

LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Wesley, son of Ora Smith, is quite ill.

Mrs. Herbert of Reelsville is in the city today.

F. G. Gilmore was in Indianapolis last evening.

Dan Shuey is down from Bainbridge today.

James Madden of Chicago is visiting friends here.

James Wright of Coatesville was in the city today.

Lee McKee of Bainbridge was here on business today.

Gon Wright of New Maysville is in the city today.

F. P. Huestis is visiting his mother in Irving, Ills.

The Misses Golding are entertaining this afternoon.

Mrs. Noble Snyder will spend Sunday in Putnamville.

Frank Shirley of Indianapolis spent the day here.

Miss Eunice White is visiting Danville home folks.

George Pearey of Carpentersville is in the city today.

A. L. Smythe of Danville, Ills., is visiting relatives here.

Miss Bess Starr of Bainbridge visited friends here today.

Miss Bertha Higgins will spend Sunday in Indianapolis.

Miss Lida McAnally is visiting relatives in Indianapolis.

J. E. Knight of Mt. Meridian is driving a new automobile.

Robert Grove of Martinsville is visiting Delta U brothers.

Henry Visant of Roachdale transacted business here today.

Cul Shoptaugh is here from Indianapolis today on business.

Mrs. Mary Hopwood will visit Indianapolis friends tomorrow.

Miss Maud Tarleton of Martinsville is visiting Theta sisters.

Miss Susie Hopwood will spend Sunday with Indianapolis friends.

Grover Gough of Roachdale transacted business in the city this morning.

Miss Ona Knetzer of Fillmore attended Teachers' Institute here today.

Mrs. Ellis of Thorntown is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hawkins.

Joe Lewman and daughter, Ruth, of Roachdale are spending today in the city.

Mrs. Wm. Mahoney and children went this afternoon to Kokomo for a few days.

Glen Martin of Thorntown visited friends and attended Old Gold Day here today.

Mrs. J. B. Sargent of Spokane, Washington, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Farrow.

Mrs. Alice Hurst has returned home to Martinsville, after a visit with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Brown have returned to their home at Boswell after a visit with friends here.

Mrs. Clarence Royse and son, Allen, have returned home to Terre Haute after a visit with friends here.

Cards announcing the birth of Stuart Northup Richards on October 21, in Trinidad, Col., have been received here by the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Richards. Mrs. Richards will be remembered as Miss Viola Vandament, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Vandament of this town.

Allen and Elizabeth Tilden entertained some twenty of their little friends this afternoon from three till five. The party was in honor of Ruth Paton, of Mayville, Tennessee, who with her mother is visiting here for a few weeks.

Attention is called to the sermon subjects discussed by Dr. Hoagland on Sunday. He will receive new members into the church. The new chorus will sing special numbers at both services.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Vancleave and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Brown of Indianapolis who have been visiting here left today for a week's visit with relatives in Oakland and Charleston, Illinois.

Misses Nell and Honore Albertson and their father Rev. E. T. Albertson of the Theological School of De Pauw, '95, who is visiting them here went to Indianapolis this afternoon.

Mr. James L. Alley and daughter, Miss Era, who have been visiting relatives and friends in Crawfordsville for the past two weeks, returned home yesterday afternoon.

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MISS BURNSIDES ENTER AINS

A party of thirty-five college boys and girls were delightfully and informally entertained last evening at the home of Miss Nina Burnside. Story telling, songs and recitations formed the evening's pleasure together with apple roasting and the toasting of marshmallows. A thoroughly good time was the inevitable result.

You Get Results.

One of the members of the Mt. Meridian band lost a valuable cornet here on the night Samuel Gompers spoke at the interurban station. The loss was advertised in the Herald and as a result the loser got his instrument. It pays to advertise in the Herald.

So Bad as That!

A young medical student who was calling upon a girl volunteered to sing and help entertain the company which arrived unexpectedly. At the end of his second solo he turned to the young lady and remarked: "I am thinking of taking vocal lessons. Do you know of a good teacher?"

"Yes, indeed," was the quick reply. "I know the very one for you. Here is his address," and she scribbled the name on a card, giving it to the student.

