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We are ready to make you prices on
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We are in business to sell you any
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Give us a call or let us know your
wants.

F. B. Hillis Coal Co.

OSCAR WILLIAMS, Manager
F. B. HILLIS F. SHOPTAUGH

INTERURBAN TIME TABLE.

Lvs Greencastle	Lvs Indianapolis.
6:00 am	6:00 am
7:00 am	7:00 am
8:00 am	8:00 am
9:00 am	9:00 am
10:00 am	10:00 am
11:00 am	11:00 am
12:00 m	12:00 m
1:00 pm	1:00 pm
2:00 pm	2:00 pm
3:00 pm	3:00 pm
4:00 pm	4:00 pm
5:00 pm	5:00 pm
6:00 pm	6:00 pm
7:00 pm	7:00 pm
8:00 pm	8:00 pm
9:00 pm	9:00 pm
11:00 pm	11:30 pm

RUPERT BARTLEY, Agent.

MONON ROUTE.

Time Card in effect July 22, 1908	
North Bound	South Bound
1:23 am	2:13 pm
9:32 am	8:25 pm
12:33 pm	2:30 pm
5:52 pm	5:20 pm

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Tinner and Practical
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Books, and Booklets is complete.

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you advertise in the Her-
ald.

THE ONE WHO
WAS LYNCHED.

[Copyright, 1907, by E. C. Parsons.]
When Miss Violet Bennett decided
to reject Frank Knapman and marry
Walter Harper, Knapman thirsted for
revenge. One night, six months after
the marriage, as he was going to his
boarding house after being detained
at his office, he met Harper. There
was a lumber yard occupying one side
of the block, and there were no houses
on the other. Harper had been drink-
ing and was in an ugly mood. In fact,
it was proved later on that he had had
a bitter quarrel with his bride and
that it was not the first. He replied
to Knapman with a sneer and a taunt.
The latter fired up and struck him
with a heavy cane he was carrying,
and he threw up his hands and went
down like a log.

Knapman waited for a moment for
his victim to rise, and as he did not he
bent over him and found that he had
probably inflicted a fatal blow. His
first idea was to summon assistance.
He rejected that and dragged the body
into the lumber yard between two piles
of lumber and hurried away. No one
had noticed him. Next morning the
body was found and the alarm given.

Within three days an arrest was
made. It was that of a butcher named
Sanderson. He had had two or three
rows with Harper over a bill the latter
had refused to pay and in the pres-
ence of witnesses had threatened to
get even. It was shown that he was
out that night. His wife admitted that
he came home in a state of agitation.
His assistant at the shop said that he
acted strangely next day. The butcher
at first vigorously protested his
innocence, but upon being told of the proofs
collected against him he at once owned
up. He said that he met Harper at the
lumber yard and offered to make a
reduction in the bill, but that the man
called him a swindler and cheat and
finally provoked him so that he lost his
temper and gave him the fatal blow.
He had started to summon assistance
when fear of the results impelled him
to turn back and secure the body.

Before the butcher's examination
came up a singular thing happened. A
farmer living two miles out of town
awoke one night to find a burglar in
his house and to give him the contents
of a shotgun. The fellow was fatally
wounded, and on being so informed by
the doctor he said he wished to make a
confession. He was the murderer of Harper.
He was a stranger to the place and had planned to break into a
store that night. He had been hiding
in the lumber yard for an hour when
he came out to look around a bit and
met Harper face to face. Harper de-
manded what he was doing there,
threatened him with arrest and even
took him by the collar. In defense the
robber struck him with a stick he had
picked up in his place of hiding. The
robber lived for thirty hours, having
told his senses to the last, and they could
not shake him in his story.

