

CITY NEWS.

Mrs. Barney Menke is on the sick list.

Roll Culbertson is visiting relatives in Chicago.

Miss Minnie Bertram spent Sunday in Dayton.

Miss Ethel Meeker spent Sunday in New Madison.

Wm. Lutz of this city will be Treasurer Burns' deputy.

Mrs. Carrie Fristo is visiting her son George in Chicago.

Miss Madge Miesse is the guest of friends in Dayton for a few days.

Mrs. Harry Kyle and children have returned from a visit in Troy.

Karl Schmermund of Toledo spent Sunday with relatives in this city.

Mrs. Ed. Murray of Springfield, O., is here visiting with relatives.

Miss Helen Myers of Springfield is the guest of Mrs. John Whiteley.

Presbyterian Sunday school picnic at Ryan's grove next Thursday, the 11th inst.

A. Alvin North of Cleveland was a Greenville visitor several days the past week.

Miss Lyda Allen has gone on a visit to her sister, Mrs. W. W. Reid, at Sprague, Wash.

Mrs. G. W. Vickers of Phoenix, Arizona, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Frank Lecklider.

Mrs. H. C. Ayers and son Benjamin of Duluth, Minn., are the guests of Greenville friends.

Mrs. Schuyler Viets and daughter Ethel spent Sunday with relatives in Weaver's Station.

John Hamilton, West Main street, has returned from a pleasant visit with his daughter, near Williamsburg, Ind.

The Red Men lodge of this city will assist, by invitation, in the decoration exercises at Winchester, Ind., next Sunday.

The Greenville Township Sunday School Association will hold a convention in the Concord church next Sunday afternoon.

Lawrence Stockum, a young man 17 years of age, residing near Arcanum, was adjudged insane and taken to the asylum on last Friday.

Judge Allread has appointed D. E. Vantilburgh as court bailiff to succeed W. E. Halley, who became Greenville's postmaster on Monday morning last.

Miss Lou Maybrun returned home from Dayton yesterday, where she has been for several weeks at the bedside of her sick sister, Mrs. Jenny Goetz.

Mrs. Martin Richards died of paralysis Sunday at her home in Palestine, aged 50 years. Funeral services from the Universalist church Tuesday morning.

The appeal case in the Broadway bridge injunction suit was argued in Circuit court at Dayton last Saturday and a decision is expected soon, possibly this week.

Auditor-elect Frank Snyder of Versailles will soon move to the city and will occupy the Katzenberger property on West Main street being vacated by Daniel Morris.

Mrs. Lydia Passon died on last Wednesday at her home near Woodington, aged 76 years. Funeral services were held Friday at Grandview church; interment at Union City.

Wm. Neff, an employee of the Hollinger Fence Co., who had the sight of his left eye destroyed the first of last month by being struck in the eye with a piece of wire, had the eyeball removed last Friday.

Workmen have about completed the foundation for the kraut factory building, which will be 100x125 feet. This building is located on Anderson avenue and it is expected to have it ready for use by the middle of next month.

Elisha Crampton, aged about 78 years, died last Thursday evening of dropsy at the home of his son Emanuel in this city. Funeral services were held from the latter's home Sunday morning, after which the remains were taken to Pleasant Hill, Ohio, for interment.

The Royal Stove and Range Co. plant was sold last Saturday to the Ross Supply Co. of this city for \$25,500. This company intends to have the plant in operation soon in the manufacture of certain lines of supplies they handle exclusively and will give employment to some fifty or more people.

The Journal's roll of honor for the past week consists of the following named patrons:

- Joseph Schuler, Elizabeth Shuff, W. I. Swartz, F. M. Replogle, F. M. Routzong.

Don't you want to see your name printed here?

Mrs. Martha Wilcox, aged 75 years, died rather suddenly Sunday afternoon, at her home in Palestine, from the effects of gangrene poisoning. Two daughters survive her. Funeral services were held from the Campbellite church Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Wilcox was the widow of Charles Wilcox, who died a few years ago, and was highly respected by all who knew her.

W. E. Halley, Greenville's new postmaster, took charge of the office Monday morning, succeeding A. L. Jones, who has been our efficient postmaster for the past nine years. Postmaster Halley will select his own deputy to succeed Miss Gertrude Ditman, who has been an employee in this office for the past twenty years. The balance of the office force remains as it is, they each holding their positions under the Civil Service regulations, and can only be removed for cause after due hearing. That Mr. Halley will successfully fill the position is assured, for he is one of Greenville's most promising young business men and capable in every respect.

Fine Hosiery, Underwear, Fancy and White Vests, Collars, Ties. THE PROGRESS.

To Sharpen Old Files. To know how dull files are very easily sharpened is worth to the farmer many a round dollar. There are people who throw away files thinking they are worn out, but that is in many a case a large mistake. The dullness of files is produced by the finely ground chips checking between the teeth of files. The secret of sharpening files is the following: Take one part sulphuric acid and five parts water. Mix both well together, and in this solution put dull files for twenty-four hours. Before using files after they have been sharpened in this way wash off the files well with soap and when dry rub in with kerosene oil. This process will make old dull files like new. Be cautious with this acid in handling, as it is not to make fun with.

