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do in the way of brass-band receptions, ovations, and such maneuvers will mitigate for a moment the real essence of Burton's guilt; it will not help him a particle with the general public, nor lighten the burden he has assumed; it only serves for the moment of its transpiring, to make him feel that he has some friends left; that in Abilene at least he can hold his head up and pose as a martyr. Beyond this he cannot carry the proof of the home-confidence to any man or place where it will operate to his advantage. It is a mercy with a string to it, and not a very long one at that.

SCHMITZ WILL NOT CONFESS

Eugene Schmitz, San Francisco's "reform" mayor refuses to confess, in the face of the vast mass of the confessions that engulf him in their details, irrefragably. Why should he?

There will be tomes and volumes and sheets of testimony handed in to the courts when the time comes that will obviate anything like a confession from Mr. Schmitz. They won't do a thing to him when they get on the stand, these men who have already admitted their share of the frightful guilt of the hour there. They will tell things on him and everyone else, true things, raw and rare tales, that will make him wish he had confessed as the simpler and less hurtful way out of an inextricable mess.

It is literally impossible that he, the head and front of the great municipal administration so tremendously involved; the bosom friend of the arch leader of the spoilsmen; the main source of reference for all matters of good and ill that affected the city, should be innocent, ignorant, uninvolved. Time, and the truth will do more to swing him beneath the brunt of outraged law, than any meagre, studied confession he might offer. There will be confessions enough without him, and she probably knows it better than anyone else in the whole city of San Francisco.

PRUNES.

The woful news is at hand that the prune crop is a failure.

To the unthinking this does not sound woful, nor even threatening, but to the man who knows and loves the cheap, common, succulent stewed-prune in all its fulness and fillingness, it will come as a shock.

One has only to cast his stomachic eye to the lost breakfast treat of rich, black, soft, shiny globules, floating in thick cool syrup, like dark diamonds in a still sea of ink, to know the full significance of the season of deprivation that is ahead.

The lowly prune is one of the vital staples of the land, and has more friends than are usually accredited to it. It is the most wholesome, compensating, satisfying fruit in the world, and there is less loss in its preparation and use than in any other commodity known to mankind. It is the wide divergency in cooks that has brought the prune into disrepute. Three pounds of good prunes and one real good cook can effect a compound, which, with the aid of half a pint of rich cream, will put even the royal strawberry to the bad, provided the partaker has not cultivated a wilful prejudice against the former, and the latter is out of season.

The prune is alright; and has a simple honest history of its own that should be studied and made applicable. Only a perverted taste can safely disparage the good old prune.

EDITORIAL SALAD.

The impresarios have decided that, though nature may supply a tenor a voice, he must supply himself with a physique.

Blue laws are not needed to make a city blue. The utter rout of its baseball aggregation did the act for Boston last season.

P. S. to my letter of recent date (1904)—Vox Populi: Since you insist I will accept—T. R."

Are we to go through a new set of agonies with the wireless telephone?

What Roumania needs is a good, swift kick.

It is a little late for an ocean rate war—Spring traffic is about to begin.

The Russians have sent a body of Cossacks into Persia merely as a matter of good faith and especially not for publication broadcast.

We shall be obliged to the President if he will, when he gets time, issue an executive order requesting newspaper reporters to write the name of

GIRL POISONS CHILD

Quarter Breed Mohawk Declares She Did Deed for Love.

ATE OF THE POISON HERSELF

Was Waif Adopted By Farmer—Burned Buildings and Fear of Discovery So Preyed On Mind That She Decided on Suicide.

NEW YORK, March 25.—Jennie Burch, a quarter breed Mohawk, who in September last poisoned the infant son of Herbert Winship a wealthy farmer of Cowles Corner, Putnam County, will be placed on trial today for her life at Carmel, N. Y. It is her 15th birthday. On the day of the baby's burial she sobbed out a confession of how she fed the infant a poisoned peach. She said she had loved her little charge and because of her great love had killed it.

Medical men and other men who have examined this girl differ as to her sanity. Jennie Burch was a waif and was given a home by the Winship family four years ago. The farmer and his family treated the girl as one of their own. When the baby, Wilbur, was born, Jennie Burch became its guardian. Her love rivalled that of the child's mother.

