

Progressive business men are already beginning to advertise their Christmas goods—better start early and get the benefit of early shoppers.

Greencastle Herald.

VOL. 3. NO. 211.

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1908.

THE WEATHER

Fair tonight and Thursday; rising temperature Thursday.

SINGLE COPIES 2c.

IT WAS ZERO COLD TO-DAY

Temperature Took a Drop and the Fiercest Weather of the Year is Now With Us—The Thermometer In Town Registered 10 Degrees Above This Morning—Was Colder In Country.

THE GREEK IS FROZEN OVER

It was zero cold this morning. The first real cold weather of the winter for Putnam County. In Greencastle the thermometer this morning showed that it was only 10 degrees above. But in the country, and especially along the creeks it was much colder.

Paul Tucker, who lives just west of town on Big Walnut, states that his thermometer early this morning registered an even zero. The creek near his home was frozen over and those who live in that neighborhood had a touch of the real winter weather.

It was cold yesterday morning and it continued to get colder during the day. Last night did not show any change. The sky was clear and it just kept on getting colder.

This morning many had trouble in getting their homes warm. The old furnace and stoves were put to a test before the chill was driven away. The weather indications today are: Fair tonight and Thursday; rising temperature Thursday.

MODERN WOODMEN ELECTION

The Modern Woodmen of America held their regular annual election of

CHOICE FOOTWEAR

You may depend upon this Shoe Store to show all the correct styles, in the best Shoes made, for all uses, at all times.

You can count on finding here just the sort of Shoes, you'll take pleasure and satisfaction in wearing. We believe that we have better Shoes than you'll find at most Shoe Stores.

Match them, if you can. Match the Shoes at the price, not the prices, for prices can be matched anywhere.

We believe an investigation will convince you that it will be profitable for you to make this your Shoe Store.

Christie's Shoe Store

officers Tuesday evening. The following were elected to serve one year beginning January 1, 1909: Venerable Counselor, L. D. Snider; Worthy Adviser, W. W. Soper; Clerk, R. A. Confer; Bunker, O. F. Overstreet; Escort, Wm. Mercer; Watchman, Elmer Gibson; Sentry, Raymond Michael; Managers, Jesse Hughes, Ernest Stoner, F. P. Huestis.

DOUBLE THE BEER TAX

Uncle Sam Will Ask the Brewers for More Revenue to Meet the Deficit.

The ways and means committee is seriously considering imposing an increase of tax on beer of \$1 a barrel. The present beer tax is \$1 a barrel, and under the proposed arrangement it will be doubled.

This will be interesting news to the Indiana brewers, who have been playing a star part before the footlights. Just when they have things coming their way with a whoop it would seem like the trony of fate to be inflicted with a double internal revenue tax. Washington saloonkeepers who have heard of the proposed increase of tax say the consumer need not worry, as he will get as much beer for his nickel.

"The cost," said one barkeeper, "will fall on the brewers, and they are making plenty of money, anyway."

BLOOMINGTON IS NOW DRY

Water Works Have Closed and Blind Tigers are Out of Business.

The water works plant is to shut down this Tuesday afternoon—because there is no water left in the reservoir.

The worst result of the drought yet will be experienced from now on until a long and heavy rain falls.

The city will use the old fire engine in case of fires and will go back to the old system of pumping water out of the fire cisterns about the city. Supt. Helfrich will remain at the engine house all the time to act as engineer on the steamer.

The hotels, boarding houses, fraternal and sorority houses and all modern buildings will be greatly inconvenienced by the situation.

Water at \$15 a car delivered will be hauled from Gosport for the University.—Bloomington World.

Eagles!

At our next regular meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock in Eagle Hall, there will be elected the new officers for 1909 and all members should be present.

FOR THE SWELL DRESSER

OVERCOAT style is just as important as suitstyle; some people say more important. You're seen in public in your overcoat.

Better have it right; we've the

Hart Schaffner & Marx

overcoats to show you, and if you care how you look in public, you'd better see them.

We show here the box back style; its dignified and very dressy. We have other styles for other tastes.

It is none to soon for Xmas Presents. Remember we have the things, a man or boy wants and needs too.



Copyright 1908 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

The Model Clothing Company

DR. SEAMAN IS PRAISED

Head of DePauw's Department of Philosophy Gives Address in Indianapolis Yesterday.

LIVES BELONG TO FELLOWMEN

"Service to man is the law of society out of which comes the greatest happiness," said Prof. William G. Seaman of DePauw University in the second of the series of services for the men's week of prayer held last night in the Second Presbyterian Church. A large audience heard the speaker with close attention throughout the address keyed on a high plane and of great practical application. His subject was "The Key of Service for Others."

Prof. Seaman divided his subject into three topics. First, he said that Christianity demanded of us that we serve others. Second, he said, service is not only a law of life, but the law of life. The third topic was how we may meet the demand upon us for service, or how we may fulfill the law of life.

"Christianity," he said, "demands of us that we shall serve others. There is nothing to which our lives belong more than to the service of our fellow men. There is no theme more fundamental. It must be clear to every one of us that the call of the gospel is that we shall give our lives in service to our fellow men. I do not doubt that the great heart of God yearns for the dirtiest sinner in the lowest dive as well as for the highest. It is because we wish to better realize our duty to man that we are here."

Developing his second topic, Prof. Seaman said: "Service is the law of life. We know that the man who goes against natural law is certain to meet failure. We can not realize the fullest success unless we look upon this as natural law and make it a law of our lives.

In a social gathering we see the man who is thinking only of himself, the most uneasy, unhappy man of all. Even in the superficialities of social life we see that service is the fundamental law. We see there the man or the woman who forgets self, the most gracious, the most entertaining, the happiest in the crowd. If there is to be society, speaking now in its broadest sense; if men are to be grouped in states and nations, they must think of other men. Man must give himself to the service of man. A nation is only accomplished when men see that the law of service is the law of society. The man who goes contrary to the law is the man who is kicking

against the pricks."

Upon the third phase of his subject the speaker quoted Beecher as saying that some men go through life like a brass band, flinging music on all sides.

"One of the ways," said he, "in which we can fulfill the law of life, is to make men happy. One of the reasons for the growth of Christian Science is because it promises happiness. Why should people turn aside when Christ has said again and again we must cast all our burdens on Him. We can meet this demand by serving him in our churches. I have heard of men who said, 'I love Thee, Lord,' who failed to give His church support. It is the same as if a husband said 'I love you my Nancy Jane' and left her in poverty and rags.—Indianapolis Star.

INDIANA CORN SPECIAL

To National Corn Exposition via the Monon Route and C. & N. W. Lines

The Indiana Corn Commission appointed by Governor Hanly, is planning to run a special train to the National Corn Exposition, Omaha, Neb. The exposition is a gigantic educational movement and one that persons interested in corn improvement should attend. Already a large number of people of the state have signified their intention of making the trip which insures the success of the special train.

