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Greencastle Herald.

THE WEATHER
Partly cloudy tonight and Tuesday with probably showers north portion tonight; continued cool.

VOL. 3. NO. 179.

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA, MONDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1908.

SINGLE COPIES 2c.

BRYAN AND THE PRESIDENCY

Some Facts in Regard to the Democratic Candidate's Fitness for the High Office Toward Which the People Urge Him.

A MOST CONSISTANT CAREER

When all that can be said has been said in the present campaign, when all the issues which may honestly cause a division of opinion among thinking men, are set aside, and when the contest is stripped of all conflicting contentions, the one paramount fact stands out in bold relief, that no candidate ever entered the race for the presidency better fitted to discharge the functions of that high office than William Jennings Bryan. In the first place Mr. Bryan is an honest man. He is sincere. Not even his most bitter political opponents have ever had the temerity to question his honesty or to doubt his sincerity. His life has been clean, his character is above reproach. He has lived in the open; his every act both in public and private life is subject to the closest scrutiny. For twelve years he has occupied the spotlight of publicity without blinking. He rings true to the highest ideals of human life. There is no stain upon his escutcheon; no skeletons in his closet. He tries in the highest degree the lofty conception of American manhood. No citizen in private life, by

precept and example, by words and deeds, has done more for the moral and material uplift of all the people than has Mr. Bryan.

There is no greater student of political and economic conditions in the United States today than Mr. Bryan. It is his knowledge of history coupled with his keen judgment of men and measures which enables him to grasp and understand present day conditions. His ideals, grounded in human sympathy, have been broadened and strengthened by travel and study. His investigations into social and political conditions have not been confined to his own country, but have embraced almost every civilized land.

Mr. Bryan is an optimist and a progressive. He looks upon the bright side of things and believes that the world is growing better. He sees ways and means by which that betterment might be advanced, and with all of his marvelous ability and great force of character he strives for their accomplishment. He has not labored solely within the narrow confines of partisanship. Never has he hesitated to commend the acts of a Republican administration wherein he believed them to be for the benefit of the whole people. His commendation of the good has been as strong as his denunciation of the bad. He has, within the past 12 years, lived to see some of the important fundamental principles for which he stood become the accepted doctrines of a party and administration, which, but a short time before, had rejected them and condemned him for advocating them.

Mr. Bryan's career has demonstrated that without holding public office a man may gain the very best experience for the performance of public duty, particularly when, to that experience we add honesty and sincerity of purpose. These present the qualifications and especial fitness of Mr. Bryan for the presidency. No man with his heart in the right place as is Mr. Bryan's with his hand upon the public pulse, and with his sympathies for the advancement of the welfare of the whole people, can fail to achieve signal success as president. The time has passed when Mr. Bryan was wrongfully considered a mere theorist. He is looked upon now as an intensely practical man; as a man of experience. His administration will be one of progress along safe lines.

Those who have tickets at Langdon's will be able to get them up to the night of the first performance, next Saturday night. Please call early Saturday to avoid inconvenience in selling tickets. 6179

TWENTY ASK FOR PAPERS

Score of Italians Employed at the Stone Quarries of the A. & C. Stone and Lime Company Wish to Be Naturalized for the Coming Election.

AGAINST GOVERNMENT PROVISION

This morning the interpreter employed at the A. & C. Stone and Lime Company's plant appeared before the county clerk and made application for naturalization papers for twenty foreigners, mostly Italians, employed at the quarries. These are what are known as the "first papers," secured after two years' residence in this country. These men wish to use the papers at the polls on the 3d day of next November. Most of them are incapable of speaking English, hence the need of an interpreter.

This brings to mind the fact that the state of Indiana is one of the few states in the Union where this can be done. In all other states except, we believe, New York, no foreigner can vote till he has his second papers and has, therefore, been in this country seven years. In Indiana, however, by a freak proviso of the constitution, they can vote after having received their first papers, or in two years after having reached this country. Many good lawyers hold that this is contrary to the federal proviso, and that the state constitution must give way, but up to this time it has been held good wherever tested. Consequently men without any knowledge of English or of our government or its workings, are voted by politicians who need the votes.

The clerk has written for the blank applications and also for an opinion on the case from the United States Commissioner at Chicago. Up on this report the clerk will act in regard to granting the papers prayed for.

CRAWLEY-HOSLER

Miss Hazel Crawley daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Crawley was married yesterday morning at 10 o'clock at the home of her parents to Mr. Arnold Hosler of Princeton. Rev. J. W. Walker officiated. Following the ceremony they left for Princeton where their home is already furnished. Mr. Hosler is employed as Southern express agent in that city.

GEORGETOWN WAS EASY

Methodists Smother the Kentucky Lads in Game Played at McKeen Field on Saturday Afternoon—Coach Brown Uses Many Subs in Second Half.

HUMBLED BY DePAUW 44 TO 6

In a one-sided contest Saturday afternoon DePauw defeated Georgetown College by a score of 44 to 6. The Kentuckians were unable to withstand the Methodist line backs and were forced to play a defensive game. The DePauw goal line was crossed once by Creekmore of Georgetown, who caught an attempted forward pass by the Methodists and ran thirty yards for a touchdown.

During the rest of the game the DePauw goal was never in danger. During the second half Coach Brown put in nine new men, and this kept the score down. Jackson, at right end, was sensational in running back and four times ran through the Georgetown men for large gains. Greenstreet starred in bucking the line for long gains, but was retired at the end of the first half on account of a bruised shoulder.

The game in detail was as follows: First half—DePauw kicked off to Georgetown's fifty yard line. Georgetown was forced to kick. Using Levan and Greenstreet, DePauw bucked the oval to Georgetown's forty yard line. The Methodists ran Greenstreet, Harmon and Grady down the field for a touchdown. Grady kicked goal.

Georgetown kicked off to DePauw's fifty yard line. DePauw carried the oval to their opponents' fifty yard line and lost it on a fumble. After an exchange of punts the Methodists secured the ball and tucked the line for a touchdown.

The last two touchdowns of this half were due largely to the efforts of Jackson, who made long runs in returning the kickoffs and to the punting and quarter back runs of Grady.

Second half—Georgetown's kickoff was returned sixty yards by Jackson, who then made an end run of twenty yards. Scott was pushed over the line for a score. Georgetown kicked to Stansell on the thirty yard line. On a forward pass, Levan made fifteen yards. DePauw here lost the ball and an exchange of punts followed. DePauw gained possession of it on Georgetown's forty yard line. Creekmore of Georgetown caught DePauw's forward pass and scored.

The next score made by DePauw was by Lawrence, who caught the ball on a fumble and ran twenty-five yards for a touchdown. The last DePauw tally was made by Sladerman after a long series of line plunges by the Methodist second team.

OLD FOLKS' DAY, SOMERSET

The first Old Folks Day at Somerset Christian Church was observed Sunday. There were a number present from other communities who had formerly been members of the church, but were now in other fields of labor. A short history of the church was read which will be revised and published later. The theme of the morning was "A Peaceful Departure." Luke 2:29-30. The old in the evening of life have attained wisdom and experience, but unless our wisdom and rich experience has gained for such a hope or preliminary to a peaceful departure they have not profited us much.

The following are the names of those present who were fifty years or more old:

Mrs. Greenbury O'Hair, 52; Chas. K. Hall, 53; Mrs. M. Rising, 52; Mm. Wm. Jackson, 57; Mrs. Coffin, 57; Mr. Coffin, 58; Mr. R. T. Collier, 60; Mrs. Susan Hall, 60; Mr. Willis McCray, 67; Mrs. Louisa McCray, 64; Mrs. Mary Wilson, 65; Mr. F. M. Wilson, 67; Mr. Frank Hall, 63; Mr. Joe Collins, 52; Mr. John Ferrand, 52.

MISSSES GOULDING ENTERTAIN

The handsome home of Misses Lizzie and Myra Goulding on North College Avenue was the scene, Saturday

afternoon from 2:30 to 5, of a charming social affair. Invitations to the number of one hundred and sixty had been sent to their friends by the Misses Goulding and but few regrets were received. The rooms were prettily decorated in cut flowers, mainly carnations and chrysanthemums. The dining room was daintily in white, which was carried out in the flowers and refreshments. The following ladies assisted in the receiving and serving:

Mrs. E. B. Evans, Mrs. E. B. Doll, Mrs. Charles Reeves, Mrs. Charles Hoagland, Mrs. Roy Abrams, Mrs. Ferd Lucas, Mrs. D. R. Maze, Miss Sue Terry, Miss Jennie Throop, Miss Alice Potter, Miss Etta Adams, Miss Millicent Coss, Miss Frances Walker, Miss Pearl O'Hair, Miss Lydia Williams, Miss Mabel Wright, Miss Hildegard Haspel, Miss Bonnie Miller, Little Miss Carolyn Newman attended the door.

