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Sanitary Plumbing
Hot Water, Steam and Gas Fitting,
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ALL WORK GUARANTEED
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COAL COAL
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We are located on Ben Lucans old lumber yard grounds where we will handle all kinds of COAL.

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We are ready to make you prices on Block, Anthracite, Nut, Slack or any kind or quality

We are in business to sell you any kind of Coal that you may desire and we can guarantee you the prices.

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 Indiananapolis.
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
1:32 am 2:12 pm
2:32 am 8:25 am
12:32 pm 2:20 pm
5:52 pm 5:20 pm
All trains run daily
J. A. MICHAEL, AgentW. H. MILLER
Tinner and Practical
Furnace ManAgt. Peek Williamson Underfeed
Furnaces.
All classes of Tin and Sheet Iron
Work.Walnut Street, opposite Com-
mercial HotelPURE
Manufactured ICEWe are prepared to serve our pa-
trons with a good quality of manu-
factured ice every day.

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COME EARLY

While our line of Holiday Gift
Books, Children's Books, Miscellaneous
Books, and Booklets is complete.

We are prepared to please you.

J. K. LANGDON & CO.

You get results when
you advertise in the Her-
ald.An Incident of the
Divorce Club.

(Original)

The organization of the Divorce club was looked upon with amusement by those who had not tried matrimony and those who were happily married, but was very popular with divorcees. Its object was ostensibly to enable the members to compare notes, so that if any of them should happen to marry again they might benefit by each other's experiences. The real object was to find other mates.

Alexander Smithson became a member after the club had grown to be very large. It is questionable if Mr. Smithson joined for the purpose of finding a wife. He had loved the woman from whom he had been divorced and by whom he had had children. The cause of their separation was incompatibility. He became a member rather from curiosity and because he had been urged to join by his sister, Mrs. Chisholm, a lovely woman.

Mrs. Chisholm—her brother having been duly elected—told him that there was a member of the club to whom she was desirous of presenting him, a woman who, like himself, had made an unfortunate marriage and who might make the rest of his life happy.

Smithson expressed a willingness to meet the lady, but his sister, whose matrimonial experiences had developed certain theories of her own, told him that it would be better he should make certain investigations before putting himself under an influence which would surely (if it existed) warp his judgment. She volunteered to furnish him with letters vouching for the good character, amiability and such other attributes of the lady in question as a good wife should possess. The vouchers were not to be signed, but Mrs. Chisholm knew every one of the writers to be capable and reliable witnesses. The lady they vouched for was to present a list of the faults of her divorced husband that led to her separation from him. Mrs. Chisholm proposed to furnish similar papers to the lady in question concerning her brother.

In due time Mr. Smithson received the testimonials and found them eminently satisfactory. Then one evening his sister sent for him and handed him a list of the shortcomings of the man who had been divorced from her friend. Smithson glanced them over and found them prefixed with a list of the man's good qualities. He was generous, honorable, an affectionate husband and father. Per contra, he never appreciated the home trials which beset his wife. He did not control his temper, never gave his wife a word of praise and if when she was harassed with domestic cares she was a bit cross and failed to meet him cheerfully on his return from business he would snarl at her, thus beginning a quarrel.

Mr. Smithson read the statement, pondered on it for some time, then said: "Winnie, I'm thinking that some of these faults are more or less common with all men, and considering the good qualities laid down the lady must have been hasty in throwing the man over." "Do you mean that a man may give way to them and make a woman happy?" "Well, I dare say I have given way to them myself—at times."

"My friend tells me that any man she takes for a second husband must be free from these faults especially."

"Then I fear she will not want me, for I am not free from them, though I dare say were I to try matrimony again I would profit by this experience. Now I come to think of it, a good many of my quarrels with Alice would be through some such cause as those mentioned among this man's faults."

The interview ended by Mr. Smithson giving his sister a letter to the lady she had picked out for him confessing that he regarded her husband's faults as human, that in some degree he possessed them himself and that in case of a second marriage he would exercise the greatest self restraint possible to avoid falling into them.

"I will hand this letter to my friend," said Mrs. Chisholm, "and now please give me for her a catalogue of Alice's faults that you require must be especially wanting in your second wife."

"I have made such a catalogue," said Smithson, "and have revised it. One by one I have stricken out her faults as simply a natural irritation, in fact giving it to you offhand, so to speak, we should say at the following times and on the following occasions, respectively, the hat should be lifted or removed as circumstances indicate: When mopping the brow, when taking a bath, when eating, when going to bed, when taking up a collection, when having the hair trimmed, when being shamed, when standing on their heads."

"If you feel that way, why not make it up with Alice?"

