyes was a fragile slip of a girl whose pure oval face was oddly like a picture by some old master. The slender form was wholly concealed by a brown holland pinafore, and this was splashed with color. A dab of blue which had sought a higher resting place made a saucy beauty patch against the dimpling chin.

"So you have come," she said at length. "I was beginning to think that you would be out on strike all winter. I was promised that my floors should be shelled first."

"Yes, but—" began Bert.

"I want no answers," said the girl, with a stamp of her tiny foot. "I am to have an exhibition day after tomorrow, and the floors must be done by then, do you hear?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Bert meekly.

"Then pick up your pail and brush and come along," was the quiet command. "If I had not smelled the paint in the hall you would have spent the

Dorothy's Dime.

By CARL WILLIAMS.

Copyrighted, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

Grayce looked grim as he threw open the door and stumbled over the roll of rugs that lay just within.

"Another night has come, and that landlord still lives his evil life," he called, and from the dimly lighted parlor came an answering snuff.

Bert Grayce hung up his coat on the half shrouded hatrack and entered the room. The furniture was swathed in burlap and excelsior, and the piano was covered with old blankets and other soft wrappings, and trunks and boxes were piled with some attempt at order along the bare walls and upon the equally bare floor.

On top of the upturned soap box a group of candles guttered dimly, their feeble rays serving to accentuate the absence of gas. Desolation—the desolation of an exodus—brooded everywhere, even upon the face of the woman who sat in a low rocker beside the candles and vainly made pretense of reading.

Hers was a lovable face, framed in masses of silver hair, and Grayce's

THE LONG, SLENDER HAND WAS CLASPED IN BERT'S OWN.

smile softened and grew more tender as he bent to kiss the still smooth forehead.

He was tired when he sought his home that night, but the thought that he would see the girl again on the morrow gave him a feeling that the day had been well spent. He carefully slipped the dime in a locket which he wore on his watch fob and smiled as he thought of his "tip."

He painted the studio floors the first thing next morning and then turned his attention to his own apartment. It was late in the afternoon when he had finished and was cleaning up. There came a ring at the door, and he opened it to confront a young woman who radiated confusion and penitence.

"I have come to apologize," she said, blushing redly. "I stopped in to thank the agent for sending me a painter, and he did not know that my doors had been done. Then he recalled that you were painting your own place and explained my error."

"It's a very natural one," he said with a laugh. "If you were half as desperate as my mother, I should not blame you for kidnapping me with a full knowledge of the facts. I am only glad that I have been of service to you."

"You don't know how greatly you have aided me," she cried. "I can never repay your kindness. I am so sorry that I was abrupt yesterday. Will you pardon me?"

The long, slender hand was clasped in Bert's own, and he smiled down into the brown eyes that dropped shyly before his gaze.

Dorothy slipped back into her own apartment, and Bert, closing his door, drew the dime she had given him, from his locket.

"The job's going to cost you more than that, little woman," he said as he smiled to himself. "It's going to cost you your heart and hand, and they are worth millions of dimes."

As It Happens.

They parted as girls; they met as women.

"And what of all your sweethearts?"

"Gone the way of all good things,"

"That tall, lanky blond with the fierce mustache, for instance?"

"Went insane."

"Gracious! And Jimmie Bowles—the little muskrat" as you used to call him—who was so devoted?"

"Killed in an auto accident trying to save my life."

"Dear me! And your needy artist swain, who found in you the only customer for his wonderful paintings?"

"Became a waiter and married an heiress!"

"And the kinky haired little French count?"

"Ran away with my maid!"

"Worse and worse! And how about Reggie? You did profess to love him, you know."

"Now my brother-in-law!"

"Never! Well, that Mr. Hardflint, who used to snub us all, yourself included? I hope he met his deserved finish."

"He did. Come up to the house and I'll introduce you to him. He's my husband!"—Young's Magazine.

