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Fizzled Insanity.

BY LEO.

In these days, many sorts of insanities are spoken of—emotional, temporary, impulsive, and so on ad infinitum, and all invented to defeat justice to criminals. Dr. Clark in Virginia, the alienist, who testified in behalf of the two brothers, who shot and killed their sister's husband because he was trying to run away from his bride, swore that in his opinion the two brothers were impulsively insane, and under the stress of that impulse to kill they shot their brother-in-law; and the jury acquitted them on the ground of "impulsive insanity." Strange, is it not? Well, now, if an impulse to kill, a great stress to do murder is justification of the murderous deed, very few murderers can ever be punished. For the impulse is most always present.

In the Thaw case the plea is temporary insanity; but in view of the late testimony of Smith and others the name must be changed to fizzled insanity. The thing flashed, flared and fizzled under scrutiny, so really there was no reality to it. It was all the invention of lawyers and alienists to save the degenerate life of a wealthy man.

Within half an hour of the killing Thaw held a long conversation with Smith, in which he discussed various subjects, such as Wall Street speculation, the play on hand, and other matters; and all in a perfectly calm and rational mood. There was no symptom of storm in Thaw's brain that evening. He appeared to have no stress to kill any one. And yet in a short time he stepped up to his victim, took good aim, and fired, killing his man instantly. Surely, this was a premeditated, deliberate murder.

Mr. Jerome put five alienists on the stand, and each testified under oath that Thaw knew well what he was doing and that he was doing a wrong. One of the alienists testified that the brain storm of Dr. Evans was not known in science. Of course not, the alienist Evans was not using terms scientific but practical. There was more poetry than truth in his very picturesque testimony.

There it is, three experts are of the opinion that Thaw was temporarily insane at the time of the killing and did not know what he was about, nor that killing White was wrong; and five alienists give it as their opinion that Thaw was sane, knowing well what he was doing at the time.

The readers of the trial reports will generally agree with the five alienists, for everything goes to show that Thaw was in his right mind at the time. We therefore call his insanity fizzled. There is no foundation for the plea.

It is almost certain now that the pathetic story of Mrs. Evelyn Thaw was fabricated to serve a purpose. It is in evidence that she was forced to tell the story by her degenerate husband after making a written affidavit that there was no truth in it.

Here is a pretty mess! What will the jury do? Perhaps a sentiment in favor of a handsome young woman will cloud their better judgment, and move them to render a verdict of acquittal. If so, New York is likely to suffer. And perhaps under the instruction of the court they will feel bound to render their ver-



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Food in concentrated form for sick and well, young and old, rich and poor.

And it contains no drugs and no alcohol.

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dict, "Guilty as charged." And again, the jury may disagree.

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Otterbein.

The stork visited Albert Siler's home last Saturday night bringing a baby girl. We join with Albert in rejoicing.

Perry Niswonger and family visited Henry Hoff and family Sunday.

Frank Sharrit and family, Henry and Thomas Broadstock and families visited Jesse Broadstock and family Sunday.

James Gabbert and family visited Harrison Coblenz and wife Sunday.

About sixty of the neighbors and friends of Jacob Geeting met at his home last Friday night in honor of the departure of the party that started for Canada on Tuesday of this week. The evening was well spent and all were highly entertained with selections on the graphophone.

Samuel Grubbs of Greenville spent Friday on his farm.

Curt Grubbs and wife were the proud possessors of the genuine measles last week.

Burney Roberts and family and Tunis Roberts visited Ross Roberts and family Sunday.

George Trump and family, R. G. Howell and wife and John Grubbs visited T. L. Howell and family Sunday.

Arthur Stutz and family visited Wesley Hemp Sunday.

Miss Jessie Freed of New Madison and Miss Trenary of Rockport, Ind., visited John Gilfilan's over Sunday.

Mrs. Van Odell visited at Ezra Slifer's Friday.

John Hetzler and family visited at Van Odell's Sunday.

A Humane Appeal.

A humane citizen of Richmond, Ind., Mr. U. D. Williams, 107 West Main St., says: "I appeal to all persons with weak lungs to take Dr. King's New Discovery, the only remedy that has helped me and fully comes up to the proprietor's recommendation." It saves more lives than all other throat and lung remedies put together. Used as a cough and cold cure the world over. Cures asthma, bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, quinsy, hoarseness, and phthisis, stops hemorrhages of the lungs and builds them up. Guaranteed at Wm. Kipp's Sons' drug store, 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Easter comes on March 31st. We have the goods you want, the prices are right. Come to us for your Easter Hat, Ties, Gloves, Shirts, Fancy and White Vests.

THE PROGRESS,

Greenville, O.

A Biographical Sketch of H. M. Sharp.

Horace Mann Sharp, the son of Robert Mulford and Sarah A. Sharp, and grandson of the late Rev. C. M. Sharp, was born September 26, 1867, near North Star, Darke county, Ohio. His parents moved from there to Sharpey, Ohio, where he lived until 1870. The parents then moved to Benton county, Mo., where he received a common school education, after which he attended an academy for a year.