Valuable Cows. Extensive investigations by the agricultural experiment station at the University of Illinois indicate the fact that a fourth of all the cows of this state yield less than 133 pounds of butter fat a year and therefore earn their owner less than a dollar for the same period.

The results of these experiments and investigations have been published in circular No. 106 of the department, which has as its subject "The Remarkable Differences in Dairy Cows." The circular may be obtained from the experiment station at Urbana for the asking.—University of Illinois Bulletin.

Duncan, P. C.
By EMILE GIRARD.
Copyrighted, 1907, by Homer Sprague.

Marion looked up hopefully as the card was brought her. Even the announcement of Duncan's name was comforting. But the little oblong of cardboard bore, in addition to the name, the initials P. C. Perhaps it meant "penitent culprit." Duncan was always doing odd things. The magic letters might be his expression of regret.

But when he came briskly into the room there was no penitential sorrow in his countenance—only the same merry twinkle of the eyes, the old lifting of the corners of the mouth. "They tell me that Tad is no better," he said as he took Marion's hand. "As you will perceive from my card, I am a physician to children."

Marion's face darkened. This, then, was the meaning of the card. He was worried about her brother. For a moment she was minded to renew the old quarrel, but she needed help and sympathy, and so she laid her head on his shoulder and sobbed out her troubles.

His father had been obliged to go to Europe on business and had taken his wife with him. Marion had been left in charge of her nine-year-old brother, and almost before the ship had passed Sandy Hook Tad had come down with typhoid.

His robust constitution had thrown off the disease, but the battle had left him weak and listless, and even the gray bearded physician was worried.

"There is no actual danger," he explained to Marion, "but he must be roused from this lethargy or he will go into a decline."

He had confided the same fear to Henry Duncan when he met the latter on the street and the younger man had asked after his little chum. Then, despite the misunderstanding between Marion and himself, he could hold out no longer, and his call was the result.

"If he should die before mother comes back, what should I do?" wailed Marion.

"Send a cable," advised Duncan promptly, "but there is not going to be any more worry now that the physician to children has stepped in. May I see my patient?"

Marion led him to the boy's room. Tad's face lighted as he saw Duncan.



TAD FED THE ELEPHANTS.

and his fingers twined cordingly about the man's firm hand. Duncan was shocked at the thinness of the fingers, but he gave no sign.

"What's the matter, old chap?" he demanded, with a voice now wonderfully gentle. "They tell me you don't find the world any good any more."

"I'm tired," said Tad plaintively. "I'll bet you'd not be too tired to go to a circus," said Duncan.

Tad shook his head. "There ain't any," he said. "I was asking Dr. Stanton. He says it's too early for them."

"Circuses are no good if they are picked before they are ripe," admitted Henry, "but if you don't want too big a circus I think I can get one for you."

"I don't want a play circus," explained the boy. "I've got some play circuses. One's in a book, and the other's in the cupboard."

"We got him a toy circus and a circus book," whispered Marion. "He has somehow set his mind on a circus. It will be a long time before one comes."

"There are no more circuses," reiterated Tad sadly. "They've all gone away."

"Rats!" laughed Duncan. "That shows all you know about circuses. Will a little circus do—a real circus, only with one ring?"

My fee is very large, though," he warned. "It is nothing less than a wife by the name of Marion." "I don't think you will be kept waiting for the fee," she replied, blushing. "I'm sorry I was so mean."

"So am I," he agreed absently. "That is" quickly, "I mean I am sorry I was mean. I'll be around in the morning." She watched him stride up the street with his springy step and turned back into the house greatly comforted.

Somewhat Henry Duncan always brought comfort where he came. She had been so foolish to allow a petty misunderstanding to come between them!

Tad was sitting up, ready dressed, when Henry drove up to the door the next morning. Already the queer medicine had commenced to act, for he was far more like his old self, and a slight flush of excitement tinged the cheek that had threatened to fade into the waxen pallor of death.

Duncan wrapped the boy up warmly, and with a flourish of the whip, they were off. A way out past the town they eased into the country, not yet freed from the thrall of Jack Frost, though there was a promise of spring in the soft air.

It was to a place very unlike a circus that Duncan drove, a collection of long, low barns and one large, square building, but when they entered the latter, behold, there was a real circus ring, with a band in one corner, laboriously going over unfamiliar music.

A stout man nodded to Henry and stooped to greet Tad.

"You're going to have a circus all to yourself," he promised. "Want to feed the elephant?"

"I haven't any peanuts." Tad's lip began to quiver, but Henry drew a bag from his pocket.

He led the way to one of the barns, where Tad fed the elephants and was permitted to go much closer to the lion's cage than he could at the big circus. A man standing by even plucked a hair from the lion's tail and presented it to Tad with due ceremony.

Then they went back to the big building and sat through a long, delightful dress rehearsal of the Boston Brothers' Unparalleled Railroad Circus and Menagerie. He was even permitted to see the cars shining in their new paint and was permitted personally to talk with Manager Boston of the chances of an early season in the south.

"Good luck to you," Henry said as they shook hands in parting. "You've saved one youngster's life, and the season is not yet open."

