

If you do not receive the Herald regularly you will be doing yourself and the management a favor by calling our attention to the fact.

Greencastle Herald.

THE WEATHER

Fair tonight and Tuesday; slightly cooler south portion tonight.

VOL. 3. NO. 191.

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1908.

SINGLE COPIES 2c.

THE LACK OF KNOWLEDGE

In the Spelling Line is so Prominent, Made Manifest to Prof. Barnes That He Sits Up, Takes Notice, And Gives Exhibit on Blackboard.

ARE PUBLIC SCHOOLS A FAILURE?

Eloquent testimony that the graded and high schools are deficient in teaching the fundamental rules in spelling is given in examples of incorrect spelling, which appear daily in themes handed to Prof. N. Waring Barnes, head of the department of rhetoric and English composition in DePauw University. Noticing the general lack of knowledge on the fundamentals in spelling among the freshmen, who constitute the membership of his classes, the professor has, during the last two days, tabulated the list of misspelled words on the blackboards in his class room. One freshman declared that he

came to "collige" to learn, while another said that he "hert" himself while running to the "dormitory" in haste. Another, in writing a short story, told how one showed his "apprehiation" for another's kindness, while still another pointed out the dangers of "eragularity" in eating. "Altogether," said another, the outcome of the recent political "campane" was not satisfactory to DePauw students, because Watson, "who is a DePauw alumnibus, was defeated." It was the opinion of one that more would "voate" for Watson when he ran for "Govenor," because he was one of the strongest men on the "tickit." Of course, Taft was the man to be "President," but that particular freshman thought Cannon to be a very poor man to be "Speaker" of the House.

One declared that the campaign was a very hot one, and that most every night "drum crops" were used in getting a crowd of "people" together. According to another, much "inthousiasm" was displayed and many "speeches" were delivered by the "Demacrats" before the "elect-shun" day.

VOTE FOR CONGRESSMAN

The Holliday Plurality of Five Thousand, in 1904, Was Wiped Off The Slate at the Election of Last Week and the People Gave

MOSS A PLURALITY OF 1,497

Official returns from the seven counties of the Fifth Congressional district give Ralph W. Moss for Congress a plurality of 1,497. When one stops to think that Congressman Holliday carried this district by a plurality of over 9,000 four years ago you begin to realize what a splendid race Senator Moss made. But the vote four years ago was the Roosevelt high water mark and two years ago Mr. Holliday narrowly escaped defeat at the hands of Claude Bowers.

Many Republicans expected that if Mr. Holliday made another race, he would have been defeated, but they had no idea that Howard Maxwell would be snowed under by a Democratic plurality equal to the normal Republican plurality in the district. The official figures as reported from the various counties are as follows:

Counties.	Moss.	Maxwell
Clay	\$31	
Hendricks		445
Morgan		27
Parke		162
Putnam	480	
Vermillion		653
Vigo	1473	
Totals	2784	1287
Moss's plurality	1497	

ITALIANS LOSE CLOTHES

Fire at the Quarters of the Foreign Employees at the A. & C. Stone Company's Quarry Saturday—Destroyed All They Had.

\$100 IN BILLS ALSO GOES

Saturday afternoon about six o'clock the old brick house at the A. & C. Lime and Stone Company's quarry east of town took fire and was completely burned. The building had been moved some distance from the quarry proper, and was used as a rooming house by a number of the Italian employees of the company. These men were at work at the quarry at the time the fire started, and when it was discovered it was well under way, and nothing could be done to stop its progress.

Many of the men rooming there lost their complete outfits of bedding and clothing. Some money was also burned, one of the men stating that he had lost \$100, all of which was in bills in his clothing which was burned. The fire burned till well into the night and attracted quite a number of people from Greencastle. It is not known how the fire started.

TRIAL IS POSTONED

The Hearing of the Murder Charge Against Emory Cassell, In the Owen County Circuit Court, Goes Over to a Date Yet Unnamed.

The trial of Emory Cassell, charged with the murder of Thomas Mills, was called in the Owen County Circuit Court Thursday, but was postponed and may not come up for trial at this term. The case was postponed because the Owen County Council has not yet made an appropriation of funds to pay the defendant's counsel.

Sunday Evening Service.

Last evening the services at the Christian Church drew out a large attendance. The chorus rendered some excellent music. The sermons which are being preached at these services are on the general theme, "What Shall I do to be Saved?" The aim is to make all the Sunday evening sermons evangelistic. The next sermon will be "Obedience as a Principle of Human Progress."

CASES SET FOR TRIAL

Judge Rawley Places the Following Cases for Trial Upon the Days Designated in Order That the Docket May be Pushed Through.

BUSY TERM FOR NOVEMBER

Judge Rawley has set the following cases for trial during the November term of the Putnam Circuit Court. It is expected that the cases will be tried on the days set for them:

Nov. 16, No. 3276, State of Indiana vs. Clarence A. Tuttle, and all State cases.
Nov. 18, No. 3028, Charles F. Pigg vs. estate of Allen.
Nov. 19, No. 2991, Rose Smith vs. Broadstreet, executor.
Nov. 19, No. 2992, James Smith vs. Broadstreet, executor.
Nov. 20, No. 3031, Amanda J. Goff vs. Wilson, executor.
Nov. 20, No. 3032, McMahan vs. Daniel L. Henry estate.
Nov. 21, No. 3039, Pope vs. Admr. Pope estate.
Nov. 23, No. 7467, Hannah Hadley vs. C. C. C. & St. L. Ry. Co.
Nov. 23, No. 7468, Hannah Hadley, grdn. vs. C. C. C. & St. L. Ry. Co.
Nov. 24, No. 7548, General Electric Co. vs. Putnam Electric Co.
Nov. 24, No. 7531, International Filter Co. vs. Zaring & Manning.
Nov. 26, No. 7537, Phillips vs. T. H. I. & E. Tracton Co.
Nov. 27, No. 7538, Morgan vs. Vandalia Coal Co.
Nov. 27, No. 7548, Yemms vs. Vandalia Coal Co.
Nov. 30, No. 7554, Silery vs. City of Greencastle.
Dec. 1, No. 7564, Nona B. Kiergan vs. Fred Vaughn.
Dec. 2, No. 7568, Francis O. Jones vs. C. C. C. & St. L. Ry. Co.
Dec. 2, No. 7569, Dean vs. C. C. C. & St. L. Ry. Co.
Dec. 3, No. 7577, Lukens vs. Lukens.
Dec. 3, No. 7580, Lane, grdn. vs. Paul & Graham.
Dec. 4, No. 7582, Brazier vs. C. C. C. & St. L. Ry. Co.
Dec. 7, No. 7526, Downing vs. Williams.
Dec. 8, No. 7590, Dearing vs. Domestic Block Coal.
Dec. 9, No. 7593, Harding vs. Balinger.
Dec. 10, No. 7508, Mosgrave vs. E. I. DuPont, Denemours.
Dec. 14, No. 7354, Charles A. Ward vs. Clarence A. Tuttle.

NEW GOVERNOR'S HAND-OUT

The Incoming Governor Will Have a Multitude of Good Things, Carrying With Them Honors or Emoluments, Or Both, to the Faithful Who Are Worthy, After His Inauguration.

INTEREST IN WHO GETS THERE

Governor-elect Thomas R. Marshall will soon be confronted with the problem of distributing the loaves and fishes. The first candidate for an appointment under the new governor made his appearance yesterday. Timothy Griffin wants to be custodian of the state house, and he has made known his wishes to the Democrats who congregated about Democratic headquarters. Mr. Griffin is a familiar character in political circles. He has had charge of the decorations for every state convention for a generation. He was for six years superintendent of the state capitol when it was under construction and after that for twelve years he was custodian of the building. He is familiar to a goat's heel with all of the duties devolving upon the custodian. The salary of custodian is \$2,000 a year. He has the appointment of an assistant custodian at \$1,200 and about fifteen janitors at \$60 a month. While Mr. Marshall was stumping the state in the race for governor he frequently referred in strong and denunciatory language to the large number of commissions that have been created and said that if the legislature keeps up the pace it has set it will only be a short time

until every man in Indiana will be a guardian for some other man. The number of commission, it is sad to say, will not appear any less to him when he comes to dole out the appointments.

