

WEATHER REPORT.
* Snow or rain tonight and Sat.
* warmer tonight; colder Sat.
* shifting winds Sat. night.

Greencastle Herald.

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

VOL. 2. NO. 263. GREENCASTLE, INDIANA. FRIDAY, JAN. 31, 1908. PRICE ONE CENT

IS STILL A DEATH TRAP

PUTNAM COUNTY COMMISSIONERS APPEAL TO THE STATE RAILROAD COMMISSION IN REGARD TO THE DANGEROUS CONDITION OF THE APPROACHES TO PUTNAMVILLE BRIDGE.

ROAD IS MUCH TOO NARROW

Grade is Very Steep And There is No Room for Teams to Pass—County Asks That Railroad Be Compelled to Make Road 16 Feet Wide and Put Railing at Sides.

Only a few months ago the State Railroad Commission ordered the Monon Railroad to raise its overhead bridge at Putnamville. The bridge was so low that the life of any one riding on the top of a car which passed under it was in danger. Many lives were lost on account of the condition of the bridge. The railroad raised the bridge.

In raising it, however, the railroad relieved the danger to the lives of persons riding on the trains, but put the bridge in such a condition that the lives of the persons who drive over it are in danger. The approaches are very narrow, too narrow to allow vehicles to pass, and very steep. The road bed is loose and apt to crumble away at any time. The people who have occasion

25 Per Cent Reduction 25 Per Cent

On China, Vases Decorated and Hanging Lamps

Beginning Saturday, February 1, we will give 1/4 off from regular prices on all our stock of China, Vases, Decorated and Hanging Lamps. Sale to continue one week. For cash only.

All goods marked in plain figures. This is a great opportunity to secure elegant goods at big bargains. Come early.

Jones' Drug Store

to drive over it called the attention of the county commissioners to the state of affairs and asked that some action be taken.

The commissioners investigated and as a result a letter was yesterday sent to the State Railroad Commission asking that the railroad be ordered to put the bridge and approaches into a safe condition. County Attorney John H. James wrote the letter on the order of the county commissioners. He told of the state of affairs and asked that the railroad be ordered to widen the approaches to 16 feet and build good strong fences along the sides of the approaches. Action on the part of the commission is anxiously awaited by Putnam County folks. As it is the life of every person who drives over the bridge are in danger.

SURPRISE PARTY

A surprise party was given last evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Lynch, at West Lawn, of this city, in honor of their son, Edmund's fifteenth birthday.

The guests present were from the Freshman Class, of High School, and a large number gathered to make the surprise on their loyal president, a success. Various games were played throughout the evening, but perhaps the most interesting feature was the "Jack Horner Pie", which contained the favors, and upon drawing, each received their favor red with the class color—Lavender and Pink. Refreshments were served and partners were found by the matching of hearts which contained "Mother Goose Rhymes".

At a late hour the guests departed voting the hostess, a royal entertainer, and wishing many more happy occasions for their President.

CEMETERY REPORT.

Interments at Forest Hill Cemetery in January, 1908:

Melvina J. Adams, Carbon, Ind., age 53 years, cancer.
Mary F. Woodall, city, age 61 years, apoplexy.
W. W. Adams, Carbon, Ind., age 81 years, old age.
Even A. King, Putnam County, age 10 days.

James Thornburg, Indianapolis, age 62 years, durgus caranana of liver.

Virginia H. Allen, city, heart disease.

Alfred Barnes, Putnam county, age 55 years, organic heart trouble.

JAMES DAGGY, Supt.

Peg Woffington.

FIRE STARTS FROM GAS

Residence of Mrs. J. C. Trueblood Threatened at near Midnight Last Night—Some Mystery in the Origin of the Conflagration—Damage is About \$100, Family is Awakened by Smoke.

FAMILY AWAKENED BY SMOKE

A leak in the gas pipe near the meter in the cellar of the home of Mrs. J. C. Trueblood, 614 south Locust street, started a fire at near midnight last night, which probably would have proved very serious had not the members of the family been awakened by the smoke, which had filled the house, when the fire was discovered. As it was, the members of the family were aroused in time to send in a fire alarm and have the fire department on the scene before the flames gained much headway. The flames were easily extinguished by the use of chemicals.

The fire was due to a leak in the gas pipe near the meter in the cellar of the house. How the flames, started, however, is a mystery. It is supposed that the cellar filled with gas from the leak. There is a furnace in the cellar and it is believed that the gas caught fire from the fire in the furnace.

When the fire department arrived on the scene at about 12:30 o'clock, they found the gas meter melted off and a jet of flame shooting from the gas pipe. The joist had taken fire and had burned through into the room above. The gas was turned off and the flames quickly extinguished by the use of chemicals. The damage will amount to probably \$100. Had not the members of the family been aroused just at the time they were a disastrous conflagration probably would have resulted.

PURE FOOD INSPECTOR HERE

John Owens, state pure food inspector, was here today. Mr. Owens had several little business matters to attend to. He also took a look over town to see if the pure food laws are being complied with by the merchants.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Virginia Tilley to Hattie J. Tilley pt. lot in Greencastle, \$1.
Virginia Tilley to Ella Tilley pt. lot in Greencastle, \$1.

Peg Woffington

Meharry Hall Monday, Feb. 3, 1908

Edith Coburn Noyes

Lecture Course

CHARGE AGAINST DAN CHAPIN

Terre Haute Post Alleges That the Republican District Chairman, Who Holds a Revenue Job, Plays Too Much in Politics.

HOWARD MAXWELL IN MIX-UP

"Here's a thing that's worrying me," said a prominent politician today. "I wonder what system the government used to keep time and check its officials in the revenue department. I wonder if the country is being taxed for the salaries to pay some of the revenue men here who confine their time largely to politics. 'Don't you know that there is nothing more precious than to have a revenue deputy mixing in politics? He can in divers ways induce the saloon men and their friends and if he wants anything done, his job affords a mighty big club by which he can have it accomplished without much being said or done. 'The fact that Dan Chapin is district chairman and holds a revenue job can likely be attributed as the reason for this condition here, and doubtless some of the officials have carried it farther than they really realize. Chapin's enthusiasm for Howard Maxwell, who comes from his own county, has apparently run away with the limit of propriety to which civil service employees indulge in politics.'"—Terre Haute Post.

FIGHT OVER ATHLETE

Purdue and Indiana University Struggle to Retain Prominent Track Man for Spring Meets.

A story that "Long John" Miller, star member of the track team and the best high jumper in the state, has gone to Purdue is noised about at the University today and is leaving consternation and excitement at its wake. Miller whose home is at Lafayette and whose father is a trustee of Purdue, attended that school last year, but returned to his home in Indiana, his first love, this fall. He is eligible this year to athletics at either Purdue or Indiana.

Miller is a brother of Attorney R. G. Miller, of this city and a prominent member of Phi Delta Theta. He has been signified repeatedly his intention of staying at Indiana and his decision has been hailed with delight yesterday, three track men from Purdue, Captain Fifield and two and two others, came down to secretly induce Miller to go to the Boilermakers school. They worked quietly, but effectively, having as a strong argument, the natural desire of the young man's father that he should attend the school near his home. This morning the star athlete went to Lafayette to discuss the matter. It is confidently thought here that he will remain with old "Gloriana". This morning he told Coach Barclay he would meet the Indiana team at Crawfordsville tomorrow and travel to Champaign with them to complete against Illinois.

Sale bills of any kind printed on short notice at the Star and Democrat office.

Edythe Coburn Noyes.

FOR ASSAULT AND BATTERY

James Marcum is Tried Before Squire Frank for Striking Joseph Grubbe at Fight at the Woods School House.

ALLEGED THAT KNUCKS WERE USED

A large number of persons from the city and from southeast of the city gathered in the assembly room of the court house this afternoon to hear the proceedings in the assault case of Grubbe against Marcum. The affidavit grew out of a fight at the Woods School House some four miles southeast of the city on the 17th of January. A box supper was given at the school house, and Grubbe aged sixteen, and Marcum relatively the same age attended. It is alleged by Grubbe that Marcum made insulting remarks to him and of him, and finally declared that he could thrash him. Grubbe is said to have replied that he could not, and Marcum struck him. A fight started, during the course of which it is alleged, Marcum secured a pair of "knucks" from a bystander, and struck Grubbe with them. Three gashes of some size were cut in Grubbe's head, one just above the bridge of the nose, and two on the left temple.

