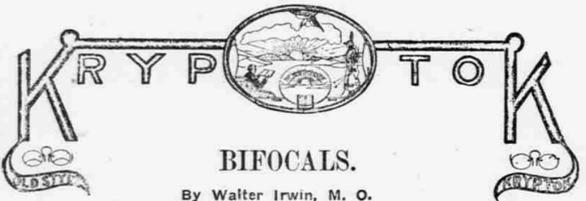




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By Walter Irwin, M. O.

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Mares will be kept in pasture on farm at 50c per month, 12 miles south and 3 miles west of McCook. Best of care will be taken, but not responsible for escapes or accidents.

**The Moyer and Haywood Trial**

**T**HE trial at Caldwell, Ida., of the officials of the Western Federation of Miners who are charged with instigating the assassination of the late ex-governor of Idaho, Frank Steunenberg, is a matter of wide interest for several reasons. In the first place, the murder of the governor was a crime of an extremely shocking character, as he was blown up by a bomb in front of his home and his body terribly mutilated. Next, the charge that the murder was due to a conspiracy, involving officers high in the councils of a large and influential labor organization, takes it out of the class of the ordinary homicides, the result of individual passion or hate or lust of gold, and places it in a class quite by itself. According to the confession of Harry Orchard, which led to the apprehension of the accused labor leaders, he was their tool and in this and other crimes simply executed their orders. The confession of Orchard led to the charge of murder being brought against himself and against Charles H. Moyer, president of the Western Federation of Miners; William D. Haywood, its secretary, and G. A. Pettibone, formerly an active member of the federation. Subsequent to his connection with it, Pettibone became a well to do business man in Denver.

An indictment was found against J. L. Simpkins also. He is a member of the executive board of the federation, but is a fugitive, and a reward of \$2,000 has been offered for his apprehension. The prosecution has a confession similar to that of Orchard from another alleged tool of the federation officers, Steven Adams, who is also under indictment. The representatives of the accused men say, however, that the evidence has been manufactured in an effort to break up and ruin the miners' organization.

According to Orchard's confession, he made several attempts on the life of Governor Steunenberg before that

**He Laughed Last.**

A certain lady who wished to have some fun at the expense of an agent who had oftentimes solicited her to insure herself and family, asked him on one occasion if he would insure the cat. The agent, to the astonishment and no small amusement of some friends, promptly offered to do so, provided she paid the first premium down. The lady, still thinking to hoax him, expressed her willingness to do so, and placed a shilling on the table. The agent quickly produced a proposal, filled it in and obtained her signature while those present were on the tip-toe of expectancy as to what was to follow.

"Now, madam, with your permission, may I see the cat?"

"Certainly," she replied, at the same time pointing to a glass case which contained the stuffed remains of the poor defunct cat.

A chorus of derisive laughter burst from all present, but to their dismay the agent turned, bowed politely, at the same time picking up the shilling, and exclaimed:

"When that cat dies, madam, kindly call at our office and claim the insurance money. Good morning."—London Telegraph.

**The First Stove.**

The most important uses of fire were taught by fire itself. As the primitive man stood near the flames of the burning tree and felt their pleasant glow he learned that fire may add to bodily comfort, and when the flames swept through a forest and overtook a deer and baked it he learned that fire might be used to improve the quality of his food. The hint was not lost. He took a burning torch to his cave or hut and kindled him a fire on his floor of earth. His dwelling filled with smoke, but he could endure the discomfort for the sake of the fire's warmth and for the sake of the toothsome of the cooked meats. After a time a hole was made in the roof of the hut, and through this hole the smoke passed out. Here was the first stove. The primitive stove was the entire house, the floor was the fireplace and the hole in the roof was the chimney. The word "stove" originally meant "a heated room." So that if we should say that at first people lived in their stoves we would say that which is literally true.—St. Nicholas.

**Practical Diagnostic Sign of Death.**

Dr. Ott of Lillebonne (through Journal des sciences medicales de Lille) suggests the following practical and simple method of ascertaining whether or not life is present: The point selected is the forearm, which is quickly accessible, is free from hair and is easily exposed. The arm is extended horizontally from the body and the forearm pronated. If the test is made in the open air a cloak is held so as to shield the part from all motion of the atmosphere. The flame of a candle is now directly applied to a spot on the forearm, which is closely watched by the observer. At the end of a few seconds a swelling rapidly forms and bursts. If it contains air or gas the tissues are lifeless. If it contains liquid or exudation life is present.

**If City Noises Jar You.**

Get some spermaceti, roll a wad large enough to fill the ear orifices, put it in a piece of fine cotton cloth tied with thread and insert into ears on retiring, pressing it quite firmly therein so that the ball of spermaceti will closely fill up all the air space in the ears. You will find it quite effective for barring noises, and hence inducing "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," to get in its good work. This ear plug is harmless and cheap. It helped me out greatly years ago amid the city's din, my sense of hearing being intensely keen and temperament neurotic. It is worth a trial, and I have no patent on it.—New York Herald.

**The Soft Answer.**

"If nature had made me an ostrich," said old Grouch, "I suppose I could eat your cooking."  
"Wouldn't that be nice?" answered his imperturbable spouse. "Then I could get some plumes for my hat."—Boston Transcript.

**IN A POISON FACTORY.**

**The Deadly Drugs Have a Fascination For the Workmen.**

"Slip on this glass mask," said the foreman. "You will need it."

The visitor donned the uncanny mask of glass, and the foreman led the way to the cyanide of potassium department.