Regarding the details of the trip, the following letter is being sent out:

"Dear Sir:—

Final arrangements have been made for the Indiana Corn Special to the National Corn Exposition at Omaha. Our special train leaves Indianapolis at 3:15 p. m. Monday, December 14, 1908, via the Monon route, stopping at Sheridan, Frankfort, Delphi, Monticello, Monon, Rensselaer, Lowell and Hammond. Parties east, south and west of Indianapolis should arrange to join the train at Indianapolis.

Developing his second topic, Prof. Seaman said: "Service is the law of life. We know that the man who goes against natural law is certain to meet failure. We can not realize the fullest success unless we look upon this as natural law and make it a law of our lives.

In a social gathering we see the man who is thinking only of himself, the most uneasy, unhappy man of all. Even in the superficialities of social life we see that service is the fundamental law.

We see there the man or the woman who forgets self, the most gracious, the most entertaining, the happiest in the crowd. If there is to be society, speaking now in its broadest sense; if men are to be grouped in states and nations, they must think of other men. Man must give himself to the service of man. A nation is only accomplished when men see that the law of service is the law of society. The man who goes contrary to the law is the man who is kicking

PREPARE FOR STATE MEET

Fifty-Fifth Gathering of the Teachers of Indiana in the State Institute.

WILL BE TUESDAY TO WEDNESDAY

The Indiana State Teachers' Association holds its fifty-fifth annual meeting at Indianapolis, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, December 29, 30 and 31. All the sections of the association, except the History section, meet the 29th. Excellent programs have been prepared for the various sections.

The General Association holds its first session in Caleb Hall, Shortridge High School, December 29, 8 p. m. Addresses by the retiring president, Dr. E. B. Bryan, president of Franklin College and by the president-elect, George W. Benton, principal Shortridge high school. President L. D. Harvey, Stout Training School, Menomonie, Wisconsin, gives an address on the subject, "Education of Girls for the Home."

All meetings on Wednesday are at Tomlinson Hall. At the 9:00 a. m. session two addresses will be given, "Fundamentals in Teacher" by President Harvey, and "Social Aspects of Education" by Dr. Martin G. Brumbaugh, Superintendent Public Schools, Philadelphia, Penn.

The afternoon meeting, 2:00 o'clock, will be given up to a discussion of Moral and Religious Education. Dr. W. L. Bryan, president of Indiana University, will preside and speak. Bishop William F. McDowell of Chicago, will give an address. His subject, "A Day at Rugby," is a study of Thomas Arnold's two great propositions: To develop in his pupils an inquiring love of truth and a devoted love of goodness.

Superintendent Martin G. Brumbaugh will give his lecture, "The Teacher in a Republic," at the evening session.

The last session of the Association will be held in Caleb Mills Hall, Shortridge High School. Dr. Robert J. Aley, State Superintendent-elect, will give a report on "Leaks in School Revenue." Booker T. Washington, Tuskegee, Alabama, will give an address on "Some Results of Industrial Education in the South."

Music of the very best quality has been provided for each of the above programs.

Neither money nor labor has been spared in securing the best talent available for this program. The complete proceedings of both the section and general association will be published. All members of the association are entitled to a copy of the proceedings. It is the hope of the committee that a majority of the teachers of the state may become members of the association. Programs for distribution will be sent

to all superintendents in the state in a few days.

The officers of the association are: President, Prin. George W. Benton, Shortridge High School, Indianapolis.

Recording Secretary, Miss Elizabeth Hull, Sullivan. Permanent Secretary and Treasurer, Supt. J. B. Pearcey, Anderson. Chairman Executive Committee, Supt. W. H. Sanders, Bloomington.

SILLERY CASE TO JURY

Arguments Are Made and the Jury Retires to Deliberate at 4 O'clock—City Attempts to Show Negligence on the Part of Plaintiff.

CASE WAS HOTLY CONTESTED

The case of John W. Sillery against the City of Greencastle went to the jury at 4 o'clock this afternoon. The arguments had begun before dinner, each side being granted an hour and a half to present the case to the jury.

The city, in presenting its side of the suit, attempted to show that Sillery fell through carelessness in turning too quickly upon a wet walk and one which, they allege, the plaintiff knew was not in good repair. The plaintiff holds that his fall was due to a giving way of the walk and was not in the least due to negligence or carelessness. It is expected that a verdict will be reached this evening.

The Loyal Temperance Legion will meet Thursday evening, December 3, at 6:30 in the parlor of the Locust Street Church.

We Invite Comparison

To the following sworn statement of the

Central National Bank

To the comptroller of currency at the close of business Nov. 27, 1908, with that of other banks in this locality.

RESOURCES

Loans	\$426,832.57
U. S. Bonds to secure Circulation	100,000.00
County and City Bonds	104,855.50
Banking House	10,000.00
Redemption Fund	5,000.00
CASH RESOURCES	
U. S. Bonds	\$53,680.00
Cash in other Banks	158,576.89
Cash in Vault	71,947.54
Total Cash Resources	284,304.43
Total	\$930,892.50

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$100,000.00
Surplus	100,000.00
Undivided Profits	6,753.18
Circulation	100,000.00
Deposits	624,139.32

\$930,892.50

We thank our customers and friends for their patronage and kind words, and wish them continued prosperity and happiness.

R. L. O'Hair, Pres. J. L. Randel, Cash.

BLANKETS!

Only the good and reliable qualities here that will give you a return for your money; impossible to equal elsewhere.

J. E. VERMILION

UNCLAIMED LETTERS

The following list of letters remain unclaimed in this office. Dated Wednesday, December 2, 1908:
Cash, Mr. Jim
Lewis, Mrs. Lee
Mathuse, Daisy
Scott, Mr. William
In calling for the same please say "advertised," and give date of list.
J. G. DUNBAR, P. M.

THE HERALD

Founded 1906
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

The Martinsville Reporter, a consistent (?) temperance organ declares "that the brewers have a right to expect the Democratic party to repeal the county option law, as they paid for it." We trust that the Reporter will not be too deeply disappointed if the law should remain un-repealed. Consistent temperance demands that the law have a trial. Consistent Republican policies of the brand now being brought forward demands it repeat for party ends. The Democrats must have the Republican senate to accomplish repeal. Do we understand that the Reporter urges the senate help the Democrats in the "good" work sore Republican organs and politicians demand? It is in Morgan County and in Martinsville that Republicans, according to the Indianapolis Star, are removing their names from remonstrances. Is this also counseled by the Reporter? Again we hope that the Reporter will not be too much disappointed in case its prophesies and wishes are not fulfilled.