Very few persons have an idea how much patronage the governor has at his disposal. He has the appointment of a private secretary at \$2,500 a year, an executive clerk at \$1,500, a stenographer at \$1,000, an executive accountant at \$2,500, a chief engineer of the state house at \$2,000 an adjutant general at \$2,250 a quartermaster general at \$1,200, a brigadier general at \$2,250, a factory inspector at \$2,000, an oil inspector at \$2,500, four trustees at \$300 a year and expenses for the Central, Northwestern, Eastern and Southern hospitals for the insane, for the epileptic village at New Castle and the insane hospital at Madison, the deaf and dumb institute, the Girl's school, the Woman's prison, the Institution for the Blind, the State penitentiary, the Indiana Reformatory, the Boys' Reform School, the Soldiers' Homes at Knightstown and Lafayette and the School for Feeble Minded at Fort Wayne, a state entomologist at \$1,500, four members of the state board of forestry at \$300 a year and expenses, a commissioner of fisheries and game at \$1,200, five members of the state board of optometry at \$5 a day and expenses, six members of the state board of medical registration and examination at \$300 a year and expenses, five members of the state board of pharmacy at \$5 a day and expenses, two state labor commissioners at \$2,000 a year, three members of the state tax board at \$3,000 a year, three members of the state railroad commission at \$4,000 a year, three members of the state board of pardons at \$300 a year and expenses, five members of the tuberculosis commission at \$25 a month and expenses and members of other commissions too numerous to mention most of whom serve without pay or draw nominal salaries. In several of the offices mentioned there are deputies who are appointed by their immediate chiefs, but it has been the custom in the past for governors to make suggestions regarding some of these appointments, which suggestions were treated with eminent respect by the chiefs. There are about thirty-five deputies under the oil inspector.

NEW YORK P. M. SHOT

A Disappointed and Disgruntled Seeker After Appointment to Office Fired the Shot This Morning That Threatened the Life of Edward M. Morgan.

MURDERER COMMITTED SUICIDE

New York City, Nov. 9.—(Special to the Herald.)—Postmaster Edward M. Morgan was shot while on his way to his office today by a disappointed office seeker named Eric H. B. MacKey, who committed suicide immediately after his attempt at murder. MacKey was stenographer of 546 Broadway. Morgan will recover.

A little German band struck the city this afternoon and distributed some fair music and collected a considerable amount of small change.

25 Cents Each

MYSTIC BOX SALE

25 Cents Each

Friday Afternoon, November 13th, at 2 p. m.

Every box guaranteed to have the value of 25c in it.

As a gift to you one box will have an order for \$5.00 in trade, payable in our ready-made department.

Another will contain a \$2.50 pocket-book.

Another will contain a \$1.00 handkerchief.

Several will contain 75c values.

Several will contain 50c values.

Every box will be sold for 25c.

Every box will have a piano ticket in it.

25 Cents Each

Vermilion's

25 Cents Each

THE HERALD

Founded 1885

PUBLISHED EVENING

Except Sunday by the Star and Democrat Publishing Company at 17 and 19 South Jackson Street, Greencastle, Ind.

F. C. TILDEN - C. J. ARNOLD

Editors

Terms of Subscription

One Year, in advance, \$12.00

By Carrier in city, per week, 5 cents

Single Copies, 2 cents

Advertising Rates Upon Application

WEEKLY STAR-DEMOCRAT

Established 1885

The official county paper, sent to any address in the United States, for \$1.00 a year—Payable strictly in advance.

Entered as second class mail matter at the Greencastle, Ind. Postoffice.

Telephone, No. 65

It is suggested that since it has been found expedient to appoint a receiver for the Indianapolis Star that its finances may be conducted in a business manner, that it would now also be wise to appoint a censor whose business it would be to see that the editorial staff contradict each other as little as possible, especially on political matters. No one there seems to know what has been said or what was meant when it was said.

Seven Years of Proof.

"I have had seven years of proof that Dr. King's New Discovery is the best medicine to take for coughs and colds and for every diseased condition of throat, chest or lungs," says W. V. Henry, of Panama, Mo. The world has had thirty-eight years of proof that Dr. King's New Discovery is the best remedy for coughs and colds, lagrippe, asthma, hay fever, bronchitis, hemorrhage of the lungs, and the early stages of consumption. Its timely use always prevents the development of pneumonia. Sold under guarantee at the Owl Drug Store 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

A Boston Touch.

Once upon a time Dr. Wolf Hopper met a Boston person in that town whom he had not seen for a long period of duration.

"Hello! How are you? Where have you been?" said Hopper in his hearty way, giving the New York pronunciation to the word "been."

"Please don't say 'bin,' but 'been,'" pleaded the Boston person plaintively.

"Sorry, but I can't," pleaded the big fellow. "I never had a bean in my mouth in my life, not even in Boston," —Bohemian Magazine.

How is Your Digestion.

Mrs. Mary Dowling of No. 228 8th Ave., San Francisco, recommends a remedy for stomach trouble. She says: "Gratitude for the wonderful effect of Electric Bitters in a case of acute indigestion, prompts this testimonial. I am fully convinced that for stomach and liver troubles Electric Bitters is the best remedy on the market today." This great tonic and alternative medicine invigorates the system, purifies the blood and is especially helpful in all forms of female weakness. 50c at the Owl drug store.

The Modesty of Women

Naturally makes them shrink from the delicate questions, the obnoxious examinations, and unpleasant local treatments, which some physicians consider essential in the treatment of diseases of women. Yet, if help can be had, it is better to submit to this ordeal than let the disease grow and spread. The trouble is that so often the woman undergoes all the annoyance and shame for nothing. Thousands of women who have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription write in appreciation of the cure which dispels the examinations and local treatments. There is no other medicine so sure and safe for delicate women as "Favorite Prescription." It cures debilitating drains, irregularity and female weakness. It always helps. It is almost always cures. It is strictly non-alcoholic, non-secret, all its ingredients being printed on its bottle-wrapper; contains no deleterious or habit-forming drugs, and every native medicinal root entering into its composition has the full endorsement of those most eminent in the several schools of medical practice. Some of these numerous and strongest of professional endorsements of its ingredients, will be found in a pamphlet wrapped around the bottle, also in a booklet mailed free on request, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. These professional endorsements should have far more weight than any amount of the ordinary lay, or non-professional testimonials.

The most intelligent women now-a-days trust on knowing what they take as medicine instead of opening their mouths like a lot of young birds and gulping down whatever is offered them. "Favorite Prescription" is of known composition. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. 21 one-cent stamps for paper-covered, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound.

If sick consult the Doctor, free of charge by letter. All such communications are held sacredly confidential.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate and regulate stomach, liver and bowels.

Behman's Compromise.

By W. F. Bryan.

Copyrighted 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

For a third time the "By Request" sign was hung in front of the music stand, and as Arthur Behman came slowly down the stairs from the restaurant on the upper deck the strains of "The Merry Widow" waltz filled the social hall. Behman fled.

It was not so bad on the forward deck, where the scraping of catgut was replaced by the music of the waves. Now and then the deep toned whistle sounded above the noise of the water, but a smart breeze from dead ahead carried aft the sound of the man made music.

It was cool, almost cold, on the forward deck, and considerations of comfort as well as culture held the people inside the cabin. Behman was glad that it was so.

He had the deck to himself, so he lit a cigar and took a camp chair well ahead of the deck lights, shaded toward the bow that the port lights might be more easily seen by other boats.

There was no moon, but the stars shone brightly in the cloudless sky, and the Milky way, like some phantom banner, streamed across the blue expanse. Beyond the dark waters a darker tone told of the land, and here and there the lights of the beacons winked solemnly into the night.

There was the smell of salt in the air, the tang of the sea that Behman loved, and for the first time in weeks he almost knew content.

It was worth while, this communion of the night and the sea, and Behman was grateful to the musicians who had driven him from the cabin, with its satin upholstered chairs and its gaping occupants.

Somewhere inside sat Nell Wheaton. He had seen her in the dining saloon, and he had taken a seat close to the stairs—and the music—that he might be as far from her as possible.

He had no mind to let her think that he would seek to attract her attention. He knew that she had learned that her jealousy was entirely without foundation. It was her place to speak first. Probably she was in there, with other tourists, listening to the band.

He was better off here in the cool of the summer evening. It was a symbol perhaps. He was far better off, after all, even if she had broken the engagement, and he had vowed that life was no longer worth the living.

Down on the lower deck a boyish laugh rang out. Half a dozen youngsters were crowded into the sharp bow and were leaning over the rail watching the white fall of water on either side of the prow.

Their voices came to Behman vaguely and indistinctly, and he smiled indulgently as he caught the note of youth and love of life. He had felt like a boy himself only a week ago.

