

The Hope Pioneer

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HOPE, N. DAK.

"WAGS."

She has got a doll of china with red roses in its cheeks.
And a fair-haired waxen dolly that can close its eyes and sleep;
And another one imported she can wind up and it speaks.
And a little "daddy" baby that can say "Mamma," and creep.
But the doll against her breast
When she snuggles down to rest
Is no fair-haired waxen image that can close its eyes or speak;
Just a bundle in a string.
That can't creep or talk or sing.
But its Rags, when sleep comes to her, that is snuggled 'gainst her cheek.
Not a fair-haired waxen image that was made beyond the Rhine,
Nor a wee machine-made Sambo that can creep across the floor,
Wakes the baby heart to loving, makes the baby eyes to shine,
Wakes the inborn mother instinct, makes her heart's best love outpour.
But just Rags, the humble Rags,
Wakes a love that halts nor flags.
Only Rags can soothe her slumbers; only Rags in dreamland walks;
Only Rags can understand
Every pressure of her hand;
It's just Rags who bends to listen and looks knowing when she talks.
It's just Rags she snuggles to her when she "do's a-payin' tails."
"It's dese Wags 'at loves her mummy," an' Wags do's where mummy do's."
All the rest in prim magnificence are propped against the walls,
And she's never even named them; she just calls them simply "Those!"
It's just: "Wags, oo loves oo mummy?"
And it's: "Wags, lay on oo tummy,"
While oo mummy puts oo deess on an' oo 'itty piggies too."
And it's: "Wags, oo mustn't ky!"
Dood deids doesn't, Wags; oh, my!
Wags! now oo mus' 'top oo kyin' or me'll 'tall a big boo-woo."
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

Mystery of the Bayou Woods

By WALKER KENNEDY.

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CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

Fenton's testimony was the sensation of the trial, and it furnished for many days to come the material for instructive editorials in the press of the city. The cotton magnates looked a little foolish when they found that they had been spending their money on a detective instead of a great capitalist, but they soon put aside their crestfallen air in the admiration they felt for a man who could do such clever work as Fenton had accomplished. Some of the officers who had been unwittingly lending themselves to the concealment of a great crime kept very quiet for a while.

In the general excitement people forgot to watch the countenance of Franklin, upon which a deadly pallor had settled. But the keen eyes were full of fire. It was the supreme moment of his life when, the gaze of the court room being attracted toward him, he faced it with diabolical fury.

At this stage of the proceedings those dispassionate individuals who liked to analyze testimony expressed the opinion that while it had been well established that Franklin was a very handy, all-round scoundrel, it had not been proved that Herbert Wright was innocent of his father's murder; or rather, there were a number of apparently damning circumstances connecting Wright with the crime which had not been explained. It was true it had been shown very conclusively that Franklin had conceived a gigantic scheme of robbery with incidental murder and other crimes for the purpose of getting his hands on a great fortune. His various denials had been amply disproved, so no attempt had been made to account for the fact that Herbert Wright had pawned the evidences of his guilt the very day of his father's murder. How came he by those articles? Unless he could give a reasonable explanation of that the case against him was hardly impaired by the fact that Franklin was a villain.

Before concluding his evidence with the statement of Herbert Wright, Mr. Everett introduced a gunsmith who testified that he sold Col. Franklin such a pistol as that which was in evidence. He was then asked to compare the ball taken from Wright's brain and say whether it was the proper size, and he replied in the affirmative.

The prisoner at the bar now took the stand amid a dead silence. He was pale, but self-possessed. He spoke clearly and to the point:

"On the day before my father was killed I called upon him for help. My wife and child were in an almost starving condition, and I could not get employment. It was a hard wrench to my pride to beg from him, but I did so, and was roughly rebuffed. The following day I had been to town to make another attempt to get work and had failed. Uncle Dick Norris had always been very friendly to me, so in my extremity I concluded to go to him and see if he could not let me have a bit of bread and some game, of which he usually had a supply in the house. On the way back I was cold, hungry, cynical and desperate. It seemed to me that the whole world was against me, that such a thing as a kindly heart did not exist, and that the best and the unjust only managed to thrive. My father's strict orders prevented my mother and sister from doing anything for me and mine. An idea

formed itself dimly in my mind that I was an Ismael, and that henceforth my hand should be lifted against every other man. I was half delirious with hunger and cold. The snow whipped me cruelly in the face as I plowed along. I was friendless and miserable, and haunted by visions of a pale wife and a starving child at my cheerless home.