The prosecution rested its case at 2:30 o'clock, and after a short recess the defense began its side of the case. The defense then entered a general denial to the "knucks" theory. Marcum declared that after the words that led to the fight, Grubbe advanced upon him with an open knife in his hand. That he was struck and knocked down, and as he stooped he picked up a cinder or rock, in the excitement he did not know which, and struck Grubbe, inflicting the wounds.

A number of students out for a hay ride on that evening happened on the scene of action and helped repair the damaged head, and were present today as witnesses. At the time of going to press the case had not reached the jury.

The prosecution was represented by Prosecutor Hughes and T. T. Moore. The attorneys for the defense were Jackson Boyd and Theodore Crawley. During the trial the interchange of remarks between Attorneys Boyd and Moore caused no little amusement. Finally both attorneys became somewhat excited and the court was compelled to intervene.

WERE SEEKING INFORMATION

Commissioners of Owen County here to Gather Pointers on Putnam's Method of Building Gravel Roads.

Commissioner Truax, of Owen county, was in the city today, talking with county officials in regard to Putnam's methods of handling the building of short gravel roads under the new law. Owen county is about to begin a campaign of road building and the commissioners were especially anxious to learn how the matter was managed in Putnam, so that

there would be no trouble with the finance end. It is now small matter to carry a road through from petition to completeness and have the record upon which the bonds are based so accurate that attorneys will declare the bonds good. Putnam has been particularly successful in this matter, and Owen wishes to borrow from our experience. Then, too, in spite of criticism, we have, as a county, probably the largest and best system of gravel roads of any county in the state. And this fact, also, was not overlooked when the visitors asked for pointers.

Mr. Truax returned to Owen this afternoon.

NO TRACTION CARS WEST

Interurban Company Having Troubles Today—Wire Has "Grounded" Trouble Cannot be Located—East Service All Right.

At near 11 o'clock this morning the interurban line west of Greencastle stopped operation. A grounded wire somewhere between this city and Brazil killed all the power and cars could not be run. Up to 3:30 o'clock this afternoon the trouble had not been remedied. The linemen were having difficulty in locating where the current was grounded. Service east of Greencastle was all right.

The body of Mrs. Elizabeth Trail, who died last night at the County Farm, was brought here this morning, and will be taken to the Union Chapel Cemetery tomorrow morning for interment. Mrs. Trail was seventy-five years of age and leaves one son, J. W. Trail with other relatives to mourn their loss. The deceased formerly lived near Carpentersville.

The D. A. R. will meet in call session in the assembly room of the Carnegie Library on Monday, afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock. All members, will please take this as a personal request to be present. Mrs. Cole, Regent.

2t. H.

CENTRAL TRUST BUY BONDS

Purchases at Private Sale \$18,000 Worth of Interest Bearing Paper From W. F. Scott, Trustee of Russell Township—To be Used in Building School House.

FORD SCHRIEBNER HAS CONTRACT

The Central Trust Company has purchased from W. F. Scott, trustee of Russell Township, township bonds to the amount of \$18,000. The bonds were purchased at private sale. The money will be used to build a school house in Russell township.

Several of the old school buildings will be abandoned when the new building is completed and all the patrons will send their children to the new building. Ford Schriebner has the contract for building the new school house. He has contracted to have it completed by August 15 of this year. The new building will be up to date in every respect.

Christian Church Board Meeting

Called meeting of the official board of the Christian Church this evening January 31 at 7 o'clock. Important business. H. M. Randel, Chairman, James McD. Hays, Secretary.

Edythe Coburn Noyes.

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Containing the latest books of Fiction and all new books of Fiction as they are issued.

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We Have Money to Loan on Long Time

At low rate of interest and no commission and give you the privilege of making partial payments. Three per cent interest on saving accounts.

The Central Trust Company

Boxball Bowling Parlors

5c Each per Game

EAST SIDE OF SQUARE

A LIST OF BARGAINS

Hope Muslin, bleached8½c
Lonsdale Muslin, bleached10c
Clark's Thread5c
Simpson's Calico6c
Cotton Blankets per pair75c
Wool Blankets per pair\$3.25
\$3.00 Waists1.00
Rugs98c

Vermilion's

We've Something to Show You

And something to tell you about them, but we can't do much of either here. If you'll come to our store and see the

Young Men's Long Pants Suits We Are Offering at Half Price

You'll be convinced that we are offering clothing bargains never equaled in Greencastle.

Every Young Man's Long Pants Suit in our Stock at Half the Original Price. Size 30 to 36.

We make no reservations—every suit goes—and besides we have added to this lot several small sizes in Men's Suits which we will sell at the same great reduction.

Many men can be fitted in these Suits—sizes 35 and 36.

Drop in any time and see them. We'll be glad to show you, whether you buy or not.

THE MODEL Clothing Company

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

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THE ALDRICH BILL AGAIN.

The currency reform bill of Senator Aldrich has been revised and reported from the committee of which Aldrich is chairman. The chief changes are the changes in amount of currency that may be issued in a time of stress, the total in the revised bill being \$500,000,000. This currency is still to be issued against railroad and corporation stocks and bonds, and against state, county, township and municipal bonds. The change lies in the raising of the amounts to be issued against each kind of security. Railroads and corporation bonds are to be good but for 75 percent of their par value, but other bonds for 90 percent. The bill seems to be framed purely in the interests of Wall street. At least the whole country outside of Wall street opposes the bill, and all New York financiers and trade journals, from Harpers Weekly to the Wall Street Journal, are in favor of it. The chief objection to the bill is that it makes, in a time of panic, the currency of the country rest upon collateral of no intrinsic value at least as far as the corporation paper is concerned. It is far sighted scheme of the speculators. It is supposed to work thus. In a time of panic the market value of stocks and bonds declines. But the currency is to be based on these stocks. To get currency banks must use stocks and bonds, the greater the panic and the greater the demand for currency the greater the necessity for the banks to buy. The value of this paper will, therefore, be maintained by the very panic caused by the manipulation of the owners of this paper. The end would be to create an artificial market for the bonds up to the \$500,000,000 limit. This reached there would be no further demand for them in any form and they would go the way of the market, leaving the currency with ever lessening security. It is no wonder that all banks and bankers except those in the very center of the stock gambling of Wall street fear the bill.

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

Edythe Coburn Noyes.



Our Sympathy

is always extended to those in distress, but we have no sympathy to waste on the man who borrows his neighbor's paper when he can have one of his own at a mere nominal expense. Your home paper stands for your interests and the interests of your home town. It deserves your moral and financial support. If you are not a member of our family of readers you should begin now by sending in your subscription.

WINTER BUTTERFLIES.

A Hardy Brood For Which Frost and Snow Possess No Terrors.

Coming in one day from a walk in a heavy snowstorm, I dropped upon the evening table some triangular brownish bits that looked at first sight like flakes of dried bark.

"What are those—chips?"
"No, Butterflies."

Such a reply with a foot of snow on the ground and great probability of a foot more before morning was accepted as a pleasantry and not to be taken seriously. The idea of catching butterflies in a snowstorm seemed too "fishy" for serious consideration.

On the approach of winter most of the butterflies, those delicate little creatures of fair weather, naturally die. But among their number there is a whole hardy brood for which the rigors of winter possess no terrors. These are the angle wings, or vane-sides. They are frequently called "thaw butterflies" from the fact that during the warm spells of winter they awake from their torpor and may frequently be seen sunning themselves near their place of hibernation or if the weather is mild and pleasant flitting lightly about in the open places.

These insects pass the winter both as chrysalis and as mature butterflies. Normally they remain in the chrysalis form only about two weeks, but it is probable that the severe cold overtakes some before they are fully developed, which may account for some of them hibernating as chrysalis.—St. Nicholas.

COURTING DEATH.

The Work of the Mounted Police of Canada in the Northwest.

The Northwest policeman's first duty is to die if that should be necessary. He is not allowed to shoot a desperado, go up, sit on his carcass, roll a cigarette and then read the warrant. He must not shoot. At all events he must not shoot first, which is often fatal, for if there is a time when delay is dangerous it is when you are covering an outlaw, writes Cy Warnan in the Sunday Magazine.

