

HAYWARD IS JUBILANT.

Miss Wachter Proves to Be a Valuable Witness.

STATE SPRINGS A SURPRISE.

Contrary to All Expectations, the Testimony of the Stenographer is Admitted Without Objection—Her Testimony of a Sensational Nature and Remained Unshaken Under Cross-Examination. Murderer Lake's Case.

MINNEAPOLIS, Feb. 19.—"How does it look now, old man?" asked Harry Hayward after court adjourned, as he slipped a friend on the back, and laughed heartily. He was in a good humor. It was a day for the defense.

After four long weeks of trial the defense had at least made a mark with the testimony of Maggie Wachter, the stenographer, the state having withdrawn its objections to her testimony.

Miss Wachter was positive and could not be shaken by cross-examination. She called Blizt a liar, O'Dell a schemer to make money out of the county and Assistant County Attorney Hall a bulldozer and intimidator of women.

Mrs. W. W. Hayward, the mother of both boys, came into court to hear her son again accused of the crime from the lips of the woman who was to impeach the testimony of Blizt.

She took it calmly, although there was a look of satisfaction on her face as she heard the witness testify and heard how Mr. Nye failed to shake her.

Harry was jubilant, but controlled himself, yet often he would burst out into uncontrollable laughter as Miss Wachter would make an unusually savage thrust at Mr. O'Dell or Mr. Hall.

After court adjourned Mr. Hall stated that there was not a word of truth in what she had stated about him. In her evidence she said that Hall had called on her and attacked her character in a most abusive and scandalous manner.

"Why, our meeting was most pleasant," said Mr. Hall. "Do they think I am a fool to talk the way she says to a woman?"

Miss Wachter is the stenographer of Blizt's attorney, who was to testify that Blizt has stated to his attorney in her presence that it was with Harry Hayward and not with Harry that he conspired to murder Miss Gung.

PHILADELPHIA ELECTIONS.

Indications Are That Warwick Is the New Mayor.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 18.—At midnight all indications point to the election of Charles F. Warwick as mayor of this city by a majority estimated at from 50,000 to 60,000 over Robert E. Pattison, at-governor of the state.

William J. Roney, the Republican candidate for receiver of taxes, has evidently been largely cut by his party, but his name is still in the race.



CHARLES F. WARWICK, Republican candidate for mayor of Philadelphia.

Twelve police magistrates, 11 select councilmen and 70 common councilmen have been elected, and present indications are that the Republicans have these offices.

Unusual interest was manifested in the election and a remarkably large vote was polled. It was a "Republican weather" and the day was bright and clear.

The fight waged by the two reform organizations—the Municipal League and the Citizens' Committee of Ninety-five—was directed against the councilmen whose records justified their "turning down."

The most sanguine of the Republican leaders did not hope for a majority higher than 30,000 or 40,000, while Governor Pattison expressed himself as confident that he would be elected by about 50,000 plurality.

That the Pennsylvania Democratic faction opposed to the leadership of National Chairman Harry—out Pattison is indicated by the fact that the Twelfth ward, which usually goes Democratic, gave Warwick 400 majority.

PECULIAR CASE OF BIGAMY.

George Oehliser Tying of His Wife Sells Her for Fifty Dollars.

BUFFALO, Feb. 18.—A peculiar case of bigamy was brought to the attention of the grand jury and will be considered by that body when it again convenes on March 6.

The revelations which have so far been made in the case show that about 10 years ago A. W. Cook, proprietor of the Tremont House, this city, offered one George Oehliser \$50 to marry a young girl named Emma Kirschner, who had, it is alleged, been living as Cook's mistress at the Tremont. Emma was very pretty and Oehliser jumped at the offer. The two lived together for some time in the town of Holland and had a couple of children.

By and by Oehliser got tired of his wife and offered her to John W. Butts, also of Holland, for the same sum he had himself been paid—\$50.

Butts was willing; so was Mrs. Oehliser, and the deal was made, Butts giving his note for the amount.

Butts and his newly bought wife were married before Justice of the Peace Holmes in the village of South Wales, the woman giving her name as Emma Kirschner, and stating that she had never been married. This was on last Tuesday.

