

The Locket

By HENRY D. STANLEY

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A young man and a girl of twenty were dancing together in a ballroom. A locket of peculiar material and workmanship flew about from her bosom as she whirled. On the third finger of her left hand was a ring with an inexpensive stone. When the music ceased she took the man's arm, and they strolled away into a side room, where there was no one except themselves. Seating herself on a sofa, she said:

"That's our last dance."

"You don't care to wait?"

"While waiting my chances in the matrimonial market were passing away. In ten years I shall be thirty and my opportunities for marriage reduced at least 75 per cent. at forty I won't have one chance in a hundred that I have now."

"You will always have me whatever be your age."

"I wouldn't trust to your constancy. We girls as we grow older become either fat or skinny. And I know you too well to believe that you will ever love either kind."

"I swear."

"Don't swear. Go out, as you propose to, to the mining districts and when you return, if unmarried and I am unmarried and you want me, you will doubtless get me. But you won't want me."

"She took off the ring on her finger, unclasped the locket from about her neck and handed them to him."

"Keep them," he said, "not as typical of an engagement, but as trinkets."

"Since you wish it I will."

"Goodby. I leave by an early train. I must go. I have things to do yet before going to bed."

"Goodby and good luck be with you."

Twenty years passed. The man during all that time had all he could do to keep his head above water; then he struck a bonanza. Returning to his former home for the purpose of organizing a mining company, he reached it in the winter season, when the gayety was at its height. On his way from dining with a friend he passed the building where two decades before he had parted with his love. Seeing the place lighted up and hearing the strains of music, he entered. Couples were dancing, and there was the lady from whom he had parted whirling, while on her bosom was the never resting locket.

"How she had managed to preserve her youthful looks and her beauty he was at a loss to know. She must be unmarried, for no woman who had the care of a family could look so young. As she danced by him, the locket flying as of yore, their eyes met, but he saw at once that he was not remembered."

"Who is that lady?" he asked of one who stood near.

"Miss Clarkson."

"I thought so," he said, then to himself: "I must have changed much more than she."

He concluded not to make himself known then and there, but announce his return by note the next day and ask permission to call. This he did and received a very gracious note in reply, stating that Miss Clarkson would be happy to receive him. The same evening he went to her residence. She was living in the same house, and on being ushered into the drawing room there sat a woman so fat that her first effort to rise was a failure, and instead of making a second she held out her hand to him.

"Pardon me," she said. "It's very hard for me to rise. I told you when you went away that we women must expect to grow fat or skinny, and you see that I belong to the first class."

He controlled himself sufficiently to conceal the shock, but as to acting like a returning lover he found it impossible. As soon as he became composed he said:

"The first thing I wish to know upon my return is have you still the ring and the locket I gave you?"

"The ring is now locked in my bureau drawer upstairs. The locket I lent to my niece, Julia Clarkson, to wear at a ball which she was to attend last evening."

He was satisfied with the explanation and knew why he had been led into an error.

The lady made it very easy for him. She had not expected that they would begin where they had left off twenty years before. Indeed, it was evident from the expression on her former lover's face that he had no mind to keep his pledge that, though she were fat and forty, he was still here. She asked him what he had been doing all these long years, and he told her that he had been struggling with adversity. He failed to acquaint her with the fact that he had come home to form a company that would give him an enormous income. Instead, he left her to suppose that he was still struggling. Before leaving he tried to stammer something like his words when they were half their present age, but failed.

"Don't," she said, interrupting him. "What I told you has come to pass. Go marry some woman between twenty and thirty years of age and be happy."

He said "Never" very faintly, but the next day hunted among his old friends till he found one who would introduce him to the younger Miss Clarkson. Again the locket flashed, but this time while he danced with the niece, whom he finally married.

SHIRT WAIST MEN ACQUITTED

Jury Says Harris and Blanck Were Not Guilty

IN SHIRTWAIST FIRE HORROR

Jury Out an Hour and Forty-Five Minutes—Hostile Demonstration Against the Acquitted Men as They Leave the Court.