Numbers of the force have been known to ride or walk into the very mouth of a cocked .45 Colt and never flinch. In about ninety-eight cases out of every hundred the man behind the gun weakened. In the other two cases he extended his lease of life, but made his going doubly sure. When a mounted policeman falls, the open space he leaves is immediately closed, for back of him stands the Dominion government and back of that the British empire. So the desperado who thinks he can kill and get away has a hard time. If the police chase him out of the Dominion back to the islands, he is likely to fetch up at Scotland Yard. If his native village lies south of the forty-ninth, the Pinkertons take up his trail, and when all these forces are after a man his days are gliding swiftly by.

"Next!"

"I was counsel for a railway company in the west," says a prominent New York lawyer, "in whose employ a section hand had been killed by an express train. His widow, of course, sued for damages. The principal witness swore positively that the locomotive whistle had not sounded until after the entire train had passed over his departed friend."

"You admit that the whistle blew?"

"I sternly demanded of the witness."

"Oh, yes; it blew."

"Now," I added impressively, "if that whistle sounded in time to give Morgan warning the fact would be in favor of the company, wouldn't it?"

"I suppose so," said the witness.

"Very well. Now, for what earthly purpose would the engineer blow his whistle after the man had been struck?"

"I presume," replied the witness, "with great deliberation, that the whistle was for the next man on the track."—Harper's Weekly.

Summary Conversion.

Hawaiians all became Christians through the simple process of an edict—kapoo—of one of the sturdy old Kamehamehas. The worthy king, observing that it was easier to kill an enemy with a rifle than with a club and that the rifle was the invention of the Christians, took a short cut through the theological mazes of the missionaries who were trying to convert his subjects and announced that all Hawaiians were from that moment Christians. As he added that he would knock on the head any who objected the thing was done as fast as his couriers could deliver his message to his loving subjects.—New York World.

What He Had Done.

Tactful and delicate even for a Frenchman was the reply made by a Parisian who had not found "a life on the ocean wave" all which one could wish. He was sinking, pale and haggard, into his steamer chair when his neighbor cheerily asked:

"Have you breakfasted, monsieur?"

"No, monsieur," answered the Frenchman, with a wan smile; "I have not breakfasted. On the contrary!"—Everybody's Magazine.

The Name Oscar.

It is interesting to remember that the name Oscar was bestowed by Napoleon on Bernadotte's son—the first King Oscar—to whom he stood godfather, not for any Swedish associations, but because it was the name of a heroic character in Macpherson's "Ossian," a work which Napoleon continually studied.—London Spectator.

The Practical Girl.

"Jack told me he could live on my kisses forever."

"Are you going to let him?"

"Not till I find out what I'm going to live on!"—Chicago Journal.

The Superstitions of Rhoda.

By Martha Endicott Eaton.

Copyrighted, 1908, by N. E. Daley.

It was evening. Rhoda had dined. The parlor in her little flat, which was also her study, was well lighted. Logs were burning brightly on the andirons. Everything was cozy and "comfy."

Rhoda had drawn a big chair close to the fire, and you would have thought she had everything heart could desire, but if you had looked hard you would have seen a tear on the long eyelashes.

She was a writer. Her stories had always sold well until lately.

B-r-r-r went the doorbell. Her maid let in a tall, good looking man with a Gibson chin. Rhoda gave him her hand with a faint smile.

Jack Welles saw the tear she tried to brush away.

"Rhoda, dear, what is it?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I am discouraged—another rejection. Do you know, Jack—I've just thought of it—I don't believe I shall sell another story this year. It is my thirteenth year."

"No; you don't mean it?"

"Yes, and it is no use. I might as well not write at all. I wonder if my money will hold out until next year."

Jack roared with laughter. He couldn't help it, she looked so serious, and he could see she firmly believed it.

"But, then," she continued, "I did see the moon through the glass this month."

"Is that bad?"

"Very bad. Didn't you know it, Jack?"

"No, I never give the moon a thought."

"You don't? Oh, how I wish I didn't! If I see it face to face, you know, I have lots of luck, and I bow three times and say 'Good evening, Lady Moon,' very politely."

"Why, Rhoda Stratton, I never knew you!" exclaimed Jack.

"I really can't help it, Jack. It's atavism, I think."

"Say, Rhoda, if you really think you won't sell any more stories this year, why don't you marry me, and then it won't matter?"

Jack had asked her to marry him nearly every week for the last five years.

"I can't, Jack. I don't want to be married," pleaded Rhoda.

"You'd better. You might starve."

"No, I won't. Maybe I can find a hunchback and touch his hump, and that will change my luck and break the spell of the thirteenth."

"B-h-o-o-a!" gasped Jack. "Where did you learn all this?"

"I don't know. I have always known it."

"I nearly forgot I had tickets for the theater. Get on your wraps. Mother is coming for us in the carriage. Here she is."

Rhoda laughed heartily all the evening at the fun in the play. Afterward they went for a bite to eat. And a very tired Rhoda tumbled into bed that night. Her trouble was forgotten for awhile.

But, alas, she dreamed. She dreamed a spider was spinning a web in the rungs of her chair.

She remembered her dream when she awoke and called to her maid to bring her a book which was on her desk. As she drank her early cup of tea—a habit formed in England—she perused the pages of her dream book and found what she wanted.

"To dream a spider spins his web before you means you will receive a sum of money."

Much encouraged, Rhoda was soon dressed. She always walked before sitting down for a long day at her desk.

Today she did a thing unusual in her. She took a manuscript with her and bearded an editor in his den. He took her story and promised to pass judgment upon it shortly.

Rhoda thanked him and walked home quickly. Her friends knew they must never disturb her in the morning. At 5 o'clock, however, some girls came for tea. Rhoda always had some new dainties for them. Today, after finishing a new short story, she had prepared some chopped walnuts and chopped pimientos and cream cheese and mixed them into a paste and spread it on some dainty biscuits. The girls declared it very good.

Only two came that afternoon, Barbara Van Allen and Dolly Van Brunt. By and by Jack Welles and his mother came; then Bob Kingsley. Bob was a kindred spirit. He was as superstitious as Rhoda.

"Look, Rhoda," he said; "I found a nail with its head toward me."

"How lucky! I walked miles down Broadway, but no such luck came to me."

A scream of laughter came from the girls.

"What is it, Barbara?" queried Rhoda.

"Mr. Kingsley has a rabbit's foot in his pocket."

"Is it off a left hind leg from a rabbit shot in a graveyard?" asked Rhoda.

"Rhoda!" exclaimed the girls.

"She's as bad as Bob," remarked Jack.

"Well, that's the only foot that's lucky anyway," said Rhoda.

"Rhoda, dear, how can you believe such things?" asked Mrs. Welles. "A girl so sensible in other ways and one who puts so much heart into her work, and you are methodical too."

"Mrs. Welles," answered Rhoda soberly, "some one has said, 'There is a screw loose in every one.' That is my loose screw, I suppose. I don't know."

she continued, "that I really believe anything. Thirteen or the thirteenth I don't like, really. I wouldn't begin a journey on Friday or do anything of importance then. Of course I do my regular work just the same. I should be positively ill," she added, "if I had to sit in a seat marked 13 at a play or concert."

"Let me read your hand, Rhoda," said Barbara.

Rhoda left the tea table and took a chair by Barbara, who was an expert in palmistry. Barbara read:

"You have the author's hand, all right—drooping headline with a forked end, a rather large thumb and a curved outside, which shows imagination. Your mount of Jupiter is well developed and has a star on it, which shows that you are ambitious and that your ambition will be realized. Your life line is long, and, yes, you have a line which shows superstition. You will be married soon and have quite a long life."

"Thanks, Bab, dear, if that is all true. But I do not intend to be married soon, however."

"The oft laid plans of mice and men," etc.," quoted Barbara. "You know the rest, Rhoda. You will be married soon, dear. Your hand tells the tale."

They bade her goodbye, chaffing her a little.

Jack lingered, gave her hand a gentle squeeze and said, "See, dear, the fates are against you."

"Well, it is not you, necessarily," scornfully.

"Oh, isn't it? Do you think I shall let any other man marry you? Not much!"

