POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2033

COOL CONFESSION

Of the Murder of His Employer and Benefactor.

New York, Aril 2—Without the slightest quaver in his well modulated voice and displaying no outward sign of regret or remorse, Charles F. Jones, secretary and valet to the late William Marshal Rice, today confessed under oath that he had ended the life of his employer and benefactor with chloroform.

The confession was the climax of a remarkable recital, in which were laid bare the details of an alleged subtle conspiracy which had for its object the seizure of $3,000,000 in cash and negotiable securities and the conversion of $3,000,000 in realty to the uses of the alleged chief conspirator.

There was a dramatic force in the directness and minute attention to detail with which Jones approached the tragedy—the moment when he covered the face of the sleeping man with the saturated napkin and then waited for him to die, and the audience in the court room became still and breathless as the climateric period was rounded.

The self-confessed murderer told the story of the alleged plot from its inception. The capital crime he committed and all the minor offences that preceded it were, he declared, at the instigation and direction of Albert T. Patrick. It was Patrick, he said, who conceived the idea of forging a will and forging transfers and conveyances. It was Patrick who induced two persons to witness the forged signature. It was Patrick who determined that Rice should die, and it was Patrick who sought to have him killed slowly and then, becoming impatient, decided upon quick action. And, according to Jones, remarkable as it may seem, Rice never knew Patrick during his life time and never saw him but once.

Jones, according to his story, first began his acquaintance with Patrick when the lawyer called at the residence of Millionaire Rice, on Madison avenue, this city, in October, 1899. The witness told of the growing friendship and the gradual approach to the discussion of the affairs of Mr. Rice, which finally resulted in the proposition to defraud, and Jones yielded. Then came the details of the story of the transfers and conveyances, of real and personal property to Patrick, over the forged signatures of Rice; the stealing of blank checks from the millionaire's check book; then delivery to Patrick and the forging of Rice's signature; the proposition to put the aged millionaire out of the way, first weakening him by continuous doses of mercury; the calling in of a physician at frequent intervals, thus apparently providing for the issuance of a death certificate, and the extreme care with which this plan of slow poisoning was carried out.

Then, as calmly as though unfolding the plot of a drama in which he was interested only as a spectator, Jones led up to the day of the murder.

He described a meeting in the street with Patrick, who told him that the old man was lasting too long, that he must be put out of the way at once, that Jones should do the work and that there would really be no harm in it, because Rice had poisoned his own wife years ago and deserved punishment.

Jones described his return to Mr. Rice's apartments and the discovery of the millionaire sleeping peacefully in bed; he told of his stealthy search for a napkin and the fashioning of it into a cone-shape; as directed, he said, by Patrick; the detailed story of she pinning of a small sponge at the point of the cone. Then he told of saturating the napkin and sponge with chloroform and holding it over his own nostrils to test it.

It was at this point that the crowd in the court room became so quiet that a pin might have been heard to drop. Jones looked straight into the eyes of Assistan District Attorney Osborne and continued his story without a break, without a tremor in his voice. He described his approach to the bed with the saturated napkin in his hand; of the placing it over the face of the sleeping old man; of the flight from the room; of the weary wait of 30 minutes in accordance with Patrick's alleged instructions; of the call for the physician, who came with Patrick, to find the old man dead.

It is impossible to describe the coolness of the voice of the witness as he related the different links which forged the chain Patrick, accused by the witness of being the arch-criminal, listened to the witness with attention and occasionally made notes of the testimony. Not even the remarkable witness on the stand was more cool, calm and collected than this remarkable prisoner. Patrick's hand was firm and steady. He displayed neither anger, fear, nor resentment. When Jones reached the description of the murder of the sleeping man, Patrick merely stroked his beard and leaned back in his chair, apparently slightly bored by the recital of the details.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Boer Laager Captured.

Bloemfontein, April 2—By a night surprise the British captured a laager of 60 Boers near Boschberg, between Brandfort and Saltpan, Orange River Colony.

More Bubonic Cases.

Cape Town, April 2—Ten fresh cases of Bubonic plague, including one European, were officially reported today.

Try to Stop Mule Transport.

New Orleans, April 2.—Proceedings were brought in the U. S. court today by representatives of the Boer government to prevent the sailing from here of the steamship Anglo-Australian, loaded with mules consigned to the British government in South Africa. Judge Parlange, after reading the petition, issued an order requiring the defendants to show cause on April 6 why a preliminary injunction should not be granted. The suit is brought by Samuel Pearsons, a citizen of the South African republic, residing at Barberton; Edward VanNess, a citizen of New York, and Charles D. Pierce, consul general of the Orange Freee State, and is against Captain Pearson, who runs the steamer; Elder-Dempster Co., owners of the boat and Messrs. Robert and Matthew Warriner, who represent Elder-Dempster Co. here.

