

THE STORY TELLER

A Child Witness

By FLORENCE LILLY.

MY childhood home was in a quiet little country town where the short 12 years of my life had been spent in peaceful happiness. The days slipped away and the world, to me, was only a great big playhouse, until something happened which brought me to a realization that it was indeed a playhouse but on its stage tragedy and crime played a conspicuous part.

My childhood dreams had a rude awakening. One morning, as I was busy at work in my little garden, I was startled by the sharp clatter of horse's feet, coming down the street. The gray, graceful rider was Harry Derbin, young man of our town.

He was, indeed, a man to be envied, being endowed with everything to make his life a success. He was handsome, popular and wealthy, and reported said, soon to be married to a lovely girl in a neighboring town.

I saw from his flashing eyes that something was terribly wrong. In an instant he had dashed up to the blacksmith door across the street, and with a few words I could not hear, leveled his pistol at the blacksmith's head. The poor fellow begged piteously for mercy, but without a tremor one relenting glance, young Derbin fired, and the unfortunate man fell to the ground with a groan.

I was rooted to the spot in horror and amazement, but my eyes refused to leave the man, who could by one of ungodly passion, cast aside all thought of his future and wreck his life so full of promise as his.

With a glance at his prostrate victim, he coolly placed his revolver back in his pocket, and rode off down the street. As he passed me by, he glanced down at my trembling little figure as to say: "Well, did you see it, little one?" and my throbbing heart answered: "Yes, I, and only I, and your father saw the deed." Then, as a crowd came rushing up the street, zed and trembling, I turned and ran into the house—not the happy, careless child that came out, but one indly confused at this first glimpse of tragedy in the world's playhouse.

Upon investigation it proved that the motive for the deed, while extremely aggravating, did not justify taking of a man's life. The blacksmith had struck Henry Derbin's little brother for some mischievous prank in his shop, but this was too much for the proud, fiery spirit of the brother, and nothing but the law's life would pay the penalty.

He was promptly arrested, and for time there was great excitement, but after awhile the tumult subsided, owing to his popularity and the fact that he was the moving spirit of the town's enterprises, public opinion soon began to lean very much in his favor.

During the matter discussed so often, I soon began to consider him my persecuted hero, but consoled myself that I was the only one who had shot fired. But I was bewildered when father brought home one of my summons as the principal witness in the case. I did not then realize it meant, although father very gently told me as we went to the courthouse that "a man's life was in hands," and that I must "tell the truth and nothing but the truth," at what I saw on that terrible day.

He led me into the crowded courtroom, and I searched in vain among the sea of faces for that of my father. I tremblingly obeyed the call to be witness stand, and at last saw pale, handsome face of the man in my simple words would condemn. There he sat with his mother, heart, money and friends on one of his scale of destiny, but alas! to be overbalanced by the law, testimony and justice. His glittering eyes were fixed upon me as I said: "Be merciful, little girl; say what you do." The tears streamed down my face, and between sobs I told my simple story, which have carried conviction with it, he jury had been out of the room a few moments when they returned with the verdict of "guilty," then, as the judge thundered out sentence that Henry Derbin was to be hung by the neck until he was dead, dead," I realized that this life had indeed been placed in my hands.

While the words of the judge rang in ears the condemned man gave me a reproachful look, then bowed his head and wept as I had never seen a weep before. Public sympathy by this time was so in his favor that the most prominent citizens, by a widely circulated petition, got his sentence commuted to imprisonment.

From that time my happy, careless life was ended. In vain they tried to impress me that I had only answered the demands of justice, for that shadow was always across my path, and my thoughts and dreams were haunted by the sorrowful, pleading eyes of Henry Derbin.

Ten years later I was married and lived in a neighboring town to our old home. Strange to say, my husband was one of the lawyers for the state in the case of Henry Derbin. At that time he was just starting out in the profession, and his eloquent speeches in that trial was the starting point on his road to success.

We often spoke of the case, and while, of course, as a lawyer, his conscience did not trouble him, he vainly tried to impress on me that I had done only my duty, and that my ideas about it were all a mistake.

As if it were only yesterday I could, in imagination, see his pale handsome face and reproachful eyes as they carried him away to prison.

