

WEATHER REPORT.

Partly cloudy tonight and Saturday; rising temperature.

Greencastle Herald.

VOL. 2, NO. 257.

GREENCASLE, INDIANA, FRIDAY, JAN. 24, 1908.

PRICE ONE CENT

ROBBERS ATTACK AGED MAN

ENOCH WEEKLY, AN OLD HARNESSEMAKER OF NORTH SALEM, IS ASSAULTED BY UNKNOWN MAN JUST AS HE IS LEAVING HIS SHOP THURSDAY EVENING.

STRUGGLED WITH HIGHWAYMAN

Thug Strikes Down Old Man But Is Scared Away Before He Secures Any Money—Bloodhounds are put on Trail and Trace Man to Depot—No Clue to His Identity.

Refusing to comply with the demand of the thug to "turn over your money," Enoch Weekly, an aged harness maker, of North Salem, was attacked by a highwayman last night at near 6:30 o'clock and badly beaten. The thug became frightened and fled, however, before he had an opportunity to search the victim's pockets for money. Mr. Weekly was painfully, but not seriously, injured. He was struck on the temple and face by the robber and also received a hard blow on the back of the neck. Mr. Weekly did not recognize his assailant. He believes the man to be a stranger in North Salem.

North Salem is about ten miles east of Roachdale. Mr. Weekly runs a harness shop in that town. It was a little after 6 o'clock last night that he locked up his shop and started for supper. Just as he turned around after locking the door of his shop

Cut Prices on Decorated and Hanging Lamps

We desire to close them out.

Hanging Lamps

\$2.75 reduced to..... \$2.00
4.95 reduced to..... 3.50
7.50 reduced to..... 5.15

Stand Lamps

\$1.25 reduced to..... \$.95
1.65 reduced to..... 1.10
2.35 reduced to..... 1.70
3.75 reduced to..... 2.90

Good Coal Oil . . . 15c

JONES' DRUG STORE

YOUR MONEY GROWS

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

Real Estate and Insurance

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

The Central Trust Company

The People's Transfer Co.

Solicits your patronage on the basis of prompt service and courteous treatment. Will get you to your train on time. Phone 149. Leave orders at Palace Restaurant.

Will Alspaugh

The obligation will be on our part.

Here's Something Good Fresh and Green

Cucumbers Turnips Lettuce Parsnips
Carrots Radishes Grape Fruit
Florida and Navel Oranges Lemons Bananas
Fresh Oysters—selects Dressed Chickens
Country Sausage

T. E. Evans, Grocer

Phone 90. Southwest Corner Square.

WAS TOSSED BY DYNAMITE

Blasting Foreman of the National Engineering Company Victim of Delayed Explosion on the Works Thursday.

BLOWN INTO AIR BUT LIVES

Blown fifteen feet into the air by a delayed explosion of dynamite, and yet living to tell the story is the unique experience of Tony Ross, blasting foreman of the National Engineering Company's works east of town. Mr. Ross has charge of the blasting for the company. He oversees all the work requiring the use of either powder or dynamite, and sets and fires all blasts.

On Thursday twelve holes had been drilled and charged. They were fired by electric wires, and all discharged at once. At least Ross believed that all had been discharged. One, however, had taken fire, but, with the eccentricity peculiar to dynamite, had failed to explode. Ross was directly over the blast when it went up. He was blown some fifteen or twenty feet into the air, going up "spread eagle" as those who saw him testified. He came down all in a bunch, and all who hastened to the spot expected to find him dead. He was still breathing, however, and on examination was found to be only slightly injured in comparison to what was expected.

The injuries were serious enough, however. The man's leg was broken, his little finger torn off, his eyes seriously injured, and he was suffering from a number of cuts and bruises. He was attended by Dr. McGaughey, who dressed his wounds. It is expected that he will recover.

LOCALS GO OVER NEW LINE

At 2 o'clock this afternoon the members of the city administration and newspaper representatives, as guests of the officials of the Terre Haute, Indianapolis and Eastern Traction line, went to Brazil over the new line. A special car carried the party. The car left Greencastle at 2 o'clock and arrived at near 4 o'clock on its return. Regular traffic on the line will begin tomorrow.

Those making the trip were: M. D. Ricketts, J. McD. Hays, J. G. Dunbar, Charles Zeis, Thad Peck, C. C. Matson, P. A. Arnold, John James, Frank Allen, Joe Grogan, Jesse Welk, J. O. Cammack, Robert Graham, William Houck, James I. Nelson, John Young, Jack Boyd, Harry Smith, Alex Lockridge, Alfred Hirt, Sam. A. Hazlett, William Kreigh, Dr. Eugene Hawkins, John Sutherland, George Dobbs, Jim Hughes, Clem Hurst, C. Barnaby, Racer Bittles, Bascom O'Hair, Elam Denny, Joe Baker, Marshal Reeves, Ed. Walls, Sheriff Maze, W. L. Denman, James L. Nelson, Court Gillen, George Blake, F. G. Gilmore.

MODEL LAUNDRY TO MOVE

J. S. Graham, proprietor of the Model Steam Laundry, has announced that he will move his laundry from its present quarters, to the room in the Baker Building now occupied by the Home Steam Laundry. The change will be made about the first of March. The building in which the Model Steam Laundry is now located has been bought by C. W. McWethy, proprietor of the Home Steam Laundry. He will move his business into his new purchase.

DEATH OF JAMES THORNBURG

Mr. James Thornburg, brother of Mrs. Marion Hurst, who for some time has been in ill health in Indianapolis, died there yesterday. His remains were brought here this afternoon. The funeral will take place on Sunday, the time however, has not been decided upon.

TWO UP FOR INTOXICATION

Two offenders were before the mayor this morning for intoxication. They were Charles Bundy and Dick Hampton. Each was fined and as neither had any money they both went to jail. It was Bundy's second offence and he was fined \$15. Hampton got \$11 for his.

GO AFTER HORSE THIEVES

Horse Thief Detective Association Organized in Montgomery County Because of Frequent Raids Near Linton.

Because of the disappearance of several fine horses, of which no trace has been found, the farmers and horsemen of the vicinity of Linton have organized an association for the general protection. Several of the members are well known here. The Crawfordsville Review says: The Citizens of Madison township have organized a horse thief detective association: President, Martin Tomlinson; Vice President, Isaac Hottis; Secretary, Paul Montgomery; and Treasurer, I. P. Kelsey. A number of horses have been stolen in the vicinity of Linton within the last few weeks, besides other live stock and these thefts have stirred the farmers to action.

TWO CENT FARES MAY GO

Law Rates Are in Danger of Being Knocked Out by the Supreme Court—Pennsylvania has Already Declared Measure Unconstitutional

THEY GET BENEFIT OF DOUBT

Speculation is rife as to what action will be taken by the roads of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois as a result of the recent decision of the supreme court of Pennsylvania, declaring the two-cent passenger fare law unconstitutional. There is a very general opinion that the ground upon which that decision was based will hold good in not only these three states, but in all where legislation has been enacted reducing rates. Notwithstanding this, however, there is said to be disinclination on the part of high officials particularly those of Ohio roads, to take hasty action, and while it is more than probable that the law will sooner or later be attacked in this state, it is believed that some of the other states will be allowed to act first, says, the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Roads doing business in the state of Illinois have, since the day the two-cent law became operative in that state, kept rigid statistical records of income and earnings of the passenger departments, which are in such shape at all times as to be susceptible to an immediate comparison and with which it is expected to show that the new law has worked great damage and that the grounds of unconstitutionality exist. It is probable, therefore, that the next legal attack will be made in that state. In the meantime Ohio and Indiana will ascertain from records made under the new laws, the actual effect of the enforced experiment.

QUAKERS COME TO-NIGHT

The second important game of the week to be played between Earlham and DePauw occurs tonight and there is a general good prospect of victory. No dope can be figured out on the struggle, but the Quakers have not shown any unusual form and the locals at least stand an equal chance. The improvement in the team has been marked in the past week and the hard fight put up against Rose in the first half is good ground for the belief that we should come out with the long end of the score.

No practice was indulged in yesterday as the week's work with the hard game of Monday has been sufficiently stringent. The lineup will no doubt be changed during the game but the whistle will likely find these men in the lineup: Forwards, Johnson and Sheets, Center, Pruitt, and Guards, Hardin and Grady.

