

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

Greencastle Herald.

THE WEATHER
Fair tonight and Thursday; rising temperature Thursday.

VOL. 3. NO. 211.

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1908.

SINGLE COPIES 2c.

IT WAS ZERO COLD TO-DAY

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

THE CREEK 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 Consul . . . L. D. Snider Worthy Adviser . . . W. W. Soper Clerk . . . R. A. Confer Banker . . . 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 irony 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 bartender, "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 drouth 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, fraternities 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.

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 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 dale 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 a 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.

Parties who cannot join the special at above named places can purchase their tickets from their home station by route most convenient to Chicago, joining the party there. See that your tickets read "via the Chicago and Northwestern Railway from Chicago to Omaha and return" in order to secure your sleeping car accommodations and travel on the Indiana Corn Special."

THEY SPEND MONEY FOR NOTHING

Montgomery County Makes Roar in Regard to Hunting Licenses and Money Paid for Them.

During the month of November Dumont Kennedy, county clerk, has issued 155 licenses to hunters of this county. He collected \$1 each, which makes \$155 he sent to Rev. Sweeney of Columbus today. Since the law became effective Mr. Kennedy has sent as much as \$750 to the state game and fish commissioner and during that time not a quail or other game bird has been turned loose in Montgomery County by the warden. The law provides that one-third of the amount collected for licenses is to be spent for game birds and fish to stock the reserves and streams of the state. It is not to be doubted that the law is being followed so that Montgomery County hunters have contributed \$250 to help buy birds and minnows, which have been turned loose in some other part of the state. We have a reserve in this county near Darlington and Mr. Sweeney has made the statement that some of the Hungarian pheasants which were burned in an ocean liner last winter were to have been turned loose in this reserve if they had reached this country in healthy condition. It looks as though \$250 ought to help some toward restocking this county with game birds if we got our one-third of the money collected for hunters' licenses.

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.

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, Menomonee, 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 "Leakage 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. Peary, Anderson. Chairman Executive Committee, Supt. W. H. Sanders, Bloomington.

HAMRICK FARM IS SOLD

Prof. H. B. Longden Purchases the Fine Place on Little Walnut Consisting of Three Hundred and Forty-Five Acres.

A considerable deal in real estate has been consummated whereby Prof. H. B. Longden becomes the owner of the old Hamrick homestead situated on Little Walnut northwest of town. The farm consists of 345 acres, 140 of excellent bottom land and the remainder rolling upland furnishing excellent grazing. Prof. Longden will himself superintend the operation of the farm.

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

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	71,947.64
Total Cash Resources	284,204.53
Total	\$930,892.50

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$100,000.00
Surplus	100,000.00
Undivided Profits	6,753.08
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.

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.



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The Model Clothing Company

BLANKETS!

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

J. E. VERMILION

THE HERALD

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 a year—Payable strictly in advance.

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 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 politics of the brand now being brought forward demands it repeal 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 so 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 prophecies 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 are derived from animal food: 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. Kiestler, 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. 50c at the Owl drug store.

Monon Route Excursions.

To Chicago, account International Live Stock Exposition, tickets on sale, November 29, 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 gulp down whatever food or medicine may be offered? 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 that a perfect right to insist upon such knowledge. He publishes broadcast and on each bottle wrapper, what his medicines are made of and what they will do. This he feels he can well afford to do because the more the intelligent people know of his medicines are made of and what they will do, 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 efficient remedy. It is equally effective in curing painful periods, in giving strength to nursing mothers and in preparing the system of the expectant mother for baby's coming, thus rendering childbirth safe and comparatively painless. The "Favorite Prescription" is a most potent, strengthening tonic to the general system and to the organs distinctly feminine in particular. It is also a soothing and invigorating nerve and cure 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 medical authorities of all the several schools of practice, recommend 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 Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., and it will come to you by return post.

OBITUARY

Roy 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 being 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 a long and wearing illness, the first since his childhood, his peculiarly bright, winning smile, his dark, lustrous eyes and the thick, dark curls 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 safely and surely come to fruition.

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

Meet where, by the crystal river,
 Palm and parting are no more;
 And the peace of God forever
 Blesses all the shining shore.

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 hid 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!" —Scrap Book.

A Dangerous Operation.

Is the removal of the appendix by surgeon. No one who takes Dr. King's New Life Pills is ever subjected to this frightful ordeal. They work so quietly you don't feel them. They cure constipation, headache, biliousness and malaria. 25c at the Owl drug store.

