

### MARCUM MURDER TRIAL

**Curtis Jett on the Stand—Contradicted Mrs. Johnson's Testimony.**  
Jackson, Ky., June 16.—Judge Rodwine in forceful language charged the grand jury to investigate the Ewon hotel fire. Troops are after witnesses. Attorney Colden made the opening statement for the defense in the assassination case. Curtis Jett was called to the stand in his own behalf. He was cool but answered questions from attorneys with considerable hesitation.  
Jett was asked what he had said to Mrs. Johnson on meeting her after Marcum was killed. He replied: "I said that she should lay this on me; that every time a man was killed they said I did it."  
Mrs. Johnson testified that Jett said: "Harris' money killed him. I fired the shots." He said at the time of the shooting his right hand was so badly swollen that he could not have pulled a trigger. He said he had had a finger amputated two weeks before.

### Chinese Commercial Treaty.

Shanghai, June 16.—The terms of the American Commercial treaty have been settled, except the clause providing for the opening of the two Manchurian ports. The treaty abolishes all interior trade barriers in the shape of internal taxation of goods in transit in China or Manchuria, except the duties collected by the native custom houses at the treaty ports under former customs management and allows surtaxes of 1 1/2 per cent in import duty and 1/2 per cent in export duty.

### Pleaded Guilty to Grand Larceny.

Albany, June 16.—Joseph D. Hamburger, a stock broker, who resides at St. Louis, pleaded guilty to a charge in county court of grand larceny, and was sentenced to pay a fine of \$500. Hamburger was indicted for making a false report to the National bank of Springfield, Mass., regarding the assets of the firm of Hamburger & Co., then in business in this city.

### MARKET REPORT.

#### New York Provision Market.

WHEAT—No. 2 red, 85c f. o. b. adroit; No. 1, Northern Duluth, 90c; CORN—No. 2 white, 57c; OATS—No. 2 white, 41c; No. 2 white, 41c; No. 3 white, 40c; POTATOES—Mess, \$18.25 to \$18.75; family, \$18.25 to \$18.50.  
HAY—Shipping, 80c to 85c; good to choice, \$1.15 to \$1.20.  
BUTTER—Creamery, extras, 21c; factory, 17c; imitation creamery lower grades, 13c to 14c.  
CHEESE—New large white, 10c; light skims, 8c.  
EGGS—State and Pennsylvania, 19c.  
POTATOES—New York, per 185 lbs., \$2.50 to \$3.00.

#### Buffalo Provision Market.

WHEAT—No. 1 northern, 84c; winter wheat, No. 2 red, 80c; CORN—No. 2 yellow, 53c f. o. b. adroit; No. 3 yellow, 52c; OATS—No. 3 white, 42c f. o. b. adroit; No. 4 white, 41c.  
FLOUR—Spring wheat, best patent per bbl., \$4.50 to \$4.75; low grades, \$3.00 to \$3.25.  
BUTTER—Creamery western extra tubs, 22c to 23c; state and Pennsylvania creamery, 22c; dairy, fair to good, 16c to 18c.  
CHEESE—Fancy full cream, 12c; good to choice, 11c to 11 1/2c; common to fair, 9c to 10c.  
EGGS—State, fresh fancy, 17c.  
POTATOES—Per bushel, \$1.00 to \$1.25.

#### East Buffalo Live Stock Market.

CATTLE—Best steers on sale, \$6.10 to \$6.50; good to choice shipping steers, \$4.80 to \$5.10; fair to good steers, \$4.50 to \$4.90; common to fair heifers, \$3.50 to \$4.00; choice to extra fat heifers, \$4.50 to \$5.00; good butcher bulls, \$3.25 to \$3.75; choice to prime veals, \$6.50 to \$7.00; handy fat calves, \$4.25 to \$5.25.  
SHEEP AND LAMBS—Choice to extra lambs, \$6.25 to \$7.25; fair to good, \$5.25 to \$5.75; culls to common, \$4.00 to \$4.75; wether sheep, \$5.00 to \$6.50.  
HOGS—Mixed packers' grades, \$6.35 to \$6.40; medium hogs, \$6.35 to \$6.45; pigs, good to choice, \$6.35 to \$6.50.

#### Buffalo Hay Market.

HAY—Timothy, per ton, loose, \$17.00 to \$19.00; hay, prime on track, per ton, \$18.00 to \$19.50; No. 1 do do, \$17.00 to \$17.50; No. 2 do do, \$14.00 to \$15.00.

