"I don't care, I'm perfectly happy," said Frank.

"I'm sure I don't care, I'm happy perfectly happy. Don't see how I could be more so," said Nellie, in a hopeful tone of voice.

Neither was looking at the other Each tried to be absorbed in a book; but certainly neither was absorbed, for on the average, during the entire after-noon, they had made remarks similar to the foregoing at least every ten min-

"Did you say, Nellie," continued Frank, just a trifle doubtfully, "that there was enough in the house for supper and breakfast?"

"I'm quite sure, dear," said Nellie, that there is enough for supper, and perhaps for breakfast. But we shall

'I don't see what we have to worry about then, do you?"

"Indeed, I do not. I think we have reason to be perfectly happy," she answered.

tomorrow. I should say we have every reason to be thankful," continued think of the number of people in the world who are sure neither of supper

today nor breakfast tomorrow. Take the case of a cannibal—" "Just what I was thinking," broke in rank. "He is dependent on the chance call of a missionary—surely a precari-

responded Frank.

"While I am perfectly happy," said Nellie, "I do wish that the firm had not falled, and that you had not lost your position and your good salary."
"Yes, and while I am perfectly happy," said Frank, "I do wish that our parents had not objected to our marriage."

"The idea that we, who are children, both of us, of rich parents, should be left to the disagreeable expedient of pawning the few wedding presents that we received!

"Say rather the disagreeable expedi-ent of pawning the last wedding present that we received. Now—now—now, little wife, you are going to cry!"
"Indeed I am not," said Nellie, struggling bravely to suppress the tears. "I think we are very lucky to have any wedding presents to pawn. In fact, I think we are very lucky indeed."

"And so do I," added Frank, "very, very lucky—" Just then he was intervented."

There is no better time than an interruption to explain the condition of affairs in a romance, so I will take advantage of the present one, which may be the only interruption in my story. Frank and Nellie Hayward had married against their parents' wishes. Their parents, though rich, refused to help them in any way, or even to re-ceive them in their homes. Frank was brave and manly, and Nellie was sensible and womanly. They determined to do for themselves, and at the very outset made a solemn compact with each other that come what might, they would consider their love for each other compensation for all the ills of life.

For a time things went very well. Frank obtained a position that enabled them to live very comfortable in a furnished flat. But, as in the life of every one else, the time came when luck turned against them. The firm that employed Frank failed, and he was unable to get another position. The little money that they had saved up from his salary was soon exhausted. They were forced to the disagreeable expedient of bawning such things of value as they possessed, and finally they had come to the end of even that

Never during all their trouble had either acknowledged to the other that they were anything but happy. The crisis, however, had just about been reached. They were in a quandary. It was a question whether they would be forgiven by their parents under any circumstances, and they were forced to

acknowledge that they had made a nistake. They were obstinately proud. But there was an interruption. It was a knock at the door. Nellie rose from her seat, and Frank was about to do so, when it occurred to him that the chances were that it was a cred-tor, and he thought it hardly worth while to go to the door. He was rather while to go to the door. He was rather surprised though, when at the invitation of his wife, the door was oponed by a queer old man, who looked at each of them over the rims of his eyeglasses for a full minute before he

spoke.
"Mr. and Mrs. Hayward, I believe?" he said at length.
"Yes, sir." replied Nellie. "Will you take a chair?"

"Ought to have been named Way-ward I suppose," he said, chuckling to himself, as he took the proffered chair. "I suppose my visit is rather unex-pected?"

"Decidedly," said Frank curtly. "Well, it is the unexpected that al-ways happens,' said the old gentleman. I was rather surprised to hear through the door, accidentally, of course, as-suring yourselves that you were very

lucky and very happy and all that sort May I inquire what business it is of yours, sir?" asked Frank.
"None, except that it assured me that

I had found the right place," answered the old gentleman.
"And what place place were you looking

asked Frank. "The house of a happy married couple," said the old gentleman.
"You have found it," said Frank and Nellie together.
"Ah!" said the old gentleman, "it is

quite a curiosity. I suppose you will pardon an old gentleman like myself

if he asks a few questions. I am a student of human nature, you know, and, who knows? perhaps this visit may rebound to your advantage."

