

The Hope Pioneer

PEPPER & KEENE, Publishers.

HOPE, N. DAK.

A WORLD OF LITTLE THINGS.

A little trill of laughter, a chord in Nature's song;
A little deed of righteousness to stand against the wrong;
A little duty heeded, a little honor won;
A little hill surmounted, and a little kindness done;
A little labor daily, a little prayer and praise;
A little act of kindness to gladden weary days;
And so the whole creation to its ceaseless Heaven swings.
For little man is living in a world of little things.

A little hope to cheer us, although it waiteth still;
A little fire for comfort when winter nights are chill;
A little dream, God-given, to bless us on the way;
A little welcome waiting us at ending of the day;
A little purpose shining through every deed we do;
A little bunch of roses to overspread the rue;
A little peace surpassing to which the spirit clings.
For little man is living in a world of little things.

A little hope, a little love, a little toil and rest;
A little glimpse beyond the vale, a little problem guessed;
A little faith, a little doubt, a little blinded trust;
A little halting journey, and a little of its dust;
A little knowledge merely of little ways we wend;
A little dream of Heaven awaiting at the end;
A little struggling upward, although on broken wings.
For little man is living in a world of little things.

—Alfred J. Waterhouse, in N. Y. Times.

Mystery of the Bayou Woods

By WALKER KENNEDY.

Copyright, 1933, by A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Co.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

A large number of minor witnesses were then examined. A letter carrier told how he had delivered to Franklin in person a letter bearing the Chinese postmark. Otto Orthalsden, a little Swiss jeweler, whose shop boasted many odd dainties in the jewelry line and who had a partiality for articles of European make, took the witness stand. He proved to be a very methodical man, for he brought one of his books with him. He examined the unidentified watch, which was of Swiss make, and said he had sold it to Col. James Franklin. Then he produced his book, showing the date of sale of every watch, with its number, make and the name of the person to whom it was sold. A reference to his book showed that he had disposed of No. 9,999 of this particular make to Franklin. The cost of the watch was here also and the date of the payment. The unidentified pin was then shown to him, which he recognized. It, too, had its peculiarities of design and special make, and his professional eye at once located it. He declared that he had sold this pin, or one exactly like it, to Franklin.

John Hauptmann, dealer in boots and shoes, testified that he had secured a small consignment of arctics, the only shipment of the particular kind he thought in the city. He had made only three sales of this kind of overshoe at the time of Wright's murder; one was to the mayor; the second was to the chancellor, and the third was to Frank Hillman. He sold these three persons all their shoes, and as they wore different numbers he had sold them different sized arctics.

Mrs. Herbert Wright and Mrs. Anderson next testified to the disappearance of the old pistol, and the substitution of the new one with which Wright was supposed to have been killed. Mrs. Anderson also told of the visit of the man in the red flannel shirt.

The jailer and the doctor who had attended Herbert Wright testified to the attempt made to poison the accused, and their suspicions that the man in the red flannel shirt had manipulated it.

Then, to the surprise of many persons, Old Tom, whose real name was Bob Hathaway, was introduced, and he made a clean breast of all his workings in the case. He admitted having been a party to the trap set for Irving Ward, for which job he and his partner were to get a handsome sum conditional on the success of a certain scheme. He confessed that Franklin had hired him for this purpose. He had also dogged Ward's steps on several occasions for Franklin.

His companion, Dick Padgett, confirmed his story in all the essential details.

Finally the man in the red flannel shirt was put upon the witness stand, but this time he had on a blue flannel shirt. He was a very crooked looking customer, but he told a remarkably straight tale. He had done a great deal of "work" for the colonel. The day Herbert Wright was put in jail the colonel had given him the pistol which was in evidence, and had told him to go to Wright's house and substitute it for the old rusty affair which had belonged to the prisoner. The colonel had learned from Mr. Ward that Mrs. Wright was on a visit to her husband and had sent him to make the substitution in her absence. As he was coming out, how-

ever, he had been hailed by a lady living near by—Mrs. Anderson—whose testimony he confirmed. Later on the colonel had employed him to go to the jail and get one of the prisoners to slip a white powder into Wright's food. He had paid a negro whose name he did not know, to do this. He did not know positively that the powder was poison, but suspected that it was. The flannel-shirt man admitted very naively that he was a general bird-of-prey, who did all such odd jobs and chores as this for the requisite cash. Col. Franklin had been a particularly valuable client of his and had always paid him well; but when at last he had been cornered the colonel had thrown him overboard along with his friends, Padgett and Hathaway. A contemptuous scowl enriched the deepening gloom of Franklin's face as he listened to all this testimony, but he did not open his lips. Just how these men were caught and made to tell what they knew was revealed further on in the trial.