"So absorbed was I in these miserable reflections that I did not see a figure approaching through the thickening snowflakes and the darkened woods. Evidently the person did not see me, either, until we suddenly confronted each other. He was a large man in a heavy overcoat, and he was muffled up about the face so that it was impossible to tell who he was. I had the sensation of a man who unexpectedly meets a wild animal in a jungle. Two eyes of deep and murderous malignity were fixed upon me. In his hand was a heavy stick which he held as if he intended to make an attack. I have no doubt that Franklin—for it was he—was even more startled at my appearance than I was at his. In the light of subsequent discoveries I am satisfied that having committed the crime of murder, he was terribly excited to run thus unexpectedly against the son of the man whom he had just killed. Whatever his thoughts were, it was my impression at the time that the person before me wanted to kill me, and I fancied that he was about to make the assault—for the light of murder still lingered in his face. He must have had a somewhat similar feeling about me; for we silently faced each other like two men who had agreed on a duel to the death. I was not much troubled by the prospect of danger, for I had long since lost the feeling of physical fear. I had a stout cudgel in my hand and I was desperate anyhow. This condition of mind gave me strength and agility. I did not wait for an attack, but rushed at once upon him. My decision had been prompter than his, for he was unquestionably unnerfed. My first blow landed fairly on his head, and, to my astonishment, the tall and vigorous looking stranger lay senseless at my feet. Further blows were unnecessary. As he fell something dropped from one of his overcoat pockets. I picked it up and found it to be a watch. This put an idea into my head—but it there strongly, burning, and when I discovered who it was that I had knocked down, I did not stop to de-

bate against the thought. I had always regarded Col. Franklin as an enemy of the family rather than a friend. I had been satisfied for some time that he grew rich off my father's unfortunate crime, and that it was he who kept alive my father's resentment against me. I cannot say that I reasoned all this out at that time, but I felt that I had felled an enemy and somehow I was entitled to the spoils. In plain English, I determined to rob the man whom I had thus vanquished. In one of his overcoat pockets I found a knife and the cuff buttons which have since been identified as my father's; in his vest pocket was the watch which has here been identified as Franklin's; and in his shirt bosom was the diamond pin which has figured in this case. These articles I quickly appropriated. A pair of handsome sleeve buttons which he wore were attracted my attention, but they were fastened so firmly in as to resist my hurried efforts, so I tore the cuffs promptly from the shirt. I noticed that they had dark spots on them, which afterward proved to be blood. In one of the overcoat pockets I found a pistol, but I decided not to take it. It was just about such a weapon as that displayed here, but I would not like to swear it was the same. He also had, a heavy stick, which being useless to me I did not take. Having secured all the valuables on his person, and satisfying myself he would soon come to consciousness, I hurried back to town to pawn the articles I had obtained. This I did, never stopping to think of the danger to myself afterward, and then hastened homeward over the short path. That evening we had something of a feast at home, I having made up a yarn to my wife to account for the food I bought. I have here the blood-stained cuffs with the buttons in them, which I did not pawn. You will see that Col. Franklin's initials are written on the linen in India ink."



"WE SILENTLY FACED EACH OTHER LIKE TWO MEN WHO HAD AGREED ON A DUEL TO THE DEATH."

Wright took from his pocket a small paper, which he opened, and displayed the cuffs, which were given to the jury to examine.

The prosecuting attorney examined him at considerable length, but could not shake his testimony.

It was not possible to doubt the young man's evidence, for it was corroborated by a number of minor circumstances, and besides, it was a complete explanation of the mystery. Franklin had shot Wright from behind, had perhaps in a sort of murderous fury beaten him about the head with his stick and had then robbed him in order to create the impression that robbery was the motive for the crime; then while hurrying away from the scene of the murder he himself had been knocked in the head and robbed. The testimony showed that he had been in the Bayou Woods with Wright, that he had a wound in his head, that his watch and pin had been pawned, that Wright had secured the cuff buttons and the cuffs, that the pistol with which the murder had been committed was probably his and the ball fitted it.

