

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

Greencastle Herald.

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

VOL. 2. NO. 256.

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

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

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

I want your membership.

S. C. Sayers
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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.....	\$15 00
25 00 Cloaks are now.....	12 50
20 00 Cloaks are now.....	10 00
15 00 Cloaks are now.....	7 50
15 00 Cloaks are now.....	6 00
10 00 Cloaks are now.....	5 00
8 00 Cloaks are now.....	4 00

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 Mrs. Lydia Bradley, of Peoria, Ill., who recently died.

WOMAN LEFT ESTATE TO SCHOOL

Mrs. Elizabeth McGaughey, wife of Dr. W. M. McGaughey, of this town, is one of the several relatives, of 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.

The Indianapolis Star says: The death of Mrs. Lydia Bradley, at Peoria, Ill., who left an estate said to amount to more than \$4,000,000, which she willed to an educational institution at Peoria, has brought a protest from a number of heirs, among whom are many Indiana and Indianapolis people. Mrs. Bradley's maiden name was Moss, and she lived for many years on a farm a few miles northeast of Greencastle, and frequently visited them after her marriage.

One of her nieces, who are the most interested in her property, is Mrs. T. J. Griffith, of Indianapolis. Among the relatives, principally grand-nephews and grand-nieces, are Mrs. W. H. Hawkins, Charles Smith, Mrs. Walter McGaughey, of Greencastle, James Mathews, Danville, Ill., Mrs. Lizzie Coffman, of Fillmore, James Knetzer, of Coatsville, Mrs. Guy Day, of Blackwell, Okla., Mrs. Rosa Colthrop, and Mrs. Mattie Turner, of Terre Haute.

IT IS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

The program committee in charge of the Farmers' Institute especially urge parents, teachers and Sunday School teachers to impress upon the minds of the children, the theme of William Watson Woolen's lecture Friday evening, "The Birds." The speaker will especially appreciate an overflow audience of young people. The music will be furnished by the High School chorus.

HOW HELEN KELLER "SEES"

Think of one blind and deaf from early childhood who finds the world "alive, ruddy, and satisfying." That is Helen Keller's own expression; and certainly it is a unique and important human document, which is promised in her essays on "Sense and Sensibility," the first to appear in the February Century. Here she tells, to the world for the first time, how she "sees" and "hears."

"How can the world be shriveled when this most profound, emotional sense, touch, is faithful to its service? I am sure that if a fairy bade me choose between the sense of sight and that of touch, I would not part with the warm, endearing contact of human hands or the wealth of form, the nobility and fullness that press into my palms."

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REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Kate Heber to Mathew C. Furney, land in Washington tp., \$1200.
Jesse E. Cline et al. to Alva J. Cox, land in Jefferson tp., \$2500.
Virginia Tilley to Nettie Hodshire, lot in Greencastle, \$1.
Julia A. Balch et al. to Leak Collins, land in Franklin tp., \$400.
Thomas M. Collins et al. to Leak Collins, land in Franklin tp., \$5.
William Skelton et al. to Paul and Isaac Skelton, land in Washington tp., \$2200.

James W. Figg and wife to John F. Bartlett, land in Floyd tp., \$3400.
James M. L. Evans to William H. Evans, lot in Cloverdale, \$400.

James M. L. Evans to William H. Evans, land in Cloverdale tp., \$2500.
William H. Evans to James L. Evans, land in Cloverdale tp., \$2800.

John Sutherland, went to Terre Haute, this morning to attend the meeting of the Indiana Retail Dealers Association today and banquet, tonight. Mr. Sutherland is a delegate from the local Association to the Convention.

JAMES E. HOUCK



James E., better known as just plain "Ed" Houck, was nominated at the recent Democratic Primary election for Democratic candidate for County Commissioner from the Third District. Mr. Houck is a thorough business man and no doubt will be elected to the office by an exceedingly large majority.

WILL RATCLIFF A BENEDICT

Former Putnam County Man Weds Miss Helen Powers of Indianapolis—Now is With Commission Firm in Indianapolis.

The marriage of Miss Helen Powers and Mr. William E. Ratcliffe, took place last evening at 8:30 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents on East McCarty street. The wedding guests included a number of the young friends of the bridal couple. The decorations were extremely pretty and were carried out in the wedding colors of green, white and pink.

The bridal altar was formed before the mantel in the hall, and was made of palms, ferns and trailing vines, and there were vases and wall pockets filled with pink and white roses. The archways and stairways were festooned with smilax.

The wedding music was played by Miss Bessie Wolf, pianist, and Mr. Alfred B. Vesper, violinist. For the entrance of the wedding party the "Mendelssohn Wedding March" was rendered, and during the reading of the service by the Rev. W. M. Maxton, pastor of the Sixth Presbyterian Church, the music was changed to "Angels' Serenade." The attendants were Mrs. Mabel Eden, matron of honor; Miss Flossie Powers, sister of the bride, maid of honor, and Mr. Charles Slipher, best man.

