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"YOU'RE PAYING TWICE WHAT THAT LAND IS WORTH."

than that I'll sell you for your \$8,000 cash. That's about \$40 an acre."

"I'll take you," agreed Sidney as he drew out his check book. "Will you have the transfer made out at once?"

Jordan stared incredulously. It seemed too good to be true. Though he was a rich man, Jordan was terribly pressed for ready cash with which to swing certain deals, and this \$8,000 would solve several financial problems.

Rising, he led the way across the hall to the offices of his lawyers, instructing them to make out a deed to Harlan, and the latter sat down to wait for it, being assured that it would require but a few minutes.

The clerk did not explain that a similar deed had been drawn up only a few weeks before, when Jordan had sought to sell the ground for half of what he was getting from Harlan.

The deal had fallen through, and it only remained to recopy the document with the new name and terms. In twenty minutes Harlan owned the property and an office boy was on his way to the bank with the check for Jordan.

Harlan followed Jordan to his own offices, but at the door the elder turned.

"If you think you have won my admiration with any such grand stand play as this," he said brutally, "you have made a mistake. You're paying twice what that land is worth just to call my bluff. That's not the sort of man I want for a son-in-law. I want a man who can drive a bargain, not one who can be fooled the way you have been."

"I will let me explain"—began Harlan; but, with a laugh, Jordan shut the door between them. He was still chuckling over the incident when a card was brought in, to be followed by a sharp, eager looking man, a local real estate agent.

"Uncommon cheerful you look," commented the newcomer as he took a chair uninvited.

"Just been turning down my daughter's suitor and getting rid of a lot of useless real estate by loading it on him," responded Jordan, with a chuckle. "That's the seventh time I've told Harlan that he couldn't marry Vera."

"And you sold him that parcel of land out by the lake?" asked the other man.

Jordan nodded. "And at forty an

acre," he said, with a grin. "Got rid of the whole 200 acres. He's an idea that some of these days the land is going to be worth something. I knew he had \$8,000 in bank, and I let him buy the lot for just what he had. I bet he can't even pay the taxes."

"You haven't delivered the deeds yet, have you?"

"Did you think I was going to give him a chance to cool off?" demanded Jordan. "That's not my way of doing business. I just took him across the hall and had the deeds drawn and turned over to him. The money is in the bank by now."

"And you can't possibly get it back?" asked the other man anxiously.

"I couldn't be forced to take it back," was the answer, followed by a rumbling laugh. "I've put that parcel on poor Harlan so tight that it's going to stick. What's worrying you about it?"

"Jordan, Harlan didn't tell you that he had given forty acres of his land to the Mower and Reaper people, did he?" asked the agent.

"They're going to take a site on the other side of the river," said Jordan. "I picked up a few acres cheap just the other side of their plant. They employ several thousand people, and there will be a fortune in sites for homes for the workers."

"They were planning to build over there," said the visitor slowly, "but the cost of the land was run up when it was discovered who wanted it. Then Harlan came along and heard of the deal and gave them forty acres outright and looked to the other sixty to make his profit. Now you've made him a present of 200 acres for \$40 when I came to offer you an even \$100 an acre."

For a moment Jordan's face purpled. He knew the ground, and he knew that the 300 acres were about all that could be used by the factory and the town that would arise near by.

It would be impossible to pick up any more land for Harlan's holdings were on a peninsula, and the Jordan tract was immediately behind that. On the other side of the road was a marsh that would scarcely pay to till in Harlan had the game in his own hands.

The visitor took his departure when he found that Jordan had no land to sell, and the old man was left alone to think things over. As the result of his cogitations he reached for the telephone and called up his house.

"Is young Harlan there?" he asked when he heard his daughter's voice in answer. "Tell him to wait," he added. "Ask him to stay to dinner. We might as well settle when you two are to be married."

"I wanted to let him in on my information," explained Sidney when Vera demanded light on the peculiar message. "It seems that he wants his son-in-law to be able to do him, and—I did him—just to oblige."

"And you'll sell the land back to him?" urged Vera.

"Not a bit of it," asserted Harlan. "He wouldn't really like me if I did."

Effect of an "H."

A cockney whose name was Ogoton, which he, following the usage of his class, pronounced Hogtown, settled at the beginning of the last century in the city of New York, where he did business as a trader. His prefixing of the "h" was the occasion of a postoffice story which Dunlap, the author of the "History of the Arts of Design,"

was supposed to be propitiated and reconciled by this ceremony. The pundit satisfies himself as to the direction in which the great snake is lying, for it occasionally moves about a little to ease itself of the great burden of the broad world which it carries. The pundit then marks off an imaginary line. Five a lucky number clogs of earth are thrown up, and water is sprinkled in the trench five times with the sacred mango bush to insure productivity. Caution must be exercised lest the charm be broken and prospective fortune imperiled. The farmer must remain secluded during the following day; no salt must be eaten, no money, grain or fire given away.

Among the Karmas before plowing the farmer makes a burnt offering of butter and molasses in his own field and again at the village shrine.

