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 Editors

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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.

EXECUTING MAZEPPA.

Peter the Great's Odd Way of Punishing a Deserter.

Peter the Great, czar of Russia, punished a traitor on a notable occasion in a way that the numerous victims of the present czar's wrath might well wish were still in vogue.

Mazeppa, chieftain of the Cossacks had deserted to the king of Sweden with whom Peter was at war. Mazeppa was at once tried by court martial and found guilty of high treason. Sentence of death was passed upon him.

Mazeppa, however, was safely in the camp of the Swedish king, but this fact was not permitted to stand in the way of the carrying out of every part of the sentence. A wooden effigy of Mazeppa was made, and the punishments were inflicted upon the Cossack chieftain's substitute.

The effigy was first dressed in Mazeppa's uniform, and upon its breast were pinned all of the medals, ribbons and other decorations that the real culprit had worn.

While the commanding general and a squadron of cavalry stood near an officer advanced to the wooden man and read the sentence. Then another officer wrenched off the effigy's patent of knighthood and his other decorations, tore them up and trampled upon them. This done, he struck the wooden gentleman a powerful blow in the pit of the stomach, knocking him over. Next a hangman appeared. While the soldiers shouted he threw a noose over the imitation Mazeppa's head and dragged the effigy to a nearby gallows, where it was "hanged by the neck until it was dead."—Scrap Book.

For That Dull Feeling After Eating.

I have used Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets for some time, and can testify that they have done me more good than any tablets I have ever used. My trouble was a heavy dull feeling after eating.—David Freeman, Kempton, Nova Scotia. These tablets strengthen the stomach and improve the digestion. They also regulate the liver and bowels. They are far superior to pills but cost no more. Get a free sample at all dealers and see what a splendid medicine it is.

Poultrypen make test at our expense. Trial package Conkey's Laying Tonic free at Owl drug store.

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 waxed wroth at the unseasonable 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 as 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 untruthfulness. 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 sundering, 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 Tossle—And de novel says de heroine had a willow form, used to pine for her lover and would spruce up when she seen him coming froo 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 jurymen. 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 license issued by Frederick II. to Anders Fremtut, executioner of Copenhagen, granting him the right to set bones and treat old wounds. He was expressly forbidden to meddle with recent wounds. In 1609 it is recorded in the municipal archives of Copenhagen that Gaspar, the hangman, had received four rix-dalers for the cure of two sick children in the infirmary.

In 1638 Christian IV. summoned the executioner of Glückstadt, 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 lyre," 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 rix-dalers and a large silver goblet—"trewards," 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 rix-dalers to 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 Peterson, who was appointed public executioner at Trondheim 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.

"Painting the Town Red."

"That expression, 'painting the town red,' is not," writes a correspondent, "the creation of some unknown cockney genius, as some would seem to infer. Its birth has been traced to 'The Divine Comedy.' Dante, led by Virgil, comes to the cavernous depths of the place swept by a mighty wind where those are confined who have been the prey of their passions. Two faces arise from the mist—the faces of Francesca and Paolo. 'Who are ye?' cries Dante in alarm, and Francesca replies sadly, 'We are those who have painted the world red with our sins.'"—London News.

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 o' them there hobos hev stole the wash often the line ag'in! Farmer Shellpod—How dew you know they wuz hobos? Mrs. Shellpod—Becuz they tuk everything but 't' towels.—Chicago News.

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

Inscrutable 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 reproach. The lady, not heeding this, was suddenly surprised by the leader dropping his stick and turning toward her.

"Madam," he cried, "if fan 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 pompously. "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"

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.

Tom, Dick and Harry.

"Some folks have a hard time to find out 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 valet it is with something of the air of a disrowned king.—London Sketch.

Where Women Are Wanted.

What strikes you about Auckland is the dearth of women. It is said to be the same all over New Zealand. There are far more men than women, and lots of men have to go without wives.—New Zealand Herald.

Not Sanguine.

Majestic Person—Do you know, my lad, that every British boy has a chance of becoming prime minister of England? Youngster (thoughtfully)—Well, I'll sell my chance for a shilling.—Tit-Bits.

Doing Her Duty.

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I know a great deal is said about talebearers. I am proud of being one of those women who tell people if they are being treated badly. If I hear one person talking behind another person's back I don't scruple to tell the person talked about that he or she is being maligned. I think they ought to know it.

Last autumn I took my daughter abroad and left her at school at Geneva. Then I started for Berlin. I got into an empty compartment and waited till the train started. Presently an oldish gentleman got in with a youngish lady. They were very affectionate—at least the oldish gentleman appeared to dote on his young wife, who seemed to be watching for some one. Then a youngish man with black whiskers got in, took a seat directly opposite the wife, and she breathed easier. The door was shut by the guard, and the train steamed away.

It didn't take me long to find out that that young feller and that young wife were fooling the oldish husband. The old one never turned his head that they didn't look into each other's eyes lovingly. By and by he got up from his seat, came to the window where I was and sat down directly opposite me, at the same time taking a newspaper out of his pocket. I never saw such a fool in my life. If these old men will marry young wives, why on earth do they leave them in temptation, I'd like to know? The poor old husband never took his eyes off his paper, and the couple at the other side of the compartment never stopped flirting.