In 1884 he went with his parents to Gainesville, Texas, and after being there a short time he spent four or five years in Kansas and Colorado. He then came back to Gainesville, Texas, where he read law and was admitted to the bar. He read law for about two years, during which time he studied the Spanish language. Becoming a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, he studied Theology—about two years—and became an active church worker, was very enthusiastic in the Christian Endeavor and Sunday school work. While quite young he developed, in a great degree, conversational powers of the first order. Whenever he was his company was always sought, on account of his agreeable manner and the pleasant talks he would have with them.

He was married October 29, 1893, to Miss Clara Hughes, a highly educated lady of Gainesville, Texas. She was a graduate of the School of Music in Chicago, where she taught for some time. This union proved to be a happy one; to them were born two children; the first, a son, dying in infancy.

Immediately after his marriage he was sent to Agnes Calientes, Mexico, as a missionary, where he labored for five years. After completing his work as missionary he superintended the construction of three hundred miles of railroad, after which he was employed as cashier in a bank for two years, and after that he entered the real estate business at Tampico, Mexico, which he followed until his death. His wife and daughter Adelaide then removed to Los Angeles, Cal. The following notice is from the Tampico (Mex.) Post:

MR. H. M. SHARP PASSES AWAY.

Again one of our own number has approached and passed through "the valley of the shadow of death." Mr. Horace M. Sharp died on Thursday morning, March 15, 1906, at 5:15 o'clock. His life was not long, just thirty-eight years of age. He was a native of Ohio and had lived in Mexico a number of years. He is well known to all of us. He was a man of fine conversational power and of rare persuasive talent. He was ever ready to lend a helping hand. The confidence placed in him by so many,

regardless of race or condition, testify to his honest and upright life. Near the close of his life some of us had the privilege of partaking, with him, of a spiritual blessing. We know beyond a doubt of his longing for a richer, fuller life in Christ. We all know that the "strength of wishes transforms the very substance of our existence and moulds it to the form of our heart's inmost desire and hope". We have the highest authority for saying, "He that hath this hope in him purifieth himself." This deep desire of his was certainly not in vain. God, the hearer of prayer, answered his prayer. A series of cottage prayer meetings had been started a few weeks previous to Mr. Sharp's death by Mr. Wolford. This man claimed nothing in himself, but he surely was God's messenger and a faithful deliverer of His message. Through this means we were all led to more serious thoughts of right and holy living. Mr. Sharp himself was very much interested. He said to us, "I took the old man out to see some land, but we didn't look at land. We sat on a log and he talked to me all the time about the riches and joy of a fuller life in Christ." After Mr. Wolford left we looked to Mr. Sharp as the leader of the prayer meeting. This was a hard step for him to take, but once made he seemed happier for it. His humility and sincerity, as well as the Scripture lesson he gave on Tuesday night of last week, made a great impression on all present. He made clear that this is the age of the Holy Spirit and it is our duty and privilege to get all out of it that there is to get. God's promise is to give it now to all who ask it. A personal, heartfelt message from God to our fellowman, and not something read from a book and told in a cold way is the lesson he left us. Our friend would wish that this work be carried forward, he would wish no greater honor or memorial than this. May this be done and each one of us be so prepared that when the Son of Man cometh He will find us also ready and watching. "Watch therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come. Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." As some one said, Mr. Sharp seemed to be looking through a glass to the end. He was not satisfied. Surely his is the blessing of those who "hunger and thirst." "They shall be filled." "I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness."—Psalm 17:15. Satisfied! Satisfied!! We are fully persuaded "it is well" with him. We shall miss him in our prayer meeting, the loved ones will miss him in the home, but we will all catch the message, "Be ye also ready." "I will come again." We extend our loving and tender sympathies to his bereaved widow and little daughter. We sorrow with them because of his absence from us, but we rejoice that this sorrow is not "without hope," for he is now enjoying the King, in His full beauty and holiness. The funeral services were conducted, at the home by Mr. Beutelspacher. These services were opened by singing "Jesus lover of my soul." This was followed by prayer and the reading of the 39th Psalm and 1st Corinthians 15:40-58. Appropriate remarks were made, and prayer by the Mexican pastor, Rev. Pedro Trujillo. Few voices were silent in the singing of "Nearer my God to Thee." After the benediction the body was laid away. The grave was covered with beautiful flowers. "Jesus said unto her,

I am the resurrection and the life; he that believed in me though he were dead, yet shall he live."—John 11:25.

Lost and Found.

Lost, between 9:30 p.m., yesterday and noon today, a bilious attack, with nausea and sick headache. This loss was occasioned by finding at Wm. Kipp's Sons' drug store a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills, the guaranteed cure for biliousness, malaria and jaundice. 25c.

Our Hoosier Budget.

Portland, Ind., Mar. 18, 1907.