LOCAL M. D.'S IN SESSION

The regular meeting of the Putnam County Medical Association was held last night in the office of Dr. J. V. Bastin. The doctors meet every two weeks. The paper last night was read by Dr. Bastin. The subject was "Cancers."

At Sackett's Grocery you will find fresh parsnips, carrots, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, cabbage, onions, turnips, celery and lettuce, cranberries, apples, lemons, oranges, and dates. Also will have dressed chickens on Saturday.

THE FARMERS' INSTITUTE

LARGE AND INTERESTING GATHERING TO HEAR DISCUSSION OF PROBLEMS HAVING TO DO WITH THE BETTERMENT OF FARMING CONDITIONS.

GOOD WORK BY HOME TALENT

Institute Hears of the Oat Culture As a Fine Art and of the Value of Waste Material for Manure.

The weather seemed planned for a Farmer's Institute today. Clear, cold, bright, to be out was an inspiration—if one were not out too long. The weather and the excellent program arranged by the officers of the association drew a large crowd, and the assembly room in the court house was well filled.

The interest was especially good. The talks given covered practical problems in a practical way. How to make money in oats? How to make the land better by means of what is ordinarily wasted? These were the forenoon subjects and were very near to the hearts of all who make a profession of farming.

After invocation and music, the work was introduced by the president of the institute, George W. Hanna. His remarks were timely and interesting and were a splendid beginning for the work of the day. He then introduced Oliver Kline, of Huntington, Indiana, who spoke upon the subject of "Successful Oat Culture." Mr. Kline favored a rotation in the growing of oats, declaring that clover must have a chance at the land. He also declared that oats were not given sufficient care, especially in the sowing. The ground should have perfect tillage and be in excellent condition, level and mellow. Not until the soil was in such condition should oats be sown. There is too much hogging in of oats, declared the speaker, and it is no wonder that they bring no profit. The discussion was ably led by J. W. Robe and J. B. McCabe, and the main points of Mr. Kline's talk were brought out and emphasized.

The next topic was "The Manual Value of Farm Wastes." It was to have been discussed by Prof. H. A. Huston, of Chicago, but he was not present and in his place Mr. Gentry spoke. He declared that Indiana farms, in the main, are growing poorer yearly. This could be avoided if care was taken with the waste—straw, stalks, manure, etc. All were valuable both for manure and humus.

The afternoon session began promptly at 1:15. Mr. Kline of Huntington spoke upon road build-

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ing. At first glance it appeared that bringing a speaker to Putnam County to discuss the building of roads was a little like carrying coal to New Castle. But Mr. Kline had something to say even to the people of Putnam, excellent as its roads are. He pleaded for more permanent roads, those that should be handed down to our children's children undestroyed. He showed drawings of roads, good, bad and indifferent. He illustrated the value of drainage to road building, and altogether made an excellent talk. The subject was further discussed by several members of the institute. In fact the subject proved so near the hearts of the people that it was difficult to stop them from talking all afternoon. Harry Randall declared our roads were bad. First, because many had been built of poor gravel. Second, because people took no care of them, but used them with narrow tired wagons in wet weather, drove on the sides and spoiled the grade, and otherwise misused them. He wanted a law requiring a four-inch tire, and he wanted nothing but crushed stone for material. Joe Torr was also in favor of crushed stone, and also believed that many inspectors had failed to do their duty and allowed poor material and workmanship. Oscar Lane wanted ever our hillside tile drained. He declared that the basis of a road was drainage and grade and that the material was then comparatively unimportant.

Mr. J. G. Gentry, of Rockport, representing the German Kali Works who took Prof. Huston's place, then spoke upon the subject, "How to Test the Soil to Learn What it Lacks."

STATISTICS OF CLERK'S OFFICE

Items of Interest Gleaned From the Records of the Clerk of the Circuit Court For the Past Year.

The Clerk of the Circuit Court has been making out some statistics for the Bureau of Statistic at Indianapolis. Some of the facts noted are of general interest. There were 160 civil suits before the circuit court last year, and of these 107 were tried and settled or dismissed leaving sixty cases continued into the next year. There were 55 letters of Administration granted, and 15 guardians appointed.

The prosperity of the county is shown by the fact that there were but four foreclosures during the year, and two sheriff's sales. It was a good year for divorcees, however, 19 wives being freed from their husbands and 9 husbands receiving divorce from their wives. This is, perhaps a fair proportion, as there were 230 marriage licenses issued during the year.

The county was relatively a good county, there being but 26 criminal cases filed, and only three convictions for felony.

ELKS NOTICE.

An important meeting of Greencastle Lodge, No. 1077 B. P. O. Elks, will be held Friday evening, January 24, 1908. A full attendance is requested. Lodge will open at 7:30 p. m. sharp. C. T. Conn, Secretary.

SUIT AGAINST THE MONON

Charles O. Creech Brings Action to Recover \$5,000 Damages for Hand Lost in Coupling Accident at Roachdale.

SUIT BROUGHT AT BLOOMINGTON

For the loss of his right hand which was completely severed while he was making a coupling of two cars on the Monon railroad near Roachdale, May 27, 1907, Charles O. Creech has filed suit in court here for \$5,000 damages against the company.

It is alleged in the complaint that the accident was due to the automatic coupler which was out of repair and defective, and that the plaintiff was not aware of the bad condition of the coupler when the accident occurred. He was employed as rear brakeman of the road the complaint states that he was 23 years old and earning \$3 a day at the time of the accident. The suit is brought by Miers & Corr.

WILL ADDRESS PRESS CLUB

At a "guest" meeting of the DePauw Press Club which will be held Monday evening in the Delta Kappa Epsilon house, Ferd Fisher, a graduate of DePauw who is telegraph editor on the Indianapolis Star will deliver an address on "College Journalism."

The executive committee of the club is planning to make the Monday meeting one of the best in its history and arrangements have been made whereby each member will be allowed to ask one guest. The club will hold its regular meeting beginning at seven o'clock and will attempt to look after quite a few important matters. Several applications for membership are to be voted on and the matter of starting a fund for a Journalistic Library will be discussed.

DANVILLE LECTURE.

President Edwin H. Hughes leaves at 9:25 this morning for Danville, Ill., where he goes to fill another one of his lecture dates. The Doctor's lectures are in great demand and his dates are all taken far in advance. He goes to Danville under the auspices of the Senior class of the Danville High School where Mr. Ross Baker, DePauw, '06, is instructor of physics and chemistry.

New Circulating Library

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

I want your membership.

S. C. Sayers
Phone 388

The OWL Hardware Company

Under New Management

Mr. A. H. DeVault of Lafayette having purchased the stock of hardware belonging to the Owl Hardware Co., wishes to announce to the citizens in general of Greencastle and Putnam County that he intends to place the stock in good shape; so at any time you will find a complete line of Hardware at prices that will interest all purchasers, and will assure you fair dealing.

Mr. Huffman will be retained as salesman, who wishes to see all his old friends and customers. Come and see us.

THE OWL HARDWARE COMPANY

A. H. DeVAULT, Proprietor

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.

THE LAW'S INJUSTICE.

Another legal decision based upon shallow technicality and a disgrace to any community, has been handed down by the appellate court of California. The case is that of Mayor Schmitz, accused of boodling and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary by a court and twelve good men. Schmitz was notorious. His trial and conviction was regarded as one of the most important victories for good government of modern times quite equalling that of the boodlers of St. Louis. The evidence was clear. The guilt was proved beyond a doubt. But the appellate court has reversed the decision and suspended the sentence now hanging over the rascal. It has reversed the decision on the ground that the indictment did not mention that Schmitz used threats when getting the money from certain restaurants of odorous reputation.

This is on a par with the decision of the court which freed many of the St. Louis boodlers after the shadow of the prison was upon them. It is such decisions as this that make mobs of law abiding citizens, and even a justice of the supreme court of the United States clamor for a revision of our laws. Technicalities standing in the way of conviction where there is no question of guilt are the undoing of law itself. Good government can not be based upon laws which make impossible the punishment of their own infraction. We need more of plain justice and less of technicality. We need more plain law and less of the puzzles and mazes of the present which makes the outcome of the most trifling case doubtful, and punishment in high places seemingly an impossibility.

It is noticeable that the weather man usually strikes a balance before the season ends. And then, too, its all justice, the ice men have some cold weather coming to them. No winter might, also, mean a coal strike.

CLINTON FALLS.

