

A TESTIMONIAL

For "Fad and Fancies" from ex-President Cleveland Was Read by Col. Mann.

New York, Jan. 25.—The taking of evidence was completed and Edward M. Shepard summed up for the defense in the trial of Norman Haggood, editor of Collier's Weekly, charged with criminally libelling Justice Jos. M. Deuel in referring to his connection with Town Topics this afternoon.

Among the witnesses today besides Mr. Haggood was Robert J. Collier who said that he assumed all responsibility for the alleged libelous article. Mr. Collier said: "I looked over a copy of Town Topics and saw an article which referred, without giving her full name, to Miss Alice Roosevelt. I brought that paper to Mr. Haggood and told him I thought it to be the vilest thing that had ever been printed in any paper in America and that it was our duty to print in Collier's Weekly what we thought of Town Topics."

Col. Mann was also recalled and during his testimony a letter from former President Grover Cleveland was read, in which Mr. Cleveland spoke in high praise of "Fads and Fancies," a copy of which he had received. The former president was one of the men mentioned in "Fads and Fancies," who was given a "free write-up."

It has been conclusively shown in the examination of Mr. Haggood and witnesses for the defense that Haggood had received a part of his inspiration regarding Town Topics from talks with District Attorney Jerome. Indeed, Mr. Haggood, good naturedly answering questions by Mr. Jerome, said he got most of his information direct from the district attorney and the district attorney made every effort to have Mr. Haggood make that point plain when he was on the stand.

CIVIL SERVICE BILL

Columbus, Ohio, Jan. 25.—Senator Howe this afternoon introduced his State civil service commission bill. It provides for the appointment by the Governor of three civil service commissioners, and places all State institutions and department employees under the merit system, to go into effect January 1, 1908.

Representative Bassett had for introduction this afternoon a resolution to submit to the people, at the next general election, the question whether it is desirable to maintain or abandon the State canal system.

Robertsville News.—Robertsville, Jan. 24.—The debate at this place Friday night was well attended.

H Anthony will move to Osnaburg soon.

Miss Esther Muffly is working for Mrs. Henry Starkey.

Mrs. John Snyder of Osnaburg spent several days with friends and relatives in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dager are visiting with relatives in Canton.

Mr. Nehemiah Neidig of Osnaburg died Friday, Jan. 19, after an illness of several months, and was buried Sunday afternoon at this place.

Mr. Charles Unkefer made a business trip to Minerva last Thursday.

Mrs. John Harbert is quite ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, north of Paris, were guests with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. Bentz, Sunday.

New Chambersburg News.—New Chambersburg, Jan. 24.—Mrs. Maggie Evans and Mrs. H. E. McNely were visiting Mrs. George Glass of Homeworth Thursday.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Risen, a daughter; also to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reed, a daughter.

James Benner was calling near Moultrie Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Weaver are not much better.

Perry Vaupell of East Rochester was in our village Thursday.

H. E. McNely made a business trip to Moultrie Friday.

Calvin Summers and family called in East Rochester Thursday.

George Glass of Homeworth was in our town Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Glass of Salem visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Glass, Sr., of this place, a few days ago.

Miss Effie Glass visited her brother Harvey, of New Franklin, Sunday.

Mrs. Charles Royer and son Harvey, of New Garden, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Klein, Sunday.

Mrs. Peter Klein and Mrs. Ed. King called in Moultrie Monday.

Dr. T. N. B. Whiteleather was called to Henry Klein's Monday. Mrs. Klein is still confined to her bed.

The remains of Henry Betz were laid to rest in Moultrie cemetery Sunday.

Would Legalize Prize Fights.—Youngstown, O., Jan. 25.—Owen Zeigler, a local pugilist, has drafted a bill for the purpose of legalizing limited prize fights in the state. The bill was sent this afternoon to Hon. Randall Anderson, who will introduce it. The state legislature will be asked to legalize 15-round bouts for a decision on points after the promoters have paid a license of \$500 to the state treasurer for the charter.

WOMEN WINE AGENTS

Three Women Traveling as Agents of California Wine.

