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F. C. TILDEN C. J. ARNOLD

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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 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.

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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 bread. 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. From! Show this gentleman to the cafe."—Portland Oregonian.

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.

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.

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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.

"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 lie 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 lie must be thatched with another or it will soon rain through.—Owen.

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