Animal Food.
Animal food does not appear to be necessary to the sustenance of life. Many animals (including some of the human species) are strictly vegetarian. The three principal constituents of the human body that are derived from animal food are fibrin, albumen and fat—the first two forming muscle and nerve, and the last, by a species of flameless combustion, producing the necessary temperature of 98 degrees, without which the function of respiration would be impeded or would altogether cease. But it is clear that the equivalents of these are all to be found in a vegetable diet, since it has often been demonstrated that upon such diet men can live and work.—New York American.

Medicine That is Medicine.
"I have suffered a good deal with malaria and stomach complaints, but I have now found a remedy that keeps me well, and that remedy is Electric Bitters; a medicine that is medicine for stomach and liver troubles, and for run down conditions," says W. C. Kiesler, of Halliday, Ark. Electric Bitters purify and enrich the blood, tone up the nerves, and impart vigor and energy to the weak. Your money will be refunded if it fails to help you. 50¢ at the Owl drug store.

MONON ROUTE EXCURSIONS.
To Chicago, account International Live Stock Exposition, tickets on sale, November 29, 30, December 1, to 4 inclusive, return limit, December 12. Round trip, \$5.40.

Home seekers excursion rates to Northwestern and southern points first and third Tuesdays of each month. J. A. Michael, Agt.

Do You Open Your Mouth

Like a young bird and gull down what ever food or medicine may be offered you? Or, do you want to know something of the composition and character of that which you take into your stomach whether as food or medicine?

Most intelligent and sensible people now-a-days insist on knowing what they employ whether as food or as medicine. Dr. Pierce believes they have a perfect right to insist upon such knowledge. So he publishes, broadcast and on each bottle-wrapper, what his medicines are made of and verifies his claim. This he feels he can well afford to do because the more the ingredients of which his medicines are made are studied and understood the more will their superior curative virtues be appreciated.

For the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses, irregularities and derangements, giving rise to frequent headaches, backache, dragging-down pain or distress in lower abdominal or pelvic region, accompanied, oftentimes, with a debilitating, pelvic, catarrhal drain and kindred symptoms of weakness, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a most potent, strengthening tonic to the general system and to the organs of nutrition, assimilation and excretion. It is also a soothing and invigorating nerve and cures nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, chorea or St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing nervous symptoms attendant upon functional and organic diseases of the distinctly feminine organs.

A host of other medical specialties of all the several schools of practice are contained each of the several ingredients of which "Favorite Prescription" is made for the cure of the diseases for which it is claimed to be a cure. You may read what they say for yourself by sending a postal card request for a free booklet of extracts from the leading authorities, to Doctor Pierce's Invalids' Hotel and Surgery Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., and it will come to you by return post.

Pineules for the Kidneys are little golden globes which act directly on the kidneys. A tincture will convince you of quick results for Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbargia and tired wornout feeling. 30 days' trial \$1.00. They purify the blood. For sale by Badger & Cook.

Critic—I must congratulate you on the villain of your play. He leaves the impression of having been drawn from the life.

Author—He was drawn from life. I may say to you that he is an exact portrait of myself as my wife depicts me. Brooklyn life.

Pineules for the Kidneys are little golden globes which act directly on the kidneys. A tincture will convince you of quick results for Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbargia and tired wornout feeling. 30 days' trial \$1.00. They purify the blood. For sale by Badger & Cook.

OBITUARY

By Cline Hanks.

Roy Cline Hanks was born in Montgomery County, Indiana, November 1, 1886, and died at his home in north Putnam County near Bainbridge, November 17, 1908, aged twenty-two years and sixteen days. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Hanks, and his brothers and sisters survive him. His illness, which was inflammation of the knee, began in March, 1908, with a series of accidents each of which affected the same knee. Strong and used to be active and hardy, he would not give up and rest but continued his daily life with his accustomed energy hoping to overcome what he considered a slight trouble, by force of will and energy. At last he was obliged to yield; and from July until his death he kept his bed most of the time.

He departed from loving friends, in the bloom of an unusually promising youth. His strength and individuality of character were clearly marked and tempered by great capacity for affection; his understanding was quick and his mind had the elements of power; while in appearance he was strikingly handsome. Throughout long and wearing illness, the first since his childhood, his peculiarly bright, winning smile, his dark, lustrous eyes and the thick, dark curly clustering around his white forehead gave him the appearance of vivid health. Under severe attacks of pain, his self-control and patience were great. He knew he had a hard fight for life before him and he undertook it with a resolution and intelligence far beyond his years. In this struggle, he was indeed a brave soldier; and if his recovery had been possible, he would have greatly helped to achieve it. The love of his parents and brothers and sisters was very precious to him and he warmly felt and acknowledged their continuous kindness and considered it the greatest possible comfort to have them with him.

The enforced rest of a long illness permitted his spiritual growth. He read the New Testament through and expressed his intention to join the church if he recovered. He also spoke of having learned how to sympathize with the sick and of intending to visit them more frequently when he was able to do so. Thus he carried away with him much knowledge and many loving thoughts gained from his sick bed and in this way his suffering was not useless but fitted him for dwelling in a better country where the promise of his youth can surely and surely come to fruition.

Patient wait beside the portal,
Life and trial are not vain;
Who have loved shall meet again.

Meet where, by the crystal river;
Pain and parting are no more;
And the peace of God forever.

—A Chinese Story.

"Come home to dinner!" cried a good housewife to her husband at work in a field.

"All right," he shouted, "as soon as I have bid my hoe."

At dinner his wife remonstrated with him for shouting so loudly about hiding his hoe. "I am certain," said she, "that the neighbors have heard you and that some one has already stolen it."

Struck with the remark, the man returned to the field, and, sure enough, the hoe was gone. On returning to his house, impressed with the wisdom of her previous precaution, he whispered into his wife's ear, "The hoe is stolen."

He took it from her unresisting hand and looked down at the delicate cheek, paler by contrast of the fringing dark lashes.

"I hope it isn't much farther," she admitted ruefully. "I have been ill, and my strength is feeble."

He stopped and looked about him. They had come to a slight opening in the forest, where the sun streamed over fallen tree trunks and glistened on the surface of a tiny brook that wound its way across the road.

"We will rest here," he said, with a note of authority in his voice. "It is a good deal farther. We have come perhaps three miles. If you will let me take you back to the station I will return to Greentop and procure a conveyance of some sort."

"No," she objected, sinking weakly on to a fallen log. "I will be rested presently. You see, I didn't eat any breakfast, and—"

"No breakfast!" he echoed blankly. "I don't wonder you are tired. Wait a minute, please!" He knelt down before his suitcase and unlocked it. From its depths of masculine apparel he brought forth a small alcohol stove, a bottle of the necessary liquid and a small tin of beef extract.