I think the shock to my sensitive, childish mind completely hushed all whisperings of justice, and the fact only remained that by my words I had doomed a fellow mortal to lifelong misery and shame. My heart ached for him when we heard that once he had attempted to escape by jumping from a boat into the river, but owing to his shackles was promptly captured and returned to prison.

One evening, not long after this, about dusk, my husband and I were sitting on our front porch, when a man came walking quickly down the walk and halted at the steps. I was horrified to see that his hands were shackled together, and on one foot he dragged a long chain; he wore a convict's garb, and in his pale, thin face we both recognized the features of Henry Derbin.

He it was—but oh, how changed from the handsome, dashing fellow we had sent to prison years ago! The beautiful brown hair was cut close to his head and the once flashing eyes had the hunted look of a closely pursued animal, and the hideous convict clothes hung like a sack from his emaciated form. He glanced nervously from my husband to my own startled face, but I was glad to see he did not recognize us.

"Friends," he said, "as you see, I am an escaped convict. No doubt you have heard of Henry Derbin, sent to prison from this county years ago. He now stands before you begging for mercy. I have not long to live, but before I die I must see my mother, and the woman who has been true to a convict lover all these years. I escaped, but can do nothing in these shackles. The officers are not far behind, but they will never take Henry Derbin to prison again," and he significantly

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tapped a revolver in his pocket. "So, friends, for the love of God, file off these chains and set me free."

Oh, how my heart leaped at the thought that I could now undo my work and ease the long troubled conscience. I looked imploringly at my husband, who bid me go and bring the file. I went with flying feet. As I gave it to him he must have read my thoughts. How I longed to tell the poor fellow the part I had taken in his life, and ask the forgiveness I craved, for, as he took the file, he said:

"My man, I am a lawyer, and strange to say, one of those who convicted you, and as such should deliver you up to justice, but for the sake of my wife here, who was your child witness, and has always grieved over your sad fate, I will set you free."

He fixed his sad gaze upon me and said: "Do not trouble yourself, dear madam, it was justice, for I brought it on myself by my rashness and fiery temper, but God only knows how I bless you for giving me even a few hours of freedom."

He left us and hurried away toward his home. My heart felt lighter than it had for years, and I prayed that the poor fellow would have the privilege of seeing his mother and sweetheart again. But my hopes were dashed away as a number of officers dashed past the house in close pursuit of their prisoner. They had only been gone a few moments when a pistol shot rang clear and sharp on the evening air. My husband caught my shuddering form in his arms, for we knew that, by his own hand, the soul of Henry Derbin had gone to trial in a higher court, where I would not be called as a witness.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The breath of green meadows, the larks in the loam—
The ship's nearing Home!
The ship's nearing Home!
The ship's nearing Home!

Do the larks of Love hide the wounds on your breast?
Soon—soon the sweet haven—God's green vales of Best—
The ship's nearing Home!
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

On April 1, 1903, German's new meat inspection law goes into effect, necessitating the erection of many new buildings for use as inspection stations, etc.

the bright lights in the harbor that wink like stars o'er the foam?
The ship's nearing Home!
The glad voices, clear-ringing from alley to garlanded dome?
The ship's nearing Home!
The din of the perilous voyage is past; oaks where the wrecks are; the billow; the blast;
allors sing joy for the home-shores last—
The ship's nearing Home!

ormy the voyage, where ocean-recks roam,
the ship's nearing Home!



The Burlington road has a standing reward of \$1,000 for every dead train robber. Two toots, clear guns for action.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The hunting of birch saplings suitable for barrel hoops in the Maine woods occupies 2,000 men.

While 3,500 coal cutting machines are used in United States mines, there are less than 400 such machines in British collieries.

The exports of pig iron from the United Kingdom in the eight months ended August 31 were 612,930 tons, as compared with 583,830 tons in 1901, and with 1,045,256 tons in 1900.

A "hydraulic cartridge" is being introduced in English mines to bring down coal in place of dynamite or powder. The cartridge is 20 inches long. It is inserted in a drilled hole, and by means of the well-known hydraulic press principle a pressure of three tons to the square inch is brought to bear on the coal, which after a little time quietly gives way.

The costermonger has found an apologist in the London Lancet. It is his business to watch the markets and to buy extensively when there is a glut, and to distribute the purchases as quickly as possible. He thus prevents the wholesale destruction of perishable goods, and he also discourages the inclination of small shopkeepers to make extortionate charges.

