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Catching a Thief.

In Dovesbury several years ago a gentleman present at a public gathering had the misfortune to have his watch stolen, a magnificent gold repeater. Standing up, he announced his loss and added: "It is now two minutes to 9. At 9 o'clock the watch will strike the hour, and as it is loud I ask every one to keep quiet. We shall then be able to put our hands on the thief." A dead silence ensued, and one individual, seized with a bad fit of coughing, endeavored to leave the room. He was promptly accosted, searched and the missing property found in his pocket. It afterward transpired that the watch would not have struck, as it was out of order.—London Express.

Protection is afforded to inventions in sixty-four countries. To take out a patent in each would cost about \$15,000.

That our American forests abound in plants which possess the most valuable medicinal virtues is abundantly attested by scores of the most eminent medical writers and teachers. Even the untutored Indians had discovered the usefulness of many native plants before the advent of the white race. This information, imparted freely to the whites, led the latter to continue investigations until to-day we have a rich assortment of most valuable American medicinal roots.

Dr. Pierce believes that our American forests abound in plants which possess the most valuable medicinal virtues is abundantly attested by scores of the most eminent medical writers and teachers. Even the untutored Indians had discovered the usefulness of many native plants before the advent of the white race. This information, imparted freely to the whites, led the latter to continue investigations until to-day we have a rich assortment of most valuable American medicinal roots.

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A GLUTTON FOR WORK.

Story of the British Civil Service in the Last Century.

The British civil service during the middle of the last century was a delightful place for young gentlemen who wished a "job" with nothing to do. Mr. Arthur W. A. Becket in his "Recollections of a Humorist" describes his first day in the war office. After reading the Times through—no short task—and listening to the conversation of his colleagues for awhile he ventured to address his chief.

"Can I do anything for you?" I asked. "Is there anything for me to do?" He seemed a little perplexed. The other denizens of the room paused for a moment in their conversation to hear his reply. It seemed to me that they appeared to be amused. My chief looked at me and then at the papers in front of him.

"Ah!" said he at last, with a sigh of relief. "Are you fond of indexing?" I replied I was fond of anything and everything that could be of the slightest service to my country. If those were not the exact words I used, that was the spirit of my answer.

"I see, a glutton for work," observed my chief, with a smile that found reflection on the faces of my other colleagues. "Well, A. Becket, just index this pile of circulars."

I seized upon the bundle and returned to my desk. Oh, how I worked at those circulars! There were hundreds of them, and I docketed them with the greatest care and entered their purport into a book. From time to time my official chief, so to speak, looked in upon me to see how I was getting on.

"I say," said he, "there's no need to be in such a desperate hurry. I am not in immediate need of it." Index. You can take your time, you know. Wouldn't you like a stroll in the park? Most of us have a little walk during the day. We none of us stand on ceremony and are quite a happy family."

But, no; I stuck to my indexing and after some three days of fairly hard work found my labors done. I took up the bundle of circulars, row in apple pie order, and laid them on my chief's desk.

"I say, A. Becket," said he, "this won't do. You are too good a fellow to be allowed to cut your own throat, and for your brother's sake I will give you a tip. Don't do more than you are asked to do. Now, I gave you those circulars to index because you would bother me for work. I didn't want the index. Now it's done it's not the least bit of use to me. Of course it may come in useful some day, but I scarcely see how it can, as the lot are out of date. But of course it may," he added to save my feelings.

DEVELOPING A STAR.

How Mansfield Coached Margaret Anglin as Roxane.

Richard Mansfield in his preparation for "Cyrano" was unsparing of himself, and he was unsparing of others. Everything he had and everything he hoped for was at stake. Struggle and desperation were in the air. Nearly every one in the cast resigned or was discharged over and over again. Mr. Palmer's days and nights were devoted to diplomacy, and, thanks to his suavity, the heady heat of the day before was forgotten in the cool of the next morning.

An actress of international reputation and experience was engaged for Roxane. Rehearsals were under way when she resigned by cable. The orange girl's single line in the first act was being rehearsed by a young Canadian, Margaret Anglin. Mansfield had not seen her act, but he remarked the wondrous loveliness of her voice, and his intuition told him she had temperament. "Can you make yourself look beautiful enough for Roxane?" he asked. "I think I might if you can make yourself ugly enough for Cyrano," she answered. The part was hers on the instant. He coached her relentlessly. Again and again she cried that she could not do it. He reassured her, but not with soft persuasions. "You can, my dear, and you must. Now, again!" After rehearsals she went regularly in tears to Mr. Palmer to resign. He appealed to Mansfield to be more lenient. "I am only kind," was his reply.

"Roxane is a great part. Only one who has suffered can play such a role. This girl has the temperament and the emotions, but she is young and inexperienced. I cannot persuade her spirit. I must rouse it." And every day she reached new depths and new heights.—Paul Winstach in Scribner's.

A Multiplicity of Fathers. Ardree had been learning to sing "America" at school and was trying to teach it to Brother Wayne. One morning his father heard him shouting, "Land where my papa died, land where my papa died."

