

The Greencastle Herald

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F. C. TILDEN C. J. ARNOLD

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THE FARMER'S INSTITUTE.

During the meeting of the Farmer's Institute the listener is sure to hear, upon the street, some very queer remarks, both in favor of and in opposition to, the work being done. Some are enthusiastic in praise, others give the matter a cold shoulder and pass it by with a shrug, and the statement that, "I never got a pointer worth a cent." We do not propose to state here who is right, the enthusiast or the pessimist. It is a fact, however, that there is room for improvement in the general farming of the country. Some money is being made by the very men who scoff at the "new fangled ideas of the institute", but it is often made by shrewd business deals by economy and close bargaining, (all excellent in themselves,) rather than by increased yield and fattening acres. Then, too, the very men who scoff, half unconsciously, take up, after a season or two, the things scoffed at, when they have been tried by others and proved valuable. It makes no difference how the ideas are scattered so they are scattered, and if a few try and prove good or bad the theories presented, much in accomplished. Certain it is that knowledge is growing. In general conversation one hears words used that show scientific knowledge. One hears of "nitrogen", "humus", "bacteria", "rotation", and make plain that the ideas of the institute are gaining ground in conversation, if not in practice. At least we are sure of this, if nothing further is accomplished it is interesting and uplifting to hear how some one else does the thing we are doing daily. Perhaps he does it better, and we can imitate. Perhaps he does it not so well, and we feel proud. In either case we are helped.

Rank Foolishness.

"When attacked by a cough or a cold, or when your throat is sore, it is rank foolishness to take any other medicine than Dr. King's New Discovery," says C. O. Eldridge, of Empire, Ga. "I have used New Discovery seven years and I know it is the best remedy on earth for coughs and colds, croup, and all throat and lung troubles. My children are subject to croup, but New Discovery quickly cures every attack." Known the world over as the King of throat and lung remedies. Sold under guarantee at The Owl Drug Store. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

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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.

CUNNING BIRDS.

Stratagem of the Lapwing and the Rule of the Thrush.

"The goose is a frightful liar," said a nature fakir. "He quite puts me to shame."

"Really?"
"Really? You know how the goose, when you draw near it, hisses? Well, with that hissing sound it says: 'Scott, beware. I am a serpent.' Yes, from primeval times the goose has acted this lie. The primeval goose mother, sitting on her eggs in a place of reeds and sedge, would not fly when an intruder appeared; but, keeping her body concealed amid the leaves, she would stretch out her long, flexible neck and hiss wickedly. 'A snake in the grass,' the intruder would say to himself as he retreated, and on her eggs the goose would chuckle in a sly, contemptuous way."

"The lapwing is another liar. Approach her nest and she sets up a distressful crying and runs back and forth in front of you, trailing one wing as though it were broken. You follow. You think to snatch her up in your hands. With this lie she lures you away from her young."

"The thrush in time of drought beats with his feet on the grass like a dog dancer. Thus he lies to the earthworms. He makes them think that it is raining. Up they come in silent haste, and the deceitful thrush makes a rich meal."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

WELL BURIED.

Two Funerals For One Man Provided For By His Will.

Curious directions for the disposal of his remains were left by John Robert Pringle of Calif., who died leaving an estate of gross value of \$8,049.38. The testator directed:

"After my decease I desire that a competent and trustworthy doctor of medicine shall, by any experiment he may deem suitable, thoroughly satisfy himself that life is absolutely extinct. My carcass is to be cremated and the residuum thereof deposited in two metal urns, numbered respectively 1 and 2. On the ashes in No. 1 are to be placed a packet, which will be found on my desk, and my miniature portrait scarf-pin, and on the ashes in urn No. 2 a similar packet, which also will be found on my desk, and my miniature portrait finger ring."

He directed that the urns were then to be soldered down and No. 1 buried in his mother's grave at Newport Pagnell and the other in "my dear Lizzie's grave" in the Streatham cemetery at Tooting. He also enjoined his son to see that the graves of his mother and of the testator's mother were properly looked after.—London Mail.

At Liberty to Scream.

It was on a ferryboat plying between Sydney and Manly, one of that city's beautiful suburbs. Every seat was occupied. Each occupant felt the influence and prepared for an enjoyable trip when a lady of fifteen appeared, dragging by the hand a screaming child. There she stood, glowering. A mild lady suggested the child might be in pain. An old bachelor muttered that people who had charge of children should keep them at home. Low voiced but distinct imprecations were now rife. She took not the slightest heed of the muttering or the bawling, which was now at the highest pitch, till the suggestion was offered that medicine would do it good. Then she arose in her wrath, as it were, and, giving the child a vigorous shake, said: "Ethel, cry as loud as you like. I've paid your fare."—London Tit-Bits.

Handsome Dogs Are Good Dogs.

In the most characteristic of English dogs, with the English bulldog as an unfortunate exception of a glaring sort, common sense principles in the canon of judging are distinctly marked. In the case of hounds any good eye can pick out the best animals. This was curiously illustrated not long since in private when an artist taken over one of the bigger kennels of foxhounds picked out the prize and pedigree dogs one after the other. He went purely by his own sense of what was strong and comely, of "strength and beauty met together," as Shelley says in a very different connection. — London Outlook.

