

With Christmas but twenty-four days off it is advisable to watch the Herald advertisements for bargains offered to the early shopper.

Greencastle Herald.

VOL. 3. NO. 210.

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1908.

THE WEATHER

Fair tonight and Wednesday; colder tonight.

SINGLE COPIES 2c.

BUYS A NEW RIGHT-OF-WAY

Boswell land on which an option has not yet been secured. Unless an option is secured the land will be condemned by court proceedings.

BIG FOUR SECURED OPTIONS ON LAND ON WHICH TO BUILD SWITCH CONNECTING OLD AND NEW LINES—IS TO BE USED BY THE INDIANA & OHIO STONE CO. AND OTHER CONCERN.

MAY HAVE TO CONDEMN A PIECE

Barnaby Mill, Oakalla Stone Quarries, Big Four Grist Mills and Monon All Will Have a Big Four Connection Under the New Arrangement—Central Trust Company Secured Right of Way.

The Big Four Railroad soon will build a connecting link between its old line and the new line. The switch which will connect the two lines, will connect with the old line at the old line Big Four crossing on the road which passes the Alex Lockridge home.

The new line will cut across the Knaue farm, the Woodrum land and the Boswell land to the new line. Mr. E. A. Harris, representing the Central Trust Company, who is securing the right of way for the railroad has secured an option on the Knaue land, which will be needed. The Woodrum farm will be bought outright. This leaves a little of the

Arrangements have been made to hold a Farmers' Institute at Fillmore on the sixth of the coming January. The plans are not as yet fully completed, but are far enough advanced to assure an excellent institute.

The speaker furnished by the state will be W. B. Anderson, of Pike County, and many local speakers of ability will also be heard. Local conditions will be discussed, and it is believed that the institute will be very helpful.

Entertainment at the Christian church, December 7. It consists of the grand baby show, music by the orchestra, solos by quartet, readings and recitations by the best talent in Greencastle. Admission 15 cents; children 10 cents. 2dltw

Small Depositors

There are several reasons why the CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK welcomes small depositors and gives them the same attention as the large accounts.

In the first place most of our large depositors started in a small way and we have had the pleasure of seeing them grow from year to year, and we are glad to say that we have helped many of them increase their business and deposits, and we expect to continue to do so. So far as this bank is concerned, it is just as satisfactory to have several small accounts as one large one, and we also recognize the fact that the small depositor now is the one that will do the business of the future, and we want your good will and patronage.

Central National Bank

Cloaks For Women \$10.00 and Less Money

The \$10.00 Cloaks are Getting Better Each Day

Sales of Women's Cloaks at the popular price of \$10.00 have exceeded our expectations and the result is that instead of buying our usual \$10.00 values to replace Cloaks sold, we have added to the \$10.00 Cloak line, a big variety of higher priced Cloaks, and as a further result



\$10.00 buys Cloaks worth a third more money.

Should you care for a less expensive Cloak--

We will sell you a good, desirable, stylish Cloak at \$5.00, \$6.50 and \$8.00

You'll find these, good looking cloaks; nice looking and quite as warm as cloaks that are more elaborately trimmed and that cost considerably more money.

ALLEN BROTHERS

PUTNAM ELECTRIC LOSES

DO NOT WANT WORLD'S FAIR

Indianapolis Commercial Declares The City is Not Ready for Such an Undertaking.

Jury Finds for the Plaintiff in the Suit of the General Electric Company Against the Local Lighting Plant.

\$225 AND INTEREST FOR 4 YEARS

There is not a single substantial reason why an "international" exposition should be projected in Indianapolis. We are growing in population quite rapidly enough; we are prospering on a comparatively safe basis; we are in a fair to middling condition of good physical and mental health. We have no desire to change to a worse condition and it is not likely that we can attain a better situation by the artificial means advanced by borrowers or promoters. There is not a case on record to prove that expositions, such as the genial J. St. Clair advocates, have been of benefit morally, physically or financially to the communities in which they have been held. It is not likely that Indianapolis would fare any better than is true of Chicago, Buffalo, Portland or the others. We should drop the scheme as a hot poker. Indianapolis does not need an exposition—it does not want an exposition.— Indianapolis Commercial.

INTERURBAN WINS CASE

Indiana Railway Commission Decides That Steam Roads Must Exchange With Traction Lines.

BIG FOUR LOSES CONTENTION

A decision rendered by the Indiana Railroad Commission Saturday makes it incumbent upon a steam road to enter into an interchange of carload traffic with an interurban company, regardless of whether two or more steam roads have entered into an agreement not to exchange their car traffic.

The decision was given by Union B. Hunt, chairman of the commission and involved the litigation between the Winona Interurban Railway Company and the Big Four Railroad Company, wherein the former sought to compel the latter to deliver cars to its lines in Warsaw, where there is a physical connection between the two roads.

According to the evidence introduced at the hearing some time ago, the Big Four had entered into an agreement with the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad, whereby it would not deliver any cars to the interurban railway at Warsaw. It was upon this refusal that the petitioners took the matter before the railroad commission for an adjudication.

Mr. Hunt, in rendering his decision, declares that the interchange of traffic, such as is involved in the petition, affords a larger opportunity for the shipping public and it "would bring steam and interurban roads into rightful competition."

The assertion of the officials of the Big Four that the interchange of traffic with the interurban road would have a tendency to bring their equipment under the control of the interurbans and bring their rolling stock into use for interurban business, is met by Mr. Hunt by the assertion that "such abuse of equipment can be prevented by the commission."

This was Union B. Hunt's last decision as chairman of the Indiana Railway Commission, as his resignation, which was tendered some time ago, took effect on Saturday.

SUIT ON ACCOUNT FILED

The VanCamp Hardware and Iron Company has filed suit against the Owl Mercantile Company to collect an account of \$215, alleged to be due and unpaid. The plaintiff is represented by Jackson Boyd.

HOSPITAL ASSOCIATION

The regular meeting of the Putnam County Hospital Association will be Thursday afternoon in the ladies rest room of the court house.

THE CITY DEFENDANT AGAIN

Case in Which John W. Sillery Asks Five Thousand Dollars Damages For Injuries Received on the City's Streets is on Trial.

