

WEATHER REPORT.
Light showers tonight; Wed-
nesday generally fair and cool.
er.

VOL. 2, NO. 254.

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

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

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

While the
Response to Our Offers of

Cloaks at $\frac{1}{2}$ 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— $\frac{1}{2}$ 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.

SUCCESS SEEMS SECURE

NATIONAL CHAIRMAN TAGGERT 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.

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.

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 giner of the first half and changes were soon made, Pruitt going in for Bachelder, Crick for Johnson and Hollopeter 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 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 Hollopeter.

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 lies 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 exposed.

Health Secretary Otto Rogers went to Clear Creek, quarantined the Robertsons and Abner Norman families and fumigated the homes of L. C. Shelby and Charles Merton 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 which exhibits an unfailing 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 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.

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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 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

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

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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Entered as second class mail matter at the Greencastle, Indiana, Post-office.

BROAD PARK

Large crowds are attending the protracted meetings now in progress at the Chapel.

Mrs. Allee, Mrs. Mary Dorsett, and Mrs. Gertie Mills, and little son Freeman spent Monday at Mr. Hugh Parker's.

Misses Nola Scott, Ida Wallace, and Inez McCollum visited Miss Mae Allee Saturday night.

Samp Staley, and wife of Eminence visited at Albert Wallace's Saturday night.

Miss Phoebe Wood, is somewhat better at this writing.

Mrs. John Stringer and daughter visited at James Buis, evening last week.

Grandma Cline, is spending the week with Mrs. Kate Dyer of Stiles-ville.

Sylvester Ellet and family visited at James Buis Sunday.

Mrs. Dove Ritzel of Eminence visited her sister, Mrs. Nora Sandy, Sunday.

Miss Bertha Blunk, visited Miss Hodge, Saturday night.

Miss Vida Buis visited at William's from Friday night till Saturday night.

Mrs. Herbert Allee, visited her mother Mrs. Mary Dorsett, Sunday night.

Teachers from their township attended the Township Institute at Belle Union Saturday.

Mr. James Buis mother, who has been quite sick is better.

Miss Edythe Sallust spent one night last week with Miss May Allee.

Gilbert Dorsett and family visited at Nathaniel Stringer's Thursday.

Mr. Joseph Vaughn is very poorly at this writing.

A Cure for Misery.

"I have found a cure for the misery malaria poison produces," says R. M. James of Louellen, S. C. "It's called Electric Bitters, and comes in 50 cent bottles. It breaks up a case of chills or bilious attack in almost no time; and it puts yellow jaundice clean out of commission." This great tonic, medicine and blood purifier gives quick relief in all stomach, liver and kidney complaints and the misery of lame back. Sold under guarantee at the Owl Drug Store, Jr.

BLACK HAWK.

John Bence has moved to the Ed. Evans farm near Reelsville.

Willie Neese will move to Howard Young's farm soon.

Rev. Tabor is holding a series of meetings at Mill Creek Church.

George Sublett and wife of Manhattan were in this corner Sunday.

Report is that Oscar Craft will start his grist mill soon.

Fred Crouse of Brazil visited in this corner last week.

It Does the Business.

Mr. E. E. Chamberlain, of Clinton, Main, says of Bucklen's Arnica Salve. "It does the business; I have used it for piles and it cured them. Used it for chapped hands and it cured them. Applied it to an old sore and it healed it without leaving a scar behind." 25¢ at The Owl Drug Store. Jn

SIGNS OF OLD AGE.

How a Man May Know When He Is No Longer Really Young.

They were arguing about the signs of approaching old age.

"Well, I'll tell you one thing," said one. "When a girl ceases to take a lively interest in you and doesn't mind your seeing her with her hair slightly untidy and listens to your conversation indulgently where formerly she manifested interest and sympathy, then you may know you are growing old."

"No," said another. "That isn't an infallible sign, because some young women show interest and sympathy to everybody. It's when your bones creak slightly on arising from a chair and you no longer swing on a moving car with full confidence and you walk up a flight of stairs a step at a time, then you are growing old."

"Not so," chimed in a third, "for young people with rheumatic diseases sometimes exhibit these signs. When the workings of your liver come to be of more importance than the affairs of your heart, then you are growing old."

"You are all wrong," announced a fourth. "When in pulling on your trousers in the early morning you are compelled to gain the support of the bedstead when you slip on the other leg—then—they are growing old!"

