

The Greencastle Herald

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F. C. TILDEN

C. J. ARNOLD

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BY THE PEOPLE.

If William J. Bryan is made president of the United States next November, he will, more than any man since the time of Washington, represent the choice of the people. From the very first it has been the people's voices that have pushed him forward, often when leaders have hesitated. No machine has had to do with his position in the party at any time. He stands today a marked contrast to all the Republican Candidates, except, perhaps, Hughes. In Indiana a Republican machine, without enthusiasm, and a the face of coldness and protest, is pushing Fairbanks for the presidency. In Kentucky, the lately successful Republicans, organized on graft, have been pulled into the circle, and are pushing Fairbanks. In Ohio the Taft machine headed by Cox is in a death grapple with the machine so long controlled by Foraker, and both careless of the people's wishes, are pushing a presidential boom. At Washington the national machine has been used by the president to push forward a favorite of his own and used against a favorite of the people of New York. The Republicans rely, not upon popularity with the people but upon the strength of their organization, the power to control votes in factories through threat and intimidation, the size of the campaign fund. It looks as if the fight would be the people against a machine, the engineers of which are the people's enemies—Foraker, Aldrich, the silent Cortelyou of Wall Street fame, grafty Platt of New York, Cannon, the legislation queller from Illinois, and others of equal notoriety. From remarks heard on every side we believe the machine is doomed. Everywhere we hear Republicans declaring they will not blindly support a machine made nominee, and in every case they mention Bryan as the probable recipient of their vote. Strange things are coming to pass in the Republican ranks.

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

Friends of the family of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Sells who formerly lived at Mt. Meridian, Putnam County, will be grieved to hear of their recent trouble. Mr. Sells died several years ago, leaving the mother, six girls and one boy. For some time Mrs. Sells and the two youngest girls have been living with a married daughter, Emma, in Arthur, Illinois. On the 10th of this month Mattie Sells Marshal of Urbana, Illinois, after retiring at the usual hour and in the best of spirits died very suddenly at ten o'clock. Mrs. Sells, the mother at Arthur, Ill., could not go as she was at the bedside of Goldie, a younger daughter, who is dying with tuberculosis. However, the married daughter and husband went immediately to Urbana, and on Sunday morning while they were preparing for the funeral of Mrs. Marshal at Urbana, Ill., a telegram was received from Arthur, Ill., saying that the mother had dropped dead beside the sick daughter's bed.

Friends from Urbana went to Arthur to assist friends in preparing the body for burial. The double funeral was held at the Christian church in Urbana, Ill. Coming in opposite directions the two processions met at the church. Mrs. Marshal leaves a husband, and one child, while the mother leaves five daughters and one son.

Friday, February 7, is to be a holiday according to action taken by the faculty at its meeting last evening. For some years heretofore the day following the State Oratorical at Indianapolis has been granted by the faculty as a holiday and this year will be no exception.

In past years, however, the Oratorical generally took place on Friday evening, and then Saturday was "the day set for rest," but this year all students will be expected to be back in time for all classes on Saturday, the eighth.

RURAL ROUTE NO. 4.
Having nice weather now. Several cases of sickness in this neighborhood.

Those on the sick list at this writing are: Ella Plummer, Mrs. Elvira Skelton, Mrs. Anna Dean and Thomas Welsh.

Richard Frazier and family, Chas. Shaner, wife and daughter, Mrs. Lue Runk and daughter spent Sunday at John Plummer's.

Little Cox called on her sister, Bessie Ashworth, Sunday afternoon. Frank Ruark has returned to Terre Haute to finish his course in telegraphy.

Mrs. Victor Frazier of Oakalla is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson this week.

Mrs. Cora Morgan of Edinburg, Ind., will come Saturday for a few days' visit with Mrs. Sarah Baysinger.

Howard Rockhill of Greencastle spent Sunday night at Charley Shaner's.

Anna Plummer spent Sunday afternoon at Jake Knaub's.

Mr. and Mrs. John Baysinger, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Earl Wright.

Alva Dean and wife have returned home from Ohioville, Penn. where he has been at work.

