

WEATHER REPORT.

Fair tonight and Thursday;
cooler Thursday.

Greencastle Herald.

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

VOL. 2. NO. 255.

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA. WEDNESDAY, JAN. 22, 1908.

PRICE ONE CENT

GOT HIMSELF IN TROUBLE

Frank Elsworth, Who Went to the Mayor's Office to File Charges Against Lads Who he Accused of Robbing Him, is Sent to Jail for Intoxication.

THE BOYS ARE NOT ARRESTED

Mayor I want to file a warrant against young "Bum" Coffman and Roscoe Yoop. They robbed me of \$2 last night.

This was what led up to the arrest and fining of Frank Elsworth this morning by the mayor. Elsworth is the man who alleged that he was robbed by the boys, too.

When he went to the Mayor's office and made the complaint against the boys the Mayor sent out and had

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

the youths come to his office. When confronted with the charge they denied it bitterly. They said that they had seen Elsworth but that he was so drunk that he did not know what he was doing. They told the Mayor that they had helped the porter at Higer's saloon get Elsworth out of the saloon and up to his room, which is above the saloon.

As a result of the investigation a warrant was sworn out charging Elsworth with intoxication. No charge was filed against the boys. Elsworth pleaded not guilty to the charge, but the evidence was against him and he was sent to jail. His fine was \$5 and costs of \$10. It is likely that the next time Elsworth goes to file a charge against anyone he will look more carefully into his own conduct of the evening before, before going to the Mayor with his troubles.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF COMMITTEES

The president of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Farmer's Institute announces the following committees: On organization, Mrs. S. A. Hazelett, Mrs. Jessie Jones and Mrs. J. B. Burris; nominations, Mrs. Albert Albaugh, Mrs. John Detrick, Jr., and Mrs. Oliver N. Houck; on plan of work for 1908 and 1909: Mrs. Mary Raines, Miss Fannie Crow and Miss Bernice Allen. It is desired that the chairman of these committees will be ready to report at the Woman's special session in the court room, Saturday, Jan. 25, at one o'clock.

THE LIBRARY CONTRACT LET

Yungelaus & Co., of Indianapolis Will Build the New Library Building—Contracted to do Work for \$45,000—This Does not Include Heating and Plumbing.

TOTAL COST WILL BE \$50,546

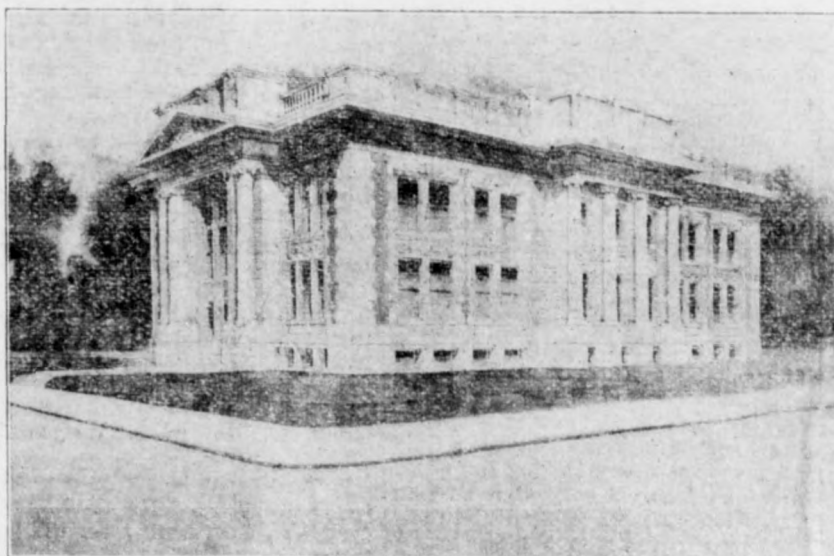
Yungelaus & Co., of Indianapolis were awarded the contract this afternoon for building the new DePauw Carnegie Library. This is the same company that built the interurban station here. Its bid was for \$45,000. This does not include the heating and plumbing.

A contract for the steam heating plant was let to the Lane Pike Co., of Lafayette for \$4,039. The Kelsor Plumbing Co., of Indianapolis got the plumbing work for \$609. The total cost of the building will be \$50,546. The contracts call for the building to be completed by Sept. 15, 1908. The contract was let this afternoon by the building committee which met at the university. There were twelve bidders.

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.

CARNEGIE LIBRARY



To be built for DePauw University. The picture is taken from the Architects drawing of the proposed building. Bids for the construction of this building are being gone over by the DePauw Carnegie Library Building Committee at the University this afternoon. The building will cost near \$50,000.

MANY ARE HERE TO BID CRUSHED BY LOAD OF HAY

Building of the Proposed New Carnegie Library for DePauw University Attracts Many Contractors—Proposals Opened at the Office of President E. H. Hughes at 2 O'clock This Afternoon.

Frank McCullough, who lives near Reelsville is probably fatally injured by overturning of a hay wagon on Monday evening.

HIS HEAD IS BADLY CRUSHED

Frank McCullough of near Reelsville was probably fatally injured on Monday evening by being crushed under a load of hay which overturned with him. It is not known just how the accident happened, but it is supposed that the load was not properly balanced and Mr. McCullough's weight on one side caused it to upset.

Mr. McCullough was caught under the wheels and frame of the hay wagon and badly crushed about the head and chest. He was picked up in an unconscious condition but Tuesday had regained consciousness and was perfect rational. The attending physician pronounced McCullough's injuries very serious but believes he will recover. His head is badly cut and bruised and he is suffering from concussion of the brain. It is also believed that Mr. McCullough has sustained internal injuries as he vomits considerable blood since the accident.

The injured man is about 50 years old and is a well known farmer of the Reelsville neighborhood. He has many friends in this county who will regret to learn of his unfortunate accident.

SHORT COURSE GRAND SUCCESS

The Farmer's Short Course held at Purdue University January 13 to 18, 1908, was a grand success in every way. More than 1100 farmers and their wives registered and took the work. The course was so arranged that lectures and demonstrations on the various phases of corn, stock, horticulture, dairying, poultry

and domestic science were given every day. Interesting and popular entertainments were provided for the evening sessions and at these meetings the people were favored with selections from the various musical organizations of the university.

The corn and fruit shows held in connection with the course were successful from every standpoint. More than 135 plates of fruit were entered for the \$300 offered in premiums. This show did much to interest the young men in horticultural work.

Over 225 samples of corn were on exhibit in the corn show room. The quality of these was beyond that of previous years and showed clearly the effect which previous corn schools and the local shows are having upon corn growers.

Dean J. H. Skinner gave the farewell address Saturday morning in which he expressed his appreciation of the work done. This meeting was the most enthusiastic of all and it was voted that the 1908 Farmer's Short Course was the most successful ever held and the results accomplished, more extensive and lasting than those of any previous corn school.

DELAY IN HINKLE TRIAL

The trial of Harvey Hinkle, charged with the murder of John McClintock last July while his victim was escorting Hinkle's former sweetheart, will not be called till the next term, as was decided today. Hinkle will therefore remain in jail three months longer than was expected. The trial has been postponed till April, in order that the State may bring witnesses from Popular Bluffs, Mo., where young Hinkle was arrested three months ago. The defense for Hinkle will be insanity. A score of witnesses, chief among whom is his mother, will testify to Hinkle's strange actions before the murder—Bloomington Dispatch.

Hinkle was in the Greencastle jail over night a few weeks ago. The sheriff when he brought him back from Popular Bluffs, Mo., arrived here with his prisoner one evening and left the next morning for Bloomington. Hinkle has a brother here. He is Sam Hinkle, bartender at Higer's saloon.

ATTENTION K. T.

Stated Conclave Greencastle Commandery, No. 1, K. T. this evening, January 22, 7 o'clock, for important business. Also work in the Red Cross, William B. Vestal, E. C., Jas. McD. Hays, Recorder.

TO START THE STONE PILE

Police Have a Very Busy Night and Police Court Was a Place of Much Activity This Morning—Five up For Intoxication—Fifteen Days For Four.

ONE "GUN TOTER" IS FINED

The police court was a busy place this morning. The night before was a busy time for the police. As a result activity at the county jail stone pile is apt to begin very soon. At least Marshal Reeves said this morning that work at the stone pile would be started right away.

Five men, each charged with intoxication, were before the mayor this morning. They were Frank Elsworth, Dick Hampton, Charley Harding, William White and Sherman Nelson. Hampton and White were before the Mayor yesterday morning on the same charge. They were not sent to jail but were ordered to leave town.

This morning when they faced the Mayor again he gave them 15 days on the stone pile. Elsworth and Nelson were given fifteen days, each, also. Harding was given 11 days. All the men were arrested by officers Stone and Grimes last night.

William Rowland, was before the Mayor this morning. He was charged with carrying concealed weapons. Rowland pleaded guilty to the charge and was fined \$15. He stayed the fine.