The Anglo-Australian was expected to sail today but the effect of the order issued by Judge Parlange will be to detain her until the hearing on Saturday.

"Thought it meant death sure."—Mrs. James McKim, of Dunnville, Ont., says of her almost miraculous cure from heart disease by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart: "Until I began taking this remedy I despaired of my life. I had heart failure and extreme prostration. One dose gave me quick relief and one bottle cured me. The sufferings of years were dispelled like magic."—3

Sold by C. Fairweather, Union street.

SAVING OF NATIONS.

TALMAGE'S COSMOPOLITAN VIEW OF MESSIANIC SACRIFICES.

"YE ARE BOUGHT WITH A PRICE"

The Various Installments Paid by the Saviour of the World For the Souls of Men—Bringing the Glad Tidings of His Birth—Temptation of Jesus—The Agony at Gethsemane.

Washington, March 31.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows the Messianic sacrifices for the saving of all it appeared to him; text, I. Corinthians vi, 20, "Ye are bought with a price."

Your friend takes you through his valuable house. You examine the arches, the frescoes, the grass plots, the fish ponds, the conservatories, the parks of deer, and you say within yourself or you say aloud, "What did all this cost?" You see a costly diamond flashing in an earring, or you hear a costly dress rustling across the drawing room, or you see a high mettled span of horses harnessed with silver and gold, and you begin to make an estimate of the value.

The man who owns a large estate cannot instantly tell you all it is worth. He says, "I will estimate so much for the house, so much for the furniture, so much for laying out the grounds, so much for the stock, so much for the barn, so much for the equipage, adding up in all making this aggregate."

Well, my friends, I hear so much about our mansion in heaven, about its furniture and the grand surroundings, that I want to know how much it is all worth and what has actually been paid for it. I cannot complete in a month nor a year the magnificent calculation, but before I get through to-day I hope to give you the figures. "Ye are bought with a price."

With some friends I went to the Tower of London to look at the crown jewels. We walked around, caught one glimpse of them and, being in the procession, were compelled to pass out. I wish that I could take this audience into the tower of God's mercy and strength, that you might walk around just once at least and see the crown jewels of eternity, behold their brilliance and estimate their value. "Ye are bought with a price."

Now, if you have a large amount of money to pay you do not pay it all at once, but you pay it by instatements—so much the 1st of January, so much the 1st of April, so much the 1st of July, so much the 1st of October, until the entire amount is paid, and I have to tell this audience that "you have been bought with a price," and that the price was paid in different installments.

The first installment paid for the clearance of our souls was the ignominious birth of Christ in Bethlehem. Though we may never be carefully looked after afterward, our advent into the world is carefully guarded amid kindly attentions. Privacy and silence are afforded when God launches an immortal soul into the world. Even the roughest of men know enought to stand back. But I have to tell you that in the village on the side of the hill there was a very bedlam of uproar when Jesus was born. In a village capable of accommodating only a few hundred people many thousand people were crowded, and amid hostlers and muleteers and camel drivers yelling at stupid beasts of burden the Messiah appeared. No silence. No privacy. A better adapted place hath the eaglet in the eyrie, hath the whelp in the lions' lair. The exile of heaven lieth down upon straw. The first night out from the palace of heaven spent in an outhouse. One hour after laying aside the robes of heaven dressed in a wrapper of coarse linen. One would have supposed that Christ would have had a more gradual descent, coming from heaven first to a half way world of great magnitude, then to Caesar's palace, then to a merchant's castle in Galilee, then to a private home in Bethany, then to a fisherman's hut and last of all to a stable. No! It was one leap from the top to the bottom.

