Edgefield Advertiser

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EDGEFIELD, S. C.

BRIEF NEWS NOTES FOR THE BUSY MAN

MOST IMPORTANT EVENTS OF THE PAST WEEK TOLD IN CONDENSED FORM.

WORLD'S NEWS EPITOMIZED

Complete Review of Happenings of Greatest Interest From All Parts of World.

Southern.

After a special session of fourteen days, in which 316 witnesses were examined, the Lincoln county, Mississippi grand jury, which has been investigating the alleged vote-selling scandal of the August Democratic primary, finally adjourned having turned in 56 true bills, not all of which, however, charge vote-trafficking. Seven arrests have been made. The names of many prominent persons, both in church and politics, have been connected with the affair.

The central bureau for the validation of cotton bills of lading recently established in New York City is still in operation, despite rejection of the plan by Southern bankers and cotton shippers at New Orleans. It was said at the bureau that no action would be taken pending the return from the south of Charles S. Haight, American representative of the Liverpool committee. New York bankers think the action of the Southern conference effectually put an end to the validation plan.

Samuel E. Hyde, confessed murderer of his young wife and her father, was convicted by a jury and sentenced to be hanged at Anderson, S. C. The reading of the verdict had no effect on the prisoner, who said, later, the finding was a just one; that he was guilty of murder and expected to be convicted. Under the laws of South Carolina, pleas of guilty in murder cases are forbidden. The jury was out less than an hour.

The cotton interests of the South will have absolutely nothing to do with the Liverpool spinners' scheme of a New York clearing house for cotton bills of lading. This was settled beyond peradventure when ringing resolutions denouncing the scheme was passed by the representatives of Southern cotton interests gathered at the New Orleans cotton exchange to discuss the matter

An organization of a $4,000 concern, known as the Southern Cotton Corporation, with an eye to controlling the marketing of the cotton from the South, was announced at Macon, Ga., by George Dole Wadley of Bowling Brooke, one of the wealthiest men in Georgia, and controlling financial interests of great extent. The concern will work in connection with a string of banks operated by the National Bank Audit company, of which William Barrett Ridgely, former comptroller of currency, is president. The Southern Cotton Corporation will advance farmers' money up to 74 per cent. of the normal price on cotton deposited in warehouses. This cotton will be held and when the time arrives each year when a correct estimate will be fixed and the cotton held until such price is paid.

General.

According to an official communication from the Italian government, the cholera cases in Italy are decrasing. From September 10 to 17, inclusive, there were a total of 1,007 cases with 320 deaths. For the first time since the epidemic began, the disease has made its appearance in Sardinia, nineteen deaths from a total of fifty-four cases at Cagliari being reported.

turned in Boston, Mass., against five officials and a large stockholder of the United States Machinery company. The indictments alleged conspiracy in restraint of trade under the Sherman act. The penalty provided under the statutes is a fine of $5,000 or imprisonment for one year, or both. The six defendants probably will plead within the next ten days.

The long periods of national anxiety attendant upon the Moroccan negotiations is drawing toward a conclusion. The French people have been slow in accepting the optimism which has prevailed in Berlin, and it was only after a communication to the press based on Ambassador Cambon's report of his interview with the German foreign minister, that sufficient reasons appeared for the conviction that the six months' uncertainty is nearing the end.

Following an investigation by a state inspector, in which he reported that the papers held by the Metropolitan Bank and Trust company of Cincinnati, Ohio, did not show conservative transactions, the bank closed.

The death list in the earthquakes in the northern Chilean provinces and Tarapaca will reach forty.

A new record for speed in the Kentucky courts was established at Maysville when W. T. Ham, a 62-year-old church worker, was tried and sentenced to forty years in the penitentiary charged with attacking three little girls under 12 years of age.

The Tradesmen's Trust company of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, has closed its doors. The company company was established in 1890 and has paid up capital of $500,000. Peter Boyd is president of the institution.

Revolution is still simmering all through Mexico. Reports were received telling of rebel successes.

Strong indications were given that Mrs. Laura Farnsworth Schenk will never again face a jury on the charge of trying to poison her millionaire husband. When her case was called in court it was postponed until the November term.