CASE PREVIOUSLY POSTPONED

The case of John W. Sillery against the City of Greencastle for damages sustained in a fall alleged to be due to the improper condition of the sidewalk in front of the rooms where the box-ball alleys are located, came up for trial this morning. The case was to have been tried last September but was continued on an affidavit by the City Attorney that the city could not, at that time, proceed with the trial.

Last winter John Sillery, a barber employed at that time at the Palace barber shop, came out of the door of the box-ball alley room, and stumbled on the rickety board walk before the door and fell. His hand was severely injured, and he filed suit against the city asking \$5,000 damages.

The city has brought into the case Mrs. Randel, owner of the building, and threatens that any damages assessed against the city will be collected from the owner of the building. The owner of the building is represented in the case now on trial. A jury was secured this morning and the trial is going forward.

The plaintiff is represented by Glen & Wilson, the City of Greencastle by C. T. Peck and J. P. Allee.

WEATHER OF DECEMBER

What We May Look For in Climatic Conditions Beginning Tomorrow.

The first winter month may spring surprises, judging from the state weather bureau record for December for the last thirty-seven years issued Saturday. The average temperature for the period named is shown to have been thirty-three degrees Fahrenheit, which may be termed mild winter weather. However, it has been shown that the thermometer can drop as low as fifteen degrees below zero. That was the temperature December 9, 1876. On two occasions within the history of the bureau the temperature has run as high as sixty-eight degrees Fahrenheit—December 31, 1875, and December 24, 1889.

There may be some snow. The records show that on December 14, 1899, there was a fall of 6.9 inches, the heaviest since a record of snowfall has been kept.

The month is unusually a cloudy month. The average in thirty-seven years has been sixteen cloudy days, nine partially cloudy, and only six clear days.

MYSTERY IN OFFICER'S DEATH

San Francisco, Dec. 1.—(Special to The Herald)—W. J. Riggs, the San Francisco Chief of Police, has met a mysterious death. His body was found floating in the bay. A boat engineer is held prisoner and it is believed that he can explain how the officer happened to drown.

BADLY CUT WITH HATCHET

Cloverdale Man is Knocked Down From Gable of Barn by Accident And Narrowly Misses Death From Tool in His Pocket.

IS RECOVERING SLOWLY NOW

On last Saturday Lige Holloway, of Cloverdale, was assisting in the building of a barn. He was standing on a fourteen-foot ladder and aiding in the nailing in place of a fascia board along the rafter ends. His assistant was upon the roof. The board, a heavy green piece of lumber, slipped from the hands of the man on the roof, struck Holloway in the face and knocked him from the ladder.

The man had a sharp shingling hatchet in his hip-pocket, and it falling struck upon this hatchet in such a way as nearly to sever his spinal column. He was picked up and for a time it was believed he could not live. At present he is slowly recovering.

Every one at the opera house moving picture show last night was more than satisfied, the general expressed opinion was, "the best I ever saw," and one gent said "I have seen moving pictures in all of the large cities and these are the best I ever saw."

Have You Thought of that XMAS DINNER

We will have Turkey, Chickens, Geese and Ducks, along with a full line of Staple and Fancy Groceries. Give us a trial and let us please you.

We also have a line of Dry Goods and Notions, Boots and Shoes, Soft Coal. Special attention given to orders for Coal. We will deliver quantities of one dollar and up to any part of the city. Give us a trial.

Herod & Gorham
715 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

Phone 51.

Riley's Old Stand.

DON'T FORGET THAT

Dress Goods Sale

All This Week at

VERMILION'S

You Get Piano Tickets.

THE HERALD

Founded 1866
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 \$3.00
By Carrier in City, per week 6 cents
Single Copies 2 cents

ADVERTISING RATES UPON APPLICATION

WEEKLY STAR - DEMOCRAT
Established 1858
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

ANOTHER SHOCK

Two classes of society which, heretofore had looked with favor upon the Republican party, have now received a shock that has caused their enthusiasm to cool rapidly.

These two classes are the bankers and the retail merchants.

The shock comes in the form of a statement by the leaders of the Grand Old party that the coming Congress will pass both a postal savings bank and a parcels post bill.

While the campaign was in progress bankers everywhere were declaring against the bank guarantee plank of the Democratic platform.

When it was suggested to them that the postal savings bank was still more radical legislation, they winked the other eye and declared that the great bankers in New York city would look out for that and see to it that no such bill was passed.

Now it appears that such a bill will be one of the first to be considered.

They say at Washington that distrust of the banks is growing rapidly over the country, and to get the money now being hoarded it will be necessary to make banks safe and to place the guarantee of the government upon them.

This, it is believed, will bring large amounts of hoarded cash from each community and place it in the large centers where the postal banks are located. Thus will each local community lose its cash.

The parcels post is also causing a shudder to sweep over the country.

It means low and rapid transportation from the great mail order houses to the consumers all over the country.

Heretofore the country buyer has been compelled to go to town after his mail order purchase.

Now it will be brought to his door by Uncle Sam. He will receive goods with greater ease from Chicago than from his home town.

Here is radical legislation indeed, and against those who supported the party. It is for the Democrats, however, to laugh.

THE DRUG FIEND.

Hasheesh Makes Its Slave Utterly Useless For Any Service.

One of the drugs that are most striking in their effects is hasheesh, or Cannabis Indica, largely taken in Asiatic countries, where I used myself to meet its votaries. Its chief peculiarity is to make one believe with all his might whatever is suggested to him.

If he is an Arab, tell him that he is a sultan, and straightaway he orders heads to be cut off. Tell him he is a rooster, and he will crow. I knew of two Americans who experimented on themselves, and when the first was told that he was like a locomotive he snorted and whistled and kept going round the table puffing and blowing until he dropped from sheer fatigue.

The other somehow conceived the idea that he was dead and forthwith gave elaborate directions for his own funeral till he was waxed wroth at the unseemly mirth of his companions when they should have wept.

Hasheesh makes its slave utterly useless for any service, and so with the other drugs. Their victims one and all end in becoming do-nothings. Self made do-nothings, or those who are so by drug taking, are much worse than useless.

As they usually do not begin till adults they reach the working period of life, they become wretched burdens on the real workers, since our social system lacks any constitutional enactment whereby, as occurs in a community of bees, the workers systematically put their drones to death.