TILL AFTER THE ELECTION

Many Fear That the Weather Men, Following the Example of the Republican Party Have Postponed all Rain Till After November 3d.

For several days it has been trying very hard to rain. Local forecasters and those supposedly wise in the ways of the weather have told us that rain was due and we would get our share. It has, thus far, however, been all in vain. Clouds there have been, and wind and changes from warm to cold and from cold to warm again, but no rain.

Now we have at least a hint as to the reason for all this. The rain is to be postponed till after the election. The weather men are all appointed by the Republicans, and therefore partake of the Republican point of view. Republicans are radically opposed to doing anything—till after the election, except work, work, work. It is feared that rain might interfere with that work, or anger some one who has declared that it will not rain till it snows. Hence the rain will also be put off till after the election. And this is the cause of the many clouds and no rain.

DEATH OF MRS. MORARITY

Mrs. Anna Morarity died last night at her home in the south part of town, after an illness of several months. Mrs. Morarity was born in Ireland in 1832 and came to this country with her husband when a young woman. After her husband's death she lived alone, till the last few months of her life when her niece Miss Bee Burns, of New York and brother Patrick Mahaffy, have been with her. The funeral service will be held at St. Paul's Catholic Church at nine o'clock on Tuesday morning, conducted by Father McLaughlin.

DEATH OF GEO. BUSBY

The death of George Busby occurred last night at 11 o'clock at his home near Reelsville. Mr. Busby was born April 11, 1836. He leaves a widow, Mrs. Hannah Boone Busby and four children: Frank Busby, Lawrence Busby, Mrs. Alfred Curtis of Putnamville and Mrs. Charles Torr of Muscovia, Okla. The funeral services will be held Wednesday at the residence at 10:30 conducted by Rev. W. L. Torr. Burial at Boone Cemetery, 6 miles southwest of Greencastle.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Mary F. Clark to Luther E. Herbert and wife, land in Washington tp., \$ 850
Olivi Priest to William H. Kelley, land in Monroe tp., ... 1766
Olivi Priest to William H. Kelley, land in Monroe tp., ... 853
Marion Hurst to Edna Maud McNary, by will, land in Marion tp.,

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

SURPRISED BY FRIENDS

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Phillips Are Reminded by Uninvited Guests That It Was the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of Their Wedding.

REFRESHMENTS COME IN BASKETS

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Phillips were the recipients of a surprise on Saturday evening, when a number of friends reminded them in a most substantial way that it was their wedding anniversary. Even more than this it was their twenty-fifth anniversary, and it is the more surprising that they were caught napping this time for five years ago the same thing happened on their twentieth anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillips were at supper when the guests to the number of some score and a half broke in upon them. It required but a few moments to transfer the house into a scene of mirth and pleasure. Everyone was out for a good time, and games of all sorts, and especially charades, were indulged in with gusto.

Later the guests again took control of affairs and from corners and hallways where they had been stored on entering, baskets of good things to eat were produced, and most bountiful refreshments were served. The whole affair was informal and the pleasure all the greater for that very reason.

On leaving the guests presented the hosts with a handsome present and with many wishes for many returns of the day and of such mirth and pleasure.

CLERKS ARE ENTERTAINED

The clerks at Allen Bros.' store spent a most delightful day yesterday as the guests of Mrs. L. D. Sechman, living nine miles east. They drove out early in order to put in full time on the day of pleasure they anticipated. And they found the day all too short for them. To say they were royally entertained, they claim, is putting it too mildly. Music and conversation, kodak picture-making and horseback riding were some of the diversions. The dinner was a very important feature, and was lavish in quantity and delicious in quality. In fact serious fears were entertained for the clerks' ability to handle the trade today but no serious results are manifest and all unite in their praises of Mrs. Sechman's hospitality. Following are the names of those present: Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Allen, Jr., and little daughter, Cornelia, Miss Clara Smith, Rose Haspel, Gertrude Hawkins, Beniah Pierce, Mamie Long, Myrtle Fry, Emma Johnson and Lulla Shildmyer.

CRAWLEY PROPERTY IS SOLD

Several Buildings Belonging to the Estate of the Late Greencastle Merchant are Disposed of at Auction on the Steps of the Court House This Afternoon at 1 O'clock.

HOME BOUGHT BY JOHN CANNON

The several pieces of property belonging to the John Cawley heirs were sold at public auction by the Central Trust Co., trustee of the estate, at the court house steps at 1 o'clock this afternoon. The property was sold at the order of the court. Joe Allen was the auctioneer.

In all five pieces of property were sold. The first was two lots in Commercial place. They went to Ed Calender at \$33.34.

James P. Hughes bought a four-room house at the corner of Apple and Depot Streets for \$675.

The Cawley Coal and Feed lot was bought by Mort Marshall for \$945.

W. L. Denman, for the Plee-zee Co., bought the business block in which the Cawley coal office is located for \$2360.00.

The Cawley home place was bid in by John Cannon who gives \$3,000 for the property.

NOTICE TO PATRONS

On and after November 4 all of the barber shops will close at 7 o'clock p. m. instead of 8 p. m. each evening except Saturday. On Saturday night the shops will close at 11 o'clock. 619

If you want seats for the College Lecture Course there are still a few left.

Hurry Hurry

To Langdon's

Before they are all sold.

Single admission tickets go on sale Thursday at 2 p.m.

Are Window Panes Broken

This is the time of year that the cool winds begin to tell you of the broken window panes. You should have these fixed at once.

THE GLASS AND THE PUTTY

For this work are ready for you at this store. We have anticipated your needs and have all the various sizes of window glasses cut and ready for you. Don't delay any longer in attending to this, for winter will soon be here.

THE OWL DRUG STORE

For
25
Years

We have been doing business in your community; we went through the panic of 1893 and 1907 and paid every depositor that called for his money on demand; and we expect to continue to do so; we have laid aside one hundred thousand dollars to make good any losses we might have, which with our capital stock and conservative management ought to commend us to the people of Putnam County. We want your business.

Central National Bank



The Very Latest Models in Women's Tailored Suits

Came to our Dept. of Women's Clothes Ready-to-Wear This Morning

Some extremely desirable suits are shown in Black and Favored Colors—with 45 inch coat—a strictly tailored model.

The cut illustrates another new model that bids fair to be a big seller.

Whether you intend purchasing a new Tailored Suit or not—we shall be pleased to show you the most comprehensive assortment of Tailored Suits, Cloaks, Shirtwaists and Dress Skirts we have ever shown—

And that means—in Greencastle.

\$10.00 buys choice of a big variety of New Style Cloaks for Women—Black and all colors, in sizes up to 44.

ALLEN BROS.

THE HERALD

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 Telephone, No. 65

FOR PRESIDENT,
 William J. Bryan of Nebraska.
 FOR VICE PRESIDENT, ..
 John W. Kern of Indiana.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET

GOVERNOR,
 Thomas R. Marshall, Columbia City
 LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
 Frank J. Hall, Rushville.
 JUDGE OF SUPREME COURT,
 B. Lalry, Logansport.
 ATTORNEY GENERAL,
 Walter J. Lotz, Muncie.
 SECRETARY OF STATE,
 James F. Cox, Columbus.
 AUDITOR OF STATE,
 Marion Bailey, Ellettsville.
 TREASURER OF STATE,
 John Isenbarger, N. Manchester.
 APPELLATE JUDGE,
 E. W. Felt, Greenfield.
 REPORTER SUPREME COURT,
 Curt New, North Vernon.
 STATE STATISTICIAN,
 P. J. Kelleher, Indianapolis.
 STATE SUPERINTENDENT,
 Robert J. Aley, Bloomington.

PUTNAM COUNTY TICKET

REPRESENTATIVE,
 D. B. Hostetter,
 TREASURER,
 Jasper Miller,
 SHERIFF,
 Frank Stroube,
 COMMISSIONER, THIRD DIST.,
 Ed Houck.
 CORONER,
 R. J. Gillespie,
 SURVEYOR,
 Joe Lane.
 COMMISSIONER, 2nd DIST.,
 George E. Rain.

JOINT DISTRICT TICKET

FOR CONGRESS
 Ralph Moss
 FOR PROSECUTOR
 James P. Hughes.
 FOR JOINT SENATOR
 F. C. Tilden.

TOWNSHIP TICKET.

For Trustee,
 Lincoln Snyder.
 FOR ASSESSOR,
 John W. Cherry.