Of the engines running on the Russian railways, 4,766, or 39 per cent., were built abroad, and 7,421, or 61 per cent., in Russian engine yards. The St. Petersburg & Warsaw railway has the greatest number of passenger engines, namely, 201; then come the South-Western railways with 172, the Moscow, Yaroslavl & Archangel railway with 124, and the Southeastern railways with 104 locomotives, while the remaining lines have each less than 100 locomotives at work.

The immense accumulations of pine and birch scraps around the big lumber mills of Maine, which were long an inconvenience and a source of danger from fire, are now being utilized by small machines which make them into novelties. The manufacture of toys, too, is gaining considerable importance, and a method of painting them by dipping may cheapen their cost so that "made in Germany" will not longer be read from the baby's stocking. Among novelties 500,000,000 toothpicks, 25,000,000 butchers' skewers and 250,000,000 birch spoons are turned out in a year. Checkers, half a million dice boxes, bicycle rims, tables, desks, and swings add to the annual total.

Accustomed to Mr. George Seton, a London writer, has published a budget of anecdotes, one of which tells of a fashionable woman who appeared before Pope Leo in a very low-necked dress. His Holiness disapproved of the costume so strongly that he sent a cardinal to remonstrate with the wearer. The messenger made this rather ambiguous explanation: "The Pope, my dear madam, is rather old-fashioned, you know, and dislikes seeing any lady in evening dress. I, on the other hand, who have spent six years of my life as a missionary among the cannibals, am quite used to it."—Kansas City Star.

Not Very Cordial. Servant—There's a gentleman at the door who says he knew you when you were a boy.

Master—Tell him he was very kind to call. Should I ever happen to be a boy again I'll let him know!—Boston Transcript.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

You can't find any fault with the friend who listens when it is your day to kick.—Atchison Globe.

A level surface is naturally flat, but there is a vast difference between a level headed man and a flat headed one.—Chicago Daily News.

Family Secrets.—Teacher—"Johnnie, this is the worst composition in the class, and I'm going to write to your father and tell him." Johnnie—"Don't keep it ye do; he wrote it fer me."—Detroit Free Press.

"Why do you go hunting for quail instead of deer? It isn't half so exciting." "I know; that's the reason. I don't think anybody'd be likely to take me for a quail, no matter how badly he had the buck fever."—Washington Times.

Patient—"I can't see that there's a thing wrong with my eyesight." Oculist Jonniwyse—"The most positive proof that you need glasses, my dear sir, when you are unable to see anything so plain as that!"—Los Angeles Herald.

Martha—"That horrid Mr. Roamer kissed me in the hall last night." Constance—"You don't mean it! How did it happen?" Martha—"It was pitch dark in the hall." Constance—"Ah, I see. That accounts for it, dear."—Boston Transcript.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, as he tackled her first pot-pie, "where did you get this?" "I made that out of Mrs. Shouter's cook book," replied the young wife. "It's a—?" "Ah!" he broke in, "this leathery part is the binding, I suppose."—Philadelphia Press.

Knew the Kind He Wanted.—"Do you want my advice?" asked the friend. The honest man hesitated. He was tempted to reply in the affirmative and trust to luck, but he could not conceal the truth from himself. "That depends," he said, frankly, "on what your advice is."—Chicago Post.

How He Escaped a Wetting. Prof. Blank, who was born dry, and is prone to thrust his dryness upon others, recently achieved additional dryness for himself. He was among a large party shooting on the moors of Scotland. Suddenly a heavy storm of rain came on. No shelter was at hand, and the sportsmen were drenched. All, at least, but Prof. Blank. He had mysteriously disappeared when the rain came on, and rejoined the party when the sun was shining again. To their amazement, the erudite one was as dry as one of his own books. "How did you manage to escape a wetting?" growled one of the dripping sportsmen. "As soon as the rain came on I went off by myself," returned Prof. Blank, blandly, "slipped off all my clothes, and sat down on them till the shower was over."—Liverpool Post.

When Rich Men Quarrel. If the epidemic of philanthropy should spread in Pittsburgh, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, so that personal enemies in general should enter upon the work of rivaling one another in college building, it is easy to see the time when great steel plants will be transformed into technological institutes.