Here was a pretty mixup for the
officers, but a worse one awaited them.
Knapman had been amazed at the
absent-mindedness of his victim. Hundreds of stories of his
absent-mindedness are told, but quite
the funniest is that of his dinner at the
house of M. Fontaine, the grand master
of the University of Paris. For a
joke somebody had told Ampere that
he must go to the dinner in his academic
uniform of green and gold and girt with his sword. When he got
to the house he was very much an-
noyed to find everybody else in ordinary
evening dress. "I will get rid of the
sword at all events," he said to
himself and slipped it behind the
cushions of a sofa. After dinner Ampere
forgot himself, as usual, and became
lost in abstruse calculation. He took a
little piece of chalk out of his pocket
and began working out problems on
the black satin cover of the mantel-
piece. He became so absorbed in what
he was doing that all the guests left
without noticing them, and when he
wrote down Q. E. D. no one was
left in the room except Mme. Fontaine,
and she unfortunately sat fast
asleep on the sofa where Ampere's
sword lay hidden.

Ampere went down upon his knees
and pulled gently at the sword, so as
to get it away without waking the
lady. He pulled and pulled, and
presently the sword came out—without the
scabbard. At this moment Mme. Fontaine
awoke and screamed the house
with her screams of terror at seeing a
man on his knees before her with a
drawn sword in his hand.

But mathematical professors have
not the monopoly of absent-mindedness.
La Fontaine, whose fables are the
delight of adult Frenchmen and
their children's earliest task, went to
the court of Louis XVI. to present a
copy of his fables to the king. And he
forgot the book. Fortunately, the king
knew La Fontaine, his fables and his
foibles and gave him a thousand pistoles
(about \$250). Unfortunately,
though, La Fontaine left the money in
his hired carriage on his way back to
Paris.

Here were three arrests for the same
crime, with Knapman knowing that he
alone was guilty. Just what the out-
come would have been but for the ex-
citements of the people it is impossible
to say. All felt that the Italian was the
man, and public vengeance refused to
await the delay of the law. When he
had made and signed his confession, a
mob gathered and he was taken out
and hanged to a limb of a tree. Next
day the other two men in custody were
discharged. It was, of course, remarked
as a strange thing that men perfectly
innocent of a murder should confess
to it, but much lay behind that.

All confessed that the crime was com-
mitted at the same hour, the same
spot and with almost the same weapon.
All dragged the body into the
lumber yard. In the case of three of
them there were confessions straight
enough to bring a verdict of guilty.
Did Knapman commit the crime or
imagine that he did? Did the butcher
commit it? Did the robber? Did the
Italian? Only one had a hand in it.
Which one was it? And if only one
committed it by what process of reasoning
did the other three accuse themselves?
It is a mystery, and the man who wants
something obscure to work his head over during an idle day
can try to solve this problem.

Oil Wells at Sea.

The whale is by no means the only
source of marine oil. Though little
known to fame, the humble manehaden
yields oil and fertilizer worth \$1,000,
000 a year, giving employment to 1,800
fishermen and 1,600 employees of fifty
factories. The people who are so
profitably engaged in slaughtering
700,000,000 of these fishes every year
naturally claim that they were created
providentially for the express purpose,
since they are not fit for food, and yet
the supply seems inexhaustible. No
one knows whence they come or whither
they go. All we know is that every
spring vast schools of them appear in
the gulf of Mexico, heading north in
closely packed masses, near the surface,
utterly incapable of either defense
or escape. All that is needed is simply
to scoop them up with big seines.—
Brooklyn Eagle.

M. QUAD.

INSULTS TO ROYALTY.

Some of the Things That Constitute
Lece Majesty In England.

Many people think that less majesty
giving insult to royalty—is not a
crime in Great Britain. The English
statute books, however, contain many
penalties for such offenses.

Placing a postage stamp on a letter
upside down is a punishable offense,
as is also the defacement of a coin bearing
the royal image. This is insulting the
king's effigy.

Private individuals may not raise the
royal standard over their dwellings.
This is the emblem of the regal author-
ity to be displayed only where the
king is present.

While an agitator may talk against
royalty in the abstract as much as he
chooses, contemptuous or insulting
personal references to the reigning sov-
ereign opens the offender to a heavy
fine and imprisonment.

The slightest slap upon the face of
the king or queen—or any other part
of the anatomy, for that matter—is
punishable with the death penalty. In
the reign of Queen Victoria a Lieutenant
Page struck her across the face with his
cane. He was sentenced to death, but the queen commuted his
sentence.