Mr. Elijah Grantham went to Roachdale this morning and left there at noon for Roselawn, where he will transact business.

Condensed Smoke

BEATS THE OLD WAY

Smokes your meat quickly, cheaply and without damage from fire.

Salt Petre,
Black Pepper,
Cayenne Pepper,
Sage, etc.

JONES' DRUG STORE

OUR JANUARY SALES.

Are affording women who understand the true meaning of economy, an opportunity of buying dependable merchandise at extremely low prices.

Many of the lots advertised are small, and it will be good judgment if you'll come early.

Sheets and Pillow Cases for Less

Last week we offered you our open stock of sheets and pillow cases at reduced prices—some of them were slightly soiled but the low prices have cleaned them up. To-day we offer you

88 Sheets—new, fresh and clean.

Also

48 Pillow Cases in same condition—there's a number of different brands and the prices quoted will be lower than the wholesale price of the yard goods.

Spring Sewing Time Will Soon Be Here

And here's a number of items that buying now will save you good big money over the prices you'll pay a little later in the year—not an item listed but what is a good buy for you—if you care to save money on staple goods.

Galatea Cloth—one of the best fabrics for children's Dress and boys' wash suits—the regular price is 20c a yard and the maker wants now—what we ask you for them—there's a good assortment of colors and the price will be 15c a yard.

10c a yard for a full yard wide **Percal** is a good purchase for you.

Best Calico at 6c a yard is less than jobber's price today for the same brand of calico.

Cambric—a fine soft quality full yard wide has sold until now at 15c a yard—you can buy it now at 12c a yard.

Hope Muslin at 8c a yard. **Lansdale Muslin** at 11c a yard these are less than the jobber's price.

10c a yard will buy a fine soft **Dress Gingham** the maker's price on same goods today is 11c a yard. Best quality **Apron Gingham**—the 10c sort are extremely cheap at 8c a yard.

Table Linens in short lengths; the reduced prices we are making on a big lot of short length Table Linens in all qualities will enable you to buy the lengths you need in the quality you like for considerably less money than same goods are priced in the bolt.

Crochet Quilts are Cheaper

Bed Quilts—just 15 of them—hemed ready for use—full size, worth regularly \$1.00 and \$1.25—The reduced price will be 89c.

Fringed Quilts—Crochet—extra large size, only fairly priced at \$1.50—only a few in the lot at \$1.15

Napkins less than value

We have 21 dozen napkins in all qualities from \$1.50 sizes and up—the linens to match these napkins have all been sold—and we offer the bunch at prices ranging from \$1.10 and upwards—If you need any napkins it will pay you to see these cheaply priced ones.

Kid Gloves 75c pair.

Buy them for less now.

A small lot of Undressed Kid Gloves—2 button snap fasteners—in Black, Tan, Mode and Brown.

Colors are in 6, 6½, 6¾, 7, 7½, 7¾.

The regular price on these gloves is \$1.25 pair. The clean-up price is 75c pair.

Clark's O. N. T. Spool Cotton is worth more to buy at wholesale than our price today 5c spool—you'll have to pay more shortly.

Linen Crash remnants at prices lower than usual are worth looking after.

Back Combs 19c. A small lot of plain high back shell combs, bought to sell at 35c and 50c, are now 19c.

CORSETS---reduced prices

Kabo Corsets—No. 608 and 611—short model, no supporters attached. Sizes 18-19-20-21-22-24-30-35. If your size is in the lot you can buy these \$1.00 corsets for 75c.

R. & G. Corset No. 250—short model, no supporters attached. Sizes 22-23-24—regular price \$1.50; special \$1.00.

R. & G. Corset No. 239—medium figure, front supporters, tapering waist. 18-21-22-23-25-30. Regular \$1.50—special price \$1.00.

Allen Brothers

PROSPECTS FOR A BIG CROWD

The DePauw Glee Club which recently returned from a very successful trip through Southern Indiana, will give its "home concert" in Meharry Hall beginning at 7:30 this evening. The advance sale of tickets has been heavy and the indications are that the entertainment will be one of the best of its kind ever heard here.

Prof. Rufus B. vonKleinsmid, the talented director, has been working diligently with his men and believes that the concert tonight will be their best. Earl Hunt will arrive this afternoon from Indianapolis to fill his place on the program.

Leonard Nattemper of the academy whose ability as a reader is considered remarkable, will appear and Jay Carpenter, one of the best cornetists in school will also be heard.

Paul P. Willis will have a series of local cartoons which will no doubt make great "hits." Quite a few people have suggested different ideas to him and these will be incorporated in his part of the program. The Glee Club proper is in excellent condition for the home concert and there is every reason to believe that the entertainment will be of a pleasing nature.

Some Bargains in Muslin Underwear

The sale left a number of small lots that are a trifle mussed and soiled. You can buy these at ¼ off sale values, and a washing will set them right.

A few specimens from the offering.

\$.25	Garments	19c
.50	"	38c
.60	"	45c
.75	"	56c
1.00	"	75c
1.25	"	94c

VERMILION'S

The Greencastle Herald

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F. C. TILDEN C. J. ARNOLD

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LONG BRANCH.

Lola Johnson is staying with her Aunt Mary Wright for a while.

Alva Johnson and wife, who have been living for some time on William Durham's place are making arrangements to move as soon as a suitable location is found.

Mrs. John Gardner has been seriously ill the past week. Dr. Moore of Clinton Falls is attending her and pronounces her ailment heart trouble and dropsy.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Johnson and John G. Sweeney attended the William Dimler funeral at Fillmore last Tuesday.

Zed King and Isaac Day are making railroad ties on Saul Marshall's place. Mr. Day boards with Mr. Marshall.

The members of the Long Branch congregation spent the day last Friday getting wood to be used for fuel in heating their house of worship.

Marion Wright is conducting a singing class at Lena. They meet every Tuesday and Thursday evening.

Hugo Mann has had a strange experience with his hogs. A number of them were taken suddenly ill and seemed to have symptoms of poisoning. Several of them are dead already.

Andrew Johnson is on the sick list. He has never regained his former strength since his operation for appendicitis.

Elder Colglazier and wife of Salem have moved to the home of John G. Sweeney, the latter's father, to live until a suitable location can be found.

May Gardner is wrestling with the chickenpox.

Elder William of Lena will begin his year's work with the church at Long Branch next Saturday evening. All are invited. Service on Sunday also.

"Nummy Dumny."

In his "Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall" Arthur H. Norway tells of a fragment of antiquity that still "lingers in the neighborhood of Redruth, where the country people when they see a ghost say, 'Nummy dumny' and he adds, 'I leave the riddle to be solved by any one who is curious enough to undertake a useful piece of practice in unravelling the corruption of language.'"

The phrase is probably a corruption of "In nomine Domini," the Latin for "In the name of the Lord," a phrase so familiar in the devotion of the middle ages.

His Compliment.

A few weeks back a wedding breakfast was given by a substantial farmer blessed with five daughters, the eldest of whom was a bride. A neighbor, a young farmer, who was honored with an invitation, thinking no doubt that he ought to say something complimentary upon the event, addressed the bridegroom thus:

"Well, you have got the pick of the batch."

The faces of the four unmarried ones were a study.—London Graphic.

The London Cabby.

An extreme specimen of a dandy alighted from a four wheeler and went round to pay the driver. The poor old bag o' bones mare turned her head to gaze at him.

"Yes," said the driver confidentially to the horse as the passenger moved away, "that's the blessed object you've been a drawin' off!"—London Express.

That which is his lot today may be yours tomorrow.—Latin Proverb.

You Read the Other Fellow's Ad

You are reading this one. That should convince you that advertising in these columns is a profitable proposition; that it will bring business to your store. The fact that the other fellow advertises is probably the reason he is getting more business than is falling to you. Would it not be well to give the other fellow a change

To Read Your Ad In These Columns

HE SAW THE SIGN.

Cause of the Smashup as Told by the Old Darky Driver.

The old darky was suing the railroad company for damages. The man contended that, not being warned by whistle or engine bell, he had started to drive his rig across the company's track when a shunted box car of said company crashed into his outfit, causing the death of the horse, loss of the wagon and minor injuries to himself. After the prosecution had closed its side of the case the company's lawyer called the old darky to the stand and went at him.

"Mr. Lamson," he began, "your rig was struck by the box car in full daylight, was it not?"

"I tink dar was some clouds ovahead, suh," answered the caving witness.

"Never mind the clouds! And only a few days before this accident the railroad company had put a new sign at that crossing?"

"Dar was a sign dar, yaas, suh!"

"And didn't that sign say: 'Stop! Look! Listen!'"

"Now, dar am de whole accusation up de trouble!" declared the darky, with animation. "If dat 'Stop' sign hadn't caught dis chile's eye jes' 's Ah war square on dat track, dar wouldn't 'a' been no smashup!"—Bohemian.

THE DEADLY UNDERTOW.

What to Do When Caught in the Treacherous Currents.