Thursday, Holmes found out the deception that had been put upon him, and the presentation of the case to the grand jury was the result.

In the meantime Oehliser is diligently looking for a purchaser for Butts' note.

A THEATRICAL TRAGEDY.

Pretty Madge Yorkie, the Actress, Shot to Death in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 18.—Madge Yorkie, a soprano singer with the "Baggage Check" company, was shot and almost instantly killed at Zela's hotel, this city, by James P. Gentry, a comedian of Collier's "Back Number" company. Gentry escaped and up to a late hour had not been caught.

Charles T. Blaney, author of the "Baggage Check," and Manager Cooper said that it was generally understood that Gentry and the girl were engaged to be married, and no motive for the deed other than a fit of jealousy can be imagined.

Pardon For "Burglar" Henderson.

LANSING, Mich., Feb. 20.—Governor Rich, upon recommendation of the pardon board, issued a pardon for Harold O. Henderson, convicted of burglary and sentenced to three years imprisonment. Henderson is a civil engineer, a graduate of Yale and has wealthy parents in California, who have nothard of their son's disgrace. Henderson, while calling upon a married woman, was attacked by her husband, and in his eagerness to escape, jumped through a window. He had in his possession the woman's watch and the husband had him arrested for burglary. For fear of blushing the wife's reputation Henderson would not explain his presence in the house and was convicted. He has served two years of his term.

Mysterious Murder at Gloversville.

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 16.—James Jamison, 16 years old, was shot and killed in a barn. Who fired the fatal shot has not been learned. That it is a murder there is no doubt, as he was found in a stall in the barn, while the revolver in the found under a pile of blankets in the office. Several persons were in the barn at the time, but they declare that they heard no shots fired.

Mrs. Wickes Gets a Divorce.

CHICAGO, Feb. 18.—Mrs. Laura H. Wickes obtained her decree of divorce from her husband, Thomas B. Wickes, Vice President of the Pullman Car company, in Judge Tuthill's court. Mr. Wickes allowed the case to go by default, making no defense whatever. The complainant charged her husband with extreme cruelty.

Patriarchs Meet in Syracuse.

SYRACUSE, Feb. 20.—The second annual meeting of the state council of the Patriarchs Militant, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, is being held here to reorganize the plan of the cantons and battalions of the order. A revision of the by-laws will also be made.

Minches Brought to Trial.

UTICA, N. Y., Feb. 20.—Sheriff Weaver arrived here from Chicago with Doc Minchin in custody. Minchin will be tried for assisting in the escape of Buncoer O'Brien from this city in April, 1894.

MYSTERIOUS TIDES.

THOSE OF THE LAKES THAT THE SKIPPERS CALL SWASHES.

They Rise Suddenly From Calm Water and Display Many Strange Caprices—An Old Lake Erie Skipper Talks Interestingly on the Subject.

"Tidal waves on the great lakes are not of uncommon occurrence," said an old Lake Erie skipper, "and although meteorological experts have for more than 100 years tried to study out their cause we don't know any more about it now than they did at the time the great wave rose suddenly on Lake Erie, off Rockport, and destroyed Colonel Bradstreet's fleet, in October, 1784. That was the first tidal wave on the lakes that we have any record of."

"I have seen many of these swashes, as we call them on the lakes, the last one about ten years ago, when my schooner was swept high and dry at Port Stanley by a wave that seemed to rise on the lake like some monster rising out of the depths to the surface. We could see it rushing toward us a mile away. It came with a boiling front ten feet high, hissing like a steam locomotive as it swept toward us. That is a peculiar thing about the lake tidal waves. They do not come with a roar, like the ocean surf, but with a loud, hissing sound, and there is only one instance on record where they are either accompanied or followed by strong winds."

"That one instance was at Toledo, in December, 1855, when the wind, which had been blowing stiff offshore, suddenly whirled into a howling nor'easter, and as quick as the change in the wind that wave leaped out of the lake and came hurrying upon the shore, a wild and angry mass, eight feet high. In every other recorded occurrence of these mysterious freaks of the lake waters the surface of the lake has been perfectly calm and the air scarcely perceptible."