Frank Hillman now took the stand and told the following story:

"Several months ago when Mr. Wright's safe was robbed, and before the news was out, I met Tom Morris at the N. & L. depot. He was just preparing to leave on the outgoing train. Seeing me, he came up quickly and said:

"I've got a paper here for the colonel, but I've been called away suddenly and will not have time to see him. I wish you would give it to him and say that I will write about it. It is of the greatest importance that he should get it."

"I didn't see the colonel that day, and the next morning I was mildly surprised that Morris had been doing the light-fingered act. This caused me to reflect, and I made up my mind to look at the paper he had handed me, which I had supposed was some legal document. I found that it was an old agreement between Wright and Franklin, and that on its back were the words 'John T. Wright's copy, etc.' Putting nose and chin together, I concluded that Morris had stolen this paper from his employer, and that Franklin was aware of it. I have always had a fondness for old documents, curious subjects and occult information generally, and, as this paper evidently did not belong to Franklin, I saw no harm in keeping it awhile. It was possible, if it were of value to anyone, that a reward would be offered for it, and I would naturally get something for finding it. A few weeks after this I picked up from the floor of the office a letter minus an envelope. I examined the contents; of course, to see to whom it belonged, and as the contents were rather surprising, I kept the letter for my collection of curios in crookedness. I have it here."

The witness paused and had the following letter read:

"New York, May 19th, 19—
"Colonel Franklin: Send me money to Yokohama through some one in New York. I leave for the west to-day and expect to sail for Japan from San Francisco. I have enough money left to get me to Yokohama. Suppose you got the paper all right."
"Yours respectfully,
"THOMAS MORRIS."

When this letter had been read and the hum of interest incident thereto had subsided, Hillman resumed his story: "Whether Col. Franklin sent him the money I cannot say; but I heard no more of that agreement until two days before Mr. Wright's death. Mr. Wright was in the office that afternoon and I heard him tell Franklin to come to his place in the morning and fix-up matters in accordance with the terms of the agreement. I heard him say that he was going hunting in the afternoon of that or the following day, and he wanted to settle the business in the morning. Well, the next morning, of the fatal day—it was snowing, I remember—the colonel left the office after looking over the mail. He borrowed my arctics, I remember, too, and he did not return to the office any more that day. I remember it all very well, for it was the day Mr. Wright was murdered, and that event created a great impression upon me. I didn't see the colonel again until the next afternoon. He was sick then, complained of having a terrible headache. One thing about the colonel struck me as strange—he kept his hat on whenever anyone came in to see him, but in spite of this I discovered that he had been hit on the head. I put it up that he had been on a secluded bum, had got whacked over the head some way, and naturally did not want anybody to find it out. He actually bought himself a wig, with which he managed to conceal the wound when he had to appear in court, he was so squeamish about it."

The witness, at this point was shown a pair of arctics, which he declared were his. These were then compared with the sketches and figures made by Irving Ward, which had already been placed in evidence, and were found to tally therewith, thus establishing the fair inference that the man who wore those rubbers on the morning of the murder was the man who made those tracks which had been studied so sedulously by Irving Ward.

"The day I quitted the employ of Col. Franklin I devoted to celebrating," said Hillman, resuming his testimony. "I know that I had the agreement I have referred to in my pocket when I met Irving Ward at the restaurant; and I remember saying something to him about it, but I couldn't swear I gave it to him, as I do not recall everything that passed; and when I looked for the paper the next day it was gone. Col. Franklin has never since that day made any demand on me for it, and in fact I have seen very little of him."

Hillman was then questioned regarding the attempted poisoning of Herbert Wright. He said: "I was responsible partly for the publication in the Journal. Col. Franklin told me that Herbert Wright had tried to commit suicide, and he gave me the details that afterward appeared in the Journal. He said an effort was being made to hush it up, and he thought I had better give the facts to the paper under a pledge of secrecy as to the source of its information. Under no circumstances was I to give the story to Irving Ward. So about midnight I met Jim Holcombe, the city editor of the Journal, and told him the colonel's fairy story."

The cross-examination which followed did not shake the testimony, but brought out some amusing and curious facts concerning the varied talents and tastes of the witness. Finally he was dismissed.

Uncle Dick Norris, the old huntsman, gave in some testimony which was pertinent. "I recollect the day John T. Wright was killed very well," he said.