Instead he faced about to encounter the gaze of a pair of brown eyes which seemed to pierce his paint stained jacket and give him an oddly queer sensation about the heart. The possessor of the eyes was a fragile slip of a girl whose pure oval face was oddly like a picture by some old master. The slender form was wholly concealed by a brown holland pinafore, and this was splashed with color. A dab of blue which had sought a higher resting place made a saucy beauty patch against the dimpling chin.

"So you have come," she said at length. "I was beginning to think that you would be out on strike all winter. I was promised that my floors should be shelled first."

"Yes, but—" began Bert.

"I want no answers," said the girl, with a stamp of her tiny foot.

"Hattie—it's perfectly lovely!"

"You think it a good likeness?"

"Oh, no; it doesn't look a particle like you, you know. But I wouldn't mind that, Clara. You are not likely to have such wonderful luck again if you sat a thousand times!"—London Telegraph.

A Remedy.

"Yes," said Quiggle, "I have a good deal on my hands just now."

"So I perceive," replied Fogg. "Why don't you try a little soup and water?"

—London Answers.

Too Well Prepared.

Knicker—Preparedness is the best preventive of war. Bocker—Nonsense!

When a girl engages herself to ten men it doesn't ward off matrimony.—Harper's Weekly.

No Genius.

Bobbins—Would you consider him a genius? Sloobs—No. Bobbs—Why, he's always trying to borrow money. Sloobs—Yes, but he doesn't get it.—Philadelphia Record.

When you go away or have visitors call 65 and let people know it.

day here, when I need you so much more. Come on, please."

She turned to lead the way as though there was no argument to be made, and Bert, grinning over the ridiculousness of the affair, followed after. He saw with pleasure that the other apartment was only across the hall from his own. It was a much smaller place, and it did not take Bert long to paint the doors. The girl stood in the doorway superintending the work, and Bert was sorry when at last he rose from his knees and announced the completion of the job.

"You will still have time to finish the other apartment," said the girl severely. "Next time do as you are told, and you will have less trouble. You know very well that the agent told you to go to this apartment first. He promised me that he would."

"He'll promise anything," began Bert grimly, but the tiny foot stamped a warning. The girl did not care to argue the point with a workman, and she dismissed him with a nod.

"Come in tomorrow and give it a second coat," she commanded. "Wait a moment," she added as Bert turned to go. "Buy yourself a good cigar," she finished as she handed him a colt.

Bert dropped the dime in his pocket with a murmured word of thanks and backed out of the door. Once on the other side, his embarrassment died down, and he paused long enough to ascertain from the card on the door that it was Dorothy Remsen who occupied the apartment. That she was a china decorator he already knew, and vaguely he remembered having heard of her skill.

He was tired when he sought his home that night, but the thought that he would see the girl again on the morrow gave him a feeling that the day had been well spent. He carefully slipped the dime in a locket which he wore on his watch fob and smiled as he thought of his "tip."

"It was left undisturbed, and it grew to be a great tree, and it stands today on the spot where the patriotic Jim Martin thrust it into the earth as a battered handspike. Jim Martin was killed in battle, and his bones lie somewhere on Mexican ground, but he has a monument in this still sound and vigorous tree, which is a revered landmark in all that country."—Washington Post.

The handspike Jim Martin used was too big and heavy for any of his fellows to handle, and it was left sticking where he had jabbed it into the ground. The next spring it was noticed that it was putting forth green shoots, showing that it had rooted in the ground.

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E. B. LYNCH

House Furnisher and
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GREENCASTLE, IND.

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WILLIAMS & DUNCAN

Sanitary Plumbing

Hot Water, Steam and Gas Fitting,
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COALWe are located on Ben Lucans old
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handle all kinds of COAL.

(Near Vandalia Station)

We are ready to make you prices on
Block, Anthracite, Nut, Slack

or any kind or quality

We are in business to sell you any
kind of Coal that you may desire and
we can guarantee you the prices.Give us a call or let us know your
wants.