Drugged Babies of India. The habit of drugging their babies so that they can be left alone is very common in India among mothers who work in factories. In the city of Madras the infant mortality is given as 295 per 1,000.—N. Y. Post.

MUSIC AS A HEALER.

Witnesses of Its Power to Heal Human Ailments Gathered from All Quarters.

Few people are aware that music can be utilized to lessen very considerably the sufferings of a patient who has to undergo a surgical operation, and it is only quite recently that it was first scientifically put into practice, says London Answers.

Naturally enough, it was a society composed of medical men and musicians, who made an exhaustive inquiry and made various experiments. Of course the effect which music has, directly speaking, on the mind, but the mind reacts on the body, and it must, therefore, be obvious that the patients who are most likely to be benefited by the judicious use of music are those whose complaints are of a mental character—such, for instance, as melancholia and hysteria.

Guided to a large extent by the information, one of the leading dentists of Paris, M. Donier, has been enabled to lessen the horror of tooth-drawing. He has three large establishments in the busiest part of the French capital, and he noticed that those patients to whom he was obliged to give an anesthetic—no matter of what kind, even if it were only laughing gas—showed very unfavorable symptoms when they awoke from unconsciousness, their condition being largely due to the effect of the noise of the traffic in the street outside. They suffered from very severe headache and interference with vision; but what distressed them most was that during the time they were under the influence of the anesthetic they had usually horrid dreams or imaginings.

The dentist saw that if he could keep the noise from the ears, and consequently from the mind also of his patients, great good would be done. The only way to do this was to create a louder counteracting noise or sound, which should be pleasant, not nerve-irritating. Obviously music was the thing. He tried a phonograph and still uses it. When a patient is seated in his chair he places the phonograph's tubes to the ears and allows the instrument to work for a little while. Then he administers the anesthetic, and he finds that the patient becomes unconscious much more quickly and easily, and requires much less anesthetic than was formerly the case.

Not only that, but he can perform the dental operation without interruption, and when the patient recovers consciousness the after-effects are very slight indeed, compared with those which nearly always presented themselves before the phonograph had been numbered among the dentist's professional instruments.

Another form of suffering, more or less mental, which music has the power to relieve is insomnia. At a time when the great majority of people were quite unaware of this, the first Napoleon put his knowledge of the fact into practice. After his banishment to St. Helena, sleep was for a long time almost denied to him, and the effect on his general condition became so bad that his attendants became seriously alarmed. At last he said:

"I must have a couple of hours of music before going to bed." And night after night he took the pleasant "dose" he had prescribed for himself. So unexpectedly good were the results that instead of the "long wakefulness" that Lord Rosebery refers to in "Napoleon; the Last Phase," the fallen emperor slept, as a rule, for eight and sometimes even ten hours.

But perhaps the strangest use to which music can be put is to stop the flow of blood from a wound. An army doctor noticed that when a wounded soldier was taken to within easy hearing of music, hemorrhage was either greatly reduced or actually stopped. Neither he nor others, who confirmed his observations, could understand how this phenomenon was brought about, but it is now believed that the vibrations of the air produced by the music causes the patient to become faint, in which case the action of the heart is so considerably lessened that the overflow of blood from the wound is necessarily reduced.

It would almost seem that the day is not far distant when the phonograph or some other musical instrument will be regarded as an almost as great a necessity to the medical man as the lancet or the stethoscope.

What Education Will Do. A railway company was erecting a line of new poles along a highway. One of the men engaged to fill in the dirt and clear up around the piles was an Irishman. He had not got beyond his first pole, but stood pondering how to dispose of the dirt, which had filled the space now occupied by the pole. His sense of the fitness of things must have been strong, for he was averse to piling the loose dirt around the base of the pole, as is the custom. A negro wayfarer stopped for a match, and the Irishman asked his advice. "If I was a-doin' dat job, I'd jus' dig a hole 'bout where you 'ah standin' and shovel de dirt into it. Much 'bliged!" As the negro sauntered away, the Irishman scratched his head and murmured: "Well, it's not to be denied that eddication has been atter-r doin' a gr-r-eat deal for th' naygur-ri!"—Philadelphia Times.

Old Auction Customs. An ancient custom has been revived at Chard recently in connection with the letting of the market tolls. Bidding progressed while an ordinary sand glass was running out, and the man who made the bid while the last few grains of sand were passing was adjudged the purchaser. The last time the custom was observed was in 1889.—London Mail.

