

THAW TELLS OF HIS ESCAPE.

Declares Co-Defendants Are Not Conspirators.—Paid Them For Job.

New York, March 11.—Harry Kendall Thaw went on the witness stand today and told the complete story of his escape from Matteawan. A dual purpose, his attorneys said, prompted him to do so. Primarily, he desired to convince the jury trying him and his co-defendants on an indictment charging conspiracy that he had recovered his reason. He wanted also to take all blame for the escape.

Thaw testified that the men the State alleges conspired with him were not conspirators, but men he had employed to assist him out of the State after he himself had effected his escape. He said he paid them \$6,000 for their services and that he gave Roger Thompson, who accompanied him to Canada, "a present of \$1,000." The witness declared he thought he had a legal right to flee from the hospital, as he believed himself sane, and that had he remained there his reason ultimately would have been dethroned.

Thaw told his story after his attorneys had made many vain attempts to get into the record the testimony of a half dozen alienists and more than a score of laymen who have had an opportunity to observe his actions. The presiding judge, however, refused to admit any more of this testimony than was necessary to show that Thaw had sufficient mental capacity to enter a conspiracy.

Thaw said that he had been advised by Alfred Henry Lewis, a writer, who had since died, that he would be violating no law in escaping, providing no violence was used to effect the escape.

Cold-Blooded Almanac.

You may get your feet wet and your patience ruined, and you may even lose your self-respect by telling a fib about it, but the almanac says that you should look for the early flight of the robins on the 3rd or 4th of February, and, of course, you should. Somebody is sure to say that he saw the first robin before anybody actually sees it and as long as the almanac says to look for it you have some sort of authority for thinking you see it whether you do or not. At any rate, you must look for it. The almanac also says that now is the time to get rid of the English sparrow, while they are feeding in flocks and before they pair off and invade your bird houses. Now, isn't that just like an almanac?

Of all the cold-blooded things an almanac is the worst! Here we have been putting crumbs out for the sparrows all winter, and the brave little fellows have stuck around and tried to show us how grateful they were. Now that it is time for the other birds to think about coming we are to get rid of the sparrows.

"While they are feeding in flocks," it says, and that means that we must get rid of them before they have a chance to marry and settle down. Who knows how many little romances which have flourished in all the cold and snow and other kinds of weather we have had will be destroyed with the sparrows? And it is all to be done so that the conceited, timid birds that desert us in the winter may have their houses nicely cleaned and aired and ready—empty of any memory of the cold, happy little sparrows that have snuggled in them all winter.

The almanac may know when the robins are coming, although it is doubtful whether the robins themselves know, but we are not ready to give up the sparrows just yet. No doubt is a robin should make an early flight he would make another one back South immediately. A robin would not stay around with things looking as they do now. He must have sunshine and grass and all good things. A robin is not a robin without his puffed-up self-satisfaction, but although he is a foolish bird he is too wise to risk his precious pride by hopping around in the snow and slush.—Indianapolis News.

Useful Sentiment.

Just as the happy husband of a few months was about to leave home for the daily office grind, his wife placed a hand upon his arm.

"Harry, dear," she softly said, "haven't you a lock of hair somewhere in your pockets?"

"I have indeed, sweetheart," was the prompt response of hubby, and he affectionately embraced the sharer of his sorrows and joys. "I have it right here in the pocket closest to my heart!"

"That's fine, Harry!" delightedly returned little wife. "Won't you please take it and see if you can match me some puffs when you get down town?"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

"I'm going South for the rheumatism."

"It's cheaper to get it here."—Boston Transcript.

HELD BY CORONER.

Charged With Death of J. W. Arant.

Pageland, March 13.—The coroner's jury investigating the death of J. Wesley Arant, killed in a street fight here yesterday, when five other men were wounded, charges Sheppard West, who was wounded in the affray, with the death of Arant. That "J. W. Arant came to his death from gunshot wounds at the hands of Sheppard West" is the finding of the coroner's jury. West is in jail at Chesterfield.

J. D. Wallace and J. M. Arant are in a hospital at Charlotte, where operations were performed Friday night. Both are doing as well as could be expected. Wallace is shot in the abdomen, his intestines being punctured in eight places. Arant is shot in the abdomen, his intestines being punctured in 11 places. Arthur West, who was shot four times in the arm, leg and side, is in a serious condition here.

The coroner's jury will have another hearing on Wednesday. In the meantime a thorough investigation of the affair is being conducted.

Warrants charging rioting have been issued for eight persons alleged to have participated in the fight.

Drugged and Robbed.

A taxicab containing a young woman, stopped at the West Shore Ferry, in New York, at the foot of Twenty-third street, and the chauffeur, Charles Lucas, of No. 320 West Ninety-third street got down and opened the door for the woman to get out, says a dispatch.

He found her semi-conscious. He asked Thomas A. Shevlin, a porter in the ferry house, to get some seltzer and lemon from a neighboring saloon.

Shevlin brought the drink and was giving it to the woman when Patrolman Left came up. He could get nothing from the woman and ordered Lucas to drive to the West Twentieth street police station.

Dr. Dineen came from New York hospital and said at once that the woman was suffering from some drug, which seemed to be knock-out drops, administered less than an hour before. In the woman's purse were a few cents and a receipt for \$90, showing that Edith Thompson had been a patient in the Wadsworth Sanitarium at South Norwalk, Conn., from January 29 until yesterday.