There are three women wine agents in the land. They all sell California wines, and they compete in the East with men agents that the far Western vineyards send East to win trade, says the Chicago Tribune. One of these women carried off a contract for \$11,000 worth of wine made by a department store, from a rival agent who was a man.

Good fellowship always has been held to be one of the chief virtues of the successful wine agent. Strangely enough, the women have found that they do not have to compete with the men in this particular. Two of the women do not drink at all, and the other takes a glass of wine only when it is necessary to make the proper impression upon a prospective purchaser. But all the women are good judges of the article they sell.

The chief qualifications possessed by the successful women wine agents are womanliness and diplomacy. One of them started in the work at \$25 a week and now is getting \$85. There are certain perquisites with the position, too, in the way of wine that she can use for her friends. No business house is more generous in giving away its product than the wine house. Men wine agents have carte blanche usually in the matter of giving away bottles of their goods, and the women share this privilege with them.

The women that have embarked in the business say they have found only the highest courtesy from the men with whom they come in contact. They attend to their business and they sell the wine.

Moultrie News.

Moultrie, Jan. 24.—Daniel Hahn and sister, Mrs. Levi Edwards, were visiting their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Diehl, of Alliance, Tuesday.

Mrs. William McCoy returned home from Cleveland Tuesday, after spending a few days with relatives there.

Mrs. Kayl visited a few days last week with Alliance friends.

The funeral of Henry Bates was held at the Chapel Sunday, Jan. 20. Mr. Bates was aged 70 years, 9 mos. and 20 days. He leaves eight children, six sons and two daughters, four brothers, and three sisters, besides a large number of relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sheehan returned to their home in Alliance Monday, after spending a few days in this vicinity.

Miss Myrtle Crist returned to Warren Monday morning, after spending a few days with home folks.

Miss Agnes Edwards is spending a few weeks with Canton friends. Her uncle, D. A. Hahn, accompanied her.

Misses Mary and Miriam Casiday spent Sunday with their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Jason Teegarden.

Mrs. Jacob Geiselman returned home Wednesday after spending a few days with Alliance friends.

Canal Fulton News.

Canal Fulton, Jan. 24.—C. W. Mathie has sold his stock farm, two miles west of town, to Mr. McFeen of Justice, O.

The Fulton tool works have been idle for the past two weeks on account of not being able to obtain point steel.

The three-months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hiser, two miles west of town, was buried on Saturday, having died suddenly two days previous.

Charles W. Kirk, deputy sheriff, and two sons, spent Sunday at the home of Mother Kirk.

Mrs. Stitz, mother of Joseph and Adam Stitz, died on Sunday evening, after a lingering illness of four months, at 77 years. Two sons and two daughters survive. The funeral took place Wednesday morning.

Sunday morning the roof of a dwelling on Brewery hill, belonging to Christian Ruch, was discovered on fire. It was soon put out by the chemical hand extinguisher.

Jonathan Hodgins has purchased the E. E. Porter residence, on the west side of town.

Mesdames John Hodgins, James Campbell, Evan Williams, Morgan Jones, Joseph Harpster and Wm. Oxwell attended a convention of the Daughters of St George at North Lawrence on Monday.

Mrs. H. Dissinger was a Cleveland passenger on Tuesday.

Cairo News.

Cairo, Jan. 24.—Byron Brumbaugh made a trip to Middlebranch Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Miller spent Thursday in Canton.

Adam Flory was in Hartsville Friday.

Bonnie Masters is working in Canton.

Mrs. Welsh of Canton visited a few days with her sister, Sarah Flory.

David Shoemaker, who has been sick with the grip, is able to be out again.

John H. Miller called at Greentown Saturday.

Morris Werstler is spending a few weeks with Anthony Kinsley and family near Middlebranch.

Sarah Ingold was a Cairo caller Saturday.

Mrs. Beotler has purchased one of Henry Fullmer's houses, the one occupied by Mr. Hill at present.

Lucinda Fullmer has returned home after visiting her children in Canton, her bedside.

