

CHAS. D. CANON, Editor and Prop.

HARRISON, FEB.

New Haven has asked for fortifications and guns for defense. What's the matter with the Yale yell?

It is believed that the opening of a motor car line in Chicago will probably demoralize the sausage market for a while.

It is stated that in Hungary whisky is distilled from turnips. No good American could enjoy "nips" of that character.

A Georgia judge recently threatened to bring a Georgia editor with a bottle. The editor was not frightened. He said there was nothing in it.

To a certain extent what are known as "dracles of influence" among the European powers in Asia and Africa are really a kind of political rings.

"Why not put a crew of Amazons on the Amazonas?" asks the Philadelphia North American. But how could a man-of-war be manned by women?

De Wolf Hopper's wife has sued him for divorce in New York and San Francisco. This looks like a deliberate attempt to run Casey down between the bases.

Those interested in social usages understand that the convivial "wetting" of a new spring overcoat is different from its possibly being put in soak later on.

Massachusetts is to lay aside the hangman's noose and turn on the electric current. Massachusetts will be State number three in the electrical procession.

Some of our exchanges seem to be troubled over the question "Do American wives consider their husbands merely as breadwinners?" It is easy to see that it depends entirely on the husband.

The St. Paul Dispatch says: "Let's quit worrying about this war question and decide something nearer home: Where is the safest place to stand when a woman throws a brick bat at a dog?" Right by the side of the dog.

An Eastern contemporary refers to the fact that the French liner La Champagne was recently towed into Halifax "having on board three tons of Camembert cheese in a disabled condition." We can imagine few things more terrible than three tons of disabled Camembert cheese!

A Maryland Judge has decided that a man cannot be fined for riding a bicycle on a sidewalk if the roadway is impassable, although in violation of a town ordinance. He holds that people have the right of passage on a highway, and that they are even justified in trespassing on private property if they can do no better.

Many thoughtful persons are beginning to believe that 1898 is yet destined to prove an epochal year in the matter of history-making wars. There is assuredly a rather solid foundation for the belief at the present moment. The civilized world is anything but peaceful in spirit or comfortable in the relations existing among its great powers.

Coal is almost as essential to the modern warship as gunpowder. It gives her the motive power that enables her to go where her gunpowder can be employed most usefully. There is as yet no consensus of opinion of nations that coal is a contraband of war, to be placed in the same category as gunpowder as an article that cannot be furnished to belligerents by a neutral power without violation of neutrality, but its status shows a trend of sentiment in that direction.

A movement has been inaugurated in England to celebrate in 1901 the 1,000th anniversary of the death of King Alfred the Great, who died, according to the best authorities, in October, 901 A. D. The celebration is to take place at Winchester, which was the capital of Wessex, the royal residence and burial place of the King, and it is intended to found there a permanent memorial. It is hoped by the promoters of the movement, and they include nearly every prominent man in England, that Americans will manifest an interest in the London meeting to agitate the celebration, which will shortly take place in London.

A newspaper printed in the interest of workmen has been established in Japan. It aims to advance the rate of wages, and advocates as a means to that end the establishment of labor unions. The danger apprehended by other manufacturing nations that cheap labor in Japan would give the producers of that country an overwhelming advantage is not likely to prove seriously menacing. As new demand shall be created for labor in Japan, wages will commensurately advance. The indications are that swiftly progressive nation is making an advance along the lines of civilization which involves the whole body of the people. There is a general lifting up of the masses, which is one of the most remarkable occurrences of the present century.

The race feuds in Austria, which last year caused the suspension of the Reichsrath and the downfall of the Baden ministry, have proved too serious for Count Baden's successor, Baron von Deutsch, to cope with. The

baron, with his colleagues, has retired, and Count Thun von Hohenstein has formed a new ministry. Count Thun is a Czech, but as Viceroy of Bohemia, he showed fairness toward the Germans and enforced martial law in Prague when the Czechs became riotous. Attempts to compromise the differences between the Czechs and Germans have been futile. The Ausgleich, or compact, between Austria and Hungary has not been renewed, and as Hungary is not willing to renew it save through the action of the two parliaments, and the Austrian parliament cannot be reconvened without a risk of renewed disturbances, the problem of administering the affairs of the dual monarchy is one of grave difficulty.