Now he was a man who would carry through life the thought that a woman's jealousy and a woman's pride had spoiled his career. Let the boys have their laugh. Their awakening would come all too soon.

Behman found it rather pleasant to sit and dream of the last few weeks. He was at the stage where self commiseration is a balm to wounded feelings, and he went over the incidents that had resulted in the breaking of the engagement by Nell Wheaton, assuring himself that his course had been blameless.

Surely it was Nell's place to speak, and as he started out into the night Behman found pleasant occupation in wondering just how she would make apology.

She was clearly in the wrong, and it would never do to bow to her before marriage. He would be heaped all his life, and Behman hated the sight of a heaped man.

He would be rather stern at first. He might even make her plead a little, but in the end he would be magnanimous and would forgive her on her promise not to offend again.

For her own sake as well as his, for the sake of their future happiness, there must be no compromise. He had hinted as much to Bob Wheaton when the latter had offered his services as peacemaker between his sister and Behman.

So engrossed was Behman with his thoughts that he did not hear the light footfall on the canvas covered deck nor realize that his solitude had been intruded upon until Nell Wheaton stood beside the rail and looked out across the foam capped waves.

She did not see him until she had taken her stand beside the rail, and then she was too proud to beat a retreat. She stood quietly looking down upon the water, one hand clasping the rail, the other clutching her lap.

On the lower deck the boys had piled into chairs, and now one of them was playing on the mouth organ. He was rather skillful and played with expression bits of popular songs and snatches from current musical productions. Behman found this concert more musical than the efforts of the poorly paid band within doors.

Then the music changed from new to old, and the boy was playing some of the songs that Nell had softly sung in the weeks just gone as he had paddled the canoe or had drifted with the current.

In the dark of the night Behman could see the river again, with Nell's sweet eyes looking into his through the soft moonlight.

He wondered if she, too, recalled the scene and if her eyes were filled with

fears now. His own were moist as he listened, and when the boy struck up the song that had been their favorite his teeth met together through his cigar, and he tossed it over the rail.

This was a simple little southern air, half mournful, wholly musical, and she had always sung it as they had come in sight of the landing.

It had been their good night song, and as they had trudged up from the boat stage to the hotel she had always hummed it softly to herself. He wondered if she was humming it now. She might be. The wind would carry the song away from him.

The boy stopped, and the spell was broken, but another lad broke the silence.

"That last was pretty, Dunc," he called. "Play 'er ag'in."

The willing musician complied, and Behman rose to his feet. He could not sit still under that music, and he took a few nervous turns up and down the deck.

He came to rest beside the rail, so close that he could reach out and touch the girl had he desired.

She had removed her glove, and one bare hand rested white against the white of the rail. Her face was turned from him, and she was looking out across the sound, pretending an interest in one of the twinkling beacons whose lights she could not see through her tears.

The young musician ended his tune and without pause began to play another, a farewell song that had been familiar to Behman since his childhood.

He knew that it was a favorite of Nell's, and he wondered if the song would make her speak. There was a lift to the fragile shoulders, as though she was holding back her sobs, but she gave no sign of being aware of his presence.

The music paused abruptly in the middle of a strain, as the mother of the player came to call him to bed, and with a shout the little party hurried into the cabin.

Nell paused a moment, then turned as though to go, but a hand rested over her own and held the slender fingers firmly with a grip that pained.

"Don't go, Nell," pleaded Behman. "Stay here and make up."

"I thought that you would not even compromise," she said uncertainly.

"Compromise be hanged!" he cried. "I don't care what you think of me. I'm tired of waiting for you to be the first to speak. Will you be friends, dear?"

He felt the relaxation of her attitude, and he drew her within the circle of his arm.

"Is that the way you treat your friends?" she demanded with a laugh.

"That's the way I treat bad little girls," he explained. "I've been bad too. If you want to punish me, why—"

He paused suggestively, but Nell only tapped his bronzed cheek with her hand.

"It was punishment enough to have to break your no compromise declaration," she said lightly.

"That was not a punishment," was the fervent assertion. "I enjoyed it. I'm glad I found it out, because now after we're married there'll be no need of compromise."

"There'll be no need for making up," promised Nell as she slipped her arm through his.

Nero as an Art Lover.

One fact redeems to a certain extent the memory of an emperor whose name is held in abhorrence by young students of history. The fact is that, whenever excavations have been made in grounds known to have belonged to Nero, some genuine work of a Greek master has been sure to come to light. In other words, the only chance we have left of discovering lost masterpieces is to follow in the footsteps of Nero and search whatever building or site is known to have been inhabited by him—whether the golden house at Rome or the hunting box at Sublaquum or the sea cottage at Antium.

Born in the last named place on Dec. 15, A. D. 37, he seems to have been possessed of a double nature, one half of which was kind, generous, poetic, artistic, musical, while the other was unspeakably depraved. Nothing could show better this contrast in his personality than a comparison between two portrait busts, still extant, the first taken soon after his accession to the throne, while still guiltless of dissipation, the other after a few years of shocking decadence and depravity. The account given by Suetonius of the first period of his career is quite charming. The youth appears to have been devoted, body and soul, to sport and art rather than to the ruling of the empire. —Rodolfo Lanciani in Putnam's and the Reader.

Arithmetic Made Easy.

The class in business arithmetic in one of the evening schools is made up wholly of men who wield the pickaxe and push the shovel during the day. These men are ambitious to improve their minds, and the fact that they give up their evenings to study shows that they appreciate the value of a trained mind. But they are pathetically stupid in some things.

"On the first evening," said the teacher, "I asked the class, 'How much is six times two?' There was no apparent desire to shirk the question, but no amount of head scratching or knitting of brows could bring forth an answer."

"I'll put the question in another way," said I. "Suppose your boss is paying you at the rate of \$2 a day, how much do you get at the end of a week's work?"

"Every man had his hand up. 'Twelve dollars,' said one in the first row."

"These men can think in dollars and cents quickly enough," said the teacher, "but figures are Greek to them." —New York Press.

Salt Lakes.

The Great Salt lake is gradually drying up, and the inhabitants of Salt Lake City seem quite surprised. They ought not to be. All salt lakes owe their salinity to the fact of their having no outlet, and a lake without an outlet is a dying lake.

Nor is death usually long delayed, speaking geologically. Lakes Koko Nor and Lob Nor were undoubtedly extensive inland seas not so very many decades ago, yet Sven Hedin found them reduced to mere arid puddles set in the midst of well lighted salt deserts that once were their beds.

The terrible Taklamakan desert, too, in which Hedin nearly died of thirst, was once the bed of just such a lake. So also were the salt deserts of Persia. Northern Tibet is studded with salt lakes in process of desiccation. The Aral and the Caspian seas were at one time far more extensive than is now the case, proving that they, too, are undergoing the inevitable process of desiccation to which all such bodies of water are sooner or later invariably subjected. —St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Negro Eloquence.

Some years ago one of Texas' widely known statesmen who is now dead was passing along a street in Dallas when an old colored man who had once belonged to him approached, took off his hat and passed a hand over his white wool as he asked:

"Marster, gin de old man 50 cents."

"Dan, you are a robber."

"How?" asked the astonished dandy, opening his eyes, around which rough-shod age had walked.

"Didn't you see me put my hand in my pocket?"

"Yes, sah."

"Well, you old rascal, you rob me of the pleasure of giving you money without being asked."

The old man received a dollar. Bowing almost to the ground, while tears came out and coursed through the aged prints around his eyes, he replied:

"Marster, wid-wid such a heart as you hab and wid Abraham and Isaac and de Lord on your side I don't see what can keep you out of heaven."

Sitting Bull.

To look at Sitting Bull one would say that he was always quiet and self contained. In fact, he did usually keep himself under control, but he was cruel and almost heartless. He had practiced cruelty to animals and men from his childhood and as long as he lived; he was full of passion and often very angry. He was always imperious and insolent toward our generals, the Indian agent and other friends of the great father at Washington, whom he claimed to hate. He had great talent and ability to plan campaigns and battles and wonderful influence in bringing Indians together. Notwithstanding all this, he was afraid of death, and though he planned the greatest victory which the Indians ever gained over white men, Sitting Bull himself was a coward and disgraced himself even before his own people by running away in the very face of success. —General Howard in St. Nicholas.

Folklore Stories.

The Journal of American Folklore has some interesting folk tales of the Nez Percés Indians:

"Once the sun fell down from the sky just about sunrise. Mole caught it and held it up until people got there and helped him to shove it back. The sun had meant to roll along on the ground instead of in the sky. It was from holding up the sun that Mole's hands are bent so far back."

