

SHOULD HE HAVE KILLED HIS WIFE?



AMES McDOWELL, an American mining prospector, killed his wife.

She had fallen down a 2,000-foot wall of rock and lay crushed, but conscious, at its foot.

"For God's sake kill me and end my agony," she begged her husband.

They were two days' march from the nearest help. MacDowell faced a clear-cut problem of three sides.

Should he sit beside his wife and let her suffer her tortures until death came? Should he hopelessly start away for assistance, leaving her to face death at the fangs of the wolves which were circling about them?

Or should he kill her?

MacDowell, after hours of anguish, shot his wife through the head.

Is James MacDowell to be condemned as a murderer or to be acclaimed as a hero? On this page is his clean-cut narrative of his experience to guide his judgment. And here is the scenario of his tragedy:

Among McDowell's intimate chums is John Crawford, also a miner and prospector. Crawford has a pretty daughter, a bright, vivacious, courageous girl of the real northwestern type. MacDowell has watched the girl from the cradle up, and when she is twenty-two he marries her.

He has a rich claim near Castle Mountain, in the British Columbia extension of the Cascade range, and soon after he is married he decides to visit it.

The trail leads through a very rough country, but MacDowell's bride insists upon accompanying him. They have three mules—one for the wife, one for the husband and one for provisions and implements. The mountain trails are very narrow and steep, and one day, as the wife's mule, which is somewhat in the lead, suddenly brays, as if in pain, and the miner, looking up, sees him rearing on the very edge of the precipice. Before he can reach his wife's side, the mule has plunged over the edge of the cliff, carrying the wife with him!

MacDowell follows the edge of the canyon until he comes to the mouth and makes his way to the point of the catastrophe.

He finds the body of the mule and, 50 feet away, the crushed and mutilated body of his wife. Every bone is broken, although her head and face have somehow escaped serious injury. He mixes some brandy and water and forces it down her throat, and she revives. She recognizes her husband and begs him to put her out of her misery.

MacDowell realizes that her case is hopeless and that her death can only be a matter of hours. The nearest help of any kind is 120 miles away.

In the distance, he hears the howling of the wolves and knows that the cougar or mountain lion will make short work of his suffering wife if he leaves her.

For 36 hours he has had neither sleep nor food, and he is unable to maintain the strict watch which will be necessary to save his wife and himself from the wild beasts of the region.

All the time his bride of nine months is begging him to put her away, to release her from her agony. For ten hours he debates whether or not to yield to her request, and then decides to do so. He presses his revolver against his wife's head and fires.

Then MacDowell faints. When he recovers, hours later, he covers his wife's body with stones, rocks and grass, and starts for Calgary, where he gives himself up to the sheriff. He is tried by a coroner's jury and exonerated. The terrible experience he has gone through almost drives him insane. He becomes a physical and mental wreck. Now he is haunted by his deed, and has come to New York to recuperate.

Did James MacDowell commit murder, or not?

By James McDowell.

I AM a broken man. When I killed my wife, my interest in life ceased. I do not reproach myself now for ending my wife's sufferings in the way I did—I took the hardest part, for the memory of her passing away is always with me. Now that I am baring my soul to the world, I may perhaps find peace. I have tried everything else, and have yet to find it.

Fanny was my child-wife. She was the daughter of my best friend, and I had watched her and loved her from her cradle days, and when I married her I combined the love for a child with the love for a wife.

At the time of our tragedy we were about 120 miles from Calgary, the nearest inhabited place, and were approaching the wildest section of our journey. We had been riding for four hours without break, because I wanted to complete our trip as soon as possible. Fanny was a few feet ahead of me, and the pack-mule brought up the rear.

We were both drowsing in the saddle, more or less overcome with fatigue and the intense heat from which the heavy woods afforded us little protection, when suddenly I was aroused by a cry and, looking up, saw Fanny's mule rearing on his hind legs. I thought that he had been stung by a hornet, and hurried toward him. Before I had advanced a yard, the brute toppled over the edge of the precipice which yawned, and disappeared.