Next day he called up the teacher by telephone: "Is this the instructor of vocal music?"

"The what?" was the answer. "The vocal teacher?" was repeated. "Naw," came the reply, "I don't teach nothing. I file saws!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Most Northern Canada.

Of the possibilities of extreme northern Canada a traveler writes: "The country that one passes through from Athabasca Landing down to the Arctic Red river is full of vegetation and will, in my opinion, one day be settled. In all the mission gardens at the different posts that I passed I saw wheat and barley growing, potatoes, lettuce, turnips, carrots and every kind of vegetable that one grows in one's own garden at home. The country is thickly timbered near the banks of the river, and there are few places in which you do not find large patches of prairie. You pass by a great outburst of natural gas, and oil is oozing out for miles along the river bank."

A Sense of Propriety.

"So you stole this man's ax?" said the judge. "Yessah, I reckons dar ain' no use tryin' ter spute de facts." "What did you do that for? He said he would have been perfectly willing to lend you the ax." "Yes; but you see, Judge, dat man's on'y jes' moved in de neighborhood, I doesn' know him wel enough ter go 'roun' ter his house borryin'!"—Washington Star.

Hard to Say.

"If your mother bought four baskets of grapes, the dealer's price being a quarter a basket, how much money would the purchase cost her?" asked the new teacher.

"You never can tell," answered Tommy, who was at the head of his class. "Ma's great at bargainin'!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Accepted.

"Quills has had a story accepted at last," remarked a journalist to a colleague.

"Surely not," was the rejoinder. "Yes. He went home at 2 o'clock this morning with an awful yarn, and his wife believed it."

A Big Door.

The following is a copy of a bill posted on the wall of a country village in England: "A lecture on total abstinence will be delivered in the open air, and a collection will be made at the door to defray expenses."

Surface Transit.

"Step lively, please," said the conductor. "If I was young enough to do that," responded the aged passenger, climbing aboard, "I'd walk and beat your car!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Depth of Cyclones.

From the study of clouds an official of the United States weather bureau concludes that ordinary cyclones which traverse our country from west to east are not more than two or three miles in depth, although their diameter is many hundreds of miles. In other words, their motion does not affect the upper regions of the atmosphere. In the case of hurricanes this authority finds that the depth is greater, amounting to as much as five or six miles. But higher currents blow directly across the cyclonic and anticyclonic areas which produce storms and fair weather at the surface of the earth.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Easy Money.

Theodore Hook was one of the Garlick club's most famous members. He generally arrived at the club late in the afternoon and "never went home till morning." He had been told by the doctors, he said, to avoid the night air. A member of the club in Hook's time predicted the advent of the millennium at the end of three years. "All right," cried Hook, "Give me a five pound note now, and I will repay you £50 at the millennium."

An error gracefully acknowledged is a victory won.—Glasgow.

Odd Contrasts in Climate.

New York is usually thought of as being directly west from London. It is, however, despite its far more rigorous climate, 900 miles nearer the equator than is the British capital. The bleak coast of Labrador is directly west of London. The same line passes the southern part of Hudson bay and Lake Winnipeg. On the other side of the continent it touches the southern extremity of Alaska and continues through the center of the isthmus of Kamchatka and Siberia and Russia to Homburg.

It is astonishing, too, to reflect on the fact that Montreal, with its winters of extraordinary severity, is 350 miles nearer the equator than is London. Montreal, indeed, is on the same degree of latitude as Venice.

Another illustration of the unexpected in contrasts is found in a comparison of St. John's, Newfoundland, with Paris. Paris has a winter of comparative mildness, while St. John's is a region of bitter cold and fogs, with drifting icebergs along its coast. Yet St. John's is 100 miles nearer the equator.—New York Tribune.

Fasting in Japan.

