

LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Mrs. Sarah Bicknell is on the sick list.

The Elks will dance at their hall tonight.

Alva, son of S. W. Erwin, is quite ill of fever.

E. A. Hamilton was in Ladoga on business today.

Miss Nell Heber of Bainbridge visited here today.

Mrs. J. F. O'Hair of Brick Chapel visited here today.

Miss Alma Higer spent the day in Indianapolis today.

Mrs. Otis Hendren is visiting relatives in North Salem.

Miss Effrey Voliva spent the day in Indianapolis today.

Mrs. Grant Scott spent the day with friends at Ladoga.

Mrs. Windsor of Boes, Ills., is the guest of the Misses Ames.

John Oakley was called from Roachdale today on business.

Mrs. M. Crooks of Carpentersville visited Mrs. Sarah Bicknell today.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cawley spent the day in Indianapolis today.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Reed of Kansas are visiting Dick Duncan here.

Joe McCray and Otis Browning were down from Roachdale yesterday.

Mrs. Martha Allen of Indianapolis was the guest of Mrs. F. P. Huestis today.

Mrs. Johnson of Greenfield, Ind., is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. J. B. Nelson.

Clyde and Clarence Buis left this morning for Nevada, Missouri, their new home.

Mrs. W. P. Ledbetter attended the Steeg-Long wedding at Indianapolis today.

Miss Mary Vogel of Argenta, Arkansas, is the guest of the family of Daniel O'Connell.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Young of Carpentersville visited Greencastle friends yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ferrand of Brick Chapel are visiting friends in Emporia, Kansas.

Miss Lydia Williams has returned from Michigan where she has been visiting her sister.

Mrs. Macy, who has been visiting relatives in the city has returned to her home in Cloverdale.

Mrs. J. L. Randel attended the wedding today of Miss Eda Steeg and Dr. Long at Indianapolis.

Mrs. Hibbs of Indianapolis, is expected to come today to be the guest of Mrs. Florence Dunbar.

Samuel Judy who has been quite ill for some time past is reported as in a very critical condition.

Mrs. Albert Daggy attended the wedding of Miss Eda Steeg and Dr. Long at Indianapolis today.

Perry B. Moore of Bloomfield was here yesterday on his way to his farm in Cloverdale township.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stover and Mr. and Mrs. Jim Miller of Franklin Township were in town today.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Allen went yesterday to Muskogee, Oklahoma, on the Home Seekers excursion.

Mrs. Charles Edwards of Roachdale is here with her aunt, Mrs. Sarah Bicknell who is quite ill.

W. T. Besser and Dan Besser went to Marshall, Ills., this morning to attend the funeral of Milo Janney.

Dr. and Mrs. Hawkins are in Indianapolis today. They will see "The Lion and the Mouse" this evening.

Miss Dorothy Williams went to Marshall, Ills., this morning to attend the funeral of Milo D. Janney.

Mrs. G. W. Bence and daughters Era and Edna attended the Steeg-Long wedding at Indianapolis today.

Mrs. Amos McCallip, Mrs. Bogle and Miss Mabel Wolf all of Brazil are guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Vermilion.

Mrs. Dills and daughter living north of town went yesterday to Muskogee, Oklahoma, on the Home-seekers excursion.

Mrs. Margaret Cooper and son Chance went today to Roselawn for a visit with Mrs. Cooper's daughter, Mrs. Henry Hillis.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Bruner of near Fern left yesterday for Houston, Texas. They will stop off for a few days with friends in Arkansas.

Mrs. V. E. Cox and Mrs. Clawson of Attica, who are guests of Mrs. Mary Little and Mrs. Bowman here, spent the day in Crawfordville.

R. L. Cooper and family will leave soon for Houston, Texas.

Dr. Hope of Coatesville was in town today on business.

Mrs. Chittenden and Mrs. R. V. Wright spent the day at Bl Hawk yesterday.

Dr. U. A. Wright of Mt. Meridian has a severe case of diphtheria. Dr. Wright contracted the disease while treating a patient.

Miss Mary Knippenberg who is well known to many Greencastle people is to be married at Indianapolis to Mr. Page Chapman of that city.

Mrs. Grace Cotton and son, Martin went to Staunton today to attend the celebration of the eighty-sixth birthday of Mrs. Cotton's grandmother, Mrs. Rebecca Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris who have been with their daughter, Mrs. Otis Hendren since Mr. Hendren's death, returned today to their home in North Salem accompanied by Mrs. Hendren.