—New York Press.

MADE ONE BLUNDER.

But to Square It an Offer of Generous Restitution Was Made.

In one of the northwestern states they like nothing better than to tell how a few years ago there came to that section of the Union a Boston newspaper man whose mission it was to "write up" lynching in that quarter, although it appeared that there had not been an illegal execution in the state for a long time. The natives took the questions of the eastern scribe in good part and even "jolted" him into believing that for downright lawlessness the community wherein he was for the moment sojourning was about the most conspicuous portion of the United States.

"Don't you ever make a mistake in these lynchings?" guilelessly asked the Bostonian—"that is, don't you ever lynch the wrong man?"

"That happened once," put in some one, "but we tried to do the square thing by the widow."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; we appointed a committee to inform the widow that the joke was on us, and we gave her the choice of the crowd for her second husband."—Lippincott's Magazine.

How She Rests.

In Germantown there dwells a family of ancient lineage which for years every summer has employed a colored woman named Liza as a cook while the family was at the shore. Sons and daughters have married and migrated, reared children and added to the branches of an already luxuriant family tree. On one occasion a number of these signified a desire to assemble again under the old roof. The old lady who now is the head of the family, seeing that special help was necessary, sent for Liza to come and help cook the dinner. Liza's answer was brief and dignified. "De winter am my vacation," she said, "an' den I doan' cook for nobody. In de winter I rests, an' all I does is washin' an' ironin'."—Philadelphia Record.

A Curt Reply.

A story is told of Professor Masson who editor of Macmillan's Magazine. It refers to the days when Kingsley and Newman were engaged in their famous pamphlet war. Conscious of the excellence of an article on the subject of the controversy which he had written in the magazine, Masson ventured to bring it under the notice of Newman, but he was not prepared for the reply he received, although he afterward spoke of it with philosophic humor. Newman's laconic message was in words such as these: "I have not heard of your magazine, and your name conveys no impression to my mind."—Westminster Gazette.

Heartfelt.

Lord Carrington when governor of New South Wales made his first public appearance at the mayor's dinner at Sydney. Having committed a few words to paper, he delivered them in reply to the toast of his health and then sat down, feeling very much satisfied with himself. Opposite to him there sat an M. P. who had suffered long from the abundant eloquence of the new governor's predecessor. When Lord Carrington sat down the man filled his glass to the brim and said, "Thank the Lord, he can't speak!"

He Wanted to Burn Them.
Husband looking up from his paper—What asses men can make of themselves!

Wife—What is the matter now, dear? H.—I am looking at the love letters in this breach of promise case.

W.—Are they interesting?

H.—Interesting? They are absolutely sickening. Hear this: "My dear ducky," "My lovely dove," Ha, ha, ha!

W. (dumbfounded)—It does sound rather foolish, doesn't it?

H. (with a burst of laughter)—Foolish, you mean. It's the worst nonsense imaginable. To think that any man in his senses could write such stuff as this: "I send you a million kisses, my goose poosie, sweetie peety!" Ha, ha, ha!

W.—Perhaps he loved her when he wrote those letters.

H.—Suppose he did! Is that any excuse for writing such bosh?

W.—Yes, it should be. Here are some letters I found today when looking over my old relics—relics of courtship. They are very foolish, but very precious to me, I assure you. They are your letters. One of them begins, "My ownest own preciousetest little ducky darling, my"—

H. (hastily)—That will do. Put them in the fire.—London Scraps.

Gunpowder.

The explosion of gunpowder is divided into three distinct stages, called the ignition, inflammation and combustion. The ignition is the setting on fire of the first grain, while the inflammation is the spreading of the flame over the surface of the powder from the point of ignition. Combustion is the burning up of each grain. The value of gunpowder is due to the fact that when subjected to sufficient heat it becomes a gas which expands with frightful rapidity. The so called explosion that takes place when a match is touched to gunpowder is merely a chemical change, during which there is a sudden evolution of gases from the original solid. It has been calculated that ordinary gunpowder on exploding expands about 9,000 times or fills a space this much larger as a gas than when in solid form. When this chemical change takes place in a closed vessel the expansion may be made to do a work like that of forcing a projectile along the bore of the great gun or test tube in the line of least resistance.

"Indeed?"

"Yes; we appointed a committee to inform the widow that the joke was on us, and we gave her the choice of the crowd for her second husband."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Why Snow Is White.