I came upon the dead mule first. A few feet away I found the shapeless form of my wife—every bone in her body broken. Her head and face were not badly injured. She had fallen 2,000 feet. I pressed my canteen to her lips, and the brandy and water it contained brought her back to consciousness.

"Jim," she moaned, "if you love me, end my agony!"

I put my head in my hands and

self in a sheet and a blanket, and lie on the floor in the sunshine. If the sun is very hot, the head must be protected with a towel.

"After a time, as one grows warm, unwrap the blanket, then the sheet, and remain lying in the sun so long as it feels comfortable.

"But the first feeling of discomfort or the slightest twinge of headache is the signal to stop the sun bath.

"Then rub yourself down with a towel, or, in the case of a healthy person, finish with a cold water bath.

"If anyone wishes it, a very thin robe may be worn, and the feet may always be protected by shoes.

"If one considers how great is the benefit derived from exposing the hands and face alone to the country air and the summer sun, he will realize the marvelous effects of the air bath, where the whole body comes under favorable influence."—London Daily Mail.

The Human Heart.

The ordinary weight of the human heart is nine and one-half ounces, and in size the organ is equal to the closed fist of the person to whom it belongs.

It is a curious fact that the heart is self in a sheet and a blanket, and lie on the floor in the sunshine. If the sun is very hot, the head must be protected with a towel.

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AIR BATH TO HARDEN SKIN

Sure Preventive of Colds, According to Eclectic Nature Curer.

The nature curer was bewilderingly enthusiastic, but I have certainly found myself less liable to cold since he set himself to persuade me to his cure. "If you want to escape those winter colds, you must begin to harden yourself now," he assured me. "It takes pluck to begin the air bath in winter. Besides, it is risky. Begin it now, and when the winter comes you can defy all colds, bronchitis, neuralgia and every other ailment of the season."

"It is the simplest thing in the world. One wants no apparatus. He need only expose his skin to the air, morning and night, for 20 minutes, half an hour or an hour. The cold germs are everywhere, always ready to settle upon anyone who gets a chill and so lays himself open to attack. Hence the danger of draughts, wet feet, etc.

"Now one cannot banish the cold

ground. I knew that it would take me ten days to bring help from Calgary, and I believed that poor Fanny could not survive as many hours. I heard the howling of the wolves, and the horrible truth that if I left her to summon help the beasts would make short work of her came to me so clearly that I at once banished the idea. I stood by and watched the woman I loved better than anything else in the world suffering the tortures of the damned with not a single chance of recovery.

Every now and again, Fanny would lapse into unconsciousness, and during these periods I would walk up and down, wondering what course to pursue. Should I kill my wife? I felt that to accede to her request would be murder in the eyes of men. But that did not worry me. I was willing to commit murder to end her terrible sufferings. But was there the faintest chance of saving her? That was the great point upon which the whole thing hinged.

Again she opened her eyes. "You are a coward, Jim," she said, "or you would kill me. You know I haven't a chance to live and I may suffer this torture for many hours."

"But, Fanny," I groaned, "I can't kill you. Some one may come along and we could get you to help."

"It's ten days to Calgary. What chance have I for living that ten days?" she asked. "I can't live, any way. I am all broken inside of me. You are a coward!"

For five hours this went on. Alternately there were spells of consciousness in which my wife moaned and shrieked with pain and reviled me as a coward, and then came unconsciousness, during which I saw that pain still persisted.

At the sixth hour I could endure it no longer. I kissed her good-by. I took my pistol and pressed the muzzle of it against her head. She closed her eyes and said "fire," but I had not strength enough to press the trigger, and my arm dropped to my side.

"Oh, you coward, you coward!" she cried.

I walked away that I might think it out all over again. The same problems presented themselves to me, and I could see only the one answer. Death alone could end my wife's tortures. Natural death might be delayed for hours, perhaps even days. There was nothing at hand to relieve the pain. If I fell asleep, as I was bound to sooner or later, we would fall ready victims to the wild beasts. The wolves were already closing in on us.