Not long after this Jack called just as the postman was leaving the mail. He took from his hand an envelope with a blue figure in the corner, a mark of a well known magazine. He entered Rhoda's study, waving it over his head, yelling, "Where now is your fatal 13?"

She reached for the letter, which he held beyond her reach. He teased her for awhile and then gave it to her. Her story was accepted. The envelope contained a generous check.

"Now, Miss Rhoda, now what have you to say?"

"Pooh!" That's only one in four months."

"Well, it's one, and you said you wouldn't sell any."

Rhoda laughed.

"Have a cup of tea, Jack?" she asked. "Two lumps?"

"One, only one, and no cream. You'd make a nice wife, wouldn't you? You have poured tea for me for five years and you can't remember now how many lumps I take. Woe is me!" But there was a naughty twinkle in his eye.

During the rest of the year Rhoda did not sell another story, whether it was really because it was the thirteenth year of her writing, who could tell?

When the year ended, she tried again. The first did not sell either.

Jack said, "You must go to pastures new."

He had to go to Europe on business, and he meant to take Rhoda along. He teased her to marry him.

"Rhoda, dear, I love you so, and I have waited five years."

"Well, wait seven, like Jacob."

"And then get Leah—no, sir-ee; I'll wait not another day," he said sternly. "I am going home now, and you can think it over, and when you decide to marry me let me know. Until you say 'come' you will not see me."

A week passed and no word from Rhoda, then another and another. Then she began to think. She missed him so.

Her aunt, who had returned from a trip, asked, "Rhoda, what have you done to Jack?"

"Nothing," answered Rhoda. "He has left me."

Finally she telephoned to his office. "Hello, is that you, Jack?"

"Yes, Rhoda."

"Come have a cup of tea this afternoon."

"You mean it? You know what this invitation implies?"

"Yes, I know," meekly.

It was a pale Rhoda who was clasped in Jack's dear arms—for such they had become to her—that afternoon, but a happy one.

Jack told her he was going to Europe, so they would have to be married soon, and then as she consented the little goose's superstition crept in again. "We will be married on Wednesday," she declared.

"Why on a Wednesday, dear?"

"Jack, dear, don't you know the rhyme?"

"Monday for wealth, Tuesday for health, Wednesday the best day of all; Thursday for crosses, Friday for losses, Saturday no luck at all."

So they were married on a Wednesday. Jack didn't care. She was so lovable he was glad to take her, superstition and all.

Code Messages by Wire.

It seems strange that even now there are many restrictions on the use of an ordinary thing as a cable or telegraph wire. Yet it is true that nobody is permitted to send to or through Portugal anything having to do with the deeds or thoughts of anarchists and that code messages of any kind are forbidden in Tripoli, Bosnia, Roumelia, Roumania, Herzegovina, Bulgaria and other Balkan states. After that it seems unnecessary to mention that Turkey forbids code messages, but it is a little surprising to find that you can send a message to most parts of Persia in only one language—that is, French—and if you address most places in the land of the shah your message will be translated into the tongue of Gaul and diplomacy when it reaches Teheran.

HOW A WAR WAS PREVENTED.

(Original.)

The essential features of this story constitute a notable newspaper scoop.

One evening at a ball at the German embassy at Paris M. de B., a brilliant young journalist then representing the London Times at the French capital, was standing looking on at the dancers when a girl possessing a Teutonic cast of countenance passed leaning on the arm of the German ambassador. Her eyes met those of De B., and, though she lowered them modestly, still there was that in her expression which revealed to the young journalist that he had made an impression. He sought the ambassador and begged an introduction. It was granted, and De B. was presented to Marie von Ullenstein of Berlin, a niece of Prince Bismarck.

De B. met the fraulein often in society, and at every meeting the mutual pleasure appeared to be greater than at the previous one. Within a few weeks he was encouraged to make her a proposition of marriage. She acknowledged that she was greatly pleased with him, but that no definite answer could be given without consultation with her family, and especially her uncle, the chancellor.

"You think," she added, "that I am seizing upon a pretext to put you off. To convince you to the contrary, I will confide to you what this engrossing subject is. Our government, fearful that France, displaying such remarkable recuperative powers, will soon grow strong enough to take revenge for the blow received in the late war, is about to pick a quarrel with the French, march on Paris and level it."

The imparting of such a remarkable piece of news to him, a journalist, by a niece of the real ruler of Germany threw De B. into a fearful state of doubt. What could it mean? He soon left the fraulein, going to another apartment to think. Two Germans near him were talking together, and he heard one of them mention the name of Marie von Ullenstein, whereupon the other added, "It is said that the chancellor intrusts her with many delicate bits of diplomacy."

The words did not reassure the listener. He left the embassy, went to his apartments and lay awake all night thinking of his strange adventure.

What should he do? Whether the news the fraulein had given him was true or false, it was his duty as a Frenchman to impart it to the president of France. But this compelled the betrayal of a confidence reposed in him by the girl he loved. After a terrible mental struggle he sent the information to his paper. Its publication attracted considerable attention for the time being, then was dropped by the public as a piece of manufactured news.

De B. kept away from Marie von Ullenstein. The day after the publication of the news she had given him he heard that she had left Paris. One of two things was probable. Either she had been recalled by her uncle to be punished for revealing state secrets or she had manufactured the news to test him. As time passed and he heard nothing of German preparation to invade France he made up his mind that the latter hypothesis was correct. In either case his mental sufferings were almost unendurable, loving desperately, as he did, the girl whose confidence he had violated.

Then came an offer from a Paris paper for him to act as its Berlin correspondent. A burning desire to see Marie von Ullenstein once more, even though she spurned him, decided him, and he went to Berlin. It was not long before he met her in company. To his surprise she nodded to him and smiled. Her action convinced him that she had manufactured the news she had given him and, finding him unworthy, had become indifferent to him. Eager to learn the truth, he took the first opportunity to join her.

"Well," he said, "you saw that I regarded my duty instead of my love."

"Don't let us talk of that," she replied. "Your act did no harm."

"No," he said gloomily. "There is no harm in manufactured news."

"The news was not manufactured. You did your duty. Why have you not written me?"

"I? Write you after having revealed your secret?"

"I expected you to reveal it. Indeed, I wished you to do so."

"Why?"

"If I had intended the secret to be kept, I would not have imparted it to you. Your duty to your country compelled you to reveal it."

"You used me as a tool, then."

"Yes."

"And your consent to consider me a suitor was a part of your scheme."

"It had nothing to do with my scheme."

A flood of joyous relief welled up in De B. "You have given me one confidence," he said. "If you are not displeased with me, give me another. Explain."

"I have at times," she replied, "been intrusted by my uncle with delicate diplomatic maneuvers. He had been long worried by the war party who were determined to destroy France, thus antagonizing the civilized world. Finally they carried the day, and war was decided on. My uncle commissioned me to go to France and let out the secret, especially for England, expecting that power would interfere. I chose you as my medium. As soon as the news was published in England word was communicated by the British minister here that if we attacked France we must also attack England. That settled the matter."

Later the betrothal of M. de B. and Marie von Ullenstein was announced.

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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.
* 8:27 p. m.	* 4:45 a. m.

* Freight trains.

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.

Wolf or Sheep?

By J. LUDLUM LEE.

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There was a run on the Illinois National bank, and depositors were standing in line hour after hour waiting their turn to withdraw their money. Paying tellers worked with deliberation that was maddening. Some days only half a dozen people would be paid off, but still the line increased, hoping against hope. For two days and nights the figure of a young girl had been noticed. She was slowly working her way to the front. At 2:45 p. m., on the third day she was admitted to the bank and withdrew her entire account. To avoid confusion depositors were admitted at one door and passed out through a side entrance, and as she emerged from the latter she cast a hurried glance about her. She gave a sigh of relief when she saw that she was quite alone and apparently unnoticed. Then suddenly a tall man appeared in the doorway behind her.

Lillian Burkhardt trembled as she clutched the roll of bills, her teeth chattered, the color faded from her cheeks, and she was conscious that her hands trembled visibly. The man looked at her sharply, stepped forward and asked if he could be of service to her.

"You seem to be in trouble. Can I do anything for you?" he asked, with some concern.

"You can go away," she managed to answer.