Burdock Kipling as a Preacher.

On one occasion Kipling proved himself a capital preacher. He was crossing the Pacific on an Empress liner when a seaman died, leaving a widow and a large family. On the ship's notice board next day there appeared the announcement: "9 p. m.—Sermon by a layman." At the appointed time a curious crowd discovered Kipling standing on an improvised platform, from which he preached a fifteen minutes' sermon. How eloquent it may be gathered from the result—a collection for the widow of over £70 from a congregation of fewer than 200.

Woods Liver Medicine in liquid form regulates the liver, relieves sick headache, constipation, stomach, kidney disorders and acts as a gentle laxative. For chills fever and malaria. Its tonic effects on the system felt with the first dose. The \$1.00 bottle contains 2 1/2 times as much as the 50c size. For sale by Badger & Cook.

Little—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 globules which act directly on the kidneys. A trial will convince you of quick results for Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago and tired worn-out feeling. 30 days' trial \$1.00. They purify the blood. For sale by Badger & Cook.

A Matter of Conventions

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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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 it 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 get a little drunker'n usual! If you ain't expected, you'll have to wait!" 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 Eyrle, in the Green mountains, away from civilization and its attendant comforts.

"If you are going to Greentop, permit me to carry your bag," said the young man, lifting his hat. "It is a stiff walk, but perhaps it will stimulate an appetite for dinner."

"You are very good," replied Elsie pleasantly, "but my bag is not heavy, and I can easily carry it myself."

Without further conversation they left the station and made their way along the road in the shadow of the pines.

It was a crisp day, with a tang of early winter in the breath of the north wind. It was an invigorating day, with its strong scent of pine and balsam, the rattle of crisp, dry cones and the sweet purity of mountain air.

The stranger walked on ahead with long, swinging strides. His head was bent thoughtfully, and it was quite evident that he had forgotten the girl, who was struggling to keep pace with him. Suddenly he turned and perceived her.

"I must ask your pardon," he cried commiseratively. "I forgot—that is, I did not realize how fast I was walking. Let me take your bag. You are very tired."

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 flicker."

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 wearily 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 suit case and unlocked it. From its depths of masculine apparel he brought forth a small alcohol bottle, 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 gladly.

When the empty box had been thrown away and the spirit lamp and its appurtenances had been returned

to the suit case Elsie arose and drew her furs about her white throat. "I feel like a new woman," she said gratefully.

"The Lord forbid!" he cried, with fervency.

They laughed in unison as they resumed their journey. The way seemed shorter now as they chatted of impersonal matters. Once the man referred to a certain scientific work.

"I haven't read that; I did read Professor Ray's book on the same subject."

"Ah! You have read Ray's book?" he questioned.

She nodded. "I had to!" "Why under compulsion?" There was deep interest in his tone.

"You see, Peter Ray is my brother-in-law's elder brother."

"You know him?" he asked.

"Not at all. I have never seen him, but Bob says he is a jolly grind, and my sister says he is charming."

"See that squirrel," said the man, suddenly changing the subject. "It is a flying squirrel, and his antics are worth watching. Squirrels are perfect acrobats."

A long, white motor car crawled down the road to the railroad station. A man struggled ineffectually with the speed levers.

"Four hours from the Eyrle, darling," murmured a white veiled vision from the tonneau.

"I can't help it, Lettie! I don't know what's got into the machine! Elsie will be starved to death after this long wait. If Laidlaw isn't there she may try to walk," groaned Bob Ray dismally.

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

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

On 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 Lettie that sitting upon the log was a natural outcome of their friendly companionship?

Bob Ray saved her from Lettie's displeasure.

"Peter, old man," he shouted gleefully, "forget all your old 'isms' and 'ologies' and get down and tinker this thing into shape! How is Elsie—tired, eh?"

Elsie flushed and hesitated. Professor Ray came nobly to her aid. "I met Miss Lansing at the station. We came up on the train together, you know. There was no conveyance, so we walked. Glad you met us, though," he added mendaciously.

When the automobile had been inwardly soothed by the skillful hands of the professor they whizzed smoothly toward the Eyrle.

"I thought you and Peter had never met, Elsie," said her sister, with an interrogative glance.

"Why—yes—we—er—met!" faltered Elsie, with a pleading glance at the nearsighted blue eyes that peered at her from the front seat.

"We met"—said the professor, whose mental insight was without flaw, "we—er—met. Is not that sufficient?"