Elsie watched him with amused interest. With deft fingers he filled and lighted the lamp and opened the tin of extract. "I wonder if he is a drummer and is demonstrating some of his wares?"

But there was something to the man's thin, intellectual face, with its nearsighted blue eyes behind thick glasses, that belied her estimate. There was a vague familiarity about his movements that puzzled her.

"Here," he said, approaching her with a small silver drinking cup, "drink this, please."

"You are very kind indeed," she said gratefully, sipping the hot liquid. "I am afraid I am depriving you of your luncheon."

He threw back his head and laughed heartily. Elsie liked the laugh and decided that she liked the man.

"Excuse me, but you must think I'm an old maid—to be traveling about with that equipment," he said.

"You see, I have an invalid aunt in Greentop. These are to rejoice her heart!"

"I have bonbons in my bag," confessed Elsie. "Shall we eat them?"

"Let's," he assented gayly.

"What?"

"Whether the butcher was not awfully late with that liver," she replied.

Judge.

A Matter of Conventions

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

The train screamed its way through the valley, grunted up the steep incline and came to a standstill before the ramshackle little station. It paused while two passengers alighted, and then hurried off, as if it was glad to get away from such an insignificant stopping place.

Elsie Lansing accepted her leather bag from the taciturn station agent, who at the same time pushed a suit case toward the other traveler, a tall young man buttoned up in a gray ulster.

"Stage here for Greentop?" queried the latter, picking up his grip.

"Not this day," returned the agent grimly. "Jim Laidlaw, he seems to think Saturday's made special so's he can git a little drunker usual! If you ain't expected, you'll have to walk!" With which remark he slammed the station door and turned the key.

"Let me see—it's twelve miles to Greentop, isn't it?" asked the stranger thoughtfully.

"Twelve and a half. Straight road ahead." The agent tramped away across the platform and disappeared inside a small cottage perched on the high bank above the tracks.

Elsie Lansing looked dubiously at the frozen road stretching away between pine clad heights, faintly touched with the early morning sun. She had traveled all night and had telegraphed for her newly acquired brother-in-law to meet her.

There was no sign of the white motor car which had been a part of the bridal equipment and which was to speed her to the Erie, in the Green mountains, away from civilization and its attendant comforts.

"Elsie!" cried Mrs. Ray breathlessly. "And Peter, as I'm a sinner!" added her husband, tooting his horn gayly.

The pair on the log turned around and then arose.

For the first time that day Elsie felt embarrassed at the situation. She could explain the fact that a stranger had accompanied her on the long walk, but now to make it clear to conventional Little that sitting upon the log was a natural outcome of their friendly companionship?

"If Peter was only here!" said Little gently.

"Aye, Peter could make the blamed thing go! By Jove, Little, look there!" He pointed ahead, where a huge log was rolled beside the path.

It sat a man and a girl deeply interested in watching the antics of a squirrel in the pine tree overhead.

"Elsie!" cried Mrs. Ray breathlessly.

"And Peter, as I'm a sinner!" added her husband, tooting his horn gayly.

The pair on the log turned around and then arose.

For the first time that day Elsie felt embarrassed at the situation. She could explain the fact that a stranger had accompanied her on the long walk, but now to make it clear to conventional Little that sitting upon the log was a natural outcome of their friendly companionship?

"If Peter was only here!" said Little gently.

"I am going to repeat what I have once said to you—I love you and invite you to be my wife."

"And I decline the invitation," said Miss Singleton sharply.

Again Mr. Brown Reed sought his friend Truly Robbins and told him all.

"What a blunderer," said Robbins, "to put your proposal in contrast with that of a finished actor! But don't be discouraged. Try it again. You've simply been unfortunate in the time and place of your proposals."

"What kind of a time and place would you suggest?" asked Reed.

"I'll tell you. We're going to have a slide tonight with the Toboggan club. Bring your girl on my invitation. There will be merrymaking in the crisp air, laughing, shouting, Chinese lanterns, boys and girls in blanket suits, and all that. You can get her in the dark and tell your story to the best advantage. Is it a go?"

Reed consented, but he was getting discouraged. He informed Miss Singleton of the invitation, and she accepted again "with pleasure." When the evening came round he called for her to find her in a very becoming toboggan suit, while he was in ordinary clothes. She looked disappointed. On arriving at the club grounds every man except Reed looked like a Canadian voyageur.

"Great Scott!" sang out Truly Robbins. "Why didn't you wear the blankets?"

"Oh, I'm not a member of your club; I'm only a visitor. Besides, I'm no man for show; I'm only plain Brown Reed."

Robbins was called away, and Reed took Miss Singleton to the slide where the toboggans were shooting down over the ice. The couple did their share of the tobogganing, sometimes together, sometimes apart. Reed looked for a dark corner and found one very near the starting point. He invited Miss Singleton into it and began his proposal as follows:

"Once on our way to church I asked you an important question. I got no reply. Again I asked it on our return from the theater. I met with a refusal. Once more I say I love you and—"

"H! You there! Room for two more on this toboggan."

Miss Singleton made a rush for the toboggan as if to escape from further persecution. Reed followed her, taking his place directly behind her, and the toboggan was shoved on to the incline. Reed was mad. He swore he would finish his proposal if he had to do it in an upset. "Will you be my wife?" he shouted in her ear.

When they reached the bottom of the slide Miss Singleton arose from the toboggan and made a bee line for the gate. A street car was passing, and she boarded it. Reed stood paralyzed for awhile; then he walked home.

Robbins having proved a bad adviser, the unfortunate lover sought comfort elsewhere. He went to his aunt.

"Poor fellow," said that lady soothingly. "I'll set you right. I know my sex perfectly. The proposal is very important matter in a love affair.

Though plain Brown Reed, you must do it in the right way. Come to my fancy dress ball next week and come as Byron's Corsair. I'll suggest to Miss Singleton to come as Medora. Meanwhile I'll send you a form for a brief proposal. Commit it to memory."

"Brown was a good looking fellow,

and when Miss Singleton saw him in a romantic costume and in an alcove he whispered the proposal his aunt had written for him she in reply whispered "Yes," and her head fell on his shoulder with a thud.

MARY A. BOWES.

Showing the Importance of a Proposal.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.]

Mr. Brown Reed wished to marry Miss Francesca Singleton, and Miss Singleton was ready to marry Mr. Brown Reed. The only thing needed to complete this desideratum was a proposal. Mr. Reed considered this a mere form.

He asked the lady to go to church with him one Sunday evening and during the walk to the sanctuary endeavored to dispose of the matter. Unfortunately his repugnance to saying the words delayed him until the couple were going into the church door, when he blurted them. In another moment he was standing in a pew by the girl to whom they had been spoken with out a reply and singing, "Onward, Christian Soldier." He regretted that he had not gone onward a trifle more rapidly.

