

E. B. LYNCH

House Furnisher and
Funeral Director

GREENCASTLE, IND.

12 and 14 North Jackson St.

[Telephones 89 and 108]

WILLIAMS & DUNCAN**Sanitary Plumbing**

Hot Water, Steam and Gas Fitting,
Electric Wiring and Fixtures

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

Phone 650,

No. 10 N. Indiana St.

COAL COAL COAL

We are located on Ben Lucans old
lumber yard grounds where we will
handle all kinds of COAL.

(Near Vandalia Station)

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. SHOPLAUGH

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, 1905	South Bound
North Bound	
1:25 am	2:12 pm
9:25 am	8:25 am
12:33 pm	2:20 pm
5:52 pm	9:20 pm

All trains run daily.

J. A. MICHAEL, Agent.

W. H. MILLER

Tinner and Practical
Furnace Man

Agt. Peek Williamson Underfeed
Furnace.

All classes of Tin and Sheet Iron

Work.

Walnut Street, opposite Com-

mercial Hotel

PURE ICE

Manufactured

We are prepared to serve our pa-

trons with a good quality of manu-

factured ice every day.

CALL PHONE 257

GARDNER BROS.

COME EARLY

While our line of Holiday Gift

Books, Children's Books, Miscellane-

ous 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 began 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 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 till most of them have been erased, and since I have considered this paper you have handed me I fancy I may as well strike out what remains."

"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. 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, late regulations enjoined him not to let prisoners drink while passing from the place of imprisonment to that of execution, great indecencies having been committed 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 confusion would be so great that it would delay the expedition which your lordship seems so much to desire." But decency—so often paraded by those who outrage it—ended with the murderer's death. "The executioners fought for the rope, and the one who lost it cried—the greatest tragedy, to his thinking, of the day!"—London Sketch.

When to Lift Your Hat.

In answer to the question, "Please tell when and where are, or is, the correct time for a gentleman to lift or remove his hat," we reply: Without consulting authorities of etiquette, 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 shampooed, when standing on the head.—Wichita (Kan.) Beacon.

A Curious Anomaly.

Until a few years ago the Philippine Islanders held their Sunday on the day which was Monday to the inhabitants of the neighboring island of Borneo. This curious anomaly arose from the historic fact that the Philippines were discovered by Spanish voyagers coming from the east round Cape Horn, while Borneo was discovered by Portuguese coming from the west, and sailors lose or gain a day according to their direction in crossing the Pacific.

His Title.

"Papa," said little James, "what do they call a man who writes comic operas—a composer?"

"No, my son," the old man answered; "he is usually called a plagiarist."—Los Angeles Times.

The GHOST OF THE ROUNDHOUSE.

[Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.]

The conductor and engineer of a train may not even be acquaintances, and yet all goes well. The conductor may take out three or four different engineers in a week, and yet no trouble arises. It is different when you come to the cab. The engineer must have his own fireman.

For three years Engineer Stimpson and Fireman Davis had occupied a cab together on the run of the mountain division. At Butler the engineer had a family and home, and the fireman boarded with him. They were not related in any way, and yet the two looked so much alike that railroad men nicknamed them the twins. In every two men thrown together one is the stronger. In this case it was the engineer. He intuitively led the way in all things, and his fireman followed. Brothers could not have been greater chums. Davis might have had an engine in front of a freight train after a couple of years, as he had thoroughly mastered the mechanism of the steam monster, but he would not take it. He preferred the subordinate position for two reasons. First, it kept him beside his friend, and second, Stimpson had whispered to him one day:

"Jim, don't try it. You haven't got the nerve. If a pinch came you'd lose your head and bring about some awful disaster. I'm not saying that you wouldn't stand up to your work in a row with any man, but keep clear of the throttle. I've watched you, and I tell you that a dark night, a heavy train and a down grade makes you tremble like a girl, while I poke my head out of the window and whistle defiance to danger."

"That's it. I can't get over being scared," replied Jim. "When it's thirty-five an hour and a moonlight night, I can whistle, too, but the darkness and the speed to make up lost time take it all out of me. When we were six minutes behind in making the siding at Grand Bluff the other night and found the express booming down upon us, I prayed to God and jumped the cab. You haven't said a word to me about it, and I'm hoping you never will. It was the fear, Tom—such fear as I never have outside the cab and the fear that I never can control. Keep me on with you. I want no engine for myself."

Tom and Jim had been pals for nearly four years, when there came an accident that killed the engineer and so injured the fireman that he lost an arm. The engineer was buried and forgotten by all but a few, and the cripple was given a place in the railroad roundhouse as night watchman. He had held the place only a single month when strange reports began to be circulated. He had seen the ghost of his dead engineer in the cab of his old engine as she stood over the cinder pit. He saw again and again and whispered the news with white lips, and then he was called to the office of the master mechanic, and the official asked him in a blunt, unfeeling way:

"Jim, do you think I put you down in the roundhouse to make a fool of yourself?"