The reason snow is white is that all the elementary colors are blended together in the radiance that is thrown off from the surface of the crystals, which may be examined in such a way as to detect these colors before they are mingled together to give the eye the impression of whiteness. The whiteness of the snow is also in some degree referable to the quantity of air which is left among the frozen particles. Considerably more than a thousand distinct forms of snow crystals have been enumerated. These minute crystals and prisms reflect all the compound rays of which white light consists. Pink and various other tints may be seen reflected from sheets of snow under certain angles of sunshine. So much light is reflected by snow in the day that the eyes often suffer from it, and enough is given in the night to guide the traveler in the absence of artificial light or moonlight.—Chicago Tribune.

The Eleventh.

Archbishop Usher was once washed ashore from a wreck off the coast of Ireland. Almost destitute of clothing, he wandered to the house of a church dignitary and asked for shelter and aid of a brother clergyman.

"How many commandments are there?" inquired the other, thinking to detect an impostor.

"I can at once satisfy you that I am not the ignorant impostor you take me for," replied the archbishop. "There are eleven commandments."

"No," was the sneering comment; "there are but ten commandments in my Bible. Tell me the eleventh and I will relieve you."

"There it is," said the archbishop; "a new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

Holding His Job.

Michael Callahan, a section boss for the Southern railroad, has a keen Gaelic wit. One warm afternoon while walking along the railroad tracks he found a section hand placidly sleeping beside the rails. Callahan looked dismally at the delinquent for a full minute and then remarked:

"Slape on, ye lazy spalpeen, slape on, fur as long as you slape you've got a job; but when you wake up you ain't got none."—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Run of Luck.

Rufflen—Old fellow, you look blue. Are you on the wrong side of the market? Trumbl—Market be hanged! I moved yesterday. The van man broke £5 worth of the furniture. I lost a five pound Bank of England note, the gas company held me up for double the usual deposit, and I've just been summoned on a jury.—London Mail.

A Choice of Evils.

"Your daughter can come to me for her music lessons and can do her practicing at home."

"I'd rather you'd give her her lessons here at home and have her do her practicing at your rooms."—Houston Post.

Sensitive.

"Willie is so sensitive."

"Really?"

"Exceedingly so. When papa kicked him down the steps the last time he didn't call again for three weeks."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

While the world lasts fashion will lead it by the nose.—Cowper.

The Schoolmaster

By HERMAN LEWIS.

Copyrighted, 1907, by E. C. Parcells.

and then five or six gaunt and overgrown girls "rushed" the master. He took it as a joke, and it was the girls who were buried in the snowdrifts. Mr. Crane said that he would dismiss school any day for fifteen minutes to enable the pupils to indulge in athletic exercises. Miss Jennie was indignant when one of the bedraggled girls came along and stated the result of the rush. She went to her father about it, and after thinking it over he answered:

"Mebbe it wasn't the most dignified thing that ever happened, but I can't see where it's going to do any hurt. If the gals began it, then it wasn't his fault."

That night the schoolmaster dropped in at Robinson's to see about having some clothes pegs put up. Miss Jennie was ready for him. There were three or four others present, and at a proper moment she asked him to demonstrate a certain example in mathematics.

"Excuse me," he smilingly replied, "but you pronounce the word as 'dem-onstrate.' It is dem-onstrate."

"I beg your pardon."

"And I beg yours."

A pocket dictionary settled the dispute in the teacher's favor, and then and there the husky son of a farmer, who was present, whispered to the chagrined girl that he'd lick the teacher before Saturday came again, and she didn't say a word against it.

Two or three days later it became known all over the neighborhood that it was Mr. Crane's last week. He was to be licked out of the neighborhood. If he heard, he went his way the same as before. Friday afternoon was the time appointed, and Will Hayes was the champion selected. When school was called again after dinner there were several visitors, and on the fences outside sat a dozen farmers. Instead of calling up the class in geography, the teacher took from his desk a pair of boxing gloves and said:

"There are several young men here who would probably like to learn the art of boxing. The man who is a man stands up squarely instead of roughing it. Will, wouldn't you like to step out doors and put these on with me?"

Will said he would. That's what he was aching to do. Ten minutes later he was aching to get the gloves off. He had been jolted and jarred and knocked head over heels until he thought his head was as big as a barrel. It had all been done in a good natured way, but beneath it he read him as he protested.

