

WEATHER REPORT.
Light showers tonight; Wednesday generally fair and cooler.

Greencastle Herald.

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

VOL. 2. NO. 254.

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA. TUESDAY, JAN. 21, 1908.

PRICE ONE CENT

IT'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

M. E. HINDMAN, A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE PACIFIC WIRELESS TELEGRAPH COMPANY IS IN GREENCASTLE FOR A WEEK'S STAY—SAYS STATION WILL BE INSTALLED HERE.

NOW PROMOTING THE ENTERPRISE

Man Says That Company Will Install Office Here Within Two Years Provided 100 Shares of Stock are Sold—Station Now in Course of Construction in Indianapolis.

Greencastle will have a wireless telegraph station within two years, if M. E. Hindman, a representative of the Pacific Wireless Telegraph Co. who is now in town, succeeds in selling 100 shares of stock in that company to local people. "The station will be installed here within two years' time and probably within a year," said Mr. Hindman this morning, "provided I succeed in interesting local people in the enterprise and sell 100 shares of stock."

The Pacific Company is one of the most successful wireless companies yet organized. It has many stations mostly in the west, and the service is proving successful. Within the past few months the company built a station in Indianapolis, but as yet it has not been equipped.

Mr. Hindman was around town this morning talking to the business men of the project. He says the

La Grippe and Cold Remedies

Week's Cold Tablets.
Laxative Bromo Quinine.
Hill's Cascara Quinine.

Three good ones. They do the work speedily.

FOR COUGHS we have all the best and most reliable.

When in need kindly remember you will find them at

JONES' DRUG STORE

company is the best ever and that any one who buys stock will make a million. As yet, however, there has been no great rush of buyers for the stock, nor has the company purchased any land for the location of a station here. Mr. Hindman says he will be here for about a week.

'RAH! RAHS!' PROMISE FUN

DePauw Glee Club Concert to be Given in Meharry Hall Tomorrow Night Will be of the Amusing Sort Much Talent in the Organization.

The DePauw Glee Club will give its home concert tomorrow night in Meharry Hall. The Glee Club is composed of eleven members of some musical ability. They will give two or three selections, among the most prominent of which will be the college "sing". There will also be several "take offs" on college life. Mr. Earl Hunt, a violinist, of prominence will render several selections.

Paul Willis, the school cartoonist, will draw during the evening making several local hits. Jay Carpenter gives several cornet solos. Mr. Leonard Nattkemper, who in the recent tour of the Club surprised even his most ardent admirers by his successful and interesting readings will also have several numbers.

The Glee Club made a most successful tour throughout Indiana during the Christmas vacation. Many people who have heard the program which they give say that it is the best Glee Club DePauw has ever placed on the road.

The reserved seat sale opened yesterday at Langdon's Book Store. Manager H. F. Clippinger says that the seats are going even more rapidly than he had hoped.

FIRST NATIONAL FILES SUIT

Suit has been filed in the Circuit Court in which the First National Bank asks that T. J. Sidener and J. W. Shannon be compelled to pay \$250, the amount of a note the bank holds against the men. The note was made to Simpson Hirt, February 8, 1905. Later he sold it to the bank. The bank also asks that the defendants be ordered to pay the interest incurred by the note and the costs of the suit.

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

SUCCESS SEEMS SECURE

NATIONAL CHAIRMAN TAGGART TALKS ENCOURAGINGLY OF THE PROSPECTS FOR DEMOCRATIC VICTORY.

CAMPAIGN OF 1908 IS NOW ON

From Denver, Col., comes a special saying that the Democratic national arrangement committee, headed by Chairman Taggart, arrived today. After a trip around the city and a call upon the mayor the committee went to the Auditorium where the national convention will meet in July and then it went back to the Albany Hotel for an executive session to discuss local conditions. In the afternoon the committee held an executive session with the local convention committee to discuss plans of the convention hall and also for the entertainment of delegates and visitors. William J. Bryan appears to be unanimously regarded as the nominee of the July gathering.

Roger C. Sullivan, who controls the Illinois Democracy, and Mr. Bryan have buried the hatchet and are in accord again politically.

"The Democratic party will control the convention," replied Chairman Taggart when asked today if the corporations now control the convention. "The corporations will have to adjust themselves in the party—not the party to the corporations."

"We feel more confident of victory this year than we have felt for some time," Mr. Taggart declared with enthusiasm.

"Mr. Roosevelt's policies have placed the advantage with us. Without giving specific examples he has done almost everything that would gain political favor for us and nothing that would weaken our party. Mr. Roosevelt attempted to carry out many policies which we advocated and will continue to advocate, but no Republican leader can force his party to back him in these needed reforms which Roosevelt has attempted."

Mr. Taggart added that Governor Johnson of Minnesota, might develop into a strong opponent of Bryan, but added that he had seen the published interviews in which Governor Johnson, in effect, said that he would not oppose the Nebraskan.

"Governor Johnson's campaign does not seem to have been launched except in a general way. He is a good man, but I do not think he will oppose Mr. Bryan," said Mr. Taggart. Other possible candidates were dismissed in the same manner.

Signs of trouble in the Democratic camp over a local split came at the evening session when the faction headed by ex-Senator Patterson gave out that he and his papers would prevent the raising of the \$100,000 fund if the subcommittee recognizes the faction headed by John I. Mullins the Colorado committeeman. This will be a difficult problem for the national committee to solve.

ANOTHER UNINVITED GUEST

Last night when Charley Kelley retired for the night he failed to turn the bolt on the front door. About midnight Mrs. Kelley was awakened by a noise in the lower part of the house. Calling her husband they went down to investigate. They found a very much intoxicated guest making himself at home. Mr. Kelley lost no time in throwing the man out of the house and locking the door. It is believed that the man meant no harm. He seemed to be very much under the influence of liquor. Several similar cases have occurred in Greencastle within the past few weeks.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL

C. A. Kelley transacted business in Indianapolis today.
E. B. Lynch transacted business in Indianapolis today.

Born to Artie Raines and wife, east of the city, a son, January 20.

C. V. Newman of the gas company is confined to his home by illness.

Edward Peck of Russellville, is here for a visit with his father, B. F. Peck.

Russell Cooper of Indianapolis is ill at the home of his mother on Morton Avenue.

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."

ROSE WINS ROUGH GAME

DePauw Quintette Loses To Polytechnic in 24 to 12 Score is a Fierce Yet Poorly Played Contest

BOTH TEAMS LACK ACCURACY

In a fierce yet poorly played contest Captain Sheets and DePauw quintet went down in defeat last night before the experienced team of Rose Poly by a score of 24 to 12. The game was unsatisfactory from start to finish and displayed a general lack of scientific play. Rose was particularly strong in guarding and this was the only redeeming feature of the game aside from the splendid up hill fight made by the local team. The Methodists had fully as many chances at the basket as did their opponents but the shots were poor ones, due to the splendid covering on the part of the Poly guards.