Ardree interrupted. "Oh, no, Wayne, not that way. It is 'Land where our fathers died.'"

Wayne's expression could not be described as he tipped his head sideways and in a very surprised tone gravely asked, "Two of 'em?"—Delineator.

A Way Men Have. "When a man talks about luck," said Uncle Eben, "he nearly always means hard luck, 'cause when he's prosperous he's gwinter take all de credit for his own smartness."—Washington Star.

They Were Strangers. Howell—Rowell doesn't seem to be at home much. Powell—He is there so seldom that he really needs a letter of introduction to his wife.—New York Press.

A medical education in England costs at least \$3,045.

Gordon's Last Chance.

By TAYLOR WHITE.

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"Jimmie, do you speak slang?" demanded Maud Tolliver suddenly as her small brother came into the room.

"Do I walk on my feet?" demanded Jimmie in surprise. "Pipe your lay, angel face. I'll get you somehow, even if your speaks are all to the muddle. Throw it off your chest."

"It's this way," explained Maud. "You know Mr. Gordon?"

"I've seen him once or twice," admitted Jimmie, with a grin. Gordon was a regular visitor at the Tolliver home.

"Papa wants me to marry him," explained Maud. "He's so strict and proper that I hate him. I thought that if I were to talk slang and 'act up' perhaps he would leave me in peace. He hates a slangy girl. He said so last night."

Jimmie grinned appreciatively. He had no great liking for the eminently staid and correct Gordon. He hated men whose suits always looked as though it was the first time they had been worn.

His own preference was for Barry Spaulding, who occasionally offered him a cigarette and who talked to him precisely as though he was a grownup.

Gordon never seemed to see him, never laughed and joked, and Jimmie entered into the conspiracy with his whole heart after being assured that Maud would never disclose the source of her education in slang.

Before the week was out Gordon looked troubled. He was very much in love with Maud after his own fashion. There was no want of real affection, but Gordon was no gallant wooer. He had been accepted by the family, and in his quiet, patient fashion he was laying siege to Maud's heart.

He had fancied he had been making headway until she developed a trick of interlarding her speech with slang expressions.

At first he was shocked, but as Maud acquired proficiency and grew more and more slangy Gordon withdrew from his campaign. Though he loved the girl as much as ever, he assured himself that a wife who used slang was utterly impossible.

In secret Maud gloated over the fact, but bore herself demurely when her father sharply questioned her concerning her treatment of Gordon, for the latter's visits had fallen off, and, though Gordon had pleaded business as an excuse, Mr. Tolliver had an idea that there was something else that might explain the lover's sudden lack of interest.

Then fate took a hand, and so it happened that Jimmie Tolliver, crossing the avenue, slipped on the muddy paving and fell directly in front of a rapidly advancing automobile.

There was a cry of horror from the spectators, but one man sprang forward and with an easy movement grasped the boy's arm and carried him to safety.

For a moment Jimmie was too dazed to comprehend; then he slowly came to realize that Gordon, unmoved as ever, stood beside him, answering the questions of the crowd, but refusing to give his name.

"All right, old man?" he asked as he saw that Jimmie was pulling himself together. "Suppose we move on. This crowd is a little too eager."

He signaled a passing taxicab and directed the driver to go to a tailor's where Jimmie's muddled garments might be made presentable. The rush of cold air drove the last of the cobwebs from Jimmie's brain, and, gazing admiringly at Gordon, he decided that Maud was wrong in her estimate of the man. There was fire under the ice, red blood beneath the waxen, immobile expression, and Jimmie's heart warmed to his rescuer.

"Say, Bo," he demanded suddenly, "are you still dead nuts on Maud?" "I esteem your sister very highly," admitted Gordon.

"You're all right," declared Jimmie admiringly. "If you want to win cast your port over this way and make a noise like a listen."

The noise of a listener was continued long after the visit to the tailor's was concluded. Gordon's face was as expressionless as ever, but there was a twinkle in his eye.

Some evenings later Maud, coming downstairs, reached the lower hall just as Gordon was admitted by the butler. Jimmie had been cautioned under pain of losing his promised reward to say nothing of his rescue, so it was merely "that tiresome Kenneth Gordon" whom Maud greeted with perfunctory cordiality.

"I buttoned in to tear off a piece of talk with the boss bloomer wearer. Is he in?" asked Gordon.

"If you mean my father"—began Maud lily.

"That's the guy," interrupted Gordon. "Will you tell the delegate from the wax works to ask him to grease his heels and slide down here?"

"I will go myself," offered Maud nervously. Gordon was as coldly correct in appearance as ever, but perhaps he was drunk.

"Nix on the scamper," declared Gordon, raising a detaining hand. "Use the butler for the wireless, and we'll call out some conversation while he makes a home run."

"I must go," explained Maud. "I forgot something upstairs, and I must see about it at once."