F. B. Hillis Coal Co.

OSCAR WILLIAMS, Manager
F. B. HILLIS F. SHOPTAUGH

INTERURBAN TIME TABLE.

Lvs Greenastle	Lvs Indianapolis
6:00 am	6:00 am
7:00 am	7:00 am
8:00 am	8:00 am
9:00 am	9:00 am
10:00 am	10:00 am
11:00 am	11:00 am
12:00 m	12:00 m
1:00 pm	1:00 pm
2:00 pm	2:00 pm
3:00 pm	3:00 pm
4:00 pm	4:00 pm
5:00 pm	5:00 pm
6:00 pm	6:00 pm
7:00 pm	7:00 pm
8:00 pm	8:00 pm
9:00 pm	9:00 pm
11:00 pm	11:30 pm

RUPERT BARTLEY, Agent.

MONON ROUTE.

Time Card in effect July 22, 1908
North Bound South Bound
1:23 am 2:12 pm
9:22 am 8:25 am
12:33 pm 2:20 pm
5:52 pm 6:20 pm
All rates run daily. J. A. MICHAEL, Agent

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Engraved cards—script
—at the Herald office. One
hundred cards and a plate
for \$1.50.

Try a Herald Want Ad.

The Jailer's
Daughter.

(Original)

"What y' in for?" asked the jailer's daughter, peering through the bars. She was a gangling girl of sixteen, with blue eyes and light wavy hair hanging loose over her back. The prisoner was a stalwart young fellow of twenty.

"Horse stealing."

"Couldn't y' find nothing better to do than that?"

"I didn't steal any horses. A man with a grudge against me put up a job on me."

"Is that so? Y' ortein't swing if y' didn't do it."

The prisoner went on reading a paper that had been given him.

"I'd let y' out," she added in a low tone, "only pop keeps too sharp a watch on the keys, and there ain't much time."

The young man turned from his paper. "You can help me to get out if you wish," he said.

"How?"

"Can you get a saw?"

"Nothing but a buck saw."

"That won't do. Bring me a file and a case knife."

"Pop's got a file among his tools. I can get the case knife easy enough."

She went away, returning with the articles asked for. The prisoner, covering his hands with the bedding clothing that the filing should not be heard, proceeded to make a saw of the knife. With one or both he proposed to cut away the bars to his window. This he did while the jailer's daughter strummed on a piano directly over his head so that the noise of cutting could not be heard.

When he had finished, the girl came again, and he said to her: "Goodby. If I get out safely, some day I may come back to reward you."

"I've been thinking I'd go with you," she said, her eyes glistening.

He looked at her earnestly for some time without speaking. What was she thinking she didn't know. At last he said:

"All right. Meet me soon after 2 o'clock tomorrow morning outside the wall."

When the prisoner heard the jailer's clock wheeze out 2 in the morning, he removed the bars, got out of the window, climbed wall and stole away. He was joined by the girl, and together they ran for a time, then when they could run no longer walked and down your heads for your lives!"

No one saw any danger, but the boatman felt the placid water insensibly rising and knew that the tide had turned. At last the visitors knew this, too, for it was not until the boat had ascended within a few inches of the roof that it began to descend.

"Pull your best!" exclaimed the man at the helm. "If the second wave reaches us, we are lost!" But before the second wave reached the cave the boat had issued from its mouth.

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Perilous Boating.

On the west coast of Ireland, near the mouth of the river Shannon, are several large sea caves which open into each other. The visitor seems to be floating through a submarine palace of many halls whose roofs are either as green as grass in the sun or blood red. But the visitor needs a good guide and a good boatman, for the sea is insidious and the labyrinth of caves intricate. On one occasion, writes Aubrey de Vere in his "Recollections," soon after a party had entered the boatman suddenly shouted, "Bend down your heads for your lives!"

No one saw any danger, but the boatman felt the placid water insensibly rising and knew that the tide had turned. At last the visitors knew this, too, for it was not until the boat had ascended within a few inches of the roof that it began to descend.