The opium fiend from long living in an unreal world becomes transformed into the most all round liar in the land, the very embodiment of unveracity. One of them victimized me with a loan that he might go and close the eyes of his dying mother when her eyes needed no such closing for years afterward.

Another sent from a western city to his wife a telegram which purported to come from an undertaker demanding money to pay for shipping his body home. This money, when it came, he, and unfortunately no undertaker, pocketed and then went his way.

We all know what the confirmed drunkard becomes, but not till the judgment day will the whole story be known of the griefs and tears of the innocent ones whom the drunkard made to suffer while he was here.

Everybody's Magazine.

AVERTED A TRAGEDY.

Nerve Displayed by Daniel O'Connell at a Critical Moment.

Daniel O'Connell, the famous Irish agitator, had a contempt for physical danger. On a certain occasion a meeting had been convened, and a large crowd assembled in a room on the first floor of a building in a small city in Ireland.

O'Connell was about to address the people when a gentleman, pale with fear, made his way to the platform and hoarsely whispered:

"Liberator, the floor is giving way! The beams that shore it up are cracking, and we shall fall through in a few minutes!"

"Keep silent," said O'Connell. Then, raising his voice, he addressed the assembly:

"I find that the room is too small to contain the number who desire to come in, so we must leave it and hold the meeting outside the building."

At this a few rose and went out, but the majority retained their seats. Then O'Connell said:

"I will tell you the truth. You are Irishmen, therefore brave men. The floor is giving way, and we must leave this room at once. If there is a panic and a rush to the door we shall all be precipitated into the room below, but if you obey my orders we shall be saved. Let the twelve men nearest the door go quietly out, then the next twelve, and so on till all have gone. I shall be the last to leave."

His instructions were obeyed to the letter, and he waited, patient and calm, till all had gone out in safety. Then he walked quietly across the sunning, cracking floor, reaching the door just as the shattered beams gave way.

And thus, by the force of his strong will, a terrible accident was averted.

His Glorious Victory.

The commanding officer had surprised the young lieutenant and his daughter trying to occupy the same chair.

The lieutenant sprang to his feet and saluted.

"Sir," he said, "I have the honor to report an engagement at close quarters in which I have been entirely victorious. It now merely remains for you to give your sanction to the terms of surrender."—London Scraps.

Influence of Pluck.

The blindest, the most purely instinctive, effort of mere pluck has a lifting power and deserves our thankful admiration. Every degree and every form of courage tends to raise the whole tone of life within the range of its influence in proportion to the amount and the quality of the endurance exercised.—Hibbert Journal.

His Phenomenal Luck.

"You say he is lucky?"

"You bet."

"In what does his luck consist?"

"Marriage, you see, is his hobby."

"Well?"

"Every woman he marries gets a divorce."

Wooden.

Tenement Tessie.—And de novel says de heroine had a willowy form, used to pine for her lover and would spruce up when she seen him coming frum de gate. Shanty Sue—Gee, where did she work—in a sawmill?—Exchange.

OLDEN DAY SURGEONS

They Were Exempt From Jury Duty In Capital Cases.

IN A CLASS WITH BUTCHERS

Thought to Be Too Bloodthirsty to Calmly Pass on the Taking of Human Life—Executioners Performed Operations and Acted as Doctors.

When Great Britain's statute book was still in the Draconian state from which it was redeemed by Sir Samuel Romilly and the penalty of death was inflicted for the most trivial offenses, surgeons were exempted from serving on juries in capital cases.

It must not be supposed, however, that this was because their profession was believed to make them too humane for such work as was then imposed on juries. We are sorry to say it was for the opposite reason. They were exempted on the same ground as butchers, whose occupation, it was thought, tended to make them too bloodthirsty.

This ought not perhaps surprise us, since two or three centuries ago executioners not infrequently performed surgical operations. This seems to have been particularly the case in Denmark. At any rate, we have more knowledge on this point in regard to that country than any other.

In Janus some time ago Dr. K. Caroe of Copenhagen published a number of documents bearing on the subject. The most ancient of these bears date July 24, 1579, and is a decree issued by Frederick II, to Anders Freilmut, executioner of Copenhagen, granting him the right to set bones and treat old wounds. He was expressly forbidden to meddle with recent wounds. In 1600 it is recorded in the municipal archives of Copenhagen that Gaspar, the hangman, had received four ridders for the cure of two sick children in the infirmary.

In 1638 Christian IV, summoned the executioner of Gluckstadt, in Holstein, to examine the diseased foot of the crown prince. In a letter addressed to Ole Worm, a leading Danish physician of the day, Henry Koster, physician in ordinary to the king, complains bitterly of the slight thus put upon him. He says that for two whole months the hangman, "who is as fit to treat the case as an ass is to play the tyre," had the case in hand, and the doctor was not asked for advice, and although the case went steadily from bad to worse, the executioner received a fee of 200 ridders and a large silver goblet—"rewards," says the doctor plaintively, "which the greatest among us would not have received had he succeeded in curing the prince according to the rules of art."

Again, in 1681, Christian V, gave a fee of 200 ridders for the Copenhagen hangman for curing the leg of a page. In 1695 Andreas Liebknecht, the Copenhagen executioner, was in such repute or his treatment of disease that he wrote a book on the subject "In the name of the holy and ever blessed Trinity." In 1732 Bergen, an executioner in Norway, was authorized by royal decree to practice surgery.

Even up to the early years of the nineteenth century this extraordinary association of surgery with the last penalty of the law continued. Erik Petersen, who was appointed public executioner at Trondhjem in 1796, served as surgeon to an infantry regiment in the war with Sweden and retired in 1814 with the rank of surgeon major. Frederick I, of Prussia chose his favorite hangman, Coblenz, to be his physician in ordinary.

It might be suspected that this peculiar combination of functions had its origin in a satirical view of the art of healing, but in the records we have quoted we can trace nothing of the kind. Perhaps the executioner drove a trade in human fat and other things supposed to possess marvelous healing properties. He may thus have come to be credited with skill in healing, though the association surely represents the lowest degree to which the surgeon has ever fallen in public esteem and social position. Compared with the hangman, a gladiator and even an undertaker may be considered respectable.—British Medical Journal.

Tom, Dick and Harry.

"Some folks have a hard time to find enough names for their children," said a man in an uptown club the other evening. "They will search through all kinds of books on the subject, consult all their friends and relatives and finally burden the youngster with something never heard of before."