For three hours I debated the question, and again I decided to kill my wife. And again I faltered at the last moment. And so it went on until the tenth hour.

My wife's agony seemed to increase. Finally, I knelt by her side. We prayed together for the repose of her soul and for forgiveness for my act.

Then I killed her!

I covered my wife's remains with stones and rocks and grass, and returned to Calgary. I gave myself up to the sheriff. A party was made up to verify my story and to hold the inquest. I was exonerated by the coroner's jury, but it is not within the power of man to obliterate from my mind the memory.

—Chicago Examiner.

FRUITLES.

Everyone believes every one else is either extravagant or stingy.—Atchison Globe.

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—Chicago Examiner.

SHORTHORN, HOLSTEIN OR AYRSHIRE FOR DAIRYMAN

Where It Is Intended to Sell Calves to Butcher, Breeds Named Are Excellent—Some of Their Qualities.

The best bull for the milk farmer is the Holstein, Shorthorn or Ayrshire. If he intends to sell the calves to the butcher when two or three weeks old he should buy the Holstein or Shorthorn. A male of either breed, properly fed and bred to grade cows of any of the large milking breeds, will give large calves that will make rapid growth and sell for \$8 to \$10 each when at the age of 20 to 25 days.

A milk farmer should not have a Jersey bull, as they bring small, delicate calves that can seldom be sold for more than a few dollars. Any calf butcher will tell you what calf will bring the most money.

If the milk farmer desires to raise the female calves from his best cows he should buy an Ayrshire. The Ayrshire has been bred exclusively for milk, and will probably yield a great-

er quantity of milk for the food consumed than any other breed. Another excellent quality of the Ayrshire breed is their freedom from lung diseases; their hardy, rugged character and their ability to stand cold weather without injury. For cheese and milk at the lowest cost, the Ayrshire and the Ayrshire cross will give the largest returns.

For cream and butter buy the Guernsey or the Milking Polts. The Guernsey is much larger than the Jersey, they give a larger flow of milk and the milk, being highly colored, can be sold at an advanced price. I know of dairymen keeping a few well-bred Guerneys for the express object of their milk being used to color and flavor the milk from their grade cows. Nearly all the dairy farmers that make a business of selling milk to the city want large cows. The cows preferred are the grade Shorthorns or the Holsteins, says a writer in the Baltimore American. Most of these cows come to

SHORTHORN, HOLSTEIN OR AYRSHIRE FOR DAIRYMAN

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The Baltimore market from Ohio and West Virginia. They are great eaters and usually give a large quantity of milk and when dry fatten quickly. The cows are fed liberally at all times, and as soon as fat disposed of to good advantage as beef. A herd of fat grade Shorthorn cows recently sold for \$55 per head, which was within a few dollars of their purchase price when fresh.

The milk farmer should decide whether half a dozen or more fat cows sold every spring to the butcher will not pay better than keeping the cows over until they come fresh. Our own method, which we have found most economical, as we have the pasture and the feed, is to keep the best milkers over. We only raise the female calves from our choicest cows. Dairymen having high-priced land and carrying on an exclusive milk busi-



Champion Shorthorn.

ness should take the Shorthorn or Holstein cross. The dairyman living on his clay or rough mountain farm should take the Ayrshire bull and raise the choicest female calves to keep up his herd. This he can do much cheaper, as his expenses are much less.

American Hogs.

Five distinct breeds of hogs are credited to American skill, and every one of them is better adapted to American conditions than any foreign breed, barring the Berkshire. The Berkshire seems to be a good hog anywhere.

Fleas and Mites.

It is said that crude carbolic acid dissolved in boiling water and sprinkled about the barn or henhouse is sure death to fleas and mites. Use 15 cents' worth of the carbolic acid to a bucket of water.