"Fire away," said Frank, who was beginning to get interested. 'In the first place, what was the oc-

casion of your saying just now that you "Because we have some wedding presents to pawn," answered the in-

genuous Frank. "No," corrected his wife gently, "be-cause we had some wedding presents to pawn."

to pawn."
"Dear me," said the old gentleman,
"they are all pawned then?"
"Yes," answered Nellie, "but that
does not make us unhappy."
"I suppose that you occupy a good
position?" said the old gentleman to

I have lost my position, sir," the latter answered. You have plenty of money in the "None."

"Undoubtedly you have a wellstocked larder, though?

"Of course, in a case of real distress you have your parents to rely on?" "On the contrary, we would not wish to ask them to help us under any circumstances.

"It is about exhausted."

"Well, young man," said the old gen-tleman excitedy, "will you tell me what in the world you are going to do?"

"I would much rather have you tell me what I am going to do," answered

Frank.
"Nothing," answered the old gentleman, solemnly "That's what I have been doing quite a while.

"The fact is," continued the cld gen-"The fact is," continued the cld genthat there is enough for supper, and
perhaps for breakfast. But we shall
not want much for breakfast. You
know that you have very often said
that you did not/care for much breakfast, and really I can get along on
nothing at all."

"The fact is," continued the cld gentleman, "you are precisely what you
were saying you were when I knocked
in your door—you are lucky. I am a
man of whimsicals. I have been looking all my life for a happy married
couple. Someone, never mind who,
told me that you were the couple I was looking for. I did not believe it for a long time, but when I discovered that you were in hard luck, and still were not complaining, I began to be-lieve it. My mission on earth is to as-"Sure of supper today and breakfast proportions. I should say we have every beason to be thankful," continued rank.

"Yes, indeed," added Nellie. "Just hink of the number of people in the fund than there would be if the word ware excelled with hink of the number of people in the fund than there would be if the word ware excelled with hink of the number of people in the fund than there would be if the word ware excelled with hink of the number of people in the were stocked with happy couples. I propose to settle on you a little income

of five hundred a year."

The old gentleman paused to see what effect this startling announcement would have on the happy couple. The effect was not marked. They looked at him very much as they would

s existence."
"Oh, Frank, you are joking!" said looked at him very much us they would look at a curiosity.
"I suppose you think I am an insane man?" is inquired angrily.
"No," answered Nellie, "but I think you are my father, with a wig and eyeglasses, and a very poor attempt at a disguised voice."

Saying which, she ran to him and Saying which, she ran to him and threw her arms about his neck.

"Well, I am," said the old gentleman, laughingly as he removed his disguise, "and I frankly confess that for a long time I have had a disguised heart. I didn't want to help you until I thought you needed it, so I waited. But I will tell you this—if you had acknowledged that you were not happy I would have given you double the allowance I have." lowance I have.

'I don't care," said Nellie. "I'm perfectly happy." "And so am I," said Frank.



G He Wanted to Know. Medium—Here is a spirit who seems ery anxious for news from this world. Believer-What does our poor friend

vish to know? Medium—He wants to know who had the highest batting average for 1904.



The Reason. Mrs. White-Did you see that rat ump out of the oven? Mr. White-Sure

White-Then why didn't you Mr. White-Because it was just out





Bessie—Cholly didn't give Ethel any-thing at Christmas. Did she give him anything at New Year's? Jessie-Yes, she gave him up.

# IN THE SHADOW OF SHAME

T. Fitzgerald Malloy



mured.