Those deadly undertows which so often prove fatal to swimmers are produced by tides and coast currents. The former only carry out at ebb tide; the latter usually zigzag along the shore.

"If you are a robust swimmer," said a professor of the art, "you can generally overcome them by quick, alert strokes. If, however, you do not at once succeed don't persevere, for this is one of the exceptions to the rule about perseverance. Stop fighting before exhaustion comes and go with the tide or current. By resting a short time, floating or swimming leisurely, you will have time to take your bearings and either make another attempt or call for assistance.

"Sometimes you will find the undertow runs parallel to the shore. You may then let yourself be carried along with the certainty that before long it will twist inshore, when a short spurt will bring you to safety."—Cassell's Journal.

One Way to Judge.

"Do you know," said the head waiter at a fashionable restaurant, "that an experienced waiter can usually tell whether a diner is wealthy or not by the way he handles his meal check? If a man carelessly pitches out his money for the waiter to pay the bill without looking over his check we know the chances are that he isn't wealthy. He is indulging in a luxury and fears he might be ridiculed if he examined the check. On the other hand, the man who has plenty of money examines his check closely, as a rule. If he finds an item which he thinks is wrong he tells the waiter about it. It was probably just such care as that that made him rich. Is he laughed at? Well, I guess not. In fact, the waiters admire him for his carefulness, and the result is they are doubly particular about how he is charged."—New York Press.

Shakespeare and His Plays.

The Shakespeare-Bacon controversy is right where it began many years ago. The man from Stratford is still in possession, though there are many learned men who seriously question his rights. It has not been proved that Bacon wrote the plays or that Shakespeare did not write them. One thing the controversy has done, however—it has immeasurably heightened the mystery of the fact, if it is a fact, that the plays were written by the historical Shakespeare. Between the Shakespeare we know in history and the man who wrote "Lear," "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" there would seem to be an unbridged distance.—New York American.

The Way of New York.

In New York you buy your theater tickets from a speculator for two prices, and after the show you bribe a waiter to bring you food for which you pay the jolly innkeeper two and one-half prices, after which you may be hauled home by a rheumatic horse if you pay the driver once for hauling you home and once for not getting down from his perch and booting you out of the hansom.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Man With Tact.

Casual Caller (to one next him)—I was introduced to that squint eyed, red haired woman over there as Mrs. Somebody or other. Don't you think the man was an idiot that married her? Next One (meekly)—I can't just say. I'm the man.—Baltimore American.

The Sequel.

"Funny thing about Dubley. He said he needed a little whisky because he was run down."

"Well, wasn't he run down?"

"I don't know about that, but I do know he was run in."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Suited His Temper.

"You seem to find that book very interesting," said Mrs. Hennepeck.

"Yes," replied Henry; "it's delightful. I've glanced at the ending, and the hero and heroine don't get married after all."—Washington Herald.

Whether a knave or a fool can do the greater harm is one of the questions which twenty centuries of experience has not fully determined.—Dallas News.

Personally Conducted.

By ARTHUR BOLTONWOOD.

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"It has been very much like a dream," the girl was saying earnestly. "Of course I had pictured it all out to myself, but I never imagined it would be anything like this. It has been"—she paused as if seeking a proper adjective—"heavenly," she said at length, with a little reminiscent sigh. "The only trouble is that it ends all too soon. Day after tomorrow we sail for home."

Lancaster looked at the pretty, eager face beside him, and the pathos of it touched him. He was trying to imagine how the word "heavenly" could apply to the dull, colorless wanderings of these "personally conducted" tourists. He glanced through the door into the next room. There they were, gathered about a tired looking guide who was using his umbrella as a pointer while he explained nasally, "This, ladies and gentlemen, is an excellent example of Rembrandt's later work."

They were a weary looking but eager group, anxious evidently that nothing should escape them. They lifted their tired eyes to the picture indicated by the umbrella and stared at it dully while the droning voice reeled off its stereotyped phrases like some school-boy reciting a well learned lesson.

"We must go back," said the girl, glancing uneasily at a tiny silver watch. "We are missing a lot."

"You had better rest awhile," Lancaster counseled. "We'll take it all in by and by. I think I know this gallery quite as well as the guide does. I'll show you a Vandyke that they will miss entirely. We'll take our time and go back to the hotel leisurely."

The girl looked at him narrowly.

"Then you've been here before?" she asked.

Lancaster nodded his assent.

"I've been watching you since you joined us at Cologne," she said. "Most of the time you've been very much bored. I concluded you had seen it all before."

Lancaster said nothing. He was wondering if some sudden intuition had given her an inkling of the truth.

"If you had taught school in Iowa as many terms as I have," said she, "if you had slaved and saved and look-



"ARE YOU GOING BACK TO IOWA TO TEACH SCHOOL?"

ed forward to this, perhaps you would enjoy it as I do. But you've been awfully kind since you've joined us. You've shown me lots of things I wouldn't have missed for worlds and that I'd never have seen but for your thoughtfulness. Oh, I knew you must have traveled this country quite extensively."

She looked at him with an intentness that was rather disconcerting.

"Tell me," she said, "why should you, knowing all these things as you do, care to travel with us?"

Lancaster regarded her for a time in thoughtful silence. Dare he tell her the truth? He looked into her clear gray eyes and decided to risk it.

"Shall I tell you the real reason?" he asked.

"Why, yes, of course," she replied, with a little note of surprise in her voice.

"Well, then," said Lancaster sturdily, "it was because of you."

The color deepened in her cheeks. "Oh!" she said, with sudden comprehension. Her eyes fell. She was abstractedly pulling her gloves to cover her embarrassment.

"You remember that evening at the hotel in Cologne," Lancaster went on, "when you and I were partners at whist? I joined your party the next morning. I wanted to be with you—just to be near you."

"I—I rather wish you hadn't told me," she said uneasily.

"Would you rather I had fibbed politely?" he asked.

"No-o," she replied slowly.

"You see," Lancaster explained, "I'd been poking about the continent all by my lonesome, and, to tell the truth, I'd not been having a very hilarious time of it. And that night at Cologne"—He paused.

"Yes, that night at Cologne?" she prompted.

"It seemed," he said very gravely, "as if you fitted into a niche in my life that had been made for you and

that had always been waiting for you."

She was still nervously pulling her gloves. The personally conducted flock, headed by the guide, swinging his umbrella like a shepherd's crook, were filing out of the room beyond, bound for the hotel.

"Are you going back to Iowa to teach school?" asked Lancaster.

"Yes," she said quietly.

There was a rather painful silence for a time.

"Is teaching school in Iowa something very, very desirable?" he pursued.

"Not always," she confessed.

"I was thinking," said he, "that after we got home I should like very much to come to Iowa if you'd let me, and then I'd like to bring you back here for a little personally conducted tour all our own—just yours and mine. I haven't showed you a tenth part of what I'd like to show you then when just you and I are in the party."

He leaned nearer her.

"I want that personally conducted tour to go on forever," he added.

He spoke quietly, but with such earnestness that the hot blood crept even to her temples. He noticed that her hands were trembling and that her breath had quickened.

"It would be no end better than this tour," said he. "What do you think of it?"

Very deliberately her eyes were lifted to meet his. He read in their depths an answer that set his pulses bounding.

"Oh, it would be"—she began.

"Heavenly," he suggested, with a gay laugh.

"Yes, heavenly," she said softly as his hand closed over hers.

Where Are the Old People?

It is proper to speak of a man under thirty as "old man" in a jocular way, but after that it becomes dangerous. As for old ladies, they have long ago disappeared. Thirty years ago it was common in society and in print to speak of an old man or an old lady without meaning any disrespect or giving the least offense. Now it is positively dangerous—in fact, isn't done.

Why this change?

Partly because the physical and mental condition of the average person is better than formerly, but principally because people have decided not to grow old. That settles it. We are largely taken at our own valuation and are not now disposed to make it a low one.

In this city are to be found many men who retired from business a generation ago. It was once the custom in this country, as it is now in England, that when a man had secured a competence he retired from active work and lived serenely. Nowadays it is seldom done. A competence now means not an income of a few thousand dollars, but an unlimited amount. There are to be found multimillionaires above eighty who are just as anxious to make money as ever, and they seem to be quite as competent.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Unconscious Butt Ins.

"Have you ever noticed," said the melancholy man, "how it is the vocation of certain people to get in the way—to be around when they are not wanted? I suppose that if they were aware of their calling they would feel badly about it, but, as a matter of fact, they never are aware of it, and this probably explains why they keep at it."

"Take my brother-in-law, for instance. He has a marvelous faculty for turning up at inopportune moments. If we are going to have company to dinner, we can surely count on a message from him asking whether it would be convenient for his wife and himself to drop in on us. If I am anticipating a quiet hour of reading in the evening, it is ten to one that I'll hear his voice in the hall. Just as I am hastening to close up my office in the afternoon he is apt to come in and establish himself for a prolonged talk."

