

BETRAYED BY THEIR VOICES

False Ties of Liars Readily Detected by Court Stenographers.

THEORY PROVEN IN SEVERAL INSTANCES

Trained Sense of Hearing Distinguishes Between the True and the False Witness—Mock Heroics of the Guilty.

"Any shorthand man who has been doing court reporting for a long time can tell almost infallibly by his sense of hearing whether a prisoner or a witness is telling the truth," said a court stenographer who has grown gray in making and transcribing postscripts in civil and criminal cases, to a New York Sun reporter. "It comes from experience combined with the abnormal development of the sense of hearing which all first-rate court and parliamentary stenographers possess.

"You know how abnormally the remaining sense of blind folks are developed, particularly their sense of hearing. Well, it's the same way with the court shorthand man, after he's hammered away at that sort of work for a good many years. His ears become as sensitive to the slightest inflections and intonations of the human voice as a phonograph roller; there's a certain tremulous quaver in the tone of a man or woman who's lying in court that the stenographer catches when the shrewdest judge, lawyer or juror quite fail to catch it.

"When he's got his head bent over his notebook he feels the jarring false note in the voice of the liar every time, no matter how plausible and convincing the testimony in itself may sound. So frequently have I tested this idea in the past fifteen years or so that I have come to accept it as certain, when that almost indistinguishable false tremolo is absent from the tone of a witness' voice, that the witness is telling the truth.

"A few years ago I reported the trial of a young Harlem chap who was accused of having sand-clubbed a Third Avenue jeweler in his store, and of looting the establishment. The young fellow was good-looking, intelligent, with a face as frank as an eight-day clock and an easy, candid, winning manner.

"I looked the young chap over before the trial began, and I decided that the accusation against him was outrageous. When the witnesses testified that they'd seen him coming out of the store I strained my ears to catch the false intonation in their tones, but it wasn't there.

"When the defense opened, the young man was permitted to go on the stand in his own behalf. I was astonished to find that his voice had the lying quaver in it right from the beginning of his statement.

"His words vastly chagrined the prosecution, but I knew that he was lying nevertheless. He undertook to prove an alibi for himself.

"In corroboration of this, the married sister testified that her brother had been at her apartment from 3 o'clock at night, taking dinner with her and keeping her company in the absence of her husband. Well, she was lying, too. She had that tell-tale false ring in her voice that convinced me of this, despite her fine, frank face and her obvious respectability.

"The court adjourned for luncheon at the end of her testimony. I took luncheon with the attorney for the prosecution.

"Well, what do you think of this case?" he asked me when we sat down. "I guess he don't land him, eh?"

"He's guilty," I replied briefly. "He was lying, and so was his sister."

"The attorney for the prosecution looked me over out of the corner of his eye, but I didn't say any more. When court reconvened he asked for an adjournment until next day, and the judge granted it."

"On the following morning he had in court the janitor of the apartment house in which the prisoner's sister lived. The janitor testified that the prisoner's sister had not been in her flat from noon until late at night on the day of the sandclubbing.

"While the janitor was on the stand a detective walked into the courtroom with the lock from the jewelry shop. He had found it in search of the prisoner's sister's apartment that morning.

"That settled the case, of course. The prisoner's sister broke down and confessed that she had been endeavoring to shield her brother.

"Played Her Part Well.

"Over ten years ago in Chicago I reported the trial of an actress, who was accused of having shot her husband, who was also her manager. She was an obscure star and scintillated with a one-night-stand road company of the 'Ten Nights in a Barroom' variety.

"She was indicted for assault with intent to kill. Her husband told his story. He had no witnesses, but I knew that the man was telling the truth, as I took the notes, despite the fact that he had a shifty eye and a hang-dog air about him. His voice had the on-the-level ring.

"The woman was a strikingly handsome and mighty smooth proposition. I never saw her act, but she must have been pretty good.

good at that work, to judge from her acting on the stand.

"She got them all going right away from the minute she opened her mouth. She told of how she had stood for long years of abuse on the part of her husband, and she wept honest-and-true saline tears, and lots of them, during this part of her narrative. The jurors, most of them elderly men, gazed wondrously at her husband, and the attorney for the prosecution looked abashed.

"Leading up to the day of the shooting with all sorts of skillful little byplays and constantly dabbling at her fine eyes with a wadded-up lace handkerchief, she described how she had entered the hotel room, after a walk, how her husband had jumped up from the couch on which he was lying, locked the door, pulled a revolver out of a bureau drawer, and told her that she'd better say her prayers, as he was going to kill her within five minutes.