"We make 1,000 tons of cyanide a year," he said. "A dose of five grains is a fatal one. Thus our annual product is enough to kill 2,500,000 people."

He opened a door, and a room filled with writhing flames, dense shadows, sparks, smoke and weird figures in glass masks was revealed. In the center of the room, in a great caldron, 100 pounds of molten cyanide of potassium bubbled and seethed. The flames glinted strangely on the glass masks.

The foreman coughed.

"These fumes," he said, "are wholesome. The men, you see, are all robust. I have known weakly chaps, working here among these strange fumes, to pick up health and strength."

In another clean, cool room the finished cyanide was stored. It looked like crystallized white sugar, good enough to eat.

"Good enough to eat," said the foreman gravely. "Well, we have had men eat it. Four men committed suicide in that way."

"The fumes seem to create in our men a desire to taste the drug. They fight this desire, most of them, successfully, but they all feel it, the same as workers in coffee plants want to chew the coffee beans, and some feel it so strongly as to succumb."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**VIRGINS' GARLANDS.**

**Memorials in an English Church to Girls True to First Love.**

There are seven "virgins' garlands" still in existence in Minsterley church, Salop, the first of them bearing the date 1554 and the last 1751.

They consist of silk ribbons and paper, ball shaped, and are covered with rosettes, the inside center of the cane or wire frame supporting a pair of paper gloves. They represent a romantic custom of very ancient origin and are sacred to the memory of girls who while betrothed in their youth lost their intended husbands by death, yet remained true to their first loves.

Each maiden designed her own garland, and at her death this simple emblem was borne before her by the village lasses, the white gloves being afterward added. After the obsequies these garlands were suspended in the village church on a rod bearing at its extremity a heart in the shape of an escutcheon, upon which the initials and date were inscribed. These were originally fixed above the maiden's pew.

Some of the earliest and forgotten garlands were composed of real flowers, but later the covered hoops described were substituted.

There is a passing allusion to this "simple memorial of the early dead" in "Hamlet." "Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants," "crants" signifying garlands.—London Graphic.

**Quick Witted.**

"One day last week I was informed by telephone of a fire in my own office, not six feet away from where I was standing," said a prominent Wall street broker. "A client with whom I had been talking, after lighting a cigar, threw the burning match into the wastebasket under my desk. As I went to the door with him I heard the telephone bell ring violently. When I answered the call I was surprised to be told that there was a lively blaze under my desk, which had been seen by a bright office boy in the opposite building. The fire was hidden from me by a high filing cabinet, and might have done serious damage before I discovered it myself. I am now hunting for that boy," he added. "Any one quick witted enough to think of telephoning in such an emergency I can use in my business."—New York Press.

**Pluto's Safety Valve.**

A round, smooth hole in the side of a granite monument about nine miles out from the City of Mexico is locally known by a term which signifies "Pluto's safety valve." The hole is about nine inches in diameter at the opening, which is polished in a manner which suggests human workmanship. That man had nothing to do with drilling or polishing this hole will be readily surmised when it is known that it has occasionally emitted hot air and smoke during a period extending over 300 years.

**The Man of Force.**

There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many. Society is a troop of thinkers, and the best heads among them take the best places. A feeble man can see the farms that are fenced and tilled, the houses that are built. The strong man sees the possible houses and farms. His eye makes estates as fast as the sun breeds clouds.—Emerson.

**Quite Familiar.**

"There is not much in a name, perhaps," said a young Sunday school teacher. "Still it did give me a turn last Sunday when I asked a boy in my class how many apostles there were to have him look up and reply carelessly, 'Oh, a dozen or so!'"

**Two and Two.**

There is no difference between a mile square and a square mile. Each contains 640 acres. There is, however, a difference between two miles square and two square miles.—San Francisco Call.

**Wonderful.**

Bridgroom—What's the matter, driver? Coachman—The horse has just thrown a shoe, str. Bridgroom—Great Scott! Do even horses know we are just married?



CHARLES H. MOYER AND WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD.

which proved successful, and attempts on the lives of other officials were also made. One bomb which was planted in the path of Chief Justice Gabbert of the Colorado supreme court blew up another man, an assayer named Walley, instead of the jurist for whom it was intended.

One of the most remarkable incidents in connection with the case occurred while this confession was being read before Judges Gabbert and Goddard of Colorado, Adjutant General Wells of the same state and representatives of the governors of Idaho and Colorado. When the part of the confession was reached in which Orchard had described his attempt to blow up Judge Goddard that jurist became uneasy. Orchard had said that the bomb was still planted in the earth in front of the judge's home and might be found where he had placed it, but that great care would need to be exercised in its removal. The judge was thinking of his family and, fearful lest some member of it might be killed by the murderous weapon while the reading of the confession was in progress, asked an adjournment of the case at once and hurried to his home. Orchard had declared that the bomb was arranged in the same way as that which had killed Governor Steunenberg and also after the manner of that used in blowing up the thirteen men at Independence station in 1904. He said that the bomb was about six inches below the surface on the outside of the gatepost, that it was covered with a piece of sack, that a wire from the bomb came just above the surface, to the end of which a small fishhook was attached. A screw eye was driven into the gate, and a piece of wire was attached to this, said the confession, and when ready for use the wire from the screw eye was slipped into the fishhook lying on the ground. The slightest opening of the gate when this was set would blow up the person opening it.

Judge Goddard on reaching home found the screw eye as described, but dared not look for the bomb. On his return the reading of the confession was finished and then the entire party of eight went to the residence of the judge, where General Wells undertook the dangerous work of digging up the bomb and found it laid exactly as Orchard had described.

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