"Say, if that feller should turn himself loose once we'd be little lambs 'longside of him. One of his swats would knock a barn off its underpinnings."

That put a quietus on any further thoughts of insurrection, and Miss Jenny said to herself that she hated the young man from the depths of her heart. He called and corrected her grammar, and her hate was intensified. He called and found fault because her verses made "sorrow" rhyme with "tailor," and she stamped her foot. The girls wouldn't try another rush, and the boys refused to tackle him, while her father said that things were going better than ever before. In this emergency she turned to herself. There was a small lake on which the teacher used to skate for an hour in the evening. Sometimes he had company and sometimes he was alone. The family ax and the family daughter might have been missed just at dusk one evening. Later on the family daughter might have been asked the cause of her restlessness. She was up and down all over the house, and she finally put on her hood and cloak and went out into the night. It was she with a long pole who pulled the teacher out of the air hole into which he had skated and was in danger of drowning. It was she who wrapped her cloak around his shivering form as men carried him to her father's house. It was she who acted as nurse for the next three days, and it was she who hid her face in her hands and said:

"I'm an awful wicked girl. I cut that hole in the lake, hoping you would skate into it and be drowned."

"But I wasn't, you see," replied Crane.

"No-o-o-o, and I'm so glad!"

"And so am I. I wanted something to happen so that I could tell you—tell you—so that I could!"

And he demonstrated what he meant, and she accepted the pronunciation of the word without appealing to the dictionary.

He Changed His Mind.

A buyer for a large cotton house invariably paid only half for his goods and gave his note for the other half. This note he rarely met. As the buyer was a sterling fellow in every other respect, his friends all agreed to charge him double, and then, of course, destroy the worthless note.

One day, after effecting a \$1,500 purchase for which, as usual, he was charged \$3,000, he gave, after the customary grumbling over the high prices asked, \$1,500 in cash and his note for another \$1,500.

"Now," said he, "where's my little present coming in?"

The merchant thought for a moment, then took down a box from a shelf and unwrapped a beautiful shawl. "Perhaps your wife might fancy this," said he.

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 Lucas 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
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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, 1905
North Bound South Bound
1:23 am 2:13 pm
9:32 am 8:25 pm
12:33 pm 2:20 pm
5:52 pm 5:20 pm
All trains run daily. J. A. MICHAEL Agent

WE PRINT
SALE BILLS
AND PRINT THEM RIGHTThe 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 porcelain 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 is enabled to do without breaking this delicate material by the use of a bit of sponge between it and the crowding 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 will be made in it when set into place will not only fit perfectly in the cavity, but it 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 metallic 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 yielding 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 the 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 pencil might do for this, but he is likely to use some professional tool with a chased or engraved handle, whose irregularities will heighten the effect, and, rubbing gently with this on the handle of the holder, he communicates to it and 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 embed itself in the semifluid mass 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 practically 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 assortment 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 workable 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 outward 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 naturally 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 porcelain, the inlay complete.

It is set in place with cement, and so perfectly is porcelain inlaying now done that except upon the closest inspection it may be impossible to tell in an inlaid 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 Henepeck."
"Why, she's twice as old as he is."
"Oh, well, he'll age fast enough after the wedding."—Town and Country.

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' saddles at night, the evil smell of camels and the slowness of their drivers and the acrid, 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 bewildered 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 minutes there at the roadside in the soft sand! But, no, you must go on and fight against this desire. It is too dangerous 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 seconds, 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 feet (it is 654 yards) ahead.

"After another ten or so sleep creeps on again like a huge boar constrictor embracing you in its irresistible 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 superstitious 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 before the Saviour was seized by his enemies. But in the Norse mythology, which is supposed to antedate the introduction of Christianity among the northmen, we find the superstition referred 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 number 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 Aztecs, the aborigines of Mexico, it was believed to have magic power, and a like fancy has been found in other Indian tribes. Among the ignorant blacks of the south the fear of this number in any connection is actually absurd, but whether they have borrowed 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 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 favorite lotteries, and in Paris it is omitted from the numbering of the houses on the streets.—Housekeeper.

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.

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Surprised Her.

Mrs. Jaggsby—I was very much surprised 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 perfectly sober.

Mrs. Jaggsby—So you did. That's what surprised me.—Illustrated Bits.

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.