"She closed on him then, she declared, making a grab for the revolver, and in the scuffle the weapon was discharged, the bullet, as she was told after her arrest, having lodged in the muscles of her brutal husband's right shoulder.

"Now, she did all this mighty well, and I knew when she had finished that she had the prosecution all over the place and that she had picked up her case and run away with it. But I also knew perfectly well that she was lying, and lying hard, with every movement of her lips. Excellent actress as she was, she wasn't able to crowd down the give-away tone-quaver of the individual industriously engaged in orally framing up a fairy tale.

"The jury returned a verdict in her favor without leaving their seats, in spite of the fact that the prosecution had several experts on the stand who testified that it was absolutely impossible for her husband to have got that ball in his right shoulder in the progress of such a scuffle as the woman had described. When she swept out of the room, receiving the congratulations of all hands, I had a hefty line of thoughts as to the advantage of good looks and a theatrical education in some contingencies.

"Four years later I met this woman, a drink wreck, here in New York. She defiantly told me that she had shot her husband in just exactly the manner he had described on the stand, and she gloried in it. She said that she was only sorry that she hadn't killed him, as she had intended doing when she aimed at him.

"Woke Up in Time.

"I reported a case in Philadelphia in which a woman was charged with having caused the death of her husband by secretly administering strychnine to him. She had been on the outs with her folks, and he died suddenly they got on to her trail, had his stomach analyzed, and when the analysis revealed quantities of strychnine they charged her with the poisoning.

"I took her statement when she was arrested, and I knew that she had had nothing to do with her husband's death as soon as she opened her mouth. Yet everything was against her when the case came up.

"She had been virtually her husband's only companion; they had had a quarrel some years before that had brought about their separation for a long period; he had shortly before his death taken out a large life insurance policy in her favor; neighbors had heard high words between them a day or so before his death, and so on—it was as tight a circumstantial chain as ever I saw woven, and I was a good deal worried about the case.

"Well, on the second day of the trial, two Philadelphia druggists, who had apparently been so sound asleep that they hadn't heard anything about the case, came forward and swore that the dead man had been in the habit of taking strychnine in quantities for several years to their certain knowledge, and that they had often sold him the stuff on prescriptions. Right on top of this a few more Philadelphians were called to the stand with testimony to the effect that the deceased had frequently talked gloomily to them of his business affairs and had mentioned suicide as his only way out of the slough.

"That knocked the underpinning from the case against the accused wife of the dead man, and when it went to the jury a verdict was returned for her.

A Legislative Incident.

"Most experienced parliamentary reporters, too, develop this faculty of being able to pin the liar to the stick, figuratively speaking, by the sound of his voice. I and the head official reporter of the legislature of a western state, who visited me a while ago, were comparing notes on this subject, and he told me an illustrative experience that came his way a couple of years before.

"The newspapers of the state had openly charged a clique of legislators of being implicated in a bribery job, and when these accusations became pretty hot the king pin of the accused lot arose one day to a question of privilege and started in on an elaborate and eloquent attempt to clear his skirts and those of his pals in with him on the deal.

"He was all the money the way he went about it, my friend the official reporter told me, and I don't believe I ever saw the you-wrong-me business worked with better effect. The great big wet tears rolled down his cheeks as he told how he had been outraged and abused by the state press, and when he got right well lit up to speak, on this line he was in pretty fair way to win out even the opposition, so telling were his words and manner.

"But I knew as I scribbled up my notebook that he was lying like an eighty-nine-cent number. He was about one-sixteenth of a note of the key and had the shaky, out-of-time ring in his tones that as fellows become familiar with.

"When he sat down, however, he seemed to be all to the good so far as equating himself and the chorus was concerned, but on the very next morning one of the papers that had been foremost in making the bribery accusations came out with unanswerable documentary proof that this eloquent individual was a bribe-taker and a liar. He resigned his seat in an alleged huff and ducked prosecution."

LABOR AND INDUSTRY.

Springfield, Mass., now has a full-fledged woman's labor union.

Nearly 5,000 men are at work on the site of the World's fair ground at St. Louis.

The year just closed has added 100,000 to the number of iron workers in Great Britain. In round numbers this vast army of organized men now reaches 2,500,000, of which 125,000 are females.

The Indiana supreme court, in affirming a lower court judgment, held that an employer cannot by any contract he may make with his workmen relieve himself from duties and liabilities which the law expressly imposes on him. The decision was rendered in a miner's suit for damages on account of injury.

BEST TEETH IN THE WORLD

Stunning Claims Made for the Crisp Growth in the United States.

PRETTY MOUTHFULS OF SNOWY GRINDERS

They Flash a White American Smile Around the World—Mission of the Tooth Brush Neglected Among Foreigners.