The conquest of the Atlantic, the most ambitious exploit yet undertaken by an aviator, is contemplated by a Danish airman, who describes his plans in a letter published in The Nord Lyset, a Danish newspaper of Brooklyn. This aviator writes that he has enlisted the necessary financial aid and made arrangements to fly next spring from Copenhagen to New York, resting only at London and Queenstown, and upon ships stationed at intervals across the Atlantic ocean.

Two lives were the toll paid by the world of aviation. Frank Miller, a daring young birdman, was cremated in mid-air, at Troy, Ohio, and "Dare Devil" Castellane lost his life in an accident that befell him three-quarters of a mile above ten thousand spectators at Elmira, N. Y. In another accident, Vangie Ludwig was severely bruised when his aeroplane failed to work and landed in the midst of a yard of horses, causing forty runaways into a crowd of thousands of people.

The Laurier government and reciprocity suffered an overwhelming defeat in the Canadian elections. By a veritable political landslide, the Liberal majority of 43 was swept away, and the Conservative party secured one of the heaviest majorities—upwards of 50—that any Canadian party has ever had. Robert L. Borden, leader of the Conservative party, will shortly become prime minister of Canada. The government defeat means that the Fielding-Knox reciprocity agreement ratified by the American congress in extra session, will not be introduced when the twelfth parliament assembles next month. Spurred on by appeals to patriotism and the cry that reciprocity was the entering wedge for annexation, the Conservatives swept nearly everything before them.

It was reported in New York on excellent authority that the matter of dissolving and reorganizing the United States Steel Corporation is receiving the earnest attention of the department of justice and legal representatives of the so-called "billion dollar trust." There is ground also for the assertion that the steel corporation is making a strenuous effort to meet the demands of the government, but little headway has yet been made.

United States Circuit Judge Peter Stenger Grosscup of Chicago, one of the most widely known Federal jurists in the United States, has resigned, to take effect October 1. The announcement came as a surprise. It has been rumored that he would take this step as a result of statements concerning his attitude in the Chicago traction litigation and other matters in his court. He always laughed at the rumors and seldom replied to the statements.

Intense excitement prevailed in Kieff, Russia, over the death of Premier Stolypin, and it needed but a single spak to set off a bloody disaster. Flags fluttered at half-mast over all the public buildings and over many of the private buildings, while thousands of Cosascks and foot soldiers patrolled the streets to preserve order. More than 250 arrests have been made, some for political causes, others merely on suspicion, but all relating to the intense situation.

If present plans do not miscarry, the stentorian voice of John L. Sullivan, the former world's champion heavyweight, may be heard ringing in the lower halls of congress within a year or two. The candidacy of the one-time champion heavyweight prize fighter of the world has been launched by a number of his Democratic neighbors, and Mr. Sullivan will make a formal statement from his Massachusetts farm within a few days, it is said.

With a big hole in her starboard quarter, the Olympic, proudest of the White Star company's trans-Atlantic liners, and the biggest passenger vessel afloat, returned to Southampton, England, four hours after she had sailed for New York. Her more than 2,000 passengers were unharmed,

Washington.

President Taft had a heart-to-heart talk at Peoria, Illinois, with the leaders of the different Republican factions in Illinois, defined his status as to Progressiveness, pleaded guilty to being a poor politician, acknowledged again his ambition had lain in the direction of the office of chief justice arther than the presidency, admitted that he had undoubtedly made mistakes, but asserted as president he had tried to do what he thought to be right.

Business war was declared upon the so-called "bread trust" by delegates to the Bakery and Confectionery Workers' International Union of America in conference in Kansas Sity. Factories will be established by the union in the strongholds of the alleged combine and attempt made to drive the non-union bakeries out of business. The committee appointed to investigate the 'trust problem" reported to the convention that enough money could be raised immediately to finance six factories costing $75,000 each.

The resignation from the navy of Lieutenant Roy C. Smith was accepted by the acting secretary of the navy (Nicholson to take effect when Lieutenant Smtih arrived at his home in Niles, Mich. Lieutenant Smith's resignation is said to have been given at the request of Rear Admiral Murdoch, commanding the Asiatic fleet, after a court of inquiry had investigated charges of unbecoming conduct made against him. He was attached to the gunboat Villalobos, and his brother officers persuaded him to resign rather than cause a naval scandal.