A rival to California in fruit growing in a small way is Arizona, the favored section of the territory as to soil and climate being the Salt River Valley. This valley produced 3,500 boxes of oranges, lemons, grape fruit and tangerines last year, about doubling its production of 1896. There are 800 acres planted in oranges in the Salt River Valley thus far, and the success which has attended the industry will result in the planting of many new groves this year. Of the 800 acres about 500 acres are now in bearing, and the others will soon begin to produce. The varieties of oranges grown are about equally divided between the Washington naval and seedlings. There the fruit ripens earlier, as a rule, by two or three weeks than it does in California, and Arizona oranges have often been the first to reach the Eastern market. It is frequently the case that they are placed on the Thanksgiving table of the remotest Eastern city by the Arizona shipper.

The persecution of a bicycle dealer at Winsten, in Hanover, by a bicycle villain because he persisted in selling American wheels in competition with the German has brought out the interesting fact that the former of the best makes are sold at \$35.70 each, which is much cheaper than the latter can be sold. German trade has thus been damaged, and the German manufacturers are uniting to demand of Parliament a prohibitory duty. The American manufacturers, however, are preparing to meet any such hostile legislation by erecting branch factories in Germany. Then by importing from the United States their parts and materials and putting them together in Germany with the cheap labor of German workmen, under superintendence of American expert foremen, the competition will be rendered more fatally aggressive than ever before. It is stated that a Cleveland firm is about to establish a factory in Germany, with a yearly output that will knock down the trade price to \$23.80 and the selling price to \$30.94.

Originalities in the making of wills are numerous, and have been the subject of some entertaining essays. Surprises happen as often in testamentary documents as in any other department of human affairs. Quite recently in Michigan an old farmer left \$15,000 to a well-known circus. The farmer who accumulated that much ready money had performed an immense amount of drudgery and knew all about a great deal of work without much pay. When he reviewed his life he probably remembered that its brightest spot was the annual visit of the circus. From his boyhood to old age it had stirred the pulse of his steady-going neighborhood and caused a flutter of delight among the children, to whom existence was largely a matter of chores. Grateful for these gleams of pleasure and recreation, the old man put the circus in his will, knowing well that he was doing something for the children if he subsidized any of the established greatest shows on earth. A few days ago in London a benefit was given a popular actress for whom enthusiasm ran so high that the box office receipts amounted to \$25,000. The artist had charmed England by her reproduction of the little arabs of the streets. She had comprehended the many-sided pathos of the neglected waifs found among the children of every large city, and pleaded their cause through the subtleties of dramatic art, none the less effective because indirect. The public thanked her in behalf of the children, indirectly again, but substantially. It will be found that Dickens rose to fame by touching the same springs of feeling, whether in "Oliver Twist," "Little Nell," "Paul Donaby," "Smike," or that picture of his own sorrowful childhood in "David Copperfield." A child deprived of the sheltered happiness and freedom from care that is its birthright has an enduring friend in the great public, which may move slowly and cumbersome at times, yet whose heart can always be reached by the cry, or the mute appeal, of a child. All the benefactions bestowed upon schools and colleges are for the benefit of the young, "the to-morrow of society," or, as the French philosopher puts it, "the angels dependent on man." Not long ago there died in England, at the age of 93, George Muller, who in his time had raised over \$3,000,000 and cared for and educated 40,000 orphans. The money was obtained through his writings, and not personal appeals. Eventually his work passed into the hands of trustees, who now have charge of five orphan houses erected at a cost of \$6,000,000. As civilization advances, the proper rearing of children counts for more and more, and the possibilities of a child broaden as governments are liberalized. The old Michigan farmer certainly had a quaint way of adding to the happiness of children, but he meant well, and entered, in a striking way, his protest against making Jack a dull boy.

The average person who sails into society exhausts all his ammunition the first night, by telling all he knows.