From time out of mind, says the Japan Times, certain devotees of that country have visited a celebrated temple at Narita twice a year to perform the pious act of fasting within its sacred precincts. A "fasting hall" has been specially erected for their accommodation. Observations kept on 226 men and 32 women who fasted showed that of the whole number 59 fasted less than a week, 174 fasted one week, 10 continued fasting two weeks, 14 fasted three weeks, and one went without food for five weeks. Inquiry as to the motives of the fasters showed that 169 men and 25 women desired to rise in the world, 13 men and 2 women wanted to increase their business profits, 16 men prayed for the safety of their families, 13 men and 4 women sought cures of diseases and 10 men wanted general good luck. Only three persons, two men and one woman, fasted in gratitude for the fulfillment of former prayers. "It need scarcely be said," remarks the Japan Times, "that the period of their fasting was the shortest."

Snowball Showers.

More than one explorer in cold climates has noted the curious phenomenon of a "snowball shower." The balls, it is true, are not very big, the average being about the size of a hen's egg, but they are true snowballs for all that—compressed globes of snow, not little lumps of ice or hail. A fall of the kind occurred in north London in March, 1859, and at the time it was observed that the balls seemed five times as dense and compressed as ordinary snow and in no way to be told from the usual handmade missiles. They had fallen during the night and were strewn many layers thick over a very large area. No cause—except a doubtful electrical one—can be ascribed for the strange phenomenon, and mountaineers are apt to discredit the stories of snowball showers told them by the old guides till suddenly in the midst of an ordinary storm they find themselves assailed as though by myriads of mischievous schoolboys.—London Standard.

A Patient Judge.

A western judge, sitting in chambers, seeing from the piles of papers in the lawyers' hands that the first case was likely to be hotly contested, asked, "What is the amount in question?" "Two dollars," said the plaintiff's counsel. "I'll pay it," said the judge, handing over the money. "Call the next case."

He had not the patience of Sir William Grant, who, after listening for two days to the arguments of counsel as to the construction of a certain act, quietly observed when they had done, "That act has been repealed."—Argonaut.

Up Against a Hard One.

The great deliver into the secrets of nature who had accumulated a fortune and retired from active business in order to be able to give his whole time to study and experiments was observed to be cogitating profoundly.

"What are you giving your mind to now?" inquired one of his laboratory assistants.

"I am merely wondering," he answered, "what becomes of all the corks."—Chicago Tribune.

In Doubt.

"That's a curious looking male you're driving," remarked the man who was whittling a pine stick.

"Yassir," answered Erasmus Pinkley. "He is kind of curious."

"What will you take for him?"

"What'll I take for him? Say, boss, is you referin' to dat mule as a piece of property or an affliction?"—Washington Star.

True to Her Training.

"Where was the new star discovered?" asked one dramatic critic of another.

"In a laundry," was the reply.

"Ah, well, she can't forget her old calling. She's mangling the part."

The Other Way.

"So you refuse me admittance," complained the newly arrived spirit to St. Peter. "You turn me off into the cold."

"No," replied the old saint, "into the hot."—Boston Transcript.

A Suspicion.

She—How is it your sister did not sing tonight? He—Oh, the doctor has forbidden her. He says she must not sing for six months. She—Does he live near her?

An error gracefully acknowledged is a victory won.—Glasgow.

A Blunder.

(Original.)

When I left home for Miss Harmon's school for girls my father lived in Illinois. When I was graduated he had removed to Bankton, N. Y. He gave me the street and number, but he was a lawyer, and lawyers were in those days proverbial for their wretched handwriting, so I found it difficult to make out the address. As near as I could come to deciphering the name of the street it was Lafayette. This was not correct. It was Sabelle street. Leaving the station on my arrival, I took a cab and told the driver to take me to 50 Lafayette street. When I saw the house I was surprised that my father could afford to live in it. I had left a two story frame cottage in the west to come to a four story stone front house in the east.

I paid the coachman and, going up the stoop, rang the bell. A maid came to the door whom I had never seen, and I told her to tell mother that I had come from school. She asked me whom she should say had come. I told her "her daughter, of course," and, going into the drawing room, looked about me at the handsome furniture, still wondering how father had been able to purchase it. The maid went upstairs to make the announcement.

