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The Mid. West Utilitor Tractors
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A great many have already seen
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to see them operate in the field.

(The weather permitting, I will hold
a field demonstration some time next
week. Watch my ads for the time
and the place.

Whether interested as a prospective
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Hurst Lawn Mower	\$6.35 up
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Greencastle's Big Department Store
A Good Place to Buy Everything

GLAD SHE TOOK FRIEND'S ADVICE

MRS. MESSICK HAS NEW STRENGTH LIFE AND ENERGY SINCE
TAKING TANLAC.

"I just cannot say enough in praise
of Tanlac for the way it has given
me new life, strength and energy,"
was the statement made a few days
ago by Mrs. George Messick of Dallas
City, Ill., when she called at Henry's
Drug Store in Burlington, Iowa.

"When I began taking Tanlac I
had practically lost my appetite and I
suffered so bad from stomach trouble
that the little I did eat disagreed with
me," continued Mrs. Messick. "I was
losing weight constantly and I was so
run down generally that I looked
like I had lost all the strength and
ambition I had ever had."

"I started taking Tanlac on the
advice of a friend and now after fin-
ishing four bottles I am feeling just
like a new woman. I have a fine app-

etite and can eat anything I want with-
out suffering any bad effects at all.
My nerves don't give me anymore
trouble and I can sleep sound all night
long. I have gained eight pounds and
I just feel so fine and strong that I
know I am going to enjoy the Christ-
mas holidays more than I have in
years.

"My husband has just bought three
bottles of Tanlac and has started tak-
ing it and says he wants an appetite
like mine so that he can eat as much
as I do and not have to suffer for it.
I am certainly grateful to Tanlac and
without a doubt, I consider it the best
medicine ever made."

TANLAC is sold in Greencastle by
R. P. Mullins, druggist and A. R. York,
Cloverdale, Geo. Fox, Reelsville, Adv.

A TIMELY GIFT.

By EVELYN LEE.

(Copyright, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Now, then, David, tomorrow is your
birthday, and I have a present for
you that I may as well give you now."
"Not neckties, or a sport shirt, or a
stickpin?" inquired David Woolson
suspiciously.

"Not likely, seeing that you make
knotted strings of the ties in a week,
never would wear anything but calico
shirts and lost the pin I gave you
the second day. No, David, I'm going
to give you a watch."

"Why! you gave me one once."
"I did, on the anniversary of our sil-
ver wedding, and you let it drop on
the floor and put it out of commission."

"No use burdening a man with jew-
elry who is too busy with farming to
pay attention to fads!" pronounced
David.

"Well, a watch is something that
every man should carry."

"I declare! It makes a fellow feel
sort of dressed up to carry a watch,
eh, Martha? And you're a dear, whole-
souled woman to think that much of a
hard-headed, clumsy old fellow like
myself!"

David delivered a resounding smack
squarely on Martha's lips, and she
fluttered and flushed like some school-
girl. She had to scold mildly and in-
struct in detail to get the watch placed
in the right pocket and the chain bar
in the correct button-hole.

Martha smiled an extra welcome
when, on the stroke of six, David came
into the house from the field, rather
boyishly compared his watch with the
kitchen clock, and announced:

"You've had a good time-keeper
made of the old wreck of a watch,
Martha. It's right to the minute."

Arthur Moore called that evening.
He was keeping company with the eld-
est daughter, Hazel, and was a gen-
eral favorite with the family. The
smaller children had considerable fun
repeatedly asking father what time
it was, while Hazel declared the watch
must be fast when her father ob-
served that it was ten o'clock, which
was the usual hour of departure of
her lover.

It was two days later when David
walked over to Brownsville on some
business. The distance was only five
miles, and he did not care about spar-
ing a horse from harvest work. It was
at Brownsville that young Moore lived
with his stepfather, Hugh Griscom.
Those two had not been very con-
genial, and Arthur had told Hazel that
the sooner they were married, the bet-
ter pleased he would be, as Griscom
had grown into a gruff, unsocial com-
panion. It seemed that the latter was
a second husband of Arthur's mother,
who had left quite an estate. The
stepfather was to have a life income
from the property, but after his death
it was to revert to Arthur.

It was about three miles from
Brownsville that David paused on the
path lining the river, to gaze in aston-
ishment at two persons conversing an-
tenuitly under some trees. One was
a handsome young woman David had
never seen before. The other was Ar-
thur Moore.

The woman seemed under a strain
of intense emotion. Her gestures were
animated and her familiar manner
with Arthur aroused a deep suspicion
in David's mind. As she clung plead-
ingly to his arm David's face dark-
ened. Why was this prospective son-
in-law meeting a woman clandestinely?
She acted as though she was pleading
with Arthur as only a woman stirred
by love or some kindred emotion was
likely to do.