Let us open the door of the caravansary in Bethlehem and drive away the camels. Pass on through the group of idlers and loungers. What, O Mary, no light? "No light," she says, "save that which comes through the door." What Mary, no food? "None," she says, "only that which was brought in the sack on the journey." Let the Bethlehem woman who has come in here with kindly intentions put back the covering from the babe that we may look upon it. Look! Look! Uncover your head. Let us kneel. Let all voices be hushed. Son of Mary! Son of God! Child of a day! Monarch of eternity! In that eye the glance of a God. Omnipotence sheathed in that babe's arm. That voice to be changed from the feeble plaint to the tone that shall wake the dead. Hosanna! Hosanna! Glory to God that Jesus came from throne to manger that we might rise from manger to throne, and that all the gates are open, and that the door of heaven that once swung this way to let Jesus out now swings the other way to let us in. Let all the bellmen of heaven lay hold of the rope and ring out the news, "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, for to-day is born in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

The second installment paid for our soul's clearance was the scene in Quarantania, a mountainous region, full of caverns, where are today panthers and wild beasts of all sorts, so that you must now go there armed with knife or gun or pistol. It was there that Jesus went to think and to pray, and it was there that this monster of hell—more sly, more terrible, than anything that prowled in that country—satan himself, met Christ.

The rose in the cheek of Christ—that Publius Lentulus, in his letter to the Roman senate, ascribed to Jesus—that rose had scattered its petals. Abstinence from food had thrown him into emaciation. A long abstinence from food recorded in profane history is that of the crew of the ship Juno. For 23 days they had nothing to eat. But this suffering had lasted a month and ten days before he broke fast. Hunger must have agonized every fibre of the body and gnawed on the stomach with teeth of death. The thought of a morsel of bread or meat must have thrilled the body with something like ferocity. Turn out a pack of men hungry as Christ was a-hungered, and if they had strength with one yell they would devour you as a kid. It was in that pang of hunger that Jesus was accosted, and satan said, "Now change these stones which look like bread into an actual supply of bread." Had the temptation come to you and me under these circumstances we would have cried, "Bread it shall be!" and been almost impatient at the time taken for mastication, but Christ with one hand beat back the hunger and with the other hand beat back the monarch of darkness. O ye tempted ones! Christ was tempted. We are told that Napoleon ordered a coat of mail made, but he was not quite certain that it was impenetrable, so he said to the manufacturer of the coat of mail, "Put it on now yourself and let us try it." And with shot after shot from his own pistol the emperor found out that it was just what it pretended to be, a good coat of mail. Then the man received a large reward.

I bless God that the same coat of mail that struck back the weapons of temptation from the head of Christ we may now all wear, for Jesus comes and says: "I have been tempted, and I know what it is to be tempted. Take this robe that defended me and wear it for yourselves. I shall see you through all trials, and I shall see you through all temptation."

"But," says satan still further to Jesus, "come, and I will show you something worth looking at." And after a half day's journey they came to Jerusalem and to the top of the temple. Just as one might go up in the tower of Antwerp and look off upon Belgium, so satan brought Christ to the top of the temple. Some people at a great height feel dizzy and a strange disposition to jump. So satan comes to Christ in that very crisis. Standing there at the top of the temple, they looked off. A magnificent reach of country. Grainfields, vineyards, olive groves, forests and streams, cattle in the valley, flocks on the hills and villages and cities and realms. "Now villages and cities and realms. "Now," says satan, "I'll make a bargain. Just jump off. I know it is a great way from the top of the temple to the valley, but if you are divine, you can fly. Jump off. It won't hurt you. Angels will catch you. Your father will hold you. Besides I'll make you a large present if you will. I'll give you Asia Minor, I'll give you China, I'll give you Ethiopia, I'll give you Italy, I'll give you Spain, I'll give you Germany, I'll give you Britain, I'll give you all the world." What a temptation it must have been!

Go to-morrow morning and get in an altercation with some wretch crawling up from a gin cellar in the lowest part of your city. "No," you say, "I would not bemean myself by getting into such a contest." Then think of what the King of heaven and earth endured when he came down and fought the great wretch of hell and fought him in the wilderness and on top of the temple. But bless God that in the triumph over temptation Christ gives us the assurance that we also shall triumph. Having himself been tempted, he is able to succor all those who are tempted.

The third installment paid for our redemption was the agonizing prayer in Gethsemane. As I sat in that garden at the foot of an old gnarled and twisted olive tree the historic scene came upon me overwhelmingly. These old olive trees are the lineal descendants of those under which Christ stood and wept and knelt. Have the leaves of the whole botanical generations told the story of our Lord's agony to their successors? Next to Calvary the solemnest place in Palestine is Gethsame. While sitting there it seemed as if I could hear our Lord's prayer, laden with sobs and graons. Can this be the Jesus who gathered fragrance from the frankincense brought to his cradle and from the lilies that flung their sweetness into his sermons and from the box of alabaster that broke at his feet? Is this Jesus the comforter of Bethany, the ressurector at Nain, the oculist at Bethsaida? Is this the Christ whose frown is the storm, whose smile is the sunlight, the spring morning his breath, the thunder his voice, the occum a drop on the tip of his finger, heaven a sparkle on the bosom of his love, the universe the dust of his chariot wheel? Is this the Christ who is able to heal a heartbreak or hush a tempest or drown a world or flood immensity with his glory? Behold him in prayer, the globules of blood by sorrow pressed through the skin of his forehead! What an installment in part payment of the greatest price that was ever paid!