DePauw Starts Well.

The game started with a number of four goals by each side and DePauw took a spurt early in the splendid work of Captain Sheets. Rose soon tied things up, however, by a couple of pretty field goals by Lindeman and Markley. Honors for the half were about even and this was easily the prettiest part of the game. The half ended with the score 10 to 7 in favor of Rose.

Poly Scores Rapidly.

The second half opened with the same lineup. The Poly men played with much more accuracy, however, and soon took a decisive lead by three goals from Hadley and Webster. The locals lacked the ginger of the first half and changes were soon made, Pruitt going in for Bachelder, Crick for Johnson and Holloper for Hardin. The Terre Haute men were forced to their best efforts in this half and both sides soon resorted to some rough work, fouls being frequent. In the last five minutes of play Ell replaced Captain Sheets.

Ell Makes Only Goal.

The new men were hardly able to hold their own during the remainder of the game until two minutes before the close when Ell threw a pretty goal, the only basket from field during the half. DePauw was awarded a point by Referee Kisner and the half ended 14 to 5 in favor of the visitors.

The lineup:
DePAUW: Forwards, Johnson, Crick, Sheets (Capt.), Ell; Center, Bachelder, Pruitt; Guards, Grady, Hardin and Holloper.

ROSE POLY: Forwards, Markley, Webster; Center, Schmidt; Guards, Hadley, Lindeman (Capt.)

Summary:
DePauw, Field goals, Sheets, Ell; Foul goals, Sheets, 7. Point awarded; Total 12.

Rose Poly, Field goals, Markley, Webster 2, Hadley 2, Lindeman 2; Foul goals, Lindeman 8; Total 24.

Referee Kisner, Terre Haute; Umpire, Reiman, Lafayette.
Time of halves 20 minutes.
Attendance 400.

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

CONVENTION TO BRAZIL

Fifth District Republican Chairman Meet in Terre Haute and decide The time and place for the Congressional Gathering—To be February 26.

CHAIRMAN CHAS. ZEIS WAS THERE

Brazil was chosen as the place for holding the Republican Fifth District Congressional Convention, by the Chairman, of the seven, counties, who met with the District Chairmen in Terre Haute Monday. Brazil was about the only town that was making a fight for the convention and it got in all right. It was decided also that the convention should be held on February 26. Chas. Zeis the local county chairman, attended the meeting. Following what the Brazil Times has to say of the affair: "Brazil is to get the coming Republican congressional convention."

"The local hustlers went to work with a vim and had little trouble in clinching the big meeting. It has not been decided yet just where the choice lying between the Sourwine Theater and the Coliseum, both of which places are amply large."

"A special from Terre Haute this afternoon states that the Republican county chairmen from the different counties of the district met at the Filbeck house in that city today and this afternoon unanimously decided upon Brazil as the convention city and decided upon February 26th as the date for holding the convention."

SMALL-POX IN MONROE

The Disease Gained Foothold Before The Physicians Diagnosed Correctly

The Bloomington Telephone Says: The Clear Creek neighborhood is in the throes of a smallpox scare as the result of the development of the dread disease in the case of Dr. Pressley, the Ellettsville physician. Dr. Pressley who has now developed a genuine case of smallpox contracted it from the family of Monon Agent L. W. Robertson at Clear Creek whom he treated without knowing what was the matter with them. Since no quarantine was kept over the Robertsons the whole country side has been exposed and Clear Creek people are excited.

Health Secretary Otto Rogers went to Clear Creek, quarantined the Robertson and Abner Norman families and fumigated the homes of L. C. Shelby and Charles Marton which were exposed.

Mr. Norman has the disease and his wife and family of four children are just recovering from mild attacks. The school has been closed and every precaution taken to stop the spread of the smallpox. Wholesale vaccinations are taking place and a rigid quarantine will be enforced on the two houses where the disease now is. McMillan's mills where the disease made its appearance some time ago, is only a mile away and it is thought perhaps the Robertson fam-

ily may have gotten it there. Otherwise it is a mystery how the disease got its start in the community.

"PROGRESS IN PHOTOGRAPHY"

The interesting career and development of the painter-photographer, Eduard J. Steichen, will be the subject of Charles H. Caffin's discussion in the February Century of "Progress in Photography," with illustrative reproductions of Mr. Steichen's work—work which exhibits an unflinching resourcefulness in the conception of the composition and the handling of the medium. It is this constant freshness of invention, backed by incessant experiments with the various mediums, that has made the career of the artist-photographer so brilliant, and leaves one wondering to what further achievements it may lead.

MORE EXPRESS BUSINESS

A New Line to Establish Office in Greencastle.

The work is given out that the people of this city are to have the benefit of additional competition in express matters. As soon as the interurban line begins its regular schedule between this city and Indianapolis and Terre Haute the United States Express Company will open service on the line, operating in competition with the Adams Express Co. and the American Express Co.

OFFICIALS OVER ROUTE TO-DAY

A "special" interurban car carrying some of the officials of the line passed through here this morning west bound. The car did not stop here so the local employees did not learn who was aboard the car. The trip, however, probably was for the purpose of inspecting the new line. Traffic over the west end probably will begin Saturday.

MASONIC NOTICE.

There will be a 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.

Bascom O'Hair and A. E. Harris were in Johnson County today looking after real estate business. Mr. Harris is at the head of the real estate department of the Central National Bank.

YOUR MONEY GROWS

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.

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

ALREADY 53 HAVE SIGNED

Prospects for a State Guard Company Here are Most Encouraging—Great Interest is Being Manifested in the Movement.

MAY BE MUSTERED IN SOON

The movement in Greencastle to organize a State Guard Military Company is meeting with the greatest success. Already 53 of Greencastle and Putnam county young men have expressed themselves as anxious to join such a company. William Sutherland, the attorney, and R. Pruitt, an interurban conductor, are at the head of the movement. A few days ago, they, through the columns of the Herald, asked that all persons interested in the organization of a State Guard Military Company here, stop in at the office of Mr. Sutherland and leave his name. Since then 53 young men have gone to the office and expressed their willingness to join a company.

Just 53 men are necessary for a company. This is stipulated by the state law regarding State Guard Companies. Of the 53 now enlisted there probably are a few who cannot pass the physical examination. The men at the head of the movement will wait until several more are enrolled before they will call for an examination and for a mustering in of the company.

The selection of the company officers and other details of the organization will be in the hands of the members of the company. It is probable that the officers will be selected by ballot.