The Denmark dikes have stood the storm of more than seven centuries.



Mrs. Emmons, saved from an operation for Ovaritis, tells how she was cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I am so pleased with the results I obtained from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I feel it a duty and a privilege to write you about it."

"I suffered for over five years with ovarian troubles, causing an unpleasant discharge, a great weakness, and at times a faintness would come over me which no amount of medicine, diet, or exercise seemed to correct. Your Vegetable Compound found the weak spot, however, within a few weeks and saved me from an operation—all my troubles had disappeared, and I found myself once more healthy and well. Words fail to describe the real, true grateful feeling that is in my heart, and I want to tell every sick and suffering sister. Don't dally with medicines you know nothing about, but take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and take my word for it, you will be a different woman in a short time."—Mrs. LAURA EMMONS, Walkerville, Ont.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about your case which you do not understand. She will treat you with kindness and her advice is free. No woman ever regretted writing her and she has helped thousands. Address is Lynn, Mass.

SPRAYING CORPORATIONS.

The Senator "Spluttered" in His Speech and an Umbrella Was Called For.

Senator Spooner told a story the other day, in which the late Senator Ingalls and Senator Van Wyck, of Nebraska, figured. Van Wyck was making one of his characteristic speeches in attacking corporations. He had a peculiar style of delivery, and as he warmed to his subject it was his habit to move restlessly from one side of the chamber to the other, continually talking. He talked so fast that he often "spluttered," and senators were careful to keep out of range of the moisture he hosed through his closely-set teeth, says the Washington Post.

Mr. Ingalls and Mr. Spooner once sat directly in front of the "Punch" as Senator Van Wyck was often called, because of his resemblance to that noted character, when he was delivering an impassioned utterance, and an atom of spray rested upon the hand of the immaculate Ingalls.

He adjusted his spectacles, carefully inspected his soiled hand, and deliberately signalled for one of the pages to come to him. Then in one of his famous whispers, which penetrated the entire chamber, Ingalls said: "Boy, bring an umbrella for Senator Spooner and a rubber overcoat for me." The incident provoked general laughter, but it did not interfere with Van Wyck's speech. He simply shifted his position so as to get beyond range of his always faultlessly dressed and sarcastic colleague.

Beautiful Indian Territory. The last large tract of fine uncultivated land to be thrown open for settlement. A copy of an attractive book about present day conditions in this wonderful country will be sent on request. James Barker, Gen'l Pass. Agent, M. K. & T. Ry., 601 Mainwright Bldg., St. Louis.

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "takes a heap o' credit for bein' patient, when dey's only jes' dilatory."—Washington Star.

Modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues.—Goldsmith.

Do not believe Pico's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—J. F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Dishonesty is a forsaking of permanent for temporary advantages.—Bovee.

Stops the Cough and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents.

No man was ever discontented with the world if he did his duty in it.—Southey.

Iowa Farms \$4 Per Acre Cash. bal. 1/2 crop till paid. Mulhall, Sioux City, Ia.

Every man reveals himself when he describes another.—Rams Horn.

If you are coughing, take Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Brest Tea.

Life has no blessing like a prudent friend.—Euripides.

20 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD EVERY YEAR.

TRADE MARK.

Happiness is the absence of pain, and millions have been made happy through being cured by Dr. JACOB OIL OF RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, LAMENESS, SCALDS, BURNS, SPRAINS, BRUISES and all pains for which an external remedy can be applied. It never fails to cure. Thousands who have been declared incurable at baths and in hospitals have thrown away their crutches, being cured after using Dr. JACOB OIL. Directions in eleven languages accompany every bottle.

CONQUERS PAIN

Intentional Duplicate Exposure

CANADA IS COMING

By ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

YOU may not see it; I may not see it; but in time Canada will be a part of this country.

I do not want to be bellicose, but I say this for myself: As sure as fate the starry banner will wave mistress of all the territory from the gulf to the bay. There will be no conquest, no war. The hearts across the border are already beating with love for us, and commerce and agriculture are calling for espousals.

The star of empire will not move much further westward. The center of population is now near the Mississippi river and there it will stay, but our people will move northward into Canada, and Canada will move southward into the great American union. Many of the Canadian hearts are with us now, and it is but natural that they should be.