

WEATHER REPORT.
Increasing cloudiness with prob-
ably snow north portion tonight
or Tuesday; rising temperature

Greencastle Herald.

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

VOL. 2. NO. 259.

GREENCASLE, INDIANA. MONDAY, JAN. 27, 1908.

PRICE ONE CENT

LEST THEY BE FORGOTTEN

Bronze Tablet Commemorating the Men Who, in Various Capacities, Had to Do With Building the New Court House is Placed.

IS WORK OF CALDWELL & DAAKE

A beautiful bronze tablet, some three feet high by four long, was today placed on the east wall of the large hall of the first floor of the court house. It is to commemorate the building of the structure, and bears upon its face the names of those who had to do with the enterprise. The tablet is a remarkable bit of work, technically, the lettering standing out boldly from the dark metal background. It was built and placed by the firm of contractors who built the building, Caldwell & Drake, of Columbus, Ind. H. L. Bovell, who superintended the construction, was here today, and personally supervised the placing of the tablet. The work was done by W. L. Beemer.

The tablet bears the following interesting facts:
Building Contracted July 29, 1903
Dedicated July 4, 1905. The construction Board was T. D. Brookshire, president, V. B. McCammack,

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

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.

Why Not Discard the Old Cloak

Grown shabby or perhaps You are tired of wearing—and buy of us as good style garment as has been shown this year.

We are selling Cloaks

as perhaps you know
at 1-2 the regular price

And this means
for less than we paid for this season. Cloaks are shown in Cloth, Velvet and Curacul.

- Pay us \$ 4.00 for the \$ 8.00 cloaks
- Pay us 5.00 for the 10.00 cloaks
- Pay us 7.50 for the 15.00 cloaks
- Pay us 10.00 for the 20.00 cloaks
- Pay us 12.50 for the 25.00 cloaks
- Pay us 15.00 for the 30.00 cloaks

Cloaks for little folks and school girls are yours at the same reduction— $\frac{1}{2}$ price.

39c buys choice of a big lot of Wool Dress Goods, worth up to \$1.50 yard.

ALLEN BROS.

SENT THEM TO THIS CITY

Mrs. Emma Fowler and Four Children Were in Destitute Circumstances at Crawfordsville—Said They Had Relatives in Greencastle

HUSBAND DESERTED HIS FAMILY

Mrs. Emma Fowler and her four children were sent to Greencastle this afternoon. Marshal Prewitt secured a ticket for them and accompanied them to the train. Alfred Fowler, the worthless and unprincipled husband, sold all the household goods to a second-hand man this morning, pocketed the small wad of change and departed for parts unknown. His wife said he promised to give her half the proceeds of the sale of the small amount of furniture, most of which she had bought, until he got the money. He then "generously" pocketed the coin and left his wife and children to starve so far as he knew. His wife said she didn't know where he was going, but thought he might fetch up in Greencastle as he has relatives near there.

This family came here from Illinois and are not related to Richard Fowler and his family. The cases are remarkably similar, as there are four children in each family. Some readers had an idea that the families are one and the same, but this is not the case.—Crawfordsville Journal.

NEWS OF POLICE COURT

Doings in the police court began late Saturday afternoon. A man by the name of Baldwin was the first to come before the Mayor. He was fined \$11. The next business before the Mayor was to settle trouble between Omer Welch and Charles Fuqua. It seems that the two men had a fight in one of the north side saloons Saturday afternoon. After the smoke of the battle had cleared away Welch went to the Mayor and filed complaint against Fuqua. He charged him with assault.

Fuqua was arrested and pleaded guilty to the charge. He was fined \$11. He stayed the fine. After settling this faze of the question Fuqua retaliated by filing an affidavit against Welch charging assault. Welch pleaded not guilty but the testimony was to the effect that he as much to blame as Fuqua and so Welch too was fined \$11. He stayed his fine also.

The above all happened Saturday afternoon. This morning Frank Cassidy and Frank Adams, arrested for intoxication, were before the Mayor and fined. Both went to jail to serve 11 days.

AUDIENCE SAT SPELL-BOUND

Harry Maxwell is at Fremont, O., this week assisting in conducting a revival at the Methodist church of that city.

At the meeting there Sunday night Mr. Maxwell told of his own conversion when but a boy nineteen years of age, says the Fremont Messenger. He told in a very tender and pathetic way the story of his life and how he was saved from a life of sin. He then asked those who wanted to live better lives to come up and kneel at the altar. Nearly everyone responded to his invitation.

Mr. Maxwell sang the "Holy City" accompanied by the pipe organ, piano, cornet and violin and snare drums. His high tenor voice rang out clear and true above all the instruments and again it was as soft and sweet as a lullaby. His great power of expression was revealed in the masterful manner in which he rendered this selection. The great audience sat spell bound under his wonderfully rich and thoroughly cultured voice.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

John L. Lookabill and Stella C. Welcher.

Many men can be fitted in the young men's suits, sizes 35 and 36, being sold at half price at the Model.

Back to the Townships

TREASURER WALLS IS READY TO DISTRIBUTE TO TOWNSHIPS AND CORPORATIONS THEIR PROPORTIONS OF TAXES COLLECTED.

Treasurer Walls has just completed the computation of the amounts due the various townships and corporations from the taxes collected last November and now due these various bodies. The total amount of money returned to the townships for their own use is large, running well up into five figures. \$3,480.03 is the sum of the amounts due the various funds of the various corporations of the county. It is divided and apportioned as follows:

Township or town	Lib	Road	Additional	Township	Special	Tuition	Total
Jackson	1.50	\$ 841.61	\$1197.09	\$1599.19	\$3639.29	
Franklin	.41	722.74	749.41	1549.62	3022.18	
Rehdale twn	521.34	1018.60	1539.94	
Russell	1.61	443.00	351.45	683.83	1160.94	2940.83	
Russville twn	123.90	414.10	538.00	
Clinton	3.92	528.47	589.80	1021.43	2143.62	
Monroe	.74	249.87	600.74	921.43	1382.81	3155.59	
Budage twn	232.27	425.16	657.43	
Floyd	1.93	553.74	465.27	1209.00	2229.94	
Marion	1.24	682.14	957.39	1717.55	3358.32	
Greencastle	\$170.13	5.60	508.79	1333.18	2070.69	4138.39	
Greencastle City	394.61	3428.21	4859.91	8682.73	
Madison	5.43	625.20	936.74	1245.68	2813.05	
Washington	11.01	557.15	875.15	2655.55	4098.86	
Warren	6.56	362.74	1178.22	1174.82	2722.34	
Jefferson	.69	426.39	876.92	1194.34	2498.34	
Cloverdale	2.83	503.95	744.47	1884.47	3135.72	
Cloverdale twn	288.50	713.21	1001.71	
Mill Creek	3.33	77.17	154.04	318.74	610.37	1163.65	
Total	564.74	46.80	770.04	7419.15	16471.86	28207.34	53480.03

CARS RUN ON SCHEDULE KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA DINES

Though the car crews were unfamiliar with the line beyond Greencastle, the Indianapolis-Terre Haute service of the Terre Haute, Indianapolis & Eastern Traction Company was such yesterday that few of the cars were much belated, according to the traffic managers of the road. The running time from Indianapolis to Terre Haute was placed at three hours and fifteen minutes because of the newness of the road and the fact that the motormen and conductors were not familiar with the line. A little later this time is to be cut for the regular accommodation cars, and the limiteds, when they go into service, will make the run in two hours and fifteen minutes.

It was necessary to provide pilots on the western end of the line, and especially between Greencastle and Brazil, and the pilots will continue to assist the regular crews until the motormen become familiar with all the stops and switches.

The portion of the line between Brazil and Terre Haute continues to have a thirty-minute schedule as in the past. In addition to the hourly through cars there are hourly cars between Brazil and Terre Haute.

A large number of people traveled over the new part of the line yesterday.

THETAS GIVE LUNCHEON

The third annual luncheon given by the state association of the Kappa Alpha Theta was held yesterday at the Claypool Hotel in the large dining room and was one of the largest that has ever been given. There were guests for fifteen tables and members of the chapter came from all over the state. The chapter was founded in 1870. Mrs. Jennie Fitch Shaw of Lawrenceburg, one of the founders, was with the guests yesterday and responded to a toast. The hostesses included the officers: Mrs. James Sutherland, president; Mrs. George H. T. Scribner, secretary; Mrs. Naftzger, treasurer, and Mrs. Samuel Ashby, Mrs. Hilton U. Brown, Mrs. A. L. Lockridge, Mrs. Roscoe Ritter, Miss Henry, Mrs. H. H. Hornbrook, Mrs. Albert Preston Smith, Miss Cotton, Mrs. John S. Berryhill, Miss Clinton, and Mrs. Edgar Davis.—Indianapolis News.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

William Harrel and wife to Thomas Davenport, lot in Greencastle, \$250.