Mrs. Wysong is better at this writing. Sunday visitors in this neighborhood were George Johnston and wife and son at James Bee's, and Charlie Cunningham and wife at Joe Stagg's and wife at Emily Boswell.

George Thomas and wife and Geo. Smith at Ed. Hall's.

Mr. Bill Sutherland is real sick at this writing.

The mark party at Lestlie Frank's Saturday night drew a large crowd and a good time was had.

The meetings at Beach Grove have closed with one addition.

Mrs. Alta Keyt and daughter and Mrs. Ida Stites visited Monday with Mrs. Jane Boswell.

LOCUST GROVE.

Little Clifford Torr staid Monday night with Ethel Strouby.

Miss Anna Torr, is no better, at this writing.

Mrs. Fannie Torr stayed, Tuesday, night with Miss Anna Torr.

Mr. Samuel T. Johnson is sick.

Mr. George Busby is ill.

Mrs. Jane E. Johnson, and Son, and Grand Daughter Little Anna Johnson spent Sunday afternoon, with Mr. Busby and wife.

Little George William Busby, and his cousin, were skating on the ice Sunday, morning and he fell and cut a gash in his head.

Mrs. Emma Pitchard, of Maple Grove, is visiting her sister, Miss Anna Torr, who is ill.

Mrs. Clara Torr spent the afternoon with her father and mother Mr. and Mrs. George Busby.

CANBY.

Mr. Charles Easter and Charles Peck have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Nelson.

Miss Bertha Hillis of Greencastle has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Jephtha Burket.

Mr. George Gowan has sold his farm to Mr. John Ragland.

Mr. Ora Tusteson and family spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Hanna at Greencastle.

Several of the farmers are taking advantage of this fine weather with their farm work.

Mr. Earl O'Hair has a horse which was poisoned from the bite of a mule. He was compelled to call in a veterinarian.

Have you neglected your Kidneys?

Have you overworked your nervous system and caused trouble with your kidneys and bladder? Have you pains in loins, side, back, groins and bladder? Have you a flabby appearance of the face, especially under the eyes? Too frequent a desire to pass urine? If so, Williams' Kidney Pills will cure you.—at Druggists, Price 50 cents.—Williams' Manufacturing Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

For sale by Badger & Green. 49

Problems in Fiction.

Reverence for decorum and even for social prejudices did not hamper the real masters of the English novel. It did not stifle in the cradle "Vanity Fair" or "Wuthering Heights" or "Pride and Prejudice" or "Adam Bede." There are problems enough in all these works, but they are handled by men and women of genius, who treat both their subjects and their readers with respect.—London Standard.

How They Love Each Other.

"Yes," said Miss Passay, "he's an awfully inquisitive bore. He was trying to find out my age the other day, so I just up and told him I was fifty. That settled him."

"Well," replied Miss Pepprey, "I guess it is best to be perfectly frank with a fellow like that."—Philadelphia Press.

A Good Job Coming.

Jeweler—How was your job pleased with the watch I sold you? Fond Father—Very well, sir. He isn't ready to have it put together yet, but be patient. I'll send him around with it in a day or two.

Interests of All.

One thing ought to be aimed at by all men—that the interest of each individually and of all collectively should be the same, for if each should grasp at his individual interest all human society will be dissolved.—Cicero.

All They Deserve.

"Some people claim they don't get nuthin' out o' life."

"And they are the kind that don't put nuthin' into it to draw interest on."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

At the End Of the Wait.

By WILLIAM H. HAMBY.

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A deep feeling of content and satisfaction possessed David as he looked across the hills and valleys to the south.

"Yes," he said within himself, "she will like this when she comes."

He bought the plateau on top of the hill, scarcely more than forty acres in all, and hired men to clear it.

He took an ax and went with them into the timber, for, although David was a dreamer, he could work with his hands even while the visions were upon him.

Before autumn came the ground was cleared, and then fruit trees and berries were set out. The house which David built was planned carefully that it might be a rest to the body and a pleasure to the taste. A half dozen oaks had been left growing in the yard, and a hedge of roses was planted all the way around it. Walks were laid and flowers planted beside them.

David had some money—not much, but enough. Still he chose to work every day among the trees or in the garden. Every evening he sat on the porch and dreamed and waited.

When the orchard was bearing and the rough places had been made smooth David's lodge on the hill was the admiration of the community. Visitors were brought to see it, and tourists, who sometimes came to the Ozarks, went out of their way to see the hill that blossomed as a garden.

David still worked and dreamed and waited. Sometimes at evening as he sat alone upon the porch and looked out over the silent places—the hills and the valleys—a sense of loneliness came over him.

Suppose she should never come? Even the shadow of a doubt made him grow sick at heart. But she would—surely she would. Somewhere was the girl of whom he dreamed, the one that loved the things he loved and thought the thoughts that came to him.

Some time she would grow tired and turn aside to the hills. Then she would find the fairest one of them all, and when she climbed to its top the home would be ready, and he would be there waiting.

One day when the apple trees were in bloom and the oaks were brown David



"I KNEW YOU WOULD COME, DEAREST," David felt as he worked in the orchard strangely torn between doubts and hopes.

A vision would come of a cozy hearth, with the dream woman sitting where the light fell on face and hair. Then it would fade, and he would see himself, old, lonely and disillusioned by time, the wreck of a foolish hope.

It was after sundown when he came to the house. As he entered the yard he saw a girl sitting on the edge of the porch looking across the hills to the south.

She did not turn, and as he stood still watching her his pulse grew strong and rhythmic until every nerve in him sang.

This was the dream woman.

"Do you like it?" he asked directly.

She did not start at the sound of his voice, but looked up and smiled. "Yes; it is perfect."

He sat down on the edge of the porch near her. "I am visiting my aunt," she explained, "and I wanted to climb this hill. When I got here it was so beautiful and restful I couldn't leave."

For a few minutes they sat in silence. The south wind came from over the valleys laden with the incense of the wild plum and the wild grape. They breathed the clean, sweet air in perfect content.

She arose to go. He went with her to where the road turned down the hill. "You will come again?" he said.

"Yes," she said. "I would like to."

"I will show you the place," he promised.

Two days later she came again. They went through the orchard and garden and then to the edge of the hill where it falls away almost perpendicularly. They sat on a flat rock and watched the sun go down.

"Isn't it restful?" she sighed. "So quiet, but full of thought."

They talked of trees and vines, the hills and the seasons, of books and people. Wherever his thoughts had

been, there hers had gone also, and whatever she had felt or dreamed he had, too, understood.

Often she turned her wide open, frank eyes upon him in wonder at the keenness and power of his thoughts, his seemingly unbounded knowledge.

"I wonder," she said musingly, "why you are not out in the world."

"I am," he laughed, "unless you call this paradise."

"But you are not ambitious?" she questioned.

"No. Why should I be?"

"There is so much to do in the world," she said, "and you have so much ability."

"I work every day." He smiled.

"But there is so much to be done to help people, and they need it so much."

"Whenever I see a fellow that needs help I help him if I can," he replied cheerfully.

"But think of the multitudes you can never see here," she argued.

"Do you believe that everybody was made to quit his work and go out and hunt for distress?" he asked.

"No, of course not everybody."

"If there ever was one that was not, that one am I. I was made for this," and his gesture took in the hills and sky. "I was made to live and dream. I did not make humanity suffer, and God has never laid on me the job of curing their diseases and distresses, except such as I meet in my daily work."

"It is a pleasant philosophy," she said, with a slow smile, "but I fear it is selfish."

She seemed to be troubled as they went down the hill and said little.

For two weeks he did not see her again. He waited, poised dizzily on the narrow ledge that runs between darkness and light.

If she was really the dream woman, after a little struggle with the sense of duties that, although never hers, had been laid upon her, she would see as he saw and come to know that this was her life too. But if she were not the one for whom he had so long waited she would go away and he would never see her again.

It had been another day of doubts and fears. Perhaps she had already gone. Possibly he was a crazy dreamer, after all. The sun was down and the robins had begun their good night song when he went to the house. As he came near his step quickened and his heart beat fast. She was on the porch, just as he had seen her that first time.

As he hurried toward her she arose, her soft hair blowing lightly about her face, and, with a smile of timid confession, held out her hands to him.

He took them both and held them tight. The lids drooped and covered her eyes, and the blood came up until it bloomed a beautiful confession in her cheeks.

"I knew you would come, dearest. As I dreamed of you it was always like this."

"Yes," she said softly; "it was always just like this."