Lettie looked at her sister's conscious face and at Peter's betraying eyes.

"I think that is sufficient," she said, with a sage nod of her pretty head.

Bread and Microbes.

From experiments made by M. Roussel in Paris it appears that only the crust of bread is submitted to a sufficiently high temperature to kill all the bacteria which the loaf may contain. The inside of the loaf may therefore be contaminated by the microbes from a consumptive baker or conveyed in the water, as is the case with typhoid fever and cholera. Professor Metchnikoff was asked his opinion whether bread could not be a source of danger, and his answer was as follows: "I don't think so. The temperature to which the inside of a loaf is submitted generally exceeds 140 degrees F. At this temperature many microbes are killed—those of tuberculosis, for instance—but there are much harder germs, such as those of anthrax, the germs of which are only killed at over 224 degrees F. But anthrax is rare, and it is hardly likely that a baker attacked by this terrible malady would continue to work once the disease had declared itself." Professor Metchnikoff advises, however, that only bread which is well baked, and therefore not crumbly, should be eaten.

What She Was Thinking Of.
 The young poet had just finished what he considered to be a work of real inspiration, and, rising from his table, he hastened upstairs to where his little wife, a bride of six weeks, was sitting darning his socks.

"Listen, sweetheart," he whispered tenderly. "I have just written this." And he began to read. He put his whole soul into the reading. His gestures were graceful; his intonation perfect. The whole spirit of his beautiful poem breathed forth as he threaded his way from the beginning to the end of his theme, and when he had finished he looked at her, awaiting her verdict.

For a time she was silent. "Well, dear heart," he said, "tell me what you are thinking."

"I was wondering, dearest!"

"What?"

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

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 without 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. Brown felt very uncomfortable. He made a confidant of his friend Truby Robbins. Truby 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."

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

There was loveliness 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.

Again Mr. Brown Reed sought his friend Truby 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 merry-making 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 voyager.

"Great Scott!" sang out Truby 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 inveigled 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—"

"Hill 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 a 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.

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Take NR Tablets for Indigestion, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Salivary Gland, Liver Complaint, Skin Diseases, Pimples and Eruptions, Chills, Malaria, Biliousness, Rheumatism, Torpid Liver or Inactive Kidneys and all troubles arising from the digestive organs.

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The Runic Writings.

In the Scandinavian lands—Sweden, Denmark and Norway—thousands of inscriptions have been found in the ancient characters of the heathen northmen, and it is these that are known as the "Runes" or "Runic writings." Similar records are scattered over other parts of Europe, but it is largely in Scandinavia that they are found. Learned opinion is still in doubt as to the origin of these writings. For a long time supposed to be of Phoenician origin, it is now quite extensively agreed that the Runes must have been derived about the sixth century B. C. from an early form of the Greek which was employed by the Greek traders around the Black sea.—New York American.

Marked for Death.

"Three years ago I was marked for death. A grave yard cough was tearing my lungs to pieces. Doctors failed to help me, and hope had fled, when my husband got Dr. King's New Discovery," says Mrs. A. C. Williams, of Bac, Ky. "The first dose helped me and improvement kept on until I had gained 55 pounds in weight and my health was fully restored." This medicine holds the world's healing record for coughs and colds and lung and throat diseases. It prevents pneumonia. Sold under guarantee at the Owl Drug Store, 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

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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 she 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



"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?" THE GIRL ASKED.

the big, hurrying city was just on the other side of the wall.

From the summer house she saw the man come out. In one hand he carried a big white board, in the other a bucket of paint and a brush. When he reached the pretty neighbor he placed the board against the wall and with-out a word took up the brush.

"What are you going to do?" the girl asked somewhat 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, perturbedly 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.

At the summer house the man deposited his painting utensils and secured hammer and nails. Still whistling, he led the way through a secluded little iron gate to the street.

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 first 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.

A moment later she was at the window, 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 goodby 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've 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—would 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 on 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 shady, curving path to the big house.

Suddenly, 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 suit case 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 fairly 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!"

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 hair-sutural decorations.

He started a Van Dyck. His wife watched its growth critically. She didn't take to it—said 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 rubbed 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 primeval 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.

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."

DEPAUW NEWS

MAKES CHANGE IN COURSES

PROFESSOR BARNES ALSO ANNOUNCES A NEW SUBJECT.

IS PLANNING FOR NEXT TERM

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 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.

