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Elizabeth's Position.

By CARL WILLIAMS.

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Elizabeth found the town formidable
as she emerged from the station to
face the horde of shouting hackmen.
At other times she had come to the
city with a party or she had been met
by the people whose guest she was to
be. This time she came alone to face
the new life which graduation and a
determination to make a career had
opened up to her.

In her pocketbook was \$50, a card
with the home address upon it in case
of accident and a clipping from the
Moreton Century. These were the
shield and buckler in the fight she
was to make for success. The money
would keep her going until she ob-
tained a position and the clipping
would cheer her. It was written in
the editor's best style and ran:

Miss Elizabeth Cady, whose graduation
essay on "The Wider Scope of Woman's
Sphere" was the sensation of the high
school exercises, will leave for the city
Monday to assume a valued recruit in the
great army of commerce. We predict
that it will not be long before our ac-
complished townsman leaves the ranks
to assume an important position of com-
mand.

With such an augury for her future
Elizabeth could not turn back. Her
mother had sent marked copies to all
their relatives, and for her mother's
sake as well as her own, Elizabeth
felt that she must succeed.

She swallowed the lump that came
into her throat and headed for the
street car. In other days she had al-
ways taken a cab, but now she felt
that she could not afford the expense.
It was at the time when tollers were
returning to their homes and the cars
were crowded to the rails, but she
bravely climbed aboard and thankfully
accepted a strap with the feeling that
she was already one of the workers.

The Home For Self Supporting Girls,
to which she had been recommended,
was vastly different from the accom-
modations to which she was accus-
tomed. The tiny room with its two
iron cots and its duplication of bureau
and rockers sharply marked the line
that separated the two girls domiciled
together.

There was no homelike air about the
place, and the chill atmosphere of the
dining room found a responsive chill
in her heart. She went to bed early,
feeling that she must stifle her sobs to
avoid annoying her roommate.

She lay in the narrow bed thinking
of the dainty room at home, with its
white dimity hangings and its great
white bed. If she had listened to Joe
Trenton she would be there tonight,
dreaming of the time when she and
Joe would have a home of their own.

A score of times Joe had proposed,
but Elizabeth had made the career of
woman her fetish and she would not
sacrifice her freedom. Joe's last offer
had been ill timed, for he had spoken
on the night of her graduation, when
the plaudits of the audience still rang
in her ears and bits of the essay echoed
loud and clear.

"Perhaps when I have found my car-
eer," the girl had promised gently,
"but don't you see that to turn back
now upon my own principles would be
false to myself? Others, looking to me
for example, might be tempted to turn
back too."

"What if they did?" argued the man.
"Do you have to put happiness from
you just to practice what you preach?"
"Of course," she cried. "We who
would lead must be prepared to sacrifice."

In the elation of the moment she had
pictured herself a leader of her sex.
She did not hold with the extremists
who argued that woman should vote
and rule the nation, but she had given
herself heart and soul to the theory
that a woman had a right to a career,
and she was her own most enthusias-
tic convert.

Now she regretted her stand as she
choked back her sobs, but when morn-
ing came she was again strong in her
resolve. She sallied forth with a list
of addresses. Toward evening she re-
turned. The list had proved unfruit-
ful, and the kindly faced woman at
the desk offered words of encourage-
ment that fell upon ears too tired to
grasp their meaning.

That day was but the first of many.
Wearily she trudged from place to
place, but the demand for her skills
was great. Some seemed willing to give
her a trial if she would serve for vary-
ing periods without pay, but this was
out of the question. She must have a
position by the time her slender re-
sources were exhausted or she must
return home and confess failure.

