

Trial List, December Term, 1911. Return Day, December 11, 1911.

1.—G. W. Bigger vs. John Manuel. No. 49 May Term 1911. Framed Issue. Plea—"Non-Assumpsit" &c. Scouton. Mullen.

M. BRINK'S PRICES For This Week.

Table with 2 columns: Item Name and Price/Weight. Includes items like Corn Meal (33.00 1.70), Cracked Corn (33.00 1.70), Oats (33.00 1.70), etc.

M. BRINK, New Albany, Pa.

THE MERE MAN'S VIEWPOINT

THE woman to whom has been revealed the truth knows what a mistake it is to give oneself despair. Then everything is lost! History teems with stories of men and women who but for despair might have won.

GIRL IS HELD FOR INCITING A MOB

Nebraska Young Woman Charged With a Cruel and Most Unusual Crime.

PLOTTED A LYNCHING

Four Ranchmen Hanged Her Sweet-heart, and It is Said the Girl, Believing She Would Get \$7,000 Insurance, Planned It.

Valentine, Neb.—Eunice Murphy, of this place, the girl accused of having incited a mob to hang her fiance in order that she might inherit his life insurance, has been held for the district court.

Silent to all but her attorneys, despondent but dry-eyed, Miss Eunice Murphy is comely waiting in her jail cell the day when she shall be called to trial as accessory to the atrocious murder of Charles Sellers, her suitor.

To all appearances an unsophisticated country girl, the young woman is intelligent enough to keep quiet about her affairs. She is charged with inciting her fiance, George Weed, his brother Alma, her cousin and former fiance, Larry Heath, and her brother, Kenneth Murphy, to their cruel attack upon a man who had for three years sought her hand in marriage. Avarice is alleged as the motive.

Thus are all the elements of a melodrama present in her case. Taking advantage of them, she might, with a newspaper interview, clothe herself with all that morbid glamor so dear to a sensation-loving public. Yet she prefers to keep her own counsel, refusing to make the simplest statements about the affair and referring all questioners to her lawyers.

The hanging of Sellers, June 18, by some of his neighboring ranchmen



near Cody, Neb., created a sensation for a time, but when four men charged with the crime were put in jail and bound over to the district court, the excitement subsided. Now it is charged by John M. Tucker, county attorney, that Miss Murphy incited and procured the murder of Sellers, her alleged motive being to get possession of \$7,000 of insurance policies and considerable personal property which she is said to have believed would be bequeathed to her upon the death of Sellers.

At the time of the killing of Sellers, it was rumored that one man in the party that hanged him to a telegraph pole was inspired by jealousy, he being a suitor of the girl.

Hutch Jack and Sellers, who lived together, were awakened one night by a knock on the door by George B. Weed. Jack knew Weed and invited him into the house. Weed had said he was making a social call. Weed asked Sellers, who was in bed in an adjoining room, to get up and come into the room where Jack and Weed were, but Sellers excused himself by saying he was not feeling well. Fifteen minutes later, Jack says, a party of men, composed of Kenneth Murphy, Harry Heath and Alma Weed, came to the Jack home. They were armed and they covered Jack and commanded him to remain in the room where he was. George Weed told Sellers to get up.

"We are after you," he said, according to the affidavit of the county attorney. Sellers arose and Harry Heath is alleged to have thrown a rope around his neck and pulled it tight, and George Weed, Heath, Murphy and Alma Weed are charged with having dragged Sellers out of the house to a nearby telephone pole and hanged him.

Horses in Nail-Studded Car. Savannah, Ga.—For transporting horses and mules for 90 hours in a car studded, sides and bottom, with heavy nails, which maimed or killed all the animals, a Georgia railway has been made defendant in a suit for damages. The animals had been transferred from their original car and were in another which had nails sticking out all around.

PREMIUM CLUBS WORST MENACE

Their Inferior Goods Hurt Merchant and Customer.

DODGE PURE FOOD LAW.

Ingenious Canvasser Got Merchant's Wife to Take \$30 in Cheap Stuff In Order to Get a "Fall to Pieces" Rocking Chair.