"I know one man, however—he is a banker and lives on West End avenue—who, while he did not spend much time in search of names, adopted a scheme which is very novel. It took five years to carry out the scheme, now complete. The first boy he named Tom, the second Dick and the third Harry. This particular trio is about as much talked about in the neighborhood as the noted Tom, Dick and Harry of whom nearly every one has heard."—New York Times.

In Vain!

"In vain, in vain!" cried the young man distractedly. His hair fell in long wisps about his brows, and his countenance was deathly white.

The crowd pressed close.

"In vain, in vain!" he cried again, with wringing of hands and gnashing of teeth.

"What?" cried the crowd. "What is in vain?"

"The letter 'v'!" cried the young man as he escaped.

Dignity of the English Waiter.

The English hotel waiter belongs to a race which is slowly but surely becoming extinct and carries about him the melancholy aura of the doomed. Every head waiter at a British inn has in him at least the making of a duke's butler. No glimpse of avarice mars the perfection of his monumental manner, and if at the last he condescends to accept your vail it is with something of the air of a disrowned king.—London Sketch.

Development.

"Remember," said the earnest inventor, "it isn't so many years since the telephone caused laughter."

"That's true," answered the man who has trouble with central. "At first it caused laughter; now it causes profanity."—Washington Star.

Proof.

Mrs. Shellpod-Hiram, some of them there hobos he stole the wash often the line agin! Farmer Shellpod—Hawd dew you know they wuz hobos? Mrs. Shellpod—Becuz they tuk everything but th' towels.—Chicago News.

If better were within, better would come out.—German Proverb.

Irascible Von Bulow.

During Hans von Bulow's leadership of the orchestra at Hanover a tenor of fame was engaged to play a star role in "Lohengrin," and while the singer was rehearsing his part Bulow was forced to go over the same bars a number of times without the new actor beginning to sing. Tired of his wasted efforts, the leader stopped the orchestra and angrily turned to the singer.

"I know that a tenor is proverbially stupid," he said, "but you seem to make an extensive use of this unwritten law."

At another time, while one of his grand intermezzos was being played with great feeling by his musicians, a peculiar noise, hardly perceptible by untrained ears, annoyed the leader for some little time. At first he thought it resembled the flutter of wings, but soon he discovered an elegant lady fanning herself in one of the boxes close by. Bulow kept on with his gestures, fixing his eyes on the offender in a manner which meant reproof. The lady, not heeding this, was suddenly surprised by the leader dropping his stick and turning toward her.

"Madam," he cried, "if you must, please at least keep time with your infernal nuisance!"

An Exception to the Rule.

"It is an invariable fact," said the professor at the club, "that the sense of sight travels more rapidly than the sense of sound. You will observe, sir, that when a bit of ordnance is fired from a fortress or a man-of-war you see the puff of smoke that comes coincidently with the explosion several moments before you hear the report thereof. Thus it is always!"

"Not always," said little Todgers from the corner. "I know of a case where hearing antedates seeing by really considerable lapses of time."

"I know of no such thing in the whole broad range of science," retorted the professor pomposly. "Perhaps you can enlighten us, sir."

"Well," said Todgers, "it's the case of an Englishman and a joke. In almost every case the Englishman hears a joke about a week before he sees it, and that's all."

But the professor had gone, and they say that nowadays when he sees Todgers he shies off like a frisky horse in the presence of a motor car.—Harper's Weekly.

Waterproofing Matches.

Perhaps some of your readers would be interested to know that I have found a simple, inexpensive way to waterproof matches. Into some melted paraffin, care being taken that it was as cool as possible, I dipped a few ordinary parlor matches. After withdrawing them and allowing them to cool it was found that they scratched almost as easily as before being coated with the wax. Several were held under water for six or seven hours, and all of them lighted as easily as before immersion. When the match is scratched the paraffin is first rubbed off and the match lights in the usual way. Matches treated as above would be very useful on camping or canoeing trips, as they do not absorb moisture. Since more rubbing is required to light them than the ordinary match, it would be practically impossible to set them on fire by accidental dropping.

Scientific American.

I will be at my office at my residence on Friday of each week, to attend to the business connected with the office of Trustee of Jefferson township, Putnam County, Indiana.

G. A. Wilson,
Trustee Jackson Township

TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE'S NOTICE

I will be at my office at my residence on Friday of each week, to attend to the business connected with the office of Trustee of Jefferson township, Putnam County, Indiana.

J. B. BUNTER,
Trustee Marion Township

TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE'S NOTICE

I will be at my office at my residence on Friday of each week, to attend to the business connected with the office of Trustee of Marion township, Putnam County, Indiana.

J. O. SIGLER,
Trustee Clinton Township

TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE'S NOTICE

I will be at my office at my residence on Friday of each week, to attend to the business connected with the office of Trustee of Madison township, Putnam County, Indiana.

Chas. W. King,
Trustee Madison Township

TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE'S NOTICE

I will be at my office as trustee of Washington township on Wednesday of each week, to attend to the business connected with the office of Trustee of Washington township, Putnam County, Indiana.

GUARANTEED -Pure Whiskey-

Four full quarts, 4 years old \$3.00.
Four full quarts, 3 years old \$2.75.
Four Fives to Gallon, 4 years old \$2.50.
Four Fives to Gallon, 3 years old \$2.25.
One Gallon Jug, 4 years old \$2.75.
One Gallon Jug, 3 years old \$2.50.
One Gallon Jug, 2 years old \$2.25.

All kinds of wines and liquors. Schlitz and Terre Haute Beer. Ales in Bottles.

**W. J. Higert, PHOENIX
CAFE.
108 N. Jackson Street.
Phone 193.**

NEW BUTCHER SHOP

On December 1st—I will open a Butcher Shop at the old Vandale stand on North Jackson Street. I will have the choicest meats at all times and will appreciate your patronage. Phone 333.

PROMPT DELIVERY B. F. DAVIS.

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. 50

For rubber tired cars 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, Green-
caste, Ind.

FERD LUCAS
Dealer in
Real Estate, Insurance
and Coal

No. 21 South Indiana Street, Green-
caste, Ind. : : : Phone 255

**Livery, Boarding and
Feeding Stable**

Phone 602
Patronage Sought.

WILLIAM ALSPAUGH.