"Did you see him that afternoon?" asked Mr. Everett.

"Yes, sir."

"Where was it?"

"I saw him pass my house."

"Was he alone?"

"No, sir; Col. Jeems Franklin was with him; but Col. Jeems just seemed to be out for the exercise and didn't have any gun with him."

"Did you see anything more of them that day?"

"I saw Col. Jeems come back by himself an hour or so afterward, but I never saw Mr. Wright come back at all."

"You are positive that Col. Franklin was in the Bayou Woods with John T. Wright the day when the latter was killed?"

"Yes, sir, I am positive."

The prosecuting attorney asked him whether he had seen Herbert Wright that day, and he replied that he had not.

At this point the defense called George B. Fenton. The name rang out over the expectant crowd, and Franklin looked a trifle uneasy, as if he wondered what information the ex-detective had secured.

There was a movement along that part of the crowd which was standing up as the witness made his way toward the stand; and when the spectators looked in that direction they beheld the flushed face, the carefully parted blond whiskers, the dull spectacled eyes and the dressy form of—

Frederick Merivale, the capitalist.

CHAPTER XVI.

For a few minutes the people in the court room failed to catch the significance of the situation. Col. Franklin wondered blankly what his friend Merivale was doing on the witness stand, and what he would tell for or against him. The big cotton men who were present in large numbers were full of speculation as to what Merivale, whom they had carried through such an elongated



THERE WAS ACTUALLY NO RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN THIS BLOND NEW YORKER AND THE STURDY FENTON.

course of heavy dinners and costly wines, could possibly have to tell in this case. Fenton's friends thought that a mistake had been made and that his testimony had been postponed; for there was actually no resemblance between this blond New Yorker, with his scant hair, his near-sightedness, his hectic color, his light beard, and the sturdy Fenton, with his plentiful dark hair and his cool, penetrating glance. But the first answer of the witness shook the crowd like an unexpected explosion; and Irving Ward was among those who were most astonished.

"What is your name?" asked Mr. Everett, with undisguised satisfaction in his voice.

"George B. Fenton."

"Mr. Fenton, you were formerly connected with our police force in the capacity of a detective?"

"I was."

"I will ask you to give the jury a minute account of your connection with this case, and the results of your investigations."

The silence in the room was profound; the astonishment was giving place to an intense interest. Fenton's voice reached even the hallway beyond the wide doors. The crowd lost not one syllable of his story.

"Very well, sir. My connection with the case began when I received the pawn tickets found on the person of Herbert Wright, the prisoner at the bar. When I discovered that young Wright had pawned a number

of articles which had been taken from the body of his father, I was strongly confident that he was the murderer. It seemed to me impossible to evade the conclusive evidence of guilt. But when I went to Wright's house to look for his pistol I accidentally discovered that it had been taken away and a very pretty revolver with an empty barrel had been placed in its stead. I thought the case over this way: This pistol thus substituted tells the story of the crime. It announces its responsibility for the murder of John T. Wright. Its presence here is intended to implicate Herbert Wright in the crime and to shield the real murderer. I became at once satisfied that we of the police force had been way off the track, and I proceeded to a thorough investigation of the case. As soon as I was employed by Mr. Everett I took steps to find out the source of all the startling things that had happened to those of us who had manifested an undue interest in the crime. Herbert Wright had narrowly escaped death from poisoning; Irving Ward had come near being assassinated, and I had been dropped from the police force. My own case being the simplest I sought to unravel it first. The first substantial discovery I made was that Pat Kernigan was a stockholder in the Shelby County Real Estate & Investment company. Then a letter of inquiry to a friend in Denver showed that he was also a stockholder in the Diamond Mining company. Consequently he was a man whom James Franklin would be likely to control. In order to satisfy myself I went to Kernigan. He's a politician, as everybody knows, and likes to keep on good terms with all men, and he told me quietly that Col. Franklin had requested my dismissal and the appointment of my successor, and that he was under such obligation to the colonel that he could not refuse to use what little influence he had with the mayor. I then went to Col. Franklin and asked him why he had requested Kernigan to bring about my dismissal. Well, by playing one against the other I secured the information I desired—namely, that Col. Franklin was at the bottom of my dismissal, and that it was all on account of my distasteful activity in the Wright case. From that time on Col. Franklin played a very important part in all my considerations; and every effort of mine was directed toward unmaking him.