For over half an hour David watched
the pair. He resolved to seek an ex-
planation of the apparently recurrent
love. Finally the twain parted. The
woman went away weeping. Arthur
came up the river path, his face seri-
ous and troubled. He acted startled as
David sternly confronted him.

"I have been here some time," spoke
David. "What does this mean, your
meeting a woman secretly?"

"If I tell you in confidence will you
regard it as a pledged secret?" in-
quired Arthur.

"Yes."

"Very well; I came to meet that
woman, the deserted wife of a close
friend, to see if I cannot bring about
a reconciliation."

"Oh! by the way, what is the time?"
half jocularly inquired Arthur as he
turned where their paths parted.

"Half-past four," reported David.
"Coming over tonight?"

"Oh, surely!"

Arthur Moore did not go to the
Woolson home that night. Before dusk
a telephone message announced to the
startled David that Arthur had been
arrested, charged with the murder of
his stepfather at three o'clock that
afternoon—the motive the possession
of his mother's estate.

At the hour stated a servant had
heard a shot. She rushed to the liv-
ing room of the house, to find Hugh
Griscom lying dead on the floor, shot
through the heart. She observed a
scurrying figure in the garden resem-
bling in build the stepson.

Back to Brownsville sped David. It
took only a few moments to convince
the marshal that his evidence would
absolutely clear Arthur Moore. An
empty, rifled drawer in a cabinet
where Griscom kept his money indi-
cated that some common burglar had
committed the crime.

So Martha's birthday present had
aided an innocent man; at least had
saved him from serious trials and tribu-
lations.

Last Night's Dreams

—What They Mean

DID YOU DREAM OF THE DEAD?

DREAMS of the dead are exceed-
ingly common and are generally
very vivid; which is ascribed by Ellis
to the fact that in such dreams two
opposing groups of memories contend
in one of which our relatives or
friends are alive and in the other
dead; and the effort of the dream con-
sciousness to adjust these two groups
causes an intensity in the dream em-
otion experienced. The conflict of these
opposing forces is the reason that fre-
quently in our dreams of the dead we
are at first perplexed to find our dear
ones with us and say to ourselves:
"But he (or she) is dead." But the
"stream of images which represents
them as alive comes from an older
and richer source, is the more power-
ful," so that it overcomes the other
and the dream consciousness seeks to
adjust the difference by some such
thought as that the person dreamed of
is not really dead but was only report-
ed to have died. Sometimes the older
emotional stream is so much the
stronger that we do not experience
this perplexity. In all cases where
we see our dead in dreams as alive
our dream consciousness accepts it as
a fact that they are alive.

To the mystics to dream that we see
the dead alive is accounted a very fa-
vorable omen, especially if they speak
to us. If they look reproachfully at
us, or demand of us an accounting of
some of our acts, it is a sign that we
had better hasten to correct our lives
and take greater heed to our behavior.
In this connection the words of Doctor
Radcliffe, the eminent English investi-
gator, are interesting. He says: "You
are more or less at liberty to believe
that the dead and living may exist to-
gether in a world of spirit in which
the so-called living are less living than
the so-called dead; and that, in fact,
the dead may command, as they do in
dreams." For a long time material-
istic writers, Herbert Spencer among
the number, have attributed the belief
of primitive man and savages in a
spirit world to dreams of the dead.
Before 1895 no attempt was made at
a scientific analysis of dreams of this
type but they are now attracting much
attention.

(Copyright.)

Mother's Cook Book

We play at our house and have all sorts
of fun.
An' there's always a game when the sup-
per is done.
An' at our house there's marks on the
walls an' the stairs.
An' some terrible scratches on some of
the chairs.
An' ma says that our house is really a
fright.
But pa says and I say that our house is
all right.
—Edgar Guest.

Meat Substitutes.

Meat, though wholesome and well
liked by the majority of people, is not
essential to a well-balanced meal
and many housekeepers who are in-
terested in lessening the food bill, sub-
stitute some other foods equally or
more nourishing and at less cost.
Foods to take the place of meat should
be rich in protein and fat. Cheese is
a staple food with which everyone is
familiar and one which may be used
in a variety of ways.

In substituting cheese or any food
for meat, especial pains should be
taken to serve dishes which are well
liked by the family.

Cheese Custard.

Spread sufficient slices of bread to
supply the family, rather generously
with butter. Place in a shallow bak-
ing pan and pour over a custard using
one egg for each cupful of milk, salt
and paprika to taste. Bake covered
until the custard is set and serve at
once while puffy and light.

Rice Croquettes.