That Americans are blessed with the finest, whitest and best cared for teeth of any race in the world the observant globetrotter stands ready to testify. From the negro porter who takes your bag at the hotel entrance to the leader of fashion who gives you a cup of tea in her Louis XVI drawing room that flashing white American smile is one of the most distinct and delightful impressions made on the returned native or the visiting foreigner. There is no doubt about it that those stunning rows of even, snowy, well cared for teeth give the whole nation an aspect of physical vigor, cleanliness and charm that is particularly lacking in Europe, for instance.

Wander a year or two about the old world and you will grow almost accustomed to the general appalling neglect, not only of dental surgery, but of all simple, common precautions for the preservation of the teeth. In England, of all the other countries, this wholesale disregard for personal comfort, health and appearance is most painfully glaring. Among well bred and well-to-do folk it is the rule and not the exception to see children permitted to grow up in the darkest ignorance of the mission of a tooth brush. English men and women who regard their bath as a religious duty and tidy dress as the badge of common decency will be more exercised over the keeping up of their back fences than the nice condition of their front teeth. Children who are born with malformed jaws are allowed to grow up with this disfigurement, which a little care could easily have corrected, and it is not in the least uncommon to see men and women of 25 all but toothless and enduring the trials of complete and clumsy sets of false ivory.

Whether it is the result of prodigious consumption of sweets or the consequences of neglect through generations, the Englishman's teeth are evidently of an inferior quality, color and shape, while the American passion for diets and for dentists has probably resulted in teeth which for quality and beauty are simply unequalled anywhere else.

American Dentists.

Of course a good deal of the credit is due the dentists who are world famous. So skillful indeed, that it is no uncommon thing to meet aboard a swift western-bound ship Americans whose homes are established abroad, but who run over once in a while to have some well known doctor of dentistry look over their mouths.

The dyed-in-the-wool Anglomaniac or the convert to Parisian life all agree that there are no trustworthy dentists outside the United States and they will also aver that the American abroad is not now so easily identified by his or her accent as by the beautiful teeth that a smile will reveal.

The abilities of our dentists have not been slow, however, to work an influence on the minds of our English brethren. The American wives of English husbands have given the tooth brush a boom throughout the United Kingdom by enforcing its scrupulous exercise in their nurseries, and in London society the common excuse for a trip to the states is "to have one of those capital Yankee dentists run over my molars, do you know?"

The Art of Restoration.

What really seems to have conquered all foreign prejudices in favor of the Yankee methods is the ability with which the expert in the profession can build a fairly presentable front row out of the wrecks of long neglect or the poorest material. Today, in fact, nothing is impossible to the American dentist, and he has a new tooth grow in the jaw of an adult. In the minds of some enthusiasts there is a belief that the day will come when even that miracle will be performed, so great have been the wonders worked by specialists.

It is the specialist who is all supreme in dentistry, and his hands are more hot tears of honest gratitude and admiration are dropped in the genius who wields the forceps. In the good old days any village blacksmith or kindly horse doctor would pull a tooth and was often called upon to exercise his mischievous art on the teeth of a horse.

Today it is not an uncommon thing for a consultation to be first held over a mortally injured molar before its eviction is decided upon, and then, when the sad news is conveyed that the sufferer must have it out, the family dentist sends the patient to a surgeon dentist, whose business is exclusively that of pulling teeth.

He is always a specialist of profound knowledge and exquisite skill, aided in his operations by an assistant, and guaranteed to do the business with dispatch and almost without pain. No cruel incisions, abortive efforts, dangerous bleeding or exquisite pain accompanies the deft operation of this man of science and experience. The patient is treated with all the consideration and precautions of one about to lose a limb, and when the tooth is lifted out it is done so swiftly, so painlessly, and so tidily that sometimes ocular demonstration is necessary in order to convince the patient that the inevitable has happened.

Dentists Direct Diets.

What, after all, the expert family dentist does these days is to watch and clean the teeth, fill cavities, direct the diet and prevent encroachment of disease. His chief care is to guard against the intake of uric acid in the system and when a gout infected mouth is shown him he will advise a doctor whose specialty is the treatment of localities. The specialist, in this dyspeptic age, has advanced in the treatment of this disease, which attacks with a sandy deposit the base of the tooth and eventually loosens the sound white molars, that he is now able with exquisite little instruments to scrape the base of the teeth perfectly clean, to force a way under the gum to the root and save that bit of bone that are already rocking on their foundations.