House Plant Showers.

Shower your plants two or three times a week to wash the dust off their leaves and prevent the ravages of the red spider. This pest flourishes in a hot, dry atmosphere. Keep it moist and he will not do much damage. A showering, bear in mind, doesn't mean a slight sprinkling. It means a real shower, and the result of it is that your plants are wet all over.

There is only one thing better than a thorough showering for house plants and that is a dip bath. Fill a large tub with water and submerge your plants under, leaving them submerged for two or three minutes, and you have the satisfaction of knowing that water has got to every part of them. No insect can possibly escape such a bath as that.

If the red spider has begun to injure your plants before you were aware of his presence, heat the water in your tub to 120 degrees and immerse the infested plants in it, allowing them to remain under about half a minute. This will kill the spider without injuring very delicate plants.—Eben E. Rexford in Outing Magazine.

A Watchman's Precaution.

An official of one of the big manufacturing concerns of Cleveland happened to be near the plant the other night and thought he would take a turn about the place to see if the watchman was attending to his knitting. The watchman was there, all right. He had a revolver in his hand when the officer found him back near the engine room, ready for any one who might be hunting trouble, and he had an electric searchlight in his other hand to hunt for intruders. But in order to avoid so far as possible any meeting in the big dark factory that might be a source of mutual embarrassment the watchman had taken the simple precaution of strapping a large bell to his ankle. By this means he had been able to avoid any unpleasant scenes when he made his rounds from time to time during the night.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Close Quarters.

Citizman—Yes, we've got to move. We've got a nice servant girl, and we don't want to lose her.

Subbubs—Objects to your present place, eh?

Citizman—Yes; her room in our flat is 3 by 5, and she's easily 2 by 6 feet herself.—Catholic Standard and Times.

No Great Loss.

He had just been introduced to the widow of a man who had married for money.

"What kind of a man was the late lamented?" he asked.

"Well," was the suggestive reply, "he was just an expense."—St. Louis Republic.

MOUNT FUJIYAMA.

Japanese Pilgrimage to its Tempest Swept Summit.

To the people of Japan the mount Fujiyama is sacred. The meaning of the word is "honorable mountain." During that brief six weeks of summer when Fujiyama's wind swept sides are climbable, writes A. H. Edwards in "Kakemono," the pilgrims come in thousands, in ten thousands. They dress themselves in white from head to foot. They carry long staves of pure white wood in their hands, each stamped with the temple crest, and in bands and companies they climb the mountain.

Always the leader at their head, his staff crowned with a tinkling mass of bells, like tiny cymbals, chants the hymn of Fujiyama. For six short summer weeks they come. Then the winds rush down, the snow falls, the tempests rage, and Lord Fujiyama lives alone.

No human being has yet stayed a winter on his summit, and even in the summer weeks the winds will blow the lava blocks from the walls of the rest houses and sometimes the pilgrim from the path.

Fujiyama stands alone, not one peak among a range, but utterly alone. Rising straight out of the sea on one side and from the great Tokyo plain on the other, his 12,365 feet in two long curving lines of exquisite grace rise up and up into the blue, and not an inch of foot is hidden or lost. It is all there, visible as a tower built on a treeless plain. It dominates the landscape. It can be seen from thirteen provinces, and from a hundred miles at sea the pale white peak of Fujiyama floats above the blue.

AERIAL NAVIGATION.

The First Gas Bag and the First Dirigible Balloon.

On the 1st of December, 1783, when the first gas balloon rose from the Tuilleries, carried up by Charles and Robert, the Marquis de Villeroi, an octogenarian and skeptic, declared it was tempting God himself. He was rolled in his armchair to a window of his chateau to witness the impossibility of such an ascension. But the moment the aeronaut, gayly saluting the spectators, rose in the air, the old man, passing suddenly from the most complete incredulity to unlimited faith in the power of genius, fell upon his knees and exclaimed: "O men, ye will find the secret of never dying! And it will be when I am dead!"

The public, easily confounding the atmospheric with the astronomic heavens, already hailed the day when the aeronaut would continue his aerial course to the moon, to Venus, to Mars or Jupiter.

Pierre Giffard, then Dupuy de Lome, tried the first dirigible balloons. Later Captains Renard and Krebs in their aeroplane, La France, went from Meudon to Paris and back at the same time that Gaston Tissandier was carrying out his fine experiments. But all progress was soon stopped by the weakness of the motors compared to their weight.

Nothing further could be done until the arrival of the explosive motor. In fact, it was the improvement in automobiles which won us the conquest of the air.

Hands and Feet.

It is said that Disraeli was prouder of his small hands than of all his great mental accomplishments. This was presumably because they were badges of aristocracy in their evidence that he had not been brought up to labor, and he worshiped aristocracy. And small feet of the same character—evidences that the possessor did not go barefooted as a child. Generations of carefully shod children of the nobility developed this characteristic of those of "gentle blood" as distinguished from the commonality. But such proofs of superiority were not meekly endured. In due time brainy commoners discovered that the "aristocratic hand" was not small, but long and slender, and then came the athlete multitude, who scorn small hands and feet as evidences of effeminacy.—Indianapolis Star.

Gray Hairs in Wall Street.

"It seemed to me down in New York the other day," remarked a Cleveland-er who had just returned from the metropolis, "that one might almost recognize Wall street and the financial region by the number of gray haired young men you see. I had occasion to be in several offices on Wall street the other day, and I honestly believe more than half of the young men I saw had gray hair. I noticed the same thing along the street. It may have been just a coincidence, but I couldn't help wondering if they would have been gray just as soon if they had been in some other game for the last few years."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Stupid Fellow.

"Mary said 'No' to me last night," sighed Peter Sloman, "but I don't believe she could honestly tell why she did it."

"Oh, yes, she could," replied his cousin Kate. "She told me."

"Did she?"

"Yes; she said she didn't think you'd take 'No' for an answer."—Philadelphia Press.

Rome's Gormandizing.

The decline of a nation commences when gormandizing begins. Rome's collapse was well under way when slaves were thrown into the eel pits to increase the gamy flavor of the eels when they came upon the table.

Success has a great tendency to conceal and throw a veil over the evil deeds of men.—Demosthenes.

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Agreeing With Beamish.

By LULU JOHNSON.

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"It looks like a graveyard," said Audrey, with a little shiver, as she stared into the body of the theater.

On the stage the open fire skylights flooded the bare space with light and created a grateful draft, but the body of the house was swathed in white thin cloths over the rows of the round-backed seats, suggesting an orderly row of tombstones.

In the broad foyer back of the balcony one of Manager Beamish's "No. 2" companies went through its rehearsal, while still another touring organization occupied the side lobby downstairs, but it was the Avenue stock company, the pride of Beamish's attractions, that occupied the stage. Audrey Harwood smiled at the thought that this season she was rehearsing with the crack company on the stage instead of one of the less important companies in the lobby.

The year before she had labored through a small part with a road company, and it had not been until the last of the season that Basil, the general stage manager for Beamish, had noticed her work on one of his trips of inspection and had promoted her to the metropolitan company.

"It's been the graveyard of many a blasted hope," retorted Malda Terry, the leading lady, with a laugh, "and Beamish is the school that goes prowling around the place seeking whom he may devour. There he comes now," she added as the burly form of the manager was discerned descending the staircase leading from the balcony, where he had been watching the rehearsal of the minor company.

Now he settled his huge bulk in a seat at the rear of the house, his pudgy hands clasped across his fat stomach, while he viciously chewed the end of an unlit cigar. Beamish was an inveterate smoker, but he lived in dread of a fire that might put his house out of business for a time, and he never smoked in the theater, even in his own office.

His presence made itself felt to Howard Basil, though the latter stood with his back to the auditorium. Some of the actors played better with the manager's eyes upon them, others grew nervous and confused, and Audrey, coming under Beamish's notice for the first time, failed utterly in her scene. As her voice faltered and broke there came a gruff shout from the rear of the house, and the company eyed the girl commiseratingly, while Basil dropped the rehearsal to answer Beamish's summons.

"Get another girl for that part of Mona," was the terse command. "That stick you've got there is rotten." "She will play all right," was the response. "She rehearses badly, and then she is nervous because you are out here."

"I want another girl," was Beamish's emphatic answer. "It's only a bit that she plays, but it comes in Terry's big scene, and we can't have that spoiled. Get rid of her." "If I thought that she would spoil it, I should not have engaged her," answered Basil quietly. "The girl will remain in the cast."