THE FAMILY STORY



THE MURDER OF A WIFE.

ONE night, just as it was growing dusk and the lengthening shadows brought weird memories to me, I was disturbed by the rattling of a cab which stopped at the door with a loud "Whoa!" from the driver and a pull that brought the horse on its haunches. A man sprang out of the cab, and, hastily running up the steps, pulled frantically at the door bell. Although it was nearly dark I had time to distinguish the features of one of the leading lawyers of the city. As my servant showed him into the front parlor, by the window of which I was sitting, he came forward, and, grasping me by both hands, said: "Mr. Martinot, we need no introduction; we both know each other professionally so well that a personal acquaintance is unnecessary."

"I motioned him to a chair. 'I will be seated,' said he, 'but only long enough for you to get ready to go with me. I want you to go to the Tombs. My client, in whose behalf I have called to see you, is there. He is in the shadow of the gallows. The noise is around his neck.' It is no unusual thing for me to be called by a professional man, and therefore I gave no thought to the case as we were rattling through the streets, but the impatience of the lawyer was such that he would not allow the cabman to slacken, even upon the slippery pavements. We were nearly there before he mentioned the case. He seemed unable to talk from nervousness. When the shadow of the Tombs fell upon the cab he turned to me and said: 'I can tell you only one thing about the case; my client is innocent. That is absolute. In his confession to me he could explain nothing; he only knows that he is innocent.' With this brief prelude I followed my guide up the stairs leading to the Tombs and into the somber gallery that runs along murderers' row. In the last cell, surrounded by not more than ten square feet of space, sat my man. He occupied a wooden chair, and when the turnkey unlocked the door he gave no sign excepting to bury his head deeper in his hands and groan. At a glance I saw that he was a gentleman. He was a man in the prime of life, not over 40, well dressed, clean-shaven and handsome. This I saw in spite of the dark gloom upon his countenance, for never in my life had I seen such a subject despair shown in the face of a human being. At the sound of the lawyer's voice he lifted up his head, and at the mention of my name a ray of hope seemed to come across his countenance. He rose, shook hands with us both, and beckoned us to seats on his rude cot. 'Now,' said the lawyer, leaning back and leaving us face to face together, 'tell Mr. Martinot everything that happened that night and conceal nothing from him. Tell him just as you have told me.'

Looking me straight in the eye and beginning at the very beginning, Franklin Jarvis told me his story. 'I am a manufacturer of dress goods,' said he. 'My business carries me down into Barclay street and the lower quarters of the town, and on that account I rise early every morning. For many years my wife has not breakfasted with me. 'We were married fifteen years ago and our story is an old one. We married in poverty and were happy. We grew to wealth and were indifferent. When fortune began to smile upon us my wife became ambitious and longed to shine in the social set of which we had read only a little and in gilded paragraphs. 'I opposed her and we quarreled, sometimes gently, but more often bitterly. Our words at times rose high, and when, as on a recent occasion, she showed great extravagance in her attempts to get into high circles, I would leave the house and not return for a week at a time. Thus it grew steadily on for the last five years, getting worse and worse. 'I will tell you now,' said he, hesitating and half apologetically, 'that for the last five years, since our trouble began, I have been employing my spare time in a little amusement which I have very rigidly kept secret from my friends. I have been writing stories. During these periods when my wife and I were estranged and neither of us would humble ourselves enough to make the first approaches, I have withdrawn from home, and, taking up my quarters in a hotel, have amused myself evenings writing fiction. This has been my pastime, as other men drive horses or seek the billiard table. My stories have been in print and doubtless you,

in the basement, went back down the basement stairs.

Opening the door of my wife's room and stepped inside. A moment later I was pulling the bell frantically and shouting for help. 'There upon the edge of the bed lay my wife, with the blood dripping from her head and heart. She was uncovered, with one arm hanging to the floor. Her countenance was fearfully distorted. She had been cruelly murdered—stabbed in the head and heart. Stabbed to death by the hand of a midnight assassin.