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 smilax. 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.

FIRST CAR GOES THROUGH

Hugh McGowan, President of the Terre Haute, Indianapolis & Eastern Traction Co., Takes Trip From Capital City to Paris, Ill.—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. Apple, 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 of the Terre Haute division boarded the car at Seelyville and included General Manager, T. F. Grover, Superintendent Nash and others. When the car reached the city John E. Lamb of the counsel for the company here joined the party, together with several newspaper men. The car then proceeded to Paris, Ill. 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 cars for service on the Terre Haute, Indianapolis road are much larger than any seen here before. They are 61 feet and 6 inches in length and look like Pullman cars. They comprise a ladies' compartment, a smoking compartment and a baggage compartment. The cars are fitted with the best there is in electric equipment, the controller being a box no bigger than a coffee grinder, constructed on the multiple system.

The cars are handsomely fitted out and will prove comfortable conveyances between the Pittsburgh of the West and the capital city.

This car went through Greencastle but did not stop. It passed through town at near 11 o'clock going west and in returning the same evening went through Greencastle at near 9 o'clock. Regular service on the line will begin the last of this week or the first of next.

CLUB SCORES A BIG HIT

Judging by size of the crowd and the length of the program it must have been a huge success and that is the general verdict of all who heard the Home Concert of the University Glee Club last night. The men were greeted in a genial DePauw style and an excellent and varied program was given a satisfactory rendition.

The club is made up of ten vocalists, namely, Messrs. Henderson, Crick, Vennum, Elliott, Whitcomb, Troutman, Fribley, Newbanks, Randle and Frank Lucas. The first number the "Bedouin Song" by Foote and the "College Song" proved the most popular and their work shows a balanced and harmonious organization. The majority of these singers are underclassmen and not only is the present club a good one but this fact also assures a good foundation for future work.

The soloists, Mr. Earl Hunt and Mr. Jay Carpenter were excellent, the former making a hit with his two encores, Pierne's "Serenade" and the always pleasing, "Madrigale." The Schubert "Serenade" by Mr. Carpenter was also a satisfactory rendition of a favorite selection.

Leonard Nattkemper proved the agreeable surprise of the evening. It was the first appearance of Mr. Nattkemper before a local audience and his dramatic ability is far above that usually seen by college people. His two Riley encores were distinctively artistic as were his other readings.

The always laughable Willis cartoons were better than ever, his campaign predictions being especially good.

The organization as a whole is under the efficient management of H. P. Clippinger and J. Arthur Kirkpatrick and they are to be congratulated on having had charge of one of the best clubs DePauw ever had.

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.

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

BLATCHLEY BREAKS A LEG

State Geologist Meets With a Painful Accident in 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.

Sewing Machine Oil 5c Bottle

JONES' DRUG STORE

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 1/4 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

Terms of Subscription
One Year, strictly in advance, \$3.00. By Carrier in City per week 6 cents. Advertising rates upon application.

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 Sat. 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 Crawfordsville.

Mrs. Eliqah McKee, relieved 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 Life Pills," writes Jacob Springer, of West Franklin, Maine. "They keep my stomach, liver and bowels working just right." If these pills disappoint you on trial, money will be returned at The Owl Drug Store, 25c.

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 Key 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 Key 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 Key and family visited Mr. and Mrs. Rambo Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Zimerli 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 Misery.

"I have found a cure for the misery malaria poison produces," says R. M. James, of Louellen, S. C. "It's called Electric Bitters, and comes in 50 cent bottles. It breaks up a case of chills or 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, in

Guarantee at the Owl Drug Store, in



Don't Preach About Home Trade

and at the same time send your orders for job printing out of town. Your home printer can do your work just as good, and in nine cases out of ten he can beat the city man's prices, because he pays much less for running expenses. By sending your next printing order to this office you'll be better satisfied all around, and you'll be keeping the money at home.

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 of light, your moldy man of Paris and your "hooker" 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 purlieus 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 mizzentopman, 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?"

"When 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 sails 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-some thin' to s-say, my dear, b-but you've gone an' s-scared it out of m-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.

Copyrighted, 1907, by E. C. Parcells.

"Looks pretty, doesn't it?" demanded 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 a bit rough on a fellow. Sincerely guaranteed that it would be the real thing."

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



"I SAY, NELL, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO CHUCK IT ALL?"

tell him you want to give a barn dance regardless of expense. Your jack-o'-lanterns are carried by an electric light instead of candles. You dance in the barn, but the dancing floor you laid down costs more than some of the real barns themselves, and the band you imported from town will play the same music that we are going to have all winter and by the same men."

"I wanted to have the best," he said a little sulkily as he turned away. A little hand rested upon his arm for a brief instant, though he felt the impress long after it had been removed.

