

WEATHER REPORT.  
Fair tonight and Friday except  
snow near Lake Michigan;  
much colder tonight.

VOL. 2. NO. 256.

# Greencastle Herald.

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA. THURSDAY, JAN. 23, 1908.

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

PRICE ONE CENT

## CURSED HIS TENANT'S WIFE

William W. Cooper, a Farmer Who Lives Near Putnamville, is Before Squire Ashton, Charged With Profanity—Pleads Guilty and Pays Fine.

## RICHARD ALEXANDER FILES CHARGE

William W. Cooper, near 34 years old and a single man, was before Squire Ashton yesterday afternoon on a charge of profanity, sworn out by Richard Alexander, a tenant on the farm belonging to Cooper. Mr. Cooper pleaded guilty to the charge and was fined \$1 and costs, which amounted to \$10.80. He paid the fine.

Mr. Cooper lives on his farm about a mile and a half east of Putnamville. Mr. Alexander, who is a younger man, and his wife are tenants on the Cooper farm. Mr. Cooper boarded with them.

The latter alleges that Young Alexander is lazy and that his wife has similar characteristics. Trouble

## New Circulating Library

Containing the latest books of Fiction and all new books of Fiction as they are issued.

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**S. C. Sayers**  
Phone 388

## This Feels More Like Cloak Weather

to us—and it probably does to you.

For fear that you may have thought that our sale of cloaks at half price had cleaned up the more desirable styles—

We want to assure you that—NOW—  
We are showing as desirable and stylish cloaks as we have shown this year.

Half price means that

\$30 00 Cloaks are now.....	<b>\$15 00</b>
25 00 Cloaks are now.....	<b>12 50</b>
20 00 Cloaks are now.....	<b>10 00</b>
15 00 Cloaks are now.....	<b>7 50</b>
15 00 Cloaks are now.....	<b>6 00</b>
10 00 Cloaks are now.....	<b>5 00</b>
8 00 Cloaks are now.....	<b>4 00</b>

Will you let us show these cloaks to you?

## One-Third of Your Life is Spent in Bed

And you might as well be warm and comfortable—especially in view of the reduced price on all sorts of bedding during our January sale.

**18 Pairs All Wool Blankets \$3.85**

These blankets are full standard size—good, fine wool, and are cheap at the regular price of \$5.00 pair.

The January sale price is **\$3.85** pair.

### Home-Made Bed Comforts 1.89

Covered with best quality calico and challie, filled with 4 pounds of good clean cotton, closely tied—large enough for any bed—are less than you can buy the materials and have them made. The price for a short time **\$1.89**.

**ALLEN BROS.**

## WANT PART OF 4 MILLION

Mrs. W. M. McGaughey of this city is one of the contestants against the will of a great Aunt, the late Mrs. Lydia Bradley, of Peoria, Ill., who left an estate of more than \$4,000,000. Mrs. Bradley, left her estate to an educational institution. The heirs will contest the will on the grounds, that the old woman was unduly influenced, and not in her right mind, when the will was signed.

### FRESHMEN SURPRISE PARTY

A surprise party was given Friday evening in honor of Forest Lewis' thirteenth birthday, at his home on Indiana Street.

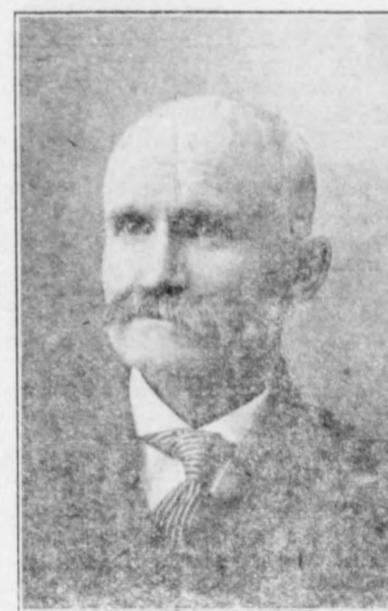
Guests to the number of thirty assembled at 7:30, during the absence of Forest, which gave him a complete surprise.

Various games were played throughout the evening, following, which was a dainty two course luncheon.

Forest was the recipient of many beautiful presents. The guests departed at a late hour, wishing many more such pleasant occasions.

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

**JAMES E. HOUCK**



## FIRST CAR GOES THROUGH

Hugh McGowan, President of the Terre Haute, Indianapolis & Eastern Traction Co., Takes Trip From Capital City to Paris, Ills.—Handsome Car for the Officials.

## THE ROAD IN FINE CONDITION

Terre Haute, Jan. 23—The first through car which came into Terre Haute from Indianapolis on the line of the Terre Haute, Indianapolis & Eastern Traction Company, which is just ready to be opened to traffic, arrived here at 2:30 Tuesday afternoon. Although unannounced the car attracted considerable attention because of its size, its exterior beauty and apparent elegance. To those favored with a ride thereon, whose numbers were limited to persons connected with the company, the car proved to be as good as it looked, the interior being a model of convenience in every respect, and the mechanism thereof being of the most approved modern type.

On board the car was Hugh J. McGowan, the principal reverberation in the Indiana traction world, and he was surrounded by his associates in the T. H. I. & E. management. The officials were: R. I. Todd president of the company; J. J. Apel, R. P. Woods, C. C. Reynolds, general manager; E. B. Peck, W. W. Huffman, right of way agent, and others.