"Pull your best!" exclaimed the man at the helm. "If the second wave reaches us, we are lost!" But before the second wave reached the cave the boat had issued from its mouth.

To Eat Crow.

Although the use of the expression "to eat crow" in a metaphorical sense, meaning to eat one's words, may well have dated from the time of Noah, when the bird was first looked upon as unclean and not fit to serve as food for man, it seems to have arisen from the old tale of the officer and the private.

"What'll we do?"

"Hide some place near by till the excitement has died out. There's a thicket. We'll go in there and see what we can find."

A soldier, having shot a tame crow belonging to one of his officers, was discovered by the owner with the bird in his hand. Seizing the private's gun, the officer commanded him to eat the bird as a punishment. With the firearm pointed at his head, the soldier fell to, but no sooner had the officer laid aside the gun than the culprit grasped it and compelled his superior to join in the distasteful banquet.

The private was court-martialed the next day, and when he was asked by the examiners what had occurred he replied, "Nothing, except that Captain Blank and I dined together."—Washington Star.

College Chums.

A rich and well known citizen of an eastern city boasts of an extraordinary collection of books wherein the authors have inscribed their autographs.

It is rumored that the envy and frequently the skepticism of his friends have been aroused by the flattering inscriptions in question, and some cynics have even gone so far as to hint of a similarity in handwriting throughout the collection.

The citizen recently purchased a rare edition of Montaigne's essays. One evening at dinner the costly volume was passed from hand to hand, and for a time the owner lost sight of it. When, however, it did finally come back to him he was astonished to find on the fly leaf this inscription:

"To John Blank, From His Old Friend and Classmate, Mike Montaigne."—Harper's Weekly.

Reading a Pig's Tail.

"Don't buy that pig," said the older butcher hastily.

"Why not?" asked the younger man.

"Look at his tail," was the reply.

"See how loose it hangs, like the tail of a rat. That is a sign that the animal is in bad health."

"You can read a pig's condition by its tail. The tighter it is curled the pig is the pig. And when the tail hangs straight, as this one does, the pig ought to take to his bed and send for the veterinary."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

An Unmentioned Ancestor.

Mr. B. is very proud of his ancient lineage and never lets slip an opportunity to boast of it. At a dinner where he had been unusually rampant on this subject a fellow guest quieted him by remarking:

"If you climb much farther up your family tree you will come face to face with the monkey."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Engraved cards—script

—at the Herald office. One

hundred cards and a plate

for \$1.50.

ARNOLD ATHERTON.

He Knew of but One.

Many years ago De Scott Evans, the artist, took a trip to Jamaica, and upon his return to New York he exhibited a number of pictures that he had painted during hisouting.

One day a man who had been looking through the studio stopped before a certain picture and asked:

"What does this represent?"

"That," said Mr. Evans, "is a scene in Jamaica."

"Jamaica?" echoed the visitor.

"That's strange. I don't remember ever seeing anything like that in Jamaica."

"You have been there, then, have you?" the artist inquired.

"Oh, yes! I live there."

"Well, you surely must be acquainted with this place then. It is a street scene in the principal town of the island."

The man from Jamaica looked at Mr. Evans for a moment as if he thought the latter must be deaf. Then he emphatically declared:

"I live in Jamaica, and there isn't a street in the town that bears the remotest resemblance to that picture."

The mention of Jamaica as a town cleared away the mist.

"I see," said Mr. Evans, "you live in Jamaica, N. Y., don't you?"

"Yes," replied the suburbanite. "Is there another Jamaica anywhere?"

They Lacked Team Work.

There was small respect in Captain Maybury's mind for the brains of the artists whom he and his wife harbored and fed during the summer. "They are a well meaning lot of folks as ever lived," he said confidently to a neighbor, "but when it comes to common sense every last living one of 'em needs a guardian."