Walter K. Prichard to Frances Russell, Cloverdale tp., \$950.

When you lose anything tell the people about it in the Want Column of the Herald. You probably will get your property back.

FROM FARMERS' INSTITUTE

On behalf of the farmers of Putnam County we as officers of the Farmer's Institute wish to heartily thank J. L. Hamilton for the use of a piano and those who so kindly donated their services in furnishing the music. Also the Star and Democrat and the Herald and the Banner for their free advertising of the meetings, thereby helping make it one of the largest attended and most successful institutes ever held in the state.

Signed, George W. Hanna, Pres., D. Allen, Secy., Mrs. Lizzie Hamrick, Pres. Women's Auxiliary.

DR. JOHN AT SULLIVAN

In announcing a series of lectures to be given at Sullivan next March by Dr. J. P. D. John, of this city, the Sullivan Times says:
Dr. J. P. D. John, ex-president of DePauw university, the Times is able to announce, will deliver a course of three lectures in Sullivan beginning March 2 and running until the evening of March 4. It has been several years since a Sullivan audience had the pleasure of listening to one of Dr. John's masterful lectures and this opportunity to hear all of his greater lectures should not be missed by anyone.

Among the American lecturers, none have attracted attention or drawn forth more favorable comments than has Dr. John. He has become so well known to the lecture going public that it is scarcely necessary to speak of his work. His great lectures have been given hundreds of times before the most critical audiences and have never yet received adverse criticism.

AWAITING MONON PASS DECISION

All Western and Central Traffic Association lines are looking eagerly to the advertising transportation decision in the not distant future. The case has been set for a hearing on March 2 in Chicago, which will be practically a test case invited intentionally by the Monon.

It is said large interests do not believe the ruling is sound or constitutional on the ground that it interferes with the right of contract. More than one railroad company that has strictly complied with the letter and spirit of the law has done so as a matter of obedience to command and an indisposition to engage in the controversy which was deemed impolitic in view of the flood of anti-railroad legislation. Many of the roads, it is stated have kept an eye on the Monon case in the hope that it would be prosecuted to a finish and the question definitely disposed of. If the Monon wins the interstate commission's conclusion will be overruled is the prevailing opinion.

Don't miss this opportunity—
young men's long pants suits at half price. \$20.00 suit 10.00, \$15.00 suit for \$7.50, \$10.00 suit for \$5.00, \$6.00 suit for \$3.00. The Model.

PHONE SERVICE SATURDAY

Work at Repairing the Cable Which Was Burned in Two by an Interurban Wire Last Week is Being Rushed—About 130 Telephones Put Out of Commission.

FIFTY OF THESE IN COUNTRY

Work at repairing the telephone cable which was burned in two last Friday night by coming into contact with an interurban wire is being pushed by the Greencastle Telephone Company. Superintendent Gene Gilmore said this morning that the company hoped to have all of the phones in service again by Saturday morning.

In all 130 telephones were put out of business by the Friday night accident. The large portion of these are in town, although 50 of them are in the country. The telephones affected are south of the interurban depot on Indiana and Jackson streets and College Avenue.

A large force of linemen have been at work ever since the accident.

Edward Lynch and his two sons, Edward, Jr., and Robert, were passengers to Terre Haute on the interurban yesterday. They returned last night.

The Model offers 124 young men's suits at half price, sizes 14 years to 20 years.

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

Closing Out Our Blankets

And there are only a few of them left. That's why we are giving you these extreme bargains. These are the best blankets made for the price and are well worth much more than we are asking during this sale.

- All Wool Blankets, \$5.50 value, for\$3 25
- Cotton Blankets, 10-4 size, \$1.25 values75c pair
- Cotton Blankets, 11-4 size, \$1.65 values\$1.10 pair

Vermilion's

The Greencastle Herald

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

F. C. TILDEN C. J. ARNOLD

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

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

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

TROUBLES OF HIS OWN.

Secretary of the Treasury Cortelyou is having his own troubles these days. They come from his over zealous attempt to help Wall street during the late money shortage, and his manifest carelessness as to the financial condition of all other parts of the country. He has now been called upon by the senate to explain to that body the inner workings of his bond issue and his quick relief schemes. It was nearly six weeks ago that the request was made. It has not yet been complied with. So unusual is this breach of the constitution, this failure to provide information when asked for by the senate, that it has surprised even such friends of Wall street and the "interests" as Aldrich himself. He fears that Cortelyou's actions have endangered the standing of the party and he is almost as anxious as Democratic Culbertson to have the Secretary explain. So open is the relation between the Treasury, and Wall street that Senator Hansborough, a Republican, watching the actions of the Secretary of the Treasury, declared that "I am convinced that the relations existing between the Secretary of the Treasury and Wall street have been altogether too close". This has been the verdict from the very first. It dates back to the time of the Gould corner on gold which was possible only because the Government, through a Secretary of the Treasury, refused to allow any part of the gold reserve to be used to break the corner, until Gould was ready. Then the Treasury was thrown open and the corner dissolved, but Gould, having inside information had stepped from under and made a fortune, while his associates in the deal lost all they had. The present actions of Cortelyou in putting money into the New York banks to be loaned at tremendous rates of interest to promote speculation, while the rest of the country suffered for money to handle business is quite as bad. Reform is plainly necessary. And Cortelyou must be made to explain.

Mary Stuart's Curious Watches.
Among the watches owned by Mary Stuart was a coffin shaped watch in a case of crystal. Probably the most remarkable one in her collection was the one which was bequeathed to Mary Stuart, her maid of honor. It was in the form of a skull. On the forehead of the skull was the symbol of death, the scythe and the hourglass. At the back of the skull was Time, and at the top of the head were the garden of Eden and the crucifixion. The watch was opened by reversing the skull. Inside was a representation of the holy family surrounded by angels, while the shepherds and their flocks were worshipping the newborn Christ. The works formed the brains, while the dial plate was the palate. She also possessed another skull shaped watch, but it is not known what became of it.

Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors allays itching at once acts as a poultice gives instant relief. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared for Piles and itching of the private parts. Sold by all druggists, mail 50c and \$1.00, Williams' Mfg. prop. Cleveland, O. 49

The Model is selling Young Men's long pants suits at half price.

The Central Trust Company

Submits to its customers and the citizens of Greencastle and Putnam county a comparative statement of its growth in total assets since its organization, and take pride in saying that we have never made a bad loan or lost a dollar since we opened for business.

1900.....	\$30,500.00
1901.....	\$70,654.66
1902.....	\$107,240.63
1903.....	\$138,600.99
1904.....	\$153,975.15
1905.....	\$176,500.24
1906.....	\$205,568.30
1907.....	\$219,941.80
1908.....	\$236,718.06

We have recently added REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE to our growing business. Come in and see what we have to offer you. 3 per cent. interest paid on saving accounts.

R. L. O'HAIR, Pres. S. A. HAYS, V. Pres.
J. L. RANDEL, Sec. & Treas.

WONDERFUL BREAD.

The Veracious Narrative of its Making, Baking and Sale.

"How did I happen to become a hotel clerk?" replied the man behind the desk. "Well, it was this way: I used to be a sailor. That was where I learned about whales. In fact, I was second mate of the first iron ship that ever rounded the Horn, bound from Boston to San Francisco, loaded with flour, yeast and salt to furnish grub to the California miners soon after the civil war.

"We got around the Horn all right when we ran into about the worst bit of weather ever brewed on the Pacific. Iron ships were an experiment then, and we soon found ourselves in trouble. The fresh water tanks sprang a leak, and the water ran down over the cargo. To make matters worse, the flour barrels and boxes of yeast broke loose, and with the rolling of the ship we soon had it all mixed up together. In other words, the whole ship below decks was full of dough that the rolling of the ship kneaded just as a regular breadmaking machine does out in the kitchen here. And it began to rise.

"We fastened down the hatches at first, but soon had to take them off on the lower decks or the expanding dough would burst the ship. And we put on all steam for San Francisco. We crossed the equator like a race horse, and there we made our second great mistake. The strain on the engines caused them to break down, so we had to go at half speed, and we were at a standstill for two whole days right there under a burning sun. The storm we had run out of, and the weather was clear and hot. Whew!

"Then we got under full steam again and plowed north to the Golden Gate with a deck hand sitting on the safety valve. But we were too late. The tropic sun had baked that shipload of dough into one huge loaf of bread. How to get it out of the ship was a question.