I waited quite a long while for her return. When she came down she told me that no one was at home except my mother, who had recently had a catarrh removed from one of her eyes and was obliged to remain in a dark room. I was surprised, for I had not been informed of there being anything the matter with her eye, and as the maid said I was to go up to her I ran upstairs and through a room that had been darkened so that one entering my mother's room should not let in any light. The chamber occupied by my mother was so dark that I could scarcely see my hand before my face. I didn't know which way to turn till she called me, and even then I went in the wrong direction till she had done so several times. Then I found her sitting in an easy chair and put my arms around her neck.

"Why, child," she said, "why did you write us that you would come tomorrow? Your brother would have met you at the station."

I was startled. My mother's voice had changed. Could it be that her trouble with her eye had broken her faculties?

"There's some mistake about that, mother dear," I replied. "I wrote that I was coming on Thursday. Thursday and Friday by a bad writer may be made to look alike. Perhaps there's where the error lies."

I was about to speak of her trouble when I heard the door of the ante-room open and shut. Then the door of the room I was in opened, some one hurried in, and a man's voice said:

"Where are you, sis?"

"I'm here."

"Ellen told me you'd come, and come a day ahead of time."

My brother Tom, ten years my senior, never called me anything but "sis" and "sissy," but there was something wrong with his voice. I had no time to wonder what had caused the change when I felt myself clasped in two strong arms and lips pressed against mine.

"What's become of your beard?" I asked.

"Beard! I never had one. We've been counting on your coming. Mother is shut up for the present, but she'll come out all right. The doctor says she may have the light in one week more. Awful glad to see you—I mean to feel you, ha, ha! Can't see anything in here. Have to rely on the touch." And he gave me another good hug and several kisses. "But come out into the light. I want to see how you've improved. You won't mind, will you, mother?"

"Not if you don't keep her too long." Putting his arm around my waist, he led me out through the ante-room, and, opening the outer door, we stood on the threshold between the room and the hall.

I say we stood there, and so we did. We didn't get any farther, at least not just then. Never were two people more astonished, bewildered. We were entire strangers to each other.

"Great Scott!" was his exclamation. "Heavens!" was mine.

He dropped his arm as if it had been shot, and I quickly drew away.

"How in the name of—" "I must have—got into the wrong!"

"At this point he regained his equanimity. 'If you're not my sister, you're certainly worthy to be any one's sister. At any rate, I'm happy to make your acquaintance, even by mistake, though I assure you I don't usually on so slight an acquaintance.'"

He paused, and my face flushed crimson.

"Come," he said reassuringly, "tell me how it happened."

I told him my story, and he replied that his own sister, who had been away from home on a long visit, was expected the next day. He insisted that I needed a luncheon and ordered one, and while I was eating it he telephoned for a carriage. When it came he got in with me and began a hunt for me for my home. My father's name was not in the directory, but I told my new friend that he was an attorney, and, driving to the office of one of the profession, we learned the address. Ten minutes later I was with my own family.

The family into which I had blundered became my intimate friends. The daughter called on me, and the son has been so attentive to me as to we shall see.

FLORENCE NORTON.

E. B. LYNCH

House Furnisher and Funeral Director

GREENCASTLE, IND.

12 and 14 North Jackson St.

Telephones 89 and 108

CORKS HAVE DISEASES.

Caused by a Small Worm Which Spoils the Flavor of the Best Wines.

"To the average person a cork is a cork," said a well known restaurant man the other day. "But smell this cordial. Would you believe it?" And he held up a bottle supposed to have the bouquet of cherries all the way from the blossom to the pit. The odor was musty and altogether unpleasant—in fact, it was decidedly bad. He continued:

"Now, the man paying 20 cents for his tiny glass of cordial after dinner is entitled to have it free from imperfections. If he bought a bottle of wine with that flavor, he would say the wine was bad, for ninety men out of a hundred know nothing about bad corks. He would want another bottle of wine or his money refunded, and he would be right."

"The defect is in a tiny worm in the cork that is often invisible to the man cutting corks and sometimes cannot be seen after the cork is drawn. A customer will taste the wine and say, 'Bad wine.' You explain about the cork, and he will say: 'Impossible. That was a beautiful cork—beautiful!' And yet we know that the contents of the bottle never could have that flavor under other conditions."