"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 de-collete mulle gown trimmed with real lace. That's her idea of the way a farmer's daughter dresses."

Ted glanced approvingly at the simple little print frock that suited so well the fresh, rounded figure and the pliant 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 fix 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.

"That's where they ought to go," he growled. "Even eternal torture will not atone their crimes against art and nature in the way they fix over the human form to make it conform to the dresses they have built on those wire models."

"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 arrival of a hay wagon loaded with guests from a nearby "farm" closed the argument. Others of the house party hurried out on the piazza, and Nella was free to wander to the side porch.

From a society point of view the arrangements were perfect. At the foot of the side lawn was a stubble field in which lay the great yellow pumpkins cut into jack-o'-lanterns and lighted by electricity, as were those that lined the front lawn. At the rear was the huge barn lighted by arc lights hung in great Japanese lanterns, which

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 overalls, 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 whole parlor suit in real farm-houses, 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 rustics 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 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."

Nella's hand stole into his. "It would be very nice—on both sides of the fence—with you," she said softly.

Postponed.

Beaming with joy, little Mr. Meek sat upon the edge of his high backed chair. His spectacles were dim with happiness, and he listened in rapt attention to the remarks of his prospective mother-in-law.

"I must tell you frankly, Mr. Meek," said the lady, "that my consent to your marrying my daughter has been wrung from me only under protest. I knew that if I did not agree she would disgrace the family by an elopement."

When she wants anything we always have to give it to her or take the consequences, and long experience has taught me that I might as well try to fan off a cyclone with a feather as to fan off a cyclone with a feather. When she loses her temper—especially if there is a flatiron handy or a rolling pin. Has the marriage day been fixed yet?"

But Mr. Meek's spectacles were no longer misty.

"I have, madam," he remarked nervously, "to see a man about a dog. If you will excuse me I'll chat it over with you—er—tomorrow."

And as he flew out of the hall door the little man congratulated himself upon the fact that tomorrow never comes.—London Answers.

The Wisdom of Karma.

The pundit Karma sat by the river and watched the ripples.

A man came toward him carrying a skin of wine on his shoulders.

"Master," he said to Karma, "is the bridge safe?" And he pointed to the twisted ropes that crossed the stream.

"I am not accustomed to pass judgment hurriedly," replied the pundit.

"Before I can either condemn or praise the bridge I must know that it has been fully tested twice."

"You are too fussy," said the man and straightway started across. But the ropes sagged beneath him, and finally he fell into the current.

"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."

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.

WASTED PRECAUTIONS.

A Spell of Worry and Anxiety That Went For Naught.

Ferguson was wending his uncertain way homeward, sorely troubled in his mind over the curtain lecture he knew was in store for him and casting about for some means of evading it. Suddenly a bright idea was evolved from his befuddled brain. He would slip into the house and get quietly into bed without awakening his wife.

Accordingly he stole gently upstairs, carefully undressed outside the door and crept into bed, with his face toward the outside.

He mentally congratulated himself upon his success thus far and went to sleep.

When he awoke in the morning he dared not look at his wife, and after lying still for a few minutes and not hearing any noise from her he concluded she was still asleep.

He then determined to arise very quietly, carry his clothes outside the door, dress there and go downtown to business without waiting for breakfast. He was successful in this, and, meeting the servant girl downstairs, he said:

"Eliza, you can tell your mistress I expect to be very busy today and therefore I didn't stay to have breakfast with her this morning."

"Laws, sir!" said Eliza. "Missis went away yesterday morning to her mother's and said she wouldn't be back till this evening."—London Telegraph.

ENGLISH JUSTICE.

Hard on Petty Thieves and Light on Wife Beaters.

It is only about a century since the death penalty was inflicted in England for theft not exceeding the value of a sheep. Now some of the London journals are making a merciless exposure of magistrates throughout the kingdom who keep up the tradition by sentencing petty thieves to jail while inflicting only trifling fines upon wife beaters and even more brutal offenders.

In one police court one defendant was fined 10s. 6d. for knocking his wife down in the street because she refused to give him money for drink, and another was sentenced to sixty days' imprisonment for damaging growing potatoes and stealing two footballs.

For cruelty to a horse, beating his wife, who was ill, with fist and hammer and leaving her with nothing to eat one man was fined 10 shillings, while another, charged with stealing a pair of socks valued at sixpence, got fourteen days' hard labor. It would not be difficult to make up a list of similar cases from American police courts, yet the tendency in America is rather toward a higher estimate of the value of human life.—Van Norden Magazine.

Australian Curiosities.