She has been unable to give a satisfactory explanation of the crime. The murder itself was preceded by several incendiary fires which the girl admitted that she was responsible for. First the barn was burned and then followed nine different attempts to burn the Winship house. Jennie's explanation of the incendiarism was that she wanted to see "flames shoot." After the barn had been burned she said she imagined she was suspected, and this thought preyed on her mind. Then she decided to kill herself. She thought of the baby and concluded that child should die with her. She poisoned a peach and gave the child a portion of it and ate the remainder herself. Within half an hour the girl and the infant were taken violently ill. Mrs. Winship did all she could for both of them. Before night the baby died but Jennie Burch recovered. The girl insists that she poisoned the peach with iodine. Chemists employed by the state say that she killed the child with strychnine. It is believed her lawyers will attempt to prove insanity at the time of the murder.

John D. Rockefeller without mentioning that he has a fortune of \$300,000,000, without prefixing it with "Former President."

If the Douma knows its business it will hand the czar a loaded hypothetical question.

Mr. Fairbanks is removing the outer wrappings of his boom.

All the known medical experts having appeared in the Thaw trial, where are we going to get experts for the lunacy commission?

The wireless telegraph is a great invention, but it doesn't seem to be able to get a very interesting interview out of J. P. Morgan in mid-ocean.

Rust is already beginning on the machine of that Chicago typist who won the prize in a beauty show. It requires all her time to live up to her new reputation.

One of the best evidences of the desire of Japan to maintain its newly acquired reputation as a peer of western nations is the large number of Japanese seeking commercial information in this country.

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His Ship Went Down.

The man with the bronzed face and the rolling eye was entrancing his friends when Mr. Button entered just in time to hear him say:

"And so my ship went down with all hands."

"Went down?" queried Mr. Button excitedly. "But where were you?"

"I was in the captain's cabin at the time," said the bronzed one. "We sunk slowly, but surely, and scarcely a ripple was left to mark the spot."

"How sad!" said Mr. Button. "But still, I suppose you forced your way out of the cabin and managed to swim ashore, eh? Or were you taken off by a passing vessel?"

"No, I wasn't," said the bronzed one. "I just stood where I was."

"Look here," said Mr. Button seriously. "You say you were locked in a cabin and made no effort to escape, and yet here you are safe and sound before us! Is this a tale of the horse marines?"

"Not exactly," said the salt. "It's a tale of the submarines. That was the sort of ship I was aboard."—Chicago Journal

A Chinese Solomon.

A blind street musician, reports a Chinese newspaper, stood on the shore of a river, puzzled how to cross the stream. He implored an oil dealer who happened to come along to assist him. The oil dealer had pity on the helpless man, took him on his shoulders, gave him his money bag to hold and carried him across. When he deposited his burden on the other shore the blind man refused to return him his money bag, raised a noise and declared that the money was his property. The matter came before the judge, and each man said on oath that the money belonged to him. The judge finally ordered the bag of money emptied into a water tank, and then suddenly announced that the oil dealer was the owner. When asked for the reason for his decision, he declared that the money of the oil dealer must certainly show traces of his business, and, indeed, on the surface of the water traces of oil were found.

We might in an emergency secure the powerful Nicaraguan fleet to guard the Pacific for us.

BLACK, ITCHING SPOTS ON FACE

Physicians Called It Eczema in Worst Form—Treated Disease for a Year but Could Not Cure It—Patient Became Dependent—Suffering Promptly Allayed and

DREADFUL DISEASE CURED BY CUTICURA

"About four years ago I was afflicted with black blotches all over my face and a few covering my body, which produced a severe itching irritation, and which caused me a great deal of annoyance and suffering, to such an extent that I was forced to call in two of the leading physicians of ——. After a thorough examination of the dreaded complaint they announced it to be skin eczema in its worst form. They treated me for the same for the length of one year, but the treatment did me no good. Finally I became despondent and decided to discontinue their services. Shortly afterwards, my husband in reading a copy of a weekly New York paper saw an advertisement of the Cuticura Remedies. He purchased the entire outfit, and after using the contents of the first bottle of Cuticura Resolvent in connection with the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, the breaking out entirely stopped. I continued the use of the Cuticura Remedies for six months, and after that every blotch was entirely gone and the affected parts were left as clear as ever. I have not felt a symptom of the eczema since, which was three years ago. The Cuticura Remedies not only cured me of that dreadful disease, eczema, but of other complicated troubles as well, and I have been the means of others being cured of the same disease by the Cuticura Remedies, and I don't hesitate in saying that Cuticura Resolvent is the best blood medicine that the world has ever known. Mrs. Lizzie E. Sledge, 540 Jones Ave., Selma, Ala., Oct. 28, 1905."

SKIN HUMORS

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