RATCLIFFE PLAYS A DIFFICULT PART WITH A JURY FOR CRITICS.

Ratcliffe's Masks of Expression Varying as He Testified.

Actor Edward J. Ratcliffe as He Appeared on the Stand Yesterday.

In Dress, He Might Have Come from the Dressing Room.

Not Dramatically, but Like One Sincere, the Actor Denies the Cruelties His Wife Alleges.

Earnest and self-possessed, courteous and gentlemanly in his bearing, with easy manner and modulated tones, Actor Edward J. Ratcliffe testified yesterday in his own behalf, in the trial of the case in which his wife is seeking to have him sent to the penitentiary for an alleged felonious assault upon herself.

He was dressed in a well-cut suit of tweed, with a stand-up collar and a necktie of mottled green. His face was calm, his complexion was fresh and clear, and his eyes were bright. Every detail of his costume was as carefully attended to as if he had come from a theatre dressing room instead of from a cell in the Tombs.

Mrs. Ratcliffe was not in the court room, and the actor looked hard for several moments at her father, ePter De Lacy, as he sat alone against the wall at the side of the room. Mr. De Lacy said his daughter was not ill, but preferred to remain away.

A Poetical Opening.

At the opening of the morning session, Prosecutor Lloyd announced that the State rested; whereupon Attorney Towns made an address, outlining what the defense expected to prove. It was much more than that, moreover; it was really a scathing arraignment of the prosecution. The attorney also began a bitter attack on De Lacy, but was stopped by the Court.

Then the poet-lawyer drifted into poetry, both in English and German, referred to "vade mecums," quoted Shakespeare and Pinafore, and finally declaimed, while the now puzzled jurymen looked at each other in wondering question:

> Let the galled jade wince;
> Ratcliffe's withers are unstrung.

He then eloquently referred to the remarkable scene, described in yesterday's Journal, that occurred on the stand on Wednesday, when Mrs. Ratcliffe was almost overcome with happy emotions caused by reminiscences of a reconciliation.

"No wonder she cannot appear this morning," he cried. "Were she freed from the influences that keep her from her husband, the couple would be reconciled at once."

Mr. De Lacy was then called to the stand, and Attorney Towns began with a line of questions regarding real estate held by Mrs. Ratcliffe before marriage and by her deceased mother, with the intention, as he stated, of showing part of the animus in the case. The line of questioning was ruled out, and De Lacy returned to his seat.

Ratcliffe Takes the Stand.

"Edward J. Ratcliffe will take the stand."

And at this every eye was bent on the prisoner, who with an air of quiet confidence and an entire absence of swagger walked to the witness chair and seated himself.

He stated his name; his age, thirty-one years, and told how as a boy in England he had sung in the choir of a Jesuit church. He also, as a boy, sang at Covent Garden. He went to India for a time, returned in early manhood, and again sang in the Jesuit choir.

Q. How did your actual stage career begin? A. Mary Anderson, the actress, happened to attend a service, and heard me. She asked me to sing in "Ingomar." I was with her for two seasons in London, and one in this country.

Q. That is how you first came to America? A. Yes.

Q. What was your career following that? A. I played in "Lost in New York," "The Henrietta," "Shenandoah," "The Fatal Card," "The Sporting Duchess," and "Two Vagrants."

Q. When did you first meet Alice De Lacy? A. In April, 1891.

Q. How did you meet? A. We were introduced on Fifth avenue, by Actor Dixon. I met her again in a few days, and then, at her invitation, called at her home. After that I called nearly every afternoon, till I went to Europe at the end of May.

Again the Poet.

Q. Had your acquaintance progressed to the stage of soft things uttered by moonlight? A. No. Not at that time. But we were very good friends.

Ratcliffe's air had every appearance of sincerity. He looked like a man gravely appreciative of his position and bent on telling the simple truth. If it was acting it was remarkable, indeed.

Q. Did you learn that Mr. De Lacy disapproved of your attentions to Miss Alice? A. Yes.

Q. Did he ask you to remain away for six months? A. Yes, and during that time to hold no communication with his daughter. I promised, and the promise was kept.

Q. When did you next meet? A. By accident, in the Auditorium Hotel, in Chicago, at the World's Fair. We were glad to see each other, and our meeting place used to be up in the tower. She was afraid of her father, and said that if he should catch her up there he would drop her off.