"I tell you there are millions of dollars waiting for the man who can invent a perfect cork that will stand the test of years for flavor and preserving qualities. If it could be proved that his invention was perfect, he would make millions in a month."—New York Herald.

MRS. ANDREW JOHNSON.

The Life in Washington Was Not a Happy Time For Her.

Mrs. Johnson was so much of an invalid that outside of intimate family friends very few knew her. She appeared only twice in public during her husband's administration. Still, her influence was a strong one, and it was exerted in the direction of toleration and gentleness. A slight movement of her hands, a touch on her husband's arm, a "Now, Andrew," made it easy to see that the woman who had helped him through his struggling youth and given her health to his service, who had taught him to write and had read to him through long winter evenings in the little tailor shop that his active mind might be fed while he was practicing his trade still held her place in his life. She was a sweet faced woman who showed traces of beauty through the sharpened lines caused by the old fashioned consumption which was wearing her out. Her face was not unlike that of the late Mrs. McKinley. The death of her eldest son was a blow from which she never fully recovered. The life in Washington was not a happy time for her. She told me herself that she was far more content when her husband was an industrious young tailor.—William H. Crook in Century.

Nubar Pasha and the Pipes.

Soon after the occupation of Cairo by the British troops the late Nubar Pasha took a prodigious fancy to the music of the Black Watch and had the idea of having a servant taught the use of the bagpipes. Nubar dispatched a French friend, who spoke English very well, to interview a piper on the subject.

Donald replied: "Weel, he micht learn or he micht no'. Bit, let me tell ye, it needs wind an' nuckle strength ta fill the bags o' the pipes an' keep blawin'. Sae if yin o' thae Egyptian chaps took the job on he'd need ta be bandaged a' ow're like yin o' thae auld mummies, or maybe he'd burst himself."

This conversation was reported to Nubar, who took the piper's remarks seriously. So he gave up the idea of having a skirler attached to his household, as the use of the bagpipes was attended with the prospect of such danger to the performer.—Westminster Gazette.

Wood's Liver Medicine in liquid form for malaria, chills and fever, regulates the liver, kidneys and bladder, brings quick relief to biliousness, sick-headache, constipation. Pleasant to take. The \$1.00 bottle contains 2 and one-half times quantity of the 50c size. First dose brings relief. Sold by Badger & Green.

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.

A HERALD WANT AD WILL Do Wonders—½ Cent a Word

Fresh New Sauer Kraut

IN BULK

AT

ZEIS & CO'S

Phone 67

WANT AD COLUMN

Public Sale of City Property.—On Monday, October 26 at 1 o'clock we will offer for sale at the Court House door t the highest bidder one fine brick, 10-room residence, one fine business room, one coal yard and barn, all located near the Public Square. Also one small house and two lots in Commercial Place. If you are looking for a bargain don't fail to make inquiry about this choice property. The Central Trust Company. 3176

Lost—Gold bracelet and enameled front Sunday School pin. Liberal reward if returned to Vermillion's store. 11

We have a large amount of money to loan at 5 per cent on good farm loans. Broadstreet & Vestal, Greencastle, Ind. dw-11

Wanted—Competent girl to do general housework. Apply Mrs. F. C. Tilden, East Anderson Street. 11

Laundry work wanted—Call at 608 Howard Street. 3177

For Sale—Coal heating stove at 404 Depot Street. 1169

Lost—Gold watch and fob between the Kappa house and 711 South College Avenue. Fob engraved H. L. R. Return to Herald office and receive reward. 1178

For Sale—The family driving horse owned by President Hughes. Inquire of R. B. vonKleinsmid. 318

A Healthy Family.

"Our whole family has enjoyed good health since we began using Dr. King's New Life Pills, three years ago," says L. A. Bartlet, of Rural Route 1, Guilford, Maine. They cleanse and tone the system in a gentle way that does you good. 25c at the Owl Drug Store.

Notice to Taxpayers

Monday, November 2nd, is the last day for paying taxes before the addition of the penalty. Only a few more days remain in which to pay taxes so make arrangements to pay them at once. The change