The Chinese begin plowing on the first day of their solar year. Anciently the rites which were celebrated by the Chinese at plowing time were elaborate, but rationalistic sovereigns eliminated one expensive religious rite after another until nothing was left except the imperial act of homage to heaven and earth and agriculture in the ceremonial plowing.

The Slavons observe a rite called Ranka about the middle of May, which is preliminary to the plowing season, and it is not proper for any one to plow until the ceremony is over. The court astrologers determine the time for it. On the day fixed by them the minister of agriculture, who is always a prince or nobleman of high rank, goes with a procession to a piece of ground some distance from the capital. Where the festivities are to take place a new plow, to which a pair of buffaloes are yoked, is in readiness, decorated with flowers and leaves.

The minister guides the plow over the field, closely watched by the spectators, who are especially interested

in the length and folds of the silk of his lower garments, because the prosperity of the season and its characteristics, wet or dry, are to be predicted from these as he follows the plow. If the robe rises from his knees there will be disastrous rains. If it falls below the ankles there will be a drought. If the folds reach midway between knee and ankle the season will be propitious.

After a proper number of furrows

have been turned old women strew

grain of different kinds in them and

bulbs are released from the yoke and

allowed to feast upon the seeds. The

grain which the animals eat most freely

will be scarce next harvest, and that

which they refuse to take will be abundant.

In Yorkshire it was considered un-

wise to disturb the earth with plow or

spade on Good Friday.—Exchange.

THE PLOWING SEASON

Ancient Superstitions of the Tillers of the Soil.

SACRIFICES TO THE GODS

Customs That Were In Vogue Among the Romans of Old—Ceremonies That Are Observed in India and China—Rites of the Siamese Farmers.

The formal inauguration of the plowing season is very ancient and still is observed in some parts of the world.

Among the Romans by the institution of various religious festivals connected with agriculture the seasons came to be regarded with a sort of sacred reverence. Before the old Roman put the plow into the ground he went to the temple of the goddess of earth, Tellus, one of whose priests performed certain propitiatory rites. Virgil in his "Georgics" advises the Roman husbandman to observe the signs on heaven according to the crop he desires to produce. The time to plow for fax, barley and the sacred poppy was when balance has equalized the hours of day and sleep and halves the world exactly between light and shade. When Taurus ushers in the year with his gilded horns and Sirius sits facing the threatening bull is time for beans. For wheat and spelt the Pleiades should hide themselves from your eyes with the dawn. Many have begun before Marla sets, but the desisted crop has baffled them with empty ears." But first of all the poet admonishes the farmer to "honor the gods and offer sacrifices to Ceres."

In India there are certain days when it is unlawful to plow. Mother Earth is supposed to sleep six days in every month, and on such days she refuses to be disturbed in her slumber.

In northwest India the cultivator employs a pundit to select an auspicious time for the commencement of plowing. Great secrecy is observed. In some places the time selected is in the night; in others daybreak is the customary time.

The pundit goes to a field, taking a brass drinking vessel and a branch of the sacred mango tree, which is efficacious in frightening away evil spirits that may haunt the field. Pritchit, the broad world, and Sesha Naga, the great snakes which support the world

are supposed to be propitiated and reconciled by this ceremony. The pundit satisfies himself as to the direction in which the great snake is lying, for it occasionally moves about a little to ease itself of the great burden of the broad world which it carries. The pundit then marks off an imaginary line. Five a lucky number clogs of earth are thrown up, and water is sprinkled in the trench five times with the sacred mango bush to insure productivity. Caution must be exercised lest the charm be broken and prospective fortune imperiled. The farmer must remain secluded during the following day; no salt must be eaten, no money, grain or fire given away.

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A Shipwreck.

Muggins, gazing intently at a dead

dog, in a resigned tone at last said:

"Here is another shipwreck."

"Shipwreck! Where?" blurted out Juggins.

"Where, my dear friend?" quoted M

"There is a bark lost forever."

Juggins growled and passed on.

London Fun.

The man looked at himaghast for a

minute and replied: "Skin disease? I

never said I had a skin disease. Your

man came in and told me to understand,

M. le Depute, and I did so. All I wanted

to you was to use your influence

to get my sister a place in the

Emperors in the twinkling of an eye.

The last man came in as naked as

the day when he was born. Clemenceau eyed him for a minute and then said: "You are suffering from no skin disease. What have you come here to worry me for?"

The man looked at himaghast for a

minute and replied: "Skin disease? I

never said I had a skin disease. Your

man came in and told me to understand,

M. le Depute, and I did so. All I wanted

to you was to use your influence

to get my sister a place in the

Emperors in the twinkling of an eye.

Clemenceau smiled, took his name

and did use his influence.

Juggins nodded. "And at forty an

NOTICE OF ELECTION.

State of Indiana, Putnam County,

ss:

To David R. Maze, Sheriff of Putnam County, Greeting:

Notice is hereby given on

Tuesday, 3rd Day of November, 1908

an election will be held in each voting

precinct in said county, at which

time and place the legal voters will

cast their ballots for persons to fill

the following offices, viz:

Two presidential electors at large.

One presidential elector for the