The thought preyed upon her mind,
and daily she grew thinner and more
worried until the little woman at the
desk, whose big, motherly heart was
great enough to embrace her whole
brood, sighed to see her. With a beam-
ing face she came to Elizabeth's room
during the sixth week of her stay and
announced a visitor. Elizabeth, think-
ing that one of the many men who had
taken her address had come to an-
nounce the reconsideration of his re-
fusal, made herself tidy and with un-
certain tread hurried to the parlor,
where a half dozen other girls were
entertaining callers. With a little gasp-
ing cry she stumbled toward Joe Tren-
ton, who sprang forward to greet her.

"I didn't know that you were in
town," she cried when the greeting was
over and they were sitting in the seclu-
sion of a corner. "Why didn't you let
me know that you were coming?"

"No time!" exclaimed the man. "I
had a sudden call to town, and I
thought that I'd look you up. Let's go

over to the park and get some fresh
air, and I'll tell you all the gossip that
the Century hasn't printed."

Elizabeth hurried for her hat, and
presently they were making for the
tiny park near the home. Elizabeth
had seen it only in passing, for there
was no energy left after her day's
search for employment. Now the soft
grasses reminded her of home, and it
was a wistful face that she turned to
Joe when they had found a bench.

"Tell me about Morton," she com-
manded, but Joe shook his head.

"All in its turn. Tell me about your-
self first. Got a job?"

"Not yet." Elizabeth was glad that
the dark concealed her flaming cheeks.
"I think I shall have a position in a
day or two, but things are very dull
here just at present."

"They're dull everywhere," was the
listless comment. "I was looking
around a bit today. Don't you think,
Bess, that you ought to leave the jobs
to the girls who really need them when
there are so few?"

Elizabeth was startled. Here seemed
to be a chance to get back home with-
out appearing to surrender.

"What do you mean?" she asked
tensely.

"There are lots more girls than there
are jobs," he explained. "Now, some
of them will have to get left if the
girls who are clever, but who don't
really need to work, get their places."

"You'll be tickled to death to land
this position you have in mind, but
maybe some girl who might have had
it if you had not come will be crying
her eyes out because she was not as
clever as you and is still hunting a
place. You have a father to support
you. Maybe the girl who might have
had the job has others to support."

Elizabeth's hands clasped so tightly
together that her rings bit into the
soft flesh. For the last two weeks she
had been nerving herself to admit fail-
ure, to go back home and confess that
the city had beaten her. Joe was offer-
ing her retreat with honor. It
seemed almost too good to be true.

"Don't you see," argued Trenton,
"that you really owe it to others to de-
lay your campaign until the demand
exceeds the supply? It's only fair to
those who need the work."

"Perhaps you are right," assented
Elizabeth, with a show of hesitation.
"Of course it is hard to give up one's
ambition, but I guess you are right,
Joe."

"I know of a job that you could get
that would not put any one else out,"
suggested Joe, as though suddenly in-
spired.

"What is it?" she asked eagerly.

"Housekeeper—for me," he explained,
with a chuckle.

Elizabeth drew back for a moment.
She did not want to seem to surrender
too quickly, and yet—he had shown her
the way out. She put her hand in
his.

"I'll take the place," she said quietly.
She had gone up the stairs to her
room with a promise to meet him at
the station in the morning, and Joe
turned to the gentle faced woman, who
still sat at her desk.

"You're right," he said gratefully.
"That argument won out. We're aw-
fully obliged to you for writing—her
folks—and me."

"I am very glad that I could help."
was the gentle response. "I hope that
you two will be very happy."

"I didn't say anything about that!"
cried Joe in surprise.

The gentle faced woman only smiled.
For ten years she had mothered num-
berless girls. She did not have to be
told that Elizabeth had found her posi-
tion.

Why He Called.

"You advertised that you had found
a pocketbook, I believe?" he asked the
man who had come to the door in
answer to his ring.

"I did."

"You say it contained a sum of
money?"

"A very large sum of money, in
fact?"

"Yes."

"And that the owner could have the
same by naming the sum found and
describing the pocketbook?"

"Yes. Go on."

"That is all I wished to ask."