#### Utica Dairy Market.

Utica, June 15.  
Transactions on the Utica dairy board of trade today were:  
CHEESE—Large white, 13 lots of 746 boxes at 10 1/2c; large colored, 25 lots of 2,165 boxes at 10 1/2c; small white, 11 lots of 1,087 boxes at 10 1/2c; small colored, 30 lots of 2,637 boxes at 10 1/2c; commission, 15 lots of 900 boxes. Total 94 lots of 7,537 boxes.  
BUTTER—Creamery, 164 packages at 23c. Sales of cheese on this board, June 15, 1902, 9,060 boxes at 9 1/2c for both large and small.

#### Little Falls Cheese Market.

Little Falls, June 15.  
Sales of cheese on the Little Falls market today were:  
Large colored, 1 lot of 100 boxes at 10 1/2c; small white, 24 lots of 1,612 boxes at 10 1/2c; small white, 6 lots of 450 boxes at 10 1/2c; small colored, 32 lots of 2,055 boxes at 10 1/2c; small colored, 3 lots of 210 boxes at 10 1/2c; twins, colored, 8 lots of 582 boxes at 10 1/2c; twins, white, 19 lots of 956 boxes at 10 1/2c. Totals, 94 lots of 5,966 boxes.

#### ARE YOU GOING ANYWHERE

West within the next 30 days? If so write H. C. Allen, C. P. & T. A. Nickel Plate Road, 929 State street, Erie, Pa., for rates, routes, dates of special parties, etc. 20 years experience, testimonials, etc. Best accommodations and always cheapest rates available. Write to-day. A29J24

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### TRUCK DRIVER AND HORSE.

**How a Friendly Understanding Developed Between Them.**  
The friendly relations which often exist between truck drivers and their horses is shown in the story of Chieftain, one of the tales in "Horses Nine," by Sewell Ford. Tim Doyle, the driver, having been left alone in the world, takes up lodgings in the stable. The story runs thus: So for three years or more Chieftain had always had a good night pat on the flank from Tim, and in the morning, after the currying and rubbing, they had a little friendly banter in the way of love snaps from Tim and good natured nosings from Chieftain. Perhaps many of Tim's confidences were given half in jest, and perhaps Chieftain sometimes thought that Tim was a bit slow in perception; but, all in all, each understood the other even better than either realized.

Of course Chieftain could not tell Tim of all those vague longings which had to do with new grass and springy turf, nor could he know that Tim had similar longings. These thoughts each kept to himself. But if Chieftain was of Norman blood, a horse whose noble sires had ranged pasture and paddock free from rein or trace, Tim was a Dogle whose father and grandfather had lived close to the good green sod and had done their toil in the open, with the cool and calm of the country to soothe and revive them.

Of such delights as these both Chieftain and Tim had tasted scantly, hurriedly, in youth, and for them in the lapses of the daily grind both yearned each after his own fashion.

And, each in his way, Tim and Chieftain were philosophers. As the years had come and gone, toil filled and uneventful, the character of the man had ripened and mellowed, the disposition of the horse had settled and sweetened.

In his earlier days Tim had been ready to smash a wheel or lose one, to demand right of way with profane unctious and to back his word with whip, fist or bale hook. But he had learned to yield an inch on occasion and to use the soft word.

Chieftain, too, in his first years between the poles had sometimes been impatient with the untrained mates who had from time to time joined the team. He had taken part in mane biting and trace kicking, especially on days when the loads were heavy and the flies thick, conditions which try the best of horse tempers. But he had steeled down into a pole horse who could set an example that was worth more than all the six foot lashes ever tied to a whipstock.

**Dr. Holmes' Table Talk.**  
At table Dr. Holmes was unflaggingly vivacious, ready at repartee, as witty as Lowell without Lowell's audacity at punning and for the immediate moment as wise as Emerson. Underwood, in his monograph on "Lowell, the Poet and the Man," has by some lapse of memory misquoted a passage of words that took place between Emerson and Holmes at one of the early Atlantic dinners. The conversation was upon the orders of architecture. It was Emerson, not Holmes, who had been emphasizing that the Egyptian was characterized by breadth of base, the Grecian by the adequate support and the Gothic by its skyward soaring. Then it was Holmes, not Emerson, who flashed out instantly, "One is for death, one is for life, and one is for immortality." I did not hear this, but it was repeated to me at the time by one who did.—J. T. Towbridge in Atlantic.