"There was plenty of hard work of a pretty character to do. For instance, I went to every shoe store in the city in search of a pair of arctics of a particularly broad and square-toed make, but only at Hauptmann's could I find them. Having settled this point I had no trouble in ascertaining that a pair of these arctics had gone to the office of Col. Franklin. Then I took that unidentified watch, and went from jewelry store to jewelry store until at last I was fortunate enough to find the man who had sold it. Again I ran across Col. Franklin as the purchaser. The unidentified diamond pin was also traced to him. A good deal of minor information was incidentally picked up, which has been found to fit in the case. I paid a visit to Uncle Dick Norris, and again crossed the trail of Franklin, learning that he had been in the Bayou woods on the day of the murder. In the meanwhile I studied at odd times the lives and careers of Old Tom, Bob Padgett and the red flannel shirt man, and learned that all of them were in communication with the man whose presence seemed to pervade the case from end to end.

[To Be Continued.]

The King's Promoter.

A traveler in Italy, Mr. Ashton R. Willard, quotes the painter, De Angelis, as saying that the "gift of prizes," that of remembering names and faces, often depends upon some one who stands conveniently near, to supply the required information. If an out-of-the-way province is to be visited, the promoter is sent on in advance, to inform himself in regard to the notables. Then, on the great occasion, he keeps close to the king, and discharges facts at the required moment. So the king compliments each man appropriately, and everybody is happy. The same thing is done at the opening of an art exhibition, with some artist as promoter.

"Once," said De Angelis, "I failed to prompt quickly enough, and destroyed my official reputation forever. It was a national picture exhibition. There were several artists in the suite, but I was walking nearest the king. We suddenly turned a corner, and came upon a canvas of the new school. It was an atrocity. I knew I ought to say something, but I hesitated too long. Possibly I was stunned, and before I recovered my wits it was too late."

"What happened?"

"The king saw it, and before there was time to put him on his guard, he blurted out an emphatic condemnation."

"Why should he have been put on his guard?"

"The young man who painted the picture was walking directly behind us. He was a nice fellow, too; one of the nicest fellows in the world—if he would only leave paint alone."

Was "Opposite" Alright?

A gentleman in want of a house for the spring months, in a little town on the west coast of Ireland, found a commodious residence close to the beach. On consulting the house-agent's board he read, "House to let, apply 'opposite'." "Opposite," cried he. "Why, the house faces the sea." On making inquiry he found that the house belonged to a man living in New York, who was open to reasonable offers.—London Answers.



Give Warning of Approach of More Serious Trouble.

Do you experience fits of depression with restlessness, alternating with extreme irritability, bordering upon hysteria? Are your spirits easily affected so that one minute you laugh, and the next fall into convulsive weeping?

Do you feel something like a ball rising in your throat and threatening to choke you; all the senses perverted, morbidly sensitive to light and sound; pain in the ovaries, and especially between the shoulders; sometimes loss of voice; nervous dyspepsia, and almost continually cross and snappy, with a tendency to cry at the least provocation?

If so, your nerves are in a shattered condition, and you are threatened with nervous prostration.

Undoubtedly you do not know it, but in nine cases out of ten this is caused by some uterine disorder, and the nerves centering in and about the organs which make you a woman influence your entire nervous system. Something must be done at once to restore their natural condition or you will be prostrated for weeks and months perhaps, and suffer untold misery.

Proof is monumental that nothing in the world is better for this purpose than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; thousands and thousands of women have written us so.

How Mrs. Holland, of Philadelphia, suffered among the finest physicians in the country, none of whom could help her—finally cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For over two years I was a constant sufferer from extreme nervousness, indigestion, and dizziness. Menstruation was irregular, had backache and a feeling of great lassitude and weakness. I was so bad that I was not able to do my own work or go far in the street. I could not sleep nights.

"I tried several splendid doctors, but they gave me no relief. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I soon began to feel better, and was able to go out and not feel as if I would fall at every step. I continued to take the medicine until cured.

"I cannot say enough in behalf of Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine, and heartily recommend all suffering women to try it and find the relief I did."—MRS. FLORENCE HOLLAND, 622 S. Clifton St., Philadelphia, Pa. (Jan. 6, 1902.)

Another case of severe female trouble cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after the doctors had failed.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was in poor health for several years. I had female trouble and was not able to do my housework alone. I felt tired, very nervous, and could not sleep. I doctored with several doctors. They doctored me for my stomach, but did not relieve me. I read in your book about your medicine, and thought I would try it. I did so, and am now cured and able to do my work alone, and feel good. I was always very poor, but now weigh one hundred and fifty pounds.