It is likewise a crime to bring the
uniform of the sovereign into contempt.
To garb a low comedian or a villain
of the stage in a discarded uniform
of the army or the navy is sufficient
to bring heavy censure from the govern-
ment. For this reason theatrical
managers usually see to it that the
uniforms worn are not exactly copies
of the real things.

IT IS ILLEGITIMATE.

ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.

The Most Brilliant Illumination Is Not
Always the Best.

A writer in an engineering magazine
offers some disconcerting information
on the subject of illumination, dis-
concerting because the reader will
probably find that he has been, innocently
enough, following a course of
procedure there described as injurious.
For instance, in the case of eye strain
he may have felt that even the dim
light by which he worked was too
strong, and so turned down the light,
thus increasing the difficulty, or
what is more likely to be the case,
when the strain has been caused by
too brilliant illumination he fancies
that what is needed is stronger light
and so increases it.

Overstrain from too bright a light is
said to manifest itself by an itching
sensation in the eyeballs, with the
tendency to rub the eyes for relief.
The proper course, then, is to see that
the light is more perfectly diffused or
softened and that it falls in the right
direction. After these precautions
have been taken it is worth while to
try a smaller quantity of light, this
trial to continue long enough in time
for the eyes to become fully adjusted to
the change. The value of illumination
is not to be judged by the apparent
brightness of the lights when looked
at directly—the brighter the light
the better—but by the effect on the
object to be looked at, and the most de-
sirable effect, so far as the eyes are
concerned, is not always produced by
the most brilliant lights.—Indianapolis
Star.

Set the Pace.

Young Mabel had a habit when soup
was served at the table of mushing her
crackers or bread in it until it
was a great mess. Her mother made
many efforts to have her correct this
strictly primeval habit.

One day there was to be company at
the table, and the mother said:
"Now, Mabel, Mrs. Brown is to dine
with us tonight, and I want you to act
at the table just as nicely as she does.
Please don't 'mush' your soup."

Mabel promised faithfully to follow
the example set by Mrs. Brown, and
the dinner opened with every promise
of a fine time. However, Mabel was
using a pair of very sharp eyes on
Mrs. Brown and in an instant blurted
forth at the top of her voice:

"Oh, mamma, Mrs. Brown is 'mushing'! May I?"

Had Tried Electricity.

A benevolent gentleman attempted
to converse with the motherly old lady
who sat next to him in the railway
carriage. He discovered that she was
very deaf, and the conversation was
established by shouting.

"You are very deaf, aren't you, mad-
am?" ultimately bellowed he of the
benevolence.

"I am so," was the reply, "and haven't
been able to do a thing for it."

"Have you ever tried electricity?"
shouted the kind hearted man.

"Yes," she said, nodding vigorously.
"I was struck by lightning last sum-
mer."—London Graphic.

How She Felt.

Stella—So you kissed the young par-
son in the dark hall, thinking it was
your brother? You must have felt
awfully cheap when you discovered
your mistake. Mabel—Cheap! Why?
I felt like a Friday remnant at a Mon-
day bargain sale.—Chicago News.

Foreign.

Doctor (after careful examination)—
Some foreign substance is lodged in
your eye. Dennis—Ol' known ut!

That's what Ol' git fr' wurrukin' wid

them Frenchmen!—Illustrated Bits.

His Views.

"What are your views on currency?"
asked the busy citizen.

"Mostly sad and reminiscent," an-
swered the man who had been to the
races.—Washington Star.

Avoid multiplicity of business. The
man of one thing is the man of suc-
cess.—Edwards.

M. QUAD.

A Fool Scientist.

[Original.]

Reginald Overocker was a trial to his
mother. Mrs. Overocker had unbound-
ed respect for wealth and sought to
train her son to esteem all roads to
wealth, including marriage. The son
cared nothing for wealth and was ab-
sorbed in the sciences. Everybody
knows that there is nothing cheaper
than brains and nothing more profit-
able than a knack for getting rich.
This is the reason that Mrs. Overocker
lamented that her son insisted on wast-
ing his time on chemistry, geology, as-
tronomy, biology—indeed, every science
ending in y.

While an agitator may talk against
royalty