Brig. Gen. James Allen, chief of the signal corps of the United States army, began active work in planning the winter's campaign of the army aviators under his direction. The aviation corps will go south. Where headquarters will be has not been decided. Several cities in the South already have asked to be considered when the winter camp is selected. Among these are Greenville, South Carolina; Augusta, Georgia; Aiken, South Carolina, and Palm Beach, Florida. Announcement of the selection of a location will be made at an early date.

SERIAL STORY

When a Man Marries

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Author of The Circular Staircase, The Man in Lower Ten, Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

James Wilson or Jimmy as he is called by his friends, was rotund and looked shorter than he really was. His ambition in life was to be taken seriously, but people steadily refused to do so, his art is considered a huge joke, except to himself, if he asked people to dinner everyone expected a frolic. Jimmy marries Bella Knowles; they live together a year and are divorced. Jimmy's friends arrange to celebrate the first anniversary of his divorce. The party is in full swing when Jimmy receives a telegram from his Aunt Selina, who will arrive in four hours to visit him and his wife. He neglects to tell her of his divorce. Jimmy takes Kit into his confidence. He suggests that Kit play the hostess for one night, be Mrs. Wilson pro tem. Aunt Selina arrives and the deception works out as planned. Jim's Jap servant is taken ill. Bella, Jimmy's divorced wife, enters the house and asks Kit who is being taken away in the ambulance? Belle insists it is Jim. Kit tells her Jim is well and is in the house. Harbison steps out on the porch and discovers a man tacking a card on the door. He demands an explanation. The man points to the placard and Harbison sees the word "Smallpox" printed on it. He tells him the guests cannot leave the house until the quarantine is lifted. After the lifting of the quarantine several letters are found in the mail box undelivered, one is addressed to Henry Llewellyn, Iquique, Chile, which was written by Harbison. He describes minutely of their incarceration, also of his infatuation for Mrs. Wilson. Aunt Selina is taken ill with la grippe. Betty acts as nurse. Harbison finds Kit sulking on the roof. She tells him that Jim has been treating her outrageously. Kit starts downstairs, when suddenly she is grasped in the arms of a man who kisses her several times. She believes that Harbison did it and is humiliated. Aunt Selina tells Jimmy that her cameo breastpin and other articles of jewelry have been stolen. She accuses Betty of the theft. Jimmy tells Aunt Selina all about the strange happenings, but she persists in suspecting Betty of the theft of her valuables. Harbison demands an explanation from Kit as to her conduct towards him, she tells him of the incident on the roof, he does not deny nor confirm her accusation. Aunt Selina is awakened during the night; she finds Jim making love to Bella; she demands an explanation from Jim. Bella reveals the whole plot to Aunt Selina. She forgives both of them, but calls Kit a Jezebel. She tells Jim to reveal the true situation to Harbison. Jimmy is taken ill. They are convinced that Jim has the dreaded disease. Kit discovers Anne's pearl necklace in the laundry inbedded in a mass of soap. Kit finds Harbison lying on the roof unconscious with his face covered with blood. The doctor is summoned and pronounced Harbison injuries slight. While Kit is waiting on Harbison they are startled by a pandemonium of noises.

CHAPTER XXII. (Continued.)

"A rope!" he demanded, without paying any attention to us and diving into corners of the room. "Good heavens, isn't there a rope in this confounded house!"

He turned and rushed out, without any explanation, and left us staring at the door.

"Bother the rope!" I found myself forced to look into two earnest eyes. "Kit, were you very angry when I kissed you that night on the roof?"

"Very," I maintained stoutly.

"Then prepare yourself for another attack of rage!" he said. And Betty opened the door.

She had on a fetching pale blue dressing gown, and one braid of her yellow hair was pulled carelessly over her shoulder. When she saw me on my knees beside the bed (oh, yes, I forgot to say that, quite unconsciously, I had slid into that position) she stopped short, just inside the door, and put her hand to her throat. She stood for quite a perceptible time looking at us, and I tried to rise. But Tom shamelessly put his arm around my shoulders and held me beside him.