Warm two cupfuls of cooked rice
in a double boiler with enough milk
to soften it. Add two tablespoonfuls
of butter, salt and cayenne to taste,
with two tablespoonful of chopped
parsley. Spread the mixture on a
plate to cool, then shape. Roll in
fine crumbs which are seasoned with
salt and pepper, dip in beaten egg and
roll in crumbs again. Cook in deep
fat a delicate brown. Serve hot with
cheese sauce. Add a cupful or less of
grated cheese to a white sauce.

Pittsburg Potatoes.

Cook one quart of diced potato with
one small onion until the vegetables
are tender, using salted water. Then
add half a can of sweet peppers cut
in pieces and cook five minutes longer.
Drain and put into a baking dish.
Make a sauce of two tablespoonfuls
each of butter and flour, one teaspoon-
ful of salt and a pint of milk. Cook
until thick then add half a pound of
grated cheese. Pour this sauce over
the potatoes and bake a golden brown.

Cheese and Celery.

Select short white stalks of celery
with deep grooves in them. Mix cream
cheese with salt and finely chopped
peppers. Fill the grooves with the mix-
ture and chill. Serve cut in small
pieces, on lettuce with French dress-
ing.

Neenie Maxwell
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REMARKABLE FORM OF MANIA

Women Evidently Thoroughly Believed
They Had Communion With
Spirits of Evil.

In these days, when the civilized
world is being stirred up by the wave
of occultism, spiritism and the de-
mand for psychic phenomena, it will
be interesting to read of the cases of
two women—Margaret and Philippa
Flower—who were burnt for the al-
leged crime of witchcraft at Lincoln,
England, on March 11, 1618.

With their mother, they had been
confidential servants of the earl and
countess of Rutland, and, becoming
dissatisfied with their employers they
were led into the practice of hidden
arts in order to obtain revenge. Ac-
cording to their own confession they
had entered into communion with fa-
miliar spirits by which they were as-
sisted in their wicked designs. The
mother's familiar spirit was in the
form of a cat, which she called Ruter-
terkin. These women used to get hair
of a member of the family and burn
it. It may be remarked that this same
practice is indulged in by the old
southern negroes in our own country.

They would steal one of the earl's
gloves and plunge it into boiling wa-
ter, or rub it on Rutterterkin, in order
to effect bodily harm to its owner.
They would also use frightful impre-
cations of wrath and malice toward the
object of their hatred. Upon the earl
and members of his family they work-
ed their spells, and his son died and
others became very ill. On being ap-
prehended the mother denied her guilt,
but the daughters confessed and de-
scribed visions of devils. There were
three other women implicated in the
affair, and all of them made confes-
sions to the same purpose—that they
summoned spirits in the form of cats,
dogs, moles and other animals.

Wise Old Sea-Dog.

Capt. A. G. Thompson, who retired
the other day from the service of the
Scandinavian-American steamship line,
kept going until he had reached the
age of 71. He made 223 trips across
the ocean without suffering a single
solitary mishap. He dealt with
storms and men and with things under
all sorts and manners of conditions.
Now he is through and content to re-
tire to the shade of his own vine and
figtree, spending the evening of his
life in comfort and content. Lucky
Captain Thompson! Retaining the
vigor and strength of a young man,
the old sea-dog has this to say:

"You ask for my rules of living? I
never have worried. I have faith in
mankind. I flee from fanatics. I eat
plenty, but not too much. I try to get
at least five hours sleep a day. I keep
my feet warm, my head cool, my con-
science clear and my lungs full of
good fresh air."

Not such a bad nor yet a rigorous
recipe, is it?

A Matter of Rings.

Kenneth Jeffries, who was gradu-
ated from Technical high school in
January, 1918, was selected as one of
the marines to escort President Wil-
son on the trip to France. One day
when the liner was plowing through
the middle of the Atlantic, Jeffries
was viewing the water from the deck.
Another marine, approaching him, in-
quired about the Tech graduating ring
on his finger.

"I have a right to wear that," an-
swered Jeffries. "I'm from Technical
high school."

"I have one to match that," an-
swered the other, and produced a sim-
ilar ring. He was a member of the
first Tech graduating class of 1912.—
Indianapolis News.

Double O Fools Them.

What's in a name?
Well, there's Frank L. Moore, first
aid to John B. Orman, manager of the
Indianapolis Automobile Trade asso-
ciation's automobile show.

"Funny thing how many people
call me Wood," said Mr. Moore. "I
guess the double O in my name fools
them. And I have to be careful, too,
about how I give my name, although
Moore is almost as ordinary as Smith,
Jones and Brown. When I give my
name to a person who doesn't know
me I always say: 'Moore, Frank L.'
If I don't they put it down Frank El-
more."—Indianapolis News.

Ferocious Artists.

"What are those Paris Apaches we
hear so much about?"
"Denizens of the underworld, my
dear."

