

The Greencastle Herald

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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 has 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 Hanborough, 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.

Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors allys 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 four 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 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. Wheew!

"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 there was in that bread I just naturally went into the feeding business myself, although that's how I became associated with the hotel business. Fret! Show this gentleman to the cafe!"—Portland Oregon.

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 Seaton, her maid of honor.

It 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 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."

"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.

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"I don't see why you bother yourself with a lot of people who don't care to be uplifted, Aunt Caro," she said.

"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 comfort. 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.

Once I gave my own estimate of the height of the jump to a group of friends and after a glance at their grizzled 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 tight. 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-thirt" circuits. It is an 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 Saxon 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 Saxon block was called an 'almoned' or 'observation of all the moons.'

"From al-mon-head our word almanac comes."

Usual Result.

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

"No," answered the disgusted 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 lie must be thatched with another or it will soon rain through.—Owen.

The Voice of Gold.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

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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.

"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 lit up.

"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."

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And when she had finished her little speech and come down the aisle, a quiet figure in her gray gown, love for her shore 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 glided in the midst of that listening audience, glided in his eloquence and hugged her happiness to her heart.

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 downtown humanity spellbound.

The Rev. Mr. McGregor seemed spellbound 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?

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 is sick or in health leaned on her wisdom, her common sense and 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.</