"Take a hint? Such men never take a hint. They are so obtuse that they don't see when their presence turns company into a crowd. They have not learned the art of effacing themselves on occasions, and they never will. You feel sorry for them at first, but sorrow soon changes to another sentiment."—New York Press.

Cupid's Lucky Day.

"What is the best and luckiest day to be married on?" somebody once asked an old gypsy whose fame as a sibyl had spread far and wide. The venerable dame smiled a sardonic smile and answered in oracular fashion: "Today is never lucky, nor yet tomorrow. The only lucky day is yesterday."

But there is a popular rhyme, so popular and so well known that perhaps I ought not to quote it yet again, that tells us definitely what sort of luck, good, bad or indifferent, we may expect according to what day we have chosen on which to appear before the altar of Hymen.

Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health,
Wednesday the best of all;
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Saturday no luck at all!

October is said to be the luckiest month for marriage, though June is almost equally fortunate. May is supposed to be the most unlucky month out of all twelve, but I have known several May marriages that have been more fortunate, prosperous and happy than the majority.—Modern Society.

The Real Attraction.

English Girl—You American girls have not such healthy complexions as we have. I cannot understand why our noblemen take a fancy to your white faces.

American Girl—It isn't our white faces that attract them, my dear; it's our greenbacks.—St. Louis Republic.

YOUR WORK.

Rob It of Drudgery and Give It Your Whole Ability.

No matter how humble your work may seem, do it in the spirit of an artist, of a master. In this way you lift it out of commonness and rob it of what would otherwise be drudgery.

You will find that learning to thoroughly respect everything you do and not to let it go out of your hands until it has the stamp of your approval upon it as a trademark will have a wonderful effect upon your whole character.

The quality of your work will have a great deal to do with the quality of your life. If your quality is down, your character will be down, your standard down, your ideals down.

The habit of insisting upon the best of which you are capable and of always demanding of yourself the highest, never accepting the lowest, will make all the difference between mediocrity or failure and a successful career.

If you bring to your work the spirit of an artist instead of an artisan; if you bring a burning zeal, an all absorbing enthusiasm; if you determine to put the best there is in you in everything you do, no matter what it is, you will not long be troubled with a sense of drudgery. Everything depends on the spirit we bring to the task. The right spirit makes an artist in the humblest task, while the wrong spirit makes an artisan in any calling, no matter how high.

There is a dignity, an indescribable quality of superiority, in everything we do which we thoroughly and honestly respect. There is nothing belittling or menial which has to be done for the welfare of the race.

You cannot afford to give the mere drags, the mere leavings of your energies, to your work. The best in you is none too good for it.

It is only when we do our best, when we put joy, energy, enthusiasm and zeal into our work, that we really grow, and this is the only way we can keep our highest self respect.

We cannot think much of ourselves when we are not honest in our work—when we are not doing our level best. There is nothing which will compensate you for a loss of faith in yourself, for the knowledge of your capacity for doing bungling, dishonest work.

You have something infinitely higher in you to satisfy than to make a mere living, to get through your day's work as easily as possible—that is, your sense of the right, the demand in you to do your level best, to call out the best thing in you, to be a man, to do the square thing. This should speak so loudly in you that the mere bread and butter question, the money making question, should be insignificant in comparison.—Success Magazine.

SAVED THE SCENE.

A Case Where Necessity Was the Mother of Invention.

William Faversham once saved himself a dismissal from a company in his early days through his quick wit.

"I had been engaged as 'utility man,'" he says, "with a company that opened with a war play in a western town. I had a difficult part that ran through every act, and it was important even if I had little to say or do. I got along very well, and in spite of the many costume changes I had I met with no difficulty until the last act. I was an 'orderly' in this scene, and I was hurrying to buckle my belt when I heard my cue."

"I hastened to the wings. Some one threw fuller's earth all over me to show that I had been riding hard, and I dashed madly on just as the sound of hoofs died away. When I reached the center of the stage and the applause had subsided my hand went into my tunic for my dispatches, which I was to hand to General Allen. I had forgotten them!"

"Now, these dispatches furnished the climax of the play, and something had to be done, and done quickly. I felt my heart rise in my throat and knew that every one on the stage was looking at me. The wait was growing awful, terrible, and I was just about losing courage when a brilliant idea came to me. I threw open my shirt, ripped off a porous plaster I was wearing and thrust it into the general's hand. Then I staggered to a chair and dropped exhausted. There was a round of applause, for the audience thought that I had been shot and had covered the wound with the dispatches."—Bohemian.

Elements of the Universe.

Science declares that up to date the suns and planets all seem to be built up out of identical materials. We are not acquainted with any element in any of the heavenly bodies which is not to be found, for instance, on the earth. Hellum, for example, first discovered in the sun, was subsequently found on earth in the rare mineral cleveite. In the handful of earth that you pick up at your feet you may behold the contents of the universe.—New York American.

A Shave In China.

The barber in China frequently pursues his calling under peculiar conditions. No soap is used, the parts being simply rubbed with water and then scraped with a fearsome iron weapon made locally, which, though it might astonish a Sheffield cutler, yet answers the purpose very well.—Wide World Magazine.

Floral Scandal.

"You can't paint the lily," declared the rose.

"Maybe not," responded the aster.

"But have you noticed?"

"Noticed what?"

"The lily pads!"—Washington Herald.

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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
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**With All
His faults.**

By ETHEL BARRINGTON.

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"Jealousy eats into happiness as acid
destroys linen," declared Katherine
sententiously."Despite which epigram you will
marry Kenneth Hadley," scoffed her
friend. The two girls had paused at
the corner of the street, where Kath-
erine intended taking a car. It was
not in sight, so she turned to finish the
discussion."Why not?" she asked. "I am not
the woman to give ground for jeal-
ousy, while Kenneth, on his part, will
never forgive unjust suspicion, which is what jealousy
amounts to. Real love insures per-
fect trust and faith.""With some natures, possibly. But
Kenneth Hadley could no more help
being jealous where he loves than he
could stop breathing and live," re-
torted Mildred. "Why, at the Meres-
dale enche party every one but you
could see.""Then he must have concealed his
feelings admirably," declared Mr.
Hadley's fiancée, "for he said nothing
to me."

"Some day he will."

Katherine Felix shook her head.

"Doubt is degrading, and happiness
cannot exist in its atmosphere. Mild-
red, I'll be frank, Kenneth and I did
once have a wretched understanding
which came near separating us. I
warned him then that such scenes
would kill whatever sentiment I cher-
ished for him. In becoming his wife
I do not relinquish my individuality.
He takes me, as I accept him, a soul
matured, giving to him a closer inti-
macy than to any other, yet with nat-
ural reservations. We come into the
world alone, apart alone. So must
there always be silent places in our
lives to which even the nearest can
have no key."Her friend, unconvinced, started to
say goodby, but returned impulsively
to the charge."Theoretically, Katherine, there is
truth in your argument. Jealousy is
no temptation to you. Should you
meet Kenneth walking with a girl I
doubt if it would occur to you to even
ask her name. Your error is making
secrets of nothing."

The other's eye flashed resentfully.

"You say that because I would not
tell you where I am going now.""Nonsense! It's none of my affair.
But suppose you had met Mr. Hadley
instead?"

"I should have declined to explain."

Then, the emergency of her errand re-
curring to her mind, she added: "Here
comes my car. Goodby, Mildred. I
wonder if it would not have been bet-
ter had Kenneth met you first; you
would have yielded to his exactions so
graciously." With a smile at the
other's indignant protest, she motioned
to the motorman.Reaching her destination, she en-
tered a large manufacturing establish-
ment. Sending in her card to the ad-
vertising manager, she was at once
shown into his private office.Half an hour later, returning home,
she encountered Hadley, who plainly
showed his delight at the unexpected
meeting."What luck brings you to this part
of town?" he inquired.

"Business," was the light response.

"Which, in woman's vocabulary,
means pleasure." A quick look
showed he was conscious of the eva-
sion, though he did not press the
point. "Wish I could return with you,
but an appointment forbids. How
dustily it is! Give me your handker-
chief, Katherine. There's a rude black
smudge dangerously near your eye."Katherine laughed and, feeling for
her handkerchief without success, re-
marked that she must have dropped it
somewhere, adding, "Use yours." At
his compliance she thanked him,
noddod goodby and was gone.She was seated at the piano drawing
soft melody from its keys in the mel-
low light of the shaded lamp when
Hadley arrived. He watched her for
some moments before she discovered
his presence. Then she swung round
gaily on the stool, with extended
hands."Come and kiss me, which ceremony
you omitted when we last met."As he crossed toward her something
in his expression made the girl draw
back from the invited caress.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"I've brought back your property." He
tossed a crumpled bit of linen into
her lap. A large K embroidered showed
conspicuously in one corner."My handkerchief! Thanks! Where
did you find it?""You ask that? Tell me rather what
takes my promised wife to visit
Charles Truxa?""I answer no question put in such a
tone.""It is my right to know." Her man's
eyes took angry measure of her resist-
ance. "I put the same question this
afternoon, and you evaded it. I thought
when you insisted on your rights and
privileges that your little secrets were
no concern of mine. What do I find?
That you have been closeted in the pri-
vate office of a married man, an old
friend of yours. Truxa refused an ex-
planation. What have you to say? A
woman of leisure, you cannot plead
business in a factory as an excuse."