There are some curious things in central Australia. Lake Amadeus in the dry season is merely a sheet of salt. Ayers rock, about five miles long, rises abruptly from the desert. Formerly vast rivers flowed here, and the diprotodon, a wombat-like creature worthy of its name and four times as large as a kangaroo, flourished on the plains. Now there are hardly any animals to be seen. The fish live in water holes of the hills until the floods wash them down to the valleys. At the end of the wet season the water frogs fill themselves with water, roll themselves in the mud and lie low till the next rains, which may not come for two years. Meanwhile the provident frog, like the "mouse" of Robert Burns, may have the misfortune to furnish a drink to a thirsty black. The natives also get water from the roots of trees. They are in the "totem" stage and revere certain plants or animals which protect them. Men of one group can only marry women from another single group.

The Need of Common Sense.

I had a really scientific man to see me the other day, and in the course of our investigation of a point we had in common it was necessary to wash out a bottle. The bottle was empty. It was a round, wabbling vessel, and he had to hold it under the water a long time so that it might get full enough of water to hold it down. I asked him why he did not fill it with water first, and he laughed and said he did not think of it. And that bears out my contention that it is not because a man is as "clever as paint" that he therefore grasps "the common sense of common things."—G. H. R. Dabbs in Fry's Magazine.

Why Currants Are Nutritious.

The reason why currants are so remarkably nutritious is that they consist to a very large degree of saccharin in its most easily digestible form—that of grape sugar. The piquant flavor of the currant, which adds so much to its pleasantness as a food, is derived from the valuable percentage of tartaric acid which the berry contains. Potash is also present in the form of cream of tartar and is undoubtedly of dietetic value.—Ladies' Pictorial.

No Excitement.

"Here," said the dramatist, "we have a husband who loves his wife and a wife who loves her husband."

"Well?"

"How am I to construct a drama from such material?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

His Inference.

"Evidently a Turkish bath is a scheme to keep one perpetually dirty." "I judge from what you say that you've never taken one." "No, but I've seen a Turk."—Exchange.

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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
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A Summer Storm.

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN.

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The afternoon sunshine rippled across the lake, burnishing the waves to gold and bringing out soft glints in Margaret Alston'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 piazza crowned boathouses 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 unexpressed 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—and—oh, 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 Helen di Herrera arrives too. She is a sort of ward of mine, I believe. He knew her parents intimately, and when they both died he rather 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 these countries. So when I asked him to invite 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 untroubled.

"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 curve, 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 throb 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 all 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 felt to watching, but conclusions baffled her. The little South American girl, her eyes wider and darker than ever, clung to Margaret with an almost passionate devotion. The Morris boy moped. Margaret, in a mood difficult of analysis, enveloped herself in a wayward brilliancy impossible to penetrate. Once or twice his hostess caught Lassiter

laying with curious eyes his little lance. 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 wearied, 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 Helen's. Before dinner the girl had come to her room. The camellia-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—so young, so ignorant, so untrained," faltered the young voice. "Do you—do you think he 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 boathouse," explaining easily. "Helen 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 canoe out on the tumbling waters! Oh, why was the boathouse so far? And then all at once a garbled old root thrust boldly out 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, no," it sobbed, and both man and woman, stopping suddenly, recognized the voice as Helen'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 Helen.

"Margaret!" cried Lassiter hoarsely. "Oh, Margaret, you saw, you heard! Helen 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.

CORNISH DIALECT.

Some Quaint Terms That Are Common Among the Natives.

"A hitched my foot in the scone and knacked my nuddick, and A wadn't able to clunk for a 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 a fortnight."

There are some quaint terms common in Cornwall which have a pleasing 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 "tender dear" 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, "chores" for household jobs and "dowdy" for pudding, though in America the latter word survives only as part of "pandowdy," the delicious deep spiced apple pie of country housewives.

A Cornish anecdote relates that a small boy left at 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 further winks and grimaces, to the scandal of the startled congregation:

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

OUR BRAINS ARE DOUBLE.

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 he will educate depends on which one he begins with. This is settled for him when as a child he begins all 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 handed."

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. "Then you must have brought it with you?" "I am quite sure I didn't," said the visitor, "for I counted all mine before I left home. But if you insist that this sovereign is mine, of course"—London Chronicle.

Did His Best.

"My goodness!" exclaimed an anxious mother. "What in the world made your face so dirty, Willie?"

"Johnny Jones and me had a fight," exclaimed Willie, "and he throw'd more dirt in my face than I could swallow."—Home Magazine.

Not Honestly.

"Have you ever been in jail before?" demanded the judge.

"No, your honor, honestly, never!"

"Of course you haven't honestly. Few men get there that way."—Kansas City Independent.

Like All the Rest.

The Lady—My husband is particularly liable to seasickness, captain. Could you tell him what to do in case of an attack? The Captain—Tain't necessary, mum. He'll do it.—Judge.

THE END OF IT ALL.

[Copyright, 1907, by P. C. Eastment.]

"Say, captain," said the recruiting sergeant as he entered the room where his superior was seated in a building on South street, New York. "I've got a jim dandy of a recruit. He's a swell."

"He isn't the sort we want."

"But he says he's bound to enlist either in the army or navy."