"I—I beg your pardon for coming in," she said nervously. "But—they want you downstairs, Kit. At least, I thought you would want to go, but—perhaps——"

Just then from the lower part of the house came a pandemonium of noises.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Coming.

The second floor was empty. A table lay overturned at the top of the stairs, and a broken flower vase was weltering in its own ooze. Part way down Betty stepped on something sharp, that proved to be the Japanese paper knife from the den. I left her on the stairs examining her foot, and hurried to the lower floor.

Here everything was in the utmost confusion. Aunt Selina had fainted, and was sitting in a hall chair with her head rolled over sidewise and the poker from the library fireplace across her knees. No one was paying any attention to her. And Jim was holding the front door open, while three of the guards hesitated in the vestibule. The noises continued from the back of the house, and as I stood on the lowest stair Bella came out from the dining room, with her face streaked with soot, and carrying a kettle of hot water.

"Jim," she called wildly. "While Max and Dal are below, you can pour this down from the top. It's boiling."

Jim glanced back over his shoulder. "Carry out your own murderous designs," he said. And then, as she started back with it, "Bella, for Heaven's sake," he called, "have you gone stark mad? Put that kettle down.

She did it sulkily and Jim turned to the policeman.

"Yes, I know it was a false alarm before," he explained patiently, "but this is genuine. It is just as I tell you. Yes, Flannigan is in the house somewhere, but he's hiding, I guess. We could manage the thing very well ourselves, but we have no cartridges for our revolvers." Then as the noise from the rear redoubled, "If you don't come in and help, I will telephone for the fire department," he concluded emphatically.

I ran to Aunt Selina and tried to straighten her head. In a moment she opened her eyes, sat up and stared around her. She saw the kettle at once.

"What are you doing with boiling water on the floor?" she said to me, with her returning voice. "Don't you know you will spoil the floor?" The ruling passion was strong with Aunt Selina, as usual.

I could not find out the trouble from any one: people appeared and disappeared, carrying strange articles. Anne with a rope, Dal with his hatchet, Bella and the kettle, but I could get a coherent explanation from no one. When the guards finally decided that Jim was in earnest, and that the rest of us were not crawling out a rear window while he held them at the door, they came in, three of them and two reporters, and Jim led them to the butler's pantry.

Here we found Anne, very white and shaky, with the pantry table and two chairs piled against the door of the kitchen slide, and clutching the chamois-skin bag that held her jewels. She had a bottle of Burgundy open beside her, and was pouring herself a glass with shaking hands when we appeared. She was furious at Jim.

"I very nearly fainted," she said hysterically. "I might have been murdered, and no one would have cared. I wish they would stop that chopping. I'm so nervous I could scream."

Jim took the Burgundy from her with one hand and pointed the police to the barricaded door with the other.

"That is the door to the dumb-waiter shaft," he said. "The lower one is fastened on the inside, in some manner. The noises commenced about eleven o'clock, while Mr. Brown was on guard. There were scraping sounds first, and later the sound of a falling body. He roused Mr. Reed and myself, but when we examined the shaft everything was quiet, and dark. We tried lowering a candle on a string, but—it was extinguished from below."

"Mr. Lawrence McGuirk, Better Known as 'Tubby.'"

The reporters were busily removing the table and chairs from the door.

"If you have a rope handy," one of them said, "I will go down the shaft."

"The cage appears to be stuck, halfway between the floors," Jim said. "They are cutting through the door in the kitchen below."

They opened the door then and cautiously peered down, but there was nothing to be seen. I touched Jim gingerly on the arm.

"Is it—is it Flannigan," I asked, "shut in there?"

"No—yes—I don't know," he returned absently. "Run along and don't bother, Kit. He may take to shooting any minute."

Anne and I went out then and shut the door, and went into the dining room and sat on our feet, for of course the bullets might come up through the floor.

In the midst of the excitement Tom appeared in a bath-robe, looking very pale, with a bandage around his head, and the nurse at his heels threatening to leave and carrying a bottle of medicine and a spoon. He went immediately to the pantry, and soon we could hear him giving orders and the rest hurrying around to obey them. The hammering ceased, and the silence was even worse. It was more suggestive.