The car, No. 47, left Indianapolis at 10 o'clock Tuesday morning and was in charge of Conductor Fred Morgan and Motorman J. H. George. The trip was made in a leisurely fashion in order that a thorough inspection of the track could be made. A stop was made for lunch and other stops were made at different stations, the car arriving here at 2:30 in the afternoon. Officials were: John E. Lamb of the counsel for the company here joined the party, together with several newspaper men. The car then proceeded to Paris, Ills. The run was made without incident or accident and demonstrated that everything is practically in readiness for the opening of the Indianapolis line next Saturday.

In a talk to a newspaper representative during the ride yesterday, Hugh McGowan expressed keen satisfaction regarding the new line. He declared the power is in every way sufficient, the track is good and only a mile or so remains to be ballasted. "It will be a fine road when it is all fixed up," was the opinion.

The wedding gown was a pretty white net robe fashioned over white taffeta and made in princess style. A coronet of white rosebuds was worn in the hair, and the bride carried a shower bouquet of white roses tied with streamers of silk. The matron of honor was gowned in white silk poplin, trimmed with lace medallions and made in princess fashion. She carried a cluster of pink carnations. Miss Powers wore pink silk pongee combined with baby Irish lace, and carried a cluster of pink flowers. After the ceremony there was a wedding supper, a number of the friends of the bride assisting in the dining room, among them being Mrs. Homer Campbell, Miss Bonnie Sharpe, Miss Maude Thurston, Miss Lillian McGowan and Miss Hazel Sanders. Mr. and Mrs. Ratcliffe will be at home to their friends at their new home at 505 Sutherland Avenue. Among the guests who came to attend the wedding were Miss Pansy O'Brien of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Murray and Mr. and Mrs. George Murray of Greenwood.—Indianapolis Star.

Mr. Mr. Ratcliffe is well known in Greencastle and Putnam County. He had lived in the north part of the county all his life until a few months ago, when he went to Indianapolis. He is now connected with a live stock commission firm in that city.

### THETA BANQUET.

Many of the active members of Kappa Alpha Theta and of the state alumni will meet at the Claypool Saturday afternoon at one o'clock for their Founders' Day luncheon. This is the thirty-eighth anniversary of the sorority and the attendance is always large. Fifteen of the girls from this chapter will be present.

## BLATCHLEY BREAKS A LEG

State Geologist Meets With a Painful Accident Near North Putnam County—Crawls Half a Mile to Reach Farm House and Secure Aid.

## HIS INJURIES ARE VERY PAINFUL

Crawling a half mile across a pasture with his right leg broken and the tendons torn, W. S. Blatchley, state geologist of Indiana, yesterday reached a fence near Russellville, forty miles west of Indianapolis, and shouting at the top of his voice, managed to summon people to his assistance. Mr. Blatchley had been visiting his brother-in-law, Morton Fordyce, near Russellville, while on an exploring expedition and had set out to walk to the railroad station preparatory to going to Indianapolis. In stepping over a log he slipped on some ice on one side of the log and fell.

In crawling to a farmhouse a little less than three-quarters of a mile away he went through a barbed wire fence. Men at the farmhouse were hitching a horse to a buggy preparatory to driving to Russellville. They brought Mr. Blatchley to the railroad station. Upon his arrival in Indianapolis he was attended by Dr. David Ross.—Indianapolis Star.

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

**Fresh Supply Just Received**  
**Pure Imported Italian Olive Oil**

Splendid for medicinal use, excellent for salads. 50c pint.

**Pure Cold Pressed Castor Oil**  
For internal or external use. 20c pint.

**Neats Foot Oil**  
For Harness. Guaranteed free from paraffine oil or other substances deleterious to leather. 20c pint.

**JONES' DRUG STORE**

## YOUR MONEY GROWS

When deposited with us. We will pay you 3 per cent on Saving Accounts, compounded January and July, which yields you a dividend with absolutely no chance of loss. We will act as Administrator, Trustee, Receiver, Executor, Guardian or Agent.

### Real Estate and Insurance

We will insure your property in the county or city, in the largest and strongest companies in the world; will sell you a farm or a home and make you a liberal loan, on long time, at a low rate of interest, to assist you in paying for it. List your property for sale with us.

### The Central Trust Company

## 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 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

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

F. C. TILDEN C. J. ARNOLD

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The weekly Star-Democrat—the official county paper—sent to any address in the United States for \$1.00 a year.

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

### BAINBRIDGE

Several from Roachdale attended the skating rink here Saturday.

Miss Pearl Brown, who is attending school at Greencastle spent Saturday and Sunday at home.

Miss Kate and Antha Petty, spent Saturday and Sunday at Roachdale.

Mr. Milton Brown, and some other boys have bought, the skates of the mrs. Hann & Isaac, ladies may skate free, but gents 25 cents.

Pearl Calloway, spent Saturday, and Sunday at Carpentersville.

Chas. Carver spent Saturday, at Crawfordville.

Mrs. Elijah McKee, received word Tuesday, of the death of her brother, Seaton Rice, of Vermillion Grove, Ill. Mr. Rice's wife died the 13th making a week, and one day between their deaths. Mrs. Rice will be remembered as Elizabeth Catherwood.

Mr. C. M. Moffet is on the sick list.

### A Higher Health Level.

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

### JONES BRANCH.

The chickenpox is raging in this vicinity.

Mr. Albert Heady from Boone Co. is spending a few days with his aunt Mrs. Charles Toney and family.

