

ALD

ESTABLISHED EVENING  
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ADVERTISING RATES UPON APPLICATION

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Catching a Thief.

In Dewsbury 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.

D. Pierce believed that our American forests abound in plants which possess the most obstinate and fatal diseases. If we would properly investigate them, and in this interest of this conviction he pointed with pride to the almost marvellous cures effected by his "Golden Medical Discovery," which has proven itself to be the most efficient stomach tonic, liver invigorator, heart tonic and regulator, and blood purifier. It cures all diseases of the skin, or indigestion, torpid liver, functional and even valvular and other affections of the heart, yield to its curative action. The reason why it cures these and many other affections, is clearly shown in a little book of extracts from the standard medical works which is mailed free to any address by Dr. R. V. Pierce of Buffalo, N. Y., to all sending request for the same.

Not less marvelous in the unparalleled cures it is constantly making of woman's many peculiar affections, weaknesses and distressing derangements, is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, as is amply attested by thousands of satisfied testimonials contributed by grateful patients who have been cured by it of catarrhal pelvic disease, pain for periods, irregularities, prolapsus, and other diseases of the womb, weakness, alteration of uterus and kindred afflictions, often after many other advertised medicines, and physicians had failed.

Both the above mentioned medicines are wholly made up from the glycerine extracts of native medicinal roots. The processes employed in their manufacture were original with Dr. Pierce, and they are now sold under his name. He is a chemist and pharmacists with the aid of apparatus and appliances specially designed and built for this purpose. Both medicines are entirely free from alcohol and all other injurious and irritating drugs. A full list of their ingredients is printed on each bottle-wrapper.

ADVERTISE IN THE HERALD

THINGS TO  
THINK ABOUTThoughts from men of affairs  
upon questions of the day.

Fight For Pure Food.

The public will view the fight that is being made on Dr. Wiley with misgiving, for it indicates an organized determination to annul the great good that has been accomplished under the pure food law. This law is popular. It seeks to protect the people against counterfeits and deleterious food products and there is no reason why honest men should oppose it. Under the law, things are being sold for what they really are. If the public wants artificially colored products they can get them. It is possible that Dr. Wiley, chief chemist of the government, is an extremist; enthusiasts who do things generally are. But he stands defender of the pure food law and if his enthusiasm carries him to an extreme it is for the protection of the public. At the present time there is a dispute among chemists as to the use of benzoate of soda as a preservative. Benzoate of soda is a coal-tar product, dangerous except in small quantities. Some chemists contend that no ill effects can follow its use in the quantities used in food products. But if one preservative is to be allowed there will be a demand for permission to use others and shortly we will have preserved foods again. Dr. Wiley is standing for a principle.

The public thinks a great deal of the pure food law and will be quick to condemn efforts to remove its restrictions.

Her Command of English

A woman visitor at a smart girl's finishing school in a New York suburb was much interested in a Japanese pupil who was in her second year at the school. "Does she pick up our language at all readily?" she inquired of one of the teachers with whom she was talking.

"I think you may say fairly well," replied the teacher. "For instance, she has been trying to make her straight black hair wave like that of our girls. It was only this morning that she came and told me that last night she had put up her hair in curlers, and she added that when she took it down this morning 'there was nothing doing.'—New York Press.

Marked for Death.

"Three years ago I was marked for death. A grave yard cug 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 15 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.

ADVERTISE IN THE HERALD

## 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 tasks—and listening to the conversation of his colleagues for awhile he ventured to address his chief.

"Can I do anything?" 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 U. 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, now 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.

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 ear over this way and make a noise like a lisen."

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 butted 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 icily.

"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. "Useless has 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.

Guyer—And how did he stand the fame?

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

Abstract ideas and great conceits are

ever on the road to produce terrible

catastrophes.—Goethe.

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 doing. 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 so 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 no more successful than the earlier attempts. They say that imitation 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 Toller, 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.

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