While the straight out and out mail order houses are receiving the attention of merchants throughout the land, there are dozens of concerns, also mail order houses, whose operations collectively are perhaps more harmful to the people and the merchants than are the self direct catalogue houses. These concerns are the premium givers which employ canvassers to organize clubs for teas and coffees, spices, extracts and dozens of other articles, paying either a cash commission or giving some premium, such as sets of dishes, household furniture, jewelry and the like.

There is scarcely a city in the land of any size but has one or more of these establishments, each doing considerable business. Some of these houses pay hundreds of thousands of dollars a year for advertising space in the women's papers. The annual volume of business of some of these concerns exceed that of Chicago's biggest catalogue house. Others do business exceeding a million dollars annually. The catalogues published only go into the hands of agents along with samples to be used in canvassing. There is not a city or hamlet where these concerns do not transact business. They generally work on the premium plan—a premium to the purchaser of their goods and a premium to the canvasser. The goods handled are of an inferior class. They escape the investigation of the pure food officials because shipments are made direct to the consumer or to the agent who does the distributing, and no inspector has the audacity to take goods for analysis that go in this manner to a consumer.

Various plans have been devised to head off the operations of these concerns. So far no adequate plan has been discovered that will stand the tests of the higher courts. Strange to say, frequently wives of merchants are found among the patrons of these concerns. Not long ago the wife of a storekeeper purchased through one club more than \$30 worth of stuff, a better quality of which her husband carried in stock, just to get a cheap rocking chair, and then gave to her neighbors a lot of soaps, extracts and other goods she received in order to keep it out of her husband's sight. Funny game, is it not? But what can be done about it?—Agricultural South-west.

The most successful way to give it a chance is to neglect a bad cold, and thus break down the natural defenses of the system. If ever, bad cold were met with starvation physic and fresh air it would depart in disgust, and the lurking pneumonia with it, for the large burglar cannot get in through a hole which has refused to admit the smaller one.—Youth's Companion.

IRONCLAD RULE IN TRADE.

Best One is. Have No Such Rule—A Case in Point.

Of all ironclad rules in business one is fit to tie up to, and that is to have no such rules.

Fifteen years ago a man wishing to order a suit of clothes entered a certain tailoring establishment and became interested in what today we call a pinhead check.

"I admire that," he said, "but I never wore anything like it before and want my wife to see it. Cut me a sample—just an inch square will do."

"I'm sorry, but it is against the rules of the house to cut samples," said the salesman.

"What—not even an inch square?"

The man walked into another tailor shop on the same block, and for fifteen years he has been getting his clothes there—forty-five suits in all.

How many samples would Tailor No. 1 have given to get an order on forty-five suits of clothes?

As it is he'll never get the chance to hand over samples. If he were the last tailor in Christendom probably this customer would prefer the latest styles in fig leaves and shoestrings to the original pinhead check.

In business the only rules that count are made by the customer.—Philadelphia North American.

Jail For Mail Order Man.

Imprisonment in the federal prison at Leavenworth, Kan., for three years and a fine of \$1,000 is the sentence imposed upon William P. Harrison, wealthy head of a mail order concern, by Judge Hollister in the United States district court at Cincinnati.

He was found guilty of using the mails to defraud, conviction coming upon all seven counts of two indictments, alleging that he advertised and sold through the mails a vacuum carpet cleaner and a washing machine neither of which would do the work required. The trial lasted more than four weeks and cost the government thousands of dollars to bring witnesses from all parts of the country.

Many Games Originated from Ancient Forms of Worship, Human Sacrifice, Marriage, Burial and Other Ceremonies.

Dr. A. O. Haddon remarked in an address at the Royal Sanitary Institute. "Leapfrog is a game common to almost every country, including New Guinea and Japan."—London Standard.

PNEUMONIA.

Its Best Friend is a Bad Cold That Has Been Neglected.

Pneumonia is not dreaded merely for its power to seize and kill quickly, but also for its apparent power to select the most unlike victims. Most persons have lived through the shock of hearing that some friend had suddenly died of pneumonia—a friend from whom they had parted but a few days or even hours before, leaving him a what seemed the highest notch of physical well being and perhaps protesting that he did not know what illness meant.