"Bring him in."

The captain had seen Thomas Dalton's kind before. It always began with a false name—the first name that came into their heads—and it almost always ended in desertion or tragedy. He sized the young man up as he stood at the desk, and he made mental memoranda as follows:

"Hasn't got through college yet. Got into some scrape. Old man has given him a dressing down. Young fellow is proud and won't stand it. Hasn't the money to go abroad or take a tour out west and is going to enlist in spite of the governor. Old man will buy him out of the service in six months. The mother's tears will make him do it. He's bound to take the army or navy. Six months of discipline will take some of the frolic out of him, and I'll give him a show to settle down."

The usual questions were asked and answered, the young man was sent to the surgeon, and before sundown he belonged to Uncle Sam. The sergeant, being now his superior officer, started out to patronize the "fresh fish."

It didn't work. He wanted to talk confidentially. The recruit was mum. Nothing further was learned about him, and after three or four days he was sent off to Jefferson Barracks to go west to Fort Thomas. They wanted recruits out there. The Sioux were threatening to go on the warpath again.

There are men among army officers who should never have been commissioned. Their temperaments unfit them to preserve discipline and rule as they should. Such a man was Captain Coleman of Company G. He was quick tempered, frangible, peevish and a martinet, and of the ten captains in the regiment he was oftentimes in trouble with his men and was obliged to report the most desultory, James Dalton was assigned to Company G, and within two days and for no reason that he or his comrades could argue out the captain was down on him and showed it in various ways. It wasn't two weeks before he was in the guardhouse for some dereliction that would have been passed over in another. The colonel was a fatherly man, and in his desire to be fatherly toward the young recruit he made matters worse.

Dalton asked for no one's sympathy. He gave no one his confidence. He tried his best to obey all regulations and fit himself for a soldier. He would have had praise from the right sort of officer. Indeed, he did have it in a way from the lieutenants of the company, but there was nothing but growling and fault finding from the captain. His conduct almost created a scandal at the post. One day on company drill he was singled out and needlessly rebuked and sneeringly criticized and ordered off to the guardhouse under arrest. There was a muttering up and down the ranks, but this only provoked Captain Coleman to add other charges. That night in the guardhouse a gray haired corporal said to Dalton through the slats of the door:

"What it's about I dunno, but the captain isn't giving you a square deal."

"And it will grow worse instead of better," replied the prisoner.

"You can bank on that. He's hounded a dozen men out of the company since I got these stripes. It'll be court martial and five years for you if he can bring it about."

"And what shall I do?"

"I've got to go out to post No. 3. I shall be gone fifteen minutes. The heavy iron poker has got in with you somehow. If I was inside there, I believe I could pry off these slats with it."

"Thank you."

When the sergeant returned, Dalton was gone; also one of the muskets and a belt of fifty cartridges. Over on officers' row a private soldier with a musket in his hands stood for three or four minutes looking up at a certain window as if thinking to send a bullet into the opening. Then he lowered the musket and turned away and crept from the fort between posts Nos. 7 and 8. It was a summer evening, with the crickets singing, and the sentinels drowsed as they walked. Daylight brought excitement and a bustle. A member of Company G had deserted. Three miles had been run off from the coral. Indian signal smoke had been seen at daylight, and by sunup settlers came pouring in with the news that Red Bull had broken loose and was in the hills with 500 warriors.

Dalton had made for the hills. He must go into hiding and exist some way until the hue and cry was over. He knew that the redskins were threatening, but he had no choice. In the darkness he crossed the mile wide plain and then made his way up the side of Eagle peak for the same distance, and the coming of daylight found the warriors all about him. All the long forenoon they could see the puffs from a score of Indian rifles. They knew that it was the soldier and deserter, but they could render him no aid until afternoon—until they knew that his last cartridge had been fired an hour before. Then 300 men marched out and found and buried the ghastly thing the fields had left. He had demanded ten lives for his one. He had ostracized himself—enlisted, deserted and there among the rocks ended it all.

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LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

R. L. O'Hair is in Indianapolis.

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 Greencastle 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 Alsbaugh 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.

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SIMPSON HIRT

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Commencing Monday Night, January 13th

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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. Buntin, of Fillmore, was in the city yesterday.

Charles Rockwell, of Gloverdale, 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 Alsbaugh.

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

Guss Frazier, who went to Indianapolis yesterday will also be in Anderson, before his return.

The Boston Club will meet at the home of Mrs. Oscar Thomas, on North Jackson Street, Friday evening, at 7:30.

Miss Margery Melchell, who has been attending the Y. W. C. A. Association, left this morning for Bloomington.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Cormman, of Bloomington, were in the city today. They have been visiting relatives in Indianapolis.

John Moore, a laborer, was before the Mayor this morning charged with intoxication. He was fined \$11 and sent to jail.