"You go too far!"

"No; it is you! I love you as my
life, and you drive me mad with
doubts. Knowing my weakness, you
play upon it. I will have the truth,
or—"

Katherine's face, gazing white and

passionless in his arrested Elm.

"Kathe," he pleaded, "I can't stand it.
Right or wrong, you must have no
secrets from me. It's torture!""Argument is useless, Kenneth!"—
Katherine's voice was as cold as her
look—"quite useless. If I told you
this, there would be something else to-
morrow. I am not the woman for
you. You are not the man for me.""Did you love me as I?" began the
man passionately."It's not a question of love," return-
ed the girl. "I'm not going to allow
you to spoil my life with your un-
bearable doubts, nor will I sacrifice
my individuality on the altar of your
jealousy. We have gone through this
before, and you beat down my reason
by appealing to my affection. Now I
choose to be free, to put you out of my
life once and for all."In the days following Hadley strove
to reopen the question, but Katherine
would neither answer his appeals in
writing nor grant him an interview, so
at last silence fell between them. Then
the girl tried to take up her life where
it had been broken into by the coming
of Kenneth, tried to rejoice in her re-
covered freedom, but as the weeks
passed they grew heavier, dragging at
her heart like the ball and chain on
the convict's foot. She suffered in a
manner that she could neither under-
stand nor have believed possible and
grew resentful at the persistent aching
and craving that possessed her.By night she tossed restlessly, in-
somnia her jailer, chafed with a grief
to which she would give no out-
let. She had resented Kenneth's mas-
terful claim on her and on her pur-
suits. Why, then, when this super-
vision was lifted was she not content?
Love she believed subservient to indi-
viduality. When one or other must
be sacrificed she had had no hesita-
tion in her choice. She had made a
fetich of ego, to find in the end love
had no longer an entity, sufficient to
herself. Then succeeded days when, half
desperate in her unhappiness, she near-
ly capitulated; hours when it seemed
as though an irresistible force impelled
her to Kenneth, but always pride re-
frained, and she made no sign."Kenneth sails Saturday," Mildred
told her at last, risking a quarrel,
having been forbidden to mention the
name."There being nothing to keep
him here now," she continued comfort-
ably, "he may never return." She
watched with satisfaction the result of
this stab. "I've often wondered," she
persisted, "that you never regretted
the break, but it's too late now, so
it's better as it is."Katherine made no response, but
that night she wept for the first time,
and long bitter sobs washed away
every feeling but the love that gave
them birth. She realized now that over
her love for Kenneth his faults had
no control. Human nature is so frail
that it must love and cling where it
can in spite of weakness.Early Saturday, when Hadley was
about to board an outbound vessel, a
hand, thrust suddenly out of the half
light, caught at his sleeve. He turned
at the touch."Katherine!" No thickness of veil
could disguise her in his eyes. There
they stood, silent, incapable of speech,
staring at each other. The man re-
covered first and drew her toward the
end of the dock, where great packing
cases afforded some seclusion.

"You should not have come!"

"I had to. I've been all wrong—and
I wanted to tell you. I've been writ-
ing—short stories—advertising ones
for different firms; that's why I went
to Charles Truxa's office. He buys a
number each year. No one knows. I
didn't want them to—especially, until
I could do something worth while.
You'll come back—back to America!""How much do you mean by telling
me this?""As much as you wish. I—I've
missed you so—your faults—my faults,
what do they matter, Kenneth. I'm
wretched without you—I!"Then Hadley understood. Only at
the last moment had he sufficient pres-
ence of mind to get his trunk pulled
off the steamer before she slipped her
moorings.

Kashgaria.

There are few places in the world
so difficult to get at as Kashgaria.
Though it lies in Chinese territory, the
journey from Peking occupies no less
than six months. From India car-
avans take two months, having to cross
meanwhile the three highest mountain
ranges in the world by way of several
passes measuring 18,000 feet above sea
level.Then from the tail end of the Rus-
sian railway system in central Asia
one may reach Kashgaria in three
weeks by several routes, all involving
the transit of difficult and storm swept
passes.Kashgaria is said to cover an area
of 350,000 square miles—a statement
that has little interest until considered
in relation to the proportion which is
cultivated by man. It is startling to
realize that human endeavor has been
capable of rendering fertile little more
than a hundredth part and that ninety-
nine hundredths of it is irredeem-
able desert.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Why He Waited.

The following story is told of the
bishop of Sodor and Man's visit to
Melton Mowbray some time ago, says
the Philadelphia Inquirer: A brougham
awaited him at the station, and he
stepped into it, expecting to be taken
at once to his destination. To his sur-
prise, however, the coachman sat mo-
tionless on the box without the least
intention, apparently, of leaving the
station. At last the bishop inquired
why he was waiting."Well, sir," said the coachman, "I
was told to wait for the Bishop of
Sodor and Man. You've arrived, sir,
and now I'm waiting for your man."

HARMLESS SNAKES.

They Are Valuable as Aids to the
Agriculturist.It is not generally known that the
preservation of harmless snakes is as
important as the destruction of the
hosts of pests met with in farming and
in market gardening.The national records contain sad his-
tories of the total or partial extirmina-
tion of many animals which are useful
or beautiful or both.Yet there are few animals more use-
ful in one way than snakes. If human-
ity alone prevented the killing of harm-
less snakes, how can we justify it
when they are proved to be useful
to us? Consider the economic relation
of a snake to an ear of corn or a row
of potatoes. Snakes live almost en-
tirely upon creatures which are de-
structive to growing things—that is,
they eat literally millions of insects,
small mammals and worms. Especial-
ly are potato bugs, worms, flies, bee-
tles, maggots, ants, grubs, grasshop-
pers, locusts and the larvae of these
the food of most of our snakes.Of considerably over eighty differ-
ent kinds of snakes found throughout
the United States and exclusive of the
rattlesnakes and moccasins there are
but two which can be termed danger-
ous. We exclude the rattlesnakes and
the moccasins because all are large,
easily recognized forms, which cannot
be confused with harmless kinds. Liv-
ing in water, the moccasins are not of-
ten troublesome to farming regions and
are confined to the south from North
Carolina around the Gulf coast and
the Florida peninsula and along the
southern Mississippi living in
swamps. The two really poisonous
snakes which might be mistaken for
harmless ones are the copperhead and
the coral snake.Of the two the copperhead only
needs our attention. This truly poi-
sonous snake is slender and has few
features to distinguish it from harm-
less milk snakes. It is found usually
in rocky hills or stone piles, old cellars
being a favorite spot. But it should
not be greatly feared, for unless at-
tacked or stepped on it will not bite,
and it is seldom found where there is
cultivation of the ground in progress.—
St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

AMERICA'S MOUNTAINS.

Grand and Greater in Variety Than
the Old World's.North America has suffered shame-
fully from Alpine arrogance. Its mas-
ters have looked upon glacially de-
rived ridges bulging faultily above the
continental plateau; upon Popo-
catpet and his sister titans reaching
isthmusward, upon the snowy dead
craters of the Cascades, and pitied us
Americans that our lands offered
mountain sport for none but women
and old men. Volcanoes? An inferior
sort of mountain. The Appalachians?
Molehills.But on their continent are fields for
climbing greater in variety, wider in
appeal to every sort of mountaineer
Alpinist included, than on any other of
the world's six areas and among the
summits physically attainable prob-
ably the hardest in the world. The
Himalayas, with greater real eleva-
tion, have bases of attack discounting
by high, and the accepted idea that
thin air prevents climbing above 25,000
feet bars their tips. If South Amer-
ica offers greater height and heroic
weather, Alaska requires training in a
sport quite new, a subarctic Alpinism
for which you must persist and endure
like a polar traveler, work ax and
rope, cordel or pack, eagles across
tundra. Its ten or more summits be-
tween 10,000 and 20,000 feet present
the greatest effective height, the long-
est snow and ice slopes in the world.All but Mount St. Elias and Mount
McKinley, 20,320 feet, the highest on
the continent, are virgin. Mount Lo-
gan, 19,500 feet, is the world's remain-
ing Alpine problem. Swiss training
alone will not win it. Climbers have
avoided Alaska, often accepting chal-
lenges from Asia and the Andes. Al-
pinists must succeed in this ultimate
feat or come to judgment for their
condescension. Alaska lacks only that
prohibitive elevation for which you
may as well train in a laboratory vac-
uum.—Robert Dunn in Outing Maga-
zine.

A Comb in the Claw.