MEN WANTED

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

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

While the Response to Our Offers of

Cloaks at 1/2 Price

Has been extremely gratifying—
We have sold them so evenly that

We are yet able to show you as handsome garments as we've had in stock this season—

And whether you care to pay
\$4 or \$5 for \$8 and \$10 Cloaks,
or to pay
\$12.50 or \$17.50 for \$25 and \$35 Cloaks

You'll find an ample variety from which to choose.

Cloaks for Little Folks and School Girls are the same—
1/2 the regular price.

If—needing a new Dress Skirt you should buy it this month of January—you'll make a decided saving over the February price for the same skirt.

ALLEN BROS.

THIS IS A CHANCE

One of our wholesale cloak houses—the makers of the famous A. B. C. brand of cloaks—has sent us 30 this season's cloaks. They are just from the factory and are the best and latest styles. The wholesale house was overstocked. It says to us: "Sell these at one-half the wholesale price for us." This we are going to do.

There are only 30 of these. They are \$12 to \$35 values and can be bought for from

\$5 to \$12

Come early if you would get one of these bargains.

VERMILION'S

E. B. LYNCH

House Furnisher and
Funeral Director
GREENCASTLE, IND.

12 and 14 North Jackson St.

Telephones 89 and 108

WILLIAMS & DUNCAN

Sanitary Plumbing
Hot Water, Steam and Gas Fitting,
Electric Wiring and Fixtures
ALL WORK GUARANTEED
Phone 650 No. 10 N. Indiana St.

COAL COAL COAL

We are located on Ben Lucans old
lumber yard grounds where we will
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 Greencastle	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, 1907	North Bound	South Bound
1:22 am	2:18 pm	
9:22 am	8:25 am	
12:23 pm	2:20 pm	
5:02 pm	5:20 pm	

All trains run daily.

J. A. MICHAEL, Agent.

**WE PRINT
SALE BILLS
AND PRINT THEM RIGHT**

The Best
COAL
AT
Cheapest
Prices

C. A. CAWLEY
Phone 163

Try a Herald Want Ad.

A PORCELAIN FILLING

One of the Dainty Operations In
Modern Dentistry.

THE WAY THE INLAY IS MADE.

Fashioned In Fragile Gold Leaf, the
Matrix Is Sunk by Vibration In Semi-
fluid Asbestos and the Mold When
Set Filled With Porcelain.

This was an upper front tooth that
had once been nicely filled with gold,
but fresh decay having set in around
that filling it had become necessary to
fill the tooth again. This time, the
dentist said, he thought he would fill
it with porcelain.

All the processes of making a por-
celain inlay are interesting. Having
drilled the cavity in the tooth to its
required depth and shape, the dentist
next proceeds to make a matrix or
mold of it in gold foil, which he is
enabled to do without breaking this
delicate material by the use of a bit
of sponge between it and the crowd-
ing tool. So he crowds the gold foil
down around within it everywhere to
fit into the cavity perfectly and gets
the depth all around the edge of
the mold so exactly that the inlay to
be made in it when set into place will
not only fit perfectly in the cavity, but
fit into it with its edges flush all
around with the surrounding surface
of the tooth.

The mold thus made of the cavity in
the tooth may look like the tiniest of
tiny gold cups or it may have some
irregular shape, according to the shape
of the cavity; but, whatever its shape,
this mold of gold foil is so slight and
thin that a touch would crush it, and
it seems indeed as if a breath would
blow it away, as probably it would,
and you may wonder how a solid
piece of porcelain can ever be formed
in a mold so frail and delicate, but it
is all really very simple, as you will
see.

Now the dentist takes a small metal
holder about the size and shape
of a very small clam shell, which he
fills with powdered asbestos mixed
with water, and on top of this yield-
ing material, handling it gently with
a pair of pliers, he sets the delicate
little gold mold, with its closed end
down, resting so on the surface of
the moistened powdered asbestos.
This holder has a lip on one side of
its edge, by which it can be lifted with
a pair of pliers made for the purpose
and serving thus as a handle for it.

Lifting the little saucer now by this
handle, the operator rubs on the handle
very gently, as one might draw a
fiddle bow very gently back and forth
on the strings of a fiddle. A lead pen-
cil might do for this, but he is likely
to use some professional tool with a
chased or engraved handle, whose ir-
regularities will lighten the effect,
and, rubbing gently with this on the
handle of the holder, he communicates
to it and to its contents and to the
little gold mold on top continuous, gentle
vibrations, which, slight as they are,
still cause the mold gradually to settle
and imbed itself in the semifluid mat-
ter in the holder, and this without in
the slightest changing its shape. These
vibrations are continued till the mold
has settled to the required depth, and
then the water is evaporated from the
asbestos, and there you have the little
gold mold firmly imbedded in practi-
cally solid material and ready for use.

The inlay will be made in the mold
from a porcelain powder. Porcelain
powders for dental use are made by
the manufacturers of dental supplies
in endless variety of shades, so that
it is easily possible to get a powder
whose finished product will match any
tooth. The dentist has a great as-
sortment of teeth made from porcelain
powders, these all named or numbered,
and he matches up your tooth with
one of these and uses for the inlay the
powder of the corresponding number.

With the little gold mold all ready,
the operator now mixes a sufficient
quantity of the porcelain powder with
alcohol to give him the material in a
plastic form, while at the same time
the alcohol will evaporate quickly. He
wets also the asbestos in the mold
holder to keep that from absorbing the
alcohol in the porcelain powder.

And now with his porcelain in work-
able form he fills the mold with it,
to make there the shape that is to be
set into the tooth, and then he proceeds
to fashion in the plastic material its out-
ward part. This may be simply a
slightly rounded surface, for an inlay
that is to go into the flatter part of a
tooth, or the inlay may include an
edge or corner of a tooth, or both; but,
whatever the outward part may be,
the operator so molds and fashions it
that it will continue and complete nat-
urally the contour of the tooth in
which the inlay is to be set.

With the modeling thus finished, the
inlay is ready for the final process, and
now, with the holder, mold and all,
it is put into a tiny electric oven, out
of which after a suitable time it is
taken, baked into a solid bit of por-
celain, the inlay completed.

It is set in place with cement, and
so perfectly is porcelain inlaying now
done that except upon the closest in-
spection it may be impossible to tell in
an inlay tooth where the natural tooth
ends and where the inlay begins, a
nice operation in modern dentistry.—
Washington Post.

Tough Forecast.
"Youngling is going to marry the
widow Henpeck."
"Why, she's twice as old as he is."
"Oh, well, he'll age fast enough after
the wedding."—Town and Country.