New York, Dec. 28.—Isaac Harris and Max Blanck, indicted for manslaughter in connection with the Triangle Shirtwaist company fire, were acquitted by a jury late yesterday afternoon.

Harris and Blanck were proprietors of the factory in which a fire horror occurred March 25, last, when 147 young shirtwaist makers employed on the top floor of the Ash building were burned, or driven to death on the pavement nine stories below.

The jury returned a verdict of not guilty after deliberating one hour and forty-five minutes. The acquittal at first was taken quietly by the defendants, but later they gave way to tears when embraced by relatives and friends.

As they passed out through a lane of policemen, they were met by a large and hostile crowd, but darted into a subway entrance and got free.

Harris and Blanck were not charged with all the deaths at the fire, but specifically with manslaughter in the case of Margaret Schwartz, a young girl found asphyxiated and burned near a door on the ninth floor.

The main argument of both the prosecution and the defense centered around this door, the state introducing over a hundred witnesses in an attempt to prove it was locked while the defense attempted to refute this contention by a mass of testimony.

"THE McNAMARA LESSON."

Labor Journal Predicts End of "Gompersism."

New York, Dec. 28.—In the current issue of the Railroad Employee, a journal for workmen, published in Newark, N. J., is a leading editorial under the caption, "The McNamara Lesson," which seeks to sum up the influence of the Los Angeles dynamite cases upon the cause of organized labor. The editor concludes with these words:

"It is our belief that the McNamara confession marks the beginning of the end of the career of leaders of the Gompers type, who, in their thirst for power, will not realize that there is more than one side of the industrial problem, and that this great question will eventually be solved through the employment of pacific, rather than drastic, means and methods on the part of both labor and capital."

"Let us hope, therefore, that in the future fair minded, patriotic and self-respecting labor and its associations will stand for reputation, rather than in defense of principles which contravene human liberty, so long synonymous with Gompers and Gompersism."

The editor argues that "Samuel Gompers, as the chief executive of the American Federation of Labor, with the welfare of the affiliated unions in his direct keeping, could not in our opinion, have been unaware of the fact that the dynamite outrages being committed throughout the country were ostensibly in the interest of the structural ironworkers."

"Notwithstanding all this, there is no evidence at hand to show that Mr. Gompers, with a knowledge of these wholesale crimes, ever issued any statement or inaugurated any investigation with the object of bringing those guilty before the bar of justice."

PUSHING GOMPERS CASE.

Evidence to Be Heard Saturday in District of Columbia Contempt Case.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 28.—The six justices of the district supreme court will sit in special session Saturday to hear testimony in the contempt case pending against Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, Vice President John Mitchell, and Secretary Frank Morrison of the same organization. The committee of lawyers which will prosecute the pending charges growing out of the Bucks Store & Range case, have served notice on opposing counsel that a few witnesses would be examined in open court Saturday. Counsel for the labor men at first insisted in taking all the testimony in open court, but opposing counsel objected, with the result that Justice Wright ruled that the bulk of the testimony be taken before an examiner. The names of the witnesses to be examined Saturday were not announced.

DYNAMITE CASES.

Indianapolis Grand Jury to Finish Up By February 1.

Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 28.—United States District Attorney Charles W. Miller said yesterday that unless unexpected developments arise the federal grand jury will complete its work by February 1.

CONVICT LAWYER.

California Thief Prepares Ten Writs in Prison.

San Francisco, Dec. 28.—John Smith, a Polson convict serving a fifty-year term for the theft of \$750, filed with the state supreme court yesterday his tenth application within a year for a writ of habeas corpus. Nine previous appeals, each based upon grounds different from the others and all prepared by Smith himself, have been denied. Smith, without funds to hire a lawyer, has sought the penitentiary library to acquaint himself with legal forms.

Smith received his heavy sentence because he had robbed an aged woman whom he frightened with threats of torture.