There was clearly no case against Herbert Wright, and the prosecuting attorney himself moved that he be discharged from custody and that the court order the arrest of James Franklin on the charge of murder until his case could be investigated by the grand jury.

And so when Herbert Wright left the court room with the congratulations of his friends he passed by Franklin, closely guarded by the sheriff.

The trial of James Franklin took place a few weeks later and he was found guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hanged. Persistent efforts were made to overturn the judgment of the court and the governor was appealed to, but both the supreme court and the chief executive declined to interfere and Franklin expiated his crime on the gallows.

CHAPTER XIX.

The people of Nilus were naturally much interested in knowing the actual value of the Colorado mine which had been the exciting germ of such an elaborate conspiracy, but it was sold to Frederick Merivale for a sum which was entirely acceptable to the Wright family, but was never accurately made public.

Of course the memory of the tragic events herein set forth left its trace upon all those connected with them, and Mrs. Wright, Miriam and Herbert decided upon an extensive trip to Europe, where they hoped to blot out the incidents of the ghastly past. For many months a terrible strain had been upon them, and only when all their trouble was over did they realize how great it had been. And peaceful scenes of the Old World, and in quiet nooks undisturbed by the indefatigable tourist, they passed an eventful year, and the record of an unhappy past became dim and unobtrusive.

Iring Wardle in the meantime remained in this country, and waited confidently, but with some impatience, for Miriam's return. The interval of absence was brightened by regular letters, in which the wonders of the Old World were not the sole topic of consideration, but were indeed rather overshadowed by the wonders of love, which kept two distant hearts as warm as summer days. It was, from one point of view, an unfruitful year for Wardle, though he made steady progress upward in his profession; but he stifled as well as he could his selfish feelings, and whenever he grew despondent he took out Miriam's letters and dreamed of the happy days to come.

And Miriam came back radiant with what she had seen and experienced, with bright eyes and browned, clear cheeks, but unchanged in heart so far as Wardle was concerned, and it was not long before she consented to name the day for the marriage, and that happy event followed in due course of time.

Fenton drifted away to one of the large cities. His work in the Wright case had won him fame far beyond his own state, and he was recognized as a bright man in police circles elsewhere; and so it was not long before he was snapped up by a superintendent on the alert for good material and he became a famous detective.

If anyone has some curiosity on the subject, and will pass along Madison street inspecting the signs of the Nilus lawyers that swing out over the sidewalk, he will find one that is old and dingy, but still bearing the faint lettering:

JOHN W. EVERETT,
Attorney-at-Law.

THE END.

His Remarkable Life Line.

A Chicago doctor who does not believe in a future state is telling the following story against himself with great glee: One of his daughter's friends is an amateur palmist, and she recently told the doctor's fortune by the lines on his hand.

It so happened that in the doctor's palm there is a very long line that starts from the base of the forefinger, travels in an unbroken line to the wrist, passes round the base of the thumb and extends half way across the back of his hand.

While the palmist was discoursing very wisely about all the various lines and other marks on his hand, he noticed that she never said one word about this long line, but after she had otherwise exhausted the subject, she said:

"Doctor, you have a remarkably long life line, the most wonderful I have ever seen, or heard tell of, and I have been puzzling myself as to the reason for it, and at last I think I know. You have got to live a long time in this world, doctor, because you haven't any place to go to." Chicago Record-Herald.

JEALOUSY CAUSES DOUBLE MURDER

Son of Ex-Mayor Edson of New York Kills Mrs. Fannie Pullen and Commits Suicide.

MAN ENRAGED BECAUSE OF HER REFUSAL TO ELOPE WITH HIM

Asks Her to Leave City with Him in the Presence of His Wife and Crime Follows Reprimand of Brother, Dr. Cyrus Edson—The Murderer Then Turns Revolver on Himself.

New York, Sept. 3.—Henry Townsend Edson, 39 years of age, of 292 West Ninety-second street, shot and killed Mrs. Fannie Pullen, 33 years old, of 673 West End avenue, Wednesday, and then shot and killed himself. The double tragedy occurred at Edson's residence.