**Huge Stones From the Moon.**  
In a catalogue of Mexican meteorites prepared by M. Antonio del Castillo one mass is mentioned which exploded in the air and fell in widely dispersed fragments, portions of it being found in three places at the angles of a triangle whose two longer sides were some fifty-five and thirty-five miles in length. In one of these places two plates of stone were discovered, lying about 250 yards apart, which evidently once formed one huge block. Measurements and estimations placed the combined weight of the two blocks at eighty tons. In this one shower of "moon stones," according to M. del Castillo's paper, not less than 3,000 tons of rocks fell.

**Opportunities.**  
However a man is gifted, whether for active enterprise of thought or charity, there lies around him a world of opportunity. So far behind are we socially, morally, intellectually, that one might be forgiven if he supposed the world were made but yesterday and nothing had yet been done. Does no ambition fire us to help the despairing, starving, sinking people around us? If a few more years be added to our life, would we not strive to put something right, to sweep out some little corner, to awaken some soul to see and rejoice in the growing light?—Good Words.

**Bird Superstitions.**  
In many parts of England there are curious superstitions about birds. The stonechat, for instance, is believed to be continually chattering with the evil one, so it is held in bad repute, and as the raven commonly impersonates his sable majesty it is ranked in the same category of evil birds. Sometimes, however, the raven's appearance, so it is held, forebodes a death.

**Natural Conclusions.**  
"Eve dey's milk in paradise dey must have cows dar," said Brother Williams, "on dey got honey dar dey sho musts have bees, on whar bees is dey's blossoms, on whar blossoms is dey's always watermillions in season, bless de Lawd!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Self made pedestals are a good deal more numerous than self made men.—Puck.

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### BERMUDA MAIDENS.

**The Reason So Many of Them Decide to Remain Unmarried.**  
In proportion to population there are more old maids in the Bermudas than in any other part of the world. This is true of all classes of the population, but especially of the oldest and wealthiest families, who have been connected with the islands ever since they were colonized by the Virginia company in 1612.

Five out of six of the daughters of the old planting families do not marry in spite of the fact that they are pretty, with a delicate rose flush type of beauty, extremely well bred and accomplished and just as nice as girls can possibly be. Their failure to marry is a standing source of wonder to the whole of the West Indies.

An antiquated law is undoubtedly responsible in part for this state of things. By this law provision is made for the daughters to take shares of a landed estate when their father dies, but if one marries she loses her fortune. It is taken away and shared among the others. Under this law many a girl of the better class is robbed of the dowry which is rightfully hers. Sometimes she will not marry her sweetheart at the cost of her fortune; sometimes the mercenary swain will not marry her if she has nothing to bring him but herself.

**Rustic Work.**  
Sooner or later every owner of a country home runs up against the idea of rustic work. Generally it lifts him back—sometimes too far. If you really need seats or summer houses in your woodland nothings can be more appropriate than logs with the bark on, because they harmonize with the growing trees, says Country Life in America. This is the real secret of the popularity of rustic work, its fitness. It is opposed to costlier and more architectural features which make a strong contrast with natural surroundings. Occasionally, however, you will find a man who has fallen head over heels in love with rustic work for its own sake. The consequence is that he fills the lawn in front of his house with all sorts of rustic impossibilities which look doubly foolish because they have no earthly use and because they are out in a sunny spot in the midst of an environment which is civilization rather than nature.

**An Organ in the Tenth Century.**  
Wolston speaks of an organ containing 400 pipes which was erected in the tenth century in England. This instrument was blown by "thirteen separate pairs of bellows." It also contained a large keyboard. There are drawings of that period extant which represent the organ as an instrument having but few pipes, blown by two or three persons and usually performed on by a monk. The keys, which were played upon by hard blows of the fist, were very clumsy and from four to six inches broad.

About the end of the eleventh century semitones were introduced into the keyboard, but to all appearances its compass did not extend beyond three octaves. The introduction of pedals in 1490 by Bernhard—giving a compass B flat to A—was another important contribution to the instrument. These were merely small pieces of wood operated by the toe of the player.

**Pigs and His Pig.**  
An old Kentucky indictment has been brought to our attention which alleged that defendant "did unlawfully, willfully and maliciously kill and destroy one pig, the personal property of George Pigg, without the consent of said Pigg, the said pig being of value to the aforesaid George Pigg. The pig thus killed was the mate to some other pigs that were owned by said George Pigg, which left George Pigg a pig less than he said Pigg had pig from the society of George Pigg's other pigs against the peace and dignity of the commonwealth of Kentucky."—Case and Comment.