Many birds possess a useful comb in
the claw of the middle toe of the foot.
This has been noticed in owls, night
jars, herons, bitterns, cormorants, gannets,
etc. It has been explained as a means
of holding the prey securely. The
comb is sometimes replaced by a
curved blade with teeth, which run
along the inner side of the claw. Such
a blade is found in razorbills, wild
ducks, gulls, starlings and many other
birds. Where a comb is required the
inner edge of this blade becomes di-
vided into teeth. Young nightjars or
goatsuckers have only the blade, but
old ones have a well developed comb.

Appropriately Named.

The boy in the paint store dashed
hurriedly up the cellar steps and
sought the proprietor."There's a barrel leaking in the base-
ment," he cried, "and the automobile
stuff is just pouring out.""Why do you call it automobile
stuff?" asked the proprietor."Because," gasped the youngster, "it's
running over everything in sight!"
—Judge.

His Preference.

"Now, Patsy, if it should come to a
real issue which would you rather lose,
your money or your life?""Me loife, begorra. Ofm savin' me
money for me ould age."—Bohemian.It is better to be unborn than un-
taught, for ignorance is the root of
misfortune.—Plato.**A Mephistopheles
of Today.**

[Original.]

A bridge whist party was in progress
in one of the fashionable houses of a
large city. The games were for money,
but as one may lose or win a large
number of points at bridge a point
was fixed at a few cents. There were
two sets of tables. At one set the play
was for money; at the other there was
no stake. Guests were permitted to
sit at the stake or no stake tables, as
they pleased.Nearly all the guests had arrived and
selected their seats when a young man
entered who took a chair opposite a
young girl at one of the tables where
there was no stake to be played for.
On his left sat an elderly woman with
a superior look; on his right, a middle
aged man with a bald head, who seemed
to regard the affair as a bore. The
newcomer was delicately formed,
strikingly handsome and with a win-
ning voice and smile. The girl was
what is called a Titian beauty—that is,
with reddish golden hair and dark,
liquid eyes. The young man was not
known to any one at the table, but in-
troductions in such cases are not re-
quired. He addressed the young girl
modestly, yet confidently.As the play went on it was evident
that she was falling under the spell of
the many pleasant things he said to
her, the musical voice in which he
said them, the glances that shot from
his eyes. Indeed, his whole personal-
ity was fascinating and plainly de-
voted to impressing her. Finally he
suggested that a game without a stake
was uninteresting and proposed that
they have a small one to consist of but
a cent a point. The opposing couple
did not object, but the Titian girl de-
maured. She said she was a member
of a church that prohibited both card
playing and dancing. She had attend-
ed the party not knowing there were
to be cards and had been persuaded
to play only at the urgent request of
the hostess, there being one vacant
seat. The young man opposite her
looked into her eyes with his, where-
upon she took up the hand that lay be-
fore her, making no further objection.From that moment the cards turned
bewitched. Whenever it came the turn
of the Titian girl to play dummy she
invariably played "without a trump,"
which in bridge whist counts twelve
points for each trick above six. She
usually won most of the tricks, often
taking them all, making what is called
a grand slam and counting a bonus.Besides, she and her partner always
won the rub game, which gave them
an extra hundred points. This was all
the more remarkable since she had
never played the game before. Occa-
sionally her opponents would take up
a good hand and "double," upon which
she would "go back," which is the
term for doubling the double. This
doubling and redoubling would often
go on till the original count had been
multiplied by six.The only person at the table having
ordinary hands was the young man
who had suggested playing for a stake.
But, while he took no important part
in the game himself, the others seemed
to feel that all this high play origi-
nated through some mysterious influence
emanating from him. One by one the
players at the other tables ceased to
play and, noticing that there were
large hands and a large count at the
table where sat the girl with the Titian
hair, stood watching the game. One
of these onlookers by mental process
counted the score and noticed that she
and her partner were winners of a
considerable sum.Her partner sat facing a corner with
his back to the room full of guests,
so that his face could not be seen. The
host, noticing persons about his table,
advanced, looked at him and, not re-
cognizing him, thought that he was
some friend of his wife's to whom he
had not been introduced. Then the
hostess saw him and fancied he must
be some friend of her husband's. Ever-
ybody was inquiring who he was,
and no one could give information.At last there arose a whispering and
a murmuring. The Titian girl was
known to most of the guests as an
example of probity, but here she was
playing for stakes that had been raised
from a cent to a dollar, her eyes blaz-
ing and her cheeks red with excite-
ment, her partner a man whom nobody
knew and of whom everybody was sus-
picious. Another estimate was made
of the winnings, and they were found
to reach far up into the hundreds of
dollars.Presently a clergyman joined the on-
lookers. He was an Episcopalian, and
a gold cross glistened on his breast.
He stood directly opposite the young
stranger, who, on looking up, espied
the cross. In a twinkling every mem-
ber of the card party seemed released
from his enthrallment. His opponents
threw down their cards and arose, with
an angry look. The Titian girl leaned
back in her chair and covered her face
with her hands. The strange young
man paled, half arose and, muttering
something about having promised to
be at home early, slunk away through
the crowded rooms. A moment later
carriage wheels were heard rolling rap-
idly away.The baldheaded opponent took up the
score, figured up his loss, felt nervously
in his pockets, whispered something to
the host and left the room. His
partner, exclaiming, "Well, I declare!"
also stalked away. The Titian girl
after sitting for a few moments with
her face covered withdrew her hands
and looked dazedly at those standing
about, when her mother approached and,
like a storm cloud, swept her away.As for the stranger, he never appear-
ed to claim his share of the winnings,
nor was he heard of ever afterward.
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LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Mr. S. Frazier was in Indianapolis today.

Mr. Blanch is ill at the Beta house.

Mrs. E. H. Huffman spent the day in Lafayette.

O. P. Cornell transacted business in Cloverdale today.

Steven Crawley will be in Crawfordville for a few days.

R. W. Raaf made a business trip to Cloverdale this morning.

Arthur Dutton of Bloomington, was in the city this morning.

Mrs. Barry is here from Winona with Prof. F. C. Tilden and family.

Granville Moore went to Brazil this morning to attend to legal business.

Julia Steeg of Franklin, Ind., and Mrs. Lilly Allen, are visiting in Terre Haute.

Mrs. Martha Skinner, has gone to Bloomington to visit her daughter, Mrs. Underwood.

Miss Cassie Ikamire has returned to her home in Putnamville, after a visit with friends here.

John Gulley of New Richmond, who has been visiting his son, William has returned home.

Christie & Pottorff will meet their dancing class for the first time in the Utopian Hall this evening.

Mrs. Lizzie Leatherman, Mr. and Mrs. Hi Rudisill and Mrs. Mary Tony visited F. P. Bell, of Fincaeste, Sunday.

D. O. Person has resigned his position as night car inspector on the Monon. No one has been found to take his place.

C. E. Simmons of Mooresville, was here Friday to visit his parents, A. O. Simmons of Indianapolis was here to spend Sunday with relatives.

Roy Rawlings is ill at the Delta U house.

Mrs. Sam Howard spent the day in Limesdale.

Walter Thompson was in Brick Chapel Monday.

Edith Erwin will spend tonight with Miss May Hibbs.

John Doty has recovered from a severe attack of pneumonia.

Mrs. Flora Hill has returned home from a visit in Atydell, Ind.

Charles Sprague was in Cloverdale today and called on Dr. Gray.

Messrs. Bascom O'Hair and A. E. Harris went to Reno this afternoon.

Mrs. U. V. O'Daniel and daughter have returned from a visit in Cloverdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Thomas went to Crawfordville this morning for a short stay.

Mrs. F. A. Murray, of Garland, Arkansas, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Naylor.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Werneke are having rooms repaired at their home on College Avenue.

Ed. Peck who has been visiting his father here, returned to his home in Russellville this morning.

Russell Lewis who has been visiting his cousin, Arnett Ratcliff, has returned to his home in Memphis, Tenn.

A large number of Thetas will go from this city to Indianapolis on Saturday, to attend the annual banquet of the Theta fraternity.

Samuel Purcell, of the Hurst Buggy Co., will go to Connersville tomorrow to look after the purchase of some vehicles for the spring business.

Mr. James Pierce went to Martinsville today, where he will take treatment for rheumatism. His daughter, Miss Benah, accompanied him to Indianapolis.

Mrs. W. F. Gillespie returned to her home in Indianapolis this morning, via interurban, after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Dick Gillespie and also her sister, Mrs. John James.

Joseph Collins and Henry O'Hair went to Danville, this morning to attend the poultry show. Both have poultry on exhibition and are interested. The exhibition will continue through this week.

The Moving Pictures, in the Opera House this week, in charge of Mr. Blake are well rendered. Special illustrated songs, are given, which prove very satisfactory to the hearers.

Representative C. K. Willett of the International Correspondence School has been in the city looking after the interest of those who are taking the course. Mr. Willett left the city this morning for Lafayette.