Have you neglected your kidneys? Have you overworked your nervous system and caused trouble with your kidneys and bladder? Have you pains in loins, side, back, groins and bladder? Have you a flabby appearance of the face, especially under the eyes? Too frequent a desire to pass urine? If so, Williams' Kidney Pills will cure you—at druggists, price 50 cents.—Williams' Manufacturing Company, Cleveland, Ohio. For sale by Badger & Cook.

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, for they are anxious for the holidays if Thanksgiving is but two days past.

A pill in time that will save nine is Rings Little Liver Pill. For biliousness, sick headache, constipation. They do not gripe. Price 25c. Sold by Badger & Cook.

THE JUDGES ARE CHOSEN

ORATORS MET AND NAMED MANUSCRIPT CRITICS YESTERDAY.

HUGHES INCLUDED IN THE LIST

The men who have signed up for the oratorical contest met in Plato Hall yesterday and chose the judges for manuscript. The men selected were Bishop Edwin Holt Hughes, of San Francisco, Professor E. H. Peck of the faculty of Columbia University and Professor Trueblood head of the department of oratory of Michigan University. The alternates named were Professors Clark of Northwestern University and Barnes of Cornell College and Doctor Dorchester, pastor of Christian Church, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

All the orations must be in the hands of Clyde Randel the secretary of the oratorical association by noon of Monday, December 8. Each contestant must hand in three typewritten copies of his oration and they must be signed by a fictitious name.

The contest will be held on December 18. DePauw is almost the last one to hold the local contest in this state association. The orators are all working hard on their orations and the contest gives promise of being an exceedingly good one.

FIRST BASKETBALL PRACTICE IS HELD

Coach Brown Runs Men Through Series of Passes and Goal Throws.

The first varsity basketball practice was held in the gym Monday afternoon. About sixteen men reported for work, most of whom have been practicing for some time. The coach ran the men through some fast floor passing and goal shooting and then dismissed them. As no scrimmage work was given it was impossible to get much of a line on the material, but both Captain Grady and the Coach were well satisfied with the apparent quality if not with the quantity of such men as were out.

Mixed Metaphor.

The late Mr. Ritchie when chancellor of the exchequer once asserted that "the question of moisture in tobacco is a thorny subject and has long been a bone of contention." His immediate successor in office, Austen Chamberlain, remarked at the Liberal Union club's dinner that the harvest which the present government had sown was already coming home to roost.

Sir William Hart-Dyke has two conspicuous "howlers" to his credit—the description of James Lowther as having gone to the very top of the tree and landed a big fish and the comforting assurance that his government had got rid of the barbed wire entanglements and was now in smooth water. Among other political examples of mixed metaphor are the prediction ascribed to a labor member that if we give the house of lords rope enough they will soon fill up the cup of their filigree and an Irish member's complaint that a certain government department is iron bound in red tape.—London Standard.

Colds contracted at this season of the year are quickly relieved with Bees Laxative Cough Syrup. Its laxative quality rids the worn system of the cold. Pleasant to take. Best for children for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. For sale by Badger & Cook.

BAKER ACCEPTS DEBATE

KANSAS SCHOOL AGREES TO MEET DEPAUW IN ARGUMENT.

DEPAUW TO HAVE TWO TEAMS

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6:05 am.	6	local	5:30 am
7:15 am.	8	local	6:30 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
12:40 pm.	164	Limited	11:15 am
1:17 pm.	20	local	11:30 am
2:15 pm.	22	local	12:30 pm
3:40 pm.	106	Limited	2:15 pm
4:17 pm.	28	local	2:30 pm
5:15 pm.	32	local	3:30 pm
6:40 pm.	108	Limited	5:15 pm
7:17 pm.	36	local	5:30 pm
8:15 pm.	12	local	6:30 pm
9:17 pm.	16	local	7:30 pm
11:15 pm.	50	local	9:30 pm
12:15 am.	52	local	10:30 pm

WEST BOUND

Lv. G. C.	No.	Train	Lv. Indp.
5:42 am.	7	local	5:00 am
6:42 am.	9	local	6:00 am
7:42 am.	11	local	6:00 am
8:42 am.	15	local	7:00 am
9:35 am.	101	Limited	8:15 am
10:42 am.	17	local	9:00 am
11:42 am.	21	local	10:00 am
12:35 pm.	103	Limited	11:15 am
1:42 pm.	27	local	11:30 am
2:42 pm.	31	local	12:30 pm
3:35 pm.	105	Limited	2:15 pm
4:42 pm.	37	local	3:00 pm
5:42 pm.	41	local	4:00 pm
6:35 pm.	107	Limited	5:15 pm
7:42 pm.	47	local	6:00 pm
8:35 pm.	109	Limited	7:15 pm
10:42 pm.	51	local	9:00 pm
11:02 pm.	53	local	11:30 pm

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\$1.00 Roses 75 Cents

Carnations 50c doz.