The murderer and suicide, a son of Former Mayor Franklin Edson, and a brother of Dr. Cyrus Edson, is said to have been insanely jealous of the woman, and wanted her to go away with him.

The shooting occurred in the presence of Dr. David O. Edson, the suicide's brother, his wife, Mrs. Henry T. Edson, and a baggage mover, Thomas Wood.

The families of Henry Townsend Edson and Dr. Edson have lived together in the Ninety-second street house for a number of months. Wednesday Henry T. Edson was to vacate and leave the city for a short time.

Wanted Her to Elope.

According to the police and Woods, the furniture man, Edson had begged Mrs. Pullen to elope with him. Dr. Edson told his brother that he should be ashamed to make such a proposal in the presence of his wife. Townsend Edson became wildly excited and could not be calmed. He kept entreating Mrs. Pullen to leave the house with him, and go to another state, but she refused.

When Woods entered the house, he says he saw Townsend point his revolver toward Mrs. Pullen, and heard him say to her:

"You must go with me. If you don't elope with me, I'll see that you go with me, anyway."

Then Townsend fired two shots in quick succession. The first struck Mrs. Pullen in the right side of the forehead, and the second bullet plowed through the left cheek, tearing the flesh. Mrs. Pullen ran a few steps when she fell. Edson then turned the revolver on himself, firing two shots. The first shot went through his head, the second entered the left breast near the heart. He dropped to the floor, his head falling across the woman's feet. Both died almost instantly.

Had Quarreled with His Wife.

Recently Henry Townsend Edson had quarreled with his wife, and finally decided that he would leave her. He had sent for Mrs. Pullen, who was a friend of the family, and she came to the house, not knowing what was wanted. Mrs. Pullen and Dr. Edson were seated about the dining-room table. Edson is said to have told his wife he could not live with her any longer, and said that it would be better if they separated. This request was refused by Mrs. Edson, and the approaching trouble was quieted for the time. Suddenly, it is said, Edson turned to Mrs. Pullen, in the presence of his wife and his brother, and asked her to go away with him to some other state, where they could be happy.

Mrs. Pullen indignantly refused the proposal, and turned away from Edson. Dr. Edson severely reprimanded his brother for making any such remarks, and then left the room with Mrs. Edson. Almost immediately afterwards the shooting occurred.

Mrs. Pullen was the wife of John F. Pullen, an auditor at the Grand Central station. She had two children. Mrs. Pullen and Mrs. Edson had been intimate friends for 11 years.

Engagement to Duke Announced.

London, Sept. 3.—The engagement is announced of Miss May Goetel to the duke of Roxburghe. The duke of Roxburghe is 26 years old, having been born in 1876. He has an estate of 60,000 acres in Scotland, including a castle at Kelso, and another country seat in Haddingtonshire. He served with honor in the Boer war as a lieutenant in the royal horse guards. On his mother's side he is a first cousin to the duke of Marlborough.

Celebrated Orator Dead.

New York, Sept. 3.—Rev. Dr. James Leonard Cornin, the celebrated pulpit orator and historian and diplomat, is dead in Munich, according to a private dispatch just received here. Dr. Cornin was 72 years old, and had been active as a minister for the last 20 years. He was at one time American consul at Munich. He was an intimate friend of President Lincoln, Gen. U. S. Grant and Henry Ward Beecher.

National Champion Beaten.

Glen Cove, N. Y., Sept. 3.—Louis N. James, of Chicago, the national golf champion, was beaten in the first round by Archibald Graham, of the North Jersey club, Paterson, N. J. Graham won by 4 up and 2 to play. James' game was a disappointment, and he was poor in his short shots, failing to show anything like championship ability. The first six holes were halved, and then Graham won the next three.

Confess to Treason.

Berlin, Sept. 3.—The sergeant and six privates who were recently arrested for treason at Metz have confessed that they stole two bombs with the new secret fuses attached, for an agent of France.

NORTH DAKOTA NEWS

New Course of Study.