"The owners, who were the captain and one of our passengers, sold the ship just as she arrived for only half what they had paid for her new in Boston. But the new owner was a genius. He put the hungry miners to work with picks and shovels cutting out the bread and sold it at the rate of \$1 a shovelful. It was the finest bread you or any one else ever ate.

"I was out of a job as second mate, and when I saw what a profit it was in that bread I just naturally went into the feeding business myself. That's how I became associated with the hotel business. Front! Show this gentleman to the cafe."—Portland Oregonian.

The Egg in Medicine.

The white of an egg is an antidote in cases of poisoning with strong acids or corrosive sublimate. The poison will coagulate the albumen, and if these poisons be in the system the white of an egg, if swallowed quickly, will combine with the poison and protect the stomach. An astringent poultice is made by causing it to coagulate with alum. This is called alum curd and is used in certain diseases of the eye. The yolk of the egg is sometimes used in jaundice and is an excellent diet for dyspeptics.

The Voice of Gold.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

Copyrighted, 1908, by P. C. Eastment.

Miss Caroline Drewitt had come back to her settlement work in the fall with a determination to inspire the surrounding neighborhood with ideas that should lift them above the level of the commonplace.

"Last year I tried it with pictures and flower study," she told the Rev. Donald McGregor, "and I can't say it was a success. But this year I am going to try music."

The Rev. Donald peered at her with kindly eyes through his nose glasses. He was a tall, spare, sandy haired man, a power in the pulpit, a friend of the people and a firm believer in Miss Caroline Drewitt.

"I am sure it would be a great incentive," he said. "It makes an appeal to the Italians and the Germans, though differently. But how will you arrange it?"

"Gloria has promised to sing every Wednesday night," Miss Caroline told him, "and Harold Cartwright on Fridays. Gloria will give the Germans Wagner and Harold will give the Italians Verdi, and now and then we will mix the two and have a grand concert."

McGregor nodded.

"It is a great idea," he said, "and you can supplement it with children's classes."

"Yes," Miss Caroline planned, "I shall conduct those myself. I can't sing, but I know the theory. I sometimes wish I had more showy talents to impress my people with, but I must make the best of my practical accomplishments."

"I am sure we could not wish you other than you are," was the Rev. Donald's tribute, and Miss Drewitt blushed prettily and went away with a buoyancy of carriage that made her seem almost youthful.

"He's such a help," she told Gloria that night, "in my work."

Gloria, brushing her masses of red gold hair, yawned a little.

"I don't see why you bother yourself with a lot of people who don't care to be uplifted, Aunt Caro," she said. "With your money you might be seeing Europe and making a break into society."

"Society palled many years ago, my dear," said Miss Caroline, "and some of my people love me, which is a great deal."

"Everybody loves you," Gloria said impulsively as she leaned over her aunt and kissed her, "and I am even beginning to believe that the Rev. Donald is smitten."

"Gloria!" Miss Caroline's eyes blazed. "Don't say such a thing again. To speak of him that way, as if he were an ordinary man."

"Well, extraordinary men fall in love sometimes," said Gloria wisely. "They are all alike when it comes to love."

"Dr. McGregor, if he ever marries," said humble Miss Caroline, "will choose a woman of talents and beauty—such a woman as you will be some day, Gloria."

Gloria threw up her hands.

"Me!" she gasped. "Why, I am going to sing—and the man I love must sing, and we are going to sail away on a sea of romance. I don't like dark alleys and tenements."

Then as she saw the look on her aunt's face she went on, "But he is good enough for anybody, Aunt Caro, and I like him immensely."

"And he likes you," said Miss Caroline.

It was this conversation, combined with Miss Caroline's insistent spirit of self sacrifice, that set the little lady scheming. Of all women in the world, she loved Gloria best. Unacknowledged, but glowing her whole life, was her love for the Rev. Donald McGregor. And what more fitting than that she should bring these two together in a happy union? Gloria would give the minister the brightness that belonged in his life, and he in turn would wear Gloria from the selfishness of her point of view and would uplift her with himself.

And so it happened that every Wednesday night the Rev. Donald McGregor found himself asked to meet with Miss Caroline's social club, and later he walked home with Miss Caroline and Gloria.

It was during these evenings that Miss Caroline suffered the pangs of martyrdom as her niece with wonderful beauty and art held the little crowd of downtrodden humanity spellbound. The Rev. Mr. McGregor seemed spell-bound with the rest, and now that Miss Caroline had brought about that which she craved she felt that the sacrifice was too great. If the minister loved Gloria, he would soon cease to be her friend. And how could she live without the support of that friend ship?

The little woman grew pale and quiet, and turning more and more to the humble people about her, was drawn into their lives, so that she became mother confessor to more than one who in sickness or in health leaned on her wisdom, her common sense her sympathy.

"You are a wonder," the Rev. Donald told her one morning as she asked his advice with regard to a pair of Italian lovers.

"Tessa's parents want her to marry a richer man," she said, "but I am going to see that she marries Rafael. They love each other, and that is enough."

"Yes," the minister agreed absent mindedly "that is enough."

His preoccupation seemed to separate him finally from Miss Caroline.

"I am going now," she said hastily. "I shall expect you Friday night. Harold Cartwright will be there—and—Gloria and all of our Germans and Italians. I want you to make a little address."

"What are you going to do?" he asked her suddenly.

"I?" Miss Caroline stared. "Oh, I shall sit in the audience and applaud."

"You won't do anything of the kind," he said, with decision. "You are going to precede my speech with a little talk about the children and the children's music. No one can do it as you can."

"Oh!" Miss Caroline's face was lighted. "Do you think I could? I love the children and the music, and I should like the parents to know why I am doing it."

"Then tell them," said the Rev. Donald McGregor, with finality.

And so it happened that when Gloria Campbell, a vision of beauty in her white satin gown, swept into the dingy hall she was met by her Aunt Caro in filmy gray and violets.

"How stunning you look!" Gloria said, holding the little woman off at arm's length. "Where did you get your violets?"

"Mr. McGregor sent them," Miss Caroline stated nervously. "I am afraid they were meant for you, my dear. He knows how you love violets."

Gloria laughed.

"If he meant them for me, why didn't he send them to me?" she demanded.

"I thought he might feel timid," Miss Caroline stammered.

"Timid!" Gloria stared. "Why, he hasn't a timid bone in his body, Aunt Caro."

"I know," Miss Caroline agreed, "but I am sure it is a mistake."

"Harold sent me these American Beauties," Gloria explained. "They don't go with my hair a bit, but I am awfully fond of them, and he knows it."

Gloria sang that night like a siren, and in the duets she and Harold Cartwright seemed to rise above reality and to live in a world of love and song.

"Gloria is a lovely woman," Miss Caroline whispered to the minister in a last act of self effacement. "She may seem frivolous, but she would make a perfect wife for a serious man."

"No doubt, no doubt," McGregor agreed. "But Harold doesn't seem serious."

"Harold!"

"They are in love with each other," the minister said quietly. "Any one can see it."

Miss Caroline stole a quick glance at him and was met by a serenity that sent all of her theories flying. Surely he was hurt—surely he had cared for Gloria.

But even as she questioned the duet ended, and it was time for her little speech.

Standing very quietly in front of that motley audience, she told them why she was trying to bring music into their lives. There was always happiness in a song, and even if one were in deep trouble there were hymns for comforting. Life might be made easier if one would carol along the way, easier for oneself and for the brother who had not learned to sing. She was teaching lullabies to the little girls and songs of patriotism to the little boys, so that love of home and of country might be implanted in their hearts.

And when she had finished her little talk and come down the aisle, a quiet figure in her gray gown, love for her shone in patient eyes and despairing eyes and vacant eyes and hands were outreached to touch her.

The minister, hearing a broken Italian murmur in front of him, translated to Miss Caroline as she took her seat beside him. "They say you have a voice of gold."

"They mean Gloria!"

"No, it is you. You do not need the voice of song for you to speak with the voice of love, and they love you."

Worn with excitement, she said, with quivering lips, "I need their love!"

Something in her voice made him ask quickly, "Why?"

"I am all alone!"

"But I love you," he said. "I thought you knew. But I am a plain man. I scarcely dared to speak of it."

Her face was illumined.

"Think of the work we can do together," was all the outlet she allowed herself.

But the lover in him shone for a moment in his strong face. "Think of the nest we shall build together," he murmured, and then he went to make his speech, while quiet Miss Caroline in the midst of that listening audience gloried in his eloquence and hugged her happiness to her heart.

Superstitions of Thieves.