SEEDS INJURED BY MOISTURE

Varieties Like Blue Grass Will Heat Quickly if Not Dried in Sun or With Artificial Heat of Some Kind.

(By CHAS. K. WEATHERSON.)

THE DRYING OF SEEDS affects their germinability to a considerable extent. Some seed, like blue grass seed, will quickly heat and spoil if not thoroughly dried in the sun or with artificial heat.

Much of the poor blue grass seed has been made poor by being too quickly put in large receptacles where it does not have an opportunity to thoroughly dry.

Even when piled in the field after it has been taken from the blue grass tops it has been known to heat sufficiently to spoil it.

It is unfortunate that when a man has a lot of blue grass seed that has been so spoiled that he cannot resist the temptation to sell it for good seed. Many other seeds are injuriously affected by too great a moisture content, but few so much as the blue grass seed. The higher the starch content of the seed the more necessary does it appear to be to keep it from dampness.

Corn, being high in percentage of starchy matter, must be kept from dampness or its germinability will be destroyed. So readily does it heat under warm, moist conditions that it is regarded as very difficult to send a cargo of corn across the equator.

It may be accepted as a good rule that all seeds should be kept from dampness, most of all such seeds as corn. Just how the dampness affects the germinability we do not fully know.

In some cases doubtless the damp-

ness should take the Shorthorn or Holstein cross. The dairyman living on his clay or rough mountain farm should take the Ayrshire bull and raise the choicest female calves to keep up his herd. This he can do much cheaper, as his expenses are much less.

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PROPER DEPTH FOR PLOWING

Excellent Method Is to Plow an Inch or Two Deeper Every Year, Bringing Bottom Soil to Surface Gradually.

(By C. M. MILLER.)

One of my neighbors started his fall plowing early this year. I saw him recently scuffling along behind his two little mustang ponies that were trying to drag a 14-inch plow. He was turning up the soil about three inches deep, and when he came to a particularly hard spot he bore down on the handles and let the plow point skim close to the surface. I don't believe that the soil four inches below the surface ever saw the light in any of his fields.

No wonder he is always complaining of poor crops. I once suggested that if he would use a ten-inch plow and set it to run even five or six inches deep he would get better results,

but I simply got snubbed for my pains which served me right for meddling. It takes a big 2,400-pound team to draw a 14-inch plow and get down to the proper depth. I am a firm believer in deep plowing.

The depth should be lowered gradually. I do not think it is a good plan to sink a subsoil plow deep that has lain dormant for years. A better plan is to plow an inch or two deeper every year and in this way bring the bottom soil to the surface gradually. It will absorb plant food more readily and is the long run produce better crops.

Setting Strawberries in Spring.

Early spring is the most satisfactory time for setting out a strawberry bed. A crop may be expected the next spring. Raspberries may be set out either in the fall or spring, but the latter is usually to be preferred. Plant in rows six feet apart. Set the canes four to five feet apart. They do not bear the first year. Blackberries are grown much the same as raspberries and bear the second year. The third season a full crop is procurable.

COFFEE WAS IT.

People Slowly Learn the Facts.

"All my life I have been such a slave to coffee that the very aroma of it was enough to set my nerves quivering. I kept gradually losing my health but I used to say 'Nonsense, it don't hurt me.'

"Slowly I was forced to admit the truth and the final result was that my whole nervous force was shattered.

"My heart became weak and uncertain in its action and that frightened me. Finally my physician told me, about a year ago, that I must stop drinking coffee or I could never expect to be well again.

"I was in despair, for the very thought of the medicines I had tried so many times nauseated me. I thought of Postum but could hardly bring myself to give up the coffee.

"Finally I concluded that I owed it to myself to give Postum a trial. So I got a package and carefully followed the directions, and what a delicious, nourishing, rich drink it was! Do you know I found it very easy to shift from coffee to Postum and not mind the change at all?

"Almost immediately after I made the change I found myself better, and as the days went by I kept on improving. My nerves grew sound and steady, I slept well and felt strong and well-balanced all the time.