NEWS OF OLD PUTNAM RESIDENTS

Life seemed to hold little of romance for Ruth Jeffrey as, with a long drawn sigh, she closed her desk at the end of the day. What was there in it, after all? she asked herself. She looked ahead and imagined one day following another in unvaried monotony. She fancied she could see her hair turning gray and the color fading from her cheeks, though for that it must have taken a very big stretch of the imagination indeed.

And what return was life making her for all the effort that she was putting into it? A negative reciprocation at best. She was not compelled to marry. She had proved herself capable of independence. It was five years since she had entered upon her business career. Her vim and optimism had made for a success even beyond her most sanguine anticipations.

Only a month ago she had accepted at practically her own terms a position that hundreds of women might well envy her and probably did. Surely it was an unseasonable time for her to feel blue and discouraged. There must be some definite cause for her unrest. Ruth set herself the task of discovering it.

Finally, with a somewhat shamefaced yet wistful little smile, she was forced to admit that the disturbing undercurrent began to rattle her thoughts at the moment that she had stood by her office window that morning and from the height of many stories watched a young man clad in a fur lined overcoat step out of his resplendent motor car and enter the building.

Who the man was did not matter, nor that he was wealthy. It was the woman in the car who stirred old yearnings in Ruth's heart. She had with her for comfort and inspiration through the day the memory of a man's farewell kiss.

This pretty and refreshing bit of sentiment in the midst of a bustling workaday world Ruth had witnessed nearly every morning, to be sure, since she had been in her new position. But never before had it plunged her into such an implacable mood of discontent.

"Well," she commented to herself as she glanced on her little tailor made hat, with a gesture of wholesome determination, "this will never do at all. It's my own fault. I refused him, and that's all there is about it. At the time matrimony seemed such an obvious, commonplace transaction in comparison with the allurements of independence—and now, well, it's no use thinking about it. I may bump into romance any day."

The wind on the night in question was blowing a hurricane. When Ruth tried to open the outside door of the building, she found the resistance too much for her strength and was obliged to fall back a moment.

As she made a second attempt the door yielded with a suddenness that almost upset her equilibrium. She heard some one immediately behind her say, "Allow me," and was aware of a masculine coat sleeve, fur lined, holding back the door for her to pass.

Ruth thanked the auxiliary arm mechanically, half conscious of a tinge of resentment in her gratitude that she should be in any way beholden to the man upon whom that woman, whom she envied, also depended. But the next moment, with characteristic impulsiveness, Ruth found herself chasing a derby hat down the sidewalk.

Just as she was about to rescue it from an imminent mud puddle at the corner something struck her a fearful blow, and she lost consciousness.

In the days of delirium that followed Ruth sometimes imagined that a heavy door was swinging back upon her; that a man stood by and would not rescue her. And again she would shrink in fear from a plunging automobile that bore down upon her, while the man and woman within the car laughed and kissed each other. And always the man wore a fur lined overcoat.

When Ruth had recovered sufficiently to be interested in her surroundings, she noticed first the tall, fragrant American Beauties by her bedside.

"Who sent them?" she asked the nurse languidly.

"A gentleman, Miss Ruth."

"What gentleman?"

Faint and weak though Ruth's voice was, the nurse detected in it a note of suspicion.

"He did not leave his card, Miss Ruth," replied the nurse, blushing at her own subterfuge, but Ruth did not observe her confusion.

Why Mr. McDonald did not wish his identity disclosed in connection with the roses the nurse did not know. But he had insisted upon being an anonymous benefactor, and it was not her concern to demand his reason for it.

"What does he look like?" Ruth persisted.

"He's young and very distinguished looking," asserted the nurse, both her manner and words bespeaking unshakable conviction.

And then came the crucial question. "Does he wear a fur lined overcoat?"

The Return.

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not far you. He did everything he could do for you. I never saw a man more broken up over anything. He's been here at least once a day ever since."

"I'm!" commented Ruth. "His motive is obvious. He's afraid I'll sue him for damages. I despise him. When did he send these roses?"

"Every day—today, I mean. He's had fresh ones sent every morning. It's very romantic, Miss Ruth, to my way of thinking," ventured the nurse, casting a sly glance at her patient.

