

POISONED CANDY

Three Children Eat Colored Sweetmeats.

WITH DISASTROUS RESULTS

Confectioner Sells Candy Filled With Arsenic to Children and All Will Die—Dealer Will Be Arrested and Prosecuted.

NEW YORK, Feb. 26.—After eating 10 cents worth of candy, colored red, blue and green, and sold to all the children of the neighborhood at 10 cents a pound, the three step-children of Harry Thompson of No. 414 West 32nd street were taken with violent convulsions. Vivian, the eldest girl, aged six, died in great agony yesterday afternoon and the lives of her brother Ralph, aged 6, and her 3-year-old sister, Viola, are despaired of.

Coroner Harger was notified of the child's death by Dr. William MacAlpen, who said he thought arsenical poisoning caused by eating the candy was responsible. An autopsy will be made today. Some of the candy which was not eaten was carried away by the coroner, and he will take it to Columbia University for analysis.

"If any trace of poison is found in the child's organs, or the candy is found to contain poisonous substance, I shall order the arrest of this dealer," said the coroner. "His store is next a public school and I learned that between 300 and 400 children visit his shop every day. He admits making the candy himself. The coloring matter he buys in sticks from a wholesale candy manufacturer. He has not the slightest idea what the ingredients are."

Your stomach churns and digests the food you eat and if foul, or torpid, or out of order, your whole system suffers from blood poison. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea keeps you well. 35 cents, Tea on Tablets. Sold by Frank Hart.

That Skinner Boy And a Wheelbarrow

While on His Way to the Store It Gets Him Into Trouble With Pedestrians.

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IT was a new experience in the life of Humpy Skinner, aged fourteen. New experiences had been coming to him every day since he was old enough to realize that a licking always followed his breaking a pane of glass, but this was something out of the ordinary.

He had been sent with a wheelbarrow to get a bushel or so of sand for household use, and no sooner had he started out than he began to feel the consciousness of power. Pedestrians gave the boy and the wheelbarrow a wide berth. Both men and women knew that no more deadly combination existed, while younger and smaller folks had something yet to learn.

Up near the corner was an oldish man leaning against the fence as he



STRUCK A FAT MAN AND BROUGHT HIM DOWN.

surveyed a vacant house with a to rent sign on the door. He was wondering how many rooms the house contained and whether it was haunted when Humpy Skinner noticed him and tried an experiment. He shut his eyes tightly and tried to see how near he could come to the man's heels with his wheelbarrow. He had a distance of forty feet to go, and he managed mat-

ters so well that he ran the wheel plump against the leaning man and knocked his legs out from under him. "By jingo, but what are you trying to do?" shouted the man as he struggled up.

"I thought I would see how near I could graze you," was the calm reply. "Oh, you did, eh? Then you willfully, deliberately and maliciously ran that infernal thing against my legs in hopes of crippling me for life, did you? Boy, lemme get hold of you once!"

But Humpy drew back with the wheelbarrow and stood ready to repel an assault, and the man rubbed his left leg and continued.

"Are you such a lunkhead that you don't know that a wheelbarrow is an infernal machine? You have no right running it on the sidewalk. Begone with it before I get my paws on you."

The idea of turning a boy of your age loose to maim and cripple and slaughter!"

Humpy was suppressed for the moment and got his barrow in motion after two collisions with the fence and safely turned the next corner—that is, it was safety for him, but in the turning he drove three pedestrians off the walk, and one of them came near falling on the pavement and recovered himself to shout:

"Boy, why didn't they give you a package of dynamite and turn you loose? By George, but it's got so that a man's life isn't safe even on the roof of his own house!"

Two minutes later the Jackson boy came down the street on the opposite side. He had been to the grocery and had a dozen eggs and three bars of soap under his arm.

"Hello, Humpy! But where ye goin'?" he called.

"After sand."

"Come over, and we'll suck some eggs."

It was a great temptation to Humpy. He had sucked eggs before, and his Adam's apple worked up and down as he remembered how speedily and satisfactorily the yolks had slipped down his throat and brought complacency to him for an hour afterward. That was before he had ever started to run a wheelbarrow on the sidewalk, however. Now he somehow felt that egg sucking was a boyish business and far beneath his dignity. He had seen that men and women were afraid of his barrow, and he wondered if boys would be—if Tim Jackson would be. The only way to find out was to make a test.

While the eyes of the other boy were upon him in envious mood Humpy rose up, grasped the handles of the barrow and made a furious dash across the street. Had it been a runaway ice wagon Tim would have stepped behind the nearest shade tree. As it was, there was something so menacing about things that he turned and fled

ere the barrow was within ten feet of him. Humpy uttered a warwhoop and pursued, and eggs and soap were scattered on the sidewalk.

No living man or boy can push a wheelbarrow very far in a straight line, no matter how slow his pace. When he comes to a run his course is

like a rail fence. In going a block Humpy tickled the legs of half a dozen men, almost ran into three stores and scared a greaser's horse into a runaway, but his ardor didn't abate until he struck a fat man and brought him down with a great crash.

A cobbler ran out of his shop and seized the boy and barrow until it could be ascertained whether the fat man had been killed on the spot or only crippled for life and out of the political reform movement. It was

two minutes before the question was decided. Then the fat man rose up and began to talk. He called Humpy Skinner about 150 bad names. He threatened him with over 200 different kinds of punishments. He abused his father and vowed he would never take his hat off to his mother, and the way he did rip that old wheelbarrow up the back put a new wobble in the wheel.