"Give the part to Ashton," ordered Beamish. "Let this girl out tomorrow."

"I have full control of the companies," said Basil, whose face had grown very white. "Miss Ashton can play the part at a pinch. Miss Harwood can live the part. If she goes, I go."

"I've got you under contract," sputtered Beamish.

"I just mentioned the important clause of that contract," retorted Basil. "You will break it by your own action."

The younger man stood quietly for a moment, while Beamish chewed his cigar viciously. Basil was a man hard to replace. Moreover, he had seen the English production of the piece and had read the play with the author. It would never do to let him go on the eve of a production. Beamish rose heavily to his feet.

"I don't suppose that you will object to Ashton understudying?" he asked gruffly.

"Not in the least," said Basil. "I'll send for her this afternoon."

He returned to the stage. Those better versed in the Beamish methods had guessed that the stage manager had been fighting for Audrey and had told the girl so. She flashed him a grateful glance, but he merely took his place by the table and ordered the rehearsal of the scene over again. It was not until after the company had been dismissed that Audrey had a chance to speak to him.

"How can I ever thank you?" she said gratefully.

Basil looked down into the wistful face. "By doing as well as you possibly can," he said. "I want you to justify my judgment, and I am certain that you can. There will be an understudy here tomorrow, but don't worry. If Beamish wants to pay any extra salary, let him. It is seldom that he indulges in that luxury."

He turned away to hide the real answer to her question. The temptation was strong upon him to take her in his arms and tell her that he loved her and it was because of his love that he had fought. To do so would seem to be presuming upon his action. Mentally he cursed Beamish for raising this barrier against his hopes.

Miss Ashton appeared the following morning, sitting in one of the front seats and studying the business care-

fully, but Audrey played without a break, and at the dress rehearsal even Beamish was pleased to grant a grudging assent to Basil's praise.

Then came the opening night. The house was crowded, for it was an early opening of the season, and the other theaters were still dark. Beamish gleamed upon the crowd of notables streaming into the house. He knew that he had one of the strongest plays of the hour. To score a hit would mean perhaps an all season run at the home theater and a tremendous advertisement for the road companies.

But his hopes were dashed when Basil came out front with a worried look upon his face.

"Terry was thrown out of her automobile on her way to the theater," he reported. "The physician thinks she has fractured her skull."

"And we've got to lose all this?" asked Beamish, with a wave of his cigar. The accident to his leading woman appealed only to his own selfishness and cupidity.

"Miss Harwood is dressing for the part," explained Basil. "She can play it, I am certain. It would never do to turn the crowd away. We could never get them back on a later night." Beamish nodded a grudging assent. He knew that Basil had stated the situation properly. To get another woman or wait for Miss Terry to recover would upset the play and give it a blow from which it could never recover.

"Go ahead," he said shortly. "It's a last chance. Perhaps the play will carry the girl through."

Basil hurried behind the scenes to make the announcement, and Beamish lumbered in to lean over the rear rail of the orchestra floor. At the end of the first act he went back on the stage.

"Going great," he said shortly. Then he turned upon his heel and walked back to his place of observation.

In the second act Audrey had her big scene, and, forgetful of self, she threw herself into the part. She could not act well at rehearsal, but now the lights and the crowd acted as a stimulus. Nerved by the further desire to justify Basil's confidence, she surpassed herself. At the end of the act the house rang with cheers, and her success was assured.

After the last curtain the crowds in the restaurants were discussing her wonderful work, but she still lingered in the dressing room. The other players had gone, and only the cluster of electric lights in the center of the stage illuminated the place, emphasizing the dark shadows thrown by the stacked scenery.

Beamish and Basil were talking as she came down the dressing room corridor, and they did not hear her soft footfalls as she approached.

"I suppose you'll marry her, you're so stuck on her," grumbled the manager.

"Your objection to her work sealed my lips," said Basil coldly. "I could not seem to demand her love as the price of her being retained in the company."

"Hush!" said Beamish, with an uneasy laugh. "You're a fool not to grab her up before some one else does."

"I don't agree with you," said Basil grimly. Audrey stepped into the circle of light.

"I do," she said quietly. "Howard, may I ask your escort to my hotel?"

Beamish in his excitement forgot himself and lit his cigar as the two passed out. For once a member of his company had agreed with him.

A Pretty Bit of Courtesy.

At one of the public receptions given at the White House during the Cleveland administration an old lady who was drawn up in the line that was pushing its way forward to shake hands with the president's wife dropped her handkerchief just before getting to Mrs. Cleveland. She was too old and rheumatic to stoop down and recover it, and those back of her in the line were too intent upon getting the one fleeting glimpse possible of the mistress of the White House to notice the old lady's loss, and the handkerchief was trampled upon roughly.

Just before the old lady reached her Mrs. Cleveland stepped out of her place and deftly picked up the handkerchief, tucked it in her dress and, taking her own fresh one, which was of the most delicate, dainty lace, smilingly handed it to the old lady with the sweet remark, "Please take mine, and when you get home send it back to me, will you?" And when the handkerchief came back to Mrs. Cleveland returned that of the owner, freshly laundered, lying on the top of a beautiful box of rosebuds that came from the White House conservatory.

Her Word or Two.

A Manchester man, whose wife was going abroad, asked her to telegraph him a word or two letting him know of her safe arrival in London.

In a few hours he received the following message:

"Dear George—Arrived here safely at fifteen minutes after 6. The train was due at 6, but we were delayed fifteen minutes while en route. Had a perfectly lovely journey. Do not worry about me, I will get along all right. And take good care of yourself. Be very careful about taking cold this weather. Be sure to have the house open and aired as often as possible. Remember what I told you about your socks and shirts. Do not forget to keep the basement door locked. Write every day. I am sure I shall have a lovely time. So good of you to let me go. You must come over after me soon. For ever and ever and ever yours, Mamie."

An hour later Mamie was pained to receive the following reply to her word or two: "Do not wire from Switzerland. Am ruined if you do."—George.—London Standard.

SOME CURIOUS SPOONS.

Uses to Which They Were Put by People a Few Centuries Ago.

We are familiar nowadays with spoons of many shapes intended for every variety of purpose, but some old fashioned styles are now merely curiosities. There is the old fashioned narrow spoon, for instance, which was used for extracting marrow from bones. It was made double, one end being used for small bones and the other for those of larger bone.

Another example is the mulberry spoon. This has a perforated bowl and a spiked and pointed handle, says the London Globe. The implements were made for use in a day when mulberries were much more commonly eaten than they are at the present time. With the perforated bowl a little sugar was sprinkled on the berry, which was then conveyed to the mouth on the spiked end of the handle.

The introduction of tea led to the making of a variety of new kinds of spoons, including the necessary teaspoon itself, some of which still remain in use, while others have disappeared. At South Kensington may be seen, for example, a curious collection of the little scoops so well known to our great-grandmothers as caddy spoons. Tea caddies of the old fashioned kind have long been superseded, and when the caddy with its two lidded and metal lined end compartments and the sugar bowl in the cavity between went out of use the caddy spoon or scoop disappeared also.

Another obsolete curiosity is the samit spoon, which in the days when nearly everybody took snuff and took it everywhere was used for conveying the scented powder from the box to the hand or in some cases direct to the nose. Candle spoons and nap spoons also are out of date. A Llangollen gentleman a few months ago wrote in a Shropshire paper that he had in his possession a silver nap spoon which had been originally given by the Marquis of Exeter to a member of the Hoggins family of Bolas. The possessor of this spoon remarked that it had been given to him by his father with the wish that it should be handed over to the first married in each succeeding generation, for as such it had come to him through the intermarriage of the two families in years gone by.

Three hundred years ago there was one at Hford, in Essex, which held more than a quart. Others of more legitimate make were such as the curious combination implement with which folk of that date were familiar. When most people still dipped their fingers into the general dish to help themselves to meat more dainty diners carried about with them an implement which was a combination of spoon and fork and footpick.

The fork was at the back of the spoon, while the handle of the double article was finished off with a little figure terminal, which served as handle for the footpick. The terminal figure was a very favorite form of spoon ornamentation.

It is most familiar in the apostle spoons, of which original sets fetch such high prices and of which latter day imitations are so abundant, but the figures were by no means confined to the apostles. In some cases the spoons were curiously finished with double heads, which can hardly have been conducted, one would think, to convenience of handling. A curious but decidedly unpleasant form of ornament gave its name to the "death's head" spoon, which was made for commemorative purposes, a very unattractive kind of "memento mori."