While shoveling snow the other day, I thought of the contrast between Indiana and Louisiana. Down there we might have been digging potatoes. While we were eating strawberries in the south the temperature was 30 degrees below zero in the Dakotas; yet we hear people praising the great facilities of the Dakotas and of Canada. We'll wager a penny that those land agents who persuade their neighbors to go up north expect to go to a warm country in the future. In the northwest it is said much stock perished the past winter on account of the long and extreme cold weather. Go north in the winter and see how you like it. Go south in the winter and note the contrast. In the south the cattle need no care, only the pasture—no snow for them to paw until death relieves them; poor children go barefoot the year around on the hillsides of the sunny south, and that from choice. Pardon me, readers, but we have seen much of Uncle Sam's domain and for an easy life let me spend it under a fig tree, or in the shade of a cluster of bananas, or sitting on top the old rail fence watching the negro picking cotton, or sitting on the banks of some stream fishing every month in the year. But don't take me north where the tender lettuce

never grows, where the crisp cabbage is unknown and where the Irish tuber never grows larger than a walnut. Don't leave me in some lonely cabin 40 miles from a neighbor, where the wires that lead from the cabin door to the cattle sheds may get torn down in a blizzard. Mr. Land Agent, I can't go north any farther, but may go south, even to the gulf coast or Cuba. Indiana is good enough for me; and Ohio, my birthplace, is lovely. What better country in the world than the Ohio Valley? If you go north you may freeze to death, if you go south mosquitoes bore your hides. In the Ohio Valley you have all things of other countries. The states of the Ohio Valley today are the most prosperous in the Union—railroads to every town, pikes to every hamlet, mail daily to all the farms, a network of electric lines spread over the country. Why leave for some other portion of country that can not compare with this? A man with forty acres of land in the Ohio Valley is independent.

"Leo" thinks the White and Thaw tribe is a bad lot, and so do we; and if there would be some more brain storms and more revolvers used in society it might be better for their morals.

Since our return home Mrs. Brown has had a severe spell of capillary bronchitis, but is better at this writing. She took a severe cold on the train from Nashville to Cincinnati.

Surveyors are working out from Portland east and southeast for the extension of C. B. & C. short line to Cincinnati, or some other place, so in early spring work will begin on both ends, from Bluffton to Huntington, and from Portland to Union City or Richmond or Winchester.

More street improvements and a new school house are to be built here this season, as one 10-room school building has been condemned as unfit for use.

DARKE COUNTY BOY.

Health in the Canal Zone.

The high wages paid make it a mighty temptation to our young artisans to join the force of skilled workmen needed to construct the Panama Canal. Many are restrained however by the fear of fevers and malaria. It is the knowing ones—those who have used Electric Bitters, who go there without this fear, well knowing they are safe from malarious influence with Electric Bitters on hand. Cures blood poison too, biliousness, weakness and all stomach, liver and kidney troubles. Guaranteed by Wm. Kipp's Sons, Druggists. 50c.

Gettysburg.

His hogship's schedule of weather has now expired, and I suppose on the correctness of the groundhog theory we may hereafter expect moderate or spring-like weather. One thing is definitely settled for our ice men, and that is they will house no natural ice gathered from our streams this season. They as well as their patrons will have to look for ice from some other source. The failure to secure a supply of the needful article will be something of an inconvenience not to say actual loss.

Mrs. Nannie Haber (nee Westfall) of Dayton is here for a few days, visiting among old friends and neighbors.

Mrs. Lulu Hoffman of Fremont is here to visit her parents for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. M. J. Coburn is visiting at Muncie, Ind., for a couple of weeks with her daughter.

J. G. McCune and wife of Sidney began a visit here among relatives last Saturday.

C. J. Miller and daughter Imogene visited his sister at Columbus yesterday, who recently underwent an operation at a hospital for catarrh in the head. She is reported as recovering quite well.

B. F. Coppock removed his family today from the Warner property to his own in Horner's addition.

D. Moul has gone to Indiana in search of a team of horses for use in conducting his business.

Last week were buried the remains of S. E. Ogden of Bradford at Covington. He was quite aged and well known as the landlord of the hotel of that name at Bradford. He leaves an aged wife and a daughter surviving. He conducted the business of that hotel ever since it was built, until recently, when it was supplanted by the Y. M. C. A. house built on the same lot. Mr. Ogden was one of Bradford's most substantial, beloved and honored citizens, and the village and the church of which he was a member will sustain an almost irreparable loss. It may be said of him, no one knew him but to respect and love him. May he ever be remembered for his goodness and uprightness of character. Peace be to his ashes.

Mar. 18. XOB

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Yes, 100,000 times each day. Does it send out good blood or bad blood? You know, for good blood is good health; bad blood, bad health. And you know precisely what to take for bad blood—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Doctors have endorsed it for 60 years.

One frequent cause of bad blood is a sluggish liver. This produces constipation. Poisonous substances are then absorbed into the blood. Keep the bowels open with Ayer's Pills.

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See Clubbing List.

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