Miss Mae Keyt spent Sunday with Miss Elizabeth Heady.

Mrs. Toney and daughter, Little Miss Goldie, spent Friday with Mrs. John Reynolds and daughter Pearl.

Will Brown and family and Earl Toney visited the former's father Charles Brown near Brick Chapel Monday.

Mrs. Gertrude Keyt and daughters spent Sunday with her grandmother Mrs. Newgent.

Mrs. Newt Harlan, called on Mrs. Robert Erwine Tuesday afternoon.

Harry Toney and family are going to move from Mrs. Leatherman's on Ben Wyson's place.

Mrs. Will Cox spent Thursday with Mrs. John Reynolds.

Maurice Keyt and family visited Mr. and Mrs. Rambo Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Zimler Boswell called on the former's sister Warren Goddard and wife.

Mrs. David Boswell was taken critically ill Saturday night but is reported some better at this writing.

Mrs. Toney called on Mrs. Reynolds Wednesday afternoon.

### A Cure for Malaria.

"I have found a cure for the misery malaria poison produces," says R. M. James, of Louellen, S. C. "It's called Electric Bitters, and comes in 50 cent bottles. It breaks up a case of chills or a bilious attack in almost no time; and it puts yellow jaundice clean out of commission." This great tonic, medicine and blood purifier gives quick relief in all stomach, liver and kidney complaints and the misery of lame back. Sold under guarantee at the Owl Drug Store. 1n

### TOKYO'S SLUMS.

Worse Than the Worst In Paris, London or New York.

Tokyo has slums whose poverty reaches the last depth of human degradation. Below the cellars of Paris, the alleys of London and the crowded slums of the New York east side, the Japanese capital reveals a lower gulf. It is a region that no ray lights. Your moldy man of Paris and your "hooligan" of London do have at times fierce joys and moments of acid pleasure, but the microscopic intensity of the distress in the Shitaya quarter of Tokyo bars out all hope. Tokyo has far too many poor people, and their disposition is a pressing problem. Thousands are shipped to Korea and Formosa, but the pressure steadily increases owing to the constant migration of ambitious Japanese from the provinces to the capital city.

Japan carefully avoids all public reference to these great sores on its body politic. Their existence is hidden from the foreign visitor. Rarely does a tourist see the slums, and specialists studying the city for precise information are sedulously kept out of the poorest quarters. Japan is so skillfully press agented that the existence of these miserable purleus is not even suspected by the average student of conditions. It is a journalistic rule in Japan not to say anything that betrays weakness in the life of the people, and it is a rule generally observed. But there are writers in Japan who think that in adopting the civilization of the occident the republican form of government should also have been imported, and these give the ministry trouble at times by telling plain, unpalatable truths. The Kokumin newspaper detailed a representative to live the life of the lowest and poorest in Tokyo, and his articles dealing with life in the Shitaya district created an immense sensation. When translated into English in pamphlet form the government promptly bought up the entire edition and destroyed the plates. —Walter J. Kingsley in *World's Work*.

### LIKE HUMAN CORKS

How the Water In Great Salt Lake Treats the Bathers.

Bathing in Great Salt lake is a unique experience.

Flights of steps lead down into the water from the interminable platform along which the bathhouses are situated.

The water is quite shallow at first, and you find a rare enjoyment for a time in wriggling your toes about in the salt that forms the bottom in place of accustomed sand. You are obliged to wade out some distance before you experience the peculiar buoyancy of the lake. First you feel your feet trying to swim out from under you. You find it more and more difficult to walk. You begin to float in spite of yourself. Then you realize you are nonsinkable. You can't sink if you want to. Throw yourself on your back or sit down or try to swim, and you bob about like a rocking chair in a freshet. You feel as though you had been turned to cork. You can't help looking at the phenomenon subjectively. You don't see that there is anything peculiar about the water. It looks and feels like any other bathing water—until you get some of it in your eyes or in your mouth. Then you wish you hadn't come. Ocean water is sweet in comparison. In fact, the chemists tell us it is eight times less salty.

You can't drown in the lake by sinking, but you can be suffocated to death, which is just about as uncomfortable and undesirable. We found signs everywhere warning us against being too talkative or too frolicsome in the water.

When we came out we brought with us large deposits of salt on our skin. As the water evaporated we found ourselves covered with white crystals.

Only a strong shower bath of fresh water or a good clothes brush can put you into fit condition to dress.—Travel Magazine.

### Weighting a Horse's Stern.

Some of the officers and men of a vessel once anchored in the harbor of Funchal, Madeira, went ashore for a horseback ride around the island. About halfway up the mountain we came across a little mizzen-topman, flushed and evidently very warm, riding a spirited little horse with a stone tied up in a silk handkerchief slung to his tail.

The first Lieutenant laughed and said, "What are you doing with that handkerchief, Brown?"

"Why, you see, sir," said Brown, "that when I first hitched her up she pitched badly, being too much by the head, so I just rigged this stone on aft and brought her down to her bearings, and she sells now like a clipper, sir."—On a Man-of-war."

### What He Had to Say.

"Well, George, do you know it is 1 o'clock? What have you to say for yourself?"

"I did have s-s-something to s-say, my dear, b-but you've gone an' s-s-sared it out of my head. Oh, I remember it n-now!"

"Well, what is it?"

"Good night"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### The Family Jar.

"The body of the late Major Jinks was cremated."

"What they goin' to do with it?"