The Star & Democrat has been authorized by State Committee to receive contributions for the campaign. All money received will be forwarded to the Democratic State Committee, to be used in securing and distributing political literature, paying the expenses of speakers and paying organization. Contributions of \$1.00 and upward may be left at this office. We urge prompt and liberal action. The names of contributors, and the amount given will be forwarded to the State Committee, which will mail a receipt to each person signed by the chairman.

POLITICAL SLANDERS.

The present campaign will pass down in history as the most virulent and personal since the Cleveland-Blain campaign. Especially in Indiana has the campaign for governor become a stench in the nostrils of decent men. Some persons, posing as moral reformers, have stooped to the lowest depths of slander and falsehood in insinuations against Marshall. Others have raked over the record of Watson's life, exaggerated what was found there, and given to the world a slanderous estimate of the man. Marshall is accused by Hanly of being for the saloons, and the declaration is denied by Marshall, whose reputation for veracity is at least equal to that of Hanly, and possibly superior when it comes to politics. We are told that all the evil forces are seeking to elect Marshall, a statement not proved beyond the fact that Watson stated it upon the stump. Watson is accused of having gone to the saloon keepers in many counties and assured them that if they will support the Republican

ticket the Republicans will use all the power of the political machine to defeat county local option in the county. It is also alleged that Ex-Governor Durbin has made some arrangements with the brewers of the state on behalf of Watson. Further we are assured that in Muncie and Indianapolis and other cities we find saloon men and temperance men working side by side for Watson. Such is the rot that voters are asked to read. In their hearts they know that neither side states facts. They are campaign statements, unproved, unprovable. It simply shows the lack of purity and honesty in American politics that such things can exist. Let decent men cease this form of campaigning. Thus the Indianapolis Star, when Marshall delivered his Richmond speech, declared that he was a "man of such fiber that no one should be ought but pleased to see him sit four years in the executive chair." Now it denounces him for political purposes and for cash, as a very rascal. Should he be elected we shall hear from that same organ praise of the character of Marshall. It is time that, as American voters, we rise above such things.

Why, if the Republicans are getting no money for corrupt purposes, as they claim, should they not make public the contributions before the election. Why endure all the suspicion and be the butt of newspaper attack when nothing is to be gained? Is it another case of refusing to do the thing because the other party started it?

It is a little ludicrous to hear men who have just bet all their spare cash and whose noses are red from potatoes other than water arguing Watson's morality as a campaign asset. Evidently the reform boasted of does not extend beyond the political situation.

DEMOCRATIC NEWS

Marshall and His Church.
 The following from the Presbyterian Clergyman at Columbia City, Mr. Marshall's home, is interesting to many who have given ear to some of the slanders going the rounds: "Columbia City, Ind., Oct. 19, 1908. "Mr. Frank W. Carr, Charleston, Ind. "Dear Sir and Brother—Pardon me for my delay in answering your inquiry. I am very glad to have the opportunity of telling you about Mr. Marshall, and I wish every elder who hears such reports would do likewise.

"Mr. Marshall is a man of unimpeachable character in every respect. He is the foremost man in this town in a religious way, and both he and his wife are the chief pillars of support in our church, financially and spiritually. He has been a trustee since the church was organized, and is also a bible class teacher, and is on the executive committee of the Presbyterian Brotherhood. He is an ardent churchman, a true blue Presbyterian of the old-fashioned school. "Not only is he not a drunkard but he is a total abstainer and has been for many years. No one here even dreams of Tom Marshall tasting liquor of any kind. His wife is our primary teacher in the Sunday School and our most capable worker in all the church and missionary societies.

She has always accompanied Mr. Marshall on his law and business trips as a matter of congeniality, for they have no children, and live by themselves. He could not make his campaign without her, for she is a great support physically and sympathetically. Any other motive for her traveling I wish, as their pastor, to brand as a malicious campaign lie. "Mr. Marshall's first hobby in life is the Presbyterian church, then the Democratic party, and he is in every way worthy of the support and encouragement of church people, and especially those of his own household of faith. I wish you might in every way help to counteract those fake reports in your community. I have written very conservatively about him, and any other minister in town will confirm what I have said. Mr. Marshall has always refused to become an elder. Anything you may see fit to do with the contents of this letter in the interest of Mr. Marshall you are at liberty to do.

Fraternally,
 "A. D. SUTHERLAND."

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.

Engraved cards at the Herald Office.

READ THIS BEFORE YOU VOTE

ARE YOU GOING TO SURRENDER THE RIGHT TO CONTROL YOUR OWN GOVERNMENT?

Do you want in the United States

Liberty, or Coercion?
 Republic, or Empire?
 Democracy, or Autocracy?
 President, or Czar?
 Governor, or Dictator?
 The Constitution, or One Man's Will?

Shall there be in nation and state three departments of government, legislative executive and judicial, or only one, based on usurpation—whether by Roosevelt and Taft or Hanly and Watson?

SHALL THE OCCUPANT OF THE WHITE HOUSE DICTATE HIS SUCCESSOR?

Shall the People rule, or shall the Government be administered by and for the trusts, privileged classes, special interests, officeholders and party favorites?

Shall the occupant of the White House dictate his successor?

Theodore Roosevelt, president first by tragedy and next by false pretense, has thrown off the mask and revealed his true character.

What at first were either excused as eccentricities or applauded as honest blunders, must, in the light of the president's attitude in the present campaign, be looked upon as contemptuous disregard of the constitution, the laws, the institutions and traditions of the country and the people.

Mr. Roosevelt assumed the right to make treaties without the consent of the senate.

He has sent Taft, Root and other royal ambassadors abroad with imperial instructions.

He connived at and afterward defended as an "accomplished fact" the spoliation of the Republic of Colombia.

He rules foreign peoples as dependent subjects.

He gave his consent to the absorption by that giant monopoly, the steel trust, of its principal competitor, the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, which had been first forced into trouble by Wall street manipulation.

He has publicly denounced abuses while secretly placing himself under obligations to those who are guilty of them.

Under his administration trusts have multiplied, special interests have thrived, expenses have piled up, the burdens of the people have grown heavier, the cost of living has enormously increased, and a panic has occurred which has produced idleness, impoverished thousands of business men and brought hunger into hundreds of thousands of homes.

AND YET MR. ROOSEVELT DEMANDS OF THE PEOPLE THAT THEY APPROVE HIS SELECTION AND ELECT WILLIAM H. TAFT AS HIS SUCCESSOR.

He is managing Taft's campaign from the White House, using government clerks, paid by all the people, to convey his orders and commands to 300,000 other officeholders also paid by the people, and to all other persons subject to his power or susceptible to his influence.

It is the purpose of Mr. Roosevelt to control the presidential succession, if possible.

He declares that he has been training Taft for seven years to take his place.

He dictated his nomination, forcing it by using the power of his office and in disregard of the laws regulating the civil service.

Ben-in-Law Longworth, in a public speech, proclaimed the purpose of the new dynasty to be the election of Taft for eight years, Roosevelt again for eight years more, and down the line.

The present secretary of war, Luke E. Wright, in a speech in New York on Oct. 19, resented the charge that Roosevelt is only a "hired man," and declared that he is "the chief ruler of the country."

Senator Beveridge, in a speech in Kansas City on the same date, said that "there is no longer a Democratic party—only the government and the opposition," a condition which exists only in an autocracy like Russia.

Two years ago Elihu Root, Mr. Roosevelt's secretary of state, proclaimed the new doctrine of "wiping out state lines," which would center all government power at Washington.

Taft has knowledge of, is a part of and sympathizes with all these dangerous tendencies—these things which point to the overthrow of constitutional government and the subversion of the liberties of the people.

Under this order of things only favorites are to profit through tariffs, subsidies, special privileges, offices—and private snags like the Panama Canal swindle, wherein it is said Douglas Robinson, a brother-in-law of the president Charles P. Taft, a brother of Candidate Taft; Morgan, Cromwell, Sheldon and other Taft supporters, financiers and speculators, pocketed more than \$30,000,000 of ill-gotten gain shoveled out of the United States treasury.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY HAS BEEN GUILTY OF THE RANKEST EXTRAVAGANCE AND WASTE.

The expenses of the National Government have more than doubled in ten years and now reach a billion dollars a year.

The expenses of the state offices have increased more than 100 per cent in the past twelve years.

Have all these millions of money taken from the people been honestly spent?

Is there graft, crookedness and rascality in the state house?

Is there untold rottenness in Washington?

How will you ever find out unless you vote for a change?

Bryan in the nation and Marshall in the state stand for rule by the people, constitutional government, reduced taxes and economy and honesty in administration.

Public officials are the servants, and not the masters of the people, according to the Democratic creed, and a vote for the candidates of the Democratic party will be a vote against official insolence and threatened despotism.

REPUBLICANS HOWL CALAMITY

Seek to Destroy Public Confidence in Futile Effort to Defeat Bryan.