Then followed a description of their marriage at Hoboken, on August 24, 1894, and the birth of their first child.

Q. Following up his opposition before marriage, did Mr. De Lacy, from the beginning of your married life, try to separate you and your wife? A. He did.

Q. What did he write you on the birth of your child? A. "Dear Sir—I congratulate you on the birth of a son and heir. The offspring of such a scoundrel as you must make his mark in the world. Yours truly,

PETER DE LACY."

The questioner then took up a line to contradict evidence that Ratcliffe and his wife had lived unhappily, and that he had not paid for things he bought for her.

Q. Were your horses at Larchmont paid for? A. Yes; spot cash.

Q. Did you love your wife? A. Dearly. Nothing in the world better. [This was said very earnestly.]

Q. Did you ever, as has been stated, pawn your wife's diamonds? A. Yes; she asked me to. It was vacation time, and I had no money. The proceeds of the diamonds went mostly for dresses that she wanted.

Q. What were the circumstances of the quarrel regarding the hotel cafe at Larchmont? A. I went in, and Mrs. Ratcliffe was seated at a table, with a man whom I did not know, and drinking a very large glass of whiskey and ginger ale. I was incensed, and, calling her aside, told her that it was not proper.

An Actor Friend.

After the noon recess he again took the stand, and a little episode pleased him greatly. Few of his erstwhile friends have appeared in court at any stage of the proceedings, but yesterday noon Robert W. Cutting came in and nodded and smiled with genial encouragement at Ratcliffe, as he again took the stand. Ratcliffe's face brightened with pleasure as he returned the salutation.

Q. Did you, as has been stated, keep a horse in Boston last year, and were you at that time failing to provide Mrs. Ratcliffe with the necessaries of life? A. I certainly owned a horse, but it was used in the cast of "The Sporting Duchess," and its transportation and keep did not cost me a cent. I am constantly sending to Mrs. Ratcliffe what money I could spare.

Q. Were your costumes bought at your own expense? A. I had ten changes of costumes in that play. I bought one out of my own expense.

Q. What was your salary? A. It was $150 a week; but, besides my constant expenses, I had drawn heavily in advance during vacation.

Q. You have been called a "matinee hero." Was there ever any scandal regarding yourself and any "matinee girl"?

Here Judge Newburger interrupted with a smile.

"No, no," said the Judge, "that sounds well and would read well in the paper, but it isn't evidence.

Q. During the week preceding the alleged assault, on June 12, did you not go out with your wife almost every night? A. Yes.

Q. Was she jealous, at least once, when you met an actress who had played in your company? A. Yes. She was quite disturbed about it.

Q. Did you ever strike or abuse your wife previous to the night of June 12? A. I never did.

Q. Or break an umbrella over her head? A. Never.

"Now," said Mr. Towns, "we come to the night of the alleged assault for which you are on trial." At this there was a movement of interest throughout the entire room. Ratcliffe was told to state just what occurred.

"On Saturday, June 12," said Ratcliffe, "we agreed, as the next day was to be my last before leaving for Chicago, to have a farewell dinner for some friends. I asked Mrs. Ratcliffe to buy the necessary things, but she said she had an engagement with her sister, and hadn't time. She went away about noon. I rode on my bicycle to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and bought the dinner materials.

Q. What did you buy? A. A couple of ducklings, some lamb kidneys, bluefish, fresh butter, peas, potatoes, cucumbers and other things. I got home at 4:30. I had told my wife that the dinner would be sent, but she was not at home. The servant was not home, I found that all the provisions were lying in the yard. The sun was streaming on them. The butter was all melted. It was 96 degrees in the shade. The kidneys were spoiled. The fish were ruined and the chops were tainted. I felt greatly annoyed and provoked.

Q You had, in the afternoon, left a lamb stew simmering for that day's dinner? A. Yes. I always cooked, when at home.

Q. Did you not permit Mrs. Ratcliffe to do this? A. She did not know how. Once in awhile she made the attempt, but could not, so I had to.

Q. When did your wife return? A. At a quarter after 6. I said: "Well, everything is spoiled." She said it was not her place to look after such things, nor the place of the nurse girl, who was out with the child.