"But you will have to give a descrip-
tion of the purse you lost before you
can put in a claim."

"I lost no purse."

"You didn't?"

"No, sir."

"Then why have you called?"

"Merely to see what a man looks like
who will find a very large sum of
money and then advertise the fact in
the papers instead of hiding it down
cellar. Good day, sir."—Judge's Li-
brary.

A Critic's Evasion.

It is risky to give one's honest
opinion about a man's horse or dog, a
house designed by himself or a picture
which he values highly. He who gives
the opinion stands on a slippery place,
and should the judgment be unfavor-
able he will slide far from the man's
esteem.

Fusell, the eccentric artist and pro-
fessor of the Royal academy, was in-
vited by a nobleman to see a painting
of which he was the proud owner. Fu-
sell went, taking a pupil with him. The
painting was shown by the nobleman
himself. The artist examined it and
exclaimed, "Extraordinary!" The no-
bleman, greatly pleased at the ejacula-
tion, lauded the picture to the skies,
pointed out its beauties, and Fusell
cried: "Extraordinary! Extraordinary!"

"On their way home the pupil said:
"Mr. Fusell, I don't think much of that
picture. What did you mean by 'ex-
traordinary'?"

"Extraordinarily bad," was the reply
of the artist, who had not cared to
offend a lord who might become a pa-
tron.

A Forbidden Inquiry.

[Original.]

The last bell rang for the passengers
who were on board to bid friends good-
bye to go ashore.

"Adieu, sweetheart, I shall count the
hours till you return."

"Are you sure?"

"Certain."

"And suppose I never return."

"I will go and weep over your grave."

"You won't have to go. I have no
mind to be buried over there. I made
my will yesterday and gave directions
that if I die abroad my body shall be
sent home to lie in the family lot at
Avondale."

"Then I will weep there."

"How long?"

"For my lifetime."

He hurried ashore and stood looking
from the end of the dock up at her,
throwing her kisses which she threw
back at him.

A month later word was cabled from
abroad that she had died suddenly of
heart disease while climbing a moun-
tain in Switzerland. He remained for
three days in a stupor, then was about
to go abroad, where her mortal part
was, when he remembered her farewell
words. As soon as the cool weather
set in an oblong box was received from
Switzerland and buried in Avondale
cemetery. He was not notified of the
burial by her spinster cousin, her only
relative, who gave as a reason that it
would be better he should not be pres-
ent. But as soon as he learned of the
fact he went to the cemetery and stood
uncovered by her grave, tears rolling
down his cheeks. He had brought some
plants to set out where their flowers
the next spring would hang over her
grave. Some one had been there be-
fore him on a similar errand. Flowers
were strewn over the mound so fresh
that they must have been cut but a
few hours.

He spoke of these flowers to her cousin
and asked if she had placed them. She
had not and seemed surprised.

He was troubled. It is singular that
we should be jealous in case of the
dead.

Every Sunday afternoon he went to
the cemetery, and every time he found
fresh flowers on the grave. They must
have been placed there in the morning.
The next Sunday he went at dawn and
waited and waited till 10 o'clock for
this rival for the dead. At that hour a
young girl came and strewn flowers
on the grave. A great relief came to
him. He advanced and addressed his
fellow mourner. She had been a friend
of his former fiancée.

Every Sunday morning these two
met at the grave of one for whom they
had a common love. He grew to look
forward to the meeting not so much as
a melancholy event as a reunion with
one who was filling the void in his
heart, a void which, if filled at all, can
be done only by a living person. But
this girl of flesh and blood was from
the first constrained, and her constraint
had grown on her. When they met her
eyes would brighten; but, looking down
on her friend's grave, she seemed
moved by some inward emotion.

When winter came their visits were
omitted by mutual consent till the
spring should come. Their meetings
were not, as before, on Sunday morn-
ings, but on Sunday afternoons, and
were often prolonged until late in the
evening. It was pleasanter to sit by a
warm fireplace than stand out in the
cold cemetery, where the winds shrieked
through the leafless branches.