NEGRO AND INDIAN

UNIQUE CONDITIONS EXISTING IN INDIAN TERRITORY

The Aboriginal Race Receding Into the Background—Efforts to Enforce Race Laws Unavailing.

Oklahoma City lies in the middle of a vast and windy prairie. Fifty or a hundred miles east and south one strikes into a rolling country, with low ranges of hills covered by timber and concealing beneath their broken and scraggy surfaces vast areas of coal. This is the Indian Territory, the last refuge of the tribes that once held all the country between the Appalachians and the Atlantic ocean in their possessions, says Booker T. Washington in the New York Post.

The whole situation out here is puzzling. It should be remembered that, when the five civilized nations—the Seminoles, the Choctaws, the Creeks, the Chickasaws, and the Cherokees—were banished to the Territory in 1838, they brought with them a considerable infusion of white blood, and with this inheritance of blood they came into the possession of a legacy of Scotch-Irish names that are still preserved. One of the most noted and numerous clans in the Territory is that of the McIntoshes.

Though there has been considerable mixture of the different strains, the Indian, negro and the white man, each of the different tribes has maintained a different attitude in regard to the negro, as far as concerns intermarriage and social equality. For instance, the negroes have been favored by the Seminoles and Creeks against the whites. On the other hand, I am informed, the Cherokees, Chickasaws, and the Choctaws have favored the whites to the prejudice of the negroes. Thus ethnic and social considerations of the most complicated sort have entered into and modified the situation and made it unique and interesting.

A further circumstance that has tended particularly to render the relations of the races unstable is the fact that every "Indian" (and that includes also the freedmen—those who were formerly slaves of the Indians, and adopted citizens) is entitled in the allotment of land now taking place of from 160 to 360 acres of land. This holds good for every man, woman and child who is a "citizen" that is a member of the nation. This fact has tended to break down the barrier of racial prejudice. Squaws have become so sought after as a status in the Chickasaw nation, where every member of the nation is expected to get 360 acres of land, the marriage license has been fixed at \$1,000.

The Indian has receded. He avoids the towns and the railways just as naturally as the white man and the negro move toward them. There are towns in the Indian Territory built by the negroes where an effort has been made to exclude the white man by law. There are white towns in the Indian Territory where they have attempted to exclude the negro by law. In both cases the laws have been declared invalid. But there are, according to all reports, no Indian towns and there is no law that excludes the Indian. There is no need for such a law. They go back of their own accord. When you see an occasional specimen in the town he appears like a stranger.

According to the census of 1900 there were in the Indian Territory 52,510 Indians and 35,870 negroes, and 292,880 whites. Though the negroes were then and are still perhaps in a considerable minority in the Territory, they were everywhere seen working in the mines laboring in the street, engaged in traffic in a small way. In South McAlester one of the large railway contractors, E. E. McDaniels, is a negro.

Popular opinion seems to be that the negroes have so far predominated that the natives have become negroized. Negroes constitute about one-fifth of the population, and pay one-fourth of the taxes. Negroes have two banks—the Creek Citizens' bank, with a capital of \$50,000, and the Gold Bond bank with a capital of \$20,000. Mr. Washington, during his visit stayed with A. S. U. Sango, president of the Creek Citizens' bank. Mr. Sango is a native citizen. His ancestors came with the Indians from Alabama.

All the property for 40 miles along the line of railway below Muskogee is in the possession of the negroes.

Maltese Goats.

The rocky island of Malta, renowned in war, possesses perhaps the most remarkable breed of goats known. They have a great reputation as givers of milk, notwithstanding the fact that the pasturages on which they feed are so very scant that it is said a cow would pine away on them. They are shipped to Tunis, Italy, and other Mediterranean countries, but seldom thrive anywhere as well as they do at home. There are two varieties, the short and the long haired, and they are about equally divided in color between white and brown. Herds of them are frequently driven into the streets of a town and milked at the customers' doors.—Exchange.