I sat straight up and tried to frown 'em down. They didn't seem to care much for me, but once the young hussy, when her lover put his hand on hers, drew hers away, cast a glance at me and whispered something to the young man. After that they both leaned back for awhile and stopped their foolin'. But it wasn't long before they were at it again, both leanin' forward, one of his knees covered by her skirts, and she didn't know that I knew that they were holdin' hands under it too.

I couldn't stand it any longer. The husband was a benevolent looking man, and I sympathized with him from the bottom of my heart. By and by he put down his paper and looked out the window. I began by makin' some remarks about the weather and the beauty of the country. He seemed inclined to talk with me because he hadn't any one else to talk with. I purposely directed his gaze to the view to be seen from the other window so that he'd see what was goin' on, but the miserable things heard me and leaned back against the cushions.

There was nothin' for me to do but tell him. By this I'd be doin' him a service and her too, for I guessed there hadn't been anything real criminal between 'em, and if the affair was nipped in the bud there wouldn't be. Just as I was makin' up my mind how to put him on to the thing without offense the train whizzed into a tunnel. The compartment was black as ink for awhile; then we shot out into bright daylight. The old fool of a husband was settin' with his head thrown back and his eyes shut. The lovers was settin' back from each other, and a flush was on the young woman's cheeks. But what was that on the black whiskers of the young man? Powder—powder from off her face. I saw it and knew that the whippersnapper had been takin' a kiss.

At that moment the husband opened his eyes. Would you believe it? He looked at the couple unconcerned and then resumed his paper.

"What's that," I whispered to him, "on that young man's beard?"

He looked at me kind o' surprised, then at the young man, then back at me. "I don't see anything," he said.

"Don't you see the powder on his beard?"

"Powder? No."

"Well, I declare! Where's your eyes? That young man's got powder on his beard and his coat collar, and it could have only come from your wife's face."

The old man looked again at the powder, then at me, then back at the couple. Then, looking at the young man, he said fiercely:

"You kissed her, sir?"

"What business is that of yours?" retorted the other in a harsh voice. "She is no longer yours. She is mine."

"Yours, sir?"

"Yes, mine."

"Since when?"

"At high noon today."

"By what authority?"

"A certificate of marriage."

I thought they were going to kill each other, when the young woman, blushing red all the time, burst into a laugh.

"Oh, father," she said, "you are always so droll! What are you up to now?"

"Oh, my goodness gracious! He was her father! What a blunder!"

"This lady," continued the old man, "has pointed out the evidence of your guilt. Look at your coat collar. There's face powder on it."

The young woman laughed and dusted the powder off with the tips of her gloved fingers.

"Madam," said the old man to me, "I am very grateful to you. That young man married my daughter at noon today, robbing me of my pet. He has had the insolence to show me that I have lost her by kissing her in the first tunnel on the road."

There was a burst of laughter from the young couple, in which the old man joined.

Anyway I done my duty.

EVELYN WITWORTH.

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

GET YOUR MONEY ON THURSDAY

Our agent can be found in our office in the ALLEN BLOCK, over American Express Company, all day Thursday, prepared to make loans on furniture, pianos, live stock, etc. Features: long time, cheap rates, small payments, liberal discounts. No better time than now to prepare for winter. See our agent Thursday, or mail your application to Room 17 C, National Bank Building Brazil, Indiana.

ALLEN Brazil Loan Co. ALLEN BLOCK

TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE'S NOTICE

I will be at my office at my residence in Floyd Township, for the transaction of office business, on Wednesday of each week.

LEWIS C. WILSON,
 Trustee Floyd Township.

TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE'S NOTICE.

I will attend to the business of my office as Trustee of Jackson township on Friday of each week, at my residence.

G. A. Wilson,
 Trustee Jackson Township

TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE'S NOTICE.

I will be found 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.

OTHO VERMILION,
 Trustee Jefferson Township.

TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE'S NOTICE.

I will be at my office at my residence in Marion township, for the transaction of office business, on Friday of each week, and on Tuesday at Fillmore.

J. B. BUNTON,
 Trustee Marion Township.

TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE'S NOTICE.

I will be in my office to transact business at my home on Tuesday and Friday of each week.

J. O. SIGLER,
 Trustee Clinton Township.

TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE'S NOTICE.

I will attend to township business at home on Tuesday and Friday of each week.

Chas. W. King,
 Trustee Madison Township

TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE'S NOTICE.

I will attend to the business of my office as trustee of Washington township on Wednesday of each week, at my residence, and at Reelsville on 1st, 3d and 5th Saturdays of each month.

J. D. RADER,
 Trustee Washington Township

TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE'S NOTICE.

I will be at my office, at my home on Friday of each week, for the transaction of Township business.

R. C. HODGE,
 Trustee Mill Creek Township

How One Doctor Successfully Treats Pneumonia.

"In treating pneumonia," says Dr. W. J. Smith, of Sanders, Ala., "the only remedy I use for the lungs is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. While of course, I would treat other symptoms with different medicines, I have used this remedy many times in my medical practice and have yet failed to find a case where it has not controlled the trouble. I have used it myself, as has also my wife for coughs and colds repeatedly, and I most willingly and cheerfully recommend it as superior to any other cough remedy to my knowledge." For sale by all dealers.

Ballot for United States Senator

I am a and I am in favor of
 (State your politics)

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