In about fifteen minutes there was a thud, as if the cage had fallen, and the sound of feet rushing down the cellar stairs. Then there were groans and loud oaths, and everybody talking at once, below, and the sound of a struggle. In the dining room we all sat bent forward, with straining ears and quickened breath, until we distinctly heard some one laugh. Then we knew that, whatever it was, it was over, and nobody was killed.

The sounds came closer, were coming up the stairs and into the pantry. Then the door swung open, and Tom and a policeman appeared in the doorway, with the others crowding behind. Between them they supported a grimy, unshaven object, covered with whitewash from the wall of the shaft, an object that had its hands fastened together with handcuffs, and that leered at us with a pair of the most villainously crossed eyes I have ever seen.

None of us had ever seen him before.

"Mr. Lawrence McGuirk, better known as 'Tubby'," Tom said cheerfully. "A celebrity in his particular line, which is second-story man and all-round rascal. A victim of the quarantine, like ourselves."

"We've missed him for a week," one of the guards said with a grin. "We've been real anxious about you, Tubby. Ain't a week goes by, when you're in health, that we don't hear something of you."

Mr. McGuirk muttered something under his breath, and the men chuckled.

Aunt Selina rose suddenly and cleared her throat.

"Am I to understand," she asked severely, "that from now on we will have to add two newspaper reporters, three policemen and a burglar to the occupants of this quarantined house? Because, if that is the case, I absolutely refuse to feed them."

But one of the reporters stepped forward and bowed ceremoniously.

"Madam," he said, "I thank you for your kind invitation, but—it will be impossible for us to accept. I had intended to break the good news earlier, but this little game of burglar-in-a-corner prevented me. The fact is, your Jap has been discovered to have nothing more serious than chicken-pox, and—if you will forgive a poultry yard joke, there is no longer any necessity for your being cooped up."

Then he retired, quite pleased with himself.

One would have thought we had exhausted our capacity for emotion, but Jim said a joyful emotion was so new that we hardly knew how to receive it.

Then we all sat down and had some champagne, and while they were waiting for the police wagon, they gave some to poor McGuirk. He was still quite shaken from his experience when the dumb-waiter stuck. The wine cheered him a little, and he told his story, in a voice that was creaky from disuse, while Tom held my hand under the table.

He had had a dreadful week, he said; he spent his days in a closet in one of the maids' rooms—the one where we had put Jim. It was Jim waking out of a nap and declaring that the closet door had moved by itself and that something had crawled under his bed and out of the door, that had roused the suspicions of the men in the house—and he slept at night on the coal in the cellar. He was actually tearful when he rubbed his hand over his scrubby chin, and said he hadn't had a shave for a week. He took somebody's razor, he said, but he couldn't get hold of a portable mirror, and every time he lathered up and stood in front of the glass in the dining room sideboard, some one came and he had had to run and hide. He told, too, of his attempts to escape, of the board on the roof, of the home-made rope and the hole in the cellar, and he spoke feelingly of the pearl collar and the struggle he had made to hide it. He said that for three days it was concealed in the pocket of Jim's old smoking coat in the studio.

We were all rather sorry for him, but if we had made him uncomfortable, think of what he had done to us. And for him to tell, as he did later in court, that if that was high society he would rather be a burglar, and that we starved him, and that the women had to dress each other because they had no lady's maids, and that the whole lot of us were in love with one man, it was downright malicious.

The wagon came for him just as he finished his story, and we all went to the door. In the vestibule Aunt Selina suddenly remembered something, and she stepped forward and caught the poor fellow by the arm.

"Young man," she said grimly. "I'll thank you to return what you took from me last Tuesday night."

McGuirk started, then shuddered and turned suddenly pale.

"Good Lord!" he ejaculated. "On the stairs to the roof! You!"

They led him away then, quite broken, with Aunt Selina staring after him. She never did understand. I could have explained, but it was too awful.

On the steps McGuirk turned and took a farewell glance at us. Then he waved his hand to the policemen and reporters who had gathered around.