A British explorer recently returned from Abyssinia says that he was for four months in a region hitherto unknown to white men. Along the tributaries of the Blue Nile he found a mining population engaged in washing gold. He reports that there is an enormous quantity of gold in this region, in which thousands of natives

FOR MARIAN'S SAKE

He was set free one March morning, with the marks of seven years' penal servitude upon him—marks he would bear through life. He set out immediately for home—for the town which had been the scene of his unmerited disgrace. His parents would never leave the place, hateful as it had become to them, lest by doing so they should seem to imply that they had anything to be ashamed of, which they did not feel, and would not allow others to think.

Dear, loyal hearts! Did the town still ring, he wondered, with the story of James Wayburn, the banker's head clerk, who had forged the name of one of his master's rich customers for a large sum and then bolted for the Continent with his booty? He thought of that fatal trip abroad—the outcome of a young man's natural longing to see something of the world; how he had saved for months and months with a view of it, and then, his health suddenly failing him, had resigned his position at the bank and set off on the holiday he had so long promised himself, his blood tingling under the anticipated delight of wandering wherever fancy led him. Oh, that he had remained at home and kept his clerkship at the bank! The whole catastrophe might have been averted. As it was, he was suspected and brought back; the circumstantial evidence proved astoundingly strong against him, and a terrible miscarriage of justice took place—he was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

Except his parents, no one believed in his innocence. Even the girl he loved and hoped one day to make his wife, doubted him. His parents thought it best to break this to him in the early days of his disgrace. Marian—to whom he had given his heart's warmest love! He thought of the agony he had endured when this bitter drop of all was gently and compassionately added to his cup of misery, and wondered whether he could ever suffer like that again.

Well, he was free once more, but his good name was gone! Oh, the horrible, horrible injustice of it! The loving home reception he received made him forget for a time that he was an outcast. His parents held him to their hearts and wept over him; and when he had been refreshed by some weeks of home care, his father—now in affluence, for business had made vast strides during the seven years—sent him away to finish that interrupted trip abroad. Whilst staying at an inn in Switzerland, he was attracted by a young man who formed one of a party also staying at the inn. An unmistakable cloud enveloped this young fellow, although he tried to throw it off, and eagerly joined in all the exploits of his companions. Jim Wayburn was unhappy himself, and this bond of sympathy drew them together. One morning, while chatting together before the door of the inn, they exchanged cards. The instant the stranger's eyes fell on the name, "James K. Wayburn," a terrible change showed itself in his face and manner. He turned ghastly pale, and shrank tremblingly back as though an unexpected blow had been dealt to him.

"You appear to know me by name," said Jim, coldly. "I did the wrong to encourage your advances. I beg your pardon."

"Why—why don't you change it?" stammered the other.

"My name. I am not ashamed of it. I am waiting for Nemesis to overtake the man who made me a convict who had committed no crime." And with that he turned and left him.

That evening the young man was brought back to the inn in a dying condition. He had met with an accident while exploring. Medical aid was immediately summoned, but nothing could be done for him. He earnestly begged that he might be furnished with writing materials and then left alone until he rang. His friends propped him up in bed, laid his desk open before him and then retired. In less than an hour's time his bell was heard. He requested that a notary public be sent to him at once. When this official was at length ushered into the room and left alone with his client the injured man was sinking fast. Some freshly written sheets lay on the desk before him. He gathered them up and pinned them neatly together.

"This is a confession," he said, faintly, as he let his hand fall feebly on the manuscript and looked at the notary with the awful, impressive stare of the dying, "which I wish to sign and swear to before you in your official capacity."

It was soon settled.

"And now," said the dying man, as the notary gently relieved him of the desk, "on your way out, will you kindly request the landlord to send Mr. Wayburn to me? Thank you. Good-by."

When Jim came to the room, he gently drew up a chair to the bedside and sat down. On a little table at hand there was a small basin of clear water and a sponge. Jim took up the sponge and tenderly wiped the moisture from the suffering face, and skillfully made the dying man more comfortable on the pillows.

quivering lips just managed to utter the words— "What is it?" And the feeble voice was like a trumpet in his ears when it gasped—almost with its last breath— "Nemesis at last!"