Facing inevitable defeat and with a full knowledge of the fact that Bryan's election is as certain as anything reasonably can be in politics, the Republicans have been forced to resort to the last refuge of political cowards—to the calamity howl. They are now engaged in telling the country that panic and ruin will follow the election of Mr. Bryan. Instead of being patriotic citizens anxious to restore business confidence—a confidence which has been lost under a Republican administration—to subserve their own political selfish purposes they are vainly endeavoring to prolong the present business depression. The question naturally suggests itself: Why is it necessary to restore confidence? Why is it necessary to bring back business prosperity? What has become of confidence, what has become of prosperity? Both, under a Republican administration, have disappeared. Why is another Republican administration necessary to insure a return of confidence and prosperity?

The very same men who, today, are going about the country still further destroying confidence by preaching calamity, are the men, who, four years ago said that the Republican party must be successful in order that there might be prosperity. The Republican party was successful, but instead of bringing prosperity it brought panic, business depression and commercial stagnation. Whatever may be said of the present panic, it cannot be denied that it is a Republican panic. The Republican party is in full possession of the government and must accept the responsibility. How, then, can a continuation of the Republican party in power cure the evils from which the business community and the laboring man now suffer? Let the Republicans howl about their own panic, and not make false predictions about what will happen under a Democratic administration. They predicted prosperity four years ago, and proven false prophets. Why, then, should any sane man accept their premonitions now when they say that Bryan's election would bring business troubles. Business troubles are already here. What business men want is a cure for them, not a prolongation of the disease by the same sort of treatment which has produced the ailment.

Because business men and laboring men both know that a Republican administration has produced panic, they will not be deceived again by these false cries of Republican calamity howlers. They know that William Jennings Bryan is an honest man; they know that he will give the public an honest administration. They know that the calamity howl is for the sole purpose of deception.

RAILROAD EMPLOYEES VS. MR. TAFT.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers' Journal, in May, 1893, said: "Judge Taft's decision proclaims members of the B. of L. E. a band of conspirators." Also, "We can not accept Judge Taft's decision in any other light than treason to republican institutions and the liberties of the people. It is, will be, and ought to be denounced and repudiated by all liberty loving men." * * * The impudent falsehood that trusts and monopolies cheapen products and benefit the consumer is disproved by the fact that the price of commodities controlled by these monsters has been arbitrarily increased for no cause except to pay dividends on fictitious capital by methods that make larceny respectable. * * * —Ex-Senator John J. Ingalls.

FARMERS RESENT COERCION

Resolutions Passed by Indiana Tillers Condemn Statements of President Sharples—Endless Chain Among Farmers.

Chairman Mack was informed by wire today that at a meeting of representative farmers of Washington township, Marion county, Indiana, the following resolutions were adopted, and it was also agreed to form an endless chain among the farmers of the country:

Whereas, The Associated Press has sent out a statement issued by P. M. Sharples, president of the Sharples Separator Company of Westchester, Pa., saying that the hour Bryan is elected the Sharples works will close down, and

Whereas, Such statements as this will intensify the present financial panic and will also tend to bring on, if possible, other and greater financial calamity; therefore, be it

Resolved, That as farmers who have the good of our country at heart, we deeply deplore such unwarranted statements, and believing they are made for partisan purposes to intimidate and influence voters, we herewith denounce all firms making this and similar announcements, as narrow and bigoted, and in these times of disloyalty to the best business interests of the nation, and in as much as the persons and firms now resorting to these unfair and unpatriotic methods maintain their businesses by patronage of democrats as well as republicans, we condemn these methods as an insult to any democratic patron which ought to be, and which we hope will be, resented.

Resolved, That we hereby call upon the farmers of the nation, irrespective of party, who believe in fair play, to unite with us through their organization and as individuals, in crushing out this unwise and indiscreet spirit which would sacrifice the country's welfare for party success. (Signed) Albert Blue, chairman; Ross S. Ludlow, secretary.

DEMOCRATIC SPEAKING

Hon' C. A. Airhart

At Center School House, Clinton tp., Tuesday, October 27—7:00 p. m.

Hon. C. A. Airhart

At Belle Union, Thursday Oct. 29—7:00 p. m.

New Motion Pictures And Dissolving Views

With Song at OPERA HOUSE, TO-NIGHT. Change of program each evening. Good Music.

Admission 10 Cents. Children 5 Cents.

BLUSH IF YOU CAN.

It is a Sign of an Active Brain, Declares a Scientist.

Sir Arthur Mitchell, K. C. B., of Edinburgh, who knows much that is strange about dreams, laughter and other commonplace human characteristics, has advanced the consoling theory that blushing is an achievement of which every one who can blush should be proud.

He says it requires brains to blush. Idiots cannot blush; neither can animals. Sir Arthur calls attention to the fact that tiny infants do not blush, although they learn to at an early age—just as soon, in fact, as the brain begins to exercise its functions. In blushing, he says, the mind always must be affected. It is always and only a bodily expression of a mental state.

It is a natural thing for a blusher to say that he had tried not to blush. No individual blushes of his own free will. The blush arises without call instantaneously and vanishes almost as quickly. Neither for its coming nor its going is there any exercise of volition. It is controlled, Sir Arthur says, solely by the brain and is a positive sign that there is an active brain there.—New York World.

Boissier's High Priced Autograph.

A good Boissier-Renan anecdote is told by a French paper. One day Boissier arrived at Renan's home with a beaming face, saying: "Now I'll tell you a piece of news that will humiliate you. My autograph has fetched a higher price than yours." "That does not surprise me," Renan said serenely. "And where did you hear this?" It then turned out that at an auction a day or two before a Renan autograph had been sold for 3 francs and a Boissier for 5. "Well," Renan went on, "now let me tell you the reason. There were three faults in the spelling of your letter, which is now lying here on my writing table. A friend of mine was at the auction and made a higher bid for the letter after noticing the artificial gems that adorned your prose. He brought it to me in order that I might return it to you instead of reaching the public, which might get a bad impression of the accomplishments of members of the French academy."

Got Near It.
 A primary teacher was presenting to her class selections from the story of Hwatha preparatory to taking up the "Hwatha Primer." The story was prefaced by a few remarks in regard to the poet and his love for children.

In reviewing the lesson she asked: "How many remember the name of the poet who wrote this story?" Up went many hands.

"You may tell us, Sarah," added the teacher, noticing the little one wildly waving her hand in her intense eagerness to respond.

"Mr. Longlegs," said the child, with evident pride.—Lippincott's.

A Quaint Critic.

A noted woman teacher once spoke before a class of school children on literature. She had spent a week writing the speech. She read it to the little ones, as she hoped, with great success, but the next day she heard that a boy on being asked by his mother what had happened at the school replied carelessly:

"Oh, nothing much, except that a lady talked to herself on a piece of paper."

Would Mortgage the Farm.

A farmer on Rural Route 2, Empire, Ga., W. A. Floyd by name, says: "Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured the two worst sores I ever saw; one on my hand and one on my leg. It is worth more than its weight in gold. I would not be without it if I had to mortgage the farm to get it." Only 25c, at the Owl Drug Store.

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 Tickets sold Nov. 4th to 10th, inclusive
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 CHRISTIAN CHURCH CONVENTION
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 COLONIST TICKETS
 CALIFORNIA, MEXICO, BRITISH COLUMBIA AND POINTS IN THE WEST AND SOUTH WEST
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 To the WEST, NORTHWEST, SOUTHWEST, MICHIGAN, MEXICO and BRITISH POSSESSIONS.
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 California, Mexico, British Columbia, and Points in the West, Northwest and Southwest
 On sale daily to Oct. 31, 1908
 Home Seekers' Rates
 To the West, Northwest, Southwest, Michigan, Mexico and British Possessions
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H. J. Rhein, G. P. A., Cincinnati, O.
 G. P. O. 75.

INTERURBAN TIME TABLE.