Miss Bess Llewellyn of Salem, who has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Tucker left yesterday for Indianapolis where she will study music. Miss Llewellyn was formerly a student in the music school here.

There will be a called meeting of the W. C. T. U. in the assembly room of the court house at 1:30 o'clock Thursday afternoon. The meeting hour is changed from 2:30 to 1:30 on account of meeting a speaker from out of town.

Mrs. James L. Randel, Mrs. W. P. Ledbetter and Mrs. G. W. Bence and daughters, Era and Edna, went to Indianapolis today to attend the marriage of a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Steeg, formerly of Greencastle.

William Morrison of Cloverdale and Miss Cecil Hepler of this county were married here this afternoon at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Etter. The bride is a sister of Mrs. Etter. The Rev. W. E. Gill of Cloverdale performed the ceremony.

Through a misunderstanding the name of Lawrence Browning appeared as the subject of a surgical operation yesterday. The item should have read Lawrence Bryan. The operation which occurred on Monday afternoon was performed by Dr. Noble of Indianapolis assisted by Dr. Gillespie and Dr. Sudranski of this city.

DEATH OF DEPAUW ALUMNUS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

and it took him over the United States. His services were of great value to the Government.

At the time of his death Mr. Lynch was about 70 years of age. He leaves a wife, who is a sister of Maj. Wilbur F. Hitt and George C. Hitt of this city, a daughter, Mrs. Gertrude L. Springer, wife of Chaplain R. W. Springer, United States Army, and a sister, Mrs. W. F. Mason, Denver, Colo.

The body of Mr. Lynch will be brought to Indianapolis for burial at Crown Hill where his father and mother are interred, but no definite arrangements have yet been made for the funeral.—Indianapolis Star.

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When Sammy Turned Detective

By Mabel Herbert.

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Raised upon a diet of Biblical literature until he had passed his eighth year, Sammy Temple took eagerly to the nickel novels when at last knowledge of their existence was communicated to him. First he liked the stories of men who sailed strange craft in the sky above, the earth below or in the waters under the earth.

Later these were as naught beside the bold detective who could arrest a band of counterfeiters single handed and who ran murderers to earth just to keep in practice for greater things.

Captain Beggs, the solitary town constable, at once became a more important figure than Ben Dwyer, who ran the single engine which constituted the motive force on the little branch line. Sammy had liked to dream of the day when he should be an engineer, too, and would have charge of the great iron steed.

He had planned to sneak past the switch at the junction some night and run down the main line clear out to California, or maybe to Mexico, or up to the goldfields of Alaska. A fellow could go anywhere on an engine like that.

But after "The Boys' Own" and the detective books the engine, tied to its iron roadbed, seemed tame. Dwyer was deposed from his pedestal, and Beggs was installed thereon, although he was only a constable, which is not at all like a real detective.

Detectives are people who tell constables when the latter have the right prisoner, and he looked forward to the day when he could show his badge and say to Captain Beggs: "Officer, there stands the man who killed Cyrus Blake. Arrest him!" He was ready to bet that old Beggs would be surprised, and how the other fellows would stare!

But meanwhile there were opportunities to do a little detective work about the farm, and Sammy became



THEN CAME MORE CAresses AND PLEASURES.

very interested in the movements of Dave Ryder, one of the summer boarders at Cassell's, who would stroll ostentatiously toward the village, only to be seen returning from the opposite direction an hour or so later.

This action was suspicious. Detective Samuel took the trail, and, like the human bloodhound that he was, he shadowed the suspect. It was rather disconcerting to have Ryder turn after a mile or more had been covered and rudely command him to be on his way. Ryder even called him "little boy."

Sammy's heart rose hot within him, and he assured himself that Ryder must be a very desperate criminal.

But practice makes perfect, and the time came when Sammy learned to maintain a safer distance between himself and the object of his suspicions, and at last he tracked him to his lair.

The lair was disappointing. It was not a cave reached through a cunningly hidden trapdoor. It was not even a rude shack such as the one in which Billy, the Silent Sleuth, found Pete Pomeroy, the head of the train wrecking band.

It was just a little nook in a bend of the creek, with a fallen log for a seat, and with his own sister Lucy sitting there apparently waiting for the arrival of the desperado.

It was rather disconcerting to find one's own family mixed up in such affairs, but duty is duty, and Sammy wriggled as close as he dared and listened to the low murmur of conversation.

It all seemed absurdly simple. Ryder was not planning a burglary. He was kissing Lucy many times, and between caresses they were discussing how best to approach her father on the matter of their marriage.