Mr. Reed fully expected that Miss Singleton would at least refer to his proposition as soon as they had left the church. To his surprise she did not. When they reached her house she asked him to come in. He said it was rather late and he thought he would go home.

Mr. Reed felt very uncomfortable. He made a confidant of his friend Truly Robbins. Truly laughed at him. "Serves you right," he said, "for proposing to a girl on your way to church. You might as well have done it at a funeral. Do it again and under more favorable circumstances."

Mr. Reed's second attempt was in this wise: He bought a couple of seats at the theater and invited Miss Singleton to go with him. She accepted with pleasure.

There was lovemaking in the play and a fascinating hero who made a proposal in such graceful form that it brought down the house. After the performance Reed walked home with Miss Singleton and, after several efforts to get out what was on his mind, said:

"I am going to repeat what I have once said to you—I love you and invite you to be my wife."

"And I decline the invitation," said Miss Singleton sharply.

GREENCASTLE HERALD

L 0000 A N N SSSS
L 0 O A A N N SSSS
L 0 O AAAA N N N SSSS
L 0 O A A N N N SSSS
L 0000 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 prepay 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

A Girl and A Garden.

By Frank H. Williams.
Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

"I could love you," said the pretty neighbor, and then as the man impetuously reached for her she added quickly, "for your garden!"

The man's face fell. "Now, I call that downright mean," declared the man vigorously. "You're a nice, pretty neighbor. Here I've been courting you and making love to you for months, and now I find that it's not me, but my garden, that's made an impression. I'll sell the garden," he added roughly.

The pretty neighbor clasped her hands in real distress.

"Oh, don't!" she cried. "You don't really mean that! Think how long it's been in your family! Think how much care your mother and your grandmother and your great-grandmother spent on all these dear flowers!"

"Time I was selling it!" growled the man. "I'll get an old factory, a bakery or something of that sort here!"

"Oh, oh!" cried the pretty neighbor.

"I mean it!" cried the man. "I'll start right away."

Wholly distressed, the pretty neighbor, her hands tightly clinched, watched the man as he went down one of the paths toward a gay little summer house.

She was standing near a wall, beside a little fountain, and all about her the garden was a bower of beauty. Vistas between the trees radiated from the spot where she stood. Birds sang in the trees. She could hardly realize that

dow, peering out at the garden wall opposite. Her heart gave a little bound as the blank face of the wall met her gaze. The sign was gone.

It was a very merry pretty neighbor that hailed Martin shortly after.

"Ho," cried the pretty neighbor, boldly walking through the little iron gate into the garden—"ho, I knew you didn't mean to sell your garden! You thought you'd scare me into loving you!"

The man, who had been weeding, looked up at her. He wore an old broad brimmed straw hat that in some undefinable way made him seem even more strikingly handsome than ever.

"You're wrong," he declared slowly. "It's sold."

"What?" cried the pretty neighbor in consternation.

"Yes," replied the man.

"And some one's going to put up a horrid, grimy factory here?" wailed the pretty neighbor.

"Perhaps," said the man listlessly. "I'm glad you came over," he went on. "I was afraid I'd have to go without saying goodbye to you."

"Goodby?" asked the girl, her face a picture of surprise and dismay.

"Yes," the man went on, "I'm going away. My train leaves at noon. You may never see me again."

"Why—why are you going?" stammered the pretty neighbor very woefully.

The man looked up at her quickly.

"There's nothing for me to stay here for," he replied without animation, evidently not finding what he hoped in the girl's face.

"I'm sorry," said the girl finally.

She extended her hand. In silence he shook it. Slowly she went toward the gate. When she was almost there the man called to her.

"I'm a brute," he declared contritely, "for letting you think for a minute that I'd ever really let a factory be erected here. Since you love the garden so you're a right to know that the man who has bought it is your father. He will not disturb it for some time—not for the present at least."

"Oh!" cried the girl. For a moment her face was radiant, then suddenly it went sad again.

"Wouldn't you—won't you come back some time and visit my father's garden?" she asked.

"No, I'll not come back," the man replied. "It—it would hurt too much Goodby."

"Goodby," repeated the girl and slowly went through the little iron gate, across the street to her home.

Several times during the next hour she looked at the clock and involuntarily sighed. The morning was going very fast, it seemed. Faster and faster the time flew toward noon. Presently it was 10:30, then 10:45 and then 11 o'clock.

When the morning reached this point the pretty neighbor was suddenly galvanized into action.

"Good gracious!" she cried, jumping from the chair where she had been endeavoring to read a book. "Good gracious, he may be gone, and I haven't found out where he is going!"

Without more ado the pretty neighbor raced out of the house and across the street to the little iron gate. The gate was locked! Wildly she tore around the wall to the great front gate. Through this she ran up the short, curving path to the big house.

Suddenly, as at high speed she bore around, as at high speed she bore around, a particularly sharp curve, she plumped right into the arms of the man. The latter, when he saw that it was the pretty neighbor, dropped the suitcase he had been carrying and drew her closely to him.

"Dear, dear sweetheart!" he cried, "I simply can't leave you! I can't do it!"

He hugged her so tightly that she gasped for breath. However, the pretty neighbor had enough breath left to gasp a reply—a very faint reply.

"Don't go," she said, burrowing her head into his coat. "Don't go. It's not your garden I want. It's not your garden I'm in love with. It's you!"

"What are you going to do?" the girl asked something tremulously.

"Paint," answered the man laconically.

With fascinated eyes the girl watched him as the letters grew under his brush. Across the top of the board he painted in big brutal letters the words, "For Sale."

The pretty neighbor caught her breath as the cruel sentence, flaring red, stared at her from the board. Underneath these words the man worked industriously for a little time.

While he worked the girl gazed back at the garden with tear dimmed eyes. When he had finished the man gave a little sigh of satisfaction. The girl looked at the sign again and gasped.

"For Sale," it read. "This Garden, Suitable for a Factory. Apply Within to Martin Connor."

"You—you aren't going to nail that sign up, are you?" questioned the girl, periously close to tears.

"Sure!" ejaculated the man.

The man picked up the sign, holding it awkwardly to save his clothes from paint, and, with the bucket and brush in the other hand, again went toward the gay little summer house. He whistled as he went, but the girl, who followed, with difficulty stifled her sobs.

Once outside, the man carefully nailed the sign to the wall. When the work was finished he stepped back a bit to admire it. The girl, who had watched the proceedings, cried out at this.

"You're perfectly horrid!" she cried. "I hate you!"

Then the pretty neighbor, frantically dabbing at her eyes with an absurd little handkerchief, ran across the street to her own home.

