THE HOOPER CASE.

Sensational Incident at Joliette Monday Over a Certain Letter.

JOLIETTE, Que., Oct. 23.—The re-opening of the preliminary investigation into the Hooper wife poisoning case here this afternoon was marked by a rather unusual and sensational incident. Magistrate Leprohon had no sooner ascended the bench than Mr. Cornellier, the prosecuting attorney, called the attention of the court to a letter signed with the name of Mr. Renaud, the attorney for the defence, and which had been published in a Montreal paper. In this letter it was said that the accused, Hooper, had been

THE VICTIM OF PERSECUTIONS

and Mr. Cornellier would protest emphatically against the use of such language.

Mr. Renaud then rose to reply. He said that he had not written the letter alluded to and that he had not seen it before it appeared in the papers, but that he was willing to take the responsibility of it. It had been written, he said, by a person closely related to the defence, under circumstances which justified it. It had been written on the 12th of October, about 3 o'clock in the morning. When Hooper was sleeping quietly under the guard of the chief of police Mr. Cornellier, the prosecutor, had awakened him to tell him that he had a

CLEAR CASE AGAINST HIM

and other similar things.

Mr. Cornellier denied this, when Mr. Renaud said that he had his information from Chief of Police Leduc. Mr. Cornellier again branded the whole story as a lie, and the court was adjourned to await the arrival of a stenographer.

The author of the letter which was the cause of the trouble is said on good authority to have been no other than Hooper himself. The incident is the talk of the town to-night. Mr. Cornellier, when seen by a reporter, admitted that he had been to see Hooper on the morning of the 12th, but that it was on business, and that he had used no such language as was attributed to him.

THE NEWS OF THE VERDICT.

This morning Hooper said that he received early on Saturday a telegram from Port Hope telling him the result of the coroner's inquest. He had been expecting a similar verdict, but the fact of it having rasulted as it did has certainly renewed his confidence.

SENSATIONAL SILCOX.

A Montreal Preacher Says Things That Stir People to Talk.

MONTREAL, Oct. 23.—Rev. Mr. Silcox, pastor of Emanuel Congregational church, has set people talking by the sermon he preached last night on social problems. He severely arraigned our existing institutions, especially what he called the injustice inflicted on the workingmen by the capitalists. One of Mr. Silcox's remarks was, "I would rather be one of the abandoned reprobates who spat in the face of Christ than one of those modern extortionists and monopolists against whom on the judgment day will cry the blood of widows and orphans." Again he said: "I would rather be a pagan than a full-fledged theologian destitute of humanity, who ignores the terrible suffering of the poor to-day."

THE DAILY SMASH.

Passengers Shaken Up Lively; but Nobody Seriously Hurt.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Oct. 23.—The Baltimore and Ohio vestibule train, which left Chicago at 5 o'clock last evening, ran into an open switch at Gallery Junction, on the Pittsburg and Western division of the B. and O. railway, at 7.30 o'clock this morning. The engine and four sleepers were derailed. One of the sleeping cars went over an embankment. Although many of the passengers jumped from the doors and windows of the train, not one was seriously injured.

The Boy Was Modest.

The boy was looking for a job, and when he saw a "Boy Wanted" sign on a Jefferson avenue business house he sailed right in.

"Are you the boss?" he asked, approaching the senior member.

"That's what they call me," confessed the gentleman.

"I 'spose you want a boy, judgin' from that sign out there?" said the boy, jogging his thumb over his shoulder.

"Yes, we do. Do you want a job?"

"That's what I am here for."

"Do you think you can do the work?"

"What's there to do?"

"Well, you must clean the windows, sweep out the office, be on duty to answer questions, watch out for customers, show them around, help in the store, run errands, keep your eyes open, and generally take an interest in the business. Can you do that?"

"Course, if I get paid for it," replied the boy, with confidence.

"What pay do you expect?" asked the boss, pleased with the boy's self-reliance.

"Half the profits," said the applicant, easily.

"Half the profits?" ejaculated the boss, "what do you mean?"

"Just what I say, of course," said the boy. "If I'm willin' to do all the work, I certainly ought to have half the profits, ought'nt I?"

Whether he got that much or not is private, but he got the job.—Detroit Free Press.