Chrysanthemums 10c each

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RELIEVES BACK-ACHE
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W. C. SMITH, Director, 1640 E. Michigan St.

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 Eiteljorg 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 Vermilion 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 Patrickburg 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 Wyssong of near Bainbridge is spending today in the city.

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

Mrs. James James has returned to Paris, Ill., 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. Will 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 seacoast seems to be a slow flier, yet he does a mile in one minute and ten seconds. The honeybee seems to travel like a bullet, yet it takes him two minutes to fly one mile. The hummingbird 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.—Exchange.

For Rent—Three unfurnished rooms.
Inquire 404 Bloomington Street.
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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 cerebral spinal complaint, a most unpleasant manifestation of which was a frequent hicough, 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 hicough 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 gave her child treatment, with the result that it was completely cured.

The millionaire immediately sought to place his own daughter under the German's care, but the latter flatly refused to take the case. He was a Socialist of a violent type and would have nothing to do with a man whose wealth exceeded the sum that he had fixed upon as the lawful limit of material possession.

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.

Meaning of Herzegovina.

Herzegovina was picked out by Mark Twain as a typical hard word which a man might be proud to know how to pronounce, as he did himself. It would save a lot of trouble if we might call Herzegovina "the ducky," which is all that the name probably means. Some have held that "the Herzegovina," as a select few call it, is Turkish for "the land of stones," but the prevailing view is that it comes from the German "herzog" (duke), that title having been conferred upon the holder of this country by the emperor in 1448. "Herzog" is our own forefathers' "here-toga," army chief, the name they gave in time of war to the "alderman" of times of peace.—London Standard.

Ham Toast.

Toast six slices of stale bread to a nice brown on each side, melt four tablespoonsful of butter, add three tablespoonsful of flour and stir until well blended; then pour on it gradually, while stirring constantly, two cupsful of hot milk; bring to a boiling point and season with a little salt and taste from the heat; dip the slices of toast separately in the sauce and when soft remove to a hot serving dish. To the remaining sauce add one-third cupful of finely chopped cold boiled ham and pour this over the toast.—Boston Post.

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 in the fire, because experience has taught you that the heat is conducted 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 carboy 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.

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, 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 landress."

"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 Tschalkowsky, which acts unfavorably on the brain and nerves of many people. Tschalkowsky's harmful influence cannot be denied. He destroyed himself after composing his famous "Sixth Symphony," and, as several have died by their own hand after playing it, it has come to be known as the "suicide symphony."

Extravagant.

Stranger (in Drearhurst)—Is there a place here where I can get a square meal? Uncle Welby Gosh—Yes, sir. There's a restaur'nt round the corner where you can get the best meal this side of Chicago if you don't mind its being 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," assented the bellows, "and I am always hard pressed to raise the wind."—Boston Transcript.

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 disposition 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.

One evening Miss Tully and I were sitting in the drawing room—the boarders, seeing my infatuation, had by this time come to give up the apartment to us—side by side on a sofa. It was in the spring of the year, and Miss Tully was like the season, light hearted, exuberant in spirits and, it seemed to me, willing to listen to love's young dream. Little by little I turned my words upon that dream, which by this time had enthralled me. Miss Tully saw my drift and seemed to yield to a pleased languor, listening eagerly to what I said. I poured into her ear all a lover could say, leading up to a proposal, when she stopped me and said ecstatically:

"Say it all again."

I confess I was puzzled—indeed, a trifle put out. To repeat my glowing words was not to my mind. Fortunately my embarrassment was relieved by a maid entering with a note for Miss Tully. She opened and read it. From that moment she was changed. Her light heartedness disappeared and with it her apparent interest in what I had been saying to her. Smarting under this sudden indifference, I left her.