Stops a Cough Quickly --Even Whooping Cough

A Whole Pint of the Quickest, Surest Cough Remedy for 50c. Money Refunded if It Fails.

If you have an obstinate, deep-seated cough, which refuses to be cured, get a 50-cent bottle of Pinex, mix it with home-made sugar syrup and start taking it. Inside of 24 hours your cough will be gone, or very nearly so. Even whooping-cough is quickly conquered in this way.

A 50-cent bottle of Pinex, when mixed with home-made sugar syrup, gives you a pint—a family supply—of the finest cough remedy that money could buy, at a clear saving of \$2. Very easy to prepare—full directions in package.

Pinex soothes and heals the inflamed membranes with remarkable rapidity. It stimulates the appetite, is slightly laxative, and has a pleasant taste—children take it willingly. Splendid for croup, asthma, bronchitis, throat tickle, chest pain, etc., and a thoroughly successful remedy for incipient tuberculosis.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of Norway White Pine extract, rich in gualic acid and other healing pine elements. It has often been imitated, though never successfully. For getting else will produce the same results. Simply mix with sugar syrup or strained honey, in a pint bottle, and it is ready for use.

Anyone who tries Pinex will quickly understand why it is used in more homes in the U. S. and Canada than any other cough remedy. The genuine is guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. Certificate of guarantee is wrapped in each package. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

MISS EDMANDS A SETTLEMENT WORKER IN NEW YORK

Friends of Family Authority For the Statement That Fiancee of Pastor Richeson Has Gone to New York to Live.

Boston, Dec. 28.—It became known here yesterday that Miss Violet Edmands, the Brookline heiress, who was engaged to marry the Rev. C. V. T. Richeson, has left her home to become a settlement worker in New York. Miss Edmands was formerly active in charitable work in Brookline.

The announcement that she is now doing settlement work in New York came from a close friend of the family.

It was at the home of Miss Edmands Richeson was placed under arrest on the charge of poisoning Miss Avis Lincoln, a Hyannis girl, who sang in the church choir when Richeson was pastor there. Both Miss Edmands and her wealthy father have been loyal to the accused minister. At the time Mr. Edmands announced that his entire fortune would be spent, if necessary, to prove Richeson innocent.

It has been reported, though never confirmed, that Mrs. Edmands and her daughter had gone abroad for a stay of some duration in Europe. On Christmas day it was announced at the Charles street jail that a box of flowers and dainties had been received by Richeson from Miss Edmands.

The condition of Richeson is very encouraging, according to the report made yesterday by Dr. Howard A. Lathrop. Dr. Lathrop said:

"Richeson's wounds are healing and he is able to sit up when he so desires. I am entirely satisfied with the progress he is making toward complete recovery."

COLLAR COMBINE DENIED.

Report of \$20,000,000 Merger of Troy Concerns Lacks Confirmation.

New York, Dec. 28.—With regard to the report of a \$20,000,000 corporation to be formed to acquire control of a number of collar concerns at Troy, N. Y., and that Max Oscher was promoting the proposition, Mr. Oscher says that he is not in any way connected with the matter and that there is not a word of truth in the report.

At the office of Harvey Fiske & Co., which firm is reported behind a plan to finance the corporation, it was stated that nothing whatever was known regarding the matter.

FAMILY OF EIGHT SLAIN.

Husband Kills All and Then Commits Suicide.

Little Rock, Ark., Dec. 28.—News reached this city last night that the entire family of James Grant, consisting of himself, his wife and six children has been murdered.

The indications are that Grant killed the others and then put an end to his own life, but details of the tragedy are lacking.

EX-MAYOR OUT OF JAIL.

White Greeted by 2,000 People When Released at Lawrence, Mass.

Lawrence, Mass., Dec. 28.—Two thousand persons gathered about the jail here last night to greet former Mayor William P. White when he walked out free, having been pardoned yesterday by Governor Foss.

He had been serving a three-year's sentence for conspiracy in connection with the appointment of a fire chief in this city.

Poetry and Rugs.