Aunt Lucy's Legacy.

By JANE LEE.
Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated
Literary Press.

People could talk all they liked about poverty bringing happiness, but Bayard Leighton kicked—literally—at the suggestion. He had just finished reading a letter from his maiden aunt, in which she had declared: "Money has not brought me happiness. I have lived alone all my life, and I sometimes envy you in your poverty, loved and adored by so sweet a girl as Virginia."

"Well, what do you know about that?" demanded Bayard of his pal, Jimmy Bookwalter.

"I know exactly what I think of her, old man," drawled Jimmy, "but a lady's a lady—even if she is your aunt—and I'd rather not put my opinion into parliamentary English."

"You're a moral coward, that's what



"SHE WILLS AND BEQUEATHS TO YOU THIS
PORTRAIT OF YOURSELF."

"you are, Jimmy Bookwalter," declared Bayard as he flung the letter across the tiny hall room. "You've got a rich father who gives you more spending money in a month than you could earn in a year, besides which you're too lazy to fall in love. I hope you won't misunderstand me, Jimmy, when I tell you that the space you occupy in my luxurious apartment is much more valuable than your august presence at the present moment."

Jimmy rose from the uncomfortable straight backed chair, which was the only one in the room. Bayard had given it to him when he entered and had taken a corner of the bed for himself.

"Oh, I see," mused Jimmy. "Want to get dressed, eh? Well, so long till tomorrow night. Be sure you show up at the club and dine with me at 7 sharp."

When he was gone Bayard put the inhospitable chair up on the bed to make more room and took a suit of clothes from under the cretonne curtain which covered his meager wardrobe.

It did not take long to select a tie, because he only had six or seven Bayard seemed to be going through a mental reincarnation during this process of dressing. First he said disgreable things—not whole sentences, but just pertinent ejaculations, such as "old fossil," "ought not to be out without a keeper," "envy me, indeed."

A little later he began to whistle snatches of popular songs, nervous little thrills. And finally, with stick in hand, he opened the door of his room, humming in a most contented manner, "Love Me Little, Love Me Long." After all, life was worth while.

Virginia Tracey and Bayard Leighton had been engaged some months. Bayard's father had lived like a rich man, and when he died suddenly the son found himself penniless. Brought up to lead an idle life, untrained for practical work, he took the first position offered to him in a broker's office at \$15 a week.

That seemed all right until he suddenly realized that without Virginia nothing was right. Recklessly he asked her to marry him, and with all the impulsiveness of her love she gave herself to him. They were young, and they could wait. Aunt Lucy, Bayard's maiden aunt, had promised to make him her heir, and decidedly Aunt Lucy was no longer young.

When Bayard was blue, Virginia seemed to be doubly radiant, and tonight she was at her best as she entered her drawing room to greet him.

"Had a letter from Aunt Lucy, dear," Bayard announced as an important piece of news.

"Goody," cried Virginia, "and what did the dear old lady have to say for herself?"

"She told me how fortunate I was to have you care for me, for one thing," began Bayard as he watched the color mount to Virginia's cheeks at the compliment. "Then she said a lot of rot about—but let's talk about the pleasant things. You do care for me, don't you?" he added.

"Silly! Silly! Of course I do!" cried. "You're silly for a whole lot of reasons—silly to make me wait to be really yours until you can take me to a fine home, but if you are satisfied to

take a toothless old woman for a wife—well!"

And when Bayard went home that night he was still humoring a happy air.

He took the chair off the bed, tucked it in one corner of the room and stretched himself out for the night.

In after years he talked much about that room. He always declared that he could open the door with his hand and the window with his foot at the same time; that if he bent over to lace up his boots he butted his head against the side wall, and when he thrust his arm through the sleeve of his shirt he invariably bruised the back of his hand on the ceiling.

The next night while dining with Jimmy a telegram was handed to Bayard.

"Your aunt died this morning—funeral Thursday," it read.

"Well, I hope the dear old lady will be happy in heaven," Bayard said, not without some feeling. "She had persuaded herself that she wasn't here."

"That telegram means a lot to you, doesn't it?" inquired Jimmy, with an air of married."

"Yes, it does. It means that I'll have a goodly bit of the necessary long green and that Virginia and I can be married."

Some two weeks later Bayard was notified by the express company that there was a package there for him with \$40 due on it, shipped from Chicago. Bayard knew at once that it was some of Aunt Lucy's valuable silver sent over to him. Jimmy would lend him the money to pay for it.

The bill was paid, and the big packing case was ordered sent to Virginia's house and Jimmy duly invited around to participate in the unpacking. Hammer and chisels were put to use, and all three of them entered into the gay spirit of the party. Piles of packing were pulled from the box, and finally a heavy gilt frame came to view. Coats were taken off, and the combined strength of Jimmy and Bayard was put to the test. Finally the picture was taken out. It proved to be a life sized portrait of Bayard as a child.

QUINTON BROADSTREET,
4t14 Executor.

(Note—Fine location for an ideal home, near church and school. House of three rooms (comparatively new) fair barn. Fine soil, never failing water, mostly in cultivation, surrounding country fine.)

Commissioner's Land Sale.

The undersigned commissioner, by order of the Putnam Circuit Court, made and entered in a cause therein pending, entitled R. Benton Johnston administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Emily Johnston, deceased, vs. R. Benton Johnston et al. and numbered upon the dockets thereof as No. 3052, hereby gives notice that at the south court house door of Putnam County, at the City of Greencastle, Indiana, on Wednesday, the 30th day of December, 1908, at ten o'clock, in the forenoon of said day, he will offer for sale at Public Auction, at not less than two-thirds of the full appraised value thereof, the following described real estate situated in Putnam County, Indiana, to-wit:

"Well, I'll be hanged!" declared Bayard as he mashed his brow.

"Here's a letter," announced Jimmy as he pulled a long white envelope from the corner of the frame. Virginia opened and read aloud:

"Your aunt, Miss Leighton, left her entire estate to charities. She wills and bequeaths to you this portrait of yourself. The portion of the will relating to you reads as follows: 'I leave no money to my dear nephew, Bayard Leighton, because I do not wish to shatter his ideal method of life. He is earning a good salary and has good health. As a slight token of my affection and as a remembrance I leave him the Gilbert portrait of himself which now hangs in my library.'"