EAST BOUND		
	Lv. G. C.	Lv. T. H.
6 local ..	6:05 am	
8 local ..	7:15 am	5:30 am
10 local ..	8:15 am	6:30 am
102 Limited ..	9:40 am	8:15 am
14 local ..	10:17 am	8:30 am
16 local ..	11:15 am	9:30 am
104 Limited ..	12:40 pm	11:15 am
20 local ..	1:17 pm	11:30 am
22 local ..	2:15 pm	12:30 pm
106 Limited ..	3:40 pm	2:15 pm
28 local ..	4:17 pm	2:30 pm
32 local ..	5:15 pm	3:30 pm
108 Limited ..	6:40 pm	5:15 pm
38 local ..	7:17 pm	6:30 pm
42 local ..	8:15 pm	7:30 pm
46 local ..	9:17 pm	8:30 pm
50 local ..	11:15 pm	9:30 pm
52 local ..	12:15 am	10:30 pm

WEST BOUND

	Lv. G. C.	Lv. Indp.
7 local ..	5:45 am	
9 local ..	6:42 am	
11 local ..	7:42 am	6:00 am
15 local ..	8:42 am	7:00 am
101 Limited ..	9:35 am	8:15 am
17 local ..	10:42 am	9:00 am
21 local ..	11:42 am	10:00 am
103 Limited ..	12:35 pm	11:15 am
27 local ..	1:42 pm	12:00 pm
31 local ..	2:42 pm	1:00 pm
105 Limited ..	3:35 pm	2:15 pm
37 local ..	4:42 pm	3:00 pm
41 local ..	5:42 pm	4:00 pm
107 Limited ..	6:35 pm	5:15 pm
47 local ..	7:42 pm	6:00 pm
109 Limited ..	8:35 pm	7:00 pm
51 local ..	10:42 pm	9:00 pm
53 arrives ..	1:02 am	11:30 pm

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WILLIAM ALSPAUGH.

Wilmer's Escape.

By COLIN S. COLLINS.

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Literary Press.

Lake Hammond penitentiary had been built on an island in the lake from which it took its name long before the campers discovered what a lovely place the lake was. At the time of its building Hammond had been fifty miles from the nearest town of any size, and only a spur track ran down to the shore of the lake, connecting with the flat bottomed boat that ferried the freight cars over to the island. Now the south shore fairly bristled with camps and huge hotels. Even on the north the beach and the numerous little islands were dotted with white tents and weather stained log huts.

The campers objected to the presence of the penitentiary, with its great gray barracks and its forbidding iron bars across the windows. That the penitentiary was there first did not alter the situation. The permanent campers wished the prison removed that they might enjoy their three months in camp untroubled by the thought of a possible jail delivery.

No stone walls surrounded the island. Only here and there a guard hut dotted the white expanse of the stone pier, which had been built entirely about the island, ready to shoot at any prisoner who might rashly try to escape. Few tried. It was a good two miles to the nearest shore, and in the winter the white expanse of ice made a background against which a convict would become a fair target for the guns.

Nancy Barlow liked to run her boat in close to the wall and wave her hand to the prisoners sullenly working on the new wing. They could not wave back, she knew, but she liked to believe that this sign from the world outside cheered them in their work. The guards all came to know her and the trim little racing motor boat. They presented arms with a grin as she sped past the wall, and Nancy had the feeling that they answered for the prisoners.

Her little motor was the fastest boat on the lake, and she spent her days speeding up and down the placid surface. She consumed vast quantities of petrol, but the outdoor life was bringing back the roses to her cheeks, and James Barlow would have run a pipe line to the lake if necessary to bring about that result. He had refused his consent to the marriage of Nancy and Fred Wilmer, but he felt vaguely troubled when he saw how the girl had drooped. She was all he had left in the world, and he could not lose her too. It was as much this as a tendency to wildness on Wilmer's part that had led to his refusal, and could he have found Wilmer he would have reconsidered his determination.

But Wilmer had dropped from sight, and none of his old acquaintances knew what had become of him.

Nancy had learned to handle a motor under his guidance on the lake the year before, and her devotion to the boat was in part due to that fact. As she guided the little craft among the channels he had shown her, she liked to dream day dreams of the time when they two should share a boat again. So real was the imagined presence at times that now, as Nancy puffed past the prison island and looked on the parade ground, she rubbed her eyes as she noticed the leader of a file of convicts making their way along the edge of the wall.

It did not seem possible that it could be Wilmer, but as the little file came nearer, she was certain. Wilmer had never worn a mustache, and there was no mistaking the face. She even fancied that she caught a gleam of recognition in his eyes, as he passed with firm tread. She shut off the power and turned to look after the men in the striped suits. It came as a shock to her that Wilmer was wearing the stripes. She was certain that he had done nothing to deserve imprisonment. It must have been all a mistake, and he had been too proud to call upon his friends for aid. She turned her boat, determined to visit the prison office and find out something about the causes which had led to his incarceration.

As she did so there was a sudden commotion in the line. The even tread of the lockstep was broken, and Wilmer, with a sudden dash, had knocked down the keeper and sprung into the water.

A score of keepers rushed to the water wall and emptied their rifles after the escaping convict, while two of the prison boats which happened to be close at hand started in pursuit. Nancy was quicker yet. Throwing on full speed, she faced the fire from the shore and from the first of the two boats. In a moment she was beside Wilmer, helping him into the launch. Then she sprang to the wheel again and headed for the mainland.

"Why didn't you let us know that you were in trouble?" she demanded as the boat, once more under control, hummed toward the shore. "We would have helped you out. You know that, Fred."

"Only got here yesterday," he explained. "I was going to look you up after my escape, but it is a case of business first."

"You know the little cave up on the mountain?" she asked. "Make for that, and I will bring you other clothes this afternoon."

"Your father might object to loaning his clothes to a convict," suggested Wilmer, with a laugh.

"I don't care whether he does or not," said Nancy bravely. "You are in trouble, and he will have to see you

out of it. He has a lot of political influence, and he can get you a pardon." "Then you do care?" asked Wilmer eagerly. "He told me that you said that you no longer cared for me; that you had asked him to dismiss me."

"And that was why you stayed away?" she cried.

Wilmer nodded an assent. Nancy's pretty lips made a white line where they were compressed together. She had not a little of the Barlow stubbornness.

"I don't care if you are a convict," she said bravely. "I love you, and I am going to marry you. I didn't want a man who ran away from a negative and didn't hold on to fight for the girl he wanted, but this puts things in a different light. I don't care what you did."

The boat had reached the shore, and, without pausing to make reply, Wilmer leaped from the bow to the sand and rushed into the thicket. There was no word of farewell. Nancy's lips quivered in hurt surprise, but her face blanched as, a moment later, Wilmer stroled out of the thicket again just as the prison boats steamed up.

To Nancy's surprise men from the boats rushed toward Wilmer and began to talk excitedly. However, they made no effort to seize him, and the prison guards remained contentedly in the boat smoking cigarettes and joking among themselves. Wilmer detached himself from the group and came toward Nancy.

"I am afraid you will scold me for not explaining the trick, but I didn't want to waste a film and—I did want to be assured of your love. I am a convict only for today. Your father, among other pleasant things, reminded me of my idle life. To show that I could do something I put my abilities as an amateur actor to use as the stage manager for a motion picture concern."

"And this was all one of those plays that are reproduced?" demanded Nancy in disgust.

"All except the part in the boat," was his reply. "That was not a part of the film as written. I did not dare dream of such an addition to the plot."

"To think of me trying to save you, and all the time you were laughing at me!"

"I was not laughing," assured Wilmer as he took her hand. "It was the bravest thing a woman ever did for the man she loved. You are not angry at me, are you, Nancy?"

Nancy looked into the earnest, pleading eyes.

"Did I act as though I were?" she demanded. "You play the rest of your little play and then we'll have a chat with father. I'll be present to see that he gets things right this time, but you mustn't make a motion picture of it," she added playfully.

"I should say not," assented Wilmer. "We'll let Cupid manage the stage this time. I'll just play my part."

Labor Saving Style.
Mr. Perkins did not often comment on his wife's dress or make suggestions, but one day he looked at her so long and thoughtfully that she inquired if there was anything he did not like about her new gown.

"No, my dear," said Mr. Perkins hastily, "certainly not. I was only thinking. That waist of yours seems to be so elaborate, with the lace and all. Why not have a simpler mode of dress?"

"Why not, indeed?" said Mrs. Perkins sweetly. "I suppose you've seen one that just pleased you. What was it like?"

"It was white," said her husband, "all white and perfectly plain, my dear; not a particle of lace or ruffling or what I think I have heard you call tucks, nothing of the sort. All there was, my dear, was a simple little braid in flower patterns of some sort. It covered the entire waist."

"I sat beside the lady for half an hour in the car, and I can assure you it was quite neat and attractive. Simmons and I spoke of it on the way up from the train. He said he should mention it to his wife."

"You poor ignorant creatures!" said Mrs. Perkins tenderly. "The days and days it must have taken to make that 'neat, simple, plain little waist!'"—Youth's Companion.

International Hens.
The advantages that people who live exactly on the line between two countries have in escaping the customs and other regulations of both countries have often been recounted. Probably the most picturesque instance of this kind of evasion occurred in the town of Nogales, which lies exactly on the boundary between Mexico and Arizona.

On the United States side of the line in this town eggs were at one time made costly by the revision of the tariff schedule pertaining to that product, inasmuch as the hens in that region were chiefly owned on the Mexican side and were fed by the peasants on cheap Mexican grain.