The man calmly proceeded to button his heavy ulster, slipped his hand in the pocket thereof and pulled out a heavy pair of gloves, which he drew on slowly. His tall, broad shoulders were surmounted by a handsome clear cut face; his whole appearance was faultless. He glanced concernedly at Lillian, whose color had not yet returned and who seemed to tremble from head to foot.

"Really, I feel that I must call for assistance. Will you have a cab or a doctor? It would be nothing short of brutal to leave you here shivering like that. Are you ill or simply cold? I insist upon knowing."

Lillian was forced to look at him again, and it seemed to give her courage to speak.

"Were you ever hungry?" she murmured as she took a firmer hold on the bills.

"Yes, indeed," said her companion. "But never with that amount of money in my grasp."

Lillian started with a sudden jerk at the mention of her money and dropped the entire roll of bills. He stooped to pick it up, and after one wild shriek she called distractedly:

"Stop thief! Stop, I say!"

The crowd was massed in front of the bank, and the cry seemed to have passed unnoticed. The man picked up the bills despite her exclamation and handed them to her. Lillian laughed a sickly little gurgle, saying:

"Perhaps you're not a thief after all—are you?"

"No, I'm not! Are you?" suggested the man. "I am merely one of the many depositors trying to get a few dollars. But you were more fortunate than I. When I reached the window the cashier pulled it down, saying it was 3 o'clock and too late to draw. Better put that wad of sight and not tempt the hysterical mob outside," he added.

"That's what I wanted to do, but you won't go away and let me. A woman doesn't have pockets all over her clothes like a man. And, oh, I wish you would go, for I'm so hungry and want to get home! I've stood in that line for nearly three days to get money for the landlady. My, but I hate that man!" she expostulated, with a shrug of her pretty shoulders.

"Well, I'll be on my way, and be sure you tuck it safely away in its hiding place. I'll promise not to look back." He laughed and turned on down the street.

Lillian hurriedly slipped the bills in the bosom of her gown and nervously started in the opposite direction toward her little home. Her mother met her at the door, and after some hot luncheon the girl was equal to relating her troubles.

"But, mother, we have the money, and that old Shylock can be paid. I'll take it around to him myself in the morning and just tell him what I think of him," said Lillian, with some satisfaction and a threatening intonation of her voice.

The next morning about 10 o'clock she started for the landlady's office, and as she passed the long line waiting at the bank she thought how fortunate she had been. "Extras" were out saying that no more depositors would be paid.

Arriving at the office of Payne & Payne on Main street, she entered the snug little reception room and asked for Mr. Payne.

"Which one, ma'am?" asked the office boy at the door.

"Why, the one who owns our house, the cross one," she added by way of further explanation.

The boy seemed to know which man she wanted and disappeared in the inner office. He returned in a few minutes, saying that she might go right in, ushered her to the door and closed it after her.

Once inside, Lillian, blushing to the roots of her red brown hair, found herself confronted by the man who had offered her assistance the day before.

"I am looking for Mr. Payne," she managed to mumble.

"I am Mr. Payne," said he as he

proffered her a chair beside his desk; "also among my employees I have the reputation of being the 'cross' member of the firm. You see, father is very old and apt to be easy going as to the observance of rules. What can I do for you, Miss Burkhardt?"

"I came to pay my rent. Your agent said if it wasn't paid today he would dispossess us. You see, we had money in the bank, but it was tied up, and he wouldn't wait. He said, 'Them's my orders.' Here is the money. Will you give me a receipt, please?"

"I never authorized any agent to say that, Miss Burkhardt, and I tell you what I wish you would do. Just put that money back in that mysterious pocket of yours and pay the rent when it is perfectly convenient. I promise that you shall not be bothered by an insolent collector any more. I will call for the rent myself—if I may," he added, with some hesitation. "That collector of mine needs a lesson."

"It would be so nice if I could keep this money to pay the poor tradespeople, if you do not mind. You see, only part of our money is in that bank, and the trust company has closed its doors too. Mother's pension never comes before the 15th," said Lillian by way of explanation.

"Won't you let me drive you home in my sleigh?" Payne asked as she rose to leave. "The streets are rather riotous these days with the howling mob crying for their money." And without waiting for her answer he put on his fur coat that hung on the door.

"You have quite persuaded yourself, I hope, that I am not a thief?" he added.

"Oh, Mr. Payne, how can I ever apologize sufficiently for my rudeness and at the same time thank you for your kindness? You know, I was frightfully hungry, and standing in line so long had affected my brain. I fear, I seemed to feel that every one who looked at me wanted to steal that money. And, oh, I'm so delighted to have that sleigh ride!"

He tucked her in the sleigh, and off they started down the busy streets, then on to the outskirts of the village, the longest way home. The ringing sleigh bells, the clear, cold air and the glorious sunlight filled them both with life, and they chatted incessantly for an hour, when they drove up to the little cottage. Mrs. Burkhardt waved them a welcome from the window and met Lillian at the door, beaming with pleasure. It took some time to tell the mother how it happened, and the mother was happy because Lillian smiled and went about the house with renewed energies. The landlord was not such a terror after all.

Mr. Payne called several times that month, always insisting that the rent was not yet needed, and his daytime visits generally meant a sleigh ride over the hills and back to the open fire, where they soon grew to be great confidants.

It was the first day of another month, and Mr. Payne called that evening. Yes, he had come to collect the rent this time, he answered as they drew two easy chairs before the fire.

"But mere money won't do," he said slyly as he drew a little nearer to her and took her hand in his. "I want you, little girl, to be my wife. Will you?" he pleaded.

"Are you sure you love me—sure you want me?" she said, with drooping glance and flushed cheeks.

"I am so sure, dear heart, that I want nothing else in all the world but you. And I'll try not to be such a cross husband as I am a landlord. Say 'Yes,' Lillian, and my life shall be yours to do with as you will."

"Yes, surely yes," Lillian murmured as he drew her lovely head to his shoulder and kissed the wavy locks that would slip out of bondage.

Hathorn's Horse Marines.

One of the great practical jokers of the British navy was one Jack Hathorn. He was officer of the watch in the day when it was customary for the guard to present arms to the officer commanding the vessel whenever he left or boarded the ship. One day Captain Burdett remarked as they were going through this ceremony before he went ashore: "Mr. Hathorn, I am tired of this guard. Don't call it again when I come back."

Hathorn did not, but he managed to surprise the captain quite as thoroughly as if he had. When that dignitary came over the side on his return he found twenty of the after guard down on their hands and knees with swabs serving them for manes and tails, the muzzled top men on their backs with cutlasses drawn. Hathorn himself was astride a quartermaster. The captain was distinctly not delighted with the spectacle, whereupon Hathorn explained that he supposed that after the old fashion had proved so tiresome a reception by cavalry might prove welcome. Hathorn was dismissed from the service for this bit of pisantry.

Sized Him Up Correctly.

The man came into the barber shop, but he wasn't after shave, hair cut or shine. He looked about blankly for a moment and then asked:

"Where's the manure?"

The boss was out at lunch, and it was the second barber who answered, "She's not here."

He didn't say "She's not here today" or "She's not here any more," just "She's not here."

"Oh," said the man who wanted the manure rather inconclusively, "that isn't much of an answer." Then suddenly, "You're not the boss here, are you?"

"No, I'm the second barber," replied the other.

"Well, that's what you'll always be," said the inquirer and went out.

"I wonder what he meant by that," said the barber to the man he was shaving. "One of them eccentric fellows, ain't he?"—New York Sun.

Wasp's Jaws Make Colony's Nest.

Wasps readily succumb before the increasing cold of autumn. The few that escape the merciless scourge of mortality are the queens of next season. They pass the winter in some warm cranny, and when the spring arrives each comes forth from its hiding place and seeks a suitable place for the nest that is to be. This found, the queen repairs to a fence or tree trunk and with her jaw rasps off a bundle of wood fiber which when moistened with saliva and kneaded forms the papery substance of which the nest is entirely constructed.

Just as bees have invented a peculiar nest building material in wax, so wasps have prepared a special durable paper for the same purpose. The queen mother lays the foundations of the city with her own jaws. She attaches a sort of stalk of wood paper to a chosen support. This may be the branch of a tree, a root in a cavity below ground or a beam in a garden shed. The stalk prepared, the queen builds a few shallow cells, in each of which she lays an egg. As these mature, hatch and develop into worker wasps the labor of the little colony is turned over to them, and thus a vast nest with thousands of cells is evolved.—Chicago Tribune.