Julian P. Lord has an interesting and at the same time an instructive article in the January issue of Suburban Life magazine called "The Poetry of Oriental Rugs." In speaking of their history he says: "The little cottage Oriental rugs, often made by girls who are shortly to be married in Turkey, Persia, or the Armenian plateau and in Afghanistan, carry with them all the poetry and mysticism of the Oriental girl's mind as she is just budding into womanhood. She weaves into the rugs almost her very thoughts—so much is rug weaving a part of the Oriental life, and so little is it a purely commercial pursuit. Time is not counted of value in the East when rugs are made. Consequently, Americans have found it impossible to compete with the Orientals in the manufacture of these practically everlasting products. In some parts of the Oriental rug countries it is considered wrong to have the rugs seen in the making by Christians. If such an accident occurs, and one from the Western world views one of the rugs, the workman offsets the suspected injury by weaving a small white spot in the rug, to keep away the 'evil eye.'"

A NEW TARIFF TROUBLE

Germany's Recent Move Causes Complications

HIGH RATE STEEL AND RUBBER

Disturbs Manufacturers—The State Department Has No Information—Pulp and Paper May Be Involved in Negotiations.

Washington, Dec. 28.—If Germany, as reported, intends to refuse American exporters of tool steel and hard rubber the benefit of the low duties on those commodities accorded to Sweden and Japan in recently negotiated trade treaties, the state department has not been informed of that fact. Consequently it has been impossible for the department to make any satisfactory response to various anxious inquiries in the steel and rubber trade.

When Germany was accorded minimum tariff rates on her goods entering America, that government agreed to grant American exporters the conventional rates of tariff on their goods shipped into Germany. So far this agreement has been respected. If Germany intends to make an exception now in the case of tool steel and hard rubber, on the ground that America is denying German paper makers free entry for their goods on terms of equality with Canada, there will be nothing to do it is declared but await the issue of the routine proceedings initiated in the appeal of the paper and pulp importers from the decision of the American collectors assessing duties upon German pulp and paper.

Meanwhile the American steel and hard rubber exporters must continue to pay the present rates on goods shipped to Germany. That Germany will feel disposed to go further in this matter and extend her policy of retaliation generally to American products is doubted here. The reason for this doubt is that the paper and pulp issue is likely to be adjusted in a manner satisfactory to Germany in the admission of her claim to the Canadian preferential rates within the near future.

A CONFERENCE ON WOOL.

Payne and Hill of the Committee on Ways and Means Talk with Taft.

Washington, Dec. 28.—Representatives Payne of New York and Hill of Connecticut, minority members of the House ways and means committee, had a long conference with President Taft yesterday. At the wool bill Republicans members intend to lay before the House. There will be further consultations with the president until a final draft is made.

WILL CLEAN UP THE TARIFF.

Mr. Underwood Says This Work Will Be Done By Congress.

Richmond, Va., Dec. 28.—Expressing the belief that if the presidential election were held to-day President Taft would be smothered, and venturing the suggestion that whether the same conditions prevail eight months hence depends in some measure upon the Republicans and more largely upon the Democrats did not become too "snappy" about the wool bill Republicans members intend to lay before the House. There will be further consultations with the president until a final draft is made.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. Felix Couraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

Remove Tan, Pimples, Greasiness, Redness, and All Skin Diseases, and Every Blemish on Beauty, and of its Detention. It has stood the test of 60 years, and is so harmless we need to be careful to use it properly made. Do not use counterfeits. Buy only the genuine. It is sold by all druggists and beauty parlors. Price, 25c. per box. Dr. T. Felix Couraud, 27 Grand Street, New York.

Be Good to Yourself

and the world will be good to you. The way is to keep your stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels right. And you'll find great help in BEECHAM'S PILLS

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THE EMPEROR AND FATE

By THEODORE BORLAND

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There was once a young man who lived in a country that had long been ruled by a line of profligate kings. At last the people, maddened by their wrongs and by hunger, rose up in their might, beheaded the king and his queen and secretly made away with the heir apparent so that no successor might inherit the throne. Then they killed all the nobles on whom the king's power rested and established a republic.