J. P. Allee is remodeling his office and making other improvements in his business building. Another room has been added to his office suit which will greatly improve it. Mr. Allee intends putting a steam heating plant in the building this summer.

R. C. Smith of Plainfield was in the city today.

W. H. Warren of Plainfield was in the city today.

R. H. Black of Plainfield was in the city today.

David Shannon of Ladoga was in the city this afternoon.

John Sims of Terre Haute, was in the city this morning.

Claude Lockridge of Roachdale was in the city this afternoon.

M. E. Graves of Wyoming was in the city today en route to Brazil.

Miss Nellie Pickett visited her aunt, Mrs. Eura Todd, on Monday.

W. H. Warren of Chicago transacted business here this morning.

H. Haley of Indianapolis was in the city today en route to Bloomington.

Alfred McMains of Mt. Meridian, visited Miss Roxie McMains on Monday.

Mrs. Fanny Stevens, of Helena, Montana, is visiting friends in the city.

Mrs. Mary Alsop of Sullivan county, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Alex McMains.

Ralph Herrod of Franklin, is visiting friends and relatives in the city this week.

Miss Verna Gough, of near Roachdale, is visiting her sister, Mrs. C. C. Gillen.

Mr. Cris Keohler and daughter, Emma, of Center Point were in the city today.

Mrs. Samuel Purcell is confined to her home with a serious attack of the grippe.

John Stoner made a business trip to Clay County this morning. He drove through.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lantley and Ed. Lantley are moving from Gosport near the city.

Mrs. Mary Day was called to Roachdale this morning by the illness of her mother, Mrs. Beckelheimer.

Amanda Randel has filed suit against Art Jackson in the Circuit Court on a note. The note is for \$50.

Messrs. George Reberger and W. T. Modesitt, commissioners of Clay County, were here today on public business.

Mrs. Frank Shoptaugh, Mrs. F. B. Hillis and Mrs. Fanny Stevens, of Helena, Montana, spent yesterday in Indianapolis.

A number of young people of the city will attend the masquerade at the skating rink at Bainbridge tomorrow night.

R. L. Tevis, who has been visiting Clarence O'Hair, of Brick Chapel, left the city today for his home in Freedonia, Kansas.

James Vermillion and E. B. Lynch went to Terre Haute this morning to attend the meeting of the Indiana Retail Dealers Association.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. O'Hair and Mrs. Oscar Thomas spent yesterday in Indianapolis and called on Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Tolin while there.

Mrs. Maggie Lantley has returned to her home in Gosport, after visiting her daughter, Mrs. Reen Sullivan, who is ill at her home, near this city.

James D. Pierce, janitor at the First Ward School, who has been suffering rheumatism for several months, went to Martinsville today where he will take treatment.

Mrs. H. E. Bart, who has been visiting relatives in Cloverdale, and in the city, left this afternoon, via Vandalla, for Broken Arrow, Oklahoma, where she will join her husband.

The question is asked by a citizen: "Why don't the City Council order pavements on the streets that have no sidewalks instead of tearing up the sidewalks and replacing them with new ones?" Not knowing the answer we respectfully refer our correspondent to members of the City Council.

Miss Donno is demonstrating the Harrison Valveless Oil Gas Stove at the Monarch Grocery this week. Any wishing to see the stove in operation may, by calling at the Monarch. Miss Donno has the one, two and three burner stove, with oven.

Hugh McGowan, the big noise in the Terre Haute, Indianapolis & Eastern, passed through the city this afternoon in his handsome special car on the interurban on his way from Indianapolis to Paris, Ill. This is Mr. McGowan's first trip over the new road and his first over any for two months, as he is just recovering from an attack of sickness. Brazil Times.

Alex Lane, C. W. Dagey, and Cap Wimmer, of Bainbridge, have been in Clinton Township for the past seventeen days preparing for the building of four new roads, the cost of which is estimated a \$340,000. Mr. Wimmer returned to his home in Bainbridge this morning and says they have the roads surveyed, located, and viewed and will leave the remainder of the work "for the other fellow."

D. A. R. ELECTS OFFICERS

At a meeting of the D. A. R. at the home of Mrs. W. L. Denman last evening the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Regent, Mrs. J. W. Cole; Vice-Regent, Mrs. S. A. Hays; Recording Secretary, Pearl O'Hair; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Coss; Treasurer, Mrs. H. M. Smith; Registrar, Miss Jennie Black; Historian, Miss Laura Florer.

LETTER LIST.

The following list of letters remain in the Greencastle, Ind., Post-office, Wednesday, Jan. 22, 1908:

Mr. A. W. Chapman, Mr. Charles H. Devore, J. A. McDowell, Lulu Merconal, Miss Ollie B. Thornburg, Mr. George Williams.

In calling for the same please say "advertised" and give date of list.

J. G. DUNBAR, P. M.

SOMERSET.

There will be preaching at this place next Sunday morning and evening by Elder Benham of Indianapolis. Earl O'Hair and Roy Ferrand drove to Ladoga one day recently.

C. K. Hall has been quite sick but is better.

George Gowen has sold his farm, the Whitted place, to John Ragdale.

James Mace and wife expect to move on J. T. Wyson's farm (The Judy place) next week.

Reese Jackson and wife visited at his father's last week.

Clarence Scobee drilled a well for J. F. O'Hair on the Somerset farm.

Tom Howlett and Hugh Burdette think of engaging in the guena trade this spring.

Lon Cox and family recently moved on Alva Thomas' place.

Mr. Lee and family of Brazil moved into Fernando O'Hair's tenant house last week.

Leslie Ferrand had a pleasant visit with his schoolmate, Durwood Fletcher, one night last week.

Johnny Wells was in our vicinity recently calling on his best girl.

Clay Frank's new barn is under roof.

Word has been received here from the Priest and Davis brothers who with their families recently moved to Missouri, that they are having fine weather there and are well pleased with the country. They are greatly missed in this vicinity, but their many friends wish them success in their new home.

OUR WANT COLUMN

Wanted—Hustling man to represent reliable concern as salesman. Excellent opportunity for right man. Box 345 Terre Haute, Ind. h3t

House For Rent—The O'Ruark property on North College Avenue, suitable for large family or three small families. Rent reasonable. 3t 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.

THE GENTS' Dry Cleaning and Pressing Shop

OVER JONES' DRUG STORE

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Bloaters, Finnan,

Haddies,

and Mackerel

Fresh

Oysters,

and

Sausage.

Call Phone 67

EARLY RISING.

It Is Not Good For Those Who Have to Work Hard All Day.

There is no adequate support for the impression that the early morning hours are in any way more wholesome or healthy than later periods of the day. Except in summer time, they are apt to be damp, foggy, chilly and among the least desirable hours of daylight. It is quite true that during the summer there is a sense of exhilaration about being abroad in these early morning hours, but this evaporation with the dew and is apt to be succeeded by a corresponding depression and loss of working power later in the day. I have been observing my friends and patients for the past twenty years in this respect and am inclined to the opinion that not a little of the depression and nervousness which so commonly develop in hot weather is due to excessive exposure to light, from habits of early rising, inherited from agricultural ancestors, not counterbalanced by three to four hours' rest in darkened rooms in the middle of the day.

Secondly, that the exhilaration experienced during the early morning hours is an expensive luxury, which has to be paid for later in the day. In fact, I have found that, as a general rule, to put it very roughly, the business or professional man who rises an hour before 7.30 or 8 o'clock goes to bed or loses his working power an hour and a half earlier in the evening. Each individual has in the beginning of his day about so much working power stored up in his brain and muscle cells. If he uses this up with great rapidity in the early morning hours he naturally exhausts his stock the sooner in the afternoon or evening.

It is largely a matter of when a man wishes to be at his best. If his occupation is of such a character that he can clear off the brunt of his work in the early morning hours, then let him rise early. If, on the other hand, he requires full vigor and readiness of mind and body in the latter part of the day or at night, then he must rise later to get it. Even in pure muscle work it is false economy to work too long hours. —American Magazine.

AN INGRATE SOLDIER.

His Cowardly Action Was the Making of a Nobleman.

Here is a story of the battlefield. There was war between the Swedes and the Danes. One day a great battle was fought, and the Swedes were beaten and driven from the field. A soldier of the Danes who had been slightly wounded was sitting on the ground. He was about to take a drink from a flask. All at once he heard some one say:

"Oh, sir, give me a drink, for I am dying!"

It was a wounded Swede who spoke. He was lying on the ground only a little way off. The Dane went to him at once. He knelt down by the side of his fallen foe and pressed the flask to his lips. "Drink," said he, "for thy need is greater than mine."

Hardly had he spoken these words when the Swede raised himself on his elbow. He pulled a pistol from his pocket and shot at the man who would have befriended him. The bullet grazed the Dane's shoulder, but did not do him much harm.

"Ah, you rascal!" he cried. "I was going to befriend you, and you repay me by trying to kill me. Now I will punish you. I would have given you all the water, but now you shall have only half." And with that he drank the half of it and then gave the rest to the Swede.