"Now I am completely cured, with the old nervousness and sickness all gone. In every way I am well once more."

It pays to give up the drink that acts on some like a poison, for health is the greatest fortune one can have.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

W. L. DOUGLAS
 '3 \$3.50 & \$4 SHOES FOR MEN & WOMEN
 BOYS' SHOES, \$2.00 \$2.50 AND \$3.00.
 W.L. Douglas \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 shoes are positively the best made and most popular shoes for the price in America, and are the most economical shoes for you to buy.

Do you realize that my shoes have been the standard for over 30 years, that I make and sell more \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the U.S., and that DOUGLAS SHOES ARE THE LEADERS OF THE WORLD. It has made my shoes THE LEADERS OF THE WORLD. You will be pleased when you buy my shoes because of the fit and appearance, and when it comes time for you to purchase another pair, you will be more than pleased because the last ones were so well, and gave you so much comfort.

CAUTION! Some genuine without W. L. Douglas name and give you no such comfort. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes, write for Mail Order Catalogue.

W. L. DOUGLAS, 145 Spring Street, Brockton, Mass.

LEFT TO A WORSE FATE

Dynamiter, Himself a Married Man, Knew What Awaited Forgetful Husband.

The business man was sitting in his office, thinking of starting for home, when a suspicious looking person came in with a leather bag in his hand.

"If you don't give me \$25," said the visitor, coming at once to the point, "I will drop this on the floor."

The business man was cool. "What is it in?" he asked.

"Dynamite," was the brief reply.

"What will it do if you drop it?"

"Blow you up."

"Drop it!" was the instant command. "My wife told me when I left home this morning to be sure and send up a bag of flour, and I forgot it. I guess it will take just about as much dynamite as you have there to prepare me for the blowing up I'll get when she sees me!"

He threw himself back in his chair and waited for the explosion, but it did not come.

"I'm a married man myself," said the dynamiter, and quietly slipped out.

—Illustrated Bits.

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY
 for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Poor Prospects.

"Yes," said Miss Passay, "I found a very nice boarding house today, but the only room they had to offer me had a folding bed in it, and I detest those things."

"Of course," remarked Miss Pert, "one can never hope to find a man under a folding bed."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Biased Opinion.

"Do you think butter milk will prolong one's life, Col. Soaksky?"

"Ahem! I have no doubt, Miss Plumper, that if a person had to drink butter milk every day it would make life seem longer."

You may call the farmer slow, but he takes more chances from year to year than any dozen men who work inside at a salary.

When a girl marries for money the devil is usually the best man at the wedding.

Life is a grind, but the world is full of cranks.

RHEUMATISM

IT CURE

Get a 25-cent vial. If it fails to cure I will refund your money.

MUNYON'S RHEUMATISM CURE

\$650.00 Given Away

For forming the most words with the letters contained in the two words—

VICTORIA CLEANSER

This great educational contest will terminate November 15th, 1910, so sit down right now and write out your list. We want to make

VICTORIA CLEANSER

The Most Extensively Used Cleanser on the Market. This contest is one of the means we are employing to do it. Go to your grocer and ask him for a can of Victoria Cleanser. In this can you will find a coupon entitling you to enter the contest.

Fill out the coupon and mail it to us with your list. If your grocer doesn't handle Victoria Cleanser, send us his name and where your trouble we will see that you are supplied and you may enter the contest.

VICTORIA CLEANSER

Is the latest and greatest on the market. When you get a can use it on an article cleaned with any other cleanser and see how Victoria Cleanser will improve it.

A priority of date in the condition of the contest it will pay you to act today. Write

VICTORIA CLEANSER CO.
 Dept. C. Omaha, Neb.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

are responsible—they not only give relief, they permanently cure Constipation. Get them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Salter's Pills, SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

Genuine—No Other

PISO'S
 THE BEST MEDICINE
 FOR COUGHS & COLDS