The British Breed.

British bred animals, whether they be horses, cattle, sheep or even pigs, are superior to all others in quality and stamina. There is some strange and admirable power in our soil which puts a stronger fiber and a more enduring stamp of excellence into the live stock bred in our islands than are found in the same breed or species in any other part of the world.—London Times.

A City of Happy Homes.

Dublin took a walk in the cemetery, where he noticed on the tombstones, "Good Husband," "Good Wife," "Good Son."

"It is evidently here that the happiest homes are found," he reflected.—Nos Loisirs.

An Admission.

Allee—I rather like that young Thompson. He has such a good, firm mouth and chin. Hazel—Goodness! Has he been kissing you too?—Kansas City Independent.

Always Strong.

Church—They say the human voice is stronger in the morning than it is at night. Gotham—I can't see any difference in baby's.—Yonkers Statesman.

A slip of the tongue is worse than that of the foot.—Spanish Proverb.

SLUG AND SNAIL LORE

Queer Old Traditions That Cluster About the Gastropods.

A CURE FOR WARTS AND AGUE

Drastic Remedies That Must Have Proved Speedily Mortal to the Unfortunate Snails—A Telepathic Theory That Was a Dismal Failure.

It is probable, though—bearing in mind the extent and profundity of the learning considered necessary for "every schoolboy," provided he is educated at other people's expense—one does not like to dogmatize, that slugs and snails were among the very earliest natural history subjects we were taught. The teaching, we may remember, was conveyed in the classical form of question and answer. "What," we were asked, "are little boys made of?" And the querist, almost always of the nurse or governess persuasion, supplied the answer with unmistakable relish. "Slugs and snails and puppy dogs' tails" were, we were informed, the ingredients which went to the composition of the soaring human boy. It was doubtless the memory of the indignity rather than any righteous zeal against the foes of the flower garden that induced us for some time after ward invariably to squash or otherwise destroy every slug and snail that our youthful eyes lighted on.

As a matter of fact, however, a good deal of interesting old world lore clusters about slugs and snails, though considerably more about the latter than the former. That, however, is of the less importance, inasmuch as naturalists tell us the slug is practically a snail which wears its shell under its skin, though possibly the definition may be taken exception to from a scientific standpoint. It is worth remarking that, whereas everybody knows slugs are considered a table luxury in several countries, nobody seems to wax ecstatic over slugs if we except the beche de mer, or sea slug, over which as prepared in the far east some writers have risen to poetical eloquence. The Romans used to fatten their edible snails on bran soaked in wine, and it is said, with a considerable emphasis on the "said," they attained such an abnormal size that the shell of one was reported to have a capacity of ten quarts.

Indirectly snails may be held to add still more largely to our supply of nourishing food, inasmuch as the famous Darinor mutton is said to owe its excellence of quality and flavor to the myriads of tiny snails eaten by the sheep as they browse on the short grass. It is a little disconcerting after this to read the old naturalist's dictum that the snail is "a worm of slime and always foul and unclean; is a manner snake and is a horned worm." Moreover, if any one troubled with warts will secure a snail, place it as many times as the unsightly excrescences number and then impale the hapless snail on a thorn tree as the creature dies the warts will disappear. Equally deserving the attention of the S. P. C. A. is a provincial cure for ague, which consists in putting a live snail into a bag and wearing it around the neck for nine days. It is then to be "thrown into the fire, when it is said to shake like the ague, and after this the patient is never troubled with the tedious complaint." "Stamped and mixed sometimes with cheese, lops and rennet, snails do draw out thorns if they be applied to the place," Lupton assures us, while the horns carried on the person insure the bearer's virtue. It is to be assumed that some at least of these drastic measures prove speedily mortal to the snails, though really some of the stories of their longevity and recuperative powers make one hesitate to dogmatize too positively.

And the snail is not without its quasi mystic attributes. Very widely spread is the childish "charm" by which it is adjured to put out its horns—"Snail, snail, come out of your hole or else I'll beat you as black as a coal." Sometimes a bribe is substituted for the threat, and "bread and barleycorns" are promised as an inducement to "show your horns." In Scotland it is said that the prompt obedience of the snail indicates that fine weather may be expected. In some places to catch a snail by its horns on the 1st of May and throw it over the left shoulder insures good luck.

Possibly one of the queerest ideas that have ever been promulgated about snails was that which gravely proposed to utilize them for the purposes of telegraphy, or, more strictly perhaps, telepathy. Snails, it was alleged, were excessively sympathetic. Two of them were put together for presumably sufficient time to bring them thoroughly in rapport, and the intending operators arranged their code. One of these went to New York with one snail and the other to Paris with the second. When the gentlemen in either capital wished to communicate with their friend, at an hour agreed upon, he put his snail on a dial marked with the characters of the code and moved it from one to the other till his message was spelled out, and the snail in the other capital would, impelled by the mysterious sympathy of its own accord indicate on a corresponding dial the message letter by letter! That was the beautiful theory that was doomed to dismal failure.—London Globe.