"Good-by, fellows," he called feebly. "I ain't sorry, I ain't. Jail'll be a paradise after this."

And then we went to pack our trunks.

Note from Max which came the next day with its enclosure:

My Dear Kit—The enclosed trunk tag was used on my trunk, evidently by mistake. Higgins discovered it when he was unpacking and returned it to me under the misapprehension that I had written it. I wish I had. I suppose there must be something attractive about a fellow who has the courage to write a love letter on the back of a trunk tag, and who doesn't give a tinker's dam who finds it. But for my peace of mind, ask him not to leave another one around where I will come across it. Max.

Written on the back of the trunk tag:

Don't you know that I won't see you until tomorrow? For heaven's sake, get away from this crowd and come into the den. If you don't I will kiss you before everybody. Are you coming? T.

Written below:

No indeed. K.

This was scratched out and beneath.

Coming.

THE END.

Thwarting the Devil

At the banquet of Pittsburg lodge, No. 11, B. P. O. E., recently, R. W. Irwin, past exalted ruler of Washington (Pa.) lodge, told a story in illustration of the necessity for charity (meaning brotherly love), among even some ministers of the gospel. He said that two pastors of rival denominations were discussing the merits of their different methods of preaching. Brother A always wrote his sermons and read them from his manuscript. Brother B boasted that he always preached extemporaneously. Each insisted that his method was the better.

Finally Brother B said: "Don't you know that when you write your sermons the devil looks over your shoulder, reads what you write and then goes among the congregation and puts thoughts in their minds that counteract your doctrines? When you read the sermon the devil already has answers framed in the minds of your hearers. The consequence is the seed falls on stony ground. Now, when I get up in the pulpit to speak not even the devil himself knows what I am going to say."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The Art of Sleeping.

Slumber commences at the extremities, beginning with the feet and legs. That is why it is always necessary to keep the feet warm.—Family Doctor.

THEIR SONG WAS ENDED BY DEATH

A FAST TRAIN RUN DOWN A LARGE CROWD OF MERRY-MAKERS.

MANY HORRIBLY MANGLED

A Chcago and Northwestern Flyer Running at Very High Speed Crashes Into a Party Returning From a Picnic—No One on Train Hurt.

Neenah, Wis. — Thirteen persons are dead, three others are dying and five are seriously hurt as the result of a fast train on the Chicago & Northwestern Railway crashing into a hayrack on which a party of thirty-one merrymakers were returning from a celebration.

A big billboard beside the railroad tracks obscured the view from the locomotive as well as from the wagon. Dust and fog were contributory causes to the tragedy. Nine members of the party escaped without a scratch. Nobody on the train suffered except from a momentary severe jar.

The collision occurred at the Commercial street crossing here. Train No.121, northbound, whirled through the wagon-load of singing and happy unfortunates, who were returning from the Peter Hanson farm, where they had gone to attend the celebration of a wedding anniversary. All but two, who were Chicago men, were residents of Menasha.

The dead: John Drill, Chicago, James Cheslock, Gustav Finn, Mabel Finn, John Hart, Steven Lisk, Dominick Omniechinski, Mabel Renz, John Schedick, Joseph Schedick, Joseph Sienyo, Frank Sisgardt, Isabelle Suchowski.

Armless, legless and headless bodies covered the right of way as the train, nine coaches in length, was brought to a stop 800 feet from the scene of the crash.

Several of the bodies were so badly mutilated that identification was possible only by fragments of clothing. Six bodies were discovered on the engine pilot and two other bodies were hurled through a flagman's shanty with such force as to overturn the structure. One of these was Miss Finn, who was projected through one of the side walls of the house and was breathing when removed. She died a few hours later.

Financial Side of Trust Presented.

Washington.—The intricate financial side of the American Tobacco Company, known as the tobacco trust, and which is now in process of dissolution by order of the Supreme Court of the United States, because it was a combination in restraint of trade in violation of the Sherman anti-trust law, was set forth in a report of the Commissioner of Corporations, Herbert Knox Smith, which was sent to the President and made public. It was the second part of a report on the tobacco industry and deals with the earnings, capitalization and investment of the great tobacco combination. The commissioner points out that the vast earning power which arose from the substantial control of the tobacco industry was a monopoly resulting from concentration.