J. L. McKee was in the city this morning, enroute to his home in Bainbridge. Mr. McKee spent yesterday in Indianapolis.

Fred Masten, made a business trip to Crawfordsville this morning.

The American Express Co., has a new Express wagon.

Walter Albaugh, and daughter left for Moorsville where they will spend a few days with Mrs. Albaugh who is in the Sanitarium there.

William Wiley, who has been here for the past few weeks, left this afternoon for his home in Gosport.

S. A. Howard of Campbellsburg, was in the city today.

Mrs. C. W. Daggy, left the city this morning for Milwaukee, where she will visit her daughter, Mrs. William Klatte. Roscoe Daggy, accompanied her, but will go to Seattle, to visit his brother, Maynard and family.

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 Madison County Superintendent at Indianapolis.

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.

NOTED DePAUW ATHLETES

SOME HAVE WON NATIONAL, OTHERS INTERNATIONAL REPUTATIONS.

RECORD FOR WESTERN SCHOOLS

It is a recognized fact that DePauw has turned out some of the greatest athletes that the West has ever known. Several have gained national and a few international reputations. The following, with many others, have established a name for DePauw in the various sports.

Dr. Roller of Seattle, Washington, was one of the strongest men in field events that DePauw ever knew. During the latter nineties he held several state records in the hammer throw and shot-put. After leaving college he graduated from the Philadelphia Medical School with highest honors. He is now Physical Director of the University of Washington. Dr. Roller has taken much interest in wrestling and will soon meet some of the world's best wrestlers.

"Polly" Rulick of Indianapolis and a member of the Indiana Legislature was a great football and baseball star at the same time as Dr. Roller. He attended Yale after graduating from DePauw and easily made the football team there.

Joseph Pulse was one of the greatest pitchers DePauw ever knew. This batting and fielding averages were high, and as a pitcher he never met his equal in college athletics of Indiana. Altho he received many flattering offers he never entered the professional circles. At present, he is engaged in the manufacturing business at Waukegan, Ills.

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

DEPAUW UNIVERSITY NOTES

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.

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HAPPY MONTHS.

An Odd Custom Observed in England at Christmas Time.

"Happy months" is the name applied to the little mice made at Christmas time throughout England and served to any guests who may call at the house during the holidays.

The saying is that for every one of these tiny mice one eats a happy month will come during the year, only the mice must be given to the one who eats them.

When one calls at the house the little mice are brought forth with a glass of wine or a cup of tea, and, however well satisfied one may already be as regards one's appetite or how many of these "happy month" mice he has already eaten, it is considered a marked breach of etiquette to refuse the little pie, although one is allowed to take it home and eat it later. This, however, is not very often done, for who would refuse the coming of a happy month by refusing to overtax the stomach for just one more little pie?

In some parts of England these little mice are literally made by the dozen, so there will be plenty of them for family and friends. They are made of the richest of puff paste, too, which, at the best of times, is an indigestible goodly, and the crust is filled with a mince meat filling that is even richer than the crust.—Suburban Life.

CEYLON ELEPHANTS.

The Only Species in Which the Males Have No Tusks.

What a sight for a Ceylon elephant hunter would be the first view of a herd of African elephants—all tuskers! It is a singular thing that Ceylon is the only part of the world where the male elephants have no tusks. They have miserable little grubbers projecting two or three inches from the upper jaw and inclining downward.

Nothing produces either ivory or horn in fine specimens throughout Ceylon. Although some of the buffaloes have tolerably fine heads, they will not bear a comparison with those of other countries. The horns of the native cattle are not above four inches in length.

The elk and the spotted deer's antlers are small compared with deer of their size in India. This is the more singular as it is evident from the geological formation that at some remote period Ceylon was not an island, but formed a portion of the mainland. It is thought that there must be elements wanting in the Ceylon pasturage for the formation of Ivory.—Ceylon Manual.

An Austrian Dogberry.

The Vienna men of law once distinguished themselves in a unique manner. A Wachau peasant had been caught in the criminal act of throwing stones at rabbits. He had not hit them, and the rabbits had decamped without so much as suspecting the attack, but the peasant was hauled before the high courts of justice. His defense was that the rabbits had been close to his garden and that he had only tried to frighten the greedy rodents off his cabbages. All the same, he was condemned to three days' imprisonment. The peasant appealed against the sentence, but in vain. If a rabbit had been killed, said the authorities, the peasant would certainly have stolen it, and stealing a rabbit was an unlawful action. And thus the man from Wachau went to prison for three days, and the wise judges of Vienna bounded into fame for their method of applying the "if" and "and" theory.—Westminster Gazette.

The Sundial at Yale.