This young man, who was a soldier by profession, stood by the palace and witnessed the fury of the mob. He had not suffered himself from the royal tyranny, but could understand the vengeance these people coveted. Nevertheless the scene impressed him with the undestability of anarchy. The kings of other countries turned out their armies to force the revolutionists to put back the monarchy, and the young soldier fought with the armies of his country against these sovereigns.

From the first it was apparent that he had in him the elements of a great general. He soon obtained the command of an independent army and fought battle after battle, winning every one till his enemies retreated within their own borders and left him master of the situation.

The young man, naturally ambitious, was fired by this success to greater deeds. Obtaining other armies he went on foreign conquests, always returning successful. This won for him the plaudits of the people, and when they placed the government in the hands of three associate governors they made the general the first of the three. But he did not remain long at home. Fresh wars called him to other fields, but he always conquered, and whenever he did so he obtained some additional territory to his own country.

And so absorbing one territory after another from what had been a kingdom he established an empire.

And now, since he was appointing his brothers to govern these countries he had conquered, making them kings, it was necessary that he should have for himself a title even higher than that of king. So the legislative body conferred on him the title of emperor, putting it to the vote of the people whether or no this should be so. The people confirmed the appointment, and he was seated on an imperial throne.

At this time, when he was at the height of his glory and power, one night he had a dream. He dreamed that he was sitting on his throne, the imperial crown on his head, the scepter in his hand, and a throng of courtiers passing before him, bowing to him as they passed. Among them the emperor noticed a figure clad in unseemly apparel to wear at court, having nothing about his or her figure—there seemed to be no sex—only a flowing robe of poor material. This person passed the emperor without a bow, keeping his strange eyes on the sovereign all the while.

"Who are you?" asked the emperor. "Fate," answered the figure. "Ah, you are Fate, are you? What are you doing here?"

"I came to implant within your brain that which will accomplish my intentions for you."

"What are those intentions?" "It is not meet that mortals should know what I have in store for them."

"At least tell me what will be my end."

The figure turned and looked upward. The emperor's gaze followed in the same direction, and he saw a picture, toward which he seemed to be moving. It was a rock surrounded by water, the waves incessantly beating upon it. Presently he stood on the rock himself. It was a desolate place, and with him were only a few of those whom he had ennobled. Soldiers of a foreign nation loitering about indicated that he was a prisoner. He entered an unpretentious house, from which he would never emerge.

The scene changed, and he lay dying in this house. The few friends who had accompanied him stood about him, but no wife, no child. Then the picture rolled away, and the emperor sat alone on his throne. He awoke with a dreadful sensation and slept no more till morning, when he fell into a troubled slumber. When he awoke all memory of his dream had left him.

Not long after this he started on another campaign. Thus far he had never failed and did not think it possible for him to fail. He marched an army into a northern country in the dead of winter. The people of that country retreated before him, destroyed their granaries and burned their cities. His army, cold and starving, made a horrible retreat, a very few of his soldiers again regaining their own country.

From this point the emperor's star steadily went down. He made desperate efforts to retrieve his falling fortunes, but achieved no permanent success. All those kingdoms he had subdued, seeing that his tide had turned, joined together to crush him. He stalked all on one decisive battle and lost.

He gave himself up to one of the kings who defeated him and was sent to a rock in the midst of a great ocean. There he died surrounded by a few adherents, but neither his wife nor his son were with him.

His name was Napoleon Bonaparte. There was a saying among the ancients that those whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad.

HIS LIFE CRUSHED OUT.

Quarry Manager Killed When Big Stone Rolls on Him.

Haverstraw, N. Y., Dec. 28.—A huge boulder, loosened by a blast, rolled down the cliff side at Tompkins' Cove stone quarry yesterday and instantly crushed out the life of M. J. Gibb, superintendent and general manager of the quarry, who with a helper was trying to dis