"His widow has him corked up in a fruit jar. Says it's the last of the family jars."—Atlanta Constitution.

When a girl with an angel food taste marries a man with a ginger bread income it's a sign that she doesn't know on which side her bread is buttered.—Dallas News.

## On Both Sides

By W. F. BRYAN.

Copyright, 1907, by E. C. Parcells.

"Looks pretty, doesn't it?" demand Ted Barrion as Nella Fenway came out on the broad piazza.

The girl glanced over the well kept lawn, past the road and so across the fields to the cool dark of the woods beyond.

"Pretty!" she repeated scornfully. "It's just the loveliest thing I ever saw. It looks almost like the country."

"Almost," echoed Barrion. "I say, that's bit rough on a fellow. Slicker guaranteed that it would be the real thing."

"That's just the trouble," she explained. "You just go to the man and

make curious patches of color on the polished surface of the specially laid dancing floor. On the lawn were scores of small tables served by negro waiters looking oddly unhappy in their uniforms, which for the night replaced their usual service clothes.

Yes, it was all perfect, but Nella smiled a little sadly to herself as she recalled the anticipations which the invitation had aroused. She still loved their old farm, but her stepmother would never permit her to go to the country. It was something she was supposed to forget.

Ted's fashionable "farm" had been a great disappointment to her. It was all so unreal, so insincere, and most of all she was disappointed in the dance itself. She made herself comfortable in one corner of the dark porch, where the music came but faintly to her ears and where she was not liable to interruption.

For an hour she sat huddled in a rustic chair that had cost as much as a great parlor suit in real farmhouses, and it was not until she heard Ted's voice that she recalled herself to the present.

"I've been looking for you everywhere," he announced as he came toward her. "The ball is making a great hit. Every one says it is the best of the season, and as a reward Bess says that I may have leave of absence for half an hour."

"Your sister makes a charming hostess," said Nella, with an approving smile. "It must be a great relief to have some one to take from your shoulder the burden of entertaining."

"You bet," declared Ted, with more fervor than elegance. "This dance will cover a multitude of social debts. But come; let's get out of this and into the real country. It lies just across the road. We can sit over there with the real rustic and imagine that we are enviously looking on and listening to the music."

Nella fell in with the suggestion, and laughingly they stole across the road to where a little knot of the real farmers had gathered to watch the fun. Ted found a seat for her on a smooth stone and took his place by her side.

"It's funny," he said, "that we on the other side of the fence want to come over here, while those over here wish that they could be over there. It's human nature, I suppose, to want what we know nothing of."

"I have been on both sides," she reminded, "and I like this side best. Society is all right for those who know nothing else, but I am awfully tired of it. Ted, it is all so artificial and so unhuman."

"Inhuman, too, for that matter," chuckled Ted. "I say, Nell, how would you like to chuck it all? I'm sick of it too. This is a real farm in spite of its society trimmings. I'll cut out some of the trimmings, and we'll make it real. Then we can live on both sides of the fence, content on either side with the knowledge that we have the key to the gate."

"It is the best—your best," she said. "But it's not a real farm dance any more than this is a real farm. Ted, it's all a play and a pretense. We were to wear print dresses, and Rita Farnum is upstairs getting into a decollete mulle gown trimmed with real models."

"I wanted to have the best," he said. "But it's not a real farm dance any more than this is a real farm, Ted. It's all a play and a pretense. We were to wear print dresses, and Rita Farnum is upstairs getting into a decollete mulle gown trimmed with real models."

Ted glanced approvingly at the simple little print frock that suited so well the fresh, rounded figure and the plump face above.

"It is useless to paint the lily—until the lily is faded," he said, with a little laugh. "When Rita Farnum gets to heaven and she finds her angelic robe is not to her liking she will search the other place for a dressmaker to fit it over. All dressmakers will go to—the other place," he added.

"That's the feminine belief," assented Nella, with a rippling laugh that reminded Ted of the song of birds in the early morning.

"How about the way you have made this farm over into a toy? That is just as bad."

"What's the matter with the farm?" demanded Barrion. "It's one of the show places of the country. You are the only one who has said anything against it."

"I am disappointed," explained the girl. "You see, dad does not like to be reminded of those times when—er—"

"Before they found coal on his farm and he got into society," completed Ted, who knew the story of Joel Fenway's sudden rise to riches and his subsequent avoidance of any reference to his country life.

"Well, dad has hated the country ever since, but I love it. This has been my first visit to a farm since the old days. I was like a little girl promised a new toy when I heard I was to be one of the house party for the barn dance, but it's not the same," she added wistfully. "You are wearing overalls and a cotton shirt, but you've got your society manner on, Ted."

"The bridge is not safe!" Karma called to him.

The man angrily waded ashore.

"But I thought you required two tests?" he said to the wise one.

"That is true," Karma replied. "A little while before your arrival I tried to cross and fell in the river myself."

"You are too fussy," said the man.

The ropes sagged beneath him, and finally he fell into the current.

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"That is true," Karma replied. "A little while before your arrival I tried to cross and fell in the river myself."

"You are too fussy," said the man.

And the man was very angry, and when he reached a safe distance he rudely threw a stone at Karma, but happily missed him.

Bombarded.

"Ah, my friend," said the old soldier, "you don't know what it is to be in the midst of a shower of shells."

"Yes, I do," responded the younger man.

"Been in the war?"