Bill walked over the ground and finally selected a sunny spot on the south side of a knoll and said it would do. The city marshal called to a Chinaman who was passing and ordered him to get a shovel and dig a hole, and then he turned to Bill with, "Wait, at what time tomorrow kin I expect you?"

"About noon, Day."

"Sure to come?"

"Dead sure. I never disappoint an audience, you know."

"I'll be ready, Goodby, Bill."

"So long, Dave."

At 11:55 o'clock next day Dead Shot Bill came into Hays City with a whoop and a yell, his broncho on a dead run and a gun in either hand. At 12:05 he was lying dead in front of the Wild West saloon, and at 12:45 the inquest had been concluded and he was occupying the grave he had selected. The city marshal had downed him, and the verdict of the jury was, "We are kinder sorry for the deceased, but it was all right and according to Hoyle."

—Denver Field and Farm.

The Old Time Almanac.

It is astonishing what faith the old school farmer used to put in his almanac," said a farmer of the new school, a graduate of an agricultural college.

"My father was an old school farmer, and in June he would consult his almanac to see if we were going to have a clear Christmas. What though the sunnae usually went back on him? Sometimes its predictions were true, and one accurate prophecy counterbalanced in my father's mind fifty misuses.

"Once I crossed the ocean with the old man. We sat at the captain's table, and the first night out my father, laying down his spoon, said anxiously:

"Captain, hev ye got an almanac on board?"

"No," the captain answered.

"The old man frowned and shook his head."

"Then, by gosh," he said, "we'll jest hev to take the weather as she comes."

—Los Angeles Times.

Dickens and His Beard.

Frith painted Charles Dickens' portrait when the novelist began to grow a beard and mustache and told this anecdote of the occasion:

"Well, one day when Dickens was sitting the servant came up to tell me Sir Edwin Landseer was below. Dickens said, 'Let's have him up; he hasn't seen my beard and mustache yet.'

Charles Landseer and Edwin had been abroad for some time together in Italy, and they hadn't met for months.

Edwin came up and took no notice of the beard, and at last Dickens said:

"Well, Lanny, what about all this?"

"D'you like it? Think it's an improvement?"

"Oh, a great improvement," Landseer said quite gravely.

"It hides so much of your face," Dickens wasn't the least offended. He'd let 'Lanny' say anything."

—London Chronicle.

All Were Prime Ministers.

An eminent surgeon was once sent for by Cardinal Du Bois, prime minister of France, to perform a very serious operation upon him. The cardinal said to him, "You must not expect to treat me in the same rough manner as you treat your poor, miserable wretches at your Hotel Dieu."

"My lord," replied the surgeon, with great dignity, "every one of those miserable wretches as your eminence is pleased to call them, is prime minister in my eyes!"—Success Magazine.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

John Wilson, of Roachdale, was in the city yesterday.

C. W. Oakes went to his farm at Cataract this morning.

Earl Hurst, left the city this morning for Crawfordsville.

Mrs. N. S. Joslin is visiting in Crawfordsville this week.

A. F. Modlin transacted business in Ellettsville this morning.

T. J. Leehey was transacting business in Crawfordsville today.

Fred Rice and Roy Eads of Roachdale, were in the city yesterday.

Miss Edith Swift, of Putnamville, who has been visiting Miss Ella Bowman, returned home today.

George Hanna, who has been visiting his uncle, Fred Reed, has returned to his home in Roachdale.

Charles Long, Monon yard engineer, has gone to San Antonio, Texas, for a three months' stay, for the benefit of his health.

Dr. Taylor and wife returned to their home in Crawfordsville this morning, after visiting their mother and sister over Sunday.

Quite a number from various points of Missouri and Kentucky, was in the city this morning en route to Patricksburg to work.

Miss Ethna Kauble was in the city this morning, en route to her home in Patricksburg, after a visit with relatives in Indianapolis.

Wayne Gillen, who has been visiting his grand father, Willard Gough, of near Roachdale, returned home yesterday, accompanied by his uncle, Grover Gough.

