

2 JERSEY MURDERERS UP FOR TRIAL

COMMENCE HEARING IN EBERHART AND ZASTERA CASES AT NEW YORK.

PRISONERS ARE UNDISTURBED

August Eberhart For Killing His aunt on July 20 and Frank Zastera for the murder of his wife and servant, may be.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21.—Two trials, the principals in each of which will face the charge of murder, will be begun in New Jersey to-day.

One of the largest crowds that has ever thronged the Bergen County court house in Hackensack is expected this morning when August Eberhart who shot and killed his aunt, Mrs. Ottilie Eberhart at Coalberg, near Hackensack on July 28, will face a jury. Supreme Court Justice Charles W. Parker of Jersey City and Judge Milton Demarest of Hackensack will occupy the bench.

What the defense will be cannot be learned. Chief counsel Stagg refuses any information on this point.

The approaching trial does not seem to affect the prisoner in the least. He is very quiet and has little to say to any one.

Eberhart killed his aunt on the Erie Railroad track at Coalberg and wounded her daughter, to whom he was affianced. He disappeared and wandered as far as Chicago and then suddenly reappeared and practically gave himself up to the police at Patterson, N. J.

With insanity as a plea of defense, and with an alleged confession in the hands of the states attorney Frank Zastera of New York, a Hungarian farm hand, will be put on trial at Freehold for the murder of Wm. B. Sheppard, his wife and their servant, Jennie Bendy, at the Sheppard Squab Farm near Witaskunk on May 16th last. Zastera's counsel, Ex-Judge Wm. T. Hoffman and Samuel Patterson, hope to exclude the alleged confession from evidence. Robbery was said to have been the motive for the shooting.

SCHOOL GIRLS



Most of our ambitious young American girls work too hard at school.

Many teachers have little or no judgment about pushing a child beyond her endurance. They ought to know that girls especially have a danger period. Often, too often, utter physical collapse is the result, and it takes years and years to recover lost vitality.

Many a young girl has been helped over this critical period, and been prepared for a healthy womanhood by

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND
Miss Elsie L. Hook, of Chelsea, Vt., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I am only sixteen years old, but I want to tell you that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and your advice cured me of headache, periodic pains and sleeplessness, also of a nervous, irritable condition after everything else had failed, and I want to thank you for it."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

DIDN'T NEED IT.

Why a Scotch Farmer Refused a Portion of Dessert.

Could the funny sayings and incidents at the tenants' dinners in Scotland be collected they would make an unrivaled book of humor. Mistakes of amusing and sometimes embarrassing nature occur frequently at such functions. One story is told of a guest at a Scottish tenants' dinner who tasted ice cream for the first time on that occasion. He pushed a large spoonful of the frozen mixture into his mouth and jumped from his chair with agony expressed on his face. He let out a yell and cried out, "Ow, ow, ma rotten tooth!" and could not be induced to eat any more.

At another Scottish affair of the kind a good old farmer was seated next to the hostess. She served him a bit of savory omelet, which seemed to cause the old man deep disappointment. His idea of an omelet had always been a dessert with sugar or fruit or jams, and after tasting the sample before him he turned to the hostess and said, "Weel, ma lady, I canna compliment you on your puddin's."

FINDINGS NOT KEEPINGS.

Lost Articles Are Always Crying Out For Their Owners.

When one is on the public thoroughfare or in the street car or train or boat and picks up an object that is valuable, is it his?

True, he may find something which is too small and trifling to warrant searching to find the owner, such as a handkerchief, a pair of gloves, etc. But when he finds something of value it is not his until he has done everything in his power to find the owner.

The street railways and trains are so systematized today that if, when one finds an object of value, he returns it to the company's representative it is almost sure to catch up with its owner. Every person of intelligence knows that the first place to inquire for it is at the lost and found department.

When, however, one is on the street and finds something which, if he lost it himself, he would very much like to

A TURBULENT GHOST,

Noisy Nocturnal Rounds of an Invisible Visitor.

QUEER DEATH OF OLD JABEZ.

The Uncanny Incident That Disturbed the Quiet of an Old Virginia Home. A Nightly Tramp That Never Ceased Until the House Was Demolished.

"I am not exactly prepared to say that I believe in ghosts," said the old gentleman from Virginia, "but at the same time, in view of certain things that have been told me by persons whose reputations for veracity do not admit of a doubt, I cannot allow myself to ridicule the ideas of others who do believe in an occasional return to earth of the dead.

"There is one case in particular that I know of personally and that can be vouched for by a number of citizens in the upper counties of my state, and that is the case of old Uncle Jabez Martin, who knew a number of well to do farmers in Fauquier as well as in Spottsylvania, Nappahannock and other counties in the northern part of the state. 'Uncle Jabe,' as most every one who knew the old fellow called him, had considerable of the nomad in his disposition and led a wandering, pastoral life. He was always willing to work when any one needed his services and did a good deal of rough carpentering in return for a 'meal o' wittles and a shakedown,' as he expressed it, and as he was pretty well known in the land of his pilgrimages it was a rare occurrence when he was not given a welcome.

"If old Uncle Jabe thought more of one family in the state than he did of another it was the Greens, Virginia, as all know, is full of Greens. An estimable crowd they are, and nearly all of them consider themselves as related in some degree of consanguinity to the others of that name. The Greens of Virginia is the finest tribe of that name in seven states, 'was the constant boast of Uncle Jabe, and above and beyond any other Green anywhere he placed Marse Dickie Green of Fauquier, and that is where my ghost story, if you will please to consider it as such, begins.