A Very Useful Institution.

Blowing Rock.—The Sandy Flat school is operated at the junction of the road going to Linville and the one going to Shulls mill. It is about two and one-half miles from Blowing Rock. It was fou: ed by Mr. Moses Cone, and is run under the auspices of the county superintnedent of education. Half the term it is operated as a county school, and the other half out of the funds supplied by Mrs. Cone, continuing the work her husband started. It has fifty-five scholars. Miss Edna Rheinhardt of Lincoln county, is the teacher. Aside from the regular academic studies, one morning each week is given to industrial work. There is a large and well appointed room devoted to this purpose.

Promises to be Unsolved Mystery.

Leesburg, Ga.—Intense interest centers about the preliminary hearing of Mort S. Childers, held on the charge of killing his wife on August 15 by placing poison in medicine which she was taking. Childers was arrested at Americus on September 19, after another man, R. C. Kennedy, also had been arrested on the same charge. The lull in the legal proceedings has not served to bring to light any motive for the poisoning of Mrs. Childers and it is thought the crime will go down as an unsolved mystery.

Test of An Important Law:

Washington.—The iniative and referendum probably will be the subject of a discussion—with far-reaching consequence—by the Supreme Court of the United States during the approaching term. The question of the constitutionality of these expedients of government forms the basis of a suit between the state of Oregon, where they are in use, and the Pacific States Telephone & Telegraph Co. As the case is near the head of the docked, it will be reached to insure a decision before the end of the term.

A Flyer Comes to Grief.

Pittsburg.—Train No. 28 on the Pennsylvania Railroad, known as the 18-hour flyer between Chicago and New York, was in a collision thirty minutes after leaving the city, killing one trainman, injuring four other and one passenger. After passing the Pitcairn freight yards, where there are cross-over tracks entering the yards, the train was held up by the towerman near Larimer, 20 miles east of here. While at a standstill a train of freight cars was let in on the track and crashed into the flyer.

SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED

This Woman Had to Insist Strongly, but it Paid

Chicago, Ill.—"I suffered from a female weakness and stomach trouble, and I went to the store to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, but the clerk did not want to let me have it—he said it was no good and wanted me to try something else, but knowing all about it I insisted and finally got it, and I am so glad I did, for it has cured me.

"I know of so many cases where women have been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I can say to every suffering woman if that medicine does not help her, there is nothing that will."—Mrs. JANETZKI, 2063 Arch St., Chicago, Ill.

This is the age of substitution, and women who want a cure should insist upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound just as this woman did, and not accept something else on which the druggist can make a little more profit.

Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Pettit's Eye Salve SMARTING SORE EYES ACTS AT ONCE

WHO ELSE?

Sister—I have become engaged to Fred.

Brother—Whatever induced you to do that?

Sister—Why Fred, of course!

The Old Love Possible.

Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay, at a garden party at Hampstead, praised the working girl.

"How much nobler," she said, "to work than to marry for money. I know a pretty girl who gave up a good position to marry a man of sixty-eight.

"'I am marrying for love,' she told her chum.

"'And the old fellow,' said the chum, disgustedly, 'is worth $7,000,000!'

"'Yes,' was the reply. 'It's the $7,000,000 I'm in love with.'"

Not All Smoked.

L. White Busbey, secretary to former Speaker Cannon, was explaining that the speaker did not smoke so much as people thought he did.

"My understanding," suggested one of the party, "is that he gets away with about 20 cigars a day."

"Oh, well," said Busbey, "but he eats half of 'em."—Sunday Magazine.

His Idea.

"An Ahkound is the best man of his kind, isn't he pop?"

"I believe so, son."

"Then, pop, if I kill more flies than all the other fellows, I will be an Ahkound of Swat?"

Few of us can do more than one thing well. Many a man who has no difficulty in making money is a dismal failure as a spender.

Easy Breakfast!

A bowl of crisp

Post Toasties

and cream—the thing's done!

Appetizing

Nourishing

Convenient

Ready to serve right out of the package.

"The Memory Lingers"

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.