"No, but I have often sat in the parquet while the gallery gods were munching peanuts."—Detroit Tribune.

made curious patches of color on the polished surface of the specially laid dancing floor. On the lawn were scores of small tables served by negro waiters looking oddly unhappy in their uniforms, which for the night replaced their usual service clothes.

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## E. B. LYNCH

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## Sanitary Plumbing

Hot Water, Steam and Gas Fitting,  
Electric Wiring and Fixtures

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No. 10 N. Indiana St.

COAL COAL  
COAL

We are located on Ben Lucans old lumber yard grounds where we will handle all kinds of COAL.

(Near Vandalia Station, We are ready to make you prices on

Block, Anthracite, Nut, Slack

or any kind or quality

We are in business to sell you any kind of Coal that you may desire and we can guarantee the prices.

Give us a call or let us know your wants.

## F. B. Hillis Coal Co.

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

## INTERURBAN TIME TABLE.

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

RUPERT BARTLEY, Agent.

## MONON ROUTE.

Time Card in effect July 22, 1908  
North Bound South Bound  
1:22 am ..... 2:12 pm  
9:32 am ..... 8:25 am  
12:32 pm ..... 2:20 pm  
5:52 pm ..... 5:20 pm  
All trains run daily J. A. MICHAEL Agent

WE PRINT  
SALE BILLS  
AND PRINT THEM RIGHTThe Best  
COAL

AT

Cheapest  
Prices

## C. A. CAWLEY

Phone 163

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Greenlee and Ernest Greenlee and wife of Indianapolis visited John Harris and other friends part of last week.

Mr. Little Rogers and children of Amo spent several days last week with Elizabeth Masten.

Miss Opal Prather of Fillmore spent Saturday night and Sunday with Eva Wise.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mendenhall and Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Summers attended church here Sunday.

The musical given by the band boys Saturday night was well attended; over \$40 being taken in.

Mrs. Flora Gambold has returned from Chicago after a visit with her brother Bill Huber.

Miss Lesta Buis spent Saturday and Sunday with Grace Gambold.

Carl Aubrey and wife have moved to town.

The revival closed Wednesday night with three additions.

## A Summer Storm.

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN.

Copyrighted, 1907, by Homer Sprague.

The afternoon sunshine rippled across the lake, burnishing the waves to gold and bringing out soft glints in Margaret Allston's hair. The girl's eyes gazed dreamily over the water. Her hands—firm, capable little hands—were clasped loosely behind her head as she leaned back in the rustic chair. The clear, delicately penciled features, the pliant figure relaxed to a happy abandon—all breathed a rare atmosphere of refinement and charm. Mrs. Rushwell, looking critically at her, wondered for the thousandth time why Margaret had never married.

They were seated in one of the pretty plazza crowned bouches which decorate the Adirondack shores. Margaret had been reading aloud while the other sewed. Mrs. Rushwell carefully threaded her needle.

"It has been so lovely to have you all to myself this way, Margaret," she said sincerely. "I almost wish Ned was not bringing up all that mob to-night."

A glint of laughter flickered in the girl's eyes.

"And who all are coming?" she queried idly. She knew Mary's social tastes—Mary, who was never so happy as when entertaining a roomful. For herself, the fresh, cool breeze, the fringe of green edging, the sparkling bit of blue, the distant glimpses of purple mountains—these filled her with an unspeakable sense of peace and comfort. She did not think that the people would bother her greatly. Mrs. Rushwell reflected.

"Well, there are Susie Hoyt and Billy Morris and Jim Blackwell and—ando, yes, you remember Townsend Lassiter. He is just returned from Chile, where I believe he was the most popular minister ever sent there from Washington. And Belen di Herrera arrives too. She is a sort of ward of his, I believe. He knew her parents intimately, and when they both died he took charge of the girl and has just brought her up to her mother's people. She was an American. The girl is awfully young, only seventeen, but they develop early in those countries. So when I asked him I invited her too. He brought her to see me just before I left town, and in spite of his being so much older I believe he is going to marry her. It's quite a romantic story, isn't it?"

"Very," murmured Margaret. She had grown a trifle paler, but that might have been attributable to the heat. The breeze was going down with the sun. Her manner was quite uniform.

"I remember Mr. Lassiter very well," she said quietly. "It will be pleasant to meet him again."

But as she dressed for dinner that evening Margaret found herself using even more than her usual dainty care. When she had finished the girl lifted the hand glass and surveyed herself carefully. A little sigh fluttered between her parted lips. She was still slim and straight and tall, but the thoughtful mouth had a tired, worn look, and the soft hair showed a patch of silver.

"And he is engaged to a girl of seventeen," she reflected rather wistfully. "Will he think me very changed, I wonder?" Then with a sudden change of mood she blew out the candle and smiled. "He has probably forgotten the whole episode ages since," she decided. "Don't be a goose, Margaret. Evoking ghosts is a foolish pastime."

But despite her philosophy Margaret was conscious of a quick thrill of interest as Townsend Lassiter came forward to greet her. He at least had not changed, or if he had it was but to improve, conceded Margaret. The straight, thick hair on his temples was touched with gray; the pleasant, frank eyes had a serious look in them. But the old flashing smile was there. Margaret experienced a sudden sense of relief. There was no hint of awkwardness in his manner. The note of cordial greeting to an old friend was exactly right. Then he turned.

"I want you to meet Miss di Herrera," he said.