**Getting the Drop.**  
"You insist on having a man who carries a rifle in every scene?" queried the startled playwright.  
"That must be in the contract," answered the star.  
"But it will appear very sensational and heartless."  
"Can't help it. I play a territory where audiences have a way of getting restless. I want them to see that we've got the drop on them before they start throwing things."—Exchange.

**Too Much Development.**  
Excessive muscular development is pronounced by an experienced physician to be not only unnecessary, but positively dangerous. On ceasing athletic training, which every person must do sooner or later, the system adapts itself very slowly to new conditions, and digestive and liver troubles are very liable to follow. The great lungs, not needed in sedentary work, degenerate, often leading to consumption.

**An Emergency.**  
Mrs. Brandnew—I would like to get a first class book on etiquette.  
Mr. Brandnew—Any particular point you want to clear up?  
Mrs. Brandnew—Yes; how to treat one's inferiors. You know, dear, it is only recently that we have had inferiors.

**His Talent.**  
St—I thought Hank was to college for a career as preacher.  
H—So he was, but from the big bills he kept sendin' in I thought I oughter make a doctor of him.—Chicago News.

**Marked For Life.**  
"No matter where I hide," sighed the leopard, "I'm always spotted."—Cornell Widow.

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to \$1.00 with Devo's Gloss Carriage Paint. It weighs 3 to 8 ozs. more to the pint than others, wears longer, and gives a gloss equal to new work. Sold by James D. Davis. Jun

Grow strong and well after using THOMPSON'S SWEET WORM POWDER. Very pleasant to take. Contains no calomel. Never fails. Worms are often mistaken for indigestion and other diseases. Be sure to get Thompson's in glass bottles. Druggists, 25 cents.

### MR. WILLIAM (BUNTY) SMITH

By G. W. Ogden

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To designate Smith from Smith, both being named William, the people of Tow Head Junction resorted to the primitive expedient of rechristening them according to their distinct physical characteristics. William Smith, the widower, was tall, so they gave him the name of Shanghai; William Smith, the bachelor, was short, and for twenty years they had spoken to and of him as Bunty. Neither enjoyed a middle name, and neither was resourceful enough to supply a distinguishing initial. The postmaster at Tow Head Junction never knew whether a letter was for Shanghai or for Bunty. He could generally place postal cards in the proper box by studying their contents.

Bunty, by reason of lack of experience, had matrimonial aspirations. Shanghai, who lived at the other end of the village street, was resting in full enjoyment of the respite death had given him from a somewhat over-tireless term in the yoke. When he tired of his own cooking, he went and stayed with his married daughter a week. Bunty had been seriously considering the Widow Dunnington for three years. He had gone over the ground and knew she was ready to become a member of his household upon invitation. Just as he had made up his mind to make his formal proposal he received a matrimonial paper through the mail. At least he got it out of the post office, and it was addressed to William Smith. The sender may have intended it for Shanghai.

**Plenty to Talk About.**  
High up on the side of Cumberland mountain a traveler found a cabin in such a lonely place that he wondered how the old mountaineer and his wife entertained each other.  
"Do you and your wife see many people here?"  
"Scarcely ever see anybody, suh," was his reply.  
"Then you have to depend entirely upon yourselves for society?"  
"That's it, suh."  
"And what do you find to talk about?" the visitor continued, having noticed that neither was inclined to conversation.  
"What do we find, Martha?" he appealed to her.  
"Heaps, I reckon," she said. "When breakfast is ready in the morning I says to you to set down to co'n coffee and hockeak."  
"Yes."  
"When it's noon and you are haggling about I says that hockeak and co'n coffee is ready."  
"Yes."  
"And when it's candlelight I sort of jerks my head, and you hitches up to sorghum and hockeak and wants to know why we don't have bacon. Ain't that talk enough, stranger?"  
"But there are the evenings," said the traveler.  
"Yes, thar's the evenings, of co'se, and I says I reckon it will be a fine day tomorrow, and Jeb he reckons the same thing, and we wind up the clock and go to bed. Oh, I don't reckon we are suffering to death for the want of somebody to gab to."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Cause For Thanks.**  
When Colonel "Joe" Riekey was quite a young man he had occasion to employ a lawyer to collect a bill against a business man with whom he had had a number of dealings. As he had never before retained counsel he went to the lawyer his father had always employed and placed the claim in his hands. The lawyer collected the amount, \$276 and notified young Riekey to call for the money. In due time he called, and, after waiting for some time, was shown into the private office.  
"Good morning, Joseph," said the lawyer. "I'm glad to see you are so prompt in attending to business. I have your money for you."  
Then ensued a general conversation for a few minutes, in which the lawyer said among other things: "Joseph, I knew your father well and for many years, and I knew your grandfather well and for almost as many years. They were fine men."  
"Yes, sir," replied Riekey, "but as I am in a hurry, sir, I would like to get my money and go."  
"All right, Joseph. I will charge you even money. I will take \$200 for my fee and give you the \$76," said the lawyer as he handed the money over.  
"Very well, sir," said Riekey, "and I am thankful you did not know my great-grandfather too."