"Romantic!" repeated Ruth. "It's lucky you were not the one run over. That man would have had you thanking him for the privilege, but he can't bribe me with daily visits and floral contributions. You see there isn't the ghost of a chance for anything romantic in the situation. He's married."

"Oh!" exclaimed the nurse, with unmistakable disappointment. "I didn't know, Miss Ruth. I beg your pardon."

So that was why he presented roses anonymously and why her patient hated him. Possibly before he was married—it was thus the nurse allowed her imagination to put two and two together.

"Don't keep any more of his old roses, please, and don't let him come here any more." Ruth gave her orders wearily and was soon asleep.

Norman McDonald continued to call, however, and to send roses, quite unconscious that the latter never found their way to Ruth's sickroom.

The reports that the nurse gave him from day to day of the girl's recovery were not gratifying.

"She doesn't seem to gain at all," the nurse complained one morning disconsolately. "She sits up, but she has no animation—no courage hardly. She never mentions her work, and they say she was heart and soul devoted to it before—before her illness. The wistfulness of her little pale face is enough to break your heart."

The young man looked very thoughtful. "I suppose she has never asked to see me?" he inquired at length.

"I have never heard her speak your name, Mr. McDonald," replied the nurse evasively.

"No, of course. It isn't likely that she would. It's a blessed thing, though, that she doesn't realize that it was I—that it was my car that injured her."

The nurse was confused. "But I fear she does, Mr. McDonald. In fact, I'm sure she does."

"But I thought you said you never heard her speak of me?"

"Not by name," the nurse repeated. Norman's perplexity was evident.

"She speaks of you as the 'gentleman of the fur lined overcoat,'" the nurse explained. "And she has requested me not to let you come here, Mr. McDonald. I hadn't the courage to tell you before."

The young man showed no surprise, but looked deeply troubled.

"Well," he said finally, "at least I can telephone, and I'm sure you'll tell me if there is ever any way I can be of further service to her. When she has fully recovered, I shall hope—"

"Oh, Mr. McDonald," the nurse interrupted, "I suppose I haven't any right to tell you, but sometimes in her delirium Miss Jeffrey used to mention some one for whom she seemed to care a great deal—some one evidently whom she had refused to marry. I realize that I am betraying confidences, but I thought perhaps you might know him and that it might do her good to see him. She called him 'Laddie.'"

The young man started at the name, then broke out into a hearty laugh.

The nurse cautioned him to be quiet, but the caution came too late.

"Who's there?" It was Ruth's voice calling anxiously from the room above.

The nurse had no evasive answer ready, but had she had one at her tongue's end there would have been no time to utter it, for at the sound of Ruth's voice Norman had bounded up the stairs two, three, at a time and now stood on the upper landing with the girl crushed rapturously to him.

"Oh, Laddie, Laddie!" Ruth cried joyously. "I knew your laugh."

But at the consciousness of his kiss she drew back from him with a cry that was half grief, half anger, and threw herself upon the couch, sobbing bitterly.

"Ruth, Ruth, what is it, little one? Tell me, dearest," pleaded Norman.

"Go back to her," the girl gasped finally through her sobs.

"Go back to whom?" asked Norman, utterly mystified.

"Oh, you are cruel. Why did you come? I've watched you kiss her good-by every morning when you left her at the office, and I envied her then, though I didn't know it was you. I—I only remembered what I had lost. Oh, don't stand there and pity me. Go back, go back!"

"Ruth, sweetheart, listen! There is no one to go back to. That is my sister you have seen me with. Surely you knew I would wait for you—and you have come. Don't cry any more, little one."

ARTILLERY CURIOSITIES.

Old Time Cannon That Were Made of Leather, Wood and Rock.