One year a Maine Yankee arrived in Nogales with an eye to business. He was convinced that his opportunity lay in the high price of eggs. Accordingly he put up a long henhouse exactly across the boundary line. At the Mexican end he regularly fed his hens with low priced Mexican grain.

The fowls ate their grain in Mexico and then walked across the line into the United States to lay their eggs. The transaction was, of course, perfectly legitimate, for the proprietor of the henhouse smuggled neither grain nor eggs. But he availed himself of high prices on one side and low prices on the other.—New York Tribune.

The Tender Moonlight.
"Wonder why moonlight is so conducive to tender sentiments?"

"That's easy. Most any girl looks well by moonlight."

Love In a Dictionary

(Original.)

Not long after my being graduated as a civil engineer I was placed in charge of a section of a railroad running through a large tract composing the hacienda of Don Jose Miranda. On the evening of my arrival on the ground I received an invitation from him to make his house my headquarters. Had I been older I might have declined to place myself under obligation, but in youth one is not so likely to refuse favors.

Nor is one at that age overscrupulous in love. Don Jose had a pretty daughter, Dona Ysabel, who was heir to a considerable portion of his estate. I, who had nothing but my profession and not much income even in it, should not have listened to a moment to the temptation to make love to this heiress. When a youngster wishes to do the right thing in such a case he is apt to beat the devil about the stump by showing his heart to the girl in some covert way. I beat the devil around the stump not only as a salute to my conscience, but because I was not afforded an opportunity to make love openly. Besides, I had no reason to suppose that the young lady would respond, and to think of receiving a snub from her for proffered love quite took my breath away. Prudence dictated a plan that was noncommittal.

I never saw Dona Ysabel alone, but I passed many evenings at the house in company with the family. One evening I took a dictionary from the library on pretense of looking for the Spanish for a word I wished to use. Don Jose was in the room with others, and Dona Ysabel was looking over my shoulder.

There is a story that a courtier who aspired to the favor of Queen Elizabeth of England wrote his aspiration and his fears on a window pane with a diamond and received his reply in the same way. The message and reply constitute a rhyme and are familiar to most people who have received a finished education. Whether Dona Ysabel had ever met with them I did not know. While turning over the leaves of the dictionary I stopped and held my thumb for awhile on the word "fain." Then, carefully turning over the leaves, I suffered it to remain on the word "would." In this way I indicated the line:

Fain would I climb, but fear to fail.

I had reached the word "climb" and was looking for "but" when Dona Ysabel walked away from me. I inferred that she had not seen through my device, for if she had a natural feminine curiosity would have led her to remain where she was till I had finished. Replacing the dictionary in the library, I began a conversation with her father about the location of the railroad through his hacienda, a subject in which he was interested.

The next morning I arose and breakfasted, as was my custom, long before the family were downstairs and was going to my work when, passing through the library, I was surprised to see the dictionary lying open on a table. Going to it, my eye rested on the pages before me, which included words beginning with the letter "I." Under the word "if" I noticed a light pencil mark.

My heart jumped. "If" was the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reply to the aspiring courtier. Rapidly turning over the leaves to words beginning with "if" I looked for "you." There was a pencil mark under it. "Are" was the next word in the queen's reply, and this, too, I found underscored. I had seen all I required to convince me that I not only had a reply to my message, but the reply I desired. It was this:

If you're afraid, climb not at all, completing the famous rhyme:
Fain would I climb, but fear to fail.
If you're afraid, climb not at all.

It was so well known to Dona Ysabel that she did not need to see it completed after the word "climb."

On the surface, from this time till I had finished my work, Dona Ysabel and I were merely acquaintances. We did not even use the dictionary or any other means of communication, but the night before I was to take my departure, again making a pretext of finding a word, I withdrew the volume from the library and began a hunt. Ysabel stood over me, and I pointed to the following words:

The way is dark. The road I fail to see.

As soon as I had completed my message Ysabel left me and, taking up some embroidery, devoted herself to it. But I watched her and saw that she was in deep thought. After awhile she laid aside her work and, turning to the dictionary that lay on the table, began to turn over the leaves. I went and stood over her. She pointed out the following reply:

Make your demand and leave the rest to me.

After the family had retired for the night and I was having a few final words with Don Jose about the section of the railroad I had located I suddenly astonished him by asking for his daughter's hand. It was not only my impudence that startled him, but wonder that I should have made such a demand without something of a courtship as is customary in the United States. Before he could make any reply I said that, of course, he and his daughter would together agree upon a reply which could be sent me and made my exit as rapidly as I could without appearing precipitate.

It was not till six months after my request that I received a note from Don Jose, stating that his daughter's hand had been too strong for him and her wishes were paramount with him. I was invited to the hacienda.

SPENCER TROWBRIDGE.

The Irritating Mississippi.

The Mississippi is the greatest irritant in the United States. Its fickleness, conscious power and taunting oddies bring oaths to the lips of the most respectable and law abiding residents along its lower course. The greatest admirers of the river, the people who sing its praises with the most emphasis, are the ones who go off on a tangent of temper quickest when they find a new caving of river bank headed toward the newest and most expensive levee, built to protect great plantations, while just across the stream rise worthless bluffs and useless sand bars. Talk to a Mississippi river man—shanty boater, pilot, raftsmen, plantation owner or city merchant—and he will brag about the river wonders. Its bigness charms him and makes him feel large and elated. Bring him around to his own experiences with it, and suddenly a shade of resentment crosses his face as he recalls a shanty boat wrecked by a cyclone, a steamboat snagged, a raft torn up in some bend, a plantation under and washed away or a season's trade spoiled by an overflow and crevasse.

"We love the river, damn it!" is a literal expression.—R. S. Spears in Atlantic.

A Quaker Test.

The grocer said to the applicant: "Your references are good. Show me your style of weighing out five pounds of sugar. There's the scales."

The applicant weighed his face in the amiable smile all salesmen wear and weighed out the sugar with dispatch and accuracy. He put on too little sugar at first; he added gently a full half pound before the scale balanced.

"You'll do," said the grocer. "You understand the scale trick. It is plain that you learned your trade in the thorough old school way."

"Yes, sir," the other answered. "I learned in the country, and almost my first lesson was that in weighing. You must add, add, add, till the beam tips, because all that adding pleases the customer—seems to him almost like a gift. But if, on the contrary, you subtract from the quantity on the scale the customer is affected in the opposite way—you seem to be robbing him. He goes away convinced that you are a stingy cheat."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Beaten at His Own Game.

"A few days since," relates a solicitor, "as I was sitting with my friend D. in his office a man came in and said:

"Mr. W., the livery stable keeper tricked me shamefully yesterday, and I want to be even with him."

"State your case," said D.

"I asked him how much he'd charge me for a horse to go to Richmond. He said half a sovereign. I took the horse, and when I came back he said he wanted another half sovereign for coming back and made me pay it."

"D. gave his client some legal advice, which he immediately acted upon, as follows: He went to the livery stable keeper and said, 'How much will you charge for a horse to Windsor?'"

"The man replied, 'A sovereign.' 'Client accordingly went to Windsor, came back by rail and went to the livery stable keeper, saying:

"Here is your money," paying him a sovereign.

"Where is my horse?" said W.

"He's at Windsor," answered the client. "I hired him only to go to Windsor."—Pears' Weekly.

A Wide Range.

When the surgeon who happened to be spending a night at Bushy Inn had set the broken leg of the weather beaten stranger who was the chief victim of an automobile accident the patient looked up at him anxiously. "See here, doc," he said in a husky voice, "I haven't got much of any money. Would you take out your fee in trade?"

"Yes, I guess so," said the surgeon cheerfully. "What is your trade?"

"Well, I've got a number of things I can do soon as I'm on my feet again," said the patient. "I can hang window blinds, or I can put on lightning rods, or I can play the cornet, and I can do 'em all first rate, if I'm the one to say it, doc."—Youth's Companion.

Women Oyster Gatherers.

The work of oyster collecting and culture is most unsuitable for women, but in France, owing to its tedious nature, it does not appeal to men. Often from an early hour in the morning till late into the evening the women are standing up to their knees in water, with a strong sun beating down on them. The result is that never a year passes without some of them going mad and having to be hurried away to the asylums. The work is well paid, as, indeed, it ought to be, while in the case of the few who own beds the profits are large, and small fortunes are quickly amassed.

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BRAZIL LOAN COMPANY

OLD VILLAGE LOCKUP.

Quaint Structures For Confinement of Rogues and Vagabonds.

Several villages in the midlands possess in more or less ruined state their old parish lockups, commonly known as roundhouses.