A Higher Health Level.
"I have reached a higher health
level since I began using Dr. King's
New Life Pills," writes Jacob Spring-
er, of West Franklin, Maine. "They
keep my stomach, liver and bowels
working just right." If these pills
disappoint you on trial, money will
be returned at The Owl Drug Store.
25c.

**Better the last smile than the first
laughter.**—Italian Proverb.

FIGHTING AGAINST SLEEP.

Experience of a Traveler In Crossing
the Gobi Desert.

Many difficulties must the traveler
contend with when crossing the desert
of Gobi, and one of these is the almost
overwhelming desire to sleep. Hans
Doring writes in the North China
Daily News: "Hitherto I have thought
that traveling by carts over stony
roads and staying in Chinese inns at
night was the hardest thing a foreign
traveler in China was called upon to
endure, but since I have traveled with
a caravan of camels I have changed my
opinion. The monotony of the desert
by day and the bed of camels' sad-
dles at night, the evil smell of camels
and the slowness of their drivers and
the acid, choking smoke of the little
fire on which one's food is cooked—
none of these things is so trying to
the foreigners as the sleepiness which
attacks one in this high region. This
to me was a real torture. Traveling
through the cold night with no other
company than dull Chinese, who seem
to sleep while walking alongside the
camels or while sitting on their backs,
and being weighed down by heavy
sleepiness is the worst thing I have
endured."

"You sit on your horse and, in spite
of every effort, fall asleep. Presently
you wake up and find yourself on the
ground with your horse standing be-
wilderment at your side, wondering
whether you are alive or dead. Then
you try to keep yourself awake by
walking and talking a bit to the camel
drivers, but you soon find that they
are just as sleepy as yourself. A few
words are exchanged and then you are
too tired to open your mouth to talk
or even to think of anything but sleep,
sweet sleep. Oh, for just a few min-
utes there at the roadside in the soft
sand! But, no, you must go on and
fight against this desire. It is too dan-
gerous to sleep by the roadside on the
ground. The caravan cannot wait and
your servant would not watch over
you; he would soon fall asleep like
yourself. The wolves would then have
an easy time."

"Yet in spite of all this reasoning
you feel as if you were drawn to the
ground by the power of a thousand
strong magnets and soon yield to
sleep again. Suddenly your watchful
horse, whose reins you have kept
slung around your neck—this is a wise
thing to do—pulls up, starts and jerks
you wide awake. You jump up, not
knowing where you are for some sec-
onds, but you see your horse trembling
and realize that danger is near."

"For a few minutes you are fully
awake and feel glad and refreshed.
You jump on your horse and catch up
with the caravan, which has gone a
few li (a li is 654 yards) ahead."

"After another ten li or so sleep
creeps on again like a huge boa con-
strictor embracing you in its irresist-
ible grasp. The same fight has then
to be fought over again. Then at last
the caravan arrives at the halting place
for the night."

THIRTEEN.

The Superstition Attached to It Is by
No Means Modern.

It is usually stated that the supersti-
tious objection to sitting thirteen at a
table in Christian countries was based
on the fact of the last supper, when
Christ and his twelve disciples sat
down to eat together immediately be-
fore the Saviour was seized by his en-
emies. But in the Norse mythology,
which is supposed to antedate the in-
troduction of Christianity among the
northerners, we find the superstition re-
ferred to the fact that at a banquet
of the gods Loki, the spirit of mischief,
intruded himself, making thirteen at
the table, wherefore there was a fight,
and Baldur, a young hero especially
loved by all the gods, was killed. For
the fact is the objection to this num-
ber seems to have existed even before
Christianity. Among the Turks the
number is so disliked and feared that
it is never even named. With the Az-
tecs, the aborigines of Mexico, it was
believed to have magic power, and a
like fancy has been found in other In-
dian tribes. Among the ignorant
blacks of the south the fear of this
number in any connection is actually
abused, but whether they have bor-
rowed this idea from their imperfect
knowledge of Christianity or whether
it is a survival of the Voodoo worship
of their ancestors it is impossible to
say, for the superstition has a strong
hold everywhere, even among those
who should know better than to be
swayed by it. In Italy it is never used
in making up the numbers of the fa-
vorite lotteries, and in Paris it is omi-
tting in numbering the houses on the
streets.—Housekeeper.

Armenian Marriage.
An Armenian mother usually chooses
her daughter's husband. After all busi-
ness preliminaries are settled between
the families the bridegroom's mother,
accompanied by a priest and two ma-
trons, visits the bride and gives her
a ring in token of espousal, and with
this ring the couple are ultimately
married. Among the fishing commu-
nities very ancient and elaborate rings
are used, and they descend as heir-
looms from generation to generation.

Surprised Her.
Mrs. Jaggsby—I was very much sur-
prised at the condition in which you
came home last night.
Jaggsby—There you go again! I'd be
willing to swear that I came home per-
fectly sober.

Careless.
Absentminded Professor—Dear, dear,
how careless these women are! If they
haven't put the gas bill in between the
leaves of a treatise on explosives.—
Pele Mele.

**Settlement
In Full.**

By LULU JOHNSTON.

Copyrighted, 1907, by N. E. Daley.

Dick Staley, perched on a furniture
crate, looked disconsolately at Billy
Blaine, who was regarding the wall
paper and trying hard not to laugh.
In spite of Blaine's efforts the twitch-
ing corners of his mouth curved, and
as he met Staley's eye he exploded in
a roar of laughter which served only
to deepen Staley's gloom.

"Laugh, confound you!" growled Sta-
ley. "It's funny to you. It's not so
funny to me. I've got to get this place
settled in five days, and upon my soul
I don't know what to do first."

"The first step is easy," chuckled
Blaine. "Get a man in to scrape the
walls. The paper is the worst I ever
saw."

"It looked all right in the book," said
Staley defensively. "It was the pret-
tiest thing in the whole book of sam-
ples."

"It may be all right in a sample,"
admitted Blaine, with another glance
at the flowered monstrosity, "but there
is only one square yard of the sample.
It looks different, Dick, when you have
a roomful of it."

"I know it," admitted Staley, "but
that doesn't help matters. It only
serves to make them worse. I want-
ed to surprise the matter by bringing
her to her own home instead of tak-
ing her to a hotel. She hates to give
up her old home, and I wanted to
make the change as easy as possible."

The smile died from Blaine's face at
the allusion to Mrs. Staley. He was
Dick's chum, and he knew how tend-
erly Dick loved the gentle faced woman
who within the month had lost both
husband and daughter. Now she was
coming to live with Dick, and for
weeks he had planned to take an
apartment that she might not feel too
keenly the loss of the home that had
been hers since marriage.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Dick,"
suggested Blaine. "Let's go downtown
for some lunch. I'll phone Nell for one
of those professional fixers for you.
She knows a crackerjack, a girl who
used to move in good society and
whose father lost his money. She
knows what's what and how to do it,
and Nell will get her to do it for you."