"Such was the condition when that big wave attacked us at Port Stanley, sweeping my schooner and drowning one of my men. The wave receded as fast as it had rushed in, and the lake, in less than ten minutes, was as smooth as a mirror."

"Within the next hour there were four more swashes, each one of less force and volume, until the last was scarcely more than a ripple."

"Almost the first thing I remember, for I was but three years old at the time, was one of these tidal waves. It appeared early in the spring on the Canada shore, off Otter Creek. There was a piece of woods there, with a long stretch of beach between it and the lake. My father had a 35-ton schooner lying off the shore half a mile or more. The water was a dead calm, when, without warning of any kind, a wave lifted itself from the bottom of the lake, probably 14 miles out, and swept shoreward with its mighty bill. My mother and I were with father on his schooner. As that swash came rushing upon us it seemed to me as if the leaping foam of the white crest was higher than the schooner's mast, but I know now that it was not more than 12 feet high. The wave was high enough and strong enough, though, to sweep the schooner ashore as if it had been a cockleshell, and across that stretch of beach into the woods, where it was left among the trees, a hopeless wreck."

"In ten minutes the lake was as calm as ever, but an hour later a similar wave appeared at Kettle Creek, 20 miles from Otter Creek, and tumbled all sorts of lake craft ashore."

"I guess the greatest tidal wave ever seen on any of the lakes was the one Dr. Foster and his party of voyagers saw on Lake Superior, between Copper Harbor and Eagle river. That was in August, 1845. This swash was more than 20 feet high, and, like all of its kind, sprung suddenly from the lake at dead calm. It was a quarter of a mile distant from Dr. Foster's boat, which, when the disturbance began, was directly in the path of the wave. It was a great deal of time, and it seemed to me as if the wave was coming toward me, and I was with father on his schooner. As that swash came rushing upon us it seemed to me as if the leaping foam of the white crest was higher than the schooner's mast, but I know now that it was not more than 12 feet high. The wave was high enough and strong enough, though, to sweep the schooner ashore as if it had been a cockleshell, and across that stretch of beach into the woods, where it was left among the trees, a hopeless wreck."

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THE BELLS OF LIFE.

The birth bells are ringing a joyous cheer For a white soul laid in the lap of love. A spirit flows from the bells above To bloom for a day on the shores of time.

The wedding bells swing to their gladdest note, Proclaiming the good that the fall years bring. In the drooping bend of the marriage ring, From the bosom depths of their ghostly throng.

In the hazy of time the death bells toll The entrance to heaven; the end of earth. The death that is only a greater birth. As life's bondage falls from the wedding cord.

Birth bells, marriage bells, death bells, you have rung. The story of life since the world was young. —Eos Hartwick Thorpe in Detroit Free Press.

MET A BAD MAN IN TEXAS.

An Army Officer's Experience, Which Included a Drink of Fever Whiskey.

"Only on one occasion in my life have I felt the need of a weapon," said an officer of the United States army. "I have never carried a gun, but it has sometimes occurred to me that no man ought ever to be without one. One cannot be sure but that some time the weapon would save one's life. For instance, I will relate to you a little experience of my own. It was in a wild mountain region of Texas. I was riding along a lonely path, mounted on a government mule. Not a thing did I have on my person which could have been regarded by the most imprudent citizen as of value. Whistling as I went, I approached a large rock, about which the path ran to avoid a sharp ascent. Just as I reached it a fierce-looking man came out of the bushes and cried 'Halt!'"

"What could I do? Perhaps you will say that I ought to have charged upon him with my government mule, overpowered him, taken away his arms and demanded why he should thus obstruct what was the best substitute available for a public highway. I did nothing of the kind. The only reason I can allege is that I was afraid. Such a method of dealing with highwaymen does well enough in story books, but in real life it is dangerous. Accordingly I obeyed the suggestion of the bold bandit and halted. For a moment my heart jumped into my throat as I saw him thrust a hand into his hip pocket. He drew from it something and pointed it at me point blank. I perceived that the something was not a pistol; it was a bottle—a large black bottle. Said the highwayman, 'Drink!'"