When the pretty neighbor awoke the next morning she could not think at what sorrow was near her. Then it came to her in a jump. The garden was to be sold! She shuddered as she thought of the heartless sign and decided that she would never, never look at it again.

"Please, sir, the police force."

DEPAUW NEWS

MAKES CHANGE IN COURSES THE JUDGES ARE CHOSEN

PROFESSOR BARNES ALSO ANNOUNCES A NEW SUBJECT.

ORATORS MET AND NAMED MANUSCRIPT CRITICS YES-TERDAY.

IS PLANNING FOR NEXT TERM HUGHES INCLUDED IN THE LIST

Professor Barnes has made several changes in his department for the next term. One of his old courses has been revised and a new course has been added.

Course two in English Composition, which is required of all freshmen is open to upper classmen who make special arrangement with the head of the department. The course treats of narrative and descriptive writing, and is required of all students who take course five in the spring term, a course in advanced short story writing. This work in composition will be given by lectures and giving conferences.

Professor Barnes will lecture to his class two hours a week. The class will be broken up into small groups and each group will meet two hours a week for conferences and informal discussion of themes. A few of these conferences will be in charge of the Professor while the rest will be under the care of Miss Love.

A new course in the "Theories of Prose Style" will also be given next term. It is a new course open only to advanced students and required of all who are majoring in the department. It is given by a combination of lectures and seminar assignments. The class will probably meet on Monday and Thursday afternoons of each week. The sessions will be two hours long.

BAKER ACCEPTS DEBATE

KANSAS SCHOOL AGREES TO MEET DEPAUW IN ARGUMENT.

DEPAUW TO HAVE TWO TEAMS

Baker University has accepted a debate with DePauw. The Baker Orange had the following to say in yesterday's edition:

"If DePauw will sign a two years' agreement we will debate with that school this year." That was the decision reached by the Debate Council at their meeting last Tuesday afternoon. The Indiana Methodists are enthusiastic over the prospects of a western trip. They are planning on sending but one team. It will debate with Cornell at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, and two nights later will meet Baker at Baldwin."

Both Baker and Cornell have good reputations in debating, and the men who make the western trip will have very strong team to face in both contests. The same question submitted to Albion has been submitted to these two colleges. Neither school has as yet indicated which side of the question it prefers to support.

JONES' VAN DYCK.

People told Jones that his youth was against him—he looked too young. If he wanted to rise rapidly in his profession he would have to grow a few hirsute decorations.

He started a Van Dyck. His wife didn't take it—she married a young man, not a professor. The whiskers grew and grew, and hubby looked more and more like a pirate. Wife tried to talk him out of them, but he insisted they were an actual necessity in his profession.

One morning Jones woke up with his chin feeling moist and sticky. He wiped his hand over his face foliage and found it wet. Then he opened his eyes and saw his wife standing over him with a bottle of peroxide in her hand. Filled with alarm, he jumped out of bed and over to the mirror. Already the stuff that makes blonds to order had done its work. That primordial growth was red, yellow and maize, even as the growing corn. Jones had to wipe the dust off his razor and remove the chin weeds.

"I suppose you think you've done something pretty smart," he observed to Mrs. Jones grudgingly as he removed another bunch. "You've ruined my profession, that's what you've done."

"Rather smooth shaven competency," averred his wife sweetly, "than whiskered luxury!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Schedule Not Announced.

The schedule for final examination week has not yet been arranged, but it is certain that the work will close on Wednesday, December 23. The faculty will soon take up the matter of examinations, and arrange the order of classes, the float probably coming on the 19th.

Many of the students have been making inquiries concerning the schedule, as they are anxious for the holidays if Thanksgiving is but two days past.

The Moving Force.

A teacher after giving some lessons on physical force asked, "Now, boys, can any of you tell me what force it is that moves people along the street?"

He was greatly surprised and the class highly amused at receiving from one of the boys the unexpected answer:

"Please, sir, the police force."

49

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

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

INTERURBAN TIME TABLE.

EAST BOUND

Lv. G. C.	No.	Train	Lv. T. H.
6:05 am.	6	local...	
7:15 am.	8	local...	5:30 am
8:15 am.	10	local...	6:30 am
9:40 am.	102	Limited...	8:15 am
10:17 am.	14	local...	8:30 am
11:15 am.	16	local...	9:30 am
12:44 pm.	164	Limited...	11:15 am
1:17 pm.	29	local...	11:30 am
2:15 pm.	22	local...	12:30 pm
3:49 pm.	106	Limited...	2:15 pm
4:17 pm.	28	local...	2:30 pm
5:15 pm.	32	local...	3:30 pm
6:49 pm.	108	Limited...	5:15 pm
7:17 pm.	35	local...	5:30 pm
8:15 pm.	12	local...	6:30 pm
9:17 pm.	16	local...	7:30 pm
11:15 pm.	59	local...	9:30 pm
12:15 am.	52	local...	10:30 pm

WEST BOUND

Lv. G. C.	No.	Train	Lv. Indp.

<tbl_r cells="4" ix="

LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Elks will dance this evening.

Edgar Boone has returned from Kokomo.

Prof. Kleinsmid is reported much better today.

Carl Elteljorg was in Indianapolis yesterday.

Douglas Huffman is in Spencer today on business.

Claud Hamilton went to Cloverdale this morning.

Mrs. C. H. Barnaby went to Indianapolis yesterday.

Jesse Richardson was in Stilesville yesterday on business.

Miss Ethel Hamaker went to Putnamville this morning.

Mrs. George Snodgrass is visiting friends in Indianapolis.

Mrs. Walter Vermillion is spending the day in Putnamville.

Frank McNorton of Bainbridge was here this morning.

Mrs. Charles Reeves is visiting relatives in New Albany.

Dr. and Mrs. O. C. Neier of Indianapolis were in Greencastle yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stephens and son are visiting friends in Indianapolis.

The Eastern Star will meet tonight. There will be the annual election of officers.

Mrs. Frank Vestal and daughter, Gretchen are in Cloverdale spending the day.

Mrs. Asa Smith and Mrs. George Davidson are spending the day in Roachdale.

Mrs. Jane Conklin is in Roachdale visiting her daughter, Mrs. Otis Browning.

Mrs. H. C. Darnall has returned to her home in Muncie, after visiting friends here.

J. W. Dodd has returned to his home in Marion County after visiting his son here.

Mrs. Anna Edwards has returned to her home in Cloverdale after visiting friends here.

Aaron Breckenridge has returned to his home in Crawfordsville after visiting friends here.

Walter Albaugh and family left today for Muskogee, Okla., where they will make their future home.

Miss Belle Hoeman of Indianapolis was here this morning en route to Patricksburg to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos Neier left yesterday for Mullinsville, Kansas, where they expect to make their home.