About the time of the Yale bicentennial celebration in 1901 some was presented the university with a perfectly good sundial, which was elaborately advertised in the New York papers and with due solemnity set up in a conspicuous place on Berkeley oval. "The blamed thing never did take very well," the Record explained apropos of the trouble sundry undergraduates got into trying to run off with the main-spring of it, and the grotesque grandeur of this expensive and beautiful piece of architecture set the Owl off into paroxysms of laughter in which the campus followed with a will. "Shay, Jack, what time is it?" "I can't tell you, old fel!" this sundial's stopped." And, "Hey, fresh, out there by the sundial! Strike a match and see if it isn't bedtime!" are typical.—E. R. Embree in Bohemian.

Wanted to Be Ready.

Servant—I've come to give notice, ma'am, as I am going to get married. Mistress—Indeed, Mary! How long have you been engaged? Servant—I ain't engaged at all, ma'am. Mistress—Well, who is the happy man? Servant—You know the big shop down the road. Well, the shopwalker looked at me the day before yesterday, and yesterday he smiled, and today he said, "Good morning," and I expect tomorrow he'll propose, and you see, ma'am, I want to be ready.—London Answers.

Drawing Power.

D'Auber—Of course not every one can be an artist. One must have imagination to draw. Crittick—Yes; I notice that most so called artists in talking about themselves draw on their imaginations a great deal.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Optimism.

"Pa, do you know any optimists?" "Yes. We have one in our office. Every time he draws his pay he thinks he is going to have several dollars left at the end of the week."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A fool at forty will never be wise.—Irish Proverb.

My Employee.

(Original.)

There were years of continued revolution in Cuba before the final relinquishment of the island by Spain by order of the United States. As far back as fifty years ago filibustering expeditions went there from Florida, but revolution had not gathered sufficient strength for an auxiliary to be of benefit. Now and again a leader would arise, but after a brief resistance to Spanish tyranny would succumb. Usually a price was set upon his head.

It was during the latter part of this period of incipient revolution that I went to Cuba as a sugar planter. My plantation was in the interior, but my office was in Havana. One day while at the former my coat was caught by a portion of the machinery, and I was jerked toward instant death. One of my employees, Diaz Martin, of mixed Spanish and Aztec blood, pushed forward and extricated me a few seconds before I would have been mangled but for him. I had been carried to a position so dangerous for any one to enter except with extreme caution that my rescuer's act was one of great bravery. It surprised me, for he had all the softness of manner possessed by his Aztec progenitors.

I took Martin with me to Havana and placed him in a position where he might become valuable to himself as well as to me. But he was entirely uneducated, and I found few things of importance that he could do well. In order to benefit him I paid him more than he was worth. I confess I considered him shiftless and with no fancy for hard work. He remained with me several years, during which I tried him in many positions, in all of which he failed. One day I sent him out on an errand, and he did not come back. I made an examination of my cash and found it all where I had supposed it was. He had taken nothing, at least of mine.

About this time an insurrection broke out in the interior which gave the Spanish more trouble than any that had occurred up to that time. The people of the section in which it took place had found a leader, and it was this leader who caused all the trouble. Such was usually the case with Cuban insurrections. The people, who were mostly negroes, were incompetent to defy even for a brief period the authority of the captain general until some man arose to lead them. Nothing was known of the general of this insurrection except that he was called Bonito. The government offered the usual reward for his head, but the government could not get him.

But Bonito was fighting hopelessly. Gradually his forces dwindled either by death or a return to their ordinary avocations, and at last the intrepid insurgent found himself alone. This of course meant that sooner or later some one in order to obtain the reward offered for his capture would deliver him to the government.

One evening I remained longer than usual at my office to make some estimates. All my employees had gone home, and I was sitting alone at my desk, with my back to the door. Suddenly there came to me one of those indescribable sensations which mark the imparting of knowledge without the usual mediums. Though I heard no sound, I knew some one stood behind me. Turning, there stood Diaz Martin. He had entered with the soft step usual to him and stood looking at me with that mild, dreamy expression I had seen in pictures of the Aztec Emperor Montezuma. I extended my hand, which he grasped with a feeling not indicated in his countenance. Then I asked him why he had left me and where he had been.

"I received word, signor, that my father's little plantation had been raided by Spanish troops under a pretext that he was disloyal to the government. All he had been taken from him, and he was thrown into prison, while my mother and sisters were left to starve. I could not but go, signor, to their assistance. I gathered a force in a forest, from which I emerged and fell upon—"

"You are—"

"Bonito."

When I had finished gaping at him in astonishment, I got from him an account of how for a long period he had held a province from Spanish rule; how he had been left alone and had come to me as a last hope for his life. When he had finished, after procuring some provisions for him I locked him up in my office and went home to concoct a plan for getting him out of Cuba.