'In a moment the room was filled with frightened servants and I was sending them in every direction—for physicians, policemen, neighbors. 'But there was nothing to be done. She was dead. That much we all saw at a glance. Her head was slashed almost beyond recognition and the hand that had done it was a desperate one. 'I was too dazed that night to consider. But the next day when the inquest was held I saw the awkward position in which I was placed. The coroner, in his search of the premises, came upon the manuscripts lying upon the little table in my writing room and there, word for word, lay before him the act description of the murder of my wife, just as it was, in my manuscript. If I had killed her before writing I could not have written down a more accurate account of the details.

'I must confess that when I came out of the Tombs that night I was puzzled. The awfulness of the story and the certainty of conviction were all that I could bring to mind. 'Drive me to the home of Franklin Jarvis,' I said to the lawyer. 'Let me in the front door and leave me. Come back for me in one hour.'

'I hardly knew what I intended to do, although my mind was full of vague suggestions. As the front door of the faded house closed between me and the street a shiver ran over me in spite of my many experiences and I walked softly the full length of the hall and seated myself in the little writing room.

'Taking up pen and ink, I took the blank sheets of paper before me and began to write as though I were living the night of the murder over again. As I wrote I turned and laid the sheets one by one upon a small table stand back of me, which had evidently been used for that purpose, for there were blotters upon it. Scarcely had I written a page when I

thought I heard behind me a stealthy step. On the second page I heard it again. This time there were whispers. I listened and heard a voice say, 'For the love of God, can it be he?' I sprang to my feet and turned around. A loud shriek rose to the ceiling and out upon the hall floor there fell a heavy weight. It was a man and over him bent a woman. 'You scared him almost to death, sir,' said she. 'I told him that it was only one of them detectives that they are always sending here, but the back of your head looked so much like master's that it scared him most to death.' 'Why should that scare him?' I asked. 'Sure sir, I don't know, but lately he has been like, like—' At this moment the man opened his eyes. 'Forgive me, forgive me,' he cried. 'I have dreamed of it day and night, forgive—' 'I will forgive you nothing,' said I, 'until you confess how your curiosity made you creep up behind your master that night and read what he was writing. Confess how you went upstairs and killed your mistress and robbed her of her jewels; confess how you hid after the others were called and pretended to be asleep; and confess how you have allowed an innocent man to suffer for your crime.'

'Truly frightened now, the wretch told how he overheard the quarrel on the morning of his mistress. And how and by what dastardly means he had found the very description of the murder before his eyes and had followed it out with awful correctness.—Chicago Chronicle.

'Our best friends are apt to appear had in amateur theatricals.

Jewelry Jottings
College pins for men and women grow in favor. A diamond tortoise ornament on the bonnet is supposed to bring good luck. Link buttons brilliantly enameled will grace the cuffs of the summer shirt waist. Gorgeous hatpins are the natural sequence of gorgeous hats and give much employment to the semiprecious stones. Jade, by the way, is high in favor as a talisman and figures in these pins.

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Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, nervous, aching feet. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

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Mrs Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c bottle

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A servant girl, on a farm near Cambrai in northern France, has lived seventy-two years with the same family. She is now 81 years of age and still does her work.

Pico's Cure for Consumption is the only cough medicine used in my house.—D. & Albright, Millinburg, Pa. Dec. 11, '90.

John Thomas of Racine, Wis., who is locally reputed to be 103 years of age, supports himself in his declining years by selling canes which he himself makes.



"I HEARD A VOICE SAY: 'FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, CAN IT BE HE?'"

be asleep at that hour I walked through the long hall to a little study situated at the rear end of the hall. Here stood a small writing desk, and here I knew I could be alone for an hour to quiet my mind from the business events of the day and to indulge in my favorite recreation of story writing.

A loud shriek rose to the ceiling and out upon the hall floor there fell a heavy weight. It was a man and over him bent a woman.

'You scared him almost to death, sir,' said she. 'I told him that it was only one of them detectives that they are always sending here, but the back of your head looked so much like master's that it scared him most to death.'

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PIMPLES

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