A new course of study for the eight years' work in the common schools of the state will probably be ready for presentation to county superintendents at their next meeting in December. The special committee upon the revision of the course has completed its meeting with State Superintendent Stockwell, the work has been mapped out and divided, and the committee has agreed upon the non-essentials that can be eliminated and the new work that can be added with benefit to the schools.

Each member of the general committee has been assigned one or two branches for revision, and will call to his assistance the specialists at the different state educational institutions. As the work is divided Superintendent Stockwell will revise the courses in civics and United States history; Superintendent Paulson of Wells county will revise the courses in reading and spelling; Superintendent Barnes of Barnes county will have arithmetic and writing; Superintendent Alexander of Pembina will take language and grammar; Superintendent Olsburg of Nelson will take geography and assist in languages, and Superintendent Crocker of Ransom will revise the new course in agriculture and assist with other work.

For the World's Fair.

Lieutenant Governor Bartlett was in Fargo arranging for the sorting and packing of the agricultural exhibits of North Dakota at the St. Louis exposition. The samples selected in each of the counties of the state will be sent to this city and sorted and arranged so as to make up a comparative exhibit of the resources of the state, both agricultural and industrial.

Mr. Bartlett is anxious that all persons having good samples of corn and other grains to send them to him at Fargo so that a good exhibit of this character may be assured.

It is also the desire of the exposition commission that a nice exhibit be made of the apples and small fruits raised in North Dakota, and all persons having samples to spare are requested to notify Mr. Bartlett and he will arrange for their collection. He will arrange for their collection, prices for good samples.

The commission is doing a large amount of good work this season and North Dakota will make a creditable showing at the exposition without a doubt.

Equalization of Taxes.

The state board of equalization has made its final report.

A number of slight changes were made on the personal property valuation. Horses one year old were increased 27 per cent, to an average of \$14; two-year-old horses were increased 5 per cent to \$22.05; three-year-old horses were increased 3 per cent to \$23.96; stallions were increased 50 per cent to \$150; cattle, one year old, were reduced 8 per cent to \$8, and two-year-old and three-year-old cattle were valued at \$12 and \$13 each. All other cattle were increased 20 per cent to \$13 per head. Mules and asses, one year-old were increased 69 per cent to \$16; 2-year-olds, increased 16 per cent to \$22.04; 3-year-olds increased 10 per cent to \$33. Sheep were decreased 6 per cent to an average of \$1.40 and pianos were left at \$70 each. Household goods were increased 5 per cent and agricultural tools and implements were increased 25 per cent, while engines and boilers were increased 15 per cent.

An Old Still.

Out at Minot they are trying to figure out who has been making moonshine whiskey there. While making excavations in the cellar of a house which was to be enlarged, workmen came across a complete outfit for distilling. The outfit gives evidence of having been out of use for a long time. The structure has been used as a hotel since its erection in 1888. The original owner was Carl Torben, who occupied it for over five years. He was succeeded by Chas. Robbins, who was in turn succeeded by C. C. Montgomery. After the death of Mr. Montgomery Mayor Roach came into possession of the hotel and it has since been leased, but for some time past has been idle. Whoever put in the distillery evidently found it inconvenient to move it when he shut down operations, and it will be ignominiously consigned to the junk pile without ceremony and without epitaph.

Prices Not High.

The highest priced grass fed cattle from the western range so far this season, was a car-load of three-year-old steers from Dickinson, which sold on the Chicago market, at \$4.65 per hundred live weight. A year ago the same quality of beefs would have sold for \$5.50 to \$6. Cattle shipments are being held back with the expectation that prices will be better a little later. A good many mutton sheep shipments are also being held back owing to the prevailing low prices in Chicago the past two weeks.

News Notes.

George O'Leary, of Minot, went to the claim of a divorced wife and made a rough house. She ordered him away, but he only laughed. Then she shot at him, the ball passing between his arm and body. He fled.

Ground has been broken for the new Union hotel at Portal. The hotel will supply a convenience long needed.

The safe was blown open and the Granville State bank robbed of \$2,000. Tools from the Great Northern tool house were used. There is no clue.

MIGHTY MEAN TRICK.

One Way of Scoring a Wife's Extravagance Without Raising a Family Disturbance.

He drew a letter from his pocket, glanced at it and hastily put it back; and there was something in the way he did it that attracted his wife's attention. He meant that it should, says the Chicago Post.