He besought her to marry him. She
refused. From the expression on her
face his words seemed to have had the
effect rather of clouds falling on a
cotton than of a great comfort.

When the crocuses were springing up
she proposed that they go again to the
cemetery. He sighed and consented,
but at the appointed time he made ex-
cuses. She said, though with evident
reluctance, that she would go alone.

So he went with her. On the way she
was silent and melancholy. To see her
one would have thought she was going
to her own funeral.

He carried the flowers to the grave,
while she stood at the gate of the in-
closure. He had strewn them when
looking up, he saw a figure coming
down the roadway. Shading his eyes
with his hand to see more distinctly, he
staggered back against the iron rail.
The woman over whose grave he had
strewn flowers—his lost love—was
coming.

She advanced with a slow step, a se-
rious expression on her face. There
was nothing ghostly about her. On the
contrary, she was plainly mortal.
What astonished her betrothed most
was that her friend appeared in no
way surprised at this return from the
dead to the quick.

"This is a wrong I have done you,"
said the returned one, "and I regret
it, but I held the plan long ago and re-
solved that I would carry it out.
When we parted I began a brooding
over your words that you would 'weep
over my grave.' Then I became pos-
sessed with a desire to learn how long
you would weep for me or if you would
be faithful to my memory. I gave out
that I was dead and caused an empty
box to be buried here. More than
that, I arranged for her," pointing to
his fellow mourner, "to come here to
meet you. I have learned what it is
to meet you. I should not know—that
the dead have no place in the hearts of
the living that cannot be easily occupied
by another."

These were the only words spoken.
What else was there to say? The three
left the cemetery by different routes
and never met again.

How far the mortal heart reaches
into immortality is one of the hidden
secrets of Providence which it is dan-
gerous to attempt to solve.

HELEN V. WEED.

DETECTING A DETECTIVE.

[Copyright, 1907, by J. G. Reed.]

Detective Quirk of police headquar-
ters was a good man. With outsiders
that meant that he was honest and
faithful and would not betray his trust.
With his chief it meant that he did
not have to watch him quite so closely
as he did the others of his staff. Mr.
Quirk had never read the stories by
Gaboriau, De Boisgobey or Vidocq. Ro-
mance had nothing to do with his tak-
ing up detective work. He was not
down on crime and criminals and hunt-
ing bad men into prison from any feel-
ing of duty toward the law.

Mr. Quirk realized that as a detective
he had a good thing in his grasp.
There was a field open to him that is
open to no other man outside the pro-
fession. It was for him to work that
field. Detectives have sold themselves
out for a few hundred or a few thou-
sand dollars. In Mr. Quirk's opinion
such men were asses and had mistaken
their vocation. He sighed to be rich,
but he didn't propose to blunder about
it. He must first get a standing with
his superiors and the public. He work-
ed for five years to accomplish this. A
dozen traps were set for him, but he
escaped them all by being incorrupti-
ble. He worked a case for all it was
worth, and he never let up or com-
promised. If he caught a broker in a
gambling house he had no more mercy
on him than the thief he caught steal-
ing lead pipe. The burglar who offered
him \$1,000 to look the other way for a
moment fared as did the politician who
offered him a like sum to "let up" in
court. His fellow detectives pocketed
their "divvies" and called him a fool,
and his chief looked over his reports
and almost believed that he had found
a subordinate deserving of a medal.

The day came when Mr. Quirk real-
ized that he had established his repu-
tation and that he could pull off his
scheme with safety. He had it in view
for a year. He had several times been
called in by the president of the
National bank to straighten out crook-
ed things and had thus become well
acquainted with the bank messenger,
old Folsom. Folsom was sixty years
old. He walked with a hobble. He had
rheumatism, and old age had weaken-
ed him. Yet the bank kept him, and
seemingly by some act of Providence
he had never been attacked by the
class always looking for a good thing.
In making his rounds he sometimes
carried \$500,000 in checks. In return-
ing to the bank he sometimes brought
\$200,000 in cash with him. Mr. Quirk
fully realized what an easy thing it
was, but he uttered no word of warn-
ing. He was waiting to establish his
reputation.