"Isn't it a darling!" cried Virginia as she danced about the huge portrait.

"But you can't go to housekeeping with nothing but an old oil painting," demurred Bayard.

"Seems to me," broke in Jimmy, "that there's plenty of wood right here to build the house, and it won't take long to cover the walls. There's the oil painting to begin with. Then we can have that letter framed. I'm sure Bayard never wants to part with that. Then I'll give you a large photograph of myself, and—"

"What's all this nonsense about going to housekeeping?" interrupted Mr. Tracey, Virginia's father, as he came into the room. "When these young people get married—and I wish they'd hurry up about it—they must come and live with me. Virginia can change her name whenever she wants to, but not her residence. And as for this legacy business, I'd rather have a man for my son-in-law who can fight his own way than one who was made by an inheritance."

Mr. Tracey picked his way across the room over the pine boards, chisels and excelsior packing. He took his daughter in one arm as he extended his free hand to Bayard.

"Do you mean it?" sang out Bayard gleefully.

"Mean it?" echoed Mr. Tracey. "Well, I bet I do, and to prove it I'll take Jimmy Bookwalter into the dining room and keep him there until you two settle on a date for the wedding."

When he was gone Bayard put the inhospitable chair up on the bed to make more room and took a suit of clothes from under the cretonne curtain which covered his meager wardrobe.

It did not take long to select a tie, because he only had six or seven Bayard seemed to be going through a mental reincarnation during this process of dressing. First he said disgreable things—not whole sentences, but just pertinent ejaculations, such as "old fossil," "ought not to be out without a keeper," "envy me, indeed."

A little later he began to whistle snatches of popular songs, nervous little thrills. And finally, with stick in hand, he opened the door of his room, humming in a most contented manner, "Love Me Little, Love Me Long." After all, life was worth while.

Virginia Tracey and Bayard Leighton had been engaged some months. Bayard's father had lived like a rich man, and when he died suddenly the son found himself penniless. Brought up to lead an idle life, untrained for practical work, he took the first position offered to him in a broker's office at \$15 a week.

That seemed all right until he suddenly realized that without Virginia nothing was right. Recklessly he asked her to marry him, and with all the impulsiveness of her love she gave herself to him. They were young, and they could wait. Aunt Lucy, Bayard's maiden aunt, had promised to make him her heir, and decidedly Aunt Lucy was no longer young.

When Bayard was blue, Virginia seemed to be doubly radiant, and tonight she was at her best as she entered her drawing room to greet him.

"Had a letter from Aunt Lucy, dear," Bayard announced as an important piece of news.

"Goody," cried Virginia, "and what did the dear old lady have to say for herself?"

"She told me how fortunate I was to have you care for me, for one thing," began Bayard as he watched the color mount to Virginia's cheeks at the compliment. "Then she said a lot of rot about—but let's talk about the pleasant things. You do care for me, don't you?" he added.

"Silly! Silly! Of course I do!" cried. "You're silly for a whole lot of reasons—silly to make me wait to be really yours until you can take me to a fine home, but if you are satisfied to

Notice and Sale of Real Estate.

The undersigned executor of the will of Polly Curtis, deceased, hereby gives notice that by virtue of an order of the Putnam Circuit Court, he will, at the hour of 10 o'clock a.m., on the 29th day of December, 1908, at the late residence of said decedent in Mill Creek Township, Putnam County, Indiana, offer at public sale, all the interest of said decedent in and to the following described real estate, to-wit:

The southeast quarter of the southwest quarter and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section eighteen (18) township thirteen (13) north, in range two (2) west, containing seventy-six (76) acres.

Also the following described real estate, to-wit: Commering at a point 1 1/2 rods south of the center of the west half of section seventeen (17), township thirteen (13) north of range two (2) west; thence west 3 1/2 rods, thence north 7 rods, 2 feet and 1 inch to the place of beginning, thence west 6 1/2 rods, thence east 6 1/2 rods, thence south 12 1/2 rods to the place of beginning, containing one-half (1/2) acre, more or less. All of the above described real estate being situated in Putnam County, Indiana.

Said sale will be made subject to the approval of said Court, for not less than two-thirds of the full appraised value of said real estate and upon the following terms and conditions: At least one-third of the purchase price cash in hand, the balance in two equal installments, payable in not to exceed six and nine months, evidenced by notes of the purchaser, bearing 6 per cent interest from date waiving relief and providing attorney's fees secured by mortgage on the real estate sold.

QUINTON BROADSTREET,
4t14 Executor.

(Note—Fine location for an ideal home, near church and school. House of three rooms (comparatively new) fair barn. Fine soil, never failing water, mostly in cultivation, surrounding country fine.)

Commissioner's Land Sale.

The undersigned commissioner, by order of the Putnam Circuit Court, made and entered in a cause therein pending, entitled R. Benton Johnston administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Emily Johnston, deceased, vs. R. Benton Johnston et al. and numbered upon the dockets thereof as No. 3052, hereby gives notice that at the south court house door of Putnam County, at the City of Greencastle, Indiana, on Wednesday, the 30th day of December, 1908, at ten o'clock, in the forenoon of said day, he will offer for sale at Public Auction, at not less than two-thirds of the full appraised value thereof, the following described real estate situated in Putnam County, Indiana, to-wit:

The northeast quarter of the southwest quarter of section seventeen (17), township sixteen (16), north, range three (3) west, containing forty (40) acres, more or less.

Terms of sale: One-third in cash, the remainder in equal payments at six and nine months from date of sale, with notes at six per cent interest, waiving valuation and appraisal laws, and secured by a mortgage upon the real estate sold. The purchaser may pay all the purchase price in cash at his option.

EDMUND B. LYNCH,
4t Commissioner, Greencastle, Ind.

(Note of Final Settlement of Estate)

Notice is hereby given to the creditors, heirs and legatees of Sarah E. Arnold, deceased, to appear in the Putnam Circuit Court, held at Greencastle, Indiana, on the 14th day of December, 1908, and show cause, if any, why the Final Settlement Accounts with the estate of said decedent should not be approved; as said heirs are notified to then appear make proof of heirship, and receive their distributive shares.

Witness the clerk of said Court this 9th day of November, 1908.