The Wrong Nell.

Nell is a girl who lives up on Capitol hill. On Mondays a woman comes to Nell's house to wash clothes. The woman's name is Nell too. One Monday Nell, the girl, was in the sitting room reading when the telephone rang. Nell, the washerwoman, answered the ring. Nell, the girl, then heard Nell, the washerwoman, say:

"Yes, this is Nell."

Silence.

"How's that?"

Silence.

"What! Am I mad because you kissed me last night? Look here, man, you're too fresh. Who are you anyway? I never kissed!"

Just then the telephone receiver was wildly snatched from her hand. Nell, the girl, blushing furiously, had grabbed it. She hung it on the hook.

"He wanted me," she said. "He always tries to tease me that way. I never kissed him in my life."

As she disappeared up the stairs the washerwoman smiled and said:

"That's a big one."—Denver Post.

A Ghost Under the Sea.

The story is told of a diver who saw two ghosts "full fathom five" under the surface. He had gone down to the wreck of a large steamer and was crossing the main saloon when two gray shapes of enormous size came shambling toward him. He did not wait to make notes for the Psychical society, but gave the danger signal and was at once pulled up. Told in the cheerful light of day, it seemed rather a lame story, and another diver went down to see what he could make of it. Toward him also came the shambling gray shapes. He stood irresolute for a moment and then, going boldly forward, struck his hatchet through a mirror! The ghosts were only a dim reflection of his own legs, much enlarged, of course, as everything is that a diver sees through the great frontal eye of his helmet.

Hooded Snakes.

The hoods of snakes were unquestionably intended by nature to act as weapons of intimidation, for when suddenly opened, as they are during the excitement of a contest, these give their owners an apparent and formidable enlargement. But the hoods which have been so useful at some period in snake history have now become so enlarged as to tend toward the extinction of their owners, just as the overdevelopment in the tusks of prehistoric animals led straight to their destruction. During a fight the hooded snake in the act of striking his foe suffers from the outstretched and weighty hood—he overbalances himself and topples forward. His assailant, the mongoose and some birds specially, seizes him when prostrate and, ripping up the back of the neck, speedily dispatches him.

Daddy Joined.

Mr. Russell in his "Collections and Recollections" tells this story of an in-appropriate quotation: The leading citizen of a seaside town erected some iron benches on the sea front and, with a view to combine the commemoration of his own beneficence with the giving a profitable turn to the thoughts of the public, inscribed on the backs, "These seats were presented to the town of Shingleton by Joseph Buggins, Esq., J. P. for this borough—The sea is his, and he made it."

The Secret of Content.

If men today actually possessed the acres on which they toll, they would be in no hurry to leave them; they would be effectively chained to the soil by the sense of independence and proprietorship, as is the case among the rural population of France, who do not rent but own the land.—W. J. Dawson.

The Hard Part.

"How is your son getting on in his new position?"

"First rate," answered Farmer Dobbs. "He knows more about the business now than his employer does. All he has to do now is to convince his employer!"—London Express.

Revenge.

"It took you an awfully long time to pull that fellow's tooth," said the assistant.

"Yes," answered the dentist grimly. "He married the girl I loved!"

The worst whipping a bully ever gets is from some man who doesn't want to fight.—Chicago News.

MR. PRIGMORE'S ASSURANCE.

(Original.)

The ice season was on, and a party of young men and women were taking advantage of it for skimming the icy surface of one of those little bays lying along the coast of Long Island. There were Harry Morro, Marjorie Kent and Guthrie Prigmore. There were a lot more, but these three are the only ones who figure in this story. Prigmore was rich, domineering and one of those reckless men whose recklessness is usually folly. With women he counted for far more than he was intrinsically worth. Morro was modest and, though cool, had a very keen appreciation of danger, especially of that attending ice boating. Nevertheless he was fond of sports, and of no sport was he more fond than this same gliding over ice on steel runners.

Prigmore had joined the party at the Bayside hotel, a stranger to most of them. He had not been there six hours before every girl set her cap for him. This didn't matter much for any of the men except Morro, who had been attentive to Miss Kent, and they were supposed to be on the eve of an engagement. When the party left the hotel and went down to the ice boats it was expected that each of the men would take out a girl and that Harry Morro would take Marjorie Kent. What did Prigmore do without consulting preferences but hand Marjorie on to a boat and get on himself. This assurance was just what captured the girls, and Marjorie couldn't help casting a coquettish glance at her lover, as much as to say, "Isn't it nice to be preferred by this splendid fellow to all the others?" Harry looked anxious.

"Have you ever run an ice boat, Mr. Prigmore?" he asked.

"I was born on one," Prigmore replied gayly, and, letting out the sail, he started, as he was bound to do in everything, to lead the party. He hadn't gone a hundred yards, however, before his sail jibed, the boom just grazing Marjorie's head.

"There'll be trouble there," muttered one of the men. "He doesn't know how to sail an ice boat."

Most of the couples stopped to watch the favorite. A strong wind was blowing from across the bay. Prigmore and Miss Kent were well out on the ice when they were observed trying very hard to do something, but what was not apparent.

"Great heavens," exclaimed Morro, palling, "the sheet's fouled the tiller! He can't bring her up into the wind."

On the opposite shore the breakers had broken up the ice and were rolling in on the sand. If the occupants of the ice boat failed to release the sheet, they could not bring the boat up into the wind and they would go over the edge of the hard ice and be pounded with the broken pieces on the beach. But with the wind pulling on the sail they were not likely to get it back to disengage the sheet. Morro jumped into an ice boat and started after them.

Now began a race between life and death. Morro was an expert ice boat man and knew how to get the best speed out of his boat. He was watched anxiously by the party on the shore, who kept the chased boat in view as well. From the start he gained, but could he catch the couple before they shot over the edge of hard ice? The only advantage he had was that their efforts somewhat retarded the speed of their boat.

In time Morro got within a hundred feet of them, they being within some 600 feet of the breakers, both boats going at a terrific speed. The sight before them was awful. The breakers rolled in, throwing up the anchor ice, dashing it down, then sucking it under the foe for another break.

The party on the opposite shore stood looking on in ghastly silence. Nearer and nearer Morro approached the yacht he chased, and at last they could see him, as they supposed, fouled with it. Then the two boats began to spread apart, the sheet of Morro's being eased off and making a sharp turn in which only a considerable weight over the raised skate kept the boat from going over.

Morro had steered his yacht alongside of the other. Prigmore, without waiting for Marjorie to save herself, made a jump and caught a projection on Morro's boat. Morro reached for Marjorie and drew her safely over the gap. Then, directing her and Prigmore to get on the windward side, he spun his boat around sharply and put her before the wind. A crack in the ice like a pistol shot beneath the runners made every heart stand still, but the headway saved them, and in ten seconds more they were out of danger. The sight of the abandoned yacht shooting over into the broken ice and pounded with it gave them a shudder, and they drew a deep sigh of relief.

Sailing before a fresh wind, it was not long before savor and saved approached the party standing on the shore, who gave one yell of welcome, the men throwing up their hats, the girls waving.

When they left the boat Marjorie Kent fell on the neck of one of her girl friends, hid her face and trembled. Prigmore's assurance had given place to a ghastly look of terror. Morro busied himself lowering the sail of his boat.

There was something in the narrow escape that deterred the women from venturing on the boats, and the party returned to the city. Morro was too generous to tell of Prigmore's having saved himself in place of Marjorie. Marjorie tried to keep the secret, but failed. Prigmore had come into the party like a rocket and had gone down like its stick. He was not seen again by any of them.

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LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Peg Woffington.

Mrs. G. W. Bence spent the day in Indianapolis.

George Ragle of Terre Haute, was in the city today.

Mrs. G. W. Bence is spending the day in Indianapolis.

H. F. Shoptaugh is transacting business in Worthington.

Miss Ona Sanders, of Cloverdale, is visiting, Mrs. Ada Day.

Miss Alma Hiert goes tomorrow to Indianapolis for a visit.

Albert Bowman has returned from a business trip to St. Louis.

Jacob Hirt, of St. Louis is here the guest of his father, Alfred Hirt.