During dinner Margaret looked at the little South American. She seemed a mere child, with her great, dark, velvety eyes and sensitive, quivering mouth. And Townsend Lassiter cared for her. He treated her with a grave, careful tenderness that considered her every want. Yet at once Margaret was conscious of a sudden, swelling sympathy for the shy, half-frightened little thing. She seemed so young, so helpless. As they all rose to leave the dining room Margaret spoke to her in kindly, halting Spanish. The small face lighted up, the soft olive cheeks flushed dusky, as the girl stammered some grateful reply. Margaret was almost startled at the loveliness of the child, and young Morris, close behind, caught his breath.

The house party had been invited for two weeks, but hardly three days had passed before Mrs. Rushwell began dimly to surmise something wrong. To all appearance her guests were well chosen and congenial, but some subtle sixth sense made her aware of a strain, a tension, carefully hidden, but acutely present. She fell to watching, but conclusions baffled her. The little South American girl, her eyes wet with tears, was not conscious of the pelting rain, for in that second when lake and woods had stood distinct and clear, silhouetted against that unearthly brilliance, in that instant of vision had been revealed the picture of a man and a maid, a picture old when time was young—Billy Morris kissing Belen.

"Margaret!" cried Lassiter hoarsely. "Oh, Margaret, you saw, you heard! Belen is going to marry Billy Morris, and you—you are going to marry me, aren't you, Margaret?" as she lifted her face to his.

The revival closed Wednesday night with three additions.

gazing with curious eyes his little fiancee. What was the matter with them all, wondered Mrs. Rushwell. Was Lassiter jealous? There could be nothing serious in the Morris boy's attentions.

It was the last night of their stay. All day heavy clouds had been piling up in the west, threatening masses of violet. The sun had sunk below the horizon in a sullen blaze of dull red. The stillness and the heat were intense. Margaret, restless and weary, had slipped outside, seeking a refuge, a breath among the stately pines. Above her head they murmured in endless cadence, musical and mysterious. But to her troubled mind the tranquillity of the woods brought no peace. As yet the pain was too fresh for nature's assuagement. And twisted through the tangle of her own persistent thoughts ran a teasing little question of Belen's. Before dinner the girl had come to her room. The emma-like face was pale; the dusky eyes had an odd look of suffering. She had picked up Margaret's silver hand glass and stood balancing it absently.

"Mr. Townsend, he is a very great man, is he not?" She had put the question wistfully, and Margaret had answered yes.

"It is strange that he can care for one—one so young, so ignorant, so untrained," faltered the young voice. "Do you think you really does really?" The big eyes had searched Margaret's face with an eager, almost a supplicating intensity.

For a moment Margaret's heart had almost stopped its beating. What could the child mean? Then she had forced herself to calmness.

"I know he does," she had answered steadily. "He cares very much."

But the question lingered in Margaret's mind, touched to a poignant significance by the memory of that small white face. Of what was the child thinking? Whence came the hidden feeling which prompted the query?

Margaret, despite the close atmosphere, shivered. Why had Lassiter returned and why, oh, why, had he come here to destroy, this time forever, the peace of mind which Margaret had believed so secure at last? And this poor child who loved her! Involuntarily Margaret wrung her hands. How hard, how complicated, was life! But, thank Heaven, tomorrow they would all separate. After tomorrow she need see him no more.

There was a step behind her on the soft carpet of fallen needles—a quick, firm tread coming hurriedly down the path. Margaret turned. It was dusky under the thick sheltering boughs, but she recognized at once that it was Lassiter. At sight of the white figure before him the man started.

"Margaret!" he ejaculated sharply. "Margaret!" But he caught himself at once. "I beg your pardon," he smiled. "You looked almost like a ghost there among the trees. I am on my way to the bouthouse," explaining easily. "Belen and young Morris are on the lake, and it looks so like a storm."

"Come," she said quickly. It had grown very dark. The sultry air was breathless. Not a sigh stirred the branches above. The slippery, overgrown path was difficult to find, but Margaret sped unhesitatingly on. That little frail canou out on the tumbling waters! Oh, why was the bouthouse so far? And then all at once a gnarled root thrust boldly caught her foot. She tripped, stumbled, and the next instant she had fallen into Lassiter's arms.

It was only for one brief fraction of time, one half anguished moment, during which the man, his stern self-control shaken, had gathered her close. Then Margaret broke from him.

"Belen!" she gasped. The lines around Lassiter's mouth whitened.

"I know," he said. "I know." But despite his effort at self mastery the emotion roused was not to be so easily leashed. The bitterness of years surged to the surface.

"Margaret!" he cried. "Oh, Margaret, why did you send me away?"

"I—I didn't know," murmured the woman unsteadily. "I—I thought I didn't care, and then it was too late—you had gone. But—but you are happy now," she urged. "Belen!"

"Belen is a child," said Lassiter quietly. "When she was left so alone with only me for guardian there seemed nothing else to do. I shall try to make her a good husband. But you, Margaret!" his voice suddenly dropped to an unconscious entreaty—"Margaret!"

Then out of the gloom a voice echoed clearly across the water.

"No," it sobbed, and both man and woman, stopping suddenly, recognized the voice as Belen's. "You mustn't talk so. I can't marry you. Oh, I can't! He loves me. Miss Alston says so. And he has been too good to me. I must not break his heart, but I love Billy."