Destiny." "An Excel-

As he quickened his pace he almost the drawing room door; then he stood the drawing room door; then he stood quite still and almost breathless, gazing before him. The apartment, which was faintly lighted by a single lamp, showed him the figure of the woman he sought, seated at a table on which she had thrust out her arms, between which her head was buried. There was something so pitiful and despairing the abandonment of her attitude. in the abandonment of her attitude, that all the misery he had felt that day

became suddenly accentuated, and he recognized that here lay the cause.

With intuitive delicacy he stepped back until the servant's entry having disturbed her mistress, the latter rose and turning her back to the light, prepared to receive him. Dimly seen as it was, her pallid face, drawn and haggard, with its eyes dull and swollen Its mouth quivering and above all its expression of utter misery, startled

The hand he held in his trembled and felt cold as death.

"What has happened?" he asked while dreading to hear her reply. "You have not heard?" she said, in a low broken voice.

"I have heard nothing new. Tell me 'All hope of saving me is lost."

"No, no, not that," he cried out fiercely, as if in defiance of the statement.
"All. That man—the Italian—" "Has escaped?"

'Has been traced to his grave." 'Well?

"Well?"
"He died in a hospital a few hours before my husband was killed, she said, striving to steady her voice.

In a second he realized what the consequences of this discovery might prove to the woman before him. that she had entertained of being quickly freed from a horrible charge the only hope which had been held out to her, had been destroyed and she was once more face to face with the accusation of murder, and with the dire

consequences that must ensue.

All the great love and pity he felt for her swelled within him, but all words were for the moment frozen on his lips. She sank back into her chair and for some seconds the silence was unbroken between them. Meanwhile he was searching his mind to find some consolation which he might hold out to her even while he felt there was none he could reasonably or truthfully offer

"When did you hear this news?" he asked presently.

"This morning; the inspector came 'And you have been alone ever since with your trouble?" he said looking at

her.
"I sent for my cousin, but I suppose

"I sent for my cousin, but I suppose he was not in his rooms when my mes-sage reached him," she replied. "For your cousin?" he repeated in a tone of repreach, regretting the moment they were spoken, not only the words, but the tone in which uninten-tionally he had uttered them.

"I felt sure you would come later, when you heard it; I knew you would," said said quickly, conscious that she had pained him and anxious to make amends.

"But tell me about Mackworth; has he no other clew?"
"Not that I know of, at least," she

answered wearily. "He may have, though he withholds it from you," he remarked.

"Why do you think he would keep it back from me?" "He might not wish to speak until

was able to prove his case."
"I see," she answered, a grateful look

dead against me."

Though her voice was calm there was an undertone of pitifulness in it that appealed to her hearer more directly, more keenly than she would have believed possible.

"No matter; it's my belief one of two things must happen," he said, his man-ner growing more serious if possible. "And that?" she said eagerly. "Either the man who killed your

husband will be found-

"Or he will confess."

She shook her head sadly, saying, "I fear the murderer will never be discovered; you see all these weeks gone by and no definite clew has been obtained, and for the same of t tained; as for confession—that I dare not hope for."
"Why not?" he asked.

"I cannot imagine a man who would be guilty of murder sacrificing himself to save the innocent."

"But I can conceive circumstances," replied Bostock, speaking slowly and with emphasis, "under which a confession was not only possible, but prob-

"What are they?" she asked. He withdrew his chair beyond the focus of the lamplight before replying in a clear decisive voice, that indicated his words had been well considered, "A man may commit murder through a feeling of hatred or revenge, and yet shrink from inflicting a terrible blow on one who had never wronged him" he said him," he said.
"You think so?"

"Is it not a reasonable surmise? He may through moral cowardice, and in may through moral cowardice, and in the hope that you may be acquitted of this charge without the necessity of his intervention, wait till the last moment, and then if there are no other means of freeing you, he may speak."

She shook her head saying, "I cannot agree with you; a man who commits murder is not one to make such a sacrifice."

"Who can tell? The passion that

a sacrifice."