This disease is most dangerous to the apparently strong, robust people of heavy weight and hearty appetite, although it may attack any one, for its germs are omnipresent. The strong and full blooded individual who is at the same time something overweight is especially in danger of pneumonia and should take particular care to avoid it. If his diet is too heavy—and that may safely be assumed—it should be ruthlessly cut down, especially as to meat and the elimination of alcohol.

The weighing scale is a good friend to such a person and should be consulted regularly. The scale does not argue about that extra pound or two—it proves it—and after a weight in accordance with age and height has been determined it can be maintained in most cases by the exercise of a little self control.

There are hosts of people who indolently permit themselves to get heavy and even fat in the winter months. They are the people who should be constantly reminded, "The pneumonia germ 'll git yer if yer don't watch out!"

The condition of the man must be recognized as more important than the presence of the germ, as proved by the fact that there is less mortality among the thin and apparently delicate than among the stout and full blooded.

Some of the phrases used by the laity on this subject have, after all, more sense than nonsense in them. It is said that some one is "threatened with pneumonia" or that a "bad cold ran into pneumonia," and in a sense it is true, for every one is "threatened" with pneumonia; that is to say, the germ is always present and ready and willing to begin its work if one only gives it a chance.

The most successful way to give it a chance is to neglect a bad cold, and thus break down the natural defenses of the system. If ever, bad cold were met with starvation physic and fresh air it would depart in disgust, and the lurking pneumonia with it, for the large burglar cannot get in through a hole which has refused to admit the smaller one.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Wicker Baskets.

One of the largest imports from Russia into America is willow clothesbaskets. The huge hampers so commonly in use are nearly all made in central Russia by peasants, although some come from the Danube valley, and there is considerable domestic manufacture. The importations last year exceeded a million dollars worth. Osier willow, from which they are made, has been worked by Russian peasants for centuries and was formerly the material from which they wove their houses. The method of cutting, peeling, twisting and manipulating the withes is handed down from father to son.—Chicago Record-Herald.

As She Would Have Been.

A gentleman in Paris paid a visit to a lady, in whose parlor he saw a portrait of a lovely woman of, say, five and twenty. Upon the entrance of the lady her visitor naturally asked her if the picture was a family portrait and was told that it represented her deceased daughter. "Is it long since you lost her?" asked the gentleman. "Alas, sir," replied the lady, "she died just after her birth, and I had a portrait painted to represent her as she would have appeared if she had lived until now!"

The Disenchanted Phonograph.

The best story I have heard recently is that told of a well known Oxford don who was asked to speak into a phonograph. A little later the machine was turned on again, and he was requested to listen to his own voice. The don then turned to the assembled company and said, "It is strange that through this machine I am made to speak in a peculiarly bumptious and affected manner."—London Tatler.

Grand Forks to Have Water Filtered.

The new rapid sand filter which has been in the course of construction since early last fall for the city of Grand Forks, N. D., has been completed, and official tests are now in operation. It is expected that the city will accept the plant, and the citizens will again have pure drinking water after being without it for more than four months.

A Cow For a Life.

The Ober Gabelhorn is a peak notorious for the dangerous cornices which decorate its upper ridges. Of many accidents reported in connection with it perhaps the most remarkable, says G. D. Abraham in "Swiss Mountain Climbs," was the adventure which befell an amateur and his young guide. In passing along the dangerous final cornice it suddenly gave way under the amateur, and he went flying through space to apparent destruction. The guide at the other end of the rope seemed in hopeless plight, but with astounding presence of mind he flung himself down the opposite side of the ridge, thus saving two lives. The rope cut deep into the snow above, but held firm. The young guide's name was Ulrich Almer. His reward was a cow.

A Horticultural Puzzle.

"It's no use," sighs the nature wizard. "I may as well give up." "What is bothering you?" we ask sympathetically. "I got started a few years ago on a whim of mine. I took a head of cabbage and crossed it with a white potato and grew ears of it; then I crossed that with a cornstalk and grew ears of it; then I crossed that with a squash and grew a neck on it; then I crossed that with a cocoanut and grew hair on it, but hanged if I can figure out what to do for a nose and mouth!"—St. Louis Republic.

He Worried the Judge.