Q. Did you strike her? A. No.

Q. Did you push her or so scare her that she fell? A. No.

Q. What happened next? A. I took a bath and sat down at the table with her.

Q. Did you wear "heavy English bulldog shoes," as the prosecution rhetorically declared? A. I wore my bath slippers. Mrs. Ratcliffe asked me to make a cocktail. I was annoyed, and said: "That's all you think about." But I made one for each of us, and we drank them. Then she asked for beer, and I got some from the icebox.

Q. When your little girl came in, did you say to her: "Don't go to mamma; she's no good"? A. I did not say "She's no good." I did tell the child to come to me and not to go to her. Then Mrs. Ratcliffe got up and grabbed the child and I wouldn't let her go. She was flushed and hysterical. I pushed her into a chair and held her down.

Q. How long did you hold her? A. Probably thirty seconds. She called me vile names and struggled. She seized my shirt and tore it, and swore at me. She sprang up, when I released my grasp, and struggled to strike me.

Q. Did you hit or kick her? A. No.

Q. Did she fall down? A. No. And I left her and went away from the house.

Q. Is Mrs. Ratcliffe subject to nose bleed? A. Yes. And excitement alone can bring it on. When she heard of the unexpected death of her sister her nose bled for an hour and a half.

Q. Is she subject to hemorrhages? A. Yes.

The hearing was brought to a sudden termination through the receipt of a message stating that the brother of Juror Conlin was dying, and as a matter of humanity court was at once adjourned till this morning.

Winning Strike of Electrotypers.

There was a shortlived and successful strike of electrotypers in the job printing offices of the city yesterday. The strikers assembled at an early hour at Pearl Hall, No. 475 Pearl street, and appointed a committee to notify the employers of their demand for an eight-hour working day. In the afternoon the Typothetae—an organization representing the employers—met in Fulton street, and, after a stormy session, agreed that the eight-hour rule should go into effect on April 1. The strikers, on learning of the action at 3 p. m., returned to work.

HABEAS CORPUS IN THE REES CASE

His Lawyer Will Take That Method of Ascertaining His Whereabouts.

FATHER GETS PROPERTY.

Announced That He Has the Son's Gas Stock and Interest in the Dye Business.

A determined move is to be made to find Howell C. Rees, the wealthy young clubman of whose second disappearance on December 5 the Journal told exclusively. It is probable that the affair will be taken again to the courts and a writ of habeas corpus secured requiring Howell Rees's father to reveal the son's whereabouts.

Young Rees's friend and lawyer, Byram J. Winters, of No. 206 Broadway, says he will institute legal proceedings. The Red Men of Fishkill, of which organization the younger Rees is a member, also intend to help in finding out his whereabouts.

Rees's father has admitted that his son is sane, but confessed that he was in a sanitarium, under the charge of a keeper and physician. Mr. Rees declared that Howell had gone there voluntarily. He was, he said, the only person who knew his son's address, and he would not tell it even to members of his own family.

The father consented to allow Mr. Winters to write to his client, and promised that he would call the following day at the lawyer's office to receive the communication. He further promised that the letter would be delivered unread to his son and that the lawyer should receive within two days a reply in Howell's handwriting.

Mr. Winters prepared the letter. In it he stated that he had reason to suspect that Howell was being confined against his will. He asked the young man if this were true, and where he was. If Howell had any reasons for keeping his location secret, Mr. Winters asked that he so inform him over his own signature, sealing the letter and writing his name across the flap of the envelope.

Letter Ignored.

Mr. Rees, Sr., did not keep his promise to call for the communication, and Friday night the missive was sent to the father. It had been carefully sealed with wax, stamped with Mr. Winter's monogram, to prevent opening.

A week has elapsed and the lawyer has received no reply, not even an acknowledgment of its receipt by Rees, Sr.

In the meantime Howell's other friends have learned that on the night before his disappearance Rees paid a social call upon a family with whom he was on the most intimate terms. He was well and in excellent spirits and gave no hint of going away.

The father has announced that he has purchased Howell's half interest in the dye establishment, and that now the whole concern belongs to him. This interest is estimated as worth $30,000, exclusive of Howell's interest in the building and property at No. 138 East Fortieth street, which he owned jointly with his father. Howell also owned an equal share with his father in the Phoenix Gas Company of Fishkill. The only other stockholder was Robert Goeller, the lawyer. It was announced two days ago that at a meeting of the directors Howell's interest had been transferred to his father.