"Coyote and Cloud ran a race. Cloud bet storm and Coyote clear weather. They started far away to the south, and for awhile Coyote was in the lead. Then Cloud made fruits of all kinds to grow in front of Coyote, and he, looking back and seeing Cloud far behind, stopped to eat. In this way Cloud caught up and won. This is why we have storms in winter time."

Long Suffering Bill.

A correspondent sends the following to a remote rural organ of the people:

"Our esteemed fellow citizen, Mr. William M. Puckleton, has had several new 'No Trespassing' signs erected on his place. We have had the pleasure of perusing the one facing the Hedgeville pike. It reads:

"Not a trespasser will be persecuted to the full extent of 2 mean mungrel dogs which ain't never been overly sociable with strangers as I dubbel barl shotgun which ain't loaded with no soft pillers dam if I ain't gettin tired of this heikralism on my property. Yurs respectful,

"BILL PUCKLETON."

—Current Literature.

In the Custody Place.

A well known English bishop some time since lost his third wife. A clergyman who had known the first wife returned from Africa and wanted to see the grave. He called at the cathedral and saw the verger.

"Can you tell me where the bishop's wife is buried?"

"Well, sir," replied the verger, "I don't know for certain, but he mostly buries 'em at Brompton." —Detroit Tribune.

True Both Ways.

"The die is cast!" hissed the villain. Then, shaking their gold locks, the chorus bounded on.

"It seems," the critic murmured, "that the cast is dyed too." —New York Press.

Just Goes Out.

Juvenile—Mamma, when the fire goes out where does it go? Mother—I don't know, dear. You might just as well ask where your father goes when he goes out. —Town Topics.

Isn't This Rough?

Ella—A poet wrote a sonnet on my face the other day. Stella—Did he write it on the lines? —Bohemian.

Quick Love.

(Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.)

There are more love affairs induced by a sharing of danger than any other one cause. At 5 o'clock one afternoon I was introduced to a girl I had never seen before. At 6 we were sitting hand in hand enduring a frightful strain.

At 8 we were locked in each other's arms. At 10 we were lovers for life.

On that memorable afternoon I was sauntering through one of those cathedrals abroad where the natives go to pray and strangers go to stare when a party of my fellow countrymen approached, and one of them, whom I knew, introduced me to the rest, among them Miss Hilda Crane. I joined them, and together we gaped at paintings and statues of sacred characters, poking our noses into every nook and cranny in the most unbecoming manner. Seeing a man emerge from a little door about four feet high, which he closed with a bang, as I passed it I took hold of the knob and saw that the latch had not caught. Pulling the door open and stooping, I looked in. The chamber was dark, so to see the better I entered. Miss Crane appeared at the door, and bending, also came in. The rest of the party passed on. Miss Crane and I stood investigating the chamber. It was very small, rectangular, and the ceiling was so high that we could not estimate its distance—in fact, we couldn't see it. I put my hand up, but could not reach it.

Suddenly the door, which had been left slightly ajar, closed with a slam. Then it was jerked as if to try whether the latch had caught, and we heard footsteps retreating on the marble floor. I put my hand against the door, shouting at the same time. It was fast, and there was no answer to my call. The man whom I had seen close it had doubtless returned, seen it open and shut it.

So much for that stupid curiosity which possesses sightseers.

For a moment we scarcely realized our position, but I soon saw that unless released we were likely to have a terrible time before us, ending in insanity and death by starvation. My companion presently became aware of the same possible result and convulsively grasped my arm.

Our eyes soon became used to the darkness, and we could dimly see the walls. Looking up to discover where any light could come from, I saw a luminous line in the shape of the rectangle forming the outline of the ceiling. This puzzled me. It was lucky I had something to puzzle me, for one can't contemplate calamity and study a problem at the same time. I called Miss Crane's attention to it as a diversion.

But how make our position known? The door was very thick and made of some substance on the outside to resemble the cathedral's interior. I hammered and kicked, but against a non-resounding material. Then I shouted. I listened intently for footsteps, but failed to detect any sound whatever.

To ally so far as possible my companion's apprehension I told her that it was possible we might have to stay where we were all night and we must make the best of it. Her only reply was a moan that froze my blood.

We heard the cathedral clock strike 6. Then, looking up, I was astonished to notice that the ceiling had descended. I judged that it was now about twenty feet high, though it might have been forty. At any rate, it was much nearer than when I first looked up. Tired of standing, we were sitting on the floor. Miss Crane was suffering from hysteria, and to quiet her I held her hand in a firm grip. She, too, had noticed the descending ceiling.

No pen could describe the horror of seeing that something falling so slowly that the eye could not detect its motion. I folded my companion in my arms and held her cheek against mine. We were united before an appalling death. I begged her not to look up, for every time she did so her glance would be followed by a new and more terrible hysteria.

Meanwhile the rectangle of light faded, and we were in darkness. I stood up and stretching forth my hand could feel the ceiling. It seemed to be of metal. Passing my fingers around the line where it joined the wall, I discovered that there was a space between it and the wall. It must be suspended.

I said nothing of its proximity to my companion. She need not know till the fatal moment came. The ceiling settled till when I stood at my full height it touched my head. Then the clock struck 10.

A few minutes after this I heard the click of cogwheels as though some one were turning a crank. My hand was resting on the ceiling at the time, and I felt it rise. In a few moments it had passed beyond my reach.

"We are saved, sweetheart, my love, my life!" I pressed her to me, raining kisses on her cheeks, her lips, her eyes. "It has gone! Speak to me! Tell me of your joy—that you love me!"

It was in the midst of these transports that the door opened and the apartment was flooded with light that illumined a crowd of anxious faces in the opening.

"Thank God! We have found you at last!"

We were in the clock tower. The weight that moved its machinery was suspended over us. The keeper had wound the clock before going to bed.

My wife and I when sightseeing can never be tempted out of the beaten path of visitors. We have had enough of that.

ALEXANDER ELY.

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

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.



For the relief of inflammation of every character. Burns, Blisters, Ulcers, Eczema, Pimples, always ask for the Red Cross Brand Denver Mud, Accept No Substitute. Sold by

BADGER & GREEN

LOCATION OF FIRE ALARM BOXES.

For Fire Department Call Phone No. 41.

NO. LOCATION.

21, College Ave. and Liberty

41, Hanna and Indiana

41, Jackson and Daggy

51, Madison and Liberty

41, Walnut and Madison

21, Engine House

41, Hanna and Crown

41, Bloomington and Anderson

2, Seminary and Arlington

2, Washington and Durham

41, Washington and Locust

41, Seminary and Locust

41, Howard and Crown

41, Main and Ohio

53, College Ave and Demotte Alley

41, Locust and Sycamore

1—2—1, Fire Out

INTERURBAN TIME TABLE

EAST BOUND

Lv. G. C. Lv. T. H.

6 local .. 6:05 am 5:30 am

8 local .. 7:15 am 6:40 am

10 local .. 8:15 am 7:40 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 11:20 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

108 limited .. 5:15 pm 3:30 pm

38 local .. 6:40 pm 5:15 pm

42 local ar .. 8:15 pm 6:30 pm

46 local lv. .. 9:17 pm 7:30 pm

50 local ar .. 11:15 pm 9:30 pm

52 local ar .. 12:15 am 10:30 pm

WEST BOUND

Lv. G. C. Lv. T. H.

7 local .. 5:45 am 5:00 am

0000 A N N SSSS
L O O A A N N S
L O O A A A N N SSSS
L O O A A N N S
L L L L O O O O A A N N SSSS

MONEY TO LOAN

In any sum from \$5 to \$300 on horses, cattle, furniture, vehicles and all other good personal property, leaving the same in your possession, thus giving you the use of both goods and money. Our charges are liberal for expense of loan. We keep nothing out in advance and if you pay the loan before due we charge interest for the time you keep it. We have a system whereby you can pre-pay entire loan in small weekly monthly or quarterly installments. This company is composed of home people, therefore we do not make inquiries among your neighbors and friends as out of the city companies will do. All our dealings are strictly confidential. Following is our liberal interest charges.

\$ 20.00 one month 10c
50.00 one month 25c
100.00 one month 50c
All other amounts in same proportion.
Room 5, Southard Block, Corner Indiana and Washington Sts. First private stairway south of Ricketts Jewelry Store.

The Home Loan & Real Estate Co.
PHONE 82

Coal!

If you have not yet laid in your winter supply

BUY NOW!