Slow, but Sure.

There is a promising young American who successfully passed the last examination in the fourth grade of his school. The youth exhibits such well developed ability in the art of answering questions that it would be well for our local railroad companies to keep him in mind. He would be a jewel as a guide for parties of tourists and excursionists.

All questions in this youth's examination papers were faithfully answered, among them being the following: "How are mountains, continents and ocean basins formed?"

The answer came from the promising youngster: "Mountains, continents and ocean basins are formed by rocks decaying and falling into them. It takes a long time, but it helps."—Los Angeles Times.

Nothing but Mouth.

Two friends, A and B, were very fond of bragging. A said to B, "There is in my village a giant whose head touches the heavens and whose feet reach the earth."

B said: "In my village there is a giant much larger. His upper lip covers the heavens and his lower lip covers the earth." A, taken back, asked, "Where, then, is his body?" B answered, "He had nothing but mouth."—From the Chinese.

Caught a Tartar.

"So you want my daughter?" said the stern parent.

"Yes, sir," answered the younger suit-or modestly.

"Huh!" grunted the old man. "Got any money?"

"Yes, sir. How high do you quote her?"—Cleveland Leader.

A Dangerous Question.

"Would you marry again, George, if I were to die?"

"No, indeed."

"You brute! You want the world to believe that I'm such a bad wife you would not want another!"—Houston Post.

A wise man will desire no more than he can get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully and leave contentedly.—Bacon.

THE MULE IN THE JUG.

An Arab Proverb and the Legend That Gave It Birth.

Who can affirm that the mule entered the jug?

This proverb is frequently quoted to show that, though one may conscientiously believe in a thing which may seem extravagant in itself, it is better not to repeat it from fear of being disbelieved. It arises from the following Arabic legend: An Arab who denied the existence of geni once bought a mule and took it home. When performing his evening ablutions, he saw the mule enter a jug, and this so scared him that he ran shouting to the neighbors and told them what he had seen. They, thinking him mad, endeavored to appease him, but all in vain. He vociferated more and more, so that the authorities sent him to the madhouse. When the doctor came to see him, he repeated the account of what he had seen, whereupon the doctor ordered him to be detained. He continued upon each visit of the doctor to repeat his statement until his friends succeeded in persuading him that if he wished to regain his freedom he must recant. This he did, and the doctor set him at liberty, to the great joy of his family and friends. On making his ablutions as before he again saw the mule, this time peeping out of the jug, but on this occasion he contented himself with remarking to the mule: "Oh, yes, I see you well enough, but who would believe me? And I have had enough of the madhouse." Needless to say that the geni to avenge themselves for his disbelief in them had transformed one of themselves into a mule and as such entered the jug.—Cairo (Egypt) Sphinx.

A ROCKING STONE.

New York's Souvenir of the Remote Glacial Period.

Though tens of thousands of persons yearly see the great rocking stone of Bronx park in New York city, few realize that it is the city's most conspicuous souvenir of the glacial period, when all of this section was covered with an ocean of ice some 1,500 feet thick that was moving slowly toward the south.

That pinkish bit of granite, weighing thirty tons, standing seven and one-half feet above its rocky base, being ten feet broad and eight feet thick, came from the far north, carried in the resistless icy arms of the glacier that swept over the continent down to this latitude, marking its path by depositing great boulders as it moved and leaving scratches on the firm rocks beneath, from the sliding, grinding bits and masses of granite that settled to its base and were pushed along as it moved.

This same boulder left its mark on the bare face of the rocky hill to the north of it, in which lies the crocodile pool. There the scratches are visible today, pointing to where the boulder stands and telling the story of part of its travels.

When the melting ice departed from the great block of granite, it left it standing through the ages a rocking stone so delicately poised that a pressure of fifty pounds exerted on its most northern angle causes its apex to sway north and south about two inches.—New York Herald.

A Considerate Reporter.

When the Maine was blown up the wife of Lieutenant Commander Wainwright was at her home in Washington. She had heard nothing of the news when she was awakened about 4 o'clock in the morning by a violent knocking at the door of her house. Finally Mrs. Wainwright rose and looked out of the window, asking what was the matter. A voice called out, "Are you the wife of Lieutenant Commander Wainwright?" "Yes. What do you want?" "The Maine has been totally destroyed. We are reporters and wish for some information about Mr. Wainwright." Only this and nothing more. The shock caused the poor lady to fall in a dead faint, from which she did not rally for several hours, and, fortunately for her, it was then known her husband was not among the lost.

Hippophagy.

Hippophagy being in low water in these later days, somebody has set himself to show what an exceedingly respectable history attaches to the practice. Among the ancients, especially in China, eating horseflesh was general, and it was only killed in Europe by a papal decree of Gregory III, though why horseflesh should have been interdicted does not appear. It was only the famine caused by Napoleon's invasion that revived the practice in Germany, where it has survived ever since.—London Globe.

Not Broadened.

"They say that travel broadens a man," said the dark woman. "Well, I don't know about that," replied the light woman. "My husband has been a conductor on a trolley car for seven years and see how thin he is!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Economy.

Small Gilbert—Papa, didn't I hear you tell mamma we would have to economize? Papa—Yes, my son. Small Gilbert—Well, you might begin by getting me a pony; then I shouldn't wear out so many shoes.—Chicago News.

Law of Progress.

The law of progress is the law of sacrifice—no sacrifice, no progress. The secret of sacrifice is love. Without the self sacrificing love of the mother life itself would disappear from the earth.—Review of Reviews.

No man is wise at all times.—Pliny the Elder.

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12:00 m	12:00 m
1:00 pm	1:00 pm
2:00 pm	2:00 pm
3:00 pm	3:00 pm
4:00 pm	4:00 pm
5:00 pm	5:00 pm
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GAVE ELOQUENT LECTURE

"The School Teacher in Fiction" was the subject of President Hughes' lecture, delivered before a large audience composed of students of the university, teachers and citizens of Greencastle, yesterday afternoon at four in the Assembly Room of West College.

President Hughes introduced his subject by saying that, "True fiction holds the mirror so that Life may see its own image. The image is not the self, of course; but the image reveals the self in its various forms. The looking glass does not hold the real person; yet the looking glass does show what the real person is like. Thus life, as it is seen in the great novels, is not the real thing; but, for all that, the genuinely great novels disclose to us what life is." The Doctor went on to say that "as the school and the teacher have a large place in the real world, it is inevitable that novelists should found schools and create teachers."

He gave a hasty review of some of the novels in which we find this prophecy justified: naming, "Daniel Deronda" in which is Herr Klessner; the "Mills on the Floss" where we find Walter Stelling; "Vanity Fair" with Miss Pinkerton; "Jane Eyre" with its Miss Miller and Miss Templeton; "The Little Minister" with Ogilvie; "Guy Mannering" with Dominie Sampson and so on through the list. As to "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," the speaker went on to say "If we have never traveled far in fiction, we have surely traveled far enough to run across 'The Hoosier Schoolmaster.' I do not discuss the question as to whether or not Edward Eggleston's book was a good advertisement for our Commonwealth; I do not feel either that I can point any moral from Ralph's varied experiences; but I am certainly allowed to comment on the fact that, long before the most of you wielded a ferule or a pointer, another 'Hoosier Schoolmaster' had attained a reputation that you can scarcely hope to equal."

President Hughes made the surprising statement that the good teacher in fiction is somewhat disappointing. He said, "The good teacher is numerous enough; but for some reason he is not nearly so striking as his evil fellow." Even in our day badness is news; it is exploited with headlines. The man who murders his wife gets much space; while the man who cares for his sick wife through the patient years does not get into the daily press. "For most part, goodness is a plodding thing, lacking in the dramatic element and not giving itself naturally too varied and flashing description. The clerk who does his work in all faithfulness for a decade is not advertised so much as the clerk who steals his employer's money. All this looks like a reflection upon the newspapers and upon humanity. This, however, is not a just conclusion. Badness is exceptional, and so badness is news. It is vastly to the credit of human kind that this is so."

This was the second of a series of lectures, arranged by Professor R. B. vonKleinsmid, to be given by great educators of the state, for the

LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Jessie Richardson, was in Quincy today.

C. W. Oaks has returned from farm at Cataract.

Miss Lizzie Sullivan has returned from Indianapolis.