The Learned Societies

Through their members have testified to the great efficacy of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It provokes no line of demarcation, securing alike the good will of the highest and the most humble, and with strict impartially, removing with equal celerity the corns of each. Try Putnam's Corn Extractor.

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Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Shortness of Breath, Coughs, and Colds.—Thousands of testimonials can be produced to prove the power possessed by these corrective remedies in cases of asthma, incipient consumption and all disorders of the chest and lungs. The Ointment, well rubbed upon the chest and back, penetrating the skin, is absorbed and carried directly to the lungs, where, in immediate contact with the whole mass of circulating blood, it neutralizes or expels those impurities, which are the foundation of consumption, asthma, bronchitis, pneumonia, and similar complaints. On the appearance of the first consumptive symtoms the back and chest of the patient should be fomented with warm brine, dried with a coarse cloth, and Holloway's Ointment then well rubbed in. Its absorption will subdue advancing symptoms, and baffle this formidable foe.

FRETFUL CRYING CHILDREN should be given Dr. Low's Worm Syrup. It regulates the system and removes worms.

Madolin Rivers;

OR,

The Little Beauty of Red Oak Seminary.

A Love Story, by Laura Jean Libbey

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

There was the dull click of a shovel as it struck down deep into the moist gravel and damp clinging earth. Five, ten, fifteen minutes, and the two men lift the casket from its earthen bed and lay it upon the dew-wet grass; and, in another moment, these robbers of the grave have wrenched off the lid.

"Hark!—is it the night-wind among the trees? or is it the sound of footsteps?"

"It's the night watchman on his rounds; he will be this way in five minutes," cried Matthews, hurriedly. "We must both set to work to fill up this grave. We haven't time to attend to the jewels first; we must take the body with us; and remove them later, at our leisure."

A moment later he had thrown the dark cloak over the still form and borne it to the wagon in waiting. Both men sprang to the seat; one applied the lash to the horses, and they whirled noiselessly away. A half hour later they drew rein on the banks of the East River.

A policeman standing in the dark shadow of one of the tall buildings, turning leisurely around, espied the dark wagon with the two men sitting on the driver's seat.

He rubbed his eyes and looked again in astonishment. Neither wheels nor hoofs had struck upon his usually sharp ear.

"Hold on there!" he called, sharply, stepping out under a gaslamp. "Who are you? Where are you going at this hour of the night? and what have you got covered up in that wagon?"

"It's a sample man's case," returned Matthews, smoothly; "and this here gentleman"—pointing to the fair-haired man—"is a New York drummer. He's engaged me to take his belongings over to the Grand Central Depot to meet the 1.30 train. I'm an expressman."

"I'll take a look at that sample-case," said the policeman, stepping forward.

CHAPTER XII.

"I will take a look at the case in your wagon," repeated the policeman, suspiciously, as he stepped hurriedly forward.

"What shall we do?" whispered Matthews, in an undertone; "this fellow is bent upon making us trouble, it seems."

"There's only one way left, and that is instant flight. Keep along the river and the darkness will shield us," responded his companion, quickly.

There was a sharp crack of the whip as it fell upon the backs of the frightened steeds, and in an instant the vehicle had shot out of sight like a meteor.

For a moment the guardian of the peace stood dumbfounded.

"Gone!" he ejaculated, slowly. "Slipped through my fingers! Well, well! I wouldn't let them know at head-quarters that I had been made such a fool of for a farm in Jersey. It might be as well to let the matter rest—say nothing about it, and see what will come of this affair."

And the officer walked slowly back among the shadows again to muse over the night's mystery.

Meanwhile the vehicle, with its strange burden, shot onward through the darkness.

Was it a moan that broke out upon the stillness of the night-air?

"It must be the lashing of the waves or the wind among the trees," muttered Mathews.

They drew rein and listened attentively.

The low, quivering sound seemed to come from the wagon.

"Hand me the lantern," cried Mathews, huskily: "we'll take a look at the young girl, and at the same time secure the jewels."

The next instant rude hands drew the folds of the dark cloak aside.

"What a little beauty!" cried Mathews, admiringly, turning the rays of the lantern full upon the white, marble face.

"Is this death?" muttered Mathews, drawing back in affright. "There is a pink flush upon her cheeks, and I could swear that I saw those eyelids quiver."

"It is the reflection of the light from the diamonds," replied the fair man, bending over the still, girlish form.