Across the murky darkness leaped a white flash of fire. A tremendous crashing peal seemed to split the very heavens, and then suddenly the rain, loosed at last, came pouring down, cool, cleansing, revivifying, bringing a grateful freshness to the thirsty ground, restored equilibrium to the surcharged atmosphere. Great drops pattered on the pine boughs, but Margaret, her eyes wet with happy tears, was not conscious of the pelting rain, for in that second when lake and woods had stood distinct and clear, silhouetted against that unearthly brilliance, in that instant of vision had been revealed the picture of a man and a maid, a picture old when time was young—Billy Morris kissing Belen.

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## CORNISH DIALECT.

Some Quaint Terms That Are Common Among the Natives.

"A hitched my foot in the scounce and knocked my noddick, and A wadn't able to clunkly for fortnight." Readers of dialect tales will probably take it for granted that this sentence is Scotch. It is, however, Cornish and, being interpreted, means, "I caught my foot in the pavement and struck the nape of my neck, and I was not able to swallow for fortnight."

There are some quaint terms common in Cornwall which have a pleasant savor of their own. The phrase "my dear"—prolonged to two syllables—is not, for instance, any indication of especial affection. It is a common form of address to either man or woman. So also, though with rather more discrimination in its use, is "my dear life."

A young child is mentioned in terms of endearment as "my 'ansome" or "stender deear" or even "tender worm." "Son" and "sonny" are used without the least relation to the age or sex of the person addressed. A son may sometimes be heard speaking to his own father as "my son" or a husband calling his wife "sonny."

"Young" means simply unmarried. A bachelor of eighty is "a young man." Of a bride still in her teens it was said that she was "a pretty lot better looking than when she was young." An old person is not simply old. He is "old ancient." Several New England localisms are found in Cornish speech, as "cricket" for a small stool, "chorches" for household jobs and "dowdy" for pudding, though in America the latter word survives only as part of "pan-dowdy," the delicious deep spiced apple pie of country housewives.

A Cornish anecdote relates that a small boy left home to supervise the family dinner while the rest of the household were at church, having, like King Alfred, neglected his duty and allowed the fig pudding to scorch, in his dismay ran to the church and from the doorway made signs to the housewife to come forth. She indignantly signed him to wait, which for a time he did, but at length, becoming impatient, cried aloud in reply to her frowns and grimaces, to the scandal of the startled congregation:

"Yew may winky and skrinky as long as yew du plase, but the figgy dowdy is burnt gin the crock!"—Liverpool Mercury.

## OUR BRAINS ARE DOUBLED.

But Only One of Them is Used to Think With.

Man has a pair of brains just as he has a pair of eyes and a pair of ears, declares Dr. William Hanna Thomson in Everybody's. But, asserts Dr. Thomson, only one of our two brains is used to think with. He continues:

"When we come into this world we have a pair of quite thoughtless brains and nothing more. To become intelligent beings we must acquire a whole host of mental faculties and endowments, not one of which does a human being bring with him at birth. No one was ever born speaking English nor any other language. No newly born babe knows anything by sight nor by any other sense. Every kind of knowledge has to be gained by personal education. But only recently have we found that this education necessitates the creation of a local anatomical change in brain matter to make it the special seat for that accomplishment. Thus no one can become a skilled violin player until by long fashioning he has at last made a violin playing place in his cerebrum.

"But all this brain fashioning takes so much time and trouble that for mere economy of labor, as one hemisphere will do all that is necessary, the individual spends his efforts on one of them only. As both hemispheres are equally good for this purpose, which of the two will educate depends on which one he begins with. This is settled for him when as a child he begins at his training by the hand that he then most easily uses; hence it is that all the speech centers and all the knowing and educated places are to be found only in the left hemisphere of the right handed and in the right hemisphere of the left hand."

The Landlady's Mistake.

On her first night at the seaside lodgings the visitor found it. Incredibly it seemed, for the landlady had appeared a neat, cleanly, cautious body. But as the lady visitor knew little of her landlady and nothing of her predecessor in the apartment she decided to mention the matter at breakfast. "I found something in my bedroom," she began, and the landlady interrupted.

## LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

## What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

R. L. O'Hair is in Indianapolis. S. A. Hays went to Indianapolis today.

Mrs. Lillie Allen is on the sick list.

George Landis spent the day in Fillmore.

Miss Pearl Newgent spent the day in Indianapolis.

T. Murphy is not at work today on account of illness.

M. H. Ray and Wade Wood were in Terre Haute this afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Connelly were in Terre Haute this afternoon.

Albert Payne of Brazil transacted business in the city this morning.

Mrs. Emma Windsor and Miss Genevieve Ames were in Indianapolis today.

Mrs. Harry Kirkpatrick of Greenfield is visiting in the city.—Brazil Times.

Grace Ford was called to her home in Bainbridge last evening by illness.

Noble Vaughn, G. H. S. '09, is confined to his home by an attack of the gripe.

The promised cold snap was in evidence this morning and with it a slight flurry of snow.

Miss Blanche Alspaugh has returned from a three week's visit in Chicago and Altamont, Ills.

Mrs. Mary Ames, who has been quite ill, has recovered sufficiently to be up and around the house.

Dr. J. P. D. John has engagements in the Martinsville M. E. Church for the evenings of January 27, 28 and 29.

The case of Catherine Downing vs. Dr. Louis L. Williams for damages has been venued to Putnam County for trial.—Brazil Times.

Misses Mabel Bolton and Ida Cooper of Putnamville, were in the city today. Miss Bolton will visit William Soper a few days.