R. P. Carpenter, went to his farm, north of Bainbridge, this morning.

Mrs. B. W. Morgan, made a business trip to Knightsville, this morning.

L. C. Cummings, and Gilbert Hurst, were in Roachdale, today, on business.

Mrs. Laura Scott, was in the city this morning, from near Alameda crossing.

Mrs. O. Z. Bridges of Terre Haute is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Randolph.

Miss Lois Durham, who has been visiting Miss Florence Black, has gone to Crawfordsville.

Rev. John Hawkins, left the city, this morning to fill his appointment at Praireton, and Terre Haute.

Miss Nellie Lawlor, of Terre Haute and Miss Elizabeth Sullivan of Coatsville, were in the city this morning. Miss Lawlor is visiting Miss Sullivan in Coatsville.

Roscoe Young, of Roachdale was in the city today.

Miss Florence Black went to Brazil today for a visit.

Rev. D. R. Johnson has gone to Chicago on business.

Mrs. Alice Ader Davis went to Bainbridge, this morning.

Mrs. Zefa Burkett, of Morton is visiting friends in the city.

Mrs. Rudy Burkett has recovered from an attack of the gripe.

Charles Bell, and brother Raleigh, spent the day in Herrodsburg.

E. B. Lynch is away from his business on the account of illness.

Mrs. Robert Gildewell, of Indianapolis is critically ill, with lung trouble.

Harvey Monett, of Bainbridge, transacted business in the city this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Oliver are moving into the Mahoney property, on Blooming street.

R. C. Spaulge, went to Catract this morning, after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Alspaugh.

Frank Maxwell, of Crawfordsville, spent last night with his brother, Harry Maxwell, of this city.

P. B. Elliott, returned to his home in Cloverdale, this morning, after transacting business in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred O'Rear have been rooming at C. C. Gillen's and are moving to West Seminary street, today.

Misses Ruth Rector, and Nona Burkett, went to Roachdale, this morning for a short visit with friends.

Mrs. Hattie Cowell, of Ladoga, will return to her home, the first of the week, after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hillis.

Word has been received here announcing the death of Mrs. George Cahill, of Cherryville, Kansas. She formerly lived here.

Hon. B. F. Corwin, and Hon. John H. James, went to Indianapolis, this A. M. on legal business, and to take the deposition of a dago. T. E. Grooms went along, just for fun.

Edythe Coburn Noyes.

Mrs. Walker is reported some better today.

Lois Durham is visiting friends in Crawfordsville.

J. B. Davis of Terre Haute was in the city today.

Born to Jesse Hampton and wife, January 31, a daughter.

Miss Minnie Kurtz is visiting her brother, Wilbur, in Chicago.

Miss Lola Howard has recovered from a few days' illness of the grip.

John Brewer of Gosport transacted business in the city this morning.

Misses Florence and Helen Black are visiting Miss Ethel Halstead, of Brazil.

Curtis Fish of Indianapolis was in the city this afternoon en route to Bedford.

Miss Florence Schmolsmire went to Bloomington this afternoon for a few days' visit with friends.

Mrs. Lucy Walker of East Washington Street who has been critically ill is reported as much better today.

Cora and Foster Ellis of Ladoga are visiting Mrs. Grant Scott on Beveridge Street and other relatives in the city.

Rev. Cauble will be entertained this evening by his Sunday School class at the home of Miss Ethel Hibbit on North Jackson Street.

Dr. R. J. Gillespie will move his undertaking business into the Grubb Room across from the Herald office. The room has been remodeled and will make an attractive business place.

The Palace Restaurant has opened its new dining room on the second floor. An attractive feature of the new dining room is music by a string orchestra at noon and evening. The music will be made a regular feature of the new eating place.

P. C. Tilden today completed a deal whereby he becomes owner of the George E. Perkins farm near Reno, Hendricks County. He does not intend to give up newspaper work for farming, but will leave the place to a tenant for a time at least.

Cul Shoptaugh was here from Indianapolis today on business. He reports that Mrs. Shoptaugh is quite ill with gripe. Mr. and Mrs. Shoptaugh recently moved from Greencastle to Indianapolis. He is traveling salesman for a cloak and skirt house.

For Coughs Jones' Cough Syrup

Is one of the speediest and surest cures for Coughs. Pleasant to take.

Large Bottles 25c

JONES' DRUG STORE

Master Leroy Eader, is suffering from a sprained arm, which occurred, yesterday afternoon while playing with his playmate.

Dr. C. T. Stoner of Terre Haute, was here with his son, Harold, today making arrangements to place him in the university.

A. H. DeVault, the new proprietor of the Owl Hardware store, will move his family here from Lafayette about the first of March.

The Coterie will meet this evening at 7:30 with Miss Virginia Black, on Washington street. Miss Jessie Williams has the papers.

M. E. Henderson, who has been here in the interest of a wireless telegraph company, has gone to the eastern part of the state.

Harry Moore, left last night for Chicago where he will join Evangelist Yeuell. Mr. Moore will be the soloist for the Rev. Yeuell hereafter.

Little Catherine Newan, daughter, of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Newan, is confined to the house by illness. The little girl is suffering with the grip.

Martin Wright, Simeon Wright, both of Munice, and Otto Huffman, of near Delmar, spent today with their father, Wheeler Wright, of near Bainbridge, who is eighty-six years of age.

The regular meeting of the Woman's Club will be held tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 in Woman's Hall. Mrs. Town will have the paper, "China in Transition." Mrs. Weik will lead the conversation.

Mr. and Mrs. D. O'Connell went to Terre Haute this afternoon to attend the funeral of Clement Vogle, which will be held tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock in St. Patrick's Church. Mr. Vogle was formerly a resident of this city.

J. O. Cammack has returned from Warsaw where he attended the executive committee of the Indiana Photographers Association. It was decided at the meeting that the annual convention would be held this year at Lake Winona the last week in July.

Marshal Reeves has returned from a trip in search of the junk-dealers. He remained in Brazil, yesterday, afternoon, until 3 o'clock, and then went to Terre Haute. Nothing could be learned of their disappearance, as no one had seen fellows of their description. The men are wanted for "beating" a board bill here.

DEPAUW UNIVERSITY NOTES

Wm. Raub is in Indianapolis. Mr. Will Koehler is in Brazil. Oris Life is ill at the Phi Psi house.

Miss Hazel Rhoades is at her home in Atlanta.

Charles Crick is visiting at his home in Kokomo.

Dale Cartwright of Indianapolis is the guest of Phi Deltas.

Miss Mary Hadley went to her home in Plainfield today.

Miss Clara Belle Hood has returned to her home in Portland.

Miss Vera Cronk is at her home in Terre Haute to spend Sunday.

Miss Harriet Lessig is confined to her room at the Alpha Chi house by illness.

Miss Elsie Cole of Kokomo is visiting Miss Lenore Ford at Mrs. Doll's.

Carl Ell accompanied the prep basketball team to Darlington today to act as referee.

Misses Ethel and Bertha Todd of Laporte will spend Sunday at the Delta Alpha house.

Mr. I. J. Luther of Terre Haute is visiting his daughters, Miss Agnes and Miss Forest Luther.

Don and Linn Bollinger and Taylor and Lester Asbury went to Indianapolis last evening to see the performance of "The Lion and the Mouse."

The Sophomore Class will hold a meeting at 1:15 p. m. Monday. An attempt will then be made to complete the election which was called last Monday.

DePauw will support the negative of the question in the debate with Albion College at Albion, Mich., at the beginning of the next term. Albion submitted the question and DePauw had the choice of sides. The decision was made at a meeting of the debate team yesterday afternoon.

RILEY'S FIRST HIT.

Wrote a Poem "by Poe" and Palmied it on the Public.

James Whitcomb Riley began his career in a newspaper office in Anderson, Ind., by writing humorous rhymes as "advertising locals" — "doggerel" he called them. At the same time he wrote many rhymes with the serious intention of having them, if possible, recognized as poems. But he could not get them published. Even compositions whose worth he had tested—those that "would please people when I'd stand up and read 'em to them"—would be returned promptly by every magazine to which he offered them for publication. The Hoosier dialect was too "low down" for the average magazine editor.