Judged by the stern, unyielding standards of Josiah Temple, Ryder was far too gay a young blade to be trusted with Lucy, who was destined to marry a minister when her father could find a minister of whom he could fully approve. Lucy feared to let Ryder speak to her father lest she be forbidden to see or speak to him. Ryder, on the other hand, was urging her to consent to a test of fate.

"I feel like a scoundrel meeting you in the woods this way," he urged. "If

your father were to see his consort, then we would be in a fix. Lucy shook her head. "I couldn't do that," she cried. "It would break father's heart."

"Better his heart than yours," suggested Ryder selfishly. Then came more caresses and pleading, and Sammy, tired of such talk, wriggled softly through the brush and headed for home. He had been wasting all his time on a pair of silly lovers when he might have been better occupied with his books.

As he turned into the yard his father called to him from the porch. "Did you read your chapter of Josephus?"

Sammy's face grew long with dismay. Josephus was dull reading for a ten-year-old, but it was a duty, like watering the stock and feeding the chickens. In his eagerness to trail Ryder he had forgotten all about it.

"What were you doing?" continued the old man.

"I was down by the creek," explained Sammy uncomfortably.

"And what were you doing down there?" came the prompt question.

Sammy was no George Washington, but the habit of truth was strong within him.

"I wanted to see what Dave Ryder was doing down to the creek," he explained.

"And what was he doing?" asked the elder.

"Kissing Lucy," was the startling response, and the old man sprang from his chair in sudden anger.

Bit by bit he forced the frightened lad to tell all he could remember of the conversation. He found relief in the statement that Dave wished to marry Lucy, but his lips tightened angrily as Sammy explained that they both feared to breach the subject to him.

He nodded approvingly over Dave's reluctance to do his courting clandestinely and again at Lucy's refusal to consider an elopement.

Sammy was startled when the inquisition was concluded at being released with only a mild reproof for not having read his Josephus. He scurried around the corner of the house in a spirit of thanksgiving at getting off so lightly.

When he had gone Josiah Temple resumed his seat and the contemplation of the dusty road that ran, a river of white, between the fields of grain.

It was Mrs. Temple's favorite observation that "you couldn't count on Josiah's moves no more'n you could on a hen's," and now this contrivance was working in Lucy's favor. "Did Ryder boldly demanded Lucy's hand in marriage the refusal would have been prompt and emphatic."

It was because Ryder anticipated a refusal that Josiah called to him as the young man was plodding along the road, having made his appearance through a bit of woodland half a mile beyond the place of the tryst.

Ryder turned at the Temple gate, wondering if perhaps, after all, Lucy had spoken in spite of their decision to let matters rest awhile. He stood at the foot of the steps and doffed his hat in respect to the other's age.

"When I was a lad," said Josiah, with a twinkle in his eyes, "it was proper to call on a young lady at her folks' an not go sneaking off into the woods. You c'n come over tonight if you want to. I'll tell her to expect ye."

Josiah watched Dave leave the yard after an unintelligible jumble of apology, thanks and explanation.

"I fooled ye," he said exultingly after the retreat of the young man.

And he laughed through the joke was on Ryder and not on him.

Whittier's Pot of Butter.

Once at the close of the midweek service held in the Friends' meeting house Mr. Whittier was inquiring where he could get some fresh made butter. The next morning he received a pot of the very best butter that Pond Hills could produce. The sender, Friend Ruth Challis, was rewarded by one of those spontaneous poems with which he was wont to "burden" his friends. The original copy of the poem hangs upon the wall of the home of Ruth Challis' granddaughter, who treasures the note, given in payment of her grandmother's pot of butter, as not redeemable in silver or gold:

"Words butter no parsnips," the old adage says, And to fill up the trencher is better than praise. So trust me, dear friend, that while eating thy butter The thanks that I feel are far more than I utter.

Kind Providence grant thee a life without ills. May the cows never dry up that feed on Ford hills. May the cream never fall in thy cellar so cold. Nor thy hand lose its cunning to change it to gold.

Thrice welcome to him who, unbiest with a wife, Sits and bangles alone with the ripped seams of life. Is the womanly kindness which pities his fate. And sews on his buttons or fills up his plate.

And So She "Didna."

Perhaps it was because he was Scotch that his temper was quick, but whatever the reason, he lost it during a rush hour at the little country station where he was employed as porter, and he told one lady near by that she could go to—well, a place not down on the time table.

Quite naturally, she complained to the station master, and it was he who sent Sandy into the waiting room to apologize for his strong language. He found several ladies there, and, not being sure which was the she with whom his business lay, he asked them all around whether he had told her to go—there. The very last one answered yes.