"He'll be a mascot," said Boston as he waved a farewell. "Glad you brought him out."

It was past supper time when Duncan turned a very sleepy little boy over to his sister. Tad looked up drowsily as Marion put him to bed.

"There is circuses," he announced, "really and truly ones like Henry said. And I got a lion's tail," he added as his sleep heavy eyelids closed.

Marion came into the parlor, where Duncan paced the floor.

"Are you a magician?" she asked smilingly. Duncan shook his head.

"I knew Boston was going to take his show south early this year and get permission to bring Tad to the dress rehearsal. Have I earned my fee?"

"How can you earn what was already yours?" demanded Marion as he drew her to him.

Saved From Disgrace.

In one of the old families of Charleston, S. C., writes Mrs. Havenel, there was an important personage, Jack, the butcher. Jack disputed with another old man, Harry, the butcher of Mrs. Henry Izard, the reputation of being the best and most thoroughly trained servant in town.

From the judging of the wines to the arrangement of a saltspoon there was nothing which these withered brown potatoes did not decide and maintain. Nothing would have astonished either more than that master or mistress should dissent from his verdict.

Jack was intolerant of anything which he considered a breach of the etiquette of the table. Nothing could have induced him to serve a gentleman before a lady, or a younger before an elder brother. To place fruit and wine on a tablecloth instead of on the mahogany was to him a falling from grace. On one occasion he was much annoyed when a senator from the up country twice asked for rice with his fish. To the first request he simply remained deaf; at the second he bent down and whispered into the senatorial ear. The genial gentleman nodded and suppressed a laugh; but when the servants had left the room he burst into a roar and cried: "Judge, you have a treasure! Jack has saved me from disgrace, from exposing my ignorance. He whispered, 'That wouldn't do, sir; we never eat rice with fish.'"

A Scriptural Bull. Even the Bible is not free from bulls. In chapter thirty-seven of the book of Isaiah appears the following confusion of ideas: "Thou the angel of the Lord went forth, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred and four score and five thousand; and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses."

HINTS FOR FARMERS

Worms in Hogs. When doctoring the hogs for worms it is best to give each an individual treatment. For a day or so before administering the medicine very little feed should be given them. Then the following as a drench should be given: Spirits of turpentine, one tablespoonful; raw linseed oil, three tablespoonfuls. Repeat the dose each day for three days. The feed should be gradually increased till at the end of five days the usual amount is fed. If it is difficult to drench the hog have an assistant to raise it up in a sitting position until it rests upon its haunches. As it squeals pour the medicine well back on the tongue through a heavy, long necked bottle. A pint of lye from hardwood ashes in the swill once each day will also destroy worms in hogs.

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For full particulars consult W. J. McCurdy, Ticket Agent, Greenville.

Notice for Parole. NOTICE IS HEREBY given that John Yates, a prisoner now confined in the Ohio State Reformatory, is entitled, under the law and rules governing paroles from said institution, to recommendation to the Board of Managers by the Superintendent and Chaplain as worthy of consideration for parole.

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Notice for Parole. NOTICE IS HEREBY given that Hazel Swartz, a prisoner now confined in the Ohio State Reformatory, is entitled, under the law and rules governing paroles from said institution, to recommendation to the Board of Managers by the Superintendent and Chaplain as worthy of consideration for parole.

Egg Bound Hens. The very first thing to do in the treatment of egg bound hens is to remove the cause. If the bird is too fat its supply of fat forming grain ration should be cut off at once, and instead a liberal amount of feed rich in protein should be given.

Pumpkin Seed as Hog Food. We think it worse than a waste of time to remove the seeds, whether the pumpkins are fed to cattle, sheep or hogs. We have fed pumpkins, seeds and all, to hogs for several years, and have had no bad results therefrom—in fact, we value pumpkin seeds highly as food, for they contain a considerable amount of nutriment.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE
Care of the Bath Sponge. Many complexioners are ruined by the use of sponges and face cloths, not that they are pernicious in themselves, but they are not properly cleaned after using. They are carelessly wrung out of the water in which they have been used and hung up by the washstand out of the light.

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Jamestown Exposition, Norfolk, Va. Excursion tickets on sale daily to Nov. 30. Boston and return. Tickets on sale July 25, 26, 27 and 28, 1907.

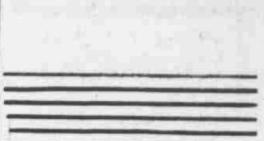
Wixona Lake, Indiana. Tickets on sale on Saratoga, N. Y. and return July 4, 5, 6, 7. Chautauque Lake, N. Y. and return, on July 5 and 26. Philadelphia, and return, July 12, 13, 14. Seattle, Wash. and return, July 4 and 5. Saginaw, Mich. Aug. 19 to 24, '07, inclusive.

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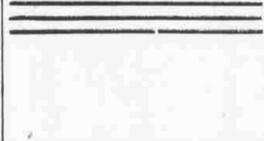
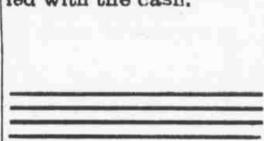
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