"Who can tell? The passion that blindly hurried him to take a man's life having been satisfied, he might come to regard his deed in the same light as other men."

In speaking he leaned forward, and as his face came within the circle of light cast by the shaded lamp she could see the pallor which had spread from his hollow cheeks to his bare polished temples.

"You think that possible?" she asked, impressed by his words. "Certainly.

"Then you judge others by yourself, my friend." He gave no answer, he made no movement. She could no longer see his face, for he had withdrawn into the shadow, but she could hear his breath coming hard and fast in the

After a pause she continued, "It is so easy to imagine what we might do were we situated as others are or w and yet so difficult for us really to put ourselves in their places. The man who took one life to gratify his hatred or revenge, would not, I think, hesitate to see another life sacrificed to save himself from the consequences of his

"There may be exceptions," he answered from out of the darkness.
"There are exceptional men in the world, but I dare say they are few,"

'And I can almost realize," overtook the servant as she opened George Bostock, with a force in his the drawing room door; then he stood words that startled her, how welcome expiation would be to a burdened conscience, and how necessary a confes-sion might become as an escape from the infliction of an intolerable secret. "Such things can only be known to and judged of by the guilty," she mur-

> "Yes, only by the guilty," marked, emphasizing her words.
>
> In the silence that followed they could hear the rain fall heavily on the sodden ground and on the dead leaves; and the wind rising once more made the closed shutters rattle. From where he sat he could see the haunted, pathetic look in her eyes, the weary expression of her face, and as she bent her head he noticed how quickly her hair had whitened.

He could no longer sit there a silent witness to the outward sign of her sufferings, and therefore, rising, he drew near to her.

"You mustn't give up all hope yet,"

he said earnestly, longing to relieve her

depression.
"But my prospect looks black." "You forgot the old saying, 'that the darkest hours is nearest to dawn."

"And you really think that my innocence may yet be proved?"

"I am sure it will," he answered

firmly. "Sure?" she repeated, surprised alike by the words and by the tone of the

expression. "How—why——?"
"Because——" he began and then hesitated.

"Yes?" she asked anxiously, her feel-ing wrought to intensity.
"Because, as I have said, murder will out one way or another!" He eyes expressed the disappointment she felt at hearing him express this vague generality instead of some

particular explanation. "Is that all?" she asked in a low, dispirited tone.

Before he could reply the bell of the garden door rang loudly through the "It is Valerius," Olive Dumbarton re-

"I must go now," Bostock said as he She did not ask him to stay, but said, You will come and see me again soon,

I hope."
"Very soon," he replied gravely, as he took her hand and looked into her

As he passed through the corridor on his way out he met Valerius, who, with displeasure in his prominent blue eyes, coldly regarded the publisher. They bowed as they passed without speak-

ing. "She loves him." George Bostock thought as he emerged into the rain and the darkness, and the depression he had felt all day grew deeper yet.

CHAPTER XXII. George Bostock drove home to his flat in Herschel Mansions absorbed and impressed by the interview which had taken place between him and the authoress. Entering his sitting room he found half a dozen letters awaiting him, which he read without understanding and laid aside, only to take up once more and read again with the like results; for his mind being full of the woman he had just quitted, was

incapable of fresh impressions. In a little while a servant announced that dinner had been served, when he entered the dining room and seated himself at the table. Of appetite he had none; the smell of food proved disagreeable; but mechanically he helped himself to fish, and then forgot to eat

her eyes, "you are striving to give hope, but I cannot blind myself the fact that circumstances seem ad against me."

What was before him.