Best Qualities

at Best Prices

HILLIS COAL Co.

Tele. 187

Coal
Coal
Coal

NOW IS THE
TIME TO BUY

For the best qualities
and lowest prices see

Charles
Cawley

PHONE 163

New Business Deal

Phone No. 149 for Rubber Tired cabs for all trains or city calls, day or night. Price 15 cents. Prompt service positively guaranteed at all times. Give us your call and we will do the rest.

Cabs for parties and funerals on short notice.

HARRY COLLINS,

Successor to H. W. Gill, Greencastle Transfer Company.

FERD LUCAS

DEALER IN

Real Estate, Insurance
and Coal

No. 21 S. Ind. St., Greencastle, Ind.
Phone 255.

Livery, Boarding and
Feeding Stable

Phone 602
Patronage Solicited.

WILLIAM ALSPAUGH

Their Green
Gown.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.
Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated
Literary Press.

"I'd love to go, Aunt Lily, but you know I haven't a decent thing to wear." Mildred looked wistfully at the invitation in her hand.

Miss Weston thoughtfully turned a worn little ring on her slim finger as she surveyed her pretty niece.

They looked very much alike, Miss Lily and young Mildred, only the aunt was slender to thinness and her once golden hair had faded to ashen blond, but her eyes were as beautiful and long lashed and full of depth and sweetness as they had been fifteen years ago, and her skin was as fair and her lips were as red as Mildred's.

"The check book tells a sorry tale, dear," she said at length, "but perhaps I can help you out of my magic clothes press."

"Aunt Lily! I can't take anything more from you. You have given me your embroidered muslin and the pink silk—and I have worn them out. Don't tempt me!" The girl covered her ears and closed her eyes tightly.

"Don't be foolish, Mildred," protested Miss Weston. "I want you to go to the Patterson dance, and you must have a new gown. My green tissue can be altered and will make you a sweet frock. Come to my room and try it on."

Reluctantly Mildred followed her aunt to the pretty front room where the older woman spent much of her time.

The furniture was rather old fashioned, but of fine quality, for it had



"I HAVE SEEN YOUR GOWN BEFORE, MISS LANE."

been purchased in the days before Lily Weston had lost most of her fortune.

Miss Weston spread the green gown on the bed and surveyed it with a strange yearning in her eyes. It was of fine silken tissue in a tender leaf green and embroidered here and there with a tiny golden flower.

A pair of green slippers with gold buckles and green stockings were tucked in one corner of the box from which the gown had been produced.

"He is lovely, Aunt Lily! I suppose you have worn it to dances too."

"I wore it more than once, Mildred, and had the happiest times of my life. Now you must wear it, and I hope you will be equally happy." She bent and kissed the girl tenderly, and Mildred felt a warm drop on her cheek, but when she looked at her aunt Miss Weston was smiling.

"Come," she said blithely, "get your workbasket."

Mildred danced with tireless energy at the Patterson ball. The green gown was vastly becoming to her fair beauty, and she had never looked more charming.

Lester Stearns had succumbed to her loveliness and in the fragrant coolness of the conservatory he asked Mildred to marry him. She was radiant with happiness when Mrs. Patterson approached her, followed by a tall stranger.

"Mildred, dear, Captain Gray has requested an introduction to the girl in the green gown!" Miss Lane—Captain Gray! Now, Mr. Stearns, you may take me into the supper room." With a little nod she was gone with the reluctant lover.

Mildred looked at her new acquaintance, and decided at once that she would like him. He was a man in the prime of life, with a brown, rugged face that told of an out of door life. Strength and vigor in his large, well muscled frame.

"I have seen your gown before, Miss Lane," said Captain Gray abruptly.

"You must be mistaken," laughed Mildred. "I have never worn it until this evening."

"It was worn by another girl," he said thoughtfully, "a girl who looked just as you do. It is fifteen years ago that I saw her last, and she wore the green gown."

"It must have been Aunt Lily," said Mildred constrainedly.

"It was Lily Weston—then."

"It is Lily Weston now," said Mildred, "and she is just as sweet and lovely now as she ever was, I am sure!"

"I am sure of that, too," he remarked gravely.

"I had no frock to wear tonight, and I wanted to come so badly, and Aunt Lily brought this out of her treasure chest and fixed it for me. I know it was the dearest thing she owned, yet she lent it to me."

"She was always unselfish and loyal

to the core, and I could never understand"—He paused and looked at her strangely, wistfully.

"What?" asked Mildred warmly. She suspected a romance in the past of sweet Aunt Lily.

"I am a simple sailorman, Miss Lane, and I confess to not understanding the ways of women. I was a lieutenant in the navy when I met Lily Weston and fell in love with her. We became engaged and were to be married. This green gown I brought to her from China, and she wore it several times while I was on leave. We had a foolish quarrel one night, my last night ashore. It was a matter of trifling jealousy on my part, and before the evening was over I had seen my folly. I wrote on a programme that I was repentant and asked her to meet me in a certain cozy nook on the stairs." He paused and sighed.

"And?" suggested Mildred.

"She was surrounded by admirers, and as I had no other opportunity I slipped the programme into her hand as we passed each other while dancing."

"And then?"

"She never came. I waited until after midnight, and then when I had seen her depart with her friends I left. I have never seen her since." Captain Gray's voice shook a little as he concluded his story.

"How utterly ridiculous!" exclaimed Mildred. "Why, it seems to me if you truly loved each other you would not have quarreled, and yet you have never forgotten Aunt Lily, and she—why, it is your picture that is on her dressing table—a young officer in a cap and uniform!"

"You are sure?" The captain bent over her eagerly.

"Positive. Come and see us tomorrow, Captain Gray. I am sure she will be glad to see you," cried Mildred impulsively, holding out her hand.

"Thank you, I will," he said resolutely.

When she reached home Mildred flew straight to her aunt's chamber, where Miss Weston sat reading and awaiting the girl's return.

"Aunt Lily," cried Mildred excitedly, "have you kept the ball programme you had the last night you wore this gown?"

Miss Weston stared a moment, and then her eyes grew sad and retrospective. "I—believe so, dear," she said at last, "but please do not ask to see it!"

"I must, auntie. Please show it to me."

Without a word Miss Weston opened a small sandalwood box on her dressing table, and from it she took a yellowed lace handkerchief, a withered bunch of roses, a little green and gold fan and lastly a dance card, crumpled and faded.

"Here," she said, holding it out in her hand.

"Look at it, Aunt Lily, and see if there is not a message written on it—a plea for forgiveness by some one you cared for long ago." Mildred's voice quivered with excitement.

Miss Lily read and grew white.

"What is it?" she stammered pitifully.

"I don't understand."

Mildred took her in her loving young arms and told the story, and then and there Lily Weston laid bare her heart to the girl. It had been a miserable mistake—she had never read the message penciled on the programme, and she had grieved all the years.

"He is coming tomorrow, Aunt Lily," whispered Mildred, and then she tipped away, radiant in the knowledge that her aunt had at last attained the happiness that had lain so long within her reach, quite unexpected.

"It is all due to the green gown," whispered Captain Gray to his long lost sweetheart when he came the next day.

Down in the garden Lester Stearns was repeating his words of love to Mildred. "I think it was due to the green gown that I really knew," he murmured tenderly.

No Private Interview.

"Could I have a few minutes' private conversation with you?" he asked as he stood at the open door of a lawyer's office.

"Can't you speak right out from where you are?" asked the lawyer in reply after looking the man over.

"I'd rather make a private matter of it."

"What is the nature of your business?"

"Confidential—strictly private and confidential, sir."

"Well, I have no time to grant you a private interview. If you have anything to say, you can let her go right here. Now, what is it?"

"I—I wanted the loan of a quarter, sir," stammered the man.

"Oh, you did! And you wanted a private interview to ask me that?"

"Yes, sir. I knew that would hurt both our feelings if I were refused in public—yours because you couldn't afford to loan me the money and mine because I couldn't get it. Can you grant my request, sir?"

"No, sir."

"And does it hurt your feelings?"

"Not a bit. You are mistaken on that point."

"And my feelings are the only ones hurt?"

"Yours alone."

"Just so," said the man as he bowed and backed out. "I beg your pardon. I was mistaken. You have the money and no feelings, and I have the feelings and no money. Impassable chasm; no use in trying to bridge. Good day!"

—Washington Post.

Getting Ready.

"What is your son doing this year?" "Fitting himself for college."

"In what school?"

"Oh, in the sporting goods store and in the pipe section."

Love's Vibrometer.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.]