Among the curiosities of artillery odd inventions have a great place. Cannon have been made of the most unlikely materials. Leather was used as early as Henry VIII.'s day at the siege of Boulogne. The very articles were stored in the tower once, and Evelyn saw them there, inscribed "Non Marti opus est cui non defloet Mercurius." Are they still lying in some corner of a forgotten lumber room? The Scotch employed leather guns in 1640 to batter Lord Conway's fortifications at Newbourn, and they did the work well. Describing the feverish alarm in Paris in 1792, Carlyle says: "One citizen has wrought out the scheme of a wooden cannon, which France shall exclusively profit by in the first instance. It is to be made of staves by the coopers, of almost boundless caliber, but uncertain as to strength."

Two small pieces brought to France by the Siamese ambassadors as presents from their king to Louis XIV. were the only artillery procurable for the attack on the Bastille—of eccentric model no doubt, adorned with dragons and golden inscriptions, but efficient workmanship. We read of gold cannon in India. There were two so described at Baroda in Burton's time, "to which regular adoration was offered." In fact, the tubes were of steel, but the massive gold casing cost £20,000.

For the defense of Malta in the old days the knights "invented a kind of ordnance of their own, unknown to all the world beside," says Brydone, an eyewitness. They followed out the natural rock here and there in such fashion that the cavity was like a mortar, put a barrel of gunpowder into the hole, plugged it with a wooden disk exactly fitting and heaped miscellaneous projectiles thereupon. About fifty of these singular cannon defended creeks and landing places. Some of them were six feet in diameter and threw 10,000 pounds weight of iron or stone into the air. Doubtless if all went well they would do tremendous execution upon an enemy trying to disembark.

But there are eccentricities still more curious on record. In a tomb on the island of Chinal, near Usumacinta, Mexico, was found a cannon four feet eleven inches long of terra cotta, with terra cotta bullets. It is suggested that when Cortes retired after his great flight at Centla, Tabasco, the natives copied the Spanish guns in clay, hoping to produce the same results.—London Standard.

LIKE THE INFERNO.

Graphic Description of a Climb Over a Volcanic Island.

A climb over a volcanic island in Bering sea is thus described in Outing Magazine by Robert Dunn:

"Cliff sank away into chaos. Upright fans of tuffa, crevices like salt crusted wounds, chasms with leoprous edges—breathed all like mad. Less steam, but more crinkly and venomous gases. Parched white and red and other in their depths, they seemed almost to whistle—yet they did not whistle—a furtive, ambient, high pressure 'Zssssss-ooo.' Was it sound? Then I would pause and catch only the horrid, overburdened silence.

"The 'thing' seemed more friendly. The sulphur no longer choked. You could have passed a burning bunch of miners' matches under my nose and I would have gulped the fumes like fresh air. But the invisible venom still belched out everywhere, secret and furtive; now from jaws and gashes four feet and more across, no longer red yellow, but with fangs crusted white or brilliant green and bristling with rapier-like stalagmites. Heat tremors pulsed, as the whole were a vast roof too close under the eye of the sun. And below on the blasted acre under the beak the panting steam dashed out the supreme desolation—crumbling, clinkery and over-parched; trailed away its smear of the dull rainbow hues of sulphur from grotesque mosaics. It was a puddling of slag fresh from that great furnace of the unknown fusing point, and how alien to the cold waves and winds of the subarctic!"

Brain Growth.

The brain usually stops growing at about fifty, and from sixty to seventy it is more likely to decrease. It has been related by Canon MacColl that Mr. Gladstone's head was constantly outgrowing his hats. As late as the Middlethian campaign, when he was nearly seventy, he was obliged to have his head remeasured for this reason. Canon MacColl's conclusion that this continual growth of brain contributed to Mr. Gladstone's perennial youthfulness appears not unwarranted.—London Spectator.

Oratory.

"What am oratory, Brudder Jackson?"

"Brudder Stimms, I will elucidate. If you says black am white, dat am foolish, but if you says black am white an' bellers like a bull an' pounds on a table wif bofe fists dat am oratory, an' some people will believe you."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Juvenile Wriggle.

Mother (an invalid)—Elmer, what did you do with the orange Mrs. Neighbors gave you to give to me yesterday? Small Elmer—It was too sour for you, mamma, so I put some sugar on it and ate it myself.—Chicago News.

It is from the remembrance of joys we have lost that the arrows of affliction are pointed.—Mackenzie.

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