Bredon, a Leicestershire village, close to the South Derbyshire border, possesses its "lockup," a quaint stone building eighteen feet high and eight feet six inches diameter inside. The walls are fifteen inches thick. The door is of stout oak, studded with many large iron nails.

The lock is very strong, and the keyhole is covered with an iron plate, which itself has to be unlocked by a spanner before the door key can be inserted. Ventilation is afforded by small holes punched in an iron plate, six inches by seven, fixed in the center of the door. There is no window.

At Worthington, the next village to Bredon, the old lockup is a seven sided brick building, badly in need of restoration, an opportunity for archaeologists which it is hoped will not be missed. Both at Bredon and Worthington these diminutive disused prisons are on the roadside adjacent to the pond, or pinfold, so that the constable had conveniently side by side the strayed cattle and any human rogues or vagabonds he had charge of. There are similar old lockups at Smisby and Ticknall, two villages close to Leicestershire.—Sheffield (England) Telegraph.

Monon Route Excursions.

To Denver, Colorado Springs, and Pueblo, Col., account I. O. O. F. Grand Lodge, September 16, 17, 18, return limit September 30th, \$31.35 round trip. One way colonist rates to California, North Western Pacific Coast and intermediate points, on the September 1st to Oct. 30th.

Home Seekers rates to various points. To Yellow Stone National Park, after July 15th, summer rates, round trip \$40.88.

Summer and all year tourist tickets on sale daily to Pacific coast and various health and summer resorts.

J. A. Michael, Agent.

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"Our whole family has enjoyed good health since we began using Dr. King's New Life Pills, three years ago," says L. A. Bartlett, 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.

Pineules

30 days' treatment for \$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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W. C. SMITH, DIRECTOR, 1640 E. Michigan St. WINONA TECHNICAL INSTITUTE, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

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If so step in and see the Best Woollens, the Newest Weaves, and the only up-to-date custom tailors in your city. We supply the goods, finish the garment complete. Perfect in Fit, Style and Workmanship with the characteristic sustaining features of the Bigger Tailoring Clothes.

All our customers are satisfied but we can satisfy more, and ask you to Try Us Once. We have mastered the art of tailoring, and we excel in giving Prompt Service, fit, expression, workmanship, attention to detail, and last but not least, saving you money. Don't postpone making a business connection that will be to your great advantage, not for a week, but as long as you stay in Greencastle.

Prices range from \$20.00 up.

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LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Lawrence Birch is in Indianapolis today.

Emer Long spent Sunday at Robinson, Ills.

Dr. W. V. Brown was in Indianapolis today.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Dalby spent Sunday in Reno.

George Christie was in Crawfordsville last evening.

Harvey Monett of Bainbridge was in the city yesterday.

Sam Lynch of Brazil was here yesterday for treatment.

W. R. Callahan and family spent Sunday in Bainbridge.

Ed. Rodgers of Terre Haute visited relatives here Sunday.

The little son of Thomas Kennedy is quite ill with pneumonia.

Miss Lewis Pigman spent Sunday in Indianapolis with home folks.

Miss Lily Miller spent Sunday with her father near Roachdale.

Mr. Cowell of Ladoga spent yesterday with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hillis.

Mrs. J. L. Booth and Mrs. Mary Hyde of Brazil are spending the day here.

Frank Hyatt of Amo has returned home after a short visit with friends here.

Miss Maud Tarleton has returned to Martinsville after visiting Theta sisters.

Miss Rozella Nixon of Cloverdale spent Sunday with Greencastle friends.

Mrs. Miller of Danville, Ills., is visiting her daughter, Ruth, at Woman's Hall.

Colonel Matson, Frank Cannon and Will Lockridge spent Sunday in Indianapolis.

Mrs. Frank Rose of Jeffersonville, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Sellers.

The Rebekahs will meet at their hall tonight. All members are asked to be present.

The Progress History Club will meet Tuesday, October 27, at 2:30 p. m. with Mrs. Curtis Hughes.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Bartley and little daughter, Minnie May, spent Sunday with friends at Cayuga.

Mrs. Lillie Ragan of Indianapolis visited Mrs. A. B. Phillips and other relatives and friends here Sunday.

Mrs. P. T. South has returned home to Anderson, after a visit with the family of her son, O. R. South.

The Ladies Aid of Mt. Pleasant church will give a box supper at Mt. Pleasant school house Saturday night October 31.

Mrs. Milley Hufford is visiting her son, Lewis Hufford at Altamont, Ills. She will go from there to California, where she will spend the winter.

Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Walker went to Indianapolis today. Mrs. Walker will return tomorrow. Rev. Walker will go to New Albany where he will make an address this evening.

Mrs. C. M. Short was in Indianapolis today.

Frank Cannon spent Sunday in Coatesville.

Prof. I. E. Norris spent Sunday in Indianapolis.

Mrs. J. M. Allen is visiting Indianapolis friends.

Clyde Randel is in Indianapolis today on business.

Mrs. W. J. Neff of Terre Haute is visiting friends here.

Mrs. Frank McCarney of Cloverdale visited here today.

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Buntin visited Fillmore friends yesterday.

Miss Eulalia Hamilton was home from Cicero to spend Sunday.

Miss Florence Irwin visited home folks in Roachdale over Sunday.

Charles Allen of Paris, Ills., is visiting his mother, Mrs. Mary Allen.

Mrs. Tom Halton and Mrs. Mark Jackson were in Indianapolis today.

Dick Grady has returned to Lafayette after visiting his brother here.

Mrs. Albert Brown has returned to Indianapolis after a visit with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Rudisill returned last night from a visit at Indianapolis.

Mrs. Roy Abrams and niece, Miss Dwyer, spent the day in Terre Haute.

Mrs. G. W. Bence visited R. P. Carpenter and family in Noblesville Sunday.

Miss Grace Rhoades has returned from Shelbyville where she visited home folks.

Miss Lida McNally has returned from a short visit with relatives in Indianapolis.

C. P. Butler of the Bedford Democrat was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Doll Sunday.

Misses Ada and Laura Quinlan of Indianapolis were guests of Mrs. L. D. Seelman yesterday.

Dan Petty has returned from Montezuma where he was called by the serious illness of his sister.

A. C. Lockridge and family of Roachdale were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shoptaugh yesterday.

Albert Bicker returns today from Danville, Ills., where he was called on account of his mother's illness.

Mr. and Mrs. William Myers and Mr. and Mrs. Jesse E. Lewman and daughter, Bertha, spent Sunday with Coatesville friends.

Mrs. Emory Lease of New York is here the guest of Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Swablen. Dr. Lease is professor of Latin in New York University.

Mrs. Sophia Egner and sister, Miss Mary Johnson, Miss Margaret McGirtie, Miss Rubie Edwards of Brazil, Miss Merion Currie of Knightsville, Mr. Jake McCurry, Miss Mabel Lawton of Greencastle, spent Sunday with Joe McCurry and family.

Charles Cawley is home from the west.

Mrs. Ferd Lucas was in Indianapolis today.

Miss Grace Allen was in Indianapolis today.

Mrs. Garth Jobe visited friends at Roachdale yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gainer of Logansport, are visiting relatives here.

J. P. Allee is in Chicago for a visit with his son, Mr. and Mrs. Thad Allee and John Allee.

Three men arrested for intoxication Saturday and Sunday were before the Mayor. Two were turned loose and ordered to leave town while the other had to pay a fine of \$11.

Ed Kleinbub has received a card from August Hendricks, who is traveling abroad. The card is from Berlin, Germany. It says Mr. Hendricks is having a fine time and that he expects to be home in about four weeks.

Beer Money and Churches.

In the eighteenth century there were no temperance societies or bands of hope, nor Rechabites and blue ribbon army. To be as "drunk as a lord" was the height of human felicity. It was the age of "three bottle men," of convivial toasts, of drinking songs. Even the church indirectly encouraged intemperance. There were certain districts where at Whitsuntide the churchwardens were accustomed to levy contributions of malt from the parishioners. This was brewed into strong ale and sold in the church. The Whitsuntide toppers had, however, a pious method in their madness.

The money spent on the beer was expended by the churchwardens in church maintenance, and the muddled roisterers no doubt believed themselves to be pillars of the church even when, under the influence of the alcohol, they rolled upon its pavement. They thought themselves supporters of the church when they wanted "supporting" themselves and deemed themselves most saintly when they were most soddened. Until as recently as 1827 (when the license was withdrawn) a church and public house were covered by one roof at Deepdale, midway between Derby and Nottingham. A door that could be opened at will served to separate the consecrated interior of the church from the common taproom of the tavern—Chambers' Journal.

Good Bait.

