

DEATH IN THE VIAL.

THE FIFTH TABLET CARRIED A DOSE THAT WAS FATAL.

Why the Doctor Had a Premonition That Misfortune Had Overtaken a Wealthy Planter—How the Story of the Crime Leaked Out.

The story was told by a police commissioner of another city who was in New Orleans recently on a visit.

"The most ingenious murder I ever knew anything about," he said, "was committed by a young physician. He was a rising practitioner at a place where I formerly lived, and with your permission, I will speak of him simply as Dr. Smith.

"About a dozen years ago, as nearly as I remember, this young man went on a visit to a relative in a neighboring city, and one afternoon, on the third or fourth day of his stay, he startled a lady member of the household by remarking that he had a feeling that some misfortune had overtaken a wealthy planter whom they both knew very well, and whom I will call Colonel Jones.

"On the day of Smith's singular premonition he was on one of those tours of inspection, but failed to come back, and the following morning his corpse was found lying in a cornfield. He had evidently been dead about 24 hours, and from the appearance of the body seemed to have been seized with some sort of fit or convulsion.

"Of course the affair created a great stir, and the police made a pretty thorough investigation, but the only thing they found that merited any special attention was a small, round vial in the dead man's vest pocket. It was about the diameter of a lead pencil by four inches long, and had originally contained a couple of dozen medicinal tablets, which, lying one on top of the other, filled the little bottle to the cork. A few still remained in the bottom.

"Upon inquiry it was learned without trouble that the tablets were a harmless preparation of soda, and that Jones himself had bought them at a local drug store. That ended suspicion in that quarter, and for lack of anything better, the coroner returned a verdict of death from sunstroke. There was no autopsy.

"Some time after Jones had been buried," continued the police commissioner, "I learned accidentally of Dr. Smith's curious prophecy, and it set me to thinking. Eventually I evolved a theory, but it was impossible at the time to sustain it with proof, and for five or six years I kept it pigeonholed in my brain, waiting for something to happen. Meanwhile, to everybody's surprise, Dr. Smith went to the dogs. He began by drinking heavily, gradually lost his practice, and finally skipped out to avoid prosecution for cashing a fake draft. After his flight I learned enough to absolutely confirm my theory as to Jones' death. What had really happened was this:

"Dr. Smith owed the old man a considerable sum of money and had given a note, upon which he had forged his father's name as indorser. The planter was pressing him for payment and had threatened suit, which meant inevitable exposure. One day, while they were conversing, Jones pulled out a little glass vial and swallowed one of the tablets it contained, remarking that he took one daily, after dinner, for sour stomach.

"That suggested a diabolical scheme of assassination, which the doctor proceeded to put into execution. Repairing to his office, he made up a duplicate tablet of strychnine, and, encountering the colonel next day, asked him to let him have the vial for a moment, so he could copy the address of the makers from the label.

"Jones handed it over unsuspecting, and while his attention was briefly diverted elsewhere Smith put in the prepared tablet. He placed it under the top four, thus making it reasonably certain that his victim would take it on the fifth day from that date. Next morning he left town, so as to be far away when the tragedy was consummated, and some mysterious, uncontrollable impulse evidently led him to make the prediction that first excited my suspicion.

"When I made certain of all this, I located Smith in Oklahoma and was on the point of applying for an extradition warrant when he anticipated me by contracting pneumonia and dying. I thereupon returned the case to its mental pigeonhole, where it has remained ever since."

"Pardon me for asking," said one of the listeners, "but is that really a true story, or are you entertaining us with interesting fiction?"

"It is absolutely true," replied the narrator.

"But how did you learn the particulars?"

"Well," said the police commissioner, smiling, "Smith was like most clever criminals—he had one weak spot. He was fool enough to tell a woman. She blabbed."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Ate Course Dinners.

A woman just arrived from Australia was recently negotiating with an agent in London for a house in one of the newer districts of Kensington.

She asked if it was a nice neighborhood. "It is thoroughly desirable, madam," replied the house agent.

"They are without exception soup and fish families."

It is not correct to say that a girl "renders" a song. If she lives long enough to become of some use in the world, she may some day render land, but she can't render a song.—Aitchison Globe.

A SLUMBER SONG.

Sleep, my beloved, To sleep and dream is best. The night to us is peace, the day unrest. For day, while parted, brings to us but pain; In dreams we live the dear past o'er again.

We weep not in our sleep; Our tears are for the day, Which smiles, while I but weep, For thou art far away.