The pickpocket is superstitious. He will rarely rob a person who squints, this being accounted a certain sign of disaster, and if it happens that the purse he steals contains foreign money it is believed to augur that he will travel a good deal in the immediate future, but whether in the company of a couple of police officers or not there is nothing to show.

Weddings and funerals are significant events for the professional thief. To pick a pocket at a funeral would be to court immediate disaster, but many of them think if a purse stolen at a wedding contains gold it portends the best of luck for the thief during the ensuing six months.

Some pickpockets have a favorite pair of boots that they wear as long as they can keep them on their feet, and if they are not arrested while they are wearing them they cut the boots up into little square pieces and give them away as "lucky tokens" to their friends.—London Chronicle.

One he must be thatched with another or it will soon rain through.—Owen.

TARPON TACTICS.

Wonderful Feats, Flights and Leaps of the Silver King.

In the big pass tarpon can best be caught from near the bottom of the channel and should be fished for with fifty feet of line and a heavy sinker.

In shallow water the tarpon leaps high in air the instant he feels the hook, but in the pass he often fights for a minute or two before coming to the surface. More than once when I had come to fear that my tarpon was a shark he has suddenly shot above the surface like a bullet from a gun and in the first wild shake of his head thrown hook and bait fifty feet in the air, and one even sent a four ounce leaden sinker flying over my head from nearly twice that distance. Other tarpon when struck came straight up from the bottom, one grazing our gunwale as he rose and another leaping over the stern of the canoe. As soon as a tarpon was tired enough to let us pull the canoe beside him we removed the hook from his mouth and let him swim home to his family. It happened once that a tarpon was less tired than we had assumed. On that occasion we swam home, and he had a good man story to tell his friends.

It had been counted a poor year for tarpon, yet in fifteen consecutive days of fishing we were fast to forty-four tarpon, each of which had jumped for us from one to twelve times. This high water mark of twelve jumps was made by a tarpon which was stimulated to his later efforts by the presence of a pursuing shark, and the twelfth jump was a double number. There was commotion in the crimsoned water, new vigor at the other end of my line, and it was an hour later when I finally landed on a sand bar a shark with an aldermanic stomach. A knife drawn across this distended organ disclosed the tarpon in sections, with the hook still fast in his jaw, and enabled the camera man to photograph together the subjects he had recently photographed separately. Although this shark was only one-fifth the size of our big hammerhead, yet he made but two bites of his victim.

Our work at Boca Grande ended with the red letter day of the season of all seasons. I was fishing in the pass with fifty feet of line and the bait was directly under the canoe when a tarpon struck fiercely, quickly carried away a hundred more feet of line and then swam so swiftly toward us that I feared from the loosened line that he had escaped. Then, fifty feet from the canoe, there shot into the air a giant tarpon, measuring, as we learned afterward, an even seven feet. Up, up, up, he rose until the camera seemed to be pointed at the zenith, and before the rattled camera man could get his aim the silver king had turned gracefully in the air and was plunging downward. The captain swears that he saw, swinging clear of the water, the ribbon which marked twenty-five feet on the line as it hung plumb down from the tarpon.

Once I gave my own estimate of the height of the jump to a group of friends and after a glance at their gripped expressions appealed to the one of most experience on the coast and with the tarpon. After a single moment of hesitation he remarked firmly: "We fishermen must stand together. I believe the story."—A. W. Dimock in Appleton's.

When "Drammers" Come Easy.

At the Players' club in New York one evening there was a guest from out of town, a playwright well known for his extraordinary facility in turning out the alleged "drammers" that do the "ten-twenty-thirty" circuits. It is no uncommon thing for this producer to grind out five or six of his plays annually.

Some one innocently asked the playwright if it was rather difficult to find new ideas for his plays.

"Really I don't know," was the frank answer of the man who has made thousands of dollars from his "drammers." "I have never tried it."—New York Tribune.

Wooden Almanacs.

An antiquary in Chicago took a curiously engraved block of wood from a case.

"Here is an original almanac, a Sax on one," he said. "The engraved figures on it all concern the moon. They forecast the new moons and full moons and lunar changes for the year; hence, being devoted to lunar matters, the Sax on block was called an 'al-moon-heed,' or 'observation of all the moons.' 'From al-moon-heed our word almanac comes.'"

Usual Result.

"Well," asked the motorman, "did you manage to collect your little bill from that conductor?"

"No," answered the disgruntled passenger. "I got tired trying to collect it at his house, and the other day I caught him on his car."

"What did he do?"

"The same thing as usual—put me off."

Real Genius.

"That artist is a real genius," remarked the admirer.

"No," answered Miss Cayenne; "he can't be a real genius, or people wouldn't be saying so many complimentary things about him before he is dead."—Washington Star.

Superstitious Golfers.

The two chief golfing superstitions are that two up and five to play never won a match and that it is unlucky to win the first hole. It is hard to say which is the sillier of the two.—London Mail.

One he must be thatched with another or it will soon rain through.—Owen.

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51.....	Madison and Liberty
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43.....	Bloomington and Anderson
52.....	Seminary and Arlington
62.....	Washington and Durham
72.....	Washington and Locust
212.....	Seminary and Locust
23.....	Howard and Crown
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INTERURBAN TIME TABLE.

Lv. G. C. for Ind. Lv. Ind. for G. C.	
6:15 a. m. 6:00 a. m.	
7:15 a. m. 7:00 a. m.	
8:15 a. m. 8:00 a. m.	
9:15 a. m. 9:00 a. m.	
10:15 a. m. 10:00 a. m.	
11:15 a. m. 11:00 a. m.	
12:15 p. m. 12:00 p. m.	
1:15 p. m. 1:00 p. m.	
2:15 p. m. 2:00 p. m.	
3:15 p. m. 3:00 p. m.	
4:15 p. m. 4:00 p. m.	
5:15 p. m. 5:00 p. m.	
6:15 p. m. 6:00 p. m.	
7:15 p. m. 7:00 p. m.	
8:15 p. m. 8:00 p. m.	
9:15 p. m. 9:00 p. m.	
11:15 p. m. 11:30 p. m.	
* 3:27 p. m. * 4:45 a. m.	

Lv. G. C. for T. H. Lv. T. H. for G. C.	
5:41 a. m. 5:30 a. m.	
6:41 a. m. 6:30 a. m.	
7:41 a. m. 7:30 a. m.	
8:41 a. m. 8:30 a. m.	
9:41 a. m. 9:30 a. m.	
10:41 a. m. 10:30 a. m.	
11:41 a. m. 11:30 a. m.	
12:41 p. m. 12:30 p. m.	
1:41 p. m. 1:30 p. m.	
2:41 p. m. 2:30 p. m.	
3:41 p. m. 3:30 p. m.	
4:41 p. m. 4:30 p. m.	
5:41 p. m. 5:30 p. m.	
6:41 p. m. 6:30 p. m.	
7:41 p. m. 7:30 p. m.	
8:41 p. m. 8:30 p. m.	
10:41 p. m. 10:30 p. m.	
* 8:00 a. m. * 12:10 p. m.	

* Freight trains.
To stop a train at night display a light.

RUPERT BARTLEY.

IN A FALLING BALLOON

Fearful and Tragic Experience of
Three Aeronauts.

ONE SAVED AS BY A MIRACLE

The Terrific Cold and the Peculiar
Sensations That Encompassed the
Daring Voyagers at an Altitude of
Over Five Miles—The Descent.

One of the most terrific experiences in the history of ballooning was that of three aeronauts who in 1875 made an ascension in a large and well made balloon, the Zenith. In this voyage the object was to reach the greatest possible altitude. The balloon rose to a height of 28,000 feet—that is, about five and a half miles from the earth. At this point something happened—what, no one will ever know, since the only surviving balloonist, Tissandier, was at the time insensible. But the balloon began a rapid fall and finally struck the ground with such a frightful shock that Sivel and Croce-Spinelli were killed instantly, while Tissandier's life was spared by a miracle. The account of this voyage is perhaps best told in Tissandier's own words:

"At 23,000 feet we were standing up in the car. Sivel, who had given up for a moment, was reinvigorated. Croce-Spinelli was motionless in front of me. I felt stupefied and frozen. I wished to put on my fur gloves. But without being conscious of it the action of taking them from my pocket necessitated an effort that I could no longer make. I copy verbatim the following lines which were written by me, although I have no very distinct remembrance of doing so. They are traced in a hardly legible manner by a hand trembling with cold:

"My hands are frozen. I am all right. We are all right. Fog in the horizon, with little round cirrus. We are ascending. Croce pants. He inhales oxygen. Sivel closes his eyes. Croce also closes his eyes. Sivel throws out ballast. Sivel seizes his knife and cut successively three cords, and the three bags emptied themselves, and we ascended rapidly.