The father also now owns Howell's interest in the Colonial Cleaning Company, an adjunct of the dye house. The son was interested also in the Carodoc Metal Company, which has offices at No. 18 Wall street. Mr. Rees, Sr., has announced that he held orders from his son commanding that the affairs of this company be turned over to him. Within the last few days the offices of the company have been closed, Howell C. Rees's name taken off the door and no traces of the concern can be found.

Woman in Case.

Mr. Winters holds stock in the Phoenix Gas Company, belonging to Howell, which Howell gave to his lawyer for safe-keeping.

Monday an attorney claiming to represent Howell Rees called upon Mr. Winters and requested the stock. Mr. Winters refused to deliver it. The man who called on him has been the attorney for Mr. Rees, Sr., for a number of years, and is his confidential friend. Howell Rees distrusted him, and after the escape from the asylum, where he had been wrongfully confined by his father, five months ago, Howell, in the presence of witnesses, told the man that he wished never to have any dealings with him, as he feared his motives.

The reason given by Mr. Rees, Sr., for his close secrecy about his son's whereabouts is that Howell has fled voluntarily this time to escape a designing woman. Rees's friends do not believe this. They say he was engaged to a young woman of wealth and refinement of this city. They were to have been married last Fall, when he was taken away and confined in the asylum, with the charge of insanity resting over him. When he was released and vindicated by the courts, he determined, out of consideration to the feelings of his fiancee, to have the wedding postponed. It was then set for next Spring, and the young woman went with her mother to Europe, where she now is.

LADUE FINDS A TREASURE HERE.

Founder of Dawson City Married to Miss Katherine Mason.

WAS A FAIR YOUNG BRIDE.

Joseph Ladue Had Known the Girl Since She Was a Mere Child.

Joseph Ladue, founder of Dawson City, Alaska, and his bride are spending their honeymoon in New York. In an unpretentious third-story front room at No. 79 West Forty-fifth street the man who could buy the Astoria and have much money to spare has taken his wife, to avoid publicity and the crowd of a big hotel.

Their little nest is cozy and comfortable; it shows none of the obtrusive luxuries that are to be found in the modern hotel, but it has an atmosphere of romance about it and evidences of a lover's attention; it's remembrance of things his sweetheart was fond of—flowers, bonbons, books and sofa cushions.

A bunch of fragrant violets like they gathered in their walks around Schuyler Falls in the days of their courtship were placed near her rocking chair at the window yesterday afternoon where she waited for her husband, who had gone downtown, and on a table within reach were a lot of magazines and two big plates, one covered with little fancy cakes in coats of pink, white and chocolate icing, the other with candies. Near by stood the photograph of her husband, the man who worked three years in Alaska to bring home enough gold to marry her.

Until last Wednesday she was Miss Katherine Marie Mason, of Schuyler Falls, Clinton County, N. Y. She is the daughter of Charles Mason, a wealthy and retired farmer of that place.

"We have been sweethearts for three years," she said, "but Mr. Ladue has known me longer than that, nearly all my life—twenty years of it. When he was a young man just starting for the West to make his fortune I was five years old. He remembers a little girl in pinafores who lived on the next farm, but I have no recollection of him then. He lived with the Lobdells, our nearest neighbors, after his mother died and his father married again.

"Three years ago he came home and we met," she continued, blushing and looking down at her hands, where a plain engagement ring and a broad gold band told the story of his visit to Schuyler Falls.

There was little romance in their courtship, so she said. They met and loved and when Mr. Ladue returned to the Klondike he took back with him her promise to become his wife some day.

"He wanted me to marry him then and to go to Alaska. My father did not want me to go, so I decided to wait for him here. He had three years of work ahead of him.

"Sometimes the mails were regular, then again there were long delays and—well, I did worry. You see, there is such a scarcity of food up there sometimes. Money can't buy it always.

"We were married at 7 o'clock on Wednesday night at my father's home," continued Mrs. Ladue. "It was a quiet wedding. The Rev. Mr. H. C. Petty, of the Methodist Church at Lorne, performed the ceremony. There was no wedding supper, for the horse was at the door to take us to the railroad station. We arrived here this morning, and we expect to remain about a week, and then make a hurried visit to Boston, and get home in time for Christmas. My husband has bought a house at Schuyler Falls, where we are going to live.

"No, I do not expect to go to Alaska with him. He will return there in the Spring, but only for a few months."

PRISONER TAKES HIS LIFE.