The paper once read, Jim lost no time in setting out for England. Strange to say, he did not first take his steps towards home. He had, of course, asked his parents for news of Maria's Summers—the woman who must always reign supreme in his heart; whom he had loved far too well—and he had learned that she and her parents were living at Dirndale, when last heard of, now some years ago. Dirndale was a very small town, and her address would no doubt be easily obtained. Thither he directed his steps.

The afternoon of the morning of his arrival at Dirndale found him knocking at the door of Mr. Summers' modest dwelling. Marian herself opened it. She gave a gasp of astonishment as her eyes fell on the visitor, and stood before him pale and trembling. No greeting passed between them.

"Marian," he said, calmly. "I have a few words to say to you alone. They are important."

She mechanically ushered him into a small sitting room, and begged him to be seated. He looked keenly at her as he sat down by the little center table. Marian was a pretty, fair-haired girl of eighteen when he had last seen her. She seated herself opposite him, and looked at him in silence.

"Marian," he said, "my love has survived your cruel doubts—it has lived to bring you the proof of my innocence." And he drew the manuscript from his pocket and laid it on the table between them.

"Oh, Jim!" The old familiar name she had not uttered for seven years came naturally to her lips. "I am so glad, so glad! And so very, very sorry for the past. Do you forgive me, Jim?" And she leaned across the table and laid a gentle appealing hand on his arm, and the blue eyes were full of tears.

"Forgive me!" he said, as he laid his hand on hers and looked at her tenderly. "Yes. Love forgives everything."

Her pale face flushed, and she drew her hand hastily away.

"Who did it?" she asked, abruptly.

"One of my fellow clerks, David Kennon."

She gave a violent start, and clutched the table with both hands. As he looked at her blanched face a sudden horror stole over him.

"Absurd!" she said. "Impossible!" He pointed to the paper between them.

"There is the confession of his accomplice," he said, slowly, "signed and sworn to in the presence of a notary public. Read it."

She snatched up the document and devoured the contents. It fell from her hand when she had finished, and she laid her head beside it.

"Oh, God, have mercy upon me!" she groaned.

"What does this mean, Marian?" she raised her ghastly face; a mad despair glittered in her eyes.

"I am—his wife!" she said.

The black cloud enveloped him once more like a pall. He looked at her for some moments with unseeing eyes.

"With the money that he stole," she went on, in a strained, unnatural voice, "he bought his interest in these works here, and married me! Success has not attended his efforts; we have found it hard to cover expenses—that's why we're sharing this house with father."

Jim did not speak; he was just beginning to struggle out of the darkness that had overwhelmed him.

"Oh, Jim!" she moaned. "God forgive me, I can not see it as I should! David has been a loving husband to me, and we have three little children. Such mites, Jim! Only three, two and one year old!"

And in the midst of his compassion for her and the awful shock of knowing she was irrevocably lost to him, his heart was crying out—

"Think of me! I am but twenty-nine—a man of integrity and ability—the only child of living parents, whose trust and devotion have never wavered. Think of my ruined life! Think of their misery! Think of mine! It is right that the guilty—not the innocent—should suffer."

These thoughts burned themselves into his brain and pierced his heart, until the agony they occasioned was almost more than he could bear; but he set his lips together, and fought it down in silence.

"Has any one else seen this?" she gasped.

"No," he said, with painful slowness, and as he spoke a deadly chill came over him. "I vowed in prison you should be the first I would bring proofs of my innocence to."

There was silence for a few moments.

"You will spare us, Jim?" "Did man ever hear a more piteous cry?" He rested his elbows on the table, and let his face fall into his hands. A sudden sickness and faintness took possession of him.

At length he raised his head. It was a terrible face to see with its awful pallor, its glowing, agonizing eyes and drawn mouth; but as she met his glance, the woman knew instinctively that she had conquered, and she admired and loved him in his brave despair.

"Yes," he gasped, "I will spare you. Could any man do more?" She poured forth a torrent of gratitude, which he did not even hear. His mind seemed far away from his

surroundings, and his eyes wandered from her face and were gazing dreamily through the window into the blue, cloud-flecked vault beyond. A stupor was steadily creeping over him. She tried to rouse him, she put one hand on his arm, and held the confession up before him in the other.