"I fear, professor," she said, toying with her fan, "that if I should marry you you would be constantly referring everything to a scientific cause. If, for instance, you were so devoid of feeling as to forget to give me even a flower on the anniversary of our wedding you would excuse yourself on the ground that the photographic impression on your brain had not been sufficiently strong, whereas your action would be—well, it would be just horrid."

"No; I should say that mental activity in another direction blurred the picture."

"Which would still be horrid. You are so steeped in materialism that all sentiment has gone out of you."

"Sentiment! You mean sentimentalism. And what is sentimentalism? Manufactured emotion. I say manufactured emotion, for it surely is not natural, like anger, fear, pity. And how many couples does it tie up in matrimonial chains who are not fitted for each other? With what result? Misery and divorce."

"Then you don't believe in marriage for love. You would scorn those happy moments of lovers in the moonlight, among flowers, listening together to strains of sweet music."

"Why not say with Shakespeare, 'To the lascivious pleasing of a lute'? I grant you that all these things induce passion, but is mere passion a sufficient reason for marriage?"

"Of course not!" (indignantly.)

"The scientist, where he reaches a foundation for his faith, stands on bedrock. There is where I stand in the matter of love. We have attained to a knowledge of what love is. We may not always be able to determine if it exists between two people in a sufficient degree to warrant marriage, but I believe the day will come when it will be measured to a scale, just as we measure our weight, temperature, pulse."

"In other words, a trained nurse puts a love thermometer on our hearts and reads zero, temperate, grand passion, as the case may be. People who submit to such absurdity are indeed fit to be under the care of a nurse. A lunatic asylum is the proper place for them."

"Suppose in 200 marriages 100 of the couples are brought together by your moonlight, flowers, music and such like; the other hundred by a—well, call it a vibrometer. In the first hundred cases we cannot expect all to turn out happily. Let us assume that sixty are happy, thirty unhappy and ten are divorced. Now, if every case pronounced by the vibrometer to be genuine love—say, 95 per cent, to allow for errors—turns out happily if the amatory oscillations continue through a long life, would you admit the scientific method to be the better?"

"Oh, certainly! And if you should pump a gas into me from one of your abominable machines that would make me soar in the sky I would admit that you are a conjurer."

"Now, I have said that we know what love is. It has been defined by Dr. Scheibler of the Berlin Institute of Electro-Therapeutics thus: 'The oscillations in the interior of a person's body, as may be seen in the case of vibratory attraction, are in harmony—that is to say, they are at the first movement in complete accordance with the oscillations in the interior of some other person's body.'"

"Oscillations! That's a man's love. And the more women between which he may oscillate the better, I suppose."

"Please don't interrupt. It is, of course, necessary that the reactionary sentiment—"

"Sentiment? You mean clockwork?"

"—in the case of the two subjects—"

"Automatons."

"—should be of an agreeable nature—"

"A grin painted on their faces."

"—since the two vibrations facilitate the movement of all the atoms which in this way accumulate and emit their rays without disturbing the diffusion—"

"I suppose each heart is a lighted talow candle?"

"—this it is which causes the sentiment known as sympathy—"

"Machine sympathy. I'd stick a pin in a man who would offer me such sympathy."

"—and which subsequently causes love."

"Oh, heavens! And this is love! Then I suppose cotton mills where shuttles are continually vibrating are brimful of romances. And think of the cases in watchmakers' shops where the watches all hang together to be regulated. How they must vibrate for one another! And is this the kind of love you are offering me?"

"My love for you is not a thing to offer. It can only exist with yours."

"Do bring the vibrometer and let us see whether we are lovers."

"There is yet no such instrument. The nearest we can get to it is by the touch," taking her hand. "Do you feel a thrill? That's vibration in unison. This pressing my lips on yours is a more sensitive test."

"I think I do feel it just a little."

"Perhaps a cardiac juxtaposition—"

"A what?"

"I will illustrate. I fold you in my arms so that your heart will beat against mine. Thus."

"Oh, professor, the three tests to gether are!"

"In you reactionary vibratory sentiment—"

"I don't care what you call it. It's just too nice for anything."

F. A. MITCHEL.

The Gag Was Omitted.

"Nearly all of us players can gag," said a well known actor. "Usually, though, the gagging is of a selfish nature. I'll explain to you what I mean."

"Once, at the beginning of my career, I played the part of a footman. I wore in this part a very broad white collar, a kind of Eton collar. Well, the leading man told me one night that with my help he would introduce a gag."

"All right," said I. "What is the gag to be?"

"You know how," said the leading man, "in the third act, I write a letter while you stand beside me and wait to carry it to your mistress? Well, after the letter is finished, I'll reach over to you in an absent way and wipe my pen on your white collar. Of course it will make a large black stain, but you'll see—it will bring down the house."

"I laughed heartily."

"Capital," I said. "And I'll finish the thing off with a little gag of my own. As soon as you have wiped your pen on my nice collar I'll wheel round and knock you down. Of course it will hurt you a little, but you'll see—it will be the hit of the show."

Five Wheat.

Years ago, about a century, David Five, a Scotchman of Glasgow, Ont., sent to a friend in Ontario for a small bag of seed wheat to try in a cleared patch of the backwoods. The friend obtained some seed from a vessel just in from Danzig. Unfortunately it was a fall wheat and reached David Five in the spring. Nevertheless David Five sowed it in spring. One can guess how feverishly the backwoods farmer watched for the growth of his experiment. Only three wheat heads survived till the fall, but those three wheat heads were entirely free of the rust that had ruined his neighbor's crops, and those three heads really represented a new variety of wheat, a fall wheat turned into a spring wheat. David Five treasured the three heads and planted them in spring. Such was the beginning of Five wheat in America.—Agnes C. Laut in Outing Magazine.

Vanity of the Peacock.

Our favorite and much petted peacock, says a correspondent of the London Spectator, can be kept happy any length of time looking at his reflection in the window pane or in a looking glass. He comes in daily to tea, making no mistake about the hour, and spends much time in gazing at himself as he appears in the glass of the French windows by which he enters the room. If I am sewing and do not speak to him when he comes into the room, he will gently put his head quite close, almost touching my ring or needle, for he likes bright things, till I have to give up working and talk to him as with a small child whom one is afraid of pricking.

Lost Charm of the Wayside Inn.

The Inns of England, celebrated by Harrison and famous far and wide at the beginning of the last century, have degenerated into sad places which we visit only of necessity. Little did Stephenson think when he proposed the line from Manchester to Liverpool that he would ruin the wayside inns of England and kill the art of cookery.

—Blackwood's Magazine.

A Reassuring Truth.

A lady on one of the ocean liners who seemed very much afraid of icebergs asked the captain what would happen in case of a collision.

The captain replied, "The iceberg would move right along, madam, just as if nothing had happened." And the old lady seemed greatly relieved.—Success.

Unsettled.

Skinner—Good morning, ma'am. Did you ever see anything so unsettled as the weather has been lately? Mrs. Hashley—Well, there's your board bill, Mr. Skinner.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

In a Bad Way.

"Here is a doctor who says you mustn't eat when you're worried."

"But suppose you're always worried for fear you ain't got to get anything to eat?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Couldn't Scream.

"I was afraid you'd scream when I kissed you."

"I didn't dare. Mamma was in the next room and would have heard me."

—Houston Post.

The power of necessity is irresistible. —Aeschylus.

Mind Your Business!

If you don't nobody will. It is your business to keep out of all the trouble you can and you can and will keep out of liver and bowel trouble if you take Dr. King's New Life Pills. They keep biliousness, malaria and jaundice out of your system. 25c at the Owl drug store.

NEW RETAIL
LUMBER YARDS
and PLANING MILL

North College Avenue,
South of the Railroad Tracks

We can furnish your house patterns COMPLETE, including DOORS, SASH, and GLASS. We have an EXPERT ESTIMATOR and DRAUGHTSMAN in our employ, who will DRAW UP YOUR PLANS FREE OF CHARGE.

We also handle the famous LAWRENCE PAINTS and FLINTOID ready PRE-PAIRED ROOFING.

LET US FIGURE WITH YOU.
You do not have to cross the tracks to reach our yards.

C. H. BARNABY

MAJESTIC
THEATRE
INDIANAPOLIS
WEEK OF NOVEMBER 9TH
The Forepaugh Stock Company Presents
"BROWN OF HARVARD"
THE REIGNING COLLEGE SUCCESS
Matinee Mon. Wed. Thurs. and Sat.
T. H. I. & E. Co. Theatre Cars leave Indianapolis at 11:30 p. m. but when necessary cars will be held until the close of theatre.