The fourth installment paid for our redemption was the Saviour's sham trial. I call it a sham trial—there has never been anything so indecent or unfair in any criminal court as was witnessed at the trial of Christ. Why, they hustled him into the courtroom at 2 o'clock in the morning. They gave him no time for counsel. They gave him no opportunity for subpoenaing witnesses. The ruffians who were wandering around through the midnight, of course they saw the arrest and went into the courtroom. But Jesus' friends were sober men, were respectable men, and at that hour, 2 o'clock in the morning, of course they were at home asleep. Consequently Christ entered the courtroom with the ruffians.

Oh, look at him! No one to speak a word for him. I lift the lantern until I can look into his face, and as my heart beats in sympathy for this, the best friend the world ever had, himself now utterly friendless, an officer of the courtroom comes up and smites him in the mouth, and I see the blood stealing from gum and lip. Oh, it was a farce of a trial, lasting only perhaps an hour, and then the judge rises for sentence! Stop! It is against the law to give sentence unless there has been an adjournment of the court between condemnation and sentence, but what cares the judge for the law? "The man has no friends. Let him die," says the judge. And the ruffians outside the rail cry: "Aha, aha, that's what we want! Pass him out here to us! Away with him! Away with him!"

Oh, I bless God that amid all the injustice that may have been inflicted upon us in this world we have a divine sympathizer. The world cannot lie about you nor abuse you as much as they did Christ, and Jesus stands to-day in every courtroom, in every house, in every store, and says: "Courage! By all my hours of maltreatment, and abuse I will protect those who are trampled upon." And when Christ forgets that 2 o'clock morning scene and the stroke of the ruffian on the mouth and the howling of the unwashed crowd then he will forget you and me in the injustices of life that may be inflicted upon us.

Further I remark: The last great installment paid for our redemption was the demise of Christ. The world has seen many dark days. Many summers ago there was a very dark day when the sun was eclipsed. The fowl at noonday went to their perch, and we felt a gloom as we looked at the astronomical wonder. It was a dark day in London when the plague was at its height, and the dead with uncovered faces were taken in open carts and dumped in the trenches. It was a dark day when the earth opened and Lisbon sank, but the darkest day since the creation of the world was when the carnage of Calvary was enacted.

It was about noon when the curtain began to be drawn. It was not the coming on of a night that soothes and refreshes. It was the swinging of a great gloom all around the heavens. God hung it. As when there is a dead one in the house you bow the shutters or turn the lattice, so God in the afternoon shut the windows of the world. As it is appropriate to throw a black pall upon the coffin as it passes along, so it was appropriate that everything should be somber that day as the great hearse of the earth rolled on, bearing the corpse of the King. A man's last hours are ordinarily kept secret. However you may have hated or caricatured a man, when you hear he is dying silence puts its hands on your lips, and you would have a loathing for the man who could stand by the deathbed making faces and scoffing. But Christ in his last hour cannot be left alone. What, pursuing him yet after so long a pursuit? You have been drinking his tears. Do you want to drink his blood? They came up closely, so that notwithstanding the darkness they can glut their revenge with the contortions of his countenance. They examine his feet. They want to feel for themselves whether those feet are really spiked. They put out their hands and touch the spikes and bring them back wet with blood and wipe them on their garments. Women stand there and weep, but can do no good. It is no place for the tender-hearted women. It wants a heart that crime has turned into granite. The waves f man's hatred and of hell's vengeance dash up against the mangled feet, and the hands of sin and pain and torture clutch for his holy heart. Had he not been thoroughly fastened to the cross they would have torn him down and trampled him with both feet. How the cavalry horses arched their necks and champed their bits and reared and snuffed at the blood! Had a Roamn officer called out for a light, his voice would not have been heard in the tumult, but louder than the clash of spears, and the wailing of womanhood, and the neighing of the chargers, there comes a voice crashing through—loud, clear, overwhelming, terrific. It is the groaning of the dying son of God! Look, what a scene! Look, world, at what you have done!