"What is to be done with this?" she asked.

In a piteful, dazed way, he looked long at the priceless document; then he took it gently from her.

"I will—," he waited so long with the unfinished sentence on his lips and his eyes bent on the paper that Marian ventured to timidly recall him.

"Well, Jim?" she faltered.

He looked up at her.

"Destroy it," he whispered, hoarsely. It was all over now. He rose and held out his hand.

"Good-by," he said gently.

She suddenly sprang up and snatched the paper from him.

"Still doubtful of me, Marian? You won't trust me yet?"

A beautiful color flooded her face; a soft light—half proud, half tearful—shone in her upturned eyes. She held the document in her left hand, closely pressed against her heart.

"No," she said softly, as she took his hand and put it to her lips, "I won't trust you."

And thus they parted.

He went home that night. His father was away on business. His mother was surprised, though rejoiced to see him. For one evening she had her darling all to herself. She was jealous even of her beloved husband's share in the delight of his presence, so much did her heart yearn over her slandered son. As she sat before the cheerful hearth, her boy on a footstool beside her, his head resting against her shoulder, her heart went up in gratitude that he should have been restored to her, sound in mind and body. There was no room for regretful thoughts. He told her he had a sudden impulse to return home, and had obeyed it.

"The change has done me all the good it can ever do, mother," he said sadly. "I want to be with you now."

She bent and kissed him.

"You must keep up a brave heart, my darling," she said. "For the present you must be content with your poor old parents' undying love and trust, cheered and strengthened by the thought that some day you will have all men's—in full measure, too, my son. The truth must come to light sooner or later."

Poor fellow! He put his arms round her and sobbed his heart out on her bosom.

The early post next morning brought a letter to Mrs. Wayburn. The sight of the handwriting stirred both their hearts. It was a dismal morning. Mrs. Mrs. Wayburn sat down before the glowing hearth, and called Jim to her.

"We will read it together, Jim," she said.

He knelt by her side and encircled her with his arms. It read as follows:

"Dear Mrs. Wayburn: This afternoon your son brought me the proof of his innocence—an authenticated confession of the accomplice of the culprit. The culprit is—my husband! And in my first anguish and bewilderment I implored the man whom I have already so cruelly wronged to spare my husband, my babies, and myself, and he promised to destroy the evidence that gave him back his good name, and all the innumerable blessings that follow in its train. But as he stood before, heart and spirit broken, with that priceless document, my mad words had rendered useless, he laid so limply in his hand, the divine truth flashed upon me, and I saw my sin in all its glaring horror. The truth—however cruel it might seem—is always best. To shield the guilty and consciously to let the innocent suffer could never really benefit my innocent babes, my poor, sinning husband, or my weak self. So I snatched the paper from him—he was far too noble to be trusted with it, now that he knew all. That same evening I took advice and dispatched the confession to the proper authorities. Your son's name is vindicated, and my soul is free from sin. I have a right to look to Heaven for aid. May God protect me and my helpless babes! Tell your son that, even in the midst of my grief and despair, I revere and esteem him above all men, and amongst the myriads of regrets, congratulations and good wishes that will pour in upon him, there will be none more heartfelt than those of her who soon will be a convict's wife.

"Yours in sorrow, MARIAN."

Speaking of the tribulations of the cross examiner, a reputable writer cites this experience: In the progress of a murder trial near Kansas City he wished to learn from the witness just where the bullet struck the victim.

"Where was this man shot?" was asked.

"Right here in this town," replied the witness.

"Yes, I know; but where did the bullet hit him?"

"Near Sixth and Wyoming streets."

"You don't understand me. Where did the bullet enter?"

"It came in the window."

"But in what part of the body did it lodge?"

"It never hit his body."

"Well, it certainly hit him somewhere—where is he dead?"

"Hit him in the head," said the witness.

Always think before you speak, if this you will recall. You'll very oft discover that. You needn't speak at all.

— Washington Star.

Milky way—The dairyman's route.