"When Sivel cut away the bags of ballast at the height of about 24,000 feet I seemed to remember that he was sitting at the bottom of the car and nearly in the same position as Croce-Spinelli. For my part, I was in the angle of the car, thanks to which support I was able to hold up, but I soon felt too weak even to turn my head to look at my companions. This was about 1:30 p. m. At 2:08 p. m. I awoke for a moment and found the balloon rapidly descending. I was able to cut away a bag of ballast to check the speed and wrote in my notebook the following words:

"We are descending. Temperature, 3 degrees. I throw out ballast. Barometer, 12.4 inches. We are descending. Sivel and Croce still in a fainting state at the bottom of the car. Descending very rapidly."

"Hardly had I written these lines when a kind of trembling seized me, and I felt back weakened again. There was a violent wind from below upward, denoting a very rapid descent. After some minutes I felt myself shaken by the arm and recognized Croce, who had revived. 'Throw out ballast,' he said to me. 'We are descending.' But I could hardly open my eyes and did not see whether Sivel was awake. I called to mind that Croce unfasted the aspirator, which he then threw overboard, and he threw out ballast, rugs, etc.

"At 3:30 p. m. I opened my eyes again. I felt dreadfully giddy and oppressed, but gradually came to myself. The balloon was descending with frightful speed and making great oscillations. I crept along on my knees and pulled Sivel and Croce by the arm. 'Sivel! Croce!' I exclaimed. 'Wake up! My two companions were huddled up motionless in the car, covered by their cloaks. I collected all my strength and endeavored to raise them up. Sivel's face was black, his eyes dull, and his mouth was open and full of blood. Croce's eyes were half closed, and his mouth was bloody.

"To relate what happened afterward is impossible. I felt a frightful wind. We were still 9,700 feet high. There remained in the car two bags of ballast, which I threw out. I was drawing near the earth—I looked for my knife to cut the small rope which held the anchor, but could not find it. I was like a madman and continued to call, 'Sivel, Sivel!' By good fortune I was able to put my hand upon my knife and detach the anchor at the right moment.

"The shock on coming to the ground was dreadful. The balloon seemed as if it was being flattened. I thought it was going to remain where it had fallen, but the wind was high, and it was dragged across fields. The bodies of my unfortunate friends were shaken about in the car, and I thought every moment they would be jerked out. At length, however, I seized the valve line, and the gas soon escaped from the balloon, which lodged against a tree. It was then 4 o'clock. On stepping out I was seized with a feverish attack and sank down and thought for a moment that I was going to join my friends in the next world, but I came to. I found the bodies of my friends cold and stiff. I had them put under shelter in an adjacent barn. The descent of the Zenith took place on the plains 155 miles from Paris as the crow flies. The greatest height attained in this ascent is estimated at 28,000 feet.—W. R. C. Latson in Minneapolis Journal.

Kipling at Work.
"I have lounged in Rudyard Kipling's den at Brattleboro, Vt., before he deserted America for England and saw him at his work. He sat at his table in a revolving chair. I had a book in my hand and said nothing unless I was spoken to, for I was enjoying a great privilege that was granted to no one else but his wife. He would write for a moment, perhaps for ten or fifteen minutes at a time. If he was writing verses he would hum very softly to himself an air which probably kept the rhythm in his mind. When writing prose, he was silent, but often he would lay down his pen, whirl round in his chair and chat for awhile. It might be something relating to the subject he was treating or bear no relation to it. Suddenly he would wheel back again, and his pen would fairly fly over the paper. He can easily concentrate his thoughts and as easily descend from cloud land to the commonplace of the day, though in his mind and on his lips nothing is ever commonplace. Some of his poems he has written when speeding in a Pullman car at the rate of sixty miles an hour.—Pacific Monthly.

Birds Shot With Water.
Shooting a humming bird with the smallest bird shot made is out of the question, for the tiniest seeds of lead would destroy his coat. The only way in which the bird can be captured for commercial purposes is to shoot him with a drop of water from a blowgun or a fine jet from a small syringe. Skillfully directed, the water stuns him. He falls into a silken net and before he recovers consciousness is suspended over a cyanide jar. This must be done quickly, for if he comes to his senses before the cyanide whiff snuffs out his life he is sure to ruin his plumage in his struggles to escape. Humming birds vary in size from specimens perhaps half as large as a sparrow to those scarcely bigger than a bee. The quickest eye cannot follow them in full flight. It is only when, though still flying furiously, they are practically motionless over flowers that the best marksman can bring them to earth.—New York Press.

The Feeding of Dogs.
"No" dog kept indoors and indeed very few outside should be fed on meat nor should he be fed from the table at mealtimes, as he will soon become a nuisance, especially when there are visitors. If he is always fed at the conclusion of a certain meal—dinner, for instance—he will wait patiently until the prescribed time. It is a good plan to feed after one's midday meal, giving plenty of green vegetables, bread and potatoes, with a very few scraps of finely cut meat, the whole well mixed and some gravy poured over it. If two meals are given, one should be at breakfast time and one in the evening. One should consist of only a little oatmeal and milk or a piece of dry dog biscuit.

"At no time should the dog have more than he will eat, and if he leaves anything on his plate except the pattern his allowance should be reduced or a meal omitted.—Suburban Life.

The Shoulder Strap.
If it were possible to compile such data it would be extremely interesting to know to what extent women have influenced the uniforms and equipment of their fighting states. A little instance in point is the steel curb shoulder strap of the British cavalry. When Sir George Luck was setting out for Kandahar during the Afghan operations Lady Luck, knowing probably something of the fighting methods of the tribesmen, whose four foot knife can cut clean from shoulder to belt, sewed a couple of steel curb chains under each of the shoulder straps on her husband's tunic. As a protection from sword cuts these proved so effective that at the end of the campaign Sir George made a report in relation thereto, with the result that they were adopted as a permanent feature of the cavalry uniform.—Harper's Weekly.

Seized Her Opportunity.
He was not a very rapid wooer, and she was getting a bit anxious. Again he called, and they sat together in the parlor, "just those two."

A loud rap came at the front door. "Oh, bother!" she said. "Who can be calling?"

"Say you're out," said the deliverer. "Oh, no; that would be untrue," murmured the ingenuous one.

"Then say you're engaged," he urged. "Oh, may I, Charlie?" she cried as she threw herself in his arms.

And the man kept on knocking at the front door.—Illustrated Bits.

A Rejection Slip.
"Sir," said the shivering beggar, stopping the prosperous magazine editor on the street, "I have a long, sad story."

"Sorry," briskly replied the magazine editor, passing on, "but we are only open for short, funny stories now; full of the other kind."—Success Magazine.

No Thanks.
"I broke a record today. Had the last word with a woman."

"Didn't think it possible. How'd it happen?"

"Why, I said to a woman in the car, 'Madam, have my seat!'"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Good Trade.
"Oh, my business is good," said the trombone player. "In fact, I am always blowing about it."

"Well, I'm sooted with mine, too," said the chimney sweep.

"And mine is out of sight," said the diver.

Do one thing at a time and the big things first.—Lincoln.

A GAME OF CHECKERS.

The Move One Player Made and His Subsequent Soliloquy.

"It's your move," she smiled. He smiled back at her, his hand hovering above the checkerboard.

"Really?" he asked, looking at her in a witty sort of way.

"Huh-huh," she softly answered. "Really?" he asked again.

"Huh-huh," she breathed and demurely dropped her eyes.

His success began to intoxicate him, and he felt that never before had been in such strong form, never had his wit been so keen or his manner so engaging. His spirit soared, and he looked upon his opponent with a kindling eye.

"There!" he said, making his move at last.

"There?" she asked, giving his ejaculation the appearance of having been conceived in subtle humor. "There?"

"There!" he repeated. They made eyes at each other, and she moved one of her men. He briskly moved one of his.

"No, no," she faintly murmured. "You must take me."

"I must what?" he cried, making a motion.

"Take me!" she whispered. "Take you?"

She nodded her head without looking up, and the next moment he had taken her and two hearts beat as one.

"And will you always think of me?" she asked as he was bidding her good by after he had measured her finger for the ring.

"How could I help it?" he asked. "Always!" she insisted.

"Always!" he repeated. "Will you think of me as you go home tonight?"

"Every step of the way," she whispered to herself. "Oh, he loves me! I knew it from the first. Maybe this won't make some of them jealous! And I'm the first girl he ever loved, and it's to be a diamond band! Oh, oh!"