E. B. Taylor transacted business in Paris, Ills., yesterday.

Henry Shoemaker was here from Cloverdale on business yesterday.

Theodore Lane of Cloverdale attended the Farmers' Institute today.

Misses Anna O'Brien and Estella Gifford have returned from Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Burris of Cloverdale, attended the Farmers' Institute today.

Dr. Hughes went to Danville, Ills. this morning where he will deliver a lecture tonight.

Mrs. Mary J. Clark, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Martin, has returned to her home in Bridgeton.

Miss Grace Ford has returned from Bainbridge, where she was called by the sickness of her little brother.

Mrs. C. C. Brothers, has returned from an extended visit in north Putnam, Mr. Brothers spent last night in Roachdale.

G. H. Havens an Interurban conductor, has been compelled to return to his home in Terre Haute, on account of illness.

John Cannon was re-elected to a place on the board of directors at the Indiana Retail Dealers' Association meeting in Terre Haute this week.

R. L. O'Hair spent yesterday in Indianapolis.

Martin Henry, of Roachdale, was in the city today.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Cook on Jan. 21, a daughter.

James L. Randel is confined to his home by an attack of grippe.

Barton Shipley and Elmer Long were in Indianapolis last evening.

W. F. Jamison and daughter, Ethel are visiting relatives in Crawfordsville.

E. B. Lynch has returned from attending the Merchants Association at Terre Haute.

Miss Myrtle Ragsdale returned to her home near Bainbridge last evening, on account of illness.

The Monon platform is undergoing some repairs in the way of replacing the old planks with new ones.

The Farmers' Institute began its session in the court house today with a good attendance and much interest manifested.

Word has been received that Mr. Horace Pitts and family arrived in Pine Bluff, Arkansas, all right Wednesday evening.

Mrs. C. H. Money, and son, Wayne of Bainbridge, were in the city this morning, enroute to Carbon, to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Moore.

John Cannon, James Vermillion, Edward Lynch and John Sutherland attended the Indiana Retail Dealers' Association meeting in Terre Haute yesterday.

W. S. Rainer of Brazil was in the city today.

J. P. Allen, Jr., spent the day in Indianapolis.

Bert Wells, is visiting relatives in Brazil this week.

J. N. Carter of Chanute, Kansas, is visiting Mrs. Frances Raines.

Mrs. M. O. Payne of Rockville, is visiting her brother in the city.

The epidemic of grip is still prevalent among those sick in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Broadstreet of Coatesville, spent today in the city.

Mrs. Flora Gambold of Coatesville has returned from a visit in Chicago.

Mrs. C. H. Mikel, has returned from a few days' visit in Indianapolis.

Mrs. Ed. Cowell has returned to her home in Ladoga after a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Fred Hillis.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cox, are moving to Fox Ridge this week from the Albert Hamrick farm, west of the city.

The Farmer's Institute was well attended and many interesting and instructive talks were given by those on the program.

Miss Perry Wright was taken suddenly ill in Sackett's Store this afternoon, but with a physician's aid she is recovering.

H. T. Patrick and family of Eminence were in the city today, enroute to Severy, Kansas, where they will make their future home.

The Boston Club will not meet this evening, but will meet next Monday evening instead. The meeting will be at the usual hour.

Tom Johnson of Chicago was in the city today enroute to Brazil. Mr. Johnson says he has been coming to the city of Greencastle for thirty-six years.

The Century Club will meet with Miss Laiten, at Woman's Hall, the paper will be by Mrs. Frank Coss on "Lights and Shades of National Character."

Miss Isabelle Reel was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. Hoffman, on north Jackson street last night. Miss Reel went to Spencer this morning to nurse Mrs. Sloan.

Dr. John E. Morrison, of Charles ton, Ills., spent last night with Misses Burnside and Morrison, and left the city this morning for Crawfordsville and Indianapolis.

The People's Transfer had five cabs out this morning, conveying guests to the church and home of Mr. and Mrs. James Downs, who celebrated their Golden Wedding.

Joe Collins, and Henry O'Hair attended the Poultry Show at Danville, today. They report the finest exhibition and the largest number of fowls, they ever witnessed. They are expecting their share of the premiums. Their birds will be brought back to the city Saturday.

Last evening the Sophomore class of the Greencastle High School held a meeting at the home of Miss Edith Bastin, on Anderson Street. About twenty-five of the class were present and Misses Bishop and Worthington acted as chaperons. Light refreshments were served and a pleasant evening enjoyed by all.

A rich feast of eloquence illustration and philosophy characterize the lectures of Dr. J. P. D. John. Wherever he has lectured the people have been thrilled by his flights of eloquence and his philosophical utterances. He will be at the M. E. Church on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights of next week. All should hear him.—Martinsville Democrat.

The Rev. C. W. Cauble has resigned the pastorate of the Christian church, of this city, and will start on February 6, he and his wife, on a trip to the Orient. Mr. Cauble has been pastor of the church since September 1, 1904, and during his work here a debt of 2,500 was paid, and improvements made which cost of \$4,500. There have been more than 100 additions to the church.

The Martinsville Democrat says the following in regard to the appearance of grasshoppers: Mr. Hugh Moore, Sr., who lives near Morgantown, on Wednesday told us that on the day before he had noticed that the grasshoppers were out in force, and were about as lively as they are in the spring or early summer months. He recalls that the same thing occurred in the middle of January eighteen or nineteen years ago. The grasshopper is an unusual visitor at this season.

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

DEPAUW UNIVERSITY NOTES

Harry Redding is ill at his room in the Phi Gam house.

Alpha Omicron Pi will be at home January 31 from 8 till 10.

Miss Bell Starr who has been ill is able to attend recitations.

Arthur Cornell leaves tomorrow to spend a week in Chicago.

Miss Trout and Mrs. Morrison are still ill at the Alpha Phi house.

Orton Lucas is confined to his room at the Phi Psi house by illness.

Paul Baldwin leaves this afternoon to spend Sunday in Bloomville.

Miss Bernice Anderson is able to be out after several days of illness.

Park Lantz is expected to return next Monday to resume his school work.

Charles Pyke has been the guest of his nephew at the Sigma Nu house.

Miss Lillie Mervilya of Browns-town is coming to enter the Music School.

The Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority has issued invitations for a formal party, Jan. 31.

Miss Mabel Aden who has been out of school for a week or two is back in school.

Park Lantz who has been ill at his home in Milton expects to return to school Monday.

All men interested in track will meet Coach Brown in the gymnasium at three o'clock today.

The Senior Class will meet in Plato Hall this afternoon at five o'clock. Important business will be transacted.

The Thetas will be at home to their town friends on the afternoon of Monday, January 27. They will receive the alumnae Monday evening.

There will be a basketball game tonight at the opera house between Earlham and DePauw. Game called at seven thirty.

Miss Clara Belle Hood of Portland will attend the Founders' Day banquet in Indianapolis Saturday afternoon and come on to Greencastle for a visit.

The Sophomore Class will meet at one-fifteen Monday afternoon in Msharry Hall. Election of officers for the winter term will take place at that time.

About twenty Kappas will attend the Kappa banquet tomorrow at Indianapolis. There will be a business session in the afternoon and a banquet at the Claypool Hotel in the evening.

WANT AD COLUMN

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

Boy Wanted—Boy wanted to learn the printers trade. Apply at this office.

It Does The Business.

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

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

At ZEIS' BAKERY

Cream Puffs,
Mothers' Doughnuts,
French Rolls, Currant Rolls,
Parker House Rolls,
Yeast Biscuit,
Coffee Cakes, Jelly Rolls,
Angel Food,
All kinds Layer Cakes,
Large Home-Made Pies.

Phone 67

HE SAW THE SIGN.

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

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

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

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

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

"Dar was a sign dar; yass, suh!"

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

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

THE DEADLY UNDERTOW.

What to Do When Caught in the Treacherous Currents.

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

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

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

One Way to Judge.

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

Shakespeare and His Plays.

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

The Way of New York.

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

The Man With Tact.

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

The Sequel.

"Funny thing about Dubley. He said he needed a little whisky because he was run down."
"Well, wasn't he run down?"
"I don't know about that, but I do know he was run in."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Suited His Temper.

"You seem to find that book very interesting," said Mrs. Henpeck.
"Yes," replied Henry; "it's delightful. I've glanced at the ending, and the hero and heroine don't get married after all."—Washington Herald.