Vagrant Kills Himself in His Cell by Swallowing Carbolic Acid.

Valentine Barnett, a vagrant, who was committed to the workhouse yesterday by Magistrate Simms, was found dead in his cell in the prison yesterday. A bottle which had contained carbolic acid was found in his pocket. No trace of the poison could be found on the man's lips or mouth.

Barnett had been placed in a cell with John Reilly and George Greenberger.

Reilly said that he had been awake all night because of a headache, and about 1 a. m. he had seen Barnett drink a cupful of water. He noticed about 2 a. m. that there was something the matter with Barnett. Reilly shouted and Keeper Halligan ran in. Before a surgeon arrived Barnett was dead.

The keepers said that Barnett had been searched when he entered the prison. He had an old purse in his pocket. The bottle was labelled "Poison" and "Carbolic Ac...," and the label of a drug store at No. 1172 First avenue was on it.

Not the way to wealth, but the way to make $1,000, in next Sunday's Journal.

SANG LOVE SONG TO HIS PASTOR.

Dr. Collyer Testified That Banker Lawrence Was Madly in Love.

HE WEDDED MISS COLTON.

Now the Five Daughters by a Former Wife Are Contesting the Will.

"He sang to me his love song—of the passion that was in his heart for this beautiful woman," said the Rev. Robert Collyer to Surrogate Arnold yesterday. "He was dead in love with her."

The man who sang his love song to Dr. Collyer, his pastor, was the late De Witt C. Lawrence, banker and clubman. In 1887 the banker took unto himself a second wife, who is now defending the will which is contested by the five daughters of the testator by his first wife. The hearing was begun yesterday. After the taking of testimony bearing on the mental condition of Mr. Lawrence at the time of his second marriage, the case was adjourned for one week.

As the pastor and confidential friend of the banker, Dr. Collyer heard much of the love affair. Lawrence talked freely to the minister, who was thus enabled to give expert testimony on the subject.

"What did Mr. Lawrence say about his proposed marriage?" the pastor was asked.

"He sang his love song to me and said he would be the happiest man alive when they were married. I knew the second wife, who was Miss Louisa Colton. She is gentle, refined and cultured. The couple were married in Geneva, Switzerland, in June, 1887. Mr. Lawrence told me he loved Miss Colton for her great beauty."

"Anything else?"

"Yes; that any man could not help being dead in love with her."

"Did you think the banker mentally unsound?"

"No; he was as sane as any man madly in love could be."

Mr. Collyer admitted that he once found the banker under the influence of liquor, in which he indulged when his mind gave way.

"Did you tell your wife of this?"

"No, indeed," the minister replied, innocently. "I don't tell mother everything."

As Mr. Laurence died in an asylum shortly after the marriage, leaving the bulk of his large estate to the widow, the daughters are endeavoring to show that their father was of unsound mind when the will was made. Other witnesses testified that the testator was mentally competent prior to the wedding.

After telling Dr. Collyer of his love, the banker went to Switzerland to meet Dr. Colton and his daughter. They were married in the City Hall at Geneva, where Mr. Lawrence gave an elaborate wedding party. The couple took a trip on the lake, and when they returned five days later the bridegroom complained of being ill. Twelve days after the ceremony, while in Paris, the banker grew violent, and was sent to a sanitarium. On his return to this country he was placed in the Middletown Asylum, where he died.

MAYER TURNED DOWN.

H. B. Wilson to Be the New Republican Leader in His District.

There has been a change in the programme of the anti-Quigg Republicans of the Twenty-third Assembly District, who defeated the organization forces at Tuesday night's primaries. It appears that H. B. Wilson instead of Julius M. Mayer is to succeed Quigg's man, Moses M. McKee, as member of the Republican County Committee and leader of the district.

The circumstances indicate that Mayer, who organized and carried to a successful termination the campaign against Quigg, has in a sense been turned down by the followers of Assemblyman Lowenthal, Alderman Woodward and Judge Worcester, all three of whom he aided to secure their nominations. In fact, however, Lowenthal and Woodward are his personal selections and were nominated in the face of Quigg's opposition.

Wilson is a clerk in the Custom House. Collector of the Port Bidwell is a close personal friend of Quigg, and it was announced yesterday that Wilson will resign and receive the appointment of clerk of the Municipal Court by Judge Worcester.