"No, sir."

"Then don't see Tom Stimpson's ghost again. If you do, I shall think you have taken to drink."

"And nothing but water ever passes my lips."

"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."

"And why not?" asked the watchman of himself. "The old feeling has gone, and perhaps it won't come back. If it don't I could run an engine with the arm that's left me. Thanked, Tom—I'll try it."

He climbed into the cab and, managed to shovel enough coal into the fire box to run the steam up again. Then he turned the table and threw open the doors and switched the engine on to the main track. It was a howling night or he would have been seen and stopped. As it was he turned the switch back, climbed into the cab and opened the throttle and sped away.

Ten miles down the road, with the 990 going at a speed of a mile a minute and the one armed man in the cab shouting for joy because the fright had left him forever, there was a head-on collision with a freight train and three men were killed.

"So there was a ghost in the roundhouse?" mused the master mechanic as he looked down upon the mangled form of the dead watchman when it was brought home. "Yes, there was a ghost there, but it was his own and led him to his death." M. QUAD.

Banner Skating Rink

Open each Afternoon and Night

SKATING HOURS: Afternoon, 2:00 to 5:00; nights, 7:30 to 10:00

ADMISSION: Gentlemen 10c; Ladies free.

Skates 15 cents.

ERNEST WRIGHT

FRED GLORE

Can You Beat It?

ALL the News, ALL the Time, for

1 Cent a Day

Telephone the HERALD office and
have the paper delivered at your door.

PHONE 65

A Tender Steak

Makes the most delicious meal in the world, and the place to get it is

Haspel's Meat Market

"Our Meat Market" has a well estab-

lished and enviable reputation for cleanliness, the good quality of its meat and for square dealings.

Northwest Corner Public Square

FRED LUCAS

DEALER IN

Real Estate, Insurance and Coal

No. 21 S. Ind. St., Greencastle, Ind. Phone 255.

NOTICE OF DEMOCRAT PRIMARY

Notice is hereby given to the Democratic voters of Putnam county that there will be a primary election held in the different townships of said county on Friday the 10th day of January, 1908 to nominate a candidate for each of the following offices, to-wit: Representative, Treasurer, Sheriff, Coroner, Surveyor, Commissioner 2nd District, and Commissioner for 3rd District.

Wm. B. VESTAL,

Chairman.

JAS. P. HUGHES, Sec.

A Higher Health Level.

"I have reached a higher health level since I began using Dr. King's New Life Pills," writes Jacob Springer, of West Franklin, Maine. "They keep my stomach, liver and bowels working just right." If these pills disappoint you on trial, money will be returned at The Owl Drug Store. 25c. Jn.

CARPENTERSVILLE.

Virgil Bridges visited his son, W. F. Bridges, at Terre Haute last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Walls and Carl Walls spent last Wednesday night at Wm. Ballenger's.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Eggers spent last Thursday night with Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Sutherland.

The wedding of Otto Perkins and Lulu Eggers was the occasion of another chavari Thursday night.

Earle Hall and sister, Zenie, visited relatives near Bainbridge the first of the week.

Miss Nellie Smith, of Crawfordsville, spent Sunday with Miss Nina Dawson.

J. L. Witt and family and Mrs. Grace Hines and son spent Sunday at T. H. Young's.

Miss Hattie Mann is visiting her sister, Pearl, at Avoca.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Shuee visited at Thos. Bridges Sunday.

It Does The Business.

Mr. E. E. Chamberlain, of Clinton, Maine, says of Bucklen's Arnica Salve. "It does the business; I have used it for piles and it cured them. Used it for chapped hands and it cured them. Applied it to an old sore and it healed it without leaving a scar behind." 25c at The Owl Drug Store. Jn

No patent taken out of Pure Gold sold at O. L. Jones Co. Feed store. 3t-42

Warden's**Home-Made****BREAD****New England Bakery**

EAST SIDE SQUARE

Greencastle, Ind.

Phone 333

Greencastle ICE

Made in Greencastle by

Greencastle men.

Rate to Families 25c

per Hundred Pounds

TELEPHONE 136

Crystal Ice Co.

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots

and Shoes, Groceries

Hard and Soft Coal

RILEY & CO.

Phone 51. 715 S. Main.

Ship Your Freight

By

T. H. I. & E. Trac. Line

Express service at Freight

rates to all points touched by

Traction Line in Indiana and

Ohio. Inquire of Local Agent.

Engraved cards—script

—at the Herald office. One

hundred cards and a plate

for \$1.50.