"I wonder," she said to herself, "what's in that letter? He certainly was mighty disconcerted when he took it from his pocket."

Later he changed his coat for his smoking jacket and left the coat conveniently near her.

The temptation was too great to be resisted, and when he was out of the room she slyly abstracted the letter from his pocket, as he had meant that she should do.

Her curiosity was satisfied. It was the bill for her latest gown, with comments on extravagance written across it. She wanted to answer them, but she could not without betraying what she had done. She was angry, but she dared not show it. When he returned she had to sit there and smile as pleasantly as she had before he left the room. Such a mean man!

The J. P.'s Agree.

Stanton, Ark., Aug. 31st.—News comes from Duff, Searcy Co., this state, that Mr. T. E. Reeves, a Justice of the Peace at that place, has written a letter recommending Dodd's Kidney Pills in which he says:

"I think Dodd's Kidney Pills can't be beat for Kidney Trouble, and I wish them every success."

The local J. P. Mr. E. B. Cox agrees with his brother Justice on this point for he says: "I had a bad case of Kidney Trouble and was not able to do a day's work without great distress. I bought six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and after I had used three boxes I was all right. I am as well as ever, and I cannot praise Dodd's Kidney Pills too highly."

Unavoidable Delay.

The irate heirs called at the general office of the life insurance company. "We want to know," they said, "why you are so long in paying the \$10,000 called for in the policy our deceased relative carried in this company. He died three months ago, and we were promised we should have it in less than 60 days."

"What was his name?" asked the president.

"Benjamin Franklin Louderschlagel."

"Ah, that is the name, gentlemen," he finally explained the president of the concern.

"If it had been a short, easy name like David Jones or Thomas Johnson the matter would have been settled and you would have got your money long ago."—Chicago Tribune.

\$1.00 Big 500-Pound Steel Range Offer.

If you can use the best big 500-pound steel range made in the world, and are willing to have it placed in your own home on three months' free trial, just cut this notice out and send to Sears, Roebuck & Co., Chicago, and you will receive free by return mail a big picture of the steel range and many other cooking and heating stoves, and you will also receive the most wonderful \$1.00 steel range offer, an offer that places the best steel range or heating stove in the home of any family, an offer that no family in the land, no matter what their circumstances may be, or how small their income, need without the best cooking or heating stove made.

"Er some young men," said Uncle Eben, "was as industrious addin' up fingers in columns as dey is gettin' 'em in rows on policy slips. I reckons dey'd be savin' money."

—Washington Star.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Human makes scraps very little together. —Chicago Daily News.

If you want creamery prices do as the creameries do, use June Tint Butter Color.

Games of love often result in a tie.—Chicago Daily News.

SUFFERED FOR FIFTEEN YEARS

Completely Restored to Health.

Mrs. P. Brunzel, wife of P. Brunzel, stock dealer, residence 3111 Grand Ave., Everett, Wash., says: "For fifteen years I suffered with

terrible pain in my back. I experimented with doctors and medicines but got little if any relief. I actually believe the aching in my back and through the groin became worse. I did not know what it was to enjoy a night's rest and arose in the morning feeling tired and unrefreshed. My suffering sometimes was simply indescribable. Finally I saw Dodd's Kidney Pills advertised and got a box. After a few doses I told my husband that I was feeling much better and that the pills were doing me good. When I finished that box I felt like a different woman. I didn't stop at that, though. I continued the treatment until I had taken five boxes. There was no recurrence until a week ago, when I began to feel miserable again. I bought another box and three days' treatment restored me to health. Dodd's Kidney Pills act very effectively, very promptly, relieve the aching pains and all other annoying difficulties. I have recommended them to many people and will do so when opportunities present themselves."

A Free Trial of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Brunzel will be mailed to any part of the United States on application. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

Wet Work

has no terrors for the man who wears

SAWYER'S EXCELSOR BRAND Slickers

Warranted Water Proof.

SAWYER'S Oiled Clothing

mades for all kinds of work. Get only the genuine that will not crack, peel or get sticky. If you don't know how to tell them, write for catalogue to H. M. SAWYER & SONS, 100 State St., Boston, Mass.