"I don't know what this is all about," said Humpy, when the fat man had finally got out of breath.

"But you run him over mit dot wheelbarrow," explained the cobbler.

"But how could I help it? Haven't I a right to chase a boy with a wheelbarrow?"

"Maybe so, but haf you some rights to run a fat man over?"

"But he got in the way. When he saw me coming why didn't he climb a fence or dodge into a store?"

"Hear the cold blooded young villain talk!" groaned the victim. "Why, boy—why—why?"

And then he swelled up again and grew red in the face and gasped for breath and could say no more. The cobbler went to pat him on the back and lead him into a sewing machine place where new and secondhand machines were sold on the installment plan, and Humpy took advantage of the occasion to make his escape.

He was sobered up a little as he passed on, but only for a short time. He saw a large dog standing on the corner while its master was in the drug store to get something for a cold in the head. The dog was looking across the street at a red headed boy who was washing a store window, and he hadn't the slightest idea that his life was in peril. No sooner had Humpy caught sight of the canine than he had a plan. It was to strike the dog fair in the middle with the wheel of his barrow and throw him thirty feet high, the same as if he had been caught on a cowcatcher.

It was a run of a hundred feet with no one in the way, and Humpy got up

steam to beat an express. The wheelbarrow wobbled about, but for the last ten feet it kept a straight course. The dog was still looking at the red headed boy and wondering if he ever stole harvest apples out in the country, when all at once the wheel struck him. He went down, instead of up, and Humpy and the barrow went over him. Boy, dog and barrow were piled in a heap.

The dog recovered himself first and bit the boy and the barrow, and Humpy's howls soon collected a crowd. Some of them said that a building had collapsed and killed seven men and others that a street car had run over a coal dealer, but the policeman who came running up soon straightened out things.

"I want this boy hanged to a tree for trying to kill my dog!" demanded the owner as the cold in his head grew better.

"I can't do that," replied the officer, "but if I ever catch him out with a wheelbarrow again he shall go to state prison. Boy, take your infernal machine and make for home!"

"Where's the sand, Humpy?" asked his mother as he came limping into the house.

In reply he burst into tears.

"Dear me, but what is the matter with you?"

"The matter is that this is no town for a boy. The people are not willing to let him enjoy himself and have a good time!"

M. QUAD.

Chance For a Job.
Mrs. Tartun—Mrs. Upmore has a strange dislike for me.

Miss Jellers—Yes, and she has only the slightest acquaintance with you; that's what makes it seem so strange.

—Chicago Tribune.

The Sacred and Symbolic Palm.

From the very earliest times the palm tree has been recognized as a symbol of victory. Among the Greeks and the Romans palm branches were used to decorate the buildings and streets of their cities in honor of the return of a victorious army. This custom appears to have been taken from the eastern nations, but from what one in particular no one now knows. At a very early age the Hebrews were accustomed to carry palm branches on all occasions of rejoicings. This custom having been observed on the entry of Christ into Jerusalem, the tree has come to bear a special symbolism among Christians. The primitive church used it to express the triumphs of the Christian over death through the resurrection. As early as the second century A. D. it became the custom to carve palm branches on the tombstones of those who had died for the faith, and about the same time all pictures of martyrs were figures holding representations of palm branches in their hands.

Little Andrew—Papa, what do people mean when they talk about the "big stick?"

Papa (member of Congress from the Umpteenth district)—Any United States Senator, my son.—Cleveland Leader.

RUNNING SORES COVERED LIMBS

Little Girl's Obstinate Case of Eczema—Instantaneous Relief

By Cuticura—Little Boy's Hands and Arms Also Were a Mass of Torturing Sores—Grateful Mother Says:

"CUTICURA REMEDIES A HOUSEHOLD STANDBY"

"In reply to your letter I write you my experience, and you are privileged to use it as you see fit. Last year, after having my little girl treated by a very prominent physician for an obstinate case of eczema, I resorted to the Cuticura Remedies, and was so well pleased with the almost instantaneous relief afforded that we discarded the physician's prescription and relied entirely on the Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Pills. When we commenced with the Cuticura Remedies her feet and limbs were covered with running sores. In about six weeks we had her completely well, and there has been no recurrence of the trouble.

"In July of this year a little boy in our family poisoned his hands and arms with poison oak, and in twenty-four hours his hands and arms were a mass of torturing sores. We used only the Cuticura Remedies, washing his hands and arms with the Cuticura Soap, and anointed them with the Cuticura Ointment, and then gave him the Cuticura Resolvent. In about three weeks his hands and arms healed up; so we have lots of cause for feeling grateful for the Cuticura Remedies. We find that the Cuticura Remedies are a valuable household standby, living as we do twelve miles from a doctor, and where it costs from twenty to twenty-five dollars to come up on the mountain. Respectfully, Mrs. Lizzie Vincent Thomas, Fairmount, Walden's Ridge, Tenn., Oct. 13, 1905."

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor, from Pimples to Scrofula, from Infancy to Age, consisting of Cuticura Soap, 50c, Ointment, 50c, Resolvent, 50c, in form of Cascobal Colored Pills, 50c, per vial of 60, may be had of all druggists. A single set often cures the most distressing cases where all else fails. Foster Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass. 50¢ Mailed Free. "How to Cure Torturing, Disgusting Humors," and "The Great Skin Book."

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