After calling at the last bank on his
route old Folsom always took a short
cut through an alley to reach his own
institution. It wasn't an alley so much
as it was a passageway. It was only
six feet in width and used by pedestri-
ans only. At any moment from 10
o'clock in the morning till 3 in the
afternoon you could look up or down
the alley and count at least twenty
pedestrians coming or going. There
were doors opening into the rear of
office buildings, and there was one
door opening into an empty building
that had formerly been a rag shop.

One afternoon Folsom failed to return
to the bank at his usual hour. When
half an hour had passed, an alarm was
given. Men were found who had seen
him in the alley, but an alarm of fire
was on at the time, and there were
much excitement and confusion. At 10
o'clock that night Folsom was found
in the old rag shop. He had received a
severe blow on the head and was tied
and gagged. Something like \$130,000
in cash had been taken from his satch-
el. It was Mr. Quirk who was given
the case, and it was Mr. Quirk who
found the old man after a long hunt.

It was four days before Folsom re-
gained consciousness and told his story.
There was very little to tell. He
had backed up against the door to
stand for a moment and look for the
fire, and the door had been opened, he
had been drawn in, and then followed
the blow on the head and darkness.
He had not even seen his assailant.
He was very grateful to Mr. Quirk,
and he felt the fullest confidence in
him, and yet there was a clew that he
suppressed. Why he did he could not
have told himself. As he felt he must
have grasped the man's coat and torn
off a button, for there was the button
clinked tightly in his hand. They
took it from him at the hospital and,
strangely enough, said nothing about it
until two weeks later when he was dis-
charged. Then it was among his things.
Folsom could not make it out at
first. It had the name of a tailor on
it, and he had never patronized the
man. He believed he had seen but
men like that on a business suit, and
it came to him after that the suit be-
longed to Mr. Quirk. The tailor cor-
roborated him.

Mr. Folsom was old, but he did not
lack wit and acumen. He set himself

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to work, and he held of a fortnight he
found men who had noticed the detec-
tive in the alley on the day he was
assaulted. In the dust on the floor he
found tracks and measured them. He
had been bound with new rope. He
discovered who had purchased it and
where. As a matter of fact, he work-
ed up a good case against Mr. Quirk
and had him arrested, and ten hours
later the missing money was found un-
der the floor of the latter's room. He
would not confess, but the jury found
him guilty, and he got a sentence of
twelve years and died after serving
half of it. He had planned for years
only to be caught by a man from whom
he thought he had nothing whatever to
fear.

M. QUAD.

Of Use After All.
It happened once upon a time that
a man who felt that he was of no use
in the world decided to commit sui-
cide. "I will lie home," he said, "and
there kill myself. I am of no use to
anybody, and it will be best." So he
hid home and found his wife gone.
"I will cut my throat," he said, and
hunted up the butcher knife. But he
dashed and hacked and slashed his
throat, and the knife was so dull he
couldn't penetrate his skin. Then he
tried the bread knife, and it was dull-
er than the butcher knife. "I will hit
myself on the head with the ax," he
said, but he looked and looked and
couldn't find the ax. Finally he found
the handle, but the head was lost. "I
will try the scissors," he said, but af-
ter he found the scissors couldn't cut
bread he had to give it up. Then a
sharp thought struck him. He would
become of some use to the family by
harpening the knives and scissors! He
did so, and is now loved more than
most men. And his wife, with knives
that will cut and scissors sharp enough
to cut thread, is the happiest woman
in her neighborhood.—Athens Globe.

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