Some of Mayer's friends were indignant yesterday when they learned of the plan to shelve him for Wilson. It appears that Mayer was kept in ignorance of the plan until after he had succeeded in carrying the primaries against Quigg's forces. Wilson has always been friendly to Mayer, but the latter has been recognized as the leader of the anti-Quigg element. While Wilson has always trained with the anti-Quigg faction, he is not as bitter in his opposition to Quigg as Mayer.

As We Were Saying,

last Sunday there was a gain of 1,768 "Wants" over same Sunday last year. Well to remember the significance of these figures.

FARMER MARTIN SEEKS DYNAMITE.

He Wants to Blow Up Iron Bridges in Westchester County.

CROTON FIGHT STILL ON.

Dealers Refuse to Sell, and He Says He Will Yet Shed Blood.

Lack of dynamite is all that prevents old Farmer Martin from blowing iron bridges high in air and making no end of trouble for the New Rochelle Water Company, in Westchester County.

After making several attempts to purchase the explosive, while his four daughters guarded the farm at Union Corners with shotguns and bulldogs, Mr. Martin declared that the water company had boycotted him or caused him to be discriminated against.

"I tried to get dynamite at Mount Vernon and at New Rochelle, but do you think they would sell it to me?" he said yesterday. "No, sir; not a single ounce. That confounded company has ordered the dealers not to sell me any, but I'll get the stuff yet. Then you'll see those pesky bridges on my land go sailing into the sky. They know I mean business and are afraid of me."

The iron bridges were erected before war was declared between James Martin and the water company. Several streams on his thirty-acre farm, or "Ewe Lamb," as the agriculturist calls the place in dispute, are spanned by new iron structures which Martin declares he will blow up if he can get enough dynamite.

There is a $6,500 mortgage on the farm which the water company foreclosed to force Martin off. He was given until December 15 to raise $7,000 or be evicted. He failed to obtain the money, and the battle will be renewed with fresh vigor.

Business called Mr. Martin to Mount Vernon yesterday, but the garrison was not materially weakened by his absence. The farmer's four brave daughters, armed with shotguns and holding five bulldogs in reserve, kept an eye out for the evictors, who did not appear. Martin says he will hold the farm or shed a lot of blood.

But this is not the only fort in Westchester County. Up in the northern district, at Mills' Pond, one Patrick Fox refuses to allow the survey for a new reservoir on the Croton watershed as the stakes take in his farm. Mr. Fox has a Winchester rifle with which he chases trespassers away.

NEEDLESS MAIL DELAY.

Failure to Properly Run One of Sunday's Newspaper Trains Is the Subject of Investigation.

On last Sunday, December 12, the 3:35 a. m. mail train on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, from New York to Albany, was stopped near Poughkeepsie by the wreck of a freight train, which encumbered the track.

The railroad was completely blocked at this point for nearly twelve hours, and all mails and newspapers were held there, causing a serious loss to all publishers, as well as disappointment to tens of thousands of readers.

The Lake Shore Limited from New York reached Albany at 2:30 p. m., having been sent via Chatham over the New York and Harlem and the Boston and Albany roads.

The mail and newspaper train was stopped just below the wreck, and did not reach Albany until 7 p. m., a delay of twelve hours. The mail newspaper train could have been backed to New York and run over the same route as the Lake Shore Limited had the postal authorities performed their duty.

The carelessness or incompetence of postal employes in charge has caused considerable loss to publishers and inconvenienced and disappointed an immense number of the general public, who seriously miss their metropolitan Sunday newspaper.

The Journal notified the Post Office Department early on Sunday, and asked that steps be taken to expedite the mails, but no steps were taken.

The general superintendent of the Railway Mail Service at Washington has started an investigation to determine who is responsible for not taking advantage of the time that might have been gained by running the train back to New York and forwarding it thence to Albany on the route taken by the Lake Shore Limited.

Gas Explosions in a Subway.

Gas in the subway in West Twenty-third street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues, was ignited by a spark yesterday and exploded. Six manhole covers were blown in the air and broken. Paving stones were dislodged and several windows broken. One rumbling explosion followed another in quick succession. The neighborhood was aroused by the reports.

For Business Only.

Shrewd people do not advertise
For reasons sentimental;
They use the Journal "wants" because
They're not experimental.
Journal "Wants"—Next Sunday—Quick Results.

$1,000 PRIZE TO BE WON—IN NEXT SUNDAY'S JOURNAL!