I lift the covering from the maltreated Christ to let you count the wounds and estimate the cost. Oh, when the nails went through Christ's right hand and through Christ's left hand that bought your hands, with all their power to work and lift and write! When the nails went through Christ's right foot and Christ's left foot, that bought your feet, with all their power to walk or run or climb. When the thorn went into Christ's temple, that bought your brain, with all its power to think and plan. When the spear cleft Christ's side, that bought your heart, with all its power to love and repent and pray.

My friends, Sabbath after Sabbath gospel messengers have come searching down for your souls. To-day we come with the gospel searching for your soul. We apply the cross of Christ first to see whether there is any life left in you, while all around the people stand, looking to see whether the work will be done, and the angels of God bend down and witness, and, oh, if now we could see only one spark of love and hope and faith we would send up a shout that would be heard on the battlements of heaven, and two worlds would keep jubilee because communication is open between Christ aad the soul, and your nature that has been sunken in sin has been lifted into the light and the joy of the gospel.

If you would outshine your neighbors acquire a good reputation, and then keep it polished.

To cure a cold in a night—use Vapo-Cresolene. It has been used extensively during more than twenty-four years. All Druggists.

Experience.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Do you think, John, a person gets wisdom with years?

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Yes; if I had known as much twenty years ago as I do now, I never would have married.—Yonkers Statesman.

Intervention.

Tom—What are the relations between you and Miss Cavendish?

Jack (gloomily)—Her father and mother.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

Mrs. Frank Evans, 133 Frontenac Street, Montreal, says:—"I feel that I ought to say a good word for Dr. Williams Pink Pills, in the hope that my experience may be of benefit to some other suffering woman. I am now twenty-three years of age, and since my eleventh year I have suffered far more than my share of agony from the ailments that afflict my sex. At the age of sixteen the trouble had grown so bad that I had to undergo an operation in the Montreal General Hospital. This did not cure me and a little later I underwent another operation. From this I received some benefit but was not wholly cured, and I continued to suffer from pains in the abdomen and bilious headache. A few years later, having with my husband removed to Halifax, I was again suffering terribly and was taken to the general hospital where another operation was performed. This gave me relief for two or three months, and again the old trouble came on, and I would suffer for days at a time and nothing seemed to relieve the pain. In February, 1899, I was again obliged to go to the hospital and underwent a fourth operation. Even this did not help me and as the chloroform administered during the operation affected my heart, I would not permit a further operation, and was taken home still a great sufferer. In August, 1899, I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and decided to do so. I have used the pills for several months, and have found more relief from them than from the four operations which I passed through, and I warmly recommend them to all women suffering from from the ailments which afflict so many of my sex."

Pink colored pills in glass jars, or in any loose form, or in boxes that do not bear the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are NOT Dr. Williams'.

The genuine are put up in packages, with wrapper printed in red.

Sold by all dealers or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50.

WOODSTOCK NEWS.

Stringent Measures Urged for Collection of Taxes.

Woodstock, April 2—The usual meeting of the town council was held last evening. The town has purchased a horse for the fire department for $160, from Frank Slipp, Jacksonville.

It was stated, in a lengthy debate on the subject, that the delinquent taxes amounted to $5,000, and the following motion was carried: That the marshal be instructed to proceed forthwith to collect the taxes, using the most stringent means, if necessary, the law allows, consulting the town solicitor in each case. The fire committee was empowered to purchase 300 feet of the best hose.

The new fire bell was shipped from Cincinnati last Friday.

Harry Dunbar, son of Alexander Dunbar, sr., who has been dangerously ill with appendicitis, is considerably better today, and it is now thought it will not be necessary for him to undergo an operation.

Robert Kennedy, for 15 years connected with the fire department, as driver of the town team, has severed his connection with the department and Alexander Vanwart went on duty in his place yesterday. The firemen presented Mr. Kennedy with an address and testimonial. At a lunch following the presentation, Chief Tattersall was in the chair, and Mayor Belyea was also present.

PAIN-KILLER cures all sorts of cuts, bruises, burns and strains. Taken internally it cures diarrhoae and dysentery. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

The number of men employed in Colorado's mines in 1900 was 40,111. The fatal accidents in the mines that year showed a percentage of .94 for every 1,000 engaged.

The best family remedy for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Hoarseness, and every form of Inflammation is Bentley's Liniment. Sold by druggists and general dealers in two sizes. Price ten cents and twenty-five cents. Full directions on the wrapper.—Be sure you get Bentley's

Woman may be at the bottom of all man's troubles, yet without her life would not be worth living.—Chicago News.