"Are they as desperate as we have
been led to believe?"
"I hardly think they are as wildly
wicked as they are made to appear in
the movies. If they were they'd drink
blood instead of brandy."—Birmingham
Age-Herald.

Unfinished Business.

Sambo—Say, Doc, what was that
you gave me? I dreamed I was chas-
in' a large chicken and just as I was
about to grab 'im I woke up.

Doctor—Why, that was a quarter
of a grain of morphine.

Sambo—Please squirt 20 more grains
in me—I wanta ketch that chicken.
—Medical Pickwick.

Kind to His Relative.

"Ma, is Mr. Fulhouse very old?"
"No, dear; why did you ask?"
"I think he must be, 'cause I heard
pa say last night that he raised his
ante."—Boston Transcript.

Appropriate Path.

"This is a complicated sort of place
to get anywhere. How can I find the
needle baths?"
"You'll have to thread your way."

A NEW SUIT.

By OTILLIA PFEIFFER.

(Copyright, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

"It is a lovely piece of goods, be-
comes you just beautifully!"
nounced Florence Brill with strong
admiration.

"My first silk dress since I was a
girl," said Mrs. Wardell, and her
softened with a grateful smile.
a present, too."

"From—Barton?" inquired Flo-
rence and there was the slightest em-
otion to her voice as she spoke
name.

"Yes, the dear boy! He has been
blessing us from the first time he
came to us, a poor little orphan, and
mother was my second cousin.
was only twelve then, and he
wound himself about our hearts.
we miss him now as we would a
son."

"But you hinted that he was
back?" suggested Florence.
"Yes. The people he is working
are very much pleased with him,
promoted him right along and
wrote us there is a prospect of
starting a branch here."

"That will be delightful!" de-
clared Florence, and then she flushed,
she had evinced too much interest
the subject of discussion.

"He always asks after you in his
letters, dear," said Mrs. Wardell.
he is always sending father and
some pretty present. Last week
was a new set of dishes for the
week, he tells me, he has a great
prize for father, who is to be
county seat about some election
less."

"And then there is his letter
isn't there?" pressed Florence.

"Next month, dear. I am glad
feel so kind and friendly toward
for Barton is worthy of regard
good girl."

Florence went away pulsating
pleasure, and Mrs. Wardell
her with her eyes. A shadow
them as she realized that Pa
was the child of the wealthy
lily in the district.

She hoped that Barton might
have fallen in love with her
account. Then she straightened
with calm dignity, for she was
proud of their adopted son.

"Well, we're to go over to his
Monday, Mary," spoke her
coming into the house at supper.
"You are to go straight and
ton before you do anything
reminded Mrs. Wardell.

"Oh, sure that! I'm just
see the boy."
Mary looked over her husband
a little sigh. Plain, homespun
Wardell he had ever been, and
regret the next day as she
up his shirts and collars and
his Sunday best suit, a good
worse for year. For Barton
she would have liked him to
better appearance.

"I wanted to be sure of it
you before you got immersed
political maelstrom," greeted
as the train arrived at Bay
told the three associates that
a little private business to
Then, linking his arm with
Barton bore away the smile
John to his hotel, ushered him
room and pointed to the bed.
It lay a new suit, but, shoes,
even handkerchiefs.

"That's the present I've been
ing to get you ever since I
work on my own hook," said
"See here, I'm not used to
they'll think I was bound to
ruin if I toggled up in that
monstrated John; but Barton
genial insistence carried out
pose.

"I declare!" ejaculated John
looked into the mirror. "A
and a little trimming of what
I'll look quite respectable."
"Like a regular statesman,"
plauded Barton.

The remark was almost
It happened that when the
gates met the head and center
party which they represented
lection of some one to run
et for the Warrenton distric-
he made by that autocrat.
delegates were collarless, and
a shapeless and shabby street
third had barnyard cowhide
In contrast, the slick ap-
John was impressive, and he
home the chosen candidate.
He was really the best man
quartette, but it was his new
had won him distinction.

John Wardell, candidate
senator, arrayed in broadcloth
en, somehow was a different
tion from humble, homespun
dell, slipshod small farmer.
Barton Wardell, manager of
perous branch store, fulfilled
will prophecies of the friends
whom he was popular. He
ence were together a good deal
One day Mary viewed from
rowly as they returned from
down the river. A mutual
showed in their eyes.

Mrs. Wardell was a good
tered when, glancing up from
dow next morning, she saw
coming up the garden path.
"I suppose Barton has
she interrogated pleasantly.
"Why, no—what about, Mrs.
"His engagement to Florence
are rather young to think of
for a time yet, but he is a
proud of, and Mr. Brill has
long since decided that
love went our friendly inter-
go, too."