

The Greencastle Herald

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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.

"Nunny Dunny."

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 ghost say, 'Nunny dunny!'" and 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 boobje you've been a drawin' of!"—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 chance?

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 think dar was some clouds ovhead, suh," answered the caving witness.

"Never mind the clouds! And only a few days before this accident the railroad company had put 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 ub de trouble!" declared the sharp-witted witness.

"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.

"Ah, it would be"—she began.

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

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

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 recited off its stereotyped phrases like some schoolboy 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?"

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."

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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 dregs, 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.

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.

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.

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