Dick patted his chum on the back
while his eyes glistened. Nell Blaine



"COMPLETE?" SHE ASKED, NOT QUITE
CATCHING HIS MEANING.

was the most accomplished matron of
his acquaintance. She would extricate
him from his trouble. Together they
left the apartment, and while Staley
ordered lunch Billy Blaine hung over
the telephone in the restaurant.

"She'll bring her over tonight at 8,"
reported Billy as he took his seat.
"Eat with a good appetite and con-
sider yourself settled already."

Billy's words restored confidence,
and when Dick Staley met Marion
Wadleigh that evening his last doubt
vanished. The girl did not laugh at
his blunders nor even at the wall pa-
per. She listened with sympathy and
took from her chateleine the tablets on
which to make notes of what she
wanted. With increasing admiration
Staley followed her through the vari-
ous rooms, noting the quick, business-
like way in which she condoned his
errors and approved his successes.

"I can do it over in four days," she
said briskly when she had shut up her
memorandum book and returned to the
parlor where Nell Blaine, Billy's sister-
in-law, sat in rapt admiration of the
garish wall paper. "Suppose, Mr.
Staley, that you drop in here Friday
afternoon? Then you can suggest any
last changes you wish made, and the
place will be ready for your mother
Saturday evening. Shall I get you a
servant also?"

"Can you?" Staley had heard of the
servant problem, and he had worried
greatly. This businesslike girl offered
even to take that trouble off his hands.
He was rapidly coming to regard Mar-
ion Wadleigh as a tailor made angel.

He dropped in the next morning on
his way to the office and found a pa-
per hanging crew already installed,
removing the paper that had proved so
disappointing. Marion was there in a
gingham apron even more becoming
than the cloth costume of the night be-
fore, and Dick's heart beat faster in
answer to her greeting.

There was something "homey" in
her appearance that appealed strongly
to the man who for years had enjoyed
but an occasional glimpse of home in
vacation time. The soft dark hair was
hidden by a cap and the pliant face
was flushed with exertion, but the
brightened color only added to her
beauty, and the cap did not shadow
the tender light in the brown eyes.

Dick went to his office with his head
in a whirl. Ever since he had come
to the city he had sunk himself in
work. Fortune had come his way rap-
idly, and up to the present he had
found work all sufficient. Now he be-

gan to realize that the years had been
lonely.

Marion was not at the house when
he dropped in the following morning,
nor did he see her again until Friday
afternoon, when he went to make his
final inspection of her work.

Dick gasped as he entered the apart-
ment. In place of the gaudy paper
the walls were now covered with quiet
tones and the flowered carpets had
been exchanged for rugs whose soft
tints harmonized with the new paper.
Instead of the solid office-like furniture
were lighter and more tasteful pieces,
and the whole apartment suggested a
feminine presence.

Best of all, Marion Wadleigh was
there. The print dress had been ex-
changed for an afternoon costume,
and immediately Dick decided that af-
ter all a print dress was not the most
becoming costume which Marion could
wear, though that had been his impres-
sion since he had seen her last.

Quietly she moved about the place,
giving an account of her expenditures,
and Dick followed, hearing only the
rich voice, full tones, without caring
what she said. At last the tour of
the rooms was ended, and she return-
ed to the parlor.

"If you like," she said, "I can buy
the material for dinner tomorrow and
be here to welcome Mrs. Staley when
she arrives. Mrs. Blaine wanted to
come over, but she had to leave town
last night with her husband."

"I should be delighted if you could
arrange to be here tomorrow," said
Staley. "I am sure that my mother
will wish to add her thanks to mine
for the beautiful home you have pro-
vided. You will stay to dinner?"

"I only suggested being here to wel-
come her," said Marion, her face flush-
ed. "You see—in business—it is best
to maintain strictly business relations.
You don't have to thank me for what
I have done. My charges cover all
services, you know."

"But money could not pay for pull-
ing me out of a hole and settling me,"
insisted Dick. "Besides, I don't want
to maintain a purely business relation-
ship unless you insist, Miss Wadleigh."

"I don't insist," the girl answered
softly. "I have been much interested
in your devotion to your mother, and I
am sure that I shall be glad to know
her better. She must be a dear old
lady to deserve such affection."

"I want you to know her very well,"
explained Dick. "You see you have
only partly settled mother. You have
provided her with a home, but I want
a home of my own, and I want you to
furnish it complete."

"Complete?" she asked, not quite
catching his meaning.

"Even to a wife," explained Dick. "I
don't ask an answer now, but will you
consider the proposition?"

"As a business woman I have always
considered propositions," she said
with a laugh, but the look in her eyes
betrayed the briskness of her words,
and Dick realized that when they should
know each other better there was a
prospect of being settled "in full," as
he termed it some months later when
he placed a sofa in Marion's finger

He Got the Job.

He called at the house and asked if
she had any carpets to beat, adding
that he had been in the business for
over twenty years.

"How much to beat that parlor car-
pet?" she asked.

"Four shillings."

"Why, that's awful! There was a
man here yesterday who offered to do
the job for 2 shillings."

"Exactly, madam, but how was he
prepared?"

"He had a stick in his hand."

"I presume so. He intended to take
the carpet out on a vacant piece of
land, didn't he?"

"Yes; our yard is too small, you
know."

"Exactly. That is a tapestry brus-
sels carpet. It is badly worn. He
would make a great show in getting it
out and in here. Out on the piece of
land he would give your name to every
one who asked who the carpet belonged
to. Is that the way to do a job of this
sort?"

"I take the carpet out through the
back yard. I wheel it home. I heat it
in a yard surrounded by a high board
fence, and while I am returning it, all
nicely rolled up and covered with a
cloth, if any one asks me what I have I
reply that it is a velvet carpet for 223
Blank street. If no one asks any ques-
tions I call at the houses on either side
of you and ask if they have just order-
ed a new wilton. They watch me and see
me come in here."

He was given the job.—Pearson's.

A Poet's Vision.

For years the poet, Francis Thomp-
son had been one of the "submerged,"
selling matches, calling cabs, anything
to obtain the pence necessary to buy
food. At last he yielded to despair,
and having for some days saved up
all he could earn, he devoted it to the
purchase of a single dose of laudanum
sufficient to end his troubles.

With this he retired at night to his haunt,
the rubbish plot in Covent Garden
market. Then by his own narrative
the following incident occurred: He
had already taken half the fatal draft
when he felt a hand upon his arm and,
looking up, saw one whom he recog-
nized as Chatterton forbidding him to
drink the rest, and at the same instant
memory came to him of how, after
that poet's suicide, a letter had been
delivered at his lodgings which, if he
had waited another day, would have
brought him the relief needed.