"I held out my hand and grasped the bottle with more than ordinary eagerness. I drank. It was the worst whiskey I ever tasted, and that is saying a good deal, for I had lived in the wilds of the west for a number of years. But he was a grateful drink. I handed the bottle back to the highwayman, and as he went his way with a benevolent smile upon his countenance I resumed, with a thankful heart, my journey upon my government mule. I had meant to offer him that mule, but would hardly have had the nerve perhaps, for he might have regarded the proffer of such an obviously valueless gift as an insult."

Washington Star.

New England's Lonely Cabin.

One house, bigger, better and uglier than the others, was the voluntary prison of an old woman, who for five years had not allowed a human being to cross the threshold. Nobody thought her conduct odd or remarkable. I saw her once at the gate, and she poured out a flood of meaningless babble in delight at the possession of a listener. Her words were inarticulate, just as sour beer runs, choking itself, escaping from an uncorked cask.

"I've seen you passin' before. There's nobody ever passes but Len Mole's goat to his lobster pots twice a week. I looked my doors six years ago come July. The folks tramped on my kitchen floor, and I can't scrub it but once a day. The year afore that I spent at my married daughter's on the Cape. She didn't charge nothin' for my keep. To be sure, I chored round an knitted reg'lar. But I took it kind in 'Liza, not chargin' nothin'. No board all winter."

"Do children here usually charge their mothers for board?" I asked.

"No," with a soiled look "they send them to the home."

"You must be lonely."

"Mer No. I've got my oleman to do an Len Mole's goat by reg'lar."

In the old days solitude, fasting and praying for five years no doubt brought many a hermit very near to God or the devil, but a solitude of five years of scrubbing and watching for Len Mole's goat.

What Comes After Death?

A good thing is told in connection with the lectures on theosophy in this city. The lecturer, in the midst of a learned discourse, asked in stenographic tones:

"What comes after death?" No one answered, and after waiting a moment he repeated, with vehemence, "Again, I say, what comes after death?"

Just at that moment the door opened, and in walked one of the leading undertakers of the city and went demurely to a seat. The coincidence was too much for the audience. —Bangor Commercial.

A Curious Custom.

There is found in Cheshire, England, a curious survival of the ancient Saturnalia. During Christmas week the servants all flock to the towns, having received their year's wages, and for seven days they refuse to work. Engagements are made for the ensuing year at this season, but the engagement does not begin until New Year's day, the week being spent in jollity.

All Saints' day, Nov. 1, is said to have been begun by Pope Boniface IV about 607 and was established by Gregory IV about 830.

Democritus paid 2 chaetis—that is, less than 1 cent—for two waxen tablets to make a memorandum.

It is said that mules fed on corn that has the smut will lose their hoofs.

SEEDS.

FLOWERS OFFERED.

1. Lovely Tuberoses, 2. Sweet Peas, 3. Early Marigolds, 4. Sweet Peas, 5. Early Marigolds, 6. Sweet Peas, 7. Early Marigolds, 8. Sweet Peas, 9. Early Marigolds, 10. Sweet Peas, 11. Early Marigolds, 12. Sweet Peas, 13. Early Marigolds, 14. Sweet Peas, 15. Early Marigolds, 16. Sweet Peas, 17. Early Marigolds, 18. Sweet Peas, 19. Early Marigolds, 20. Sweet Peas, 21. Early Marigolds, 22. Sweet Peas, 23. Early Marigolds, 24. Sweet Peas, 25. Early Marigolds, 26. Sweet Peas, 27. Early Marigolds, 28. Sweet Peas, 29. Early Marigolds, 30. Sweet Peas, 31. Early Marigolds, 32. Sweet Peas, 33. Early Marigolds, 34. Sweet Peas, 35. Early Marigolds, 36. Sweet Peas, 37. Early Marigolds, 38. Sweet Peas, 39. Early Marigolds, 40. Sweet Peas, 41. Early Marigolds, 42. Sweet Peas, 43. Early Marigolds, 44. Sweet Peas, 45. Early Marigolds, 46. Sweet Peas, 47. Early Marigolds, 48. Sweet Peas, 49. Early Marigolds, 50. Sweet Peas, 51. Early Marigolds, 52. Sweet Peas, 53. Early Marigolds, 54. Sweet Peas, 55. 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