Professor W. G. Seaman, head of the department of Psychology, addressed a union meeting of the brotherhood organizations of all the Methodist churches of Indianapolis last night. His subject was "The Joy of Service for Others in Christ's Name. What Am I Doing? What Can I Do?" The meeting was held in the Second Presbyterian Church, at Pennsylvania and Vermont Streets.

A party of thirty-one music students chaperoned by Dean Mansfield will go to Indianapolis tomorrow evening for the purpose of hearing Chaminade, the distinguished French composer, in a program of her own compositions. The company will leave early in the afternoon and return late that night. Chaminade is perhaps the most famous French composer and she holds a high position in the rank of world artists.

Mrs. C. M. Short is ill.

Verne Elrod of Stilesville was in Greencastle today.

Cloyd Summers of Groveland spent today in the city.

Alex Lockridge was an east bound passenger this afternoon.

Mrs. Harry Collins and daughter are visiting in Roachdale.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Skinner went to Putnamville this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Moorish of Brazil were in the city today.

Newton Busenbark of New Market is visiting Sigma Chi brothers.

Will Thompson of Terre Haute spent this afternoon in the city.

Clarence Wysong of near Bainbridge is spending today in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. James Vermillion will see Maud Adams at Indianapolis tonight.

Mrs. James James has returned to Paris, Ills., after visiting relatives in the city.

Mrs. Reed has returned to Amo after visiting Mrs. Clark Wells of this city.

Dr. Maloney of Terre Haute is spending a few days with his son, John Maloney.

Mrs. W.H. Thompson of Terre Haute met with the Protected Home Circle last night.

The official board of the Christian Church will meet tonight at 7 o'clock. The members are urged to be present.

Clarence Hazelett who has been in Chicago for the past several months has returned to the city. He has accepted a position with the Central National Bank.

A representative of the Salvation Army was besieging the officials in the court house this afternoon. She declared that she was waiting for some one to start her subscription list with five dollars or over, but the force at the court house did not fall over each other for the chance of being either first, second or third, or any where on the list at that figure.

Manager Blake is arranging to have a Christmas tree at the opera house. The object is to give a present to every poor child in the city and free admission to the picture show. He asks the aid of every one who is inclined to help in a worthy cause. A Christmas tree, where the poor are looked after has never been given in our city. Our citizens should aid in this matter in every way possible. Mr. Blake says he will make further announcement in the papers.

Those handsome pictures you see in the show window of Hanna's furniture store will be given away Saturday night at the opera house moving picture show.

The Flight of Birds.

To the average observer of the flight of birds everything is deceptive. To compare the flight of a large bird with a smaller one is especially so. The cormorant of the sea coast seems to be a slow flier, yet he does a mile in one minute and ten seconds.

The house sparrow seems to travel like a bullet, yet it takes him two minutes to fly one mile. The humming bird does not fly as fast as many slow flapping birds of ungainly bulk. The quail appears to get away more rapidly than does the mallard, but he does not do it—Ex.

change.

For Rent—Three unfurnished rooms. Inquire 404 Bloomington Street.

Do You Love Your SWEETHEART?

We presume you do and we are sure your Sweetheart loves pure candy. This you will find nice and fresh at

BADGER & COOK

AN INGENIOUS SWINDLER.

The Daring Scheme That Was Worked by a German Doctor.

Near a small village in one of the lake states lived a western millionaire in seclusion with his little daughter and a few servants. The child was afflicted with a rare cerebro spinal complaint, a most unpleasant manifestation of which was a frequent hiccup, and eminent physicians, both in America and Europe, had pronounced the case organic and incurable.

Later there came to live in the village a widow with a little girl affected similar to the millionaire's daughter. This child was a delicate, flower faced creature, wistful from the isolation that must have been her sad lot, and the peculiar bark-like hiccup which she made at once attracted the millionaire's attention, and, being a big hearted if rather ignorant man, he gave the mother employment about his home and showered the afflicted child with presents.

Perhaps four months after the widow's advent an eccentric German doctor settled in the village, and his services being sought by the widow, he was instantly killed by inhaling one whiff of his own handiwork.

Pure prussic acid is never sold or handled. The smell of it is always fatal. It kills not in three minutes or half an hour, but the instant it enters the lungs as a gas. The mixture ordinarily sold as prussic acid is 98 parts water to two parts of the drug. Even in this form it is very deadly. A 20 per cent mixture of the acid would kill nearly as quickly as if pure.

Atropine, though it has no harmful odor, is so deadly that as much of it as would adhere to the end of a moistened forefinger would instantly cause death.

Cyanide of potassium has a pleasant smell which is not injurious, but a small quantity swallowed kills at once.

Pure ammonia if inhaled would cause death almost as quickly as prussic acid.

When a carbony of nitric acid is broken some one has to suffer. It will burn wood, eat through iron plates and destroy whatever it touches. Such an accident once happened in an acid factory.

Every one ran away, leaving the acid to amuse itself by setting fire to things. Soon it was seen that the building would be destroyed and hundreds of people thrown out of work, and four men volunteered to put out the fire in the acid room. They succeeded and came out all right. Five hours later all were dead.

Finally, however, after the father had patiently borne the grossest insults the German agreed to give the afflicted child treatment on condition that the other would first deed over a large tract of land in Texas for a Socialist colony and pay him for his fee a sum little short of \$50,000. This the millionaire did, but as soon as the doctor had cashed the check he disappeared with the widow and her child, and the wealthy man realized that, blinded by paternal love, he had been made the victim of an ingenious swindle.

The flower faced girl of the widow had been taught to simulate a disease, and the German was no doubt her father. He was subsequently located in Buenos Aires, but he injured man, not wishing his daughter's affliction published broadcast, dropped the prosecution.—Don Mark Lemon in Bohemian Magazine.

Manager Blake is arranging to have a Christmas tree at the opera house. The object is to give a present to every poor child in the city and free admission to the picture show. He asks the aid of every one who is inclined to help in a worthy cause. A Christmas tree, where the poor are looked after has never been given in our city. Our citizens should aid in this matter in every way possible. Mr. Blake says he will make further announcement in the papers.

Those handsome pictures you see in the show window of Hanna's furniture store will be given away Saturday night at the opera house moving picture show.

The Flight of Birds.

To the average observer of the flight of birds everything is deceptive. To compare the flight of a large bird with a smaller one is especially so. The cormorant of the sea coast seems to be a slow flier, yet he does a mile in one minute and ten seconds.

The house sparrow seems to travel like a bullet, yet it takes him two minutes to fly one mile. The humming bird does not fly as fast as many slow flapping birds of ungainly bulk. The quail appears to get away more rapidly than does the mallard, but he does not do it—Ex.

change.

For Rent—Three unfurnished rooms. Inquire 404 Bloomington Street.

411

A LIVE COAL TRICK.