When it is a case of Rig's disease the family dentist also forwards his client to a specialist, and what is genuinely remarkable is the way he will take a sorry looking mouth and diet it back to health and beauty. For the good of her teeth he will do this patient her morning indulgence in grape fruit, the juice of which is destruction to enamel of certain qualities. When it is a case of downright sore gums he insists on milk for a while, and when a patient dropped in on her family dentist the other day and wailed that there was an ache in every grinder and incisor the genius of the steel drill took a look around the wells of perfect ivory in her mouth and asked what she had had for breakfast.

"Grape, only, doctor, am trying the grape cure at a friend's suggestion," she answered.

"Well, leave off grape cure a week and see what will happen," suggested the dentist. "I've known the acid of grapes and other fruits to set up inflammation in the gums, and if I can guess correctly, it's grapes that make your teeth ache, and not cold."

The guess was perfectly correct, and when the family dentist heard three days

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Tones up the Stomach, Strengthens Digestion, Relieves and Permanently Cures Heartburn, Dizziness, Headache, Corrects Bad Breath, Fickle Appetite and a Constipated Habit.

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MOTHERHOOD.

Munford, Tenn., Oct. 3, 1900.

I am a great believer in your Wine of Cardui and Theodor's Black-Draught. My wife took one bottle of Wine of Cardui last winter and when her baby was born she had an easy time. My wife and I think your medicines are the best we have ever found.

W. F. RHODELANDER.

Motherhood is the great aim of womanhood, but all the natural sentiment which clusters around it seems cruel mockery to thousands of suffering women-to-day. To them motherhood means only misery. But women need not suffer agony at childbirth.

WINE OF CARDUI

makes women strong and healthy, by regulating the menstrual flow and strengthening the organs of womanhood. A strong woman looks forward with joy to the coming of her child. Women fear motherhood because they are sick. Weak organs cannot withstand the strain without great pain and danger. Wine of Cardui has relieved 1,000,000 women who stood in terror of meeting woman's responsibility. It equips woman for every duty of wifehood and motherhood. When Wine of Cardui is used it can truly be said, "mother and child are doing well." Ask your druggist for a \$1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui.

For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Constipated Old Age

Isn't it too bad that so many people, when they get old, get cranky and rickety and mean, and don't feel right toward themselves or anybody else; yet it need not be so.

"Cardui makes me feel so light-hearted and lively, that though I have seen three scores and three, a few more scores I may see."

"One or two things are helpful, however," he admitted to the patient, who, with a mouthful of rubber, listened to the story, "and one is bi-carbonate of soda. If you are dyspeptic, with tender teeth, use a small, soft brush twice a day, and just before stepping into bed rub, with your forefinger, a little dry bi-carbonate of soda about the root of the gums. Some folks use a solution of carbolic and soda as a mouth wash, which is very nearly as good, and I always advise, instead of the employment of dental wax, a narrow rubber band, such as you buy for desk use. The rubber run between the teeth will catch any deposit and won't cut the gums as thread often does."

Small Mabel upon seeing a bald-headed man for the first time exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, look at the man with the ingrowing hair!"

Nurse-Johnie, the stork has just brought you a little baby. Wouldn't you like to see your little brother?

Johnie—Naw; but I'd like to see the stork.

"Dickie, when you divided those five caramels with your little sister did you give her three?"

"No, ma. I thought they wouldn't come out even—so I ate one 'fore I began to divide."

Mamma—Bessie, dear, you must not drink that milk. It's sour.

Bessie (aged 4)—Why, mamma, has the cow been eating pickles?

As little Harry was being tucked into bed on one of the chilly nights recently he said: "Oh, but it's cold! I wish I had a refrigerator at my back!"

"Why, Harry," said his mother, "a refrigerator is an ice chest."

"So it is," said the little fellow. Then after a pause he continued: "I guess I meant a perambulator, mamma."

"My ma says I can't play with you no more."

"Why not can't I?"

"Cause your mamma said my mamma had some beer delivered at our house in a bathos."

"My sis seen it."

"No, she didn't. 'Twasn't no bathos at all. 'Twas just a bonnet box."

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Sure Relief of Pain and Irregularities Peculiar to the Sex.

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Nervous Prostration Cured by DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

"I am an engineer by trade and the hard work and worry of running a large engine brought on nervous prostration," writes Mr. Chas. P. Dixon, of Arbutle, Colusa Co., Calif. "A friend recommended Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to me and I bought one bottle; thought that it helped me so continued the use of it until I had taken six bottles. I feel better than ever in my life. Am not a particle nervous, can work hard all day and sleep sound at night. I not only think so but I know that the 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me and therefore I will recommend it to others."

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery regulates the bowels and stimulates the stomach.