And as he walked home he turned a troubled face up to the moon, halted suddenly and addressed the night:

"When she began that funny business about taking her I ought to have sat tight and kept my fool mouth shut; that's what I ought to have done!"—Kansas City Independent.

FOREST FIRES.

The Watchful Rangers and the Way They Fight the Flames.

In almost any of the western mountains the traveler sees the fire warnings of the forest service, and he is likely to meet some of the rangers. You will find them crossing the high Sierras in California, in the Crazy mountains of Montana, among the Olympics in Washington or following the old Apache trails along the mesas in Arizona. Wherever he is, the ranger keeps a keen lookout for the smoke of forest fires, and in the clear western atmosphere even a little smoke column can be detected from afar. As soon as he discovers it the ranger takes his ax and shovel and goes as only a western horse and rider can. Many small fires are stopped by this watchfulness, but there are others which take many men many hours to subdue. A fire in a chaparral so thick that a man can hardly force his way through it and parched by six months of drought makes hard and trying fighting. Then there are fires in the big timber among the dead trees of old windfalls and overhead fires that spread faster than a man can run. If unchecked, they will burn for weeks over thousands of acres of timber.

And all this destruction may be caused by a carelessly left campfire or a match dropped from horseback. The sheep men used to set the forest on fire purposely, for the year after a fire the burned acres yield fine forage. Happily this practice is discontinued. Sparks from locomotives now set more fires within the national forests than any other cause. Camping parties are the next worst offenders. Indians, stockmen, miners and lumbermen who travel continually in the forests very seldom leave campfires to spread and do damage. They know too well the results. For a time almost every year the citizens of Portland, Ore., lose sight of some of the great mountains around the city on account of the smoke from the burning forests. There is little doubt that since the white man settled in the west more timber has been uselessly burned than has been cut and used.—Arthur W. Page in World's Work.

A Startling Dish.
Over in Chelsea a schoolteacher was engaged in her task of teaching a class of foreign children the English language. She was trying to make her pupils understand the meaning of the word "fright" and asked if any one in the class could give a sentence containing the word.

Quick and confident was the reply of one little girl: "I have a sentence, teacher. We had fright eggs for breakfast this morning."—Boston Herald.

Defined.
Burglar Trust Manager—You will be required to turn night into day, to throw aside all sentiment, to enter the houses of the best families regardless of their feelings, to act the hypocrite and, if necessary, to go to jail. Applicant—Um! You don't want an ordinary burglar. What you want is a newspaper reporter.—Life.

Two Powers.
Tommy—Pop, what is the difference between firmness and obstinacy? Tommy's Pop—Merely the difference between will power and won't power, my son.—Philadelphia Record.

Obeys Orders.

[Copyright, 1907, by E. C. Parella.] There was a column of us riding along the highway in sets of fours when one of the cavalymen swayed, lurched and pitched from his saddle just as we heard the report of a rifle.

At the edge of the cornfield twenty rods from the road was a puff of blue smoke to direct us to the bushwhacker. We had the fences down and were riding toward the spot two minutes later.

War is cruel enough, but bushwhacking is simply murder. A farmer ambushes himself and fires into a column of marching men. Whether he wounds or whether he kills, the war goes on just the same. The government would feel the loss of a mule more than of a man.

"If your column is bushwhacked, find the man and hang him. If he has a home, burn it."

Those were the orders, and every man remembered them as we rode down on the bushwhacker. We found where he had knelt down to take aim, but he had disappeared. Fifteen rods up the hill was a wretched pole cabin, with the roof sinking in. It had no door at the opening and no sashes at the windows. There was no floor, and the cooking was done at a rude fireplace. A girl who could not have been over eighteen and who was poorly clothed and barefooted sat at the front door, smoking a pipe. She saw us swarming up the hill, but did not move. Our curses filled her ears a moment later, but she puffed at her pipe and looked at us indifferently.

"Where is the man who fired the shot? You heard it. You must know who it was."

"Didn't dun hear nor see nuthin'," she replied.

There was only one room in the cabin. Lying on the floor under the rude bedstead, with his gun beside him, was the man. We hauled him outdoors without resistance. The wife on the steps did not rise up nor cease to puff. She did not look at us nor at him. The man was a squatter, perhaps twenty-two years old. He was "white trash."

"Bring a rope!"

The man leaned up against an old cherry tree and looked at wife and baby. I was looking into his face all the time. It was emotionless and unreadable. Not one human sentiment swept over it. He simply stared and stared.

The baby had been nursed and crooned to sleep. The woman still held it. Her pipe had been smoked out. She still retained it in her black teeth. As the free end of the rope was thrown over the limb of another tree not far away the woman seemed to look at her husband for the first time and said:

"Jed, didn't I tell you un?"

"Reckon."

"He's bushwhacked one of my men and he's got to hang!" said the officer to her.

"Told him not to."

"Will you go inside?"

"Fur why?"

"You don't want to see your own husband hung, do you?"

"I'll sit yere," she answered as she settled down.

"Now, then," said the officer to the husband, "do you want to kiss your wife and child before you go?"

I looked to see soft lines come into the man's face, but I observed not one single one. It was a face of wood or stone. He looked at the woman and at the child, and it seemed as if he had not understood. She did not even look up. I doubt if they had ever exchanged kisses. Perhaps he had never taken the infant in his arms. It seems cruel now, when peace has been upon the land for a third of a century, but blood ran hot in those days of war, and men did not stop to think. The man was walked to the other tree, the noose slipped over his head, and half a dozen pairs of hands drew him clear of the ground, his arms having been first tied behind him. He said no word and made no struggle. You would have thought that something like that had been part and parcel of his daily existence for years.

"Now we must burn the house," said the officer to the wife as the groomsome thing hung there, swaying in the breeze.

"Reckon you must," she answered as she moved aside for us to pass in.

We brought out everything and made a pile in the grass. She assisted us in no way. The baby woke up again, with a wail, but before nursing and crooning again she filled and lighted her pipe. One of the troopers gave her a match. When ordered to move, she walked away about ten yards and sat down under a bush. The old cabin was fired, and in a quarter of an hour it had disappeared. What we had carried out could have been taken away in a wheelbarrow. The provisions consisted of a small piece of bacon and about five pounds of cornmeal. The bugle blew "Attention!" and the troopers began moving down the highway. I lingered behind to say to the woman:

"Your husband is dead, your house burned down, and what will you do now?"

"Can't reckon to say," she replied in careless tones.

"Got a father and mother to go to?" She shook her head.

"Any friends to take you in?" Another shake.

I took out and handed her a five dollar greenback, and she was inspecting it and giggling over it when I hastened away.

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LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Miss Anna Crawley, is on the sick list.

Chas. Moorish was in Brazil yesterday.

Doc Spurgeon, spent today in Ladoga.

Wilbur Wamsley spent Sunday in Indianapolis.

Miss May Hibbs spent last night with Edith Erwin.

The Varsity track team had its first practice today.

Forest Hughes's baby, on Locust Street, has pneumonia.

C. W. Oakes, returned to his farm at Cataract this morning.

W. T. Jamelson is transacting business in Crawfordsville.

Mrs. Augusta Hight is in Indianapolis today on business.

Carl Helm of Indianapolis visited friends in the city over Sunday.

Ewine Gardner entertained the Dekes Saturday evening after frat.

Miss Grace Ford visited home folks in Bainbridge, over Sunday.

Miss Gwyneth Faye Reese, visited home folks in Roachdale over Sunday.

Misses May Hibbs, and Edith Erwin, were the guests of Miss Cleo Rowlings, yesterday at the home of Earl Ellis.

Henry Walters was in Ladoga today.

Wesley Smith spent yesterday in Brazil.

Mrs. Lucy Walker is quite ill with pneumonia.

E. M. Hall and family visited in Brazil yesterday.

Fred Rice, of Roachdale, was in the city yesterday.

Rev. W. H. Brown, returned from Spencer, this morning.

Mrs. Hans Anderson is visiting relatives in Bainbridge.

Frank Kleinbub and family visited in Fillmore over Sunday.

Mrs. Ed. Fry has returned from a short visit in Indianapolis.

Charles E. Cooper, was in Crawfordsville, today, on business.

James Vermilion and family spent Sunday with relatives in Brazil.

Miss Louise Browning of Anderson is visiting Miss Pearl Marlott.

Mrs. Josephine Lewis has returned from a short visit in Indianapolis.

The Sophomores hold their class meeting this afternoon in Meharry Hall.

Miss Wark, of Patricksburg, was in the city, this morning, enroute home, after a visit with her sister at Indianapolis.

H. C. Rudisill is on the sick list today.

Mabel Bolton, was in Roachdale yesterday.

Miss Ruby Rudisill is ill with pneumonia.