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

Baron Manteufel.

[Original.]

Baron Olbers was the possessor of a fine estate in Pomerania. As a young man he was considered very fascinating by women and before he was twenty-five had broken many hearts. But those whose hearts he broke were more fortunate than those he married late in life, for when he was older he would marry those he wished to possess, and they were always short lived. His neighbors who knew of his Bluebeard practices called him Baron Manteufel (Baron Devil).

By the loveliest of his wives the baron had a son, who as he grew up developed his mother's disposition. He was the baron's only child, and, although of an entirely different character, his father lived with him on fairly good terms. When the son, Herman Olbers, was twenty-five he went to his father one day and told him that he had fallen in love and wished to marry.

"I very much approve of your decision," replied the father. "I only hope the lady is young and beautiful."

"Both." And the son gave his father a glowing description of her beauty.

"Very well, you may write her that I approve of your marriage with her. Indeed, I will go and bring her here to you, and the wedding shall take place in this house instead of hers. Her family shall be at no expense."

Young Herman was delighted with his father's complaisance in the matter, attributing it to the fact that his father, who was a widower and was getting old, wished to have the house lightened up by a woman's presence. The baron a few days later ordered out his handsomest equipage and, arraying himself in his finest apparel, drove away for the bride.

Herman passed a week impatiently, during which he heard nothing from his father or his fiancée. Then one day the two drove up to the house, and when the lady stepped out of the carriage the baron presented her as his wife. He had dazzled her with his great wealth, thus obtaining her consent to marry him instead of his son, who had nothing in his own right.

Herman Olbers went to live in a neighboring city. No one knew what effect the loss of his bride had upon him. Whatever it was, he bore it with outward equanimity. The young baroness lived two years and then died, as the baron's other wives had died, of ill treatment. Her stepson did not attend her funeral, but about the time of her death he shut himself up from his friends, who divined the cause. Great was the surprise, however, soon after this conclusion when he announced that he was to be married. He gave out to a few cronies that he would not make public the name of his betrothed until immediately before the wedding for fear his father would again supplant him.

That he was engaged soon reached the ears of his father, and one of Herman's friends let out the secret as to why the name of the lady was not to be made known at once. This made Manteufel furious. By bribery of those making preparations for the wedding he learned the day and the place at which it was to take place. One morning a spy of his rode up to his house at a gallop to inform him that his son, having heard that his secret was out, was resolved to be married at once, and if the baron wished to anticipate him he had only time to reach the church.

Mounting his fleetest horse, Manteufel spurred over the country furiously. He relied on his personal magnetism, towering will power and vast wealth to turn the bride in his favor even at the last moment. All he feared was that he would not get there in time. On the way he met one of his servants, whom he had sent out to spy, telling him to make haste, as there was yet time. When he reached a point a few leagues from the church he was met by another, who told him that the bridal party was driving to the church. Manteufel spurred on, to find when he reached the church steps that the bridal couple had entered.

Flinging himself from his horse, booted and spurred as he was, he rushed down the aisle to the altar, where the ceremony was just beginning.

"Madam," he said to the bride, whose face was concealed by her veil, "I have come to save you from a marriage which can only prove your ruin. My son has no means except what I give him, and he is so worthless that I shall decline to support him. If you will consent to marry the wealthy Baron Olbers, I will give you every luxury."

Without waiting the bride's consent, taking her and the clergyman by storm, he ordered the latter to go on with the service, taking himself the place of groom. The order was obeyed, the bride mechanically repeated the responses, and the couple were pronounced man and wife.

Then the bride threw off her veil.

If the word manteufel applied to the baron, frauteufel was equally applicable to the bride. She was a veritable hag. The first words she spoke to her husband were:

"I've got you, baron, with all your wealth, and I'll make good use of it as long as you live, though I've signed a contract to relinquish it to your son when you die."

Baron Olbers from that moment lived a life of horror. In vain he strove to master his wife and drive her away from him. His efforts were furious bursts of passion; hers were persistent bedevilment. Curiously enough, the baron lived the exact term of the married life of Herman's mother.

Baron Herman Olbers never married.

W. LEROY WISE.

WATCH THE LIPS.

Their Sensitive Muscles Make Them Great Tell-tales.

"It's a queer thing," remarked the professor, "how people can control their eyes and not their mouths."

The inventor with whom he happened to be talking made the comment that the professor probably meant tongues when speaking of mouths.

"No, I didn't mean tongues. I meant mouths," the professor rejoined.

"I mean, if you want to be scientifically accurate, the action of the lip muscles. There's nearly always, in a moment of excitement, of exaltation, depression or emergency, a telltale movement on their part which can't be guarded against. Why can't it be guarded against? Because it is so largely unconscious. Most of us from our youth up have been trained to use our eyes and to use them in such a way as to conceal our emotions. It's different with the mouth. Perhaps we haven't advanced far enough to do two such important things at the same time. Anyway, the fact remains that we don't do it."

"If, for example, I have reason to believe that a man is not telling me the truth I don't give my attention to his eyes. He may look at me as fearlessly as he wants. What I watch for is something significant in the region of his face below the nose. If there is no change in the expression of his lips I am disposed after all to believe him. But if there is the least trembling or twitching, the least exhibition, let us call it, of nervousness—well, then, I have my doubts."

"I suppose," observed the inventor, "that while that fact does not explain the wearing of the mustache it shows that the mustache has uses."

"It does," returned the professor, "but you must remember that the mustache, as a rule, doesn't obscure the lower lip. And the lower lip, if you'll take the trouble to notice, is if anything more revelatory than the upper one. It is usually that lip which gives the expression to the mouth. The upper lip follows suit, as it were."

"Well, well," said the inventor, fidgeting his mustache.—New York Press.

A KING'S UNDRESSING.

The Ceremony Was a Wonderful One in Louis XVI's Time.

In "Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne" (1781-1814, edited from the original manuscript by Charles Neumaud, is found the following realistic description of the "coucher" of Louis XVI.

"The king's coat, waistcoat and shirt were taken off. He stood there naked to the waist, scratching and rubbing himself as if he had been alone, in the presence of the whole court and often many strangers of distinction. The first valet handed the nightshirt to the most highly qualified person, to one of the princes of the blood if any were present. This was a right and not a favor. When the person was one with whom he was on familiar terms the king would often play tricks while putting it on, stepping on one side to make the holder run after him, accompanying these charming jokes with loud guffaws, which greatly vexed those who were sincerely attached to him. When his shirt was on he put on his dressing gown, while three valets unfastened his waist belt and knee breeches, which fell to his ankles, and in that garb, scarcely able to walk with these ridiculous fetters, he would shuffle round the circle of those in waiting. When the king had had enough of it, he shuffled backward to an armchair which was pushed into the middle of the room and dropped into it, lifting up his legs. Two pages on their knees immediately seized his legs, pulled off the king's shoes and let them drop with a crash, which was a point of etiquette. As soon as he heard the noise the usher opened the door, saying, 'Gentlemen will please pass out.' Those present went away, and the ceremony was finished. However, the person who was holding the candlestick was allowed to stay if he had anything special to say to the king, and hence the value that was attached to this strange favor."

Unlucky Suggestion.

An old vicar had a groom who had been detected stealing his master's oats. The vicar had not decided what course to take, and meantime the groom had gone to the curate to ask him to plead for him, and the sympathetic young fellow hastened to the rectory to appeal to the vicar. The old vicar heard his curate out, but looked obdurate, so as a last resource the curate quoted Scripture as a plea for leniency and said we were taught when a man took our coat to let him take the cloak as well.

"That's true," said the vicar dryly, "and as the fellow has taken my oats I am going to give him the sack."—London Answers.

Bulls In the Graveyard.

The cemetery was full, and a brand new cemetery was laid out. Sandy McTavish, looking over it with Andrew Bruce, protested that it was "too continental" in style. "I'd rather see than be buried in a spot," he declared.

Andrew was less difficult to please. "Weel, it's the vera reverse wi' me," he said, "for I'll be buried newwhere else if I'm spared."—Glasgow Times.

Elementary Arithmetic.

Judge—What age are you? Pat—Eight and fourscore my lord. Judge—And why not fourscore and eight? Pat—Because, my lord, I was eight before I was fourscore.—London Answers.

Ungratefulness is the very poison of manhood.—Sidney.

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

Stereopticon Desolving Views—they are fine. GOOD MUSIC.

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Vocalist.

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