"Tell it to wait," commanded Gordon. "I'm the head of the procession"

just now. Don't you bother about the water carriers."

"But"—began Maud. And Gordon interrupted again.

"Don't be a goat and butt in," he urged. "Hit the plush."

He pointed to a chair, and timidly Maud seated herself. As she had led the way into the parlor the butler had disappeared, supposing that he would not be required further. To ring for him now would only make a scandal among the servants. Perhaps her father would come down in a few minutes.

He usually spent the evening in the library when he did not go to the club, and in either event he must pass the open door. If the worst came she could call for the butler, but meanwhile perhaps she could induce Gordon to leave quietly. She took the chair indicated, sitting nervously on the edge, ready to spring up and run should occasion demand.

"It doesn't cost any more to have a whole chair," reminded Gordon as he sank into a seat between her and the door. "I want you to put me wise to some things. What's your grouch against me?"

"I have no grouch," protested Maud eagerly. "Indeed, I like you very much."

"I never saw you on the front steps waiting for me," said Gordon grimly. "Let it come out with a rush. I'm in wrong. How can I square myself?"

"There is nothing to be squared," insisted Maud. "I don't see how you can imagine such a thing."

"Naughty, naughty," reproved Gordon, shaking his forefinger at her admonishingly. "Look here, kiddo, put me next! You don't like me, and I like you. I can't help it if I've got a frozen face. It was wished on me, and it's none of my doings. Tell me how I can loosen up so you'll have a yin for me."

"A yin?" repeated Maud uncertainly. This was a word not in Jimmie's vocabulary.

"A yin—a yearning," explained Gordon. "I want you to think that I'm the whole works, and you won't even let me be the second hand. Fix me up and I can come into the big tent and be a part of the program. I'm the 'what is it' out in the freak tent, and I don't like the job. I may not be quite your style, but I can learn. I'm the star pupil in the little red schoolhouse, and I'll always be at the head of the class if you'll be the teacher. I love to love my teacher."

Maud sprang to her feet, her eyes blazing.

"Mr. Gordon," she said coldly, "I will not prolong this interview. I do not know what is the matter. I do not want to know, but you must go, please. I cannot listen to you when you talk this way."

Gordon had sprung to his feet when Maud rose, and now he smiled down into the flushed, angry face.

"It seems," he said a little sadly, "that my latest effort is the sincerest form of flattery, and yet you are not pleased."

"What do you mean?" gasped Maud in astonishment.

"You learned slang for my benefit," he reminded. "When I do the same thing you object. Of course my slang is more pronounced than your own, but then you have only Jimmie, while I have the valuable assistance of several elevator boys, my office boy and the janitor's son, who qualifies as an expert. You use slang to disgust me—with yourself. I am using it to disgust you—with slang."

"And you know?" gasped Maud. "Jimmie has told?"

"Be it said to his credit that the temptation was great," said Gordon gently. "Do not blame the lad. He meant well in giving me my last chance to win you. He saw beneath the surface and was sorry for his part. I foolishly imagined that if I could excel you in the use of slang I might startle you into an interest that I see now you never can feel. It was a foolish experiment, Miss Tolliver, and I ask your pardon for having bored and then frightened you. It was my last chance, and I hoped that it might succeed."

"I gather from Jimmie's remarks that you fear paternal pressure will be brought to bear on you. I beg to assure you that I will so contrive the situation as not to involve you. I am—sorry that—the last chance—failed."

The little pauses in his speech were Gordon's only evidences of emotion. They were only little halts in the evenness of his soft, even voice, but they showed the strength of feeling, and it touched Maud with a sudden emotion.

"Don't go," she said softly, laying a detaining hand upon his arm. "Perhaps—the last chance has not—I mean." But she could say no more. Gordon's arms were outstretched, and in his face, no longer expressionless, there was a look of such appeal that she suffered herself to be drawn within their protecting circle. The last chance had won.

Accounts For It.

Belle—I don't like that man you introduced to me yesterday. He has such a flyaway manner.

Nell—He can't help that. His business is making balloon ascensions.—Baltimore American.

Like the Smoke.

Gunner—He had a fancy cigarette named after him.

Guy—And how did he stand the fame?

Gunner—Oh, he is all puffed up!—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Abstract ideas and great conceit are ever on the road to produce terrible catastrophes.—Goethe.

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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	
12:40 pm.	104	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.	38	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.		
6:42 am.	9	local.		
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.	11	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.	1:00 pm	
2:42 pm.	31	local.	1:00 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	
1:02 am.	53	local.	11:30 pm	

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In effect Sunday, June 14, 1908.

NORTH BOUND
4 Chicago Express 1:23 am
6 Chicago Mail 12:33 pm
10 F. Lick & Laf. Acco. 9:32 am
12 Bloom. & Laf. Acco. 4:45 pm

SOUTH BOUND
3 Louisville Express 2:13 am
5 Louisville Express 2:21 pm
9 French Lick Acco. 5:21 pm
11 Bloomington Acco. 8:03 am
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