JAMES L. HAMILTON,
2t Clerk Putnam Circuit Court

(Notice of Final Settlement of Estate)

Notice is hereby given to the creditors, heirs and legatees of Alice McGaughan, deceased, to appear in the Putnam Circuit Court, held at Greencastle, Indiana, on the 1st day of December, 1908, and show cause, if any, why the Final Settlement Accounts with the estate of said decedent should not be approved; as said heirs are notified to then appear make proof of heirship, and receive their distributive shares.

Witness, the Clerk of said Court this 25th day of November, 1908.

JAMES L. HAMILTON,
Clerk Putnam Circuit Court

(Notice of Final Settlement of Estate)

Notice is hereby given to the creditors, heirs and legatees of Alice Williams, deceased, to appear in the Putnam Circuit Court, held at

GENIUNE HOLEPROOF SOX NOW 25 CENTS A PAIR.

You can now buy a box of six pairs of
Holeproof sox—formerly \$2.00—for
\$1.50.

Those who have always paid 25 cents a pair for inferior sox can now have the best at this price.

Holeproof are the original guaranteed sox—the first that were sold under a 6 months guarantee.

The makers pay the top market price for their yarn—they buy only the finest and softest Egyptian and sea island cotton.

Sold only in Greencastle by

**The Model
Clothing Co.**

PUBLIC RIDICULE.

The Time When It Served as Punishment For Lawbreakers.

It is the problem of all ages to make the punishment fit the crime, but they seem to have come nearer its solution in Plantagenet times than they ever were after the introduction of flogging.

When burglary meant the total ruin of the man who kept his whole for tune in his house, the burglar was hanged. But in the same period public ridicule served as a punishment for most crimes, and the man who sold bad meat was placed in the pillory and his bad meat burned to windward of him; the vintner who sold bad wine was forced to drink some of it and the rest was poured over his head; for more serious offenses the criminal had to walk along Cheapside bareheaded, dressed only in a shirt and carrying a wax taper, escorted by the mayor's sergeants.

The result was that law and order were maintained far better than when men became brutalized by the horrible floggings of Georgian times.

Punishments became worse with religious persecutions, and after the reformation the pillory, with its terrible accompaniment of slit ears, whippings, etc., became popular, to say nothing of torturing, burning at the stake, and so on. At St. Thomas' hospital one of the sisters, "for a grave offense, contrary to ye law of God and according to the profe of three wytesses," was ordered to "be punished and have xil stripes well laid on."

But all this, bad as it was, was less demoralizing than the terrible criminal code of George II's reign, when there were forty-eight crimes punishable by death and forty punishable by whipping, transportation or pillory. Flogging for mere vagrancy began with Henry VIII, and as late as 1804 six women were publicly whipped at Gloucester for this unavoidable offense. And never did public morality sink so low.

In those good old days we flogged our sailors "to encourage the others" and there were many trussed up at the triangles who would now be simply admonished. A pleasant form of

punishment was "flogging through the fleet." It was given to the ignorant sailorman who struck a superior officer. And when he had been carried from one ship to another and flogged in each he survived—if he was unfortunate—for six months. The lucky man died accidentally.—London Chronicle.

The Man in the Moon.

The dark markings so conspicuous on the moon and known as the "man in the moon" are great plains, lying at a much lower level than the brighter parts. In all probability they are old sea bottoms, some of them having undergone upheavals and other changes since the water retreated from them, others presenting the appearance of being unchanged since the time when the waters dried up or were in some other way removed from them.

His Thirst.

Husband—May, just send up some last night, "Detained at the office" or "A friend at the club?" Husband—Why? Wife—Because I didn't know whether you wanted a tumbler or a pailful.—London Opinion.

Off His Mind.

"Have you forgotten that X that you borrowed of me some time ago?" "Oh, no, I still have it in my mind." "Well, don't you think this would be a good time to relieve your mind of it?"

The sorrow of yesterday is as nothing, that of today is bearable, but that of tomorrow is gigantic because indistinct.—Euripides.

A Dangerous Operation.

is the removal of the appendix by a surgeon. No one who takes Dr. King's New Life Pills is ever subjected to this frightful ordeal.

They work so quietly you don't feel them. They cure constipation, headache, biliousness and malaria. 25¢ at the Owl drug store.

TRY A HERALD WANT AD

A DREADFUL WEAPON.

The Slashing Sharks' Teeth Club of the Polynesians.

Clubs were the weapons of primitive and savage man. Ancient specimens from Mexico are heavy sticks grooved along the side for the insertion of blades of basidian—that is, volcanic glass. The Sioux club is a flat piece of wood, curving and widening away from the grip and terminating in a spherical head, which in modern times carries a long spike, while the blades of several butcher knives are commonly inserted along the margin. The national museum of the United States possesses a great variety of these shocking weapons, designed, as the frontiersmen say, to "knock down the white man and then to brain him and cut him into mince meat." The Kings-milk islanders and other Polynesians make dreadful slashing weapons by securing rows of sharks' teeth along a flat of wood.

These weapons vary from a few inches to sixteen feet in length, and it has been said that in all the range of weapons devised by mankind there is nothing more blood curdling to behold. They show how the sword may have been evolved from the club even by tribes unacquainted with the use of metals. African weapons, again, are exceedingly complicated owing to the acquaintance of the natives with iron. The standard club is converted into a sort of tomahawk by the addition of blades or into a primitive spear by the addition of a sharp spud. The plain clubs in the African area are used chiefly for throwing.

The small knobbed clubs, or "kerries," such as are found among the Kaffirs and other African tribes, are generally used as missiles. Whereas the club proper was soon brought to perfection among savage tribes and was long ago abandoned as a weapon of civilized warfare, the missile—typified by the thrown clubs or "kerries"—is still being improved upon in boomerangs, bows and arrows, crossbows and firearms.

BEETHOVEN AND BUSINESS.

Selling His Music Was Distasteful to the Great Composer.

An extremely interesting article which has appeared in a German musical and theatrical paper under the above heading contains the following statement, says a London exchange: Beethoven never bargained in the ordinary way. His fees for a composition were demanded briefly and in a decided manner, and he always pointed out when mentioning a price that he meant guineas and not sovereigns, or, rather, their equivalent in Austrian coin. In 1801 he wrote to a music firm at Leipzig: "Now the unpalatable business part is done with. I wish things could be managed differently in this world. There should be only one musical publisher to whom the artist might take his work, knowing that he might ask a fee according to his requirements. As it is, he has to be partly a tradesman. Good heavens, how different and unpalatable this is!" But this pious wish was never fulfilled, and Beethoven had to remain "half a tradesman" to the end.