"One wild night in the month of Oc-

tober not very long before the war the old wanderer made his appearance at Squire Green's. Mr. Green was called squire by virtue of being a justice of the peace. Jabe wanted his usual 'meal o' wittles and shakedown,' and after a good supper he sat on the back steps of the house, smoked his old pipe for awhile and then went to bed.

"Squire Green was engaged in some work that kept him up until midnight, and as the clock struck 12 he heard a heavy sound on the stairway. It seemed as if some one was coming down the steps with heavy iron on the legs. The sound was carried to the door, which was opened noisily and then closed with a terrific crash.

"Thinking it strange that old Jabez Martin would be guilty of making such unnecessary noise, the squire rushed to the door and opened it. The moon was shining in all its beauty, and everything was perfectly calm and nobody in sight. Back again went the surprised squire and up into the attic chamber, where Martin always slept when he made his calls. He found everything calm and quiet there. It was the quiet of a tomb, for old Uncle Jabe was lying on his back, with his glassy eyes staring right up to the ceiling, where the squire left him until the morning.

"When he related the circumstances in the morning it seemed that every other one of the house had been disturbed by the uncanny noises. The strange part of it is that next night the same sounds were heard again, even to the slamming of the door, and an investigation proved that there was no person to make them. There were

no cowards in Squire Green's family, but the noises disturbed them, and when they were heard, as they were, frequently at midnight they became so used to them they would simply remark that 'Uncle Jabe was tramping again' and go to sleep again.

"Friends and neighbors who knew of the ghostly exercises were averse to staying all night in the house, and the darkies couldn't be bribed to come near the place after nightfall. The sounds never ceased until after the house was torn down, and even its demolition, which it was hoped might reveal the source of its strange and gruesome sound, failed to present any explanation. There are folks living today in Fauquier county," said the relater of the ghost story, "who can, and I have no doubt readily will, testify to the truth of what I have made mention of."—Washington Post.

Those Men!

"I went into the office looking like a fright," said the woman. "I didn't have a chance to straighten my hat or pat my hair or anything. I had intended to primp going up in the elevator, but there was a man standing before each mirror twirling his mustache, and I couldn't even get a peep at myself."—New York Times.

A Sound Reason.

Robert, aged five, was irritated by the crying of Clara, aged two. "Sister," he said, with great seriousness, "why don't you stop crying? You must be sick. You don't look well, and you don't sound well."

His Choice of Weapons.

M. Victor Noir, an illiterate bully of the time of the second empire, for no real reason whatever sent a French statesman a challenge to fight a duel. Noir was a densely ignorant man, and nearly every word in the challenge was misspelled. The statesman responded with the following letter: "Dear Sir—You have called me out without any good reasons. I have therefore the choice of weapons. I choose the spelling book, and you are a dead man." The duel was never fought.

IT'S YOUR KIDNEYS.

Don't Mistake The Cause of Your Troubles—An Astoria Citizen Shows How to Cure Them.

Many people never suspect their kidneys. If suffering from a lame, weak or aching back they think that it is only a muscular weakness; when urinary trouble sets in they think it will soon correct itself. And so it is with all the other symptoms of kidney disorders. That is just where the danger lies. You must cure these troubles or they may lead to diabetes or Bright's Disease. The best remedy to use is Doan's Kidney Pills. It cures all ills which are caused by weak or diseased kidneys. Astoria people testify to permanent cures.

Theodore Josephson, 515 Seventh street, Astoria, Ore., says: "About five years ago I used Doan's Kidney Pills and derived great benefit. I was suffering from severe pains across my back and my loins and at times was unable to stoop or straighten. My kidneys also bothered me a great deal, as the secretions were generally too free in passing. At last Doan's Kidney Pills were brought to my attention and I procured a box at Rogers' drug store. I began using them and my health is now excellent. I take a few doses now and then, when feeling any sign of backache and they never fail to banish the trouble."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

The New Pure Food and Drug Law

We are pleased to announce that Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds and lung troubles is not affected by the National Pure Food and Drug law as it contains no opiates or other harmful drugs, and we recommend it as a safe remedy for children and adults. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

Cured Hay Fever and Summer Cold.

A. J. Nusbaum, Batesville, Indiana, writes: "Last year I suffered for three months with a summer cold so distressing that it interfered with my business. I had many of the symptoms of hay fever, and a doctor's prescription did not reach my case, and I took several medicines which seemed to only aggravate my case. Fortunately I insisted upon having Foley's Honey and Tar in the yellow package, and it quickly cured me. My wife has since used Foley's Honey and Tar with the same success." T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

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SOME OF THE FUN-MAKERS WITH BOSTONIAN MINS'TREL MAIDS

have returned, there are the columns of a newspaper in which to advertise.

If he fails to find the owner after this, then he can rightfully call it his own and have a clear conscience, but if he avoids looking over the lost and found columns and fails to do his part toward finding the owner he is almost as dishonest as if he took the goods.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Serious For Once.

An army captain on returning home from India brought with him a goodly stock of souvenirs. Among them was a pair of laughing jackasses, which he intrusted to one of the sailors, Tom Pinch.

Alas! The unaccustomed shipboard life did not agree with the creatures, and in spite of all Tom's care they pined and finally died.

When he discovered the catastrophe, Tom was in despair.

"I daren't tell the captain!"

"Don't shirk it, mate," said his pal. "Break it to him gently. You'll find it'll be all right."

The advice seemed sound, and Tom sought the gallant captain.

"Scuse me, sir," he said, "you know them things below—what you call larlin' jackasses? Well, sir, they ain't got nuffin to lart at this morning!"—London Scraps.

The Denial Habit.

"Do you take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?"

"No, sir; there's no truth in the rumor—that is to say, I do."—Pittsburg Post.

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