A story was recently told of the elder Judge Peckham, father of the supreme court justice. In the early days of dentistry a hickory plug was put into the cavity to fill the space where a tooth ought to be. This plug had to be gently pounded into its desired position. The old judge was somewhat addicted to strong language, and when the dentist began his work the judge indulged in some classic comment. As the tapping of the plug continued he threw all dignity to the four winds of heaven, and his language became decidedly "more forcible than elegant." When, however, he arose from the chair after what seemed to him an interminable period of agony he pulled out all the stops in his vocabulary for a grand climax. The impression on his listener seems to have been deep and lasting. As the judge passed out the dentist grimly remarked to a waiting patient: "Wasn't it beautiful? It wasn't really necessary to pound half so long. But I did so enjoy his inflection that I almost pounded the hickory plug into splinters. Wonderful command of language the judge has!"—Case and Comment.

Crossed by the Corpse.

Most of Walthamstow is too modern to have much mystery about it, but the Walthamstow strip" of Leyton preserves the memory of a curious old rule. Barely a hundred yards broad, this strip of land, belonging to Walthamstow parish, ran right across Leyton from the Lea to Snarebrook, parallel with the southern border of Walthamstow. How came Leyton to be crossed by this alien strip? Leyton it was said, had once refused to bury a body found in the Lea; Walthamstow came for aid to do it. And in such cases is the rule that the volunteering parish might take from the other as much land right through to the other side as the men who carried the corpse could cover walking in the hand in hand arms extended. The inconvenient result worried both parishes until the growth of population made new parishes necessary.—London Chronicle.

Not Jealous.

Mrs. Jawback—John, I do believe you are jealous of my first husband. Mr. Jawback—Well, no; I don't believe I'd call it jealousy. Envy is the word.—Cleveland Leader.

Yet.

He—Is Maud thirty yet? She—Yes, yet.—Boston Transcript.



THE STOUT HEART WINS.

time the sun will shine, some time right must conquer might. Despair dulls the mind, stops the flow of pulsing blood in your veins, makes an invalid of you. Hope feeds the spirits and quickens the body. In the garden of hope grow flowers for every hand. Hope is an enchanter, a tonic, a panacea for all ills.

All about me in the city I see men who have given up the battle in the turmoil of trade. I see men broken and dispirited, men who have abandoned hope and embraced despair. Henceforth for them there will be no sun shining through their cypress trees. All ahead is blackness and oblivion.

They are the wreckage that floats upon the great sea of endeavor, the debris of commercialism. Upon the shore of failure there lie thousands of these wrecked hopes that now are symbols of despair, but upon that long shore line cannot be found one man with hope in his heart.

Hope is an old friend. It comes to us at cradle time and will be constant and true, even beyond the grave, if we will but make a confidant and a companion of it. Despair is a stranger that comes to us later in life to give tears to our eyes and aching pains to our hearts.

Despair usurps the place of happiness and, rude beyond measure, drives from the citadel of our being all those things that make life glad and happy and worth living. And when all the dear things of our being have been beaten out of us by this monster it gives nothing in return but sorrow and bitterness and woe.

Be on your guard, madam. When despair leaves its visiting card at your front door take warning lest it come again and again and ruin your life.

Jury List For December Court.

List of persons with their occupation and Place of residence drawn as Traverser and Petit Jurors for December Term and Sessions, beginning Monday, December 11, 1911.

Jury list table with columns: NAME, OCCUPATION, RESIDENCE. Includes names like Allen William, Blair William D., Bapnath Harrison, etc.

Help the Children.

"There is nothing in all the world so important as children, nothing so interesting. If you ever wish to go in for some philanthropy, if you ever wish to be of any real use in the world, do something for children. If you ever yearn to be truly wise, study children. We can dress the sore, bandage the wounded, imprison the criminal, heal the sick and bury the dead, but there is always a chance that we can save a child. If the great army of philanthropists ever exterminate sin and pestilence, ever work out our race's salvation, it will be because a nice child has led them."—David Starr Jordan.

Three Inscriptions.

On the doorways of Milan cathedral are three inscriptions. The first, placed under a carved rose wreath, runs, "All that which pleases is only for a moment." The second, under a cross, reads, "All that which troubles is but for a moment," and under the central arch is the inscription, "That only is which is eternal."