It happened so with Thompson, for
after infinite pains the editor of a
magazine who had accepted and printed
an essay and a poem of his, but
could not discover his address, had
that very morning traced Thompson
to the chemist's shop where the drug
was sold, and relief for him was close
at hand.—London Academy.

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LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Charles A. Kelley is in Indianapolis today.

Mrs. Sarah N. Hill spent today in Crawfordsville.

Mrs. Alice Ader Davis has returned from Bainbridge.

Mrs. James B. Nelson is visiting in Crawfordsville.

Ernest Weiss has returned to his home in St. Louis.

William Call of Roachdale was in the city this morning.

Robert Stewart of Brazil, spent yesterday in Greencastle.

The Penelope Club met with Mrs. Charles Langston this afternoon.

Edgar Boone is attending the M. E. Revival Services at Elmedale, this week.

H. M. Shelby, northeast of the city, has gone to Texas, for a few weeks' stay.

Dr. and Mrs. J. N. Taylor, who were visiting here, have returned to Crawfordsville.

Frank A. Arnold has returned from Rockville, where he visited Dr. Birch Lockridge and wife.

Mark L. DeMoite, former Congressman, has gone to Texas to spend the remainder of the winter.

Revival Services are now in session at the Locust Street A. M. E. church with Rev. Moorman in charge.

Regular passenger service on the interurban will be inaugurated between this city and Brazil on next Saturday.

The Brazil High School basketball team defeated the DePauw Academy quintet last night by a score of 18 to 14 in a game played at Brazil.

John Cannon went to Terre Haute this morning to attend the meeting of the Indiana Retail dealers association convention to which he is a delegate. Others from here will go tomorrow to attend the convention.

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Pressing Shop
OVER JONES' DRUG STORE
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For Sale by

SIMPSON HIRT

C. T. Conn was in Cincinnati yesterday.

Mrs. Hirt spent today in Indianapolis.

Jim O'Brien was here from Cloverdale today.

T. M. Fisher is transacting business in Saltville.

C. H. Knorschild of Chicago was in the city today.

Rev. J. F. Walker was in Terre Haute yesterday.

Richard Crouch went to Indianapolis this afternoon.

James P. Hughes was in Brazil to attend court today.

C. W. Newman returned from Louisville, Ky., yesterday.

Mrs. S. C. Sayers is confined to her home with the grippe.

Miss Lois Durham of Muncie is visiting Miss Helen Black.

Russell Lewis and Arnett Ratcliff were in Lafayette last night.

W. H. Parish, editor of the Gosport Reporter, was in the city today.

Lucile Glidewell who has a sprained ankle, is slowly improving.

Mrs. Noble Snyder is confined to the house on account of illness.

Mr. Rozier of St. Louis called on Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Werneke today.

John Phillips of Granite City, Ill., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fred John.

Mr. Henderson of Bedford, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. James Gee.

Roscoe Skimmerhorn is visiting Thurston Brummet of Bloomington.

Jap Luther, the Monon section foreman, is suffering with rheumatism.

Quinton Broadstreet is confined to the house by an attack of rheumatism.

John Walsh and Charles Edwards of Roachdale were in the city this afternoon.

Mrs. T. H. Leehey, was an interurban passenger to Indianapolis this afternoon.

Miss Mabel Cooper has returned from a short visit with home folks in Pincastle.

Mrs. J. R. Miller addressed the Literary Club at Noblesville yesterday afternoon.

Richard Adams went to Bloomington this afternoon where he will remain several weeks.

Mrs. Mary Hopwood and Miss Susie Hopwood have gone to California to remain during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gregory of Williamsport, have been visiting their daughter at the Alpha Phi house.

Misses Mabel Dice and Juanita Aydelotte, who visited home folks in Crawfordsville over Sunday have returned.

Mrs. Anna Argo and Mrs. Lizzie Newby were in the city this afternoon from Plainfield en route to Terre Haute.

Frank and Horace Lemon have returned to their home in Bedford, after a visit with their sister, Mrs. Charles Bell.

J. W. Nutter, assistant cashier of the People's Bank at Winfall, Ind., was in the city this afternoon en route to Orleans.

Misses Estella Gifford and Anna O'Brien will spend tomorrow in Indianapolis and attend "Doris O'Sullivan" at English's.

C. G. Lynch of Charleston, who has been visiting his aunt, Mrs. Bridget McManis, left the city this afternoon for Bloomington.

Prof. Woody read a very interesting, entertaining and instructive paper before the Greencastle Gentleman's Club last night.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Brothers left the city this afternoon via Vandallia for San Antonio, Texas, where they will make an extended visit.

The funeral of Nathan Fowler, who died at his home in Cloverdale, Sunday, will occur tomorrow. Mr. Fowler was eighty years of age.

Frank McAvoy and daughter Anna were called to Cloverdale this morning to attend the funeral of Miss Anna's grandfather, Mr. Nathan Teller.

William Glidewell and family left this afternoon for Louisville, Ky., where Mrs. Glidewell was called by the death of her brother. Mr. Glidewell came from Medaryville.

Mrs. J. B. Nelson and Mrs. O. P. Overstreet went to Crawfordsville, this morning for a few days visit with friends. Mrs. Goltra entertained this afternoon in their honor.

Mr. and Mrs. Forest Hughes have moved to town and are now living at 610 South Locust Street. Mr. Hughes has accepted a position as conductor with the interurban company.

Lella Boyd, returned to her home in Roachdale this morning, after attending the county convention. She was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Hillis on Morton Avenue, last night.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Tilden have moved into their new home on East Anderson Street.

Miss Connie Bridges and Mrs. Clarence Leachman of Fillmore are the guests of Mrs. Sackett.

Miss Gertrude Short will return to the city the first of next month from an extended visit at Mt. Vernon.

Dr. Sheets of Chicago was in the city yesterday, and held a Missionary Conference in College Avenue Church. Dr. Sheets is Secretary of the Missionary Society of the M. E. Church.

H. V. Macy, Howard Hart, T. E. O. O'Daniel, J. W. Scott, I. S. Sinclair, and family Jessie Hubbard, were here from Cloverdale yesterday, to attend the Prohibition Convention.

Administration papers in the estate of William Dimler were filed today with the county clerk. F. O. Day and Alvah Day are named as the executors. Mr. Dimler lived near Fillmore.

Dick Hampton of Coatsville was arrested on north side of the square last night, on charge of intoxication, and placed in the county bastille. He was dismissed this morning and sent to his home.

In the window of Andrew Hanna's store is a picture painted by S. Sudraski of this city which is creating much comment. The picture is of a portion of the yard at the home of William Peck.