The next evening at dinner I noticed that Miss Tully appeared to have something on her mind of an exasperating nature. Her teeth were set, and her eyes were filled with flashes, coming at long intervals, like heat lightning on a summer night. After dinner I was going up to my room when she passed me in the hall, gave me a glance I did not understand and went into the drawing room. I followed. We were alone there, and, turning on me like a fury, she began to accuse me of some unexpressed crime, working herself into a very demon. In vain I begged her to tell me what I had done. Without heeding me she talked on, or, rather, stormed on, till at last, seeing no prospect of an end to what was like a storm swaying to the east, to the west, anywhere, everywhere in accordance with its unbridled passion, I left the room.

The next morning I made an effort to escape from this mad creature. I took an early train. For a week I remained away, then, professing to myself to feel confident of my ability to resist the fascination, returned to the house and Miss Tully.

At our first meeting I saw upon her face the most engaging sadness. She gave me a reproachful look, which I took to express pain that I had kept away from her. I longed to take her in my arms; but, with a muffled moan, she went up to her room.

I saw nothing of her for a week. Then she was plain Miss Tully, neither happy nor miserable nor angry. She gave me a smile, put out her hand to me and, intimating that she had something to say to me, led the way into the drawing room.

"I owe you an explanation," she said, "and I am going to reveal to you that which no one else in this house knows. I am an artists' model. I never pose, however, except in proper clothing and only for artists who wish to catch an expression of some one of the passions. They have found me very versatile in this respect, and I have been successful. The secret of my success is that I can at any time work myself into any required mood, and this gives the artist the expression which comes from the model really feeling what is expressed. Indeed, it can be expressed in no other way. When you began to talk to me the other evening I was preparing myself to sit for a bride. While you were talking I received a note that the artist would instead work on a picture representing a tragedy. On your return I was to pose for Mary Magdalene."

I won Miss Tully for my wife, but I have never quite forgiven her for utilizing my loveliness professionally.

BEVELLY WORTHINGTON.

MARVELOUS

Moving Pictures

And Illustrated Song at Opera House

AUGMENTED WITH STARTLING MECHANICAL EFFECTS, WONDERFULLY REALISTIC.

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

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

TONIGHT:

Summer Boarders Taken In. Misadventure of a Sheriff. Music and Poetry.

SONGS:

"My Apple Blossom Girl." "On the Bench, Neath the old Willow Tree."

Admission 5 and 10 Cents.

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

HERALD WANT ADS

Watch Lost—Open face gold watch left on the ledge of the window in the south closet of the ground floor toilet room at the court house Thanksgiving morning. Monogram H. C. A. engraved on case. Return to this office and receive reward. If

For Sale—5 room cottage near the square at a bargain if sold at once. Enquire of Home Loan and Real Estate Co., room 5 Southard Bldg. 6111

For Rent—7 room house, 508 South Jackson Street. Apply to John Keightley, Star Barber Shop. 2110

Furnished Room for Rent—405 N. Jackson Street. 618

Would Do the Same.

A certain professor in a medical college had a most exasperating student. "You see, Mr. Smith," said the professor to this young man one day, "the subject of this diagram lumps, because one of his legs is a trifle shorter than the other. Now, what should you do in such a case?"

"I should limp, too, I think, sir," replied the student, with an expression of perfect innocence on his stupid face.

The Pompous Man.

I do not like the pompous man. I do not wish him for a friend. He's built on such a gorgeous plan that he can only condescend, and when he bows his neck is sprained. He walks as though he owned the earth—as though his vest and shirt contained all that there is of sterling worth. With sacred joy I see him tread upon a stray banana rind and slide a furlong on his head and leave a trail of smoke behind.—Emporia (Kan.) Gazette.

From Limb to Limb.

Housewife—Why don't you get a job and keep it? Hobo—I'm like de little bird dat keeps flyin' from limb to limb. Housewife—G'wan, you're only a bum! How could you fly from limb to limb? Hobo—I mean de limbs o' de law, mum!—Kansas City Independent.

Criticism often takes from the tree caterpillars and blossoms together.—Richter.

Character Counts

No Substitutes Sold

In choosing a drug store, character counts for everything, and price counts for nothing—where health and safety are concerned. We adhere strictly to the principle that quality is all that counts in medicine.

Of course, when it comes to patent medicine, toilet articles, etc., the price is well known and on those things our store has enjoyed a reputation for getting these articles for its customers at a material saving from the price elsewhere.

Our stocks are complete, and we never offer a customer some unknown concoction at a cut rate for a well advertised article in which he has confidence. We are proud of our reputation in the drug business—proud with a reason—and, positively assured that we can well please you, we invite you to try us, if you do not know, and continue as our friend if you now are.

The Owl Drug Store. The Red Cross Drug Store



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