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 apartment. 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 exchanged for an afternoon costume, and immediately Dick decided that after all a print dress was not the most becoming costume which Marion could wear, though that had been his impression 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 returned 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 provided. You will stay to dinner?"

"I only suggested being here to welcome her," said Marion, her face flushed. "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 pulling me out of bed and settling me," insisted Dick. "Besides, I don't want to maintain a purely business relationship 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, 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 belied 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 solitaire on 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 carpet?" 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 Brussels 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 beat 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 224 Blank street. If no one asks any questions I call at the houses on either side of a new willow. 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 Thompson 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 draught when he felt a hand upon his arm, and looking up, saw one whom he recognized 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.

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. DeMotte, 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.

THE GENTS'
Dry Cleaning and
Pressing Shop
OVER JONES' DRUG STORE
Stone & Grogan
Phone 305 PROPS.

Miss Mabel Stoner spent the day in Indianapolis.

William James of Perth spent yesterday in this city.

Mrs. Myra Curtis is visiting relatives in Indianapolis.

John Allen transacted business in Terre Haute yesterday.

Mrs. Mayre Farmer has gone to Terre Haute, for a few days visit.

Joe Fry, of Fox Ridge, is recovering from an attack of the typhoid fever.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bartlett, of Barnard, transacted business, in the city yesterday.

The tapping of a maple tree proves that the sap runs freely and that this is really "sugar weather."

Mrs. Lucretia Grimes, is very ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. F. Cooper, on Indiana Street.

Mrs. U. Kiefer, has gone to Quincy Ind., where she will be at Dr. E. E. Gray's Sanitarium for three weeks.

Mayor and Mrs. James McD. Hays went to Indianapolis this morning.

The Mayor will attend the Water Ways Convention there today.

Mrs. Theodore Crawley, and Miss Goldie Davidson, were called to Roachdale Sunday, by the sudden death of their Aunt Mrs. Mary Jeffries.

W. C. T. U. met this afternoon at two thirty o'clock in the assembly room of the court house. Mrs. D. R. Maze read a very interesting paper.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Morris, of Memphis, Tenn., are the guests of Mrs. and Mr. Milt Hillis, Mrs. Morris visited her daughter in Chicago, while enroute here.

Mrs. William Glidewell on Bloomington Street, received a telephone message early this morning, that her brother, Robert Jennings of Louisville, Ky., was dead.

A theater party composed of Mr. and Mrs. James Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Carpenter, and Mrs. Heck, attended the "Girl Question," at English's last evening.

Two railroad laborers, who have been working on the traction line below here, were arrested on the square last night, on the charge of drunkenness and placed in county bastille over night.

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 "Denis O'Sullivan" at English's.

C. G. Lynch of Charleston, who has been visiting his aunt, Mrs. Bridget McMannis, 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 Vandalia 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 Taller.

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. F. 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 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.

Full lines—all styles—all lasts.

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 Saltillo.

C. H. Knornchild 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 here in Lafayette last night.

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

Mrs. Lucretia Grimes, is very ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. F. Cooper, on Indiana Street.

Mrs. U. Kiefer, has gone to Quincy Ind., where she will be at Dr. E. E. Gray's Sanitarium for three weeks.

Mayor and Mrs. James McD. Hays went to Indianapolis this morning.

The Mayor will attend the Water Ways Convention there today.

Roscoe Skimmerhorn is visiting Walter 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 Pinecastle.

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 Susan 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.

The horse was with difficulty keeping his footing and seemed about to be swept away. One of the men who had been intricated 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 winding up with a merry jig.

"What do you mean by sitting 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 PECCULAR 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 land, you know, is worth a whole city directory full of uncaptured patients. Never let go a sure thing till you are sure of a surer.—Washington City Independent.

Engraved cards—script

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

OUR WANT COLUMN.

House For Rent—The O'Rourke

property on North College Avenue, suitable for large family or three

small families. Rent reasonable.

31 The Central Trust Company.

Boy Wanted—Boy wanted to learn

the printers trade. Apply at this

office.

Engraved cards—script

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

ZEIS & CO.

Bloaters,

Finnan,

Haddies,

and

Mackerel

Fresh

Oysters,

and

Sausage.

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 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.—Niles Loisirs.

An Admission.

Alice—I rather like that young

Thompson. He has such a good

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.

That's how I got on to the culprits."

RICHARD A. ANDREWS.

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. 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