KNEW HUMAN NATURE.
Logic of the Man Who Fiddled in the Midst of a Flood.

When Dary Crockett was on his way from his Tennessee home to Texas to fight for the new republic he rode overland with some chance friends from Little Rock to Fulton. One day they were startled by hearing the high notes of a distant violin playing a rollicking air. Putting spurs to their horses, the men hastened toward the sound and soon observed several others running through the fields in the same direction. At last they came over the crest of a ridge in view of the river and beheld the fiddler seated in the middle of the flood in an almost submerged buggy playing as fast as he could shake the bow.

"Hello, there! Turn back!" shouted the men who came through the field. "I can't," replied the fiddler. "But you've missed the ford. You'll drown!"

"I've known that for half an hour." "What are you going to do?" "Sit here till you chaps come out and turn my horse the right way."

The horse was with difficulty keeping his footing and seemed about to be swept away. One of the men who had been attracted by the fiddling waded out and by a precarious way reached the horse's head and led him round to the ford and back to the bank, the passenger fiddling all the way and winking up with a merry jig.

"What do you mean by sitting out there fiddling in the face of death?" demanded Crockett of the rescued stranger.

"Well, colonel," said the fiddler, "I am a student of human nature. When I found I had missed the ford and needed help, I set out to get it. I might have shouted myself hoarse and no one out here would have paid the slightest attention to me. But there isn't a man west of the Mississippi who wouldn't come running at the sound of a fiddle in the woods."

"And he was right," said Davy, "for there we were, the lot of us, our horses all of a lather, for running to satisfy our curiosity about that squeaking fiddle in this out of the way place."—Youth's Companion.

SUNDOWN DOCTORS.
A Class That Is Peculiar to the National Capital.

"Sundown doctors" are an institution peculiar to Washington city. They are an amiable company of medical practitioners who ply their trade only after nightfall. Not that these gentlemen prefer darkness to light if they had their druthers, nor are their deeds of questionable complexion that looks best in the shade. Sundown doctors have no ways that are dark or tricks that are vain. They are as open as the day that they may not utilize. If they practice their profession by candlelight rather than by the sunshine, that's Uncle Sam's fault, not their own. Sundown doctors begin to get busy only after 4:30 in the afternoon. From 9 to that hour, poor souls, they are holding their noses to the grindstones over the government desks, for one must live, don't you know, however soaring one's scientific ambition, and Uncle Sam's wages do come in mighty regular and handy. So that in a pigeonhole is the story of the origin of the struggling fraternity of sundown physicians at the federal capital.

There are thousands of instances. Embryonic young physicians, with their careers yet to carve, secure clerkships in some of the governmental departments of Washington in order to keep the pot bubbling while they are getting their medical education after office hours. Their diplomas thus laboriously achieved, they hang out their shingles tentatively, holding fast, however, to their government positions until securely established professionally. A job in the hand, you know, is worth a whole city directory full of unoccupied patients. Never let go a sure thing till you are sure of a surer.—Washington Cor. Louisville Courier-Journal.

DEPAUW UNIVERSITY NOTES

Faris Smith has returned from Franklin.

A joint chapel will be called at 8:30 tomorrow morning.

Oscar Lucas was at his home in Putnamville over Sunday.

Mrs. Morrison, the chaperon at the Alpha Phi house, is ill.

Miss Helen Reckert of Terre Haute is the guest of Miss Emma Murry.

Jay Cartef has returned from Terre Haute where he visited Sunday.

Ray White went to Danville Saturday evening returning yesterday.

Wm. McPheeters has returned to school after holding a series of meetings.

Walter Talley of Terre Haute was the guest of DePauw Phi Psi's yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Adams of La Crosse, Ind., are visiting their son Arthur Adams.

Robert Wickersham of Rose Poly was the guest yesterday of Miss May Lockwood.

Charles Wilson of Northwestern, was the guest of Miss May Lambert over Sunday.

Miss Baker of Warsaw, who was the guest of Miss Betty Reed has returned home.

George Schwegler of Indianapolis came down Saturday remaining until yesterday.

Mr. Nichols of Northwestern University was with Delta Tau brothers over Sunday.

Misses Edna Bailey and Lillian Barton were shopping in Indianapolis yesterday.

Walter Reagan has returned from his home in Bridgeport where he visited Sunday.

Harold Crew of Cleveland, Ohio, has been the guest of college friends for a day or two.

Miss Agnes Luther has returned from her home in Terre Haute where she spent Sunday.

John Northcott who is in Y. M. C. A. work in Terre Haute was with Beta brothers over Sunday.

The Misses White, Sears and Walls of Danville, were here Saturday for the basketball game.

Rev. Landis who was graduated from Bicknell in '69, was a Sunday guest of Sigma Chi brothers.

Miss Martha Chambers who was the guest of Miss Smith and Kappa sisters has returned to her home in Pendleton.

Chester Jewett who has been at his home in Mooresville for several days on account of illness returned to school Sunday evening.

The young men's "make-up" class in gymnasium work will meet this evening at 6:45 instead of at seven-thirty Wednesday as is customary.

The interclass debate will take place in Meharry Hall this evening at 7:30 o'clock. This is for the purpose of picking a team to represent the school.

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CUNNING BIRDS.

Stratagem of the Lapwing and the Ruse of the Thrush.

"The goose is a frightful liar," said a nature fakir. "He quite puts me to shame."

"Really?"

"Really. You know how the goose, when you draw near it, hisses? Well, with that hissing sound it says: 'Scott, beware. I am a serpent.' Yes, from primeval times the goose has acted this way. The primeval goose mother, sitting on her eggs in a place of reeds and sedge, would not fly when an intruder appeared; but, keeping her body concealed amid the leaves, she would stretch out her long, flexible neck and hiss wickedly. 'A snake in the grass,' the intruder would say to himself as he retreated, and on her eggs the goose would chuckle in a sly, contemptuous way.

"The lapwing is another liar. Approach her nest and she sets up a distressful crying and runs back and forth in front of you, trailing one wing as though it were broken. You follow. You think to snatch her up in your hands. With this lie she lures you away from her young.

"The thrush in time of drought beats with his feet on the grass like a clog dancer. Thus he lies to the earthworms. He makes them think that it is raining. Up they come in silent haste, and the deceitful thrush makes a rich meal."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

WELL BURIED.

Two Funerals For One Man Provided For by His Will.

Curious directions for the disposal of his remains were left by John Robert Pringle of Catford, who died leaving an estate of gross value of \$8,049.38. The testator directed:

"After my decease I desire that a competent and trustworthy doctor of medicine shall, by any experiment he may deem suitable, thoroughly satisfy himself that life is absolutely extinct. My carcass is to be cremated and the residuum thereof deposited in two metal urns, numbered respectively 1 and 2. On the ashes in No. 1 are to be placed a packet, which will be found on my desk, and my miniature portrait scarf-pin, and on the ashes in urn No. 2 a similar packet, which also will be found on my desk, and my miniature portrait finger ring."

