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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.	

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WAR ON INTERURBAN

Brazil is Roused Over Attempt of the Traction Company to Work, What Citizens Call, Injustice by Rates.

Brazil and Terre Haute, Indiana, are having a set-to of considerable proportions. The business men of the city claim that the company has discriminated against Brazil in the matter of rates, and propose a boycott unless things can be adjusted. It is held that the company has established a rate that makes it possible to go to Terre Haute, cheaper from midway points than to come to Brazil. The business men met the company and talked the matter over, but claim that they received no assurance of the alleged wrong being righted. As a result retaliatory measures are being talked of. In the mean time Attorney A. C. Miller has brought suit against the company for violation of the two cent fare law. He holds that the company has charged fifteen cents fare for six miles travel, and he will see if the law will apply to traction companies.

The company has not yet made public its side of the row, but doubtless has something to say worth hearing.

When you go away or have visitors call 65 and let people know it.

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 not hardly open my eyes and did not see whether Sivel was awake. I called to mind that Croce unfastened 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."

"He loves me!" 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.

Obeying 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 awoke, 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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