When the king of the Danes heard about this he sent for the soldier and had him tell the story just as it was.

"Why did you spare the life of the Swede after he had tried to kill you?" asked the king.

"Because, sir," said the soldier, "I could never kill a wounded enemy."

"Then you deserve to be a nobleman," said the king. And he rewarded him by making him a knight and giving him a noble title. —Famous Stories Retold.

Needless Ceremony.

Peter had been hastily bidden to Bobby Hunt's party, and his mother was "rounding him up" in front of the washstand.

"Oh, mother," he said, "do I have to have a whole bath?"

"Certainly."

Peter mumbled something, and his mother asked him what it was.

"I said were you sure it wasn't just your idea," replied Peter. "I'm certain I heard Bobby's mother tell you over the telephone that the party was very informal." —Youth's Companion.

He Knew Them.

Once at an important function at Marlborough House Sir Francis Knollys came up to the Prince of Wales and remarked, "Some gentlemen of the press wish admission, your royal highness."

"Oh," said the prince, "show them in. If they don't come in at the door, they'll come in at the ventilator."

In Harness.

"It must be fun," suggested the friend, "to daily daily with these shafts of wit."

"Not when you're hitched between 'em," responded the press humorist, with a sickly smile. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Last Word.

Dyer—I don't object to my wife having the last word.

Enpee—I wouldn't if mine would cut out some of those before it—Smart Set.

Property has its duties as well as its rights.—Drummond.

CATGUT STRINGS.

The Way They Are Made From the Intestines of Sheep.

Catgut strings, it is well known, are made of the intestines of sheep. The intestines of the full grown animal are from forty to fifty feet long.

The raw material from the stockyards is first thoroughly cleansed of fat and fleshy fiber by dull knives arranged on a drum turned by a crank. The white tough membrane that is left is then handed over to the splitter, who dexterously splits the material into even strands by bringing it against the blade of a safety razor set upright in the table before him. The strands are then spun together and placed on the drying frames.

An American E violin string requires six strands, the European four. The strands, at one end fastened to an upright post, are twisted together while still damp and pliable by means of a spinning wheel. Taken from the drying frames, the strings are cut in lengths, coiled and boxed in oiled paper for shipment. To polish the strings very fine emery paper laid on a grooved aluminum block is used. While the strings are still on the drying frame the covered block is passed over the strings, polishing as many at one time as there are grooves in the block. It can be seen that from the manner in which the strands are twisted the effect of polishing is to weaken the string.

In the essential features the process of making the fine gut strings for surgical uses or the heavy strings three-eighths of an inch thick sometimes employed for machinery belting does not differ from the method employed in the case of the musical strings except that the latter are handled with more care. —Chicago Record-Herald.

DARING PHOTOGRAPHY.

Perilous Feats of the Men Who Manipulate the Cameras.

A man who can stand or sit on the flange of a steel beam not so wide as the sole of your shoe and 600 feet above a roaring granite paved city street, there coolly to take successful pictures of the top of the city far below him, must be possessed of three qualifications and each of the first water. He must have judgment, patience and courage, these three, and one may add without slighting the other two, the greatest of these is courage. So writes H. G. Hunting in the Technical World Magazine.

The eager eye of the camera goes everywhere nowadays, and the man who makes picture getting his business adopts no peaceful, unexciting pursuit. If he is under contract to a great newspaper or magazine he may be called upon to secure a picture of anything, from a flash light in the black depths of a metropolitan sewer to a portrait of the fairest white slave in a Turkish harem. He may be asked to "get" a female grizzly nursing her whelps in her mountain lair to illustrate some naturalist's work at one end of the year, and before the other end has come he may snap a shutter on the lip of some smoking volcano's crater.

When you see a striking or a startling picture of man or beast in some extraordinary place or pose, do you ever stop to think where the photographer was who made the negative or how he got there?

Pepper in Olden Times.

During the middle ages in Europe pepper was the most esteemed and important of all the spices. Genoa, Venice and other commercial cities of central Europe were indebted to their traffic in pepper for a large part of their wealth. Its importance as a means of promoting commercial activity and civilization during the middle ages can hardly be overrated. Tribute was levied in pepper, and donations were made in this spice, which was frequently also used as a medium of exchange in place of money. When the imperial city of Rome was besieged by Alaric, the king of the Goths, in 408 A. D., the ransom demanded included 5,000 pounds of gold, 30,000 pounds of silver and 3,000 pounds of pepper, illustrating the importance of this spice at that time.

For Poetical Reasons.

"Perchance," called the amiable widow, "come here."

The little lapdog trotted meekly up. "Surely that is a strange name for a dog!" exclaimed the gentleman visitor.

"What made you name him Perchance?"

"I am so fond of poetry!" explained the lady lucidly.

"Madam, forgive me, but I fail to see the applicability."

"Why, silly man," exclaimed the merry widow, "I named it after Byron's dog! Don't you remember where he says, 'Perchance my dog will howl?'"

What He Knew.

Master—If your friend were to borrow 12 shillings from you, agreeing to pay 1 shilling a month, how much would he owe at the end of the year?

Pupil—Twelve shillings.

"You don't know the elements of arithmetic."

"But I know my friend."—London Scraps.

The Bonds.

"I want to get rid of some bonds."

"Out of my line," replied the lawyer.

"But these are matrimonial bonds," rejoined the caller, putting a different face on the matter. —Philadelphia Ledger.

When we are happy we seek those we love. In sorrow we turn to those who love us. —Cecil Raleigh.

DePAUW UNIVERSITY NOTES

Robert Rawls of Indianapolis was here Sunday.

Walter Reagan was at home until Monday evening.

Miss Eunice Ropper has been pledged Alpha Phi.

Taylor Asbury was in Indianapolis Saturday afternoon.

Earl Broadripple visited Delta U brothers over Sunday.

Miss Blanche Stillson has returned from Indianapolis.

Miss Nancy Hadley was in Plainfield for a Sunday visit.

Roy Love was in Cartton with Frank Travis over Sunday.

Sam Preston of Indianapolis is visiting Deke brothers today.

Mr. Ennis of Connersville, visited over Sunday with friends here.

Miss Lilla Vermilion of Brownstown has entered school this term.

Mr. and Mrs. Gregory have returned home after visiting their daughter Miss Joyce Bridges was in Plainfield over Sunday to visit home folks.

Jesse Holloway of Cloverdale was here over Sunday with Deke brothers.

Misses Mary Hardin and Grace Mattern have returned from Plainfield.

David Whitcomb has been in Shelbyville to attend the funeral of an uncle.

The Glee Club will render a program in Meharry Hall at 7:30 this evening.

Dr. Hughes will give a lecture on education tomorrow at 4 p. m. in West College.

Doctor and Mrs. W. V. Brown have issued invitations for a dinner Friday night.

Roy Rawlings is confined to his room at the Delta U house with an attack of tonsillitis.

Jean Holloway of the Purdue School of Medicine was at the Phi Gam house over Sunday.

W. W. Busenbark of New Market has been the guest of his son Newton at the Sigma Chi house.

The girls' gym classes met at 11 o'clock today to provide funds for the piano to be used in training.

Paul Hurst has returned from Milton, Ind., where he went to take Park Lantz home who is ill with the grippe.

The Alpha Omicron Pi entertained informally Saturday afternoon for the ladies of the faculty in a delightful manner.

Charles Fisher reached his home in Huntington and is reported better. Mr. Whisler who accompanied him there has returned.

Miss Melcher, state secretary of the Y. W. C. A. will lead the Woman's meeting in Plato Hall at four-thirty this afternoon.

The Y. M. C. A. will hold a short meeting at 6:30 tonight, adjourning in time for the Glee Club Concert.

Mr. Moore will lead the meeting.

The active members of the DePauw chapter of Kappa Alpha Theta and members of the alumni will hold a business session at Indianapolis next Saturday afternoon. In the evening a banquet will be given at the Claypool Hotel. A large attendance is expected. About twenty of the girls from DePauw expect to be in attendance.

The Junior class met in the English room yesterday afternoon at 1 o'clock to decide on the question as to whether or not they would publish an annual this year. After the matter had been discussed a vote was taken which was almost unanimous in favor; only two votes being cast against. Another meeting was set for tomorrow (Thursday) afternoon at which time the staff for the publication will be elected. The Junior class this year will not attempt anything so elaborate as the "Mirage" but the new book will be gotten up more as a souvenir edition.

Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared for Piles and Itching of the private parts. Sold by all druggists, mail 50c and \$1.00, Williams' Mfg. Co., Cleveland, O.

Complete Master of Fissures, Fistulas, Blind, Bleeding, Itching, Ulcerated, Internal and External Piles. If used as directed successful results are guaranteed. Purchase price refunded if not satisfactory. It's safe, simple, neat, clean and easy to use. Price \$1.00. C. H. HOYT & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

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