Barton Shipley, was in Indianapolis, yesterday.

U. V. O'Daniel transacted business in Roachdale today.

Mrs. Joanna Johnston, spent this afternoon in Lilledale.

Mr. and Mrs. Delena Roberts spent yesterday in Brazil.

Mrs. J. E. O'Hair is visiting her daughter in Crawfordsville.

T. E. Evans and family spent yesterday with Rev. James Carver.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Collins, of Bainbridge, was in the city Saturday.

Mrs. Dan Kesterson, is confined to her home on the account of illness.

Miss Clara Belle Hood of Portland is visiting Theta sisters for a few days.

Bee Hive Rebecca Lodge No. 106, will meet this evening at eight o'clock.

Lewis Nier, of Cloverdale, was in the city this afternoon en route to Brazil.

Mrs. J. M. Murphy and children left Sunday for New York their future home.

Miss Lily Miller of the University, visited her sister in Crawfordsville, over Sunday.

Mrs. R. H. Burkett, is confined to her home on East Seminary Street, with the gripe.

Miss Myrtle Spaulding has returned from a short visit with her sister in Crawfordsville.

Mrs. John Day has returned to her home in Fillmore, after a short visit with relatives in the city.

Harvey Monett returned to his home in Bainbridge this morning after spending the night in the city.

Mrs. Pat Callahan, of Terre Haute visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Murphy, of the city, yesterday.

Mrs. Mary Riggs, has returned to her home in Whitesville, after a visit with her daughter, Mrs. H. L. Wright.

Mrs. T. W. Hinton, who has been visiting, her sister, Mrs. Isaac Bowman, returned to her home in Earl Park, Ind; this morning.

John Madden, of Chicago, who was here Friday night to take initiation of the Elks, left the city yesterday for Columbus, Ohio.

Mrs. William Gildewell, and children, who were called to Louisville, Ky; last week by the death of her of her brother, has returned.

Miss Verna Gough, has returned to her home near Roachdale, after a few days visit with her sister, Mrs. C. C. Gillen, on Poplar Street.

Sherman Stiles, Isaac Harris, and John Cook and Otto Hammond, spent yesterday in Terre Haute.

Mrs. David Sublett, who has been here with her daughter, Mrs. Noble Snyder, has returned to her home in Putnamville, Mrs. Snyder is better.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Blackwell, have returned to their home in Crawfordsville, after a visit with, Mrs. Blackwell's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Tucker.

Mrs. Paul Conley, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Clem Hurst, for the past two days, returned to her home in Newport, Ind., this afternoon.

Mrs. Sol Merryweather, of Anderson, who was called here to attend the funeral of her brother, James Thornburg will return to her home tomorrow.

O. A. Day of Knightsville, is in Fillmore.

Mrs. D. O'Connell has returned to Terre Haute.

Mary McDonald is out after a two weeks' illness.

H. S. Werneke assisted the show band at noon.

James Hamilton of Amo, was in the city today.

Artie Raines of near Fillmore, was in the city today.

Mrs. J. C. Jenkins of Brazil, called on Dr. Bence today.

Simpson Hirt and Paul Hill were in Terre Haute yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Ragan have taken rooms with C. C. Gillen.

Lacy Stoner, Jesse Noe and Paul Cook were in Brazil yesterday.

W. P. Kibbey of Advance, was in the city today, en route to Reelsville.

Miss Grace Pavy of Muncie, is visiting friends on East Anderson St.

Mrs. M. J. Woods, of this city is visiting friends in Fillmore this week.

Jasper Carter of Kansas, is visiting, Mrs. Robert Raines, near Fillmore.

C. N. Henson of Paris, Ills., was in the city this afternoon en route to Spencer.

Frank Heartwell of Detroit was in the city transacting business this morning.

Thomas Bayne of Bloomington made a business trip to the city this morning.

Mrs. Samuel Purcell still continues critically ill with the gripe and an attack of neuralgia.

Attorney Charles McGaughey of Roachdale, transacted legal business in the city this afternoon.

The Locust Street M. E. Church will give a social tomorrow evening in the Epworth League room.

Miss Myrtle O'Hair of Brick Chapel, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Oscar Thomas, has returned.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome King spent Sunday with relatives of Dr. King in the country near Reelsville yesterday.

Mrs. Elnor Werneke and Miss Young of Terre Haute, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Werneke yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Jordan and Jesse Weik were in Terre Haute yesterday to attend the funeral of a relative.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Barnaby went to Chicago yesterday. They will be in the Windy City for a couple of days.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. O'Hair have returned home after a short visit with their daughter, Mrs. C. W. Hymer of Crawfordsville.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Cleveland and son, Frank, were in the city this afternoon, en route to Orleans for a visit with friends and relatives.

J. O. Cammack will go to Muncie tomorrow where he will attend a meeting of the executive committee of the Indiana Photographers Association of which committee he is a member. Mr. Cammack will be gone for two or three days.

Mrs. Fred Turner who passed through the city several days ago, en route to Terre Haute, where her husband had a surgical operation performed returned to Roachdale Saturday evening. The operation was successful and Mr. Turner is progressing nicely.

The marriage of Ott Sears of this city and Miss Bessie Green, daughter of H. M. Green, who lives near Reelsville, was solemnized Sunday afternoon at the home of the bride's father. The Rev. Eld. Dalby performed the ceremony. Mr. Sears is employed in C. A. Kelly's store here. The young people will make their home in Greencastle.

DEPAUW UNIVERSITY NOTES

Harry Hays was in Indianapolis Saturday.

Several Kappas spent Sunday in Indianapolis.

Don Bollinger was in Indianapolis Friday night.

Robert Wamsley spent Sunday in Indianapolis.

Sam Preston visited Deke brothers several days last week.

Roy Whisnand was at his home in New Augusta yesterday.

Ivan Hill of Broadripple was the guest of Delta U's yesterday.

Miss Elizabeth Bohn and Miss Emma Murry spent Sunday in Indianapolis.

Miss Maude Carlton and Miss Mary Ibach were in Indianapolis yesterday.

Miss Helen McNeal spent Sunday in Anderson the guest of Miss Marie Hendee.

Roy Rawlings who has been quite ill at the Delta U house is improving slowly.

Judson McGrew spent Sunday with Oscar Lucas at his home near Putnamville.

This afternoon the Thetas hold open house for their town friends. This evening they will receive their alumnas.

THE ART OF JUGGLING.

It Demands Much Hard Work and Unlimited Patience.

"To be a successful juggler it is necessary to possess infinite patience. Some tricks require such long and continuous practice that unless a man possessed great patience and unlimited powers of perseverance he would despair of ever being able to perform them," says Paul Cinquevalli in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. "Take a trick, for example, like balancing a tall glass on four straws placed on the forehead. It looks easy enough, but it took me years of practice before I could do it. While I am balancing the glass I also juggle with five hats at the same time. I never, as a matter of fact, see the hats. They are handed to me by my assistant, and I then set them going, but the whole time my eyes are fixed on the straws upon which the glass is balanced. If I took my eyes from the straws for a hundredth part of a second their balance would be upset. I know instinctively where the hats are all the time and know exactly where each hat is when I put out my hand to catch it. "It took me close on eight years' practice before I was able to balance two billiard balls on top of each other and then balance the two on a billiard cue. I started practicing it an hour a day, as a rule. After a couple of years' practice one night I woke up, having dreamed that I had performed it. I got up, rushed downstairs and began to practice with my cue and two billiard balls, and at the first attempt I balanced them. About five years later I performed the feat in public. "For the cannon ball trick I first used a wooden ball weighing just one pound. I caught it on the wrong place and was knocked senseless, but I kept on practicing until I found out how to do it. Now I use an iron ball weighing sixty pounds. If I didn't catch the ball on the right place on the back of my neck it would kill me, but there is no chance of my making a mistake."

Surfacing Natural Wood.

White pine, birch, cherry, whitewood, maple, sycamore, gum and hemlock need no filling at all. They are classed as the close grained woods, and their surface presents no pores or cellular tissue to be filled. Still the surface needs to be sealed up so the wood will not suck the oil out of the varnish. This is called surfacing. It consists of coating the surface with shellac and then sandpapering down to a smooth finish. When thus treated the wood is ready for the varnish.

Riding the Rail.

A Georgia paper says, "He who rides on the rail courts death." It was an Irishman, ridden on a rail, who said that except for the honor of the thing he would just as soon walk.—Houston Post.

It Was There.

Composer—Did you hear the torment and despair in my tone poem, "Tantalus," that I just played you? Listener—No, but I noticed them on the faces of the audience.—Filigende Blatter.