"Well," said Sandy, "ye needna."—Lippincott's.

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A NICE BIT OF ... NECROMANCY.

(Original.)

The first prestidigitator to attract wide attention in America was Signor Bliz half a century ago. Bliz was giving exhibitions all over the United States, and since amusements were to then by no means as common as to-day all heard of him if all did not see him. After having exhibited everywhere in the eastern states he decided to go overland to California. Loading his contrivances in a couple of "prairie schooners," as the plains wagons were called, he set out from the Missouri river to cross the Rocky mountains.

One day the little caravan came upon a man who was crazed with distress. He had been traveling with his wife and two children in a single wagon. For some reason he had left them for a few hours and when he returned found his wagon plundered of its contents, his stock run off and his wife and children missing. He knew they had been carried away by the redskins.

The next day Indians were seen at a distance. Bliz told the man, whose name was Rodman, to ride out and tell them a great medicine man traveling across the country would like to give them a display of his powers. Of course to go to the Indians was the next thing to going to certain death, but Rodman was in hopes that Bliz might help him to regain his family and took the chances. He learned while among the savages that they held his wife and children captives, though the savages did not know they belonged to him. The marvelous will always interest the superstitious, and the Indians sent Rodman back to invite Bliz to their camp.

Bliz improvised a stage with the necessary appointments, and the redskins squatted before it. An interpreter stood ready to repeat the sorcerer's words in their own language. Bliz took a small iron cube with a ring for a handle and lifted it with his little finger. Then he said that he possessed the power of depriving a man of his strength and invited any savage to come up on to the stage and submit himself to this test. The chief himself, the biggest and strongest Indian present, stepped up, evidently confident that no man could take away what he was so proud of. Bliz asked him to lift the iron weight. He did so, giving a grunt, as much as to say: "Do you make sport of me? Give me something heavy to lift." He set the weight down. Bliz made a few passes along his arm and told him to lift again. This time the Indian failed to move it. He struggled desperately, all the blood in his body getting into his face, but to no purpose. The weight was immovable. Then he turned away muttering and did not stop till he had got behind the awe-stricken Indians.

The weight was connected by wires with a powerful magnet, the current being turned on or off by a key under Bliz's foot.

Bliz next took up a pistol and invited the chief to come back and kill him with it. The chief, in hopes of redeeming himself before his warriors, returned. Bliz offered him a cup with leaden bullets in it and asked him to take out one and mark it so that he would know it again. The redskin did as he was told. Bliz took the bullet, put it in the pistol, cocked the weapon, handed it to the Indian, stood off at the other end of the stage and told him to fire. The Indian took a sure aim and fired. Bliz put up his hand, caught the bullet in his fingers and tossed it back to the man who had fired it. The chief, astonished, stood mute, but when Bliz told him to look at the mark on it and he saw that it was the bullet he had chosen he was dumfounded.

This is a common trick, the bullet put in the pistol being of clay ground up powder by ramming it down. It is substituted for the leaden one by sleight of hand.

Then Bliz told the chief he could shoot his blood on to a board without hurting him and fired a wax bullet at him filled with his own blood. It broke against the board, spluttering the blood.

By this time Bliz was a wonderful medicine man to the savages and was ready for the business he had come for. An assistant bandaged his eyes, and Bliz told the audience that he saw in one of the tepees a white woman and two children. He ordered them to bring forth their prisoners at once or he would call down fire from the clouds to consume them. The chief called a powwow of his principal warriors. The white men saw them arguing and gesticulating, but could not understand what they said. Some were doubtful of Bliz having this power, while others claimed that a medicine man who could do what he had done could do anything. While they were consulting Bliz discharged electricity, making a brilliant flash. Away scampered the Indians to the tepee where Rodman's wife and children were held prisoners and brought them to Bliz.

Bliz told Rodman to keep out of the way lest if his family recognized him it might destroy the Indians' faith in his miraculous power. When the terror-stricken woman and her children were brought forward and surrendered to white people their astonishment was as great as the savages' at Bliz's medicine work. Bliz would have frightened the Indians into paying for Rodman's property, but they had no money, and what property they could give was of little value. So the sorcerer decided to get the captives away without delay. He gathered his contrivances put them in his wagons and drove off the savages watching him in wonder. It was not till they were out of sight that Rodman was permitted to embrace his family.

F. TOWNSEND SMITH.

Sworn Semi-Annual Statement

OF THE

Central Trust Co.

OF GREENCASTLE, IND.