Wanted—a case of headache that Kumfort Headache Powders will not cure in 10 minutes. Price 10 cents.

The average person breathes in a gallon of air a minute.

Inhale Bentley's Liniment for cold in the head. Price 10c.

SPINNERS IN SESSION.

Pass Resolutions Dealing with Injury to Health of Women and Children Operators.

Boston, April 2.—Michael Duggan, of Lowell, presided over the meeting of the executive council of the National Mule Spinners' Association, which was held in Templar Hall today and which considered business of interest to the craft. The financial condition of the organization was reported to be excellent.

The following resolution was adopted:

"Whereas the present system of making up lost time, indulged in by certain corporations, is dangerous and injurious to the health of the women and minors, inasmuch as the high speed of the machines and the vitiated atmosphere which obtains in our woolen and cotton mills make it next to an impossibility for these persons to work for a longer period than ten hours in any one day; and

"Whereas the prevention of overtime work, as sought by us, would not prove injurious to our employers, since the practice of making up lost time is by no means general, certain corporations positively refusing to avail themselves of the present law, which allows lost time to be made up.

"Resolved, that we call upon the senators of this state to vote in favor of house bill 209, which seeks to prevent the practice in textile, cotton and yarn mills, and by so doing receive the thanks of from 60,000 to 70,000 people in this state."

The delegates to the last national convention submitted their report, with a recommendation that the spinners remain in the American Federation of Labor until such time as the American Federation of Textile Workers becomes affiliated with that body.

The entire matter will be submitted to a referendum vote among the general membership in the organization.

Catarrh for twenty years and cured in a few days.—Hon. George James, of Scranton, Pa., says: "I have been a martyr to Catarrh for twenty years, constant hawking, dropping in the throat and pain in the head, very offensive breath. I tried Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. The first application gave instant relief. After using a few bottles I was cured. 50 cents.—1

Sold by C. Fairweather, Union street.

"Well, I wonder what kind of weather we will have today?"

"The same that we have most days in March."

"What's that?"

"All kinds."—Chicago Post.

You trust me thoroughly, don't you, Ethel?

Of course, Edgar; but tell me, are the installments on this diamond ring all paid off.—Chicago Record.

The German emperor has just presented to the Samoan chief Mataafa an ebony staff with silver mountings, bearing the kaiser's coat of arms.

HARRISON ELECTED.

Again Mayor of Chicago by Big Plurality.

Chicago, April 2—Total vote of the city, with eight precincts missing: Harrison, 155,275; Haneey, 127,222. Harrison's plurality, 28,075.

Honore Palmer, son of Potter Palmer, is elected alderman on the Democratic ticket in Harrison's home ward. Palmer's opponent was S. H. Helm, Republican, the present aldermanic representative of the ward. Palmer's plurality estimated 1,500.

Chicago, April 2—Carter H. Harrison has been re-elected mayor of Chicago for the second time and will, next week, commence his third term as the chief executive of the city. His official plurality over Judge Elbridge Hanecy, the Republican nominee, is 28,257 votes. The total vote of the city is: Harrison, 156,952; Hanecy, 128,695.

Out of the 35 wards of the city, Harrison today carried 26 and Hanecy nine. The vote was badly split, some of the strongest Republican parts of the city giving only a small plurality for the party nominee, and some of them going for Harrison who, however, suffered in some of the Democrat strongholds.

It is impossible at this time to predict the exact formation of the new council but the indications are at present that the Republicans will have a working majority. The present body consists of 33 Republicans, 27 Democrats and four Independents. Of the hold-overs, 16 were Republicans, 15 Democrats and three Independents.

Hanecy was the nominee of the Republican machine, which is dominated by ex-Congressman Wm. Lorimer. The Democratic following of ex-Governor Altgeld was against Harrison.

One of the features of the campaign was the aldermanic contest in the 21st ward, Mayor Harrison's home ward, where Honore Palmer, son of Mrs. Potter Palmer, was a candidate for election on the Democrat ticket, his opponent being S. H. Helm, Republican, who has been alderman from the ward for two years. Palmer was elected by a majority of about 1,200.

Ferry's SEEDS

Ferry's Seeds are known the country over as the most reliable Seeds that can be bought. Don't save a nickel on cheap seeds and lose a dollar on the harvest.

1901 Seed Annual free.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Windsor, Ont.