E. B. Taylor was in Danville on business today.

Harvey Monett of Bainbridge spent last night in the city.

H. C. Crews transacted business in Cloverdale and Spencer today.

Clarence O. Buis is transacting business in Clay City this week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Tilden are moving into their new home on East Anderson Street.

The Penelope Club will meet with Mrs. Langston on Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

Earl Jackson, who has been visiting in Ladoga, since last Friday, returned to his home in Fillmore today.

Mr. and Mrs. Charley Bridges left today for Houston, Texas, where Mr. Bridges will look after his rice farm interests. They expect to be gone for at least a month.

The D. A. R. will meet with Mrs. W. L. Denman at her home tomorrow evening at 7:15 o'clock. There will be an election of officers and all members are urged to be present.

T. E. Lawrence of Mooresville, was in the city this morning en route to Jordan Station, to look after his lumber interests there. His son, Lawrence, of the university, accompanied him.

Fare to Dayton, Ohio and return, via Interurban, \$4.55. Tickets good only 30 days. Through limited trains from Indianapolis. For further information inquire of local agent, Terre Haute, Indianapolis and Eastern Traction Co.

Albert Hamrick was in Roachdale today.

Benjamin Croft, spent the day in Crawfordsville.

J. L. Wilson made a business trip to Delmar today.

D. E. Adams of Brazil was in the city this morning.

Charles Zeis transacted business in Terre Haute today.

Frank Cannon has recovered from an attack of the grippe.

Miss Julia Steeg of Franklin is visiting Mrs. R. P. Carpenter.

Mrs. Garth Jobe has returned from a short visit in Crawfordsville.

Miss Marjorie Gordan of Indianapolis, spent Sunday with relatives here.

F. E. Randolph of Covington spent Sunday with A. P. Burnsides and family.

Chester Jewett has returned to school after a short visit in Indianapolis.

Frank Murphy has returned from Crawfordsville, where he has been on business.

Miss Lelli Burner has returned to Brazil, after a short visit with relatives here.

Mrs. C. H. Mikel is visiting relatives in Indianapolis.

Orion Phillips is confined to the house by illness.

Charles Hall of Indianapolis was in the city today.

Robert Stewart was here from Brazil this morning.

Mrs. C. H. Mikel is visiting relatives in Indianapolis.

Miss Mary Hibbs spent Saturday night with Mrs. Frank Shoptaugh.

Misses Marie Hurst and Ethel Haymaker, spent yesterday in Putnamville.

The Baptist meetings will continue through this week with Rev. Landes in charge.

Anna Scales has returned from a two weeks' visit in Evansville and Vincennes.

M. C. Stewart of Robinson, Ills., was in the city this afternoon, en route to Brazil.

Cyrus McQueen of Brazil and Milton McQueen of Clinton, Ills., called on Dr. Bence today.

H. C. Rudisill and family spent Sunday in Fincastle, with Tom Bell and family.

Mrs. Wingerd of Cloverdale, who has been visiting Mrs. John Dodd, has returned home.

Miss Mabelle McAllister who was in school here last term is visiting Miss Ruth Conner.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bridges, left this afternoon for Houston, Texas, on an extended visit.

Mrs. Alice Rateriff has returned from Crawfordsville, where she has been visiting relatives.

Morgan Joseph, of Robinson, Ills., spent yesterday with his sister, Miss Dolly, of the university.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Snock of Morton, were in the city this afternoon, en route to Terre Haute.

C. Brinkerhoff, who has been visiting in Coatesville, returned to his home in Bainbridge this morning.

Albert Burke, John Alfrey and Joshua Hall all of Roachdale, attended the Prohibition Convention today.

Frank Hargrave has returned to the city after a visit with his brother, W. L. Hargrave, of Russellville.

Mr. and Mrs. Noah Ray, returned to their home in Cloverdale, this morning, after spending the night in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Kohl have returned to their home in Crawfordsville, after a short visit with Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Gill.