E. B. LYNCH
House Furnisher and
Funeral Director
GREENCASTLE, IND.
12 and 14 North Jackson St. Telephones 89 and 108

THIS IS THE TIME FOR
Fruits and Fresh Vegetables
We have them—the choicest on the market. We will please you if you give us an order.
QUIGG & COOK, Grocers
PHONE 90 Successors to T. E. Evans

TRAVEL OPPORTUNITIES
Big Four Route
NOVEMBER, 1908.
All-Year Tourists Rates. NEWPORT NEWS, VA. NORFOLK, VA. OLD POINT COMFORT, VA. VIRGINIA BEACH, VA., On sale beginning Nov. 10th.
DENVER AND RETURN. ANNUAL CONVENTION AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR, Tickets sold Nov. 4th to 10th inclusive.
Richmond, Va., and Return. NATIONAL CONGRESS. Tickets sold Nov. 11th to 15th.
Home Seekers' Rates. NORTHWEST, SOUTHWEST, MICHIGAN, MEXICO AND BRITISH POSSESSIONS.
Winter Tours. To California, Mexico, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Florida the Gulf Coast Cuba and Porto Rico.
Spokane, Wash., and Return. National Apple Show. Tickets sold Dec. 1st, 2nd and 3rd.

for the Kidneys, Bladder
and Rheumatism.
RELIEVES
BACK-ACHE
30 days' treatment for \$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
For Sale by Badger & Green.

Boys that Learn a Good Trade
are better equipped for success than those that have only an abundance of money. Their future is more secure. THE WINONA TECHNICAL INSTITUTE TRADE SCHOOLS give boys a mastery of the following trades: Foundry, Printing, Lithography, Tile Setting, Painting, Machine Trades, Engineering Practice, Pharmacy, Chemistry, Brick-laying and Carpentry. Ask us about our plan under which you can pay for your training after securing a good position.
W. C. SMITH, DIRECTOR, 1640 E. Michigan St. WINONA TECHNICAL INSTITUTE, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

OPERA HOUSE

One Week, Starting
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 9TH

THE DePew-Burdette Stock Company

15—People—15 10—Plays—10 5—Big Specialties—5

Without doubt the best company on the road.

Admission 30c, Gallery 20c, Children 10c
Seats on sale at Badger and Cook's Drug Store.

OPENING "An American Girl"

On Monday night two ladies or lady and gent admitted on one thirty-cent ticket

LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Albert Hamrick was in Brazil last evening.

Fred Rice of Roachdale was in the city last evening.

Nathan Call was down from Roachdale today.

C. A. Pierle spent Sunday with Cloverdale friends.

Will Herrod spent Sunday afternoon in Roachdale.

W. A. Durham of Indianapolis was in the city Saturday.

George Clark of Harmony visited relatives here Saturday.

Mrs. Ed. Howard of Brazil is spending to day in the city.

Ed. Hodges of Terre Haute spent Sunday with relatives here.

Mrs. Nellie Walsh of Indianapolis visited relatives here Sunday.

The S. C. C. girls will meet with Miss Margaret Kreigh tonight.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Hamrick, Saturday night, a boy.

Miss Bertha Higgins visited her parents in New Maysville yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Welch visited relatives near Bainbridge Saturday.

Attorney Charles McGaughey transacted legal business in the city today.

Mrs. Flora Crist of Indianapolis spent yesterday with her daughter, Flora Mahoney.

Miss Loral Richards is on duty at the Palace Restaurant after two weeks' vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Crump spent yesterday with Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Crump of Oakalla.

Miss Nona Lovett of Bloomington, spent yesterday with her mother, Mrs. Kate Lovett.

Paul Johnson has returned to Plainfield after several days' absence on account of illness.

Joseph Cline, cashier of the Roachdale bank, is transacting business in the city today.

Mrs. George Ippenplatz and Mrs. William Dean of Roachdale visited Mr. and Mrs. Garth Job Saturday.

Mr. Earl Crooks of Greensburg, has returned home after a visit with his brother, John, of the university.

Prof. Frank Gauze, Supt. of the schools at Salem was in the city yesterday returning home from a meeting of the city superintendents at Indianapolis.

Col. Matson is in Indianapolis today.

John Long spent Sunday in Terre Haute.

Reese Matson is confined to the house by illness.

Miss Margherita Burton is in Indianapolis today.

Dr. M. M. Shayer was in the city yesterday on business.

Dr. Foster of Russellville is spending today in the city.

Miss Grace Allen has gone to Indianapolis for a short visit.

Lon McGaughey of Russellville is in the city today on business.

Chester Moorish of Brazil visited his brother, Charles, Saturday.

Bodley Dicks of Lafayette visited Phi Delt brothers over Sunday.

Miss Eleanor Town of Tipton visited home folks here over Sunday.

Mrs. J. L. Randel has gone to French Lick for a ten days' visit.

Miss Grace Nesbit of Sullivan visited Tri Delt sisters over Sunday.

Mrs. Joe Stewart of Harmony spent Sunday with her son, Will, in the city.

Fred Eader went yesterday to Danville, Ills., called by the death of his brother.

Tom Willman, clerk at the Red Cross, is spending a few days at Vernon, Ind.

J. P. Allen, Jr., who was in Chicago most of last week, returned Saturday.

Mrs. Florence Preston of Indianapolis spent Sunday here and at Bainbridge.

Mrs. Badger Williamson left Saturday for a two weeks' visit at French Lick.

Phil Lewis has returned to his home in Linton after a short visit with relatives.

Dr. Marshall of Jasonville visited his daughter, Lucile, at Florence Hall yesterday.

Mrs. Ferd Lucas entertains a number of her lady friends at cards tomorrow afternoon.

Mrs. R. P. Carpenter and daughter of Noblesville, spent Sunday with relatives in Greencastle.

Circuit Court Prosecutor James P. Hughes was called to Cloverdale on legal business this morning.

Miss Jessie Williams and Miss Emma Beckwith have returned from Indianapolis where they spent Sunday.

Miss Vera Kelley, Miss Lola Torr and Miss Gene Stroube visited Miss Reggie Wright at Manhattan yesterday.

John Madden, traveling salesman for the Marshall Field Company spent Sunday here with relatives and friends.

Miss Gibbons, formerly of Greencastle, but now of Indianapolis, spent Sunday here returning to her home this morning.

G. E. Black goes today to Jennings, La., where he will be interested in business matters for some months to come.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex McMains and daughter, Miss Roxie, spent the day with Mrs. McMains' sister, Mrs. Jesse Lewman and husband.

The Putnam County Board of Children's Guardians and Board of Charities and Corrections met in joint session, this afternoon.

James Pierce is moving into the property at the corner of Franklin and Jackson Streets recently vacated by Columbus Alsbaugh.

Mrs. Nicholson and daughter of Vincennes have returned home after a short visit with Miss Marguerite Nicholson at Florence Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Barnaby are expected to return from Rushville, Ills., where they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Scripps, on Wednesday.

Ed Mahoney and Frank Allen, of the firm of Mahoney & Allen, road contractors, were home yesterday from Kokomo where they are building gravel roads.

In the Clay Circuit Court, this morning, Mrs. Katie Roller, was given a decree of divorce from her husband, Harry Roller, and her maiden name of Strother was restored.

Mrs. Henry Crews is on the sick list.

Raymond Thompson was in Brazil today.

John James was in Brazil today on business.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Crawley was in Brazil today.

Bertha Vandament was in Bainbridge yesterday.

Miss Bertha Clark of Greenfield is visiting in the city.

W. P. Sackett and family spent Sunday in Cloverdale.

Miss Mary Cadwell has returned from a visit with Russellville friends.

James Allen of Bainbridge passed through here today on his way to Brazil.

Flora Vandament of Reelsville spent Sunday with Greencastle friends.

Albert Callahan of Terre Haute spent Sunday with Greencastle friends.

Dr. and Mrs. Miller of Terre Haute spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Vestal.

Mrs. Noble Snyder and Mrs. Pete Conklin are shopping in Terre Haute today.

Mrs. George Peck returned to Indianapolis today after a visit with friends in this city.

Mrs. M. Feibleman, of Indianapolis, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Charles Sudranski of this city.

Miss Gertrude Hall and Chris Herold of Terre Haute spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Herold.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Oliver and daughter, Mary Katherine, spent Sunday with relatives in Bainbridge.