To Auditor of State, Close of Business Sept. 30, 1908

RESOURCES

Loans.....	\$195,800.00
Overdrafts.....	3.29
Bonds.....	39,100.00
Furniture.....	500.00
Advances to Estates.....	471.48
Due from Banks and Trust Companies.....	29,212.01
Total.....	\$265,146.78

LIABILITIES

Capital.....	\$25,000.00
Surplus.....	9,000.00
Undivided Profits.....	3,385.35
Demand Deposits.....	81,408.79
Time Deposits.....	79,925.14
Guardianship of Estates.....	66,427.50
Total.....	\$265,146.78

R. L. O'Hair, Pres. S. A. Hays, V. Pres. J. L. Randel, Sec.

CITY WATER IS PURE

Prof. W. M. Blanchard of the university today finished an analysis of the city water. Prof. Blanchard finds that the water is pure.

Woman's Curiosity.

"Woman's curiosity," said Mr. Fletcher, "is a quality of mind beyond human understanding."

"Yes," said Mrs. Fletcher. "What made you think of that?"

"The fool actions of a woman that I saw downtown today. She followed a man ten blocks just to get to read a placard that was fastened to his back. She spotted him at Thirty-fourth street. That was really the end of her trip—I made that out from something she said to another woman who was too fat to join in the chase—but when she caught sight of that flaming red poster tied to the man's back her curiosity got the better of her and she set out after him. He led her quite a chase across town and downtown and back again, but she never weakened. She tagged faithfully along in his wake, and finally she got close enough to read that notice."

Mrs. Fletcher reflected a moment. "What did it say?" she asked.

"It advised her to get her teeth pulled somewhere on Sixth avenue."

Mrs. Fletcher thought again. "Where were you all the time she was trying to find that out?"

"Me?" said Fletcher. "Oh, I was following the woman. I wanted to see if she finally caught up with the man."

—New York Times.

The Porcelain Secret.

The porcelain industry of Germany is comparatively young, says the Berlin Morgen Post, and its development was rapid. Although it is generally believed that the Chinese kept their processes of manufacture secret, Julian's translations of their voluminous encyclopedia show that this is not true. All who could have read the work might have known also the porcelain secret. But evidently no German fathomed the mechanical mystery until the apothecary's apprentice Boettger, 200 years ago, made the first German porcelain at Dresden. Some years before he had attracted attention by proclaiming the discovery of a method of changing base metal into gold. King Frederick I. gave him orders for the precious metal, which the sixteen-year-old inventor could not execute, and in fear he fled to Dresden and became a subject of King August the Strong. While endeavoring to make gold he discovered the porcelain secret and inscribed his door thus: "Into a potter was changed by Almighty God a man who thought he could make gold."

A Puzzle In Figures.

Take any number of three different figures, as 471, under it place the same figures in reverse order, subtract the lesser number and you will find that the middle figure of the result is invariably 9. Why it is so is something that only the most learned mathematical scholars can explain. Here is our case worked out:

Taking any number, say..... 471
Reversing figures..... 174

Subtracting, we have..... 297
Further still, we can now reverse this number 297 in the same way and add the two numbers and the result will always come 1089. Thus:

Taking..... 297
Reversing..... 792

Adding, we have..... 1089
Why should the answer always come out the same? Here's something for you to work over.

Map of Greencastle.

A new map of Greencastle showing Interurban line and station, new Carnegie Library and new Big Four line, printed on good paper at the Herald Office for ten cents.

WANT AD COLUMN

For Rent—7 room house just east of W. L. Denman's residence. Phone 389. 3163h chg

Money Lost—Roll of bills lost Tuesday. Liberal reward for return to this office or telephone 316 263

For Rent—6 room house, 3 blocks from public square, electric lights and furnace. Inquire at 201 N. Jackson St. 3163

Lost—Boy's glove Indian style, two flags on cuff. Leave at this office or call phone 193. 1th

Rooms for Rent—One nicely furnished room, with bath, electric lights and furnace. 629 E. Washington St. 3161

Lost—Pair of eye glasses. Finder please return to this office and receive reward.

WANTED—Girl to do general household work in small family. Call on Mrs. R. J. Gillespie, west Walnut street

LETTER LIST.

The following list of letters remain unclaimed in this office. Dated Wednesday, October 7, 1908:

Henry Criss, Mrs. Mary Grune, Thomas Harvey, James W. Jacobs, Mrs. Grace Kirtley, Fred Lebbag-2, Miss Betta Michael, Mrs. Bessie J. Oswell, Chas