Finally in a freak of boyish indignation, to prove that what editors really wanted was not originality, but imitation, he devised the scheme of writing a poem in imitation of Poe and of palming it off on the public as a real poem of Poe's recently discovered. The scheme was very skillfully planned and very deftly executed and successful beyond anything the clever devisor of it had ever dreamed. From one end of the country to the other "Leonaine" was hailed as a veritable "find," a bit of genius' most genuine ore. Riley had his revenge. He had some trouble, however, in proving that he was not an intentional forger.

He lost his newspaper position, but he immediately got another and better one on the Indianapolis Journal. "Come and get pay for your work," said Judge Martindale, the editor. The turn in the tide had come.

A BORN SOLDIER.

Major General Stuart, the Dashing Cavalry Leader.

Major General J. E. B. Stuart of the Confederate cavalry was a soldier by nature. Dashing and daring, cool in the face of danger, he was one of the brave and picturesque figures of the civil war. H. B. McClellan quotes in "Life and Campaigns of Major General Stuart" from General Fitz-Hugh Lee's impression of the future cavalry leader while he was still at West Point: "I recall his distinguishing characteristics, which were strict attention to military duty; erect, soldierly bearing; immediate and almost thankful acceptance of a challenge to fight from any cadet who might feel himself in any way aggrieved and a clear, ringing voice."

Stuart was a most cheerful soldier. That "clear" voice of his was often used in singing his favorite war song: "If you want to have a good time, Join the cavalry."

His courageous attitude was held until the very end. He was wounded by a pistol on the battlefield. As he was being carried away he noticed the disorganized ranks of his retreating men.

"Go back!" he called out. "Go back! Do your duty as I have done mine! Go back! I'd rather die than be whipped!"

Those were his last words on the field of battle. Later he said, with the same courage: "I'm going fast now. God's will be done."

Bungle's Bad Break.

Mr. Bungle always takes a deep and sympathetic interest in the welfare of his fellow man. While out for a stroll one day he met a friend, who seemed in a great hurry.

"Hold on, Jones," said Bungle, grabbing his friend's arm. "Why this rush?"

"Bungle," said Jones, removing his hat and wiping his brow, "I'm hot footing it to a specialist. I believe my brain is affected."

Mr. Bungle, to allay the fears of his friend and show the customary commiseration, said jovially:

"Pshaw, Jones, you shouldn't worry about such a little thing as that!"

"Wh-hat?"

"I mean you shouldn't let such a little thing as your brain—that is, Mr. Jones, you shouldn't get so excited over nothing—of course—ah, good day, Mr. Jones!"—Bohemian.

Teaching the Drummer.

It was the custom in the days of our old navy for the men to bring to the mast all the wornout articles which were to be inspected, banded in and exchanged for new. The drummer had applied for so many drum heads that the commodore felt sure he was being imposed upon and one day set himself to watch while the band was playing. As one rattling martial air followed another his anger increased perceptibly until he burst forth in uncontrollable rage:

"There, now, confound you! I see why you use so many drum heads. Don't drum in the middle of it all the time. Drum all over that drum, I tell you!"

Plants That Hate One Another.

Fancy two plants being so unfriendly that the mere neighborhood of one is death to the other. Yet this is the case with two well known English plants. These are the thistle and the rape. If a field is infested with thistles which come up year after year and ruin the crops, all you have to do is to sow it with rape. The thistle will be absolutely annihilated.

The Judge's Advantage.

"There is one advantage which a judge always has in his profession."

"What is that?"

"Whether he succeeds in a given case or not, he can always try it!"—Kansas City Independent.

Many a man too late remembers that the unspoken word never starts a quarrel.—Washington Star.

OPERA HOUSE ONE WEEK

Commencing

Monday Night, January 27

SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT OF

The Elite Players

Supporting MISS MAUDE SELDON in High-Class Repertoire Plays, under the management of STETSON & ST. CLAIR including their celebrated Band and Orchestra

Carrying 20 People

SPECIAL BAND CONCERTS

Given twice daily, at 12 m. and 7 p. m., in front of Opera House

High-Class, Refined Vaudeville Features

Between each act that alone is worth the price of admission.

See Master Robert St. Clair, the wonderful Boy Soprano, Marie Frick, the charming Soubrette.

The St. Clairs in character impersonations, Harvey Haas in ballad.

Coyer and Geyer, the famous acrobats.

Think of having this high class entertainment at popular prices.

The Play for Tonight is

EAST LYNNE

Saturday matinee, 2:15, TEDDY BEAR. Saturday Night, MR. E. Z. MARK.

Admission 30 cents, Gallery 20 cents, Children 10 cents.

Seats on sale at Badger & Green Drug Store.

Special Matinee Saturday afternoon.

Here's Something Good Fresh and Green

Cucumbers Turnips Lettuce Parsnips
Carrots Radishes Grape Fruit
Florida and Navel Oranges Lemons Bananas
Fresh Oysters—selects Dressed Chickens
Country Sausage

T. E. Evans, Grocer

Phone 90. Southwest Corner Square.

TO BUY RIGHT OF WAY

Vandalia Instructs Representative to Secure Land for Wider Track Between Greencastle and Harmony.

Right of Way Man, Thomas Phillips, of this city, has relieved word from the Vandalia railroad company that all construction work on the straightening and double tracking of the road from Harmony to Greencastle has been stopped. He was notified at the same time that he is to proceed to buy right of way for the road as far as the appropriation now available for that purpose will go. The company proposes sooner or later to complete the work begun, but it will probably be delayed four or five years. Hence, it would behoove those having right of ways along the road to get their fingers in the pie while the appropriation lasts.—Brazil Times.

WANT AD COLUMN

For Rent—5 room cottage South Indiana Street—Electric lights, good cistern and driven well—good garden—Tel. Fillmore switchboard—T. J. Haltom.

Wanted, a girl for general house work. Apply to Mrs. R. J. Gillespie, west Walnut street. 31262.

Lost—An old fashioned gold lock et and chain; finder please return to Gertrude Brayner and receive reward. 614 South Locust Street. tf

Lost—T. H. H. S. '05 Class Pin. Reward for return to R. Donham, 203 Bloomington. tf

Salesman Wanted to look after our interest in Putnam and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission. Address Lincoln Oil Co., Cleveland, Ohio. 3th

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

Boy Wanted—Boy wanted to learn the printers trade. Apply at this office.

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

Monarch Grocery

Largest Cleanest

and Most Up-to-Date Grocery in the City

PHONE 68

Steam or Hot Water Heating

Anyone in Greencastle figuring on putting in a hot water or steam circulating heating plant in their residence or business building can secure desirable information by addressing—Heating Engineer, Herald Office.

WE PRINT SALE BILLS AND PRINT THEM RIGHT

Given Away FREE

As an Advertisement

IN MY GREAT

WRITING CONTEST

\$2500 in PRIZES

Mail Your Card Today and Win a Part of the \$2500

Explanation

To the person writing the following sentence, "James L. Hamilton Guarantees His Pianos" the most number of times on a card furnished by me, I will give \$200 on any piano in my store. Write one way and on one side of the card only.

Why I Do This

1st.—By writing my name hundreds of times you will never forget it. 2nd.—You will remember that I sell guaranteed pianos. 3rd.—You will remember that I sell high grade pianos. 4th.—I have received a concession from the factories which enables me to use this method of more thoroughly advertising their pianos in this territory.

Final Explanation

Write this sentence as many times as you can on a card furnished by me. I will publish the name of the winner, and all cards are open for examination after February 22. In the event of a tie, the first card received will win the piano. There is positively no chance for dissatisfaction. After the close you can count the winner's card yourself if you so desire.

\$2500.00 In Prizes \$2500.00

1st Prize. I will give \$200.00 on any piano in my store; all strictly high grade instruments, which I assure the winner to last a life time. To the remaining contestants I will award prizes in accordance with the number of times they have written the sentence until \$2300 in prizes has been distributed.

Rules: Use pen or pencil. Write plainly, and the number of times you have written the sentence on the card. No person connected with the piano business allowed to compete. Expert penmen and engravers are barred from this contest. Only one card from each person will be accepted. All cards must be in by noon February 22.

Now get busy. I hope you'll win. I will put \$200 against your good sense and penmanship, and will do it absolutely at I agree.

James L. Hamilton, Music Store