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

\$6.00 to \$8.00  
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is not only free from strains and pulls from within, but withstands the wear and tear from without, because it is made from the highest quality of materials obtainable and constructed with the utmost perfection of detail. The merest glance shows it to be The Better Shoe—close inspection brings out the reasons for its superiority.

Full lines—all styles—all lasts.

For Sale by

**SIMPSON HIRT**

## New Moving Pictures

### AT OPERA HOUSE

Commencing Monday Night, January 13th

2000 feet Film each night—the best ever seen in the city.

Stereopticon Desolving Views—they are fine. GOOD MUSIC.

Miss Freda Huffman  
Musical Director.

Miss Gertrude Taylor  
Vocalist.

Admission 10c; Children 5c

Mr. Snodgrass, of Fillmore, was in the city yesterday.

C. O. Bunten, of Fillmore, was in the city yesterday.

Charles Rockwell, of Cloverdale, was in the city today.

Mrs. Henry B. Longden, spent the day in Crawfordsville.

Miss Pearl Newgent, went to Indianapolis, this morning.

J. F. Swift spent the day in Crawfordsville, transacting business.

Miss Myrtle Ragsdale, is the guest of Mrs. Mort Marshall this week.

Miss Esther Gwin of Spencer is the guest of Miss Blanche Alspaugh.

Oscar Thomas, has returned from a short stay in Crawfordsville.

B. G. Hoadley, returned to his home in Stilesville this morning.

Mrs. Edward Stone, is confined to her home by an attack of heart trouble.

Charles Smith was absent from work yesterday on the account of sickness.

Attorney John Allee transacted business in Bainbridge, and Roachdale today.

Mrs. Sarah Snodgrass, of Fillmore was the guest of Mrs. Josephine Lisby, yesterday.

H. Gaunt, of Marion, Ind., was in the city this afternoon, en route to Campbellsburg.

Miss Julia Steep returned to her home in Franklin this morning after a few days' visit in the city.

Mrs. Peter McNary and Miss Joe Hoagland, east of the city, were calling on friends here yesterday.

A number of the little friends of Jim Crump gave her a surprise party yesterday in honor of her birthday.

Word is received here that Edward Gardner, son of Mr. Ed. Gardner of this city, is working near Bluefields, Central America, in the mahogany timber business.

The contractors for the erection of the new Carnegie Library building of DePauw University will begin work immediately and will not lose a day without bad weather prevents work.

The religious celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of James and Mary Downs will be commemorated at St. Paul's Catholic Church tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock. Members, friends and acquaintances invited.

The discord and strife evidenced in the Republican party in Greencastle for the last past year or so, is now noticeable in Republican politics all over the country. The Rooseveltites are strenuously striking and stabbing every Republican within reach that refuses to trifle to Roosevelt and the roystering blades who are for Roosevelt and everything and everybody Roosevelt who are for Roosevelt and everyone.

Perhaps the best first-baseman DePauw ever had was "Babe" Conklin who played with Pulse. After leaving school he played with various teams of the Central League and made a very creditable showing.

It is a well known fact that James Lightbody was our greatest track athlete. Altho most of his records were made after he went to Chicago University, he was developed here.

His world records made at St. Louis and Athens are known to all lovers of college sports. His recent visit to our city recalled to mind his brilliant records.

Since Lightbody, Capt. Tucker has gained more fame than any other DePauw athlete. His record is unsurpassed in that he has been captain of the football, track and baseball teams

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DePAUW UNIVERSITY NOTES

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Miss Grace Collier is able to be out.

Mr. Stillwell of Lafayette, an old DePauw man, was in town last night.

"Short" Blanch is still confined to his room at the Beta House by illness.

Miss Helen Reckert has returned to Terre Haute after several days' visit.

Miss Forest Luther has gone to her home in Terre Haute on account of illness.

The Junior Class meets in Plato Hall this afternoon to elect officers for their annual.

The Juniors will meet this afternoon at 2 o'clock. Important business is to be transacted.

Miss Clara Belle Hood of Portland will visit Theta sisters Sunday after attending the Theta banquet Saturday evening.

Registrar Dobell last night stated that 645 students were registered in the College of Liberal Arts and in the Academy this term.

Charles Fisher, who has been at his home in Huntington for the last week on account of illness, has once more resumed his studies.

The Kappa Alpha Theta sorority will hold their state banquet at the Claypool Hotel Indianapolis, at 1 p.m. Saturday. About fifteen will attend from the DePauw chapter.

Miss Irma Horne, one of the young ladies rooming at the dorm, who has been in ill health for the past few weeks, left for her home at Greenville, Ohio, yesterday evening. Mr. Horne was here yesterday and accompanied his daughter home.

The Research Club of Indianapolis has issued invitations to the other clubs of the city to hear Dr. Hughes on January 31. President Hughes will appear before the Club with his lecture on "The Teacher in Fiction." The Research Club is one of the most prominent in Indianapolis.

At chapel this morning Dr. Hughes spoke concerning the Rhodes scholarship from Indiana. He called attention to the fact that the examinations were held yesterday and the day before at the office of the Marion County Superintendent at Indi-

anapolis. Students take the examination in Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra and Geometry. He emphasized the requirement that the student chosen for the scholarship must also show a good athletic record in the school from which he comes. As yet no student from DePauw has taken the examination who was officially endorsed by the institution although one has taken it without the official seal of approval of the university.

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