He directed that the urns were then to be soldered down and No. 1 buried in his mother's grave at Newport Pagnell and the other in "my dear Lizzie's grave" in the Streatham cemetery at Tooting. He also enjoined his son to see that the graves of his mother and of the testator's mother were properly looked after.—London Mail.

At Liberty to Scream.

It was on a ferryboat plying between Sydney and Manly, one of that city's beautiful suburbs. Every seat was occupied. Each occupant felt the influence and prepared for an enjoyable trip when a bank girl of fifteen appeared, dragging by the hand a screaming child. There she stood, glowering. A mild lady suggested the child might be in pain. An old bachelor muttered that people who had charge of children should keep them at home. Low voiced but distinct imprecations were now rife. She took not the slightest heed of the muttering or the bawling, which was now at the highest pitch, till the suggestion was offered that medicine would do it good. Then she arose in her wrath, as it were, and, giving the child a vigorous shake, said: "Ethel, cry as loud as you like. I've paid your fare."—London Tit-Bits.

Handsomeness Dogs Are Good Dogs.
In the most characteristic of English dogs, with the English bulldog as an unfortunate exception of a glaring sort, common sense principles in the canon of judging are distinctly marked. In the case of bounds any good eye can pick out the best animals. This was curiously illustrated not long since in private when an artist taken over one of the bigger kennels of foxhounds picked out the prize and pedigree dogs one after the other. He went purely by his own sense of what was strong and comely, of "strength and beauty met together," as Shelley says in a very different connection.—London Outlook.

The British Breed.

British bred animals, whether they be horses, cattle, sheep or even pigs, are superior to all others in quality and stamina. There is some strange and admirable power in our soil which puts a stronger fiber and a more enduring stamp of excellence into the live stock bred in our islands than are found in the same breed or species in any other part of the world.—London Times.

A City of Happy Homes.

Dublin took a walk in the cemetery, where he noticed on the tombstones, "Good Husband," "Good Wife," "Good Son."

"It is evidently here that the happiest homes are found," he reflected.—Nos Loisirs.

An Admission.

Allee—I rather like that young Thompson. He has such a good, firm mouth and chin. Hazel—Goodness! Has he been kissing you too?—Kansas City Independent.

Always Strong.

Church—They say the human voice is stronger in the morning than it is at night. Gotham—I can't see any difference in baby's.—Yonkers Statesman.

A slip of the tongue is worse than that of the foot.—Spanish Proverb.

A Would Be Deadhead.

[Original.]

A railroad conductor's life is hard enough anyway, but when it comes to making a policeman of himself, in putting off unruly passengers or those who won't pay, it's the meanest job in the world. But when a conductor finds that in putting a man off the train he's been making a fool of himself it's meaner than the meanest job in the world. Besides, there are robberies in which any one of the train force is liable to get a bullet through him.

I'd narrowly escaped death when my train was robbed back in the nineties and on my next trip was mightily disgruntled when on asking a seedy looking man for his ticket he offered me a dirty old pasteboard that hadn't been good for a year. I told him it wouldn't do and asked him to pay his fare. At first he said he hadn't any money, but presently felt in his pockets and drew out some loose change, just enough to take him to a way station about half the distance he wanted to go. Of course I was obliged to carry him as far as he could pay, but I expected to have trouble with him sooner or later, and I did. As we neared the station to which he had paid his way I said to him:

"I want to know if you're going to pay for the rest of your ride. If you're not, I want you to get off here. I won't put you off in a wilderness. I prefer to do so at a station."

"The ticket I showed you is good," he said, "and you've no right to refuse it. I'm going to stay aboard this train."

We were slowing up for the station, and as soon as we stopped I tackled him. He didn't resist till I got him on to the car platform, where half a dozen countrymen at the station could see us, but then he put up a strong fight. He held on to the rail with one hand and pummeled me with the other. It occurred to me that he was aiming to excite the sympathy of the men looking on and if I didn't want their interference I'd better do my work pretty quick. I made two or three terrific jerks and got him down on to the lower step of the car, and then he got a new grip, and I had a hard tussle to get him any farther. When I finally flung him on to the station platform my uniform coat was torn to shreds, my cap was knocked down over my eyes and my nose was bleeding.

By this time the onlookers began to take notice of what was going on. They were most of them a bad looking lot. Indeed, it was suspected that the town had harbored the men who had robbed my train. It was plain that they sympathized with the man who wouldn't pay his fare and were about to make a combined rush for me when I pulled the rope and the train started on. I looked back to see my passenger angrily pointing to me as if exciting them to avenge him.

On my return trip, preferring not to have any more scrambles, as we passed the station where I had had the trouble I kept back, for I fully expected that my deadbeat would be there with supporters to give me a thrashing. I was disappointed, however, for there was no one at the station except the agent and a passenger or two to board the train. I questioned them about my man, and they said the townspeople had befriended him, that he was still there and showed no signs of leaving.

In a few days I was surprised to get a note from the superintendent expressing regret at the trouble I had had and enclosing a check as compensation. I had made no report of the matter and was at a loss to know who had told him of it.

When several of the men who had robbed my train were arrested some five or six weeks later my episode with the deadbeat had pretty much passed out of my mind, though by no means out of my remembrance. It turned out that, as suspected, the robbers had been harbored in the town where I had put him off and that several of them lived there. These were the ones arrested. They woke up one fine morning, having slept the night in handcuffs, to be taken in custody by a police force sent out by special train that arrived at dawn. Their arrest led to the arrest of others, and a great deal of the plunder they had taken was recovered.

One day I was in the general offices of the company attending to some business connected with my duties when the door of the general manager's private office opened and a man came out whose face was familiar to me. He was well dressed and presented altogether an appearance of prosperity. Seeing me, he walked up to me with outstretched hand and a peculiar smile on his face.

"I can't place you," I said, looking at him inquiringly.

"Can't you? You ought to remember me. You put me off your train one day for not paying my fare."

Gradually it came to me that he was the seedy deadbeat. My impressions of him as he was in his good clothes slowly faded into what he was when I put him off. Then he gave me an explanation.

"I am a detective of the company. I wanted an excuse to go into the town which I suspected had harbored the robbers of your train. The best way I could think of and one well calculated to secure the sympathy and confidence of the townspeople was to get put off the train there for not paying my fare. I stayed with them three weeks and organized a gang to rob other trains. That's how I got on to the culprits."

RICHARD A. ANDREWS.