On the servant reappearing to change his plate she, seeing he had not begun, would have quietly retired. would have quietly retired, but that he called her back. He scarcely tasted the second course or that which followed, and the dishes being removed he was unaware he had not dined. As he sat looking absently at the fruit before him and the empty glass beside him he heard the electric bell of the entrance door ring, and his thoughts went back to that other bell he had heard a couple of hours before, and to the man who had support

to the man who had rung it.
Almost immediately the servant entered to say Mr. Mackworth had called

to see her master.
"Show him into the sitting room, and say I shall be with him directly," the publisher said, thinking the inspector called to tell him what he already

Now, Mackworth, on learing at the Italian hospital of the death of Mezza, and having that news confirmed by an inspection of the certificate of Mezza's death at the consulate, was thoroughly disappointed to find that the deceased foreigner was not the man who had

taken David Dumbarton's life.

But his mind recovering from this mortification, reverted with force to his old theory that George Bostock, and no other, was the criminal. He was the Individual whose interests were cent-tered in Dumbarton's death, and though Quinton Quave had hesitated to recognize in him the figure which was seen to watch the house on the night of the murder, Martyn, the policeman, had identified him as the same who was in the immediate vicinity of the scene of the tragedy soon after it had

taken place.
These considerations, coupled with the fact that Mackworth had been unto trace George Bostock's movements from his leaving Mrs. Dum-barton's presence until his return to



believe the story of Jonah and the whale "No; sounds to me like a gag Jonah

gave his wife for not coming home."

Herschel Mansions early in the morn ing, and with the further discovery that it was his habit, and probably had been for some time before the tragedy, to spend a portion of every night watching the authoress's house, led the inspector to believe his suspicions of Bostock were just. And with the hope of furthermore confirming his opinion from observation of Bostock's manner, and perhaps from the drift of his con-versation, Mackworth had resolved to

area and the south at the second seco

all upon him.

The news of Mezza's death gave the inspector the opportunity he sought, and for the purpose he had in view he decided that he might best use that opdecided that he might best use that opportunity by assuming a hopeless view of Mrs. Dumbarton's case, even favoring, if necessary, the idea of her guilt. With his stout figure encased in a tightly buttoned frock coat, his clean shaven, mobile face full of intelligence, his swift moving eyes observing his surroundings. Mackworth awaited the publisher. When the latter entered with his abstracted manner and gloomy air, the little man arose and bowed. "I have ventured to disturb you, sir,"

"I have ventured to disturb you, sir," he began, "that I might tell you of a discovery—a disappointing discovery— I have made in the case which interests

"You have not disturbed me," answered George Bostock. "But I think I have already heard your news. Sit

down."
"After all," said the inspector, his eyes watching the publisher's face, "the Italian was not the man who killed David Dumbarton." 'I know, I know," responded Bostock

You know." exclaimed Mackworth, with emphasis on the last word.
"As I told you, I have already heard

the news. "From Mrs. Dumbarton?" "Yes," Bostock replied, seating him-self with an air of weariness.

"When I brought her the news this morning she was in a desperate state, for she sees how black her case is, and has little hope left," remarked the inspector, shaking his head with a melancholy air.

"But surely, surely, sir, you have some clew?" exclaimed Bostock, rous-ing himself.

"I may say, sir, between us, that I have none," replied Mackworth with impressiveness.

impressiveness.

"None," repeated Bostock, his face ghastly. "There must be some clew."

"Why?" the inspector asked eagerly.

"Because there was a man stabbed in the open roadway, outside the house in which he took refuge; stabbed by some one he had quarrelled with, wronged or insulted, and-

'And," said Mackworth, as the publisher suddenly paused. "And there must be some clew forth-

"Are you sure Dumbarton's death happened as you describe it, sir?" "Certain? No, how can I be certain?" Bostock said, controlling his excitement. "But in what other way can you account for the murder?" Mackworth hesitated a second before

deciding on the course he would pur-sue, then leaning forward he said, lowering his voice to an impressive key, "What I say must remain quite a se-"A secret," replied Bostock, his face full of anxiety. "You may trust me," "Well, I shouldn't be surprised if the

in reality guilty."

"No, no," exclaimed the publisher in hot indignation. "I know she is not."