"Oh, it's too late for that." And, with a sigh, he intimated that he wished that contingency dropped.

The negotiations went on, a better understanding developing between the two club members as to what would be expected of each. Mr. Smithson thought that all this should take place after instead of before, but his sister insisted on the contrary. Finally when a solemn promise had been exacted of the man that he would not trouble a second wife with her first husband's faults and she had made a similar promise on her part a meeting was arranged to take place at Mr. Chisholm's residence.

When Smithson entered the room where he was to meet a possible wife, there stood the woman from whom he had been divorced, each of his two children holding one of her hands.

Then the children advanced, and each, taking one of his own hands, led him to their mother.

And here ends the story.

EVAN D. SPOONER.

STAGE FRIGHT.

Actors Have Been Known to Die From
the Malady.

Perhaps the most terrible malady which can attack the actor in the course of his performance in the peculiar disease known as stage fright. Through its evil effects strong men and women have been known to faint, break down and do many other queer things, and there are even on record several cases of people who have died through this horrible seizure.

Some years ago a young novice who was to appear for the first time arrived at the theater very white and shaky. Brandy being given him, he appeared slightly better, but no sooner had he set his foot on the stage than he clapped his hand to his heart, with a low cry, and fell down dead. The overwhelming sensation induced by stage fright had attacked his heart, and his theatrical career ended thus even at its beginning.

Quite as ghastly was the case of the young amateur actress who, strangely enough, had never experienced stage fright when playing with her fellow amateurs, but who was seized with the attack on making her first professional appearance. She went through the scene aided by the prompter, her eyes glazed, her hands rigid, and when the exit came it proved her exit from life's stage as well as the mimic boards, for she staggered to her dressing room and fell into a comatose state, from which she never recovered.

Perhaps, however, the most peculiar instance of all was that of the veteran performer who had gone through thirty years of stage work without experiencing this malady. One night, however, he confided to a fellow player that a quite unaccountable nervousness had suddenly taken hold of him and that he did not think he could ever act again.

His comrade laughed at the notion and urged him to go on, as usual, but his astonishment may well be conceived when the poor old player went on the stage and, after making several vain efforts to speak, fell back and expired. The doctor who made the post-mortem examination stated that death was due to failure of the heart's action, evidently induced by the presence of an attack of stage fright.—Pearson's Weekly.

TYBURN TREE.

Lord Ferrers' Tragic Journey to the
Famous Old Gallows.

Park lane was Tyburn lane, and it seems as if the gallows—described in an old document as movable—at one time stood at its east corner. It was there the ferocious Lord Ferrers was hung in 1760 for murdering his servant. Horace Walpole's words paint the picture well: "He shamed heroes. He bore the solemnity of a pompous and tedious procession of above two hours from the Tower to Tyburn with as much tranquillity as if he were only going to his own burial, not to his own execution."

And when one of the dragons of the procession was thrown from his horse Lord Ferrers expressed much concern and said, "I hope there will be no death today but mine."

On went the procession, with a mob about it sufficient to make its progress slow and laborious. Small wonder that the age of Thackeray, with Thackeray's help, set up its scaffolds within four high walls.

Asking for drink, Lord Ferrers was refused, for, said the sheriff, later regulations enjoined him not to let prisoners drink while passing from the place of imprisonment to that of execution, great indecencies having been committed by the drunkenness of the criminals in the hour of execution.

"And though," said he, "my lord, I might think myself excusable in overlooking this order out of regard to your lordship's rank, yet there is another reason, which, I am sure, will weigh with you—your lordship is sensible of the greatness of the crowd; we must draw up at some tavern; the confidence would be so great that it would delay the expedition which your lordship seems so much to desire."

But this ghost business is all nonsense. I am surprised that a sensible man like you would tell such a yarn."

"Mr. White," said Jim, as he moved a step nearer and dropped his voice to a whisper, "the ghost comes two or three times a week and sits in the cab of old 990 and looks at me, and that's God's truth, but from now on I'll say nothing about it. Why shouldn't it come? Tom was the best friend a man ever had."

It was a month after his interview with his boss that the ghost came earlier than usual one night. It was a night of darkness and storm—a night to try the nerves of every engineer due to go out or come in. The watchman had gone his rounds, and old 990 was hissing over the cinder pit after a long run when the ghost appeared in the cab and said:

"Jim, it's a bad night outside."

"It is that, Tom," was the reply.

"I told you once that I doubted your nerve. Perhaps I was wrong."

"No, pard. You hit the truth."

"I wouldn't do you wrong for the world, Jim. I want to see you at the throttle and outside on such a night as this. That will test your nerve. It may be that the accident has made a change. Take her out and see."

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