Hushed be the voices of the gush day, Its frets and cares and sorrows swept away; Forgotten quite the interval of years Since last we met, with all their better tears.

Sleep, love, To dream is best. Our waking is but pain; In sleep alone we rest, And live the past again.

Sleep, my dear love, and be thy dreams of met. Waking or sleeping, I still think of thee. But dreams make present time of all the past. The night restores thee—would my dreams might last!

Dream, dear, till the day breaks And earthly shadows flee, Where mourn to grief no'er wakes And I be one with thee. —Neil Macdonald in Harper's Bazar.

THEY GOT FRESH AIR.

The Door Remained Open After a Very Foreboding Argument.

An old story is told of Joseph Robidoux, the founder of St. Joseph, that had its origin in Holt county in the early settlement of that section. The trader who started the city was returning to St. Joseph with a number of red men, and they stopped with an acquaintance of Robidoux's close to the house, and Robidoux went in to remain overnight as the guest of his friend.

The settler closed the front door after they had retired, and Robidoux, who was used to sleeping in the open air, went softly to it and opened it. The owner of the house waited until Robidoux was in bed again, and the settler closed it. That was repeated a dozen times. "The next time that door is closed there will be trouble," said the man who had founded St. Joseph. He resumed his couch with that.

The owner of the house closed the door, and Robidoux met him as he was returning to his bed. They clinched and fought by the light of the moon that came in through the window. It was a hard fight and lasted a long time, but at last Robidoux had the settler on his back and sat astride of him. He tangled his hands in his hair and bumped his head against the paneled floor. "Open or shut?" he asked. The settler struggled, but did not say a word. His head was bumped many times, and the question was repeated.

Finally the settler was exhausted. His head was bumped again, and Robidoux asked, "Open or shut?"

"Open," answered the settler, and they went to bed with the door standing wide open, admitting the fresh air. —Kansas City Journal.

An Exception.

In the treatment of skin diseases it is said that the rays of the sun are quite efficacious. They can't cure freckles, however.—Bradford Era.

DOES YOUR HEAD ACHE? IT WILL NOT IF YOU TAKE KRAUSE'S Headache Capsules. \$500 Reward for any injurious substance found in these Capsules. Will Cure any Kind of Headache. Money refunded if not as we say. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. NORMAN LIGHTY MFG. CO., Des Moines, Iowa. For sale by H. Alex. Stoke.

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Red Tape Illustrated. A correspondent passing hurriedly into the room of the committee on rivers and harbors pulled the knob of the door. "How can I get that fixed, do you think?" asked the congressman. "Shall I get the carpenter or the locksmith?" "The locksmith, I suppose." "No, sir. Were I to send for the locksmith he would tell me to consult the architect of the capitol. He has no authority to fix doorknobs. Doorknobs are permanent fixtures and are solely within the jurisdiction of the architect of the capitol."

"Do you see that bookcase there?" said the committee secretary. "I caused the carpenter to paste some cloth on the inside of the glass doors in order that the books might not show. He did the work, but when he had finished I noted that he had not cleaned the glass before he put the cloth on. The thing looked so disreputable that I asked him why he had not cleaned the glass. He told me that the glass was a permanent fixture and that he had no authority to touch it, but that the placing of the cloth upon it was a temporary matter and was entirely within the province of his labors. The whole thing's got to be done all over again." —Washington Cor. Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Excelsed All the Other Boys. Is there anything in which you excelled when you went to school? asked Miss Cayenne. "Yes," answered Willie Washington. "I made more blunders than any other boy in the class." —Washington Star.

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CELERY KING NATURE'S CURE. A Girl's Experience. My daughter's nerves were terribly out of order. She was thin and weak; the least noise startled her, and she was wakeful at night. Before she had taken one package of Celery King she changed in her was so great that she could hardly be taken for the same girl. She is rapidly growing well and strong, her complexion is perfect, and she sleeps well every night. —Mrs. Lucy Mc-Nutt, Brush Valley, Pa. Celery King cures Constipation, and Nerve, Stomach, Liver and Kidney Diseases.

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Table with 10 columns: STATIONS, No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, No. 5, No. 6, No. 7, No. 8, No. 9, No. 10. Lists various stations and their corresponding train numbers.

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Low Grade Division, P. & E. R. R.

In Effect August 1, 1900. [Eastern Standard Time.]

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Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division.

In effect May 28, 1900. Trains leave Driftwood as follows:

Table with 10 columns: TRAIN, Time, Route. Lists various train schedules and routes.