"You do?" said Mackworth quickly, and with a searching glance at the face before him, its eyes full of horror, its lips twitching from suppressed energy.

lips twitching from suppressed emotion. "I will stake my life that she is in-

"Your life?"

"Yes," answered Bostock, a sudden change from excitement to calmness coming over him, "my life." "But you have not heard my explan-"Nor do I want to hear it."
"It may be reasonable, for all that,"
persisted the inspector. "Doctors tell
as there are persons of highly wrought nervous temperaments, who, under the influences of drugs or mesmerism, are

capable of in ordinary circumstances, and of which they retain no memory on recovering their proper state onsciousness. Now

guilty of acts that they would be in-capable of in ordinary circumstances,

"Your theory is impossible in this case," interrupted Bostock in a decisive tone. "But for weeks before the tragedy she had been in the habit of taking a

drug against which her doctor had re-peatedly warned her. That's a fact that can't be denied." "And I tell you that such a thing as her guilt is incredible, impossible."

"And yet, sir, it's the only feasible explanation of this mystery."
"Do you really mean that?" "Judge of the circumstances yourself.
She is found one night with the knife in her hand which had taken the life of the man at her feet—the man she had every reason to detest and fear. Investigation shows he had but one enemy, who died some hours in advance of

"Surely you haven't exhausted your inquiries?"

"I fear I have." "But there may-nay, there must be others who desired Dumbarton's death; others whom you don't sus-pect," said Bostock, his excitement

calmness. "Do you think so?" "Surely you will agree with me, for Mrs. Dumbarton is innocent. I know she is innocent."

threatening to overcome his enforced

"But can you prove it, sir?" Bostock looked up quickly, as if the question startled him, then hurriedly rising from his chair he walked to the other end of the room. Mackworth watched his every movement closely, putting his own construction on the publisher endeavoyed in agitation the publisher endeavored in vain to conceal.

"Because, if you can't," said the in-spector in a cold, severe, far-reaching voice, "it will go hard with her; I cannot see how the jury can fail to find her guilty." No comment was made upon this

plain statement; he who heard it turned his back upon the speaker, and for some seconds there was silence in the room. Presently Bostock, with a determined expression in his dark face, advanced to the inspector and said, "She must be saved. Don't spare expense or energy, only she must be saved, for she is in-nocent. Itell you she is innocent."

"I wish you could make a jury be-lieve as much," said Mackworth as he

"It may be proved to them yet." To the question which the inspector's yes expressed no answer was made, and George Bostock turned away once

(Continued Next Week.)

The New Woman.

Nurse—"Did you ring, madam?" Madam—"Yes, Marie; get the incu-bator up out of the cellar and put the baby back in it for a few days."

Nurse—"Oh, but, madam—"

Madam—"That will do, Marie;

won't argue. I am preparing a paper for the club on 'The Relativeness of the Absolute,' and I simply can't be bothered."

## JURY FIXES \$10,000 AS VALUE OF LOVE

Samuel Flinders to Receive That Sum From A. C. Bailey for Wife's Affections.

#### A QUESTION OF AMOUNT

Jury Agreed Flinders Had Been Damaged and Apparently Believed Bailey Had Offered \$75,000 for Her Love.

Cherokee, Ia., Jan. 23 .- Evidently befleving Samuel Flinders when he declared on the witness stand that his wealthy neighbor Asa C. Bailey, had said he would give \$75,000 for the love of Mrs. Flinders, the jury in Flinders' suit for \$25,000 damages for alienation of Mrs. Flinders' affections by Bailey this morning returned a verdict of \$10,-000 for Flinders.

Asa C. Balley and Samuel Flinders were neighboring farmers near Sutherand and lived peaceably until March 27, 1904, when Flinders discovered a etter in his home, said to have been written by his wife to Bailey, in which she is said to have shown her prefer-

ence for Bailey. The jury was out fifteen hours, commg in at 9 o'clock this morning. When the verdict was given to Judge Hutchinson none were present except Carl Herrick, attorney for Flinders, and J. D. F. Smith, attorney for Bailey.