"I thank you for the relief I have obtained, and I hope that every woman troubled with female weakness will give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. I have recommended it to many of my friends."—MRS. MARIA BOWERS, Millersville, Ohio. (Aug. 15, 1901.)

Will not the volumes of letters from women made strong by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound convince all of the virtues of this medicine?

How shall the fact that it will help them be made plain?

Surely you cannot wish to remain weak, and sick, and discouraged, exhausted with each day's work. You have some derangement of the feminine organism, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you just as surely as it has others.

Too Suggestive of the Past.
"No, the Duckleigns never have hay fever."

"But I thought they had everything that was fashionable."
"Yes, but they are a little sensitive about hay fever. Their father used to run a feed store, you know."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

Merit, Makes It the World's Leader.
"It makes the greatest medicine ever put into convenient form for quick, easy, pleasant use—backed by the right kind of advertising, has given Cascares the greatest sale in the world among laxative medicines. Over ten million boxes a year are now being bought by the American people. Great success always brings out imitators, and readers are warned that when it comes to buying medicine the best is none too good, and whenever a dealer offers to sell you something just as good, put it down as a worthless fake, put your money in your pocket, and go to a store where you will be treated fairly, and where, when you ask for Cascares, you will get what you ask for."

People who tell you they would be great readers if they had the time are not lying about it. They are simply mistaken.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

Men and Women
alike find pleasure in profitable investments. We have a number of interesting publications that tell of sections on the line of the M. K. & T., where the careful investor has an opportunity for placing capital profitably. Send two-cent stamp to prepay postage, to "KATY," Suite B, St. Louis, Mo.

To slur is human; to forgive—takes time.—Town Topics.

COMPULSED TO USE A CRUTCH FOR EIGHT MONTHS. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED MRS. P. CONLIN, CARBONDALE, PA.

Mrs. P. Conlin, 82 Greenfield Avenue, Carbondale, Pa., says: "I suffered with backache, and, despite the use of medicines, I could not get rid of it. I was compelled to use a crutch for eight months, and a part of the time was unable to walk at all. I finally screamed if I attempted to lift my feet from the floor, and, finally, I lost control of my limbs through weakness, so I could neither bend nor straighten up to my full height, and if a woman was in a serious condition, I was. My husband went to Kopy's drug store and brought home a box of Doan's Pills. I felt easier in a few days, and, continuing the treatment, I

was soon able to walk. At the end of two weeks the pains in my legs left. When I had completed the treatment, I had not an ache or a pain, and I have been in that condition ever since.

Aching backs are eased. Hip, back, and loin pains overcome. Swelling of the limbs and dropsy signs vanish.

They correct urine with brick dust sediment, high colored, pain in passing, dribbling, frequency, bed wetting. Doan's Kidney Pills remove calcium and gravel. Relieve heart palpitation, sleeplessness, headache, nervousness, dizziness.

For free trial box, mail this coupon to Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, N. Y. If above space is insufficient, write address on separate slip.

NAME _____
P. O. _____
STATE _____

Doan's Kidney Pills. A SPECIFIC FOR KIDNEY COMPLAINTS.

SAWYER'S EXCELSIOR BRAND OILED CLOTHING and SLICKERS

Look for the Sawyer's Excelsior Brand Trade Mark.

Guaranteed to keep you dry. The best waterproof clothing in the world. Get only the good—the kind that won't crack, peel or get sticky. All sizes, all styles, for all kinds of work. If not at dealer, write to Mr. E. SAWYER & SONS, 510 E. 12th St., St. Paul, Minn.

SAWYER'S EXCELSIOR BRAND OILED CLOTHING and SLICKERS

Look for the Sawyer's Excelsior Brand Trade Mark.

Guaranteed to keep you dry. The best waterproof clothing in the world. Get only the good—the kind that won't crack, peel or get sticky. All sizes, all styles, for all kinds of work. If not at dealer, write to Mr. E. SAWYER & SONS, 510 E. 12th St., St. Paul, Minn.

SAWYER'S EXCELSIOR BRAND OILED CLOTHING and SLICKERS

Look for the Sawyer's Excelsior Brand Trade Mark.

Guaranteed to keep you dry. The best waterproof clothing in the world. Get only the good—the kind that won't crack, peel or get sticky. All sizes, all styles, for all kinds of work. If not at dealer, write to Mr. E. SAWYER & SONS, 510 E. 12th St., St. Paul, Minn.

SAWYER'S EXCELSIOR BRAND OILED CLOTHING and SLICKERS

Look for the Sawyer's Excelsior Brand Trade Mark.