"I got Cleveland's autograph," said the friend, "by addressing to him a little ode on his splendid work in the White House against the Russo-Japanese war—or was it something else? At any rate, I shall never forget my delight when, by return mail, Mr. Cleveland wrote:

"Dear Sir—I have read your verses with interest. They appear to me very deficient in sense and substance."

"I sent a sonnet of sympathy to Bernard Shaw on the failure of his play, 'His House in Order,' or some such title. Mr. Shaw replied on a post card as follows:

"Thank you very much for your sonnet, which seems at least sincere."

"I once ventured to address a sonnet to Ellen Terry. In it I praised her beauty passionately. Miss Terry sent me a long and interesting note of acknowledgment, in the course of which she said:

"I noticed many faults and weaknesses in your sonnet, which, however, made me laugh heartily."—Exchange.

The skins of animals were the earliest forms of money. Sheep and oxen among the old Romans took the place of money.

The King's Messenger

[Original.]

"Captain Piccard," said the king, "a treaty is in process of arrangement between us and the king of Prussia favoring a defensive and offensive alliance against the French. The final draft has been made, and the Prussian envoy has requested us to forward a copy of it to his sovereign for approval. King Louis of France knows that a treaty is being discussed and is anxious to defeat it, or if it is made to know its terms. The real king of France, Cardinal Richelieu, has placed men on every available route between here and the Prussian capital, and it is next to impossible to transmit a copy."

"You have been recommended to me not only for your daring, but for your ingenuity. Invent a plan for concealing a bit of paper which when compressed will be about the size of an almond. Go and bring me a solution as soon as you have made it."

"I have often thought of such a necessity and have invented such a plan, but several weeks are required for preparation."

"We can wait that long provided the plan will surely succeed."

Three weeks from that day spies of Cardinal Richelieu located near the boundary line between Holland and Germany were notified that the messenger had left Zwolle the day before, though they were not furnished with a description of him. There were few travelers in those days, and the only person the spies encountered was a friar, who said he was starting on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

"Good father," said one of the gang, "say a paternoster for us."

The friar made excuses which did not satisfy those who had stopped him, whereupon, concluding that he was a sham mendicant, who didn't know a prayer, they searched him. Not finding anything on his clothing, they stripped him and made an examination that would have discovered an object no larger than a pea. But they found nothing and permitted him to proceed.

Crossing the Ems, he went on, begging by the way, till he reached the outskirts of Quakenbuck, where he was met by a man, who said to him, "Holy father, I have an order from his eminence Cardinal Richelieu to invite you to his palace in Paris."

"Lead on," replied the friar. "I am honored in an invitation coming from so great a churchman."

The man turned his back for a moment, and the friar brought his staff down on his head. He sank on the ground with a broken skull. "You think it heavy?" said the friar. "So it is. It is filled with lead." Then the ungrateful and unmerciful friar proceeded on his way.

The next of the cardinal's interceptors had not been so well informed as to the guise of the messenger of the king of the Netherlands. He was stationed at a ferry across the Weser river and did not suspect the friar.

"Ferry across, holy man?" he said. "That I will."

There was now but one route available for some distance, and the cardinal had directed that every traveler passing that way be searched. A number of times the friar was stripped and carefully examined. One party even broke to pieces the rosary that hung about his waist. For this the father called down upon the man who committed the sacrilege the anathemas of the church. They were a superstitious people in those days, and the fellow, convinced that the pilgrim was what he pretended to be, begged on his knees that he would withdraw the curse. The friar told him that he had often been molested on his pilgrimage and would not remove the curse unless he were furnished with an order that he be permitted to travel without further interference. This was given him. He withdrew his anathemas and gave the party his blessing.

The friar went on, begging by the way, giving his blessing to those who gave him sustenance and shelter, till he came to the Elbe. On the banks of this river the passages were all guarded by the cardinal's secret emissaries, who had been known to the Prussian government, would have been hanged and quartered. This was the last line it had been thought advisable to guard. The friar had crossed the river and was tramping through a wood when men sprang from behind trees and downed him. As soon as he could make himself heard he told them of his pass and produced it. They were much astonished, for they had been advised that the messenger was traveling in the guise of a mendicant. However, they knew the man who had given him a free passage and let him go. This was the last time he was stopped.

One morning the king of Prussia received word that an envoy from the Netherlands was in the antechamber. The king, who was expecting news of the treaty, ordered the envoy admitted at once. When he saw a friar he was astonished. But the friar, who had thrown off his saintly mien, told the king that he had brought a copy of the treaty. When directed to produce it he said he must have a surgeon. A surgeon was called, and the friar, exposing his side under the ribs, told him to feel till he detected a small lump. The surgeon, having discovered it, was requested to make an incision over it. This done, a piece of wax was withdrawn from between the muscles. The wax was broken and a lump of thin compressed paper revealed. This being carefully unfolded, the king had a copy of the treaty.

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DO THEY WANT PROOF? MOVED

The Indianapolis Star printed the following communication (?) at the head of its editorial column last Wednesday:

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

To the Indianapolis Star:

It seems to me that the Republican newspapers of this state, as well as the Republican orators are not bringing to the attention of thinking men as forcibly as they should a very significant condition in this campaign, and that is that every distiller, every brewer, every saloon keeper, every thief, every keeper of an immoral resort, every prostitute in state of Indiana are a unit in support of Thomas R. Marshall for Governor. And in consequence every man who believes in the sanctity of home, in decency, in morality, in law enforcement, in protection of children from debasing influences, in education, in the moral uplift of the community, should bend every energy to see that a ticket which rallies to its support such an array of the worst elements of civilization should go down to complete and utter defeat. Never in the history of political parties has the line between right and wrong been as strongly marked as in this campaign, and I think it behooves every man and every newspaper that stands for decency to hold up to view the picture of this immoral combination that decent men may shun it as a pestilence.

NORTH NEW JERSEY.

The only reply necessary to such a vicious statement is that if it were possible to prove that every saloon keeper and prostitute in Indiana is supporting Tom Marshall, which it is not, it is absolutely true that Tom Marshall is not supporting the saloon keepers and prostitutes in any way, which is more than the Star can prove for Jim Watson.

Does it want the proof of this statement?—The Hoosier.

Where Bullets Flew.

David Parker, of Fayette, N. Y., a veteran of the civil war, who lost a foot at Gettysburg, says: "The good Electric Bitters have done me more than five hundred dollars to me. I spent much money doctoring for a bad case of stomach trouble, to little purpose. I then tried Electric Bitters, and they cured me. I now take them as a tonic, and they keep me strong and well." 50c at the Owl Drug Store

He Objected.

A surgeon was explaining a very uncommon case to his students and finished up as follows:

"This, gentlemen, is a very rare tumor indeed. In all my thirty years' experience I have never come across one like this, and you will see me remove it tomorrow."

"No, you won't," said the patient. "If that's all the experience you've had of this sort of thing I'm going home."

Engraved cards at the Herald Office.

My shop over to the house, corner Indiana and Walnut Sts., opposite Engine House. All kinds of Gasoline Stoves and Sewing Machines repaired, also general repairing.

George Huffman, Lock and Gun Smith

WANT AD COLUMN

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

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

Wanted—Young man or young lady to do reportorial work on the Herald. Apply at the office. 6th

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

Laundry work wanted—Call at 608 Howard Street. 3177

For Sale—Coal heating stove at 494 Depot Street. tf69

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

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 in the law makes it necessary for all tax to be paid on or before the last day in order to prevent penalties.

Please see that your taxes are paid on or before November 2nd.

ED. McG. WALLS,
County Treasurer.

2tw-2td

Had a Close Call.

Mrs. Adal L. Croom, the widely known proprietor of the Croom Hotel, Vaughn, Miss., says: "For several months I suffered with a severe cough, and consumption seemed to have its grip on me, when a friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery. I began taking it, and three bottles affected a complete cure."

The fame of this life saving cough and cold remedy, and lung and throat healer is world wide. Sold at the Owl Drug Store. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

A HERALD Want Ad Will Get It For You—½ Cent a Word

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The best, cleanest, cheapest fuel on earth. Being overstocked, we will make special prices for a limited time only.

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BIG DEMOCRATIC RALLY FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30

AT THE COURT HOUSE IN GREENCASTLE, THE

HON. JOHN W. KERN

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES WILL ADDRESS THE PEOPLE OF GREENCASTLE AT 9 O'CLOCK.

Other Men of National Reputation who will be in Greencastle, who will address the People on the issues of the Campaign are:

Senator Gore, the blind Senator of Oklahoma

General James B. Weaver, of Iowa

Honorable Henry D. Clayton, of Alabama

Honorable Ollie James, of Kentucky

The Biggest Day of the Campaign. Every one should hear these Foremost Men of the Nation.

SPEAKING IN THE COURT HOUSE YARD

Good Music all Morning.