Cluster Ring Missing.

"Anything missing that you notice?" Lucas was asked.

"Yes," he said. "This woman engaged men at the Hotel Belmont to drive her to the D. L. & W. ferry. When she got in the cab she wore a ring with a cluster of diamonds. I am positive of this."

The woman was partially revived and questioned. She said that she was Mrs. Edith Thompson, a widow, thirty-seven years old, but refused to give her address. Dr. Dineen took her to Bellevue hospital, where she still refused to give her address. She said her best friend was M. E. Ives, No. 709 Lexington avenue. Questioned about the ring Lucas had seen her wearing, she said:

"Yes; my ring is lost. I valued it at \$3,000."

Lucas told the police that when Shevlin was giving Mrs. Thompson the lemon and seltzer he caught hold of her hand, and on the chauffeur's complaint Shevlin was arrested. He denied most positively that he had seen a ring, but was locked up.

A physician at the Wadsworth sanitarium said over the telephone to the World:

A Patient Until Yesterday.

"Mrs. Thompson was a patient here until today. She left here as I understand it to go to a sanitarium in Paterson, N. J."

"No; Mrs. Thompson did not wear a diamond ring when she left here. If one was stolen from her it was one she must have acquired after getting to New York. She left here alone."

The M. E. Ives, given as Mrs. Thompson's best friend, is Mrs. Thompson's mother. She was overcome last night when she learned that her daughter had been taken to Bellevue. She thought her daughter was still in South Norwalk.

No information concerning Mrs. Thompson could be learned from the Hotel Belmont. She never had registered there and was not known. The police are anxious to learn if Mrs. Thompson met any one when she alighted from a train at Grand Central depot and what places she frequented.

His Honor Gets Cynical.

Judge—What was the cause of the rumpus?

Policeman—Well, you see, judge, this man here and that woman there are married—

Judge—Yes, yes, I know; but what was the other cause?

Glendale Spring Water delivered by J. A. Murdaugh for 50c for 5-gallon bottle.—adv. tf.

THAW ACQUITTED.

Facing Almost Endless Litigation, White's Slayer Happy.

New York, March 13.—Harry K. Thaw, acquitted today of conspiracy in escaping from Matteawan, faced tonight a renewal of the determined efforts of New York State to send him back to the asylum. In his cell in the Tombs he was enthusiastic. His keepers said he was whistling like a boy and seemed to be the happiest man in the city.

Almost endless litigation seemed to be in sight as the result of the verdict. The words of acquittal had scarcely died on Foreman Bailey's lips when Deputy Attorney General Cook was on his feet with a motion to have Thaw recommitted to Matteawan. This was opposed by John B. Stanchfield, chief of Thaw's counsel, on the ground that the court already had under advisement a motion to return Thaw to New Hampshire, whence he came to answer the conspiracy charge. The motion was renewed and Supreme Court Justice Page set Monday at 2 p. m. for argument thereon.

In His Old Cell.

In the meantime Thaw occupies his old cell in Tombs prison, the cell in which he was locked during the months from the night he shot and killed Stanford White, nearly nine years ago, to his removal to Matteawan.

Thaw's four aides in his whirlwind automobile flight through four States from Matteawan to Cannada were acquitted by the same verdict which acquitted Thaw and were discharged. Deputy Attorney General Kennedy, while satisfied with the verdict in so far as it related to Thaw, said that he had expected a conviction of Thaw's accomplices.

An appeal from Justice Page's decision in the motion to return Thaw to Matteawan was regarded almost as a certainty, regardless of what the decision might be. The case, therefore, seemed likely to remain in the courts for months before final decision.

A Knock-Down Blow.

A friend of mine, an old missionary in China, gave a Bible to a cultivated Chinese gentleman—a Confucianist—asking him to read it and then to tell him what he thought about it. After a few months he returned to the missionary and said: "I have read this book with great interest—it is a great book, and I am inclined to try these teachings," but, he added, "according to this book you are not a Christian."

The old missionary, startled at this sweeping assertion, replied, "What do you mean?"

The Confucianist answered: "I read that a Christian is a man who is not handicapped by anxiety and worry, and is usually a happy man. He is one who knows that his God, who cares for the falling of the smallest bird, will surely care for him. This book commands him to cast his care upon God, and it assures him that he will receive the gift of peace. I read that Jesus said to his disciples that he gave them his joy, and he furthermore said, 'Let not your heart be troubled.' I find that a Christian is an unworried man. But you are the most worried man I know. You impress me as having a thousand cares. You are anxious about details concerning which, as these gospels teach, you should trust God. You are not an unworried man. You are not a Christian."—Christian Herald.

Plowing.

Gee, haw.

Come up, mule.

He, haw—

Ain't no fool.

De kerridge hoss he

Pace so fine,

But de good ole mule

Am de one fo' mine.

He'll pull all day

Oh, me an' de mule

Am makin' a crop.

—Florida Times-Union.

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AUGUSTA, GA.

Backache

Miss Myrtle Cothrum, of Russellville, Ala., says: "For nearly a year, I suffered with terrible backache, pains in my limbs, and my head ached nearly all the time. Our family doctor treated me, but only gave me temporary relief. I was certainly in bad health. My school teacher advised me to

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