A sugar barrel, being of extra size, seemed to me to be the most feasible conveyance. If I could get the man whose head was worth \$10,000 into a barrel and drive him myself to the dock, I might put him aboard a ship and send him to another land as sugar. The next morning I went to my office, which was in my warehouse, long before any one of my employees was there. I packed Martin in a sugar barrel, with some provisions, a gimlet and a little saw, leaving him standing on his feet in the warehouse. Then I went to breakfast. Returning, I ordered a truck to take some sugar to the dock where a ship would sail that day for New York. Among the barrels was the one containing Martin. Reprimanding the porter for carelessness, I rolled it on to the truck myself. Then, taking a short cut to the dock, I rolled every barrel aboard the ship, to the astonishment of the roustabouts. I saw the vessel sail and grow dim on the northern horizon.

A couple of weeks later I received a letter from Martin stating that he had cut himself out of the barrel and arrived safely in a free country.

GARDNER V. BORLAND.

A SPANISH TRICK.

The Incident Which Moved England to Turn Drake Loose.

The relations between which Drake's raid into the south sea had for a time threatened with open rupture had greatly improved—at least in outward appearance—and in 1585, under special promises of immunity from molestation on religious or other grounds, Philip had invited to his ports a fleet of English corn ships in order to supply the deficiency of his own harvest. No sooner, however, had the English ships arrived than an embargo was laid upon them and their crews arrested.

One ship, the famous Primrose of London, managed to escape. While lying off Bilbao quietly discharging her cargo she had been visited by the corregidor of Biscay and his guard disguised as merchants. Suddenly called upon to surrender, the crew doing themselves upon the Spaniards, drove them all overboard and made sail. Some of the discomfited Spaniards as the ship's boats fled were seen clinging to the English vessel. These were humanely rescued and carried in triumph back to England, and among them was the corregidor himself. Upon him were found his official instructions, setting forth expressly that the embargo was ordered for the purposes of the expedition which Philip was preparing against the English. This was enough for the queen and the powerful public opinion of commercial circles in London, which had obstinately clung to pacific relations with Spain. A retaliatory embargo was proclaimed, letters of general reprisal were issued, and Drake was let loose.—From Publication of Navy Records Society.

A PORTO RICAN CUSTOM.

Prayers For the Dying Recited in the Public Streets.

"A few evenings ago while we were at dinner in our hotel," writes an American author visiting in Porto Rico, "we heard the tinkling of a small bell just outside the hotel doors. Instantly Salvador, the waiter, stopped in the little bustling run with which he waits on the guests, hurriedly procured a candle, lighted it and carried it out to the balcony. Almost as soon as that candle was on the balcony railing we three Americans were beside it, questioning Salvador, for we were sure something unusual was going on.

"We saw a procession of many people, led by two priests, coming down the street, each person bearing in his hand a lighted candle. They stopped in front of a house facing the hotel, and Salvador told us that somebody was dying there and they were praying for his soul. Up and down the street as far as we could see on every balcony railing was burning either a candle or a kerosene lamp.

"From the absorbed interest of the people gathered in front of open doors and windows of the afflicted house the sufferer was apparently trying to dis in full view of the spectators.

"Presently the bell began to ring again, the procession formed once more, and they all moved up the street. Salvador telling us in explanation that there was a second person dying and they were now going to pray for him."

—Exchange.

A Slight Deduction.

In Mrs. Lapham's family circle her powers of reasoning were accounted most remarkable and convincing. Outside the family her ability to convince was not so marked.

"See here," she said without releasing the ten cent piece for which the conductor of the trolley car had gone to her side. "I've only brought Willy with me. He's eight, so I've got to pay his fare. I've left Myra, that's four, and Neddy, that's two, at home. Now, you wouldn't have charged me for them, would you?"

"No, madam," said the conductor. "Your fare, please."

"Well, they'd have taken one seat," persisted Mrs. Lapham, still retaining her hold on the ten cent piece. "I couldn't have held 'em both. I thought of bringing them, only 'twas too far. Now, why can't you take off something from Willy under the circumstances?"

—Youth's Companion.

In Giving Perfumes.

"If you give her perfume for her birthday," said the druggist, "give with discretion. Find out first the effect of perfumes on the system.

"Hellebore is a bad scent for any but the boldest and gay. It is depressing. It often causes the nervous system to weep. Would it suit her?"

"Musk is a powerful stimulant. A good thing for those with weak hearts. How is she that way?"

"Stephanotis creates languor. If she is lazy, then avoid it.

"Violet is the best perfume. It elevates the mind. It spurs to deeds of bravery, of sacrifice. It creates beautiful thoughts. Get her violet, my boy."

—Exchange.

The Commutable Cook.

"My wife and I are keeping house in the suburbs this year."

"What does the transportation cost you?"

"Well, let's see. We bought three commutation tickets at—"

"Three! Who uses the third?"

"That's for the cook. I take one out every night, and she leaves the next morning."—Brooklyn Life.

The Cure.

"In love with that penniless young scamp, are you?" said old Roxley.

"Well, I propose to cure you of that."

"You can't," retorted the willful young girl. "I'm determined to marry him."

"That's it exactly. I propose to let you do it."—Exchange.