Mrs. D. E. Preston of Indianapolis was in the city yesterday going to Bainbridge to visit her father, Mr. Smith.

A new sub-station is being built at Eagles to furnish power for that division of the T. H. I. & E. Traction Company.

The missionary society of the Baptist Church will meet with Mrs. Milo West, south of the city tomorrow afternoon at 2:00 o'clock.

Born to Rev. Robert Kimberlin and wife, of Terre Haute, a son, on Nov. 6. Mrs. Kimberlin, was formerly Miss Bessie Town of this city.

H. C. Allen is in St. Louis where he goes as a delegate to the missionary convention of the Methodist church. While there he will stay with his daughter, Mrs. Charles Wallace.

About fifteen of Mrs. John Hodshire's friends, surprised her Sunday, it being her birthday. They brought well filled baskets and a delightful dinner was spread, all leaving at a late hour.

Mrs. Charles Rockwell, wife of the postmaster of Cloverdale was operated on for appendicitis in Indianapolis Saturday. She recovered from the operation, and at last reports was doing nicely.

John Elliott, who has been spending the last two months with his niece, Miss Claudie Vermillion and James Vermillion and family of this city, left today for Indianapolis, where he will visit en route home.

Miss Margaret Quayle, daughter of Bishop Quayle, and formerly a De Pauw student, who has been visiting Mrs. A. B. Phillips, for several days, left at noon for Kansas City, Mo., where she will visit before going to her home in Oklahoma City, Okla., the present residence of Bishop Quayle.

On Saturday afternoon the Theta Alumni Club heard a very interesting discussion of the state benevolences by Mrs. Waugh, of Tipton, one of the state officers of the Board of Charities. Charities and benevolences are now attracting the attention of many of the woman's clubs of the state, and the address of Saturday was not only interesting but timely.

HONOR FOR THE STROUBES

Frank M. Stroube, sheriff-elect of Putnam County, was born in Braeken County, Ky., July 19, 1863. At the age of two years he came to Indiana with his parents who settled on a farm in the south part of Madison Township, Putnam County, near the Mt. Olive Church. Here he lived with his parents up to the time of his marriage when he moved to Washington Township, where he has since lived. He has been for years a well-known stock-dealer in south Putnam.

J. W. Stroube was born in Madison Township, Putnam County, December 27, 1865, spending the greater part of his life on a farm making family his principal occupation. He was elected Trustee of Madison Township by the largest majority since the year 1876.

Masquerade At the Banner Rink

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 11
at 7:30 P. M.

Admission to all, 10c; skates 15c.
Prize of \$2.50 to lady and gent best representing their parts.
Second prize, free admission to rink remainder of month.
No one will be allowed on skating surface till 9 P. M. unless masked. Rink closes at 10:30 P. M.

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 DOINGS OF A DOG

An Epidemic of Hydrophobia Results From the Bites of a Bull Dog at Terre Haute—One Death Already Reported.

Since the death of 12-year old Peter Grosse from hydrophobia, eleven victims of the rabid dog which caused the boy's death have been reported in the family's immediate neighborhood. Through the generosity of the citizens of Terre Haute, who have subscribed liberally to the fund, eight of these will be sent to the Chicago Pasteur Institute. Three victims, Harry, Anna, and Cecelia Grosse, accompanied by Mrs. Geo. Grosse, the mother of 4-year old Cecelia, left tonight for Chicago where they will begin treatment in the morning.

The latest case reported is that of Nicholas Machanick, whose mother will take him to Chicago tomorrow.

Rally Day at Locust Street.

Yesterday was set apart as Rally Day for the Locust Street Sunday School. The morning service had been arranged with regard to it. There were short addresses by the superintendent of the school, Mr. Foreman. The superintendent of the county Sunday school association, Mr. O. L. Jones, an address by Mrs. Mansfield on Systematic Study of the Bible and a closing address by the pastor Mr. J. M. Walker, full of thought and vital suggestion to those who have the care and training of young people and children. A full house greeted the speakers. A banner awarded the Standard Bearers of the church by the Bloomington district Association for the largest increase in attendance within a year was presented by the pastor. At the Sunday School hour the Sunday School rooms were full.

Hot Stuff.

On opening a new golf course at Tankerton, Whitstable, Mr. Akers-Douglas related a good story. A golfer at Hale had an irritating experience with a local caddy. He followed so closely and was so anxious to please by intelligent anticipation that the player had several narrow escapes of severely disfiguring him. After a tedious and unprofitable round he paid him off, gave him his lunch ticket and threepence for cleaning his clubs and addressed him: "You know you are not quite perfect as a caddy. There is room for improvement. But as an agent for an accident insurance company you are pretty hot stuff. What is your name?" The caddy, a stolid looking and hitherto silent youth, moved, like Balaam's ass, by the exigencies of the situation, opened his mouth and replied, "Mustard."—London Express.

ZEIS'S BAKERY

Fresh Rolls, Biscuits
Buns and Dough-nuts every morning
for Breakfast.

Our Cakes are the best
in the city.

Home-made Pies
made to order.

Phone 67

WANT AD COLUMN

Lost—On Jackson Street between Beveridge and Manhattan Streets a small boy's gray overcoat. Finder please return to this office and receive reward.

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

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

For plain sewing call at 818 South College Avenue.

Watched Fifteen Years.

"For fifteen years I have watched the working of Bucklen's Arnica Salve; and it has never failed to cure any sore, boil, ulcer or burn to which it was applied. It has saved us many a doctor bill," says A. F. Hardy, of East Wilton, Maine. 25c at the Owl drug store.

Christmas Photos at Special Rates

At the Cammack Studio

Throughout the balance of the month of November, we will make some of our most popular styles of photos at a reduction from the regular prices. Some will be as low as \$1.50 and \$2.00 per dozen. As the days are short, come in as early as possible, and for good results, bring the little folks in the morning.

THE CAMMACK STUDIO Phone 2 on 251

That Cold
Break it up now
With Weeks Cold Tablets. For the treatment of Colds, La Grippe, Headache and Constipation it is a most excellent remedy. It does not effect the head.
No Cure, No Pay
PRICE 25c.
Jones, Stevens Company.

SPECIAL IN FLOWERS
\$1.50 roses \$1.00
\$1.00 roses 75 cents
Carnations 50c doz
Chrysanthemums 10c each
JOHN EITEL & SON.

Maple Heights.
John Ash is ill at his home.
Alonzo Crawley is on the sick list.
Miss Hazel Lounsbury is reported some better.
Miss Ida Cunningham spent Sunday in Limesdale.
The revival at the M. E. Church is still continuing.
Mr. and Mrs. Ed. May and family, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Paul Williams.

THE NEW STATE OFFICERS

They Will Begin Their Terms of Office at An Early Date and Are Scheduled to Begin Their Duties as Follows:

Thomas R. Marshall will take office as Governor on January 11, 1909 along with Frank J. Hall, who will then become Lieutenant-Governor. The other State officers elected at Tuesday's election will take office on the following dates: Secretary of State, November 17; Auditor of State, November 24; Attorney-General, Clerk of the Supreme Court, State Statistician, Judge of the Supreme Court and Judge of the Appellate Court, January 1; State Treasurer, February 10; Superintendent of Public Instruction, March 15.

The Depew-Burdette Co. Tonight.

The event that has been looked upon as one of the treats of the season is in the return of the favorite Depew-Burdette Stock Co. for an engagement of one week at the opera house tonight. The opening play is one of the best obtainable plays in repertoire "An American Girl," a play that every member of the company is shown to good advantage; its theme and story is away from the beaten path of melo-dramatic rot. But it is a play that displays a startling dramatic situation, rich and sparkling comedy and aims to please the lovers of the better class of plays. Five big specialties will be interspersed between acts. Mr. Depew guarantees 60 laughs a minute. Prices 10, 20 and 30 cents. Ladies free under ruling conditions. Seats now selling.

YOU'LL be well pleased with your own appearance if you see yourself as others will see you in one of our fine suits from

Hart Schaffner & Marx

There's no question about it; there are no other such clothes as these in the market; the reliability of quality in the all-wool fabrics, the perfect tailoring, the correct style and fit make them distinct from all others.

You ought to see what we have here for you; and we're here to show it to you.

Fine suits in many fancy fabrics, in blue serge, black Thibet; suits for all occasions, wearers, sizes, \$18 to \$30. Overcoats \$15 to \$30. Other good makes \$8.00 to \$15.00

This store is the home of Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes

THE MODEL Clothing Co.

Copyright 1908 by Hart Schaffner & Marx