When a man can tell his principles from his prejudices he is tolerably educated.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

MONON ROUTE.

Time Card in effect July 22, 1908.

North Bound	South Bound
1:25 am	2:15 pm
9:32 am	8:25 am
12:33 pm	2:20 pm
5:52 pm	5:20 pm

All trains run daily.

T. A. MICHAEL, Agent.

WANT AD COLUMN

Salesman Wanted to look after our interest in Putnam and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission. Address Lincoln Oil Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

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

PITFALLS OF ENGLISH.

Our Puzzling Language and Its Words of More Than One Meaning.

Of all modern languages English is undoubtedly the most difficult to acquire. In addition to the ordinary pitfalls of forms and idioms that entrap the foreigner struggling for mastery of a strange tongue, there is one so peculiar to ours that nothing even remotely similar presents itself in any other language, whether ancient or modern.

This is the paradoxical word, the word which has two meanings diametrically opposed to each other. It is not enough that, with all the wealth of words borrowed from half a score of other languages, we must impose a double and often a multiple burden on some poor little monosyllabic word like "get," for instance, whose meanings are legion. Our language must needs confound the student at the gates with the paradox. To give a few examples:

The word "let" means to "allow" or "permit" and likewise to "prevent," "hinder" or "refuse," meanings diametrically opposite. "I will let you do it" in the former sense is hardly more common in use than the phrase "without let or hindrance," and Shakespeare has it, "By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets (prevents) me!"

"Cleave" means to split asunder as well as to "adhere" or "bind" closely. Scott makes Marmion threaten to "cleave the Douglas' head," while holy writ enjoins upon the husband to "cleave unto his wife."

Another example is "lucid," which means both a "dull red" and also a "pale green" hue, tints that are exactly opposed in the scale of color. While the former is the more common meaning, the latter is more scholarly correct, as the word is derived through the Latin from the Greek adjective meaning "greenish blue."

Again, we have "fast." A horse that is "fast" may be in rapid motion or standing tied stock still. In either sense, whether of motion or immobility, the word emphasizes the idea.

Examples of this bewildering pitfall of our tongue might be multiplied indefinitely. It may be said of the English speaking world as it was said of the old Romans—that their supremacy is due to the fact that they do not have to learn their own language. —Chicago Record-Herald.

YEAST IS A PLANT.

But It Can Be Seen as Such Only With the Microscope.

Yeast is a small plant which can be seen only with the aid of the microscope, says Good Health. There are two varieties, wild and cultivated, for these tiny plants can be improved through cultivation, as larger plants can be.

Firms which make yeast for the market must grow these plants quite as carefully as the florist grows his flowers. Care must be taken that they do not become mixed with other varieties, therefore destroying the culture. In some laboratories where yeast is grown two separate buildings are kept for this purpose. These are both carefully disinfected, and if it is found that the yeast becomes contaminated in one building the culture is started anew and the other building previously disinfected before moving into it.

This plant, like bacteria, requires warmth, moisture and food. The materials out of which the bread is made should always be kept in a warm place. The temperature most favorable is about that of the body, a little less than 100 degrees.

There is always considerable moisture in bread and plenty of food for the plant. The food which it requires is sugar. This it obtains from the wheat, there being some sugar in the flour, and more sugar is also formed from the starch.

As the yeast plants feed upon sugar they break it down into two substances, alcohol and a gas known as carbon dioxide or carbonic acid gas. As the gas is formed it is held by the gluten, which is a very elastic substance. When the bread is put into the oven the heat expands the tiny bubbles of gas, causing the bread to rise or to become much lighter. The alcohol formed, being a volatile product, passes off into the baking.

Progress.

The martyr cannot be dishonored. Every lash inflicted is a tongue of flame, every prison a more illustrious abode. Every burned book or house enlightens the world. Every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth from side to side. It is the whipper who is whipped, the tyrant who is undone.—Emerson.

Graveyard of Asiatics.

The northern territory is the graveyard of innumerable Asiatics, who enter by way of the gulf of Carpentaria in quest of gold. Death from thirst and starvation accounts for thousands. The few who survive return to China to spread the fame of Australia's relentless solitude and hunger tracks.—Chambers' Journal.

Advice.

"What would you do," asked the excited politician, "if a paper should call you a liar and a thief?" "Well," said the lawyer, "if I were you I'd toss up a cent to see whether I'd reform or lick the editor."—Cleveland Leader.

Never Touched Him.

"Doesn't begging make you ashamed?" "Sure. If you knew how stingy some men were you would be ashamed of being human."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A SUPERINTENDENT'S STORY.

[Original.]

I'm a self made man. I started as fireman on a locomotive, passed ten years as engineer and rose to be general superintendent of the road.

Now, there is a vast difference between a fireman or engineer and a general superintendent. But I didn't get the big head. I never considered myself or any of my family any better for my sitting in a revolving chair tapping a bell for some one to wait on me than when I had my hand on the throttle, and when Tom Millikin, a locomotive engineer, came courting my daughter Susie I didn't turn him down because he drove an engine. But what I wanted for Susie was a man of nerve, strength and character.

"Tom," I said, "you may have Susie on one condition. We want a man to take a new passenger limited through in the night. The distance is 200 miles and it must be done in five hours. The average must be sixty miles an hour, which means as low as fifty and as high as seventy. Do the job, and you shall have Susie."

Tom thought a long while, then said, "I have always supposed, Mr. Mullen, that you'd never ask a man to do what you would not do yourself."

"Well, suppose we put it this way: You take the train through first. If you succeed, I take it through and give Susie. If you don't succeed, I get Susie without making the attempt myself."

The fellow knew how to handle me. I was very proud of my knowledge of railroad technique and had carried trains often since my promotion. I at once acceded to his terms.

I shall never forget the experience of that run. Twenty minutes before train time I appeared in overalls at the engine, which was standing ready on the track, to make my own inspection of her and do my own oiling. When we pulled out I felt like a bird let out of a cage. I was still, though fifteen years older than when I left the cab, in full vigor of nerve and muscle. I had figured carefully just what time I must make on different parts of the road and was in every way prepared for the trial. I had never driven an engine for any length of time over fifty miles an hour, and up to that point there is no great strain on an engineer. I did not realize that an average man can't stand many spurts at sixty-five miles an hour and in some places I must do seventy.

I got on pretty well for the first three hours, though I had made a number of my fast paces, but after that I began to suffer. Looking straight ahead continuously, seeing at the same time things out of the corners of my eyes whizzing by me, made me feel as if something was pulling my sight nerve out through the sockets. Some of my fastest spurts came in about this time, and every few minutes I was frightened half out of my senses. The first thing to rattle me was seeing something black on the track dead ahead of me. I thought it was the rear end of a train with no lights on. If it had been there would have been no time to slow up, but it was gone before I could have done so anyway, and then I realized that it was the shadow of a bird flying across the headlight. This had the effect on my nerves of an escape from a sudden plunge into death.

I had always been quick to adopt improvements on the road and had put on electric headlights. This made all the shadows look like big black things, solid as masonry. The shadow of a telegraph pole cast on the track as it sometimes would be at a curve ahead looked for all the world like the trunk of a tree. The worst scare I had was from something that wouldn't get out of the way. It was a big round black boulder that appeared a few hundred feet ahead. This was the only scare I put on the brakes for. As I slowed down I noticed that I got no nearer to it. Finally I stopped short, went ahead to the pilot, and, turning, there on the glass before the headlight was a little moth.

An hour before I was due to arrive I had made up my mind that, though I could make an engine to do the trip on schedule time, I couldn't make a man to run her. But I had a lot of pride and continued the struggle, though my failing nerves rendered failure almost a certainty. When I had the last forty miles to go and only thirty minutes to do it in I gave up and turned the throttle over to my fireman, with directions to take his time. As I left the engineer's post I staggered to the seat on the other side of the cab, and it was all I could do to hold on when I got on to it.

I felt as if a dozen men with hammers had been pounding on every nerve in my body. When we reached the station I called a carriage and went to a hotel, and if I hadn't been too proud, or, rather, if I hadn't feared it would get out, I'd have called a trained nurse to take care of me.

The next day I went back in the president's private car and the morning after appeared in my office and sent for Tom Millikin. He came in, looking curious. I said to him:

"Tom, you needn't perform your part of the contract. It would be no use for I've made up my mind not to put the train on. You've won."

"I'd like the privilege of doing the 'trick once,'" he said, "if you don't mind."

I gave him permission, and he took the train through on time.

ROBINSON M'BRIDE.

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

All young men's long pants suits at half price at the Model. Sizes 30 to 36. Many men can wear sizes 35 and 36.