A letter has been received here, stating that Mr. Ezra Smythe and family will return to the city next month from Los Angeles, Cal.

The communion services at the Presbyterian church yesterday were well attended and a very interesting sermon was delivered by Rev. Van Dyke.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Z. Erwin, who have been in Indianapolis, where Mr. Erwin attended the Trustees' Association, returned to their home in Catara.

Miss Harriet Alford, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Katie Bowman, of Ladoga, returned home today. Mrs. Bowman accompanied her for a few days' visit.

Mr. Horace Pitts and family will leave the city tomorrow for Pine Bluff, Arkansas, where they will probably remain until May. They will visit Mrs. Pitts' brother while there.

John Woodall, Jr., spent yesterday with his brother, James of Fillmore. Mr. Woodall will go to Indianapolis tomorrow in search of a position as there.

The doctors report an epidemic of grippe in town and the country. Most everybody is having a touch of the unpleasant disease this winter. The physicians attribute the epidemic to the unseasonable weather.

J. W. Clark, who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. William Inman, returned to his home in Salem, today. Mr. Clark spent New Year's Day with his uncle, Elijah Clark, of Coal Bluff, who celebrated his one-hundredth birthday, New Year's Day.

Mrs. Walter Albaugh left Saturday for Mooresville, where she will take treatment in the Mooresville Sanitarium. Mr. Albaugh received word this morning that his wife was quite ill with the grippe and left this afternoon for Mooresville. He will remain with her until her condition is improved.

Jesse M. Jones, who lives northeast of town, shipped a "double decker" car load of hogs to Indianapolis today. Mr. Jones hauled the hogs from his farm to the stockyards in wagons. They reached town at near noon. There were 15 wagon loads. In all there was 120 head. They averaged 275 pounds in weight. The hogs were shipped by the Vandalia.

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

Harry Hayes was in Ladoga yesterday.

Miss Merle Stem is ill with the grippe.

Miss Mary McDonald is on the sick list.

Sherman Stiles spent yesterday in Fillmore.

B. W. Shipley spent yesterday in Indianapolis.

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If you try this method we believe you will not want to let a single issue of this paper go to press without something to say. Are you spending your money for advertising in haphazard fashion as if intended for charity, or do you advertise for direct results?

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

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

on advertising. If you have not, you are throwing money away.

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

One Touch Of Nature.

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

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As Loring Carter's automobile came to a full stop, for the second time in four minutes, with a jerk that threw that young gentleman with some violence against the padded seat, an angry shout showed between his eyes.

"It's the sp—" began the chauffeur, speedily and apologetically getting out of the car.

"I don't care what it is," growled Loring. He was already on the sidewalk.

"Take the blamed thing back to the house—if you know how—and don't call for me tonight unless you can guarantee to run it."

"Yes, sir," mumbled the chauffeur.

Loring turned on his heel. Before he had gone a block he was whistling blithely. It was impossible to be angry on a morning when the air was like amber, and the streets glistened with that downpouring of sunshine, that wealth of spring glory for which San Francisco has long been famous. Its buildings, as yet untouched by devastation, were sharply outlined against the blue. Youngsters were hurrying schoolward, and Loring threaded his way between their groups.

"Look out, sonny," he laughed, as a small boy bumped into him. "Did you spill your flowers?"

Stepping, he gathered up the scattered marigolds and replaced them in the child's chubby hand. It was then that he caught sight of a tall girl coming down the street with a string of children following. Something about the way she walked and held her head awoke remembrances in him.

"Why, Eileen!" he cried.

For a moment the girl looked puzzled. Then she smiled. "Mr. Carter," she exclaimed. Even in this democratic country a girl does not call young millionaires by their first names because she happens to have gone to grammar school with them.

"Eight years ago you used to call me Lorry," he reminded her.

"Did I?" Her gray eyes overflowed with mirth. "I remember that you used to dub me Freckles!" She tilted up a chin as delicately white as porcelain.