Teaches Natural Law, Yet Has All the Appearance of Magic.

No one would suppose that it is possible to hold a glowing coal on a piece of linen or cotton without burning the cloth, but that such can be done is easy for any one to prove, and at the same time the experiment teaches an important natural law. Every child knows that the telephone and telegraph wires are made of copper because that metal is a good conductor of heat and electricity, which is only another form of heat. If a poker is heated in the fire you pick up a cloth to hold the outer end, although it has not been near the fire, because experience has taught you that the heat is connected through the metal from the fire to the outer end.

This experiment with the flaming coal is based upon this principle and the additional one that linen and cotton are poor conductors of heat. Take a globe of copper and draw a piece of cloth tightly over it so that there is not a wrinkle at the top. If the linen or cotton is closely woven the trick is all the more certain. Then, holding the cloth tightly in place, you can safely put a glowing coal on top of the cloth, and, while it burns fiercely, the cloth will not even be scorched.

The reason is that the great conductivity of the copper draws the heat of the coal before it can burn the cloth. Do not make this experiment with a good handkerchief first, for if the cloth is not tightly drawn it may burn, but take some worthless piece of linen or muslin, and after you are certain of your experience you can astonish your friends who do not know the secret.—Washington Post.

DEADLY POISONS.

One Whiff of Pure Prussic Acid Is Sufficient to Kill.

The discoverer of prussic acid was instantly killed by inhaling one whiff of his own handiwork.

Pure prussic acid is never sold or handled. The smell of it is always fatal. It kills not in three minutes or half an hour, but the instant it enters the lungs as a gas. The mixture ordinarily sold as prussic acid is 98 parts water to two parts of the drug. Even in this form it is very deadly. A 20 per cent mixture of the acid would kill nearly as quickly as if pure.

Atropine, though it has no harmful

odor, is so deadly that as much of it as would adhere to the end of a moistened forefinger would instantly cause death.

Cyanide of potassium has a pleasant smell which is not injurious, but a small quantity swallowed kills at once.

Pure ammonia if inhaled would cause death almost as quickly as prussic acid.

When a carbony of nitric acid is broken some one has to suffer. It will burn wood, eat through iron plates and destroy whatever it touches. Such an accident once happened in an acid factory.

Every one ran away, leaving the acid to amuse itself by setting fire to things. Soon it was seen that the building would be destroyed and hundreds of people thrown out of work, and four men volunteered to put out the fire in the acid room. They succeeded and came out all right. Five hours later all were dead.

Finally, however, after the father had patiently borne the grossest insults the German agreed to give the afflicted child treatment on condition that the other would first deed over a large tract of land in Texas for a Socialist colony and pay him for his fee a sum little short of \$50,000. This the millionaire did, but as soon as the doctor had cashed the check he disappeared with the widow and her child, and the wealthy man realized that, blinded by paternal love, he had been made the victim of an ingenious swindle.

The flower faced girl of the widow had been taught to simulate a disease, and the German was no doubt her father. He was subsequently located in Buenos Aires, but he injured man, not wishing his daughter's affliction published broadcast, dropped the prosecution.—Don Mark Lemon in Bohemian Magazine.

Manager Blake is arranging to have a Christmas tree at the opera house. The object is to give a present to every poor child in the city and free admission to the picture show. He asks the aid of every one who is inclined to help in a worthy cause. A Christmas tree, where the poor are looked after has never been given in our city. Our citizens should aid in this matter in every way possible. Mr. Blake says he will make further announcement in the papers.

Those handsome pictures you see in the show window of Hanna's furniture store will be given away Saturday night at the opera house moving picture show.

His Gallantry.

"See that man who just gave his seat to a young woman?" queried an elevated railroad passenger. "Queer case that. Never encountered one before just like it."

"He's not a New Yorker, and he is not a ready maker of friends, and he is so diffident where women are concerned that he really has not one among his acquaintances, with the possible exception of a landlady and a laundress."

"Yet the fellow has a longing for feminine recognition. I happen to know that he always relinquishes his seat to a woman where the opportunity is presented, and I also know that his only reason for doing so is the hope of receiving a smile and a 'Thank you' in return. It's like a bone to a hungry dog. Queer case, don't you think?"—New York Globe.

The Suicide Symphony.

The idea that music may be harmful—that it can create a fever in the blood dangerous to life and reason—will come as a revelation to many.

Friedrich Nietzsche, the well known German philosopher, declares that there is something in some music, most notable in Wagner and Tchaikovsky, which acts unfavorably on the brain and nerves of many people.

Tchaikovsky's baleful influence cannot be denied. He destroyed himself after composing his famous "Sixth Symphony," and, as several have died

from the heat of the symphony.

Extravagant.

Stranger (in Drearyhurst)—Is there a place here where I can get a square meal? Uncle Welby Gosh—Yes, sir. There's a resturant round the corner where you can git the best meal this side o' Chicago if you don't mind its bein' a little expensive. They'll sock you for 35 cents, but, by gum, it's worth it!—Chicago Tribune.

Luck.

"Do you believe in such a thing as luck?"

"Of course," answered Miss Cayenne. "Otherwise it would be impossible to explain the success of people we don't like."—Washington Star.

Troubles of the Inanimate.

"Tough old world this," sighed the anvil. "I get nothing but hard knocks all day long."

"Yes," asserted the bellows, "and I am always hard pressed to raise the wind."—Boston Transcript.

Scene from the "Cry Baby" at Opera House December 4.

Emotional Miss Tully.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.]

I met Miss Tully in a boarding house. She was supposed to earn her own living, but no one in the house knew her occupation. She usually went out about 9 o'clock in the morning and remained most of the day, but there was nothing regular either about her going or her staying. Sometimes she would remain in the house for several days at a time, and sometimes when she went out in the morning would return before noon and not go out again.

There was a good deal about Miss Tully that interested me. She was never for a long period in the same mood. One day she would be merry as a cricket, the next in the depths of despair. Then she would be subject to fits of anger, when no one cared to approach her. Any sensible person may judge from this that Miss Tully was not likely to make a good wife, but I have noticed in young men a position to neglect the girls who are especially fitted to make homes comfortable for those who are so constituted as to make a husband's life a burden. At any rate, I became fascinated with Miss Tully's moods. At our first meeting there was a girlish gladness about her that was simply delicious. A few days later she met me with an imperious look on her face that well nigh froze the marrow in my bones. The next week my pity was excited by a melancholy that was no less becoming than her sprightliness or her regal dignity.

It was not long before I was madly in love. But, realizing the folly of making a life partner of a girl who was not only changeable as the wind, but whom I knew nothing about—indeed, whose mode of support was a mystery—I fought against my passion. All to no purpose. I was caught in a mesh and unable to extricate myself.

</