"But there is not the faintest sign of the decay of death," persisted Mathews, as he proceeded to unclasp the gems from the firm, white throat.

"Stop!" cried his companion, huskily, laying a heavy hand upon Mathews' shoulder. "Not one of those jewels shall be touched. I loved her once," he added, with a tremor in his voice, "and the memory of that pure love has triumphed over the craving for wealth."

"But these gems are worth a small fortune!" cried Mathews, in amazement, as he sprung quickly to the horses' heads to arrange a refractory strap.

In an instant the fair-haired man was kneeling beside the motionless figure.

"Madolin! Madolin!" he whispered recklessly kissing the cold lips, "it was not your jewels I craved. Ah, no! I was hungering for one more look at the face I loved with a love that has been my doom."

He pushed back the dark slouch hat, and the rays of the lantern falling full upon him revealed the face of Rupert Cleveland.

"I would have made you happy, Madolin," he mused, half aloud, "and you would never have discovered that I—the heir of the Grange, the petted favorite of society—lead a double life. Good-by, sweet little Madolin," he murmured; "I will consign your fair body to the earth again. I am not base enough yet to touch your jewels."

Taking a small pearl-handled penknife, from his pocket, he severed one of the golden curls from the beautiful head, and placed it in his breast-pocket.

But as he turned away, a low, quivering moan trembled over the pallid lips—a moan that froze the blood in Rupert Cleveland's veins; and, as he stared down into the white face, the beautiful blue eyes opened slowly, gazing wonderingly up into his own.

Rupert Cleveland reeled back with a low cry.

"Has the dead come to life?" he cried, brushing the great beads of perspiration from his pallid brow. "Are my senses playing me some horrible trick? Madolin, I must be mad—or dreaming."

He knelt beside her, trembling with excitement, and all in an instant the terrible truth flashed over him—Madolin had been in a trance.

And in that trance that had deceived the cleverest of medical experts, they had consigned her to the tomb, from which she had been so miraculously rescued by the hand of Providence—or Fate.

Rupert Cleveland had read of such thrilling events in the daily papers—miraculous restorations from vaults of death—that read like fertile webs woven from romancers' brains.

But now, here he was in real life face to face with the most startling reality of them all.

Mathews took in the exact situation of affairs at a glance.

"Even grave-robbers are made to serve the hand of fate," he cried. "You have robbed the grave of its victim. This girl owes her life to you, Cleveland.

"Something must be done for her at once," he added, briskly. "She has probably been without nourishment for some little time; and if we do not succeed in reviving her without delay, she will relapse into the same state again."

Luckily, Rupert Cleveland had a flask of brandy in his pocket, and pillowing the golden head upon his arm he forced a few drops between the white lips.

And in that instant a daring thought occurred to him—no one knew that Madolin was alive. Why not hide her forever from the eyes of the world? No one would know it.

If he were to allow her to return to Leslie Villa, the thrilling story of the tomb-robbery would be noised about. Detectives would be put upon the case, and, clever as he thought himself, they might track him down.

(To be Continued).

CHRISTIAN WOMEN IN JAIL.

Members of the W.C.T.U. Play at the Whitecap Business.

STROMSBERG, Neb. Oct. 23—The Women's Christian Temperance Union of Osceola, the county seat of Polk county, resolved itself Saturday night into a whitecap committee to chastise several young women of that city whose morals did not meet the approval of the union. Decoys were used and five young women were terribly beaten, one becoming insensible. Two of the victims escaped from their captors after their clothes had been torn off in the struggle. The whitecaps were composed of prominent people of the city. Eleven of them were recognized and arrested.

TWO KINDS OF WOMEN need Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—those who want to be made strong, and those who want to be made well. It builds up, invigorates, regulates, and cures.

It's for young girls just entering womanhood; for women who have reached the critical "change of life"; for women expecting to become mothers; for mothers who are nursing and exhausted; for *every* woman who is run-down, delicate, or overworked.

For all the disorders, diseases, and weaknesses of women, "Favorite Prescription" is the *only* remedy so unfailing that it can be *guaranteed*. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, the money will be returned.

There's nothing likely to be "just as good."

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Used according to directions, it does away with all the old-fashioned drudgery of wash day. Try it; you won't be disappointed.

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