As a suggestion of how dedications are occasionally made, the following letter, which Beethoven wrote to the same publisher in 1802 from Vienna, is interesting:

"The lady in question can have a sonata, and I will do my best to carry out her aesthetic ideas. The price is 5 guineas (ducated), and for this she may retain the sonata for a year as her private property, but not for publication. At the end of the year the sonata becomes my property—that is to say, I have the right to publish it, and if she thinks it an honor she may ask to have the work dedicated to her."

This, from the business point of view of the lady in question, is surely a tempting offer. At least, so the art patroness of today would think if she had a chance of suggesting to a Beethoven the "aesthetic idea" for a sonata, to retain such a treasure in her own hands for a twelvemonth and thereafter have it dedicated to her and all for 5 guineas!

The Proper Word.

Reckoning from the standpoint of the lexicographer, Ruth, aged seven, committed an unpardonable assault on the king's English, but the seventy-five other persons living in that apartment house would swear that she chose the proper word. Ruth's comment concerned the vocal gymnastics of a lady who was learning to sing. "She is having her voice diffused," said Ruth, and every one of the seventy-five nerve racked neighbors echoed, "She is!"—New York Times.

Three Signs.

Peculiarities of signs are a source of never ending delight to some people. One man reached his office grinning the other morning because on his way downtown he had seen three signs that read as follows: "Teddy Bears Retalled," "Baby Carriages Retalled" and "Umbrellas Recovered." — New York Post.

Defined.

"John," she said, looking up from the paper, "what is political boomerang?"

"Why, I'd define it," he answered, "as a roobarb on the return trip."—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Idea of Luck.

Blobbs—Bjones is the most unlucky fellow at cards I ever met. Blobbs—Then I suppose he is lucky in love. Blobbs—I suppose so. At any rate, he has never been married.—Philadelphia Record.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Henry Crews is in Roachdale on business.

C. C. Hurst went east this morning.

Herbert Goosey of Bainbridge is here today.

Charley Talbott went to Hadley this morning.

T. E. Evans will go to Indianapolis tomorrow.

J. E. Sutton is spending the day in Indianapolis.

The Elks will dance at their hall tomorrow evening.

Arthur Lynch returned today from a visit in Louisville.

Hon. D. B. Hostetter was here from Roachdale today.

Lela Sinclair went to her home in Fillmore this morning.

Earl Heber of Bainbridge is spending the day here.

Miss Pearl Rule has returned to her home in Cloverdale.

Bascom O'Hair went to Indianapolis this morning on business.

Miss Maud Crose is spending a few days with friends in Bainbridge.

Mrs. J. J. Smiley went to Indianapolis this morning to visit relatives for a few days.

Miss Lotta Carter has returned to her home in Cloverdale after visiting Mrs. Joe Sears.

John DeMotte has accepted a position on the reportorial staff of the Terre Haute Tribune.

Will Houck and Andrew Hanna went to Indianapolis today to attend the Scottish Rite meeting.

F. C. Tilden goes to Brazil this evening to deliver a lecture upon the works of Robert Browning.

T. E. Evans is fitting up an office in the opera house building. He will go into the insurance and real estate business.

Miss Ethel McDonald entertained a few friends at her home on Madison Street last evening for her guest Miss Lotta Carter of Cloverdale.

Bish Hays of Indianapolis was here today. Mr. Hays formerly lived here. He was in the sewing machine business while a resident of this town.

The Women's Foreign Missionary Society of College Avenue church will meet with Mrs. Landes on Wednesday at 2:30 o'clock. The Christmas offering will be received.

The Country Reading Club will meet with Mrs. J. E. Houck on next Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The papers will be "Industrial Work of Nations," by Miss Dora Hutcheson and "Study of Mexico" by Mrs. J. E. Houck.

Charles Macom of the E. B. Lynch Undertaking department, went to Shelbyville today to attend the graduate course of demonstration and lectures given by the Indianapolis Casket Company. This is an advance course in undertaking.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Arnold entertained at dinner last evening. The guests were Messrs. and Mesdames S. A. Hays, Alex Lockridge, Andrew Stephenson, J. P. Allen, Sr., H. B. Longden and Mrs. Jenny H. Smythe and Mrs. Mary H. Mathias.

Mr. Singleton, advance man for the Guy Stockton Company, which has played here several times and which will be here soon, is in town. Mr. Singleton has been here with the company on each occasion and is well known. The stock company is now playing in "The Cry Baby." It will be seen at the opera house soon.

The Water Works Company still furnishes nothing but horse troughs for men, women and children to utilize as public drinking fountains, notwithstanding the fact that the contract with the city specifies that they shall furnish public drinking fountains for man as well as beast, and the city officials stand idly by and allow the Water Works Company to ignore and fail to make good its contract with the city.

Miss Grabel who addressed the women of the Christian church will remain over and address the men at the Christian church this evening.

Miss Grabel is the first missionary

the women of the Christian church

ever sent out to the foreign field.

She went from her home in Buffalo, N. Y., 27 years ago to India.

All members and friends should hear her this evening at 7:30—especially let the men be present.

MARVELOUS

Moving Pictures

And Illustrated Song at Opera House

AUGMENTED WITH STARTLING MECHANICAL EFFECTS, WONDERFULLY REALISTIC.

They are the same as shown in the best theatres in New York, Chicago, London and Paris.

Plenty of room—Everything pleasant; if not satisfactory, your money back.

TONIGHT:

Billy's on Fire. My Watch is Slow. Suspicious Husband. In Ireland, Excursion to Kil-larney.

SONGS:

"On the Bench, Neath the Old Willow Tree."

"When the Whippoorwill Sings Mar-guerite."

Admission 5 and 10 Cents.

Commences promptly at 7 o'clock, three shows each evening.

Do You Love Your SWEETHEART?

Zeis

Bakery

BADGER & COOK

Two Narrow Escapes.

A

Swiss

workman

was

busy

repairing

the

roof

of

a

small

railroad

station

says

the

Strand

Magazine

when

the

clerk

against

which

he

was

resting

gave

way

and

he

began

to

slide

over

the