Agreed Flinders Was Damaged.

The jury never for a moment disagreed on the subject as to whether Flinders should recover some damages. It was admitted by them at the outset that he had been wronged, and was entitled to monetary compensa-tion as the only one he could receive. The first ballot is said to have stood 10 to 2 in favor of giving Flinders \$10.-000. Then, after more balloting, another man came over to the majority and there was a deadlock until this morning.

The judge's instructions were lengthy and technical. A number of special findings were asked and the substance of the answers was:
First, Samuel Flinders and wife had

lived together in happiness until March Second, Asa C. Bailey wilfully and in-tentionally did steal Mrs. Flinders' af-fections from her lawful husband, Sam-

Third, Samuel Flinders did not in any manner contribute to this by neglect of his conjugal relations with his wife. Broke Up Flinders Home.

uel Flinders.

Fourth, that since the letter was dis-covered in the Flinders home. Flinders and his wife have not lived together as man and wife, and that Flinders has been deprived of a home.

Regarding charges of criminal rela-tions which were said to have been made by Flinders to witnesses for the defense, the jury is silent.

It is presumed that the atorneys for It is presumed that the atorneys for the defense will file a motion for a new trial, but they have not yet expressed themselves on this point. The suit has been bitterly contested, and was the most sensational that has occurred in this county for many years. The court room was crowded with people from all over this and other counties. Asa C. Bailey is one of the wealthiest farmers

Bailey is one of the wealthiest farmers in the county and testified that owned a thousand acres of land. He is worth Would Give All for Her. The assertion was frequently made by witnesses for the plaintiff that Bailey had asserted that he would give all he possessed for the love of Mrs. Flinders. In the trial stories have been told of

trips made to other places by Balley and Mrs. Flinders, but the defense showed that these trips had been arranged when Flinders was present, and he had asked Bailey to accompany his Since the trouble began last spring Flinders and his wife have lived in a divided house near Sutherland. The children live with Mrs. Flinders and took her part through the trial. Miss Maggie Weal, a cousin of Mrs. Flinders, was dragged into the trial, and it was attempted to establish the fact that Flinders wanted to divorce his wife

so that he could marry Miss Weal.

During all the trial the wife of Bailey was not in evidence, and it is not known what she thought of the proceedings. Bailey is said to have told neighbors, however, that his home life was not happy, and he married his wife in the same way that he would buy a

### MURDERED HIS WIFE.

Jury at Leon, Ia., Finds Charles Woodward Guilty of the Crime.

Des Moines, Ia., Jan. 23.—Charles Woodward of Leon was found guilty of the murder of his wife, the jury returning a verdict at 9 o'clock this morning. Sentence will be pronounced Saturday and a life sentence is pre-

The crime was most brutal, witnesses swearing that he repeatedly knocked his wife down and kicked her. She died suddenly while riding in a wagon with him. A chemical analysis of her stomach disclosed large quantities of strychnine. Woodward protested vig-orously against the autopsy and in-

#### WAGES ARE ADVANCED

Iowa Central Engineers and Firemen Granted About Half Their Demands.

Marshalltown, Ia., Jan. 22.—The conference of the engineers' and firemen's committees with General Superintendent Sweeney of the Iowa Central closed last night by the men being granted an increase averaging 50 per cent. of their demands.

#### Iowa Editors to Meet. Waterloo, Ia., Jan. 23.-Editors and

publishers of the northeastern twenty-seven Iowa counties, organized as the Northeastern Iowa Editorial associa-tion, will hold their mid-winter meeting here on February 2, 3 and 4. A strong program has been prepared. Among the speakers of note who will address the meeting are B. B. Herbert, editor of the National Printers' Journal and Governor A. B. Cummins. The craft will also have an opportunity to see a "Junior" linotype machine in operation at this meeting to which the publishers of the state are invited.