**The Gentleman.**  
The gentleman is a man of truth, lord of his own actions and expressing that lordship in his behavior, not in any manner dependent and servile either on persons or opinions or possessions. Beyond this fact of truth and real force the word denotes good nature and benevolence, manhood first and then gentleness.—Emerson.

**Value of Recreation.**  
There are wisdom and strength in genuine pastime. One often accomplishes more by spending a pleasant evening in some innocent games or other amusement than he would by poring over books with tired brain and exhausted body. He may have had qualities of conscience about it and thought that evenings given to social enjoyment were practically lost out of his life. Far from it! To better purpose than he dreamed of was the time employed. Body and mind were strengthening and, unconsciously, without effort, being fitted for better work in the future.—Success.

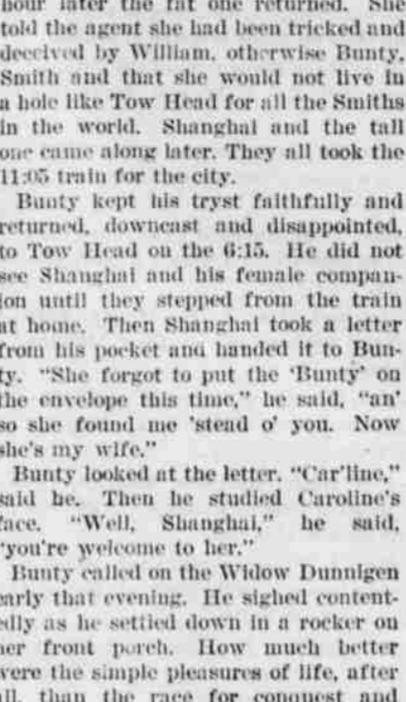
**"It"**  
The fat one approached. "Is this Smith—William Smith?" was her stern query.  
"The same, madam," Shanghai answered, somewhat confused at the attention.  
"I am Maudie," she explained. Light dawned on Shanghai. "Ladies," said he, "I am William Smith, but not your William. He is known as Bunty. I am Shanghai."  
Confusion followed. The women accused each other of treachery and Shanghai of deceit. They drew a crowd.  
"If you will walk up the road with me, I may be able to explain," Shanghai suggested. They went. Half an hour later the fat one returned. She told the agent she had been tricked and deceived by William, otherwise Bunty, Smith and that she would not live in a hole like Tow Head for all the Smiths in the world. Shanghai and the tall one came alone later. They all took the 11:35 train for the city.

Bunty kept his trust faithfully and returned, downcast and disappointed, to Tow Head on the 6:15. He did not see Shanghai and his female companion until they stepped from the train at home. Then Shanghai took a letter from his pocket and handed it to Bunty. "She forgot to put the 'Bunty' on the envelope this time," he said, "and so she found me 'stead of you. Now she's my wife."  
Bunty looked at the letter. "Caroline," said he. Then he studied Caroline's face. "Well, Shanghai," he said, "you're welcome to her."  
Bunty called on the Widow Dunnington early that evening. He sighed contentedly as he settled down in a rocker on his front porch. How much better were the simple pleasures of life, after all, than the race for conquest and riches!  
"Guess we might as well git married, Betty," he remarked conclusively.  
Betty laughed. "You're too late, Bunty," she said. "I promised Jake Lester two weeks ago while you was a courtin' them other women by mail."  
"Plenty to Talk About."  
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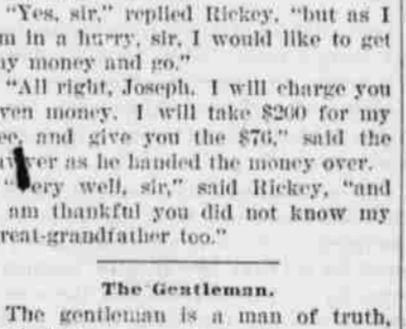
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**G. T. ANDERSON,**  
Anderson & O'Hara, Barber shop, Tionesta, Pa.

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The GRANITE Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