Too Much Checking.

Mother (sternly)—Can't you check your wife's constant demand for money? Husband (despairingly)—That's just it! She's always after checks.—Baltimore American.

CATGUT STRINGS.

The Way They Are Made From the Intestines of Sheep.

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

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

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

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

DARING PHOTOGRAPHY.

Perilous Feats of the Men Who Manipulate the Cameras.

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

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

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

Pepper In Olden Times.

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

For Poetical Reasons.

"Perchance," called the amiable widow, "come here!"
The little lapdog trotted meekly up.
"Surely that is a strange name for a dog!" exclaimed the gentleman visitor.
"What made you name him Perchance?"

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

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

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

What He Knew.

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

Pupil—Twelve shillings.
"You don't know the elements of arithmetic."

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

The Bonds.

"I want to get rid of some bonds."
"Out of my line," replied the lawyer.
"But these are matrimonial bonds," rejoined the caller, putting a different face on the matter.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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

The Widow Bliss.

[Copyright, 1907, by Jessie Morgan.]

Pardon's bank, as it was known for fifty years, stood on the corner of two streets in the business center of a populous Canadian town. The business had descended from father to son.

Besides its own building, the bank owned one face of the square, and this ground was covered with stores and the buildings rented from year to year. The one next to the bank was a two story brick and had been rented at different times for different purposes. Just now it stood empty, with a sign of "To Rent" in the window.

The banker was a man who was familiar with all the minor details of the institution. He accepted or rejected tenants and signed the leases. It was to him that the Widow Bliss applied for the vacant store. She was the widow of a New York inventor and electrician, and she had herself worked with tools and studied the science of various problems. She had an electric invention in mind and had come to Canada to perfect it. It was the problem of heat. She hoped to reduce its cost below that of coal or wood. She would have to fit up the building with an engine, dynamos, shafting, etc., but there would be no noise to disturb any one. In fact, her force of three or four men would work mostly at night, when there was smaller chance of outsiders prying into their secrets.

A banker may be a close observer of human nature, but when he is a widower and the other party is a good looking and well to do widow who is on the point of revolutionizing the heat problem and making it possible to keep warm at the north pole the machinery is apt to skip a cog. It did in this case. Mr. Pardon was interested in the widow, and if he could save coal by adopting her new invention that would be to the profit of the bank. The tenant went ahead and fitted up the place, and when all was ready she spent an hour showing her landlord the machinery and explaining its operations. He knew nothing whatever about any part of it, but he did know a copper wire from a telegraph pole, and he expressed his satisfaction and left the place. It was to call again, however. In fact, it was to call almost every day for the next six weeks. While the widow was always in her little front office after 2 o'clock in the afternoon, it was understood that most of the work in the cellar and shops was done at night.

If any one had told the banker that he was falling in love, he would have scorned the idea, and yet the other fellow would have been right. His admiration was growing day by day, and we all know that admiration is the first step in love. When he was in his room in the bank making loans or inspecting securities he decided to remain faithful to the memory of his dead wife. When he was in the shop next door listening to the widow's talk about fuses and short circuits and crossed wires he could hardly hold himself back from making a proposition of matrimony. After two weeks men began to smile at each other. After four they began to wink. It would have hurt the banker's feelings had he known it, but the smiling and the winking were done behind his back.

Pardon's bank was an old fashioned building. As its outer walls were three feet thick, Pardon, the elder, had considered that a pretty good safeguard against robbers. Therefore when he erected his money vaults down cellar he used brick only—brick walls and an iron door. There was no watchman o' nights. Who could make his way into the bank past the iron barred windows and bolt studded doors? And even if once in there were more doors and bars to be overcome. With a wide awake and vigilant policeman in front the place was as safe as safe could be.

Two months had gone by since the Widow Bliss fitted up the shop and began solving the great problem. The banker hadn't demanded the second month's rent at daylight on the morning of the first, when it was actually due and overdue, but had waited till noon, when it was sent in. The widow had won his confidence and admiration to such an extent that had she wanted a loan of \$25 he would have accommodated her without the customary two securities. Beyond admiration and confidence he didn't quite know his feelings. He was rather afraid of himself. He was afraid that if he proposed marriage she would refuse him and afraid that if he didn't he would miss a good thing and regret it ever afterward.

When he called on a certain afternoon he was informed that the heat problem would probably be solved that very night. He went to bed that night to kick around and wonder and ponder and make up and unmake his mind a dozen times over. He slept late and had a late breakfast, and it was half an hour behind his usual time when he reached the bank. He arrived just in time to hear a yell from the cashier as that individual, who had been down to open the vaults, came running upstairs. The vaults were open. They had been open since midnight, when the underground tunnel from the shop to the bank had been finished, and the iron door blown off. That's what the widow Bliss' men had been working at for many long nights. They and the widow had taken \$90,000 from the vaults and left the town never to return. So nicely were their plans laid that they could not be followed a single mile.

The house warming problem had not been solved for the general public, but it had for Mr. James Pardon. He was robbed fifteen years ago, but he is warm yet.

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